

*World Healing
World Peace*

2022



Poets for Humanity

World Healing

World Peace

2022

Poets for Humanity

inner child press international

'building bridges for cultural understanding'

Credits

Authorship

Poets for Humanity

Foreword

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General Information

World Healing World Peace 2022

Poets for Humanity

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*In the darkness of my life,
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and
the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell

*D*edication

This book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry.

The power of the pen can effectuate change!



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

~ wsp



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The Code

Ten Intentions for a Better World

To have The Code work in your life, say it once a day

The First Intent - Support Life

I refrain from opposing or harming anyone. I allow others to have their own experiences.
I see life in all things and honor it as if it were my own. I support life.

The Second Intent - Seek Truth

I follow my inner compass and discard any beliefs that are no longer serving me.
I go to the source. I seek truth.

The Third Intent - Set Your Course

I begin the creative process. I give direction to my life. I set my course.

The Fourth Intent - Simplify

I let go so there is room for something better to come in. I intend that I am guided,
guarded, protected, and lined up with the Highest Good at all times.
I trust and remain open to receive from both expected and unexpected sources. I simplify.

The Fifth Intent - Stay Positive

I see good, say good, and do good. I accept the gifts from all of my experiences.
I am living in grace and gratitude. I stay positive.

The Sixth Intent - Synchronize

After intending and surrendering, I take action by following the opportunities that are
presented to me. I am in the flow where Great Mystery and Miracles abide,
fulfilling my desires and doing what I came here to do. I synchronize.

The Seventh Intent - Serve Others

I practice love in action. I always have enough to spare and enough to share.
I am available to help those who need it. I serve others.

The Eighth Intent - Shine Your Light

I am a magnificent being, awakening to my highest potential.
I express myself with joy, smiling easily and laughing often. I shine my light.

The Ninth Intent - Share Your Vision

I create my ideal world by envisioning it and telling others about it.
I share my vision.

The Tenth Intent - Synergize

I see Humanity as One. I enjoy gathering with light-hearted people regularly.
When we come together, we set the stage for Great Oneness to reveal Itself.
We synergize.

Foreword

Everything Is Connected

The earth is not a perfect circle, nor are the people who inhabit it. Somehow the planet continues to spin at the right speed at the right distance from our star, the sun in order for its people, plants and animals to exist. Everything that was good, was prepared before the human race arrived on the earth. The air, water, plants. It is called the “Goldie Locks Zone”. All the known elements that are found in the known universe have the same composition. It becomes a function of how these elements are used, and for the life span that we as human beings revel in, these elements will be useful.

Every human is comprised of the same things that are found in the rest of the known universe. As the science continues to evolve, there are no realistic expectations – there will be anything new in that regard. How far have we come in, how we get along as human beings? When we look up, or to our right or left, up or down, we see similar things; no matter where we live. There are sounds we are permitted to uncover to discover. They have an impact on us in some way; some good, some not so good.

At the very core of our being, there is the desire to acknowledge something greater than ourselves. Whatever that may turn out to be. It has been established that plants respond to kindness, trees talk to one another. Nature works in harmony to benefit human beings. Humans cannot escape certain consequences. Just as other parts of the heavens can’t escape the recycling of matter and energies that dominate them. There are certain barriers and physiological processes that we all have in common. There comes a time when there is no more time.

*W*e will always have opposition to choices we make about how we want to live our lives. Sometimes, when we are faced with bad things that our conscience knows are bad, we let it divide us as human beings. We only have so much capacity for all of the items encountered in this physical life. As we grow on all levels of our present existence, distinctions must be made as to what is important enough to hold on to or let go. That particular growth sometimes depends on what influences have made a difference in our lives, and how we interpret them.

*T*he world to a young person may look totally different as we grow older. Many times, we are not able to let go of some of the immaturity, as well as the purposeful infusing of negative influences that distract us from our reason for being. There is only a limited amount of time to get it right. As a species, we have more in common than not.

*F*alse premise and psychological manipulation are the destructive forces that keep humanity divided. The ego is the driving mechanism that has been used to help in the process of separation and disunity. We should be armed with the righteousness of our convictions. Concentrating on what we have in common, making that a common goal. In every way of life, there are good people and bad people. We are surrounded by visible and invisible forces, whether they are human or otherwise. They are at work, around the clock, for millennia, to obstruct our reason for being one people. I am not trying to oversimplify the problems we face as a species, but to do or say nothing, says in no uncertain terms, that we have surrendered, submitted to evil and hatred; that we accept the convoluted way of life that has been offered to us that we witness every day. Our silence is our consent.

*T*oday, we are dealing with bad choices made by uncharitable, greedy people who have rebuked the responsibility of being the good shepherd for the planet earth as they/we were intended to be. As a people of conscience, it becomes

our duty to raise our voices and remind ourselves and others of how everything is connected. When we observe how the objects in the universe are changed from one form to another. By way of explosions, collisions, the object still exists, just in another form.

*W*hy wouldn't that be the case with us as humans? Harmony and peace in the life of this world are healing forces. Hatred is sickness and destruction. The known universe has been around for at least 13 billion years according to the individuals who do that work. So, parts of all those elements that we are made of, were also around that long. We must consider that wherever we may be, we will be someplace else longer than we have been here on this planet. There is strength in truth.

M. A. Shaheed, aka C. E. Shy



FLY

because

I Can

... said the Dreamer to the world.

www.iamjustbill.com

Preface

It is said that if we desire peace, we must find peace within ourselves.

Though this statement may be relative, as it has been throughout time, the undertaking of finding, establishing and maintaining this inner peace is arduous, challenging and difficult, to say the least. We, mankind, are a convoluted species with multiple facets that must be mastered within the realms of our physicality, our mentality and our spirituality.

Most times in life, being creatures of habit, we establish a rote-filled living, foregoing the troublesome and daunting effort of achieving balance. This particular human lethargy infiltrates into all aspects of our lives. This tendency includes all relationships, civic interactions and the leaders we acquiesce control of our lives to.

When we consider the state of our world and the unnecessary human suffering as a result of government policies, the struggles for power, wars, famine, disease, greed and covetousness, we can easily affirm that we as humanity are in dire need of some major adjustment, reckoning and reconciliation.

At Inner Child Press International, our company credo is *'building bridges of cultural understanding'*. If we as a global citizenry but take the time to listen to the soulful cries of our fellow wo/men, we learn there is not much

difference from one to another. This consciousness is our focus in *World Healing, World Peace 2022* as it has been since our first volume in the series since 2012.

*I*n this anthological volume of work, we speak of world healing and world peace. However, before we can experience healing, we must first wrestle, subdue and master this dynamic we call inner peace. This begins with each and every one of us, the global citizenry. We must speak up and out and make the statement that enough is enough . . . and we, 'The Poets for Humanity' have done just that. I can only hope that as you read the works between these covers that the words and thoughts shared will have a positive effect upon your consciousness and those whom you touch and interact with. Happy reading.

Thank you.

Be woke, stay woke.

Bless Up.

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Poet, Activist, Publisher

Inner Child Press International

Enough

Inspired by my brother Dave Kenyon

We strive,
We strive
For the comfort
Of an enduring peace

The troubled souls
Amongst us,
Too long for that
Which they understand not

Our own universal hearts
Are enough,
Yes enough,
If we but loose our reservations
And without reservation . . .
Love

The road may appear arduous,
The path may be overgrown,
And obstacles may hinder
Our progression
However,
Keep an eye on your thoughts
And dwell on this truth
That we have enough
To end all suffering,
And bring about the peace
Which was always here
Waiting for our full awakening

.....

We have enough!!!!

WE HAVE ENOUGH TO MANIFEST GLOBAL PEACE!!!

WE HAVE ENOUGH TO HEAL!!!

WE HAVE ENOUGH!!!

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Join Us in our cause for Peace

FaceBook.com : Mata-Earth



A Few Words from the . . .

Director of Editing Services


*I*nnner Child Press International ended the year of 2020 with *Poetry ~ The Best of 2020* and has welcomed 2021 with *I Want to Live*. In the likes of the previously published anthologies, including *Corona . . . Social Distancing*, *World Healing World Peace 2020*, *The Heart of a Poet*, *W. A. R. ~ We Are Revolution* and the one cited in the opening line, also this literary collection offers a multitude of creative voices worldwide.

*T*here is one dominant trait in all of the volumes mentioned above: the vast richness of resourceful expressions. Languages represented vary between Hindi, Arabic, Polish, Italian, Greek, Nepali, Czech, Spanish, Russian, German, Indonesian, Danish, Indonesian, Filipino, Hungarian, Azerbaijani and Urdu. Also in this offering, some poems are offered to you, dear reader, in native tongues, which provides all of us with an intimate insight into the process of creative writing when absolute authenticity is concerned. The English versions then help us appreciate the dynamics between content, context and the linguistic disposition.

*I*n specific reference to the discipline of editing, my perception also this time around will echo my words with which you might already be familiar from our previous publications. The protocol in employing editorial steps within the context of a globally-oriented book does, after all, not differ markedly with particular regard to ICPI's primary concern: to preserve the original entries in order to maintain the integrity of each literary contribution. Adopting this principle becomes particularly vital in the case of the genre of poetry. Editing does not and should not equate sacrificing the authenticity of the writer. Accordingly, we have applied minimal surface editing throughout this offering. While the points of mention cannot be stressed strongly enough,

some specifics regarding our editorial work for our international anthologies have been kept in order.

*W*henever a large body of work of any literary genre is compiled, form-specific but also presentational challenges arise, even then when all writings originate from a single language. The compilation process presents a proportionately greater challenge as more language sources emerge. Texts of non-native English speakers or their own translations of those texts into English comprise contextual non-conformities. This fact is nothing out of the ordinary. Some scholars of the field may argue that all such submissions should be edited scrupulously before they are presented to the public. My professional stance differs from those colleagues based on one critical principle: editing is not the exact science one would expect. When an editor forces the rules of English upon a creative work that might not have its origin in English, the authors' authentic self-representation can easily be subjected to a misrepresentation. Writings with a dialectal, colloquial or eclectic style are exposed to the same risk when the scrutiny of editing is concerned. Too often, the resulting loss of the authorial voice can be profound and deprive the reader of the genuine aspects of a writer's thoughts, feelings and innate flavor. At Inner Child Press International, we strive to maintain the integrity of each literary gift by preserving the seemingly-awkward expressions of those whose native language is not of our own.

 Our invitation to you, dear reader, remains the same as with our past anthologies: to take time to indulge each contributor for her/his own creativity and aspirations to convey her/his uniqueness.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita, The Pennsylvania State University
Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International

Disclaimer



In our attempts to maintain the integrity of the contributors' voices in the publication before you, *World Healing World Peace 2022*, we have elected to do minimal surface-editing. We felt that maintaining the original entries was critically important for you, the reader, to enjoy the authenticity of each poetic giving. All poetry submissions have, therefore, been preserved in their original versions, with only minor adjustments having been employed on them. You may encounter some challenges in achieving total clarity of the messages shared through poems, but we indulge you to let go of your critical thinking and embrace the spirit through words offered for the poetic art.

From the desk of . . .

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Director of Editing Services

Inner Child Press International
'building bridges of cultural understanding'



WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Poetry



Mutawaf A. Shaheed, AKA “C. E. Shy”, has been writing since the seventh grade. He continued writing throughout high school, until he became more involved in sports. After his graduation, he worked at the White Motors Company where he contributed to the company’s newspaper with his column, “The Poet’s Corner.” His regularly featured writings in that capacity constitute his first published work.

<https://www.facebook.com/mutawaf.shaheed>

Going, Going, Gone

Nothing left but a few nice guys, a good brother
or two. All the soldiers are either old or gone.
Old souls lingering back-to-back remembering
when. The trees I see were just bushes back then.

There were a lot of people that lived next door.
The state owned the liquor store. Black faces
were all I saw. Everybody spoke and said Salaam.
We could joke and smoke all at the same time.

Bongos and Congo drums hummed, taking us back
to where we came from. Courage flamed from our
eyes. Eyes that said, everybody dies. Jeering at the
devil worshipping scum as they drove by.

Nobody knew how many would die, near the end of
July. No such thoughts ever entered our minds. All
we heard was the Trane, playing Ole.' Our focus crew
knew who we were, about that, there was no question.

Life and death had mixed emotions as the blood congealed
in the streets and on the sidewalks. No more white stores
like before. Even the delivery men were black, mailmen felt
secure.

A little later came the negro with the shame game.
What he gained, he never took part in. The same
coward that hid when men did what men did. The women
of the then, were there with their men and did what women
soldiers did, while protecting their kids.

Looking in my rear view I see everything, looking in front of me,
I see nothing I recognize. Rest in peace soldier, let's see what
happens after the Western Sunrises.



The 21-years-old Maid Corbic is from Tuzla. In his spare time, he writes poetry that has been praised and rewarded. He selflessly helps others around him, and he is moderator of the World Literature Forum WLFPH (World Literature Forum Peace and Humanity) for humanity and peace in the world.

World Peace for the Benefit of the Future

I always try to show that world peace with my deeds
which really has its broad spectrums of existence
and believed that peace and unity are controlled in people
which will change the world for the better

But this world is poisoned by various hatreds indeed
which create that world of today in terms of unrest
while on the other hand I act proactively on such acts
seeking unity and peace in the world as soon as possible

I have lost some friends to the confluence of my desires
for others wanted me to instill their dangerous unrest
which would not give me peace for days and nights
and I can even say freely for months and years that hurt

According to the memories I can still dig,
restlessness is created regardless of the words
war, famine, drought, hurricanes and many more question me
how can I change the world for a better spectrum

The well-being of the future lies in the wheels of happiness of my heart
this world can be fixed if we were all like me; a unique man
and share your love with others around you
without the slightest hatred and remorse

Due to the global economy and the sharp rise in stagnation
I constantly feel gloomy and a longing
without proactive solutions peace will never be justified
and even in the modern age which brings greater unrest

Peace for the benefit of the future of my and two generations
implementation not in cooperation and good works
and I do my best to make it happen in rural areas
world peace comes to the fore only now finally!



Hasmukh Mehta has two poetry books to his credit. He has two gold medal recognitions, a doctorate, and a fellowship in the field of literature. Dr. Mehta served in the Indian Airforce for 18 years. He worked at Oriental Co. Ltd. until he retired in 2007. Since 2009, he has been involved with literary undertakings.

Peace and Healing

The mind is in turmoil
inner rage and boiling with an anger
innocent die but we don't try
wings powerful but don't fly

Peace is reality
and wish from an almighty
it is a must for the humanity
with its maximum utility

Peace and healing
it has sacred dealing
the human race has a feeling
to live with peace as a human being

Nothing matters
when we utter
peace at any cost
worth try is most appreciated

No one has realized
and obliged
the safety measure for human beings
and never tried to bring harmony and peace

Refugees are fleeing
despite unwilling
there is brutal killing
with careless handling

Let the warmongers go ahead
but we lead
and read
the human plight and plead

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O, human beings
there is writing on the wall
your fall is imminent
if you pursue and present deadly march

Let wisdom prevail
and fail
the attempts to tarnish humanity
it may not be pardoned even by an almighty



Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet, he has taken the time to speak in front of classrooms, judge poetry competitions and compose over 200 writings, published worldwide. The author has eight books to his credit at present.

The Gift of Hope

Susan wakes up every day
as soon as the sun rises,
packing her vehicle
with pastries and hot coffee
to take to her uptown core.
She drops them off at a make-shift shelter
for ladies trying to start over again.
Susan remembers when she was there,
leaving a place of abuse
and the strength to look forward
with a small gesture and a smile.
A gentile gift of hope.

Gilbert wakes every Saturday morning,
packs a guitar in the back of his car.
Stops for water and coffee,
pays for the people behind him
without saying a word to the receivers.
Gilbert then goes to a senior's complex
where some are not even able
to get up to leave their room.
He brings out his guitar
and plays for hours.
Smiling back at the grinning faces
that are looking back through windows
as Gilbert sings his gift of hope.

Each work day, Jessica prepares.
Puts on her nursing scrubs
and when she gets to the hospital,
a mask, head dress and gloves
to give comfort to those
that are sick, alone and scared.
Jessica goes from room to room
with kind words and smile

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knowing that she may also get sick.
She fights that feeling each work day
as Jessica spreads the gift of hope.

Through gestures of the unselfish and caring,
good spirits are spread in the air.
Going from person to person
who passed it onto the next.
Filling the human race
with the gift of hope.



Simon Kibunyi who goes by the stage name of Sci-Mo the Mouthpiece is from Kenya, Africa. He has been writing since he was 10 years old and has over 100 pieces both written and recorded (audio format). Kibunyi writes a lot about issues that affect us in all aspects of life.

Where Is the Love?

Am living in a cold, cold world
Where my mind is broken and always twirled
People are dying in all places and nothing is done
Why do people cause so much harm just for fun?
Humanity is bloated, humanity is broken
The pain is great, the ailments unspoken
But this is not how we are programmed
Our hearts against the future are slammed
These days things aren't okay, it's like holding a hot pan without a glove
Big question I ask where is the love?

Why would someone rob and commit murder?
Why would someone abort and deny one to be a mother?
Why do babies grow up without seeing the father?
Why the streets so full of people with homelessness?
Why doesn't the government deal with youth joblessness?
I eat pain and a big bowl of hopelessness
Where is the love? Police state is something I dread
A child goes days without being fed
Question remains where is the love?

Terror in the streets, war inside homes
Violence by lovers, surveillance by government drones
Attacks by cyber bullies, terrorized by street gangs
Hatred is the new normal love has poisonous fangs
Marriages no longer work, family structures came tumbling down to the ground
The society is revengeful, goes with ideology of shylock's flesh of pound
Where? I ask . . . Where is the love?

Part of me is missing and nobody will listen
Am so hungry my mind is blurred never to glisten
I love mother earth by her children are killing her
We care about money making while no humanity to refer
Do you know change can bring in so much good?
Imagine a world where no one has to fight to death just to get food?
Imagine... Imagine saving your neighbor from a crisis
What more could I call this than priceless
Love yourself, love me, love humanity
Only then will we not ask where is the love
Because it will be deep into our hearts



Eliza Segiet has a Master's Degree in Philosophy (Jagiellonian University). Her poetry has been rewarded several prizes (e.g., the 2020 Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize, Laureate International Award Paragon of Hope, and Laureate World Award “Cesar Vallejo” for Literary Excellence). The author is the finalist for the 2020 “Golden Aster Book” World Literary Prize.

The Rules

It might not be easy
to suppress prejudices regarding:
a nation,
a different skin color, or
a faith other than one's own.

It might not be easy,
in the name of instilled principles
to refrain from hate,
or following through on death sentences,
because someone tells you to
or because we ourselves think
we have the right to be harbingers
of harm.

It's worth it to
think about the meaning
behind unworthy deeds;
To create in yourself
love and tolerance,
To replace evil with good.
It's about more than pushing the trigger
or destroying a man.

Translated from Polish by Ula de B.



Monsif Beroual is a poet who is recognized with multiple regional and international awards. His poems appeared in several international magazines and have been translated into numerous languages, including Spanish, French, Chinese, Polish, Arabic, Romanian, Bulgarian, Bangla, Serbian, Croatian, Italian, and Taiwanese.

The Moroccan Seed

The real history that I love

Between human lives

A brother, a sister

No matter which color that we belong to;

Oldest streets will speak out about this united love

Temple, church, mosque, together in love

Ask our Jewish brothers about Morocco lands

That I really appreciate as a human in this land

Morocco seed, that makes me feel my root

As human being

Under the sky of love

And lands of a humane heart.



The Jamaican poet Christena AV Williams is a follower of Christ and an award-winning writer. She has *Pearls among Stones*, *Black Gold* and *Out from Babylon System: Liberation of Mind* to her credit. Williams is a Nominee in the 39th International Reggae and World Music Awards in the Category of Mutabaruka Best Poet/Spoken Word.

Society in Shambles

Society who will have you at war with yourself, neighbour, friends, family and your enemies

Everyone is at war with left and right or liberal or conservationist, Democracy and socialism

In the end, most do not know where they stand in this war

A bit confuse to ideologies and faith.

Some between just wanting to be good and justified for all people

While fighting to live and survive in reality and corruption.

Many urged to hunger after righteousness,

But when the bread price skyrockets, then it is a matter of survival of the fittest

An evolution within a revolutionary time and space

You will ask, when it comes down to survival and one is destitute and starving

One only becomes selfish.

Where is my compassion for someone else's who is less than?

Where is my humanity now that I preached all year round?

Now driven like a narcissist maniac and cannibal, fueling self-interest and greed for ones need

Selfishness to quench the tumble and roar of open gut

Justifiable in actions one conjures to fit their behaviour and mindset

That I am a descendant of an endanger species of an enslave race of people

Robbed of generational wealth that sustains this now, Material world

This continues to batter and exploit my people and AFRICA.

The European bourgeoisie is the imperial powers that be,

We crave their dignity and superiority, because they determine freedom of all people

All these ideologies are at war intellectually,

But in my world, theories matter not as much of why these things happens

But how is it allowed to dictate one's worth against another creating chaos.

