

In a Far Land

M. Shayne Bell

So many women on their knees
that if I knew how to tell them
they could find hope here,
or that there the men
would be kind and when the sun rose
their hopes could rise with it,
but especially if they would resolve
to walk away from all
who once hurt them, to some far land
where they could day by day
remake their lives
in the image of their hearts
I would tell them—
no, I would walk there with them,
so that in the stillness
of that hot noon, and later,
in the blush of dusk,
I could take their hands
and never need to whisper peace.