

i am waiting for a peace

not the piece they make
the rest of us fight over
a few crumbs tossed our way
over the walls of their gated communities
or from the balconies of an exclusive
high rise

i'm talking about
the pie with the flaky crust
delicate and buttery on the tongue
with the sweet and tart filling
made from fresh fruit picked
with expert care by dark calloused hands
belonging to people named
Juanita, Diego, Elena, or Jorge

i am waiting for a piece of the pie
with the silky-smooth filling
that melts in my mouth
the meringue or whipped
cream topping light and airy
as the taste of a summer cloud
providing shade for a wedding
or cover for an approaching drone

i am waiting to be seated
with people from all over the world
fellow human beings of all colors and faiths

the men, women, and children
exploited or murdered in my name

i am waiting for all of us
to be served a piece of the pie
the room suddenly quiet
and calm as the soothing smell
from the oven works its magic
we will take a bite and smile
a knowing glance passing back
and forth across the room
table to table

then suddenly
someone begins to sing
someone has a story to tell
or a poem to recite
we share the same language
laughing and crying together

until everyone agrees to start over from the beginning
the first time our tribes met and stood face to face
when it was all different and new

but this time
with pie