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The Iowa Review

Volume 1 Issue 1 *Winter*

Article 20

1970

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Recommended Citation

Anderson, Jon. "The Campaign for Peace in Our Time." *The Iowa Review* 1.1 (1970): 26-26. Web. Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1019

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THE CAMPAIGN FOR PEACE IN OUR TIME

Once in an adolescent sweat we planned all night to be righteous; to be never without poverty and always unreasonably gentle (how could they forgive us?) like fathers, to our wives.

The campaign for peace in our time distracts, like the coffee talk of saints. Compassion is a kind of whip I don't use well—but if I were ardent, walking into the fields or over the snow with a step less social, then I could walk forever . . .

The saint flagellates himself; it seems to be another man. Not pain, but the aesthetic of pain is learned. He knows there is no reward for being hurt. Slowly he strips his skin.

What a beautiful mistake! You, or I, the poor men—we who are neither gentle nor killers in a good cause—did we find that vacant, flayed skin and mistake it for a coat? We are terrified, we are pleased to wear it, into the streets and at last to our journals and beds.

From that coat of pain a certain voice which is half ours speaks openly, and entertains our lives. But the campaign for living with ourselves which was a saint who became free is moving swiftly now into the fields, gliding over the snow—a heart of great lightness, grown altogether practical and strange.

Jon Anderson

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