



NOT THE ONE of an armistice,  
not even the one of the vision of wolf and lamb,  
but,  
as in your heart after an excitement:  
to talk only of a great weariness.  
I know that I know how to kill,  
I am grown up.  
And my son plays with a toy gun that knows  
how to open and close its eyes and say "Mama."  
Peace  
without the commotion of turning swords into plowshares, without  
words, without  
the sound of heavy seals; let it be light  
on top like lazy white foam.  
Rest for the wounds,  
not even healing.  
(And the scream of orphans is passed on from one generation  
to another, as in a relay race: the baton won't fall.)

Let it be  
like wild flowers,  
suddenly, an imperative of the field;  
wild peace.

*Yehuda Amichai*