

2014 Greenfield Peace Writing Scholarship Entry #114

The Light of Change

Light dawns on a weary world
waging war in the dawning rays
beneath the sun the carnage is unfurled
a canvas of beauty, torn and ablaze.

Light dawns on a new generation of people
a broken battlefield lies at their feet
but power is in their hands
will they too accept defeat?

The world burns with war
the forests are flattened, the prairies are plowed
the sun rises bright with hope
but the earth lies beneath a contaminated cloud.

The youth burn with passion
they wonder why, they wonder how
this mess is cast from the past
but their time is now.

The cure is out there
not one panacea but a myriad of solutions
hidden only by despair
cloaked in violence and persecutions.

Our earth is dying
and we go down with it, fighting
not for it, but against each other
every sister and brother
fighting for earth's last gifts to humanity
must we resort to killing one another?

A new generation rises up
infected but not doomed anymore
they might fight against apathy, injustice, poverty
or they may be consumed by war
they can collaborate or they can accuse
which fight will they choose?

Day by day, our world is stripped of life
forests are cleared, wilderness paved
humanity faces intolerable strife.

People kill without distinction
and species hover on the brink of extinction.

But there is hope. A light that refuses to cease.
A new generation dawns
on the possibility of peace.

Peace has been planted;
it grows with every kind word and deed.
Compassion, care and stewardship
give root to the seed.

Our generation faces challenges
like none before it,
Our earth shakes with violence and destruction:
it is up to us to restore it.

We can make a change
if we all start small
Pick up litter, plant a tree
defend a friend, smile at everyone you see
Live simply with what you have, and give away what you can
Work with authority but honor the outcast
Live for the future, yet remember the past
act with integrity, embrace diversity
use words first, treat your enemies kindly
and always strive for equality.

Light dawns on a weary world.
A world still struggling to survive
but while war rages on a tree is growing
planted by the fallen but tended by the young
The sun's first rays render it glowing.

It shines like a beacon
so the soldiers look up
from their office chairs, their battle plans, their stock exchange
the peace-tree stands, radiant; familiar and yet strange
and they know
that change has come.

We are that change.