

The Day that Peace Sang (I)

by Kitty Robinson

Peace rose its voice
The day the guns began to fade.
And watched its sweet melodic
Notes drift upwards on a breath of
Hope.
A breath of hope which quelled the
Burning angers of this world,
And choked our wicked actions
With a silence -
That day,
The fields of conflict
Were birthed anew,
And flowers grew, where soldiers lay
Upon a ground of fought-on clay
Like crimson blood from seeping wounds
Pooling at the feet of unmarked tombs.
The seeds were blown on that breath of hope.
Coughed into azure smokeless skies
And taking root in hearts and minds
Until the world was singing.

The Day That Peace Sang (II)

Oh,
If only peace had known
What was to come.
That its seeds had planted roots in hearts and minds,
Morphing into fat tumours of
Mourning tears
For the world we could have had.
Mourning tears,
Not blossoms.
For we would not be told,
Could not be told.