

World Healing World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Volume 1

World Healing

World Peace

Poetry

2012

Anthology

Volume I

inner child press, ltd.



General Information

World Healing, World Peace Poetry 2012 Anthology Volume I

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*'He insulted me, he cheated me, he beat me, he robbed me'
those who are free of resentful thoughts surely find peace.*

Gautama Buddha

*D*edication

This collection is dedicated
to all the Souls
upon this beautiful Planet
who dream of . . .

World Healing
&
World Peace

*A musician must make music,
an artist must paint,
a poet must write,
if they are to be ultimately at peace with themselves.*

Abraham Maslow

*P*reface

In June of 2011 i was speaking with Janet P. Caldwell who was then known as “Derailed Poet”. She suggested that Inner Child along with it’s Publishing concern sponsor a Poetry Contest. We tabled the idea at that time due to the “Busy-ness” of our schedule at the time. About the end of August, the conversation arose again. The quandary we faced was how to set up and conduct such an effort. Each of us and so many more souls have a great respect and love for Poetry, the Written and Spoken Word, and we wanted to do honor to any such undertaking. We spoke about it, thought about it and considered how would we elevate the essence of Poetry through a “Contest”. Well . . . at this time the Spirit intervened and gifted us with the idea to theme the contest to something meaningful and significant. This is how World Healing, World Peace came about.

With that, i immediately contacted some individuals who i thought would provide me some feedback, but instead they wholeheartedly embraced the idea and immediately threw their support behind the venture. I am not naming them individually here, however on the following page you will be able to see and acknowledge who they are . . . Thank You.

This Contest is much more than a contest. Though we have awarded Publishing Contracts to the top 3 Poems as judged, that in and of it’s self was a daunting task.. There were so many wonderful thoughts, verses and spirits shared with us from all over the World . . . we at Inner Child are humbled and feel very blessed to have been connected to so many beautiful Souls who graciously came together to elevate the Consciousness of such a mindset that literally affect every single Human Being on this planet as well as those yet unborn.

Preface . . . *continued*

Speaking of Consciousness . . . i have come to realize just that . . . that the greater gift is that we all acted out of this paradigm of Love, Peace and Healing. Regardless of one's personal motivations to be a part of this journey, they, the Poets, the Administrators, the Judges, the People who contributed by paying forward the links as well as those who just happened to read what we were doing were all affected and did show up.

At this time i just wish to express my gratitude for our entire Global Family . . .those that were a part of this Love Offering and those that were not, for we do this for us all.

Iwould like to give a very special thank you to Janet P. Caldwell, Jill Delbridge and our wonderful Judges; Diane Sismour, Juanita Betts and Mark States . . you guys rock . . . without you . . .

Bless Up

Bill
Inner Child

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welcome to my world . . .



inner



child

embracing . . . empowering . . . enlightening

World Healing

World Peace

Poetry

2012

Anthology

Volume I

inner child press, ltd.

*know that we are the enchanting magicians that
nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of others to
believe there is something grand about the possibilities
that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into
action . . . for we are the Poet, the Writer to whom the
Gift of Words has been entrusted . . . wsp*



The

Celebrants

LauraSue Gutierrez



LauraSue has been writing poetry since she was nine years old. LauraSue has been published with Quill books, The International Library of Poetry, Poetry.com, and Noble House publishers in London. LauraSue won the Editors Choice Award for outstanding achievements in poetry in 2003. LauraSue now resides in Pennsylvania.

Dream of Peace

*I know I don't know you
but I love you.*

*I know we are strangers
but I think a hug will do.*

*Don't have enough for your
milk? I will pay the rest.*

*It starts with one act, one
simple kindness.*

*World peace starts small,
it begins with one.*

*With one easy gesture
it has begun.*

*When we show care or concern,
express how we feel.*

*This is how our broken hearts
begin to heal.*

*It starts in one little town,
on the main street.*

*We start moving to a rhythm,
pulsing like a heartbeat.*

*It is a magical sound,
a catchy tune.*

→

*It spreads around the globe
and drifts to the moon.*

*This is my dream of peace.
This is my hope of healing.*

*It starts on a small scale.
It starts with one feeling.*

*This world is a disaster,
it has become a mess.*

*We need to aim for the stars,
reach for success.*

*We must educate the people,
let our voices be heard.*

*The peace movement has begun,
start spreading the word.*

Everybody today seems to be in such a terrible rush, anxious for greater developments and greater riches and so on, so that children have very little time for their parents. Parents have very little time for each other, and in the home begins the disruption of peace of the world.

Mother Teresa

Loretta L. Hardrick



Loretta L. Hardrick is a native Oklahoman, born in Lawton, Oklahoma to her parents Jammie and Vermelia. The family moved from Lawton to Oklahoma City, when Loretta was two years old. She is the fourth born. Loretta resides on the outskirts of the city her husband, Stanley. She enjoys writing poetry, spending time with her eight grandchildren as well as cooking and time with family and friends.

Come Let Us Reason Together In Unity

I see you on the street, and you too, see me.
Outside we are different – and not coincidentally.
We have our clicks, clichés' and circle of friends
but you don't understand me, or recognize where I fit in.
I seek your approval, your understanding of my form.
I do not appreciate your conderation to attempt to do me bodily
harm.
I am in a position to do something special for you,
but you never welcome the opportunity so we will never see it
through.

You see me on the corner, and I see you in the store,
our cultures are so adversely different so I choose to simply ignore.
Rather than seek understanding from something that challenges
what I already know,
I shut my heart, my mind and my bowels of compassion
by repressing and suppressing every emotion that could flow.
No smile for you today.
No, "you're welcome" "thank you" or "please."
I won't even render a "God bless you," when I hear you sneeze.
Why is it, if I am hurting you desire to make it even worse?
I tell you, hating is a disease and it's something we practice and
rehearse.

So many, different nations and colors of skin, as
beautiful as the rainbows are and the clouds that blend in.
Many are our afflictions but seldom do we portray
any regard for another, at least not for public display.
Actors on a stage and perhaps musicians on a string,
every instrument has a place and a unique sound to bring.

The springs run to the river and the rivers
to the seas, the seas to the oceans and supply water to the trees.
If nature can come together and all work hand in hand,
why humanity would think any different; is what I find hard to
understand.

If we could come together and look through, our other pair of eyes,
maybe we could see pass what we are saying and instead just
recognize;

recognize we all have a condition that somehow needs
a physician's attention, whether physical or not.

Take a pill, a pill of agape love as medication and release our
hatred on the spot.

Selfishness and unforgiveness will not heal our land.

Compassionate, caring people will, while using tender praying
hands.

We, as a people have to begin to listen and communicate,
then reduce our self value and importance to our individual
destinies' that wait.

We could sit down to reason together and possibly work out a
compromise,

one that would be effective in reducing killings, mutilations,
basically to salvage human lives.

When you speak, I listen and vice-versa would be nice.

I hear what you're saying and literally sleep on it or think on it
once or twice.

Putting another above oneself and ones ways,

would be quite refreshing and exhilarating or what if we awakened
each morning with the thought of brightening each others' days.

We need the salt to preserve and we need love to restore.

If we don't have understanding then love is what we should
explore.

Your blood inside is red, and all our blood is the same.

My heart beats, I breathe, eat and drink but why should any of this
have to change?

We should all be able to come together and build up, in unity.
I respect your right as well, to agree or to disagree.
It's not necessary to seek revenge, just be strong enough to accept
that fact.
After all, we are supposed to be adults, so responsibly is how we
are required to act.

For over two-thousand years hatred and discord has been in place
causing anguish, unnecessary hurt, shame and disgrace.
What would it hurt us to try something different, and revert back to
basic law?
Love your neighbor as yourself and don't pick at differences or
claw.

Life used to be so peaceful, sleeping outside on front porch swings.
Children playing innocently and disclosing secret dreams.
Love was taught at home; strict rules were placed and kept.
I respect you and you respect everyone including yourself.
Prayer was welcomed and never offended.
Can we try to continue what God started
in order for our nations to be mended?

Come let us reason,
together in unity.
There is peace and healing waiting
and we each have the ability.

Come let us reason
together in unity.
For world healing and world peace
we all must care for change and take responsibility.

Come let us reason
together in unity.
I value you as a person
and will you also value me?

Elise Fee



Elise Fee is a Hypnotist and Life Mentor helping clients worldwide to get a new lease on life. Many varied life experiences have taught her broader, more expansive ways to view and experience the world and humanity. She writes a daily blog at www.EliseOnLife.com and is writing her first book.

The Tipping Point

*As a child,
I dreamt
of making a difference.
I perceived actions to be taken
and people to be helped;
only later recognizing
that changing the world
is an internal experience.
When I change my heart
and join with the oneness
of humanity,
the effect plays out
across the planet's skin
rippling into the lives
of so many unknown, untold others
in ways I can't begin to fathom --
with miraculous outcomes
unforeseen.
When I go within
to find my clearest essence
and choose to live
from that pure space,
I broadcast my light
like a beacon in the dark sky,
illuminating and brightening
far-off corners of the world,
effecting personal healing
in diverse and unique ways
known only to those who receive.
When I live in my sacred center,
my peace emanates and evokes
a cascading stillness,*

→

*silently washing through mankind.
Through my personal awareness,
I have planted the seed
for a peaceful world.
And a miraculous synergy
takes effect
as I and you and we
do the same.
An energetic root system
connects us to one another --
tapped into mother earth,
sustained on the life-support
of our love and unity.
Collectively we create
wellsprings of peace
within us
until we reach
that magical tipping point.*

Top Nine Poems
World Healing World Peace
Poetry 2012

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| The Voices of Women | P.S. Perkins |
| Nation of Humanity | Marlon Ewing |
| Tipping Point | Elise Fee |
| Sunrise 2 Sunset | Brother Hypnotic |
| Oh, the place your Ego will go | Scott Grace |
| Dream of Peace | LauraSue Guitierrez |
| Oh Mother Oh Earth | Mauro Werneck Monteiro |
| Believe | Planted Daisies |
| Come Let Us Reason | Loretta Hardrick |

Top 30 Poems
World Healing World Peace
Poetry 2012

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| The Voices of Women | P.S. Perkins |
| If Only I Had The Power | Julie-Anne Avenell |
| My Neighbor | Jaki Healy |
| Nation of Humanity | Marlon Ewing |
| Of Love, Healing and Peace | Regina Ann |
| Throw Love at Hate | Ryan J. Cunningham |
| Peace | Annie Broderick |
| Conquering Man | Douglas Melloy |
| We | Jacquelyn Rath |
| Tipping Point | Elise Fee |
| Sunrise 2 Sunset | Brother Hypnotic |
| Let it begin with me | Nicole S. Brown |
| Diverse Differences | Annmarie H. Pearson |
| I Had a Dream | Alan W. Jankowski |
| Oh, the place your Ego will go | Scott Grace |
| Our World Today | Fawn Caldwell |
| Make a Change | Barry Mowles |
| Dream of Peace | LauraSue Guiterrez |
| World Peace | Alfreda Ghee |
| If Only i could ... i would | DeborahWilson Smart |
| Oh Mother Oh Earth | Mauro Werneck Monteiro |
| Juggler's Delight | Charles SeaBe Banks |
| Child's Play | Carlo Jonkers |
| Believe | Planted Daisies |
| Witnessing Futaba, Fukushima, Japan | Sylvia Ramos Cruz |
| Come Let Us Reason | Loretta Hardrick |
| World Peace | Jamie Bond |
| World Healing, World Peace | Mary Loughran |
| The Law of Everything and the Power of Influence | |
| Simone Segal | |
| Remove the Barriers | |
| Christena Antonia Valaire Williams | |

Poets

for

World Healing

&

World Peace

Volume I



CAT CATALYST is a multimedia artist, designer, writer and Spoken Word Artist. Cat's poetry and art have been featured on EDF London Eye, The London Underground and The Tate Britain.

"Art and Poetry for me is a spiritual practice and a social responsibility. 'The good artist is wise. God is in his heart. He puts divinity into things' - Mayan saying"

Cat is currently featured alongside Michael Faranti and Spearhead, Zion Train, DJ Spooky, The Levellers, and others, with a track called 'Come On' (Remix).

For links and more information go to: <http://catcatalyst.com>

The Second Coming

The second coming is not any one man or a woman
It's the explosion of collective consciousness
When the hearts of men and women are opened and awakened
When the ability to respond (response-able) is greater than to react
When closing the door in separateness doesn't sit well anymore
When one realises that what you do to another
Actually you do unto one's own Self
For when one rises above the arrogance of the ego
One realises that in a Universe of infinite possibilities
Developing compassion means no longer taking *anything* as
personal
For now the 'I' is no longer alone, is a valuable member of the
collect-i-ve
The more people on the Planet there are
The more weird, wonderful and surreal
Everyone's projections / reflections are gonna get
You're going to have no choice but to open to your divine potential
Because the pain of staying the same will be greater than that of
change
Its humanity's destiny to evolve
As a species
Beyond the comfort zone
To awaken to the God / Goddess Self
To open to your inner Buddha, Krishna, Christ
Inspirational role models who demonstrated by example
How to work together to heal the self, each other, the Planet
How to redefine beliefs, change perspective, forgo judgments
Allow for emotional, psychological and spiritual evolution
Love and accept the unlovable within the self and each other
Forgiveness, everyday

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

For no one person is free until we all are
And consciousness is a choice
Like a Yes or a No
As simple as binary
To a one from a zero
From an off to an On
Like a chain of dominoes
A viral infection
Of enlightenment
A colossal global cognition
Of conscious Understanding integrated into Being
Integrated into our everyday choices
Training the ego, the heart and the mind
To align as one
Takes time and practice
But it can and shall be done

*He that would live in peace and at ease
must not speak all he knows or all he sees.*

Benjamin Franklin



Wynne Y. Henry began writing at an early age and excelled in creative writing and journalism throughout school. She received her B.A. in Theatre Arts from Cal State University, Dominguez Hills and has also studied music and dance, often combining the genres in her poems. She collaborates with other poets and performs regularly on Poetically Spoken on blogtalk radio and at local venues. You can read more of her work at: www.mindscapepoetry.blogspot.com where she has also published her chapbook, *Hairstory*.

tapestry

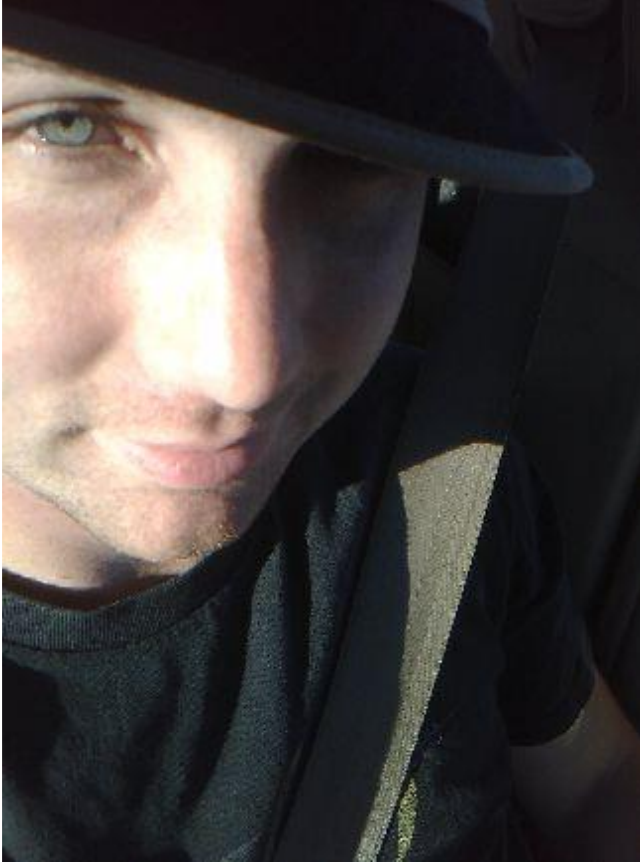
the tapestry of healing that mends hearts souls and minds
unlimited by time and space
respecting differences and celebrating strengths
with thoughts becoming words
words becoming lines
lines becoming poems and poems becoming catalysts for change
that challenge the status quo boldly enough to ask "why not"?
why not use words instead of guns
that destroy the voices of those who speak truth
and bring real revolution?
why are people afraid of words?
why is free speech just a concept we choose at will
like a temporary gig until something better comes along
at higher pay
and we become silent?
so let the poets speak
let them be heard
until children are no longer collateral damage
the fallout of somebody's misplaced anger
no more fathers are lost
and mothers don't have to cry

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

let the poets write what they envision
words that bring life to the dry places of the world
and make the flowers grow
into the tapestry of healing
that circles the earth
from their pens...
so let the poets be free
let the poets speak
let the poets become the wisdom of the world
the visionaries
the prophets
the sages
the oracles of destiny
let
the
poets
be

Force is all-conquering, but its victories are short-lived.

