

# Where does peace rest?

*Natasha Ranawake*



## For the People of Palestine

**I**n the quiet rush of light that stands still,  
 in a pool of faith and hope,  
 where does peace rest?  
 Within a beating heart of a child,  
 within the names of those we lost,  
 where does peace rest?  
 In laughter of the running children,  
 in the first word of babe, mother or father,  
 where does peace rest?  
 In the waters rippling in a riverbank,  
 in all that's pure and clean and calming,  
 where does peace rest?  
 In constant wreck of human life,  
 in blisters burnt against skin,  
 where does peace rest?  
 In cries of children, New Year's Eve,  
 in empty palms scarred by horrors inflicted,  
 where does peace rest?  
 Within a word of prayer that's spoken,

within the days of fires uncounted,  
 where does peace rest?  
 In the void of suffering stolen sunsets,  
 in pieces of what's left in ruin,  
 where does peace rest?  
 Where does peace rest?  
 In breaking a world that people lived in,  
 in burning the dreams of those they afflicted  
 Within the smile of those they haunted,  
 within the lives they grasped  
 from living to survival,  
 where does peace in this world rest?

*Natasha Ranawake is a 21-year-old student, who discovered power poetry during the pandemic to tell the stories that really matter.*

Artist: **Malak Mattar**, *No Words*, 2024