

INNER CHILD PRESS



**WORLD HEALING
WORLD PEACE
2016**



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

World Healing

World Peace

2016

a Poetry Anthology for Humanity

Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Credits

Compilation

Janet P. Caldwell

Foreword

~ Keith Alan Hamilton ~

Preface

William S. Peters, Sr.

Cover Graphics

Chyna Blue

edifyin' graphix

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Let us give ourselves the gift of World Peace, we deserve it!

*D*edication

This offering is dedicated to Humanity

. . . and it's resurrection.

May we rise above our current selves
and come together as a Family.

You can't separate peace from freedom because
no one can be at peace unless he has his freedom

~ **Malcolm X**

F oreword

This vision of world healing and peace, if such a hope is going to come to fruition, it will take much struggle through effort in the human process of thinking. Firstly within reflective consciousness THE HUMAN-KIND will collectively have to change the way THE HUMAN RACE is perceived by all humans. Humanity as a whole must come to realize the benefit to all in creating a social environment that would decolorize the ideal of race to one race, THE HUMAN RACE regardless of skin color, sex, gender, nationality, ethnicity, culture, or belief. In so doing, humanity will be able to envision the wisdom of setting aside our differences and working together to heal and then preserve the human species transitionally into the future through a process of peaceful coexistence.

To even begin and then bring about such a global transformation in collective consciousness, it in my opinion must find its roots, its inspiration in the creative act. In where art is creatively used in a transitional manner exemplified in the poetic words of the artists found throughout the pages of this book. Art in its various forms creatively used through its powerful imagery to resurrect metaphorically from the darkness, the buried inhibitions and predispositions about the color of skin, sex, gender, nationality, ethnicity, culture, or belief that exacerbate societal ills. Socially embedded fear and bias stirred by genetic and environmental factors, how this all has a negative impact on the way fellow human beings are perceived by each other.

As a mystic and social activist performance artist, I fervently call out from a spiritual mindset to my fellow artists to use the creative act to bring these buried inhibitions and predispositions affecting humanity to the surface, to be aired out, and confronted in a way that will nurture the healing process of

dialogue. If we as artists can initiate the process of open dialogue among *We the people* of planet earth, it could lead humanity to the acceptance of past transgressions, invoke a spirit to let go of the issues hindering human progression and then help *We the people* to move on as one.

How do we let go of the issues hindering human progression to develop a humanity that's cooperatively engaged for the betterment of all THE HUMAN RACE? *We the people* of the planet earth will have to accept that our kind, our species is nothing more than simply human. We must accept ourselves, not necessarily forgive and forget the lessons taught during the human experience. Humanity should learn to no longer bear the weight of guilt or feel remorse for living our lives the best we can regardless of the mistakes we've made as individuals or as a whole. We must come to understand that no one gave us an all-encompassing guidebook on how to live and survive or how to bring about a healthy, joyful, prosperous and peaceful world. We must realize it is a waste of time and energy to cast blame or point a finger in an attempt to somehow rectify past transgressions against each other and other living creatures. If such a vision of world healing and then peace is to transpire, *We the people* will have to become perceptually more positive towards our kind. We'll have to become more pro-human minded. If we want the intolerant to become more tolerant, we must lead the way by patiently demonstrating the behavior of tolerance towards them as they undergo the process of transformation.

If this transformation is going to happen we must take the lead by proactively exhibiting a pro-human mindset, not only through words, but through actions as well. Only then will our united vision for world healing to bring about peace make substantial headway along its transitional journey. To make progressive headway, *We the people* need to see the wisdom and then initiate the forming of a cooperative partnership with our servant(s) the government(s). Such a partnership will provide the necessary foundation and means to come up with flexible and transitional concepts that lead to

valuable practices, implemented with the assistance of innovative technologies for the purpose of improving the overall well-being of humanity. In my first book in the series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die!, I suggested for these concepts and practices to be of benefit to humanity, they need to be centered ideologically around 5 freely accessible and affordable services: energy, information/education, transportation, health care and housing. Freely accessible and affordable services such as these will uplift the spirit of humanity making us all overtime more positive and productive contributors and less of a burden on society. This will not only bless us with the ability to help ourselves, but give us the time and resources to help others. In turn as we help others, they will help others help themselves, on and on through a reciprocal process of healing. Therein this process of healing keeps building in momentum and transitioning until the transformation of *We the people* becomes healthy, joyful and prosperous. Ultimately creating an environment of well-being that's void of the trials and tribulations which held the world captive to anger, hatred, strive, illness and pain. At such a time, the wind then will howl no more due to the storm; 'cause the wind will be saturated with the sweet music of peace.



I end this foreword with the following poetic words

peace not violence
not just a dream
in a far away
some-day reality
but a real goal
to be had ~

an ideology
for living
a global
social environment
created by
and for

ALL of THE HUMAN RACE
regardless of skin color
sex
gender
nationality
ethnicity
culture or belief
a global
social environment
of PEACE
only can be achieved if ~
please note this quote
from the poem
NatureIQ.ORG – brought forth
within the spirit behind
the book series Nature ~ IQ:
Let's Survive, Not Die !
“We the people
as ONE RACE
must set aside
our differences
and focus on seeing
the benefit

and wisdom
in proactively
helping each other
better help ourselves
to improve
the overall well-being
of
all
humanity”
also note the following
poem within this poem
in regards to the notion
~ a global
social environment
of PEACE
its essay style
is an adaptation
to the introduction
of the second book in the series
Nature ~ IQ: Let’s Survive,
Not Die ! – Adaptive Transitioning
“a happy healthy
prosperous and informed humanity
is then more hopeful ~ confident ~
self-sufficient and more
a productive contributor
to society
an improved overall well-being
for humanity

is the primer that ignites
a more positive mindset
about the gift of life
being lived to its fullest potential
a more worry free state of being
frees the mind
of humanity
from the burden of day to day ills
the more open and clear the mind is
with less distraction
helps humanity see the wisdom
for becoming united and focused
through a commonality in purpose
ALL of THE HUMAN RACE
will then be more willing and able
to set aside the differences
between us
that the trials and tribulations
of life have exacerbated”

peace not violence
not just a dream
in a far away
some-day reality
but a real goal
to be had ~
an ideology
for living
a global

social environment
created by
and for
ALL of THE HUMAN RACE
regardless of skin color
sex
gender
nationality
ethnicity
culture or belief
a global
social environment
of PEACE

peace out

Support the creation of ways to improve the overall well-being of all THE HUMAN RACE through more freely accessible and affordable services in the areas of energy, information/education, transportation, housing and health care.

~**Keith Alan Hamilton**~

Mystic & social activist performance artist

“Thou hast made us for thyself,
O Lord, and our heart is restless until it finds its rest in thee.”

~ **Augustine of Hippo**

Preface

It is not just because i have children and i have concerns for their safety and welfare, but the fact of the matter is you may have children too. Actually we are all children of this wonder filled Creation who inhabit this Awe Inspiring Planet we call Earth.

When i think in terms of World Healing ~ World Peace, like most of us there is much about us that needs our attention, adjustment and resolution. I like most of us could sit and complain the remainder of our lives away about all that is wrong. The predominant aspect of what i would like to ultimately transfer in the way of energy to every on i can, is that we have the ability to effectuate the changes we desire. We have the power to reconcile our existence to that of our Dreams of Utopia. “Our World” is inherently one of abundance and i believe there is enough for all of us to coexist in a peaceful, loving manner. For too long we have allowed the few to control the many. This would include most of our institutions from Religion, Politics, Education, Business, Food, Medicine, Media and Finance.

Our desires for “Things” along with the rampant Greed we witness has gone just about as far as we should allow. However, in order to make the much needed equitable adjustments for parity, we must first examine and correct the archaic consciousness’ we hold to unwittingly. The depth of our indoctrination fed to us by the controlling class is a tangled web filled with deceits and ulterior motives and agendas that do not serve the masses of people who have need for such basic things as Drinking Water, Food, Medical Attention and the lack of War and Strife.

Many may ask, “How can we achieve this end?” . . . well, i have always been told that “every journey begins with the first step”. Many have already taken that initial step, while some are waiting for the right motivation.

We have chosen the medium of Poetry and Prose to relay our messages from around the world. In this our second effort to evoke a higher level of participatory consciousness we hope that you find the words that moves you to care enough to be moved to a certifiable action that contributes to the good of us all.

Our aspiration here with this effort of World Healing ~ World Peace Poetry 2016, is not only to just produce a book, but to distribute the book globally. We have made the book available as a FREE Download. We will also make it available in any country as well.

For more information write us at :
worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

World Healing ~ World Peace Now

William S. Peters, Sr.

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www.iaminnerchild.com

www.innerchildpress.com

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Table of Contents

<i>Credits</i>	<i>ii</i>
<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>vii</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>xv</i>

The Poetry 1

Perveiz Ali	3
Eunice Barbara C. Novio	7
Christena AV Williams	11
Fikile Mosala	15
Neville Hiatt	19
Lennart Lundh	23
Alan W. Jankowski	27
D.L. Davis	31
David O'Brien	35
Jason Constantine Ford	39
Janet P. Caldwell	43
Norbert Gora	47
June Barefield	51

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Diamond Ryan	57
Nikitha Hingad	61
Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’	65
Dr. Kapardeli Eftichia	69
Amir Or	73
Dr. Santosh Bakaya	77
Bob McNeil	81
Reena Prasad	85
Bismay Mohanty	89
Roseville Nidea	93
Lonneice M. Weeks-Badley	97
Kimberley Burnham	101
Gary Williams	105
~Keith Alan Hamilton~	109
Dr. Prahallad Satapathy	117
Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan	121
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed	125
Chandrajit Mitra	129
Dimitris P. Kraniotis	133
Laura Lee Sweet	137

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Jen Walls	141
Teresa E. Gallion	145
Elizabeth Castillo	149
Gayle Weston Shazor	153
rajendra padhi	157
Scott Hastie	161
Sufia Khatoon	165
De'Andre Hawthorne	169
hülya n. yılmaz	175
Fahredin Shehu	179
william s. peters, sr.	185

Epilogue 191

a few words from . . . Shareef Abdur-Rasheed	193
a few words from . . . hülya n. Yilmaz, Ph.D.	195
a few words from . . . Fahredin Shehu, Ph.D.	197
a few words from . . . Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.	201
a few words from . . . William S. Peters, Sr.	203
World Healing ~ World Peace Publications	205



World Healing World Peace



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World Healing

World Peace

2016

The Poetry

&

The Poets

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“Dogs are our link to paradise. They don't know evil or jealousy or discontent. To sit with a dog on a hillside on a glorious afternoon is to be back in Eden, where doing nothing was not boring--it was peace.”

~ **Milan Kundera**



Perez Ali

Perveiz Ali, born in the eighties in Pampore, the world famous Saffron Town of Kashmir, graduated in Centurian Shri Pratap College in Srinagar. He then earned his post graduate degree in Geography from The University of Kashmir and now works as a teacher.

His body of work is multi-faceted, touching on social and communal development, individual responsibilities in the welfare of society, Nature, Romance, and his intense love of the Kashmir Valley and its heavenly beauty. His original poetry has gained him considerable appreciation in his nation, but also internationally.

Red Earth

The blue and green planet,
Colour fading away slowly.
A new color scheme rapidly approaches,
Painted by it's own foolish inhabitants.
Splashing strong colors all around,
Using the blood of human beings
Those supposedly different in ideology,
religion and ethnicity.
Is this the goal we are working for?
Changing the living planet into damning hell?
Giving a clear message for generations to come,
Man is possibly the biggest threat,
Not only to others, but to his own species.
We must rise against atrocities and barbarism,
Tolerance and acceptance of differences is needed.
Forget not that we are all unique humans.
How can a human heart beat without pain,
While seeing the wailing mothers in chains?
And sprouting buds withered and tethered,
The young lost in hopelessly defeated dreams.

We, Veteran's for Peace, view peace as a positively active and creative process which requires courage, commitment, endurance, vigilance, and integrity. Peace is a struggle toward unity, and it is characterized by an absence of violence in all its forms, including discrimination based on gender, age, race, religion, social and economic status, ethnicity, and sexual orientation. Those who labor for peace are called peacemakers because they tirelessly pursue nonviolent solutions, work for economic and social justice, celebrate diversity, and strive to build relationships between adversaries through education, conflict mediation, and humanitarian relief. We recognize that peace is both a means and end simultaneously, and that it is never finally or fully achieved. This is because change and growth require some degree of tension or conflict. Historically, such conflict has provided the impetus for military solutions. Thus we, Veteran's for Peace, strongly believe that the greatest obstacle to peace is militarism with its reliance on violence and war. We further believe that peacekeeping action should only be accomplished by a legitimate international body.

~ Committee to Define Peace, Veterans for Peace

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Eunice Barbara C. Novio

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I am Eunice Barbara C. Novio, a Filipino, residing in Thailand. I am an English lecturer at Vongchavalitkul University. I regularly write for the Global Pinoy Section of the Philippine Daily Inquirer. I have published several poems included in anthology and at the Philippine Graphics, one of the oldest magazine in the Philippines. I graduated Master's Degree in Women and Development at the University of the Philippines in Diliman.

What is Peace, Mother

Dedicated to those who perished in Bangkok Bombing

One day my Child asked me,
“Mother, why do people die?”

I told him, that is the cycle of
life. We were born, grow old
and die. Then he looked me
in the eyes.

“But those who were killed
in Erawan, are young, old and
children. Have they done wrong, Mother?”

“Was that war, Mother?”