Abraham Lincoln



Michael William Benifield... Since my first publication at age twelve I have been searching for the words to express my true soul, and have burrowed into life hoping to find expression. “Janus Mind: in 69 and 100 monkeys too” a book I self published is this expression.

"Unity: Break the silence"

The herald of the mind
the thing raising the tower
the hope while in line

What lay beneath the separate ideals we speak?
Along the flavor of us we speak?

We speak sounds of rapture
We speak noises of culture
We speak lyrics of definition
We become the end of censure

Within this together mold we flow
out to those without.

We fight together
shoulder to shoulder
eye to eye
pupil to pupil
mind to mind

Forming circles and bowls

Earthquakes here at Ground Zero

Unity give us teeth
we growl like a pack of wolves
a united front against these tools

The Mechanical Crowd
The Missing Link
a silent lucid whisper we speak

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Unite against a world cold and quiet
Share my voice
blast the tyrant

That Megalomaniacal Tyrant of Silence
the last one to taste defiance

Within the linked arms of a Soldier's Sound
arise quoted, bolder, take the Crown

We stand Shoulder to Shoulder
Iris to Iris
Kind to Kind
The united in mind

Spiritually bonded
walking wear waking shadows hide

Unite and become divine
become the spirit form of human lore
release again the mindful dungeon
and become the empty vessel
...torn

My vessel now stands leaking
molten, molten fire
catch these words spilling forth
to engulf these metal minds upon the pyre

Shape them all.. making our wall

On which we stand unified
arms locked spilling forth
the flame of truth
Into the lost and abused
the taken and amused
the hated and confused

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

We bring purity among our battered youth

Unify! my people of "Why?"
believe in your cover
for moment we pass alone
stands a chance to loose
a sister or brother
a mother or a father

or our belief in another

Flock were perfect Quills fly
Flock my people of "Why?"

Fly into the fires of tomorrow
embraced by the waters of today

Become the hammer quake
that makes the ground shake

Break the silence of words that holds us all in sway

And bring a unified tomorrow
to the broken people of today

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



My name is Julie-Anne Avenell and it's through my writings that I am able to travel beyond my imagination. My words can act as a tool for the voiceless, or take you on a journey of discovery. Poetry is the voice of the heart not of the mind.

If only I had the Power

If only I had the power
In my hands I'd heal the world
No more people starving
No more cries from a child heard

If only I had the power
To grant anything I'd choose
Peace on earth forever
No more wars or heart ache too

If only I had the power
How wonderful it'd be
Everyone an equal
Man living in harmony

If only I had the power
The earth would be re-born
The end of wars, starvation
No more children from their mothers torn

Peace would reign beneath
God's heaven from above
And wars, famine and cruelty
Would be replaced with precious love

The World at peace the world I'd heal
Yes these things I would endow
Tears of joy and not of pain
If I only had the power

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



Recording and performing since 1989, Aaron Trumm has been the 10th ranked slam poet in the world, 2 time Houston poetry slam champ, appeared at 5 national poetry slams, released 3 hip-hop CDs and created the techno/classical/poetry act Third Option, called "wicked, totally compelling" by BBC Radio I's Annie Nightingale.

Untitled

this is lightfooted propoganda
a grandiose invasion
for those who would sell ganesha to the stars

come to the edge of the moon and take the medicine the sky made
there has never been darkness like this darkness
since the last time the titans marked the world

are we afraid?
we are afraid

because we were fearless once
and tore the mother from the root

now all we have is courage
which is borne from free will
which will is the will to walk the sun's path
although we've burned before

which is all we ever needed

which is all we ever could

since the day Olympus became the river
became the boatkeeper
became the coin

but we will never close our eyes
til
everything
is possible



Georgia Santa Maria is a photographer, artist and writer, and has been published in many anthologies and on the web at Duke City Fix and Duke City Dime Stories. Work includes 2 self-published books, “Lichen Kisses” and “Miami Hippy Mommy Cookbook”. She lives in rural Northern, NM.

It's Nuclear, Not Nuculer: A Vocabulary Lesson

Things

Mushroom Cloud, cesium, nucleus, neutron flux, fallout, roentgens, radiation, curies, film badges, hydrogen bomb, lithium-6, isotope, tritium, strontium-90, rads, cyclotron, reactor, particle accelerator, isotope, test site, rods, atoll, plutonium, Q-Clearance, uranium-236, atom, geiger-counter, bunker, crater, secret, device, proving grounds, eulgelab, trinitite, Ivy Mike, Fat Man, Little Boy, Tsar Bomba, Smiling Buddha, plasma, beryllium, RRW: Reliable Replacement Warhead, Warhead, blast wave, photons, alpha particle, "Doomsday Device", hohlraum, ICBM: Inter-continental ballistic missile, AEC: Atomic Energy Commission, centrifuge, stockpile, core, atom, electromagnetic pulse, Manhattan Project, Castle Bravo, Vela Incident, 2,000 explosions World-wide

Actions

Explode, Implode, expose, half-life, flux, vaporize, disappear, experiment, test, risk, build, destroy, fission, fusion, fallout, radiation, contaminate, thermal equilibrium, weapon yield, proliferate, stockpile, grow: (130 thousand feet high and 62 miles in diameter in 10 minutes.)

Descriptors

Apathetic, horrifying, beautiful, contaminated, thermonuclear, megaton, super-critical, radioactive, half-life, nuclear, quantum, kilotons, "Stockpile Stewardship", terrifying, nightmare, destructive, awesome, powerful, scientific, experimental, annihilation, atmospheric, underground, "Peaceful Nuclear Explosions", hydronuclear, sub-critical, "become death" (Oppenheimer, Baghavad Ghita)

People

Teller, Von Braun, Oppenheimer, Grove, Fermi, Fuchs, Wigner, Frisch, Peierls, Bloch, Bohr, Segre, Franck, Bradbury, Vergoth, Hackbarth, Urey, Lawrence, Rabi, Bainbridge, Bohm, Curie, Einstein, Szilard, Hahn, Strassman, Ginzburg, Ulam, Zel'dovich, Sakharov, Davidenko, Penney, Sathanam, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Nixon, Carter, Regan, Bush, Clinton, Bush, Obama, Stalin, Malenkov, Krushchev, Breznev, Andropov, Chernenko, Gorbachov, Yeltsin, Putin, "excessive deaths" from fallout (11,000 estimated), 80,000 dead, Hiroshima & Nagasaki, 1945, 700,000 Hibakusha, (Japanese survivors), and countless others, known and unknown.

Places

Los Alamos, Stallion's Gate, Alamogordo, Livermore, Hanford, Albuquerque, Oak Ridge, Tennessee, Trinity, Manzano, Sandia, Arco, Idaho, White Sands, Nevada Test Site, Bikini Atoll, Marshall Islands, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Kirtland, Eniwetok, Amarillo, Carlsbad, Novaya Zemlya, US, Russia, Ukraine, India, Pakistan, Britain, France, Israel, North Korea, China, Kazakhstan, Amchitka, Semipalatinsk, Turkmenistan, Sahara, Moruroa, Australia, Christmas Island, Xingjiang, Pokhran, Balochistan, Hwadae-ri

Missing

Peace

*I do not want the peace which passeth understanding,
I want the understanding which bringeth peace.*

Helen Keller



Riana George is a wife & Mother, an entertainer/Singer, a certified Reiki Master/Teacher Healing practitioner with her own practice. She is part of Halos 711 Admin. and is a contributory member Inner Child.

The Lost Marine

Did you see the lady
Sitting on the grave yard bench?
Alone and sad.
Did you see her heartbreak and tears?
Her soul lost,
No one to answer her question
“WHY? HOW? OH WHY?!”
What happened to my boy
How did He die?”

During the Battle, shots fired
Then, a lonely child cried.
Here the Marine, opened his eyes
When he heard the young child’s cries
Badly hurt, alone and afraid.
The Marine brought this child to his breast,
LOVE flowed as he cradled the dying child.
His illusion vanished,
Those lies were banished
Not an enemy, just a being child.
Then dark emptiness,
Still holding the child,
With Beings of Light
As their guide

The Marine now lost,
No longer to be
From illusion he became reality.
Now from this place
A Being of Light, Peace and Love,
And ‘LOVE’ He shines from Above.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Did you see the lady in black.
Sitting on the grave yard bench?
Did you see her heart breaking,
Soul crying out WHY?"
Did you go sit,
And take her to your breast
For a while?
To comfort her and give her soul rest,
To give peace in her heart.
Did you dismiss illusion?
And walk the path of reality
As you walk as a being of Light.

For we are ONE in that Reality 'Love'.

*I heard the bells on Christmas Day.
Their old familiar carols play.
And wild and sweet the words repeat.
Of peace on earth goodwill to men.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*



My name is Michael Mack, moderator of the Passions In Poetry website. I have one book published, "BALLADEER - THE POETRY OF MICHAEL MACK". My poetry is in India's high school literature textbooks as required reading. I live in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Untitled

I'd like to say to Christians near and far
I'd like to say to Jews and Muslims, too
It's time for all to seek an end to war.
And recognize your different points of view.

To Catholics and Protestants I say
To all of those who murder in His name
It's time to wash the seeds of hate away.
Your legacy is nothing more than shame.

To Maoists, Hindus, Shintos and the Tao's
How many of the innocents must die?
The time to stop hostilities is now.
War is an act no man can justify.

To all who claim theirs is a god of peace
It's time for this insanity to cease.



Jaki Healy

I began writing poetry some 20 years ago, i found it to be very cathartic affording me the freedom to express myself freely and safely. Poetry to my mind is an extension not only of oneself but of a single thought or word, from which magic can be created.

My Neighbour

The world we live in so full of why's,
divided by hunger, poverty and sighs.
Where is my friend when I need him the most?
father, son and holy ghost?
Where is the love of my fellow man,
a shoulder to embolden, to carry on?

Gone is the life of our country and man,
the time for Spirits and singing the Wren.
Worlds filled with gadgets and technological things,
no room for the heart to find glory and sing.
life so busy just rushing by, no time to wipe just one tear dry.

When emptiness hangs from your heart like a weight,
no fortune to be found at the store of your gate.
Who brings the sunshine to break from the day,
when God and when Jesus are no longer pre paid.
Who hears the thoughts that torment your soul,
when surviving each moment is your only goal.

Who lights the darkness when you cannot see,
who cushions your fall when the worlds at your heel.
No manager, no banker, nor man of the night,
can lighten your load when you plunder this life.
When you close your eyes and the darkness does fall,
in the day or night who's name do you call?

Bring back the laughter, the joy and the reel,
open your heart to the music you feel.
Look to your neighbour and smile to his face,
break down the fences dividing the race.
Welcome the love and the spirit in all,
for your neighbour will hear you, each time you call.



Bobby Bansal is a Speaker, Author, Poet and healer, who inspires and motivates others to explore fresh ways of viewing themselves and their limitless potential.

His first book titled, “Bouquet of Life” illuminates his realizations that spring forth like a fountain of love, offering and teaching readers that all answers can be found within us.

“Together WE can”

The fighting of the Countries, corporations,
families and friends make me cry.

Dead soldiers lie on chest of mother earth
in this world of hunger, disease and treachery.
Behind the golden walls, darkness drinks wine,
celebrating victories at cost of human lives.

In name of patriotism, millions die on battlefield,
leaving behind orphans, widows and empty hearts.
Dictators, rulers and power hungry heads of states
are killing humans like animals in daylight.
In this world, Innocence has to set itself on fire,
naked on street for justice.



Mac McGovern was born in Dubuque, Iowa and lived there most of his youth. Most of his adult life he served in the US Navy, retiring in 1995. Mac writes poetry that is for everyone from our youth to the ageless. Today, Mac resides in Pensacola, Florida his wife Sandra.

What Is War

What is war if not a culling of humanity,
a methodology guaranteed to impact growth
preventing starvation in an overpopulated world.

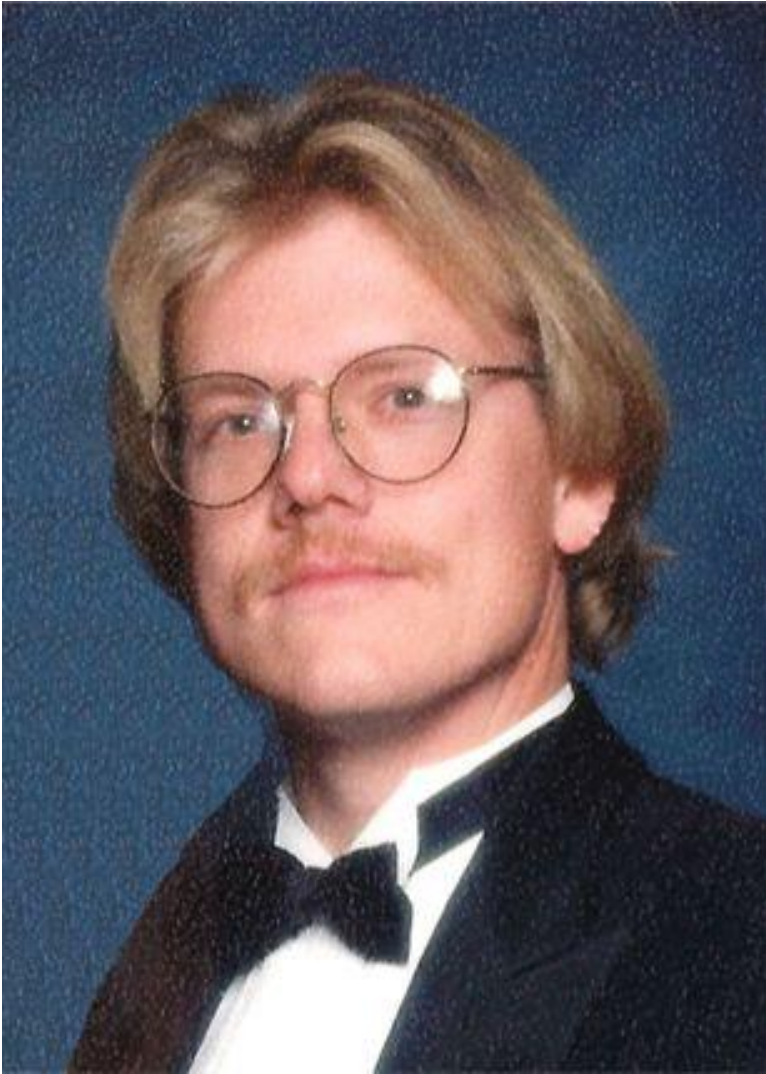
What is war if not an investment in economics
yet,
a depreciable asset in accumulated loses.

What is war if not the nightmares of mothers
who grieve for sons or daughters who suffer no
more.

What is war if not the fuel that ignites passion
not extinguished by previous war,
rekindled again.

What is war if not a culling of humanity;
extinction becomes evident,
when peace and healing is irrelevant.

What is war if not the end of humani



Bill Douglas is Founder of World Healing Day & World Tai Chi Day, celebrated annually - hundreds of cities in over 70 nations. He's the author of "2012 The Awakening," selected BEST FICTION of the YEAR. Bill's novel, "A Conspiracy of Spirits – Wall Street vs. The 99%" is now available.

The Awakening - We Are the 99%!

Life had the appeal of a West Texas jail
`til the siren of life dropped her ten-thousand veils

And the TRUTH that is ME
no longer whimpered but **WAILED**
LIKE A MILLION VOLCANOES
`NEATH KING TRITON'S MAD GALES!!

Through the womb of a dream ... I redefined me.
"I" an ARMY of ARMIES,
a trembling leaf on a tree . . .
Faith not the issue, belief had now become me
far beyond definitions of a word called "free".

Beyond nightmares of Auschwitz
Beyond precious Christ
Beyond a mocking constipation, I once referred to as *life*.

Through my eyes ALL could see
as creation breathed me
I was everywhere and nowhere,
in between matter's seams

I was young, and old ... meek, yet *bold*
*Walkin' paths so far past **the tiny roads we'd been sold !***

No preacher preached it.
No president decreed it.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

But, if your soul had a *hunger*,
this was the trough where you'd *feed* it

Deep inside we all see it.

In simple truth ... we all be it.

So be it

*If a man would live in peace he should be blind, deaf, and dumb.
If mankind had wished for what is right, they might have had it
long ago.*

William Hazlitt



Daniel Akpasop, a Nigerian from Nnung Udoe Ibesikpo, Ibesikpo Asutan Local Government Area, Akwa Ibom State. He is a trained Artist who majors in Painting. He has no limits to his use of Art medium to create values. Daniel is oriented to interpreting the many sides of life.

At Peace with God!

