

THIS SPRING

BY MARY COYNE WESSLING

POEM

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Violence stalks the innocents.

Golden moons rise over settled waters.

Flowers unwind their petals in rainy spring.

Life teems beneath a garden's soil.

Bombs ignite the horror.

Diners chat in outdoor settings.

Children tag and run in yards.

Baby yawns to a soft lullaby.

Destruction takes down a village.

Forests boast their garland greenery.

Brooks race free of icy dams.

Birds feather their twigged nests.

Headlines blare WAR.

No protection for innocents, now refugees.

No silence for lustful power mongers.

No ceasefire for profiteers of death.

Peace, leave our gardens, forests, streams.

Become common amid the ruins.

*Compassion, go plant your seed deep
in hearts and minds steeled against you.*

*Hope, boldly sprout across weary nations,
spread your balm on the suffering souls.*

*Spring, take your beauty beyond our borders.
The weary world awaits you and needs you more.*