WORLD POETRY E-ANTHOLOGY

ONE STEP CLOSER TO PEACE

The Vision That Is Peace

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."
– Old Testament.

The message could not have been made clearer. Vision is the answer. The question, however, is not so readily resolved. We are divided in myriad ways, and it is the great disconnect which always puts us in peril. Numerous things have to be considered for peace to be made manifest, chief among those being Love, which is always key.

The answer, surely, cannot be found in contention, as in war. If it were, we would have resolved the matter ages ago. For some reason, far too many wish to be victors, to conquer the world, to have "dominion" over all created things. This is the ultimate illusion. We need to take our lessons from numerous sources, including Nature.

In the animal kingdom, only as much as is needed is ever taken. It is not about being superior, but about survival. If we, as a species, known as humanity, are to survive, we have to take from that lesson and accept that all things are connected, that survival depends on the vision of "one for all and all for one." There is, after all, only one family of man. We are all related, which is why Indigenous People close their addresses with the wisdom of, "All my relations."

Peace, meanwhile, implies justice; justice implies equity; equity implies vision, and vision forever implies love. Without love in our hearts, there can be no outer peace, as there is no inner peace.

Poets and Prophets have been, and remain, our guideposts. They hold the secret to the Vision, Ultimate Peace.

I say: Love transcends all things as known, let the entire world reprove it, not one atom yet has shown a single thing disproves it.

As we look at the family of man, we necessarily have to look to each and everyone as a member of that family. And, while there may be disagreements in family, one ultimately stands for a brother and/or a sister.

No peace overture is ever insignificant. Peace must be our ideal. It is our only hope as a species on Planet Earth, our collective home. Let us, therefore, seize the moment. Let reason rule the day.

In the end, we are always back at the beginning: without vision, we perish, whereas with vision, we survive, we thrive, we usher in a new and most favourable tomorrow. Each has a lesson to impart. Let us fill the Great Book of Life with our

individual lessons that, collectively, and purposefully, we may inspire each other to pursue the one unerring path, which ultimately leads to peace.

Without peace there is no security, no hope, and the lack of vision is self-evident.

Richard Doiron (C)
World Poetry Lifetime Achievement Award Winner 2012-2014

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President's Message

"This is our gift to the world-our gigantic hug for the world, full of thoughts and words of peace. I hope it will surround the world with love, hope and peace and make a positive difference."

It is with great pleasure and awe that I write a message for this E-Anthology our gigantic hug of love, peace and hope.

The idea for the WP E-Anthology began last year at the second World Poetry International Peace Festival in May, 2012 at Richmond, BC Canada. We had a World Poetry Poetic Necklace Display at the University of British Columbia and at the Richmond Cultural Centre, Richmond, BC, Canada. The display was a combination of peace poems and photographs from around the world. We wanted to commemorate the festival with a book but it was too expensive.

We created a World Poetry Peace E-Anthology using the initial display poems and allowing others to participate. The plan was to have the book in a PDF file which would be our free peace gift for the world and placed on the www.worldpoetry.ca site for a year. The work began by contacting those participants from the poetic necklace and getting bios, photos permission slips and poems. Jaypee Belarmino graciously offered to design the book and donate some of his award winning photos to World Poetry. His first design has been on our www.worldpoetry.ca and in our poster from last year. He is an award winning photographer and poet whose work has received world acclaim.

The response was overwhelming, established poets, beginning poets with ages ranging from 7 to 90 sent in their work. Many of the poems are written in English as a second language and have their own unique voice. Posters were sent in and were included. The bios and poems were pasted in from the originals and lightly edited for punctuation and grammar. We had to exclude so many poets whose work came in after the deadline but the book was over 180 pages and counting.

There will be a World Poetry Peace E-Anthology launch at the World Poetry Canada International Peace Festival April 4-30th at UBC.

The project took a tremendous amount of time and work on the part of a number of people. Our great thanks to all of them. When we come together in faith, love and hope, we can change the world! Our collective voice will be the message of peace for a planet sadly in need of love and support.

I would like to thank our partners and directors for their help and commitment. Great thanks to Heidi Mueller for formatting and creating this special E-Anthology, Jaypee Yilin Wang for initial compilation, Duke Ashrafuzzaman for compiling the

original poems from the WP Poetic Necklace project, Allan Cho from the Irving K. Barber Learning Centre (UBC Library), Alan Hill from the City of Richmond, Bernice Lever who put together Paths to Peace. Ariadne Sawyer for compilation and Carol Knepper for light editing. Above all, we would like to thank the poets who sent in their permission slips, their poems, bios and photos.

World Poetry would like to acknowledge the following partners in kind from the World Poetry Canada International Peace Festival.

Ariadne Sawyer, MA.
World Poetry President, co-founder and co-host.

Artist Statement

Jaypee Belarmino

When I was tasked to do the cover photo for the E-Anthology Book to promote world peace, I decided to make the children as the centerpiece of this project. I have always believed about what Mahatma Gandhi once said, that "If we are to teach real peace in this world, we shall have to begin with children."

I believe that by teaching these children effectively, one new generation coming is enough to achieve real peace. The child holding the globe signifies that if we could inspire our children, then through them, peace in the entire world could be achieved, enabling them to understand what it means to celebrate life.

Each time we educate our children about the foundations of peace which are love, unity and hope, then, the world gets a step closer to achieving it.

Editor's Statement

When I read on our World Poetry FaceBook page that Ariadne Sawyer was seeking someone willing to edit this peace anthology, I thought this was a job I was up to. English literature is my area of expertise, with my degrees and teaching expertise in that field. I already had experience in working with lengthy documents, having set up and formatted my own e-books as well as my three print books. I had also done the same sort of work on several e-books and print books by Richard Doiron, with whom I share a website. So the task did not intimidate me, and in so doing I would be contributing, in a way other than my own writing, to the effort toward world peace. When Ariadne accepted my offer, I felt both honoured and humbled.

While I did considerable editorial work on the poets' biographies to create some degree of consistency within the anthology, for example making sure all biographies were in paragraph form, I basically left the poems themselves alone out of respect for the authors, editing only obvious typos and the sort of error that I might make if, say, I were attempting to write a poem in French for an anthology. World Poetry is first and foremost an international organization, and this anthology includes poets from all corners of the world. Thus, to leave the poems for the most part as they were submitted was to me a form of inclusion, without which peace can never be achieved.

As human beings, we are all interconnected, and this interconnectedness is the driving force behind all efforts toward peace. Nowhere is that more obvious than in this collection wherein each and every poet from each and every nation shares this common dream.

Carol Knepper
http://www.spiritsinpeace.com

Paths to Peace

Thank you to these 4 World Poetry Canada & International members who hope you are inspired to seek your own path to peace

Janet Kvammen

- Look for the peace that resides within your own heart so you may go forth into the world with a loving spirit.

Wilika Asimont

- Be an elder that young people can come to. Many have no one.
- Create a village to share your skill.
- Send love messages to your enemies daily.

Richard Doiron

- Write positive affirmations daily in a journal.
- Keep an open mind and seek out like minds -- there is power in numbers.
- Study the works of great peacemakers.
- Share your gifts with the world.
- Express your gratitude to the Universe for the least of it.
- Share all new and innovative ideas with others.
- Be the change you want in your world.

Bernice Lever

- Be a living example of a peaceful person, by having a creative and contented span: enjoying the gift of life and talents you have been given.
- Hold large forums -- even small conversations -- on exploring ways to develop more peace in our world.
- Join a political party of your choice and work from within that party for a platform which includes peace seeking as a major focus.

Compiled by Bernice Lever.

World Poetry Arts Advocate Koyali Burman

World Poetry Arts Advocate, Koyali Burman has been an exponent of Indian classical dance-Kathak and Tagore's dance form- Rabindra Nritya.

She began learning Kathak at the age of three in India Koyali has been awarded as Sangeet Visharad (B Muse) in Kathak from Bhatkhande Vishwavidyalaya. She received acclaim as "Sangeet Ratna" (M Muse) from Rabindra Bharati University, Kolkata and winner of numerous regional awards in India. She has performed at various prestigious events like Dover Lane Conference, India Day, Commonwealth Day, Festival of Diversity, City of Vancouver celebration as well as in Television channels of India and Vancouver. She has been interviewed in radio, television in India and Vancouver.

She has a Masters degree from University of British Columbia. Besides her professional career, she enjoys performing and teaching dance and expanding the cultural boundaries with a dedication to excellence. She has supported the local artists with projects from her professional arena. Koyali is constantly on the look out to find new ways of developing her creativity in beauty, with her intelligence and delicate sensitivity. Currently in her leisure time she is researching and writing on the concept of art and peace-building. "I like to paint new pictures, new figures in space with my dance".

Disclaimer

World Poetry Reading Series Society would like to thank the participating poets and all those who worked to make this eBook possible.

The opinions expressed by poets are their own and do not necessarily reflect the opinions or of World Poetry Reading Series Society.

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~ Poems ~

(listed alphabetically by author)

Mamta Agarwal

Biography

Mamta Agarwal studied English Literature for Masters Program at Punjab University, Chandigarh. Subsequently, she taught in Govt. College for Women and MCM DAV College for Women from 1972-74. Later, she joined a publishing house in New Delhi, as an Associate editor. After a few years took up free-lance writing, and contributes articles and poems in magazines and journals for the last 25 years.

Her diverse interests, in art, architecture, history led her to pursue a course conducted by Govt. of India, Department of Tourism. She worked as a cultural ambassador for two years from 1980- 82. Subsequently, on moving to New Delhi, she taught 'Travel and Tourism' at International Polytechnic, New Delhi for two academic sessions and went on to publish a book on Tourism and Hotel Management.

In 1987, she decided she wanted to work with children and enrolled for B. Ed. Later instead of joining a mainstream school, she chose to join an experimental school, in New Delhi, run on Shri Aurobindo and Mother's teachings and again did a teacher's training course.

She has written a book on essays on Contemporary issues. Her first anthology of poems titled 'Rhythms of Life' was published in 2008. Her second book, titled 'Voices of autumn and other short poems' came out in August 2010.' An anthology of Contemporary women poets from India', published by Roots and Wings, selected 10 of her poems for the anthology. It was released in September, 2011. Her poetry has been published in major journals in India, Rock Pebbles, Contemporary Vibes, Poets International, SAARC Journal of Literature, Delhi Poetree, International web journal, Enchanting Verses.

She has been invited to recite and share poems at poetry forums and International poetry festivals held in Delhi, in the Embassy of Portugal, Canada and Italy in collaboration with Delhi University.

A member of Foswal - Foundation Of Saarc Writers And Literature; Executive Member – Indian society of Authors; Member, Universal Poetry; Her name is included in Who's who of Sahitya Akademi; Some of her poems have been translated in Hindi, Urdu and Romanian languages; She has read research papers at seminars organized by Indian Society of Authors.

In The Deep Recesses of My Heart

Mamta Agarwal

I have built a temple
In the deep recesses of my heart,
To which I withdraw
When I don't want to take part,

In the cacophony around me.
I feel terribly distraught;
Nation is full of angst and fear,
Thrown out of balance, peace is sought.

It's a place of utter bliss,
Where I feel pure joy.
Ever since, I learnt to do this
My spirits remain buoyed.

The sanctum sanctorum within,
Helps me remain poised.
Connect with myself and Him,
Handle life with great sangfroid.

It's the only way I know,
To touch joy several times.
Live mindfully and feel alive,
Not get swept by high tides.

Peace within, peace without;
We have to begin with ourselves
That's the only way out
To restore harmony in the cosmos.

(C) Mamta Agarwal, India

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Anita Aguirre-Nieveras

Biography

Anita Aguirre-Nieveras is a bilingual poet from the Philippines. She earned her Bachelor's Degree (major in English and minor in Social Sciences) and Secretarial Administration (major in Education) as an academic full scholar.

Anita taught skills (Shorthand, Typewriting) English, and Social Sciences at the Karilagan Finishing School (Manila). She was the Head of the Secretarial Department at The Philippine State College of Aeronautics where she taught Literature, Social Sciences, English, Essay, short story, and novel writing. She has a Master's Degree in Education (major in School Administration and Supervision), owned and administered The Holiday Hills Pre-School in San Pedro, Laguna.

In Canada, she became an active officer in Senior's Organizations, an ESL tutor, one of the Directors of the World Poetry Reading Series Society, a World Poetry Lifetime Achievement Award winner in 2004, and World Poetry Ambassador to the Philippines. She also writes Essays and Short Stories and has written an unpublished novelette in Tagalog. Her published books of poetry are Potpourri and Two Songbirds Singing. She hopes publish another poetry book this year. Anita is also an active director in the activities and programs of the World Poetry Reading Series Society and the World Poetry Radio Show.

ODE TO PEACE

Anita Aguirre-Nieveras

Peace, your name
is etched in the hearts of poets
who wield their swords -
the pen, its brilliant sparks
fly in the foam of clouds,
in the sweat of storms,
in the silent falling of a shooting star.

Peace, your name
leaves an indelible mark
on the souls of heroes
who laid dear lives
in the bloody battlefields of war.

Peace, your name
is the fragrant essence
of the universal fraternity of poets
invoking the god of peace
for harmony in the world.

Peace, your name
reverberates way far
beyond the echoing silence.
By the power of one,
simple word . . . PEACE,
the world sleeps.

Copyright Anita Aguirre-Nieveras, Canada.

Ada Aharoni

Biography

Ada Aharoni is an Israeli poet, writer and lecturer, whose works have won her international acclaim. She writes in English and Hebrew and has published twenty six books to date which have been translated into seventeen languages.

She was awarded an M.Phil. Degree in English Lit. at London University, and a PhD at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Among her poetry collections are: *From The Pyramids to Mount Carmel*, *Metal and Violets*, and *You And Me Can Change The World*. She was awarded: *The British Council Award, The President Shimon Peres Award, The Haifa and Bremen Prize, The Gold Crown of World Poets Award, and the Rachel Prize For Poetry.*

Cosmic Woman

Ada Aharoni

They tell us you were first born
in warm ocean womb
caressed by sun fingers –
daughter perhaps
of the stormy love
of two unruly atoms
maddened by the solitude
of eternal rounds
in the steppes of times

And your children, lively descendants
of their stellar nucleus mother
dropped from the sky
in depths of ocean belly,

born of green and brown seaweed
and the laughs and cries
of a blue bacteria

Cosmic woman,
when you chose earth
as home for your vast roots
at the beginning
of the great human family,
it was for life –
not for death.

Cosmic woman,
you, who were born of the nucleus,
from deadly nuclear mushroom
Save your children
SAVE YOUR CHILDREN.

Bong Ja Ahn

Biography

Bong Ja is a bilingual poet and essayist born in Korea.

She writes weekly literary columns for the two Korean local newspapers, The Korea Daily, The Korea Times. Her works have been published in numerous literary magazines on two continents.

She is winner of several literary awards including World Poetry Lifetime Achievement Award, W.I.N. Distinguished Poet and Essayist Award, Korean Writers Association Outstanding Poet Award, Etc.

Bong Ja is the author of six books (in Korean and in English).

Let's

Bong Ja Ahn (Vancouver, Canada)

Though most beautiful flower is Karma-Flower
Strong wind can blow at times
Knock the innocent flower down
Leaving with big and incurable scar.

Out of millions of reincarnation circles
You and I met here on this mortal shore
How precious. How wonderful.

When and where on another shore will we meet again?
Even if we meet again on another shore
Won't we be strangers as if it were the first time?

Dear friend,
Let's live like the stream of water
Flow continuously and smoothly
In peace, in loving harmony.

©2012, Bong Ja Ahn, Korea.

그렇게 살라더라
안봉자 (Korean)

꽃 중에 가장 곱다는 인연 꽃에도
왕모래 서걱바람 부는 날
연약한 꽃 무참히 쓰러지고
크나큰 불치의 상처를 남기더라

몇 겁의 윤회 끝에 낯선 듯 다시 만난
그대와 나, 생각할수록 참으로
눈물겹게 소중한 인연이라

이승 밖 어느 윤회의 갈피에서
우리 다시 마주치겠느냐
마주친다 한들 또다시 낯선 처음이 아니겠느냐

벗님아,
흐르는 냇물처럼 살라더라
멈춤 없이 평화롭게 흐르며
한오백년 덩더꿍 그렇게 살라더라.

©안봉자

Sajia Alaha Ahrar

Biography

Alaha Ahrar is an Afghan young poet from Kabul, Afghanistan. She came to the United States as an international student on a fully funded merit based academic scholarship on August 1, 2008. On May 12, 2012, she graduated from University of Mary Washington, which is one of very well known universities in the United States of America, with a BA in Human Rights, a BA in Political Science, and a BA in International Affairs, as well as, a certificate in Middle Eastern Studies.

Alaha speaks English, Persian (Dari, Farsi), Pashtu, Urdu, and Hindi fluently and have a basic language understanding of Arabic and Spanish. Her experiences of living in three different countries and understanding of cultural differences has added even more to her knowledge. Therefore, she loves and respects human beings and appreciates the knowledge of speaking many languages.

Alaha has a passion for writing and public speaking and she has used these skills extensively to advocate for human rights and peace. She is a very well known poet and writer. Her written poems and articles have reached to most parts of the world. Moreover, she is a very well known public speaker in the United States.

Currently, Alaha Ahrar is on the Board of Directors of Afghan Women's Writing Project and on the Board of Directors of International World Poetry Youth Team, Canada.

Alaha Ahrar

ای جوانان فهیم ای
قــشر بیدار وطــن
علم آموزید که علم
است زینت هر مرد و
زن
عالم و فرزانه زیستن
افتخار آدمیست
عصر علم است
هوشدار بی علم نتوان
زیستن
قشر جاهل کرد
ویران میهنت را این
چنین
تو بعلم آباد بسازش
بشنو از من این سخن
چشم امید وطن سوی
شماست ! نسل جوان
تا بــسازید مـیهــن
ویرانه را باغ و چمن
صلح و امن آرید به
کشور! وحدت و
همبستگی
تا همه هم میهنان
باشند بهم یک جسم
وتن
التـــجـــا دارد
(الـــهـــه) از
خـــداونـــــد بـــزرگ

جای نفرت عشق
ببارد جای جنگ
صلح در وطن
با احترام،
سجیه الهه (احرار)

Instead of Hate, May Love Rain Down

Alaha Ahrar

O knowledgeable youth, O awakened generation of this land
Seek knowledge, for it is a decoration for men and women,
Living with knowledge and wisdom is humanity's pride
It is the era of knowledge, be aware! For one cannot live in ignorance.
The ignorant ruined your country to this extent.
You can rebuild it with knowledge. Listen to me!
Your country's hopeful eyes are drawn toward you, O youth.
So that you may make a garden & prairie from this desolate desert.
Bring peace and security to the country! Unity and cooperation,
So that all countrymen be one body, one soul.
Alaha begs the All Mighty.
Instead of hate, may love rain down, and instead of war, peace.

©2012, Alaha Ahrar, Afghanistan.

Khaled Alnobani

Biography

Although writing is not generally related to activities, I want to say something about my background; I worked for a long time (not a member) with an Islamic organization working in the critical region between the society and its opposition. Independent of anything else I maintained a discipline of respecting my country and its symbols although I was not always in line with them. For me writing is not a talent, it is a "will", to say, to write and to be free. I learnt professional writing by contacting with American writers. Many times I tried to convince one of them of my experimental writing but he insisted that I should master the usual and regular thing first but later he told me that one should write what he feels not what standards and regulations forces, he changed his mind because one of the America's best writers made the violation he saw an error I have made. I learnt what could happen and what do not happen by a long social and political experience. I suffered a lot of having a view and a will to say what must be said not what should be said.

My experience with Mr. Bruce Cook is extraordinary; I sent him at first a fiction he did not approve for publication. Actually the problem was cultural; in my culture one begins with the style and ends by the semantics; the style determines what semantics are used. Despite this incident I sent him another story which he has put with "Peace Titles".

In Arabic culture the level of communication, the style, (words, expressions, etc.) used tells more than anything else, even more than the actual words of the author. I have a continuous feeling of losing my job and career, and being socially isolated, I do not see that dying is that bad.... I wrote "Into The Flames" shortly before the events of Tunisia. If anybody wants to know my treatment of the event he can refer to the mentioned story written before it happened. I have a fiction collection found on "Lulu" titled "Tomorrow is Another Day". I presented within it a new gender I call "The untold". I do not see the reality as an end; it is only the beginning.

