

❖ Close up of 'Starry night' by Van Gogh

❖ Testament : By Wendell Berry

*And now to the abyss I pass  
Of that unfathomable grass*

1.

Dear relatives and friends, when my last breath  
Grows large and free in air, don't call it death --  
A word to enrich the undertaker and inspire  
His surly art of imitating life; conspire  
Against him. Say that my body cannot now  
Be improved upon; it has no fault to show  
To the sly cosmetician. Say that my flesh  
Has a perfect compliance with the grass  
Truer than any it could have striven for.  
You will recognize the earth in me, as before  
I wished to know it in myself: my earth  
That has been my care and faithful charge from birth,  
And toward which all my sorrows were surely bound,  
And all my hopes. Say that I have found  
A good solution, and am on my way  
To the roots. And say I have left my native clay  
At last, to be a traveler; that too will be so.  
Traveler to where? Say you don't know.

## 2.

But do not let your ignorance  
Of my spirit's whereabouts dismay  
You, or overwhelm your thoughts.

Be careful not to say

Anything too final. Whatever  
Is unsure is possible, and life is bigger  
Than flesh. Beyond reach of thought  
Let imagination figure

Your hope. That will be generous  
To me and to yourselves. Why settle  
For some know-it-all's despair  
When the dead may dance to the fiddle

Hereafter, for all anybody knows?  
And remember that the Heavenly soil  
Need not be too rich to please  
One who was happy in Port Royal.

I may be already heading back,  
A new and better man, toward  
That town. The thought's unreasonable,  
But so is life, thank the Lord!

3.

So treat me, even dead,  
As a man who has a place  
To go, and something to do.  
Don't muck up my face

With wax and powder and rouge  
As one would prettify  
An unalterable fact  
To give bitterness the lie.

Admit the native earth  
My body is and will be,  
Admit its freedom and  
Its changeability.

Dress me in the clothes  
I wore in the day's round.  
Lay me in a wooden box.  
Put the box in the ground.

4.

Beneath this stone a Berry is planted  
In his home land, as he wanted.

He has come to the gathering of his kin,  
Among whom some were worthy men,

Farmers mostly, who lived by hand,  
But one was a cobbler from Ireland,

Another played the eternal fool  
By riding on a circus mule

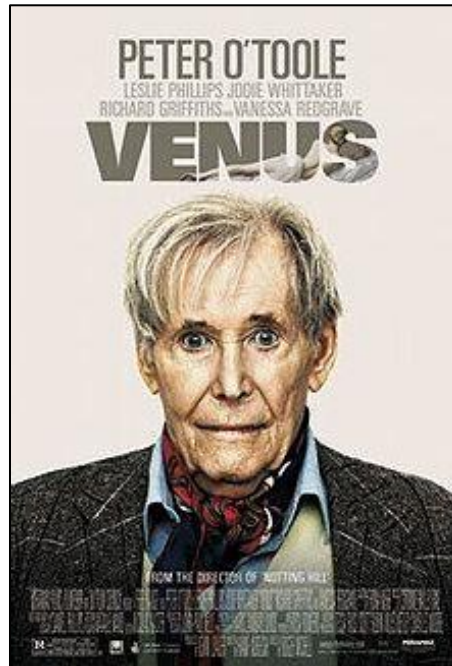
To be remembered in grateful laughter  
Longer than the rest. After

Doing that they had to do  
They are at ease here. Let all of you

Who yet for pain find force and voice  
Look on their peace, and rejoice.

❖ **Movie ‘Venus’ , Starring Peter O’toole**

*Peter O’toole, the legendary actor passed away last week – he was 81. Watch this movie to see one of his most interesting performances – playing a septuagenarian lusting after a granddaughter of his friend! It’s a great credit to the story, direction and O’toole’s acting that the movie plays out as an amazingly touching human drama, without ever becoming vulgar.*



About ‘Treasures’

*It’s a compilation that I put together every once in a while, of things that I have found to be beautiful and meaningful.*

*Do share it with others who you think will enjoy it.*

*Drop me an email at [shaileshd.email@gmail.com](mailto:shaileshd.email@gmail.com) if you want to add someone to the circulation list.*

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