“Would the world ends
before you grow old and
I grow up?”

By then, I was silenced. That
my Child is no longer
innocent. Intently, he gazed,

“Why, Mother, children have
to die in Syria, Africa,
everywhere even in Bangkok
my favorite place, where I
thought I would always be
safe?”

“Why Mother, there are

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beggars, looking for food in
the bin? Isn't it that we have
food, Oftentimes left rotten in the fridge?"

"How about peace Mother?
Tell me about it, is it when the
world is asleep and no one
bothers them?"

"Is it when I can play outside
With my friends without fear?"

Child, I said, Peace comes
when there is no greed or hatred;
when we are contented
and appreciate the beauty of life and
surrender everything to God.

We are here not just onlookers
emphatic to the sorrows of the
world, but as part of their lives
to give something from our hearts.

And then the Child asked once
more: "Then would it happen today?"

I hugged my Child
and whispered, "Yes, my Child.

Let's start it now."

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Christena A.V. Williams

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Christena AV Williams is a young Jamaican award-winning authorpoet/publisher and a History Major at the University of the West Indies, Mona. She wrote *Pearls among stones* which is available on Amazon, this book was first published by Canadian Brian Wrixon in 2013 of which earned her one of the most prestigious awards given to youths in her country. “The Prime Minister’s National youth awards for excellence in arts and culture.” This poet is an advocate for positive transformation of country, lives, and writes with passion and radical evoking feelings.

The world

The world I live in is full of hatred and sin
Only God can heal this land from deep within
The world is very beautiful with trees and colours
The country I live in is full of corruption
People dying of starvation
God is the only solution
We have the killer disease
I hope one day it will cease
In addition, bring peace to my land
I want to grow up in a world
Of love and appreciation
With no war
No disease
Moreover, being someone.

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Peace is always beautiful.

~ **Walt Whitman**



Fikile Mosasa

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Kikile Mosala . . .

His work has been published in various poetry platforms and online, he was also part of the greatest poetry anthology in 2014, The worldhealing-worldpeace poetry anthology volume one He believe in changing the world through poetry by watering the earth with comforting verses.

Connect with him at..... fikile.mosala3@gmail.com

World Healing, World Peace

Maybe Faith's fate
Every mind fed of hate
No time for checkmate
Plates of hate filled with red rain clots
And storms of violence are far to be cease
Man fed on man
Until then, my dear friend
Time wait no man
Evil sword cut deep
People walk spiritually dead
Innocents souls weep
Internally bleed

Maybe, one day the light will shine
Sun rays will bright the earth like a long-worn holy clothe
Until then dear mother
You'll walk like a cripple Queen
Singing prestigious rhymes
That will erase emotional stains
Drain every pain
And pull off the the earth
From darkness clouds,

Maybe, one day hell will go extinct
And moon shall give birth
To the new stars to radiate earth
The only way to go will be up, to heavenly paradise,

Maybe, one day
The stars shall lead
The moon shall tell tales of beautiful
Moonlight
And the universe warmth would
Calms the minds of troubled
Tell that of the sun
To radiance every corner
Until then, my father
God is the ruler,

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Maybe, today is the declaration
Of impassionate evil slaves
Hearts are full of hate
Satan has open hell gates
For the dead to fed on fresh flesh
Until then, dear brother humanity
Will cripple until death
With no signs of inner peace,
Maybe, today the 23-September-2015
Marked as the last hour
All human must
Return to their originality
As red rain drops surge all over
And God's light fade in darkness.

**This poem was written after the chaos coursed by gang called Romans in Bloemfontein (South Africa) 2015.09.23, a four year old boy was chopped up to death with a butcher knife, and many were stabbed by this gangstas. The world need restoration, peace and love had faded.*

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Neville Hiatt

Neville Hiatt otherwise known as The Bard from Ballarat is an Australian author who had his career as a radio announcer cut short. Still healing from the accident years later he now uses the written word to stay connected with the world outside of his four walls. He listens to the radio almost insistently to aid the fight against depression and anxiety. He writes from his own journey and those he has had the honour of sharing during his travels.

Through His Eyes

Through his eyes
I see compassion and hope
I see a reason to live
I see so many opportunities to give

Through his eyes
I see the world differently
I see needs I can meet
I see hearts yearning for more

Through his eyes
My life is wonderful
My life is ending
but today is

Today is another chance
To feel loved and share it
To know that before I go to bed tonight
I could
Save someone's life

Today is another opportunity
To be a shoulder to cry on
To be a caring ear

Today these fingers can type
An encouragement that might
just give someone enough to say

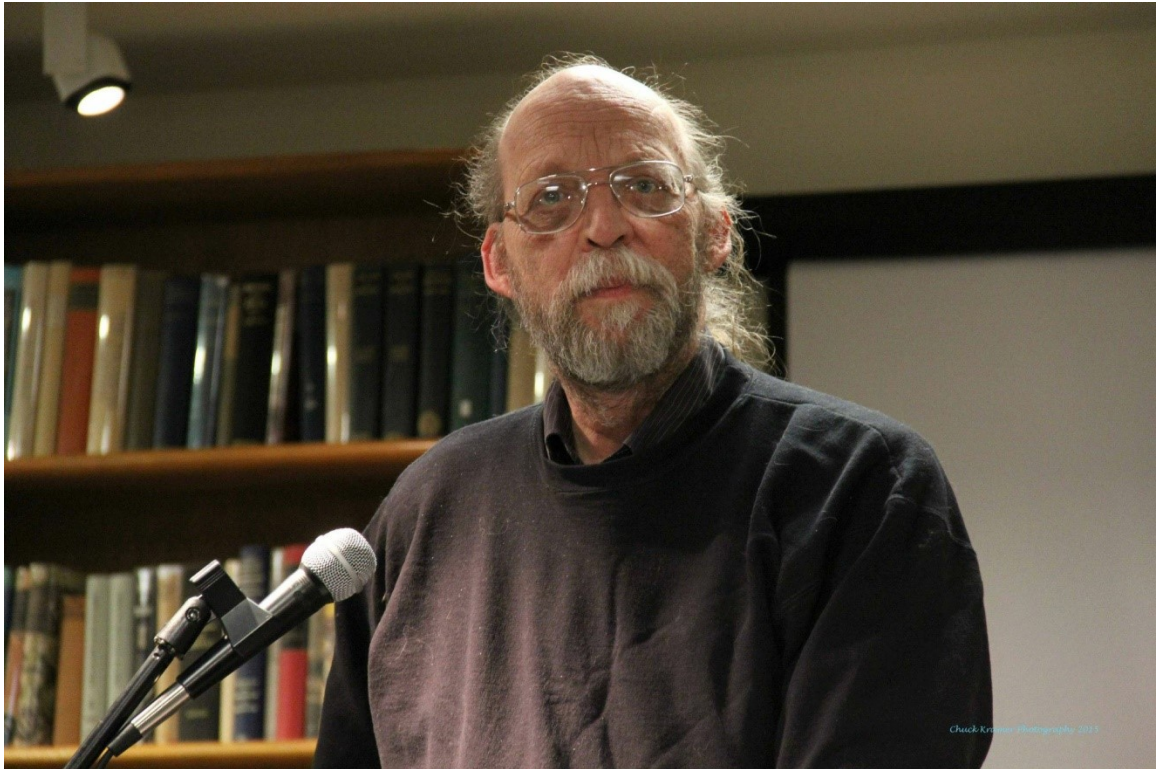
tomorrow

Time itself becomes subordinate to war. If only we could celebrate peace as our various ancestors celebrated war; if only we could glorify peace as those before us, thirsting for adventure, glorified war; if only our sages and scholars together could resolve to infuse peace with the same energy and inspiration that others have put into war.

Why is war such an easy option? Why does peace remain such an elusive goal? We know statesmen skilled at waging war, but where are those dedicated enough to humanity to find a way to avoid war. Every nation has its prestigious military academies - or so few of them - that reach not only the virtues of peace but also the art of attaining it. I mean attaining and protecting it by means other than weapons, the tools of war. Why are we surprised whenever war recedes and yields to peace?

~ **Elie Wiesel**

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Lennart Lundh

Lennart Lundh has been published as a poet, short-fiction writer, photographer, and military historian since 1965. He served a blue-water deployment with the Navy's Amphibious Ready Group Bravo in support of Marine Corps operations in South Vietnam during 1968 and 1969. In late 1970, he was discharged as a conscientious objector. Both events continue to influence his life and writing.

Elegy

Dig the small grave
and place the smaller body so,
just so. The chill May rain
and the warm human tears
falling on her head
will serve for the ritual
washing of this puppy,
barely two days old.

Some future digger after truth,
alien or human, kneeling with
trowel and brush at this grave,
will note in clear, careful script
the wonder that a people would
be so deliberate with the smallest
of their gods' creatures,
and so careless of themselves.

Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed.

~ UNESCO Constitution

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Alan W. Jankowski

Alan W. Jankowski is the award winning author of well over one hundred short stories, plays and poems. His stories have been published online, and in various journals including Oysters & Chocolate, Muscadine Lines: A Southern Journal, eFiction Magazine, Zouch, The Rusty Nail, and a few others he can't remember at the moment. His poetry has more recently become popular, and his 9-11 Tribute poem was used extensively in ceremonies starting with the tenth anniversary of this tragic event... He currently has one book out on Inner Child Press titled "I Often Wonder: a collection of poetry and prose." It is available directly from Inner Child at this link... <http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>

When he is not writing, which is not often, his hobbies include music and camera collecting. He currently resides in New Jersey. He always appreciates feedback of any kind on his work, and can be reached by e-mail at: Exakta66@gmail.com

When A Child Dies, The Whole World Cries

Two young brothers are left at home,
All by their lonesome selves,
The older one notices a new toy,
Sitting high up on a shelf.

He climbs up and brings on down,
What he believes is a toy gun,
He thinks about the games they'll play,
Boy this sure will be fun.

He aims the 'toy' at his little brother,
And shoots him in the head,
But that gun was not a toy at all,
And soon the three-year-old is dead.

When a child dies,
All the stuffed animals cry,
Alone on a shelf,
They sit by themselves,
In a cold lonely room,
Like a final tomb.

Johnny's tired of being bullied at school,
But every dog has its day,
Though all his classmates seem so mean,
Johnny will make sure they all pay.

The next day at school will be different,
From a knapsack he pulls out a gun,
Suddenly he starts shooting his classmates,
Shoots them in the back as they run.

Soon most of the class has been shot,
And their young bodies are lying there dead,
With one bullet left in the chamber,
Johnny puts the gun to his own head.

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When a child dies,
All the angels cry,
The tears flowing down,
On the sad little town,
It's a cold, cold rain,
But it won't numb the pain.

For Jose this is the biggest day in his life,
It's his gang initiation in the 'hood,
He must seek out a rival gang member,
With a couple of shots he'll be good.

Jose packs his piece and extra clips,
And his driver takes him to the spot,
He takes aim at his helpless victim,
And another is dead with just one shot.

But that one bullet it ricocheted,
You hear a young mother scream and cry,
As she realizes her young son is hit,
On a cold dark street he is left to die.

When a child dies,
The whole world cries,
All lives matter, big and small,
I ask you people, heed the call,
Please stop the hate, before it's too late,
For the future of us all.

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D.L. Davis

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I took on the role of a poet in 1987. It started with love letters to my high school sweetheart. Soon the letters I wrote became poems. Every time I got the urge to write something, it had to be poetic. Currently I am working on a new CD entitled, My Soul Told Me To. Some of my inspirations include Malcolm-Jamal Warner and The Artist, once again known as Prince. I am a versatile poet/spoken word artist with so much more to present to the world; taking on all stages. Please visit 1loveps.com for the latest and greatest.

#LivesMatter

If I die in police custody
is it my skin or my pen

Will it be Sunday night; Saturday evening
or any day in between. It's frightening
hell down right fucking scary how we
die in a blink of an eye with no probable cause and half investigation if any at all

They creep up on me
"DON'T MOVE! FREEZE!"
"OH SHIT! Is there a problem, overseer?"
All I got...is my Bic

You feel my flow. Hear how I spit
This is lethal. Sick and twisted
I could get a life sentence or electrocuted
I HAVE A DREAM speech ain't got shit on this piece
Now all my dreams turned nightmares are left for dead on Elm St.

It simply should not be. That we
are murdered constantly by the
very hands of a grand illusion named, justice
That was put into play to protect...us

Ain't that a fuckin' joke

Do Not Cross Police Line highlights the perimeter of a crime (an all too familiar) scene
Outlines of the fallen and gone too soon for no good goddamn reason
No matter time of year; summer, winter, spring, fall
it's always killing...see son

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If I die in police custody
is it the color of my skin or the truth behind my pen

Lately it's a sin to even greet the mornin'
I see way too many ropes 'round here. We
walk on tight ones and strung up from other ones
The fact that I was born black does not make me a threat from conception
Blurred vision; change your perception. Reality
isn't what it seems
Before we can claim Matrix, Agents done Reloaded and boxed us in again

Arrest first, ask questions later
Attack first, ask questions later
KILL FIRST!!

To hell with the questions, apparently the answers don't matter
but lives do



David O'Brien

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David is a writer, ecologist and teacher from Ireland. He has a degree in environmental biology and doctorate in zoology, specialising in deer biology. An avid wildlife enthusiast, much of David's non-academic writing, especially poetry, is inspired by wildlife and science. Some of his novels seek to describe the science behind the supernatural or the paranormal.