“Take your mind with you”

Khaled M.Kh.S. Alnobani

Take your mind with you
Take whatever your sweating swirling dew,
I don't need it here,
I don't need it to show
The trees will not cease to grow
The leaves will not catch in a fire
Or remain attached with a glue
You are the ill minded saw
'cause your logic
Like sand can't chew
What is your name?
“Mountain”? “River”? Or ” rain”?
Where I can find you
"Gum"? Inside a battery
Or "Grass"? Over a plain
What is your name?
"Tree," I see it grow
"Cloud," I see it snow
“Wind,” I see it blow
Your gleaming premises don't bow
To wisdom, science or a law
When I think of you
I wonder
How air could be painted?
Can I swim in rain?
Oh, colors
Oh, ground
Don't tell me
I am here
I am drowned

©2012, Khaled M.Kh.S. Alnobani, Jordan.

Duke Ashrafuzzaman

Biography

Duke Ashrafuzzaman, is one of the founder-directors, and General Secretary of the Vancouver Tagore Society. They have partnered with WP on numerous events. Duke emigrated to Canada in 1994 from Bangladesh where he taught Computer Science in the University of Dhaka and Shahjalal University of Science and Technology.

He also worked as a sports reporter for the Daily Observer and contributed regularly in the sports and science sections of several weeklies. He translated a few philosophical essays and poems. Recently he has started working on his own poems.

A fan of Rabindranath Tagore, and music and literature, Duke is well-known in the cultural circles of Bengali community of Lower Mainland as an active participant. For his day job, he works as a software developer.

For the Return of Peace

Duke Ashrafuzzaman

Peace will not come back in this Kali Yuga.
But are you just going to sit and wait?

Smite
the Peace-forsaken World to dust.
Occupy
every street corner of inequality,
every dark alley of injustice.
Start
the dance of destruction by millions men and millions women,
Mahadev Shiva might join in that Tandava.

Millions women and millions men ----

Millions and millions Vishwakarmas,
Start
crafting the new World,
with love
and love
and love.
Shatter
Prajapati Brahma's trance,
let Him join in this new creation, coming out of Satyaloka.

Now it's Vishnu's turn.
But why wait?
We are millions and millions Vishnu-Avatars.
Dawn
in the new Satya Yuga.
Peace,
you have to come back!

©2012 Duke Ashrafuzzaman, Bangladesh/Canada.

Zeina Azad

Biography

Zeina Azad, born in London and currently in Karachi, runs EMC, a consultancy and training company, by day, writes, blogs and draws whenever she can, and tries to rearrange furniture by night.

She enjoys cooking, comparative literature, mythology and philosophy - and having a lot of tea. She's attended the University of Essex in England, and has been writing poems on peace, humanity etc. since she was nine years old – her mother's been salvaging scrunched-up rejected poems for years now

A Dead Man Died Today

Zeina Azad

Commencer

Do I rob a man his death-
That I may write a poem?

Fin

A dead bedlamite died here this day,
Here, I am giving him respect,
Learning about suitable flowers,
Feeling needlessly.

Madame, Il n'est pas...

Trying: to forget the absurd-
Mourning a man I hardly knew,
Memory: Faltering footsteps,
Pity for dead men.

Quoi? Que-ce-que vous dites?

Or am I mourning those that mourn?
Those always on the verge of touch,
Mourn those who finally feel of:
The futile reproach.

'Rien ne change'.

Mourn those sat in silent wasting,
He had that… um… mental problem,
Scream from old roofs 'It is too late!'
A mental problem.

Mais… mais…Non!

Mourn that he never got the chance?
To pardon or be excused?
Forgive that he was eloquent,
A mental problem.

'Rien ne change jamais'.

Is it because while he maddened,
We put to one side thought his due?
Now he be dead, it be too late?
Dada! Much too late?

Madame… Je suis très...

Say: O why mourn a man long dead?
This day, his death, an ending, a-
Stark full stop to a long sentence,
Pity for dead men.

Que? Qu'est-ce qui êtes vous? Désolé?

I mourn you that maddened as he-
Maddened, fed from you that fed you.
Nothing changes.
Nothing changes.

Helen Bar-Lev

Biography

Helen Bar-Lev, New York born, has lived in Israel for over 40 years. She is the Amy Kitchener International Senior Poet Laureate, 2009 and 2011. She is senior editor of Cyclamens and Swords Publishing, www.cyclamensandswords.com and a well known Israeli artist who has held ninety exhibitions around the globe www.helenbarlev.com

Helen is Secretary of the Voices Israel Group of Poets in English. She is contributing editor and global correspondent for SKETCHBOOK, A Journal for Eastern and Western Short Forms http://poetrywriting.org/

To Pretend Peace

Once we pretended
there was peace

We pulled the peace
over our eyes
so as not to see
how porous it was

Then a whirlwind of war
blew in from the south
from the north
blew out our peace
our crops
our forests
our optimism

We fled from cities
ate bloodied eggs
slept in strange beds
and prayed to a god

turned deaf

© 8.2006 Helen Bar-Lev

Godwin H. Barton

Biography

Godwin H. Barton, First Nations, is originally from Kincolith, a community in Northwestern British Columbia, Canada. He lives in Vancouver and works in the area of education.

A writer of poetry and prose, Godwin has published an inspirational story in the much acclaimed "Chicken Soup for the Soul" series. His story "Touched by a Higher Power" was included in the edition "Chicken Soup for the Recovering Soul," and, as a result of this publication, he was also featured in "Chicken Soup for the Recovering Soul: Daily Inspirations." His poem, "An Eagle Powerfully in Flight" was published in the anthology "Island Skies," Canada. Poems, such as "Today I Caught Diamonds" and "Inside of Me" are inspirational lines that for Godwin balance the craft of writing with the inner emotions and feelings.

Godwin has also had the honor of delivering the opening blessing, by way of poetry, at “World Poetry Gala Events” hosted by the Vancouver Public Library. As well as being a passionate and devoted poet, he has also been referred to as a “Master Storyteller.” Godwin, through readings and speaking engagements, shares his craft devotedly through various schools in the Vancouver area as well as Chapters and Indigo book stores. He has also been a returning guest of “World Poetry Café” on Co-Op Radio, 102.7 FM.

Recently, Godwin started pursuing a new dream as a song writer- and has now released his debut mini-album: Your Presence. Godwin is currently working on his autobiographical novel: "I Once Stood Over: An Eagle in the Wild."

My Prayer: Peace, Unity, and Love

Godwin H. Barton

It seems a prayer we're searching for to ease heart ache and pains
looking for a sure direction to turn loss into gains.
Looking for a path to walk not laid with thorn and brier
seeking help to spread our wings that we can go much higher.

I pray for you the strength of God in the thundering of the sky
the enormous energy of lightning bolts when all you do is cry.
I pray for you the peaceful streams that flow quietly through the fields
when you're faced with life's turmoil's and everything that it yields.

When you're lonely and all alone I pray for you a friend
a loving hand for you to hold to be with you to the end.
When the paths too torturous and the miles too long to walk
I pray for you a true companion who'll listen when you talk.

When you're weak and faltering under life's tremendous pressure
I pray a heart is sent to you that's loving without measure.
When you've done the best you could and you've no more to give
I pray you see the joy you've given and helped another live.

Most of all I pray for you many angels at your side
that walk before you and behind you to be your unfailing guide.
Receive the strength of the eagle as it circles from above-
hear the song that it sings of peace, unity, and love.

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Jaypee Belarmino

Biography

Jaypee Belarmino is a Freemason and an award-winning World Poet and visual artist. His poems and art works have been part of several international literary festivals.

Jaypee is a member of the World Poetry International, the Writers International Network, the New Zealand Poetry Society and the Axlepin Publishing Organization. As a poet and essayist, his works have appeared on several online literary sites that include the Book Times, Authors Den, Poem Hunter, Hub Pages, Blogspot, Poems About and the Summum Bonum Series of Publication by the Axlepin Publishing Organization. His poems have been read live on OTUSA.TV, an internet television based in the U.S.

Jaypee's artistic pursuits go beyond the literary form. He is also a multidisciplinary artist who has been getting rave reviews from the international community on his photography, abstract painting, mixed media art and multimedia art. As a visual artist, his creations have appeared on the New Zealand-based e-journal, the Flash Frontier, the widely regarded photography websites Pixoto and Byte Photo, the prestigious World Poetry Reading Series, the U.S.-based Art for the Homeless Web Magazine and the Indian websites Ratedesi and India Everyday. The oldest newspaper in the Philippines, the Manila Bulletin Newspaper, ran an article about him and made his photography the cover of its prestigious photography section.

On May 26, 2012, he won both the Empowered Poet and Artist of the Year award in the same year from the World Poetry International, proving once more his dynamism as an Alpha Phi Omegan, an Atenean and Iskolar ng Bayan.

Of Peace and War

by Jaypee Belarmino

There is no greater glory than having peace in our hearts,
for peace manifests the strength of our character.
Never crush our enemy with waves that stem from pride, fury and deceit,
for these are the counter virtues that are bred from the principles of falsehood, hatred and cowardice.
Show the enemy our intrepidity not with the might of our sword,
but with the eloquence of truth, love and courage.

The ultimate price of life and living
is the mark paid for by the virtues we stand.
Let not war and violence degenerate the emptiness of our being,
but discover the balance that seeks to aid those who suffer,
provide food for those who hunger,
and render shelter to those who are homeless.

Every soul is a warrior,
and the greatest of warriors
is one that seeks to unify people rather than divide them,
one that seeks for absolute truth rather than hide from falsehood;
one that seeks to provide power within the matrix of struggle
rather than grab dominion from universal peace.

Deviate if you must, conform if you must,
for whatever it is that you have to do,
it is the virtue of the heart that wins.

Gabbie Belarmino

Biography

Sofia Gabrielle I. Belarmino is a seven-year old poet, artist and honor pupil from the Philippines. She has shown intense fascination with the literary and visual arts when she was just five years old, composing poetry in Filipino and English languages, doing abstract art, painting landscapes and drawing her version of family portraits.

As a poet, Sofia Gabrielle, likes to write about love for God, for family and for the country. She has developed a sense of patriotism at an early age and would often speak about unity, peace and hope.

While this little genius likes dedicating her poetry to her dad, she enjoys making artworks for her mom. She loves to draw flowers, mountains and portraits of a happy family both in realist and surrealist presentations.

Gabbie has recently started taking piano lessons, proving once more that her talents are indeed vast and limitless.

God's Masterpiece

Sofia Gabrielle Imperial Belarmino

God made us all
but not you and not me
every one of us
and nature we see
take care of them
as we bring peace.

The Greatest is Love

the greatest of these is love
so if you miss someone you love
talk to the star

and wish for the one
so the heart beats with love

Selene Bertelsen

Biography

Selene's first interaction with the creative arts came about around the age of five through finger painting and drawing. The house was often a mess of colour and paper. Drawing soon evolved into a love for the written word and for a way of combining the two. By the age of ten, her grade five teacher told her that she was destined to write a book someday. By the age of 13, she literally had enough material for a book! The creative process has simply never stopped. She is currently at work on the publishing of her first book of poetry, with 8 more books of poetry and two novels to come.

Selene finds inspiration to write, and solace, within Mother Nature. Her creative process is driven by a love for the environment, its animals and people, and a need to interact with them.

She balances her time between writing, volunteering within the poetic community, and practicing professional Japanese Reiki. Presently, Selene is a World Poetry *Volunteer Co-ordinator* and World Poetry *Official Photographer.*

She is also *World Poetry Ambassador to The Orkney Islands*. Selene, a relative of "Erik the Red", and of Shuswap Inheritance, is a BC based poet, who resides in New Westminster, with her eccentric soul sister Jemma, and their dog, "Sophie the Great". In her previous life, Selene traveled to Japan and back again to Canada, as a professional ESL Instructor.

World Poetry: People of the World

I write my poems by night and day,
by day and night.
Sing them as a Raven sings to Its mate -
Sing them to a place I call Home -
Whisper them to people who are my own.

By daylight, candlelight, or low lit lamp,
I write for: THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.

I write for ALL KINDS: all colours, all races,
Ages, genders, those with seen and unseen disabilities,
Those with abilities,
And those who are here or somewhere over there.

I write for the bilingual and multilingual,
And for those who cannot speak at all.

I write and speak in archaic languages -
Languages which gave birth
To my Mother Tongue.

I write from the heart that is tatooed on my skin,
From the brain that controls my thoughts,
From the spirit that releases my soulful creativity.

I stand for creativity,
I stand for THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD,
I stand for myself.

I stand for "World Poetry".
For You,
Who took me under quill and feather,
Who enfolded me in Your tender embrace,
Who gave me a home, where I had naught before,
Who gently guided "The Baby" -
Closer to The Source.

Yes, I stand for You –
All of You -
All of Us –
At "World Poetry".

Selene Bertelsen © 2012

Wanda Brayton

Biography

A former college librarian and construction news reporter, Wanda Lea Brayton has written poetry since 1973. Her poems have been accepted by *The Book Times*, *Hudson View Poetry Digest*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Oak Bend Review*, *Aquill Relle*, *Main Street Rag* and *Clackamas Literary Review.*

She was the featured poet in March 2011 on the World Poetry site and her work has been read on the World Poetry Cafe Radio station in Vancouver, placed on display at various WP exhibitions (a poem was included on the DVD for the Pablo Neruda celebration) and two other poems were then further exhibited at the John Lennon Peace Tower in Iceland. She has also been a featured poet on the *Aquill Relle* website and has 18 poems featured in the anthology *On Viewless Wings vol. 5.*

Book: *The Echo of What Remains Collected Poems of Wanda Lea Brayton*
http://www.lulu.com/product/paperback/the-echo-of-what-remains/16114406

Poetry author's page: http://allpoetry.com/WandaLeaBrayton

2 a.m.

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The night is fluent and deep.

Your breath,
a pastiche of rising tides,
awaits my immersion.

You gather me like fragrant leaves
even as you sleep, pull me into your dream
until we are wrapped together within these boughs
and dream of fall, ablaze.

Corazon Wong Canda

Biography

Corazon Wong Canda was born in the Philippines, where she earned a Bachelor of Arts Degree, while majoring in psychology.

A true romantic at heart, who inherited a love of music from her parents, she plays the guitar, the hand bells and xylophone.

For twenty-six years, she has lived in Japan, where she teaches English in the public elementary school system.

Over the years, she developed an intense love for literature and for some time now has been mentored by Canadian poets, Richard Doiron and Carol Knepper, both of them members of World Poetry, former educators and established poets at the international level.

I pray for peace

I pray for peace
the world around
and will not stop
till peace is found.

Harmonious hearts
must rule the day,
made this the cause
for which I pray.

The common goal
all love, no hate,
to think we stood
at Heaven's Gate

- *Corazon Wong Canda* © *2012*

Fern G. Z. Carr

Biography

Fern G. Z. Carr is a lawyer, teacher and past president of the local branch of the BC Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She is a member of The League of Canadian Poets and former Poet-in-Residence who composes and translates poetry in five languages.

A winner of national and international poetry contests, Carr has been published extensively world-wide including Finland, Thailand, Israel, South Africa, Nepal, New Zealand, Mayotte Island in the Mozambique Channel and India where she has been cited as a contributor to the Prakalpana Literary Movement.

Canadian honours include being featured online in Canada's national newspaper, The Globe and Mail, having her poetry set to music by a Juno-nominated musician and having her poem, "I Am", chosen by the Parliamentary Poet Laureate as *Poem of the Month* for Canada.

www.ferngzcarr.com

War – News at 6 (AM)

Is media technology an assault on our ethics –
a fundamentally amoral phenomenon
provided for our entertainment
allowing us to bear instantaneous
witness to the ravages of war:

orange flashes and pillars of smoke –
bodies on fire fleeing the carnage,
snipers spitting bullets from gutted buildings –
a mother with a child in one arm,
a pet dog hooked under the other,
scrambling to the nearest bomb shelter;

infra-red night vision cameras tracking tanks
as they advance across desert sands
amidst volleys of anti-aircraft artillery
shattering the sky with their fireworks,
mocking the silhouettes of charred palm trees

in a land that could have been a tourist haven,
spared from a despot whose Svengali wiles
mesmerized onlookers thousands of miles away
with the perverse attraction of an accident scene.

We passively listen from the comfort of our homes
at any hour of the day or night,
obsessed by the trembling voices of reporters.
Insulated from the dangers of battle,
we become voyeurs
as we are vicariously placed on the front lines.

Fern G. Z. Carr
Canada

Winnie L. Cheung

Biography

Winnie L. Cheung has published in both English and Chinese before she moved to Canada. A student of English and Chinese literatures, she loves the spoken and written word. While busy raising a family and working full-time as an educator in Canada, she had to suspend her writing career for over twenty years. She is now semi-retired, and looks forward to creating more personal space to pursue her first love.

Poetry, flowing from our inner fount and distilled from lived experiences, is the ultimate expression of humanity. It is something Winnie wants to celebrate and share with other kindred spirits.

A Waiting Prayer

Winnie Cheung

Huddled under the family table laden
    with memories of better times
Eyes blurred
Ears blocked
Nose bleeding, fuming smoke
Heart in mouth, dry with fear
We waited and hoped
    against hope.

Knees deep in cold clammy mud
Eyes wide open
Mouth shut tight.
A baby wailed and was
    stopped.
Dead silence
    but for the chirping crickets in the grass
    and jubilant mosquitoes zooming past.

We waited and prayed
    for dinner and
    peace.

©2012, Winnie Cheung, Canada.

Juhi Chowdhury

Biography

Juhi Chowdhury, from India, is undergraduate aerospace engineering student in Bengal Engineering and Science University, Shibpur.

She is poet, classical dancer (Kathak and Bharatnatyam), a lover of science and art. She started writing poetry since she was in class-III in her mother-tongue (Bengali).

Her poems have been published in BECA, a magazine of university fest; Asian American Poetry, The Enchanting Verses Literary Review, Wilderness House Literary Review, Cavalcade of Stars, FringeLIT, Stellar Showcase Journal, poetic diversity and elsewhere and in an anthology 'The Poetic bliss' and a book-review by her was published in Indian Book Reviews. She has received many awards and recognitions in education and presented her poems in 5th International Poetry Festival-2012 held in Andhra Pradesh, India.

PEACE

Peace comes by
With the pieces of smile
Dewed on the lips of children
Dancing, in floral vermeil!

Bliss be the only luxury
Swaying from smile to soul,
In kaleidoscope of seasons
Of life, chanting fraternal carol!

Peace comes by
With the magic of evolution-
Guns mutate into roses,
Stillness into Motion.

Contrasts not to quarrel
But to complement each other-
Neither a Black nor a White dies
In war, dies humanity, dies a brother!

Peace comes by
Crooning a prayer in morn
And a tearful apology,
In the eve, in solace, a love sown.

Up there thousand hands, in sweat,
Chisel down an azure roof
Under which every mother with baby
On her lap, lulls and feeds moral soup.

Peace is no gift of god
But perseverance, a glory of nation,
Nation is to pen and paint
With mudra and mantra's reverberation.

Juhi Chowdhury©

Maraiba Christu

Biography

Maraiba has been writing poetry for over a decade. Her work tends to explore the beauty and solace of the natural world, human connectedness, dream life, and wide awake presence.

This poem was written in Dec 2006 for the first display of Peace poems, which was held at the Vancouver Public Library. Maraiba has read for World Poet's Night Out and is currently compiling her first book for publication. She is a long-time resident of Vancouver who is presently living and working for a time in Annapolis Maryland.

peace

Maraiba Christu

peace has no claim
it is an empty purse
a fearsome enemy
a devastating flood
received like old friends

you cannot decorate with peace
it will shake the very foundations
route out all the rotting timbers

peace is all that is left
when suffering brings you to your senses
no compulsion to succeed
no need for reprisals
just an abiding grace
that illumines the path of healing

oh prodigal sons and daughters of peace
how we long for home
and are cherished when we return

like the love of a spacious heart
like the water in an artesian well,
like those blessed loaves and fishes
draw upon it and it increases

Vancouver, Dec 3, 2006.
Maraiba Christu

Aditi Dasgupta

Biography

Aditi Dasgupta has done her Masters in English Literature. Aditi has written poems in both English and Bengali. She has wide range of hobbies including drawing & painting besides recitation, anchoring and audio drama.

Aditi has been living in Canada since 2006 and has contributed to community activities earnestly.

Oh Peace! The White Winged Peace!

Come down upon the Earth like soothing drops of rain.
Quench the thirst of humanity ravaged by the onslaughts of wars and alike.
Spread the message of love on to the sharpened edges of swords.
Let the heads of war lords be bowed under your delicate feet for eternity.

