

# *One Glance*

With one eternal glance  
We did meet  
In a small town, at some place  
On some street.  
Destiny had us both  
In its control  
Two people sick with war  
Raging in the soul.  
I need you – you need me  
It is inevitable.  
For as long as, as much as  
Is still questionable.  
Michelangelo captured you  
In marble grace  
Strong and virile and  
Striving for peace.  
I am waiting for your fears  
To end – to pass.  
Yourself to find; your  
Life at last  
Serene and calm and  
Making your stand  
As you walk along  
Throughout this land  
Of untrusting, unfaithful  
Wary souls  
Of temptations and demons  
And imposed goals.

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*Judith Hahs*

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