

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING WORLD PEACE

2018



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

World Healing

World Peace

2018

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World Healing, World Peace ~ 2018

Global Peace Writers

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World Healing  World Peace
2018
P  **EtRy**

i am a believer !

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

GRA

We Dedicate this Offering to . . .

The need within the breasts of humanity that is crying,
begging, pleading and striving to be sated.

~*~

To the warriors who hold the vision without equivocation for
reconciliation with a life past where suffering is no more.

~*~

To the pure of heart and the compassionate who walk
amongst us and offer their light to others without reservation
regardless their illusory differences.

~*~

To those who hope and dream of the morrow, a place of
eternal serendipitous daily joys.

~*~

To the resurrection of our wonder and appreciation for all life.

~*~

To the “Believers”



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Preface

I am privileged and blessed to be able to participate in this offering to the world's humanity.

I must confess though, that this is the most difficult preface I have sat down to write in many ages. It is not the words so many of you have offered to this effort, it was not even the sheer number of pieces of love contained herein, it is the age in which we live...

*mass murder

*bondage

*racial conflict

*political conflict

*asinine leaders

and

*global warming

*the destruction of the planet

How can I speak of the healing of the world and the want for peace without first acknowledging why this volume is even necessary? Since our last volume, we have seen unrest on a global scale. While we no longer have the Peter Jennings and Walter Conkrite's to meet us in our living rooms for long chats of the day's happenings. Instead, we are bombarded with mc bytes of information all day every day. We not only know instantly, many of us are living it in real time.

Many of the writers in this volume, like volumes past have a story to tell. It may be disguised in pretty words or it may be blatant in harsh words. The result is the same...look at me, see me, logos me. My logos? Hurricane victim. My story? Homeless, jobless. Do you see me? Surviving but not yet thriving.

If we are to be authentic, we must tell our stories. If we are to teach each other, we must tell our stories. If we are to heal ourselves, so that we can heal others, we must tell our stories.

Here, we tell our stories...

Here, we can be seen

Here, is our logos

Overstand who we are...Innerstand how we can be one.

Gail Weston Shazor

Poet, Author
Director of Anthologies,
Inner Child Press

a few words from the P ublisher

When I think of the aspect of accomplishing World Healing, World Peace, I am left with no other choice but to be a believer . . . yes, “I Am A Believer” !!!!

With that being said, ergo our efforts as conscious human beings, we offer our words to that end . . . World Healing, World Peace.

As we look across the globe, our world, there is much suffering that manifests its self in War, Hunger, Disease, Homelessness, Greed, Oppression, Racism, Bias, Abuse and Molestation, etc. Conversely, I see much light as well. It is evidenced right here in our 4th volume of World Healing, World Peace. Here you can read the voices of the many contributors who offer their perspectives in a poetic form. When I consider the possibilities, our life experience offers, it is quite poetic in nature. Beyond the ugliness we humans are capable of, there is a prevailing beauty that is begging to be indulged by the masses. This is the light I speak of that we all possess within. I believe in this light, I believe in you, the greater you! There once was a prophet who spoke “greater is that which is within you than that which is within the world”. I am a believer . . . how about you ?

So, take a moment and read the offered poetic words here and consider the perspectives of other human beings just like your self. Consider their cries for peace and reconciliation with our humanity. Hear their anger and confusion, their chaotic cries for change. Listen to your own heart begging for that certainty of peace and healing on an existential basis.

Bless Up

‘Just Bill’

William S. Peters, Sr.

World Healing World Peace



Poetry

i am a believer!

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The Castle

Break a window in your castle and look to the poor.

~ Hannah Michael Salameh Numan

Open the door
And invite in he
Who is less fortunate

Open your heart
And empty your cupboard
And feed the hungry

Bend a knee
Extend a hand
And lift up thine brother
For he was borne
Of the same womb
As thyself

In your darkened closet
You have stored many riches
And you have hidden the key away...
From even thine self

To what cause dear one ?

Shall you horde and
Entreat your God
With the same gifts and favor

He has given unto You?
Freely

Gifts are for giving

How shall you be blessed
If you are not open to receive
The bounty?

You were anointed
In the Temple of Life
And you cast off your humility
To occupy a castle on high

You go not out of your door,
Day nor night
Nor do you open your window
To peer out beyond
Your own world,
That made of finite imaginings

Will the things you have gathered
Give unto you
Eternal peace,
Or anguish yet to be borne ?

I say give, give,
Until the closet is empty,
Dust the shelves
Of your avarice clean

And then thy Creator
Will come to visit
That. your purified heart
And grace you with mercies abundant

So my brother, my sister,
Break a window in your castle,
And look out upon the poor

And see who has need,
And commence to feed them
From your storehouse of plenty.

The Castle.

inspired by my friend ... Hanna Michael Salameh Numan

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F oreword

In recent years, I have been reading an extensive amount of poetry and have met a significant number of poets, more than one could imagine –beyond what an individual would be able to embrace in his or her lifetime. Poets are delicate creatures. In fact, I would rather say that they are endangered human beings who give their finest for the betterment of society through a mere word as their singular tool to fight injustice, raise awareness, protect human rights, emit emotions that are difficult to express while they enrich languages, preserve cultures and build bridges among nations, and much more. This anthology is an unsurpassed representation of all the concepts and deeds of mention.

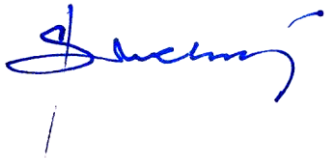
Poetry still remains the language of predestined souls, the guardians of Love and Beauty who create miracle of unity for humanity. Like a desert rose, this art form delivers a unique scent to those who believe in miracles, and the size of such population extends beyond what one may imagine. I am not talking in vein here. During my career of creative work, incredible occurrences materialized. If I were to start writing about those experiences I have lived, I would need volumes of a magnitude of words to articulate them. And I have a witness to it all: The very man who publishes this precious anthology.

The underlying task behind this global publication is one of vast dimensions, a task that cannot be accomplished alone. Others are needed. Poets, to be precise, who honor the differences in cultural makeup, gender, race, religion and ethnicity, and are ready to pursue the noble endeavor at hand. In order to invite the reader to their offerings when creating miracles is concerned.

I feel privileged to write these few words on behalf of the creative souls who, like I, have contributed poetry to *World Healing*, *World Peace*, thus joining in the caravan of peace and harmony for humanity.

Humbly

Fahredin Shehu



GRATIS ~ DO NOT COPY

The Poetry

for

World Healing

World Peace

2018

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Miss Maryam Abbasi is a 25 year old post graduate in English literature. Besides being an ardent reader, she picked up a flare for writing pretty early in her career. Being someone who is an introvert by nature, Miss Abbasi found words to be her solace and companion. The journey began as a hobby but is slowly and steadily turning into something more concrete and powerful. It is her love for words and the thirst to express herself in words that she is exploring this journey with utmost passion and eagerness.

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With love, to you my children

With a hope in my heart, I leave behind words for the children of these stars,

Little magic of mankind, you need to be the rebel that cuts through the history handed over to you by your proud fathers,

Cut through all the barriers that separate you from loving this world as one solicited heartbeat,

Move ahead and let no boundaries hold you back,

Hold hands and merge the blacks and the whites and the browns alike,

And when they tell you Jesus is threatened by the love of Mohammad, open your arms and tug them in and whisper, 'my friend they both were the messenger of love sent to this earth as a blessing',

Shuffle and re-arrange everything that has twisted and suffocated the air of this place,

Divide no love, spare no peace, dance to the rhythm of the winds and this cold breeze,

Look up and see the bountiful mercies of God he bestowed upon you and me,

See how god created us as one and if somebody tries to tell you to resurrect the views of the past,

Let them know, you are the change that awaits to let this world know how to love back and smile.

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Fatima Afshan is a teacher from Lucknow, India. She writes in English, Hindi and Urdu languages. She aspires to be a novelist in future. She has recently won four awards for her writings.

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A craving for peace

Let me inhale peace

I am fed up with the particles of gun powder and smoke

Let me hear peace

I can no more bear the screams of dying innocent people, shrieking widows, yelling mothers, and crying children who don't know 'why', 'what' and 'how' of the world's happenings,

Let me see peace

I am unable to tolerate witnessing blood, fire, and ashes

Let me feel peace

It hurts a lot when I come across a whole lot of cold hearted people

Let us shower love everywhere

As we all are world denizens

born to be drenched in love and peace

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Kiana Louraine Villaruz Miravalles is an aspiring writer who secretly writes poetries and keeps it to herself. Aside from writing poetries, she also likes writing inspirational articles which everyone would feel comfy and relate. Writing is not her hobby, actually for her it is more of dedication and passion mixed.

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PEACE IS WHAT?

Peace should focus on what?
Is it only wars that should be stopped?
In which nations attacked each other,
simply because of crossing other's border,
Thinking at the very least,
Is this the only image of peace?
Peace should focus on what?
Is it only about a political official that corrupts?
Sweat that pours down from workers depriving what they feel,
Like greedy pigs who sat on their own nation and steal,
Can you watch our country like this?
Is this the only image of peace?
Peace should focus on what?
Is it only about criminals who love ruthless crimes a lot?
A scene where lifeless bodies are layed,
And monsters are highly paid,
How many lives should we miss?
Is this the only image of peace?
Peace should focus on what?
Is it only upon students who compete by ranks?
Where A+ is a must to survive,
And in order to be treated well grades are required,

How many A+ are on the list?
Is this the only image of peace?
Peace should focus on what?
Haven't we thought of depression severely eating minds and hearts?
Where loneliness wrapped you like a shawl,
And nobody has ever shown you care at all,
Just like a struggle and a battle against a deadly beast?
Even a tiny voice inside you needs a healing peace

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Michael Iva is an internationally renowned
Designer/Art Director/Creative Director,
Writer, Anti-Propagandist, Philosopher, and Poet.
His company's website- <http://quallycompany.com>
His Change This Manifesto-
<http://changethis.com/manifesto/show/32.04.100WaysKillConcept>

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“Virtual Simulated reality
makes you Artificial.
While reality keeps you real.

.

Welcome to the 21st century,
and beyond.

Since the dawning
of the Information Age,
the U.S.A. has become
the land of the V.S.A.
(Virtual. Simulated. Artificial.)

Sad, but true...
Wake up people!
Get real or stay real!
Do not let go of reality.

Nature is far superior to
anything mankind could
ever hope to create.

Maintain a healthy balance
between the V.S.A.
and nature’s reality.”

.

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Ratka Bogdan, poet from Florida, appears in several poetry collections. She is recipient of the Axlepin Publishing “*Best Poet Award*” (2013) and WIN Canada’s “*Distinguished Poet Award*” (2015). Her poetry book “*Sailboat: Sailing through the Ocean of Life*” is available on Amazon and Barnes & Noble.

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Seven billions for change

Does my iPhone know where I displaced my glasses?

Wait, let me ask Siri...

Hi Siri, where was I last reading the news on the Internet?

And, by the way, what color are my eyes?

I told her, as to my sister, truthfully –

Siri, I know you know everything, but understand,
old news is that, oldie, it will happen somewhere else again
a train will derail, some church will get leveled to the ground...

The sun will continue to set in the West.

If you think you've told me something new,

or you think you've learned something through my pocket, you are deceived.

I am just a period or a question mark,

or a small exclamation voice out of the seven with nine zeros,

No! Correction - seven and a half are already, and growing,

One hundred thousand newborn each day, while only a third as many bid farewell.

That's too many newborn to handle, right, while only fewer are gone...

And while we feast on garlic and water, our butter on bread is spread elsewhere,
yet, to see our back and gain some salt in our eyes we persist.

But, until then – seven feet will not be enough and the handful of crumbs,
and the lice in those who lose hairs, lice full, deprived...

Even the lice don't come alone,

the lice to lice go, blackheads multiplied,

to suck blood eagerly from the core alive,

but does the wine barrel have a bottom?

To draw out and not to pour in equally or more...

Would it last? Come on, tell us that prank!

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Infinite the Poet aka Albert Carasco

I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong < > right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men < > life.

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Let's make change

There's a lot going on in this world.
The earthquakes, hurricanes and miles of land being destroyed by flame.
Earth, wind and fire, natural disasters, it's a shame.
There's sickness,
diseases and viruses causing men, women and children all over to suffer as they pray for a
cure,
they need a higher power to give them what they wait for.
We have to deal with the things we can't change,
so let's change the things we could.
War, poverty, hate and ignorance can be the start.
Killing will never solve anything,
in this day and age hunger shouldn't be a thing,
we all need to learn to love what we don't understand,
hate and ignorance go hand in hand.
Mother Earth needs us,
Father Time is counting on all of us to become one holus bolus.
We need world peace and the world will heal.

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My name is Annalecia N. Holloway, preschool teacher, for a local childcare center in Moline Illinois. I am an avid lover of heartfelt expression, as it applies to any subject. I feel that I become one, with my inner self, when I am writing. I display my inner essence as it defines what I am passionate about! I got your information from my Facebook page. I am entering this writing for possible consideration for your book.

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Teardrop Stain

As I look upon the heavens and contemplate my Savior's thought.
His heart must be burden with tears at the travesty and the cost.
So far a wide is pure madness that remains.
That love is but remised in the form of teardrop stains.
His children that He created, no humbleness exist.
Only the love of passion and desire, heartbreak exceeds the list.
Rage and vengeance, power and lust,
Has become man's mission, no heart to trust.
In anger He must see that His words are vastly ignored.
As the love for mankind, seldom exist anymore.
What about the children? Their hearts hang in the midst.
As hatred has entered the world, compassion is only bliss.
Parents are no longer parenting, a fate I can't comprehend.
Children are denied real guidance, as parents tries to be their best friend.
Waste and gluttony has comprised the souls of those who desire control
As countries years for food for sufficiency, the heartless just assumes and turns a nose.
As the torrential rain pours and is guided by that of thunder!
Are the thoughts, and Gods teardrop stains, as He looks at this world and wonder.
He gave man a destiny, to attend to those that are weak.
Yet! Man in his stance for victory, his heart hidden, as gain is what he seeks.

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Dr. Rashmi Jain is a bilingual poet/author/ reviewer, she writes in English and Hindi. Rashmi is working as an Assistant Professor of English at Iswar Saran Degree College, Allahabad, India. Her poems, research papers and reviews are published in reputed journals and magazines like *The Criterion*, *Episteme*, *Setu*, *Lapis Lazuli*, *Poetic Melodies* etc. Her email id is: rashmi.jain23@gmail.com

Peace and Harmony

Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam - the world is a family.
Kalyug- the global age exhibits diversity.
An age of doubts, disbeliefs, tumult and turbulence
searches peace and harmony.
An age affected by terrorism and communal conflicts,
There is distress outside and inner turmoil,
Who will protect us?
O Almighty!
Grace us with peace and harmony.
Soldiers are guarding the LOC's,
Since times immemorial struggles have been there to establish peace and harmony.
Liberty, Equality and Fraternity becomes the motto,
Apart from external fears, inner demons have to be defeated,
to maintain global peace and harmony.
Bloodshed and rivalry creates chaos;
The difference of culture, race, caste, creed creates vacuum,
Corruption, bribery and hatred creates frustration,
Which has to be revitalized by balm of love, sympathy and affection.
The world is a family-echoes Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam.
Earth - the mother goddess has to be protected,
Ecological balance has to be maintained
to advocate peace and harmony.
Nature and human are interdependent on each other,
To save humanity, nature has to be protected.
Global Peace and Harmony is not only the call of human progress but
it's Nature's prosperity as well.

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Nizar Sartawi is a Palestinian poet, translator, and essayist, who has published more than 20 poetry books and poetry translation. He is a member of numerous international literary organizations. He has participated in several international poetry festivals. His poetry has been translated into many languages. It also has been anthologized and published in numerous newspapers and journals.

Link

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Reward Mirror

Students of Law
owe much of what they know
to an Amorite young man
who loved to play with clay
when he was a child

At eighteen
he became a king
and Mesopotamia lay at his feet
but never could he
abandon his childhood passion
to craft tablets out of clay

On one tablet his stylus wrote:
“If a man put out the eye of another man,
his eye shall be put out.”
and wrote again:
“If a man knock out the teeth of his equal,
his teeth shall be knocked out”

Today they call it: “the Law of Talion”
“An eye for an eye
and a tooth for a tooth”

a mirror punishment

Great Masters of Law!
Heirs of Hammurabi!
Is there no room
in your talionic justice tomes
for a reward mirror:
Love for Love?

* * * *

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Biography: Brianna Malone

Born: December 20th, 2000

A creative, young, driven student and aspiring poet/author with dreams of becoming a psychiatrist.

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World Healing

World peace
World healing
We're slowly dying
Hearts heavy like rainclouds an eclipsed sun shining
But you must move forward and not back to notice the signs
We need an abundance of peace in the world...
Some from yours and some mine
Solitary confinement freed only in the soul and the mind
We will bring the light to the world one day at a time,
It all starts with the act of being kind...
I guess it's improbably probable
But I am confidently unstoppable
For me alone it is humanly impossible to end
Our whole world has a problem from within
But we're so comfortable in our ways that we let the same things happen again
All this world needs is some Tender, Love, and Care
End the racism and the segregation and treat everyone fair
If the tree isn't bearing fruit
You must check the root
Yet I am a believer
And I hope you are too

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Narin Yüklér

Duhok/ Kurdistan Regional Government of Iraq

Narin Yüklér was born in Şanlıurfa of Turkey in 1988. She graduated from the Tourism and Hotel Management School of Gaziantep University and from the Faculty of Business Administration of Anadolu University. After graduation, she started to work as a hotel manager. She got married in 2012 and had her daughter in 2014. During that time, she took part in the activities of various non-governmental and human rights organizations, especially women's rights organizations. In 2011, she was sued by the government for the reason that she participated in a press statement of Şanlıurfa Human Rights Association. In 2014, she was sentenced to 10,5 years of imprisonment due to that case, and that's why she had to quit her work and flee to the city of Duhok in the Kurdistan Regional Government (of Iraq) with her husband and 40-day-old newborn. Many of her stories and poems written about Middle Eastern, especially Kurdish/Ezidi, women were published in several newspapers and magazines in Iraq, Belgium, Pakistan, China, Iran and Turkey. She held meetings in refugee camps where she read her poems written in Kurdish and Turkish languages. She has written theatrical plays on the human and women's rights, some of which were staged.

