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Peace, Be Still

Harold K. Moon

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Peace, Be Still

Lewd voices clamor in rude succession,
Peddling their venial wares in a wanton world.

Doom cryers wail the world's wounds . . .

While statesmen tender temporary respite,
Computers list statistical catastrophe
In ordered columns:

Overpopulation Venereal Calamity Hunger Disease

Mars rolls rocks over Lebanese hills,
Erecting monuments of rubble and wreckage.

Who can hear, in all the din,
The whisper that still floats
Through the same rudimentary air,
Over the same range of hills,
Where a new star once passed?
Who can hear "Come unto me"?

Where is the "All is well"?

Lambs feed on those hillsides.
One shakes his head,
Snorting in annoyance
As he hears the drone of war engines,
Then goes back to grazing.
His shepherd looks fearfully
Into the sky
And takes refuge near a rock,
His staff across his knees.

Who can hear the whisper?

"My peace I leave with you,
Not as the world giveth . . ."

"There is enough, and to spare."

—Harold K. Moon