PEACE.

(Dedicated to Woodrow Wilson).

I am no truce of armed and weary kings,
    Unnerving men through mock security.
I am no quiet form with folded wings
    Holding the shield of radiant victory.
    They shout my name who never see my face,
    Though I am standing in the marketplace.

My law is life. From out primeval clay
    I led unconscious breath through forms uncouth,
And from the whole I shaped, as day meets days,
    Mankind, to whom I give long hours of youth.
    How shall he guard this perilous of gifts?
    He leads who learns to serve; he serves who lifts.

Within the tumult of rude, savage prime
    I drew the fireside from the warrior's path,
Circle the child with safety, for all time
    I judge a man to sin who kills in wrath;
    I free the hunter from his will to roam.
    I cause the shelter to become a home.
Out of brute force I mould a moral strength;
    Forge a large justice, conquer selfish greed;
Band the nations slowly, till at length
    Honor is made obedient to my creed.
    Cities and states shall league by sea and land
    United as they work at my command.

I am the end for which the human will
    Masters a planet to the common good.
I am the social conscience, weak until
    The needs of living men are understood.
    I was established when the world began;
    I am the spirit of the God of man.

—Harriette Taber Richardson.