Oh Peace! The much worshiped peace!
Look at the history of mankind,
After each Great War, the humanity had to bow down in front of you.
The final destiny of history fades away into your caring touch of hope and love.
Bless us with your presence and ruin the destructive designs of distracted few.

The Conflicts between-
Good and Bad, varying ideologies, differing interests;
Different races, strong and weak;
Are nothing but common in history.
Still, there is hope.

We love the Nature;
Love the singing birds;
Love twilight and soft touches of human heart.
Mother's love; innocent smile of newborn;
Flocks of flying birds against crimson sky;
Make us cry with joy.
Sure, there is hope.

Life is mortal and days are numbered.
We are offspring of the Light and the Joy.
Give us the holy courage to stand deceit with ease Let's have Peace!
"GIVE, FORGIVE and CONTROL!
Om Shanti! Om Shanti! Om Shanti!"

(c) 2012, Aditi Dasgupta, Vancouver, Canada and India.

Romolo Del Valle

Biography

Born in a beautiful island from Italian and Spanish parents and coming to America very young with a goal, mainly, to succeed in life and be happy. I have worked very hard and gone to school to better myself...Fully aware of who I am, finished school and still working very hard.

I have gone out of my way to make other people happy, however, I haven't be so lucky to find somebody to accept the way I am....just a human being-not perfect-but a caring human with feelings and love to share....As a citizen of the world, there is not race, color, or religious beliefs that would stop me from searching for happiness....I love and write for the sake of my soul...I freely express my feelings to this vast universe...

Only the mighty God knows what I have been going through....and whenever is the time for me to depart forever...let it be, , there is only one life to live...Going away being happy that I leave my own legacy behind for others humans to learn from my poems. I have become through times passed that I am a man with a Vision and a clear mission: 'To spread my message of Love and Peace throughout the World and if my poetry can touch a single soul in the World, then I would gladly die leaving my clear footprints behind! Romeo-New York City

Cyberlove

Time, Space and a common goal
Magically blended in a poignant write
To freely express our concerns about our Earth
And spread our message of Love and Peace…

A thousand miles apart-yet,
United by our unique thoughts
Which are filtered through cyberspace,
Hoping to touch every heart in the World!

We reflect the colors of the Rainbow
Speaking the language of understanding
And sharing our love, joy, pain and hope
Within a World of uncertainties!

Our hearts bleed to death
Knowing that many young ones
Are daily wounded or killed
In those silly and unjustified wars…

Our minds are clearly disturbed
Knowing that many of our children
Are hungry and very sick
Without a future they can count on!
We are very concerned
About our own existence
In this God-given precious gift
Being destroyed by a powerful few!

The very air we breathe
Is mercilessly polluted
By those inspired by power and greed
With disregard for our survival! ..

A divine intervention is needed
To stop these evil spirits
From wiping out our lovely Earth
And give Love and Peace a chance!

Romeo Della Valle

Richard Doiron

Biography

A graduate in journalism, native to Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada, Richard Doiron has been writing for fifty years. He has published eighteen books, including two novels and two biographical works. He has been published in over 100 paper books, with an estimated 1000 poems published.

Richard has attended one national and three international literary festivals. He mentors aspiring poets far and wide. He is most prolific, writing no less than 1000 new poems yearly. At age 65, the pace has not slowed down in the least and he doesn't expect it to anytime soon.

Richard is the 2012-2014 World Poetry Lifetime Achievement Award Winner.

(in) the spirit of peace

Richard Doiron - five peace tankas-

1
in judicious minds
where ideas come to life
peace is in the air
a future to formulate
where everyone belongs

2
the spirit of peace
that permeates our domain
with hands joining hands
we dismantle negatives
the future filled with promise

3
one inviting voice
appealing to our senses
we venture forward
taking with us the message
peace is always possible

4
refusing to fight
for the sake of argument
laying down our arms
taking up the cause for peace
a world infused with vision

5
penning a new page
in the precious book of life
with peace the premise
gaining that fateful foothold
closing the chapter on war

-Richard Doiron-
Canada
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Jemma Downes

Biography

Engineer, artist, educator, calligrapher, haiku poet, poet, makeup artist. Traveller, humanitarian.
Loves: Indian music, poetry, and culture. Intercultural events.
Born in England many, many moons ago; studied engineering in England; attended Teachers' Training College; - in 1969 transplanted to Priory School, Jamaica to teach mathematics; emigrated to Canada in 1974; 1985 to 1988 lecturer technical graphics Belvedere Teacher Training College, Zimbabwe; 1988 to 1990 teaching CDT (craft design technology) in England. 1990 returned to Surrey School District
B.C. Learning Disabilities Resource Consultant.
Volunteer:- World Poetry, makeup artist, theatre class coordinator Raymond Burr Theatre
Member of

- Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND)
- British Haiku Society
- World Poetry Canada & International

The question is --

humans torture and kill their fellow humans!
relatives fight relatives!
dictators kill off their opposition!
nation fights against nation!

warlords of the world:
usa – britain – iraq – afghanistan –
to name but a few

religion at war with religion:
protestant – muslim –
roman catholic - shiite – sunni –
to name but a few

africans maim africans!
egyptian – rwandan –
zimbabwian – congolese – south african
to name but a few

skin colour! greed! power! envy! -
ideology! hatred! desire! Prejudice!
nuclear weapons – the deterrent??

will we ever have peace in this, Kaliyuga??
will there ever be peace on this earth??
are we dreaming??

When there is:-
Love, Trust, Understanding, Communication,
Ahimsa, Acceptance, Compassion, Unity in Diversity!
Then there will Then there will be no more WAR
*PEACE IN OUR TIME!!

\
*On 30th October 1938 Neville Chamberlain (British Prime Minister returned to Britain from a meeting with Hitler boasting "there will be peace in our time"! Almost a year later Britain was at war with Germany and world war II came into full swing

Jemma Downes © 2012

Graham Ducker

Biography

Graham Ducker is a retired Principal and Kindergarten teacher who published his memoir book *Don't Wake The Teacher* in 2004.

His poetry book *Observations of Heart and Mind* was published in 2006. Two picture books *The Elephant That Wanted To Join the Circus*, and *Why Pigs Have Curly Tails*, were published in 2011.

Visit his website at www.grahamducker.com

What Would Happen?

J. Graham Ducker

What would happen if one day
a stranger stopped in to say,
"By decree it was recommended
that your life be extended.
Here's an extra slice of life."

What actions would you take?
What changes would you make?
Would you take the initiative
to seize the opportunity to give
some meaning to your life?

After the initial exhilaration
and reflective re-evaluation,
a decision most impecunious
would not right the course ruinous
of your undirected life.

It necessitates an intercession,
a supplication, a confession,
with heartfelt importunate
to the Universal Potentate
Who delegated your life!

©2012, J. Graham Ducker, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

Mary Duffy

Biography

Mary Duffy is a transplant from the east to the west coast. Her poetry has been published in various anthologies and journals including Quills, Blueprint Review the Globe and Mail (online) and Return of the Downtown Eastside Poets and deals mainly with her experience of growing up in Newfoundland as a child of ‘60’s outport resettlement.

Peace and the Wayang

He kneels before a prison
the stage he’s acted on
moved by passion
raising arms in salute
to an eternal struggle

Decorated with ebony, gold and crimson
carted in chariots across centuries
manipulated by rods of rage
doubtful spectre at the dance of death

Tonight he’ll finally slip shackles
allow arms to fall
free palms to flow
slowly toward each other
answering the call of dusk
to pray for us

(inspired by the art of Coral Gurney;
Previously published by the South Delta Artist Guild)

© *Mary Duffy/ Canada*

Margaret Eaton

Biography

Margaret Patricia Eaton, Moncton, NB Canada is a graduate of Mount Allison University, Sackville (B. A.; B. Ed.), the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton (M. Ed.) and enjoyed a 32-year career in education as a teacher, school librarian and guidance counsellor. Retirement made her "dream career"– as free-lance journalist, photographer and poet, possible.

She now writes human interest features and a weekly arts review column for the Moncton Times & Transcript, reviews books for Atlantic Books Today magazine and co-authored with the late Robert Cunningham Fundy: Jewel of the North Atlantic Coastline (Westmorland Historical Society, 2010)

Her first poetry collection, Seeking Grace (2006), was written in honour of her mother, Victoria. Her next two collections, Painted Poems (2008) and Vision & Voice (2011) combine her poems with paintings by Angelica De Benedetti, Sackville, NB. In 2009, she received First Place in the Writers' Federation of New Brunswick Literary Competition for "Celtic Trilogy." Her work has been published in journals and anthologies, including The Nashwaak Review and Voices Israel Anthology.

In 2009 she was invited to read "Slaughter of Innocents / Slaughter of Innocence", her dramatic poem for two voices at the Voice of Women for Peace meeting on the UNB campus. Her poems were also featured on the Poets against War website (2006, 2007, 2008) and displayed at the World Poetry Gala in Vancouver (2006, 2009). In 2012 she was thrilled when her poem, "Have you heard the news today?" was selected as a Gift Poem for the World Poetry International Peace Festival.

Visit her at www.eaglewingspress.ca

Did you hear the news today?

"The reactor is designed to withstand a 6.4 magnitude earthquake."
--Wade Parker, Director, Point Lepreau Nuclear Power Generating Station

You could face the other direction,
turn your back on those sky-slicing transmission towers
and pretend to be three brass monkeys

-- hear no evil --

turn down the volume,
ignore the pleas of women fleeing,
cries of children – collateral damage,
exploding guns, grenades, IEDs – young soldiers dead

-- see no evil --

wash dark spatters off the screen,
blood from Sri Lanka and Sierra Leone,
use Windex to get it really clean,
no tell-tale pink streaks remaining,
erase all trace of suffering in the Middle East,
leave no disturbing marks,
Bosnia never happened,
there was no genocide in Rwanda.
Earthquakes rumble in
Haiti and Chile, New Zealand and Japan,
while nuclear disasters occur only at
Chernobyl and Fukushima.

-- speak no evil --

say " It's okay – it's not our problem – it's not happening here."

Not now –
not yet –

This poem was inspired by a painting of the Radio Canada transmission/reception towers on the Tantramar Marsh and by the Lepreau Nuclear Power Generating Station, built on a geological fault line, near the Bay of Fundy. Both are located in the province of New Brunswick, Canada.

Margaret Patricia Eaton, Moncton, NB, Canada

This poem was published by Eagle Wings Press in *Vision & Voice*, Paintings by Angelica De Benedetti and Poems by M. P. Eaton © 2011.
www.eaglewingspress.ca

Painting by Angelica De Benedetti

Alvin Ens

Biography

Ens is a poet, a writer of short fiction and prose articles, a family historian, and an editor. He was a high school teacher of English and later a teacher with Corrections Canada, but is now retired and writes instead.

He holds a Master's Degree in Education, a Bachelor of Arts and a Bachelor of Christian Education. He is a Saskatchewan native who married into Manitoba but now lives in BC. He has been published in various magazines both secular and Christian, in a variety of anthologies and on the web.

He is a member of Poets Potpourri Society (Abbotsford), Fraser Valley Christian Writers (Abbotsford), Inscribe Writers (based in Alberta), Word Guild Canada and Canadian Poetry Association.

He has written eight books. He is the husband of Irene, has three children and two grandchildren and loves to garden, to play golf and curl and loves to watch the Vancouver Canucks.

And They Shall Turn

And they shall turn
their distance
into proximity
their silent vigils
into communication
their intolerance
into respect
their distrust
into trust
their harassment
into assistance
their racism
into a cultural mosaic

their hatred
into love

And they shall turn
their clubs
into baseball bats
their guns
into crutches
their cruise missiles
into oxygen tanks
their Apache helicopters
into search and rescue units
their destroyer ships
into floating hospitals
their Harrier jets
into relief transports

And they shall turn
their swords
into ploughshares

Alvin G. Ens (Isaiah 2:4), © copyright 2012
Abbotsford, BC, Canada

Davynovich Fidel

Biography

My names are Davynovich Fidel from Nigerian nationality. I reside in Ajegunle in the metropolitan state of Lagos. I am a poet and also, a socialist.

My schooling is well attended in Lagos. I speak English language and other colloquial language like pantua (pidgin). For my years I have spent in Ajegunle, my experience in ghetto has given me an advantage in writing.

I spent my time in reading books on philosophy, politics, literatures and religion to expose my thinking to boost my writing about the society I live. My centre attraction is base on the historical class society the everyday experiences of people in today's struggle to make a better life.

As a result of this, I also operate a blog that tells and covers the everyday experiences in ghetto, which is basically on the archive collection of pictures and stories about the ghetto life.

The blog is www.lifeinslum.blogspot.com

peace

I
where is the peace?
can they give peace?
can we perceive peace?
when they are breakers of peace
invaders of invasion
and master of dictate

across ocean are not spear,
free no to be free
always decided by imperials
as the masters of EU, US, UN, AU
talk how life should go

their puppet quarrel not the pen
and head-nod to the bid-of
always ready to actions words
dance the drum of yes sir
even when life is soak in blood

and see how pen
slaughter boots to death
to guard what never theirs
…oil
in a land far from the north
not welded to the America continent

again,
see how liberation talks
sound to be true
but not
when what meant is domination
to seize what never in the north
in the name of democracy.

II
heads were fooled to cap this
think justice is justice
to end monarchism with liberation
whereas,
this is explorative monopoly
to bribe heads to buy the package

they make thought to think peace
is the entity of no ideas clashes

to be the settlement to quench grudges
but the "white flag" flying
their hands stain with blood
clone with wars

to think peace marry their tongue
is like dying many times knowingly
that never stop counting
when our eyes read it
each day they compromised to contradict

to bury this in our head
is to render senses illusive
that suffered not to see the real world
think peace is everything and settlement
in the world that class and power talks

we shouldn't hold the rhetoric
that meant never what their hand effect
for the decades life wails in blood
to fill their bowl with coins
even when bodies litter the war zone

III
in kapital no peace,
peace can't be located in their book
is only language of possession
business to the casino gangs
that echo the how and what

to fuck life is what they know
gum faces with penury
tootle violence ruin existence
because of the foundation created
by the principle that destructure

no peace can roll from the mouth
when count how humanity dies
perish continuously under what
profit, expropriation and exploitation
for centuries of battles to controlled

how sensible does it interpret?
those peace-breakers can give peace
when history speak no lie
in the 1914-18 and 1939-45
war machine were tasted on humanity
to protect land and possessed

this why is peace is odoriferous
far fetch to offer
meaningless in the business owners mouth
who proclaim it
violet it
with their power of who control the politics

Ricky Rapoport Friesem

Biography

Ricky Rapoport Friesem is a poet, writer and documentary filmmaker. She has also written two cook books: Fruits of the Earth (Adama Books, 1985) and Joy of Israel (Steimatzky, 1976). Her work has appeared in numerous publications, among them Moment, The Jewish Daily Forward, Popshot. She was a finalist in the Atlanta Review's 2010 Poetry Competition. Her honors include Honorable Mention in Lilith Magazine's 2007 Charlotte Newberger Poetry Competition, the 2007 and 2011 Reuben Rose Memorial Poetry Competition. Her essay, House of David, won first prize in the 2010 Women in Judaism Journal's Annual Competition.

Her first poetry collection, *Parentheses*. was awarded First Prize in Writer's Digest 2007 International Self-Published Book Awards . Her second collection. *Laissez-Faire*, was published in October 2009. One of her short stories appears in the anthology, *Israel Stories*, published in 2011. In 2010, she was named International Senior Poet Laureate by the Amy Kitchener Foundation.

Born in Calgary and raised in Toronto, Canada, Ricky Rapoport Friesem moved to Israel in 1972. For 25 years she worked as a journalist, editor, and award-winning documentary film maker for the Weizmann Institute of Science, whose Communications Department she headed for over a decade. She is married to a physicist and has 3 sons and 12 grandchildren.

Help

Ricky Rapoport Friesem

Help me, save me
from the beat
of rousing songs
and marching feet.

Stop this folly
stop before
the beat gives way
to canons' roar.

Katherine Gordon

Biography

Katherine L. Gordon writes from a quiet river valley near Rockwood, Ontario, Canada.

She has many books, chapbooks, anthologies and collaborative collections.

Katherine believes that poetry is a force to unite and inspire all peoples.

The Roots of Peace

Peace begins in your own heart
an empathy to all you meet
a promise to understand differences
a knowledge that we are all the same,
each one longs for acceptance and peace.
Look for yourself in each other's eyes,
love comes long before acquired hate.
Sing the songs of peace,
dance the circles that unite,
write of it in every script,
send our messages of hope to each other
to every street of the bustling globe
along the wires that bind us.
Policies and politics will learn a new bluster,
once the roots are planted they will grow,
the flower for each of us will be peace.

Katherine L. Gordon
Rockwood, Ontario, Canada.
(C) Spring 2012

Nematullah Haidari

Biography

I am Nematullah Haidari born in Afghanistan Kabul 1981, I graduated from high school in Iran Tehran, now I am studying political science at Mashal Institute for Higher Education.

The civil wars in Afghanistan and the Russia invasion made us leave the country but fortunately after the 11 Sep and the peace in consistency here in the country we returned back home with a big expectancy

Now 11 years passed, we have noticed a visible and evident improvement in all aspects of especially the security, it should be caused by the lack of expert and cadres in governmental organizations, today afghan youths stand by the side of the world's youths for transferring the peace message to the world,

My interest to the media lead me towards starting a new career with Tolo TV year 2004 and by establishing Apple Media Production I kept contact with BBC, CNN, Fox News and worked as a free lance journalist. In the year 2007 I was assigned as production manager in Ariana TV Network, now I am very proud to find the chance to forward my peace message as an afghan youth to the world through the World Peace Festival.

های مردم!
های مردم!،آرزو دارم
زندگی محو از زمین نشود

Hey people!
Hey people I hope
Life doesn’t end from the earth

گل امیدهای نورسته
باز پژمرده این چنین نشود

The blossoms of hope

Not to fade again

های مردم!،یک کبوتر صلح
به هوادار جنگ هدیه دهید

Hey people! Give a peace dove
To the fight monger

قصه ی آشتی، قصه ی صلح
جای تیرو تفنگ فدیه دهید

Give reconciliation and peace story
As a ransom instead of weapon

های مردم! درد ما این است
جنگ،دودِ تفنگ و خمپاره

Hey people! Our grievances are these:
War, smoke, weapon and mortar

انتحار،انفجار، مرگ جوان
دل هر فرد کرده است پاره

The suicide, blast, youth's death
Made everyone sorrowful

های مردم! به کودکان نگرید
چه گناهی نموده اند آیا؟

Hey people! Look at the children
What are their sins?

که چنین طعمه میشوند هرروز
حامی با جنگ بوده اند آیا؟

To be killed everyday
Were they warmonger's partisan?

های مردم! خوب میدانید
معنی نحس جنگ نابودیست

Hey people! You know that:
War means devastation

صلح را معنی است خوشبختی
زندگی با تفنگ نابودیست

Peace means prosperity
Life with weapon is destruction

های مردم! شما که میدانید
جنگ راه به هم رسیدن نیست

Hey people you better know that
War doesn't end unity

جنگ بربادی و نفاق آرد
تارسیدن به صلح راه کم نیست

War causes destruction and dissension
There is not unlimited ways towards peace

های مردم! چرا بسوزیم ما
آسمان و زمین خود در جنگ

Hey people! Why shall we burn
Our land and space with war

غرق دریا خون شویم تا چند
تا بکی بشنویم صدای تفنگ

How long shall we sink in the blood ocean
How long shall we listen to the blasts

های مردم! مادران گریند
روی نعش فتاده ی فرزند

Hey people! The mothers cry
On the corpses of their sons

جگر پاره پاره شان نگرید
دلشان خون چکان بود تا چند

Look at their grief stricken features
How long shall they be tearing

های مردم! به صلح تکیه کنید
صلح آینه دار خوشبختیست

Hey people! Believe on peace
Peace is the route to prosperity

صلح مرغ سعادت ما است
جنگ ویرانگری و بد بختیست

Peace is our success bird
War is destruction and misery

های مردم! صلح صلح چه است
صلح یک رنگی و سعادت است

Hey people! What is peace, peace?
Peace is unity and prosperity

صلح دنیای ما ادامه ی ما
صلح است دین ما عبادت ما

Peace is our life, our future
Peace is our religion, our worship

Fareed Abdul Hameed

Biography

Fareed Abdulhameed Ismail, born in 1984 Khartoum, is a poet and writer. His poems and stories appeared in numerous publications, his collection of poems “ Depth Never Hide” is forthcoming. He is also working on his first novel.
Fareed lives in Khartoum and wishes peace for all the world.

