

Of Peace  
Mia Wotton

A  
mushroom  
of ethereal curves ,  
its earthly stem invites caress Black texture  
endlessly flutes into white Standing alone , its presence  
defines empty space as peace The circle of its head bows  
over  
its base  
in graceful silence like  
a Madonna  
in a prayer  
or a mother  
absorbed in  
a sleeping child .