No change can harm me.
Whichever way my course may run;
One wish alone-,
God's will be done
I seek since I have known His mercy.
I might be wrong,
I most of the time am.
Let's look on the facts, and
If I am wrong, I will like to be put a right.
You are welcome!
The very sickness afflicting your spirit, soul and body
Is neutralized and ripped off from your system
Right now
Turn to your clock and know the time here.
You are most fortunate to come by me
Lo.
I am here to give you Peace and Healing,
Love & Hope is in the convoy,
The driving force propelling you to this success,
Even your mortal faith cannot know how...
You are welcome to the spring of Peace and Healing.
If you say "Amen",
Keep your head up,
No hold of fear can stop the gain.
Even here
You are lifted from off your pain.
I am interested in you down to your soul,
You are welcome to your World of Peace and Healing.
Draw nearer and sit coolly tight.
Call a chain of others to your side,
Make sure you pass it on to the ground pool,
I am just here to stir up Peace and Healing

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

From the inside out.
A endless healing-
A continuous flow.
I hate to hear you “cry”,
Why should you try?
Break off from the mind of war,
You will not go dry.
Tomorrow will never hear its lie, and
You will never go fry forever,
No fly.
Curtains are falling,
White towels are landing,
Prime voices are mellowing...
Whichever angle you are viewing the bay;
Wesley L. Duewel
Will bear witness to this;
“What power preserves the universe?
A scientist would ask science;
What sources the power that keeps the electrons in every single
atom speeding to
Light orbit around the nucleus?
And
The power that steers myriads of stars
In their heavenly courses,
Century after generations of centuries
Like a mystery,
Solving a myrtle in life?”
Eeah,
What power?
We all need
World Peace, and
World Healing here.

*If they want peace, nations should avoid
the pin-pricks that precede cannon-shots.*

Napoleon Bonaparte

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



I am Chief Chico I was born with an incredible LOVE which I am proud to share. I have to be truthful. I want you to see...What I see...Graduate of public schools, but a student of LOVE foreveryep.

I Open My Heart

I Open my Heart with SOUND
I don't know why...
But I do...
There is a Story that must be Told...
We are the Answer...
So I draw Pictures with Words...
No better...
No worse.....
Than you...
I Open my Heart with LOVE...
I Bleed Compassion...
I don't know why...
But I do...
There is a Story that must be Told...
We are LOVED...
So I give you my Thoughts...
My Power...
My Soul...
Only those Aware
Have control...
No better...
No worse..
Than you...
I Open my Heart with KNOWLEDGE...
I Bleed Understanding...
I don't know why...
But I do...
There is a Story that must be Told...
We are Lost...
Looking in all Directions...
When the Power is In...
Why do we Act Out...
With Vision...

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

No better...
No worse...
Than you...
I Open my Heart with PAIN...
I Bleed Strength...
I don't know why...
But I do...
There is a Story that must be Told...
We are Healed through Grace...
Although...
We carry Shame...
Overcoming it...
No better...
No worse...
Than you...
I Open my Heart...
My Spirit...
I Bleed Forgiveness...
I don't know why...
But I do...
There is a Story that must be Told...
We are Not Perfect...
But
With an Understanding Now
That's Deep and True...
No better...
No worse...
Than you...
I Open my Heart with Dreams...
I Bleed the Future...
I don't know why...
But I Do.....

*That they may have a little peace,
even the best dogs are compelled to snarl occasionally.*

William Feather



Moinak Dutta

Born on 5th sept, 1977, at Kolkata, India.

Teacher by profession.

Favourite pastime:- scribbling poems and prose. wrote one y/a fiction in english called 'pestilence' in 2009.

Avid photographer, amateur.

Married. Father of Mayoukh Dutta.

Come'n! we are no bodybags

Hey! why are we doing all these?
Ain't it too clumsy?
I mean the way we smash the window panes every moment if we
find something going wrong around?
Why dear! why we go bonkers like that?
Can't we be a bit tolerant...
See...
Your blood carries the same what we call...O I forgot!

Yes! Something like *haemoglobin*!
Right?
So you carry *haemoglobin* in your blood...me too!
Now look at your heart...
It pumps the blood...
Your lungs?
They purify your blood...
Right?
Mine too!
We all are so same dear! we all are so same...
Then?
Why are we fighting?
Remember that young poet who died in the bunker?
Died...pitiless in a foreign soil...
With a blood splattered note-book on his red bosom...
Come'n!
Let's be friends dear!
Let's stop pushing knives into each other's bodies...
Let's live...
Let's stop turning us into mere foolish, dumb, bodybags!



Igor Marinovsky

I was born in wonderful Ukrainian town Ternopil. I am very fond of Literature, Art and Photography. My literary tastes were developed under the influence of my friend-lecturer of English who owns private library. My favorite poet is Maya Angelou. Her poem "I know why the caged bird sings" inspired me on creativity. My poetry is the mirror of my soul. It reflects my feelings, thoughts and vision of the world.

Virus of evil injustice and war

Virus of evil injustice
and war
infected our land.

It took harmony of peace
from the people.

Our land is terribly ill.
She is asking for help,
and wants to be cured
by heavenly love
of perfection.



Siddartha Beth Pierce

I am a Mother, Educator, Artist, Poet and African and Contemporary Art Historian. I was featured on PBS in 2001 for my art show as Artist-in-Residence at Virginia State University in Petersburg, Virginia which included 20 poems as well as artworks. Most recently I have been published or will be by the end of the year in Troubador 21, The Dead Mule School of Southern Literature, The BluePrint Review and in the chapbook 'The Artistic Muses'.

An Angel's Voice of Reason

A wicked resurrection
for the love and protection
of those folks
who did not believe
in the slaughter.

Instead, they prayed
where his head was laid
to bring back his soul
to wander
and heal the wounds
of those in pain
for many moons
to come.

And she was kept
near his heart
during his many hours
upon this earth
whether anyone
knew or not
the magic Mary one
Mother and lover
of old and new
assisted the disciples.

One by one
they led those
that had gone astray
the lame and tame
hurt and maimed
and raised their souls
to heaven.

Then evils reign
came to blame
the wonder of their hands
on devil's work
crossed out his name
and paid for fame
in ever burning fire.

While those that saw
and knew the Call
followed diligently
and in the end
goodness prevailed
with the birth of Christianity.

Yet there exists
many beliefs
Eastern and Western alike
that acknowledge Christ
yet follow their own paths
of righteousness
in the name of the Father and the Mother.

Whichever source
brings you closer to yourselves
accept those amongst you
who may wander
and eventually they will see
the Light within us all.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

An angel's plea
I often hear
when I am falling asleep-
'Sweet dreams my dear,
We will abide by the Laws of Nature
and protect you here
on land and sea
forever be
with our Love Divine and True.'

The psalms are one
among many of our lovers
yet Buddha lived
to teach his Truths
and the Incas danced
the Cherokees romanced the Land
and all are One together.

People nationwide
earthly bound
and Universally accepted
will hear our song
that they belong
no matter how they see us
We are here
to bless you dears
chase away your fears
and hope that you might
work together
for Peace on Earth
is how we should abide together.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Now one and all
hear our Call
living and dead alike
arise each morn
and work for Love
and Enlightenment
and help those less fortunate
along your Way
and in the end
the Master's Plan
will be revealed
to one and all
that follow the steps
of kindness.
Threefold back you will
feel our assistance
as Karma works its magic
to bless you all
that heed our need
for forgiveness and assistance
in this earthly realm
where so many have gone astray
Stand strong
everyday
with conviction and vigor
whatever your name, your race, your creed
or gender
We love you so
each child of ours
from the richest to the poor
the meek and frail
the strong and bright
equally will prevail
each day and every night.

*Peace: in international affairs,
a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.*

Ambrose Bierce



David Kotei Nikoi

I was born in Accra, Ghana on the 23rd of March 1983. I spent my primary education at Sam School in Teshie and graduated in 1998. I moved on to Presbyterian Boys Senior High School where I wrote "THE FLOWER OF MY LIFE" in Senior high but I started serious writing in December 2009. My passion for writing came out of my time with drama at Senior High and the University. I was drama director of the Mass Drama for two years in the University

Encounter With The River

A walk along the river
Traveling through time
Pictures of past years
Displayed in its reflections

The stories are told
Of moments of mourning
Times of destruction
Seasons of oppression

Birds sing dirges
Trees whistle condolences
Fishes lay to rest
heroes of war

Come in for a swim
Let me wash away your pain
Let me wipe dark memories
And its debris in your brain

From the Volta
To the Nile
To the Mississippi
To The Yangtze

Quench out the raging fires of the lands
And beckon for a swim
All the heartbroken
The Angry and the Homeless

A second chance for humanity
My heart yearns for reconciliation
As I depart the river
I smile for there is hope



Amber Schoen

Through the guidance and support of the Halos711 family especially, but not limited to, member Riana and founders Sandye and Arthur, I have been forever changed and inspired to be so much more than I ever thought I could be. I am now a Certified Practitioner of Prayer Based Reiki and look forward to continuing to spread my love and light to the world.

A Thought on Peace

Thankful is what we should all be
Thankful for the trees
Thankful for the grass
Thankful for the air we breathe.

We should be grateful for the sun
We should be grateful for the moon
We should be grateful for all the leaves on the trees
We should be grateful for all the flowers that bloom

It is when we are stuck in our ego space that
We want to change the world and make it a better place
Shouldn't we be changing ourselves?
We should be changing our mindsets
So that we are the change we want to see
The world is forever changing and we are merely a small entity.

Every thought, every action,
Every smile, every frown
Every word uttered, every gesture
Think about how it all amounts
To what and where we are in this world
And the expectations we have for this earth

Look inside yourself; find peace.
And this world will be made better
Just one person at a time
We should take the time each day to sit in silence; to meditate.
Then we wouldn't have time to focus on what others are or aren't
doing
To better this world of ours

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Every day I say I want World Peace
Each and every day I pray
I sit in silence even if just for one minute
Because I want to be the change I seek.
Together as a collective we can conquer
Peace isn't just a word it is a belief.

Say it, Believe it, Achieve it
Manifest greatness from your hopes and dreams.
So, be thankful and grateful for all that you have and
Even for the things you don't.
Step out of yourself and be not afraid.
God has better and grander plans for us all, you will see.

*"If in our daily life we can smile, if we can be peaceful and happy,
not only we, but everyone will profit from it.*

This is the most basic kind of peace work."

Thich Naht Hanh



Todd Smith is new to the poetry world. He has been writing poetry since February 2010. He is the author of a poetry book entitled LYFE IS. He believes the world needs to open their ears to independent artist and online poetry shows to get the realness of life.

When Mother Earth Hurts...

Mother Earth, what is wrong today with you?
Why is there a big sad frown
on your beautiful continent?
It seems only yesterday, that you were rejoicing.
I am aware that one day is as one thousand years,
and one thousand years is as one day.
Tell me, how long have you been feeling this way?

I am hurt deeply to the inner core.
All around my vast circumference.
The last time I felt this way,
you cried for 40 days and 40 nights
to drench all of my pain away.
I wish you could do it all over again.
But, you drew promises of a rainbow
that with your tears you would not cause
the earth to overflow.
You gave man dominion over the garden.
Yet, it seems today that his heart has harden.
People are piercing souls with fiery darts,
without begging for the offended person's pardon.
They are breaking toes
with cruelty until I bleed through my nose,
causing may days and nights of tearful woes.
You gave them the golden rule to school
them on how to serve each other.
It seems the golden rule
has been amended to who has the most gold rules.
You give them signs all the time,
but they try to rationalize the signs
with their infinitesimal minds.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

You even gave them music and songs that they enjoyed.
The Beatles and Marvin Gaye tried to remind them
that all you need is love
and love is the answer to eradicating hate.
How can a heart shelter love,
when everyone wants to be great.
Don't they realize that the hour is getting late.
Their answer to conflict resolution is war,
which causes a worldwide uproar.
My spirit grieves and their battles I abhor.
Wake up everyone, no more time to ignore and snore.
The pains are getting more and more excruciating.
The world is on it's death bed with all of this foul hating.
You proselyte the innocent neophytes with all of your might,
to follow wrong and forsake right.
You proposition and prostitute to pollute the truth.
I just want to mention, earthlings please pay attention.
Don't you see levies that break and worldwide earthquakes.
Spots on the globe like a heating furnace that's hot enough to bake.
AWAKE!!!
AWAKE!!!
Surcease walking behind false prophets,
Washingtonians, dictators, rulers and leaders
who are slithering snakes.
No need to contemplate for you know the tree
by the fruit that it bears.
SO, BEWARE!!!
Before you buy, you must open your eyes to compare.
Avoid those who lie and put skirts around
truthfulness such as one who dances like Fred Astaire.
I can no longer conceal this hurt I'm birthing has got to heal.
Otherwise, I must birth a new earth.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Mother Earth,
I feel the painful suffering that you have just revealed.
I made man to be a free thinking agent.
He continues to find ways that are flagrant.
Dreaming of nothing, but evil inventions to eradicate
all he deems as competition.
They haven't learned yet that they must all be united
to enjoy a happy and peaceful life.
Unification is the key to locking the door of strife.
I sent the HOLY ONE whom they crucified and they
haven't stop crucifying their own race.
Not even for the Savior, did most change their selfish behavior.
The bucket is nearly empty of my amazing grace.
Perhaps soon, it will be time to meet them face to face.
But first, I will give them even more wonders to discern.
Before I return not with water, but with fire to consume
those who lived a life perpetrating evil and gloom.



Michael Kwaku Kesse Somuah was born in Ghana, in December 1984.

Michael is an avid poet whose poems has been translated into other languages, including Greek, Croatian, Polish, and have appeared in anthologies and several prominent international journals. Michael was awarded with the Kostis Palamas Poetry Prize and an Honorary Diploma.

WHIMS OF PEACE- SONG OF FREEDOM

We can make the world dance
If we could search diamonds in the rough.

Hail me to the path of beauty
where the lit of candles
do not die out in the winds
where the forest deep
do not soak our solemn whistles
But spark out happiness and songs of freedom

Share the peace inside
like the joy of the tropical flower in snow time
like the cadence music of the Beethoven
like the morning zebra's that winked an eye
and caused memories of laughter

Free my bait
like the small canoe on the Pacific Ocean
that has no Captain nor Compass
or lights to direct its way
but its delight is in the moon
and the glowing stars in night sky

Hear thy child's plea!
Grow my paths with the palm of serenity
and warm my days with the rainbow
of heartfelt colors.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Paint pictures in spring time
fill the sky with balloons
chant songs to bring back the Robin
so you do not deny us of whims of peace
and warm pair of freedom

Lay the magical bed
tell our stories
of fairy tales and dancing love
dawning moments and dozing silence
'Coz I would like a fish in the land
where my heart fed the spawns in the North pole.

*"This is the way of peace: overcome evil with good,
and falsehood with truth, and hatred with love."*

Peace Pilgrim



Jack Horne aka Jax Poet

I am an inhabitant of the earth. My race, gender, creed and colour are unimportant.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

they are good neighbours

but each flake is different

snow covers the ground



I am Reena Prasad from India , Mom to two lovely kids. I have my own blog at <http://harivarasanam.wordpress.com/> and write under the pen name "Butterflies of time" . I love reading , writing, listening to music and also photography. I was born and brought up in Odisha(India), did my degree at Thiruvananthapuram , Kerala (India)and presently am settled in Sharjah, United Arab Emirates. I have been writing since my school days. Poetry is a passion and a way of life for me and I can't imagine a life away from words.

Give peace a chance

Thunderous frowns darkened the sky
Trees stood gloomy in a brooding silence
Flowers doubted their wilting powers
to paint faded gardens over again.
The wind grew impatient waiting for spring.
The sea rumbled its discontent at the heavens.

And lo! Out of nowhere came flying a dove
Peace written on every feather.
Love flowing from its soul.
It kissed the clouds, the sky turned blue.
Happy were the trees now green once more.
Flowers popped out spreading a carpet on Earth.
Gentle breezes rocked the sea to rest.

The dove flew around on wings of hope
Sharing the joy ,she had brought with her
till the happy echoes prompted heaven
to shower divine blessings on earthly beings.

The dove, a messenger of the human heart
came to calm the restless spirits
soothing troubled brows, bringing soft glows
Her touch faded every sorrow
Her breath melted the desert heat.
The ambiance transformed from sad to sweet.

Let us build her a beautiful nest on Earth
so that she stays forever with us.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



My name is Marlon Ewing. Born 01/04/91 I am a 20 year old poet from Chicago, IL currently pursuing my goals in the world of poetry. I am attempting to bridge the gap between my generation and the previous ones and promote positivity and hope for the benefit of humanity.

