

Among the Ruins by Joyce Davies

Perhaps we need to walk
Among the ruins,
And watch the flesh-pink blossoms fall,
As somehow,
Life's beauty is hidden for a while.

Perhaps we need to suffer
Here amid our sorrow,
And listen to the reign of our passion,
As courage too deserts us.

And yet, in you,
We never fail to reach a corner
Where seasons turn.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.
John 14:27