

Inner Child Press International

*presents*

WAR

*We Are Revolution*

**Too Much Blood**

*Poets for Humanity*

W.A.R. 

*We Are Revolution*

**Too Much Blood**

*Poets for Humanity*

*Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

*'building bridges of cultural understanding'*

# Credits

*Authorship*

Poets for Humanity

*Foreword*

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

*Preface*

William S. Peters, Sr.

*Editor*

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

*Cover Design*

Inner Child Press International

In order to maintain each poet's authentic voice, this volume has not undergone the scrutiny of editing. Please take time to indulge each contributor for their own creativity and aspirations to convey their uniqueness.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Director of Editing ~

Inner Child Press International

# General Information

W.A.R. II . . . Too much blood

Poets for Humanity

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

~ wsp



# Dedication

*This volume is dedicated to*

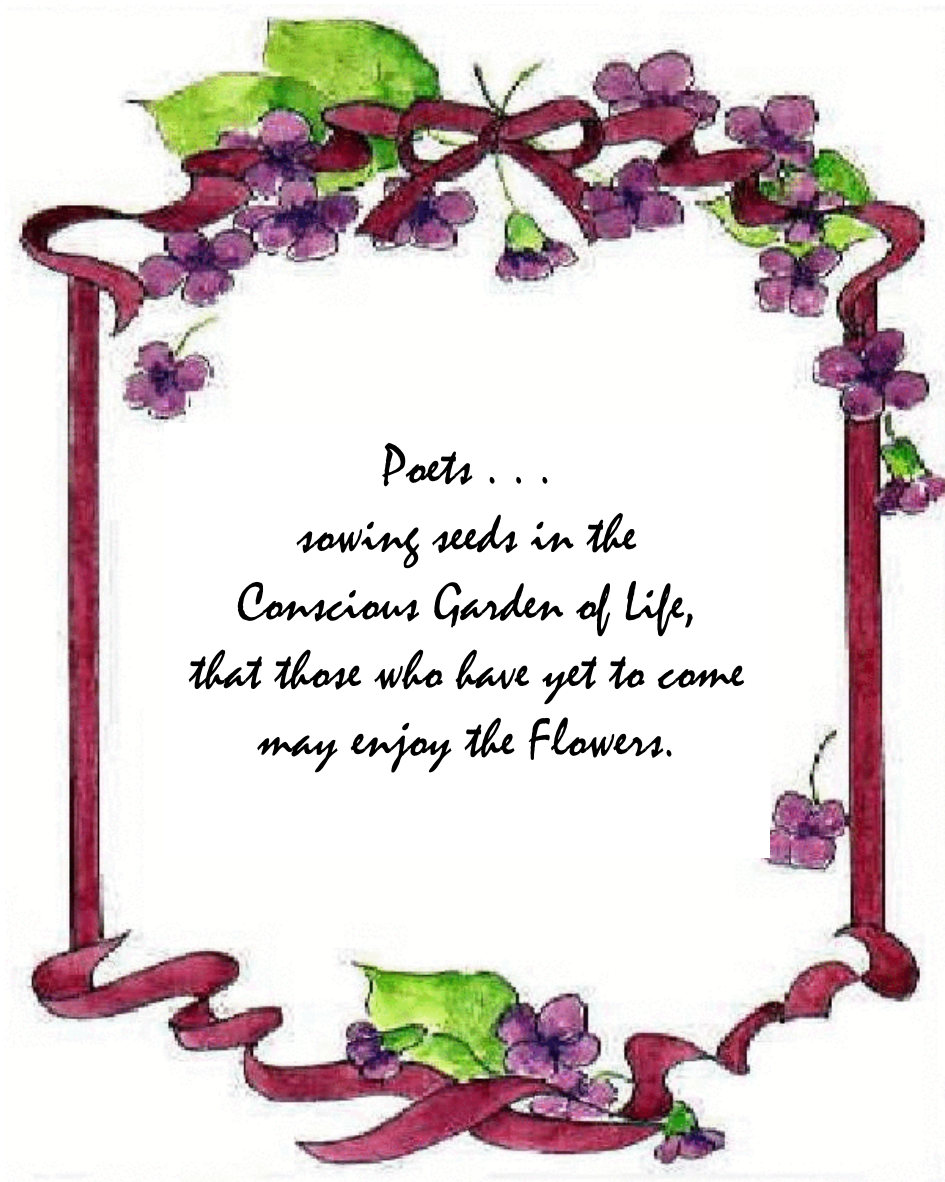
Awareness

Understanding

Action

&

Change



*Poets . . .  
sowing seeds in the  
Conscious Garden of Life,  
that those who have yet to come  
may enjoy the Flowers.*

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# Preface

Our vision at *Inner Child Press International* is a simple one . . . Awareness. We believe from ‘Awareness’ is borne Understanding which births Action, and thus Change.

At **Inner Child Press**, we are very proactive with our penchant for producing meaningful anthologies that provide a platform for the voices of poets and writers around the world. We strongly support the multitude of perspectives that are aimed at enhancing our human experience. Our motto is ‘building bridges of cultural understanding’. The more we are willing to listen to each other, the more we discover our commonality.

