A FORMULA FOR PEACE

Who’d have thought it?
Six plus fifty women.
Tongues lose a race with needles.
They sit amid the irenic faints
of “Falling Park,”
absorb the peace which pervades ambience.

They speak not of peace, but exude, practice it.
Talk, gossip included, of course,
roam to treasured connections with each other,
or those of the beloved absent.
a roll call with purpose,
to nurture present, past, future.

One looks most often at fingers,
the patterns, and production therefrom.
One listens to shared concerns of dropped
or twisted stitches,
of hues, tints, complements.
It could be a meeting of the NAACP!
It could lead to a perfect world.