

Essay by Jessica Blair
Peace

Yesterday I looked out my window and saw a dying man. I have never seen someone so hopeless. His clothes were torn, he had no shoes. I saw from my far away window the deep-set lines in his face, the proof of agony throughout his life. He seemed miserable, simply drained, tired from struggles and fights plaguing his life. I could see in his expression the loss of hope, for he had given up. His drooping frown showed he knew he had lost. I couldn't help but feel pain in my heart as I looked at this decaying man. A pulse of want spread through my being. I wanted to know him. I wanted to talk to him. I wanted to see him. I wanted to save him. I flew out of my house, landing directly at his side. I was so close I could smell the defeat he knew deep in his soul. No words seemed to touch my throat, creating an awkward silence. But within seconds I knew who he was. I figured out why everything about him was crumbling, why he was in a state of disintegration. He was peace.

Peace seems to have become a forgotten option. War after war we are told we are striving for peace, yet each person who says these words believes we can only achieve something close to peace or nothing at all. If our most influential leaders try for peace but don't believe in true peace, then why are they the voices for our country? "We shall require a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive." Albert Einstein seems to embody the type of person needed to save mankind. At this moment many see peace as the dying man. Peace is withering away because it is thought to be no longer an option. When we make it an option again, peace will flourish. If we alter our actions, if we alter our views, if we alter our thoughts, mankind can survive.

Today I looked out my window and saw a vibrant man. I saw more hope in his smile than I could have ever fantasized. He was entangled in beautiful clothes of vivid colors and intricate patterns. His skin was smooth, seemingly perfect. He radiated happiness and love. His smile was lovelier than all the flowers in the world. One look from his perfect face and chills of joy ran up and down my spine. A pulse of want spread through my being. I wanted to know him. I wanted to talk to him. I wanted to see him. I wanted to be him. I calmly floated to his side. When I saw his flawless face, I was at a loss for words. I couldn't choke up a mere sound. But within seconds I knew who he was. I figured out why everything about him was untarnished. He was peace.