

The Promise of Spring

by Karen Miracle
for the Peace Museum

I know it is spring
when the sky became *all* blue,
and the flowers came out
like stars.

I can almost imagine...
hostilities cease
and peace comes
to all the villages on God's green earth.

No corner of God's kingdom
is ever forsaken,
whether torn by war
or obscured by ignorance.

The fragrance of food,
books, music flourish everywhere
that God's spirit lives
in the hearts and minds of men.

I am filled with the promise
that one day the knowledge
of a poem, a tree,
a political act nobly conceived

in a country beset
by the glibness and stupidity
of a misunderstanding world
will lead us to inquire

and learn about each other,
will lead us to love.