Nation of Humanity

It is only a possibility
We can love from the core of our epitome
But words with no actions is a eulogy
It is only a chance
That we can create a universal romance
But you see there are no solo swings in this tango dance
It is only a try
To either fight for peace
Or just watch humanity die
It is only a option
For we need to expel hateful toxins
Not look at pigments of flesh and faithful doctrines
It is only a word
Yet it has yet to exist
For the tear ducts rain on the sky
and wedding rings and vows clash between fist
It is only a nose
Blindfolds over prejudicial eyes
Smelling the thorn-less rose
It is only a decision
Not a whiplash or shackle of the past
We move ahead not dreading of emotional collision
It is only a seed
Sowing and not expecting to reap
Not anticipating a treat
For we look ahead hoping our present and future can meet
It is only we
Coconuts, and figs together hanging from a tree
Lions and lambs dining on land
Vegetarians at hand
With no blood shed from man
It is only we
The nation of humanity
Together we are free
Peace to you and me



Fahredin Shehu ,Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies. M.A. in Literature.

Dismantle of Hate, E-book 2010, Ronin Press, London, Crystalline Echoes, Poetry, Hard copy and e-book 2011, Corpos Editora-Portugal. Translated in English, French, Italian, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Macedonian, Roma, Swedish, Turkish, Arabic, Romanian, Persian. Member at the Kosovo PEN Center

Turpentine

The part of my body
Suffered quake
The unrest overwhelmed my soul

Where did I sin my God?
Where did I fail?

You are silent
Yet I bath my wound with iodine

You are silent
Yet my heart is cleaned with turpentine

You are silent
Yet I understand my failure

If I would compete in Goodness
As I did in Mischief
The Angels would be the humble servants
With the diamond goblets in a crystalline tray

If I would be good as I'm not...
The world would find happiness
Just as the fed infant
From the holly mother's breast

If I would invest more in Love
As much I invest in hatred
The palace of Happiness
Would exceed the whiteness of the clouds
And find the limit in the sky

I'm so ashamed my Lord
Yet I call myself Human . . . Pity!!!



Regina Ann ~ I am a mother to 3 wonderful boys, twin soul of Rich Bentz, Usui Reiki Master Practitioner & Teacher, Whole Wellness Consultant & Coach, Shaman, Author, Poet, Student of Life. Healing is my purpose and passion, music and poetry my joy, living each day as a gift and sharing love with all others is simply a part of my dna.

<http://ResonanceHealing.blogspot.com>

<http://EtherealGarden.blogspot.com>

Of Love ~ Healing and Peace

I awaken to see
the world around me
crying out for healing
crying out for peace
whilst they slumber
those who remember
ignite from within
points of light
no longer hidden
radiating love
resonating peace
healing the whole
of the being we be
awakened from your sleep
by a ripple on the sea
gentle waves sent forth
of love ~ healing and peace



Martina Reisz Newberry lives in Palm Springs, CA with her husband, Brian Newberry—a vidographer, and their cat, Gato. She was included in Ascent Aspirations' first Anthology and has been widely published in literary magazines. Her most recent books are: *What We Can't Forgive*, *Late Night Radio* and *100 Select Poems plus one*

Until Dark

for Saul Landau, a man of peace and healing

I see through the open window,
the trees are trying to avoid the gray sky.
To their embarrassment, there's no getting away from it.

Those trees are in it until dark when everything will relax.
Until then, they must whisper to each other
as conspirators will do from separate phone booths.

My friend weeps at night. It is the way he relaxes in the dark—
crying over the lost revolutions and the lost soldiers and the lost
farmers and the lost families.

My friend has declared an allegiance to humanity that upsets the
governments—present and past.
He is apt to vomit at hearing too much foolishness.

His anger is hypnotic, but he waits for dark to weep. Who has
been dragged off to prison, he wonders; who has been beaten until
dead; how many junkies can dance on the head of a needle?

He knows that everything built in the desert soon becomes sand—
another reason he weeps.

Blessed are those who give away kind words.
Blessed are those who do not
take academia seriously.

Blessed are those who know that
Hitler and Nixon and Al Fatah
live in the bathrooms of their neighbors' houses
(and they still hold back their tears until dark).

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Cry for the CIA,
cry for the prisoners,
cry for the DEA and the police—secret and public,
cry for the gang lords and children of the gang lords,
cry for Korea and Vietnam and Iraq and Palestine and Chile.
Cry because Castro is getting old,
because buying has replaced learning,
because the last drink and the bar's closing is so damn final.

Blessed are you, friend, writing letters to those who have
forgotten how to read,
pleading for Nirvana to find the young and for
Transcendence to embrace the old.

In a dream, I saw you slog through Chiapas to get to
Xbalba, then returned and wept.

The sky is gray and tired. It recognizes you, understands that,
whether it offers ink or
water, you will swallow the world.

"What can you do to promote world peace?

Go home and love your family."

Mother Teresa



Born in Springfield, Massachusetts in 1972, Ryan J. Cunningham discovered his passion for writing poetry and children's stories at an early age. Throughout his high school and college years, he took writing courses to enhance his writing abilities. Ryan became a member of the SCBWI (Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators) and soon after published an inspirational book of poems titled "Angels Near and Far." His poetry and stories have been published in anthologies and magazines. Ryan presently resides in Coos Bay, Oregon where he spends his time hiking the trails, spending quality time with family, and working on his personal web site, <http://imagination-inspiration.webs.com> to share his poems and stories with the world.

Throw Love At Hate

Living with hate is living in sin
Open your heart and let others in

Be a good friend to all others
Not just your race, but all colors

If you don't like the way somebody looks
Stop judging people like the covers of books

Those around you who think otherwise
Are only listening to all the lies

It really sounds so absurd
Calling people names and using bad words

Sticks and stones may break bones

But names cut even deeper ones

In this World of troubling times

There are far too many hate crimes

Ignorance is hiding behind that gun
Missing out getting to know someone

Don't sit back or even hesitate

Stand up and throw love at hate.



Sabrina M. Cummings, from Austin, TX. Professional vocalist, poet and voice narrator. My works displayed with published poems in AIPF anthology book. Simple to controversial things in this world, ignites my writing spirit. Different writings essences in both Spiritual and Earthly subjects. Stimulating the mind to think.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

World Healing World Peace

We are created

Born into this world

Bearing gifts

That can bring about change.

Share them

Together

it's alright

When you touch, another's life.

The way of the world

That

it should be

The world healing , with the world at peace.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



Beth Winchcombe

I am retired. I love Writing, Oil Painting and anything creative.

Forgiveness is the key

to World Peace.

Trust, is a must!

It's never too late

to free your mind of

HATE!

Treat others the way

you like them to treat you.

Finally, never forget -

the 'Meek shall inherit the earth...'



Adjei Agyei-Baah is a Management Lecturer at University College of Management Studies, Ghana and a Co-founder of Poetry Foundation Ghana. He accidentally discovered his writing talent when undertaking research on children's rhymes and was asked by his supervisor to create his own poems after selecting existing rhymes from foreign poets.

Wind Of Peace

*like robots they are made to march on
death and honor, a banner misleading them
patriotism and defense, clouding their thought
a web wittily woven by the so called wise
just to achieve their selfish intent and aim
with truth about war waging, a classified*

*conquerors seem happy with damages unleashed
but the vanquished lick their wounds in waiting
for on their scars, they keep nursing a revenge*

*but better the wind of peace blow.....
blow to over the aching hearts silently dying in their closets
let it blow...
blow over the traumatized minds deteriorating beyond repairs
let it blow...
blow over the wrathful souls still restless in heat of their mass
graves
let it blow...
blow to unearth the landmines and make the grounds safe-play for
kids
let it blow..
blow to drop down hanging pictures, flashing back memories now
a pain
let it blow...
blow to sweep off the top man still clinging on against the masses'
cry
let it blow
blow to dry up strands of tears cascading down the widow's
sunken eyes*

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

let it blow...

*blow to settle the particles still hanging on the plains of
Hiroshima/Nagasaki*

let it blow

*blow through the fluffy hairs who prepare the battlefield for us to
walk wounded*

let it blow...

*blow to soothe the boiling blood still believing in the Hammurabi's
code*

let it blow

*blow to level up footprints unworthy of history for generations yet
to come*

O let it blow...

*blow to drop all the withered leaves for a fresh birthing of
greenness*

For the hour of peace is now!

*"Peace is the altar of God, the condition
in which happiness exists."*

Paramahansa Yogananda



Annie Brodrick member of the Bahá'í Faith lives in Lancaster County Pennsylvania with her husband where she writes poetry and short stories.

Peace

so simple..

we were
created
out of love
to be loved
given guidance
a golden rule
to help us
on our way
and the gift
of free will
if we
could only
somehow
see beyond
our own
self
then Peace
would be
so simple..

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



Kevin Von Lossberg

He traveled to Belize, Argentina, Guadalajara and Alaska.

Volunteered with Big Brother.

Architect Degree from Washington State University.

Accepted to the Peace Corp 2 weeks before his death

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Life, a word worth living for
One to take pride in defining
With purpose and justification
It summons the best of your striving
Another to live for is love
Though I find that mark harder to identify
It remains elusive, until you look it in the eye
A wandering spirit still directs itself
Aimless direction will have its destination
Without knowing your place, appreciate your location
The world is filled with those who stay
Much less of those who go
Blindly taking a chance on your dreams
Will surpass pretending to live a life you know
It's hard to find yourself, with no effort to look
Just as you don't know the story, without reading the book
Do your best to take it all in with a smile
The world has plenty of misery stored up to be had
In the same way as a smile, facing the sunshine has never been bad
We'll all see in the end, if we chose life well



Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

Bio - Born 1976, Ballinasloe, Ireland. Lives and works in Tullamore, Ireland. Writes rhyming poetry and haiku. Author "Writings in Rhyme". "UN Poetry Disamanent" Entree for 2011. Published in Danse Macabre, Whisper n Thunder, Poetry Bus among others. Editor of Cartys Poetry Journal.

Before the Great Halt

They created little, camped by the roadside
Their music carried through the still air
Their dancing, smiles in the face of hardship
Made them appear to have no care
They made the most of the little they had
Cared not for status and power
Their garden was vast - the wild forest
Their greatest find each and every flower.
But the townsfolk said that they must change
Made the great halt, settled them down
And so they lived on the edge of the world
In their own mahala outside town.
But these places, they were no suburbia
But substandard, and a people captive felt
And the forest became a distant field
And the old among them for their freedom wept.
And society still said they were of little value
And said problems for the world they made
Though they started no wars and suffered most in all
The townsfolk of them said they were afraid.
Afraid of what, of who? Of children of God
Who townsfolk said were unclean and did condemn?
They start no wars, destroy little peace bar among themselves
Perhaps the world would be better if more like them!



Douglas H. Melloy

Douglas began writing books when he moved to Paris, Tennessee to get to know his father. He hand wrote four. When he moved to Rome, Georgia he began publishing what he had written earlier. He had seven books published while living there. His expertise is human being-ness through personal and social evolution. His latest Book “Love and Wisdom, the Art of Appropriateness” can be found at Inner Child Press.

Conquering Man

Old tribes have fallen destitute by hands
Of golden iron marching drums to war,
To vanquish social lines by orders served,
To gather, hunt and fish to grow, mature-
Sustain the cultured traits conceived in time
Which draws the civilizing sons
To paganistic heathens felled by quest,
From righteous airs- their temper raged against
The flesh as aged on trails trod in dreams as dreamt.
This historic path reincarnates pasts-
The love of fear's false premise promising
The land bequeathed for Garden use to raise
The lives unlived above the tempered times.
From hardened hearts that hate- afraid, at odds
With the Imaged soul- the likeness few know,
But ghosts- a shadow self- a haunting call to arms,
To arms, laying waste claims as liad to rest
Attesting morals void of ethice lost,
Consuming vampiric'ly Spirit's blood
From Temples skeletal fleshy frame formed
By thoughts as felt- Willed to life, becoming...

Trampled under ego's false progressive guise,
Disguising true intents that mask- deceive
The mind and wishes- simple unconcern...
For ownership and acquisition's quest,
Enslaving liberty's lifestyle- amused,
Leaving homelands- deserted- destitute,
A wasteland reserved as promised land to give-
Vanguised refugees... a place, to waste, a w a y-
Enter extinction's blissed remembrance born,
Wombed to life through woman's nourishing drink-
An alcoholic bent on self-destruction,
Enstaged- enraged- the rampage wounds victors,
Unhealed and bleeding to death with war's cross-
A crux carried to crucify one's painful torment,
That taunht to vi'lent hate- mirroring traits
Absorbed sponge like, few know the hoop of fire
Tempering souls to purify the fallen sons
Having lost the battle of Self displaced.

*Imagine all the people living life in peace. You may say I'm a
dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us,
and the world will be as one.*

John Lennon



Nicole Countryman is a self published Author and enjoys her time writing by the age of 24. Nicole is a Medical Assistant. She's also a writer for Month of Giving. You can subscribe to her blog at nicoleleecountryman.wordpress.com for up to date information.

Make a Difference

Today's the day,
We must fight the long fight,
Time to make the world,
A better place,
For you and me,
Family and Friends.
No more wars to tear us apart,
No more bombs to blow the world apart,
No more pollution to kill our beautiful planet,
No more dirty water killing our marine life,
No more bullying each other,
No more homeless families.
It's time to stand up,
Raise our arms,
Up into the air,
Shake them side to side,
In honor of making a difference.
No more wars to tear us apart,
No more bombs to blow the world apart,
No more pollution to kill our beautiful planet,
No more dirty water killing our marine life,
No more bullying each other,
No more homeless families.
It's time to make a difference,
In the world,
A change is what we need,
Across the world,
We must join hands,
Fight this great battle,
Making This World a Better World!



Davide Manzari, 34 years old. I am bilingual Italian/English and have lived in many countries such as Italy, Japan, Germany, United States and now Singapore. I began writing poetry at the age of 16. Themes of interest are peace, life and nature.

Searching for Peace

A parade of tanks
in the desert,
a brainwashed mash
of flesh and metal
in an attempt to conquer
mankind.

Where is peace?

A woman bearing the pain
of a million.
A child crying the tears
of tomorrow.
A people suffering the greed
of a few.

What is peace?

The shield we put on
to protect us from
ourselves
makes this world
a lonely place,
a disconnected mesh
of feelings.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Are we ready?

As age takes over,
the onion peels
and our inner self
cries
from regrets,
as death looms over
the truth.

The time is now.

If each of us lent
a hand,
the peace puzzle
could be solved
and it would read

*If we want a free and peaceful world,
if we want to make the deserts bloom
and man grow to greater dignity
as a human being-we can do it.*

Eleanor Roosevelt



Dike Dyke Williams was born in Lagos, Nigeria. He is a Writer and a Poet. His works have been published in magazines, and on the internet. He is a Staff Writer and Marketing Executive with Unique Family Magazine in Lagos, Nigeria.

Love Is The Peace

Love is the peace
the earth should feast,
and unlist wars
that reign bullets
of guns; it's the
festival the world should
party, and stay blood
gone like ocean
unrest waters!

Love is the peace
that broke the Messiah's
heart, and he beaten
stripes, that love
should dig foundations
of peace.

Love is the peace
explosions should plenty
love, killing reign of guns,
and sword tamed and sheathed
in calm strokes of love.

Love is the peace
that should battle
in front, and take
victims open another
morning bliss.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Love is the peace
we should craft in
cannons, and explode
it heal life.

Love should heavy
hearts' arsenal; of
guns and tanks expel,
and pray Heaven
rain love like downpour.

Love is the peace
that should have
kept millions gone!
Love should have
camped life, and empty
camps that imprisoned
souls, and tame
holocaust!

Love is the peace
that should have
murdered genocides,
and give those
poor lost a roof....

Love is the peace
that should nest
the innocent safe,
and save lonely ones
in the cold down the
dark road and labyrinths,
so reaping-seeds
of love should plenty
fruits.

Love is the the power
we have not called her
charm, love is the
wine we have not
drank drunk;
they fight, and fight,
but love has been
the miracle we curse;
passing like breezes
of evening, and waiting
close to whisper her
peace.



Laurie Robertson

I am a poet/writer who hails from Fairbanks, Alaska. The dark winters give me a wonderful opportunity to write poetry and fiction. I like poems to be clear and flowing but also to have a bit of stickiness to them. It causes the reader to pause a bit. I work as a secondary science teacher for my day job and love working with young adults. Living in beautiful places, working with plants and gardens, writing and having adventures are things I enjoy.

River of Peace Ocean of Healing

Emerging from the depths of mountains,
peace erupts through crusted seams.
Like a wound ripped open, it bursts upon the land in
a sizzling array of reds and yellows.
Sparks of peace are fleeting, its raw essence smolders.
Creation's energy gives way to magnetism and electricity.
From this out gassing,
droplets of peace rain upon the land and collect into a flow.
Soon, it transforms into cascading waterfalls that roars down a
ravine.
Etching away at the rock once alive, peace cannot be ignored.

