

A Stubborn Peace

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Their psyches tied to the earth's rotation, ancient priests and astrologers would, with confidence, declare to their pre-literate societies that the sun's strength would return, and with it warmth enough too, to till and to plant their fields and gardens again.

We have no religious class of comfort-peddling sovereigns today to embolden us, to fill us with that heady confidence that conditions more favorable to life and generation are certain, are imminent.

And therein lies a palpable tension.

We (VFP and friends) have now for most of our lives declared that peace is the only means to achieve any viable human future; that war is social madness born of deceit, greed and fear; that war can easily eliminate any notion of a future. And for no less than 20 years we have here formally celebrated our dark times, our protest and tribute to an incredible vision of human harmony that we cannot help but cherish.

The evidence is scant that we are making any impression. In repayment for our persistent message of goodwill we are visited again and again with war and national foolishness on an increasingly ominous and alarming scale. "Our" lofty leaders "that represent us in this democracy (sic)" return our national course again and again to force, to violence, to terror(ism) Š to darkness.

And so we celebrate the solstice, a remote song of compassion against a tide of inhumanity and indifference. Though winter is just begun, though our course be that of the damned, though no savior waits to save us Š we stubbornly declare peace on earth.