In this volume, **W.A.R.** <sup>II</sup> . . . *too much blood*, the focus is to offer an opportunity to read and listen to what is being said from all corners of the globe. I hope that you, the reader, find resonance in the sentiments expressed.

Bless Up

Bill

Founder and Publisher,  
Inner Child Press International

P.S. . . . at the end of this book, have a look at the variety of other volumes available through Inner Child Press International, [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com).

Also, support the efforts of World Healing and World Peace by becoming a member of the World Healing, World Peace Foundation, [www.worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org/Membership](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org/Membership).



*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

# Foreword

Sometimes, taking sides feels easy. Condemning one party can be simple. “I am always on the side of right and justice,” says everyone to themselves. To disagree is to censor or to be on the wrong side but war and peace and even life is complicated. Some people are mostly good and a few people are mostly bad but no one is all bad or all good. Naturally we take sides, we complain, and condemn. This anthology is full of thoughtprovoking poets asking us to look deeper.

There is a famous poem by Jelaluddin Rumi

*Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and right doing,  
there is a field. I'll meet you there.*

*When the soul lies down in that grass,  
the world is too full to talk about.  
Ideas, language, even the phrase each other  
doesn't make any sense.*

This anthology was difficult to edit because as a group of poets we do not all agree about who is right or wrong and what should be done about war and too much spilt blood.

I hope you will read each poem and consider what the poet is proposing. Do you agree or disagree? Do you find the poem thought provoking? Will it help you change the world, make us each a better person, and our surroundings more peaceful?

This anthology includes over 100 ideas on how to create a more peaceful, just world. It is at times difficult to read but I hope you will find it meaningful and find the seeds of change and goodness here.

Kimberly Burnham

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D. (Integrative Medicine), author of *The Red Sunflower Diaries*, *Why Everyone Should Garden and Share Seeds* and *Awakenings*, *Peace Dictionary*, *Language and the Mind*, *A Daily Brain Health Program*. Follow her at <https://amzn.to/30hchpr>

Spokane, Washington, December 2024

# The Poetry

W.A.R. 

*We Are Revolution*

**Too Much Blood**



**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

*Khalice Jade / Saliha Ragad (Algiers)*



Khalice Jade, born Saliha Ragad, International Peace Ambassador, is a versatile author and advocate for cultural understanding. Her work aims to bridge divides and celebrate diversity. With a passion for storytelling and a love for language, she seeks to inspire connection and empathy, spreading hope and peace through her poetry.

## The Light Beyond The Blood

Beneath the glare of war, the world does bleed,  
Humanity seeks a path, a gentle creed,  
An endless tide, a sea of pain's deep sweep,  
To extinguish the flames where shadows creep.

Cries echo through the night's dark veil,  
Yet in each heart, a faint light prevails,  
A promise of hope beyond the darkest sight,  
Where spilled blood paints a scene of plight.

How can we soothe this endless fight,  
Transforming grief into a path of light,  
Without raising walls of hate so tall,  
And turning shadows into light for all?

Can our words be beacons in the mist,  
Each phrase a flame that can persist,  
Guiding peace through war's dark turn,  
To change the course where centuries burn.

Let's unite our voices, hopes entwined,  
For love to replace the blood left behind,  
Building a world where hearts can sing,  
Crushing war's grip, and letting peace spring.

## La Lumière Au-Delà Du Sang

Sous l'éclat de la guerre, le monde saigne,  
L'humanité cherche une voie, une rengaine,  
Un flot incessant, une marée de douleur,  
Pour éteindre le feu de cette sombre labeur.

Les cris résonnent dans les ombres de la nuit,  
Mais dans chaque cœur, une lueur fuit,  
Une promesse d'espoir au-delà du noir.  
Où le sang versé peint la scène du désespoir,

Comment apaiser ce tumulte sans fin,  
Transformer le chagrin en chemin,  
Sans renforcer les murs de haine dressés ?  
Et les ombres en lumière pour éclairer ?

Nos mots peuvent-ils être des lueurs tracées dans la brume,  
Que chaque phrase soit une plume qui s'allume,  
Des balises de paix dans l'océan de guerre.  
Pour changer la marche des siècles de misère.

Unissons nos voix, nos espoirs en un chant,  
Pour que l'amour remplace le rouge sang.  
Construisons un monde où le cœur peut re-aimer  
Écraser la guerre et laisser la paix s'ancrer.

W.A.R. II... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Binod Dawadi (Kathmandu, Nepal)



Binod Dawadi, author of *The Power of Words*, holds a Master's degree in English Literature and is based in Kathmandu, Nepal. With over 1000 anthology contributions, he aims to enlighten society through his writing. Binod is also deeply involved in digital photography and painting. His work has been showcased in prestigious exhibitions, including the International Art Festival in Korea in 2023. Combining literary excellence with visual artistry, Binod is dedicated to societal transformation through creativity.

