

# Peace with Justice by Peter Bankson

*They cannot scare me with their empty spaces  
Between stars on stars where no human race is.  
I have it in me so much nearer home  
To scare myself with my own desert places.*

*"Desert Places" by Robert Frost*

The world is closing in around us.  
More people than there's room for,  
wanting more of everything  
until the very globe groans  
from the wrappers of their getting.  
Desert places, where the emptiness  
reminds us of how small we are,  
retreat before the concrete truck.  
We look at one another with suspicion.  
I wonder if your greed  
for what I know you do not need  
will stop my getting  
what I know I have an inborn right to.  
And there's THEM.  
THEY want the world.  
Oh, not my part,  
they'll let me be,  
no matter what.  
Free enterprise  
has taught us something  
terribly important:  
There is not enough to go around,  
but I can have full measure  
if I help you get a little bit,  
keep THEM from taking anything away,  
and make you think you have enough.

When I've decided that I have enough,  
some Spirit wind  
brings rain clouds on my inner spaces,  
makes the desert bloom  
with flowers I can give away,  
and grants me time to care  
if even THEY have flowers on their table.  
What is enough? What does it take  
to fill your life with meaning,  
satisfaction,  
and the love to live again another day?