A long-time member of The World Wildlife Fund, David has pledged to donate 10% of his royalties on all his published books to that charity to aid endangered species and habitats. You can find out more and read some poems and short stories at <http://davidjmobrien.wordpress.com/>

The Shallow Harbour of Bangladesh

Standing upon the rise, beard growing icicles in the wind,
Eyes weeping from it and the fields falling frozen before him,
Drifts against dead hedges, reindeer shelter in leas,
Eking out the existence once thriving life with sheep,
When the warm rain came.

Crouching on dry gravel, shaking stones in fist,
Scatters, shaking head at emptiness,
Lizard skitters across pebbles, scavenging scarce parched seeds,
Sun beats upon neck back and all before, years,
Used to draw grains and vines once sustained by winter snow,
And spring showers that sprinkled flowers,
Now storms wash out ravines of dust and dried husks.

A man stands proud upon a prow, poling into treacherously turbid estuary
Drowned mangroves threaten to mire like the lost tiger,
Channel shallows past the Sundarbans, showing signs of past life,
Here and there stilts stick up that once held houses,
Where one would watch the Ganges disgorge slowly,
Switched around to see the sea swallow,
Several names of river back to the border,
Splitting into a harbour a hungry nation awaiting huddled upon the bank,
The man sailing over rice paddies,
Fishing upon his former fields.

If we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten
that we belong to each other.

~ **unknown**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Jason Constantine Ford

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Jason Constantine Ford is from Perth in Australia. He has over a hundred publications of poetry and fiction in various literary magazine, ezines and journals from around the world. Edgar Alan Poe and William Blake are his main influences. Bram Stoker is his main influence for fiction.

A Song of Hope

Although the words you wrote cannot be seen
Among a multitude of pastures green,
The words within the song remain inside my head.

A set of notes concerning what is true
Retain a sense of meaning that is passing through
Emotions deep as forms of hope are ones which spread.

I gaze into the pastures wide and try to find
Another song which heals the senses and the mind
Until I realise the way this song remains unique.

Each note reveals the depths of guiding care
Within a noble heart desiring to repair
The damage done to sentiments which leak.

My mind expands into a healthy attitude
Of opening eyes of mine with sense of gratitude
For fertile land you bought to cultivate grains.

As I am walking through an open field
With crops expected to make a healthy yield
Of grain, the song is pulsating in my veins.

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All works of love are works of peace.

~ **unknown**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Janet P. Caldwell

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Janet P. Caldwell has been published in newspapers, magazines, and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation*; 2003, *Passages*; 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues*; 2013. Janet has also contributed to countless anthologies. Janet is currently editing her 4th book, to be published by Inner Child Press. She is also working on a video project for the BBC.

She also had the good fortune to travel to Kosovo to participate in the International Poetry Festival. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

To contact her: www.janetcaldwell.com

The Wise Old Man

My feet picked up the dirt of the ages and sages
exploring carefully in sandals through a bombed out house.
It was only a skeleton, broken bones and needed crutches.
Anything to hold it up with a loving touch would suffice.

For miles I saw these ruins and for miles, I cried.
Where were the people who once inhabited them?
Were they still alive?
I could not understand the hate that had invaded them.

A small toothless man appeared and took my hand,
his skin was weathered like leather.
He was full of bullet holes and shrapnel
pierced his side. He simply smiled and glowed
as he began to tell me of the war that took his earthly life.

He told me of the ones that wanted control
of his life and land. The evil-doers are always
busy and close at hand. He held his ground
and to this day, walks the land telling stories
from that awful day.

He also told me to love my enemies
and I was shocked. This wise old man knew their fate
too, for there was no room for hate, only the promise
of better days, when you let go. Even in death
he takes this stand.

I was once asked why I don't participate in anti-war demonstrations. I said that I will never do that, but as soon as you have a pro-peace rally, I'll be there.

~ **Mother Theresa**



Norbert Gora

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

25-year-old poet and writer from Poland. Many of his Horror, SciFi and Romance Short Stories have been published in his home country. He is also the author of many poems in the English-language and poetry anthologies around the world.

Stop hurting

Violence as a rain clouds
orbits around uncovered heads,
waiting to shed first
bitter tears of pain.

A big rain from a small cloud,
every droplet burns like an acid,
leaves scars
more durable than ink.

Stop hurting,
heal the world,
pour the stream of love
in this huge heart, beating for us.

Its all veins
will reward you
singing of colorful birds,
leaves dancing on the wind.

Stop hiding the face
behind the mask
of aggression.

You will walk
a thorny path,
standing at her side.

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You will lose
all your strength.
Is it worth it?

Try to improve this world,
help tired mother
of million children
around the globe.

Join the wind,
who brings peace,
a common melody
of happiness.

Using bricks of goodness
to build your life
you can change
the cruel realities.



June Barefield

June Barefield is a writer, poet, & author. He currently resides in the Midwest, and is a United States Army veteran. His Hobbies include reading mostly, and maintaining his ever evolving collection of books. You may purchase his works and get connected at the website provided. June has authored three books : *B 4 the Dawn*; *The Journeyman*; and *Bang Get it Over With . . . 98 Percentiles*. Junes work can also be found in countless anthologies.

www.junebarefield.com

migrant

Fleet of foot & strong of heart

Tracing track ways, and opening up highways to greener pastures

Where the Master bows down low to the beginning student

begrudging him nothing for proper traction

MASSIVE

This inheritance of the relay race of a life

ACTIVE

Like rain

Wherever it falls this life waits for it, rejoices in it

Cherishes & shares in its opulence & splendor

Waiting again for its winds to blow

Calling upon the monsoon while the moon's aglow

Remember?

“son's & daughter's”

SOON.

Like a RED General in front of a mighty tank division

CrissCrossing islands and oceans

A willing participant

Reciprocal

A witness to the horror and the magnificence of fate

the maleficence of hate & destiny

&Love 4 life

&faith

Understanding confounded the entire way

Astounded by the order of the sun, the grace of the moon

Awakening almost sexual in nature, unknowingly nurtured in truth, as males pluck
females from stems of love like flowers groomed, and girded for this journey of joy
and of pain

While the brilliance, and benevolence of a starry night sings an ever mysterious interplay

The Life game strumming heavenly heartstrings for humanity, urgently slow

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

To sit back and merely watch the show is to miss its meaning, leaving the boat adrift less
one who would not row
To pass on this migratory baton
This life giving grail
A singular beauty
The delicate monarch of the butterfly's wing
Palpable, then indecipherable
Fixed on some mysterious cue from the superlative
Then passed down
This life giving grail
A singular beauty
Its brilliance fueled & retooled for the marathon that lies ahead
Endurance uncanny, lacking all but indomitable abilities, and agility
Forever evolving inevitably
Call it a migrant's cleverly orchestrated connectivity
Gorging on the tender milk weed of serenity, with all that it holds
From moment to moment, moving
Embracing its complexities, maniacally feasting, minimized and then trivialized
In the margin's, marginalized and then realized
AGAIN.
Anchored by a silken, miraculous freedom born a new
AGAIN.
Frantically grasping a hold of this baton being passed
Old hate's dashed we learn to appreciate
Generations burrowed inside DNA dipped in hope, and faith
We learn& we love as we wait, while we move
Grow & learn a universal truth
The child's eye the guide
Our den is peace and this duties' never done, this race already won
A migration of the Son
This life giving grail
This beauty

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

In an antic dance born of instinct, and desperation
Fantastically fancied, forever taking shape, forming out of the ferment, the torment of
disgrace, shame, hate
And the debasement of man's greater "self"
Decapitation of the head from the nape
Frantically picking up the pace remaining in the same place
Wandering alone jousting and jostling, scattering the stones of affection
Gathering them again through affliction
Afflicted.
Mastering the globe, and oceans & space, duly noting the notion of grace
Nefariously devoted to something, running this race lost
Racing ahead blindly like the seasons chasing the winters first frost
Found again.
Re-birthing the miracle
Re-thinking the spiritual
Miraculous.
Never a friend like this
This singular beauty
This life giving grail
Compelled to move
WE MIGRATE.

The word *liberal* comes from the word *free*. We must cherish and honor the word *free* or it will cease to apply to us.

~ **unknown**



Diamond Ryan

Diamond Ryan (Born 1958 Present). A divorced mother of three, an African American poet, singer, songwriter and painter. Diamond Ryan wrote her first book, *31 Days In October* in 2007. More books would follow. Her writing style is often a visionary journey through the trials, tribulations, and conquests of her survival through unthinkable hardships.

Other books are: *Red Stick Diaries*, *Betrayal*, *My Big Book of Be*, *Pocketbook Poetry*. Ms. Ryan's thoughts, observations and expressions serve as a testimony to her strengths and an inspiration to those seeking the sharing of her words for their own empowerment.

In Others' Shoes

People fleeing,
People dying...
You've heard it on the news.
You've seen the sick and hungry.
Seen the ones without shoes.

It takes more than just donations.
It takes more than just debates.
With all the decisions and indecision.
Thousands are dying, they can't wait.

Too much anger, hate and judging.
Greed and power, power and greed.
Too little loving for no reason.
Not enough giving to those with needs.

Not enough looking out for women...
Not enough protecting every child...
Not enough laying down of weapons...
Why couldn't we try it for a while?

Bombs keep bombing tiny villages.
Bursting daily overhead.
Mothers praying for their babies...
As fathers are counted among the dead.

We're all one on this planet
With the power each to choose...
To demand a world at peace
Its the least that we could do

Some things would never be forgotten,
Some people would never be abused,
Some wars would never be started,
If we just put ourselves...
In others' shoes.

It isn't enough to talk about peace. One must believe in it. And it isn't enough to believe in it. One must work at it.

~ **Eleanor Roosevelt**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Nikitha Hingad

Nikitha Hingad is a young woman from Bengaluru, India. She is a graduate in commerce and is currently pursuing her academic interests. She writes poetry in her free time and shares it with her close friends. Her other interests include art, dance, music and reading. As a child, she was exposed to books of varied genres such as philosophy, fiction, comic, self-help etc. Writing a book was always her dream. She recently published her collection of poems called 'Philia and Sophia' which is available on all online stores. Her poems are also published in poetry anthology such as Silver Lining and Gust of wits. Her short story is published in Deep tales.

35

World is a global village
Technology growing at infinite pace
But internet has created cage
Rich and poor separated further by space
Wider and wider gap grows at rapid speed
Inequality reached at its peak
When shall Government pay heed
Of the poor, helpless and weak
Companies are ruled by elite families
Economy taking over ecosystem
Talent is not paid fair fees
Inequality is their anthem
So how do we surround ourselves by river of love?
Build a bridge of fairness and equality?
We must start from right now
Bring back human life's dignity
The game of unfairness is everywhere
Politics and relationships have their share
Kill the inequality, play it fair!!!!
Let us love respect and care!!!

“Darkness cannot drive out darkness: only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate: only love can do that.”

~ **Martin Luther King Jr.**



Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

I am Iram Fatima 'Ashi'. I am nonresident Indian staying in Saudi Arabia. I was born and raised in India. I have lived in different places and explored different people and their cultures. I am currently working as an Editor in chief of 'Reflection online magazine'. Internationally, my work is published in Canada and US. I feel blessed on being honored by 'achievement award' in India.

I like reading, writing, painting, listening to music and observing nature. I take inspiration from real life, nature and anything which touches me. I am a poetess, writer, painter and overall an artist by heart.

Is School is for killing ?

A building is suddenly turned into battle field,
A virtuous place where knowledge is worshipped,
Teachers, the second parents, worried for little beings,
A shock which shakes every mankind, dreadful, terrible!

Merciless killers are doing their job, at their best,
Books, bags, shoes are dipped in red smelly blood,
Broken, trembling bodies struggling to touch death,
Few hastened to search the path to save themselves.

Flesh, gash, pain, panic, terror, screams are all around,
Innocents were calling their mothers and few even to God
In the hope that one miracle would take them out of it,
Bullet rounds, hand grenades, knife, fire were snatching lives.

Everyone is rushing, running, shouting for their being,
Death was chasing everywhere: so helpless, so vulnerable,
Teachers are killed; Principal is blasted for no reason,
To whom should they go, to hide and ask for protection?

Oh Almighty! Please stop this massacre, the bloodbath
Before we mislay hope, save this species, which has gone berserk,
A man is killed by man and now its turn of our little angels,
Spread peace and harmony everywhere for the sake of earth.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

“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 live as one.”

~ **John Lennon**

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Dr. Kapardesi Estichia

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Dr. Kapardeli Eftichia has a Doctorate from ARTS AND CULTURE WORLD ACADEMY.

Born in Athens and lives in Patras. She writes poetry, stories, short stories, xai-kou , essays, and novels. She studied journalism AKEM (Athenian training center), University of Cyprus in Greek culture. She has many awards in national competitions and is a member of the IWA (international writers), the world poets society.