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Peace

Life is a swarthy paper
With a name engraved in its palms
We have love even in our pockets
Air filled in our pockets
The sign of seed even in our pockets

Dreams occur like the rain and multiply like wildflowers
Washing blood-flowers plucked from the yard
Atrocity is the fire burning on the palms
Of a nation whose tongue are cigarettes
That are put out

It is true
The time
In which I read from a mother's tongue
The wet pavements
Like numb soil
Which provoked poet
To be cruel
That the writer with an exiled pen
Smells fragrance of freedom-----

Such freedom;
That spews the family home with its fumes permeating through the roof
It descends on my scary heart-

Conscience is the stage shared by
The ones carrying coffins
And the ones joining the folk dances

Such conscience;
It's the northeaster in the air that falls on us
As an explicit wound, and the ladder at the border

We'll fall unless we hold on to it

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Hussein Habasch: He is a poet from KURDISTAN, lives Germany. Born in 1970. Some of his poems translated to many languages: English, German, Spanish, French... He has nine Books in different Languages. Participated Festivals: In Colombia, Nicaragua, France, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Germany, Lithuania, Morocco, Ecuador, El Salvador, Kosovo, Costa Rica...

My Mother's Chants

1. The Vision Chant

This morning, my mother was sitting alone at home
Mending my brother Mahmoud's pants
Torn by yesterday's mischief
The needle pierced her finger and warm blood flowed on the thread
The pants were stained and my mother's thoughts were muddled
She swore to my father and the neighbors
that she saw me or my shadow
Or saw me without my shadow passing before her this morning
And when she saw me
she was so eager she was confused and was about to hug me
But the needle betrayed her and pierced her finger
Was I really there
or was it my mother's heart?

2. The Longing Chant

Mother,
Thirty years and I am still running with a barefoot heart
Whenever I see a woman wearing a long dress
Or a white scarf on her head
I call out to her: Mother, mother
Mother!
Thirty years and six thousand miles
Exiled from roses, morning sunrise, and the face of angels,
mother's face
Thirty years
Whenever I write about a woman
Whenever I draw a woman
I find myself writing about my mother
clothing the image with my mother's colors
Thirty shrouds, thirty graves, thirty . . .
I treat with hope and peace of mind
Whenever I lay my head on my mother's chest

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3. *The Passion Chant*

The inscriptions on the walls of our mud house
The yellow paint on the door
The family picture carefully hung next to Imam Ali's
The traces of a tattoo on the baking tin
The big quiet stone next to the door
Always ready to receive guests
Shelves crowded with old newspapers
The lamp philosophizing with a long luminous tongue
The hanging mat always ready for prayer
The sacred laugh that brought all this passion
and this weariness is my mother's laugh.

Translated by Sinan Antoon

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~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is a self-proclaimed Mystic Visionary, Spiritual Warrior, and Pro-Human – Social Activist Performance Artist. Keith is a self-realized Psychic Empath (fluctuating degrees of clairvoyance, clairaudience, clairsentience and claircognizance), who intuitively communicates his creativity through Images and Words that often translate into the proactive energy of Non-Violent Direct Action.

the HUMAN-KIND ~ I am a believer !

the HUMAN-KIND
an evolving species
capable of
creative acts.... producing
everything
from bad
all the way to
the good
some would say
the HUMAN-KIND
is
inherently
evil
yes
there are
those naysayers
and doomsayers
that seemingly focus
on the misdeeds
of humanity failing
to note or recall
the positive
and productive acts
that helped to
evolve and sustain
the human species
through time
often
the way
one human
sees another
or views
a group of humans
from bad
all the way to
the good
appears limited
by the filtering process of
social conditioning

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a tunnel vision effect
experienced
while living
with a limited amount
of humans
or specific groups
of humans
socially fenced off
from other humans
behind the barriers of
skin color ~ sex ~ gender
nationality ~ ethnicity
culture ~ belief
and economic status
divisions stirring
a dis-ease
between factions of
the HUMAN-KIND
a tea like drink
steeped to the brim
with predisposition
inhibition
and stereotype
infectious ingredients
that brew societal ills
despite such
factors and conditions
the HUMAN-KIND
through my eyes
as a self-proclaimed
Mystic Visionary
Spiritual Warrior
Pro-Human Social Activist
Performance Artist ~
I am a believer.....
in the HUMAN-KIND
the vision and intent
behind my positive
pro-human
proactive message
as it pertains

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to this matter of belief
in the HUMAN-KIND
I now quote my own prose

"..... is for the ideal of race to be uncolored/deconstructed and to ultimately become the One and Only Race, THE HUMAN RACE ! The one and only race, regardless of skin color, sex, gender, nationality, ethnicity, culture, belief or economic status. Where ONE RACE, We the people of planet earth set aside our differences and unitedly focus on one objective, the future survival of ALL THE HUMAN RACE. As a collective, We the people need to envision the wisdom and benefit of working together to increase the overall well-being of all humanity. A collective conscious, transitional process of spiritual awareness that proactively co-creates a social environment of global healing through open dialogue. Therein, leading to a peaceful coexistence among We the people of planet earth and the everlasting preservation of THE HUMAN-KIND."

"If expecting tolerance to be learned by others, then through example the tolerant, should patiently exhibit tolerance for those learning to be tolerant; even if, the intolerant are becoming tolerant, a lot slower than what is expected by the tolerant; how else should the tolerant expect the intolerant to learn tolerance?"

create social change
through Non-violent
Direct Action
initiate learning
through the healing process
of Open Dialogue
peace out

~Keith Alan Hamilton~

Dedicated to my fellow social activist friend and mentor for peace, David Eberhardt and his 138 page memoir - For All the Saints, a Protest Primer.

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Fadi Kabbani, a Lebanese poet, writer and electro-mechanic engineer, is the founder and president of Lebanon Literary Club. He was born in Beirut in 1963. He has participated in numerous literacy events. He has published three collections of poetry: *The Phoenix Bird* (2001), *A Revolution Of Love And A Prayer* (2006), and *The Lover's Prophecy* (2013).

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Children and Wolves

Give children peace,
they said
while occupation desecrated their blood
in their own land
snatching them away from their childhood
murdering their innocence
The taste of panic has sneaked to their food
and death has settled inside their toys
They raped the joy within their laughs
as wolves they pounced
on their untainted dreams
Give children peace,
they said
But the children's eyes
knew not how to sleep
They got used to stabs
to the fangs of wolves
their bodies tender not any more
their tears... not flowing freely
No one can stop the breaking of doors
and slaying children in the cradle
Give children peace,
they said
What kind of peace
when the wicked hands go free

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Dr. Boutheina Boughnim Laarif is a Tunisian Lecturer of English literature. She has published her first poetry collection entitled "Fractal Reflections" in 2015. She has also poems published in the online poetry journal, Dystenium Journal and in the quarterly poetry journal: "The Cannon's Mouth" and in several poetry anthologies.

The bent sky

Over crucified silence
And Man's infamous violence
Shrinks in disavowal,
Repudiates the beast,
Vomits its bile...
Before the Golden Cupola,
An old woman swallows her pride;
Weeps pebble tears
Following the furrows
Of her wrinkled cheeks...
She takes out a handkerchief
To wipe the burning tear,
As a rock, she continues to bear
Resilience, so rare,
Evil's sickle melts into thin air...

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Eduard Harents is an Armenian poet who has to his credit seven collections of poetry. He was born in 1981. He has graduated from Yerevan State University. He *is the most translated Armenian* writer of all times. His poetry has been translated into more than 50 languages. He lives in Yerevan, the capital city of Armenia.

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Life lives me

Life lives me with all my details,
and I turn around it
as a color of another brush.
My canvases have holes in them
as a Japanese coin,
through which one by one
all my loves free themselves
from me, always outwards
their parting
ringing about my wonderful loss...
And my claps
weigh heavier than I do.
So I have collected them
in my hand
as smashed paper money
and keep them
for the last – the death
to revamp its masks,
that will be hole one day,
as my canvases are.
And I'll ring out forever,
and life will go on to live me
with all my details...

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Celia Kurdab Hamadeh is a Lebanese poet, author, political commentator, and businesswoman. She has published two books of poetry: *A Woman Of All Times* and *Letters To Adam*. She has participated in many poetry festivals. Her poetry is widely covered by media and reviewed by critics, and her poetry has been translated to English, Italian and Spanish.

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A letter to Adam

(I believe that Adam is not in search for a perfect Eve but for his lost soul because in the depth of his being, he knows that Eve is his way to light and love)

I wasn't made from clay and water
But from love and purity
I wasn't made from clay, or sugar and almonds
Neither I was formed from rose petals and moon light
But from love and purity
My hair doesn't resemble the night
Neither does my eyes
My figure is not like a palm twig
My skin is not as soft as silk as you like to think
I wonder why your eyes can't see beyond my lips
And always around my body wonders
I wasn't made from clay and water
But from love and purity
From the womb of life I came
From my womb you came

It was only an apple not more
And you, Since the beginning of time
Chose to pick a new Apple everyday
Blaming me more and more
I carried you in my womb with love
In love I gave birth to you
With love I raised you
I brought life to life
You have made wars to fight
Forever you've been rebelling
Forever I've been waiting for you remember
I am your way to love and light

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Olivera Stankovska was born in Skopje.

Poetry collections: A conversation with life; Playing with life; and third unpublished “The rumbling of the moments”.

Award ACE Poet from Axlepin Publishing website - “Unite and Diverzity in the ARTS” - 2013. Painting on porcelain and glass. She lives in Kriva Palanka, R.Macedonia.

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Raise the love

Call me this morning
with the voice of our love,
that could be born only once,
and
crowned before God.

Bring it with the rain
swollen from behind the mountains.
Raise it from behind the oshes of memories,
let it be born from the truits
of the vineyards-
and be like grape berries
offering a good wine
so the very thought of one another
make us drunk.

Come
and call me
with our love,
which could be born only once.

Translated from Macedonian to English: Lidija Aleksovska/Kriva Palanka

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Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and widely-published International Author/Poet from the Philippines and has 2 published books: “Seasons of Emotions”, UK and “Inner Reflections of the Muse”, USA. She is also a co-author to more than 70 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, India, Africa, and Romania.

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Stand for Peace

I dream of a world where only love prevails

Where there is peace shared by one and all,

Despite the diversity that separates one from the other.

How I long to live in a world where everyone consider each others as friends not foes

Where the word hate would be forgotten,

A world in pure harmony where each individual will stand for peace

Where even the birds and the wild can roam freely on the face of the earth

Without fear of being hunted or preyed on for selfish motives.

I stand for peace without being ridiculed or discriminated for the color of my skin

To be in a world where there are no wars which divide and destroy nations,

A world where the young generation can have a bright future ahead

A world enveloped with pure peace and serenity.

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Dr. Sabahudin Hadzialic is an Associate Prof. from Hadzialic, Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Europe. He has published 23 books of poetry and prose (stories, aphorisms, stage plays, novels, and essays) in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia, France, USA, Italy and Switzerland. His poems, short stories, stage plays, novel and aphorisms have been translated and published in 25 languages.

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Devil's Playground

They understood!

They didn't ask

...

...for anything else
but just a possibility to survive
within the boundaries
of a precious vision.

Vision of world

without hatred and senseless schemes
living in the minds of their neighbours.

...

They understood!

They didn't ask...

...

...for anything else
but just a hope
that a right to live
is a right of every human

And humanity

remained where it always was.

...

Entrapped within the boundaries
lacking identity.

Today

the life for them is about
survival

and

waiting for the end.

Are they there yet?

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



I am Mariel M. Pabroa, an aspiring 18 year old writer from Cebu, Philippines. I am currently studying Bachelor of Science in Development Communication in Cebu Technological University-Main Campus.

Writing has always been vital to me. That's why; I'm also into writing different literary pieces, join writing groups and contests.

You can look at my profiles in these links:

www.facebook.com/extraordinaryteen

www.wattpad.com/TheWriterInspired

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Heal the World

Look at the sky above our sight,
it dignifies peace, love and trust that hides.

Look at the sea, with its blue sight,
it makes us breathless and gives coolness of mind.

Look at the place where we stand,
it helps us to stand like a big tree on land.

Look at the whole place, where we are in;
doesn't it take thy breath away?

I know, it is... always
for my heart beats the same sketch.

Still, you can't hide to look
farther and deeper on the darkest sight.

It isn't dazzling with beauty,
it is filled with blood and misery.

Like the yin that needs a yang
but our world is filled with too much imbalance.
The other side of the coin is a gem
but the other is just an iron that rusts to death.

Isn't it ironic that the balance is broken
with greed, misunderstanding and death?

We have perfect fields but is covered with black and deadly things
and we have dazzling sea of waters but is reddened with ink.

We also have the sky but is now darkened by smoke
and our people, they're crying to die than to live and work.

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What is happening on Earth?

Why is our people dividend by war, religion and all those mindless reasons?

I hope the war and all those deaths end
and may the world will be at peace, in the end.

I know it may be too much to heal the world, I love
but that's my only wish before the war comes into my place.

GRATIS ~ DO NOT COPY

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai(蔡澤民博士) was born in Taiwan, Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering. He's an university professor. His literary creations specializes and expertise in the description of nature, the anatomy of emotion and humanity, life writing.

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Write down a peace journey

Early in the morning, Light fog enveloped the hills
Brewing a poem
Go deep into the original home of the earth
Surrounded by dense foliage
The juice of Chinaberry without melting the dried up ink
Take off a hypnotized Chrysanthemum, Lake Tanganyika
Reluctantly sleep so deep

Midnight, the silent bee, the nest on the branch
Want to write a song
But take the wrong drawing board without musical notes
Draw it, no choice, no hesitation
Choose a corner to listen to the music from ant-loving cricket's wings
Looking to the volcano alarm flower, Dyed red Jawa island
Reluctantly outbreak so wild

The road home, Vines tripped feet
Dance like a lemur on the island of Madagascar
Kick injury one singing lotus, Rhythm on the Congo River
The weeping cry melting snow has not stopped for a long time
With a trace of regret, make a secret decision
With that dance, was hidden in the forest for a long, long time
Write down a dialogue with the biological poetry

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Mohammed Debei is a Palestinian poet and short story writer from Gaza strip. He was born in 1974. He was anthologized in *The Alphabet of the Last Fetters* (2014), a poetry anthology about Palestinian detainees. His poems have been published in numerous literary websites, and he has written introductions to several poetry books.

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My Mirror

My brush makes a drawing of my mirror
that I may see my coming morrow
that I may see the full moon as a boy sleeping in the lap of clouds
riding his rainbow-like boat, holding a rose as a paddle
swinging on the rainbow, skiing on the paddle
that I may see my poems as rivers
my dreams as flowers
my pencils as flags
as a swallow glimmering in her elegance above terraces
that I may see my brush as a dancer swaying among colors
as a green bough with whom birds play on soft twigs
ladling gold from the sun to make it flow towards thresholds
building a cottage
waving a tune
shedding a turquoise fragrance, so graceful, like warmth of breeze
that I may see the painting of a radiant hope rising out of the darkness of an inkpot
delivering peace and safety from the womb of the corpses of the dead
making joy out of sorrows
creating faith during war
releasing a flock of white doves that draw the map of the human being
I look for a long time and ask about the secret of the present and the future!
Does my mirror have any clouds that send me a shower of smiles?

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation. Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, Czech Republic, the USA, the UK, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, Argentina, Chile, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan and Australia.

Lullaby

Have a nice rest my darling.
Let the worries, the companions of the day,
go away and follow the last rays of the setting sun.
They will discolor in the chiaroscuro and will lose their sharp contours.
Tomorrow's dawn will brighten the sadness of difficult matters.

Look my dear,
The moon looks through the window timidly.
This pale friend of lovers paints on the walls
complicated arabesques with words and sighs.
It covers with silver our dreams and love spells.

Light wind blows in the curtains.
The breathing of cold night gives a respite from the day's fever
and silence like a wide stream spills over the room.
The downy pillows invite to sleep,
when fatigue falls like the sand into the eyes.

On the roofs of the surrounding houses,
colorful and black and white dreams wander.
They unbind their long hair like passionate lovers
to entangle us into them like into a cocoon
and they mix our experiences with presentiments.

Sleep my love.
The night envelops us more and more by its black arms.
It rocks gently and hums the lullaby.
Listen to the tune of the pulsating stars
and the song of nightingale.

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Lennart Lundh's work has appeared internationally since 1965. He served with the U.S. Navy's Amphibious Ready Group Bravo, supporting Marine Corps operations in Vietnam during 1968 and 1969. Len was honorably discharged as a conscientious objector under NavPers 1860120 in December of 1970.

I Would Music Make Once More

When the last son has fallen,
there will be a need for bards
to sing dirges and old lullabies,
to remember lives cut short.