**W.A.R.** ¶¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Revolution

War should be ended,  
All people should be united,  
They should show their humanity to all,  
They should forget about five sins,  
All should love and care for each other,  
War, violence should be ended,  
The rays of knowledge should be spread,  
About peace and war,

All should think of a change,  
All should be united and work together,  
One day we will achieve peace,  
As well as this is our only aim,  
And dream,  
We should protest and do revolution,  
We should fight for peace and happiness,  
We should bring revolution.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Eliza Segiet (Poland)



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University. Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020, International Award Paragon of Hope (2020). Finalist Golden Aster Book World Literary Prize 2020, Mili Dueli 2022. Award - World Poets Association (2023). Laureate Between words and infinity "International Literary Award (2023).

## The God of Good

Damn war  
makes your beliefs fade.  
The order means  
- *action!*

Yet, not all of us are soldiers.  
Those who are children of the God of Good,  
must also create a new,  
different reality.  
The one,  
that is incomprehensible to them.  
To kill, to destroy,  
later - maybe to live,  
but with remorse.  
To fulfill the expectations of others  
is a fight against oneself,  
but the thoughts prepared to enter the arena  
are like armed grenades.

You have to fight for freedom!  
Without it you'll be left with only  
a blurry gaze  
even at the scorching sun,  
which in their minds, is  
trapped in sleep.

*Translated by Dorota Stepínska*

Dorota Stepínska, MA, is a graduate of the English Philology Department at the University of Lodz, majoring in American literature. She is a lecturer, translator, and interpreter of English, Polish and Spanish. She has worked for many institutions and universities in Poland and the United Kingdom. "The Will to Survive" is translated by Dorota Stepínska.

**W.A.R.** #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

**Anthony Arnold (Florida, USA)**



Anthony Arnold, born in Tampamoment, raised by his grandmother in a little town called Quincy in the Florida panhandle, wrote his first piece in the third grade and fell in love with writing ever since that moment; writing has become a comfort and a mainstay to keep him focused.



## Can You Tell Me?

Can you tell me  
Why we have been  
Murdered lynched  
Persecuted

Can you tell me  
Why our children have been  
Murdered  
Executed  
For the most basic of things

Saying hello.

Electrocuted  
Bombed  
Shot in their homes  
In their cars

Can you tell me  
Why our leaders  
Were assassinated  
Their voices silenced

Dr.King, Malcolm X  
Medgar Evers, Fred Hampton  
Harry and Harriette Moore  
John and Robert Kennedy  
The roll continues

Can you tell me  
While in compliance  
Unarmed people of color  
Are shot down

Left in the streets like so much garbage  
My heart beats ever so slowly  
The pain of the murders resonates  
Yet I can find no answers to these questions  
So I ask you  
Can you tell me?

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Hussein Habasch (Afrin / Kurdistan)



Hussein Habasch is a poet from Afrin/ Kurdistan. He has published a collection of poetry books. His poems have been translated into many languages; His poetry has been published in more than 150 international poetry anthologies. He participated in many international poetry festivals. He won several international and local prizes for poetry.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Dig A Grave and Bury It Well!

Cut off the hand of war  
Smash its head  
Rip out its heart  
And tear its body to pieces  
Then throw its lifeless corpse  
To the stray dogs.  
Don't spare it  
Stab it from the front and from the back  
Disembowel it  
And make it barren and never give birth!  
Pour out your wrath upon it  
Despise and fight it  
As much as you can.  
Let your hearts be hard toward it  
Break its bones  
Crush it, grind it, burn it  
And scatter it like ashes on the wind.  
Pierce its belly  
Crucify it, destroy it  
And put it to the fire  
Then dig a deep grave for it  
A very deep one  
And bury it forever.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Alexandra Nicod (Madrid, Spain)



Alexandra Nicod is a Swiss-Spanish poet, playwright and actress born in Biel/Bienne/Switzerland and living in Madrid/Spain. She is fluent in German, Spanish, French as well as English and holds two bachelor's degrees, one in Translation from the Dolmetscherschule (DOZ) in Zurich (Switzerland) and another one in Dramatic Art from the Real Escuela Superior de Arte Dramático (RESAD) in Madrid (Spain). Her poems have been translated and published in several languages (e.g. English, Turkish, Hungarian, Kurdish, French and Arabic) and she has participated in numerous international poetry festivals, for example in Spain, Greece as well as Morocco.

# W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Origin

I left my body like someone leaving a burning house. My body was no longer a safe place. Not anymore...

And suddenly all the birds fell from the sky, in mid-flight, the white ones and the black ones, the big ones and the small ones, those that fly high and those that glide low to the ground... The clouds fall, the sun hides, the moon does not appear... Cars stop, walkers petrify, the roofs of the houses collapse, and, all of the sudden, all the girls burst into flames, the daughters and granddaughters, the sisters and nieces, the cousins and goddaughters... All the girls burning in their homes, their rooms, their beds. In every house, every village, every town flames arise, one after another, flames calling for help... and you hear them and try to scream...

but you are only a girl and girls on fire can not scream....

W.A.R. #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Mark Fleisher (USA)



Award-winning writer Mark Fleisher has published six books of poetry and prose. His fifth book – *Knowing When* -- was a finalist for the New Mexico-Arizona Book Co-op and Military Writers Society of America award programs. Based in Albuquerque, New Mexico, he holds a journalism degree from Ohio University and served in the United States Air Force.

