

The World is at Peace

By Tanika Stewart

Grown up people
scurry here and there
upon the crust of the earth
cursing each bump, grudging dis n' dat
like a garden full of bitter weeds.
I am a child,
filled with salt from the sea mist and the smell of green that
Rides the air and feeds me as I breath in and out.
A cooling breeze strokes musical notes
As it brushes the leaves
of the banana and breadfruit trees.
John crows jabber, parrots gossip and
Hummingbird delight in the suckle of
The lime bush flower.
The warmth of the sun wraps me
As I journey through each day.
The light of the moon guides me
As I find my bed and pray
For my family, my country, all people
To notice, that the world itself is at peace.