I will set down my useless rifle,
take my guitar in wearied hands,
and play a saints' procession
to lead them to our hearts.

When the last shell is fired,
there will be silence unknown
during the years of fighting,
and a need to honor it.

I will find a whole piano,
miraculous in the rubble,
and play a gentle melody
so babes may peaceful sleep.

When the last war is over,
there will be no parade
to celebrate the peace,
no dancing in the streets.

I will stand atop my tank
and play the violin,
a requiem for all
that have and has been lost.

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See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

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Mir Peace, a Word Study in Humanity's Connections

Disguised in Cyrillic
unfamiliar Russian letters
мир mir mip means peace
as Russia and the Ukraine
struggle against each
the same word waiting between

Ancient records evidence
mir peace as Serbian dances
across pages dressed in a Cyrillic alphabet
Roman letters marching to the same beat as English
Arabic script flowing peace from right to left
all the letters containing precious
life affirming peace

Mir peace in the Czech Republic
and Bosnian or Bosanski
words of peace in Belarus
Serbia Montenegro and Macedonia

Bulgarian mir spoken in hope-filled tones
in Bulgaria Turkey Romania
Russian mir given voice in so many lands
Moldova Belarus Estonia
Latvia Lithuania
Armenia Azerbaijan
Georgia and Central Asia
peace to all in these lands

In Croatia mir written in Roman letters
familiar to a Westerner
the word still in Croatian and Czech
again mir in Slovene
peace moves on an out breath
in Slovenia Austria and Italy
mir peace even borrowed by the Portuguese

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Mir a common Muslim family name
in Pakistan Bangladesh and India
a short form of Arabic's Amir prince
Hebrews' Amir exalted summit
of a tree or mountain
Amyr in Ancient Turkic intends tranquility well-being
while old Polish personal names Miron
holds fast to the elements of peace quiet esteem

Mir means true friend
as well as peace quiet stillness
for 50,000 native speakers of Kashubian
attesting to authority and prestige
in other languages of Poland

Mír a Klid
peace peace in Czech
gathering peace and calm
quiet still serenity
tranquility
dormancy as peace sleeps
waiting for us
to wake her

Miř ури мир in Komi-Permyak
peace language
alive and hopeful in the Russian Arctic
Mirembe is a woman of peace
in far away Ugandan
even farther Miro is peace in Kiwai
spoken in Papua New Guinea

Miron or myron from myrrh
a fragrant resin incense perfume
wafts over the land
lubomir loves peace in Polish
miroslav a peace celebration

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casimir the Polish bringer of peace

Miro medieval personal names
of Germanic origin border on
the French variant of mire
all the while
zamir for peace in Slavonic
resembles a common male Muslim name
zameer ضمير
heart or conscience

Tolstoy's "War and Peace" might also be
translated rightly "War and World"
Russian мир peace and world
the perspective of a village
nestled in a beautiful countryside
local people live in communal proximity
sharing limited resources
heat in harsh winters
exclusion from the mir world
almost certain death

Mir the name of a space station
peacefully floating in the air
we all breathe
over a land we share

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Samih Masoud is a Palestinian poet, writer, and researcher. He is a co-founder and chairperson of the Canadian Center for Middle Eastern Studies (CMESC) and Al- Andalus Cultural Salon, a cultural branch of CMESC. In addition to his works in economics, Masoud has published 18 books of poetry and prose, including his poetry collection *The Other face of Days* and *Haifa... Burqa: A Search for Roots*.

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The Desolate Shades of War

For the children of Yemen

Where does death go
in the hollow cities?
The embers of bullets
are inhaled by children
and wailing women
On and on it moves
furiously
in the procession of invaders
making flowers and birds bleed
putting out the forenoon light
In all directions
it moves on and on
spreading grief
and lamentation
It moves on without a map
It's now in Sana'a
stopping its pulse under its steps

Sana'a, O Sana'a
City of poetry and songs
Where do wars and blood take you?
When will peace and calm prevail?
When will light spread
in the eyes of the young and old?
When will flowers be grown
in your green meadows?

Translated by Samih Masoud

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Ibaa Ismail is a Syrian American poet and translator. She was born in Aleppo, Syria. She received her bachelor's degree in English Literature in Syria, then she continued her graduate studies in English and American Literature at Eastern Michigan University. She published eight collections of poetry. She is member of The Arab Writers' Union.

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Armistice

Armistice
for the last breath of land,
Armistice
To shorten the time
for the birds,
to return to their nest's shade
singing the melody of peace.
For a glimpse of a miracle
enriched by the seasons
pouring flowers,
to charm
and captivate.
So, why did the graceful speech die
when we didn't have a chance to spark the light yet!
The forced departure,
The earth's sadness,
The balm tree's sigh
haven't been shattered yet!!!

Translated by the poet

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Teresa E. Gallion has published in numerous journals and anthologies. She has a chapbook, *Walking Sacred Ground*, a CD, *On the Wings of the Wind* and two books, *Contemplation in the High Desert* and *Chasing Light*. *Chasing Light* was a finalist in the New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

You may preview her work at the websites noted below: <http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq> and <http://bit.ly/13IMLGh>

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Making Peace

Our land is surrounded by water.
We pollute the ground we call home daily.
Is there a gene in the human species
that demands destructive behavior?

We are just a speck on the planet
floating in a bigger universe.
We are cruel stewards of earth.
We need to make peace with our home.

Someday the earth ball will collapse
and nothing human remain.
The question lingers in the wind.
Is that the desire of humanity?

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Dr. Barathi Srinivasan is a bilingual poet, translator and an assistant professor of English and research supervisor at Srinivasa Ramanujan Centre, SASTRA University, Kumbakonam, India. She is a review editor for the international refereed and UGC indexed journals *International Journal of Multicultural Literature IJML* and *Writers Editors and Critics WEC*. Recently she has published a book of critical articles on diaspora literature.

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Peace Within and Peace Without

Once on a cold and terrible night,
I heard a knock at my door.
Wondering who might be there
at this odd hour here,
with a hook on my mind
I opened the door.
To my surprise,
there stood a tiny friend
right there in my front
wearing a golden-brown attire.

I let the tiny brownie
into my cozy little room
to sip a bowl of warm
Porridge and rest on my lap
while I, sitting on my wheeled chair
and he on my lap soon fell asleep.
Journeying together
to the kingdom of dreams
I, a lonely lass and he, a wandering monk
finally found peace in each other.

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Sebastian Kavi is an award-winning Indian poet from Kerala. Having been writing poetry since childhood, he has published 15 collections of poetry. His poetry has been published in different languages, and many of his poems have been used for educational purposes in five universities in Kerala. He has participated in several national poetry events as a representative of Malayalam poets.

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Real Estate

Clear limpid stream
waveless,
clear cloudless sky-
in perfect harmony.

No time to waste
Before the river
swells with waves,
let's lift it,
gently, no jerking,
no spilling.
Before the clouds
fill the sky
let's lower it, softly
no part falling off,
or, slipping off our hands.
At some point in the vast void
let's put them one on top of the other
and glue them hard
that they don't part again.

O, men of trade,
buying and selling
you have eaten up the earth.
Listen to my humble plea:
don't cast your covetous eyes on this.

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Jen Walls
Saint Paul, Minnesota USA
Author of *The Tender Petals*; Inner Child Press
Co-Author of *Om Santih Santih Santih*; The Poetry Society of India
2016 *Distinguished Poet Award*, Writers International Network (Canada)
Literary Reviewer - published reviews in *PoetCrit* and *Contemporary Vibes*

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<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

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BREATHS OF GOD

Share love's everything
dawn serene - roll quiet streams;
laugh smiles of light

Gift faith to spirit
live God's miracle heartbeats;
lift canyons to heights

Watch soul's inner sky
bless love, compassion, mercy;
fly sweet happiness

Shower to fullness
quiet the mind - flow heart's course;
burst through beauty's breaths

Synchronize wholeness
harmonize with resonance;
care for peace-flowers

Open in soul's bliss
be grateful - sip joy's kiss
bloom lovely heaven

Greet earth's healing care
hear loving tune everywhere;
feel the breaths of God

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Kabir Deb was born in Haflong and completed his schooling from Kendriya Vidyalaya, Karimganj. After that completed his Graduation and Masters from Assam University, Assam. Poetry has been his passion and a hobby from childhood, and hence submitted his poetry in this magazine. He looks forward to change the society with the power of poetry. When the society is facing with many political and social conflicts he would like to show them that poetry can destroy even the most destructive force in the society as poetry knows how to create. His work has been published in 'To be my Valentine' edition of Hall of Poets, Reviews Magazine, Bhor Foundation, Different Truths Magazine

Sneaking

Love happens when light sneaks through a wound in a soul;
Heals the crack like clotted blood and stays as a part of it;
Blood of death is the result of love;
And gains birth like a phoenix;
Mortality and immortality always stay with love;
Justifying the presence of a quest;
There should be a thud for creating a crack;
The moments take place simultaneously;
Where win and loss will be in our subconscious;
We just keep staring like a blind person;
Focusing on the loss;
And forget to notice the straight light;
With multiple waves in it;
Dust covers the source of light;
But it escapes the prison to make us feel what she is;
It juggles our soul;
Waiting for that particular moment;
Where both the souls will collide;
And the universe inside will reproduce their matter.

GRATIS

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Fahredin Shehu is a poet, writer, essayist and Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972, he graduated at Prishtina University in Oriental Studies. Passionate of Calligraphy, he actively works on discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific form of plastic art. Certified expert in Adult learning/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc. Fahredin Shehu is the Poet Laureate of Gold Medal for Poetry as bridge to Nations, Axlepin Publishing-Philippines, being selected among many world excellent poets, writers, photographers and painters that contributed for making World a better place, 2014. He is a founder director of International Poetry Festival in Kosovo. He is a founder of Fund for Cultural Education and Heritage www.fekt.org. He is Pulitzer Prize nominated for 2018.

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In Jerusalem

While the jets flight over

I stood in terrace...

In Jerusalem I was

in a midsummer

hot and tranquil.

The shades of tall white marble walls,

Oleanders in blooming

ardently

The smell of antique

unfolded

folding

me

entirely

...Neve na mungon vokabulari tokësor për çështje qiellore.

...We lack terrestrial vocabulary for the celestial quest

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Shri Akshaya Kumar Das is an Indian poet. He is the author of *The Dew Drops*, a collection of English Poems published in 2015. He has published a number of poetry collections in India and abroad. He has also been featured in numerous e-books, including *Salisonline.com*, *Hall of Poets*, *Different Truths* and *Sahitya Ananda*. He has recently received the international Muse Award for his outstanding contribution to English poetry and world peace.

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Peace on earth...

In a war-torn universe,
Choked voice of peace,

After two world wars,
The so-called Czars don't stop the war fare,

peace is a redefined word for them,

Changing the geographies,
A warring mindset in camouflage,

Is it necessary to invade other's territories,
An atmosphere compelling the common man to go fanatic,

Ruined families destroyed homes,
Survivors curse the war times,

People living in distress suffer the worst,
Everyone scared of the bullet shots,

Watch the helpless situation like a mute spectator,
Raise their hands in surrender,

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: 2 :

If the creator could arrive from somewhere,
Some change takes place in the atmosphere,

To take stock of the cruelty ,
Caused on humanity,

Thousands of dead bodies lying on the floor,
No one arrives to lift them for their last honour,

Even vultures run short of in the situation,
Oh! God please save the human civilization from further deterioration,

Arrive soon,
Before the evil mongers destroy the beautiful human,

Humanity needs your divine presence,
Seeking peace in true sense,

Future looks mute & helpless,
Therefore, seeking the divine presence.

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Pratidhwani Biswal is an Indian poet from Koraput district of Odisha. Pursuing her career in Aerospace Engineering, she is very passionate about writing poetry. In her world of space, she always has a special place for poetry. Writing poems is not just a hobby for her, but an addiction that she never wants to give up.

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Peace

Let's attain peace
Let the tranquillity,
Surround us.

Far away from noise and disturbance
Let the calm surrounding,
Surround us.

Let's say No to wars
Let the fights,
Come to an end.

With our hands forward
Let the friendship,
Arouse us.

Let's embrace silence
Let the calm behaviour,
Settle inside us.

With our hearts filled with harmony
Let the goodwill,
Capture us.

Let's muzzle the wars
Let the blood,
Cool down.

With love and affection
Let the togetherness,
Awaken us.

Let's march for justice
Let the conflicts,
Get buried.

By following ceasefire
Let the aura of peace,
Cuddle with us.

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



From a young age, Athena Dent knew her purpose in life and that was to be a Humanitarian. Besides being a former Social Worker (12 years), Nursing Assistant (4 years), Daycare Provider, caring and nurturing infants/children/teens (30 years), Educator (Pre-K Teacher), Advocate, Mentor and Volunteer, she has always had one passion.....writing. She began writing poetry at the age of 14 and even while working in various professions, her writing evolved. She decided to do screenwriting and wrote four screenplays. After having her work reviewed by professionals in the Performing Arts; it was recommended that she write novels, so that she could get more exposure. After much thought; she took one of her screenplays, “Silk” and turned it into a manuscript. After two years of trying to get an agent/reputable publishing company to publish her work (and 50+ rejection letters), she decided to self-publish her book. At the time, Mrs. Dent was going through a DEVASTATING life situation and the result was her going through a positive healing process. That process resulted in her completing three books consecutively.

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FREEDOM

Born into this world
we are of innocence,
Growing up and into
different parts of a GLOBAL society
Ethics, values
traditions and rules,
This is what makes us
and for some of us, breaks us
Yet, we all no matter what the kind
wants to be **FREE** through space and time,
For Freedom allows us
to live our dreams, hopes and goals
Whether easy or through the extreme
Freedom is not free
there is always a cost,
Through blood, sweat and tears
there is gain and sometimes loss
FREEDOM IS.....

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Dr. Sonia Gupta is an Indian poet, who is a dentist by profession. She is well known in Hindi and English literature with her solo four English and two Hindi poetry published books. Her poems have been published in various anthologies, magazines and newspapers. She has received numerous awards in poetry competitions organized by various literary groups. She practices paintings, singing, designing, knitting and teaching.

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World Healing ~ World Peace 2018

Inner Peace

I move around the whole world
Trips, Fun, date with beloved!

Magic shows, Movies with friends
Eating, Playing and entertainment!

Temples, Mosques or Churches
Visiting all the religious places!

Praying for fulfillment of wishes
Seeking for everyone's blessings!

Listening to songs and gossips
Reading books and stories!

Cooking, Painting and designing
Playing, Singing and Knitting!

All household work and things
Busy in just earning and earning!

But, nowhere, in nothing
I could find a real peace!

Though, doing all with joy
Yet, could not find a real relief!

Nothing in this world can bring that happiness
That comes from your inner peace!

Whatever you wish, or entertain
Whatever you achieve, or attain!

Without innermost peace O' man!
All is just like being in vain!!!

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Fethi Sassi is a Tunisian poet, Haikuist, writer, and translator. He was born in Nabul in 1962. He has published five poetry collections: *A Seed of Love* (2010), *I Dream And I Sign on Birds The Last Words* (2013), *A Sky For A Strange Bird* (2016), *As Lonely Rose on a Chair* (2017) and *And You Are the Entire Poem*, (Canada in 2017):

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Crazy Rain

My friend...

Near the river your beautiful dreams accumulate,
don't leave them alone.

The world looks like a handful of lost poetry
in an impossible autumn,
and a noise behind a half-opened window.

Stand and dance, and then ask Zorba:

Will a single bullet be sufficient to delay your silence??

Then don't leave your horse alone under desperate rain.

The blood of the wind will not shine on the edge of the poem,
and you will see the words expelled again...

With your own hands break the cages of ash.

My friend...

How long have you been on your own drawing wings;
flirting with the children of clouds?

and letting your shadow scratch the fangs of absence

When death dug its grave,

then fled to peace.

so that you may stay alone and dance in the space

and you say to the wind:

be kind with the birds...

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Anwer Ghani is an Iraqi poet and writer. He was born in 1973 in Hilla. His name has appeared in Otoliths, Adelaide, November Bees, Zarf, Peacock, Eunioa, Rabbit and many others He is the author of "Narratopoet"; (Inventives Cloud 2017), "Antipoetic Poems"; (Creat Spacee 2017), "TRUMP"; a poetry collection, (Inner Child Press 2017) and "The Narratolyric Writing"; essays (Smashwords 2017).. Anwer had 40 books in literature and religious sciences in Arabic.

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The Mosaic of Peace

Water of Peace

My dry life sits on that chair and looks at me with her cold smile. It sees my coat; it is not white because war had stolen our rainbow. I am not a gray man but my life is so pale and knows nothing about vivid perfumes. Yes, I am the war's son; my dreams are fading and my soul is a wooden tale. Do you see these fissures on my lips? They need some water. We didn't have colorful streets and our ship is too small to discover the sea's songs but everything will be velvety when our thirsty souls find some water of peace.

A Peaceful land

My mantle was red because I am a crippled remnant. I don't remember anything about the white dresses of our fields because our brides had been killed before their weddings. Our land is not pinky and its face was smashed by unknown. Now, we are loveless and know nothing about the moon's tales. We can't see our hands because they had been eaten by wars, and we can't hear our voices because they had drowned in an absent ocean. Our land was arid; no souls and no faces and our tired birds exit their small heads searching a peaceful land.