The official website is,

<http://world-poets.blogspot.com/> POETAS DEL MUNDO

For more information, see links below:

<https://www.facebook.com/PPdM.Mundial>

<http://worldpeaceacademy.blogspot.com/2010/10/poets-for-world-peace.html>

<https://www.facebook.com/kapardeli.eftichia>

Of sacrifice and love

Oh! Simplicity
endless soul
Persons meets
many flowers
a beauty you bruise

And your flower Selected
the weather and
Love the beams of the sun scatters

Sacrifice and Love
meet each other in the middle of the times
a hidden sheet
among the crowds
noise of the souls

sacrifice and love
the heap of wheat
the harvesting of fields
tilted, bent on timeless century
the largest spike

Love and sacrifice
a winning body
The heart and soul overflows
shoots similar in stature
the miracle
sovereign, inseparable

And the fate of the unbound members
the same paper
the same prayer
Joined credit
the holy kiss grows
sacrifice and love

Της Θυσίας και της Αγάπης

*Ω! απλότητα
Απέραντη ψυχή
Τα πρόσωπα σμίγει
τόσα λούλουδα σε
μια ομορφιά έχεις κενθήσει*

*Και ο ανθός σου διαλεχτός
στον καιρό και στην
Αγάπη ηλιοχωρίζει*

*Θυσία και αγάπη
ανταμώνουν στην μέση των καιρών
σε κρυφό λογισμό
ανάμεσα στα πλήθη
στους θορύβους των ψυχών*

*Θυσία και αγάπη
στο σωρό του σιταριού
από το θέρισμα των αγρών
έγειρε ,λύγισε στον άχρονο αιώνα
το μεγάλο στάχυ*

*Αγάπη και θυσία
σε ένα νικητήριο σώμα
η ψυχή και η καρδιά ξεχειλίζει
βλαστοί όμοιοι στο ανάστημα
στο θάμα
κυρίαρχοι ,αξεχώριστοι*

*Και η μοίρα στα άδετα μέλη
στην ίδια βίβλο
στην ίδια προσευχή
στης πίστης
το άγιο φιλί μεγαλώνει
Θυσία και αγάπη*



Amir Or

AMIR OR, published 12 poetry books in Hebrew and 20 in Europe, America and Asia. His poems were translated into more than 40 languages. His awards include the Prime Minister's Prize, Fulbright Award for Writers, the Oeneumi Poetry Prize, Tetovo 2010, the Wine Poetry prize of the SPE 2013 and the Stefan Mitrov Ljubisa international literary award 2014, as well as numerous fellowships in Europe and the U.S. His translations into Hebrew, include *The Gospel of Thomas*, *Stories from the Mahabharata* and *Anthology of Erotic Greek Poetry*. Or studied philosophy and comparative religion, and lectured on ancient Greek religion at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. In 1990 he founded Helicon Poetry Society where he has been Editor-in-Chief of *Helicon's* journal and poetry books, founded and directed Sha'ar poetry festival and set up the *Hebrew-Arabic Poetry School* and developed its methods. He has taught creative writing and trained teachers in Israel, Europe and the US. Or is a founding member of the European Association of Writing Programs. He serves as national coordinator of the U.N.-sponsored Poets for Peace and as national editor for the poetry magazine Atlas.

The Barbarians (Round Two)

It was not in vain that we awaited the barbarians,
it was not in vain that we gathered in the city square.
It was not in vain that our great ones put on their official robes
and rehearsed their speeches for the event.
It was not in vain that we smashed our temples
and erected new ones to their gods;
as proper we burnt our books
that have nothing in them for people like that.
As the prophesy foretold the barbarians came,
and took the keys to the city from the king's hand.
But when they came they wore the garments of the land,
and their customs were the customs of the state;
and when they commanded us in our own tongue
we no longer knew when
the barbarians had come to us.

(Translated from Hebrew by Vivian Eden)

הַבְּרָכָּיִם: סְבוּבַּ לְשָׁנָי

לֹא לְשׂוֹא חַסִּינוּ לְבְרָכָיִם

.לֹא לְשׂוֹא נִקְהַלְנוּ בְּכַפֵּר הָעִיר

לֹא לְשׂוֹא עָטוּ גְדוּלְיֵנוּ אֶת בְּגָדֵי כְבוֹדָם

.וְשָׁנְנוּ אֶת נְאוּמָם לְכַבוֹד הַמְּאָרֶע

לֹא לְשׂוֹא נִמְצָנוּ מִקְדָּשֵׁינוּ

; וּבְנִינוּ אַחֲרֵי לְאֵלֵיהֶם

כִּדְת שְׂרָפְנוּ אֶת סִפְרֵינוּ

.אֲשֶׁר אֵין חֶפֶץ בָּם לְאֲנָשִׁים כְּאֵלֶּה

, כִּדְבַר הַנְּבוּאָה בָּאוּ הַבְּרָכָיִם

.וְנִטְלוּ מִיַּד הַמֶּלֶךְ אֶת מִפְתָּחוֹת הָעִיר

, אֲדָּ בְבוֹאָם עָטוּ לְבוּשׁ כְּלָבוּשׁ הָאָרֶץ

; וּמְנַהֲגִים הָיָה מְנַהֵג הַמְּדִינָה

, וְעַת צְוּוּ עָלֵינוּ בְּלִשׁוֹנֵנוּ

לֹא יִדְעֵנוּ עוֹד מִתִּי

.בָּאוּ הַבְּרָכָיִם



Santosh Bakava

Although she has a doctorate in political theory, Santosh Bakaya is passionate about Literature, having made a mark both in prose and poetry. Her three mystery novels, [The mystery of the Relic, The mystery of the Jhalana fort and The mystery of the Pine cottage]for young adults were very well received. Flights from my terrace, her e-book of 58 essays was published on Smashwords in October 2014, and critically acclaimed.

Ballad of Bapu, a poetic biography of Mahatma Gandhi, published by Vitasta publishers, Delhi, recently, is also being critically acclaimed internationally. Her essays on Mahatma Gandhi and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. have been published in Gandhi Marg, a quarterly journal of GANDHI PEACE FOUNDATION.

She also conferred with the prestigious International Reuel Award for writing and literature 2014, for her long poem OH HARK!, which now forms part of THE SIGNIFICANT ANTHOLOGY and also won the INCREDIBLE WOMAN OF THE YEAR 2015 award.

A lover's song

Dedicated to Antoine Leiris, who lost his wife in the Bataclan theatre in Paris

Helene, I loved you with an over whelming heart

Twelve years back

When I fell in love with you, and still do.

Those romantic candle light dinners

Those stolen kisses

That laughter unbridled

You will not come back to my fold

But to my heart I will hold

Your gift – our seventeen month old!

The other day he lisped and you lisped with him

You chortled, when he chortled

These memories will be forever bottled

In my broken heart.

A heart, ah, so cruelly broken by hate

Ah, this anguish is great.

These streets will not be the same again

Pockmarked as they are with pain.

My heart bleeds for those times of yore

These times are now drenched in gore

In this city, once home, listlessly I roam.

Let me go feed Melvil, my little dove

With love , and try singing his favorite lullaby

Helene, goodbye

Paris will weep

But, beloved, you sleep

Till we meet again,

Where there is no hate, no pain.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

My heart bleeds for the haters too
I will shame them
By my eternal love for you.
Sleep, my loving wife,
Helene, I will now live my life
With our son, our tiny seventeen month old.
His smile will warm me in days cold.
The show will go on,
Rest assured, haters, I will not hate you
But Melvil, and I, with our love will make you rue
Your corrosive hate
Just watch and wait



Bob McNeil

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

After years of being a professional illustrator, spoken word artist and writer, Bob McNeil still wants his work to express one cause—justice.

Reverend King

Reverend,
Your words are elixirs,
Compassion-enlivened mixtures,
Laboring to emancipate heads
From their hatred.

May each person love
As well as you.
May each person love
As well as you.

Reverend,
Your visions,
Those mountain-thriven dreams,
Gleed compassionately
As Heaven's unsegregated denizens.

May each person love
As well as you.
May each person love
As well as you.

Reverend,
Your Lord Book existence
Has chapters for generations
To comprehend the mending
Greatness of allegiance.

May each person love
As well as you.
May each person love
As well as you.

“It's so hard to forget pain, but it's even harder to remember sweetness. We have no scar to show for happiness. We learn so little from peace.”

~ **Chuck Palahniuk**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Keena Prasad

Reena Prasad is a poet/writer from India, currently living in Sharjah (United Arab Emirates). Her poems have been published in several anthologies and journals e.g. The Copperfield Review, First Literary Review-East, Angle Journal, Poetry Quarterly etc. She is also the Destiny Poets UK's, Poet of the year for 2014 and one of the editors of The Significant Anthology released in 2015. She can be read at Butterflies Of Time

I Know You, Peace

You were there when fences weren't
when the gates had no locks
when the children could play in the streets
and steal guavas from the neighbour's tree
I have seen you soar when a death occurred
when all around people gathered to mourn
but none were blamed because all were family

Now they search for you
in cordoned off marketplaces
in the hushed school prayer-meetings
and in the walled off streets
Across mine-blasted fields
while digging trenches for children to hide
Wishing you were there
to help them survive

But you never come
You do not sit on our high walls
nor on barbed wire
nor in hearts glinting with ominous shards
You too cannot bear the wails, little Dove
the blood wept by the women
the broken toys in the bloody rain

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Still they will come for you, Peace
with candle light marches and flaming torches
to every hide-out of yours
Your pristine wings, a memory
goring the red out of them
to wrench a few feathers from your frail body
and proclaim a pyrrhic victory

Can't you go forth and multiply
Soar and storm the skies?
Neutralize the blaze crimson?
Shower a cloudburst of white rain?
Sing as if you will never leave again?

We will feed you, Dove
with grain
with love
with our lives if need be.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Bismay Mohanty

Bismay Mohanty, a poet of international fame from India, is the youngest poet to be featured in Year of the Poet-II January edition. Currently doing his in graduation Computer Science and Engineering, he is quite active in literary sessions.

Writing poems since the fourth grade, Bismay says, “The reason behind everything big is always small. The tiniest of thoughts can give rise to the greatest imaginations of beauty and inspiration. It is the work of a poet to bring magic into words and give life to the world of imaginations.”

His works cover aspects of romance, nature, human tendency, society and inspiration.

He can be mailed at bismaymohanty.97@gmail.com

The Culprit

A name that lionized once
Exemplifying crystal goodness
Dwindles now amidst the crowd
For an instinct extravagance
Who loved once, now fear
The name that lies in darkness.

'The culprit' now reminisces
All that made his past.
Endurance long did he face but
Long didn't his freedom last.
Joy comes slow and with struggle
Folly! He wanted it fast.

The culprit earlier envied people
With love, money and other wealth
Unlike winners, he failed to stand alone
In himself he did lose faith.
Burning desires made evil rhetorical
Pity the age evil ignite stealth.

Forbidden fruits he dared to reach
Stranger he felt on being a deuce.
He cherished at the illusion
Of walking on a supreme avenue.
Everything comes with a price, he forget
Now the Devil waited for his revenue.

Blindfolded by the espy of interim wealth
Wealth of humanity has become a fiction.
Just of the self he kept ruminating on
Never thought of the innocent's malediction
He who snatched several dreams by his desire
Awaited for him the much deserved destination.

In his cell, his sleep now breaks
As the moonlight seeks him in murky.
The joy in seasons are lost forever
Burning passions depleted of intensity
Time passed with thoughts of past and future
Alas! Immature insanity changed his destiny.



Roseville Nidea

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Roseville Nidea is from Philippines. She is a member of Asia Pacific Writers and Translators Association, Poets with Voices Strong and of the movement Needs of Women International. Her poetry has appeared in anthologies published in the United States of America, Canada and in the United Kingdom. Her recent participation includes Greek Fire (2015) “Nature” 2015 Edition of DoveTales, An International Journal of the Arts by Writing for Peace, Women of One World (2015) and Journeys Along the Silk Road (2015)

Peaceful March

I live in the land where death does not fall from heaven
Does not rise from down under
Does not come from a mouth of a machine.

Many see this green land a land of peace

“You are peaceful people, no doubt,”
said my Greek friend.
In the eyes of the outsiders --- yes, maybe
We are living in the absence of war--

Maybe they just forgot that
War comes in different form.

Death comes to us from our everyday table
Tell me, is there a difference between this death
and the death that falls from heaven
if both are thieves of today and tomorrow?

Death comes to us from the roads
And from the no-ending construction of roads to “deceitful progress”
Tell me, is there a difference between these deaths and the death
that comes from the mouth of a machine gun if
they are all made of the same element: business?

There is no difference, if not
For the less-insane minds of my countrymen
to fight with these deaths without shedding blood
For the greater courage of the hearts of those who know
how to march, in resistance, without darkening their eyes.

Marching with slogans up without blacken-ing our eyes,
Is not impossible, EDSA Revolution can tell.
Marching peacefully in the battlefield
Is not impossible, only if
We choose to.

“An eye for an eye will only make the whole world blind.”

~ **Mahatma Gandhi**



Lonneice M. Weeks-Badley

Lonneice M. Weeks-Badley the author volunteers as a chaplain, minister, intercessor of the Lord; she writes, is an entrepreneur, and the owner of Rajahne's Gifted Hands at Work Abundance of Unique`Nes/Inspired Books. She lives in humble appreciation of the blessings the Lord has given to her to use her for His glory. It would be most appropriate to conclude her book with her own words on the gifts for which she expresses her thanks daily:

for more about Lonneice go to :

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/lonneice-weeks-badley>

www.simplylonne.com

simplylonne@gmail.com

facebook.com/lonneice.weeksbadley

THE ESSENCE OF GOD'S LAW of LOVE

The Essence of God's Law of Love
Demonstrates Him deep inside of us
It's told in the beginning
The bible speaks His truth
This is NOT new news
This is what the LORD is sending

The Essence of God's Law of Love
So we can all grow
In His Great Law of Love
As He tells us so
There's no condescending
Of another—
My LOVE is never ending
Just do this for me

The Essence of God's Law of Love
Fear (respect) the LORD your **God**,
Walk in all His ways
Love Him; every day,
Serve Him; as you pray,
Guess what else you can do
Share what He gave to you
Unconditional Love; that's so true
with family, friends and strangers too

The Essence of God's Law of Love
Can you do this for me?
With all your heart and with all your soul
For this is my breathtaking and ultimate goal; ever told
My Law of Love will always live in Him and Him in me
For this is The Essence of God's Law of Love
Inside He that BELIEVE...

