

ON THE EDGE OF PEACE

Voices from the Faith-
Based Peace & Justice
Community



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Carolyn Scarr

2010

Ecumenical Peace Institute/CALC

Some Samples

Peace

by *Elias G. Abu-Saba*

Trampled by hidden desires
And buried for centuries
Under layers of egotistical fallout,
Forgotten as the earth quivers,
Not of fright,
A sign of creeping death,
Sold in the market place
In Paris, or in New York,
In Geneva or in Jerusalem,
Always crated in coffins
Made of glittering slabs
That shatter of a gentle touch,
Sounding euphonic slogans
That blur into nothingness
As the clatter of the crowd
Orderly disappears,
Peace took her leave, perhaps,
Slipping into another world.

— 1971

by *Esther Mohler Ho*

city sidewalk,
slender preteen Asian boy
sits tight-lipped at chessboard,
opposite him solemnly hunches
a husky black man,
a round-faced white man
with transfixed gaze
completes the triangle.

arm's length away
i watch
unseen through café window.

— August '03

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We are happy to present Ecumenical Peace Institute's book of poetry, prose, and art from the interfaith peace and justice community around the world. Here you can find the words of Jock Brown, Esther Ho, Lee Williamson, Joan MacIntyre, Diane Thomas, Earl Johnson and many others.

It has taken a long time to bring this book together. We hope you will enjoy being in the company of friends as you read it. This book will be a great gift for the winter holidays.

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Please consider making an additional donation to continue the work of EPI.

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Thank you.

Vision and Flight

by *Joyce B. Adams*

The work of peace can be as simple
as the hatchling's stubborn
picking at its shield.

"It is time" passes like a morning
breeze through the sparrow's body.
At once the protective seal cracks,
showing bird and world
that the other is no vulture,
but another sparrow
of a different size and dampness.

"It is time" joins a bird
to insects, seeds, and sun,
to vision and flight.

by *Lee Williamson*

*My niece, Kat, talked with me
about her son, Brett, stationed in Iraq.*

young Brett in Baghdad
hear your mother weep and pray
be safe come home whole



Tom Fox, by *Dianne Roe*