

# ON THE EDGE OF PEACE

Voices from the Faith-  
Based Peace & Justice  
Community



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## 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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*Voices from the Faith-Based Peace & Justice  
Community*

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.

Price \$15.00 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling costs (within U.S.) if you want it mailed to you. If you live outside the US, email or write us for cost of shipping.

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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*