

THREE WOMEN

For women in peace movements all over the world

Three women creep
into the tomb,

to anoint the dead
with oil.

Three women
wash their dead,

caress the barbarised shoulders
of broken men.

Three women
stay in the sides of war,

listening for the howling pain
of loss,

clearing
the stench of hate.

They cry..
They grieve

for husbands,
sons, fathers, brothers, friends

and watch other women
do the same.

Three women kindle
a roaring flame.