

Peace Lies Waiting

Wild Strawberries

Murder cries the cathedral
A hungry hawk, a sword, a ploughshare
Set the stage in Canterbury
Seven years and then
Peace lies waiting-fugitive, cloistered and longing
Peace lies waiting-hovering above the spearpoints
Peace stands higher than my fragile sense of need
Peace I leave with you
Not as the world gives or has ever seen
Safe in the ruins
Killed but not wounded
Pierced with painful joy
When he smiles
Even the wind and the rain
Close their eyes
Hold their fire
I've never seen peace in a vacuum
But I've seen it in a bitter sea
Safe in the ruins
Killed but not wounded
I'm held tightly free