The Man Soul

man is the man
whenever he is, however he lives
formable.....but not forever
for the man soul never yield for a measure.

War...this war is like an edge
broken soon but kills sooner.

Is it victory ....the war is won?
is it victory....a man has gone?
for all are brothers and the killed is a son
so each mother will ode her son.

be you the son
what do you see?.. then
you see the darkness
or raise V...seek an ode
or then say..... me
"I want to praise the defeat over me".

By : Fareed Abdulhameed Ismail
Khartoum Sudan

Paul Hartal

Biography

A man of many Odysseys, Paul Hartal is a Canadian poet, author and artist born in Szeged, Hungary. His critically acclaimed books include Postmodern Light (poetry, 2006), Love Poems (2004), The Kidnapping of the Painter Miró (novel, 1997, 2001), The Brush and the Compass (1988), Painted Melodies (1983) and A History of Architecture (1972).

In 1975 he published in Montreal his first *Manifesto on Lyrical Conceptualism.* Evolving as Lyco Art, this novel idea is a new element on the periodic table of aesthetics, which intertwines the logic of passion with the passion of logic. In 1980 the Lyrical Conceptualist Society hosted the First International Poetry Exhibition in Montreal. A few years later Paul Hartal formed the Centre for Art, Science and Technology, which computer scientist Clifford Pickover describes in *Mazes for the Mind* as a network that "facilitates the exchange of ideas between various domains of human knowledge".

In 1978 the artist exhibited his paintings at the Musée du Luxembourg and the Raymond Duncan Gallery in France and his canvas *Flowers for Cézanne* won the Prix de Paris. He also presented his oeuvre in museums and galleries in New York, Montreal, Budapest, as well as many other places. Representing Canada, his work was featured at the cultural events of the 1988 Seoul Olympics. An active athlete and fencer since his teenage years, Paul Hartal graduated in 1954 from Radnóti high school in his hometown. As a student at the University of Medicine in Szeged, he participated in the 1956 Hungarian Revolution. A few months later he burnt all his poems and papers and escaped to freedom.

An explorer of global habitats and cultures, he has traveled through Europe, North-America, Argentina, Australia, China, Japan and Korea. His research interests focus on the connectivity of the arts and the sciences. He has been involved in interdisciplinary symmetry studies, and in 1994 NASA invited him to participate in visionary space exploration projects. A recent project initiated in 2012 under the aegis of Dalhousie University of Halifax, involves explorations in inclusive knowledge, particularly intersections between poetry, painting and mathematics.

Why the Snow Melts

Rainbow Square,
“It might rain”,
You said.

And then you put
An umbrella,
Adorned with
Dragon eyes,
Into my backpack.

And I
Recalled the story
You once told me
About
A brawny dragon
That got angry
Because he saw
That the happiness of
A man and woman
Melted the snow.

It was 8 AM
And we stepped out
Through the door
To a grizzled street
Ambling together
Under an overcast sky
To the Metro.

The snow
Was melting
On the pavement.

And you held
My hand.

Paul Hartal
October 12, 2012

Alan Hill

Biography

Alan Hill was born in the South West of England near the Welsh border. After leaving school at sixteen he travelled extensively and worked in jobs ranging from renovating old graveyards to working in a jellybean factory.

Since 2005 he has been living in Canada. He has been previously published in Canada in CV2, Canadian Literature, Vancouver Review, Antigonish Review, Sub-Terrain and in a number of anthologies and in the UK in South, The Wolf and **Turbulence.** His first full collection '*The Upstairs Country*' (Silver-Bow Press) was published in early 2012.

The Misunderstanding

Alan Hill

Perhaps
it was all a mistake

a slight
misunderstanding
between friends

we can all head home

be children again
forgetful, unknowing

the dead will all come back
and that together
we will remember nothing

history will unravel
its coiled whip

rivers will pack up
and head upstream

mountains relax
soften into friendly scree

volcanoes
will breathe in
instead of out

all that has happened
will not have been

all those that have suffered
will be freed

can put their feet up
take a smoke, drink tea.

Alan Hill, (C) Canada.

Ibrahim Honjo

Biography

Ibrahim Honjo was born on April 16, 1948 in the former Yugoslavia (Bosnia and Herzegovina). Since January 1995 he has lived in Canada.

Honjo is a poet-writer, sculptor, painter, photographer who writing in his native language and in English. He was introduced in many magazines, newspapers, and radio stations in Yugoslavia where he worked as an economist and journalist, also books and newspapers editor, and marketing director. He organized many poetry events and festivals. Honjo received several prizes for his poetry.

He is author 13 published books and represented in seven anthologies. His poetry was translated in: Korean, Slovenian and German language.

Let Them Shoot Into The Void

You're a soldier with a pure soul
do not let them abuse you
not today
not tomorrow
do not let them build devastating illusions
in your spirit
do not be grounds for them to try out their weapons
let them shoot into the void
do not let them desecrate the purity of your soul
and tear your heartbeats
of the heart that beats for the supreme truth
do not let them sow the seed of evil in your body
not allow them to feed your soul
with their poisonous arrows
do not forget
they need you
but you do not need them

because they are far from you
they are away from your beliefs
and from your time

Ibrahim Honjo,Vancouver

Joji Jocylene

Biography

My life path is 11, my intuition is my basic strength.

I was born to a captain and his wife halfway across the world from where, on the same day, a young black boy of 14 was dragged to a barn, beaten, one eye gouged and then shot in the head - for "flirting" with a white woman. His body was later found in the river with a 70-pound fan tied with a barbed wire to his neck and body.

His name was Emmett Till. His death - the pivot of the fruition of the African-American Civil Rights Movement. What more could trigger the need for peace in this world, I often asked myself. In all my experiences, I now am convinced that everything has to start with me, the lowly dreamer who has now embraced the American culture, pushing to master the language far greater than what was taught at the university back home.

And so I write satirical poetry depicting this sometimes quite-confusing peace from deep within us. I hope I can articulate my poetry, through the medium I have chosen to use: Words, visuals in images and colors.

Thank you all for reading.

On my way to the valley of Peace

I walked the earth that God hath made
In the beginning, specially for Adam and Eve
Visions of the trees, the lake, the sky
Just made me want to fly
The verdant mountain flashed right into view
Little did I know
Colors bloomed, though now not as much
The leaves still so supple to the touch
Dear God, you must have loved us so much
To create such paradise…
Then a robin came, on a limb to sing

With a little rasp in his voice and a ruffle on his wing
I took a shot for I did not like the looks of him
And so I continued to tread the path that felt good on my feet
Whistling the tune that would puff away the guilt
but I am sure he'll get over it.
I came to a trek that was barren as the moon
No water in sight , or dew till noon
The sun scorched, the fields were bare
The cows were anorexic
and the farmers wouldn't lift a hair
Plastic bags and containers everywhere
just a whole rigmarole of disaster
I swore under my breath, kicked a rock and that hurt
The big toe on my left leg
You scheming bastards how could you dare!
Turn this paradise into a living hell!
Only flashbacks of echoes I hear
Tears in trickles, like beads fell.
For I only had myself in blame to fare.
I questioned you, as many times as there are stars in the sky
I believed you once, but you never answered my why's
My tears trickled every dawn or dusk
But you were just lost in your Godly tasks
Then darkness fell
And I groped in the dark - confusion stark
Convinced the sun will never come back
I tripped and I cussed you as I sailed my galleon
Not knowing which star was the medallion
The waves were merciless though at times rocked me to sweet slumber
For I had grown accustomed to Your darkness, as I remember
One night, not one star in the sky lit my way
And I cussed you more for I had thought you had deserted me
All food was gone, no voice I hear.
Just my eyes trickled with beads of tears.
A lowly lamp and soot everywhere
Barbarous ocean and chapped cabin
Torn up sails and spirits broken
I rode my misery and finally in a deep slumber

Many hours passed, and in a dreamless sleep I crashed
To wake up to a place of nowhere
Where sea was blue as a robin's eye (is the robin's eye blue..? Ha ha ha)
On the table lay the torn up map
I had always wondered what I had got
When exactly the image in sketched was the island outside the ship….!
Thank you Lord, for your watch
That never takes a break.
Your hand that holds the lamp to guide us everywhere - even in our sleep

Joji Jocylene 09/12/2012 5pm

Wanda John-Kehewin

Biography

Wanda John-Kehewin is from the Kehewin Cree Nation in Alberta. She lives and works in North Vancouver.

She has studied criminology at the NEC and Douglas College; Sociology and Aboriginal studies at Langara, and attended SFU's TWS Creative Writing Program. She grew up on the Reservation and a huge part of her writing is created from the injustices she saw and experienced.

Her work is published in UBC's *Aboriginal Anthology, Salish Seas,* and elsewhere; she has shared her "truth" through many readings. Wanda has two daughters and two sons who definitely inspire her write and heal through the creative writing process. Her first book, "*In The Dog House*" will come out in April 2013.

A World at Peace

Wanda John Kehewin

A calm settled over the world and there were no more wars,
no more hunger, no more fear, no more sadness, no more racism,
no more exhausting the land, no more hierarchy, no more greed,
no more nuclear families or nuclear bombs, no more "I" and just we,
no more class systems, and no more desperation.

This was the dream of a mother, holding her dying son in her arms on the Gaza strip amidst the hysteria. This was the dream of a father who watched his family starve to death in a barren land, displaced from humanity. This was the dream of the brother who saw his sister give in to addiction because she lost hope and saw no way out. This was the dream of a sister who saw her brother off to war to fight in a battle she didn't believe in and did not understand. This was the dream of a son who saw his parents die on the streets because of the class status they were born into. This was the dream of the First Nations who saw

the land being torn apart and pillaged until there was no life left. This was the dream of the daughter who saw her mother fight her whole life just so that her children never had to suffer racism and hatred as much as she did. This was the dream of the grandfather who saw beauty dying and nothing left over for future generations to cherish. This was the dream for the grandmother who saw souls losing whatever hope was left and becoming desensitized to all the suffering in the world.

This was the dream...

©2012, Wanda John Kehewin, Canada.

Dom Kafley

Biography

Dom Kafley was born in a very small south Asian country of Bhutan and was brought up in the ramshackle hut in the concentrated UN run refugee camp in Nepal where his family remained for 18 years until moving to Australia in the last quarter of 2008 as a humanitarian entrant. Some of his readers and well-wishers have remarked that the subjects of his poetry comes from his experience woven of the life he has come across; the deprivation, the poverty and his quest for society of harmony, justice, peace and truth apart from what he bleeds to evoke of love, romance and the burnings of the current world he sees from where he is located now.

Dom has a strong passion for literature and especially poetry. He started writing poems only two years ago and has been pursuing by heart to bring out the best of his stories in poetic lines. He is an avid reader, a travel bug by hobby and aspires to become a good poet in future. A few of his poems have appeared in the poetry journals and websites in the US, UK, France, Nepal and India. Often contributing to 'The Applicant'-A Kathmandu Based English Journal and The Bhutanese Literature, he is currently Pursuing Civil Engineering in a University in South Australia.

We need world peace and it should originate from within us!

By Dom Kafley

To teach, nurture, grow and garner the fruits of patience, perseverance, politesse,
civility and truth; raising us as humans among other sentient beings
we need world peace

To harness harmony from the incessantly flowing ignorance, egoism, enmity and
humanly imperfections of the current world; raising us as humans among other
sentient beings,
we need world peace

To silence and heal the throbs of those shaken hearts in the hearth of war and violence, to hone their calibres to adorn the existence of the human race tomorrow; raising us as humans among other sentient beings,
we need world peace

To paint the walls of our sobbing times tainted in the tears and smokes of power and supremacy, with the colours of love, sympathy, respect, brotherhood and trust; raising us as humans among other sentient beings
we need world peace

To quench our thirsts of our undying quests for knowledge, wisdom, integrity and coherence; raising us as humans among other sentient beings
we need world peace

To filter, cleanse and purify our debonair hearts filled of ego, vice, selfishness and hatred with unsurpassably dazzling and magnificently fragrant radiance of love, pity and selflessness; raising us as humans among other sentient beings
we need world peace

To shine the irrefutably doomed shrine of our internal self, filled of material pride, prejudice and dominance with perpetual rationality, humanity and spiritual sufficiency helping us help rise those unfortunate ones among us; raising us as humans among other sentient beings, we need world peace.

To rinse all the stains of wars and violence defying all odds to flower in us our inconceivably wide spirit of freedom, respect and acceptance to make this world a better place for all-living and non-living entities to adjust symphonically, thereby safeguarding the existence of all; raising us as humans among other sentient beings
we need world peace
And it should originate from within us.

Carol Knepper

Biography

Carol Knepper graduated with a B.A. in English Literature from University of New Brunswick, Fredericton N.B. with an honours degree thesis on William Blake. B.Ed. from St. Thomas University, also in Fredericton.

Taught English for over 30 years in the public school system of New Brunswick at grade levels ranging from 7 to 11.

Always enjoyed writing, even while teaching, but after retirement in 2003, began writing more seriously as a sort of second career. In 2005, set up the website http://www.spiritsinpeace.com with noted New Brunswick poet Richard Doiron, later adding my own blog to that site: http://www.spiritsinpeace.com/carol_knepper_blog

Has read at both national and international events and has been published in several venues such as Richard Vallance's Canadian Zen Haiku and the late Sondra Ball's Autumn Leaves. Poetry has also been aired on CBC on various occasions. Currently a member of ArtsLink N.B. and World Poetry.

Author of three print books, *Clean and Simple Stones*, *My World of Etherée*s, and *My Ink Exposed*, and of 7 e-books. Carol is also an associate editor of *Sonnetto Poesia*.

Carol volunteered to edit this World Poetry Peace E-Anthology.

Skipping Stones

Carol Knepper

I sit at the edge of the dock, skipping stones
and watching the fanning ripples extend
across the placid lake. And as the circles swell,
I think that we can make the orbits
of our lives increase in this same way.
We need not shut each other out, nor tightly close
our ranks, for it is not the way of nature to restrict,
but ever to expand in gracious harmony.

As I see the mirrored surface gently gleam
in the lustrous light of the rising summer moon,
I know that as we join our hands and form
an all-encompassing human circle, a glow
will likewise shine on us. And it will illuminate
not just one, but all in equal measure.
For the entire lake is clearly lit, and
the pebbles of my pensive mood have spread
their ever-widening ripples into infinity.

Janet Kvammen

Biography

Janet Kvammen lives in Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada and loves to express herself creatively in many different forms such as photography, poetry, graphic arts and book cover design.

Her poetry has been published in ‘’Sudden Thunder Anthology”, “Mind Paintings Anthology 2011” and “Royal City Poets Anthology 2011” all by Silver Bow Publishing.

Contact Janet by email at interplanetjanet5@hotmail.com or visit her Facebook page called PlanetJanet Creations.

The Peace Within

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Peace cannot ever be bought or sold
It doesn’t come in a bottle or pill
It’s never found in a travel brochure
You have to find it in your own world.
Peace just is.

Peace doesn’t come in a lottery win
Or with a new car or house on a hill,
Peace is more than we can imagine
More than dreams or hopes coming true
Peace just is.

Peace lives within the shadows of light
A misty phantom that will reveal
Its gifts that still and quiet the world
We need to find it within ourselves
We must continue our quest for peace,
And though we may stumble or we may fall
Enlightenment is within our reach.

Peace lives with harmony inside our hearts
In miracles that surround us each day
Peace depends on our state of mind
We can't lay in wait and just hope for it
If the face in the mirror believes it exists.
War and hatred's end may be near
Hunger and pain may be cast to the past
But if we don't open our hearts we won't find
The tranquility that is ours if we just reach deep inside.

Peace lives within both you and I,
When you find it you shall realize,
Peace just is.

Written by: Janet Kvammen
British Columbia, Canada
interplanetjanet5@hotmail.com

Diane Laloge

Biography

World Poetry Director Diane Laloge was born in Oxford University in England among tall spires and undergraduates.

It was in the Canadian village of Ponce Coupe (Cut Thumb) , northern BC, Canada that Diane began her love affair with language. In the little one room library, she read everything on the shelves. The family moved to Vancouver in the mid fifties and she began writing poetry under the tutelage of her English teacher Mr. E.C. Barton.

After going to UBC for a year she met the Tish poets and made the pilgrimage to San Francisco's North Beach Beat scene. Although she never stopped writing, began to share her muse with folk music which she performed for the next 30 years. Her first collection of poems *The Dreams of a Private Woman* was published in 1995. She was the co-host of the co-op radio program *Wax Poetic* for thirteen years. Her latest book is *Am A War, Poems by Diane Laloge*.

The Importance of Looking Up

Diane Laloge

On September the 13th I saw 13 eagles
soaring and wheeling over the east end of Vancouver.
I was sitting sipping coffee,
watching the sky and the road,
when I noticed that no one else looked up,
they just kept plodding along
manacled to their mundane thoughts,
dragging their shopping carts behind them like albatrosses.

The big trucks and buses exhaled diesel into the Indian summer air
and the cars added their strident noxious counterpoint
to the symphony of the internal combustion engine.
I kept waiting for someone to notice the eagles,
but no one looked up, no one at all.

Somehow, out of that whole ant hill of a corner,
I realized that I had been singled out,
that the eagles had given me a blessing;
A witness and a message for a world
who could no longer see the importance of eagles,
could no longer look up,
a world that was losing its soul.
I let the eagles drift
on the wind draughts of my mind for several days,
and suddenly the winged words came.

The Great Circle was at its zenith.
The eagles had come for the firm, fat flesh
of the salmon in the Fraser river.
This year the river was bountiful.
Following the cycle,
next year there will be many more eaglets.
Providence provides.

It is not miraculous.
It is the natural flow of things.
we who no longer believe in eagles or angels are afraid.
We try to control what does not need controlling.
Our fear of extinction has brought us to the brink of extinction.

But we can learn, it is our greatest strength;
Learn to get out of our cars
and love the feel of the lean muscles
stretch and pull us closer to the earth
as we walk back to ourselves.

Grow geraniums, nasturtiums, tomatoes, strawberries,
and all manner of things red in your shopping carts.
God does not live in a sweat shop in shanghai

Disregard asphalt.
Dirt is not a dirty word.
It is the memories of the soles of your feet
running barefoot on the brown veins
of the Earths breast,
through the endless summer days
of our childhood

Keep a weather eye on the sky.
It is watching us.
We have been disrespectful
and it is waiting for us to make amends.

Learn to get out of your own way
and throw all that you consider prudent and reasonable
into the back forty of your brain
where outworn ideas and last year's leaves
rot and nourish a much older, wiser paradigm,
where the slug and the sage
are but parts of one thing,
one no greater than the other.
Do this and the chances for the whole world
will definitely be looking up.

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Bernice Lever

Biography

Bernice Lever, Bowen Island, BC, Canada, has read her poems on 5 continents. Black Moss published her 10th poetry book, “Imagining Lives”, 2012. She edited WAVES, Fine Canadian Literature from 1972-1987.

A prize winning poet and a freelance editor, she enjoys helping others get published. An active Canadian Authors Association member, she wrote text books, too. She’s a 4 time presenter at Surrey International Writers’ Conference.

Bernice strives to write with as much passion and honesty as did her Canadian teachers and poets in worldwide books. www.colourofwords.com

Dance on the Days

Dance on the days
when the fog smothers all
when the frost climbs the wall
when the sun blisters flay
when the moon stays away, you are not alone.

Dance on the days
when you hear His song,
the love of the Lord
holding you strong
in the crush of crazy times, you are not alone.

Dance on the days
when all your joints pain
when your head aches again
when your eyes grow dim
when your hopes are slim, you are not alone.

Dance on the days
when you hear love's music
when you feel arms' physic
When you give good deals
when you share all meals, you are not alone.

Dance on the days
using your love
keeping each other
upright and above
in the crush of crazy times, you are not alone.

Dance!

Bernice Lever (C)

Enrico Renz, Song writer and poet.

"I've just recently begun to perform my songs again after a twenty-five year hiatus. They've matured nicely. There are some new ones too. I like it when a song comes to me in such a way that I surprise myself. I see myself more as a song gardener than a song builder. The work lies in tending the song. It takes a lot of time and care and just being with the song to let it grow.

Playing chess and playing improvised music for contact dancers, are two other things I do passionately. Both these pastimes reflect on my approach to song writing.

