

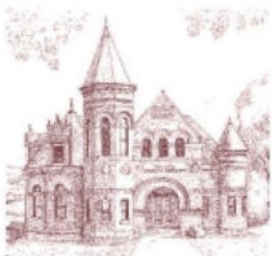


**7th ANNUAL**  
**POEM**  
**TOWN**  
**BRADFORD**  
**PEACE NOW**

Until the ugly now, Peace was a whole word  
That drew respect, that came as though on creature wings,  
Endowed by wisdom and by certain silver flings  
Of sympathy for fellow men whose lives occurred  
On the same swift circling planet and whose children heard  
The same sweet laughter and the steepled bell that rings  
For dancing in the street...and the urgent swell that brings  
The world to kneel and pray for a sunlight blessing shared.

But now we've made of Peace a very blasphemy,  
And stripping honour from the holy bird, we've hailed  
It with barrage of word and bomb and bribery.  
We bow in the warm but tasteless dust of thousands killed  
And maimed and crazed... we bow with pearly hat on queazy  
Heart and start, O God again...with what fulfilled.

**Ruth Mary Packard DuBois**  
**New Paltz, NY**  
**1972**



**Sponsored by**  
**BRADFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY**  
21 South Main St.  
Bradford, VT  
802-222-4536  
bradfordvtlibrary.org