

## Peace

*I wrote this poem as part of the The Verse Club writing workshops, trying to name what peace might look like, for me.*

I imagine a day where all our tears are yelled into the world not simmered through spring & it's  
hayfevers never subdued in toilet cubicles  
why does water in the West run alongside the river never in it always reaching to join  
when at the confluence of the two Niles confrontation is gentle no colour is compromised  
blue lies alongside white & is this another word for peace or home or is nostalgia deceiving me  
into thinking peace is at home

or, it looks like all my homies are my neighbours & never again pixelated images  
we sit outside on tepid summer nights  
a jungle watching the stars shedding hope for tomorrow  
whirling above us in engineered magic & trees  
trees are everywhere around us  
leaves are multicoloured & celebrated  
like our hyperpigmentation each indentation of skin is a smile  
& our faces are so used to laughing our cheeks never hurt  
& the air is so pure we breathe in deeply through our noses & exhale slowly through our mouths  
that are still smiling  
maybe                      maybe that's what peace sounds like