

## Amazing Peace

by Maya Angelou

In our joy, we think we hear a whisper.  
At first it is too soft. Then only half heard.  
We listen carefully as it gathers strength.  
We hear a sweetness.  
The word is Peace.  
It is loud now.  
Louder than the explosion of bombs.

We tremble at the sound.  
We are thrilled by its presence.  
It is what we have hungered for.  
Not just the absence of war. But true Peace.  
A harmony of spirit, and comfort of courtesies.  
Security for our beloveds and their beloveds.

We, Angels and Mortals, Believers and  
Nonbelievers,  
Look heavenward and speak the word aloud.  
Peace. We look at each other, then into  
ourselves,  
And we say without shyness or apology or  
hesitation:

Peace, My Brother.  
Peace, My Sister.  
Peace, My Soul.