

## 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!'*