Tumultuous waters churn emotions while eroding resistance.
Fear, used to hiding in dark waters, is forced and pushed into
visibility.
Indecencies of self doubt, anger and hatred bob up and down until
the healing waters of the river dissolve them.
Bitter lessons cycle and cycle until we, as a people, become
consciously
aware. Accepting that brutal extremes have served us, we let go.

Peace River exposes injustices.
Whipping its angry tail, traditional boundaries are agitated.
Courageous individuals, Masters of Peace, challenge hidden
sweepers in murky waters.
Leading by example, they bravely risk treacherous currents.
They head into the storm not as victims, not powerless, but as
visionaries.
Their core strength emanates humility.
Too heavy for the river to carry it, fear sinks to the bottom.
Winds take away the rest and deposit it in sand levees. There it sits
until even the smallest bits transform back to bedrock.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Peace meanders, creating new tributaries and flooding boundaries.
From a higher vantage point on a bluff, the river offers us new perspectives.

Significant living requires a leap of faith.

In a quiet pool below, the healing of humanity has begun.

Cut banks expose new ideas as we dangle our feet in its ever-changing waters.

No longer victims or perpetrators, our heightened awareness allows us to flow.

Our thirst is quenched and our tears are washed away.

We walk along its shores until the river empties into an expansive ocean delta.

Tidal forces entice us with new freedoms as we play with the rocks in the bay.

Polished by beauty, grace and timing, they are perfect for skipping.

As Peace River empties into the Ocean of Healing,
emotions integrate into alchemy of peaceful consciousness.
Its waters, salty from eons of tears, release us from our illusions.
No longer tethered to anchored core wounds, we set our course.
Following the example of the great carriers of peace,
we are patient in the storm.

Accepting the nature of our journey, we navigate into unknown waters.

Our collective wisdom guides us through strange currents, tides and perils.

Riding crested waves, we enter into a new space, an expanded version of reality.

Our planet is healed and humanity experiences peace.

We bravely journey home to the deepest level within our core

.
there, we are free at last.

*It is an unfortunate fact that we can secure peace
only by preparing for war.*

John F. Kennedy



Jacquelyn Rath

Jacque credits her deep connection to Spirit for her innate writing abilities. She dabbles in writing poetry. She has written for local newspapers, magazines and websites. A Reiki Master/Teacher and student of meditation, she believes the world will join in peace and hopes to be a catalyst for that occurrence.

We

We look, we see...

Poverty paralyzes

War wounds

Hunger hurts

Abuse angers

Sickness steals

Oppression ostracizes

We listen, we hear...

Cutting cries

Soulful screams

Embroided echoes

Hurling hate

Poison prejudice

Limiting lies

We help, we heal...

Equitable Earth

Sage society

Balanced bodies

Manifesting minds

Harmonic hearts

Sanctified spirits

We waken, we win!

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



Linda Renkowski

Just a normal everyday person, until I was visited by an angel. Now my quest is to spread love and light and, to share this special message to the world.

Angel on my Doorstep

My Angels Sing Tonight on My Doorstep

And Bring a Message of Peace

And Love for the World

“I am centered in

By being whole and Well in my light

And I allow my highest good to manifest

For the highest good of the whole”

Please God I pray for strength

For my quest to

Share love and light with the world

Amen



My name is Diane Jardel. I try to connect with the spirit of nature, and, through meditation, send peace, healing and love to the world. I am living in Ireland now near my grandchildren. I write at least one story or poem a week. I am a vegan gourmet.

World Peace World Healing

I opened up my heart
No one replied
I opened up my heart
No one replied
I opened up my heart
A beautiful soul replied
I opened up my heart
Ten more souls replied
And
mushrooming
endlessly
more brave souls
Loving through
The barriers
Of artificial borders
Knowing we are all the same
brothers and sisters part of the worlds sphere
Hearts started to combine
One hope
And aspiration
And the world glowed with harmony.



Brenda Jacobs

I had a rough childhood, which contributes to a lot of the writings I have. As a high school student, I have a lot of free time, so I spend my time reminiscing on the good old days with my beagle, Shiloh, and writing more poetry.

Letter To A Soldier

*I got a letter from a soldier today
Someone you've never met
But he's a friend, or so I say
Please don't be upset
I asked him to write to me
When he passed to Vietnam
All I wanted was brutal honesty
Don't you understand?
Your letters home all say hello
And Mother doesn't suspect at all
But I'm not a child, Brother, I know
The actual battle where dozens fall
He tells me about feeling like prey
And living in fear every day*

*Brother, I miss you, and your death I fear
I don't want to see you die
And though it means you'd always be near
I refuse to let your body rot in the place where dead soldiers lie
I know about the insects that bite you in your sleep
The eyes watching in the night
I hear the neighborhood mothers weep
When the reality of the war comes into the light
Medicine cannot save the lives
Of the many fallen men
And peace is a dream I've come to despise
Because it turns to death in the end
I can't continue to live like this
Dreaming of the bullets that somehow always miss*

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

*In my nightmares they hit their bulls-eye
Blood pouring out in crimson red
I see your eyes widen in shock and I cry
Because I know you'll soon be dead
The enemy I see inside my dreams
Are black images in my mind
And when I see the blood, I know what it means
I can feel your body's pain in mine
I know your final thoughts are of anger and rage
Upset that you can't make this right
And your ferocity cannot be kept in a cage
Not with all of your might
This dream haunts me in my head
Like a nightmare that comes when I lay in bed*

*We got a letter from you today
Mother was almost in tears
She was so happy to open it and say
That you'll be home next year
The letter drifted to the floor
And Mother fell to her knees
I grabbed it and ran to the door
Ready to burn it because I don't want to see
I know what it says; you were brave
And if we need money, just call
But if money were the thing that could save
You, my brother, wouldn't fall
I go to school shrouded in black
Because happiness won't bring you back*

"I believe all suffering is caused by ignorance. People inflict pain on others in the selfish pursuit of their happiness or satisfaction. Yet true happiness comes from a sense of peace and contentment, which in turn must be achieved through the cultivation of altruism, of love and compassion, and elimination of ignorance, selfishness, and greed."

Dalai Lama

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



My name is Robert Matejko, and I've written poetry since my university days. I feel that my poetry is a striving to understand the nature of life, love, and that it offers hope and a way out for times of darkness. I always hope that my love poetry inspires people to love to the truest essence of pure and healing love.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

The triumph of this garden,
it lays in that sacred flower,
hybrid form of white roses gentleness,
and of brilliant red roses power,
forged in that holy hour of realization,
that past hurts are objects,
not owned thoughts that are set in stone.

The triumph of the garden of this life's cosmoscape,
it lays in the blessed kiss of reciprocity given,
that holy gift given by universe in karmic measure,
and like the mighty oceans,
it lays out its vastness for all to see,
this garden of triumph,
blossoming now in strength and empathy.

Would that this garden would be easier to cultivate,
I would spread its hume and soil for all feel,
but alas,
each garden comes to everyone only when from life's scars,
do they grow to heal.

The flowers in this newborn garden,
they climb the trellis of love with vines of strength,
taut with the musculature of acceptance,
pain dissolved into lessons learned,
not sought after for enlightenment,
but accepted along the way,
so that the same mistakes,
they shall never be made again.

Arias of loves acquiescence,
they rise as notes to heavens choir,
no ire raised anymore from false and empty desires,
as the perspiration of loves essence settles upon heavens brow.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

That hybrid flower of passion and of power,
it blooms forth now underneath a new loves moon,
as swooning discourses of music and of poetry,
they spring forth like never before,
set forth for this gardens cultivator to grow,
and under the sun of loves courses now run,
I take a shower naked in soul under its sweet light,
letting my body be bathed in the brilliance,
the power,
of that sacred nights healing moonlight.

It is easier to lead men to combat, stirring up their passion, than to restrain them and direct them toward the patient labors of peace.

André Gide



Eva Xanthopoulos

Eva is a 22 year old Greco-American spoken and written word poet from Ohio. Her epic journey of creativity started ever since she could pick up a crayon. Art has coursed through her veins since the beginning of her existence. She's currently an English major with a concentration in Poetry.

Yin's Yang

Expect the best

Expect the worst

Thirst for passion

Burst from inaction

Reflect daylight

Deflect moonshine

Yin's the sin. One woman

Yang's to blame. One man

Opposition,

Fueling Chaos.

Coexistence

Inviting Serenity.

yīnyáng

holdhands.



Charles Young Jr. aka theSource

BLACKTASTIC.NET and head of marketing for BLACKTASTIC MARKETING. I'm a writer of uplifting and universal poetry. Born and raised in Sacramento, CA. Self-motivated and a positive individual who wants to make a global impact. The quote "Once I was lost but now I'm found" has a very significant meaning to me as I found my lost soul through the trials and tribulation of life experiences. Through my poetry I want to find lost souls and uplift them to a higher spirit.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

"Healing will bring Peace"

Our hearts and minds will go through strenuous processes
Learning to deal with the real world is just the beginning of our
test

People do change as does our seasons
As we look around the world we share in (Hope) and that's a
common reason

What do we really live for is the question that leaves a mark
We should always strive to be humble and share with a good heart
Teach others how to embrace Love, and let go of what they may
fear

Even though the End is near GODS inner Peace will help us to
Heal.



Brother Hypnotic

"The backdrop of my poetry comes from the 1970's. After the 1965 Watts Riot seven years later there was a concert that was held in Los Angeles, CA called Wattstax. Over 100,000 were in attendance to witness this display of Black Pride at its best. I had the wonderful opportunity of growing up in the seventies when men referred to women as Queens and women referred to men as Kings. That is the sole basis of my poetry to remember how it was and how it should be".

SUNRISE 2 SUNSET

I awake every morning with a purpose
Am I worthy or do I deserve this
That is the question that I ask the almighty
He says I'll do right by you if you do right by me
I do all I can in a 12 hour span
I do all I can to help my fellow man
How much can I do in a day?
What can I say to make you see things my way?
How can I make a difference is my mind set
I want to change the world by sunset
I wake up at the crack of dawn
As soon as I open my eyes my thinking cap is on
As the sun warms the earth my thoughts give birth
I want to give you a piece of my mind for what it's worth
I believe as humans we can all do better
I believe as humans we can all work together
Say hello to a female stranger
As simple greeting might change her
Say hello to a strange man
Offer a greeting as you extend your hand
The power of kind words can go along way
Optimism is the way to start the day
Before you lay your head down at night to rest
Look back on your day and make sure you gave it your best



Nicole S. Brown is a poet and author of many books of poetry and novellas. She is a resident of Baton Rouge, LA. Nicole is the youngest of seven children, and was formally educated in Monroe, LA. Nicole is a Louisiana-certified, teacher who holds certifications in the following subject areas: Chemistry, Physics, General Science, and Music.

Let It Begin with Me

Let there be peace.

Let it begin with me.

Let it spread among many families.

Our global society hungers for it.

We need each other.

We are capable to walk hand in hand

As global sisters and brothers.

Give not only in the holiday season.

Give every day because harmony,

Is spread like sweet sugary seasoning.

Make a choice to add sweet peace,

On the global table for a perfect feast,

Of power packed peace.

I will let it begin with me.

I will spread it among families.

I will be motivated to decrease,

The hunger for peace in our global society.

Will you let there be peace?

I hope so on a daily basis.

Say to yourself, "Let there be peace,

And let it begin with me."



Annmarie Pearson is a poet, novelist, fiber artist, mother, grandmother and a Reiki/Master Teacher. She resides in New Mexico with her husband of over forty years. And she is currently a board member of the New Mexico State Poetry Society (NMSPS).

Diverse Differences

I do not understand all the confusion,
chaos, unrest and adverse illusion
among the children of the world,
young and old,
they have become so bold.

What happened to devoting your day
to God Almighty in vocation to pray?
I do believe that man wants to achieve
power, control and financial greed.
Has this become their apostle's creed?

The resolution is not in the strife,
it's not in the battle or in the fight for life.
Peace must come from deep within
where love once was the master reign
in the hearts of all the truly mundane.

Did humanity forget the golden-rule
to love thy neighbor, not act the fool?
Remember, only God can create;
it is our gift to humbly receive
and leave the work for God to conceive.

We can become a benevolent nation
by reaching out with tender adhesion
instead of subdued commanding dominance.
Let us love, admire and care for one another
and become a compassionate listener.



simone segal

I have two grown up children, of whom I'm very proud, an amazing partner who is my rock. SUN, SAND and SEA, was a dream I turned into reality.

Born in England, now living my dreams in Spain! It was here where I came to really know myself. I stumbled across materials relevant to our thoughts and feelings and how they create our future, not only do I study these materials, but I also live by their code. " We Become What We Think About". It's TRUE, your thoughts and your feelings create your every day, your life! It is my passion to share this insight. When you change your thoughts, you change your life! A united world, A beautiful vision! I am the author of "The Gift...if only you knew" The Law of Attraction in poetry. I study the greatest philosophers and scientists in quantum physics, and turn their philosophies into poetry!

The Law Of Everything & The Power Of Influence

Changing the world for a better ever more
A higher state of being, to become, to adore
Conscious awareness guides you to reality
A vision of truth, with harmonious clarity
Time speeding up
The next level of our evolution
Become the change you want to see in the world
In Mahatma Gandhi's wise words, you'll find the solution
The Law of everything and the Power of Influence
IS The Law of Attractions missing link
Who or what you're influenced by
Blossoms the thoughts that you think
For as a man thinketh, so he becomes with out doubt
Ask yourself this, what are you thinking about?
You're trying to live the Law of Attraction
You're having the thoughts, then taking the action
But it just doesn't work; you're not getting the gist
Do you want to know why?
There's something you've missed!
Who or what you're influenced by, is no coincidence
It's the law of everything, and the power of influence
Self influence, the missing link, for your dreams to come true
You're creating your life, life does not create you
Be consciously aware, be love, always in the moment of NOW
Tunnel your vision with blinkers that's how
Be your own greatest influence, for there lays your power
Drag out from your depths, your greatest desires
Any one or thing can influence you
It is your choice, yes your choice, of the thoughts you let through
You must lovingly act the part in your life's play
Every hour every minute consciously, all day
You are the master of your mind
It is YOU, who is the answer to peace on earth for mankind

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

The End of an era, a new beginning in time
A conscious awareness that is so sublime
Our thoughts are vibrations
Attracting thought seeds that we sow
Do you get the gist now, let the negative go!
We are stuff made of stars, cosmic vibrations
Your thoughts are energy that vibrate your creations
Tap into the universal mind,
Love, peace, and joy you will find
Inspiration, let it shine through you
For as you shine, the world will too!
Influence yourself, a great decision
A united world
A beautiful Vision!

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop away from you like the leaves of Autumn."

John Muir



Shirani Rajapakse is a poet, playwright and fiction writer of Sri Lankan origin. She is the author of *Breaking News* a collection of short stories published in 2011 by Vijitha Yapa Publications. *Breaking News* was shortlisted for the Gratiaen Award 2010. Shirani worked in the media and international organizations.

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<http://shiranirajapakse.weebly.com>

Out of the ruins of war rose a voice

So calm it took us by surprise. Was this
Peace? We rejoiced and marveled at
The thought.

Out of the lives laid to rest, the blood
That flowed through the earth, rose
New lives. A generation that shunned
War and hate.

Out of the stench of gunfire and rotting
Flesh, a warm breeze that calmed and
Stilled our senses. It was the winds of
Change blowing across the land.

A child smiled, an old woman's tears
Turned to laughter. Hands reached
Out across divides. Touching,
Embracing, healing.



Bonnie K. Rucobo

Ms. Rucobo was born in Washington, D.C. While working for the City of Albuquerque, she wrote two books that have been published in the County Library. She has published several poems and has served as President of the New Mexico State Poetry Society.

They Didn't Have to Die

*Dedicated to the Nineteen Albuquerque
Citizens Shot by the Albuquerque Police
Department with Thirteen Fatalities
Since 2010*

We raise up our voices
in one voice
to mourn the thirteen
husbands, fathers, sons, grandsons
felled by the APD, keepers of the peace.

They didn't have to die.

The victims were mentally challenged,
one armed with a plastic spoon,
others detained at routine traffic stops.
Did these actions warrant death
by police turned vigilantes?

They didn't have to die.

State District Judge Theresa Baca
awarded more than four million dollars
to the family of Andrew Lopez,
fatally shot while unarmed, in 2009.
Baca called the use of force
“excessive and unreasonable.”

They didn't have to die.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Albuquerque citizens are no longer
comfortable dialing “911.”

The “911” call is a last resort—
you just don’t know how it will end,
advise the families of victims
of APD shootings.

They didn’t have to die.

An officer calls his job
“human waste disposal,”
on an Internet site;
he remains on the force.
Does the APD place no value
on human life?

They didn’t have to die.