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

“Peace begins with a smile..”

~ **Mother Teresa**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Kimberly Burnham

Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, she discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions/>

<http://www.InnerChildMagazine.com/The-Community-of-Humanity.php>

From Fractured to Fractals

Seeing intricate splendor
everywhere
a tree breathing out for me
gratitude for breath
heals my spirit

Appreciating interconnectedness
one joined to one
equals wholeness
webs of belonging
heals my mind

Loving the earth
gently taking a little
giving back some
running lightly
free on this tender planet
heals my body

Noticing there and here
the way forward
paths ahead
hugging laughing acknowledging
diverse reflections
heals my community

Hoping in the face
seemingly insurmountable challenges
my hand fits in yours
along a piece of land
peacefully knowing
we stand together again
heals my world

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

“You cannot find peace by avoiding life.”

~ **Virginia Woolf**



Gary Williams

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

I am a writer and I have one poetry book published called *Praying for Eternal Sunshine*. I am from Chicago, IL and was born November 16 1980. I've been writing since I was 17. My influences are rappers, movie and TV show directors.

The World

Pray for the world in these rough times.

Listen to these words and handcuff lines.

We need God even more during these tough times.

We have to pay for every sin and it is a huge fine.

We can't do random acts of violence because it's enough crime.

We would rather be in shackles as if our ancestors didn't do enough time.

The streets and internet has us brainwashed.

Pray for Chicago, this country, and people overseas.

I know God can see over trees that's why I'm on my knees.

I'm living this so called life like it's a game trying not to foul out.

I hope I can reach the heavens and let God know I want to talk.

Learn how to love your brother and spread peace to the world.

I have this phone trying to dial out.

God knows what's inside my vault.

I hope society gets better so I pray for the world.

“Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing
and rightdoing there is a field.
I'll meet you there.

When the soul lies down in that grass
the world is too full to talk about.”

~ **Rumi**



Keith Alan Hamilton

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Keith is a Social Activist Artist, Author, Publisher, Editor, Mystic Philosopher, the creator of the book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die ! – the Images with Words Series: on the Road with ~Keith Alan Hamilton~ and the Muse Series. Keith writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is also an exhibited social activist artist. His Slavery in America Image with Words Collection ~ Virginia Edition is currently being shown at The Urban Individualist Artist Collective Gallery at Art Works in Richmond, VA.

Keith's websites:

<http://keithalanhamilton.com/>

<http://natureiq.com>

<http://thehamiltongalleryonline.com>

~ peace out humanity ~

a fruitless sentiment
ineffectual communication
if planted with a seed
barren of
the right kind
and amount of
direct action

he is my friend and mentor
part of
the reason
why I've turned up
the dial for the heat of ~
the societal stove
as a social activist
performance artist
I use this kind of ~
direct action art
to create a body metaphor
while participating in an event
like a marathon
I artistically wear
black running clothes with a hood
a symbolism for bringing back
the light
out of ~
the darkness
hidden social ills
that plague THE HUMAN RACE
to be aired out
and confronted through
the healing process of
dialogue
that will lead humanity
to a healthy
and peaceful coexistence

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

~ peace out humanity ~
a fruitless sentiment
ineffectual communication
if planted with a seed
barren of
the right kind
and amount of
direct action
this mentor and friend
of ~
mine
has shown
the world and to me
his propensity towards peace
not violence
he took part in orchestrating
a variation to direct action
the pouring of ~
blood
like the biblical sacrifice
on draft records
in the late sixties
he went to jail
for this public casting in stone
as if a reenactment
the once again etching of ~
one of ~
the ten commandments
“thou shall not kill”
an ideological purpose
communicated in a way
to bring this
punctuation mark
attention to
that humane cause
called PEACE
I’ve stayed at his home
went to the local flea market

where he ~ his better half
and fellow comrades
engage the people
with their social activist
type of ~
message
I have discussed at length
with him
about the methodology of ~
direct action
at times as pointed
as an arrow shot to the heart
the pros and cons of ~
its ability
to effectively communicate
to the people
as far as
the way to obtain
world healing
a kind of ~
direct act
that communicates
a healing dialogue
among We the people
that would
eventually
create an environment
that leads to world peace
and where sometimes
the type of ~
direct action used
could receive more attention
thus distracting away
.... obscuring
the message
being communicated
for the cause
~ peace out humanity ~

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

a fruitless sentiment
ineffectual communication
if planted with a seed
barren of
the right kind
and amount of

direct action
he helped critique
and wrote an endorsement
for the first book in my series
Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive,
Not Die !
a spiritual
poetic ~ prose essay
through the eyes of ~
a mystic
about seeing the value of ~
proactively working together
to improve
the overall well-being of ~
humanity
a community stew type of ~
direct action
a proactively humane
social process
taken on
communicated appropriately
and advanced
by We the people
ALL of ~
THE HUMAN RACE
as one race
no matter
the color of ~
skin
sex
gender
nationality

ethnicity
culture or belief
a diversity of
ingredients
tasty enough for all
filled with the right kind of
nutrients
that nutritiously stirs
a dialogue for healing
within human
collective consciousness
a paradigm shift of ~
enlightenment
that through a process of
intelligent progression
future generations of
THE HUMAN RACE
become the creators of ~
World Healing
where such a direct action
effectively communicated
will spiritually lead
a healed humankind
to a loving coexistence of ~
World Peace

~ peace out humanity ~

a fruitless sentiment
ineffectual communication
if planted with a seed
barren of
the right kind
and amount of
direct action
he is my friend and mentor
social/peace activist David Eberhardt

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

“Nobody can hurt me without my permission.”

~ **Mahatma Gandhi**



Dr. Prahalad Satpathy

Dr. Prahallad Satpathy is a bilingual poet writing both in Odia and English. To his credit his poems have been published in National Anthology like **Scaling Heights** and International Anthology on global harmony and peace, HAPPY ISLE, FEELINGS INTERNATIONAL, In Odia he has three collection of poems. He was the honorary member of Odisha Sahitya Academy for two consecutive terms since 2008. He hails from Bolangir(Odisha, India)

Dept. of Economics

Rajendra(Auto) College, Bolangir-767001

E-mail:- prahallad4@gmail.com

(Odisha, India)

Each falling leaf has a story

Having closed the door to words
I am alone, though n't lonely
Sharing bed with feelings

I know as to how my face pines for a mirror
May the mirror be a broken one
Habituated being my face since long with the mirror
Each piece of glass reflects my decimated parts
I am yet to see my face in total

But still the mirror allures my face
My face do have the deserted look of a post-riot town
That awaits anxiously for the normalcy to return
Shutters of the eyes are closed
Praying as if before the God
No sound, errie silence everywhere

Each falling leaf has a story to tell
Of rootlessness and the trees are mute spectators
Ponds are immobile, differently abled
At times blows the breath of an alienated city
Like that of a typhoon
Speed of the wind no doubt matters
But not for an orphan, dilapidated roofless, thatched
Muddy structure

The face do have lips
But mute, tongueless, always closed
Silently something it deciphers
They say it song!
Once again words knock at heart's door
Feelings negotiate with words
Once again my cracked body gets healed up
Blood circulates in veins
The trees whisper
And it seems as if poetry rooted to its soil
Once again.

“Fighting for peace is like screwing for virginity.”

~ **George Carlin**



Anna Jakubczak vel Ratty Adalan

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. She is a young Polish poet, the main editor of E-Magazine “Horizon” and student on Journalism and Social Communication at the University in Szczecin. She collaborates with Association of Polish Writers also Polish and international magazines.

In 2013 she published her debut book „Ars Poetica”. Her poems were included in five American anthologies published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House Avenue U Publications”. And in two Polish collections “Helpful word” and “From the old case”. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Stya University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

Rose of Jerycho

1.

Tell me why you cause that your life
becomes like a desert full of stones.
Why are you crying from the pain
instead of to shake down sand?
My sandy boy,
your tears never will fertilize the new way.

Chorus

Don't be afraid.
Do you remember that meeting,
She was little ruffle,
pretended that withered.
Pure Jerycho
carrying burden of the mask.

2.

Why do you fear for every step,
Being stronger than desert crystals.
My sandy boy
take your hat and listen
into the voice of Levant behind the horizon
that whispers about (un)known.

Chorus

Don't be afraid.
Do you remember that meeting,
She was little tousled,
feigned lovesick.
Pure Jerycho
carrying burden of mask.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

3.

Even if doesn't rain,
find it in yourself.
Feel, how the old land crumbles underfoot.
Like Pure Jerycho... x2

Follow with the voice of Levant...

Chorus
Dont be afraid... (...)

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, AKA, Zakir Flo was born in Brooklyn, New York. His education includes Brooklyn College, Suffolk County Community College and Makkah, Saudi Arabia. He is a Veteran of the Viet-Nam era. In 1969 he reverted to teaching, activism and striving to enhance and enlighten humanity in the spirit of enjoining the good and forbidding evil first starting with himself.

Spiritually this effort includes his persona of "Zakir Flo " Zakir means to remind in Arabic. Never silent, Shareef Abdur- Rasheed is always dropping science, love, consciousness and signs of the times in rhyme. He has co-authored many anthologies published by Inner Child Press. One prominent undertaking is as a regular member of the " Poetry Posse " which is published monthly, and features new poets, in "The Year Of The Poet " also published by Inner Child Press every month since January 2014.

For more information go to:

www.innerchildpress.com

[shareef.abdurrasheed1@facebook.com](https://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1)

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

peace...

unto the humble
truth seeking,
to be meeker!
do'ers and speakers
through words and
deeds!

peace...

to the mother nursing
her baby through
miraculous means
bestowed from the
unseen from the
one (1) who knows
all things!
he who when he wants
a thing says "Be!"
is the only source of
peace to you and me!

Al-Salaam, he Allah (swt)
is the author of peace!

peace..

be unto those who turn
only to him, who is the only
path to achieve... peace!
receive relief!
be at ease!

peace...

be unto them
who,
on them shall be no fear!
who,
on them shall be no grief!

“You have peace,” the old woman said, “when you make it with yourself.”

~ **Mitch Albom**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Chandrajit Mitra

I am Chandrajit Mitra, a retainer journalist working for The Telegraph (Calcutta – India) and a second year under graduate student of journalism studies. Writing poetry is my passion alongside music and reading books. I am an avid supporter of the local art scene here and also belong to a local poets’ group. My interests also include jazz music, modern classics and modern poetry. I also run a blog (<http://chandrajitmitra.blogspot.in>) where I post my poetries sometimes.

Whisper of peace

Now, when the war is over

Look at your wasted youth

That spat itself out

From the eyes of brides,

Drunk in the misery

Of an orphaned child.

Go seek a smile if you can

From the warm used shells,

Go wipe a tear of those

Who'd miss their father's hug.

I wonder much why the world

Circles around hatred!

Even flowers bear thorns

But still makes love to bees.

“Grudges are for those who insist that they are owed something; forgiveness, however, is for those who are substantial enough to move on.”

~ **Criss Jami**



Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Dimitris P. Kraniotis is an award-winning Greek poet and medical doctor. He was born in 1966 in Stomio (Larissa) in central Greece. He lives and works as a physician in Larissa (Greece). He is the author of 7 poetry books, Editor-in-Chief of the Anthology "World Poetry 2011" and one of the 76 co-authors of the Global Harmony Association's book "The ABC of Harmony" (candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize 2013). He is Academician (Academy Tiberina of Rome & International Academy of Micenei, Italy), Doctor of Literature (World Academy of Arts & Culture), President of the 22nd World Congress of Poets (Greece 2011), President of the World Poets Society (WPS), Vice-President of the United Poets Laureate International (UPLI), Ambassador in Greece of "Poetas del Mundo", Universal Peace Ambassador (Universal Ambassador Peace Circle & Universal Peace Embassy). He has won international awards for his poetry which has been translated into 20 languages.

Ode to the Peace Hero

You were born once

for a thousand revolutions.

You died once

with a thousand resurrections.

You enlightened eternal ideals

into chests full of dreams.

You blew poets' words

into harmonious winds.