The peace's Tent

I am from the south; my color is brown and my voice is primitive. The war's voice separates my parts; in stead of flowers, it plants the shells and in stead of smiles, it colors my memory with sad tales. You can't find anything behind this gloomy face because all the green dreams have been lost. Yes, my color had been stolen and my tongue had been deported but there is some pinky light under the shadow of that peace's tent.

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Dr. Ram Sharma is an accomplished poet and writer both in English and Hindi in the field of literature. He has added many feathers to his cap. As a student he has been exceptionally brilliant student from class first to M.Phil He did his doctorate on ` Post-Modernist Trends in Indian Novels in English: A Study of Anita Desai, Arun Joshi, Amitav Ghosh and Vikram Seth. He is a renowned poet, critic, reviewer and translator. His poetry is indeed of very high order which is read throughout the world. He has several research papers , articles, poems and reviews published in esteemed journals , magazines and newspapers of India and abroad including Poets International[Bangalore] , Bizz Buzz [Mysore], Rock Pebbles[Orissa], Contemporary Vibes[Chandigarh]Skylark [Aligarh]Shine [Tamilnadu] Poetcrit [Himachal Pradesh] Indian Book Chronicle [Jaipur], The Vedic Path [Haridwar] Metverse Muse[Vishakhapatnam], Young Poet [Tamilnadu] Poetry Today [Kolkata] Storm [Kolkata] Samvedna [Mangalore] Pegasus [Agra] Hyphen [Shimla] IJPCL [Kerala],Indo-Asian Literature [New Delhi] Replica [Cuttack], Bridge-In-Making [Kolkata] Cyber Literature [Patna] Points of View[Ghaziabad], Kohinoor [Bihar], Voice of Kolkata [Kolkata], Re Markings [Agra]

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018

UNIVERSAL INFINITENESS

This is the new dawn
of all-encompassing darkness of mortality
this is the first glimpse of universal truth
to recognize the universal infiniteness
this is the first attraction of the heart
and i have nothing but universal truth feeling
i am the small lamp of that great Sun of energy
i am the first ray of that universal infiniteness

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwright born in Iraq. Faleeha is the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature and has now published 20 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain, Korean, Greek and Albanian. Faleeha has received many awards internationally.

A Southerner

Oh I forgot.

The war that left us for two seconds

Yes, only two seconds, I forgot to throw a stone after it

-As my mother said-

So it returned with all its might

and swallowed us whole

A southerner

Of shyness and apples

Wars grilled me on their fires

No

I don't fear the beautiful face of war

The letters make me a liar

And paper whiteness mocks my words

...

I am southerner

Sadness grinds me to make the scents of sorrows

And jaded by windowsills of houses where birds don't visit

I ask

When will my heart mature?

...

I am southerner

I sleep little

And dream between one heartbeat and another

That a branch leans over

And asks: who will replace the art of spying by revealing identity?

A southerner

I know the meaning of similes in politics

And the pungencies of onions

They both evoke my tears.

Translated by Dikra Ridha

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Monsif Beroual_ was born on October 19th, 1994. Monsif is on his second year at the University of Sidi Mohammed Ben Adlallah, Taza City, Morocco. Winner of the Pentasi B. Universal Inspirational Poet Award 2016 in Africa, Ghana. His poems have been published in different International anthologies around the world; read them on radio programs at Canada, Chicago, Argentina and Mexico. His poems have been translated into: Spanish, Arabic, Chinese, Polish and French.

My page the movement of inspirations

<https://www.facebook.com/theMOVEMENTOFINSPIRATIONS/>

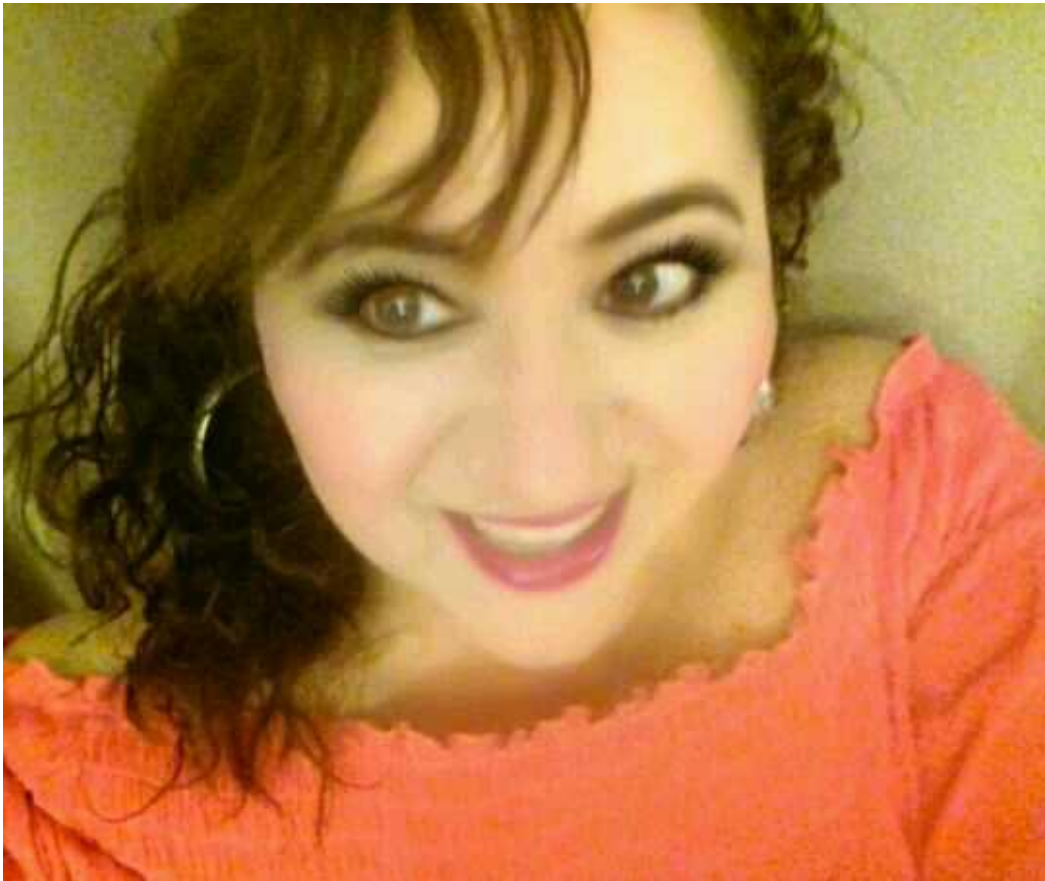
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THE PRAYER

Missing the path of God
I thought I'll be living forever
I've forgotten the angel of death
Stares to me every second
Waiting to take my soul
Thinking I'm here forever
Everything in life
Made me think for a while
Seeking who am I
Where is the purpose of my life.
Next to church
Next to mosque
I feel the beat of my heart
Faster than anytime
Know that everything have end
And I'm here just for a short ride
Discovering the purpose of life

Is God in church
Is God in mosque
He is everywhere we walk
He is everywhere
Covering the world
Covering the skies
In any religion we follow
There is a God
The same God
Who created us
Who created everything into life
For one reason
Is all about love.

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Alicia Minjarez Ramírez

Multi-awarded poetess, writer, singer, translator, university professor, broadcast radio and T.V. She was born in Tijuana Baja California, Mexico. Winner of a special mention and a medal in the International Poetry Prize NOSSIDE Italy 2015 and 2016. President for Mexico in International Writers Association IWA BOGDANI, Albania. Her poems have been translated into: English, French, Taiwanese, Albanian, Cameroonian, Arabic, Chinese, Portuguese, Italian and Polish. And published in more than 50 International Anthologies, journals and magazines around the world.

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PAGAN PRAYER

Oh Sif, Goddess of fecundity wife of Thor
Norse God of thunder and war
I praise your name in runes reflected.
I offer you my prayers!

Goddess of wheat, fecundation and family.
You who symbolize the Serbal tree
And your name means sacred marriage.
Bless my whole body.

Wise prophetess able to see
beyond of the rest of the Asgard's Gods,
Listen to my prayers!
Help me to find inner peace
And response in difficult times.

I will cook a thousand loaves in your honor
Wheat, almonds and oats will decorate my table;
Grapes, honey, red wine, milk and dates
Will be the offerings to delight you.

Oh Sif, my Nordic lady,
Goddess of golden waterfalls in your hair,
Brighter than sunlight in the sky,
Bless my belly, to gets fruit and multiply
As the stars in the universe
Venerate your name.

I implore you!
Sacred lady of divine marriage
Wonderful goddess of the earth
Descends accompanied by your Lord's thunder
Bring the scent of fresh rain, fertilize my forests
bless the sap of my beloved
And grant us a child.

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



About the author Anca Mihaela Bruma

Educator, lecturer, performance poet, eclectic thinker, mentor with staunch multi-cultural mindset and entrepreneurial attitude, Anca Mihaela Bruma considers herself a global citizen, having lived in four continents. Her eclecticism can be seen in her intertwined studies, she pursued: a Bachelor of Arts (Romania) and a Master of Business Administration (Australia).

The author labels her own writings as being “mystically sensual”, a tool and path for women to claim their own inner feminine powers. She uses poetics as a form of literary education, self-discovery and social engagement.

Through her writings she surpasses what seems to be the limitations of the human but emphasizing the essence of the woman, of the Goddess. The main theme, Love, is basically presented as a transformative experience in life, the energizing force in the universe and empowering the creative feminine.

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Togetherness in Solitude

Solitude... A mystery perplexed in veils,
with lost songs of Moons and nightingales.

I surrendered all my solitudes to you,
with grace painted in whites and blacks,
crossing all shadows of the dawns
the stillness of every speech and sound,
with imagined dreams in a committed life.

Your gazes rest upon my high shoulders,
two heartbeats, still sinking in oblivion...

My thoughts are filled with your presence
and utter solitudes shared together...

Solitude... A mystery perplexed in veils
with lost songs of Moons and nightingales.

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Ghazi Al-Mohor is a Jordanian poet of Palestinian descent. He has been anthologized in many Arabic poetry compilations. He published Arabic poetry books include: *The Words of the Moon* (1996), *The Neighing of Words* (2001), *Long live The Homeland* (2008), and *The Creeks of wishes* (2012).

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Peace will Prevail

I'm being chased,
I neither have a land nor a sky
I'm being chased,
running in the wilderness
where am I to go
when peace is just a mirage?
How could I survive
behind illusions of hope?
Genocide everywhere
Wherever I look
I see nothing but blood
Weird notions are dominating
in people's minds
Antagonism is everywhere
I have become helpless,
no hope for my steps!
I'm powerless, I'm just a lie
What would happen if darkness comes?
Will the horizons bring us good omens
that we may celebrate the dawn
of the sun of life?

Despite the fire of affliction
we must live in peace
and love, that takes us all in

(Translated by Nizar Sartawi)

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



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

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

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Beginning

The first cry after birth, a beginning towards life,
The first fall after crawl, you stand up and walk,
A push from behind, to make you run fast,
Is the sign of beginning and inspiration to move on.

A betrayal from loved one, a realization of relationships,
An enemy who hurts, a support of loving friends,
A failure of hard work, an added craving for lost goal,
Is the sign of beginning and inspiration to move on.

Set your aim of life and rush to get your purpose,
Life is not an achievement it is a learning process,
A journey that makes you travel and takes you for a toss,
Is the sign of beginning and inspiration to move on.

GRATIS ~ DO

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Gopakumar Radhakrishnan is an Indian poet and publisher from the state of Kerala. He is the founder – Managing Director of www.poesisonline.com and xpresspublications.com. He is a World record holder for inventing the Duet Poetry and a Limca book holder for publishing. Founder of Rabindranath Tagore Award – International, Bharat Award for Literature and Chanting Bard Award for Poetry Recitation.

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That's why it's very precious

How much I and you wish
And work hard to play with its bass and melodic strings

How much we write about it
With immense hope and bonding perceptions

How much we as poets care
And give our heart for the life that is precious

How much big, intricate and interwoven
Is the fabric of life...isn't it?

Peace is a divine solace....

But we know like a momentary thing
It slips from our hands
And we are pushed away like unfortunate kids

Just like day and night
Things changes with time
Life as a whole is a non-stop karmic wagon

Yes, peace emerges and blooms
when we see it as a matter of soul

Yet, in order not to lose it
We have to untangle ourselves and consciously water it

In a world full of chaos
Peace is scattered as many pieces

That's why every small bit of it is very precious
That's why poetry and poets are precious...

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Soumya Vilekar is an Indian poet, author, blogger turned producer. She has published four poetry books, the last one being *Suroor of the Soul*. Her poems have been featured in many journals, magazines and poetry anthologies. She is a Vocal Contributor at WorldPulse, the global women's platform which connects 50,000 women across 190 nations.

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Cinders Of Half Burnt Dreams

From the cinders of half- burnt dreams
Which lay shattered as rubble and in dust beside the path
Where once treaded thousands of feet old, young and toddlers
On golden sunrise and painted sunsets
Echoed where sounds of glee, gossips, laughter and vendors
In an eerie silence
screams aloud helpless cries of innocents
crushed and slayed without any warn
We, the victims
We, the criminals
We, the custodians
We, the spectators
We, the mute bystanders
stood like statues
When rose the smoke of hatred engulfing the peace of our homes
When suffocated the ordeal of young minds
And politicized the owners of big and small thrones
Few tucked their lives in corners of torn clothes
Some fiddled in the debris of devastated consciousness
War of thoughts
War of ideologies
War of religions
War of nations

Will we ever voice the unvoiced, speak the unspoken
Paint the streaks of white on drops of red
Sing songs of love and tolerance
Clear the pungent fumes of inhumanity with peace and humaneness?

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet born in Odisha, India. Her short stories, poems and articles have been widely published in national and international journals and ezines. She has penned three books. She was conferred with the prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature (2015), and the Enchanting Muse Award at India World Poetree Festival (2017).

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World Healing ~ World Peace 2018

Open my eyes

Open my eyes to listen to tears
Tears of the orphan
Who starves for tiny drops of milk
For he can't drink anaemic blood of a martyr's wife

Open my eyes to listen
The procession of the tinkling bangles of the damsels
Who fast for their drug addicted husbands
For they can't propose or oppose
Their agendas on the plates

Open my eyes to listen
To the fluttering of the kites
The sluggish passions of the adolescents
The travails of existence
For fires entwine them to scribble
The constitution of the civilisations

Open my eyes to gaze the dew drops
of the scattering leaves
For every dust is a roadmap of a new spring

Open my eyes to co- exist
And learn from the nature
To portray the eighth colour of the rainbow
For every fragmented soul needs to hold hands
Hands to feel secured in the cradles or cemetery

Close my eyes to the sizzling fortress
That blasts the bombs of vengeance
For let my heart bleed for the tears
And sail to the profound pedestal of peace

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Dr Varsha Das is an award-winning Indian poet, translator, and educator, who was born in 1942. She has more than 100 publications to her credit, including originals, translations and adaptations, in the genres of fiction, non-fiction, poetry, radio plays, essays, art reviews and books for children. She contributes to national and international journals and newspapers.

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Peace: Yes And Also No

An ancient bronze sculpture,
Buddha standing in a tranquil pose,
Compassionate and sublime,
His hand blessing, protecting.

This tale is old, of the
6th century before Christ.
The human race is muddied since.
All has been polluted,
The air, the water, the earth, the sky,
And for sure, the human heart.

No second Buddha has ever been seen,
But his philosophy lives on.
Through the saints and thinkers
Who believe, beyond all, in humanism.
Robed in unstitched cloth
They walk and walk
Till their last breath.

Now, these days –
That Buddha,
is a three-dimensional sculpture
or a painting on the wall
with the same peaceful posture
In museums all over the globe
Frozen in time that has gone by.

That history was their present,
Our present will become history
For the coming generations.
How do I light-up
my fogged inner recesses?
How do I colour life
with the rainbow of the quiet sky?

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018

On the surface of the ocean
Waves rise.
In high tide they soar
In low, they sulk.
Is joy, to soar?
And peace, to sulk?
Yes, and also no!

Translated from Hindi by the poet

GRATIS ~ DO NOT COPY

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Dr. Gitanjali Goswami (Himanka), PhD from Gauhati University (JRF, ICHR, Delhi), is an Indian poet living in Sri Lanka. She is a freelance writer, social activist, and Independent researcher. She is a member of numerous organizations. Her poems tend to record human desires and longing. Her articles are published in various leading Indian newspapers and magazines.