I am hungry for the staples of a warrior that lives forever,

I am hungry for words that is the tree of life

Many days without bread or water

Lips so crack like a desert

My government crackle with humour and banter in parliament

They smile, curse; throw stones as arrows piercing just pride

But back again at sunset beach drinking wines made for royalty

They choose and refuse their meals

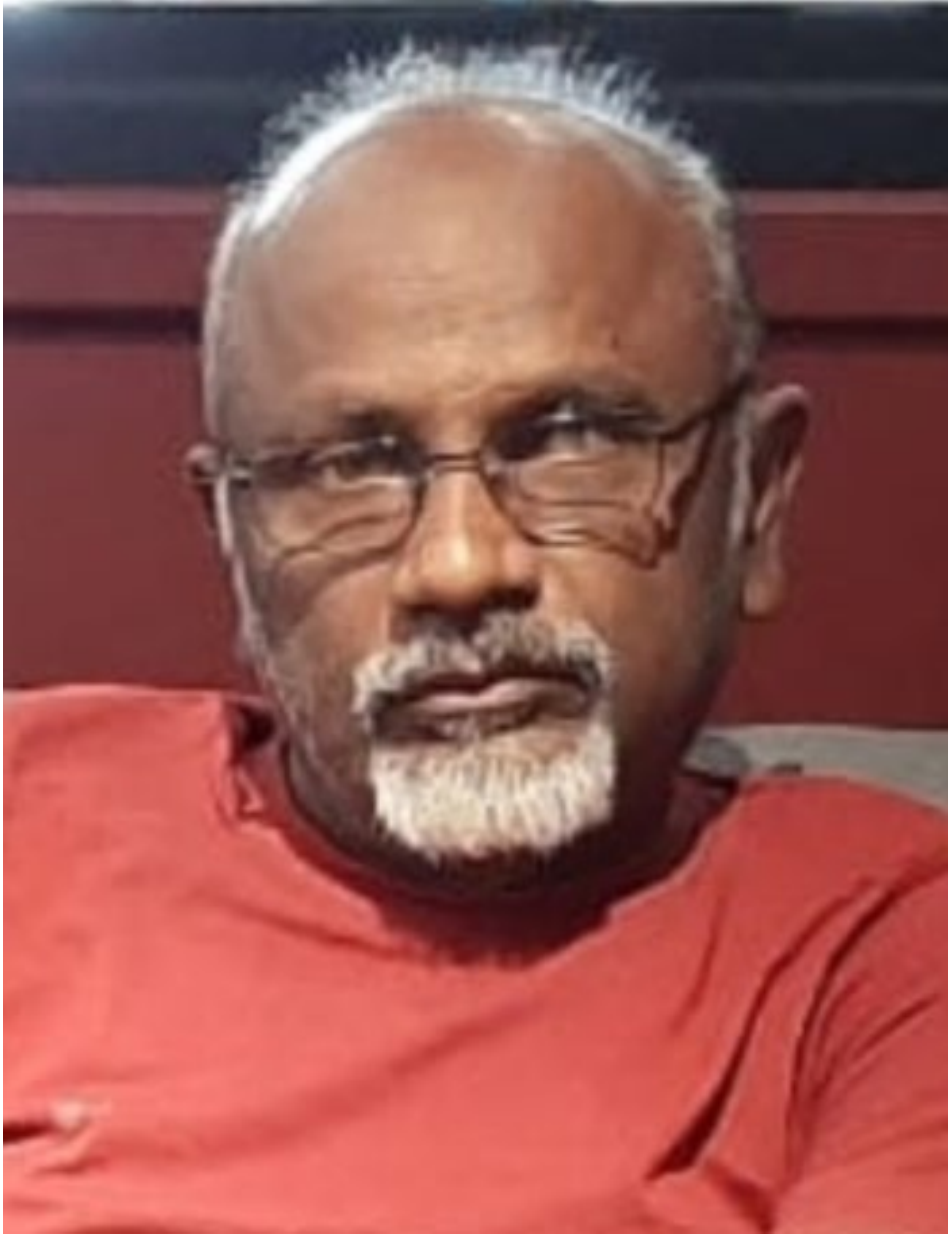
World Healing, World Peace 2022

Only a façade to the public as if they are bitter enemies in reality
They are political branch of cousins; in essence they are family.

The masses looking on so hungry, less educated but unruly in their thoughts
They succumbed like a seduce lover so weaken by the G-spot
They fold like cards to the demands and request.
Many become so immune to the abuse that they are so obedient like little sheep to the slaughter
They put up no resistance at all as if there is any fight left.

Talk about the social media keyboard ninja fighters proclaiming to be the new advocates,
activist
And revolutionist
Only spewing cancel culture
If they do not follow the herd mantra and beliefs
You are degenerate
Even the scientist has to politicize.

There is a fallacy that hard work pays off
Watching my mother toiled for years with an aching back, twisted fingers
and shortness of breath
She is as old as artefact with years still waiting
She was once spruce and like fine wine and in the blink of an eye she became a relic,
I ask, so many hard-working people, but no return or value for their investment
Who foots this bill?
My people are still slaves in a modern era working for minimum wage
We rage war in silence but no brave bones to one day stop working
Which in essence shut down a whole country
Who got the power the majority or the minority aristocrats?



Dasharath Naik (D.O.B 23.06.1964) hails from Bijadihi in Sundargarh, Odisha, India. Presently a reader in English (SS), he has been serving at the P. S. College, Bargaon since 1987. A student of English Literature, Sri Naik likes all the genres, especially poetry. He writes for pleasure, and humanity is his main concern.

My Ink

My blood, tears and sweat form my ink to ink what I feel
And see all around, with little fear for truths to reveal.

Beauty and innocence trampled in silence do suffer
Ill-treated elderly thrown in the end like butts of cigar.

Missing humanity, degrading morality, war for peace
Uplifting frustrated souls lagging behind in the futile race.

Like a beacon of light leading the way,
Waging war for human rights,
Crumbling evil and devilish minds
To restore dignity and delights.

Bliss of nature and its precious riches all but looted
Crimes rampant, devastating joys making all dejected.

Differences and hatred between/among races
Religion, Pride, Anger and Ego, the root of all causes.

To feed victims of hunger, more than any sword ever
Inks will bring Love and Harmony to life struck by terror.



Tali Cohen Shabtai was born in Jerusalem, Israel, and is an international poet of high esteem with works translated into many languages. She is the author of three bilingual volumes of poetry, *Purple Diluted in a Black's Thick* (2007), *Protest* (2012) and *Nine Years from You* (2018). A fourth volume is forthcoming in 2022.

Margins of Society

I love remote sights.

They provide an answer to offer a glance at the lives of human beings on the margins of society,

it's funny how much transparency there is in them – until I see my own life within them.

Empty and fearful, the impure and lepers, homosexuals and transsexuals, prostitutes and homeless harlots, junkies gripped with insanity those lacking everything, incurable patients, gangs.

These in these places

with an element devoid of any status – indeed

the status indicates location while the role indicates the active part.

It is enough to smell the figurative stench

in remote places to understand the departure of these people

from what was once their role before life on the spine that involved

expectations of society, and secondly of their status, where they were before in society.

These are two sides of the coin: a status and a role that no longer attach importance to them

in these remote places when they are detached like a bank note to a whore on the margins of society in an urban alley.

In typography, the margins are the blank part that is commonly left between the body text and the edge of the sheet of paper.

As is well known, the margins surround the text on its four sides and are usually blank.

As in life just not from my angle of view

the core of the page is the text that the margins delineate

but why wasn't it mentioned that there are other messages that characterize margins other than being “blank”?

Like constant headlines,

page numbering or footnotes. In the past it was customary to decorate the margins of manuscripts with illustrations I am sure that even today.

How lovely such a notebook!

Think about it! If it weren't for the margins
that are the page's pillar,
the text would not be possible
whether the page margins
fill a space of 2.54 cm or less.

But!
Typically, the reader chooses
to completely ignore the existence of the margins
and continues reading.
That's how it is in life, too.



From Trinidad, a recipient of multiple awards, Brenda Mohammed is a renowned and bestselling author of 41 books. The genres she prefers are memoirs, romance, science fiction, mysteries, psychological thrillers, children's books, poetry, and self-help. She is founder of the Facebook forum, "How to Write for Success".

World Healing, World Peace

Talking alone cannot bring world healing and world peace.
In our own spaces we must attend to each other's needs.
Praying for peace and healing and doing nothing,
Will not bring about the change for which we are looking.

World healing and peace must start with each of us.
Teach our children in the family unit the facts.
The rewards will be outstanding citizens in nations,
Who will seek to maintain good values and relations.

If every family in the world act with respect and dignity,
There will be no need for wars and cruelty.
Money used to purchase arms and ammunition can be,
Used by governments to develop each impoverished country.

Talks of exclusion, equality, climate change, wealth sharing,
Will no longer be high priority if all are kind and understanding.
Instilling proper values in children from an early age,
Will bring about the much-desired change.



Shoshana Karbasi is a poet, a children's literature author and a professional storyteller. She also writes lyrics in Ladino for international music albums her daughter composes. Shoshana's writings deal with the status of women in traditional societies. She holds the Israeli Ministry of Education and Culture Award.

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The Great Light

If only we knew
To carry on our faces
The great light that shines
On the face of a toddler
In their first step.
The courage to leave
Supportive arms,
The bravery of lifting the legs
Out of habit,
Fully trusting
The stability of the ground,
The resurrection from the falls,
And the complete happiness
From that one step . . .
Small . . .

נְהַרְהָ / שׁוֹשְׁנָה קַרְבְּסִי

לוֹ נִדְעַ
לְשֵׁאת עַל פְּנִינוּ
אוֹתָהּ נְהַרְהָ וְשֶׁל פְּעוֹט
בְּצַעְדוֹ הָרֵאוּנוּ.
אֵת אִמְץ עֲזִיבַת
הַתְּמָדָה,
אֵת גְּבוּרַת הַרְמַת
הַרְגָּל
מִהַרְגָּל,
אֵת הַמְבִטָּח
בְּמוֹצְקוֹת הַמְדָּרָה,
אֵת הַתְּקוּמָה מִן הַנְּפִילוֹת
וְאֵת הָאוֹשֶׁר הַשְּׁלָם
שֶׁבְצַעְד
אֶתְדָה,
קִטְן מְדוֹת.



Angel Edwards is a Canadian singer, songwriter, guitarist and a published writer with 4 books of poetry. She is a member of SOCAN BMI and the AF of M Vancouver branch. Her stories and poetry have been published worldwide in magazines and newspapers, online and in print.

www.angeledwards.ca

If It Were Possible

If it were possible to rewind
retrace the footsteps of history
if the explorers could return to their intrusive entry
into this so-called alleged 'New World'
could they not have been kinder gentler
more interested in a different culture
from people who lived in such a faraway place
why wouldn't they have assumed that the people living in this "Old World"
held entitlement to this strange beautiful land which they were setting foot on
(without being invited)
Why did they come with hearts so full of hatred and ignorance?
Was there a mutual fear on both parts for the invaders and the invaded?
Put in a human sense, how can anybody possibly be on the side of the invaders?



Born in the village of Karpala in Tandlianwala Faisalabad, Pakistan, Shahid Abbas is a poet and a writer.

Peace

The innocent people are suffering
Bodies are spread
On the soil
War, war and war
For their own interests
The powers have this goal

The world needs peace
The battles in the name of religion, colour and creed
Why is there a need for war? Peace again should be restored
Because humanity is suffering
The so-called powers
Destroyed the peace of the universe
Rape the women, children and animals
By whom did they get permission
To kill innocents
They are human beings
They have freedom
You haven't the right
To force them to be your servants
Stop it
Because humanity is suffering
People need love
And they are watching above
It must stop.
Who will stop?
Why is there a need for war?



Binod Dawadi is from Naikap, Kathmandu, Nepal. He holds a Master's Degree in English from Tribhuvan University in Kirtipur. His hobbies include reading, writing, drawing, gardening, and making new friends. Binod likes to travel to new places and likes to be sociable.

Corona, World Wars and Peace

The world is facing Corona,
In such condition Corona,
Becomes greater than the 1st and 2nd world war,
People are dying of the hunger,
They are searching for help,
But government also cannot help them,
This is due to whole world,
Of whole country's people are facing this,
Government is doing help to the certain people,
By providing funds, by giving free medical checkup,
And medicines disturbing, they are giving shelter,
Food and clothes to the people,
But at the 21st century also science,
And technology developed so much,
But it can't eradicate this Corona,
Totally in the world,

We may improve them,
By helping our neighbours,
By spreading awareness about this disease,
And helping to gather funds,
And we can distribute to them,
In such time we can't be together,
But we can stay far and help the people who needs,
I think we can create this place better,
Rather to arriving in another places,
This is because there is only one,
Choice for us,
We can go to other planets,
But it costs so much cost,
And we can't bear that,
But in such place also,
There can be Corona
So, we should create medicine,
For this Corona,
Which can eradicate it,

World Healing, World Peace 2022

Peace is needed stop the wars,
Which kills many people in our history,
And suggesting us we should not do such wars,
At present time, at now also people are,
Doing wars, to get what I don't know,
Corona and wars are taking our peace,
So, peace is needed to live in cooperation,
To live happily at this present time,
Peace is needed in all world,
We call for peace where are you,
If you are not there we will create,
Ourself peace in our society, country,
And the world as well.



Langley Shazor was raised in Bristol, Virginia. An advocate for education; breaking down stereotypes, creating social awareness, enlightenment, human rights, and helping those less fortunate are his life's passions. Writing is not only personally therapeutic for him, but a medium for which he can impart positivity on those from all walks of life.

Herd Immunity

Quarantined
Within my mind palace
Coming full circle
With a few days to spare
I've reconciled myself
To myself
My calling
My purpose
My God
Counted days
Counted down
Have we removed our masks
Inoculated prejudices
Sincere solidarity
Appropriated justice
In misappropriated systems
If not us
Then someone of equal distinction
Held disproportionately
By violence of proportional value
A virus
Plaguing the hearts of men
A generational pandemic
Treated with much less urgency
Our physical ailments
Simultaneously exposing
Our souls' mimicry
Impervious
To pharmaceutical manufacturing
We must sterilize the needle of hatred
Inject ourselves with love
To remain vaccinated
Preventing the spread
Of bigotry



Canadian poet Kathy Figueroa's work can be read in newspapers, magazines, anthologies, cyberspace, and her books: *Paudash Poems*, *Flowertopia*, *The Cathedral of the Eternal Blue Sky*, *The Ballad of the PoeTrain Poeteer: Winnipeg to Vancouver*, and *The Renaissance of Rhyme*.

flowertopia.studio@gmail.com

Evolve to a Higher Plane

There's so much bad news
It's like the world's going to Hell
Will mankind survive?
These days, it's hard to tell

A mass shooting in a mosque
Down in kiwi land
Another senseless slaughter
Sane folks don't understand

Divisions in religion
Politics, and race
Become like ugly team sports
This society's disgrace

Some are on Team Christian
Others on Team Jew
There's Team Moslem, Team Sikh
Team Hindu, to name just a few

Will humans ever get along
And evolve to a higher plane?
Or are we doomed to destruction
By the hateful and insane?

This poem was inspired by the world events on March 14th, 2019.



Lorraine A. Wilks is married and a mother of three. She has always had an interest in poetry and recently discovered that it was a great outlet for the mental well-being and a great way to cement current events for children and future generations within the Black British Community.

My Silence

The silence. My silence are my thoughts for the day. The silence my silence is (for) the tears that I displayed. The tears for my sons, my brothers, the mother, the ancestors, their struggles our struggles, our oppression less progression is a battle to this day.

We recognize, we state the trouble that we see, 'I'm not racist' and 'racism doesn't exist (in society)' they plea. Yet again we witness the murder of a brother, his cries and pleas "I can't breathe!" to another; an Officer of Law who is there to comply, who instead chose to let this black man die! why?

Hatred! Prejudice! Discrimination for people like me! Hatred kills the heart! It's murder! You see! You see! We have to agree.

The struggle is real the oppressors see it too, the governments and economies are all paying the price too. Activists are the voices of our frustration and anger, hashtags are trending that 'Black Lives Matter'.

At last, the white people are getting it! They see what we see, the systematic abuse of power - against black people - from the powers that be. 'This has to stop! It has to be put right' and 'this is murder', 'cops can't do that (murder), it's not right'.

The protests continue, the President's in his bunker, he orders his law enforcements to begin to get tougher! Get tougher in mind and action - some do agree, then join forces with activists on one bended knee. In honour of George Floyd, one man that represented many, many that lost their lives to police brutality.

My thoughts and my reflections collected, my solace I find, in a poem by Maya Angelou (and yet) "Still I Rise". Through degradation, separation, segregation, emancipation, frustration and condemnation, we rise.

We're united with others against a system that's oppressed to the needs of black people that needs to be expressed. With marches and protests we stand for a common cause, brothers and sisters are dying, the current system is flawed.

Man should not get away with murder - despite the colour of their skin, with the law tipped in their favour that's where we begin. Everyone is accountable badge, honour or degree,

World Healing, World Peace 2022

take responsibility for your actions so the whole world can see.

Can see that change will come, in a positive direction and give hope and some peace
by the use of reflection. Never again! Should this situation arise. We live together -we
should be harmonized. Yes, we have differences that tell us apart, yet there is more that
unites us –
there would be a good start. But is it? I guess not - we've tried that before, but the topic
of colour we cannot ignore. It can't change! It won't go away! Society has to love one
another
and learn to embrace. There is still a long way for work to be done,
then and only then will a new day come.

The powers that be are shifting right before our eyes, those in the know (the experts)
don't seem
so surprised. It starts with the economy, money moves to different sites,
to help support one another the realization it unites.

It unites us in our injustices as the economy is not fair, we ourselves hold the power to
make changes as we care. The power is in each one of us, when united in grief, to make
changes
to the injustices that each one of us seeks.

My change may be small, may be insignificant to some, but should this poem make a
difference, then my job is done.

Until you have walked a mile in my shoes, don't judge, don't preach, George Floyd,
Black Lives Matter in our search for inner peace.

(The oppression and suffering
my people have gone through
and come through
and still go through.)



Antaryami Mishra, English Lecturer at R.D.C.H.S. School, is a poet who writes in Odia and English. His work appeared in numerous monthly and quarterly literary journals (online and in print) and anthologies of national and international repute. Mishra's poems have been reviewed on various literary forums and translated into Spanish, Amharic and English.

A Black Comedy

Voices beating the drums of peace
Strumming on harmonious hugs and kiss
News-clips like patches of clouds collecting fast
Acrobatics in the seas, virtual, physical meets and deals
In deserts, bases speak volumes on value–concerns
Mass-voice in quarantine, save negligible unruly ones
Like COVID-patients under isolated medication!

Large scale killings in Kabul marked
Mass exodus, unreported rapes, modernity blackened
Armed vehicles on roads viable more than buses, trains
A bottle of water, a morsel of food – matters of dream
Education dented for men in power-sucking cream
The issues at hand question the think-tank to nab the vermin.

Democracy demands a timely response
Questions millions to find a recourse
Thwarts recusancy to a deadly dark pit
Upholds humanity over muscle-power's feat.

The play of vociferous meetings and sittings on stage
Shall never spare the histrionics of actors and director
Off stage shall go on chasing, haunting forever.



Head Teacher from Bangladesh, Devnath Das was selected as the best instructor in 2017. He is an administrator at the *Desh Potrika* magazine, and a long-time writer. He was honored for his creativity in 1992, 2018 and 2020. His poems appeared in various magazines and anthologies. He has *Utsorgo* and *Muktir Mohanayok Bongonondhu Sheik Muhib* to his credit.

An Orphanhood Girl

Ponder

Always I ponder her
She's still in a hospice
Parentless orphanhood
Her father zapped
Her mother zapped also
In a civil war
Even she's kinless
No belongings
What's a heterogenous!
What's a distress!
A heartrending punishment
She gets
What's her fault?
Completely she's innocent
A shrill zapped causes
I ponder
I ponder from
So aloofness
I'm incognito
Her circumstance
I tenaciously percept wo
Mere I'm in disquiet
Mere I psalm Od
Her Specious.



Mark Andrew Heathcote is from Manchester, UK. He began writing poetry at an early age. His poetry has been published in many journals, magazines, and anthologies. He has authored two books of poems, *In Perpetuity* and *Back on Earth*, published by Creative Talents Unleashed. Mark is a support worker in adult-learning difficulties.

Touches of a Master

We are all merely brushstrokes, a pigment
on a canvas touched by the hand of a Master
our colours bleed out to explore
the subtler textures of this unknown genius
as abstract art goes, this is the birthplace
the final word, the all-encompassing closure
to see each morn the sunrise and sunset
each one, a masterpiece without flaws
it is only we who have imperfections
that's airbrushed over in compositions new.

It is only we who, in our ever-changing oils
develop a mindset of absolute indifference
ranging from intolerance, hatred, and love
when it is complete and framed, the seer
will proclaim, speak like a worldly prophet
here is a landscape of unequalled beauty
here is a place of peace tranquility
framed without borders or wars
here is a portrait of a man without fears
who's never been known to make errors or slips?



Dr. Dipima Buragohain is an academic from India who works in China. Motivated to explore new domains of learning academically and creatively, her curious mind to meet, know and grow with people, places and diverse cultures has constantly led her through creativity of poems, short stories and novellas.

The Basket of Times

I carry a basket of times untouched and unheard,
Dropping a few pieces unnoticed, unplanned.
Of course, that is never my intention but then,
Can I control it, any of it ever? Maybe. Not.
Fragile humanity lifts my soul when I turn back
To pick some of the scattered times;
Times of happy, sad memories, of anger and pain,
Loss or even gain. Whose loss? Whose gain?
My reverse steps take me to nostalgia
Only to realize how that time is never returning
To the threshold of my hamlet. Ever again.
The dawn befalls, the night shines through,
And seasons of love and war continue to be so
As if there were no tomorrow, not even a today.

I am in search of my valley like everyone else,
I want to reach there, grow my garden and prosper
Like every soul nurturing the perfect dream
Of a fertile ground that grows love and all other vibes.
Back in my mind lives this wish I so aspire to live,
The wish to bend time or just go with its flow
To a greener pasture of real humanity
With imperfect perfection and flawless scars,
With unconditional acceptance of all odds
And unending embracing of all evens.
I carry this basket of times in search of my valley.



Chika Udekwe, a Biafran poet and activist, has authored *Songs for The Soul: A Collection of Poems*. His poetry appeared in numerous international anthologies such as *Rendition of International Poetry* (China, 2021), *Arcs Prose Poetry* (Iraq, 2020), *Complexion Based Discrimination: Global Insight* (India), and *Delicious Bottles for Soyinka* (Nigeria, 2018). He is a farmer and a teacher.

Leave Here

“This is our rice farm
leave this field
stop grazing
stop eating our rice.
I said, go away you cattleman
take your cattle away!”

Then I threw a stone at one large-mouthed cow
just to chase them away as they seemed defiant after shouting and shouting.
The cattleman came with his double-edged sword
subdued me
put his sword forward to butcher me.

My hand is now stitched, right?
The pains ameliorated
but you can see the lines of grief
on my face, mother.

A stone at one cow
landed me here in this doctor's house
almost amputated, mother.

“Never throw stones at their cows again, son.
Allow them to eat to their fill;
Perhaps to them crops are grasses.”
Mother said and sobbed conveniently.



Antje Stehn, poet, visual artist, art curator, is a member of German PEN and of the scientific committee of the Piccolo Museo Della Poesia of Piacenza in Italy. She is part of the international collective, “Poetry Is My Passion”, co-editor of *BumBum TamTam*, and *los Ablucionistas e Terrandaz*. She is a promoter of the Rucksack a Global Poetry Patchwork project.

All Should Cry, “Beware, Beware”

Cyclopic walls girdle the Land
way down into the sunless sea.
The last war is not over yet
and once again they stare
on the dried blood
piles of debris.
and a landscape
of concrete skeletons.

Children won't grow old in this place
they cling to their parents
trying to sleep
still breathing restlessly
underneath the bed for shelter
until the next missile falls
and they all will be gone.
Those who remain
will repair the windows
the roofs
and the hope.
They will lay their hands
on growing scars
speaking to their dead.
A holy place, they say
where hatred thrives
and feeds the twisted minds
with no traces of regret
and someone makes a profit
of this dirty business
yet again.

