

Apostle of Peace

We watched the mind behind
the bright brow
think now is the time
to chime the bell of peace.

We witnessed how
the prophet of the periphery
strode out,
carrying the blue of the sky in his eyes,
beating the path of peace
with tall conviction -
a height that hid the bracken, bramble barbed bite
that burnt the skin of feet.

We borrowed Bruce,
and learnt how hope
is not a crossing-of-fingers,
not a wish,
but a will
that lingers past the longest night,
until it blasts a beam through the seam of darkness,
lifting the heaviest fright
now made light by love.

So, today,
what d'you say?

Shall we unsigh our souls,
throw away the chains,
and follow the path he lent us,
until peace reigns?

For the mind behind
the bright brow
knew
that the time
is
now,

and that

...

'we bloody well ought to get on with it!'

Written for, and read at, the tree planting for Bruce Kent
By

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