

*Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front*

**Wendell Berry (born 1934)**

Love the quick profit, the annual raise,  
vacation with pay. Want more  
of everything ready-made. Be afraid  
to know your neighbors and to die.

And you will have a window in your head.  
Not even your future will be a mystery  
any more. Your mind will be punched in a  
card  
and shut away in a little drawer.

When they want you to buy something  
they will call you. When they want you  
to die for profit they will let you know.  
So, friends, every day do something  
that won't compute. Love the Lord.  
Love the world. Work for nothing.  
Take all that you have and be poor.  
Love someone who does not deserve it.

Denounce the government and embrace  
the flag. Hope to live in that free  
republic for which it stands.  
Give your approval to all you cannot  
understand. Praise ignorance, for what man  
has not encountered he has not destroyed.

Ask the questions that have no answers.  
Invest in the millenium. Plant sequoias.  
Say that your main crop is the forest  
that you did not plant,  
that you will not live to harvest.

Say that the leaves are harvested  
when they have rotted into the mold.

Call that profit. Prophecy such returns.  
Put your faith in the two inches of humus  
that will build under the trees  
every thousand years.

Listen to carrion — put your ear  
close, and hear the faint chattering  
of the songs that are to come.  
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.  
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful  
though you have considered all the facts.  
So long as women do not go cheap  
for power, please women more than men.

Ask yourself: Will this satisfy  
a woman satisfied to bear a child?  
Will this disturb the sleep  
of a woman near to giving birth?

Go with your love to the fields.  
Lie down in the shade. Rest your head  
in her lap. Swear allegiance  
to what is nighest your thoughts.

As soon as the generals and the politicians  
can predict the motions of your mind,  
lose it. Leave it as a sign  
to mark the false trail, the way  
you didn't go.

Be like the fox  
who makes more tracks than necessary,  
some in the wrong direction.  
Practice resurrection.