

A SMALL ARMY OF LOVE

Heard the news yesterday,
And today, mothers cried.
Our children by tens of thousands
Have died.
And for what?

What will stop this madness?
The eternal sadness
Of small little caskets
Filled with dreams never had.
Are we mad?

We need a small army of love.
And no thanks:
We don't need any rifles,
No guns, and no tanks.
Just love, and help from above.

Our army will be small,
Diverse, and unique.
Little soldiers in braids,
And some with sneakered feet.
All marching for peace,
And an end to the war,
That has claimed little soldiers
As they open their doors
And romp in playgrounds.
Can we stand anymore?

We need a small army of Love.
Start today.
Sentries on guard,
Keeping danger away.
While our young go to school
And play on our streets,
A small army of us
Standing guard while they sleep.
Can it be done?

And the love of our army
Will always sustain us.
When others disdain us with laughs,
ridicule,
Our love keeps us fighting.
Yeah, we're fighting fools.

So I know what's been whispered
and what some said aloud.
"Those fools with their pipe dreams,
Their heads in the clouds."

But when you love all the children,
There's nothing to do,
But start a small army of Love,
Me and You.

Geoffrey Canada