

What if the mightiest word is love?

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [November 30, 2010](#) issue

After the President's address, it was still cold,
and I left with the others ten lines into the poem.

Still, I thought of the woman up there,
Elizabeth Something, releasing her words

like little doves that tried to land
on the backs of our shoulders.

We shrugged them off, but they hovered
and flapped in that sharp sparkle,

that winter air, something made,
something not quite begun.