## A Case of Mistaken Identity

I am alone, separated  
from those who protect me  
from those whom I protect  
The night's confusing collage  
of shouting, of crying,  
of bullets piercing the air,  
of crashing through underbrush  
gives way to the quiet of dawn  
no one to be seen  
no one to be heard  
beyond my solitary self

Where am I?  
What now?  
What next?

Rustle of leaves underfoot  
voices muffled in the distance  
suddenly interrupt the silence  
I step behind a tree  
its massive girth shields me  
from yet unseen intruders

until I determine friend or not

Images emerge from the forest  
I peer from my safe haven  
I hold my breath, then release  
the air from my lungs  
as I move into the clear  
smiling, thanking lucky stars  
when the muzzle flash  
foretells the bullet smashing  
into my chest, hurtling  
me backward, blood  
staining the ancient tree  
whose shelter I abandoned

**W.A.R.** ††... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Why?

I am one of you

You are on my side

I am enveloped in

advancing darkness

energy draining from within

Who?

A raw recruit hungry

for his first kill?

My soul reaches out

with concern and pity

for while I am no more

he faces decades of guilt

over his fatal error

He will...won't he?



**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Deepak Kumar Dey (Bagdia, Odisha)



Deepak Kumar Dey, son of late Dr. G. C. Dey and Late Surama Dey, hails from Bagdia, Angul district of Odisha, is an ardent lover of nature and avid worshipper of poetry. He was a student of chemical engineering but passion of poetry attracted him to search divine bliss in nature. In arrayed words he weaves the magic of mirthful munificence and glory of God. His poems have been published in 65 national and international anthologies and many UGC approved journals ;in both Odia and English.

## Who Knows

The day I watched the procession at war -  
Of injured words who are taught to refrain,  
Envisioning the chopped off limbs so far  
They could hear the whisper of silent pain.

Heard later a battered tree's baffled talks,  
Before blooming it has been truncuated,  
Though flourished, nibbled dream mocks-  
Around longing, inbalanced feet are dead.

What an unimaginable silence does rule!  
Wordless flow is found without meaning  
A long desired wish finds black head bull  
Can wounded bird at changing time sing?

When dark hours begin to grate with time,  
Peace at windless heart clammers rhyme.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Sayak Bhandari (India / USA)



Sayak Bhandari is an ESL educator working with the first-generation learners of low income families in rural India. He attended University of Calcutta (India) and University of Nevada, Reno (USA). He has done a master's in English Literature and Environmental Studies. He works extensively for the conservation of ecology in rural interiors of Eastern India. He is a Fulbright fellow and was awarded title in Washington DC in 2022.

## From Mother, With Love

Dear Michael,  
I don't remember your face anymore.  
Just a few heresies, at odds  
With my memories of you.

They said you burn villages  
Just the way the army brunt ours.  
You shoot innocents  
The way the rebels shot your God fearing father.  
They said you rape  
The way they ripped my legs apart.

It's only me who remembers the day.  
Still do I remember the midnight sabbath.  
The day with bullets whizzing on your path,  
That changed your path forever.

The last glimpse of my long starved child,  
Running, bathed in blood and tears  
Through the stinking puddles  
Soaked in sorrow.  
Running to the woods, to a green charm  
Running past your brother and your friends,  
Whose bleeding bodies were still warm.

Trust Mike,  
The very pain of loosing you  
Was too sharp to feel their scream on that day.  
Too traumatic  
To smell the sweat dripping on me.  
To feel the pain as they mashed my flesh.  
One by one  
In a row.  
But you! My flesh, my blood.  
You mean to me way more.

Mike, sweetheart,  
I heard you've got many by your side now.

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

Who burn forest that feeds  
Burn villages that keeps  
Burn a man that lives, breathes.  
You stole from the schools their alphabet,  
All they know now is war,  
Bloody APCs and RPGs are their friend.  
My bad, you're the war now-  
Not war's end.

Do you still cherish the good old days, Mike?  
As we all played, danced,  
Flooded in moonlight,  
Till we heard a war cry.  
That left us caught in crossfire.  
Always starved, forever dry.

Is it the same battle you cry out?  
Is it the same bloodshed you crave?  
You write epitaphs many more  
By your own father's grave.  
I know you don't hear God no more, my son.  
So now I'll sing lullabies for your panting soul,  
And will mourn for the innocence they stole.

As the ground beneath, wash away  
As your vision turns obscure and grey  
As your hope tangled in the barbed wire  
With torn bodies perished in gunfire.  
I will keep singing for you.

God, give me my Mike back  
Give me back, or a new one send  
That wails and babbles but in God's way.  
That loves to dance, to laugh.  
To love.  
Like we did in the good old days.

God, please send.  
When the battles end.

W.A.R. II... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Lessya Stepovychka (Ukraine)



Lessya Stepovychka, poet, translator, novelist. Member of the National Union of Writers and the National Union of Journalists of Ukraine. Honored Worker of Culture of Ukraine. Originally from the city Dnipro. Opus magnum - the novel "*Marriage with a Mug of Pilsen Beer*" and the poetry volume "*The Heart in Captivity*".

## Don't Cry, Ukraine

Don't cry, Ukraine, don't cry!  
Don't cry, my beloved country,  
my native blood artery,  
and don't break my heart  
with your despair.