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When Life Celebrates Sorrow

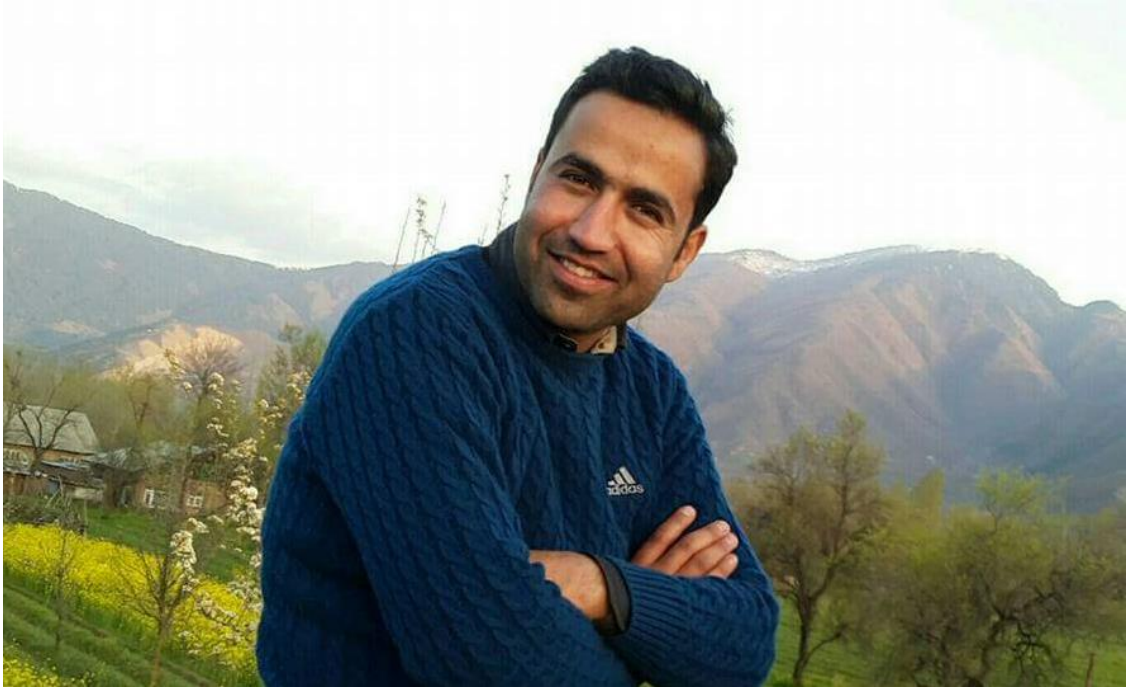
When life celebrates Whirling Sorrow
Memory, will you share
my lugubrious state of mind
wipe out salt from my eyes
If today pensive teardrops
drench me all

Who is accountable
for my slump of sorrowful trauma
Will you tell me my dear?
Okay, let me share it
As my own
O! my consort of bygone time
Will you gift me endurance
when life celebrates sorrows?

Still I am that lonely
You too were disinclined
to give me a call to share
this sombre pensiveness of mine
Who will bear when
I give vent to my sorrow

When life celebrates sorrow
And more sorrow... only sorrow
Memory, will you really
be my minion?

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Born in the eighties in Pampore, the world famous Saffron Town of Kashmir, Pervez Ali, a poet educationist, is enthused by perennial poetry of famous mystic Kashmiri poetic figures. His original poetry has gained him considerable appreciation not only in his nation, but internationally also.

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GHAZAL

Dream of a heaven; humanless I suppose? Should I cry!
Humans demand free will! Flightless birds they wish, should I cry!
Free are you to flourish under the canopy of occupational patriarchy;
Pseudo intellectuals grooming up senseless artistry, should I cry!
Humans are humans: Valuable assets, no superior and no inferior,
In a garrison, who can take this peerless tag? Should I cry!
Equal rights is no more your domain to claim on land
When rights are tethered ruthless; O'man, should I cry!
Open the strangulated lanes of darkness with the light of ink
How ill fated this race is! Blood flows stopless, should I cry!

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Dr. Jernail S. Anand, an Indian award-winning poet, is a leading voice in world poetry. He is the Founder President, Philosophique Poetica. He has innovated the theory of Biotext and Cloud Syndrome in Literary Criticism, theory of Interconnectivity and Cosmic Consciousness, and undertaken creative transformation of English Proverbs. He is Ambassador, World Union of Poets, and Ex-Secretary General, World Parliament of Literature.

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THE EMPIRE WITHOUT CAPITAL

In the muddle that life is,
I am looking for myself;
The mirror can't reflect
What I am today;
This wonderful figure,
These decorations, these possessions,
These losses, these gains,
No, I am not all put together.
When I set out on the journey,
I took along many things,
Religion, faith, colours, signs, etc.
But, Oh! I left myself behind.
Now I am a grandiose figure,
My works startle the world;
But I look for my poor Self;
Which I forgot while packing my luggage;
Oh.. I remember,
It made the luggage too heavy;
For the arduous trek;
And I was asked to drop it behind;
Stranded on the shores of time,
I can't trek back;
To console the left behind,
Or even to carry him along.
An amalgam of ambitions
And achievements; failings and sorrows,
But without mySelf;
An empire without its capital.

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Ahmed Alkawamleh is a Jordanian poet of Palestinian descent. He was born in the city of Hebron, Palestine, in 1952. He served as a chairman of Hitteen Cultural Club. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association and Arab Writers Union. He has published numerous books, including poetry collections, short stories for children, as well as plays for children.

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Thus they Begin

Their books are what dwells in the heart
from the joy of those who stayed behind
and makes the soul drunken
by the lisp of the sea
as the Phoenicians hold it from both horns
and it pours its wisdom
discloses all its secrets
and they in their excessive felicity
give the songs of their alphabets
to friends and foes alike

They had not seen a sword
to resort to the season of wars
On the threshold of Jericho were they
their swords were the palm trees of the Mount of Temptation
their steeds were the waters flowing down from Dyook spring
On their ceramics
was the seal of life
And time was a string
When they tightened it the music of life
flew from the towers of the horizon
Thus they began
so lightly... so lightly
shaking the heavy darkness of the evening
and raising the dawn of the beautiful... beautiful... beautiful peace...!

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Nizam Salah is a Palestinian poet, very short story writer and critic. He was born in the city of Jerusalem in 1962. He published his first novelette at the age of twelve. He published a poetry collection, and has a five MS's of poetry and one MS of very short stories.

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Without Address

My homeland has been pillaged
has been usurped
And there I lost my identity
my manliness
my dignity
I was detained in a spacious cage
they called a ministate
They contaminated my bread,
they confiscated my freedom,
besieged me
humiliated me

No my friend
I do not want the corrupted ones
who confiscated our dreams
our laughs
our air
our water
our fields
who stole peace from the eyes
from the green hearts

No my friend
I do not want a ministate
where my honor has fallen
the features of my image
have been lost
the childhood of my daughter
has been slain

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Iyad Shamasnah is a Palestinian poet, novelist and essayist. He was born in 1976. He holds a master's degree in building organizations and human resources development. He has published six books, including two collections of poetry and two novels. In addition, he has written numerous articles and literary research papers for newspapers and magazines.

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The Poet

O poet
Youth has emerged
Do not let your life
pass in vain

Awaken the star
from its slumber
Let the universe
sing in delight

Chant your magic songs
for the whole world
so that fear may die
in the hearts
of antelopes

Yours is eternal glory
forever spreading
the love
it has been gifted with

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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يَا صَدِيقِي
قَرَبَ النَّهْرُ تَتَكَدَّسُ أَحْلَامَكَ الْجَمِيلَةَ ،
فَلَا تَتْرُكُهَا وَحِيدَةً .
العَالَمُ يَبْدُو حَفِيفَةً شَعْرَ هَائِمَةٍ فِي خَرِيفٍ مُسْتَجِيلٍ ،
وَضَجِيجٍ خَلْفَ نَافِذَةِ مُوَارِبَةٍ .
قَفْ وَأَرْقِصْ ، ثُمَّ قُلْ لَزُورِيَا :
هَلْ تَكْفِي رِصَاصَةٌ وَاحِدَةً لِتُوجِلَ صَمْتِكَ !!
فَلَا تَتْرُكْ حِصَانَكَ وَحِيدًا تَحْتَ مَطَرٍ يَأْتِسِي .
لَنْ تَشْرُقَ دِمَاءُ الرِّيحِ عَلَى خَافَةِ الْقَصِيدَةِ ،
وَتَرَى الْكَلِمَاتِ تَرَاقٍ مِنْ جَدِيدٍ ...
كَسَّرَ بِيَدِكَ أَفْقَاصَ الرَّمَادِ .

يَا صَدِيقِي ...

كَمْ ظَلَلْتَ وَحَدَكَ تَرَسُّمُ أَجْنَحَةٍ ، وَتَغَازُلُ أَطْفَالِ الْغَمَامِ ؟؟
وَتَرَكْتَ ظِلَّكَ يَخْدُشُ أَنْيَابَ الْغِيَابِ .
جِئْتَ كَمَا كَانَ الْمَوْتُ يَحْفَرُ قَبْرَهُ .. ثُمَّ يَهْرَبُ لِلسَّلَامِ .
لِتَظَلَّ وَحَدَكَ تَرْقِصُ فِي الْفَضَاءِ ، وَتَقُولُ لِلرِّيحِ :
رَفْعًا بِالْعَصَافِيرِ

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Poet and Translator FETHI SASSI

Born on the 1st of June 1962 in Nabl (Tunisia) .
writer of prose poetry and short poems and haiku ; translator
his poems to English .
His first book "A Seed of Love" was published in 2010.
Second (I dream and I sign on birds the last words) in 2013 .
Third book of poetry " A sky for a strange bird " in Egypt in 2016.
The Forth published in Egypt in march 2017(As lonely rose ..one a chair
first translated and published Canada 2017 (and you are
the entire poem) wwwcreatespace.com/7092707

Crazy rain

My friend

near the river your beautiful dreams accumulate,
then don't leave it alone .

The world seems as a handful
of a lost poetry in an impossible autumn ,
and a noise behind a half opened window.

Stand and dance, and say to Zorba :

Is it enough for one bullet to delay your silence !!

Then don't leave your horse alone under desperate rain.

The blood of the wind will not shine on the edge of the poem,
and you see the words dropped again ...

Break with your hands the ash cages.

My friend ...

how long have you been on your own drawing wings ;
flirting with the children of clouds ?

Left your shadow scratching the fangs of absence .

When death was digging its grave, he fled to peace.

To stay alone dancing in space,

and you say to the wind : just take care of birds

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Ibrahim Alaraj is a Palestinian poet born in the city of Nablus in 1951. He studied mechanical engineering at Shanghai university. Most of his poetry is dedicated to Palestine and Palestinian people, but he also writes about love, peace and humanitarian subjects. Alaraj currently lives with his family in Ramallah

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Peace Within My Bosom

It is from God's names that peace emerged

Play my poem, a song on the road to peace
adding a whisper from your heart –
a whisper of love, moistened by the spring
of perpetual wanderers

War is a career for those who love to see
the blood of peace on the tiles of criminals

Smother the embers of hate;
walk confidently
towards peace
Let not buried grudges become a spark of war
Let your feelings be firmly rooted in love
that you may cross the field drenched in tears
towards the space of joy

We are all created from clay
whose womb is our sanctified blood
Those spikes of wheat have realized
that within truth are the songs of hearts for life

Release your soul;
let it soar among the flocks of pigeons
Raise your peace to the planets and stars
That you may acquire from the sky its peace
in the birth of with young bosoms and boughs

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Mohammad Ikbal Harb is a Lebanese novelist, poet and essayist. He has published two novels, one book of short stories, and one poetry collection, in addition to a poetry book in three languages, Arabic, English, and Italian. He has participated in several international poetry festivals. His novel, *The Truth*, won Naji Naaman Creativity Award.

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I Grow Love

the sun of darkness never sets
its phantom stamps mobs as slaves
that a tyrant hangs to symbolize his sadism
in the vestibule of eternal wretchedness

annihilation has become the dream of the rebels
in the deserts of human aridity
they are carried off by discrimination, rotted by corruption
despair in the children's faces
breaks through the young girls' mirror... distorting their dreams
tempests come in the spring
birds lose their migration visa
to a life evolution that flies with wings of hope

I'm all alone growing love on the faces of the oppressed
I kiss the hands of those running away towards annihilation
I beseech the tyrant to kill me
to burn me as an offering, and scatter my ashes in the space
so that they may cleanse the people with the contagion of my love
spreading the disease
so that a pigeon running away from the land of corruption
may come back with an olive branch left by Noah once upon a flood
to be picked by a human as a dawn of love and peace

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Azza Samhood is a Libyan poet, novelist, and essayist, who writes for people. Children and women rights are among her major topics. She also writes against war, violence and discrimination. She has published a novel. She has five manuscripts of poetry, unpublished yet due to unstable conditions in Lybia.

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The prophetess of peace

When will the olive branch
I'm holding in my hand blossom?
My heart has wearied of the stiffness of politicians
and the dove lost its nest
She has migrated to homelands whose trees are
far away
Bleeding has expanded to the heart
O world
Be reconciled to me
I am an old cypress tree
and my mother was a willow
who gave her shadow to the passers-by
I am the mud of this earth
the friend of clay
I am a genus of water
filled with the spirit of love
and the message of heaven...

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

نبية السلام
عزة سمهود

متى يزهر غصن الزيتون
الذي أحمله في يدي ؟
تعب القلب من يباس الساسة
والقيامه فقدت عشها
هاجرت لأوطان أشجارها
بعيدة
والنرف امتد للقلب
أيها العالم ..
صالحني ..
فأنا شجرة سرو قديمة
وأمي صفافة كانت
تمنح ظلها للعابرين بسلام
أنا طين هذه الأرض
صديقة الصلصال
و عرق من أعراق الماء
عرق يضجُّ بروح الحب
و رسالة السماء ...

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Hoyam Alasad is a Sudanese poet, journalist, and TV presenter. She has published a poetry collection titled, *You Were The Time*. She has participated in many poetry events in the Sudan and Arab countries, including Bahrain, Abu Dhabi, and Egypt. She writes a weekly newspaper column entitled “Beyond the alphabets.”

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The Daughter Of Clouds

I am the daughter of the sun; lights do not beguile me
I am the daughter of the Nile; it flows through my veins
I am the prophecy of a seer that has come true
My birth and being brought good tidings
It is the poem – when I court its beginning
The clusters of its meaning come closer to whisper to me
If you inquire who I am,
I am the daughter of clouds whose gardens have been drunken with love
My ancestry goes back to the Virtue of the whole world
And in the essence of my loved ones there I am
From my country history has come to ask them
About civilization, about the origin of creation
For my tongue is the tongue of Arabs with which I am honored
And the color of mother Africa envelops me
I am a prayer in the hearts of mothers; I am
the tears of a child; when he hides them, they cry for me
I am countries... homelands... a caravan
Blood, ethnicity or religions mean nothing to me
I give you my love, an offering for your kindness
For love is the most precious offering
From the clay of love God said 'BE',
Therefore, I came smiling between the B and E

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Mohamed Salah Gherissi is a Tunisian poet, translator, and educator. He was born in Tunis, the capital, in 1949. He is a member of the Union of Tunisian Writers and other literary groups. He has published five poetry books and translated hundreds of poems from English and French into Arabic.

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Graffiti

What have you painted on the wall, son?
Wasn't it pure white yesterday, and the neighboring walls too?
You've disfigured the face of our home and neighborhood, each and every house
Stop doing harm, you've brought disgrace on our house
Wouldn't it have been better if you'd spent your time with an oud, a fiddle, or a guitar
The boy said resolutely: Pardon father... I've never been an anarchist, or pretender;
nor a supporter of sabotage or chaos
I will continue painting wherever I go in the dark of the night or the light of the day
All the roads are my studio: a wall of a house, store, or bazaar
or a high spectacular wall in a train station
I will draw a lot of bread for the famished, homeless, orphans, young and old
I will fill the world with clothes for the naked
and with shoes for the barefooted
I'll draw parents for orphans and shelters for those who lost their parents in wars
I'll draw palm trees, olives, grapevines, pomegranates
with flocks of singing birds
I'll draw beautiful roses surrounded by bees, butterflies, and birds
I will declare the Earth an asylum for war refugees running away from destruction
Father, you have my respect if my decision has embarrassed you

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Mahdi Naseer is a Jordanian poet and critic and essayists. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association. He has four published poetry books and nine manuscripts. In 2007 he won Irbid Cultural city festival for poetry. His poetry and articles have been published in Arab newspapers and journals.

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A Stumbling Rhythm

When you went away
I remembered
how your hands used to wash
my hair
wipe away my fear
rub my stiffened fingers
and draw pictures upon the small wall
on whose floors I sat
observing a long, high door
that had frozen
while waiting for you to come
waiting for you to pass by
waiting for me to tune my harp
with the rustling of your steps
whose rhythm had always
stumbled.

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Farhat Farhat is a Palestinian poet and writer. He studied political science, philosophy and sociology in the University of Haifa, and received his M.A. degree in Communication from Clark University in the U.S. He has published three poetry collections, one study about released prisoners, a collection of narratives, and a novel that he co-authored with another writer.

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I, the human

In every corner on this earth
I have a song,
a face,
an address
and a dream...
the size of my wintery giving,
I have a heart...
full of passion the size of the universe and heartbeats,
I have an eye
like the eye of the sun
following the life of the poor
pouring its tears as rain
and cries in bewilderment and grief
in the darkness of thoughts and of Lucifer

I have a spacious chest
in which reside the tunes of churches,
mosques and temples
and the music of peace
atered by every river
by the Nile of Egypt,
the Euphrates,
the blue Danube, Amazon, Mekong,
and the holy Ganga
Like the flocks of doves
I have a god in each face
I, the human.

Translated by Nizar Khalil

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Qamar Sabri Aljassem is a Syrian poet and journalist who participates widely in poetry readings and festivals. She has published six poetry collections, in addition to two bilingual collections: Arabic-English and Arabic French. Her poems have been translated into French, English, Spanish, and German. Her poetry has been published in several French magazines.

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Chess

They were friends sitting at a classroom desk
sharing their childhood.
They died on an imaginary chessboard
sharing bullets with memories
that opened up like a needle eye
knowing not who's won death first
Revenge has not known
with whose family to start
nor has the international referee been asked
Why does everybody die
on one side
How have the rules of the game of this life changed?
How do rooks bombard rooks
from one side?
And how and how...?
How does the team that has died win?
How does a player win
who has not moved a single pawn?
How has the international chessboard
in the East changed
its geometrical shape
to a wandering tent?