Translated by Betty Gilmore



Gina Dundova is a medical doctor – pediatrician. She teaches physiology at the Medical University in Sofia. She is a member of the Union of Bulgarian writers. She has 7 poetry books, one novel and two books for kids to her credit. She wrote texts for songs that won national awards.

The Miracle Is You

People, you are like pearls
In the necklace of the world.
Let's take care of our home,
our planet Earth.
Life is pure magic.
Oh, life is like a dream,
In black and white or colourful,
Songs of joy and tears.
Let's live in peace.
The miracle is you.



Meher Pestonji, a veteran journalist writing on street-kids, housing rights, and communalism while covering theatre, art and interviewing creative people, has short stories, novels and four plays to her credit. A digital performance of her new play, *Turning Point* is currently on Zoom. Her poems reflect a deep connection with nature, drawing on resilience as a survival tool.

Differences Enrich Nature, Why Not People?

A flower is distinct from a mountain

The same sun warms both.

A flower is distinct from a mountain

The same wind whips both.

A flower is distinct from a mountain

The same earth molds both.

A flower is distinct from a mountain

The same shower soaks both.

A flower is distinct from a mountain

Both beautify earth

Mountains are distinct from flowers

scaling heights beyond compare

Flowers are distinct from mountains

filling fragrances in the air

Mountains are distinct from flowers

unchanged by wind or rain

Flowers sparkle myriad colours

weeks after they fade

Mountains are carpeted green and brown

flowers sprout red, white, yellow

Together they create a landscape

reflecting with Nature's rich glow



Roza Boyanova has authored 20 books of different genres – four of which were published in Skopje, Bucharest, and in St. Petersburg. She received numerous national and international awards. An honorary citizen of Burgas, she is a member of ORIENT – OSSIDENT and founder of the “Sacred Language” international festival and the international literature competition, “Art against Drugs”.

Dedication*

That is the way I took care of an immortality
/There was place for me in its shadow/

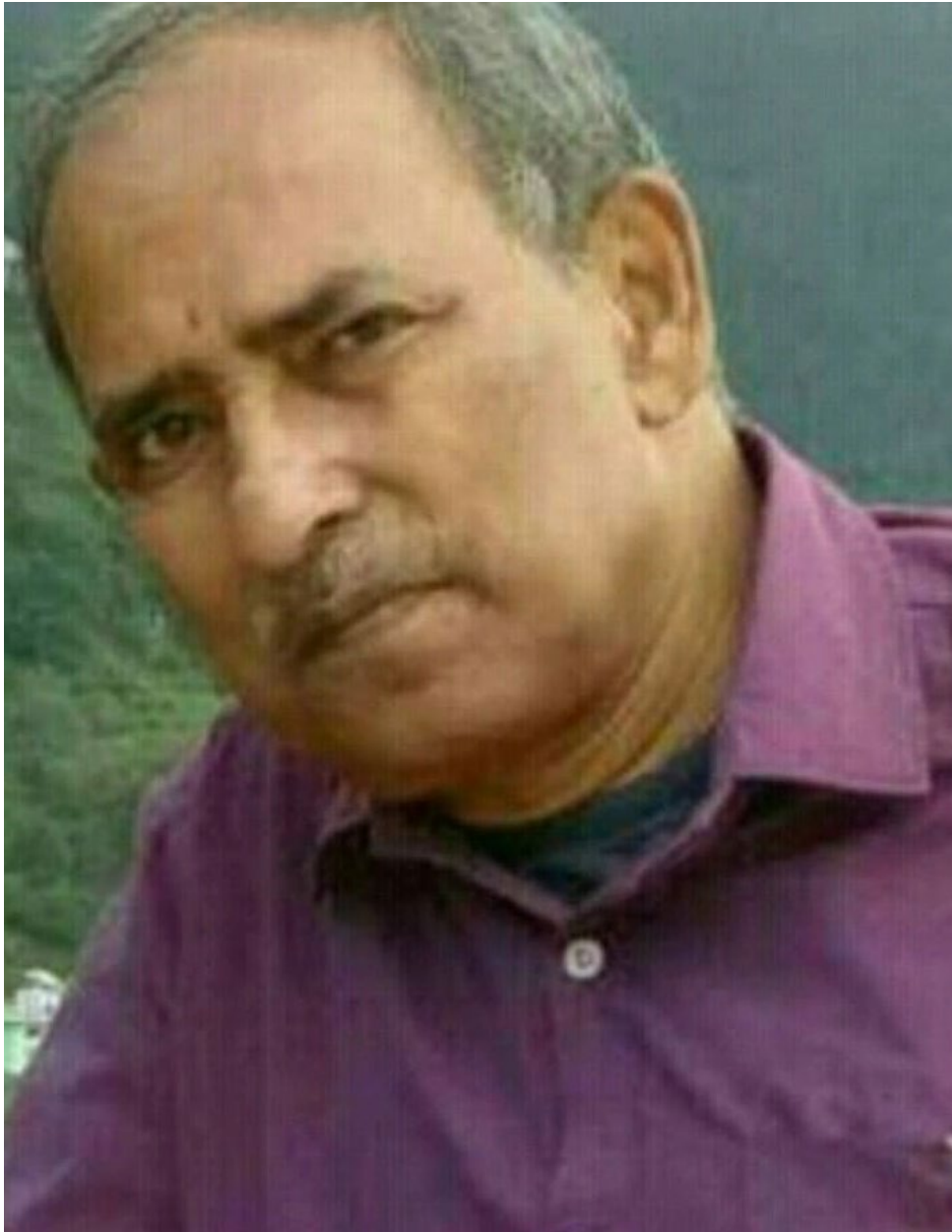
I walked upon the thin tight rope of my security
And carried it with me
In order to avoid all obstacles arising on the way . . .

I could have washed the world's dirty shirt,
I wanted to bandage its wounds,
To look after life – that sick child,
To get old quickly and with love

However, I grew out of my earthly success,

And there was place for me in its shadow.

** The poem is dedicated to the great Bulgarian poet Elisaveta Bagryana (1893 – 1991), whom I met when she really seemed immortal.*



C. S. P. Shrivastava is a bilingual poet (Hindi and English), from India. His poems have been published in several national and international anthologies. He loves and cares for the human values, and views literature as a continuous effort to understand the intricacies of the human psyche and nature.

All Are Born Equal

The world today –
A victim of racism, religious n geophysical divide
Coupled with sickly sense of superiority
Forcing each other to be a link
Toing the line . . .

All are born equal
Yet, appearing mostly monstrous
Sans the conviction of brotherhood

We are the most innovative
For the negativity
Rarely, there would be a match!!!

Not denied the occasional good
Too short for the desired

It's negativity catching itself
Like a wild fire –

Let's pause and think . . .
Through the centuries
We have been fighting
With no qualitative gain

Let's then, ponder for a while
Can positivity not yield
Panacea
To the ailing humanity

Let all the souls unite n pray for peace,
Happiness n prosperity . . .
Let there be, above all
Universal unity.



Jorgelina Zeoli, former concert organist, singer, Tai Chi instructor and author, was born in Manhattan, NY and raised in Argentina. Her inspirational memoirs about healing from trauma without medications are based on channeled conversations between her inner child and God. She resides in Massachusetts, United States of America.

www.jorgelinazeoli.com

In the Breaking

world collapsing

from the rubble
Spirit rising

humans shaking
humans trembling

fear, chaos

where to go?

in the breaking
Spirit rising

breaking patterns
no routine

the confusion

go within

in the breaking
one awakens

where's my essence?
where's my soul?

what's my purpose?

I don't know

time in silence
solitude
all the answers may unveil

keep the question
set intention

someone's Guidance
may appear

it's the small voice
deep within

soft and gentle

angel's whisper

never nagging

it's your choice

learn to listen
trust and follow

in the darkness
tiny steps

you'll be guided
and protected
on the narrow path ahead

Beam of Light
above my head
now points The Way

and I can rest

no more worries
no more fears

Beam of Light
from head to toe

that's my essence

Now I know

World Healing, World Peace 2022

a New World
will manifest
as Humanity awakens

tiny steps
just here and now

trust The Guidance

All is well

word collapsing

from The Fire
Spirit rising



Yvette Murrell, Power, Voice & Choice Coach, has multifaceted cross-sector accomplishments in business, education and expressive arts. You will find Yvette where imagination, arts and transformative justice meet beloved community. She revels in the following identities: twin, mother, facilitator, artist, grief doula, oracle and alchemist.

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Bridges

Joy can only go so far when you won't hold pain.

Life can only go so far when you won't hold death.

Shared humanity is about holding both with love and integrity. This is a challenging place to stand and a powerful place to be.

Recognize how the past is useful to bring love to the present.

Recognize how dreaming is useful to generate the future.

Recognize how understanding lives in relevant metaphors.

Recognize the work generated by painful experiences.

Recognize the opportunity to love, accept, forgive and cherish all.

Recognize the invitation to be authentic, feel and be with what is.

Recognize the choice to be present and hold meaningful boundaries.

Recognize when you are free, someone is holding the container in which you are twirling.

Recognize where you are listening from.

Recognize where you are observing from.

Recognize where you are now.

And. If you have it, build the bridge to connect with others. If not, welcome them on the journey. If they choose not to build the bridge to the part of themselves that is reflected in you, then remember when you were there and give them permission not to connect. Give them permission to be in separation and bless them with love for their journey. Then weep for the pain of separation and let the tears become streams, let streams become rivers, let rivers become oceans and let mother earth spew her lava blood into the ocean, building new island bridges of her own.



Rahim Karim (Karimov), Uzbek-Kyrgyz-Russian poet, writer, publicist, translator and academic, was born in 1960 in Osh, Kyrgyzstan. He is a graduate of the Moscow Literary Institute, A.M. Gorky (1986), a member of the National Union of Writers of the Kyrgyz Republic, and holds an Honorary Doctorate in Philosophy.

The World Is Sick Today

Our world is seriously ill today,
And he needs urgent hospitalization.
Maybe a microsurgical intervention will be necessary,
Because He has been confused for a long time.

For Humanity long ago left the common human culture,
He has lost the path of correct development.
Long ago he renounced the ethics of humanism.
Imperceptibly adopted the lifestyle of the animal world,
In which there is no conscience, shame, humanity.

The whole world is ruled by the electoral system,
And God's Laws work little.
Everywhere you look - games of parliamentarism are taking place,
Where, sometimes, not the best people of the Planet go.

Money is used, wealth,
It seems that the world consists of one democracy.
In which there is neither God nor His sacred books,
Their duas, verses, postulates, as if the World was created by Mankind itself!

The way to heal is
What Humanity must understand
That everything he planned can happen only when the Almighty wants it.
For, this is His Creation, and He alone is the Ruler of this world.

Earthly rulers their subjects must understand in the end,
That their time will pass sooner or later.
How did the days of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Hitler go?
The times of Adam, Nukh, Ibrahim, Ismail,
Yakub, Yusuf, Musa, Davud, Suleiman, Isa and Muhammad . . .

During the operation, the mind of Mankind must be brought
in accordance with this Truth of the Universe.
It must stop talking nonsense, losing my temper,
Forgetting that It is mortal, that He should appear before the judgment of the Creator.

For Humanity is deeply mistaken, thinking that the ruler of the WORLD is It.



Yuan Changming hails with Allen Yuan from poetrypacific.blogspot.ca. Credits include eleven Pushcart nominations, nine chapbooks as well as publications in Best of the Best Canadian Poetry (2008-17), & BestNewPoemsOnline, among others.

Standing Still for Survival

Long, long before long ago, Earth
Was originally set within a koru

Unfurling at every antlike moment
Directly towards the sun, until
Now it is too overloaded
With evil spirits & viruses

To continue revolution as it
Tries to return to itself



Maria Grujicic is the founder of Hidden Beauty of Darwin Productions and creates films with spoken word, highlighting natural areas in Darwin, neglected to a point where they are destroyed for development. She believes that peace without monetary gain allows human integrity to guide noble pursuits and interactions with all living things.

The Way to the Old Man Rock

At war with changes in the world
How far we've come,
Yet how far behind we are
Marking the plight of future generations and
The what we may leave behind
Immaculate birth, the last piece of forest
Spanning the clear blue Darwin skies
Indigenous ancestors carry the truth
Living breathing Larrakia sacred sites
Cultural stories, through spoken word they thrive
Life to water, brings peace to day
Trees on a battle ground, may they survive
As the natural elements attempt to play
Political gain, a reward for the few
Hope lingers, a game for the masses
Waiting for the end, a fight with words plea
Smells of clean air and free spaces
Shore birds surround my journey
As I walk towards Old Man Rock in the sea
I turn to my child and pray
Lee Point Darwin Australia, ten years on
Will you be as beautiful as today?



Siafa Draper is a native of Grand Cape Mount County, Liberia. He is a poet and a spoken word artist, the head of reviews for the Liberian Poet Society [LPS], a member of the Ghana Association of Writers [GAW] and the author of *Beautiful Mind*, which is a collection of poems, articles and speeches.

The Stolen Decade

In these shifting winds of change,
We see no value in mortality and wealth gained

We're not mature until we embrace the coming of death
For death too, is a mark of maturity

One day, we shall all receive death certificates
Maybe, it's the penalty for living or the gain for dying

Today, the world discovers a strange fear
Tears fill the palms of her hands

Another ambulance cries
Conveying chorus of souls destined for eternal rest

The city light sits in darkness and horror
As tears grip hearts of home dwellers

The city is lockdown – its inhabitants quarantined
Behold! An evil sickness has seduced our world

This global neighborhood is engulfed in fear and grief
Death invades – they died in their thousands

Not just today, tomorrow, but everyday
It's Corona, a virus with no antidote, they say:

Except in the washing of hands and social distancing
We too, must be a stupid generation to accept such cruel lies

The world grieves in silence
Every heart, his own bitterness he recalls

The church walls are silent
As the world lose its hopeful balance –

To fake news, fake food, fake people
Slowly poisoning our souls and robbing us off the divine truth



Shurouk Hammoud is a Syrian poet and literary translator. She has three published poetry collections in Arabic and two poetry books in English. She has received numerous international awards for her poems. Her poetic work was translated into 16 languages and published in paper and online magazines, and poetry anthologies.

Interview with the Remains of a Syrian Man

What did the war do with the air?

-it furnished it with heartbreaks,

With canned salt and smoke.

What were you waiting for before you died?

-I was waiting for a dawn's smile I painted as a lover in my
imagination.

What the trees dream about when you told them about the wind that
would take you?

-they dreamed of dancing

They dreamed of many other things; they did not say a word about.

Was there other space that rains in your daydreams?

-yes, and in my night dreams it got me; so, I got pregnant with another
alienation.

Are you the same person before and after the war?

-no one comes back from war empty-handed.



Dr. Ana María Manuel Rosa of Argentina is writer, poet, historian, proofreader and editor. She holds three honorary doctorates and one Honorary M.A. As humanitarian and an international ambassador of peace, she has received the Recognition Order of Cervantes Medal, Kairat Duissenov. She has 22 books and participated in more than 100 anthologies.

Peace

A beautiful word that so many
They use and that very few apply.
Peace . . .! Peace . . .! Peace . . .!
They say it here, there and everywhere;
And shout voices from everything
The world but why don't we start
To apply at every moment and in
Every action . . .? How hard is it to put
A little effort from each one of us . . . Or
We are so petty what can we not share
Despite the diversity? If we all like parties,
Laughter and joy. If we like pigeons,
Flowers and poems; also, poetry,
Stories and books. Also, music, songs
And sounds accompanied by the instruments
In each rhythm; and we like movie theaters,
Comedy . . . Why can't we understand each
Other though they find many languages
And translators to help us to interpret
The other and understand their point of view?
That nothing has to be equal to ours.
What good is so much knowledge if we can't
Master and amalgamate a simple word?
Let's not imprison that white dove, or
Shut up when you trill the beautiful birds,
Let's learn to living without weapons,
Without bombs, without meanness, without
Selfishness, without competing for political
Desires, social, economic or simply for
Harming the other . . . If God gave each one
His own to know how to reason and it is
In one's own being . . . knowing how to create
A good path in peace, dream, live, build
And do without jealousy or rivalry let's learn
From the white dove that flies in peace
Without disturbing and let us know how
To live and spread peace in the world.



Mammad Ismayil is a member of the Union of Writers and Journalists of Azerbaijan and Eurasia, the European Academy of Sciences, Literature and Arts, and the Ukrainian Academy. 40 of his books have been published globally, and his work has been translated into 50 languages. He holds an Honorary Doctor at the Academy of Higher Education of Ukraine.

A Place of Exile

When the moon raised
The day shined on our fate
Even the stone stood up,
It also walked one day
Since that day, that time . . .
The world is a place of exile.
What is a sin, who let us out
To this heavy day?
When, who sent us
To the earth, to exile?
The world is a place of exile;
To plow the soil,
To carry the load
To raise your heart
To die and to kill
Yours, mine, ours
The stone heart and war
The earth is the place of hardness
The world is a place of exile;
Innovation is outdated
Tradition is a backset
Tomorrow is not a new day,
It is returning back to the yesterday.
Death is not dying,
It is returning back to your homeland . . .



Hema Ravi, freelance trainer for IELTS and Communicative English, is a poet, author, reviewer, independent researcher, event organizer and editor of *Efflorescence* (published by the Chennai Poets' Circle). Her verses and short stories have been published in reputed national and international journals, a few of which have won prizes as well.

Heed Their Voice

Biodiversity and protection ever a must
Destroying flora and fauna totally unjust.
One-horned rhinos are precious
Poachers are not so gracious,
believing rhino-horns to have medicinal value.

As ecosystem engineers, elephants protect
forest wealth; to water bodies, others, they direct
in Summer, locating water with their tusk(s)
Man 'Superior' rules with weapons, tusks and musk(s)
takes off brazenly.

Pachyderms don't have voices to retort
Smaller beings become easy prey for Man's sport!
How long will such slaughter last?
Until they all become a thing of the past?

On wings of self-destruction, Man stands
Time is out, point two little hands.



Norbert Góra is a 31-years-old poet and writer from Poland. He is the author of more than 100 poems which have been published in poetry anthologies in the USA, UK, in India, Nigeria, Kenya and Australia.

We Demand an End to the Battles!

So many words
have already been written
about the healing values of peace.
So many tears
have been shed in wars,
oddly enough,
we constantly forget about them.
Money and power
are at the table again,
those at the peak
seem to have too few emotions
and just waiting
to shoot down the dove of peace
that flies over the globe
with the olive twig.
Only unity
won't able them to pull the trigger,
let us shout in solidarity
the demands for an end to the battles.



Vietnam veteran Mark Fleisher has published three books of poetry and collaborated on a fourth. His works have appeared in numerous online and print anthologies. The Brooklyn, New York-native holds a journalism degree from Ohio University, and now calls Albuquerque, New Mexico, home.

A Cabal of Despots

A fraternal group they are,
no secret handshakes
or covert rituals but
unspoken pledges to
violate sworn oaths

Members cross racial
and geographic boundaries
sharing a common language
autocratic actions
coming from
left and right,
sometimes straddling
ideological divides,
appealing to unhinged
senses of ethnic purity

They ascend to power
under the bogus guise
of populism, but those
who feel forgotten
remain forgotten,
languishing in need

Promises of reform
now sounding empty
no longer believed
Only the chosen few,
the servile sycophants
prosper, always fearing
banishment if they
stray from the mantra

Despots don't leave easily
some long-running reigns
end naturally; others cling
to thrones by squashing dissent,

World Healing, World Peace 2022

flouting the rule of law,
winking at honest elections
Revolution –
regrettably violent,
hopefully peaceful

Be wary, agents of change,
take care not to replace
one glib voice with
another fast-talker

There is no difference

**While this poem may not describe a path to world peace, it warns of an obstacle to achieving that elusive goal.*



The writer/thinker Panagiota Bleta was born in Greece. She studied in New York. She was active in the field of Local Government. She collaborated professionally with Greek and international business organizations. She has 19 books and more than 250 articles to her credit.

The Real Peace

Peace is not a social balance.

It is not a scale that tilts sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other.

Peace has an inner agony.

Peace has self-awareness.

Peace is not knowledge; it is a responsibility for the weight of the world.

True peace explodes like a grenade against the dominant instincts, it does not caress them.

And it goes further, until it reaches a goal.

Peace does not end with death, it is repeated, because people are not repeated.

Peace is a science, it is research on life. And as such it should be taught and not as diplomacy.



Born in 1960, Rana Zaman hails from Bangladesh. Married with two children, he is a retired government official (Additional Secretary to the Government). He has 91 books to his credit, including 2 in English.

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Regarding Hope

Waiting for hope is positive aspect
Hope is nothing but a special tact
Enthusiasm takes the hope forward
Noble thought set frees captive bird

Willingness tends to implement hope
Irrational hope noose around the neck
Let the willingness climb up the rope
Laden people falling fail pull him back

Be patient to get fruit
Exercises is the root

Try and try again try to reach the goal
Hard nut to crack is nothing gather coal
Eradicating all evils hope start to foal

Rumblings might be malign to dream
Iodoform applying will act more better
Gyration may be need to weed's trim
Hallelujahs will be blessing against hater
Tactfulness may lead to full to the brim

Today is the tomorrow's step
Illusion should be a hard slap
Myrtle will give fresh breath
Eventually you will get a wreath.



Rozalia Aleksandrova lives in Plovdiv, Bulgaria. She has authored 11 poetry books, and compiled and edited over fifteen literary almanacs, collections and anthologies. She initiated and organized the international festival of poetry, Spirituality Without Borders. Every year, the festival committee publishes an almanac, uniting thematically poetry from Bulgaria and other countries.

Resurrection

The heart fights against time.

Exquisite facade with reefs.

He is oppressed by the shadows of the tribe.

Totems, stars. And gorgonians.

Only against the wind, powerless

to crush nests and hopes.

And a bird hides in its eye

memories in verse. And trust.

It flutters its wings in flight.

And the ringing cries from heaven.

It was the heart of hopes.

It will rise again from the darkness.



Born in Rome, Elisabetta Bagli lives in Madrid where she writes poetry, short stories and essays, and is also a translator and interpreter of Spanish. She has poetry books, a compilation of stories, a children's book, and articles and essays to her credit. Her literary work has been translated into twenty languages and received prestigious awards.

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I Have Seen Spring Come

I find myself in this silent cage
made of brick and glass,
longing for another silence,
that of nature,
in which I perceived
the pleasant sounds
of our Mother Earth,
in which my life
stopped in infinite moments
and my thoughts were thickening,
meditating on pain
on the passage of time
and the impossibility of living it all.

