

Perfect Sense

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

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*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.