Don't cry, Ukraine, don't cry,  
my beauty, my queen,  
your taps are off today  
and the Lord's commandments  
are broken  
"don't kill", "don't steal".

Don't cry, Ukraine, don't cry,  
remained the last  
callous edge  
on the stove,  
cut with a blunt knife.

Don't cry, Ukraine, don't cry!  
We have already reached the edge  
and rulers rejoice with impunity.  
Don't cry, Ukraine!  
We will end your bloody torment.

Don't cry, Ukraine, don't cry,  
because the wings not burned  
by your Icarus.  
God's punishment will find  
Your punishers.

Don't cry, Ukraine, don't cry,  
you will still reach the earthly paradise.  
You will come again  
on the world map sun-faced cow.  
Don't cry, Ukraine, don't cry,  
my dear land!

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Bob McNeil (USA)



Bob McNeil is a writer, editor, cartoonist, and spoken word artist. Flexible Press (<http://www.flexiblepub.com/compositions>) published his book composed of essays, illustrations, poems, and stories titled *Compositions on Compassion and Other Emotions*. Proceeds from this work fund the National Alliance to End Homelessness.



## Alex and Svetlana

Lines like The Krzywy Domek  
Form on my face  
As I ponder you, Svetlana.  
Even though I was told otherwise,  
My inner eye knows you are  
In your tato's ostentatious osobniak.  
You avoid me  
And deny us a relationship  
As sweet as nalysnyky.

He is a loyalist.  
I, for no reason, am being deemed an enemy.  
Drunk from vodka each night,  
He tells lies about my people from Mariupol.  
Adept at being maidservant-docile,  
You forgive him  
With forced smiles and laughter.

You're waiting for a lover  
More generous than Morozko,  
Overflowing with gifts  
For your bourgeois desires.  
I am a modern wizard  
From a measly birthright.  
Sweat and labor  
Conjure up my wages.

Here I complain  
In the rain, remaining  
A human version of an onion dome.  
I see the misyats.  
At this hour,  
Our souls share a bridge.  
I, too, know  
What it is to feel both  
Desolate and lonely.

## W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

One day, I will remember to hate you.  
For now, I will leave  
With only pride beside me.  
That is my victory  
Over your invasion of my heart.

### Translations

1. The Krzywy Domek: Polish for crooked house.
2. Tato: Russian for dad.
3. Osobniak: Russian for mansion or villa.
4. Nalysnyky are a traditional Ukrainian dish made of thin crepes.
5. Mariupol is a city in Donetsk Oblast, Ukraine.
6. Morozko is a Russian legendary figure similar to Santa Claus.
7. Misyats: Ukrainian for moon.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Raisa Kharitonova (Ukraine)



Raisa Kharitonova is a poet, novelist, member of the National Union writers of Ukraine, the author of six poetic and three prose works, including memoirs about famous writers. She is the winner of several prestigious awards. Originally from Donbass, Raisa lives in Kyiv, Ukraine.

## Key Holder

War. Neighbors escape  
all over the world.  
I guard the life of a high-rise building in anabiosis  
In silent, empty apartments  
only porcelain trembles with fear,  
when sirens wail and rockets open the sky.  
A draft, like a ghost, moves the curtains.  
Spiders mend the cracks in the walls.  
Moths come back to eat expired flour  
Shasil - puppets, sum - soul.  
January. And the flowers are crazy!  
Blooming as if there is no war  
it's like April outside.  
As soon as I open the three-locked door -  
blue, lilac, pink and purple  
violets, fuchsias, butterflies, orchids,  
christmas trees and geraniums  
because of ferns, because of ficuses, because of cacti,  
like a doe, they jump out to meet me  
joyful, pre-war colors.  
No, it's just me, neighbor  
and not your favorite hostess.  
However, one of the orchids  
festively dressed for half a year already -  
or is waiting for his noisy family from abroad,  
or for victory in this vile war  
with the Bear...  
But definitely not on me  
old and sick key holder

*Translation from Ukrainian by Lessya Stepovychka*

**W.A.R.** #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Robert Allen Goodrich V. (Panamá)



Robert Allen Goodrich Valderrama (Panamá 1980): Poet and writer who was born in Panama Republic of Panamá on September 25, 1980. He is the creator of the group in Facebook Amor por las Letras and have the blog Mi Mundo/My world. He has participated in more that a hundred anthologies around the world. His books are in Lulu, Amazon, and other places.

## Looks Like The War Is Never Over

Looks like  
War is never over  
and my heart is sad  
because I want peace.

War is never over  
So when you welcome heroes home  
Remember in their minds they hold  
Memories very difficult to forget.

War is never over  
looks like  
and my heart is sad  
because I want peace.

War is never over  
Those left home to wait know this  
For many still are waiting  
maiby we never give them again a big hug.

War is never over  
Though we win the victory  
Still in our minds the battles  
No freedom is not free!

Looks like  
the war is never over  
and my heart is sad  
because I want the peace.

I never forget  
the people died  
I never forget  
my friends.