We are working for justice,
to guide the APD to a new day,
when it learns to use peaceful
means to diffuse violence. We will fight
with every nonviolent strategy
we have learned from
Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

They didn’t have to die.

"Better indeed is knowledge than mechanical practice. Better than knowledge is meditation. But better still is surrender of attachment to results, because there follows immediate peace."

Bhagavad Gita 12:12



Fabiyas M V,Mathilakath

I am a young English poet, who was born in Kerala, India, on 23/09/74. He had taken B A and M A degrees in English Language and Literature from the University of Calicut. Also, I hold Bachelor of Education degree. Currently, I work as an English language teacher in a Kerala Government School. My last achievement is Poetry Soup International Award April 2011.

To the Vista of Peace

Amid the stink of emotions burnt,
World writhes for fresh breath. Lullabies
Are mutilated in the roar of A.K.47 :
Disharmony is declutched. Hovering flock
Of the black birds in the sky ; “Great !”.

All isms end in ‘revengisms’ .A hundred
Revenge kids are born in each explosion.
Corpses many are flung for the waves
To play with, while on the rest, waif dogs
And vultures learn the sculptures.

Infants fumble for nipples among the debris ;
Forlorn whimperings of the newest widows
Rise up with the smoke ; family men
Step into the death wagons
With bleeding thoughts ; great ? you exclaim ?

But when the flags in all hues flutter high ;
But when the white doves whisper on
The roofs of worships ; but when
The white shake hands of the black, She
Can lean on the lap of peace ,and
All can hear sweet babblings, dear,
Besides so many sweetest things.
So dear , let the untamed emotions rest
In the sheath of sense and reason



My name is Christena Antonia Valaire Williams born on April 21st of 1992 in Jamaica.

My aspirations are to become a criminal lawyer and a world class poet. In my leisure time I write poems and lyrics, listen classic souls ,old school rap and gospel and engage in constructive reasoning on various subject matter with the old as well as the young. It's in my interest to be the best I can be as well as empowering others to do.

Remove the Barriers

Oh lord!

I can't understand

Why there's no more love

Remove the barriers

Of racial segregation

Disunity of religion

The political division

I cry not for blacks or white

But I cry for mankind

Oh lord !

As you created this world

I knew this wasn't your plan

Men sought power and greed

And for that slavery was to be

No one cares for you or me

So lord remove the barriers

So I and all may live as one

We are royal

We are all kings and queen

So what made you think?

You were more supreme

And we all are created in the image of the king

Oh lord!

Remove the barriers.



Alan W. Jankowski is the author of well over one hundred short stories, plays and poems. His work has been published online on various sites and in e-Zines since 2009. When he is not writing, which is not often, his hobbies include music and camera collecting. He currently resides in New Jersey.

I Had A Dream

I had a dream just the other night,
That people would no longer fight,
No more wars to be lost or won,
That everyone could live as one.

I had a dream just the other day,
Of streets where kids could safely play,
And treat each other with respect,
And never come to know neglect.

Where children grow in a loving home,
And would never face the world alone,
To live in comfort, and without need,
Regardless of their race or creed.

That the God we worship is all the same,
No matter what we call his name,
And honor each other's right to choose,
Regardless of their different views.

And if my dream should ever come true,
It will be up to people like me and you,
And I dream the day should come at last,
Where hunger is a thing of the past.

For I dream one day the human race,
Will make this world a better place,
Where fighting and wars will someday cease,
And our children may know a world of peace.



Barry Carter

I live In Hull which is in England. My favorite poet is Walt Whitman. I am a great believer in the transformative power of poetry. My age is 39.

Fireflies

An autistic boy drowned and the sea dreamed him back into being. The boy used the moon as a drum and the rhythms of the water. Four fireflies arrived- they brought projections of Gandhi, Buddha, Napoleon and Genghis Khan. The fireflies flew in a circular cadence. Buddha and Gandhi stepped into the middle leaving Napoleon and Khan to witness the advance of their wars, and bloodshed replayed. The two sages clothed a dead tree with the skin of war casualties; a raven with eyes of red and a robin with eyes of black led the watch over the fruit that grew. The autistic boy waited for the fruit to fall- the two birds heard a call and left. A bearded carpenter helped the boy lift the fruit into a basket. From the tree he built a boat. At sea, the carpenter cut two apples into segments and ate- he dreamed about fragments that formed the moon and earth and, as if giving birth, he sweated and screamed- three inquisitive seagulls hovered. After reaching dry land, the carpenter constructed a stage from the boat and acted in a play with tyrants from every age. They were directed by an unseen author turning the pages of a distant script- the autocrats became the audience and watched the carpenter perform with saints and mystics- dictators received revelation and wrote pages of a script. The bearded man became a spectator as saints and dictators performed together.



Scott Kalechstein Grace is the author of Teach Me How to Love. He travels the United States, as well as Canada and Europe, speaking at conferences, New Thought Churches, and wherever people are open to humor and playfulness as a delivery system for truth and wisdom. He can be surfed at www.scottsongs.com and reached at (415) 721-2954, or scott@scottsongs.com.

Oh, The Places Your Ego Will Go!

Your ego will travel with you on this earth
And be your companion for worser or worse
It pretends it's your friend, your bestest amigo
And it pours on the fear, that's the mark of the ego

It's there to protect you, to help you be strong
So it has to remind you you've done it all wrong
You're lazy, you're weak, and you don't have a clue
That's your ego at work trying to motivate you!
The ego wants you to be all you can be
So it gives you these pep talks all day and for free
Oh, the places you'll go and the guilt trips you'll travel
As the ego plays judge and bangs down on its gavel

But you always can get some relief from your shame
By projecting it on to the others you'll blame
For that is the ego at its beastiest best
It nurses its grievances close to its chest
Republicans, liberals, your parents, your ex
The world is just teeming with folks to correct
If only these fools would conform to your ways
You could get on with life without further delays

The ego keeps finding new gripes to complain about
Turns molehills to mountains of yikes! to feel pain about
Sometimes the ego's stuff makes you so stuffy
You come down with a cold or an ouchy more roughy

But there's no time for rest so get up out of bed!
If you're just here and now then you won't get ahead
Your to-do list must buzz like the bees when they're busying
Keep filling your days till they're endlessly dizzying

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Oh, the places you'll go and the people you'll see
All through the lens of "What's in it for me?"
For the ego believes there is something it lacks
And until it is found it won't let you relax
Perhaps you will find it in the next one you date
True love at first sight with a soul kind of mate
The romance is hot till the climate turns cold
Cause when two halves combine they do not make a whole
It's fine till the love gets obscured by control
Cause when two halves collide they cannot make a whole

So the ego moves on ever constantly striving
Addicted to seeking and afraid of arriving
You're traveling fast at the speed of surviving
With fear in the drivers seat doing the driving
No trust is a must you must always be worried
No peace till deceased you must always be hurried
The joys of each moment go swishing on by
As the ego keeps reaching for pies in the sky
Groping and grasping with arms that are flailing
(And the ego loves giving you F for your failings!)

Or perhaps you are on the fast track of success
You're constantly driven to be great, better, best!
You're a mover, a shaker, a big time achiever
You're a real self-made man, a dazzling diva
You're rich and you're famous and make quite a splash
You're on top of the world and you're rolling in cash
You drive the right car and you've married the right spouse
Today lunch with Oprah, tomorrow the White House

But at night insecurity pays you a call
Cause you know anytime that you could lose it all
Your shrink says to rest and your spouse sure agrees
Your doctor says, "Ulcers, take fourteen of these."
You know you should slow it down sooner or later
But your foot is just glued to the accelerator

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Your ego consoles, “Well, at least we’re successful
It’s a sign of success to be constantly stressful
You’ve made it to prime time and everyone loves you”
But your self-esteem’s based on what others think of you
And opinions can change in the blink of an eye
Which is why you need meds just to sleep and get by

One day when you’ve failed and succeeded enough
You witness your ego exposed in the buff
And you realize without all its protective clothing
That the ego is simply a state of self-loathing
And beyond that you find out the biggest of deals
That you’ve dreamt up the ego, it’s not even real!
So for richer, for poorer, in all kinds of health
You commit to the journey of loving yourself
You release the projections you placed upon others
And find through forgiveness that peace is discovered
You realize the love that you searched for outside you
Is what you are made of and can’t be denied you
So you let go your worries, your plans, and your pills
Put some logs on the fire and learn how to chill
Your old superstitions have gone up in smoke
(Like you can’t rest in peace until after you croak)
You no longer fear death or for that matter life
Cause you know that all matters are safe and all right

While resting in peace you will soon be inspired
To bring peace to the world with some divine desires
Desires that spring from your heart and your soul
And wherever they take you you’re going there whole
Cause your ego is now in the passenger seat
It rolls down the window and takes in the treats
You’re not in a hurry you’re taking it slow
Cause the journey’s as rich as the places you’ll go
Where you are going you don’t need to know
For the journey’s as rich as the places you’ll go



Fawn Caldwell

I write from imagination, experience, feelings, etc. Sometimes my poems say things that I do not really feel as I am writing from another viewpoint. Sort of like putting myself in another's shoes.

Editors Choice award for many of my poems. In several volumes of Who's Who and other poetry books.

Our World Today

I worry about our world today,
And who within it has anything to say,
About our trees that are being cut down,
And no more planted in the ground.

I worry that there'll be no air,
And no one left who will care.
And what will the future bring,
And what'll be left if anything.

Will there be any water safe to drink?
And will there be enough-I shudder to think,
That anything left will be polluted so,
Makes me wonder what is our goal.

The food of today is not like the past,
The quality, it seems, just didn't last.
For I quiver to think of our world today,
And who within it has anything to say.



Bary Mowles

I am a self published poet, and I have just released my first major book worldwide.

I am now 31 years old, happily married and a proud step father to my wife's 2 children (aged 8 & 14),but in my early twenties I lived in a YMCA homeless shelter after my family turned their backs on me leaving me with no place to go, that is when I turned to poetry, writing about the things I saw and the problems that I faced.

Make A Change

It's time we made a change, and that change had better start off with me;

The skies are getting warmer, the ice caps are melting, causing rising in the sea.

Endangered animals we take for granted, will pretty soon disappear forever from the wild;

I just hope we can look at ourselves when we hear our children, tell that to their future grandchild.

Technology has built computers, robots and even put men on the moon;

But we still have starvation in the world, and a cure for Cancer doesn't seem to be appearing anytime soon.

Global warming heats our planet, but we don't have a spare one sitting in reserve;

We cut down rain forests without ever stopping to think, of all of the animals that we may disturb.

People fight in wars, when surely they should just be grateful to be alive;

Governments around the world filling their pockets, with that pathetic excuse they have tried.

Fossil fuels are running out, disappeared completely by the year 2080;

Earthquakes still leave thousands homeless, in the Caribbean side of Haiti.

They say NASA is looking for another planet in the galaxy, for us to destroy;

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

But we aren't playing marbles, this is our children's lives not just some replaceable toy.

Terrorism haunts our daily lives, just look at the London bombings, and ask the U.S.A;
Al Qaeda threatens a world, as did the I.R.A

The cold streets of our cities are littered with the homeless, who have no place left to go;
Perhaps a little love is all that we need to show.

Forest fires burn America, as violent tornadoes teach houses how to fly;
I imagine God isn't too happy if he is watching over us from the sky.

Our world is breaking beneath our feet, simply because we do not show enough care;
It's our children's children I feel sorry for, a broken planet we leave you, and that just seems to be so unfair.

Dolphins caught in nets, Sharks and Whales hunted to extinction from our sea;
Life isn't a cage, life means to live free.

Are we facing the end, or will God set up some sort of exchange;
Actions speak louder than words, it's time now to make a change.

"When my heart is at peace, the world is at peace."

Chinese Proverb



Onarinde Fiyinfoluwa has paraded his poetic ingenuity and penchant to bring to the fore the reminiscence of the past into the present. He draws his creative inspiration from the influence of the Nigerian society he lives.

When Will I Sing ?

Peeping moles
From long burrowed furrows
Peeping like the moon from a chink in the clouds.
The tremor of our untamed passion
Initiating us into the theatrics of desolation
Our table upturned...

The giant steel hawk we framed at civilization's dawn
Hauling missiles like oranges
Smoking us out of our huts like giant rats;
The conglomerate of our princes
Who played the flute of our desolation in unmeasured metres?

The cities we built at our toes
Like a falling sand house
With mushrooms to grow at the capital;
Our emblem in flames
Rising in immolation to Ishtar
If truly its fragrance would delight her.

The stretch mark of war we bore,
Now the children of our untutored passion
Breaded in the age of our civility
And sucked from the venom of our heart
Fired the embers of desolation.

Flee! Flee! The clarion bell rings
Mother strap sucklings to their backs
To the mountains they fled;
The monster is here.
Squirrels slumping from trees
Into an endless hole they disappear
Fear and despair
Crowned prince of the day
The faithful hermit leans on a weapon

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

As the gloomy night heralds
Even baboons cease to chatter
For Hades is thirsty again;
Men cease behind the plough
Women behind the mills
With the orchestra and music low
In slips away our world.

Flee! Flee! and fly!
The call that unifies a race
Peace and joy
Are but shadows of last summer holidays
The colosseum is empty
Duels gather at street corners
Gently our world erodes
Bees denied nectars sweetness
A land of honey full of shame.

Flee! Flee! and fly!
Soon she will explode
With seas and mountains burn
Never to smile again
All were neighbours before the swelling dusk
Suddenly the two were broken
As the monster rages on
Replacing friends with foes
Bloodletting in place of brotherhood
How far is the last century?
With children and adult disappear
Some work to survive the camps
Others lay in chocking chambers
Never to smile again
Never will a song ring from me
Until a new world emerge
Never will a song ring from me
Until the white dove perch on the olive branch
And signs the truce with her beak
Then, I shall sing.

*"If you yourself are at peace,
then there is at least some peace in the world."*

Thomas Merton



My name is Melissa Rubio and I'm from Victoria, Texas. I'm a twenty-six years old Latina and a college student. I'm enrolling for the spring at The Victoria College, and also applying for admission into the Boston Conservatory to major in a 'Bachelor of Music in Harp Performance' next fall. My calling is to be harpist. I'm also a poet, and I love to dance. I've been writing poetry since the age of twelve; it is my passion and my emotional deliverance. Poetry is my drive, my breath of relief, my counselor, my inspiration, and my yield. I express myself clearly in words, as I confide in their meaning and power to describe and relate to my emotional extreme. I hope to publish my own book of poetry one day and become a talented harpist.

Peace, Complete Serenity- The Lord's Divinity

Peace....

complete serenity,
the Lord's divinity,

Peace....

an unattainable concept,
in a fallen world...

creation has wept...

'Oh come back to us pleasant, perfect, pretty Peace,
come soothe this loathsome world.'

Peace...

a universal desire,
'courage under fire',

Peace...

stillness...

calmness...

oh healing,

nursing, nurturing, nourishing Peace...

where are you?

creation calls for you,

man needs you,

children depend on you...

Peace...

Paz...

seems as though your lost,

O Shalom...

sweet Shalom...

Peace...

where are you?

return to humanity,

we need you,

we need you to appease the calamity,

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Peace...

your name has been forgotten,
the Earth has become rotten...
the people hopelessly,
defensively, self-destructively,
guard themselves by their own hatred,
their hearts have become tainted,

Peace...

lost souls cry out to you,
to mend their hearts and make them new,

Peace...

the Lord knows you,
for He grants you,
He can intervene,
and send for you...
so that humanity may know you,
so that humanity may feel you,

Peace....

come, come...
heal the world,
until war is none,
heal the world,
until animosity is gone,
until chaos is gone,
oh let restoration be done,

Peace...

reach out your hand,
and gently touch those in every land,
cradle those in desperate need,
nurse those of every creed,

Peace...

complete serenity,
the Lord's divinity,

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Peace...

come...

so that we may all live in harmony,
so that we may all learn to be friendly,
so that this world may again be lovely,

Peace...

come, and restore humanity,
come, and restore the beauty,
let us live in unity.

Peace...

complete serenity,
the Lord's divinity.



Najet Adouani, a Tunisian writer, comes from the south of Tunisia. She studied journalism .she is member of the Tunisian writers union since 1982.She is the author of 6 Arabic poetry books and a collection of stories, one of her books won the feminine poetry-price 2010 .She participated in many Arab and international poetry festivals...Her poems were translated to French, English and Spanish .She is always ready to support just human causes in the world.

I wish I had wings

I only wish I had wings

Wings like those of the angels
that I can fly over seas and rivers,
Hills and deserts...

I ask my soul to barrow me her flames,
I need that only for a short while,
I want to walk in that glow to me.

I wish to have powerful wings,
Stronger than the wings of birds,
I need wings as vast as infinite space...

wings as vast as history

Yes I wish I had wings of clay and of fire
purple and gold, silver and tin

Iron and diamonds,

Wings heavy and light

I wish to had wings hold me over the universe
every where I can be a loaf of bread in the hand
Of a starved-infant.....

