

Perfect Sense

by [Kathleen L. Housley](#) in the [February 2025](#) issue

Published on January 24, 2025

*There is a balm in Gilead
to make the wounded whole.*

There came a child once
who sang God's peace,
a potent "all is well,"
though nothing was,
piped in a small voice
in the middle of a dark night
with no promise of dawn.

Too young to read,
she sang songs by heart
mixing up tunes and words,
adding nonsense sounds
as gleeful as odes to joy,
with grace notes that made
dirges pirouette;

such as her muddle
about the meaning of balm,
thinking it an explosive
that turned into medicine
"to make the wounded whole,"
which made perfect sense
surpassing the wisdom
of those who could read
and knew better, except
there was nothing better
than bomb becoming balm

and soldier becoming healer
in the song of a child whose
every word meant peace.