W.A.R. #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Shirley Smothers (USA)



Shirley Smothers is an amateur Poet, Writer and Artist. She mostly writes short stories, some of her short stories can be found at <https://www.storystar.com/profile/18238/shirley-smothers> She recently self published her second book, *Solasta* <https://store.pothi.com/book/shirley-smothers-solasta/>

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Don't Forget the Children of War

A child needs to  
Feel secure. Go to  
school and not worry  
that they may be shot,  
bombed, or kidnapped.

They need to feel safe  
In their own home. But  
Their home may be  
Targeted for an attack.

A child at worship should not  
Be scarred that their place of  
Worship will be destroyed while  
They are there.

Don't forget The Children Of War



**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Awatef Idrissi (Morocco)



Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris is a Moroccan poet, novel and young readers' tales writer. She studied in an Interpreter's school in Mons, Belgium and works as a teacher of English. She is now preparing a MA in English Studies at Paris West University Nanterre, France. She has to her credit a novel in French, and four poetry collections; two in English and two others in French. She has been a cultural correspondent for a local cultural paper for six years where she had her poems and articles published. She took part in many international French and English anthologies that were published in France, The USA, India, Morocco, and Kenya.

## The Cry of Wrath

You declared  
The death of peace  
When you established  
Your fake peace  
When the sky  
Rained with your bombs  
And your feet  
Spoiled our sacred tombs  
When your bulldozers  
Destroyed our houses  
And fed your greed  
On our blood like louses

You declared  
The death of humanity  
When your deeds were  
To please your vanity  
When the smoke  
Of your rockets' explosion  
Caused our minds  
And souls' corrosion  
When your bullets  
Aimed at the children  
The elderly, the women  
And every civilian

You declared  
The death of freedom  
When your opponents  
Were accused of treason  
When those who dared to say 'No'  
Were discarded  
And those who dared to say the truth  
With accusations were bombarded  
When in the back  
You stabbed the righteous  
Choked the innocent  
And muted the courageous

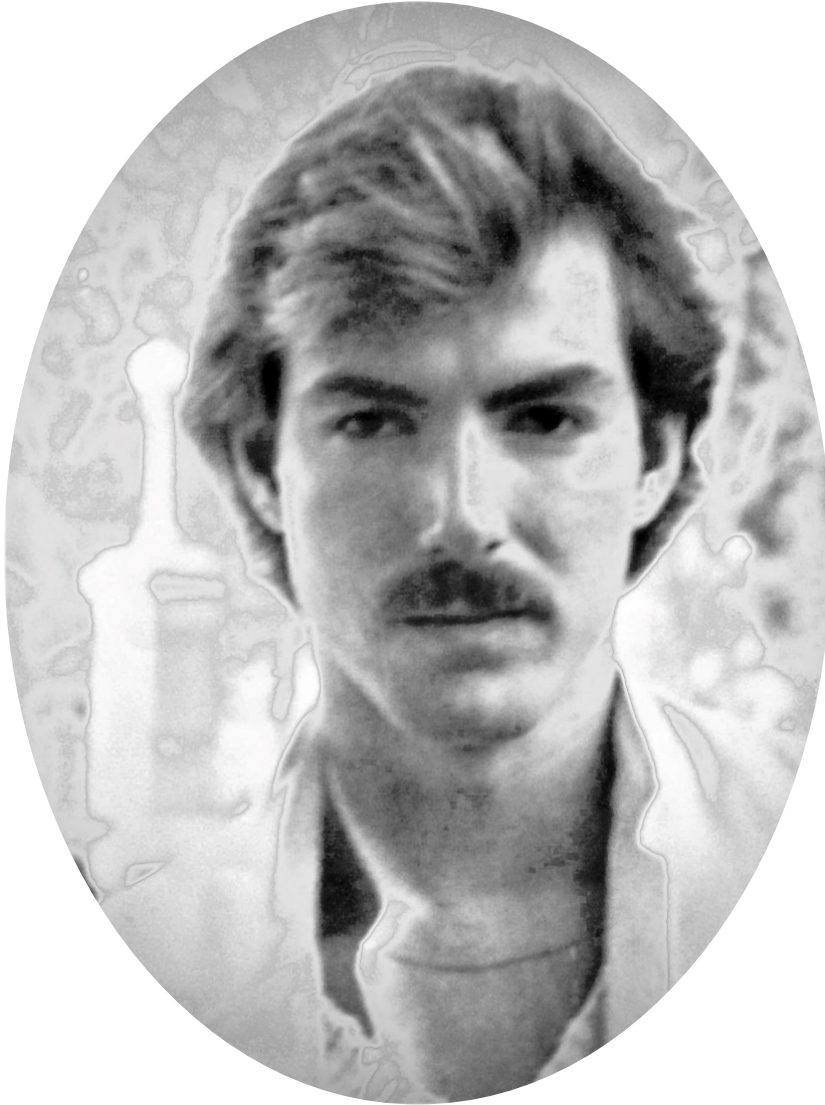
**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

You declared  
The death of hope  
Because you made us  
Reach the end of the rope  
Because your selfishness  
Drowned us in gloom  
And your hatefulness  
Crushed the roses that were to bloom  
Because you forgot  
That you're doomed to end  
And whoever reached the top  
Would one day descend

With your evil deeds  
You sowed evil seeds  
And declared  
The death of our dreams  
You shrouded them  
In bloodshed  
In hatred  
I am so grieved  
I am disgusted  
I am outraged  
This is my cry  
The cry of wrath

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Gregoire Marshall



Gregoire Marshal is the founder of Invincible Truth. He is a Son, Brother, Partner, Father, and a Survivor, who grew up gay, with all the trials and tribulations that go with that life experience. Humbly Grateful for the Miracles and Manifestations, he spent the past four years in University to develop his online courses to find one's Invincible Truth, going back through the Inner Child's Journey. For more information check out his website for written stories, which lead by example to the depth of introspection needed to heal and forgive oneself and others in the trauma journey.

