

Threads of Peace

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after Eduardo C. Corral

Peace trickles down the stream after a roaring waterfall.
Placing its fingers on ivory keys, peace plays Chopin's Nocturnes.
In the fermata of the tune, peace finds tranquility.
Peace floats inside my body, like swans on a lake.
On a winter morning, peace sits on my window shaped like a snowflake.
A flame kissing a cigarette after a party ignites a long-awaited peaceful drag.
Simmering water on a stove has felt peace turn up the heat.
At sunrise, peace savors café con leche.
"Paz," peace says in Spanish after a week of chaos.
Peace counts glowing stars over my bed.
In the bristles of my hairbrush, peace smuggles its way onto my scalp.
After jumping off a swing, peace brushes the dirt off my knees.
Biting into caramel drizzled apples, peace rushes to my cheeks.
I have found it in the world around me.