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Sadeddin Shahin is a Palestinian poet, critic, novelist, journalist, scenarist, and educator. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association and Arab Writers Union. He has published eight books of poetry, studies about literary works by Jordanian poets, novelists, and short story writers, and numerous works for children.

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A Homeland

The house is
a homeland

The death bed in the middle of the house is
a homeland

The woman in the house
is a homeland

The sidewalk when it leads to the house is...
a homeland

The national ID number is
a homeland

The crescent, when it comes into sight,
is a homeland

The loaf of bread on the dining table of the poor
is a homeland

The bleeding of oil is
a homeland

The cellular phone is
a homeland

And metaphorically the telephone number has become
a homeland

But I'm always dreaming of a passport
that can take me to all homelands

Translated by Nizar Sartawi



Mariam Al-Saifi is a Jordanian poet and educator of Palestinian descent. She is well-known for her literary saloon founded in 1987. She has published about seven poetry collections. Her poetry has been translated into Turkish and English. Much of her poetry is about the suffering of Palestinian people as a result of Israeli occupation.

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Swallows

The swallows have long been away
from their nest
and the straw has grown and softened
to be fitting for their nestlings
They lulled the nestlings, weary of
waiting for their return
so that wishes might sleep
in their dreaming eyelids,
pages of their life be folded,
and the call of their souls become louder
until the return of the morning
that disappeared
and was replaced by a long dark night
which the birds
that had migrated slept on
and clouds of sorrow settled
in their chests, burdened
with heavy sleepless cares
They ran behind their dreams
in the space of mist
that the long-awaited for clouds
may send rain
and quench the thirst of the hearts
that have long been besieged by despair
and longed for a glimmer of peace

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Ahmed Abu-Saleem is a poet and novelist of Palestinian descent. He was born in 1965. He has published three novels and five poetry collections. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association and General Union of Arab Writers. He has participated in various festivals in Jordan and Arab countries.

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For whom is the Sun Rising this Morning?

For whom is the sun rising this morning
upon the corpses of the dead?

Here...

a thousand children in the vacuum have become angles that do not fly

Here...

the two creeks meet:

the bleeding

and the flow of tears

and amidst the clamor of death Shatt al-Arab is born

Here...

God's pledge to the innocent was made

a hand without a palm is giving a pledge

to a palm without a body under an extinguished grapevine

Here...

a homeland, lost

among the gunpowder above the ribs

and the salt of tears that has been left above the couches after the pogrom

Here...

is the sound of the dying conscience

a little kid shaking his calm mother's hands

"Mom"

Why do the birds sleep without a stir

and never wake up in the trees?

Why do I see you with the phantom of my dad

like two swings hanging on the forehead of the moon?

"Mom"

I now see my soul

and the sound of the angle is calling those who have prepared their suitcases for traveling

I see a thousand children shrouded in their darkness...

I see my assassin... with my blood on his hands

saying a prayer for me...

with false tears in his eyes

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Khaled Sapti is a Jordanian poet and educator. He holds a Master's degree in Arabic literature. He has published two poetry books: *Like A Shadow Passing Through The Wind* (2010) and *My Moon And Absence Are His Shadow* (2015). He currently works as an educational advisor and a UNICIF trainer.

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We Are All Made From Clay

She sang on the horizon in all languages
It's the heart that masters the music of love and hymns...
and walked the path,
the spikes playing on her hand
and all directions emitting their scent
I love you O woman who loves the land
floating in the expanse
with no limits or attributes
Whenever a color passes by her she hums:
O world, all, take blood from mine
and become a whole... I'm still
celebrating life...
Wait for a while behind my door
I'll open my windows for the lands laden with love
I'll leave it open for salvation...

I come from all directions
Within me are the west and east
the land and sea
Within me are the civilized world
and the world taking refuge in peace...
I am afraid of wars and their rhythm
I see no strangers
We're all one, made from clay...

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Mousa Abbas is a Syrian poet and novelist working in Saudi Arabia. He holds a PhD in Clinical Psychology. His published works include: *Those Who Disappear* (poetry), *Your Sight Today Is Sharp* (poetry), *Bilan* (a novel), and *Black Holes Illuminated* (short stories), also translated into English as *White Carnation*

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Scheherazade – A Song for the North

Believe me sir, I'm not Aladdin
Nor do I have his wonderful lamp
Take a good look at me, I do not wear a green turban
Nor do I have a single night of the thousand nights
I've always loved art and life
Take a good look at me,
my eyes are like yours, I have children
who practice drawing and exercises
I do not ride his magic carpet
Nor do I have a slave who says:
"I am at your service, My Lord!"

Sir,
In our East we had our wonders
And Scheherazade told you about our brazen ways, death,
and love of women
But morning has approached and it is time for Scheherazade
to stop her permitted narration!
So why do they take away light from our eyes?
In our miserable East Christ was born,
the heart of Moses' mother was engulfed
by emptiness near our Nile,
and in Hijaz came the musk and seal
and therefrom was the beginning and peace
It's time to say:
Morning has broken approached
It's time for Scheherazade
to stop her permitted narration

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Abdelghani Zehani is an Algerian poet and novelist. He works as a teacher of Arabic in a secondary school. He has published a poetry collection titled *The Details Of Seduction* and a novel titled *The Blossoms of Salt*. Currently he is preparing for a doctorate degree in sophist literature.

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Small joys

O world, so busy with wars
taking away joy from everything
moving on without hesitation
to abandon serenity and peace
fascinated with iron, solidity
and the hardness of things
I want to tell you
though you do not care
that a while ago
only a little while ago
I've seen a child so full of joy
Light was flowing from her eyes
like a lamp
She came forward
as if she wanted to dance with everything
O idiotic world
if only you'd put aside your weapons
for a while
listen with me to her laughter
and leave more space for roses

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



Hassan Assi is a Palestinian poet, writer, and journalist who lives in Denmark. He is a member of Danish Journalists Union, Palestinian General Union of Writers and Journalists, and other cultural and literary organizations. He has published three poetry collections: *A Chat In Decemeber*, *Behindnd Whiteness*, and *Ghosts Dodging Thirst*.

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A Homeland Of Firewood

One bullet away from her
he found her only notebook
He hid the creeks of its colors
behind the colors of darkness
He spread the flavor of grief
on the grooves of her life
He carried the heart of his little girl
and walked on the path of basil
The track was crowded with soldiers
The road trees turning into shrinking tiles
The homeland was gone
and the graveyard crow bit the neck of joy
She waited until narcissus fell asleep
that she may die in the vein of the day
She said, father
this is my soul's voice like a dying morning
He climbed her eyes as he cried
She drew a sky with two hearts and opened its grass
The angels slept near the smile of death to take a rest
She wrote her will on the mirrors of firewood
When bread loses color
pick the feathers of names from the window of fire
give the water trees a thousand fires that they may fly
We are still waiting for joy or madness

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Nisreen Alkhoury is a Syrian poet. She was born in Sednaya near Damascus in 1977. She studied Arabic literature, and worked as a teacher of Arabic for a few years. Her poems have been published in newspapers and magazines. She has a collection of poetry in press titled *Literary Fires*.

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Save Peace

Peace is in the ICU
Does anyone care?
War is sneaking
pouring fuel at the front of the room
around the hospital
on the roads
among the people
Does anyone care?
Peace is lying in bed
tied with infertile instruments
and war outside does not hide her laugh
she releases the smoke of her cigarette
throws it at the pool of fuel
Does anyone care?
The fire is blazing,
sticking out her tongue at everything
devouring the walls, doors, people
trying to reach the little ICU window
and war is clapping her hands, dancing,
moving with the raging flames
Does anyone care?
Rescue peace... bring him out alive
Does anyone care?
Anybody there?
Anybody there?

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Mahdi Mansour is an award-winning Lebanese poet and educator. He holds a PhD in Physics, and currently works as a science and education professor. He has published seven poetry books. His poetry has been translated into several languages, and many of his poems have been included in Arabic language school curriculum.

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Passing Through

In every visible wall there is an invisible door,
pores unknown except by god
and entrances for poetry, revelation and souls
My blind body has never passed even through sea-water
And had it not been for the wind, the shield of air
between the forest, purpose, and thoughts
would have been torn by a veil
I will pass by this wall
The invisible locks of the unknown
have to accept the key's attempts
How does the presence of an absent woman
travel from Berlin to Beirut
to a quarter so crowded with the living and the dead
to a cellar built from the mud of solitude where you live,
to your cellphone,
to your earwax,
to your ears,
to you?
And as a child who has become a prophet
the voice bears you in his joyful arms
and this planet crosses its arms
I will pass by this wall
since "I may pass" blunts the ridges of my key
The poet's suspicions have not wearied

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Mohmmad Alaksar is an Arab poet from Yemen. He holds a PhD in Language Studies. He is an assistant professor in Linguistics in Amran university, Yemen. He made his debut in 2009 with a poetry collection titled *A Two-Lengths Distance*. Two poetry collections are also under way.

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Nero

Slow down
my concealed, terrified hope
Since when
have you been haunted with fear?
Since when
have your steps been stumbling on the road?
Since the age of oppression
and the wisdom of Nero?
Or since the current age of fear?
Are you afraid my hope
that my body be turned into a blazing fire
giving warmth to Nero
lighting the streets of Rome
that reckless Nero may continue living in euphoria?
No, my Hope!
Nero
Rome
and oppression
and the storming waves
will only be there
grow
and assault
if the seeds of fear
are planted in the soul
if I become
a broken
tramp
lying alone
in the bleeding road!

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Rifah Younis, a Jordanian poet and educator, is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association and the Union of Arab Writers. She has published four poetry collections. Her poems have been published in literary journals and newspapers in Jordan. She has participated in numerous literary events, including Jerash festival.

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A Rosy Dream

From above the waves of life
I'll close my eyes before the isles of death
the passion to kill,
the hills of destruction,
the rivers of blood...
I'll drown in a dream laden with
alphabets of the green spring
and embrace the flowers' crowns
the river's giggles
the waves of spikes...

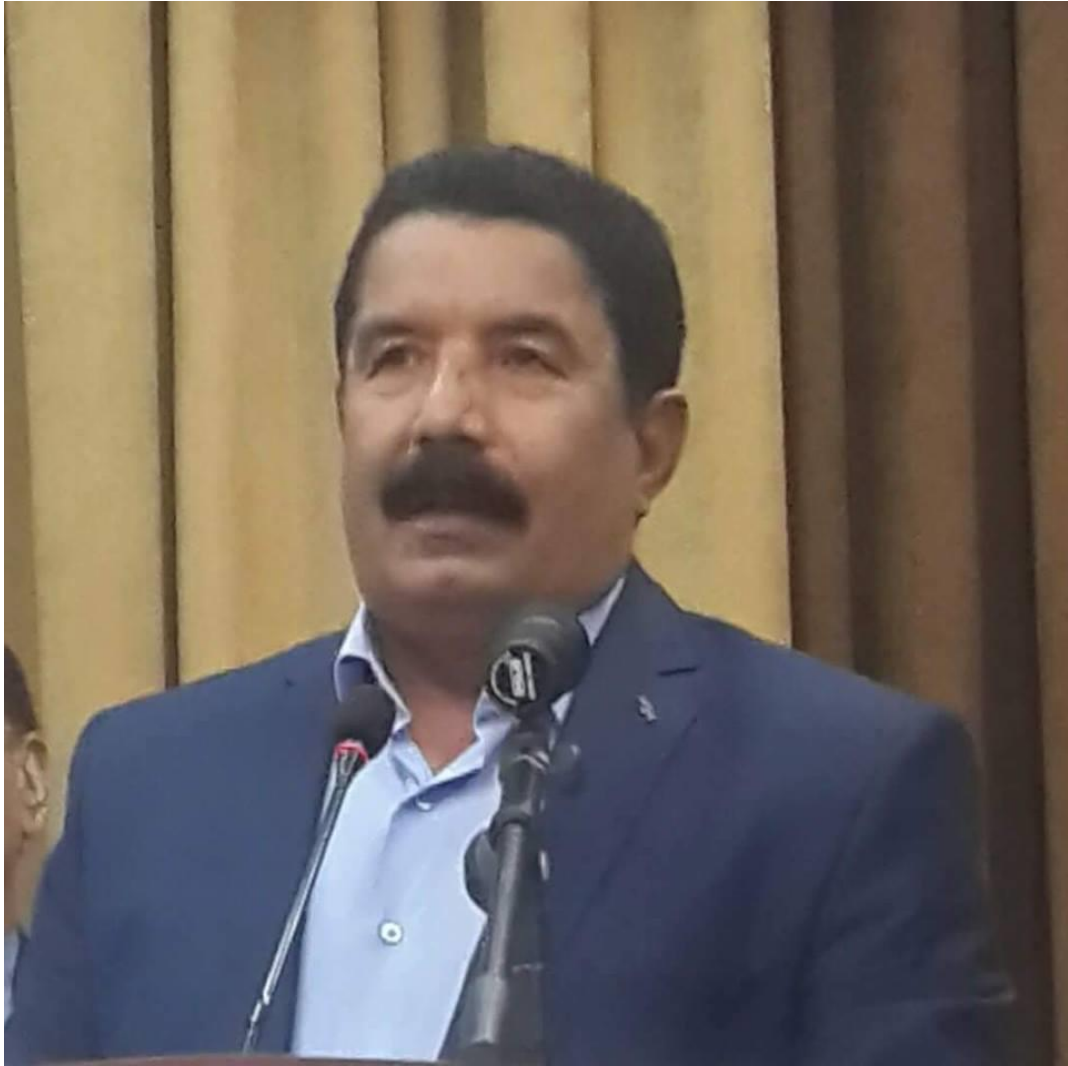
I'll set sail in a summer coming
from pure seeds... in the womb of fields
from the quivers of the heart
from the violin music... in its bosom...

I'll run towards an autumn... without fear
so that it may gift me with a passionate kiss
a flute's dream
a swing for the life fading
between the seasons' sighs through its breaths

I'll dance with the winter
collect the flowers of its tales
from the rainbows
and search among the weddings of its clouds
for a scarf and wings of peace
and a dawn for doves... in its eyes...

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Hamid Alshammari, an Iraqi poet, translator, and journalist, has published five poetry books. He is a member of numerous literary organizations. His poems have been published in many Iraqi and Arab print and on-line newspapers, journals. He has participated in various poetry readings and festivals in Iraq and Arab countries.

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Angles Of Peace

The earth is thirsty
for love
not for ugliness
and flowing blood

Return to God
who does not your mosques
or churches
but a heart like his pure holy river, Al-Kawthar *
He created Man,
not to suffer,
For the banquet of heaven
is abundant
If you come close
you will be well-provided

Smoke has filled your air
and your bosoms
Let the breeze of dawn
knock on every window
so that the angles of peace
may sing
their musical tunes

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

* Al-Kawthar is a river in Paradise mentioned in the Quran.

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Khairi Hamdan is an award-winning Palestinian poet, novelist and translator living in Bulgaria. He writes in both Arabic and Bulgarian, and has published many books in both languages. His works have been translated in English, French, Spanish and Italian. He himself has translated a few works from Arabic into Bulgarian.

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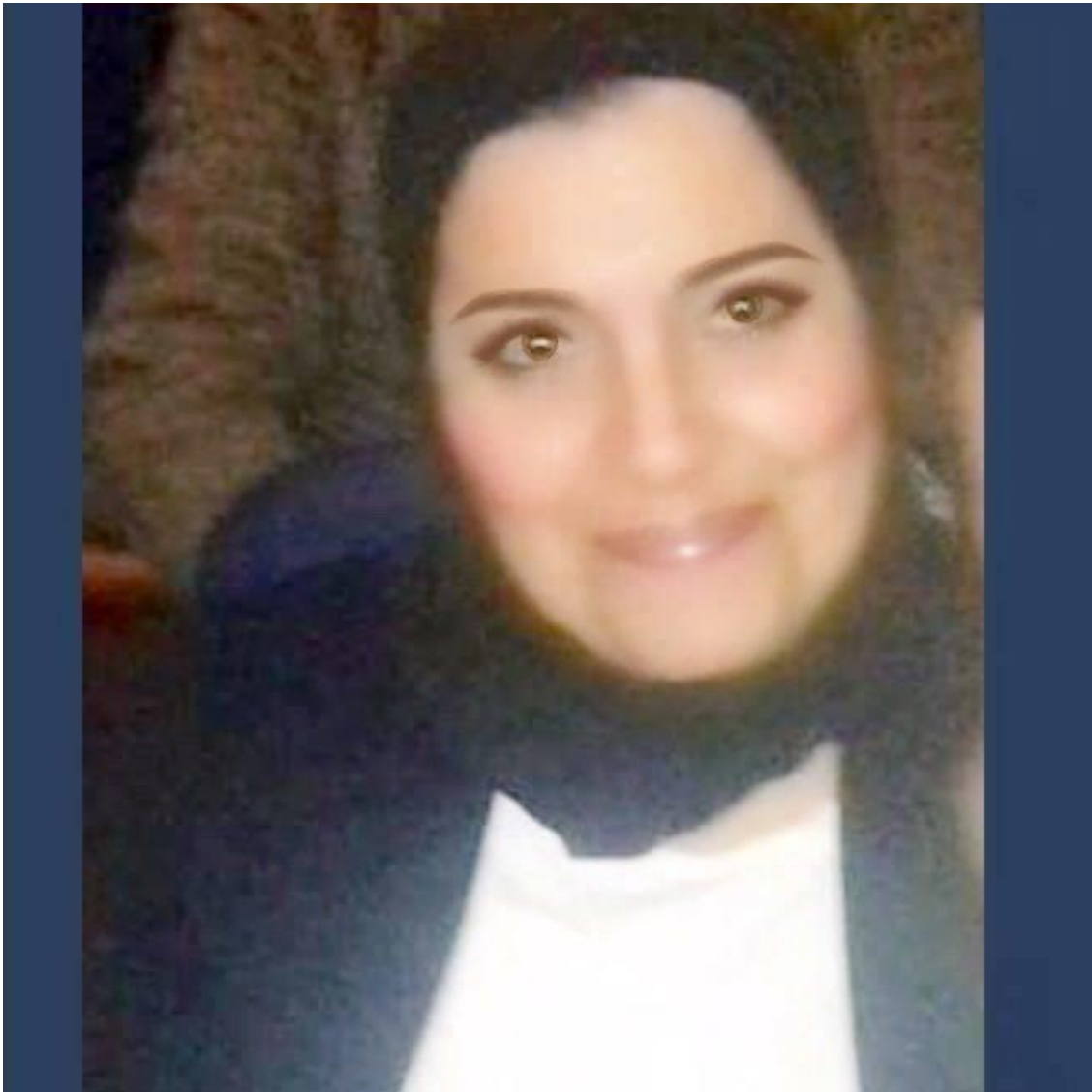
Another Riverbank

I'm looking for a love story to recount my diaspora
to raise my broken wing above a mountainside
so that I may announce with it the consummation
the satisfaction of my thirsty lips
O you! Who is scared of the moment of embracing?
Another bank calls for a perennial spring
to extinguish the flaming lava
to be kind to the Mediterranean basin
to put an end to the pogrom.