You got hurt by faceless wounds,

slapped injustices,

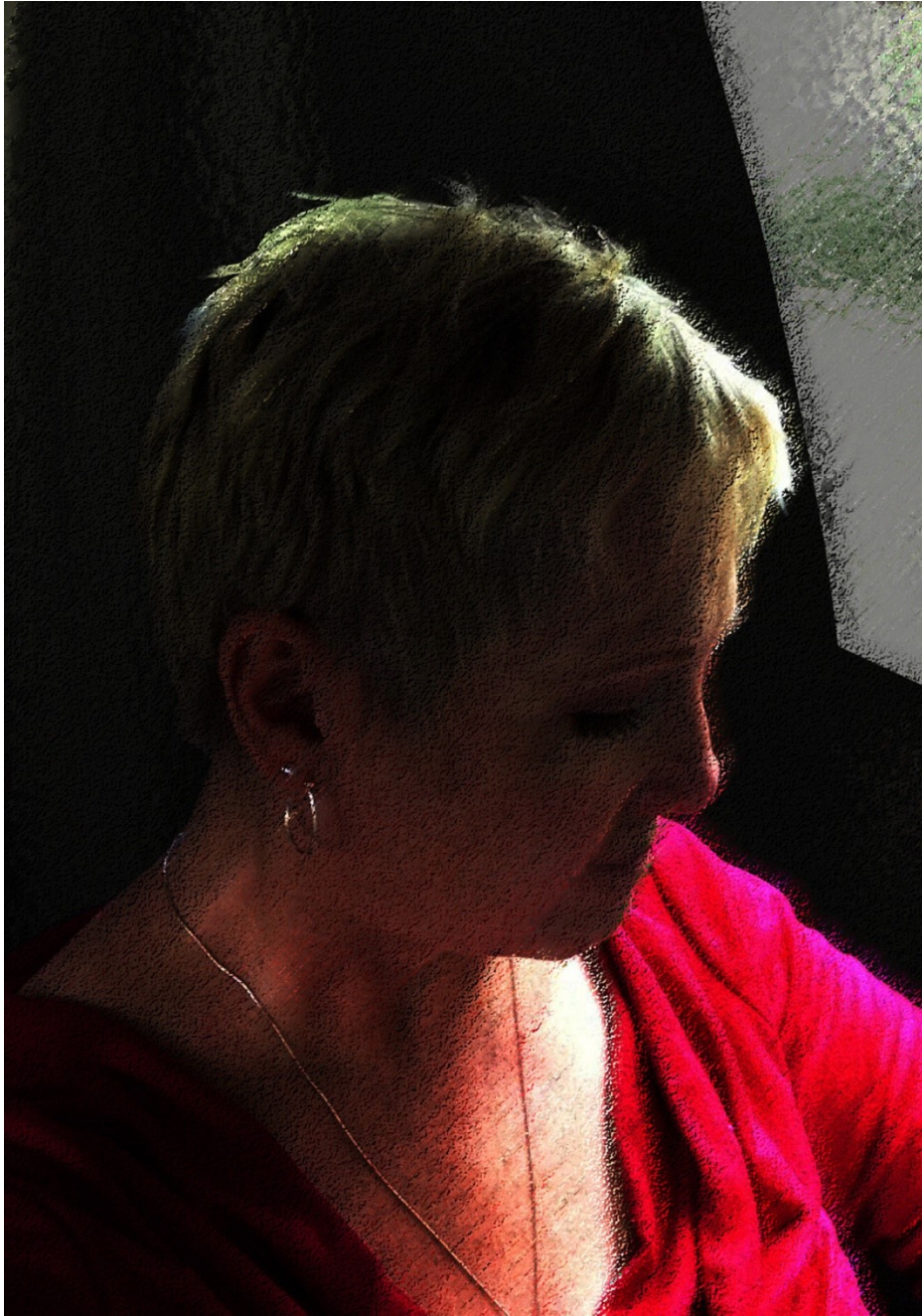
you fought for freedom

and won for peace.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

“War is over ... If you want it.”

~ **John Lennon**



Laura Lee Sweet

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Laura Lee Sweet is a southern poet and writer with one solo book of poetry. She has also been published in a number of anthologies. She understands that life always changes and that it is never too late to start something new...even a change of heart. . . . "they" do not spring

Ubiquitous

they do not spring
pristine
from the universal pool.
"they" are created
in our hearts
and minds
by fear and anger
and resentment allowed to ever dwell
in our days.
it seems
there is little desire
to know them
to hear them
to touch their hands
or see their children smile.
whole lives are colored
by every moment "they" exist.
in reality,
gratitude is less than true
if the joy of
every
good
thing
is guarded jealously.
is it possible to ban the ubiquitous
"they"
from our heart language?
let it all be WE
as open hearts
see and accept
that we are both
good and bad,
peace-loving and violent,
smart and dense,
wise and foolish.
WE are "they."

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

“Keep your best wishes, close to your heart and watch what happens”

~ **Tony DeLiso**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Jen Walls

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Jen's an author/international poet; bringing love inside a joyful heart's radiance to pulsate us deeper, inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first collection of poems, *The Tender Petals*, released - November 2014, through inner child press, ltd. USA. Her second poetic collection, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combines nature-inspired spiritual poetry with Dr. Ram Sharma of Meerut, U.P. India and was released November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive in renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa and India. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota with her family.

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com

www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php

STILL MIND ~ FIVE COLORING'S

Meditate - paint life
shower colorless color;
lift flow - flowering

Pour inside breath's soul
opening love - living - set free;
find river's ocean

Greet the true - sweet peace
harmonize - breathe everything
call love's spirit here

Blend heart - joy's-crayon
stand fearless - without doubt
sing morning-hues strong

Breathe nature's glow
inspire silence - kiss bliss
mirror truth - still mind

“Dad, how do soldiers killing each other solve the world's problems?”

~ **Bill Watterson**



Teresa L. Gassion

Teresa E. Gallion has published in numerous journals and anthologies. She has a chapbook, *Walking Sacred Ground*, a CD, *On the Wings of the Wind* and two books, *Contemplation in the High Desert* and *Chasing Light*. You may preview her work at the websites noted below:

<http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq>

<http://bit.ly/13IMLGh>

Violent Overtures

She walks the peaceful road,
stumbles into a chance meeting.
Peace takes her hand
and says, come with me.

A little hesitant, she dares not say no.
Peace takes her into deep space
shows her mankind sinking
in its own greed.

Slow death of rivers and streams
shot up with pollution,
man's drug of choice
is forced on the water.

A sea chokes from the illegal
dumping of garbage.
Just one more barrel,
nobody is looking.

Animals drown in oil spills,
glaciers recede,
rain forest disappear, and
earth trembles from stress of fracking.

The violence is nonstop.
Wake up mankind before the last storm.
The planet is closing its doors
to the species human.

“You can have peace. Or you can have freedom. Don't ever count on having both at once.”

~ **Robert A. Heinlein**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Elizabeth Castillo

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and also a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Blogger . Journalist / Editor / Proofreader / Speaker from the Philippines.

She has 2 published international books, "Seasons of Emotions" published in the UK and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", published in the USA. Elizabeth is also a co-author to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India, and Africa which includes global charitable anthologies for the benefit of UNICEF, American Cancer Society, among others. Elizabeth is also a Contributing Editor to Inner Child Magazine, USA, an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA), PEN International, and Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT).

Peace...

Everyone wants to achieve peace...

Peace amidst a world in chaos...

Which was once a sanctuary of light and love...

Created out of LIGHT and LOVE...

A masterpiece where harmony used to abound...

Light...

Let the light enter the tunnel of your darkest dreams...

As you welcome the dawning of a peaceful future...

For generations to come... for young children to witness

For a better life ahead years after these new-born babies

Saw the ray of light out of their mothers' wombs...

Love...

How can you give love when you don't know how to love thyself first?

How can you authentically love when your selfish motives reign in your heart instead of
KINDNESS and COMPASSION?

Be the ray of light in a world full of darkness and strife

Where even brothers persecute each other because of greed of power,
lure of money and fame

Be the ray of light behind the dark clouds of division and terrorism

Be the source of HOPE, LIGHT and LOVE of your fellowmen

For the dawning of a brand new day,

Be the INSPIRATION and spread LOVE all the way.

I chose to be the ray of LIGHT, a torch bearer of UNITY!

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

“Peace comes from within. Do not seek it without.”

~ **Gautama Buddha**



Gail Weston Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor has published three books of her own and participated in numerous anthologies. She is published in national newspapers, e-magazines and college journals. She has written for special occasions and projects with Inner Child Press. She makes her home on the sunny isle of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

The Flood

The promise was this
To set a sign in the sky
That water would no longer
Cover all the lands
Of this vast earth and it's people
And it was a covenant
Twixt everyone and the I AM

A great many changes
Have passed upon this earth
The people were babel-ized
And set to rubble
Men stretched hurt hands
Against themselves
Adding chains to wrists

Moving so far away from
The keeping of the land
To the killing of freedom
In these crying days
Blood covers the earth instead
As fear was allowed to spread

Pain lay upon the meadows
And crept beneath the mountains
Those that could see
Felt the stinging covering everywhere
And it ran across mother's lips
To overflow the rivers

Though the I AM had held back the waters
His creation remained thirsty
Spilling preciousness
In the destruction
Of a groaning planet
On land we inhabit

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

If man would only look up
And accept the responsibility
To one another
The rainbow would once more
Signify the purity and love of
The I AM

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Rajendra K. Padhi

Rajendra K. Padhi at present working as lecturer in the Department of English, Odisha has already published four volumes of poetry- THE LIVING TOUCH, O EARTH! by Alpha publications, New Delhi, SONGS OF VOID and SUNYATARA PRIYATAMA in Odiya in bilingual edition. THE DARK HOURS is his first English novel published by Paragon International, New Delhi.

His poems have been published in several International Anthologies and Magazines on poetry. He has also edited and written preface of international poetry anthologies, international short story collection; he has also remained as judge in international poetry and short story competitions. He has received honor, awards and felicitated in national forum for his literary excellence. His articles on education and literature have been widely appreciated in internet and magazines. He was born at Padampur in the District of Bargarh, Odisha in 1963.

SAVE THE WORLD

Do we want new Gods?
If they don't listen to us
If things go wrong
Imagined as fair
It would be a new version of the old
New bubbles in water resemble always
As source is one.

What our masters have done
We are doing it
Many religions, many Gods
We are divided like darkness and light.

Do we want a new world?
If our eyes don't see all stars alike in sky!
Are we not able to find same air in every breath?
All in one and one in all
A fresh articulation on every lip
Save the world.

Let us live for lives in our life
Before the sunset
Things can be done at once
Just see God there smiling at us
I am a blade of grass your lea
I am a leaf among leaves
I am a star among stars
We are water in the ocean.

“Whenever you are confronted with an opponent. Conquer him with love.”

~ **Mahatma Gandhi**

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Scott Hastie

Scott Hastie is a full-time Scottish born writer, based in the UK - he lives and works in tranquil surroundings in the English countryside, some twenty miles north of London.

Primarily a poet, Scott also has had one novel - 'Reunion' published and 10 of his books remain in print today.

Scott's current poetry is very much a positive and sparkling affirmation of human potential, with a growing emphasis on spiritual awareness. Given the impact of his more recent output and its fast growing cross-cultural popularity around the world several newly edited collections have been published since 2013.

www.scotthastie.com

A need

A need for connection,
Attachment.

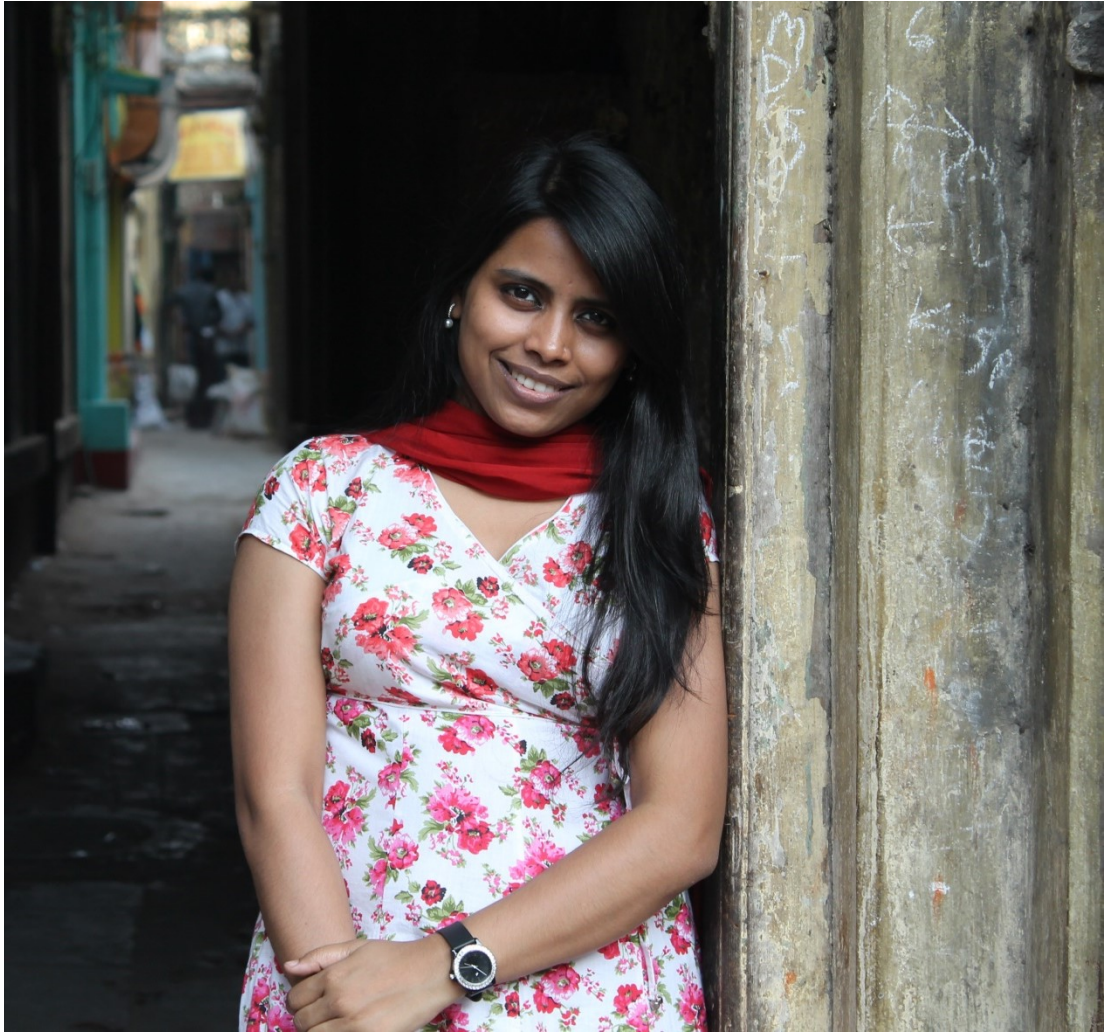
Drawn in, enchanted by
Resonances with nature
And the kinship of others,
With beauty
Forged by heart's endeavour.

