Who Sings of Peace is My Kind of Child

I am a flying child
of doughy legs and dot dress.
There are light beads in my ovaries,
a star between my breasts.
One arm is bending to scoop you,
embrace you, Peace, and coddle you closer.
My wrinkled fingers claim
end to silence.

Who sings of peace is my kind of child
I tell you through a lazy eye. My other
gazes forward,
observing what you cannot yet see.

—Maddie Gerig

Inspired by the Sylvia Bubalo drawing, *Who Sings of Peace Is My Kind of Child*, c. 1978, Pencil sketch in sketchbook, 11 x 13 1/2 in. (27.9 x 34.3 cm)