I look for a pearl
that frees me from my chains
so that we may dance, drunken,
like gypsies on embers
Our date is the beginning of creation;
do not stumble upon a falling star;
Get well, advance, reproach,
ascend beyond the limits of oppression
Then the gun will be defeated,
ruminate on its failures,
breath out
its last bullets,
become dejected,
lose its vision,
ascend towards nothingness,
its lining committing suicide
in the eyes of a green boy.

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Meriem Chihab El-Idrisi is a Moroccan poet, critic. She has a bachelor's degree in Arabic language and literature, and works as a school teacher of Arabic. She is an editorial member of *Masharef Maqdisiyyah*, a literary Palestinian journal. She has a poetry collection titled *Once Upon an April*.

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Less Than A Dream, More Than A Revelation

Our hearts – the hearts of poets
are homelands of wounded love
Our heartbeats lick our musky blood
and make us drink it again
scented with secrets
Every night
we come back to our hearts –
hearts fraught
with the delirium of silence
We close our eyelids
and keep the door of our gasps wide open
for the dream, the other face
of insomnia
We will not despair
despite the dryness
For in the time of war
we long for a ghost of peace
From the time of wandering
and from an abyss of deep palpitation
we fill the echo of weariness with our calls
Will the question ever repent?
Will we ever forsake its insomnia?
When we will our eyelids find peace
that we may find bliss?

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Rushdi Al-Madhi is a Palestinian poet and educator. He has published numerous books and poetry collections. His poems have also been published in journals, magazines and newspapers. His poetry has been translated into several languages, including Hebrew, English, and French. He is an active member of many literary, cultural, and social institutions.

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A Window in Hagar's water

Hagar's Sa'i *
pours like milk
~ ~ ~ ~

Sara appears as a closed window
The archangel does not command the fire
The house has been abandoned by god!
Walk Hagar in your wanderings... walk and go away
in suspicion – that causes thirst
The ransom for wandering is with falsity... with falsity still embroidered!
~ ~ ~ ~

In the bosom of the sa'i your infant hides
Abraham is a bewildered vision!
There, beyond your exodus your scarf awaits
Rain comes and falls heavily
~ ~ ~ ~

Pray
so that a god who left in anger would return!
~ ~ ~ ~

My waiting has gone quivering
Be cool
upon the embers of longing
Be cool
Sodom, in abomination, brings it up
Send it coolness
and peace...

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

* Sa'i is a ritual performed by Moslems during Hajj. They walk seven times between two hills in imitation of Hagar who was searching for water for her infant, Ishmael.

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Anwer Helal, a Palestinian poet and writer, is a member of the General Union of Palestinian Writers. His poems and writings have been published in newspapers, magazines, and on the web. He has published a poetry collection titled *The Train Windows and Olives*. He also has four poetry manuscripts.

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Dew For the Flowers of Peace

The thunderclouds of peace
illumine in the dark
and pour tunes in my ears
a fluttering of the doves' wings
their distant rains falling on the desert of dreams

Without you O dignified dew
coming now and then
the bars would've torn the prisoner's heart
Oh, that face of yours passing in the evening every year
illuminating in my maze the thoughts of peace
bringing as the distant sea gentle breezes

O crevice in the wall of revolting discrimination
through which my heart peeps
on these last days
of raging war
leaving nothing for love
save a few pigeons' dreams
and a little dew for the heart's flowers
or for the blossoms of time.

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Souhaib Enrainy is a Syrian poet, writer and journalist. He has published two poetry collections: *Circular Drawings* (2003) and *You Do Not Have To Embrace Grass* (2016), and one novel, *The bridge* (2008). He currently lives with his family in the coastal city, Latakia, where he works as a correspondent.

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Just To sing

-1-

We sing for love
to stop the war...

-2-

We speak for the swallows
that vanquish the Apache...

-3-

We die...
and laugh because death is tender...
That is not a paradox brother.

-4-

Sometime
there'll none except us.
The threshing floors will be covered by women,
embracing their dreams,
startled at our grandmothers' images in mourning clothes.

-5-

Sometime... we'll be alone on earth,
ridden of the heavy soldiers' boots
dark-colored with no blemish,
briskly glowing.

-6-

Sometime... bombs will not reach my mother's children
leaving them a pile of ash.

-7-

Sometime...
we'll sing for love
just to stop war...
but just to sing.

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Ahmed Shaher is an Egyptian poet, critic, lecturer and translator. He has participated in numerous poetry reading and received many awards. He has published two poetry books, and number of studies. He also translated a number of literary and poetry books into English, including poetry books for children.

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Rise

Rise, explode the quivering thunder with madness
Fly as a lightning, setting free your cells from your groans

Remove the tattoo spreading above the chest of infinity
throttling your bereaved breath with the pains of years

Rise O sword, sheathed between the ribs of youth
causing my innocent child to bleed and suffer

Rise, leave a riotous light in my convolutions and my veins,
a tiger that has grown wilder among his peers in the den

Watch the dreams coming from the labor of life, passing
among breaths that have fragmented with the quivers of longing

Here I've come stepping above the thorns of years
asking the days for a scent from the fragrance of my dawn

But my steps have lost their track among the cols of life
in the deserts of careless play, illusions, and hot tears

Rise, explode the quivering thunder with madness
Fly as a lightning, setting free your cells from your groans

Coming back as an innocent phantom among people's clamor
who in the path of love... seeks no struggle or dissipation

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Nisreen Khoury, a Syrian poet and novelist, made her debut in 2015 with a poetry collection titled *With a Drag of War*. Her poems have been anthologized and published in print, online magazines. Her novel *Wadi Qandil* which won the Productive Grants program was published in 2017.

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An Assassin Sharing With Me The Love Of A Poem

He went to war taking a smiling photo
of woman waiting for him and crying.

/

He was writing to her through his iphone when a bullet ended his life,
And shot a little red heart on her screen.
She did not realize it too real.

/

I want to talk about songs
Without mourning you upon her breast.

/

To visit Aleppo
What means of transportation can I choose save songs?

/

I'll stop listening to music
Once the baby stops kicking my tummy.

/

-What if I were a boy?
-Accepting low-quality songs to reduce the droning of planes.

/

-What if embryos didn't knock on the door of your womb?
-that would be better than giving birth to assassins.

/

There is at least one assassin in the world who shares with me the love of this song.
What is the punishment for that?

/

Had my voice my voice been beautiful
I'd given it to the War's mother...
Pacify her please... pacify her.

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, born in Anda, Pangasinan, Philippines known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, editor, publicist, linguist, Science enthusiast, educator, and women's advocate. Ceri Naz speaks her mother tongue Bolinao and Ilocano; Pangasinan, and Filipino (Tagalog).

Law of Salvage

Humans create a Great Pacific Garbage patch,
We, as sailors are the ship wreckers.
Sometimes pirates,
Most of the time salvagers of dreams and hopes.

There may be times, we cross the ocean
Of uncertainty, of tribulations, of just nowhere,
We find ourselves flotsams—
Throes of material possessions
We fight and claim ownership, even it's not ours.

There may be times we cross the gates,
Of solving problems, of living the lifestyle
We find ourselves jetsam—
And when one finds and discovers the treasure,
The richness of our beings are thrown to black holes.
We curse, we blame, then we kill.

There may be times, we cross another sea,
Blinded with deception, couldn't sustain life's real purpose
We lost our buoyancy, we suddenly sink
Lost from ungratefulness and indifference
Our conscience are filled with nimbus clouds
We find ourselves trapped as lagans,
Because we are pride of lions
Hunting humans, growling at each other's' mistakes.

And if we'll find times to cross our own navigable water,
To save what should be saved,
We find debris that needs to let go,
We relinquish derelicts and ghosts in us
Because we deserve a world that smiles
As calmness leads us to peaceful navigation
The peace compass will find our way home.

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Asmaa Saqr Al-Qasimi is a poet from the Sharja, the United Arab Emirates. She is the founder of Saddana, a well-known literary organization. She is also a member of numerous literary organization. She has published about 10 poetry collections. Her poetry has been translated into a dozen languages.

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Wishes That Never Die

Estranged I am in the endless expanse,
my voice becomes mirrors of light; my memory is the echo
I obliterate the fire lines in my bosom,
and watch for every dream coming tomorrow.
Mine is the splendor of the dream in the ache of doves.
I seek refuge in all this love,
in the clouds shrouded in the expanse,
in the break of dawn on my path.
I seek refuge in the meaning matured with survival
from every forelock bearing the roses of wretchedness.
I will bring back from the water of visions
the green days in the joy of spikes,
and turn life into festive days and weddings of woods.
I will retrieve for the moon her smile that formed new dreams
in the eyelids of sleep; I'll restructure the poem.
Who will wash the heart marked with scars,
and wipe away what has prevailed of its meaning that it may find its way?
It will say: pacify my feelings.
O my life, I've seen you without a window
But your symbolic meaning, elucidated by the sound of water,
had gone ahead of the sky
My voice is gliding in the silence of the evening
The dark alphabets and all names will go around me in a circle,
and we will send our longing through the ether.
We are the tale; we are life.
We will replay it in our minds so that wars may won't endure us anymore,
and our horizons will be illuminated by the lightning of dew and wishes.

translated by Nizar Sartawi

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The poet Sourav Sarkar was born on 10th November 1988 in Cooch Behar District, West Bengal, India. He is a Post graduate from St. Joseph's college Darjeeling in English Literature. Fore mostly he is a poet and he is Writing in vernacular (Bengali language) and specially (English poems). He is also writing critics, short stories and novels. His first collection of poem(book) in Bengali, is "Duti Sohor o Kichu kobita". His work appeared in "Ananda Bazaar Patrika", "The Telegraph", he recited his poems in All India Radio. His work also appeared in regional magazines, National magazines like Indian Periodical and International magazines like Random poem tree, Tuck magazine global, and many more. He attended program of Poetry Society India. 2017 his poems appeared in Dandelion in a Vase of Roses- a world anthology comprising 98 poets of 37 countries around the world.

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WE ARE ONE

Someone felt regret
Why do we need war ? when we got such a nice world to see
To see such enormous beauty
Death decay we can not neglect
They are substitute of one another
Neither do the caste, creed or sect
Nor the country, boundary or wall can annihilate our race
If we want to go further ;
Once god had created an earthly heaven
Perhaps no one did ever thought of noble causes for which HE made us
We look different, we dress different, we may not bear same complexion
But the heart that lays inside our machine is same
We are one, we are
We create our weird perceptions sitting idly
We don't look at harmony that we feel in nature
Nature asks for nothing
Nature is happy with its own attire
We human feel jealous
Out of nothing we commit pain, conflict and utter destruction
Blood that moves through vein are one
Because we are one
No need of war, rivalry is not a gain
Cause it leaves only pain.

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Eliza Segiet – Jagiellonian University graduate with a Master’s Degree in Philosophy. Completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy and Creative Writing at Jagiellonian University, as well as Film and Television Production in Łódź.

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Just for a Moment

If the world stopped for a moment,
I could sit,
listen to the silence that becomes,
watch how
a river stops flowing,
how the trees congeal into motionlessness.

If the world stopped for a moment,
and I with it?
I would not see
flowering meadows,
where a river becomes just a line,
and the still trees
look like sculptures,
I would not hear the ubiquitous silence.

If the world stopped
even for one day
then people –
could not hurt people.



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Penn State faculty and Inner Child Press Director of Editing Services, hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. is an editorial consultant for mostly literary manuscripts. She has authored two poetry books, co-authored one other, her work having appeared in excess of fifty international anthologies. hülya finds it vital to discover a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain and nourish a comprehensive understanding and development of humanity at large.

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love . . . what else is there?

oh you dear little one
with gorgeous hope-eyes
which of them was robbed from you
ever so abruptly cruelly
in blood-chilling monstrosities
your mother or your father
maybe both

you are in hunger pains i know and as thirsty
as those war mongers' obsession to slay
yet so helpless as they never seem to be

my entire being is craving
to cradle you into my body
back to your somewhat safe times
to sing to you inside all my insides
with the hope for a sedating deep sleep
to send you to your innocent dreams
so that they become you
or you them

i have just fetched
my dried-out mother's milk
it will pour for i have willed it so
nourishing not only your tiny half-cut frame
but also the brutally smashed shards of your heart
an uncut diamond shattered before you were born
your wingless soul introduced itself to me
she too is invited to our feast
as for your angel-spirit
she was meant to fly up on high

so i let her free she now soars
above and beyond the sky
tucked in safely
in her safe haven

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please don't you crawl in a rush
i do not want you to go there
not yet anyway

i am told
i am good at make-believe . . .

you can tell me how i did
when you and i once again meet

a deserved life of marvels is planted on your path
don't you ever mind the vulgar stench of the killers
when compared . . . if such linking were sane . . .
the scent that our dead and dying ooze
makes envious the newest blooms of the Sweet Pea

sleep my still unnamed little angel
sleep angelically as only you can do
my all-loving heart and my determined mind
will know how to soothe me for long
unstoppably wailing soul
so that my mother-hands
can knit your receiving-blanket
into an armor
invisible to the sadistic human beast

i will lay myself down next to you
i promise you i will not leave
until after your last breath . . .
you will at least face death
in my love-arms

not in the hands of Man's vomited filth

sleep Mother Earth's untainted scream
and try to forgive me if you can
perhaps just perhaps in a dream

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for all the deeds i could have done
but in my passionate paralysis i did not do
for all the miracles you had hoped i would proclaim
but in my emotive weakness i have not done so
all that is anon left in me due to you for you
is the mighty strength to sway you in my womb
until forever onto your wasted pathway you must go

GRATIS ~ DO NOT COPY

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I'm a poet and literary critic.

My poems have been published in New York, London, Surrey, Australia, Canada, India, Africa, Japan, Israel.

I'm interested in art therapy and psychology.

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The Harp

Jerusalem

I hear the yearning in your voice

Rashi's commentaries are hidden in the rustle of trees

The stones are full of mystical light

Music seeps in the garden of sounds

The Psalms of David echo eternity

In the shadows of the past

I find the promise

Of peace

The harp drowns out

The cry of war

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Lonneice Weeks-Badley, Sshe's a prodigy of her parents; both were Nurses, who loved to help the sick. She's a Volunteer Chaplain, loves working in or outside the hospital. She's a cancer, diabetes and a liver disease survivor. Her faith and trust in God; helped her to waddle not, in her sickness. She said; He gave His life, so we can be free. *i am a believer!* Indeed...

He kept her alive, as He BLESSED her to write; His inspired poetry. Featured Poet in The Year of a Poet III - November 2016 (Inner Child Press) Many of her colleagues say; she has a deep desire in her heart of Love for Humanity.

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www.innerchildpress.com/lonneice-weeks-badley

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Needles and Pins

As I checked in your house my friend
I felt the calmness within
After a couple of days detention took its place
Oh how it showed up as disgust and disgrace
All over the face

Needles and Pins
They are not our friends
Didn't know what to say
They began to penetrate
Didn't know what to do
They began to penetrate
Heart of fear
Couldn't relax there
They didn't want to hear
Opinions of another
They just didn't care
Or was it they had tears of fear

Needles and Pins
Don't take it personally
And don't hold it within
Forgiveness is the best way to live my friend

Needles and Pins
Are attacking them too
They don't know their blessing is at their door
Hoping to help them pull through and soar

Needles and Pins
Oh God lift them up from within
Restore the mind and heart from the evils of them
Help them to pray
And receive a great relief
Of tranquility from God
Who dwells deep within...

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Needles and Pins

A better friend lives within

Obedience and dignity is this house new name

No longer trapped in the house of pain

Needles and Pins

GRATIS ~ DO NOT COPY

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Robert Gibbons grew up in a small town in Southern Florida called Belle Glade. Nestled on the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee, Belle Glade was once a center for sugar cane but now it has been cut back.. It is right the environment to be nurtured. To be able to see green and the exotic beauty of outside. He went to college, then moved to New York City in 2007 in search of his muse Langston Hughes. He has been published and performed in so many places too much to enumerate. His first collection of poetry, *Close to the Tree*, was published by Three Rooms Press in 2012. He completes a MFA in Poetry in Spring 2012. He can be contacted at robertgibbons54@gmail.com. He can be found on YouTube and Facebook under his name.