Chess is all about creativity. To be successful, you have to imagine possibilities one step further than your opponent. But chess is also about precision. A single over-looked pawn can render the most elaborate strategies meaningless. Coordinating the rhyme, rhythm, sense and mood of a song so that not a note or syllable seems awkward, feels a lot like dreaming up and pulling off a spectacular checkmating sequence.

On the other hand, improvising with dancers is all about spontaneity. The music and the dance influence one another profoundly, but when the flow is perfect, there is no telling who is leading whom; the dance feels true. While my songwriting involves considerable crafting, I'm still reaching for that same flow and that same truth."

Yea

Enrico Renz January 22, 2013

I say we chain Prometheus to the rocks

Yea,

and let the eagle eat his liver out

Yea,

and let his liver be re-grown eternally

Yea,

and eternally devoured

Yea,

and let it be **known** throughout the world

Yea,

let it be seen

Yea,

let it be felt

Yea,

Let Prometheus' screams echo in the world

Yea,

Let his screams become the world

Yea,

Let there be no place for faith in the world

Yea,

Let there be no hope

Yea,

Let peace become a fragile flower

Yea,

So rare, it will be believed to be extinct

Yea,

No peace in the world, they will say

Yea,

No peace in the world, they will wail

Yea,

No peace in the world

No peace in the world

peace came into the world

like a vagabond on a slow train

peace looked just as shabby as all the other wanderers

shabby faith, shabby hope, shabby courage

so when they pulled into the station

Peace could hardly find a face to look him in the eye

So peace disappeared into the crowd

Like a fragile flower

Everyone believed to be extinct

Yea,

I heard o' peace

yea,

me too

Yea,

they say peace was s'pos't to have come through here once

Yea,

I saw 'm get off the train

Yea,

you thought you saw'm

the fanciest dressers are at this party

the cars outside are rare and beautiful

they run on the finest oils

the band is a hit

they sing of peace

Yea, yea, yea,

in a back room

the fate of Prometheus is being discussed

Peter Lojewski

Biography

Peter is a German Canadian poet and an award winning painter.

His writing and paintings have personal and social significance. His work is about human rights, the environment and personal loss.

The city Berlin
once divided
now united

Now the capital
once divided
now united Germany

Jacqueline Maire

Biography

Jacqueline Maire is the World Poetry Lifetime Achievement Award Winner 2012-2014, joining 18 other award winners in the World Poetry Family and the first poet from New Westminster, BC. Canada. She is a World Poetry Director and World Poetry Ambassador to France as well as an active participant and host in World Poetry events.

Her poetry reflects a sharp intellect; she is an advocate for all with her sharp observations and the ability to pen it as she sees it.

Jacqueline's latest book is *Last Brain Wave, World Poetry Publishing. 2008*.

Peace

Peace will go from the bitter tears
Etching messages in heartless politics
And when enough blood appears
Choking their senseless tactics,
Every head will bow in shame
Peace! What a lovely name...

Jacqueline Maire (C)

Saleh Mazumder

Biography

I am Md. Saleh Mazumder, born in 1st September 1985, from Dhaka Bangladesh; graduated in Business Information Technology Under NCC education and University of Grinwitch.

I am a business professional. A published author of *Bashanter Kobita* and *Lyrics of Saleh Mazumder*. I love poetry reading and writing. I think poems are the media to express the unspoken desire and passion to the people and to the world. We could use our all voices as one via poetry to make a call for peace, Invite each and every Individual to work together to make this world more peaceful, beautiful and a better place to live.

Wish

Let's make this world beautiful
Let's make a wish,
Let's fill this world with Love,
Let's make a wish.
We have one world
which we devote to share,
It's a dedication to the soul
to carry it out in our own.
We have no time to spare,
Let's erase the tear.
Let's put our hands together,
We will have it in our own,
We have nothing to fear.
no time to spare
Let's make a wish.
Let it work.

Saleh Mazumder (C)

Bangladesh

Sonja Benskin Mesher

Biography

I am a painter who writes, a writer that paints, a drawer on life, and landscape. ...

Watch me make things. I am quite patient, hold my tongue, but can't say multi-disciplinary.

Easily I live here, in Wales, Easily

peace, piece

have been asked
yesterday
to write a piece on peace.

find it is too late
for some,
in history.

there was no piece,
no peace for them.

i hope there will be a piece
of peace.
for some
soon

Sonja Benskin Mesher RCA UA
www.sonja-benskin-mesher.com

Ljubomir Mihajlovski

Biography

Ljubomir Mihajlovski is a poet - writer-director.

His articles/ critical literature analyses, lectures, etc./ Have appeared in many books, magazines, newspapers, festival rapports and festival books 2009- Embajador de Poetas del Mundo for Macedonia- Santiago de Chile, 2011- The Best International poet for 2010 - The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre - P.R. China

Ambassador of World Poets in Macedonia
Chief Peace Ambassador of United Minds for Peace Society for Europa – India

Izraelestina

The children of destroyed fair-tales are sobbing.
At the midnight
they roam
and curse each other helplessly.
Here by the graves the silent weeping
soldiers bury our whishes
without butterflies
without tears
with the colour of war
torture and ashes.
The stones are weeping
we're alive,
but as we walk we are dead.
The heads fall.
Let’s wait patiently,
for deaths yours and ours.
But prayers and religions are dead
as well as the civilization.
Oh,

is there anywhere anyone
to illuminate our way
to our peace
to a new life???

© *Ljubomir Mihajlovski*

Caroline Nazareno

Biography

Caroline Nazareno, a.k.a. Ceri Naz, a contessa of her dreams coming to reality, journalist, public speaker, linguist and former educator has been reading on World Poetry Night Out New Westminster, British Columbia, Canada and a featured poet at Vancouver Word On The Street and World Poetry Canada and International.

She's the co-host and co-founder of the successful "i" Inspire The World Friendship Poetry Event in the Philippines on April 10,2011.

Another ”poetic belt” was counted when her poem ”the song my heart sings” was featured in KIRAZ HABERTRAK Magazine in Turkey, where respected Turkish poets, writers, filmmakers, musicians and literary editors were featured monthly.

She's been a contributor to Manila Bulletin and Philippine Canadian Inquirer.

Her poem "pandora escapes unto my hands" was featured in Misty Mountain Review, a blogsite based in Nepal, on May 2012.

where peace can be

Caroline Nazareno

million years of ifs and buts
eloquently circulating in many tongues
crossroads of meanings read aloud
but found meaningless.
unheard. unseen. unrealized.

should it just be a theme to write about?
a blockbuster movie to queue up
should i play the role
of a gladiator
a hero
a warrior
a prize fighter
a soldier

and broadcast a nation address
now is the total absence
of combats, of chaos, and bloodshed
does it mean safe and sound?
when my brothers are homeless and dead?

always been a missing piece
it's nowhere.
the ceasefire
is in the heart
of human race.

Caroline Nazareno (c) Canada.

Honey Novick

Biography

Honey Novick is a singer/songwriter/voice teacher/poet. She is a full member of the League of Canadian Poets. She is the winner of the honourable mention award, Stellar Literary Festival' poetry contest for "The Outrageous, Austin Tatious".

Honey is the director of the Creative Vocalization Studio, song facilitator for "VOICE YOGA" at Sheena's Place and music consultant to Friendly Spike Theatre Band.

www.honeynovick.com

War Ain't Nothin' But The Blues

Honey Novick

War ain't nothin' but the blues
Guaranteed to make everybody lose
Using righteous indignation as an excuse
To justify each horrific act of abuse.

War ain't nothin' but an excuse
That lets misunderstanding play fast and loose
While ignorance rules the roost
Saying, 'UGLY or UGLIER is the road to choose'.

War ain't nothin' but the blues
Each song and story is more bad news.
WAKE UP NOW!!! 'cause if you snooze, you lose –
Sleepwalking in life is no luxury cruise.

War ain't nothin' but the blues
Survival is only one of the avenues
That force people to seek life's truths
Using animal instincts to amuse or confuse.

War ain't nothin' but the blues,
Dreams evaporate - leaving dingy, blurred hues
Of hopeful memories guarding secret clues.
War, like peace, lives in our hearts enthused,
Challenging, "Which one do you choose?'

Oswald Okaitei

Biography

Oswald George Nii Okai Koi Okaiteye is a Ghanaian and a new graduate of the University of Cape Coast. He had his senior High and Junior High education at Presbyterian Boys' Senior High School and Seven Great Princes Academy respectively.

Oswald read science in school but has shown great interest in theatre arts by featuring in a lot of stage and screen plays. Phenomenal of these include playing "Boy" in "ANOWA" to honour Prof. Ama Atta Aidoo during the National Theatre of Ghana's Living Legends' Series in 2003, winning the Accra-East Best Poet during the 2003 Greater Accra Cultural Festival, directing the Anglican-Catholic Students of the University of Cape Coast Drama group during "SINGINSPIRATION" for three years, directing the Atlantic Hall of the University of Cape Coast Drama group for four years, featuring in former GTV's best Children programme, "By The Fireside" and directing and producing several plays including 'THOU PSEUDO-CHRISTIAN', 'NKRUMAH MIGHT BE RIGHT', ' A CALL FOR PEACE!' among others.

He is naturally skilled in writing and has written a number of poems and plays that are yet to be published, though performed on different platforms.

At the university level, he served a lot of leadership role in the entertainment field. Some of these include serving as SRC Entertainment secretary (2010/11 academic year) and Atlantic Hall Entertainment Chairperson (2011/12 academic year).He also master-minded several successful events as UCC LADIES WEEK,SRC FUNNITE and ATLANTIC HALL ENTERTAINMENT ACOLADE.

In 2012, he was a nominee for the Ghana Youth Achievers Awards

'Politics' Tears Us Apart!

O, 'politics' tears us apart
For it intoxicates pious hearts
With sour vinegar and selfish wines
That breaks the strings holding us as one
It pierces its slaying sword

In its captives' dialoguing words
That, o, slain the peace of our world
And slaughter our peace-loving singing bird

'Politics' gets minds drunk
To get them, o, terribly sunk
Into pools of unconscious disgrace
And its consequent woes, o, we all face

'Politics' dwindles 'fames'
As it drugs well made names
Through the mud, for political aims
To compel heroes to mourn amidst shame

'Politics' silences the barrier
Between the young and aged
So quenches the thirst for its career
As its flame gets respect's beauty faded

All over our living world
The skies host the politics birds
Soaring and slaying peace sources
And fading its songs and crying voices

The ills of 'politics' must go
So we 'kill' these war flames
We must not get our peace to its 'toe'
But must subject the 'politics ills' to shame

It need not be 'politics'
It must be all about policies
To get the goods of our resources
And make us all 'iconic global voices'

Oswald George Okaitei
All Rights Reserved. January, 2013.

Mutiu Olawuyi

Biography

Mutiu Olawuyi (JP) is a Gambian-based Nigerian Poet, translator, literary critic, anthologist and activist. He is the initiator and Managing Editor of *Muse for Women and Poetry* and *POETRY ZONE* groups (online) - where poets from corners of the world ink to say **no to violence against women** and share their work for constructive criticism respectively.

He published three collections of poetry titled: *American Literary Legends And Other Poems (2010)* and *Thoughts From The Jungle (2012*) and *9/11 Poetry (2012)*. He edited and contributed to the maiden *Anthology Of The Muse For Women (2012).*

His poems and articles have appeared in international journals and magazines in Nigeria, India, United States, Ireland, Greece, England and Canada. Olawuyi also has some of his poems translated to Yoruba, Arabic, Malayalam, Telugu, Greek, Esperanto and Hungarian. For more information about Mutiu, go to versesofthejunglepoet.blogspot.com

The Onomatopoeia of Peace

Mutiu Olawuyi

When sights and teeth cohabit
and call the tuneful throats to sing
with hummingbirds; quest for the beat
of Amazon band - with stick on fling;

When hearts gently beat with ease
and virtue of fellowship is valued
with respect and sweet peck and kiss
of lips deeply - with inner chanting fluid;

When eyeballs scatter not face
and cause not erosion to teeth and lips
with flood and wailing case
of souls that live with pungent leaps –

We can say we sing and dance to her beats;
we can snooze to awaken earthly joy
we can say we snoop to her mellow lyrics;
then saintly peace has neared to rejoice...

Mutiu Olawuyi ©

Francisco & Sally Pace

Biography

Pancho and Sal are based in Vancouver, Canada.

Born in San Jorge, Argentina, Pancho wrote poems from a young age. He moved to Europe to follow his dreams of playing the guitar and sharing his songs with the world. After touring in many countries, he became a troubadour style musician in the 80's in Sweden.

Playing with Gypsies in the South of France, he learned rumbas and flamenco. His compositions reflect these influences of flamenco and other folk rhythms. After years of exchange with other musicians, his original music has a wide diversity of styles.

Sal, who was born in England and raised in Canada, met Pancho in Cuzco, Peru, and from then on together as a family and musical duo have established a name for themselves. Sal compliments the music with her vocals, accordion, shakers, chachas, bombo and guitar.

They have a unique poetic style of translating simultaneously from Spanish to English.

You can enjoy Pancho and Sal at Folk Festivals, Community Centers, schools, restaurants, dance shows, concerts in the parks and numerous other events.

Video: Rio Samaya Band and Ja Pace
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PHJ6Y6RbmBc

http://riosamayaband.com

"La Paz es..."

Francisco & Sally Pace

Cuando me preguntan: que es la paz?

Yo me pregunto...

Es la paz, un momento de silencio?
Es la paz, sentarse frente al mar y contemplar?
Es la paz una danza de dos enamorados?

Que es la paz?

Un niño que olvida quien es y ríe, grita y corre sin pensar?
Un navegante de barco a vela en el medio del océano?
Un alpinista colgado del mas alto pico del mundo?

Qué es la paz...?

Es la paz dejar la vida después de haber luchado contra la enfermedad?
Es la paz el silencio de los vivos cargando sus muertos después da la batalla?
Es la paz el silencio de las bombas que no empezaran hasta mañana?

Que es la paz?

Es la paz una pregunta sin respuesta?
Es la paz el sueño de los soldados que hacen la paz
interviniendo en las guerras armados para imponer la paz?
Es la paz la sensación que queda en uno después de haber comido?

Que es la paz...?

Es la paz crear ejércitos, bombas y armas para que no haya guerras?
Es la paz descansar en la casa tomando una bebida,
mirando en la televisión a los otros países en conflictos?
Es la paz ese fenómeno momento que deseamos un día encontrar?

La paz... me respondo,

La paz existe dentro de cada uno, la paz vive con nosotros,
y nosotros somos los únicos capaces de usarla,
y un día vamos a usarla...
Solo hay que esperar en paz, hasta que ese día llegue.

© 2012, Francisco & Sally Pace, Canada.

"Peace is ..."

Francisco & Sally Pace

When they ask me, what is peace?

I ask myself ...

Is peace, a moment of silence?
Is peace, to sit in front of the sea and contemplate?
Is peace a dance of two lovers?

What is peace?

A child who forgets who he is and laughs, screams and runs without thinking?
A seaman on a sailing ship in the middle of the ocean?
A climber hanging from the highest peak in the world?

What is peace...?

Is peace to leave life after fighting against disease?
Is peace the silence of the living carrying their dead after battle?
Is peace the silence of the bombs that will not start until tomorrow?

What is peace?

Is peace a question without an answer?
Is peace the dream of soldiers who make peace
intervening in wars armed to bring peace? I
s peace the sensation one gets after eating?

What is peace...?

Is peace to create armies, bombs and weapons so that there are no more wars?
Is peace to relax at home with a drink,

watching on TV the other countries in conflict?
Is peace the phenomenal moment that we wish to find one day?

Peace ... I answer,

Peace exists within each one of us, peace lives with us,
and we are the only ones capable to use it,
and one day we will use it...
One only has to wait in peace, until that day comes.

© 2012, Francisco & Sally Pace, Canada.

Monika Pant

Biography

Monika Pant is an English teacher, writer and poet, based in Lucknow.

Her short stories and poems have been published in various collections. She is currently writing a couple of novels.

She can be reached at mpant65@gmail.com.

Peace

It is not the mere releasing of doves into the open air.
It is the fragrance of the open air itself
And the blue sky beyond.
It is the silence in the inner core of our being.
The silence,
Not of submission or of reticence,
But the silence which sings in a thousand melodies within the soul
And uplifts the spirit into communion with God.
Rare is this kind of peace.
It may be felt momentarily by mortals.
And then it is gone.
The clamour of the mind takes its place.
Let us treasure these moments,
For they are the caress of God's fingers on our soul.
They come unbidden
As a glistening dewdrop on a rain-washed leaf,
Reflecting the myriad colours of the universe,
Perfect in itself,
Leaving one who sees it,
Fulfilled.
Such moments of peace may come at early dawn,
When the birds are just waking up
And the waft of the cool breeze brings with it the first streaks of pink,

Lightening the sky,
Striking the eyes
And reaching deep within the soul.
Or when the streets are desolate at the dead of night
And the lampposts stand sentinel to the sleeping city,
The peace at such times is immeasurable.
Peace may also steal upon us in the midst of a crowd,
When one is sitting in a darkened auditorium,
And the strings of the heart are vibrating in resonance
To those of the violin held in the hands of a maestro.
One may feel at peace then
And want to prolong the moment till eternity.
For it is then that eternity is held in the palm of the hand.
Peace may be felt when a child looks up with trust
Into your eyes
And clasps your hand.
It may occur
With the gazing at the deep blue sea,
When foaming waves are lashing against the shore.
It may be experienced when the first breath is taken
On waking up on a new day,
Just before opening the eyes.
Let us pray that each of us experiences
More such moments
And learns to savour them.
For peace,
As all good things in life,
Comes in small doses.

©*Monika Pant*

Samarendra Patra

Biography

Samarendra patra, aged-20 is a third year Mechanical Engineering student at SRM University,Chennai-One of the leading private Universities of India.

Passionate for both machines and Literature, this young poet has penned down over 400 poems in three languages: English; Hindi and Odiya.

His first poetry book- “My Musings-The Poetry Within” released by a leading poetry firm-Cyberwit, Allahabad in 2011. This book was appreciated by many global leaders .His poems have also been appeared in many journals.

In May 2012, he was invited by Ariadne Sawyer MA, President of World Poetry, Canada and International to participate at the Second World poetry peace festival where he was felicitated with three honors: World Poetry youth poet ,World Poetry youth team member, World Poetry Youth poet Ambassador to India. His name is listed in “India book of Records-2012”, and “Limca book of Records-2013”.

He also edited a book on poetry- “Project Humming Bird” which encompasses poets and writers from across 7 countries, dedicated to two popular NGOs –Make a Difference, and People for people. His next two books on poetry –“My Transition-A Silent Voyage” and “Strings of My heart” will be released soon.

My wisdom of words,
Peppered with fragrance of liveliness,
Is set to flash smile from my heart,
Seconds of patience -
For my tongue would be strewed with its flow then.
My quill is ready to sprinkle them,
Alas! Today is Sunday, and
The post office seems to be closed.

Oh Wind! Carry my Sunday letter of love and peace, and
Transcend over
Distance in miles,
Myriads of blockades,
Limitless blues and
Diversified flags,
For my brother and sister, waiting for its arrival.

(C)2012, Samarendra Patra, India.

Yioula Ioannou Patsalidou

Biography

Yioula Ioannou Patsalidou was born and raised in Aygorou Famagusta Cyprus.

After graduating from Pancyprian Lyceum of Larnaca she pursued studies in photography, while participating in performances of a music and dance theatre group.

Later, she studied the French languge and Civilisation in Lyon, France. In 1996 she created a famous everyday six hours radio show (Notes and gossip) at a private radio station in Famagusta area.

At the same time she published three collections of short stories,fairy tales and poems.

In 2011, she has been awarded the Prize Hefestus for her work at the 1st Mediterranean Poetry Festival, held within the framework of the 22nd International Poetry Conference in Larisa Greece.

Texts written by her are included in the readers of Primary School and other school related magazines.

PEACE

Yioula Ioannou Patsalidou

Peace is the voices of children
playing in the neighborhood.
Peace is the hymn of life
played on quitars.
Peace is the scent of the lemon tree
in the lanes of our village.
Peace is the Sunday evenings
Easter church bells
Peace is laughing
dreaming ,singing
leaving and having a ball
deep into old age.

©2012, Yioula Ioannou Patsalidou, Cyprus.

Perugu Ramakrishna

Biography

Perugu Ramakrishna was born in 1960 in Nellore in a well educated and employee family. Mother Smt.Kamalamma and father Late P.Venkateswarlu, who was a padya kavi. Brother Phani kumar who died at 27 years also a modern poet in Telugu and English. School Education from ZPHS, Jaympu a small village of SPSR Nellore Dist.,and B.A. (Eng.Litt) from Andhra University,Vizag, M.A. (Public Admn) from Osmania External examinations,and in noted poet,haiku poet, Translator and famous for the English Poetic work on Migrated birds at Pulicot and Nelapattu of Nellore District..

