

Quakers

by Abiel Locke

Quakers
I never knew
A word
Could hold so much
Beauty
Once you understood it

I do not know
What comes to mind
When I say
"Quaker"
Perhaps
Black dresses
And farmers
Or
Oats

But let me
Bring you
To the truth

Quakers are
Fire
Burning through
The injustices
Of our world
Quakers are
The actions You don't take
Quakers are
Stories Of triumphs
And striving
To make a difference.

Do not underestimate
The power
Of a people
Who care

For they
Are the ones
Who call us forth
To peace

*Abiel Locke is an attender
at Visalia Friends Meeting (PYM).*