

## *Peace*

Then one day peace  
quietly lets herself in.  
You don't remember leaving  
the front door open.

Her fragrance is a perfume  
from somewhere else, a time  
long ago. Her light footstep  
on the stairs - you know it.

Tears in your eyes,  
you anticipate her whirlwind embrace,  
but do not yet turn  
from the gilded window.

Across the killing fields even now  
soldiers are leaving like a river,  
returning to their families,  
shy of weapons in hands

unrecognizable,  
with which they knock,  
in which they should always have been  
carrying flowers.

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*A poem to mark the International Day of Peace 2014*

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