Presently working as Asst Commercial Tax Officer,Nellore in Govt, of Andhra pradesh. Has a number of poems,Haikus published in Leading Telugu journals and translated to English and published in about twenty web journals and sites.

Has got Vennela jalapaatham (Poetry) Swetha Santhakaalu (edited Poetry of 6 poets) Nuvvellipoyaaka(Long poem),Flemingo (Long Poem on Migrated Birds) Translated in English,Hindi,Malayalam,Kannada.. Paraavarthanam (Audio Poetry Book) Edited two short story anthologies of writers of Nellore Dist (2003 &2004).Munjalu (Bilingual mini poetry collection), National Secretary (C0 Ordination) of Indian Society of Authors, Newdelhi from 2010 Fellow International Benovelent Research Forum,Nagapur, Associate Member Indian Writers.org, Member-District official Language Committee, Nellore, Fellow-United writers association,Chennai, General Secretary_Nellore Dist writers Assn., from 1998 to 2008., Recipient of Ranjani-Kundurthi National Poetry Award(2003) from Dr.C.Narayana Reddy,Jnana Peeth awardee, SPSR Nellore Dist Best Literate Commendation from Dist Collector(2005),Out Standing Intellectual of 21st Century Award from UGC Chairman Prof.Sukhdev Thorat, at Chennai(2007), Koumudi.net first prize in poetry contest Rs.4000/ in 2007.

To Which Land This Sand Belongs ..

Perugu.Ramakrishna

This fist-full of earth in my hand
Can you tell me of which country and land?

Take a piece of smile and boil on fire
Try turning it into a drop of tear

Imprisoned in the riddle of falsity
When you remain like a tree-solitary
Never comes true; your green reverie

As long as synthetic camaraderies

Walk hand in hand with smiles wry
Oceans between man and man never dry

Try ever changing your colors and livery
For selfish gains in life-movie
You still find your history
Rooted to earth through your feet, firmly

But when you try to see beyond your land;
Your sky; your creed, caste and your blood
You sure will find a benevolent great new world
Waiting keen for you with stretched out hands!!!

Stop flowing like burning lavas of ill will

Try the way a cuckoo's soothing trill
Moistens the desiccated desert's gullet
And a dew drop gleams hope on a mirage sill

It's all yours; this whole universe
Embrace it all…. between the earth and the heavens

Paint a portrait of a new humane countenance

That is naive of knives, land mines and guns
And knows just love, love and love alone
To make at last the human to win
His avowed phenomenon as true human

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Translation: M.V.Sathyanarayana, Nellore
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Gopakumar Radhakrishnan

Biography

English Poet Gopakumar Radhakrishnan, is the Founder and Managing Editor of the websites www.poiesisonline.com and www.xpresspublications.com.

He was born in 1973 in the South of India, Kerala State, Palakkad. His native language is Malayalam. Lives with his wife Sonu, girl kids, Nivedia and Nirmalia and his new born son (90 days old) 'Nandi'. Apart from his activities and interest in poetry, spirituality, philosophy, publishing and photography, He is working as an IT administrator in an organization.

He has got the 'Young Poet Award' from Indian Poetry Society for the year 2012 for his contribution to Indian English poetry and for publishing the work of many poets in India.

Prophet of Love

Let me chant a very old
Sanskrit mantra of peace
'Lokha Samasta Sukino Bhavanthu'
Now its vibrations are very feeble
Serves only as a low- pitch ending note
Uttered by some oldies, it has went down
To be seated in a place meant for archives so old
With no new likes and as a forgotten poem
Copyrighted but with author unknown
World has devised so many mantras,
And many post modern verses
But now most of them sleeping in their grave
Or waiting to be crucified…

Peace is not a universal thing,

It is all yours, invoke from within
With great self love,
Evolve ever and grow very tall
Crossing all those wide spread shades so dark
Reach and feel what the light is,
Feel that you are one among all,
And most needed in the mission
Be new, fresh and ever green,
To flower and spread the fragrance
And bear millions of fruits
Be a living prophet of love
Gifting seeds of everlasting peace…

Copyright Poet Gopakumar Radhakrishnan, India,14-Dec-2012

Monika Rashid

Biography

Monika Rashid was born in Barguna, one of the southern districts in Bangladesh. She started her education in Bangladesh and then it took her to India and Japan.

While staying in Nagasaki, she had the first-hand experience of meeting survivors of the Atomic bomb which had a great effect on the way she looks at the world today. Monika mostly writes in Bengali.

Two of her poetry books have been published in recent years. In addition to being a poet and a writer, Monika is an accomplished singer and a painter. She lives in Montreal, Canada

長崎

নাগাসাকি

মিনকা রিশদ (তারিখ: রিব, ০৮/০৯/২০০৯ – ১০:১২ অপরাহ্ন)

এখানে ঘুমাও দেখি মায়ের আঁচলে
ঘুম পাড়ানী গান শোন,

চোখ বন্ধ! সভ্যতার নিষ্পেষণে নীলাকাশ জ্বলে

এত দাহ! ক্ষুদ্র শিশু - নীলাকাশ জ্বলে! সবুজ কিশোর বৃক্ষ, পাথুরে পাহাড়

উড়াকামি নদী, ধেয়ে আসা ঋদ্ধ ঝর্ণা স্থলে!

এখানে ঘুমাও দেখি!

-মাতৃস্তন স্থলে!

আকিকোর অন্ধচোখ আগুনে আগুনে ফিরে দীর্ঘশ্বাস গোনে,

দেখেছ গীর্জার ঘন্টা, রবিবার ঠিক বারোটায়

বেজেছিলো শেষবার, তারপর আর কেউ গিয়েছিল প্রার্থনায়, হা ঈশ্বর!

হায় শান্তি! শুধু দেখি পুড়ে যাওয়া মাংসের পাহাড়!

শুনি শুধু তৃষ্ণার্তের তীব্র হাহাকার! শান্তি, অক্ষম শান্তি!

অক্ষম প্রার্থনা, অক্ষম ঈশ্বর!

জলও আগুন হয়ে পুড়েছিল সহস্র যুবতী শরীর, সহস্র মরাল গ্রীবা

সহস্র শিশুর দেহ- কী করেছ তার? ঈশ্বর!

আকিকোর অন্ধচোখ মানুষের মুখ জুড়ে শান্তির সংখ্যাহীন পায়রা ওড়ায়!

এভাবেই শান্তি এসো এভাবেই নাগাসাকি বুকে করে সভ্যতার শৈল্পিক কারুকার্য বয়।

পিস পার্কের প্রখর আলোয় এভাবেই সহস্রাধিক পুড়ে যাওয়া মানুষ ঘুমায়!

©2009, Monika Rashid, Bangladesh.

長崎

Nagasaki

- Monika Rashid

Come, sprawl here on your mother's wrap
Wander into sleep to her lullabies,
Eyes closed! Blue sky a blazing inferno with civilization's crushing drudgeries.

Incineration boundless! Little child – blue sky afire! Green young trees, rugged mountains,
Urakami River, affluent ravine, gushing-forth, flaming!
Come, fall in sleep here!

- Mother's breasts burn!

Akiko's blind eyes glance over the flames and fire, count the sighs,
Have you seen the Church bell? Right at twelve on Sunday
it tolled for the last time -- who went for prayer after that, Dear God!

Oh wretched Peace! I see only mountains of burnt flesh!
Hear only shrill wailing of the thirsty!

Peace, powerless Peace!
Useless prayer, impotent God!
Even water turned into fire, burned thousands young ladies,
thousands swan-necks,
thousands child-bodies – where wast thou? God!

Akiko's blind-eyes fly countless peace-pigeons across human faces!
Likewise, come along, Peace.
Nagasaki, too, carries artistic tapestry of civilization on its bosom!
Likewise, in the blazing sunlight of the Peace Park, thousands of
charred people sleep!

[*Translated by: Duke Ashrafuzzaman*]

© Monika Rashid, Bangladesh.

Farina Reinprecht

Biography

Farina Reinprecht is a person of color and a survivor of the South African Apartheid regime. Farina lived in "hiding" for over a decade due to her cross-racial "marriage" considered illegal. Farina knows too well the significance of racism and the ongoing adverse consequences and legacies of oppression which include low self esteem, frustration, anger, disease and violence.

Farina has worked passionately on diversity, cultural, racial and religious collaboration, mental health and safe schools through social support programs.

To demonstrate her firm belief in prevention, she worked as a coordinator, program planner, promoter, public speaker, recruiter and co-facilitator of a schools based program. She utilized her artistic and storytelling skills in elementary schools, to promote cross-cultural understanding and collaboration. In 1997, she used alternative materials, chapter *Choices* from *The Seat of the Soul* to promote life skills in high schools.

Farina worked with non-profit service providers and schools, the public sector and served on various community, municipal, non-profit and government advisory committees since her settlement in Canada in 1994. She served on the Family Court Committee of the City of Richmond, BC and on the BC Advisory Council on Multiculturalism. She has also served on the BC Selection Committee, End Racism Awards in the year 2000. She further served on the Van./Richmond Health Board, Children/Youth Population Health Advisory Committee, Richmond Women's Resource Centre board of directors and the Richmond Parent Association.

Her extensive community volunteering and activism led to her appointment to the B.C. Advisory Council on Multiculturalism in 2002.

She turned to the silent but effective mode of communication - the arts, facilitated free form visual art workshops on paper sculpture, participated in a popular theatre workshop development with the Headlines Theatre to promote issues of concern to her. In 2006, she was one of the emerging artists selected to celebrate Mosaic's 30 Anniversary, in a partnership with the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. Farina's poem Love of Mankind published in the Anthology of Verse in 2002 by the Poetry Institute of Canada. Additional poems have been presented at the World Poetry Gala at the

Vancouver Public library in 2006 and other events. She is a past guest of World Poetry Radio Cafe Radio Show.

Peace

Peace is available
Accessible to a heart willing to surrender.
Available to a mind willing to trust
To a spirit free from a need for rigid control.
Succumbing to stillness
Observing thoughts that whiz by.
Involved in blissful tasks
Accompanied by music
Immersed in the arts
In gardens
Or deep in humble prayers.
Merging with quiet
One with the flow
Of solitude
And ecstasy.
A state of Being.

So simple
This gift of life
The only way
Wings to serenity
Denied by many
Intent on escape
To nowhere.

Farina Reinprecht
Copyrights

Lynn Sadler

Biography

Widely published in academic and creative writing, former college president, Dr. Lynn Veach Sadler has traveled around the world five times, writing all the way, and works as a writer and an editor.

Lynn Veach Sadler, Ph.D.
North Carolina
lynnsadler2@gmail.com

Peace of Glass©

Lynn Veach Sadler

Peace is getting through glass.
You don't want to shatter the glass
or sliver others or yourself.
Imagine glass going all soft like gauze
to let you through—
without your giving up
yourself or your country
or, especially, the world.
Imagine you see the glass turn into
a silvery bright brume
somewhat easier to get through
because you, not wishing
to harm the melting medium,
are legislating lightly.

Realistically, glass,
not willow to bend,
is susceptible to
fractures and shattering.

You might keep this in mind
in moments of awful matter
to your country,
to our world.
When war is at the gate,
know your course—
the world course,
not just your own.

Yoshifumi Sakura

Biography

Yoshifumi Sakura, Japan a talented poet and World Poetry Youth Ambassador, author of several books an accomplished musician and composer, who was with us in 2011 at the First and Second World Poetry Canada International festival and received an Empowered Poet Award. He is will attend the Third World Poetry Canada International festival also.

We Back Home

Yoshifumi Sakura

New pressure enters our hometown
where we grew.
We walk along a road of the hometown
like pushing by the pressure enters now.
People are quiet,
and there are sounds and exhausts of cars.
Pressure also pollutes the air.
It's also hard to suppose drivers think.
Our evening's play is not decorating with golden leaves
but gathering dead leaves like poor children live somewhere.
Wood we want to be hid is only roadside trees.
And lake we want to uncover is only puddle.
Pressure enters town more and more.
Then we talk to each other that we just back home
though be afraid of whom will grip tomorrow's sun.
Pressure enters more and more.
But we back home.
But we back home.

©2012, Yoshifumi Sakura, Japan.

Yaman Saleh

Biography

Yaman Saleh is a value-investor, and published poet / author. He's always been a writer, but poetry dawned upon him suddenly at the beginning of 2011.

He found himself rapidly writing poem after poem, till he decided to publish them in one book. He has a Masters in Telecommunications. He's travelled most of the world. Yaman loves God, above all. He enjoys different kinds of sports and the outdoors, including hiking. His favorite reading subjects are astronomy/cosmology, personal investing, fine poetry, metaphysics, and history. He lives in Richmond, BC- Canada, with his loving, supportive wife, Hunada, two daughters and two sons."

World Poetry would like to thank him for his great help in promoting the www.worldpoetry.ca site.

Links:
http://bookstore.xlibris.com/Products/SKU-0098167049/The-Stranger.aspx
"The Wealth Maker" http://soaring-eagle.org
Poetry blog link: http://www.earlyeagle1.wordpress.com

Take me home

Leave me there

It is where

I feel warm

I feel whole

Take me home

I don't care

Once there

If I died

The next day

I don't care

Once there

If I cried

Everyday

Take me home

Before the spring

I've lost

Everything

I don't want

To see

Another season

Away from home

It would sting

It would ring

All the bells

In my head

It would pierce

Deep down

Into my heart

I'd fall apart

I ask why?

Are we all

Away from home?

Why?

Are we scattered

All over the globe

Take me home

And leave me there

Take me home

Wherever home is

Home is where

You stand tall

Home is where

You say it all

Home is where

You can fall

Home is where

You feel your soul

Alive again

You stand the pain

You give love

You receive love

Home is where

You feel carefree

Peace does not flee

Let me be

Home again

I don't care

Where that home is

I don't care

If I died

The next morning

I don't care

If I cried

Till the end

Of all seasons

For no reason

Except that

I am

Home

Again!

Yaman Saleh (C)

Kamola Salyamova

Biography

Kamola Salyamova was born on 10th 1986, a small town Karshi, Kashkadarya region, Republic of Uzbekistan, Central Asia.

Graduated the Uzbek State World Languages University majoring in English, Russian and Arabic languages. Owner of honorable MA degree in English literature.

Since 2010, I am the director of OXFORD English School in Karshi, accredited by British Council Uzbekistan. The center is engaged on teaching foreign languages along with science subjects for 6-16 aged children.

Simultaneously, working as the journalist, the manager of foreign affairs and the translator for regional weekly enlightenment newspaper "Daryo" Intercontinental seasonal literary journal "GREAT SILK ROAD" is going to be launched by March on my behalf.

Creative Work

- Published more than 20 articles on social issues and poems in human psychology in Uzbekistan, Italy and Turkey
- Translated 12 articles from Russian and English into Uzbek
- Author of 3parts of book translated short stories (from English into Uzbek)
- Translated and published Uzbek poetry in Indian magazines
- One poetry book "Seeking Soul" in on credit (with main focus on human psychology and feminism)

Emptiness

(Diary of "Seeking Soul")

At times,
Impossible to intake something new in life,
Unless anything old escapes.
Better, never rush to fill the space,
As the condition of emptiness is so grace.

But at times…
What is the sense of new ingredients intruding into soul,
If that is glued in a usual hole?
No gain, no relief,
Just more pain and much grief.
Emptiness-
Kingdom of soul, body and wit,
All together connect us with happiness,
Or just single piece?
Happiness-
Who can honestly and bravely utter
It is warmness and love?
To love and be loved…
Prince in a white horse,
Princess in a castle, dream of yours
Money in a Swiss bank,
Car in the first rank,
Nonsense!
If there is love absence!
Emptiness comprises of love,
Love to SELF,
Who can love you in the way you want
If you would not love yourself?
Love is the steam
Where happiness would gleam!..
From SEEKING SOUL with love

Ariadne Sawyer

Biography

An author of three books, a speaker, and poetry judge and movie reviewer.

Ariadne is the president of the World Poetry Reading Series Society, co-host and co-founder of World Poetry (www.worldpoetry.ca)

She is the radio show co-host and producer of The World Poetry Café CFRO 102.7 FM and .She enjoys creating special events and her dream is to create a multilingual, intercultural traveling show and film on the Art of Creativity.

Ariadne was the winner of the $5,000 prestigious MacLean Hunter award for programs of excellence: The Brain Bulletin Series, 7 CD's which have played on radio stations across Canada.

She is currently working on her first novel: Journey of Love and Agony and a book of dream poems called Love Poems to the World. Her poems have been published internationally and nationally..

As a Neurotherapist, Ariadne loves doing research on the brain and seeing people transform themselves.

In May, 2011, she received an International Peace Poetry Award at the World Poetry International Festival.

ariadnes@uniserve.com
www.ariadnepeakperformanceplus.net

Peace

Ariadne Sawyer

A grey smooth stone of peace
sharply thrown
landing in a silent
pond of aquamarine water.

On impact, a ripple begins
concentric circles
spreading outward.

Peace begins
never ending
circles
swirling, swirling…

Powerful thought waves
surrounding the earth.

Flowing,
building momentum

The wet paint of peace
splashes everything in its path.

Families, friends, and communities,
enfolding continents
a vibrant celebration,
a rhythmic dance.

Transforming violence,
poverty,
greed
emptiness
to
happiness
and contentment.

All of this begins from a single stone.
A grey smooth stone of peace.

Ariadne Sawyer © New Westminster, Canada, 2012.

Betty Scott

Biography

Betty Scott began her writing career as a columnist for the *Wenatchee World*, a daily newspaper in the United States. When she became a working mom, she put her writing on hold.

Recently, she returned to writing poetry and essays. She is an award-winning poet, college instructor, spiritual seeker, activist, and editor of her daughter's young adult novels. She teaches oral and written communication courses at Bellingham Technical College and *For the Love of Poetry* community education workshops through Whatcom Community College.

This year she served as a judge for the Sue Boynton Poetry Contest and is a writer and presenter at the Chuckanut Writer's Conference, June 22-23rd, both in Bellingham, Washington. Her poetry has appeared in many regional publications. She was an award-winner at Surrey International Writer's Conference in 2010, and she loves participating in the World Poetry Festivals in Richmond, Canada.

A Poet Prays for Peace

I am so small
I can barely be seen:
How can this great love be inside me?
Look at your eyes. They're small
But they see enormous things.

Jalalluddin Rumi (1207-1273)
Translated by Coleman Barks

Dear God,

Even though
greed blossoms in
people of many hues,

and our cruelties breed disdain
for precious living things

and even though
we label empathy
as co-dependency,
and we war against each other and
spit on Mother
Nature

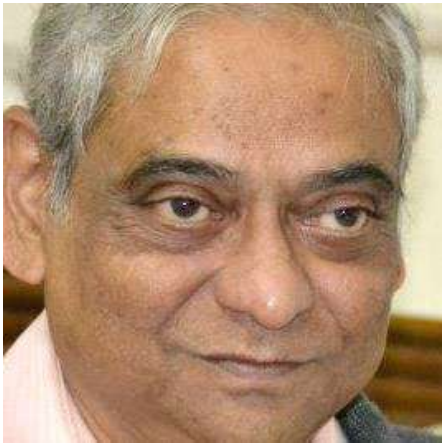
and though
we disperse
war refugees
like dandelion seeds,
and even though most nations claim
to be the best above

the rest,
and even
though we've lived for
centuries with abuse
and neglect, would you lead us now
so that at last we know

our home is in
each others' hands only
for a time to live off
each others' interests, much like a trust,
and when we let
love and

peace and
empathy
drop to the ground
between us like weeds, will
you please, Dear Lord, till us then and
cradle our orphan's home?

Anjan Sen



Biography

Stays at Kolkata, India. Writes poems and essays in Bengali , sometime paints in Tempara. Started serious writing from 1970

Presently a Tagore National Scholar, editing "gaNgeo pOttro "(1975 -) a Bengali journal of literary theory. Initiated Uttaradhunik (Beyond Modernism) Literary consciousness –movement along with Amitabha Gupta and others from 1985.

Published seven collection of poems and 12 collection of essays in Bengali. Involved with a group of rural Folk Musicians "Bhromora". President of Little Magazine Library & Research Center, Calcutta.

