

Lord God of test tube and blueprint,
Who jointed molecules of dust and shook them
'till their name was Adam,
Who taught worms and stars how they could
live together,
Appear now among the parliaments of conquerors
and give instruction to their schemes;
Measure out new liberties so none should suffer
from his father's color or the credo of
his choice;
Post proofs that brotherhood is not so wild a
dream as those who profit by postponing
it pretend;
Sit at the treaty table and convoy the hopes ^{of} little
people through expected straits.
And press into the final seal a sign that peace will

come for longer than posterities can
see ahead,
That man unto his fellow man shall be a friend
forever.

NORMAN CORWIN