
Proclamation

Whereas the world is a house on fire;
Whereas the nations are filled with shouting;
Whereas hope seems small, sometimes
 a single bird on a wire
 left by migration behind.
Whereas kindness is seldom in the news
 and peace an abstraction
 while war is real;
Whereas words are all I have;
Whereas my life is short;
Whereas I am afraid;
Whereas I am free - despite all
 fire and anger and fear;
Be it therefore resolved a song
 shall be my calling - a song
 not yet made shall be vocation
 and peaceful words the work
 of my remaining days.

- Kim Stafford

Kim Stafford has graciously given his permission to Vision Quilt to use this poem with all those who participate in our project. In addition, this poem has been letterpress printed at Jubilation Press on an antique printing press in Ashland, Oregon.