Sravan

Anjan Sen

The sky shivers with the swing of rains
the rain drip-drop drenching the visionary world
O grace . O thunderous grace quench the cosmic thirst
In the rice field , the festival song is on
In the roots the swing of the rains
Towards their rock the pilgrims move
their shoulders heavy with the sacrosanct water
Pouring water - Sravan takes a shower
Once again the song of desire for grain
The rock has been washed by many monsoons.

translated from Bengali by Amlan Dasgupta

Hadaa Sendoo

Biography

Hadaa Sendoo is the owner and leading figure of World Poetry Almanac (WPA) and one of the most influential poets in the 21st century. Sendoo Hadaa is the author of ten books of poems, including The Road Is Not Completed (2011);

His many awards include the Poet of the Millennium Award, the Mongolian Writers Union top Prize, and the Pinnacle of Achievement Award for poetry (USA 2010). His work has appeared in many anthologies. Professor Ban'ya Natsuishi called Hadaa Sendoo "one of the best poets writing today's world".

In 2012, Hadaa Sendoo has invited in the UK's largest ever poetry festival -Poetry Parnassus, his poems selected into the World Record Anthology (by Bloodaxe), and featured poet in Contemporary popular magazine MPT.

He is a member of the World Poetry Canada International Committee and is a World Poetry Ambassador to Mongolia and China. Links:
http://wikidi.com/category/poet/h 12 poems of Hadaa Sendoo
http://www.poemhunter.com/hadaa-sendoo/stats/

НЭГ Л ГУНИГТАЙ

Dr. Hadaa Sendoo

Нэг өвөл цас бударсангүй
Нигүүлсэх сэтгэл сүүдэрт өчүүхэн ч алга
Олон өдрүүдийн зовлон үг дуугүй

Амьдралаа, ганц хүний эрх чөлөө, эх оронд зориулна гэж үү?
Бурхантай уулзахаар явахдаа ч хөрөнгө хуримтлуулсаар байх уу?
Зун, бороо ахин орсонгүй

A Sadness

Dr. Hadaa Sendoo

has a winter without snow
has a bunch of inhumane shadows
has many days of speechless pain

Alive, for a person is freedom, motherland?
See the god's even when it is still for a capitalist accumulation?
This summer, no more rain

© 2012, Dr. Hadaa Sendoo, Mongolia.

Aftab Yusuf Shaikh

Biography

Aftab Yusuf Shaikh has been writing since an early age and has mostly concentrated on topics related to love, human rights and eradication of social ills. He takes inspiration from Religion as well as from the happenings around him. His poems are featured in anthologies published by Lost Horse Press and Medusa's Laugh Press. His work has also appeared in journals like The Istanbul Literary Review, Muse India, The Best of Mad Swirl, Kritya Poetry Journal, etc.

He is currently pursuing his Bachelors in English Literature and Psychology from the University of Mumbai. He lives in Mumbai with his parents and four brothers.

ROTTEN DAFFODILS

One throat slit in Bosnia,
One daughter raped in Chechnya,
One father shot in Nazi Germany,
One teary eyed mother in Jerusalem,
One burnt monk of Tibet,
One roasted man in Burma,

Yes, all know we have
achieved much greater than this.
Proudly, we have crossed
the limits
of our own capabilities,

But for the time being, one,
only one, just one of all these,
is enough to shame humanity
before its Creator,

And you kill children?
You kill children, too?

These children,
these rotten daffodils,
these futures crushed under our past,
spare them. They do not deserve
this punishment.

Akshat Sharma

Biography

Akshat "The Reflection" Sharma – a poet/filmmaker – has grown off from shades of different psyche of human life. A musician at heart, a thinker via soul, and a vocalist by choice – Akshat, writes about anything and everything that can trigger his thoughts to wander aimlessly to a destination of words that would flow out to portray the inbound emotions of a human essence.

His first collection: "VIATICUM – Journey of a Soul" was published in September, 2010. Since then, Akshat has continued to evolve as a poet. He is also the contributing writer to "Symbol of Nothingness to Power" and "Azsacra Zarathustra: Creator of Shunyarevolution and Absolute Revolution". His work has been published in International Journals like *Taj Mahal Review*, *Harvests of New Millennium* and *Ruminations*. For his work "Wolf-Man", he was honored with "Azsacra International Poetry Award" in July, 2011 and since then is commonly referred to as *Wolf* – in his poetry circle. His second collection *God Is Dead* was released earlier this year in April.

The Day and the Inebriate

Akshat Sharma

Smiling faces in open sun,
Sordid creature in a bath –tub,
Strumming away to the White Rabit
Waiting to bite its head off,
While she continued smiling,
Gazing upon the whistles of the fan, that
Moved round-around-round

On one hand there was a razor towel,
On the other hand a Red –silk
Wrapped so gracefully, that even
Kangaroos would be less tender to their loved one
The black border would shine in black fire –
While under the rosette patisserie was hidden
The black moth

Different patterns of time would collide
In the similar juxtaposing trajectory, like above
Whenever I would think of the moon-bird
That would be a caricature to my dreams
Extended beyond the wooden shelves,
Or Tiled balconies,
Or Plastered wall,
Or Enamored lake, where the light would shine bright on the shore
Yet I desired itching vehemence for the deeper waters
Or glasses of smoke
Or tubes of wine
Or Buds of grass
None of these were of,
Wait,
Are of any use

Shifting focus –
You have been there around,
You would rise up at every dusk,
And sink back again deep down, but you won't drown,
Every dawn, though you would still be set out, sometimes,
When the sun shines
The calm of your brightness would hover around me
Like those naked strangers, who loved,
Soaked in wet mud, dried off
To be washed away by Sea

"I don't want it, right now.
Not ready, I am" – she said and he heard
While desiccant desires were buried with the shovel
In the same wet mud

Tonight again,
It shines,
You shine bright in your own sky,
Dimly in mine,
Why the difference?
Rather, a bigger question – Why, the indifference?
I would rather be hated than not thought off

Even the sun smiles, when he
Witnesses your beaming lineated eyes
Florid and prismatic,
Near the stairs, beneath the moorland harvest
With the chains of mountains
Or the redeeming deserts, wherever;
Everywhere

Three years down the memory lane,
Adamantine daffodils still waiting to bloom,
I had heard somewhere –
"The one that blooms the last, is the most beautiful", maybe
With this unquenchable thirst, I, the inebriate
Pass on the wishes via unknown medium –
No, not ether, ha
Ether's dangerous –
Yet, I believe the ardour shall find the breath
For once and after it blesses you,
Would whisper life into the metal frame

Let me repeat tonight –
"So I wish you luck and love on this precious day,
In life you will get all you deserve and desire
For you, my love, shall bloom like a flower,
And be strong as a holy sword forged in sacred fire"

Akshat "The Reflection" Sharma

Rachna D. Sheth

Biography

Born with lots of creativity and incredibility, i am just a lover of poetries! I write when I am blue and that' my exact nature! Both professionally and by passion, i am a writer! Writing is my FIRST LOVE! My genre is love and romance; I also give preference to dark poems. Professionally too I am a writer and working as Content Writer in an IT firm at Ahmedabad, India.

I am 24 years old and I wish to spend the rest of my life in writing poems. My inspiration is all what I can see and all what I can feel. I thank God for giving me enough struggle, pain and craze for turning as a writer.

Im.rachh@gmail.com

26/11 – My Mumbai Night

When the city was full of Orange lights,
Our famous Taj faced a severe sight,
The sight which lead the Terrorist fight!

All was getting dim from light- &
Everything was bleeding like red bright!
The dared wind from Oberoi-
Also faced the crucial fight,
26/11 My Mumbai Night!

From the moon-star till the sunlight-
My Mumbai faced two severe nights,
Where the-
Blood was flowing in no- delight!
26/11 My Mumbai Night!

It’s now years to that sadful night-
But still it brings tear to this heart so light,
Come let us pray in this sunlight-
For peace in soul of those-
Who lost their life on,
26/11 My Mumbai Night!

-*Rachna Sheth*

Susan Siddeley

Biography

Susan Siddeley's need to record the irony and drama of life on three continents has resulted in four poetry collections: *When in Chile, Still in Chile, On Line* and *Off Line*.

She has contributed to three anthologies published by Santiago Writers, is a two-time winner in *Grain* magazine's annual fiction competition, and first-prize winner in the 2010 Malton Literary Festival's short story competition. With her husband, Gordon, she hosts writing workshops at their home outside Santiago, Chile.

Internationale

There is a human brotherhood, make no mistake about it.
One that promotes unity and understanding,
transcends age, race and gender.
Trumps Nationalism.
It is an association far more extensive than that of eco warriors,
stamp collectors or poets.
Possibly the best basis for world peace to date.
And I belong.

I meet fellow members everywhere, all the time.
On Canada's 401, Chile's Pan Americana, on side roads in England's Dales, on the Bloor Viaduct in Toronto. I know I'd meet them in Kabul, Colombo and Caracas if I went.

To join us, you must be able to drive;
truck, car, camper, and recognise as you motor along
that the flashing lights of an oncoming vehicle are
communicating; that the person behind the wheel is saying,
Hey there, fellow-driver-in-a-hurry.
Beware!

There is a police presence ahead.
But you are not alone. I'm with the International Brotherhood of Drivers fighting
speed traps, even though in many countries it is illegal
to converse in headlight-flashing Morse.

It is then, feeling my heart swell,
suffused with a sense of utter rightness,
at one with the world,
I check my dashboard dials and flip the light switch
to spread the word.

Copyright: Susan Siddeley
Chile, February 2012/ Toronto 31.03.12

Emmanuel Nii-Ayi Solomon

Biography

Emmanuel Nii-Ayi Solomon lives in Accra, Ghana and is a published poet. He believes most of the problem facing our world today can be solve by preaching the message of love. He has participated in several poetry reading events including performances at the National Theatre of Ghana.

He works as a Tour Guide, Play Director and a Travel Sales Adviser. He is currently at work on his first novel.

Insanity

My mind quizzed me
I became insane
Thrashed by the hopes of yesterday
Vanished dreams embraced me
Gulped down by the qualms of tomorrow
Swam through the ruthlessness of life
With my head buried in anguish of past failures
Hail those that broke through
Hail those that challenged the status quo
Hail the heroes of our past
I'm challenged by horrors of times of yore
Dark images with no flesh I see
Foaming beings with blue eyes they sail
Shadows feature in my dreams
Nocturnal beings toyed with my feelings
Toothless ghost smiled at me
I was swallowed by my fear
By the inscrutabilities of life
Alas! My fears are over
I no more walk in the market square
With my pants used as head gear
Ancestors our village

Libations were poured to you from the calabash
But you refused to accept food and drinks
Am I insane again?
Or is my mind quizzing me
Why am I wondering in the wilderness of my past?
Or has my brain been twisted again
Why am I dreaming yet again?
Or has the toothless ghost been made to smile at me once more
Am insane, but not in the asylum
I walk among our people
With lost hope and cracked dreams
With lots of questions on my mind
Don't look at me with your naked eyes
Just with the eyes you can't see me
But I'm not invincible
Insanity reigns in my blood

© *Nii-Ayi Solomon*

Michael Kwaku Kesse Somuah

Biography

Michael Kwaku Kesse Somuah lives in Ghana and an African Poet. International Poetry congresses and festivals have included his poetry presentations and writings in their programs. He is an award-winning poet and has participated in Poetry events, readings in and out of Ghana, including Greece.

As a Kostis Palamas poetry prize winner and guest editor of Poetry Space-UK, he is being published widely in Literary Journals, Anthologies and newspapers in the UK, Canada, India, Ghana, Malawi, South Africa, Pakistan, Hungary, Greece, Cyprus, USA and other web hosting literary Magazines. He uses his form of poetry in projecting brotherhood of peace, love and beauty in all style, and a distinguished member of United Poets Laureate International (upli-USA), World poetry Canada, Ghana Association of Writers' (GAW) among others.

Michael's poems have been translated into other languages such as polish by Piotr Balkus, Vinko Kalinic and read on Co-op radio 102.7 in Canada hosted by Ariadne Sawyer

He will be receiving the World Poetry Empowered Poet Award at the World Poetry Canada International Peace Festival at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver Canada in April 2013.

He is a Project Support Executive of Rakes Company Limited, holds a Bachelor's degree in Management Studies from the University of Cape Coast and finds poetry as a tool of promoting peace and conquering the opponent with love. He is about writing his first poetry book and looking for inviting publishers.

You can reach the Poet at kmsogh@gmail.com and blogs on www.mkksomuah.wordpres.com

WAVING FLAG

Inspired by K'naan, the musician

Love in the air
Peace in the sky
Scars turn to stars
Feeding our eyes
With hope of the lights,
Unity, the answer.

Devoid of the darkness
As long as we live,
In floodgates of rain
And forever we say,
Our pain will be our gain

Though they tease us
Ride on our leniency,
And cripple our dream,
We pant and they beam,
Posterity will judge them
So dry your eyes…

O ye my best friend,
Dry your eyes…

Shades of love
That's the world need
Peace of above
Whispers of breeze
And tears no more
Say and shout louder,
I'll never be poor
No matter the killers
No cause for stealers
Dry your eyes…
Even if they jail us
Dry your eyes…

And wave your flags
And post those tags
To clean those rags (2x)

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Michael Kwaku Kesse Somuah (Ghana)

Addena Sumter-Freitag

Biography

You Can't Deny

Addena Sumter-Freitag

It wasn't a typical war
It claimed many casualties

Who lived?
Some of the strong
Some of the weak
The meek

Those who loved to breathe
Loved the air
The sky
The sun
Their utmost joys

Those who longed for laughter
And peace

Survived

So they could once again
See a butterfly

A pebble
Washed smooth
By the constant foam
Of the clearest stream
Near Krakow

In our heads
The barbed wire
Barbed tongues
Barrage of assaults
Was a parallel reality
Where our bodies dwelled

But our souls escaped
To Kopana: (a clearing by the glade near the stream)
Our bodies moved amongst the war
While our brothers
Burned
And hung in the sun
Puffy and bluish
Their stench
Churning the stomachs of our outer shells

I tried to protect a young child named Nadia
Most times

Tried to shield her from
The boots
The blows
The rifle butts flying
Spit
Hocked through the air

There were bad times
Sad times
Unlike anything
Ever

No glory in our marches
No pride in our soldiers
It was long beaten out of us
Like our laughter
Our songs

We had no strength
No hope for a revolution

Freedom's just another word
We no longer
Dared

To whisper in this place.

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Nazia Tasneem

Biography

Nazia Tasneem ,born on 25th December 1992. Lives in New Delhi India. A student of BA 2nd year at Jamia millia Islamia, New Delhi.

Loves to read and write and aims to achieve high and wants to work in favour of the unprivileged. Believes in peace and harmony and wishes people live united.

DARK CHILDHOOD

Silent cry, inside that childhood
Carrying the gun, taught to be hood
The babies need toys to play.
Bandits hide all that under the clay
Desire screaming, dying each second
Minors, forced to act sham and be a nescient
Gun in hands, bombs hanging around their waists
Why in life are they facing this test?

No joy, no sorrow
Buried dreams inside want to hit the arrow
colourful, stylish, alluring dresses
Reflect radiance on the faces.
incapacitated they are to have them worn
Insensitivity imbedded since they were born

Bloody hands, which were meant to play colours
Evident on the faces, gruesome pallor

Forced to spread pain ,in the name of religion,
To secure the heavenly place in the heaven
Why do they kill in the name of war?
Where hug they deserve, held are sword
Children are sent on the earth to be stars
All that is evident is the virulent scars
Terrorists kill the human and humanity
Still we opt to fight, with no sense of clarity
Eventually the credibility is lost
The innocent lives made to pay the cost

Say NO to War, pray for peace
This is the way to make our soul sin free
Try to hear the cry of our mother land
Holding hand in hand

Wida Tausif

Biography

Afghan New Zealander, Wida Tausif, born in Afghanistan in 1992, comes from a very well educated family; her mother a teacher and her father a 'government director' and as has been the case for many Afghans, Wida and her family fled to Pakistan and stayed in Peshawar for the next 9 years. Her father and brother were the only breadwinners in the family at that time and life was uncertain. They decided to register with the United Nations High Commission to find a safer environment for the family to live.

Encountering many hurdles along the way, they were eventually granted residency to New Zealand, which Wida felt was 'the furthest part of the world'….

In 2011 Wida moved to Melbourne due to the earthquake that struck in Christchurch. She now enjoys living in Melbourne, a much safer environment where she has an equal chance for a first-class future.

Wida successfully completed high school in 2010 and is quiet content. With a very real talent for writing about her homeland and her many emotional experiences, she puts into words the often traumatic and difficult transition from Afghanistan to Peshawar, Peshawar to New Zealand and eventually to Australia.

Quoting the young woman herself, Wida's main goals in life are to 'bring light in my people's heart and keeping our Afghan culture alive' by writing and becoming an official representative of her beautiful country. Wida is one of the many young and upcoming talented Afghans who are not only in touch with their roots but also on a quest to encourage others, despite living far away from her beloved country. Wida does this through her beautifully deep crafted poetry. Other communities outside of our Afghan community are captivated by her poetry.

Bernadette Hall, a well known NZ poet, said of Wida's poem "my Sweet Afghanistan" '…reminds me of some of the work of South American liberationists poets, like Neruda and Vallejo'. Wida should definitely pursue her writing. This same poem was nominated in Canterbury during National Poetry Day (competition) 2010.

The vibrant and passionate young woman that Wilda is, is reflected in her writing, with much to offer readers who would like an insight into the beauty and heartbreak that is Afghanistan.

Wida's talent and quest to bring honor to her treasured country Afghanistan is very admirable."

“PEACE”

Let not the guns fire again,
let not civilians die again,
let us have peace,
let us have silence.

Use not weapons but fight without words,
end this war and let your voices be heard.
Let Peace be like a flowing river,
Flowing into the open hearts of humanity.

Read a poem of peace tonight.
and pray to end the bitter fight.
Join hand in hand,
spread Peace and love across the world.

Different skin, different cultures, different beliefs
treat each other equally without war,
no gun fires, no violence,
just silence everywhere.
Liberty, love, justice, and peace,
make the strong sign of peace,
together we shall share these for global peace.

Give a shout from nation to nation,
hold all your hearts in your hands,
let peace free our lands,
and “Destroy the hate before it’s too late!”

Kimberly Tsan

Biography

I'm not much of a poet, not much of a writer. What makes me both of those things is perhaps my undaunted love for both, and my insatiable thirst for self-expression and truth.
Kimberly is a member of the World Poetry Youth Team and Interim Group Leader.

Words have to be the least communicative means, and the meaning of a poem is always in between the words. Most often it's a feeling or an understanding that cannot be quantified by language alone. Something profound, something that resonate within our deepest selves, something spontaneous and penetrating. I seek that feeling and understanding in life, and try to put them into words, into memory.

Oh, but I'm not as sophisticated as I sound. I poetize. Most of the time, I'm just me, incessantly hoarding gummy bears, reading a book with a vacant expression on the bus, dreaming through the day, praying to the universe before I go to bed, and goofing around with a huge grin on my face. My inner child shall never die, and my poetic self shall forever live.

Yup, story of my life. More or less.

Peace

Kimberly Tsan

Peace—everyone seems to
be talking about it:
bring peace to the world
bring peace to the heart
bring peace to the mind
bring peace to the soul

The entire world is perpetually
consumed by this boisterous fervour,

alive with explosions of spiritual catharsis.
Those voices are eager, forever serenading,
serenading love, demanding action to be taken,
thanking God, exorcising demons,
screaming with joy and then spreading it.

Oh, these voices are eager, trying so hard
to decipher the codes and patterns
of the cosmic wheel, trying to solve problems,
trying to understand why people are the way they are
why life is the way it is—

Why the bullets are silent
Why hearts shatter without a sound
Why the soft hush in dark alleyways
Why are children's cries muffled at night

Why their deepest epiphanies
are louder than the cacophony of lies
in the air as they collide

That's right—
PEACE, everyone seems to be talking about it.
BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD.
BRING PEACE TO THE HEART.
BRING PEACE TO THE MIND.
BRING PEACE TO THE SOUL.

GIVE US PEACE.

Kimberly Tsan (C) Canada.

Uche Uwadinachi

Biography

Uche Uwadinachi,a performance poet also called Flames - Priest of poetry is the author of poetry collection "SCAR in the HEART of pain" and it's Spoken Word audio Album.

