## Wildpeace

Yehuda Amichai

Not the peace of a cease-fire, not even the vision of the wolf and the lamb, but rather as in the heart when the excitement is over and you can talk only about a great weariness. I know that I know how to kill, that makes me an adult. And my son plays with a toy gun that knows how to open and close its eyes and say Mama. A peace without the big noise of beating swords into ploughshares, without words, without the thud of the heavy rubber stamp: let it be light, floating, like lazy white foam. A little rest for the wounds who speaks of healing? (And the howl of the orphans is passed from one generation to the next, as in a relay race: the baton never falls.)

Let it come like wildflowers, suddenly, because the field must have it: wildpeace.

from Selected Poetry (1996), by Yehuda Amichai.