A handkerchief wipes a bereaved of child tears

A smile breaks night's fear,

A hymn of a lost Bedouin



I am Jarriot Winters, 34 of the Mississippi gulf coast, Ocean Springs. I go by the handle Johnny Nobody, and work under the pen name JD. Windman (which I prefer). Born and raised on the coast of Mississippi I have lived here all of my days, and spent most of them following in the footsteps of the crowd, working dead end jobs and wasting time in the streets. Still I have always had a passion for writing, music, and teaching. So at the age of 26 I woke up decided it was time to get off my but and pursue my dreams, and I did. I got back into college (English Education major) and started on my novel. The planned seemed a good one and I was finally happy with myself until things changed drastically. A year and half into my comeback, I developed a cough that wouldn't quit, long story short I was diagnosed with Arterial Pulmonary Hypertension of the lungs. I had to quit school and spend my days try to get better, get closer to god, and knee deep in my writing.

Two Fingers Oversee The Fold

The first two fingers, they oversee
Our configuration for victory.

Brings all together, the whole of thee
Into a clench for this security.

Under their steer we take a knee
And bow our heads so thankfully.

Congregated in center so that we
Become a strengthened community.

Of this flesh though not quite a fist
Hard and harsh prepared to dismiss.

But molded into a most blissful image
Of Index and middle who do represent.

The father and son, example for all
A path to follow as they stand tall.

Awatch over a lowly humble fold
Our Peace of mind, heart and soul..



Emily Yankowitz is a 16-year-old junior at Scarsdale High School. She has been enrolled in a Creative Writing Program through the Hudson Valley Writer's Center for four years. Emily is a Gold Key recipient from Scholastic Art and Writing Awards and is earning her Girl Scout Gold Award. Her work has appeared in "*Straylight*", "*Teen Voices*", "*The Mad Hatter*" and "*The Scarsdale Inquirer*."

Last Chance to Prevent War

The building sits as reminder that actions have consequences
That stretch far beyond what can be controlled
The last chance to prevent war
To negotiate before weapons are carved and nations erupt

A castle built by Washington's dollars
Funded by Mr. Monopoly's rival
A gleaming and pristine model of what a world of peace looks like
Each room is vanity beyond those in Versailles
Crafted by the Czar, master of pogroms and violence of this sort
Created to end war, both in his land and across the world

In the arbitration room
their point of views make mediation impossible
A clock's sweeping hand plays a game of catch
between Roman numerals
Countries ferociously debate

Chile and Brazil gifted a model of a statue
Collaboratively built by smelting cartridges, bullets and sharp
unrefined words
After signing a peace treaty to conclude a decades-long war

Built above this court, is a room with silk-lined walls
This building is the UN's version of a Supreme Court
Where borders of the world intersect.
Outside this are room are chairs for countries that can afford to
pay,
for a seat with a seal hand-embroidered its back
Except almost every nation cannot afford to do so.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Is it reasonable to expect a nation
who is clinging to its ever-porous borders
attacked from the inside out.
Where it is rare to not hear a stomach grumble
or feet pounding as they rush to safety
To fund a multi-million dollar chair?

*"It is no longer good enough to cry peace,
we must act peace, live peace, and live in peace."*

Shenandoah proverb



Ankur Choudhury

Life took away more than it has given me, and I've given more than my soul could take. Where there exists a narrow path for my wandering soul to walk through there comes the birth of an unheard voice that strives to let the world know of his mind, in other words this is the journey of 'Renegade'. I live because poetry dwells in me.

Let's Pray For Humanity Today

The dawn of a blood bathed land doesn't recognize the deceased
And while religion becomes a cause for this inflammation

I let poetry search through throbbing chapters of withheld peace,
But will innocent cries soothe the quaking voice of a nation?

Tomorrow's prediction lies in young dreams and not bullets,
Though I see extreme penetration of hatred through silent hearts,

But if all fails before the occupancy of living life to the fullest
Must we still hold our forged authority at guard?

See, death being the eternal truth will eventually carry us into
oceans

Where ripples meandering through this water taste of past actions,
So why breathe a crude moment to augment the art of violent
motions

That leaves our shadow drenched in sinful attractions?

I'm here to support art, and not war, leave behind hopes and not
scars,

Pray for a new sunshine before all of mankind's glory has gone
away,

Travel through a new ray, a new vision under these glittering stars
That make way for love- now, let's all pray for humanity today.



Larry Jaffe

Jaffe is an internationally known and an award winning writer, author and poet and founder of Poets Beyond Borders(a group dedicated to human rights and reform). Jaffe impacts audiences and readers with a rich emotional range, masterfully crafted, written from the heart and soul with clarity and understanding. Jaffe has read his work in such distinguished locations as the Japanese American Museum, the Hammer Museum, the Museum of Tolerance, the Jewish Museum and the Museum of Literature in Prague and the Dylan Thomas Centre in Wales. Jaffe uses the aesthetic power of poetry to bring understanding to the world. He was the 2007 recipient of the Saint Hill Art Festival's Lifetime of Creativity Award, the first time given to a poet.

A Renaissance of Human Rights

A house built
of Human Rights
stands aflame

Philosophies assaulted
growing weapons
of prejudice

Buildings fall
like butterflies
in September

Armies held
hostage
proclaiming innocence

Presidents and dictators
take aim
and shoot their own

Worried politicians
shutter rights
in the name of security

Wings are shorn
angels
drop from the sky

From nowhere voices
whisper
neglected freedoms

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

A child chips
away at pretense
spouts natural law

The last man standing
cries out
says he is not alone

Citizens defend
30 rights
with vigilance

Freedom reborn
A Renaissance of Human Rights

"The first peace, which is the most important, is that which comes within the souls of people when they realize their relationship, their oneness with the universe and all its powers, and when they realize that at the center of the universe dwells the Great Spirit, and that this center is really everywhere, it is within each of us."

Black Elk



Hilda is a writer who had never participated in a writing contest before. English is not her first language. She had only published her poems at an online site since 2009. Her hobby is reading. She currently resides in Cimahi, a small town in East Java, Indonesia.

"Same Human Making Peace"

My blood is red
And so is yours
My bones are white
And so are yours
I'm made of flesh
And so did you

Then why can't we live in peace?
When we are just the same human,
Living the same planet,
Breathing the same air,
Drinking the same water,
Needing each other.....

You know we need each other!
No human can live on their own,
Nothing in this world could live on their own,
Even the earth needing the sun!

Take my hand and let us put the world in peace
Let the world heal and never be hurt again



ingred manan

I am a Dutch male writer and already published in the Netherlands. After I lost faith at the age of 18, at 50 I was inspired by stories of the Holy Qur'an about the life of Maryam and Jesus. In my search for the truth in Christianity and Islam, while also exploring other old writings including Sumerian stories, Buddhism, and Mayan prophecies, my view about the truth of existence took form. This personal, spiritual search led me to write The Second Fall of Paradise of which the Poem I send in to you is part. I chose a female name as pseudonym as I have written my work in the first person as seen through the eyes of Jesus. As I wish to avoid any misunderstanding that people might think that I feel like or am Jesus Christ, I wish to use this pseudonym. For that reason I sent you the head picture of Ingrid, not being my own picture. I just hope, me using a pseudonym is no reason to regard this submission as incomplete.

Let us agree

I be with you and you be with me?

Souls bonding in affection
as an eternal connection.

And the more bonds we make
the more greatness we will uptake.

Choose your bonds
out of your most fond:
Your family, a dog, a cat or whatever soul you wish to choose
be with it for ever and never to loose.
Like when this precious soul would die one day
a precious part of you will die too, right away.

And likewise when you will die
there will be others for you to passionately mourn and cry.

Let us agree:
I be with you and you be with me?

And when we be and in eachother, ingrown
we can never never be alone.
Cause you are part of me and I of you
and wherever you are, there is me too.
To bond into the great all
we must support whenever you call.

I be with you; let it be known
you, my friend, my sister, my brother, my dog, my bond, you are
not alone.

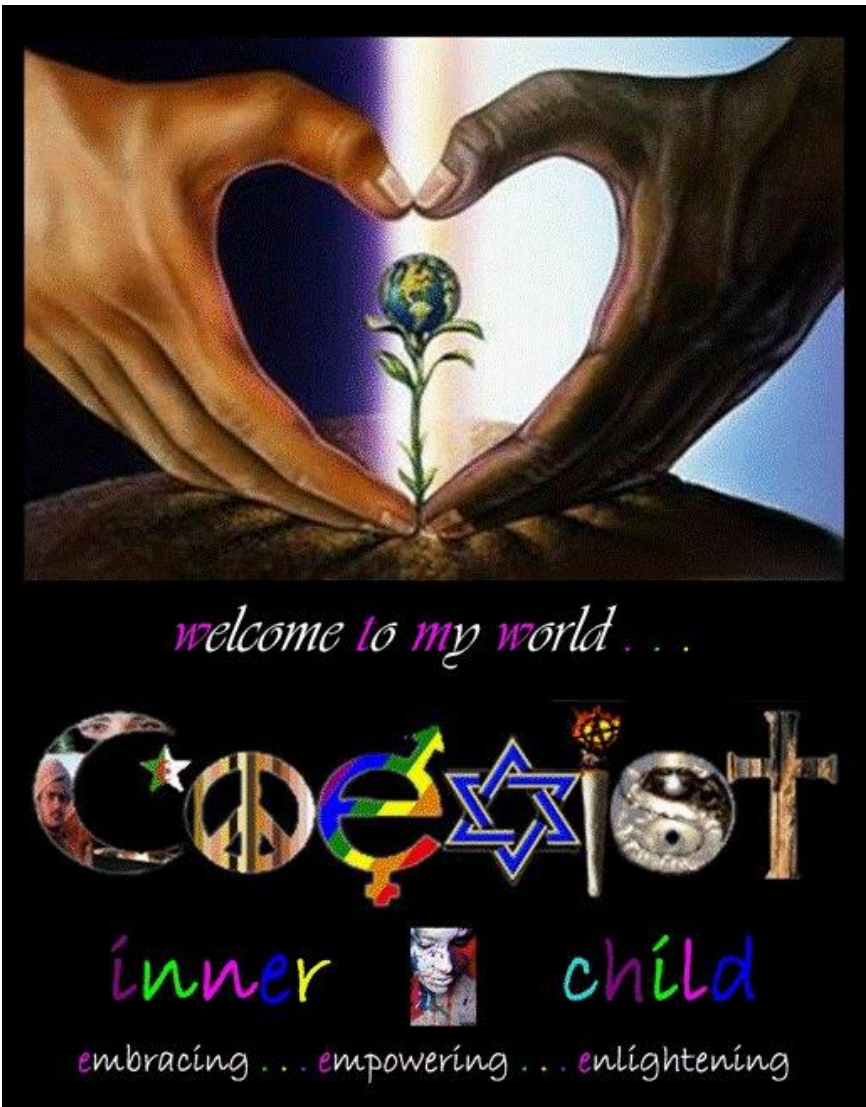
World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

And when you call out for me and in return you do not hear...
trust, me to be there. And hear better, use the other ear!

Let us bond for all with all
and let no single soul escape into any fall.

Please let us agree:

I be with you, you be with me...?



"There never was a good war or bad peace."

Benjamin Franklin

Epilogue

Conquer the devils with a little thing called love !

Bob Marley

Contest Administrators and Facilitators

World Healing, World Peace

Poetry 2012

Radio

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| Everyday Connection | Rick and Jean |
| The Artist Lounge | Jill Delbridge |
| Moments in Chaos | Leslie Ryan |
| Poetically Spoken | Poetically Spoken |
| HALOS 711 | Arthur and Sandye |
| Inner Child Radio | William S. Peters, Sr. |
| Speak Yo Piece | Micheaux "Urban Voodoo" Fortson |

Judges

Diane Sismour
Juanita Gibbs Betts
Mark States

Media Facilitators

Jamie Bond
Sarah Stuart of the New Writers
Janet "Derailed Poet" Perkins Caldwell
Jean and Rick of Everyday Connection
Poetically Spoken
Adelle Conexxions
William S. Peters, Sr.
Urban VooDoo of Speak Yo Piece
Charlotte 'Poetryizme' Lewis of Creative Impowerment

Volunteer Editors

Jill Delbridge
William S. Peters, Sr.

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| The New Writers | Sarah Stuart |
| The Artists Lounge | Jill Delbridge |
| Everyday Connection | Rick O'Shields |
| | Jean Victoria Norloch |
| Nlistic Souldiers | Deon Ballard |
| | Leslie "mizz fab" Ryan |
| | Jeffery A. Sanders, Sr. aka Cali |
| Poetically Spoken Groups | Poetically Spoken |
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| Scribe Poetry | Mangus Khan |
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| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
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| | |
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*“When the power of love
overcomes the love of power,
the world will know peace.”*

Jimi Hendrix

The Judges

Diane Sismour
Juanita Betts
Mark States

Diane Sismour



Diane Sismour, Writer/Network for the Arts

from Diane Sismour . . .

When *Inner Child* asked if I would participate in judging the 2012 World Peace World Healing Poetry Contest, there was no hesitation...I accepted. How could I not want to be included in such a blessed and wonderful movement? To participate in an event that would exceed boundaries and unite people with the mightiest tool of all, the pen.

I use Poetry as a prism to express a given moment in life, a fraction in time, and to transcend an emotion. Reading poetry is interpreting the phrases with the emotion the poet intended when written. The poet's voice brings meaning to a poem and engages a reader by using distinct words and phrasing styles in a thread of thought through a piece.

Judges received poetry that fit the contest parameters stipulated by the World Peace World Healing contest. During the first two stages of judging, papers piled all around my office and covered the entire floor. I wielded threats that if anyone disrupted the system, they would have to reorganize all of the paperwork again.

Judging the contest required reading each poem several times so I could gain insight into what made the words come to life. At first, this step proved difficult as the pieces were in different formats and styles, but poems with a defined voice surfaced. After reading each entry several times, I condensed them into manageable piles with my selections stacked at the top.

The other judges and I did not confer with one another until after selecting the final nine contenders. Then, the job Juanita Gibbs Betts, Mark States and I faced was finding the poet whose voice sang above the others. Without much discussion, we agreed on the top four poems. We then devised a numeric system to place the works from first to fourth, coming up with the winner.

I want to thank *Inner Child*, and everyone involved with this movement, for allowing me this opportunity. Although the process was time consuming, I would gladly judge another contest to share other writers' poetry. I will always remember the emotional connection felt by visualizing everyone's entries.

Every piece was moving and the poets deserve recognition for their efforts. The words were so inspiring that my poem, "see as they for they are us," surfaced within me and is written for this creative anthology.

Diane Sismour

Writer/Network for the Arts

see as they for they are us

see as they who walk alone
blindly staring to atone
the sins committed on fellow man
when what they need is a helping hand
someone to guide them along the path
through minefields of humanity unscathed

see as those who bury their dead
disease running rampant, too many unfed
victims of hatred, ignorance, abhorred
collateral damage in another man's war
to those still giving when all is lost
who care for others, no matter the cost

see as they who take one step
forward progress, a movement swept
to not disdain someone on sight
and realize everyone has the right
to live a life filled with hues
to love in peace and not abuse

see as they who stand proud
love is fertile and grows abound
make way the hoe to till the soil
weed the hate, uproot the spoiled
open your palm to plant the seeds
offer a smile so more may feed

see as they who know the sins
of what humanity has done to them
yet open their arms to love one another
belying religion, creed, or color
to heal the pain that others commit
by offering themselves, compassionate

Diane Sismour has written poetry and fiction for over 35 years, starting with Journalism, Children's stories, Middle-grade adventures, as well as Science Fiction and Young Adult novels. Recently, she has added the Romance genre and Teen Historical Horror to the list.

She enjoys creating a good plot and characters to make a story come alive. Diane is the founder of Network for the Arts and connects thousands of artists with workshops, events, and publishing news every day. She discusses the Network for the Arts and Writing as a guest speaker on radio talk shows all over the country and as a guest author for blogs, newspapers and magazines.

Diane Sismour is a member of the Romance Writers of America, the Bethlehem Writer's Group, Liberty States Fiction Writers, and she is a past Vice-President and current member of the Pocono Lehigh Romance Writers.

Her credo: The Network for the Arts has taught me that my writing continues to evolve and my readers deserve the best work I can craft.