He is the winner of ANA Lagos (Association of Nigerian Authors) Poetry Performance Festival (LASPOFEST) Prize 2006 and Pakistan June 'Poetrycraze' contest 2009. 2nd Prize Poetry Winner of Ken Saro-Wiwa Contest USA 2010, top ten Award For The Korean-Nigera Poetry Feast 2012, 2nd runner-up in the National Poetry Slam Competition 2012 and 3rd prize winner for poetry at the FNL POETRY and SHORT STORY Competition December 2012,.Uche's poem was shortlisted among the ten best poems for the Korea-Nigeria Poetry Fiesta 2012, his poems has been published in the 'Lime Jewel' collection London 2010, 'if yu hia say a de prizin' 2012 Nigeria and other publications.

His poetry performances has been seen on Bookshelves-LTV 8, Konto Music-NTA 10, 9ja TV, Tinapa Trade Expo 2008, Lagos State Trade Fair EKO-EXPO 2011, Wordslam 1,2,3, 4 & 5, Poetry Potter, Potters Lounge, Anthill, Pen Society , British Council Lagos , Chill and Relax Gbagada, Wordup, Book and Gauge, among others. He has worked as a continuity man/ writer for TV commercials, musicals, Reality TV shows: The Heir Apparent, and presently, he is an independent television presenter/researcher with Konto Music and works towards his latest spoken-word-rap album titled 'E'FI MI LE' joo'or'. He manages two blogs www.priestofpoetry.blogspot.com and www.flames777.blogspot.com

Colouring the Roads for Peace

A Japanese kid told me

During a war
When you want
To walk through the rails
Watch both sides for trains
Watch below for mines
Watch above for missiles
Watch back for bullets

And I said

Without a war
In my country
If you want
To cross the road
Look left and right for cars
Look up for planes
Look down for bombs
Look behind for kidnappers

We both decided

To stay indoors, all day
Making crayon drawings
Of peace sign posts
On every road
That leads home.

David Vanstone

Biography

David Vanstone, Canadian Author and Publisher from Clearwater B.C.

In 2001, I produced "A Twenny for My Thoughts" a book of 45 thought provoking poems.

In the years since under my pseudonym Professer Clickity Klunk, I have written eighteen cautionary tales, with the following nine currently in print, A Puppy Named Rufus, Horace the Cat, Wishfilled Thinking, Her Beef Stew, Whoa There Now Nelly, Emily Car, Sammy's Gas, Loose Laces, and Andrews Monster.

To Live or Die Together

There was a pair adoxes
Who round the world did run
To meet up with each other
Just to kill em with a gun.

And when they came together
Pulling down on the nightshade
Through this disunion with each other
The world becomes unmade.

Another other pair adoxes
Who round the world did run
To meet up with each other
Just to have some fun.

And when they came together
Pulling down on the nightshade
Through this union with each other
Another dox was made.

So with these three adoxes
Comes another point of view
And learn to live together
The Christian, Muslim and the Jew.

So here's to paradoxes
As we determine their outcome
Embrace back to back
Our similarities and differences
Or face, pandemonium.

Copyright 2001 by David Vanstone Canada

Yilin Wang

Biography

Yilin Wang is an emerging writer and photographer pursuing her BFA at The University of British Columbia. Her writing has appeared in many publications, including Youthink Magazine, Fault Lines Journal, and Cerebration Journal.

She enjoys using her words and photos to promote diversity, creativity, and peace. You can learn more about her at yilinwriter.wordpress.com. She is also the World Poetry Youth Team Leader of monthly venue at the University of British Columbia.

Starlight

We hear the clash of swords
When we watch the sunset side by side
When I pray for the battles to end
You reach for my hands
But your smile fades in the night

Keep walking forward
Follow the faint forest trails
We will reach the ships
Waiting by the riverside
Starlight will guide our way
To another sunrise

Darkness mixes with distant cries
Everyone is running
The stench of blood drifts near
Hold onto the light
Even when clouds shroud the sky

Keep walking forward
Follow the faint forest trails
We will reach the ships
Waiting by the riverside
Starlight will guide our way
To another sunrise

Keep walking forward
Follow the faint forest trails
We will reach the ships
Waiting by the riverside
Starlight will guide our way
To another sunrise

Pauline Wenn

Biography

Born 1932 in Stirling, Scotland, Pauline is a child of World War 11 and dedicated herself to Peace. As a teenager, she collected signatures for the United Nations campaign to Ban the Bomb.

After emigrating to Canada, she became close to the Society of Friends because of their Peace Testament.

Now, as a senior, she still is an advocate for Peace. Pauline is a long time poet, focusing her poetry on special occasions and on requests from friends.

Poem for Peace 2012

It is 1942. I am ten years old.
I live in Central Scotland during wartime.
One night, I wake up with the church bell ringing; I count the chimes, over 300!
That means the Germans have invaded.

I am in a panic and want to go to my parents' room.
I feel around the walls for the light switch but my room is darkened by the blackout curtains.
Eventually, I get to mum and dad who send me back to bed, saying: "You're imagining things."
Next day, we find out the bell had a faulty mechanism.

I did not mistake the nightly sirens at the end of my street,
When the planes flew over to bomb the ships on the River Clyde.
When Peace came in 1945, we rejoiced.
A favourite uncle came back from being a Prisoner of War with many tales of hunger and cruelties.

Now, it is 1946. I am 14 years old.
I am a voracious reader and read John Hershey's "Hiroshima."
Hershey told of the horror of the 2 Atomic Bombs.
I was talking to everyone about the state of the world. The "cold" war was on.

Now it is 1951. I am in Canada
I sing in a choir that performs Peace songs such as "Last night I had the strangest dream."
I am drawn to the Quakers with their Peace Testament.
Over the years, I walked with 80,000 people, crossing the Burrard Bridge we sang: "We Shall Overcome."

When Perestroika occurs, the Peace Movement dwindles.
Yet still there are wars around the globe.
Arthur Koestler wrote "The Ghost in the Machine" about man killing his own.
Robert Burns wrote "Man to man the world over will brothers be."
Have we lost our voices in support of Peace?
Can there ever be Peace?

© *Pauline Wenn, Canada*

Ed Woods

Biography

Ed is a local Hamilton writer, originally from Toronto, and travelled across Canada for experiences and employment. A late bloomer in Creative Writing which focuses upon experiences, observations, imagination, and native roots.

Third World Farming

thank God for nightfall
an escape into fantasy
far from daylight reality
hopefully rest will cure exhaustion
from hope long since faded away

hungry people hate sunrise
hungry children hate their parents
hungry soils hate neglect
hungry seasons hate failure
hungry bodies
fall victim to starvation
as primitive thinking exist

when, oh when
will training
produce as many farmers
as we produce soldiers

when, oh when
will technology
focus on agriculture
instead of warfare culture

Anna Yin

Biography

Anna Yin was born in China, and immigrated to Canada in 1999. She won the 2005 Ted Plantos Memorial Award, 2010 MARTY Award for her poetry, and other awards. In 2011 her book *Wings Toward Sunlight* was published by Mosaic Press. She is a member of the League of Canadian Poets.

Her poems in English & Chinese and ten translations by her were in a Canadian Studies textbook used by Humber College. Her Poetry Alive events have been a new approach to help people explore and appreciate poetry. Rogers TV *Daytime* show invited her to talk about how to write a love sonnet. She was a finalist for Canada's Top 25 Canadian Immigrants Awards 2011 and 2012. CBC Radio, China Daily and CCTV reported her poetry journey. Her website: annapoetry.com

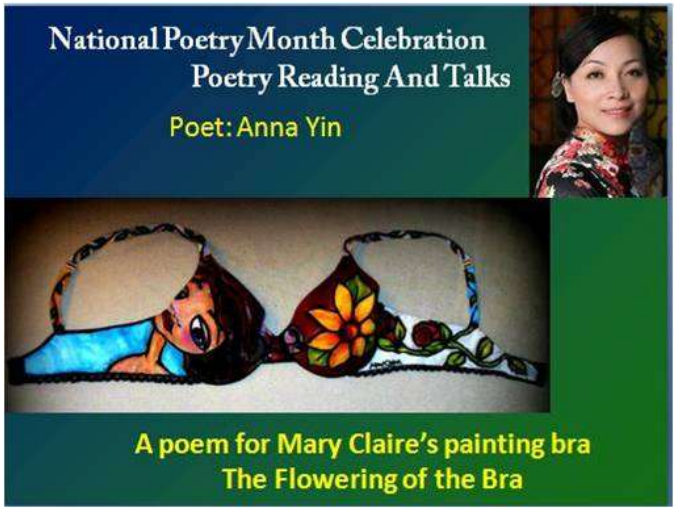
The Flowering of the Bra

for Mary Claire's painted bra

I want to wear it for a mother
who suffers from breast cancer.
I want to remember
…blue skies and forget-her-not
no matter how her fragile moons wane.

I want to wear it for our Earth
who endures violent exploitation.
I want to consider
…bleeding hearts as my sisters
who shiver from shatterings and shocks.

I want to wear it for my children
who have a right to live in peace.
I want to picture
…their flourishing future
with blue skies and a green planet.



Kwame Agyare Yirenkyi

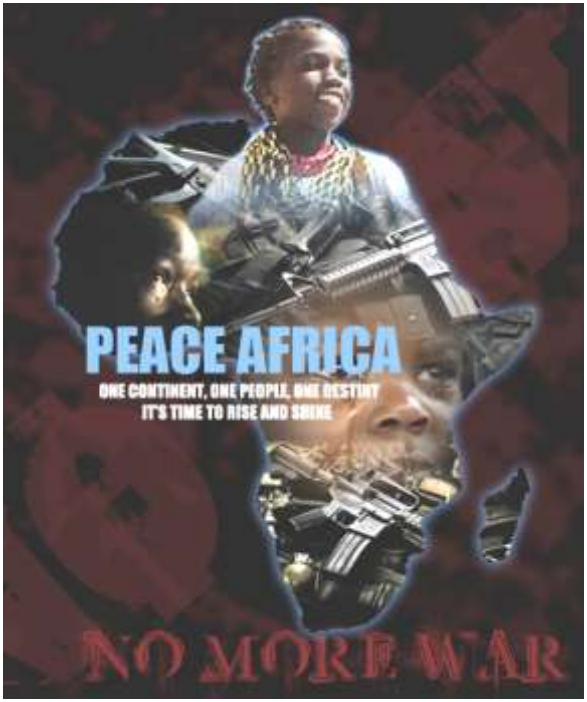
Biography

Kwame Agyare Yirenkyi lives in Ghana and an Artist/Graphic Designer. A distinguished member of the International Society of Poets Maryland U.S.A.

Kwame holds a certificate of attendance and participation – African Collegiate Entrepreneurs Ghana National Conference (A.C.E.). THEME: Unlocking Your Entrepreneurial Potential for Wealth Creation. He also volunteered as an Electoral Assistant in the Tema Metropolis during the 2000 Presidential and Parliamentary Elections, Ghana.

He is an Assistant Traffic Officer, a former student of Presbyterian Secondary High School-Tema and holds a Higher National Diploma in Graphic Design from Takoradi Polytechnic, Institute of Commercial Management-UK, and finds art as a tool of promoting peace and conquering the opponent with love.You can reach the Artist/Graphic Designer at kaygh007@gmail.com.

"The Peace and Love poster also reflects how the world has gone through suffering and war. When we all come together us as one and put aside each other's differences there will be peace, love and happiness in the world."



"The Peace Africa image reflects the thought, heart, and souls of the African child, messaging love and echoing that, war is an outmoded way of settling disputes. Africa has suffered concoctions of tensions and this art, portrays the new African spirit of oneness and the call to peace within all quarters on our continent."

Cheng Youshu

Biography

Cheng Youshu, born 1924 in Beijing, is one of Chinese famous contemporary poets, her education at St. John's University, Shanghai in 1942.

Early years, she was living and working as a news reporter in Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Canton. And her husband Chen Luzhi who is also a poetry lover, founded together with Cheng, poet Tu An and others the "Wildfire" poetry group in 1946. Cheng Youshu also as a diplomat worked in New Delhi, New York, and Copenhagen. Her poems are fresh, natural, some with rich philosophy. She has published books of poetry and been invited to attend meetings of national and international poetry. In 2004, Cheng Youshu's creative collection of poems, won the crown of China's most important the Lu Xun Prize for Literature as a poetry work of excellence.

The Shooting Star

The shooting star has a tempting beauty.
Its transient glance saddens the sky watcher,
  whose heart is covered with pensive moss,
  and yet spreads sparkles through surface cracks.
What charm does the meteor have to make people lament?
How does its brightness kindle young eyes?
Oh, you wise sky watcher, don't feel ridiculed
  if the magnificent meteor seems romantic and aloof.
With just the touch of a smile, it could upset you
  as it sweeps by in the dark night sky.
Feeble weeds murmur in the softly clamoring wind.
Laugh, sky watcher. Be as cool as a winter branch.
Hide your agitated heart deep in a lonely valley.
And cry for the tempting beauty of the shooting star.

Pu Hang Xin Cun, Shanghai
Winter, 1943

Gold Lotus Grassland

The grassland,
A sea of grass
Rolling green billows,
Embraces,
Lifts up
Countless
Gold lotus flowers.

The golden touch
Enriched only their name.
They truly are children
Of the commoners
Without privilege and fame.
Grew up amid
Grass and weeds,
Resisted strong winds,
Trodden by herds.
Still blossom like flames.

Blessed with the grassland.
Blessed with gold lotus flowers.
Blessed with encounters.
As the car passed by,
So astonished was I.

Golden flowers waved back,
Murmured with naughty eyes:
"Got a good look of you,
As we are passing by."

As free as floating clouds and moving water,
Gold lotus flowers are forever.

草原金
草原，
草的海，
草的浪，
托着，
拥着，
一朵朵
金莲花。

她有一个
富贵的名字
—金莲花。
却真的是平民的孩子，
一群群
在草丛里长大。
任凭风吹，
牛羊踏。

天赐草原，
天赐金莲花，
天赐机缘，
车掠过，
窗里人惊讶。

灿灿摇曳着的花，
却嬉笑说
掠过窗外的，
是她。

浮云流水，

不败的花。
忆今夏车过内蒙多伦草原，喜见金莲花，
2011年12月下旬终落笔于　北京 芳古园

Gold lotus flower is the Chinese name for globeflowers. In the summer of 2011, I had an opportunity to enjoy these grassland flowers in Duolun, Inner Mongolia.

December 2011
Fang Gu Yuan, Beijing

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Ljupce Zahariev

Biography

Born 25. April, 1987, Sveti Nikole Macedonia

2012 - Poems publishing in Resurrection - Kolkata - India

Awards: 2008 Recognition for promotion of Macedonian science fiction-Vision-science fiction centre of Macedonia

2012 - The best International translator for 2012- The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre - P.R. China

Secretary of Embassy of World Poets in Macedonia

Secretary of Macedonian Executive commitee of United Minds for Peace Society

Peace

If we remain silent,
with our teeth clenched,
who will compose
the song
for our eternal peace?
lets release the peace
imprisoned in our hearts,
let's set pyre of fire
where our dark thoughts will burn down.
Will the peace
remain bright?
Will it?
Because with the new dawn
the most beautiful stars fade.

Ljupce Zahariev ©

World Poetry

Reading Series, World Poetry Café Radio Show, Electronic Newsletter, Publishing Company

World Poetry Reading Series President: Ariadne Sawyer, MA,

Phone: 604-526-4729 www.worldpoetry.ca ariadnes@uniserve.com

World Poetry Background Information.

The World Poetry Reading Series Society and World Poetry Canada & International was created by Ariadne Sawyer and Alejandro Mujica-Olea and has been in existence for over 13 years, beginning with the goal to provide a much needed venue where multi-cultural, multi-national poets, writers, and those in other artistic disciplines could perform in English and in their language of origin.

The World Poetry Reading Series at the Vancouver Public Library, World Poetry Café Radio Show on CFRO, The World Poetry Electronic Newsletter, World Poetry Publishing, World Poetry Workshop Series, World Poetry Night Out, and the World Poetry Celebration Series are all components of a World Poetry movement based in Vancouver and New Westminster, BC Canada. Recently, World Poetry has included World Poetry International with our first three international committee members: Dr. Hadaa Sendoo in Mongolia and Dr. Rita Malhotra in India and Alaha Ahrar, Afghanistan. The World Poetry Youth Team is also being created.

The World Poetry's foundation is built on the great need to provide respect, honor, support, peace and love for all through the arts and education.

In the Vancouver, BC area, there are over 500 World Poetry poets, writers, musicians from 64 countries including a strong First Nations and Canadian component. The World Poetry Electronic Newsletter, has 5, 032 readers including participants. The World Poetry Café Radio Show is on every Tuesday from 9-10 pm on CFRO (PST) and is listened on the internet in at least 23 countries on a regular basis.

One of World Poetry's mandates is to work with other groups and art disciplines in creating partnerships. Some successful partnerships have been the eight year partnership ExplorASIAN celebrating Asian Heritage Month in May, The Women and Film Festival, TVA Film Company, The Vancouver Public Library (a nine year partnership) The City of New Westminster, The City of Richmond, Gung Haggis Fat Choy World Poetry, Richmond Public Library, New Westminster Public Library, Word on the Street, The First Nations Longhouse, Mother Tongue festival at the Roundhouse in Yaletown, Vancouver, BC and many others.

New Celebration Series: World Poetry Celebrates the World! A multimedia show with poetry, music, dance and special effects with possible partners in Vancouver, LA and shows in China, India and Mongolia is still being created.

Events:

December 10, 2010 World Poetry International Celebration in New Delhi, India. World Poetry's First International Festival created by Dr. Rita Malhotra, World Poetry Ambassador to India.

February 7-14, 2011 Interactive Power of Love Display at the Vancouver Public Library, third floor and our tenth anniversary of the Vancouver Public Library.

100 Years! World Poetry Celebrates International Women's Day! March 21, Vancouver Public Library and at the New Westminster Public Library, March 23rd.

April World Poetry Celebrates National Poetry Month with a Poetathon, April 18, Vancouver Public Library, April 27th, New Westminster Public Library.

World Poetry Reading Series site: www.worldpoetry.ca was created in 2010.

World Poetry Multicultural International Peace Festival, May 14-15, 2011 with our honoured partner the City of Richmond, BC, Canada. Presenters from India, the US, Canada and Japan. Dance, music and the World Poetry family. Inspire, Achieve and Celebrate peace. Awards.

World Poetry in kind Sponsors and Partners: Exclusive Media Sponsor: CTV.TAN-The Afro News. Partners: Signature partner: Vancouver Asian Heritage Month Society, The Vancouver Tagore Society, Jasmine Dance Group, Canada Council for the Arts, The Writer's Union, Rice Paper Magazine, The Asian Canadian Writer's Workshop, The Airport Quality Inn Hotel, Aboriginal Writer's Collective West Coast. Irving K. Barber Learning Centre, University of British Columbia (UBC Library) World Poetry gratefully acknowledges the support from the City of Richmond.

April 4-30 World Poetry Canada International Peace Festival.

The Life Celebration of Pauline Johnson and Tagore's 150th in 2011 which were amazing successes with our partners, the City of Richmond, BC, The Vancouver Tagore Society, Jasmine Dance Club, and many others.

World Poetry reads at Word on the Street, September 25th at the Vancouver Public Library, featuring youth poets.

World Poetry New Westminster Night Out Celebrates the 2nd Year Anniversary October 26, 2011 along with the first anniversary of the World Poetry Website and first year of World Poetry Canada & International Facebook group.

World Poetry Celebrates Black History Month, February 2012. New Westminster Public Library, New Westminster, BC.

World Poetry 2nd Canada International Peace Festival, May 25th, 26th, extended the festival to include other venues for the month. World Poetry celebrated the festival in New Westminster with a welcome to the International poets.

Two World Poetry Poetic Necklace exhibits were featured with peace poems and photography from around the world.

May 4-28 at the UBC Library, Irving K. Barber Learning Centre in Vancouver, BC and at the Richmond Cultural Centre, May 25-26th in Richmond, BC.

World Poetry Peace E. Anthology, 2012-2013 will be launched in April 2013 Lillooet Room, Irving K. Barber Learning Centre,
University of British Columbia, 1961 East Mall Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1,
www.ikebarberlearningcentre.ubc.ca Displays, Book Launches, music, dance, readings and more. *www.worldpoetry.ca*

World Poetry Life Celebration of Chief Dan George, and the World Poetry Life Time Achievement Award to Jacqueline Maire, September, 2012.

World Poetry.ca e-book site will be launched in May, 2013 on www.worldpoetry.ca

World Poetry is a volunteer based organization who is actively looking for international and local partnerships which would bring the world together in respect, peace and harmony. We are honoured to serve the community, the country and the world.