I've seen spring come
from this cage,
the sunlight change intensity,
the colours shine again
in the few trees
that inhabit my street,
the vivid reflections of the flowers
in the neighbour's windowsill,
the same whom every night
I see applauding our heroes
struggling to stop
this wind that seems to be telling us:
"You are no longer necessary!"

I've seen spring come
and its memories, the storms
and the smell of wet earth,
memories of melancholy,
of screaming at the Sky
which does not refuse the drops
that once sailed across my being
and now they are still falling
but only on thirsty pastures and meadows,

washing eternal forests,
cleaning the whole world,
forgetting that I'm withering
in a prison without bars.

You are so vast and free,
Mother of all Mothers
and I think of you who saw my birth,
who taught me to feel,
waking my heart from the dark,
whispering pure words to my soul
pure like your beauty from which living water flows,
from which flourishes the unmatched strength
of your harmony, a source of inspiration
for every human being,
the sap that nourishes and saves
and that now hides from our eyes
that are full of hope to live in you again.



Hailing from Vietnam, Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chinh holds a Master's Degree in Education Management. She is a member of the Association of Writers of Ho Chi Minh City, Honorary Foreign Advisor of the Suryodaya Literature Foundation, and General Counselor of the World Union of Poets.

Autumn Moon Season

The autumn moon illuminates everything
Millions of stars also contribute to their loving
Illuminating the world on unhappy persons
Shining to the children of Hoa Binh region

On full moon night of August, we create a festival
Starlike lanterns are purple, red, blue, and as all
Being hung around a small house for decorating
To prepare a joyful night to meet Phoebe visiting

In blue, coming there we are charity persons
To visit and comfort the disabled children
Agent Orange rob their living happiness
They cannot enjoy their youthful age

With their defective limbs, with silly wisdom
They need help from others in painful-living boredom
Like wild-living life, their dream is broken
Is the living right not for disabled children?

Fruits in neighborhood areas just ripen we got
As gifts from kind villagers or we bought
Many other gifts, butter cakes, soft drinks
To create fun for children always dreaming

Especially, lanterns of many kinds and styles
Lanterns are multi-colored and candles to light
For making a procession for the festival
I played the role of Phoebe before all

I guided the group to distribute gifts of share
To the children who were lying down there
They are disabled children needing much regard
Remain children gathered for a ceremony in the yard

World Healing, World Peace 2022

They sang and danced but I shed tears when seeing
With crippled bodies, they staggered in moving
As a group of orangutans trembled – oh, so sad!
They sang in inarticulate sound like the mads

Alas! Agent Orange! Oh, the war! Indeed
It is you who destroy the green planet
It is you who destroy humanity life – Kill hope
Producing? Stop it now! It may have a little love.



Teresa E. Gallion is a seeker, working on unfolding spiritually in this present lifetime. She has published three books: *Contemplation in the High Desert*, *Chasing Light*, a finalist in 2013, and *Scent of Love*, a finalist in 2021 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

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The Peaceful Realm

You cannot reach the peaceful country
with a heart filled with hate
and bullets aimed at your fellow man.

You cannot reach the peaceful country
throwing war stickers at everyone
who does not subscribe to your logic sphere.

You cannot reach the peaceful country
chasing those who are different from you
and burning their feet.

You cannot reach the peaceful country
to join in harmony with all humankind
until you learn to forgive yourself and others.

You cannot reach the peaceful country
until you surrender all negative baggage
and open your arms to the broken.

You cannot reach the peaceful country
until all your ties with negative Karma are cut.
No one is exempt from the universe of justice.

You may come to the peaceful country
when you are ready to bend knees in love
and wrap arms in harmony.



Umid Najjari is a poet, author, translator, publicist, member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and the World Union of Young Turkish Writers. He began his career at a young age. His first works were published in the periodicals of Iran. He has authored three books.

Oleaster Trees

Once

oleaster trees would be an old man selling a perfume . . .

. . . Graves die before men,

and hospices ache before humans.

. . . Florists firstly witness farewells,

coffins are the last memories we feel,

Drought is a girl, named “Rain”, cutting her hair with her hands!

. . . A man in a dungeon is doomed to the curse of surrounding walls,

don't believe falsehood!

And I would be a lonely pond lying far away . . .

. . . Being a lonely pond lying far away is harder than being an oleaster tree,

being a grave and being a dungeon.



Dr. Sumitra Mishra is a bilingual writer from Bhubaneswar, India. Working as a writer after retirement as a Professor of English, she has published six English poetry anthologies, one short story book and three translation works, in addition to her eighteen books in Odia, her mother tongue.

Is Peace Ephemeral?

Is peace ephemeral like a dream

Or

Perennial like the heavenly streams?

Think of it

Each glowing dawn brings new hopes for peace

Despite the ravages and wounds

In human breast and the heart of Nature

Each twilight harbours celestial wonders in its breath

Each dark night an empire of mysterious tales in its jacket

While peacefully falls the dew drops whispering to the leaves and quietly blooms the
flowers dancing with the breeze!!!

Peace is neither a magic or a potion

It is our own choice and disposition

Look within to find peace when harried

Avoid cudgels of rivalry, keep anger buried

Friends, sing a song to lift your soul

To mend the wounds, make peace with all.



Kennedy Ochieng, born in Kenya, is a Bachelor of Science in Agricultural Education and Extension graduate. He is a teacher of Biology and Agriculture, writer and poet, motivational speaker, counselor, therapist, mentor, husband and a father. Kennedy is passionate about writing, reading and playing volleyball.

Mediation for Peace

God created the universe
Blessed every creature
All were at peace
Then came evil
Broke it all
Now we
Are all
Sick

We can reclaim our lost dignity
We can heal this ailing land
Just a little portion of love
Excavate humanity left
in us all, spread it out
to our friends and
mend the broken
And torn ties
And build
Permanent
And sound
World and
Peaceful
Home

Our hearts
Understand no hatred
Neither does it listen to
Unkindness and toxic thoughts

Peace, Love, Unity
Kindness, humility
The medicine we need

We are one family
One bonded by humanity
United by common ancestry
Listen,

World Healing, World Peace 2022

The world yearns to hear
Musings and melodies of peace and love
The glue that will repair
the cracks left in our lives
Rivalry and conflicts will just tear us apart

Let's be united to speak in one voice...

The voice the deaf will hear
The lyrics the dumb will speak
The talk the lame will walk
The writing the blind will see
The kindness those with amputated limbs will carry

We are the healers, we don't need witch doctors
We are love, the blood that runs in our veins.



Mattie Goedegebuur has 7 collections of poetry to her credit, 2 of which are in collaboration with others. Her poems have been published in various digital magazines and in more than 85 anthologies. Her work is regularly shown in exhibitions. Her short stories are included in 6 collections of short stories.

To Be Able to . . .

If you can get to know yourself again
and have come to rest
if you can see with new eyes

then you will be overloaded with
such a sparkling color splendor
that the rainbow will fade

it will reflect in your eyes
that you as a recipient also return
and love sings through your light

unexpectedly you find that ray of sunshine
so, if you keep your heart and eyes open
you can hold joy in your arms



Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy's maiden poetry collection *P-En-Chants* has been distinguished by the India Book of Records. A recipient of several awards, Paddy has compiled and edited six international multilingual poetry anthologies, with *Amaravati Poetic Prism* 2016 to 2019, recognized by the Limca Book of Records as "Poetry Anthology in Most Languages".

En Route

A graveyard I recently passed by,
That seemed to hail me with a hi,
And asking me: how are you dear,
Hoping to see you very soon here,
Though for the time being bye-bye!

I turned and told the graveyard:
Keep trying my friend, try hard!
I'll be there when my time's up;
A lot still remains in my life's cup,
That inspires within me the bard.

Till my time's up, I plan to go on,
And never be in any hand a pawn.
Chasing my hopes and goals anew,
Soaking in this world and its view,
I'll face the sun dawn after dawn!

I hope always to be one with the earth,
Where of opportunities there's no dearth.
All I need to do is to just keep on trying,
Ignoring the naysayers and eyes prying,
That challenge me to prove my worth . . .

So, death, if you again cross my way,
This is what to you I will always say:
Hey, I let you be, now you let me be.
I have unfulfilled tasks here, you see.
I'll beckon you on the appointed day!

Till then, you go your way, I go mine,
Don't bother, everything will be fine.
I'll keep doing my best with a smile,
And you be on the move all the while,
As the sun, moon and the stars shine.



Siamir Marulafau is an Associate Professor in Faculty of Cultural Sciences at the University of Sumatera Utara, Medan-Indonesia. He has authored 9 poetry anthologies, two of which are in English, *Lighting* and *Humanity*. Others, including *Cintaku di Danau Singkarak*, have been written and published in Indonesian.

A Peaceful World

Let the sun enlighten this world
As long as it doesn't break into pieces
That earth will be trembling further
If the creatures will not be in peace

The only thing in thy life is humanity
Keep humanity for peaceful life
That all are in sight will be saved
Before the waves come up to the end

Let the sun enlighten this world
Before the life comes to sleep all day
The children are a glory to be lighting
As far as the holy soul is in self

Keep the peace in lives
To make this world be in happiness
Let this world be engraved as much as possible
All creatures will be blooming like daffodils

Think too much about peaceful world
That the lives be like water fall
To give a fresh among
The final outcome is for human peace

That's is the right
Where is the policy?
How can it be created?
Humanity is magnificent in lives

Humanity is the glory in lives
That should be kept before going to sleep
It is like the leaves before drying
Let this world be blooming like flowers beneath the trees

It will be smiling some other days
This makes all to gain a real dream
Before the sun comes down to the west
All are in peace, all are in peace



Dr. Debapasanna Biswas, an Indian-Bengali poet, is a member of numerous national and international literary groups. His poems have been published and translated (Odishi, Marathi, Indonesian, Persian, Polish) locally and internationally. His primary focus is social life, and he is a believer of humanity and universal brotherhood.

Innocence

Innocent deer is peeping through grasses
So cute and afraid of so-called civilization
Eyes and ears are alert
Acquiring confidence for livelihood
Sharp fellow feelings to avoid loneliness
But not beating about bushes
Knows how to be escaped
From wild vulgarity.
Morning with dewy grass
Welcomes the deer 'hellow dear'.



Tapas Dey lives in the small town of Mathabhanga, Coochbehar in India. His passion is writing and reading poetry. Many of his poems have been published in various international anthologies and magazines. The poem is dedicated to his departed father, Sree Paresh Chandra Dey.

A Message of Peace

After healing, a sleep of the just,
Concentrated are my ears to a song,
Never had I heard so mellifluous before,
Not even in the chorus of the Mousai.

“I love you all, even the minutest life,
Take care of those who are not even alive.
You, be one for all with this love-note,
Get all lives together in one liberal boat.
Hold yourself the oar of that tight,
Go in all with the message of the real light.

My sleeping soul woke up,
My glance fell on the eastern sky,
A flock of white pigeons is seen flying together,
And singing the same song of universal peace.



Swayam Prashant (pen-name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack district, Odisha. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written six books and two booklets. They include *Live Like a Man* (poetry) and *Joy of Love* (love poems).

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Can't We Do This Much?

Although we can't go round the world
to make happy one and all, can't we
lend a hand to a worker to lessen
his sweat of brow? Although
we are busy night and day, or so we say, can't we
spare a minute or two to listen to
our neighbour's weal and woe? And when
all will die one day, we know, can't we
at least, avoid our petty quarrels and live
a life with a little more affection? Above all,
even if we can't change the whole world overnight, can't we
try this idea once in our life forgetting whether
one is a friend or a foe?



Born in Odisha, India, Rajashree Mohapatra is a teacher who holds an M.A. in History and Journalism and Mass Communication. As a post-graduate in Environmental Education and Industrial Waste Management, she is a dedicated social activist for the cause of social justice, environmental issues and human rights. Poetry, painting and journalism are her passions.

A Stupendous Desire

Numerous waves of stupendous desires
Storms of hatred and hostility
Often capsize huge ships of relationship
In the ocean of fraternity.

Peace swims like a little fish
Calmly deep under water
Unaffected by the visible turmoil
And firmly clutching a care-free fear.

There is no outlet
Where peace is transacted
It is rather safe in God's sanctuary:
The human heart
That always propels poignant hatred.

The core of society: the youngsters of today
Are deeply bruised
By attacks of terrorists and manmade calamities
Resulting their assemblage.

Silently they bore the untold sufferings
By cultivating a show of concern
And are determined
To amend their future by creating their earth as a peace dominion

Peace is the true state of inner being
That suffices to build up
A storm free world to live within . . .



Romyana Nikolova is from Plovdiv, Bulgaria. She has been writing quantum poetry, coining new words with multilayered connotations. Thus, her poetry is impressively emotion-laden. Her work appears in Bulgarian and foreign publications. Nikolova is a member of the Plovdiv Writers' Association and a co-founder of the Quantum and Friends Circle.

The Fifth Element

*“Oh, I will call a poet in love . . .
from the abyss of his madness
to create an image . . .” ~ H. Heine*

The elements are closely whirling you –
a torrent of stars, fates and dust.
You elementally calm down in your verse,
and keep forgiving every sin.

You searched through starry abysses,
reanimated ancestors and titans.
You were in paradise, went down to hell,
and made them live in your verse.

Poet, strew yourself with madness!
The lunar disk above you whizzing.
The elements revolve us closely
but all of us revolve them, too.



A graduate of Journalism and Education of the University of Warsaw, Sylwia K. Malinowska loves Sylvia Plath's and Emily Dickinson's poetry. Her work appeared in *Poezja Dzisiaj* and in numerous other anthologies in Polish, English, Bulgarian, and Turkish. She writes poems for *Cognition*, a photo album by Beata Cierzniewska, displayed at The Cooper House Gallery in Dublin.

Trust

You are power, faith, anxiety, fire, fight, surrender, darkness, fear, bud, flower, dub,
healing,
cry, laugh, dance, blow.

You are the certainty in the penetrating wisdom
You the immersion in rushing thoughts, a breath to look at them, to sit by and think.

You are your own existence, an embrace, which teaches you to embrace.
You are a reflection that hurts but heals
You are the chaos in which order is born
You are tension, exhalation, release
You are the rush to understand the calm
You are the envy of the forgiveness that is born in love.
You are all that hurts and heals
You are an existence
A beautiful wavy breeze
You are a distance, a sore loneliness, to hug your existence anew
You are a rejection to touch your existence anew
You are an anxiety in emerging trust
You are the love.



A world-renowned Pulitzer Prize nominee from Kosova, Fehredin Shehu has authored 20 books of poetry, essays, and novels. His poems, translated into around 30 languages, brought him multiple literary prizes. Shehu participated in over 30 literary festivals and contributed to over 50 anthologies. He holds Doctor Honoris Causa and a Lifetime Academic award in Switzerland for his unique philosophical and artistic expression. He is the Director of the International Kosovo Poetry Festival.

How Shall We Recognize Each Other

that the Man is a Predator
we know this through the last
ten thousand years
some still do not comprehend
that the Earth
is going through devastation
and in the face of Mothers
and in my Non-Maternal face
tears are manifested

“The Non-Maternal Us” is sober
whilst the plenitude of oxymoron
is interrupting the wave and
the vibration in our brain
until the maternal children faint
Those who will borne with
the one eye blue
and another brown colour
thus, they shall be recognized

black eyed will disappear
the old will be no more
those who adored
The Woman
Mother Woman
Mother Earth
The Creative Force Woman
Kali, Deana, Shekinah, Sophia

Today’s knowledgeable
will take
the Consciousness as real
a new toy for the adults
a subsequent fraud because
they shall not find the explanation
for that what they know not

ostensibly as to know is
to name

ostensibly as to watch is
to see

ostensibly as to listen is
to learn.

The one who smelled the white rose
in his chest he shall colour it
with the pigments and nuances
which are percept only by the Artists

The one who do not hope the Paradise
nor the Hell he fears, have passed
the both paths and the silent
he remains
The idiots of all epochs appear
concentrated on
a sole spot of a Despot and
those who think evil
and they write bad indeed

whereas to us
they will disrupt the pleasure
in this suffering



Hailing from India, Orbindu Ganga is a science post-graduate and the first recipient of Dr. Mitra Augustine gold medal for academic excellence. He is the co-founder of the English Literary Journal, INNSÆI, certified life coach, SOBS coach, spiritual mentor, author, poet, content writer, and researcher. He has published numerous poems, research papers, and articles.

Healing the Oblivion

Cleaning the wilderness
The thought has ruined
The mind deep, to have
Fulfilled the dreams of
Our dreamers, a dream
To make the dust outside
To be cleansed, leaving
The inner sanctum sanctorum
Empty, the dust on the periphery
Is gleaming with the mirror
Smiling at self, far away
The lights are broken every day
To let the darkness fill the day,
Words are worded with
Tears, leaving the gullible
Populace to trust and fall
In the trap for generations,
A mistake can be forgiven
A few times, repeated offenders
Can never be given an absolution,
Everything should start with you
And it shall end with you,
The time is never late until
The ellipsis is crushed to leave
The dots obsolete, leaving
The lone one to live alone,
With no souls breathing
Again, the geoid is gasping
As the shooting stars to
Be gulped into a black hole.

Inner engineering need
A thought, to be sowed,
The edifice veined deeply
With the peace, nucleus
Sprinkled with the humanity

Imbued with quarks, the space
Within and outside drizzled
With love, to be consumed
For eternity, to let our children
Breath without suffocation,
Sharing the smile to let
The world sleeps peacefully.

Let the tears become the river
To draw all the souls within her,
 To purify the dust imbued
 Within for ages, getting dissolved
 In the pious ocean of Love,
Healing the night
For a new beginning,
 Listening
 To the tranquility of the silence
Smelling
 The fragrance of nature
Hearing
 The melodious song of infinity.



Born in Gjirokastra, Albania, Marjeta Shatro Rrapaj is a teacher by profession. She writes poetry and prose, and has eight books to her credit. In 2019, she received the Alphonso G. Newcomer Poetry Train award for Vesta. In 2021, she received the first price in the Festival of Poetry in Bulgaria.

We Are . . .!

We all are, what we want to be!
The world, our kaleidoscope,
where the painting of thought is elegant,
depends on the color combination.
We are often the result of adaptation,
of inner harmony with that of the outside,
when we discover the hidden possibilities,
the powers within ourselves,
when we are observing what is around
we crystallize thoughts
in undisclosed circumstances.
The time we occupy space
free will,
where the soul rises to the highest heaven



From Bloemfontein, South Africa, Fikile Mosala has been writing poems since the early stages of his life. His poems have been published in poetry anthologies such as *World Healing, World Peace* (Volume I, 2014) and *World Healing, World Peace* (2016) as well as in numerous others.

fikilemosala09@gmail.com

Our Dreams and Hopes

Our dreams painted around walls
our soul, in kingdom of darkness we fall
Our fake smile dies
Our lips re-painted with lies.
In an empty pit we drown
For our stories unknown
Our lives been complicated
As for our knowledge implicated,
For our thoughts roar,
Our dreams in piles like towers
Our feet cradle as crawling child,
No destination, as lips lied
Hope alive and half-dead.

The encounter of truth in the future
The casket of holy culture,
Our lives in plain drain of brain-wash
Where thence we growth? If thou rush,
The pledge of my nation the sacrifice of my intention,
Come on the diverging road
Here, dreams and hope are fold,
The lying lips sent on exile
Dear enemies pegged on low high,
Peace breeds within
Harmony stays within,
Unionism lives intact
Truth and patriotism, I'll contact,
Rest here dreams, in my heart
There is a tune of prestigious sound,
For mind to remember
In the long walk of poetry
through artistry
With universal verses to complete mission
humble heart with passion,
What is eternity? It's beyond human imagination . . .
What if our pains are our only hopes . . .
Dear Lord, what if our eyes bleed

World Healing, World Peace 2022

Internally, we are full of scares red drops drips
as we walk dead alive humanity is lost
Our lives chained to the rhythms of hatred
Our world needs more love that from above
Dear Lord, we plead for peace I speak
Our lives
Our dreams
Our hopes



Aneek Chatterjee, poet and academic from Kolkata, India, has been published in reputed literary magazines and anthologies across the globe. He has authored 14 books, including three poetry collections and a novel. His third poetry collection, of *Ashes and Persiflage* (New Delhi Hawakal) came out in November, 2020.

Saplings

Crumbling sounds and crumbling feels have become latest favorites.

They bring cheers; sometimes unbound ecstasy.
The fall of a big tree or an old mansion; the sudden collapse of a road or purposeful destruction of the institution, civility and wisdom are celebrated, almost everywhere.

When edifices, tall, medium or short are razed to the ground, a sense of eerie equality brings uncontrolled joy, satisfaction.

And the leader takes pride in crushing all sensibilities and unwanted eyes.

Saplings wait, without sun, water and photosynthesis, to be new fodders; and also, new, unwelcome edifices.



Born in 1961 in Aytos, Bulgaria, Tatyana Yotova studied at the University of Sofia, and now teaches Bulgarian. She also leads an art workshop for children. Yotova has 15 poetry books, plays and CDs to her credit. She sings her poems while playing the guitar.

The Key

You may not have comfort and money
and your happiness is a deficit,
you may not have a beloved
but you should have a key.

A key for a door, for a heart, for destiny,
a key for illusions, for freedom,
for romantic, and for angry moments,
a key for stars, times, sentimentality.

Like a hope and a love
it destroys wall after wall,
even the door has no keyhole
if you have a key you can go to the other side.

It is an art to be a key maker.
You need spirit and love, a lot of passion.
I hope that if you are locked
you can find a key.



Hassan Hegazy Hassan is a poet and translator from Egypt. He holds a Bachelor Degree from Zagazig University in Arts and Education, with English as his major. Hassan is a member of the Egyptian Writers Union, the Egyptian Translators and Linguists Association, and the Arab Internet Writers Union. He has authored several books on poetry and translation.

Between Obligation and Choice

The earth is the plow of the sky.
What falls upon it from goodness is from
the abundance and grace of the prophets!

The earth is the plow of the sky.
What evil comes out of it is from her and people.
How will the righteous be held accountable for it?

The earth is the plow of the sky.
Why does God take us by the sins
of the wretched and sinful?

The earth is the plow of the sky.
As it is written for us, it will be
either for good, will be good,
Or for bad will be bad.
Why then:
Sisyphus' punishment?
Why was the curse of heaven?!

The earth is the plow of the sky.
Confusion between obligation and choice.
Vertigo drowns us, overwhelms us.
Hopeless, we are looking for a haven
On the extended journey between
nightfall and the sunrise!

The earth is the mirror of the sky.
The good prevails in it despite
the misery and wretchedness.



Virginia J. Pasalo is Executive Director of the International Visitor Leadership Program-Philippines and Commissioner of the Pangasinan Historical and Cultural Commission. She writes stories and poems and organizes communities to promote human rights, interfaith dialogues and environmental activism as a means to social change. She reads stories to children.