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They rushed us without shroud or coffin in August.

for Seamus Heaney

They rushed to clear the shelves at the community bookstore. All the title under “H” had been taken. So, I asked a reader next to me if I could review the last two. If I could I see the last two lines of his poem. It took me back Hunter College and the Ireland House because the shelves will be cleared, cleared of its remnants. The story will be placed in the New York Times under obituary. Under forgotten. Maybe the academy will tribute him.

Not a revelatory or scripted biography when the book made him famous. The shelves are cleared. Left to rest in place like the names that will be followed. We try to heal from his lost. From his gain. His name as poet. The way Dickinson used her numbers or Shakespeare used his sonnets. The way he is Irish and I am English. The way we forget after the shelves are cleared.

The food taken into that longevity with the potential to sustain. I did not come to pay my respect but heal. Not the way window sills and shelves are placed at school. We were warned of this being on the dust of boards and then sit and wait the inevitable. Wait for the perpetual and listen to the rain spit into new ashes. For we asked to see before sight and live with life and not show and tell. There are loads of dust and lots of ashes that remain here.

If there is not a return then what is the reason his passport is green. As he returns back to the old country. To a place called imagination so that the artificial will not cease.

If the course is anointed with voice and muse. Only if I arrived to those shelves before goose wings had taken them. Then I would not be in such a void. I heal. I heal after the clearing of the shelves. After another glory. Another story to create from threadbare necessity. I heal. Only left to rest and wait.

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Sanaz Davood Zadeh Far is an Iranian writer and poet. Her poetry has been published in Iranian, Arab and international newspapers. His first poetry collection is I Walk On Dead Letters. Many of her poems have been translated into English, Arabic, German, French Swedish, Kurdish, Bosnian and Turkish.

Link:

<https://www.facebook.com/sanaz.davoodzadehfar1>

To Mothers In The Middle East

War wears no mask
In the middle of the day
Before your eyes
She kidnaps your baby
She kidnaps the dream with a scarf covered with a rainbow
A toy in the arms
Of a bicycle rider
Is intercepted by a missile
That holds her from the neck
And robs her of her smile
Leaving her clothes in the flowers
And a few kilograms of flesh
O her mother
You are becoming a walking hole filled with dead dreams
The sand surrounds you
But can hardly fill you.

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

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Matthew Bennett is a young writer with a passion for literature and for history. Pursuing a dream to become a college professor, he hopes his works will inspire others to go after their dreams.

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Self-Healing Sermon

For so love the world and all its wonders.

Keep a kind word for others; hold back hatred and its blunders.

Why so much anger on your cold conscious?

I cannot stand hate it makes me nauseous.

Hem the rips made by hate,

Then express yourself to a lover.

Go out on a nice date,

Life has a lot of ground to cover.

Spend it not for a terrible tend.

Call up father, mother, or go wandering with a friend.

For your wake of goodness will remain eternal in the end.

Hatred burns out like the fuels we abuse; all that remains are furious fools.

Send your message of love wide and whole.

Rest when the world tis covered with content,

No short scents of peaceful pastures of plenty.

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Sara S. Miles

Strong, Independent, Simple, complicated Single Woman.
Turns Sub-servient House-Wife and Mother.
Who went to the Ant and studied her ways.

The Fire
Forged Her strength.
Now, Confident.
With Her Story to Share.

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A Peace Worth Fighting For

Now.
Is where,
Healing Begins.
Revolutionaries
Come.
Pre-packaged,
As Friends
This is
How
Our Story
Begins,

Let THAT
Sink
In.

Now.
Open,
Communication
Is Key.
This, is
The Story
Of You,
The Story
Of Me
We ARE
Writing,
HIS-Story.

Now.
We Need
To Re-Learn.
Earn,
Trust.
Knowing,
HE Lives

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In Each
ONE
Of Us.

Sew Seeds.
Light, THIS
Darkest
Night.
Embrace,
Your Light.
Know, This
Fright.
Warriors
Under Cover,
Be.
Peace.

Now.
The Time
Is Right.
We Must
Fight,
This Fight.
As The Sun,
We Rise.

Now.
Is the Time,
Prepare.
Attack.
Stop Living,
Life
Behind
A Mask.
Own,
Some Tact
For Once,
In Your Life

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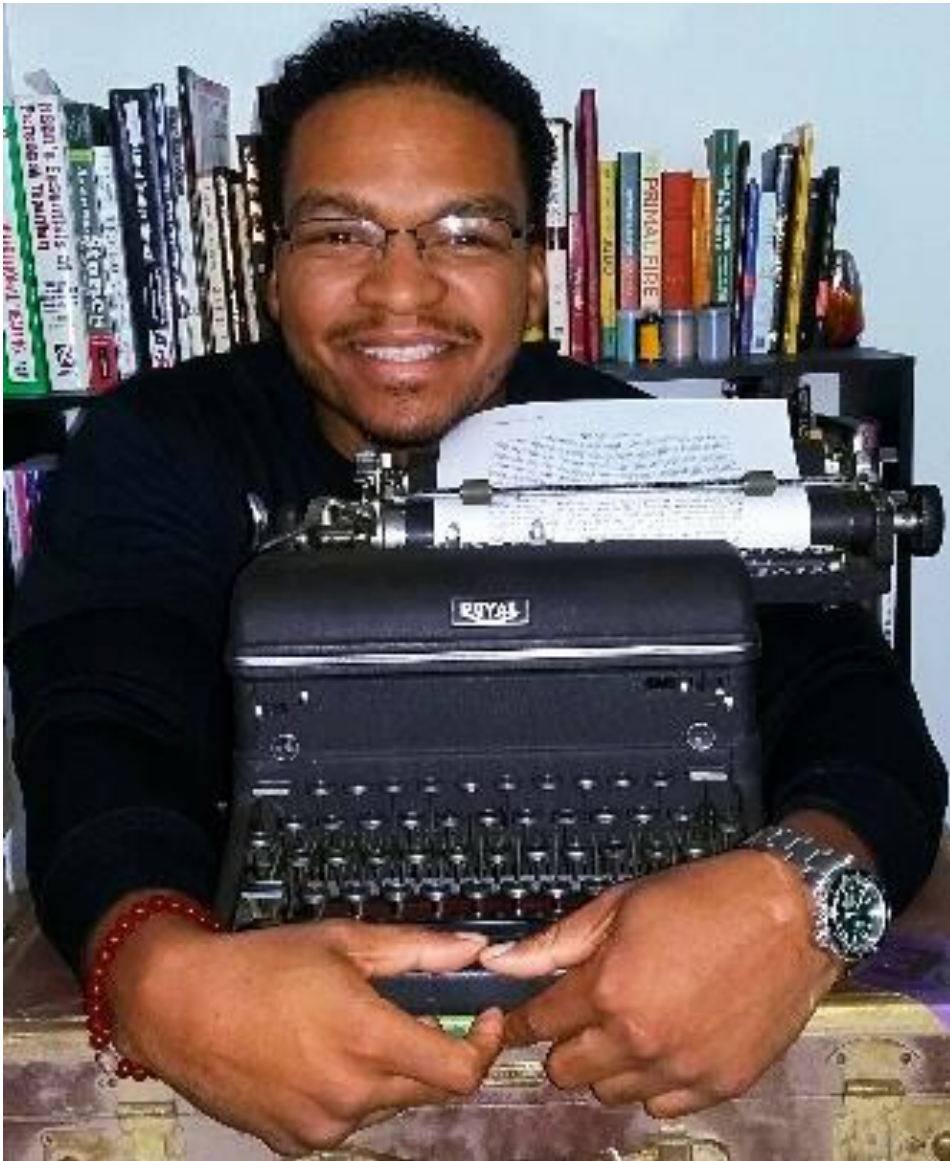
Let
Your Light -- Shine.
No Holding,
Back.

Now,
See
The Price
Of Peace
A Piece of
Me.
Might,
Steel
The Place
Strengthen
The Light
In -Side
Of You.

Knowing,
HIS Light,
We'll
See Us,
Peace-Makers.
Whole
United.
Free.

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Langley Shazor was raised in Bristol, VA; after several years of living and serving in Abingdon, VA, he has come back to his roots. Langley is an advocate for performing arts, education, community involvement, and sustainable economic development. His hobbies are writing, film photography, and physical wellness training. He has a deep appreciation for culture, history, philosophy, science, and religions. An avid reader, he is passionate about learning all that he can and imparting that knowledge; breaking down stereotypes, creating social awareness, enlightenment, human rights, and helping those less fortunate are his life's quests.

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Promised Land

Saying without words
Smoke signals
Transition vapor to gray droplets
Washing
Runoff
Return to the waters of our youths
Seas of tranquility
Brush
Gently rolling hills
Winds of change
Sometimes violently
Sweep the countryside
The spreading of masses
Bringing ridges
Lengthening valleys
Sands of time
Leave distances long to cross
Journeymen and forefathers
With paths to follow
Forest for the trees
Guide each other

-Promised Land-

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“And when you write, you’ll be known as Clancy Jane.”

There is nothing conventional about Clancy Jane and that’s just how I like it. I love my pups, pen, coffee and wine and my mouth is as sarcastic as they come.

To me, it is really all about how we spend our times doing what we love with who we love.

Live – just don’t ever expect it to be easy. If you do, you will fail more in doing so than to take the beating at hand. Oh, yeah, I almost forgot... find a reason to laugh every day. Be infectious.

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Together

Above the surface
 we see the cracks
 in the foundation
And turn a blind eye
 all the same
Hoping if we don't look
 it will all just go away
Until another chunk falls
 and hits us in the forehead
Screaming at us to wake up
Smell the roses
Instead
We rub the knot that is quick to form
and look back down
 Feet dragging us
 to bump shoulders
 with the rest of the lifeless
It's okay to look down
 if we're watering the roots
 beneath our toes
that make us and others
sprout and grow
The cracks wouldn't splinter anymore
if we picked up our feet
and started to heal
beneath our surface
first

-together-
c.j.

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Originally from Chicago, Dodd has lived in Jacksonville, Fl for 18 years. Her writing is based on the testimonies, wisdom, and visions God has given her for ministry.

Ninevah Dodd

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A View of The World

As I sit in my window I gaze into my community. I see the multiplicity of people that make up the community. I see couples walking and holding hands, talking and making plans of love, holding each other to heal and whispering words of peace into the inner ear. I wonder about a view of the world, that could be around. If man kind spoke words of peace, love, and unity. How would it be if I saw you and you saw me, as it should be?

I am who my creator, created me to be. I am strong , independent and full of ideas to change the world. But first the change I want to see has got to begin in me. I put prejudice aside to give and practice unity. I put anger aside and practice forgiveness to offer peace. I give of my time, my talents, and my resources to exhibit unconditional love. We live in a world where violence prevails and principalities of the politicians, make decisions based not on the need of the people but on a need to control. A view of the world in destruction and chaos yet out of chaos comes an order. As we change the world, shape the world and organize the world with our thoughts, and creativity, lets promote love, peace, and unity to be a stronger humanity.

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Resident of Chicago's Windy City, through her written accounts, desires to be of encouragement and inspiration to women worldwide who need to step into their power.

Somsra'

Soul Food

What is love to you
What is love to me
What is love to us
And let's not forget the wees
If we speak on love
Are we able to agree
There are many terms, if endearment
We use to describe
But how exactly do we define
Is it an emotion
Is it a feeling
Is it a counterpart to natural healing
Is it a deep affection for someone or something
Love can be defined as many things; includes choice
Love is even that righteous inner voice
Love is selfless; love is sacrifice
Love is patient; love is kind
Love is God watching over your behind
Love is forgiveness; leaving all animosity to the side
Love isn't selfish or puffed up with pride
Love puts confidence in our stride
Let us love with the love of the lamb
In love united we stand
I represent it; tranquility; a sound mind, I was promised
Still it wasn't owed; so, I won't complain
It's like the best of two worlds
Sunshine with rain
No trees; no shade; and there's a clearing
Can we now see clearly
Can we as a nation, collectively attain
World peace and world love
We certainly can do better
We need to be of positive influence to the next generation that emulate us
If we utilize what we know about love
Incorporate and apply in our everyday lives, we can definitely improve

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Practice ways of love with no conditions, add a pinch of accepting
One another's differences in opinions and ideas, a cup of positive expression by way of
poetry, prayer, even art
Even poetry is an expression of love
We have the perfect recipe

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Mahmoud Alazharey is an Egyptian poet, critic and translator. His poetry has been published in Egyptian and Arab magazines and newspapers. He has published a number of poetry collections, in addition to a collection of poetry by Italian poet, Maria Concetta Arezzi, which he translated into Arabic.

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Have mercy on Us

We won't sail the sea again –
have mercy on us
Give us peace
We hated sailing the sea
When the seas became polluted with fanaticism
in the name of a holy god
a holy human
a holy place
a holy party
a holy newspaper
We will dissolve ourselves in the dust
for we find its bitterness sweet
we find its heat a great tree
as dust is our homeland
Take the seas and
give us peace
Take the oil and
give us peace
Take modern weapons and
give us peace
Take the borders and
give us peace
Have mercy on us.

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

World Healing ~ World Peace 2018



I am Asoke Kumar Mitra from Kolkata, India

"Born 1950, studied at Hindu School and St. Xavier's College, Kolkata, He is a retired journalist. He has contributed to various anthologies published in India and abroad. His poems are translated into Italian, French, Persian, Hebrew, Malay, Mandarin, Punjabi and Hindi languages. He was the editor of Calcutta Canvas and Indus Chronicle."

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A Vision Of Peace...

I Touch your sky
Where the mountains asleep
A secret place in my heart
You whisper dreams of peace

No bullets, no machine guns
No weapon, no bomb
No fighter airplane

Head bowed to war
Following a passionate kiss
Peace
And my innocence
Peace you be in everybody's soul
No war please
Only peace...
Essence of eternity

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Mario Rigli is a poet, painter, sculptor, writer, and translator. He was born July 7, 1949 in Terranuova Bracciolini, a small village in Tuscany. His first work, "Laurine," a book of tales, was published in 1985. His poetry collection Imaginary Nectar, was published in 1995. A second poetry collection co-authored with his son Philip, A Ticket To Hell, was released in 1998.

Mario's poems have been translated into numerous languages, including English, French, Spanish, Arabic, Hindi, Pangasinan, Portuguese, Macedonian, Russian and German. In 2011 many of his poems were translated into Hindi by Indian translator Vijaya Kandpal, and in 2013 a poetry collection Fragments of the Moon, was translated into Arabic by Nizar Sartawi, and published in Jordan. He was also included in The Second Genesis (2014), published in India. He took part in numerous poetry readings, and in October; he also participated in the International Poetry Festival held in Rabat in October, 2016.

Sono un credente

Io sono un credente perché vivo,
respiro e guardo il sole che brucia gli occhi
respiro e sento la pioggia sulla pelle,
cammino scalzo su distese d'erba
e il solletico mi sembra di nuvole.
Io sono credente perché amo mio fratello
e amo di più mio fratello ferito ed in lacrime,
quello che sente fischiare spari sopra la testa,
quello che piange per un figlio perso,
per un padre perso, per la casa persa.
Amo l'uomo senza casa e senza terra
e sono credente perché credo
che un giorno ogni uomo avrà
la sua casa e la sua terra
e non perderà suo figlio.
Sono credente perché credo
nell'Uomo e in Dio
ed ogni Dio dei miei fratelli
è il mio Dio, lo sento mio
perché mio fratello crede in lui.
Io sono un credente perché vivo.

I am a believer

I am a believer because I live,
I breathe and watch the sun burning eyes
I breathe and feel the rain on my skin,
I walk barefoot on expanses of grass
and the tickle seems to me to be clouds.
I am a believer because I love my brother
and I love more my wounded brother in tears,
the one that hears whistle shoot over the head,
the one who cries for a lost child,
for a lost father, for the lost house.
I love the homeless and landless man
and I am a believer because I believe
that one day every man will have
his home and his land
and he will not lose his son.
I am a believer because I believe
in Man and in God
and every God of my brothers
it is my God, I feel it mine
because my brother believes in him.
I am a believer because I live.

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William S. Peters, Sr, aka 'just bill' is an award winning author, poet and speaker. He chairs the organization Inner Child Enterprises which includes a the publishing company of Inner Child Press, Inner Child Magazine, World Healing, Word Peace Poetry and other concerns. Bill has personally published in excess of 40 books and he has also participated in over 60 Poetry Anthologies. Bill is a driven writer who along with Inner Child believes that life is a garden, the fruit we harvest is a result of the seeds we sow. Let us build cultural bridges through our writing and thoughts.

www.innerchildpress.com

www.iamjustbill.com

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my Sun is Orange

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

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

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

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

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

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

her eyes have been dry
for many a year now
and somehow

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by some grace
she still has enough love in her
to hug me
once in a while
through that pained smile
that still adorns her face
just so she won't completely break

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

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

where is the sanity
in this methodology
to be found

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

but you and i
never had a dispute
that i know of

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If so, please tell me what i did wrong
to cause you harm
that you should exact such wretchedness
upon me
and others like me

i know not of the Politics
of it all.
i have never met a Politician
are they so different
than we the people ?

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

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

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

my Sun is Orange

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

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

For more Information

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Poetry

i am a believer!

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



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