And so should we
Always aspire to polish
Such precious attainment
With love.

A blessed friction of sorts
That allows us
To birth our night into day
And bathe it clean,
So that beloved things
Can glow together
In a litter of light.

“Why can't people just sit and read books and be nice to each other?”

~ **David Baldacci**



Sufia Khatoon

Sufia Khatoon manages Our World Our Initiative, a social and philanthropic initiative to help underprivileged. As an art curator and artists she has exhibited her works in eminent galleries in Kolkata. Her short stories and poems has been selected and published national and international anthologies... Like Seasons of love, Myriad Tales, Life Sundae, 25 strokes of life, Magnitude, Umbilical Cord, Milange, Kaafiyana, Lifenaama, Colours of Refuge, Dawn of Waste..etc. She is the co-founder of Rhythm Divine, a poets' group which focuses on promoting poetry.

Peace

It was said,
“Read me, follow me;
Wet your heart in holy water,
This world is too strange,
Its chaos too blinding,
If you have me,
If you know me,
You will find peace.”

What is peace?
I have searched high and low,
A moment when you're content with yourself,
You finally let go,
You know you can't control things.

The calligraphy of life is simple,
Do not wish, do not desire,
For wishes are like worms,
Feasting on your freewill.

I read scholars, poets, practitioners,
Those who had the creative mind,
Those who talked of the Divine.
Tell me where to find peace?

In 'His letter', the answers I heard.

“Do you know what I say?
Open your heart; listen to your freewill,
Follow none but your calling,
On the surface I am a letter
But deep within a treasure,
A history of this universe,
Healing this world with love.”

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Ages passed, time continued,

Yet you are lost in your solitude,
Peace isn't a distant dream.
Show yourself bare to creation,
Let not mist engulf the questions.

This question has peace,
To look is peace,
To not know things is peace,
To be lost is peace,
To be healed is peace,
To be you is peace.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



De'Andre Hawthorne

aka

Blaq Ice

De'Andre Hawthorne aka Blaq Ice is an award winning international Spoken Word Life Artist and the President and Founder of the International P.O.E.T organization, an artist/activist movement. The works of this amazing artist does not end with music and poetry. He has created scholarships for children who otherwise may not be able to attend college. Blaq Ice started The Tyrone Hawthorne Cancer Foundation in memory of his son that was lost to cancer. While most of us can't even imagine the pain of losing a child; He took the only good that could come from it, saving another. Of greater substance than any physical item, is the hope that he brings to lives to children and adults alike. It's inspirational to see him speak to children at schools. He tells them more about what they can do, than what they can't. This alone puts this extraordinary man in a class all of his own.

MISSION ABORT

I remember a time, I wish I could 4get
Yet it's etched in my brain like stone
Sometimes I sit alone, think and wonder

How many abortions have the women
I've slept with in my past had because of me
I gotta tell my story, because for years I've kept it hidden deep inside of me
Its time 2 let it go now, I wanna be free

2 be honest, I can't say that I know
Or recall everyone but I remember the first
I was 15yrs past birth

And I was in love with Pumpkin, a 14yr old
Freshman from Simeon High School
Thought that I knew it all, thought that I was cool
But the bible says "Professing themselves wise
They became fools"

So I began 2 break rules, ditching school
And cutting class
All in an attempt to get some

Aspirations, to be a rap star
Was well known 2 be cold with them bars
But my heart had me emotionally locked up
Stuck in a stand still

I couldn't see pass this girl
She became the center of my world
And everything revolved around her

I had never felt like this before
I was even cool with her parents
Who 4 me, kept an open door

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

But that was all before she was late
And I aint talking bout 4 lunch
No visitors this month

Now we both scared
Wondering what would our parents think
They are the ones who really cared about us and our future
We literally ripped their dreams apart
And this couldn't be mended with a suture

But we gotta tell somebody
We didn't know what to do
We were only babies ourselves
Doing what grown folks do

Without a clue of the consequence
Until we had 2 deal with the consequence
Of sex with no protection
And it's 2 late 2 pull myself out of this one
Cause now she's expecting

And I'm expecting her dad 2 kill me on site
My father taught me 2 do whats right
But now that I'm on center stage
I've gotten stage fright

So we talked and she asked
What was I thinking and without blinking
I said I'm not ready 2 be a father
4 her this only made things harder

So she finally told her mom
Who forced her 2 get an abortion
And along with my Corsican

I could only imagine the pressure at 14
She must have been under
Didn't know the procedure 2 young 2 even care

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

I only wish she would've made be there
Maybe I needed it
Sometimes things don't register the same
Unless U see it, then U can believe it

Now she's left with a permanent scar
Emotionally behind bars because of a decision
We both made but she's the only one who paid
At least that was what I thought

U can run from a situation but sooner or later
U gon' get caught
See it was all my fault

And over 20yrs later
It's ironic that my child that was aborted
When I was 15
Has now come back 2 haunt me

My first born at age 15
Was taken away from me
He died from cancer
Didn't know the physical pain of an abortion
But now I know the answer

It's clear now, I see the picture
It takes me back 2 the same scripture

Professing themselves wise
They became fools
2 the teens reading this, stay in school

Learn from my mistakes
Don't wait until it's too late

I apologize, I'm sorry, I wish that I could go back
Change and rearrange things
If u only knew the consequences
And the pain decisions and choices bring

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

See at the time I was only 15
And I remember a time I wish I could 4get
Yet it's etched in my brain like stone
Sometimes I sit alone, think and wonder

How many abortions have the women
I've slept with in my past had because of me
I gotta tell my story because for years I've kept it hidden deep inside of me
Its time 2 let it go now, I wanna be free

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



hülya n. yılmaz

From Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz lives in the U.S. where she earned a Ph.D. in German studies at The University of Michigan. A dedicated Penn State liberal arts professor, yılmaz nurtures also her devotion to creative writing. With Inner Child Press, Ltd. (ICP), she has found a home from where she pursues her non-academic passion. She thus authored *Trance, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish* – a platform that welcomed her aptitude in literary translation; co-authored *An Aegean Breeze of Peace*; has written the introduction for the *World Healing World Peace 2014*; contributed to other anthologies and the magazine of her publisher with her poetry and occasional prose, and is a regular contributor to *The Year of the Poet*, a monthly ICP publication. A licensed freelance writer, hülya has extensive experience as editorial consultant for book-length manuscripts. She currently is an editor for Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Links:

www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com

<http://authoroftrance.com/>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

a fatal oversight

which scripture prescribes it
for any deity to be as merciless
as to guillotine pure innocence
the natural course is violated thus
by the self-defacing warring minds
who prey on virgin subsistences
passing their verdicts of death
on one little cherub after another

in the name of _____
(fill in as you see fit)
too many roar in pride
population control some dare to exclaim
to preserve at-risk-masses is another fond claim

while they suppress the affectionate
oppress the most brittle servant bodies
and succeed in silencing the heart's warriors

or . . .

so they think . . .

you dear Aylan Kurdi rest in peace
since your tiny body washed ashore
scabs formed on the wounds of the caring
breath gushed to humanity's lungs once again

you all the other angels on earth
untainted supreme miracles of our world
precious gifts that unfreeze the original soul
whose survival was slain in a sadistic surge

but do not despair

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

blood is spewing now from their repugnant shells
soon to drown one by one their catastrophic cells
obsession with power left them sightless anyway
materialism is anon skinning their hide away

as barren as barren could be
in compassion for the non-self
their faint pulse craves for one last beat in agony
throbs long enough to inhale the ultimate lesson of life . . .

love and peace for humanity to eternity

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



Fahredin Shehu

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. *Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom* are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

WAIT FOR ME

The one who drunk of wormwood leafs
knows the sweetness of water

The one as I who went through
the bloody war knows the taste of freedom

The one who is ill to him the honey
is bitter

The one who suffers influenza
is unable to smell the flower

Who is the one who shakes
a trembling hand and does not
looks in your eyes

Who is the one who fears himself
to see his face reflected in yours

Who is the one who finds the only friend
the one he sees in the mirror

and

who is the one who on time of departure
swears his loyalty
and celebrates with tears
the moment of separation

who is the one that is unable to learn
from a child the unconsciousness of worry
and
who is the one who distrust the experience
of the senile which sounds as word

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

who is the one blind standing
as tall poplar shook by winds and
speaks about Liberty

who is the one who wages wars
and
blood- shedding the earth
yet is unable to surrender
to the cry of the child

who is the one who never regrets
for the sins done in each breathtaking
and
who is the one who recites anger
as his best poem with the lack of audience

who reads the wounds of a woman
suffering betrayal as columns in his tablet PC

who is the one who never eat flowers of acacia
by his fear not to become inspired fellow and

who is the one who claims the Manifesto of enmity
in a daylight yet in starry sky and awe-inspiring moonlight
lay siege to the ones who are drunk by Love

who is the one who knits the web and
she-spider he's not

who is the one who purchases hearts
of 18 years old martyrs to prolong
his life in service of evil
who is the one who dampens his accoutrement
in the Jordan river to disregard winter cold
and
save the world

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

who is the one who never met his father
and
declared war to idolatry and

who is the one who gave women the right
to give birth to Love

who is the one who after each sneeze
transforms in goodness the hexes of hatred

who is the one who swears in the tomb of a mother
and
in the wedding gown of his daughter- bride
just to convince you for his certitude

who is the one who goes naked as the most bitter truth
in the days prior to Doomsday

who is the one who arranges puzzles of bees mysteries
and
hides as his sin the royal jelly he stole

who is the one who bakes gingerbread for dark holidays
and
slaughters a white turkey to feed his glutton

who is the one who doesn't hear the sound of hammer
and doesn't see the sweat in goldsmiths forehead

who is the one who arranges jewels in the neck
and
pearls of all shines in e fat belly

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

wait for me as I want to sing
the song of those who made peace on earth
and
wait for me as I see the bright days to come
I stand in hush as an old cypress
and
have eyes older than bones
Wait for me as
I have a cure Men called
Love- an universal treatment
for the past World for
this Word
and
for the Worlds we all have yet to see.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016



william s. peters, sr.

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 35+ additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds we Sow and Nourish. All things we "Think and Do", will "Be" Cause and eventually manifest itself to being an "Effect" within our own personal "Existences" and "Experiences" . . . whether it be Fruit, Flowers, Weeds or Barren Landscapes! Bill highly regards the Fruits of his Labor and wishes that everyone would thus go on to plant "Lovely" Seeds on "Good Ground" in their own Gardens of Life!

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

my Sun is Orange

my morning Sun is orange
The yellow is stained
with the Blood of my People
for that is what we
are reminded of
each day

when it rises from the East
to greet the world
i see my world
clearly

we once lived with a hope
that the atrocities of Hate
War
and indifference
would go away
but it did not

my hope has been misplaced
somewhere
and i can not remember
where i have set it down

it might have been that day
i lost my arm
or that day
when my Father was jailed
or that day
when my Sister was killed
she was only 3

no, i think i lost my hope
the day
my Mother no longer cried

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

her eyes have been dry
for many a year now
and somehow
by some grace
she still has enough love in her
to hug me
once in a while
through that pained smile
that still adorns her face
just so she won't completely break

there is a noise i hear
it is a loud silence
that stays with me
through my callousness
for the gunfire
and the bombs
and the screams
i can not hear them

they have long ago
assaulted and killed
the dreams of my Family
my village
my people
and it is now working on
Humanity

where is the sanity
in this methodology
to be found

every day is "Ground Zero"
where i live
every where i look
i see Ground Zeros
and we have lost count
of those who
are no more
because of what you call War

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

but you and i
never had a dispute
that i know of
If so, please tell me what i did wrong
to cause you harm
that you should exact such wretchedness
upon me
and others like me
i know not of the Politics
of it all.
i have never met a Politician
are they so different
than we the people ?

if it's Oil
i give it to you
if it's right
take it freely
i will not raise nor put my hand
against that
of my Father's children

there was a time
when all i thought of
was simply
finding Joy in my life
i have since given up that quest
for i see far too much
of that other stuff
which deserves not a name

my Sun is no longer Yellow
but i do pray my Brother
that yours is

my Sun is Orange

This is dedicated to all the Villages, Peoples across our Globe who must endure the Politics and Sickness of War.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

“The day the power of love overrules the love of power,
the world will know peace.”

~ **Mahatma Gandhi**

Épilogue

“If someone thinks that peace and love are just a cliché that must have been left behind in the 60s, that's a problem. Peace and love are eternal.”

~ **John Lennon**

a few words from *Shareef Abdur-Rasheed*

Not very likely is it? Considering the global landscape mankind has created a monster and sits on a powder-keg. The mentality of Humans don't exactly resemble human. I understood the fitrah (nature) of mankind desires peace, tranquility etc. but as the Grand Master Flash tune " The Message " reminded us many years ago " It makes me wonder sometime " Man is in an era of technology that has been used to harm him perhaps even more than benefit. Considering the massive buildup of weapons of mass destruction to the point that good ' ol ' US of A alone has enough to kill all of humanity on the face of the earth more than a couple of thousand times over. Talk about overkill! Rarely is defense budgets reduced even with the stock pile that already exists. Conversely rarely is Social / Welfare budgets including essentials as decent housing, employment, education, affordable medical care etc., not subjected to the establishments sharp always at the ready scissors designed to do just that.