<https://www.invincibletruth.org/>

## The Chosen

The chosen one  
Is clearly defined  
By the human soul  
Who takes the moment  
Talking about the moment

To create  
A world that lifts  
His brother  
Not bound by blood  
But by need

What creates a better man  
Than a man  
A man that lacks nothing  
To use his resources  
To embrace

The opportunity  
To create possibilities  
For another  
That has known  
Nothing but

Discrimination  
Isolation  
Annihilation  
And disappear

Desperation  
And provide a moment  
Of exceptional  
Opportunity never known as a possibility  
To feel the truth  
The truth of acceptance

Love  
To always to be loved More  
More than their indifference

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

To be realized as the opportunity  
To be known and acknowledged  
For the desire just

To Be  
Beyond materialistic  
Desires of a world  
That is defined to rise above  
With courage to stand  
Without fear  
Knowing that to be loved  
And have the opportunity

To Love  
Paying this love forward  
Is the only purpose  
Grateful for the chance

To educate  
The world in the Essence  
Of Kindness  
Build a World  
Of pride  
That can only exist  
By the man who knows

His moment  
Is to give  
Is the Only way  
To create Legacy  
That will

Never be forgotten  
But for ever  
Cherished

Be that Man  
In your Moment  
Guaranteed  
Will Inspire another Man  
To do the same  
Amen...!!!!

## Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands)



Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands, Goor, 13 June 1951), poet and translator. In 1988 she made her debut with *Regendruppels op het water* (Raindrops on water). Since then, more than 40 collections of poetry have been published, incl. translations into various foreign languages. Poems have been translated into about 35 languages. She attended evening classes in painting and art history, art academy (Belgium) for five years. She has received awards from the Netherlands and abroad, e.g. ‘best poet of the year 2021’, from the institute IPTRC voting international executive committee in China. Hannie Rouweler followed short commercial and language courses at language institutes (Arnhem, Amsterdam, Hasselt BE). She has published several stories (including short thrillers); and is the editor of several poetry collections.

## Violence is a Common Thing

You read it in the newspaper  
or you hear it from others  
such as this message: A traffic warden in The Hague was attacked on Wednesday  
with a meat hammer. This was done by a man who, according to witnesses,  
was only wearing his underpants.

You wonder in what time we live  
while the earth not only revolves around its own axis but also around the sun

someone does his shopping in a supermarket or department store  
cats sleep on the floor a carpet in a living room.

Anyone who wants peace and takes good care of himself and others  
and stays away from idiots who you can encounter everywhere  
can just continue  
like it rains and the garden turns into a soggy lawn.

## Geweld is een gewone zaak (Dutch)

Je leest het in de krant  
of je hoort het via anderen  
zoals dit bericht: Een verkeersregelaar in Den Haag is woensdag aangevallen  
met een vleeshamer. Dat gebeurde door een man die volgens getuigen  
enkel zijn onderbroek aan had.

Je vraagt je af in welke tijd we leven  
terwijl de aarde behalve om haar eigen as ook om de zon draait

iemand zijn boodschappen doet in een supermarkt of warenhuis  
katten op de vloer slapen een tapijt in een woonkamer.

Wie vrede wil en goed voor zichzelf zorgt en anderen  
en uit de buurt blijft van idioten die je overal kunt tegenkomen  
kan gewoon verder gaan  
zoals het regent en de tuin verandert in een drassig grasveld.



W.A.R. II... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## Galina Italyanskaya (Russia)



Galina Italyanskaya, a 47 year old Russian, a former pediatrician and molecular biologist, now she works as an English teacher. Galina has written poetry since her childhood. Some of her poems were published in poetry anthologies, such as *Poets Unite Worldwide* by Fabrizio Frosini and *Our Poetry Archive* by NilavroNill Shoovro.

## The War

What do you need to hate a monster  
And wish him death?  
How dreadful must have been he once to  
Take out your breath?  
What an enormous threat is shown on  
His smiling face,  
How many weak points of your own,  
To your disgrace?

The Universe reflects your soul,  
The ways you think,  
And if your thoughts are mean and foul,  
You smell a stink.  
When you are gracious, in reply  
You get one's help.  
When you admit someone must die,  
You kill yourself.

It's rather hard for all of us,  
No matter what,  
To stare into the looking glass  
We call the World.  
We lose illusive wars outside,  
But who will win  
The only war that's worth the fight,  
The war within?

