

# Wild Strawberries, Peace Lies Waiting

Murder cries the cathedral  
A hungry hawk, a sword, a ploughshare  
Set the stage in Canterbury  
Seven years and then  
Peace lies waiting-fugitive, cloistered and longing  
Peace lies waiting-hovering above the spearpoints  
Peace stands higher than my fragile sense of need  
Peace I leave with you  
Not as the world gives or has ever seen  
Safe in the ruins  
Killed but not wounded  
Pierced with painful joy  
When he smiles  
Even the wind and the rain  
Close their eyes  
Hold their fire  
I've never seen peace in a vacuum  
But I've seen it in a bitter sea  
Safe in the ruins  
Killed but not wounded  
I'm held tightly free