

Lewis



Except the horizon, still as night,
There clouds flicker, shimmer with light –
Forked lightning, unmistakable thunder,
Rains overture, coming wonder.

In the courthouse, meanwhile, late,
The jury out with the Children's Fate –
Hours as days in waiting room waiting,
Every imaginable anticipating.

Even handed, cool head,
Too critical, analytical to be misled –
Worried mind/emotional clarity,
Your kind of honesty quite the rarity.

Relationships, community, a global village,
Peace on Earth, reparation for pillage –
What might that look like without reserve,
Just to start with would take some nerve.

