

## Peace Metaphor Poem

Peace

is a blade of glass  
calm and a fresh green;  
that never argues with the wind,  
but lets it pass by;  
that, yet trampled year after year,  
grows back without a single complaint.

Peace

is the night sky,  
dull black with twinkles of light;  
that is cold, quiet, still,  
but calming and friendly;  
that cools down the fiery tempers  
of millions of hot stars.

Peace

is the infant's mind,  
a rainbow of ideas and learning;  
that thinks only of fun and games,  
but not of violence;  
that grows so fast,  
not noticing the harsh world outside.