

# We Are Waiting for Peace to Break Out

--for Marvin Simmons

We are waiting for peace to break out  
We are waiting for flowers to bloom  
We are waiting for the moon to come  
from behind the black clouds of war  
We are waiting for the light  
We are waiting  
and as we wait we sing song of celebration  
We are waiting  
and as we wait we hold out our hands in love and friendship:  
white hands extended in friendship to black hands  
and brown and green hands of the earth  
We are waiting  
and while we wait we applaud those who have gone before us  
preaching peace: all the Martin Luther Kings, all the Gandhi's...  
We are waiting for peace to break out  
and as we wait we dance: we dance with the cold east wind  
with the creaking singing branches of giant firs  
we dance with the devils  
of dust and the angels of clouds  
We are waiting  
and as we wait we are learning the language  
of burning roses and the sunflowers slowly turning toward the sun  
We are waiting for peace to break out  
and while we wait we are learning to listen  
to cries for mercy and cries for help  
though we may not know the language  
We are learning to listen for the arrival of doves  
We are waiting for peace to break out  
and while we wait we are smiling at you  
at all of you--at the you and the me in the mirror...  
We are waiting for peace to break out  
We are waiting for buds to pop though it is deep winter  
We wait for peace as patiently as the drop of water  
on the lips at the mouth of the fountain  
We wait knowing the water of peace is cool and sweet  
sure that the crystal drop will fall on the earth  
in spite of any of man's evil actions--

**Carlos Reyes**

Portland, OR

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