Born Again

you must answer
even as you are unaware
of the conditions
and the passions
that brought
about my misery
my poverty
my choices
my religion
I do not own
any of it

any of it
not even the air
pollution I breathe
the garbage I eat
words I hear
from the learned and the holy
any of it

my life will be a journey
of unlearning your world
and if I succeed
to own just a bit of me
at a ripe old age
only then can I be
a newborn



James Tian Tianyu was born in 1994 in the Shandong Province Tai'an City. He is a member of the Chinese Poetry Society and the "Chinese wisdom" group director of China Central Television (CCTV).

Love Can Defeat Anything

Anytime and anywhere,
There have many myths through our eyes.
Several times,
I'd like to make it sure,
What's the meaning of this life.

Anything and anyone,
There need more feelings to be as tide.
Day and night,
Keep combat,
Believe firmly the love can solve all the crimes.

Love can defeat anything,
Know this ancient word has been used many times.
As long as its expression from our very heart,
There'll have the infinite burst of power and light.

Love can defeat anything,
But can always guard the true aspect.
Hold this tight and draw with soul,
You never know what the kindness can do till you try.

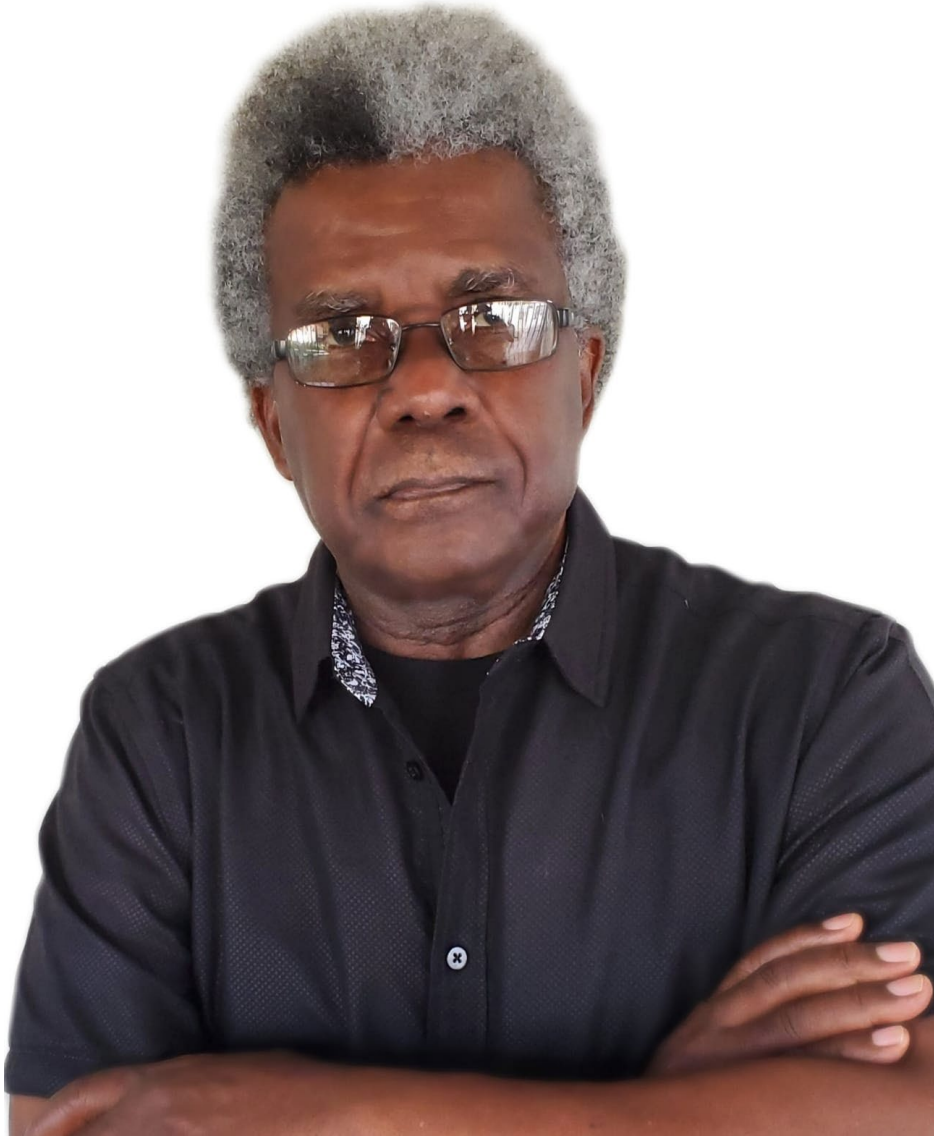


Rohini Kumar Behera, retired from the Government of Odisha, India as manager, was featured in *The Year of the Poet* of Inner Child Press, USA and in PENTASI B. *Motivational Strips* has rewarded him with the Golden Badge, Global Doves of Peace, Golden Literature and Ambassador de Literature prizes. He has authored 6 books of pictorial poetry.

World Peace

Peace is kindness and care
Equality, fairness and brighter
Let us rid ourselves of vanity
And embrace through humanity
May we make our land a heaven
With human relations of true vision
Soul-searching out to one another
A heart understanding the onlooker.

Let us all scatter the light
Of love, no longer to fight
Casting variance to join hands
Avoid challenges in a society
For a dialogue to create unity
I dream for a world of peace
Where all live a life of ease
May all love peace with vehemence
Let all respect peace with reverence.



Errol D. Bean, “The Thinking Bean”, was born in Hanover, western Jamaica. He is a retired teacher, lecturer, and marketing and communications consultant. He has a wide repertoire of musical recordings to his credit. Bean has authored *A Flower Blooms* (an anthology of poems) and *Cynthia Schloss: An Inspiration of Love and Friendship* (a tribute).

Instruments of Love and Healing

Eternal Spirit,
Make us today and every day,
Instruments of Love for healing:
Where there is mean spiritedness,
Let us be instruments of kindheartedness.

Where there is self-centeredness,
Let us be instruments of selflessness.
Where there is a spirit of malevolence,
Let us be instruments of righteousness.
Where there is rage,
Let us be instruments of calm.
Where there is acrimony,
Let us be instruments of reconciliation.
Where there is aggression,
Let us be instruments of temperance.
Where there is discord,
Let us be instruments of unity.
Where there is enmity,
Let us be instruments of friendship.
Where there are machinations of war
Let us be instruments of peace.
Where there is hatred,
Let us be instruments of Love –
Be pleased to grant,
Most High,
That we will be empowered by Love
To work for Peace and Sustainable Harmony,
And become true Agents and Instruments of
Healing to our world . . .
And So It Is!

*Inspired by the Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, O.F.S, a multilingual poet, essayist and writer, is the son of Raj Kishore and Shantilata Mohanty. He hails from Padmapur, Jagatsingpur, Odisha, India. He writes extensively on life and its intricacies. His work has been published in critically acclaimed newspapers and national and international magazines, journals and anthologies.

smrutiweb.wordpress.com
smrutitanuja.blogspot.com

A Look at Life

Life is both
smile and tears,
happiness and sorrow,
hope and despair,
virtue and vices
but not a solitary asylum in a no man's land
to be silently cruised and endured

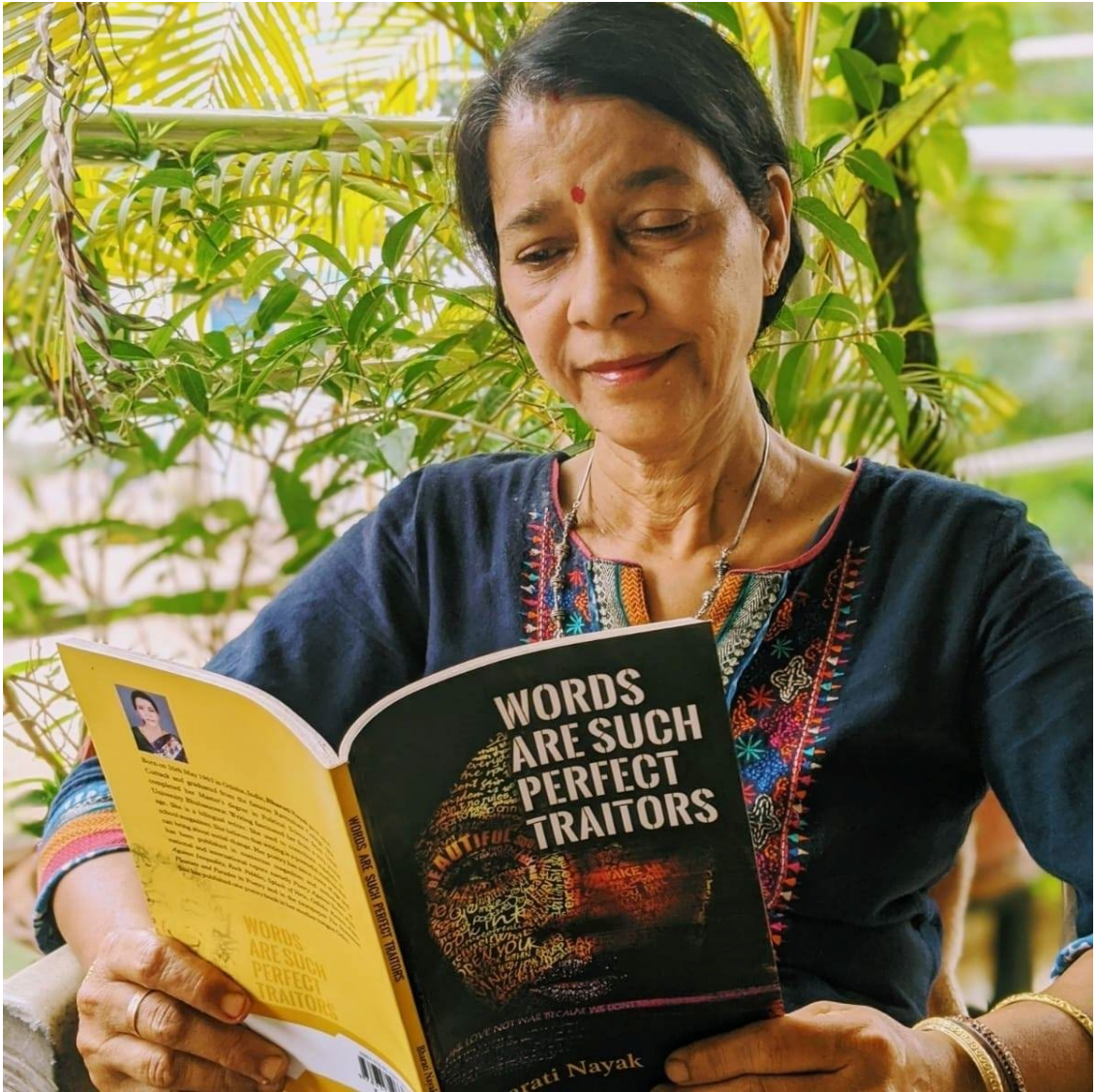
Life is both
meeting and parting,
love and separation,
involvement and alienation,
agony and ecstasy,
accomplishment and failure.
Be with it, its ebb and tide
before it fades into nothing

Life is poetry
if you know how to compose it.
Life is a lyric if you know how to sing it
Life is a paradise if you have the eyes to see it
Life is the voice of the nightingale
if you have the ears to listen it.
If you run away from it
it becomes prosaic.
The more you unfold its pages,
the more you feel frustrated.
Be a passionate lover,
life may leave you and
you may land yourself in a dry desert
devoid of beauty and fragrance.

The biggest tragedy is not dying
but dying while still alive.
Live with love and passion
feelings and emotion,
zeal and aspiration.

World Healing, World Peace 2022

Have your moments,
good and bad.
Enjoy and endure.
Despite of all its uncertainties
life is so beautiful, so fascinating
a god's dream
to be lived and relished
till the last beat



Bharati Nayak is a bilingual poet, editor and translator from Bhubaneswar, India. She has published eight books, three of them her own and five, in collaboration with others. Her poems have appeared in reputed anthologies and e-books such as *Amaravati Poetic Prism*, *Setu*, *OPA Anthology*, and *Poesis Nova Literature*.

Humanity

Seven colours of rainbow
Make one colour, white
Many trees together
Make one forest
Millions of molecules
Join to make one cloud
All countries and all continents
Make one world
All people of all countries
Make one humanity.

Oh Children!
You are like many colour flowers
Blooming in a garden
Your laughter is
Sweet song of birds
Your Smile is
Fragrance spreading in the breeze
Your heart is
As pure as colour white
You represent
Energy and liveliness of a forest
You are like drops of water
Making the ocean of humanity
Oh Dears!
The fate of the beautiful earth
Lies in your hands
Please, keep it
In your hearts' care.



The first collection of Robert Anthony Gibbons, *Close to the Tree* was published in 2012 by Three Rooms Press. *Poets Wear Prada* published his chapbook, *Flight* in 2019. *You Almost Home, boy* has its home in *Harlequin Creatures* since 2019. *Some Little Words*, his collaborative work with the Brooklyn-based artist Amy Williams has been published in 2021 at the 440 Gallery in Brooklyn.

names in the paper

the names
read every day
in the paper are

ice trucks along seventh
20 of them, 20 ice trucks:

Litchfield
Greene
Davis
Maier
Gonzalez
Henry

the names
in the paper
between Union and Seventh
behind Methodist Hospital

my body becomes an exile
like Potter's Field
then yield to the anxiety
my body only, my body
their bodies in ice trucks

from Italy
from Germany
from Losaida
from Africa
from Poland

their bodies, whole
mortal body, whole
congregations of them
libraries of them
being burn, become urns
then turn to the names

the names have frames
in the ground, all these
names, in winter
in summer, in the hospital

in the makeshift midnight
in the medical Civil War
and apartheid, who will dictate

death, with all the human left
a fright from the universe
so, I rehearse, the Songs of Solomon
chant from the Torah
or Leviticus, Deuteronomy

a mirth of pandemic, systemic
racism in the hood, in the hood
of neighbors, the mask and maskless

the rapt and the rapture
then the body becomes exile
a stranded archipelago, then I
peer from the window pane
full of blame, put to death

I, too will leave
without a name.



Born in 1974 in Warsaw, Izabela Zubko is a poetess, journalist and translator. She is an author of 11 volumes of poetry. Her poems were published in many newspapers in Poland and abroad. She is a winner of numerous poetry competitions. She is a member of the Union of Polish Writers (ZLP).

The Time of Peace

The sunset rises
on the other side of the sky
and changes the color of time

The dream emerges from under the quilt
and covers with it with longing
when the Moon appears from behind the trees

I close my brown eyes
and I count the rays of my life with breath
I expose my face towards freedom

**Translated by Alicja Maria Kuberska*



Sosonjan A. Khan has been consistently writing short stories, poems, novels and essays. To date, she has produced over 485 poems, 575 short stories, more than 120 poems and short stories for anthologies around the world and several scripts/stage sketches, movie scripts and song lyrics. Her works have appeared in 57 countries.

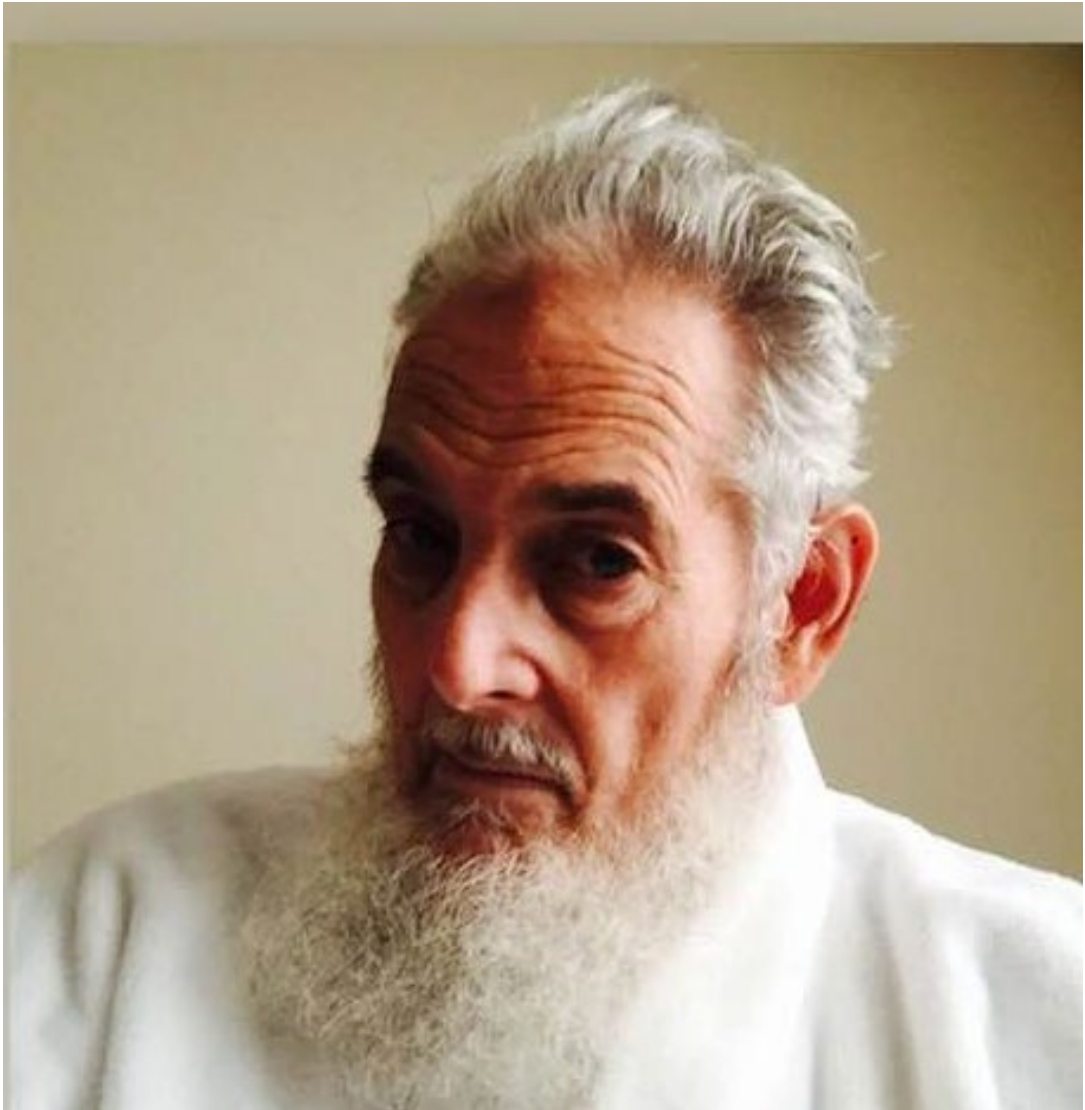
The Path

We stroll
along the path
that lies ahead of us
though it can be snail speed,
sometimes with the lightning speed,
and we may be lost in the wilderness,
and yet we still walk with mission,
until we see the light at the end of the tunnel or remorseful dead end,
or undoubtedly the end of road chapter.

Sometimes confusion arises,
the journey freezes momentarily,
wondering whether that path leads to the ultimate truth,
or the downfall of our own decided path,
or there could be another road not taken.

To seek the path,
till we forget the main purpose of road life,
with the unpredictable circumstances,
we stop for a while in the midst of nowhere.

Where is that 'path'
without the life map in our hands.



Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, AKA Zakir Flo, was born and raised in BKLYN, NY. He has received his education in BKLYN COLLEGE. A spoken word/poetry artist and a socio-political commentator, he has been composing poetry since the 60s. He plays Percussion, Congas, Timbales, Jazz & Salsa. He has authored *Poetic Snacks 4 The Conscious Munchies*, and contributed to numerous anthologies. [. . .]

come raining down

upon the multitudes
mercy undeserved
offered in abundance
none the less
to the lot of us humans
who have not reciprocated
dear say nay appreciated
there are exceptions
though it has not been
enough to effect change
human beings must
put down the beast
bring the peace
teach, preach, practice,
love, forgiveness
like johnny appleseed
spread peace seeds, love seeds
where ever your feet walk
talk the talk, walk the walk
put the beast to sleep
speaking of hate, violent
conflict, division i speak
instead feast on peace
though reality is clear
true peace on earth is far
from near
one must live to instill it
not just pray Allah will it
yes, peace is you, peace is me
human family treating each other
with genuine loving humanity
though total peace on earth
won't truly be
read, rehearse the prophecy
but at least it can be a reality
alive inside you and me
motivated to strive constantly
if not achieved globally
perhaps at least effect chance
in your community



Fawn Caldwell has been writing creatively since the age of 8. In addition to numerous poems, she has authored several science books. She hopes to someday get around to finishing a couple of her novels that are on the back burner. Until then, she just enjoys life.

The Veteran

I gave a dollar to a man today
And (to me) this is what he had to say.

I thank you for the food I'll eat
And for walking by on this street.
Most people just stop to stare
Or glance at me without a care.
They'll snicker or are quite snippy
Asking if I'm a long-haired hippy.
I never was the long-haired type
So, I ask for a break from that hype.
I went to fight the Vietnam War
And it destroyed me to the core.
I tried to adjust after being back here
And told I should never shed a tear.
And to forget the horrors that I've seen
And go on living the American dream.
But life is hard when you're not the hero
And to most my worth is zero.
I've had jobs but couldn't fare
As haunting memories were always there.
So, then my country let me down
And I began walking the town.
I depend on kindness for my daily bread
Trying to forget those horrors in my head.
But most either spit or walk on by
Hoping sooner or later I would die.
I fought for them to be kept free
But this is how they are treating me.
Perhaps if the war was on our ground
I might be a hero that's safe and sound.
So, this is what became of me
I thank you again and glad you're free.



Brindha Vinodh has been published widely in several anthologies and platforms like Setu, Fasihi, Glomag, Destiny Poets' International Community of Poets (with at least four commendable mentions), OPA, etc. In addition to writing, she loves to cook, listen to music, observe the scenic aura of nature and spend time with her family.

Let Us Choose the Right Path

We come to the world from amniotic yellow waters of a womb
with nothing
We leave buried beneath a tomb
Or burnt into gray ashes
with nothing-
in between-
the path we choose is all that matters-
kindness, forgiveness, peace,
respecting man for man
and the art of letting off things go
sans grudges
sans the burden of unnecessary weightage
like guileless children who
embrace everyone, everything with open arms
irrespective of color, caste, culture
and spill moon drops from their pristine laughter.

The road we travel
the memories we carve
the seeds we sow
the warm greetings we exchange
a milky sky with smooth, soft candy clouds
that melt to pour sugar-scented granules of rain
are all that make the difference---
this is the whole meaning and purpose of it all-

no prejudice, no hatred, no bullying
no scars to leave
and a world beautiful and worth its wonders.



