

ARMS OF PEACE

In heather mists of early morn
Soft, gray doves, cooing, beckon,
'Arise, new day of hope be born'
Calling me, seeking my affection.

Feathers of light, golden fingers of sun
Break the dark retreat of night,
Webs of future have been spun
In the silent repose beyond our sight.

Gray gives way to brilliant green,
Stars bow to might from above.
Dawn pink arms of peace unseen,
Surround the earth in eternal Love.

Sue Kennedy
December 31, 2003