As long as priorities are put on making the rich richer, powerful even more powerful, the famous one % having more wealth then the other 99 we will not attain peace! As long as their is a concerted effort to use clever devices to demonize one group and hold up another at their expense, we will not attain peace. As long as that effort is a well purposely organized plan like White Institutional Racism and includes a mass effort to keep a group marginalized, disenfranchised, demonized, kept on the fringes of the so-called society we will not attain peace. As long as law enforcement / military / security, investigative agencies are designed to protect some but suppress, oppress others we will not attain peace.

As long as mankind is referred to in terms of " races " instead of Tribes and Nations which is the makeup of the one race that is " human "that automatically invokes" that other, alien etc. all looked at with suspicion and less then. We will not attain peace. As long as powerful nations engage in meddling in the affairs of weaker ones and roam the earth as enforcers we will not attain peace, because it is true not just a slogan that without justice there will never be peace, locally or globally!

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

a few words from *hülya n. yılmaz*

Each one of us holds a precious responsibility for our world's present and future health: To voice the countless innocents whose lives were severed from them by war – the ultimate organized crime humanity has ever witnessed and to which it continues to be subjected. As for the only condition we are required to have in order to honor our accountability, we all possess the privilege: our breath.

My words as opposed to my actions within the perimeters of the said dependability are as conflicting as for the most of us when the prerequisites outside breathing are concerned. But such declaration of guilt belongs to a different platform. Besides, it won't serve anyone anything.

Once I removed myself from the existential trap of an oblivious bystander, I have become increasingly articulate with my own deliberations on the concept of healing within the scope of our world. I am passionate about the status I now hold – a student who finally has achieved the needed awareness but is also engaged wholeheartedly in her learning objective: To attain higher consciousness and to pass it on through her own teachings, outside the academia.

The concept of “Higher Consciousness” is said to have developed in German Idealism and manifests itself in the ability of a human being to transcend animal instincts. How is one to achieve such mental and emotional advancement, is one question that begs for a contemplation. What's at stake is the future of humanity, after all. Sorry for the disappointment, but I have no intent to elaborate on any publicly or privately accessible answer here. I will, however, share with you my response: Through the spoken and written word. By vocalizing the innermost-felt concern at its most unshielded level.

Nowhere but at its core. From the soul's endless resource. As the spirit inspires.

Certain organisms among nations across the world set their agendas, propagandas, indoctrinations, or better yet, their brainwashing processes already at the early schooling stages of the often-unsuspecting people in their countries. War-eager leaders do not get born that way. They are systematically and diligently taught the various forms of hatred, bigotry, prejudice and –isms. Their schoolyard is nothing but a viciously guarded garden where those teachings find the soil on which to keep spreading their weeds. The result of this type of mal-nourishment is evident everywhere – indiscriminate of any world culture: The growth of individual hatred confronting universal love.

What is it then that stops us from speaking up through our anti-animalistic stance? Whether we agree to disagree, each of us is capable of providing for the good seeds amid the doomed wild plants. If only we were to conceptualize each other and our selves as an inception for the basis of universal peace. To converse with large masses all over the globe. Isn't the anthology from which you are currently reading an evidence for this seemingly unattainable deed?

hülya n. yılmaz

hülya n. yılmaz

a few words from **F**ahredin **S**hehu

to the Members of One Body

“Human beings are all members of one body. They are created from the same essence. When one member is in pain, The others cannot rest. If you do not care about the pain of others, You do not deserve to be called a human being.”

Mosleh al-Din Saadi Shirazi

13th century Persian poet, from Shiraz

~ * ~

There are myriads of words Men had had uttered throughout its historical life journey leaving the rich legacy of conscience, endeavor, struggle to remain the essence of Unique and Uniqueness of Creation. The Word has killed Men and the Word is able to cure Men. The Word has burned many hearts and many evil hearts has burned the Word in Men’s History. Today as in every age again there are some people unable to remain passive bystanders for the wounds of the world.

This world as it was cursed by us, Men alone, to suffer in continuation of her existence. At least what they may do is screaming to tell the Truth, and the Truth is that the World today needs the Healing.

We have to always be amazed with the power of some individuals to bring together those very Human who scream to say the Truth, the Truth of their Capacity, the Truth of their Creativity, the Truth of their Justice and the Truth of their Human Potentials in an “Understandable Language”, that goes beyond simplicity, people who are set alone, themselves alone, to create a beautiful Word as manner of healing themselves, healing others and the World, who are scarifying their time, their creativity and their entire being.

This Anthology typically represents the Beauty created with sacrifice...the palette of colors and the nuances, sounds and the grandeur of pain, the hollow voices that comes from eternity going through the prism of nowadays turbulences, walking from country to country from continent to another to gather in one spot, in one aim as an arrow to hit the target of contemporary Men’s consciousness.

The reader of these lines shall be delighted to read the elements of the others’ beings the quintessence of these incredible Poets and Poetesses, without wanting to distinguish names since for me there is no the best Poets, there is always the best time and the best mood to have the splendor and joy in absorbing ones word, when the one is in tune with the being, with the breath, and with the momentum. They do as they want to say to us: “We have tamed our wildness, come and join us, come and rejoice, for Peace shall belong to all it is a right not a privilege.”

I’m indeed much honored to be the one who writes the open Word for this Anthology and express the gratitude to William S. Peters, Sr. who made it possible for me possible to be among these incredible words created by these incredible Humans, and my gratitude reaches the whiteness of the clouds.

World Healing, World Peace ~ 2016

Only those who are able to build bridges among nations, religious background, ethnicities and genders; are able to understand the importance of this Noble effort. This is indeed a noble endeavor!!!

Thank you Inner Child Press

Fahredin Shehu

From the dawn of time, my soul has vied for, cried for peace.

william s. peters, sr.

a few words from *K*imberly *B*urnham

In the 2014 book, "World Healing, World Peace", I wrote a poem entitled, 'Body Talk' about the autoimmune process in the body and in communities. Suicide is the ultimate autoimmune process and often arises from a lack of inner peace and self-awareness. An expert in the area of brain health, I see so many people in pain, physical pain and mental and emotional pain, all of which creates a lack of inner peace.

Through my work with people, encouraging brain health, I have come to see that when a person feels better, they make better choices for themselves, their families, and their communities. I see my work helping one person at a time to dance and laugh and hug as a contribution to world peace.

Currently I am working on an anthology entitled, "Touched by Parkinson's, a Healing Journey Through Poetry." My hope is that people with Parkinson's disease as well as friends and family will heal through writing poems about their experiences and the insights they gather in the writing process. Readers of the poems can also increase their brain function through connecting with the experiences and sensations created with the poet's words.

The sounds and images of poets create an image of an experience or a moment of impact in time. Words can serve as a healing tool in guided imagery or meditation. Our brains respond to action words like jump, run, sing, and talk in a unique way. We can imagine ourselves doing the action and we can in a sense walk in the shoes of another person through the firing of our mirror neurons. We can connect to another human being's experience.

Poetry also conveys our values including core personal, national, and religious values. The kind of stories we listen to and whether we identify

with the narrator or not influences what parts of our brain "lights up," gets more blood flow, more nutrients, and more stimulation causing it to develop and heal. This means the kind of stories we tell in our families and communities, the kind of speakers we bring into our community centers, the kind of music we listen to influences the health of our very cells. The stories provide another doorway to greater brain health.

This year my poem, "From Fractured to Fractal" focuses on the ways that we are each connected to the people around us as well as the natural environment. I believe that when we see the connections, we feel more safe and at peace. We also experience both growth and peace when we see differences as something new to learn from. A fractal is a patterned shape, sometimes described as patterned chaos. A tall oak tree is a fractal shape with the pattern of branching reflected in the rough barked trunk, big branches, smaller branches, tiny twigs, and finally in the vein of the leaves. Like people, each part of the tree is unique but there are also similarities. There is chaos because we can't predict where the next branch will grow, even when we see the over pattern of the tree and recognize it as an oak tree or a cherry tree. Chaos is also that place from which anything is possible.

Take a breath. Trees are also a part of the cycle or pattern of oxygen on this planet. Trees produce oxygen which is pumped out into the atmosphere. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide, which is taken up by the trees around us. We are connected to green trees and the squirrels that run in their branches each time we breathe in. We can also connect to each other with the words we speak on the out breath.

You can learn more about Kimberly Burnham, PhD (Integrative Medicine) and her work with brain health and poetry at

<http://www.nervewhisperer.solutions>

a few words from *William S. Peters, Jr.*

An Address to the World, a plea for our Humanity.

We may disagree on many issues. We may stand on opposite sides of the many lines drawn in the sand. Our politics may differ as well as our Religious Beliefs. What remains common with us all is so much bigger than the petty nuances found amongst us. The common bond is significant in that we are all human and we all are on the same *Global Ship* whether we like it or not. For far too long we have allowed these differences to cause an unnecessary rife betwixt us, when we all ultimately have the same goal . . . peace, love and happiness. There is none amongst us in our right minds that truly wish to suffer, yet we many times are the cause of not only the suffering of our own personal selves, but that of our fellow Human Family members.

We live in this world of turmoil that is slowly becoming more infested with bias, bigotry, greed, power mongering, climate disruption, war, homelessness, famine, pollution and disease, to name a few. We can, yes CAN re-erect, re-invent, re-create the conditions that are suitable to all the inhabitants that occupy this “home” planet of ours. Contrary to some beliefs and deceits fed to the people, it never was about available resources. What we lack, we have the ability to improvise and make due. Such is the spirit on mankind, and womankind too. It is time for us to awaken and by any means necessary come to the realization that selfish and self-serving interests have become outdated. Our world is at risk for we trusted in the few to care for the many . . . and they have failed us tremendously.

We have an individual capability to meet all the challenges before us. Collectively we are invincible. Now is the time for all good men and women to stand erect and let their voices speak out loudly for the change we all desire in our hearts. We can no longer use the excuses of fear and our lack of ability, for we all were endowed with a power that exceeds our finite understanding. It is time for the awakening of our divinity that we may recognize without a shadow of doubt who we are, what we may become and where are we going as a Race of people on the Planet Earth. The choice is ours to make. Our Hearts are much bigger and have a greater capacity to love and accept one and other than we can even begin to fathom! Let Love rule the days of our lives. Let a new day, a new reality be birthed within each of us.

Let us listen again to the music and learn once again to dance together. There is a wellspring of hope within each of our souls that has never, can never be defeated. So, let us open the gates, loose the chains and become what we were created to be . . . gloriously divine . . . again !

Bless Up

Bill

inner child

www.iaminnerchild.com

World Healing

World Peace

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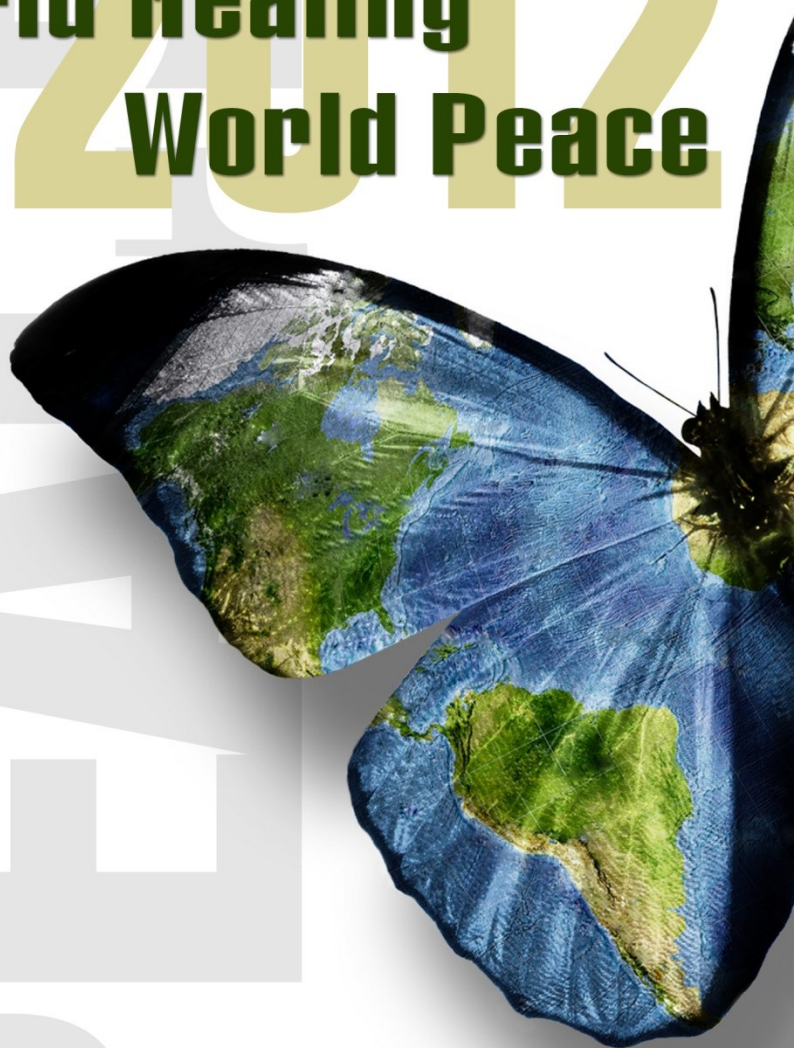
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Volume 2

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Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

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www.innerchildpress.com

intouch@innerchildpress.com



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