



Black peacemakers of inner conflict
emerge from the depths of innocent souls
standing firmly in experience
boots too big tripping up lies so old
delivering poignant punches of universal
truth that swell much bigger than the silence
little inky stamps of self approval
forever fixed in soft white sheets
together we rise . . .

. . . a revolution of self

Hold on

I held a young soul suffering
And my Achilles heal I bared

I hugged a breaking heart
And it punched right through my chest

I held a breath of deep despair
And shared a lifeless void

Surrendered to a stolen moment
And entered a sacred place

I allowed words to pierce my guard
And a trembling hand met mine

I shed a tear as pain took hold
And it softened another's fall

We sat with silence, moved with fear
And together we returned

We captured moments of relief
And I held the hand of hope.

I dedicate this poem, this book, to those special people who have shared with me their stories and pain, and in doing so, initiated an intense period of self examination through a complete re-write of this book . . . to discover that ultimately it is truth that sets us free . . . and to have the **COURAGE** to tell it . . .