Roula Pollard, a Greek poet of the Diaspora, writer, translator, literary promoter, environmental and peace activist, has published four poetry collections in Greek and English, short stories, literary critiques and essays. Her work has been translated into ten languages and appeared in over 150 international anthologies. She has won various poetry and humanitarian awards.

A Kiss on the Horizon

A poem,
my poem, is a
kiss on the horizon
a voice from red lips in
love, expectancy as time
energy the sea creates
vision, as in lovers' dreams.
A time comes, blessed time
when a healer utters a prayer
hope grows on my knees, prayers
as red geranium hanging from a balcony
express so gratefully the feelings of their
heart, when the sea enjoys her blueness
when seagulls find their food in the sea
when the waves roll in their own happiness
here comes a time for humankind
to recover its mind, as it has always tried to do
and then waits, as sea waves move forcefully
A seagull says "Mankind urgently needs a cure,
to waken from its fever, fears, its rising heat
from bloody wars, mankind needs another peaceful dawn
a cure, multiple cures, research, even better a miracle"
a seagull says, as I blow a poem kiss to the horizon



Lucky Stephen Onyah is a seasoned quill, a reviewer, a creative content creator, a Mathematics instructor-turned poet. He is the Founder/Executive Director of School of Arts and Poetry (facebook.com/groups/schoolofartsandpoetry).

The Sudden Ruin Foiled

With genuine intent came musical instruments
Violin, viola, cello, horn trumpet and the likes
From quark start was borne pleasant symphony
Merrily the orchestra played delightfully and long

Curious observers and passersby got enchanted
Tapping foot, waving hands to mesmerizing dance
None could resist the ingenious lyrical tune played
Through collective efforts, the tune was sustained

Wellness, health and peace sprang forth in the land
There is something magical, as soulful melody flow
Love blossomed, for every home lived at bliss
Streets were crime free, until evil came via stealth

Dark clouds upturned the once pleasant atmosphere
Terror crept in bewitching the gullible and ego driven
Ruining what was once serene and flourishing clime
With blame game, it defamed to gain fame to reign

That's what happens when we betray each other
Yet the fortress was upheld by few daring nobles
The men and women who believe in humanity first
Stood their grounds and fought tyranny stand still

The orchestrated ruin as envisaged was foiled
For literature remains unshackled as does truth
For wherever shadow take abode, goes our light
Now made manifest the power of a united voice

We remain independent world citizens of writers
Unleashing effulgence and nerve calming dulcet
Warming the heart and spreading joyous love vibe
Restored hope where despair once held firm sway



Bob McNeil, writer, editor, cartoonist, and spoken word artist, is the author of *Verses of Realness* (<https://tinylink.net/muF6C>). Hal Sirowitz, a Queens Poet Laureate, called the book “a fantastic trip through the mind of a poet who doesn’t flinch at the truth.”

Synergy

Together we are words
Communicating our myriad
Racial distinctions.
Together we are written lines
Leading and building
To philosophical points.
Together we are verses
Well-versed in our lives.
Together we are a poem
Defining why we should always unify.



Ashok Bhargava, poet, author and community activist, has several collections of poems to his credit. He is a founding president of Writers International Network of British Columbia. He has participated as an honor guest in literary conferences in Turkey, Italy, India and Philippines, and has received numerous literary awards.

Together

In this next moment with my eyes on the horizon
I will start a new day
 a new dream
and walk into what I am
 an image of a healing-god.

I will wander explore
mountains, forests, rivers, oceans
 and the cities
locked down turned desolate.

I will look for
the hopeless, homeless,
 sick and hungry.

I will reach out
 Cure them,
feed them
nourish and celebrate them.

Together we will
emerge
stronger together.



Hailing from Poland, Lilla Latus, poet, translator, professional reviewer, song-writer and author of travel- and social theme-articles, has published nine poetry books. She is a member of the Polish Writers' Union and received numerous awards for her poetry and cultural activities in her community. Her poems have appeared in local and international magazines, anthologies and online platforms.

Wars for Peace

boys are playing the game of war
they have wooden swords
and water guns
or a game with extra lives

they already know
that blanks can kill a chicken
at the shooting range
they aim straight for the heart

boys are playing the game of war
they have split the atom
they have tanks
fighters F-16
anti-personnel mines
custom made uniforms
and military bases
all over the world

boys are playing the game of war
to death



Heather Joan McLean holds a Master's Degree from the University of the West Indies in Gender and Development Studies and a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Language Communication and the Society. She serves in the Jamaica Constabulary Force. She has authored *Excerpt from a Policewoman's Diary* and *The Tangled Web of Heather's Soul*.

Lament for Peace

Heal the world in peace
From COVID-19 and all disease
It's an urgent request please
We are dying for release

The world is bogged down by woes
Drugs! Highs and lows
Technological and Environmental wars
In addition to bulging prison bars

Crime is throwing a tantrum
Victims have no place to run
The economic Grinch has stolen our fun
The only thing we have is the beat of the drum
Rum-tid-it-dun, Rum-tid-it-dun, Rum-ti-it-dun.



Priyanka Tiwari had a poetic disposition from childhood on. She has been a co-author in over 25 anthologies. A graduate in Biotechnology, she is currently associated with the field of Human Resources- Organizational Psychology. Travelling, photography and reading are her passions.

Fire and Brimstone

Ages and aeons have sung sagas of
How from verdant wombs, took birth
Civilizations great, grand and glorious
Jewels of the Crown of Mother Earth

The bequest of the wise souls of yore
Noblest of values imbibed and ingrained
The mortals, into kinship, thus knit
Humanity flourished; Grace reigned

With loving ardor, were raised
The bastions of cultural development
But none can but yield to
The Dark Angel's advancement

Our bloodlust had them smothered
Hatred triggered widespread ravage
Oh, woe! How the "civilized" heart
Made itself so unbelievably savage!

Unfettered passions, running amok
Cities turned into funeral pyres
Unbridled spread, the flames of Wrath
Unquenchable like Hell's raging fires

The steed of avarice, galloping far and wide
And trampling all that came their way
Laid brutal siege over sanity and goodwill
Bringing in, often, a new Doomsday

Innumerable lives untimely snuffed out
Grieving hearts profusely ached
As Vengeance went on a gleeful rampage
Our World with darkness plagued

Battlefields soaked with sacrificial blood
Every arsenal of destruction fervently tried
While warfare “evolved” and “modernized”
Witnessing its own desecration, Humanity cried

Embellished with tokens of wanton destruction
Does Mankind's heart not ever care to wonder?
Worth what, is such defilement of existence?
What glory could lie in slaughter and plunder?

Unanswered questions hang heavy in the mournful air
Echoing in the widow's lament and the orphan's wail
Reveling in the annihilation of its own kind
How could Humanity so catastrophically fail?

Era to era, generation to generation
The Devil's legacy, readily handed down
Agents of Devastation, leading the way
The world in agony, their minions drown!

Wounded empires, bleeding souls
Civilizations' death-knell shall forever ring
Games of power, of malice and greed
The world, to this fate, shall surely bring!



Alonzo Gross (zO) holds a degree in English Literature and has two poetry books to his credit. He was recognized as “Best Spoken-Word Poet” at the 2012 Lehigh Valley Music Awards and was a featured poet in *VOICES*, a film directed by Gina Nemo in 2016. In 2020, zO was featured in *The Year of the Poet* (ICPI). [. . .]

Ur Higher Self . . .

Doeth Good un2 others,
without seeking a reward ~
assist others 2 fly,
& indeed u2 shall soar. ~

Help others 2 find their dreamZ
& their inner wealth ----+
speaketh kind words of healing to others,
& witness ur own sustained good health. ---+

4 These R the precepts
the elements of the soul,
my Brothers & Sisters . . .
This is Ur Higher Self. ---+



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo, author/poet/visual artist from the Philippines, is the recipient of multiple awards. She has authored two books, *Seasons of Emotions* (UK) and *Inner Reflections of the Muse* (USA) and contributed to more than 100 international anthologies with her poems.

Let There Be Peace

For an ailing world, love is the cure
Love which stems from having authentic peace
Peace with one's self, peace with everybody
Peace with the Universe
Amid the pandemic, the modern chaos
Of battling an unseen enemy, we pause-
Reflect on what is truly essential
What is truly valuable in times like this.

Compassion for the poor and those who are suffering
Women and children denied of their rights
Pleading in the dark-
Let there be peace, a peace which will envelop the Earth
And be the catalyst for change-
A change that should start within one's self.
I seek peace, you seek peace
But in truth, what we seek is seeking us.



Dr. Ratan Ghosh, poet, editor, freelancer, short story writer and novelist from India, is a teacher as well as a researcher. His poems have been featured in numerous print and E-journals and anthologies across the globe. He has authored *My Love*, *Gender Disparity*, *Nostalgia*, *Cascade*, *Sunup* and contributed to *The Contemporary World English Poets*.

'Peace'

Peace is pieced . . .!
When I see it . . .
In the land of lunatics . . .!
Beyond my country border in the East
I see again the corpses floating by the bridge
Though never do I wonder while reading the history of Nineteen Forty-Six . . .
That saw the rivers of bloodshed, massacres and inhuman deeds!
In the bed of the East . . .
In the bed of lunatics . . .

Though seven Decades passed . . .
In the bowl of fire, anger and lust . . .
Yet I see none weaving the messages of truth, justice, faith and trust
In the land of anxiety, anger and angst . . .

Many though disappeared in the dark
Only to save the Noa's Ark . . .!
From the land of hungry Sharks!
That pierced the breasts and clitoris in the huts, fields and parks

The stains of breasts and clitoris alike . . .!
Still moaning in the streets of fire and strife
Though many tried to forget the brutal vibes . . .
After the painful distant rites . . .
But failed when Kumilla and Noakhali re-arise
In the land of lunatics, fundamentals and lies
In the land of lunatics, fundamentals and lies



Born in Plovdiv, Bulgaria, Tanya A. Nikolova is a Technological Engineer from UFT-Plodviv. A member of the Plovdiv Writers Organization, she has authored *Blossoms* (2012), *At the Gate of the Dawn* (2018) and *Awakening* (2021). She has received an award from the National Poetry Competition (Pencho Slaveykov, 2021) as well as from other literary establishments.

Transcendental Hope

In the clouds – the Eyes of Creation. They silently send signals.

Humble, The Earth rearranges the pulse of her own wisdom.

She wanders through nebulas.

She jumps over three-dimensional spaces.

Collects projections for another era.

The light of her bulging bosom foretells a brand-new future.



Margarita Vanyova Dimitrova was born in Kula, a town in the Vidin region of Bulgaria. She now lives in Plovdiv. She holds a degree in Bulgarian philology. Together with teachers and parents, she organizes cultural and social activities for youth and participates in scientific and cultural forums. She has publications, including poetry.

Smile

Let you call the dawn with a smile
and let you warm human destiny.

Let you gave the light with a smile
of a small child in trouble.

Let you call the azure day
on the holy night of dreams.

Let you create open paths
to everyone in the world and to me.



Kimberly Burnham lived in tropical Colombia; Belgium during the Vietnam War; Japan teaching English and bustling international Toronto. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth. Her book, *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program* includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages.

<https://www.nervewhisperer.solutions/>

Visions of Color Creates Community

The joy we feel
seeing bright colors
violet grapes
ruby raspberries
deep golden bananas
filled with primal energy

Derived of ripe fruit and young leaves
evolves color vision
a brain seeking consumable hues

To see brightly painted buildings
causes people to stop littering
remove bars from windows
pay municipal taxes
and build more brightly colored businesses
full of ripe fruit, opportunities,
and so much more



Born in the turbulent 60's in Mississippi, Gail Weston Shazor grew up in both the deltas of the south and the concrete of Chicago. The mother of three and Gram to two, her desire is to continue to write and to send her words wherever they will go.

Broken Seeds

My ring finger
Is about 6 inches long
It is longer than
most of the seedlings
In the palm of my hand
Each one has been broken
To allow the harvest of growth
And I am gentle with this gift
It is so ordinary
To find new life in the earth
It is so to find a caregiver for the gift
We speak of God to everyone
But not necessarily act of God to everyone
One cannot hear over the rumbling
Of exhausted bellies
The bible is not a tasty snack
When you don't have shoes
Or a job
Ah but if we plant a garden
Or teach a woman to fish
We can show Christ in Eucharisto
Break bread
Sacrifice my body
For it is this mound of dirt
And these less than 6-inch seedlings
You will know that I care
When it is time to thrive



Ashok Kumar is a bilingual mystical poet from India. He is the principal of a reputed institution in India. He is an international peace activist who believes in the philosophy of Dr. Nelson Mandela and R. N. Tagore, and Gandhian thoughts. His poems have been translated into various languages, including Greek, Spanish and Russian.

To All Heroes Who Risked . . .

Who can forget your sacrifice?

To save all innocent; yours first choice

Cowards, sadists are those who choose the path of terror and terrorism

To root out all terrorists from every land is heroism

Poet's heart salute to you for your vision and mission

Great patriots you're born for noble reason

Every energetic soul hath love and respect for your heroic deeds

The strongest CAPTAIN, ship know how to leads

Heroes believe in peace and prosperity

Cowards escape from integrity, true beauty

Everyone knows how they hold all innocent in their strongest arms

Terror and terrorism have no charms

Terrorists will be burnt with their hate and fire

Mystic souls appeal for peace; it's a universal soul desire



Alicja Maria Kuberska, Polish poet, novelist, journalist, editor, translator, has received numerous awards. Her poems have appeared in various anthologies and magazines. A member of Polish and Albanian writers' associations, she serves in the directors' board of Chinese Poetry Circle and Our Poetry Archive. She is Cultural Ambassador for Poland and Eastern Europe of Inner Child Press International (the USA).

We, the People

In the word humanity
there is a place for every human being
- no matter who he is,
what he does or what he looks like.

We were made
in the image and likeness of God.
We all have His eyes, hair and skin color
and like a chameleon
we take different colors,
to take refuge in the background
of the surrounding landscape.

Our genes
like bright glass in a kaleidoscope
arrange themselves
into strange and unique images.
They surprise
with their wealth and unpredictability.
This game has been going on
since the beginning of the world.

Everyone tasted
a bitter-sweet forbidden fruit.
We have the right to choose between
good and evil.

We can wander
towards the light or the darkness
and in the encountered passer- by
see a brother or an enemy.



Nandita De is a writer/freelance journalist/ Senior Editor CC – formerly with *Economic Times* and published in *Statesman*, *Illustrated Weekly*, *ET*, *Telegraph*, *TOI*, *Germany Today*, *VMM*, *UK*, *Setu*, *New York Parrot*, etc. She has contributed to 41 anthologies and 5 CTBs, and is the editor of *Macabre Tales* and *Demigods Are Alive*.

Men without Borders

A single ray of gold
Breaks the darkest hour of night

A sliver of silver
Illuminates a vast, dark universe

Gentlest zephyrs
carry seeds in their bosoms

A drop of dew
Springs it to life

Ceaselessly
Nature teaches

The earth may shake in its core
Volcanoes may spout molten lava

Come tornadoes or hurricanes
Tsunamis or pandemics

The force exists!

The force of restoration
The world heals

The Sun unfailingly rises
Never missing a day

Life has to labour on
Seeking to reap new harvest

The planet preaches every norm
Reiterating endlessly

Every principle of life asserts
Labour on we must

Constant endeavours
Vision and foresight

Problems can be overcome
Solutions can be found

Pandemics, poverty, pestilence
Endemics, afflictions

Armies of noble men and women
In medical gear
Doctors without Borders
Saviours of Mankind
Never stopping the war
against disease and death

Bravehearts for whom
Neither nationality nor gender matters
Defying the gravest of dangers
With silent zeal

In the universe nature reveals marvels
In mankind the medical and scientific community
perform miracles

Neither preaches
Simply performs

So in life
If nations seek peace

To end strife, destroy greed
To foster humanity, spare lives

To first look within
And destroy the monsters inside
Of arrogance, authority, avarice
To conquer the lust for power
To silence the strident speeches of intolerance

World Healing, World Peace 2022

To spread equality, equanimity and enterprise
Benefit the fallen and strengthen the fearful

To proffer a hand in help
Not raise it to fell

To embrace compassion and empathy
Brotherhood and compatibility

Share resources, geographical and intellectual
Sustainable programs of growth and prosperity

When the era of invasions
Will become a history of fallacies

When historical hatred
And geographical severance
No longer impose conditions on future appeasements

When mankind rises as one
To fight disease, death and disasters

To protect and preserve every life
Irrespective of the nature of the fight

When faith in the laws of existence prevails
When man realizes unity is peace
And minds will mend
When kindness and concern reigns

The storm will then be past
Typhoons end, seas calm
Lands revive, life is reborn

A new day with the new sun is inevitable
When all can work hand in hand
And come night, when darkness envelops
Rest will come to all without a price.



hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Professor Emerita of Liberal Arts (The Pennsylvania State University, USA), Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services of Inner Child Press International, tri-lingual writer, and literary translator. She has authored five poetry books and co-authored another. Numerous anthologies of global endeavors featured her creative writings. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes innovatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for her own being and for humanity.

<https://hulyanyilmaz.com/>

Singing Along with Louis Armstrong

I am on a road trip,
passing by acres and acres of land;
unoccupied, yet not at all barren,
waiting to house life for the world's hungry.
Starving people across the globe are aplenty.

I shut down my mind and wake up my soul.
The tenderly tip-toeing melody
from the exceptional vocal cords
of world's biggest legends of all-time
begins to embrace me ever so warmly.

Louis Armstrong whispers into my ear . . .

*The colors of the rainbow
So pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces
Of people going by
I see friends shaking hands
Saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying
"I love you"*

There is no rainbow for me to witness at this moment,
but I have been fortunate enough in the past to see many.
I know how the sky becomes exceptionally pretty
whenever that magical bow –
nature's suspending bridge of colors
dons its mesmerizing beauty.

We are driving too fast
to detect expressions on people's faces;
but when we stop to take a break,
some extend their arms to shake our hands.
They don't hold back the gift of universal unity,
otherwise known as our inborn dignity and integrity.
The color of love beams all around ever so brightly.

World Healing, World Peace 2022

I thus join Louis Armstrong in his unforgettable song . . .

*The colors of the rainbow
So pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces
Of people going by
I see friends shaking hands
Saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying
"I love you"*

*This poem has first been published by Inner Child Press International in the July 2020 issue of *The Year of the Poet*.



William S. Peters, Sr., aka 'Just Bill', is an award-winning global activist for humanity. His poetry and prowess have been acknowledged and translated across the world. He is the founder and chair of Inner Child Enterprises, Inner Child Press International and the World Healing, World Peace Foundation. He utilizes these vehicles along with his poetry and other writings to champion the cause of consciousness, peace, love, acceptance and compassion. His personal perspective is that 'life is a garden', and we must plant seeds of good intent, light and love that we all may harvest a sweet bountiful fruit. The 'by-line' Mr. Peters has coined for Inner Child Press International is 'building bridges of cultural understanding'. Achieving this vital connection is his inspiration.

Let us ...

The Ides of March

Let us be liberated
From that which binds us
To this realm of convoluted things

Let us allow our innate light
To be uncovered, uncloaked,
Uninhibited and unbound
By the conjured
Doctrines of darkness
We so blindly and ignorantly
Embrace

Let us loosen ourselves,
Frolic to the rhythms of creation
And dance with a glee
That exhibits our divine connection
To one and another
And to that
Of all things
Past, present and future

Let us embrace each other,
And the possibilities
Of what we may become
While in remembrance
Of where we have come from

Let our tongues utter
Naught but 'Truth' absolute,
That Truth that speaks
Of oneness and unity,
And shared consequences and outcomes
Pertaining our actions,
Deeds, words and thoughts

World Healing, World Peace 2022

Let our hearts
Open their doors
And allow the overwhelming goodness
We possess
To overwhelm the entire world,
The 'Multi-verse,
With a blinding, inebriating love
That can not be denied

Let us come to know thyself
And 'thyself' come to know itself
. . . intimately
As we purge all falsehood and falseness
From our experientialness,
Our imaginings,
And our dreams . . .
Let the nightmares, hauntings and
Trepidation be no more

Let us speak these things
Live these things,
Give these things,
Be these things
As we were meant to be,
As we are . . .

Let Us Live in Peace!!!!

Let us . . . so be it

*E*pilogue

Inner Child Press International



'building bridges of cultural understanding'

www.innerchildpress.com

about . . . Inner Child Press International

The U.S.-based Inner Child Press was founded in May, 2011 by William S. Peters, Sr. as a subsidiary of Inner Child Enterprises. The founder already had an extensive experience when his writings and publications are concerned. Mr. Peters' first book went into print without his awareness in 1972. In 2008, he self-published a collection of his own poems, *My Inner Garden*. Inner Child Press grew out of his desire to self-publish his own literary work, which subsequently led to assisting other writers in the publishing process.

From its early years on, Mr. Peters' writer-oriented vision and his staff of established writers have been embraced by novice authors as well as those who had been previously published. Inner Child Press has diligently preserved its original mission – writers for writers – as it grew into a globally distinguished publishing company, starting in September, 2011. A poetry contest resulted in the first edition of *World Healing World Peace* (published in April 2012). The call for submission was open to poets from all over the world. This anthology was a significant first step for the company to enter the paradigm of international recognition.

As time progressed and Inner Child Press began to publish more authors across the globe – individually and in anthologies, its international presence expanded. This growth also led to Mr. Peters and other board members making appearances at international poetry festivals, to include Kosovo, Macedonia, Lebanon, Morocco, Tunisia, Jordan, Palestine, and Canada. They also made multiple appearances across the United States. The founder's visionary tutelage, along with the company's dedicated board members, thus enabled Inner Child Press a formidable international image which led to Inner Child Press International.

Inner Child Press International, *ICPI*, is an integral instrument to empower the voices of writers from all regions of the world through literature and strives to leave an essential footnote in the history of humanity. William S. Peters, Sr. and everyone at **Inner Child Press International** envision that literature, especially poetry, possesses a unique ability to bring people together. ICPI is very adamant with its stance and has therefore appointed cultural ambassadors from every region of our world. This all-inclusive approach epitomizes the company's motto, 'building bridges of cultural understanding'.

Thank you.

Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

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Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

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'building bridges of cultural understanding'

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the best of 2020



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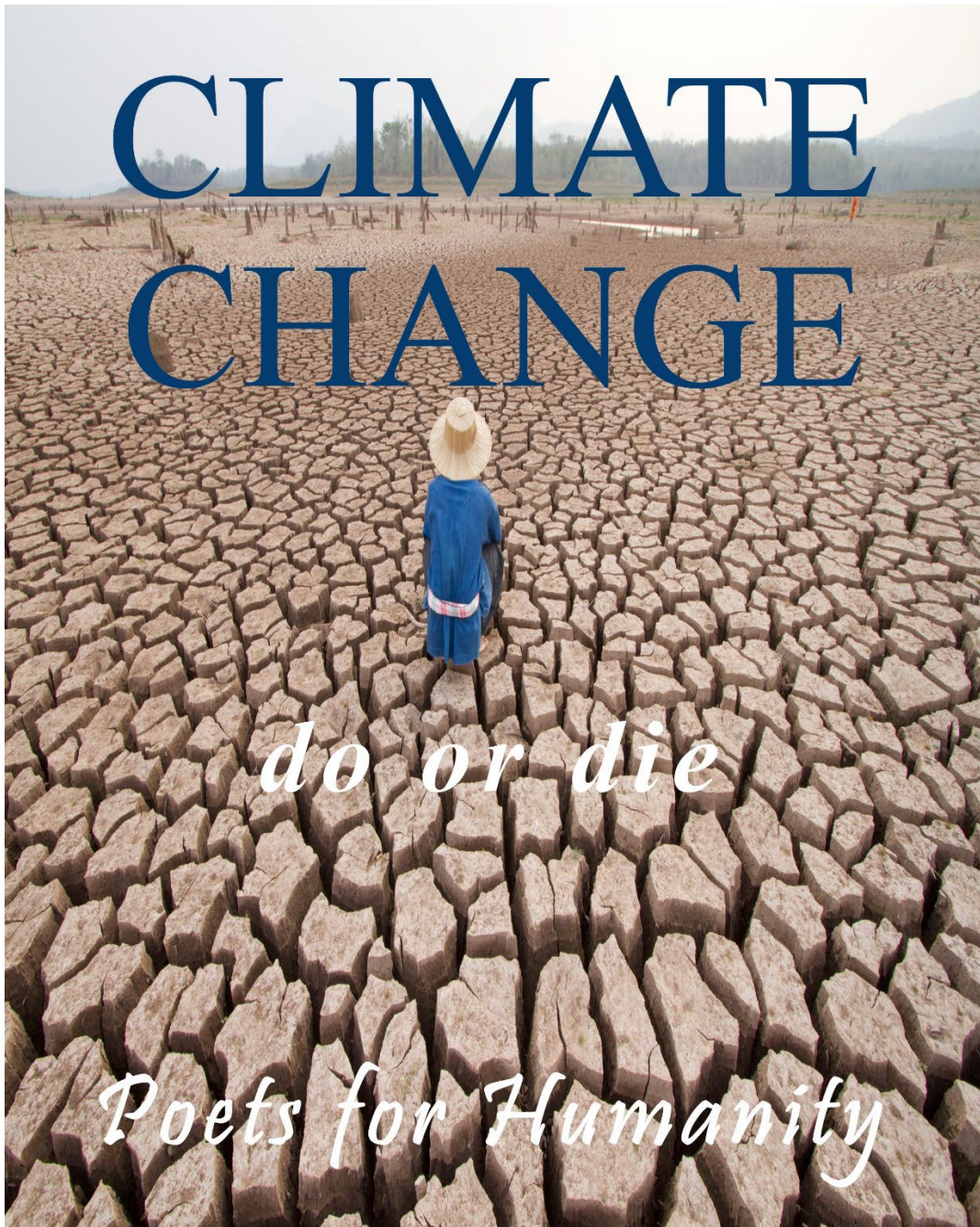
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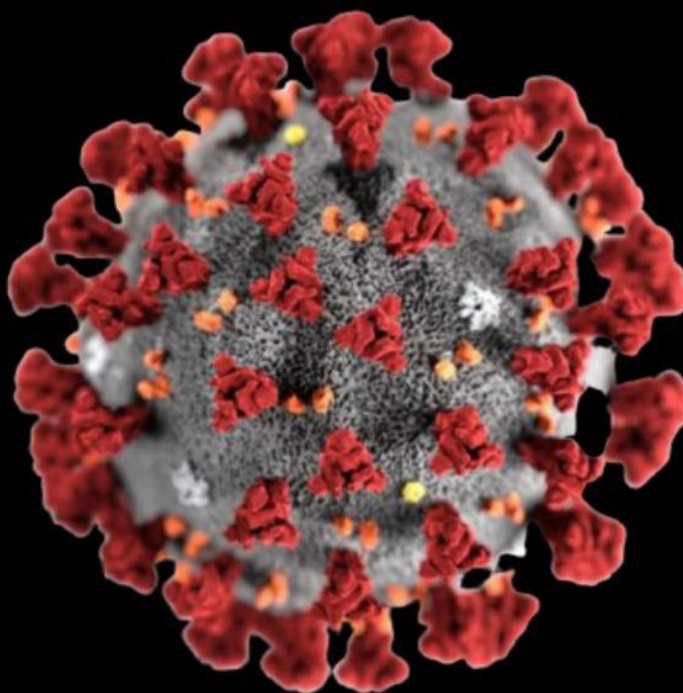
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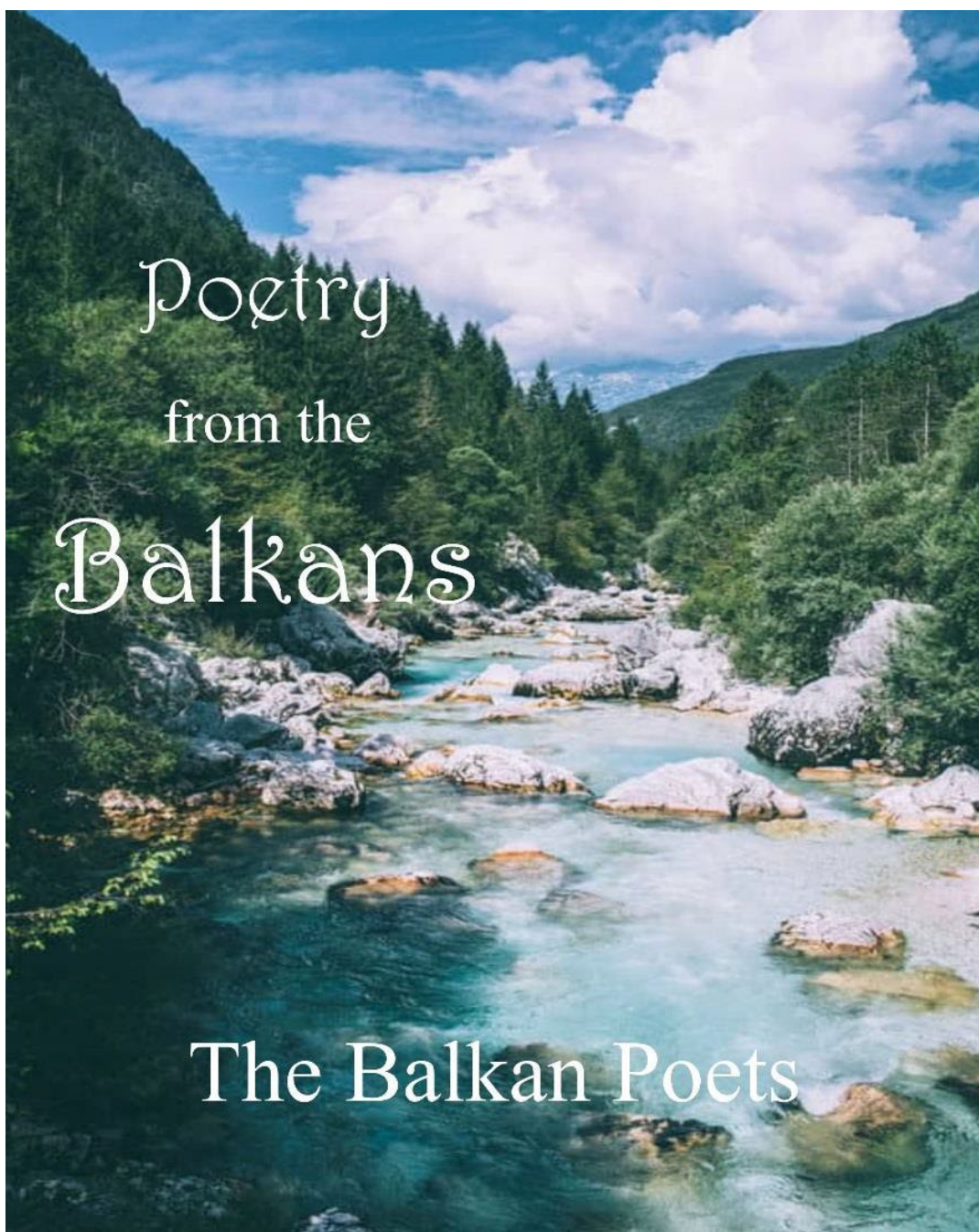
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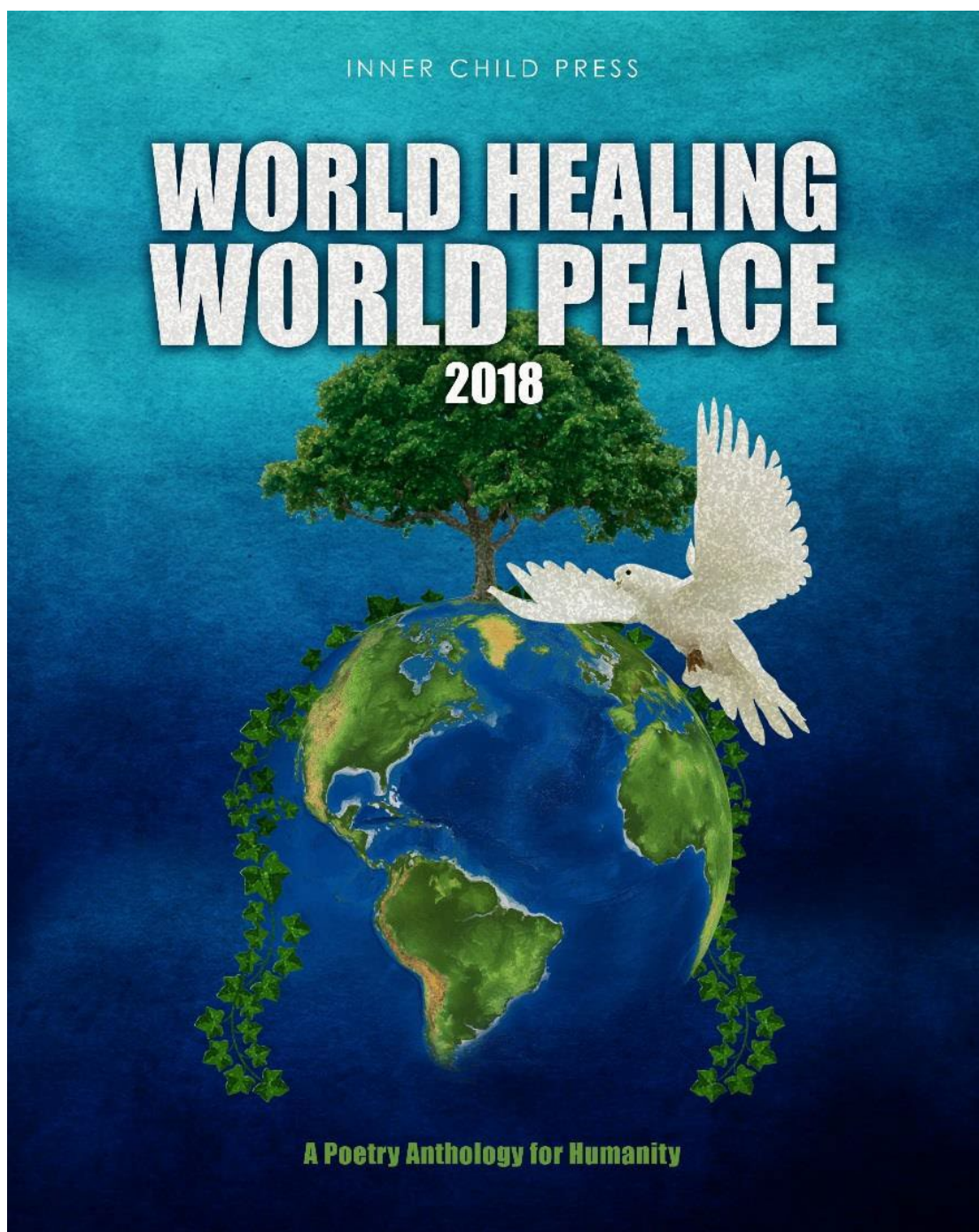
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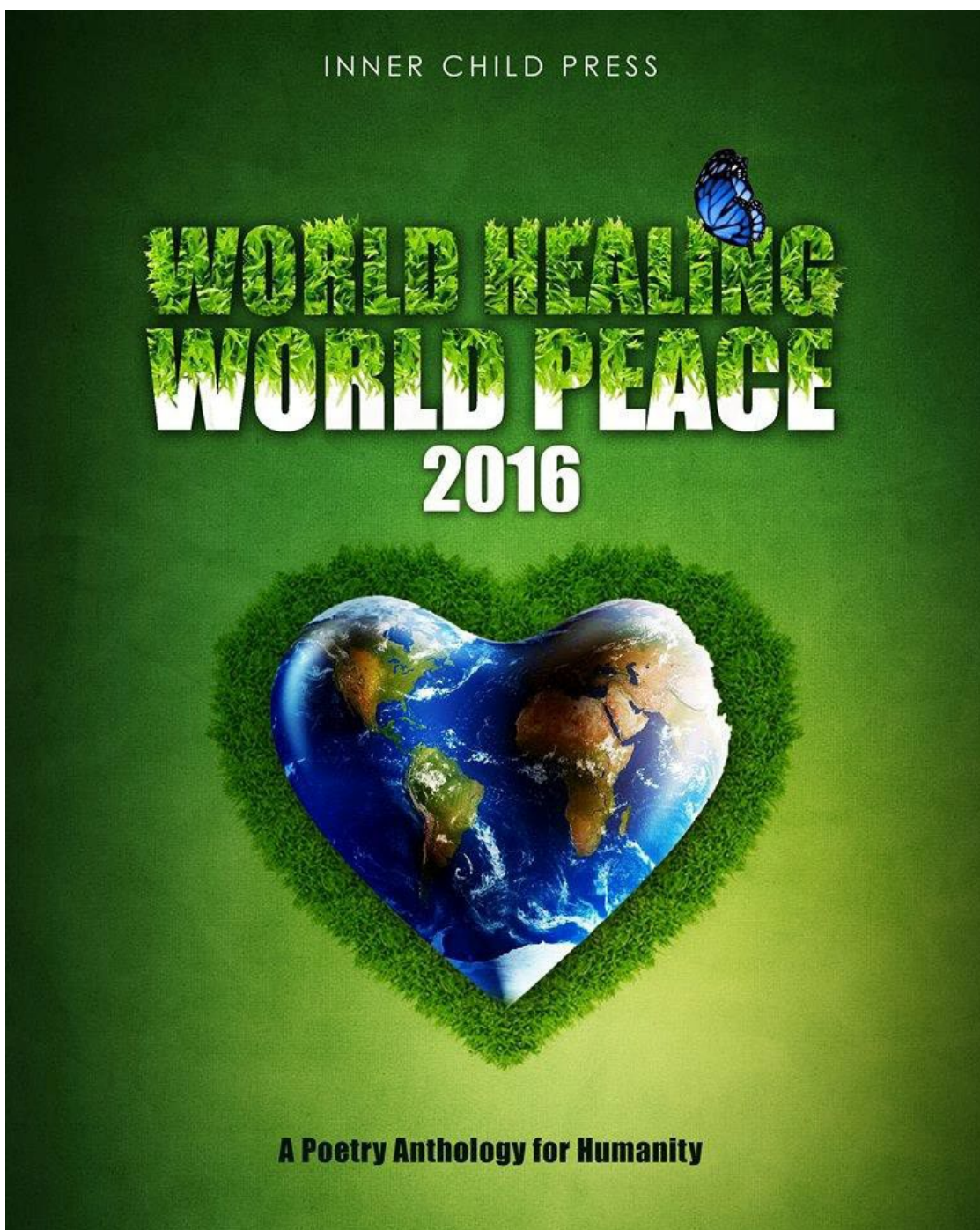
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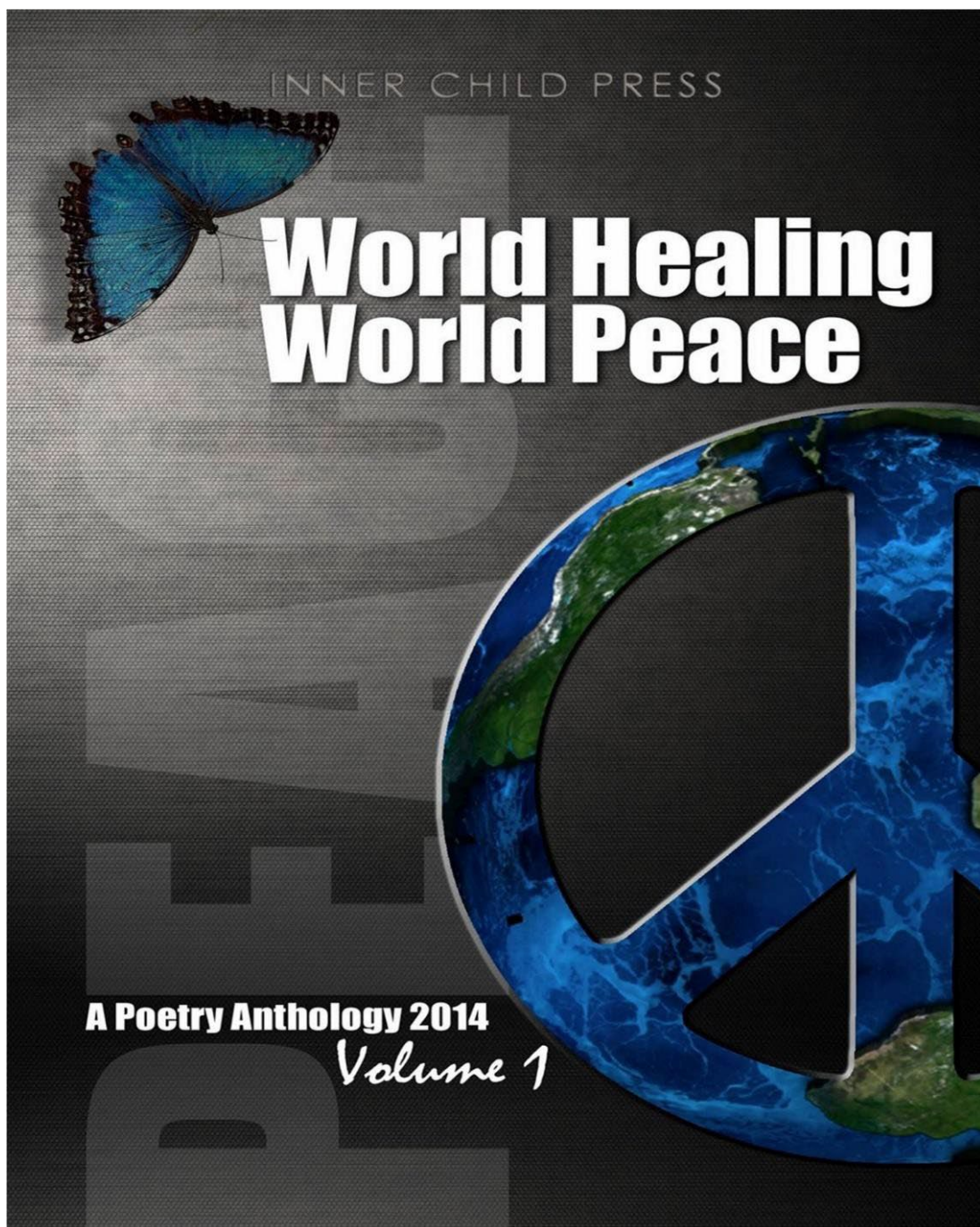
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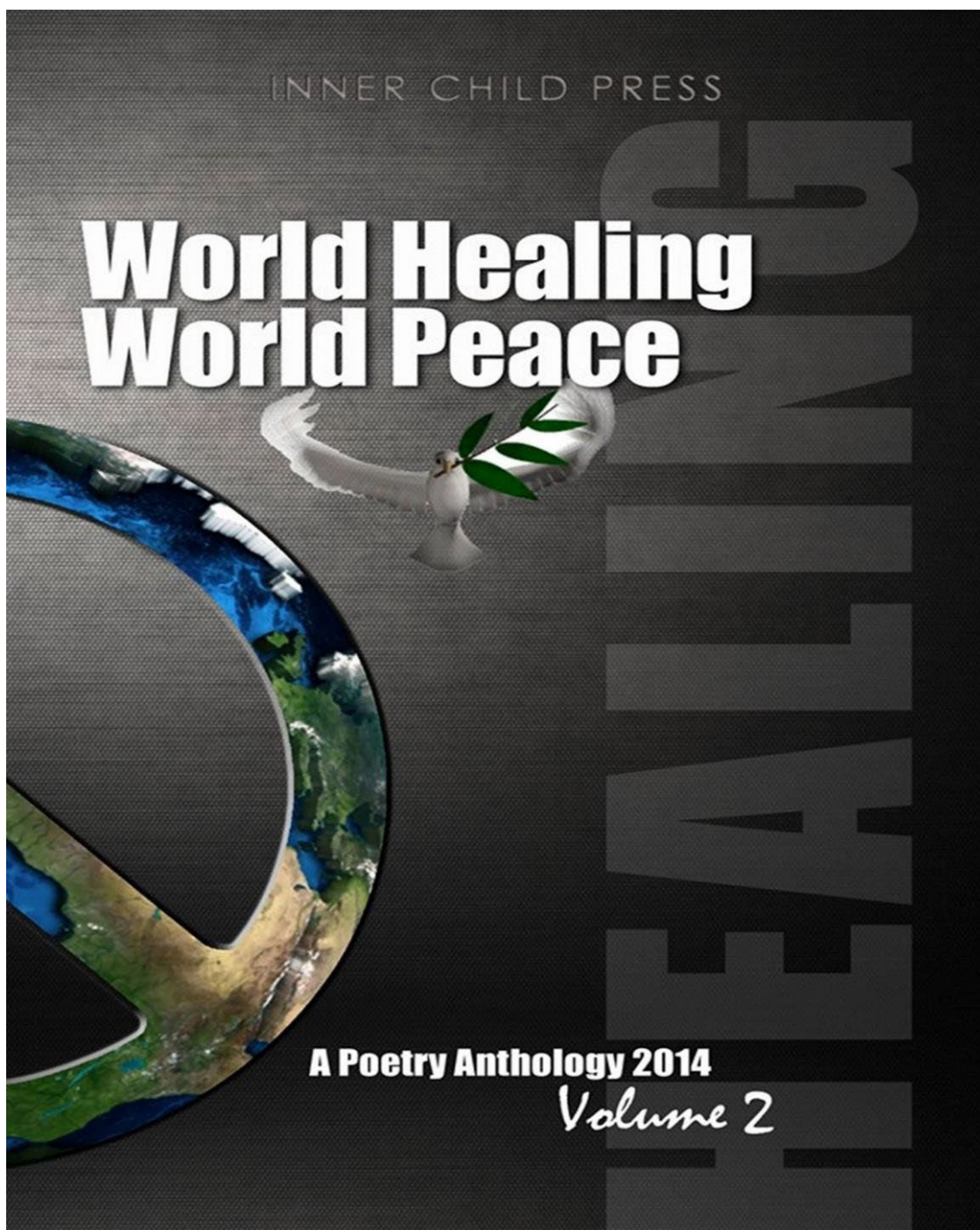
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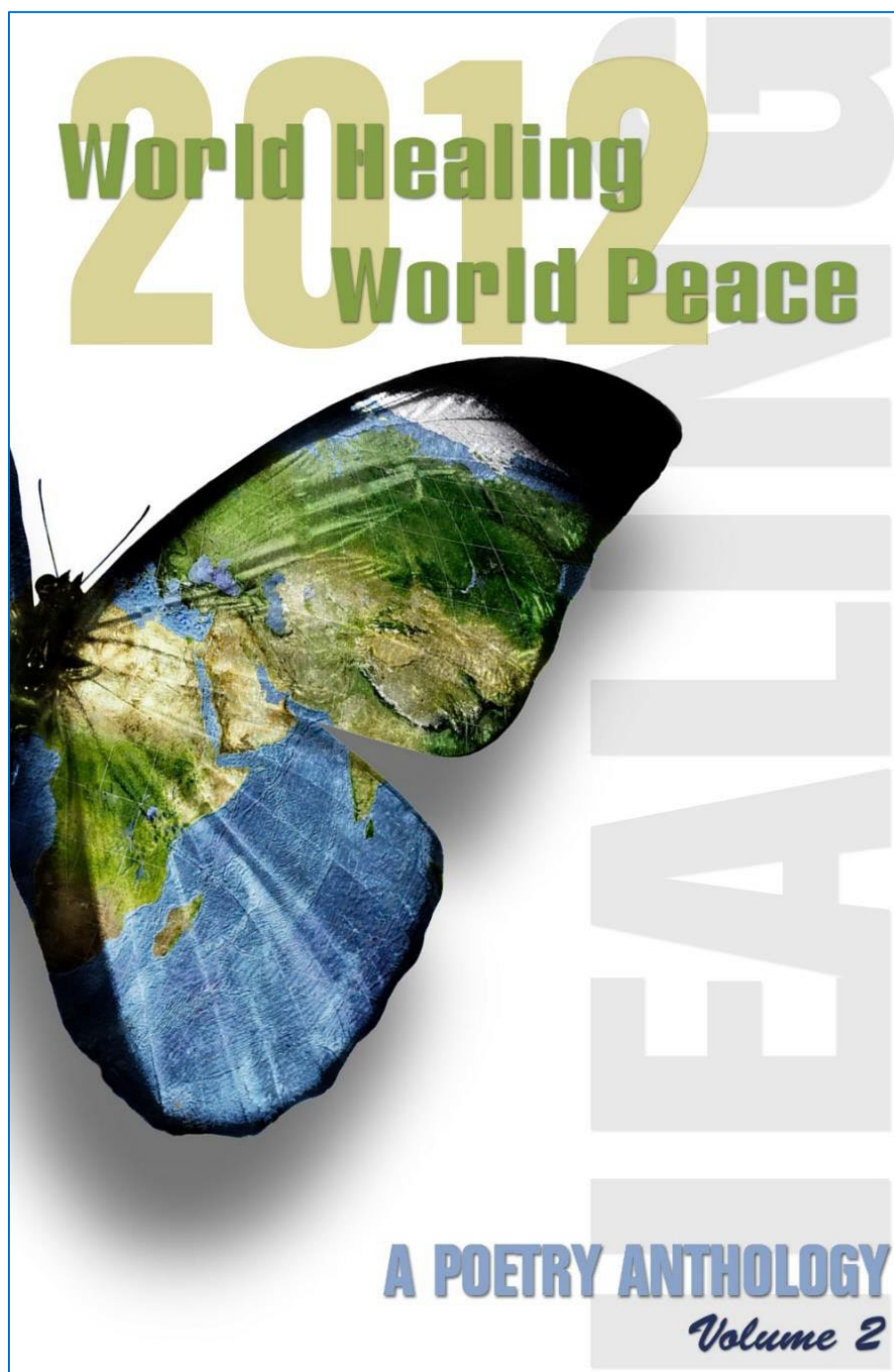
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I WANT TO LIVE

