

## 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

  
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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)