Contacts

Website features: events, poetry, prose and upcoming books at www.dianesismour.com

Blog features: craft workshops & personal stories at www.dianesismour.blogspot.com

Facebook subscribe to Network for the Arts features: multiple artistic events, industry news, and craft information <http://facebook.com/dianesismour>

Facebook Network for the Arts Page features: a continuation of the Facebook Wall with additional artistic events, industry news, and craft information <http://facebook.com/networkforthearts>

i shine . . . you shine

and the child walked across the landscape of the Sun
deliberately . . .
step by step . . .
in attempt to get to the other side,
where the mystery of Darkness lived
but . . .
his efforts were in vain
and futile,
for . . .
He was the Sun !

Juanita Betts



Juanita Betts is an Author and Poet

from **Juanita Betts . . .**

Being a judge in this contest was very enlightening and rewarding. It was very enriching to read the various styles of the Poets who spoke from their hearts. Healing our world is not for one person its a task for us all.

Poetry is a wisdom from our core, whether spoken or written. Just like the old saying, "it takes Village to raise a child," well, it will take the world to heal the world even if its done community by community; country by country or person by person. It can be done and one small step has been taken here by spreading the word through poetry. This contest adds to this movement

Tranquility

Can I hold your hand, or will you pull it back

Can I touch your heart, or will you always have a barrier

Can I carry you, or will you push me away

Will you hold me, or will you allow me to fall

Our children are our future

We are our past

But still in the present to make it last

To be the best, to support and love the world

Because it is a mess

This is God's land, not ours and we should respect it more than
material things

We will decay, but material things will and can be replaced

So respect yourself and others

Love one another love yourself

Love as God intended us to love

Take care of his gifts

It is time to bring TRANQUILITY to the inner, our core!

Born in NC, grew up between NC, and NY. I lived in NY from the age of 2 to 7, at the age of 18 moved to NY to live, and in 2002 moved to NJ. I have a daughter who is a freshman in college.

I first started writing when I was a teen; use to sit under the clouds and just look and daydream for hours about life, the wonders of life and what else was out there.

I wanted to know more, learn more, and be more. I have always been outspoken, my mom use to say to me "One of these days your mouth is going to get you in trouble, always have something to say, always got to have the last word."

Thank God, it never got me in trouble, but it has helped me to survive.

Established my company in 2007 after publishing my first book; this brought forth dreams and desires, which created multiple ideas into a vision, which manifested and encouraged to build on principles to assist in making others dream a reality. Desire My Dream Productions offers assistance with publishing, coordinating, and promoting!

Exquisite Dreams, the sister company of DMDP which will bring forth more on the educational aspect for our artistic youth.

My mission is to encourage, mentor, motivate and help with the understanding and healing. Start from a dream to reach your goal and beyond; because in today's world there are no guarantees, you are the holder of your destiny. Grasp it and run with your passion to success because we only have this one life, so “Make an Effort, and Use it Wisely!”

Books

Desire My Dream Poetry

My Mama Said (Children's series)

after we mete out all the Characteristics of Opinion and Perspectives, we find that we all basically vie for the same things . . . Love, Peace and Happiness, yet we seek to arrive there by way of the Pathways of conflict.

William S. Peters, Sr.

Mark States



Mark States is a Poet and Spoken Word Artist

from **Mark States . . .**

It was an honor to participate as a judge in this contest. There were a number of poems that I read that made me jealous, wishing I had written them. There were some poems that I adored despite grammatical issues, for the poets' hearts leapt off the page and the experiences they cited grabbed at my soul and would not let go.

But even more important than the opportunity to read some fine work and be personally inspired, was the theme of this contest. The world needs healing, the world needs peace. That we as a group of poets have concentrated our thoughts, our hearts, and our spirits upon the issue is no small matter. To put a spin on a famous Gandhi quote, we change the world by changing the world around us ~ and we as poets do that with our written words and our voices.

Let us hope that our poems bring healing and peace to those that read them or hear them, so the world may be a better place for you and me."

Mark States

Painted Irises

Because there was little beauty left
in my life these days,
I painted pretty flowers
on the walls in my apartment,
sniffed the paint fumes and imagined
they were delightful fragrances,
bounced myself off the walls and jumped up and down
pretending to be a flock of bees
or a super-sized Monarch Butterfly.

I painted a yellow sun on the ceiling
so the garden painted on the walls will grow.
I've taken a spray bottle and spritzed the floor
here and there, even brought home from Home Depot
(which I often wonder why it's not called Store Depot)
but anyway ...
I brought home this bag of fertilizer
and tossed handfuls around like rice at a wedding -
nutrient rich, because hey, we all need vitamins to grow!

Gazing upon creativity I saw that it was good,
and a smile was planted on my face.

An announcement came from the landlord on high
that He was approaching, to inspect His Property.
"Hallelujah!" I shouted, here's my chance
to show him how much I've spruced up the place and turned
around my life.
The beauty will be dazzling, yeah!
The landlord smacks me across the forehead
with a shovel. "What have you done?!? Look at all this crap!
And graffiti! Destroying my property! Are you on drugs?"

But, but ... I used organic, all natural ingredients ...

That's the story of how

I was evicted from The Garden Apartments on Eden Way,
abandoned, forsaken, left to wander these mean, inhospitable
streets.

I have a conviction

for attempting to bring a little beauty to an ugly world.

If you paint your home a beautiful garden,
don't forget to soak the welcome mat with PESTicides.

Mark States

Mark States is a poet and spoken word artist from the San Francisco Bay Area who is currently residing in Charlotte, North Carolina.

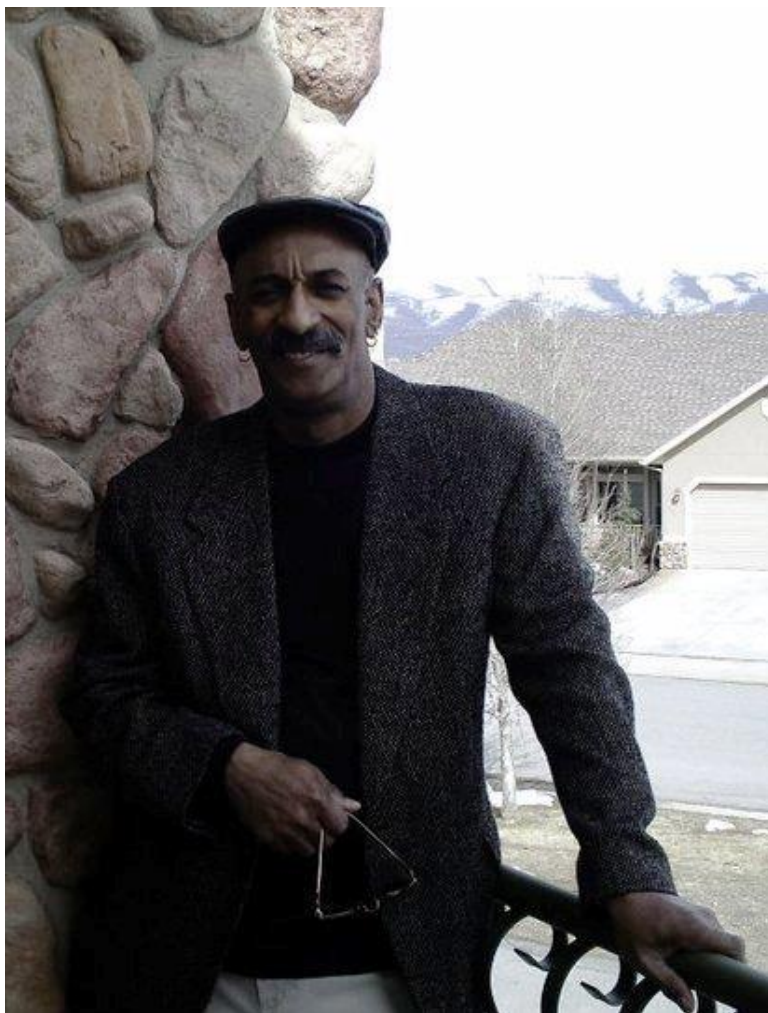
The former editor of Poetalk Magazine, he is the author of three books, one performance poetry cd, and one recorded funk song.

Mark was a member of the 2008 San Francisco Poetry Slam Team, the facilitator of Public Speaking for Poets Workshops, and founder/host of Berkeley's longest-running weekly open mike "Poetry Express." Mark's poetry is known nationally for its humor, vulnerability, and ability to draw you into the sights, sounds and dramatic tension as though you were experiencing the moment yourself.

Inner Child
Administrators

William S. Peters, Sr.
Janet P. Caldwell
Jill Delbridge

William S. Peters, Sr.



Bill known as 'just bill' is the Founder of Inner Child Enterprises and very busy. Somehow he finds time to write as well and has published 16 Books of his own with more to come. For more on his endeavors and all that he is doing and has done visit his personal Web Site at : www.iamjustbill.com

The Antithesis

he looked about him
at a world
that no longer hurt
numbed
beyond the dumb-downed-ness
that initiated this mess
that tested the very patience
of creation

his eyes and his soul
had long ago
lost it's pain
but not it's suffering

somewhere in the recesses
of his mind
he remembered
smiles and laughter
Children Playing
people talking to each other

he almost managed a smile
but he could not escape
this reality
every since hope
was banished
from the world's existentialism

what have we done
had we slept too long
he asked

he was tortured by this question
every wakened moment
of every day
better yet
what have we not done

children these days
marched as drones
just as he had done
so many years ago
as he slept through life
giving of his word
but not his voice
nor his deed
planting seeds
in an unfertile garden
that ushers forth
a tasteless fruit

just like all the others
the people
the communities
the nations
humanity

the big Corporations
and the Banks
and the Special Interest groups
had won the battle
of their selfish greed
over that of
integrity
compassion
and equanimity
yet they lost the war
along with us all

for we all were human
humane perhaps
at one time
so long ago

and a new man was born
with their asses
and their lives
pre slapped
by those who took
the Hypocritic Oath
of Silence
while screaming inside

yes they were smacked
thrust
into a world of
an eternal dismality
where the balance
and frailty
of goodness
was no longer a part of
the equation

most people
never spoke
to each other these days
for their ways
were beyond
their sensitivities
for they no longer had any
all left behind
in a past they could not remember

and their proclivity
was a simple existence
one of simply
live to die

many vied
for the unknown journey
death would provide them
the ultimate release
for the Soul
that still clutched
a hidden reckoning
though it had long ceased
it's beckoning
for they / we did not listen

life no longer glistened
they had no sunshine
in their lives
just a continuous fabric
of doom
and gloom
as they assumed
the position
without opposition
of any kind

he remembered the riots
and the burning of clergy
and priests
without cease
until they were liberated
from the clutches of their own dogma
who knew it would come to this

and speaking of dogs
and pets
they did not exist
they had long ago been eaten
for the food
was all contaminated
irradiated
right in front
of our sedated eyes

as i said
no one really realized
it would come to this
no chance for bliss
or the kiss of happiness
or anything that resembled such
funny the twist
life takes
when we make
no amends
to initiate a change

i now embrace
and must face
yes i must see
that change
depends on you and me

we usually always get
what we allow
don't we

and he asks
why didn't he
vote for change
by showing up
and assist in the denial
of the corrupt legions of fear
within himself
and the world
about him

and now
this is what has been heralded in

this day is the result
of choosing quiet
and silence
instead of shouting
loud
in the crowd
of his fellow man

and this day
he clearly understood
once more
that when the door of opportunity
for goodness comes about
we must walk through it
boldly
in the full colors and sounds
of our convictions
without restrictions
and the common contradictions
that separates me from you
me from the whole

otherwise
we get what we deserve
for we have served
ourselves
the poisoned meal
of acquiescence
the consciousness of death
and now we all pray for it
lay for it

and if i had any mercy let
well . . .

Death
the antithesis to Peace and Healing
hereby sealing the future
in a dark grave
with no air to breath
one of desolate dismalities
and abysmal disparity
where the balance
and frailty
of goodness
and parity
was no longer a part of
the formula nor equation
the landscape
where any sort of elation
had no persuasion
or voice

for if we act not for change
we get what we allow
our choice

and that is

the antithesis

Janet P. Caldwell



Janet P. Caldwell is a Published Author of two books, *Passages* and *5 degrees to separation*. She has been writing professionally for over 20 years. Janet serves Humanity as the Managing Editor for Inner Child Magazine and Chief Administrator of Inner Child Enterprises.

For more information about Ms. Caldwell visit her web-site.

www.janetcaldwell.com

a word from Janet . . .

Bravo Poets on taking a stand for World Healing ~ World Peace. Congratulations to the Top three Celebrants and to all of you for stepping forward to this communal campaign for healing and peace.

When I saw the beautiful faces from all over the globe, I had a lump in my throat the size of a lemon and tears in my eyes. I was so moved with the love that you gave, it blew me away then and it does today.

The vision is clear, one common good, inclusive of all peoples. As poets, we have the gift of expressing what is in the depths of our soul; transcribed to the written word to be shared among many.

I will be eternally grateful to have been a part of your journey, our journey to a brighter tomorrow where we can walk hand in hand with no apprehension.

To be a part of this vision, this movement has been an honor and a blessing. Thank you.

Namaste'

Janet P. Caldwell

I Dreamed of Peace

Angry people stopped shouting.
Protest signs became invitations.

An extended hand grabbed mine;
People took to the streets
and danced.

We rapped under an ancient ash
with living leaves.
Breathing...you are loved.
Show them the way
of labels removed.
Encouraged, by a new song
we live, the words of peace.
A bearded man with sandals said...
“Infected by love, you must not
bury this passion.
Spread the news while living
in tranquility.” I will.

*if we give not peace a chance . . .
what chance have we ?*

~ wsp ~

Jill Delbridge



Jill Delbridge is a Published Author, Radio Talk Show Host, Founder of The Artist Lounge™, Advocate for the disadvantaged, Activist, as well as an Administrator at Inner Child. She also serves as the Director of Circulation for Inner Child Magazine.

This wonderful Soul has dedicated her life to the Service and Love of Humanity . . . Lovewise

a word from **Jill . . .**

Being a part of World Healing . . .World Peace 2012 with so many amazing humanitarian poetic pioneers from around the globe has been an abundantly soul rewarding experience. I am truly thankful and grateful to the judges, sponsors, promoters, and editors in conjunction with Inner child Press who gave of themselves and their precious time selflessly and made it all possible.

This has been a most humbling, honorable and gratifying experience for me.

This anthology gives the opportunity for all of the poets to be published, as well as the three Celebrants.

Each and every poet that contributed their hope filled words will be forever bound together in volumes that can be passed down for generations.

This book is a reflection of our era's collaborative literary effort toward World Healing and World Peace.

Jill Delbridge

The Artist Lounge
Inner Child Groups

it's NOT about me or you, but US

Blue or green?
Which is the color of the sea?
in my minds eye I see
Heavenly aquamarine
waves melding
undulating.....
HARMONIOUSLY
thoughts stir inside of me
questions flood my mind
crashing through the Divine
my Faith deeply embedded
In my fluid cognition
perspective comes along with me
my emotions flow across the pages
expressing my visions , promises ,
and aspirations
speaking hopefully
tactful but , bluntly
with my compassionate heart wide open
my way of coping
examining the world we live in today
amongst people not knowing what to say
and/or think
music of my words soothes my
as tears
flow.....continuously
immortalized in bold black ink
Praying for peace on earth
U-N-I-T-Y UNITY
seeing people become ghost
turning their back to me
when I need them the most
sometimes as hard as I try
personalities , circumstances clash

I cry
knowing when to part peacefully
is a challenge to say the least
I'll bid you well in all you do
pretense of all is good
While I longer like you
is not me
I will always respect and Love you
discarding negative memories
wishing you the best
may you be continuously Blessed
seeing folks without faith or hope in their eyes
frustration comes my way
endless questions some without tangible solutions
lost within frustration and confusion
I turn to my Faith and Devotion
of Love unconditional
for one and all
deep inside the chambers of my heart
Its chipped like fragile glass ,
but , not shattered
at peace within a path in my mind
of hope for better days
no way
am I perfect
for , only one is our SAVIOR
many a time I error
my conscience keeps check of my behavior
I like to lead not to follow
my ultimate grip
Is stereotypes
fat, thin, short, and/or tall
to me makes no difference at all
black ,white, red, yellow, and brown
or a combination of a few or all
straight, bi , lesbian ,or homosexual
religious , spiritual , or atheist

I LOVE you ALL
UNITED WE Stand divided we fall
We live ,we Love ,we learn
how my fellow Brothers and Sisters Love
is not my concern
What is though
IGNORANCE
lack of common sense
rationalization for me
did we not all descend from the same family?
do I hail from another realm
I Pray not cause its not about you or me
but, US
TOLERANCE
No not acceptance
but , RESPECT
must always be ever so present
I stride within confidence
please always know I will be true
with unwavering Love for you
I am not a part time friend
my Love is consistent
No beginning , middle , or end



*if we give not peace a chance . . .
what chance have we ?*

~ wsp ~

~ *fini* ~

WORLD HEALING

WORLD PEACE

P
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~ 2012 ~



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