*a **examination** of Black & White issues*

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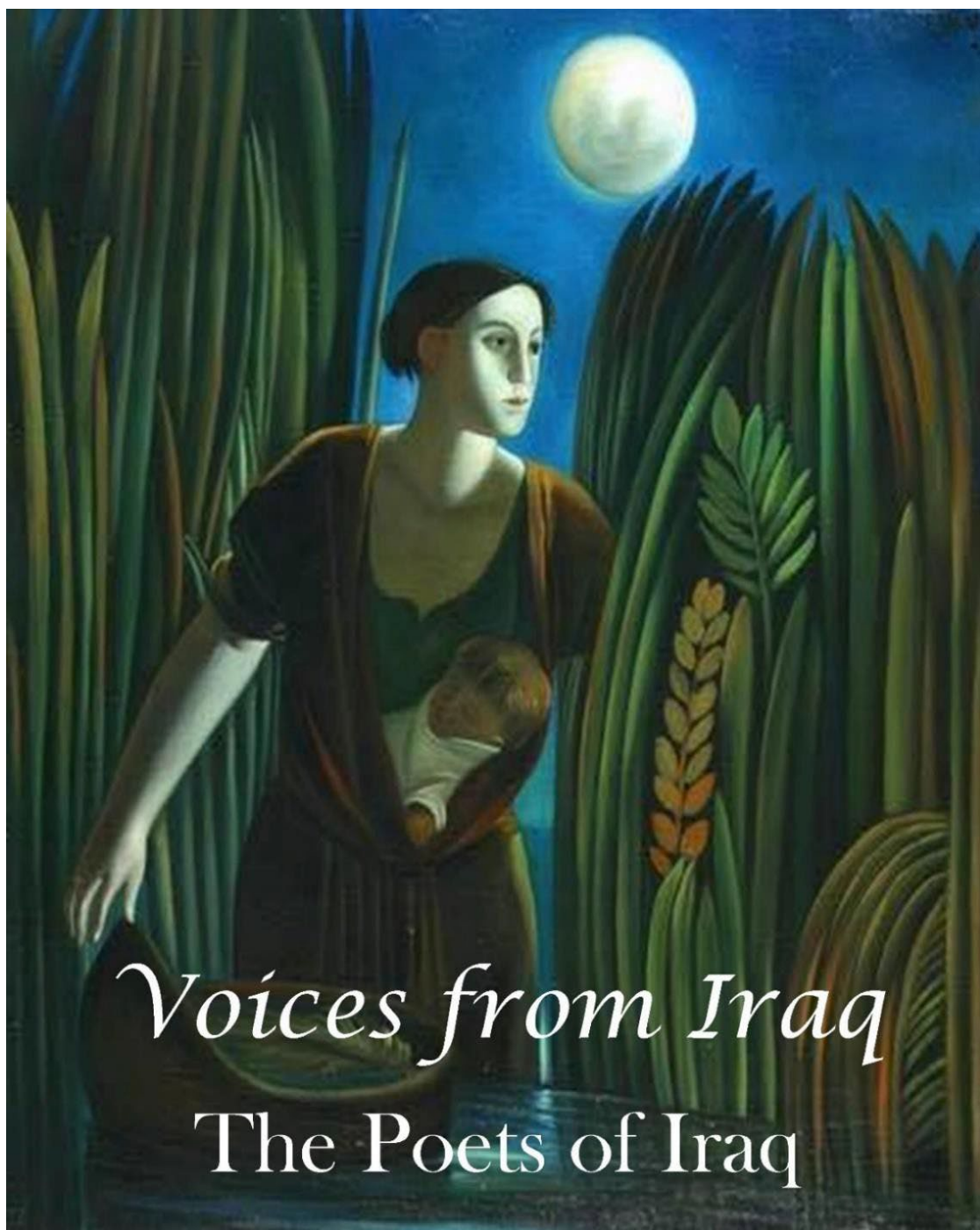
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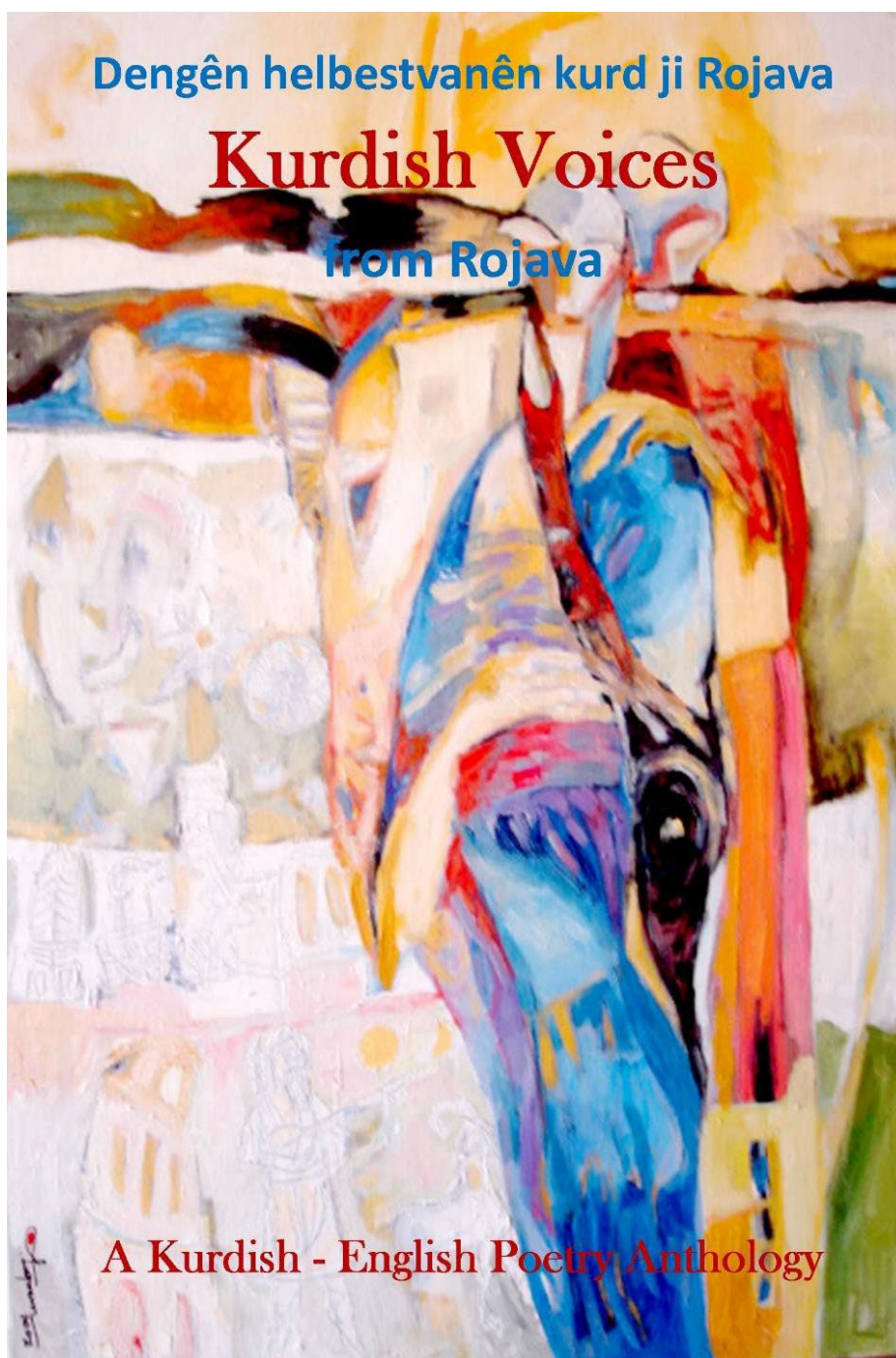
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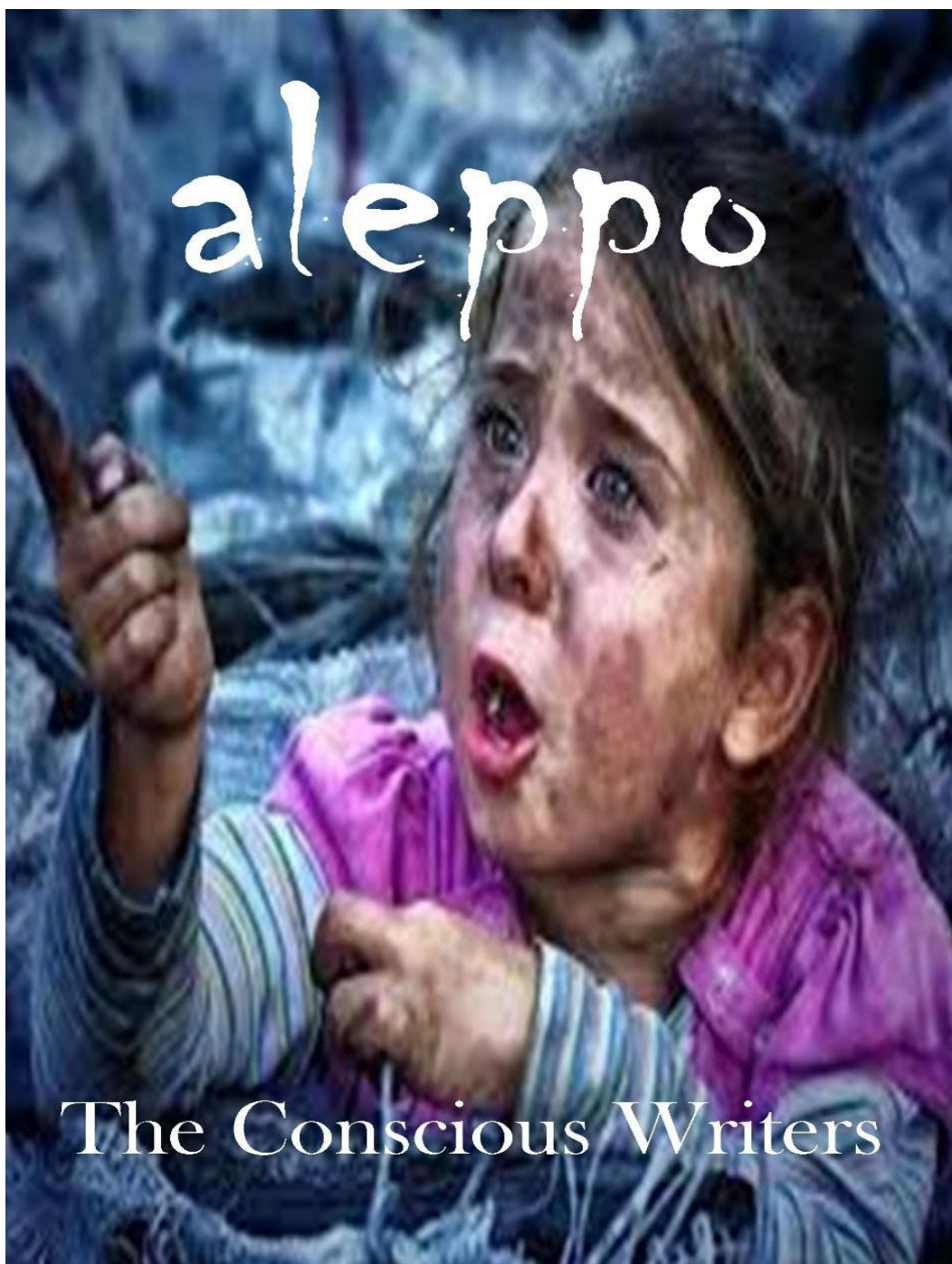
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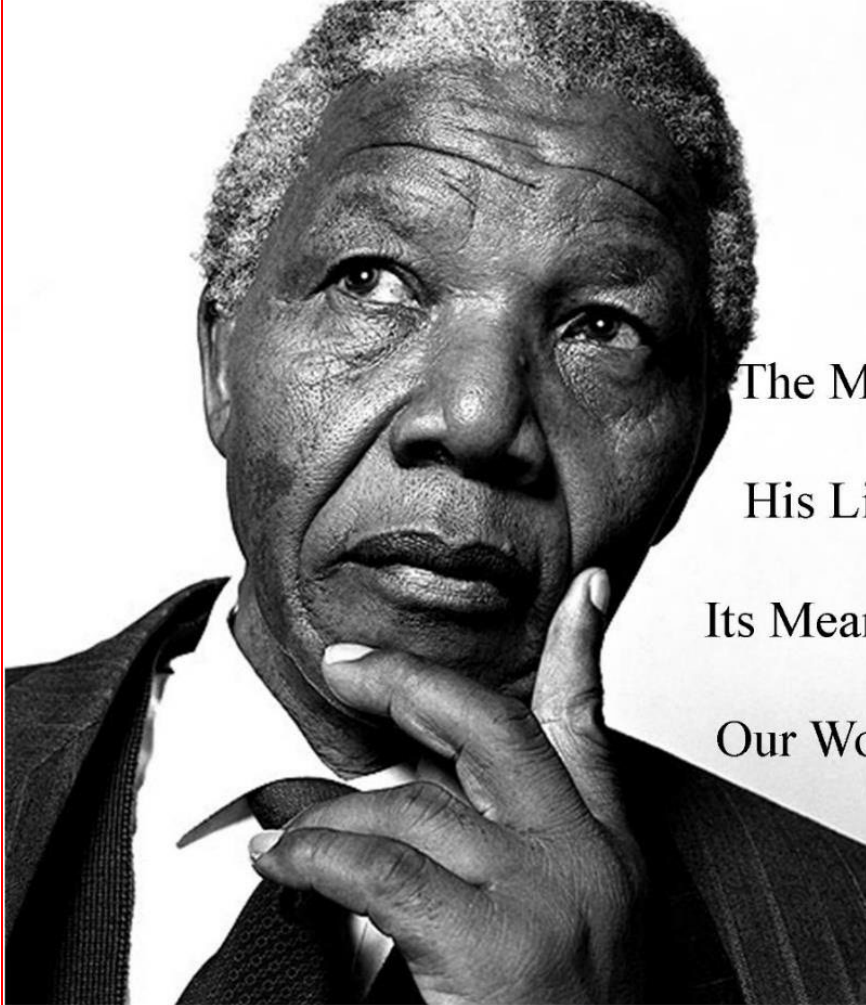
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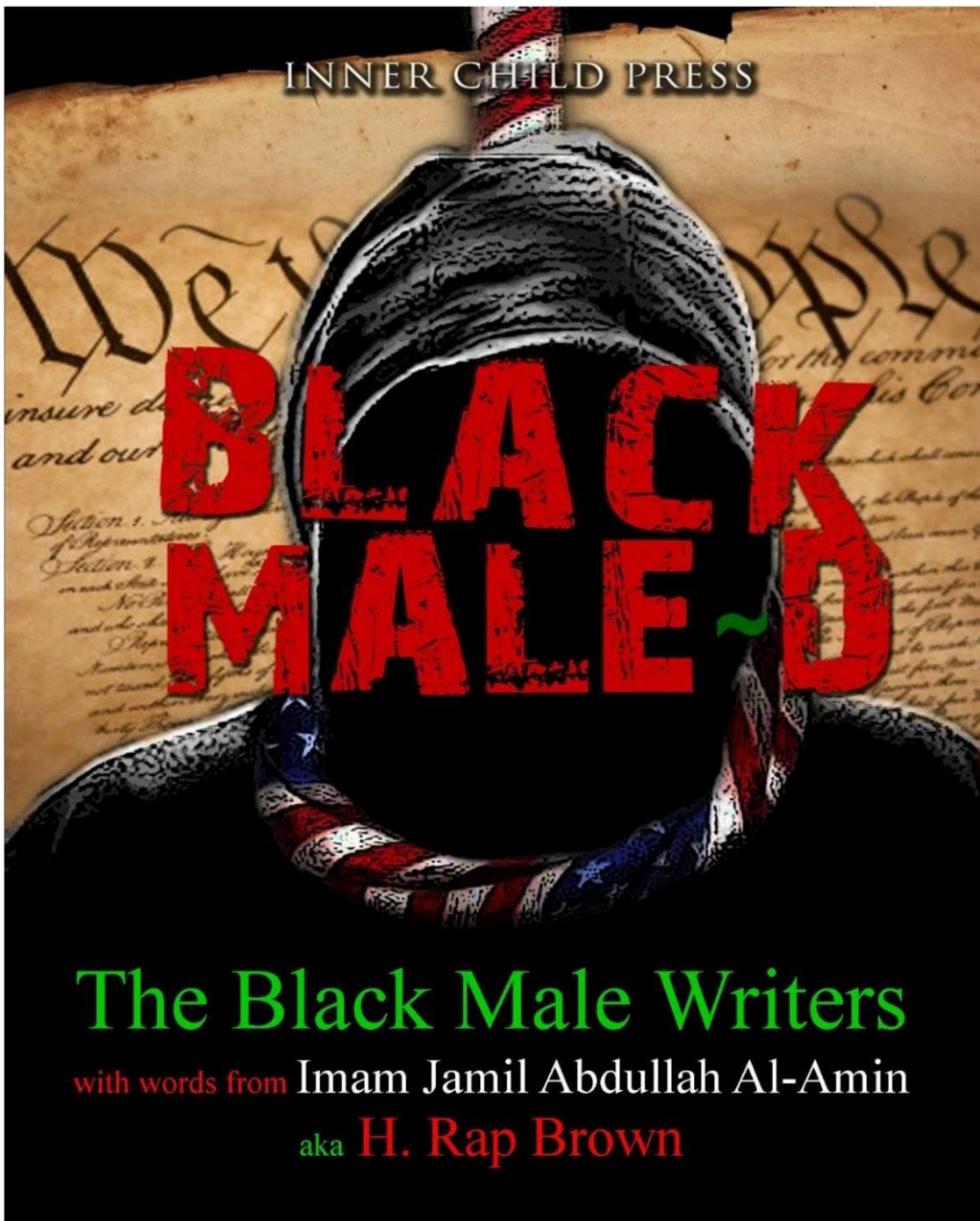
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