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Kay Salady (USA)



Kay Salady is a published poet, photographer, mother, and humanitarian. Her hobbies include cooking, gardening, photographing flowers, and exploring all the Pacific Northwest has to offer. Through her writing, she aspires to touch the lives of others by invoking a sense of joy, hope and comfort.

**W.A.R.** ††... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Yellow Ribbons

This old tree has tales to tell  
Oh how I long to know them  
Running hands along rough bark  
To hug her gently seems not enough  
So let me rest within her arms  
Where all the life that she has held  
High above the earth below  
Whispers secrets she has borne  
While soaked in blood still running red  
In rivers far beneath the spoils  
Where graves of men were never dug  
Nor shrines erected for the lost  
Those precious souls -- too high a cost  
For kingdoms never come  
Nor battles ever won

**W.A.R.** #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Hong Ngoc Chau (Vietnam)



Her true name is Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chinh. Her pen name is Hong Ngoc Chau,. She is a Master of Educational Administration, a member of the Ho Chi Minh City Writers' Association (Vietnam) and an Honorary Doctorate in Literature and Humanity of the Church and of Puxton University.

## Agent Orange

Rustling rain as the sound of prayers with the hope  
Nurturing human kindness, cultivating a deep love  
Together with the volunteer team, I visit  
Comforting suffering mothers indeed

Golden sunshine drops fall shinely  
Every light breeze blew caressingly  
In the afternoon, the religious hamlet is so peaceful  
The cottage is located in a deserted alley sorrowful

The old wooden house with cracks was seen  
Slight sunshine carpet is pale light green  
Crystal droplets are seemingly sobbing  
Stagnate water on the roof are glittering

The colleague we visited is a school maid  
She suffers hard work as a laborer as said  
Diligent, clean and tidy, good manner indeed  
Her complete work is always wholehearted

"Teachers have come" she smiled a bit  
"It's embarrassing, the house has no seat "  
To treat teachers properly as I like to keep  
A sad moment. she stuttered her lips

"it's okay already!" I reassured quickly  
"We're sisters of sympathy, don't worry  
"Don't place any heavy rituals to pursue  
"Don't confuse for nothing!", I continued

Suddenly, a voice sounded "Oh ..  
"The school maid said: "my son says hello"  
I suddenly saw in the left corner of the wall  
A child was lying down in stoop after all

His body, arm, and leg were trembling  
His unusual eyes were a wide-opening

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

With wild white irises, he seemed in an around looking  
He smiled like crying - a cough as a rooster crowing

Holding the child's hand I asked: "I salute you"  
I went on asking " Oh, dear! how old are you?  
His mouth babbled, the child shook his head  
His eyes were moist with tears instead

The school maid said: "He's ten years old  
His body as small as a child of five years old  
"He had a disability in the womb indeed  
if I aborted my fetus, he wouldn't exist

"But Oh, God! I cannot be heartless  
"To kill my future baby so is heartless  
"When knowing my five-months-old fetus neared  
"I believe in retribution for thousands of years "

Looking at my disabled son, my heart aches as ever  
"The Agent Orange of the war is a massacre  
"Whom can I blame about this ghostly sin, you see?  
"Fortunately I still have the kindness of the society

"My husband died in battle ten years ago  
"I've nurtured my son, kept being a widow  
"What is my dream in this life reality?  
"I just wish to live in peace and safety

"You teachers comfort the poor's hope  
"Society helps me get a stable job  
"Mutual solidarity, everyone knows this  
Oh, happiness, how so beautiful life is!

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Ana María Manuel Rosa (Argentina)



Dr. Ana María Manuel Rosa, of San Rafael Mendoza Argentina, Bromatologist, English as a Second Language, Tutor in Virtual Environments, Literary Corrector, Anthologist, Editor, Prologue and Writer. She has 27 books, 4 anthologies and participated in 200 anthologies. Writer, novelist, poet, short story writer, researcher and historian, Doctors Honoris Cause; Honorary Member of IAC, Immortal Academic of WACL or AMCL; Immortal Academic AIAALS ALPAS-21; Academic of Academy of Letters Guimarães Rosa – ALEGRO and international ambassadors of Peace, Humanitarian; International Cultural, Literature, Poetry, Creativity, Human Rights.



## Mother Earth Grew Tired of Man

Power of electric photons ring in the fullness  
Of the disenchanting world. Arguments turn,  
Come and go in voices that cry out to the Lord  
To expel the wicked from everyone's house  
Because there he will have no room nor rest  
Nor friendship looking for like-minded people.

Sadness flows from the earth because it is  
Wounded in the confines of destiny... a machine  
Creates chaos, creating alterations; as if  
They were natural... if suddenly it happened  
An earthquake, a tsunami, great floods  
Inexplicable, furious tornadoes that grow in size  
In the passage over the earth and that evil feeds.

Dark energy filled with the evil of man,  
Creator of viruses and plagues to strike  
Harvests and overturn economies, causing  
Catastrophes pretending to be of nature itself  
And diseases inventing non-existent pandemics.

The divinity of the Almighty God is not evil but the men  
Of the world elite who believe themselves to be  
Gods and masters of the universe are indeed evil  
Put into action... capable of contaminating rivers,  
Lakes and seas... and capable of contaminating seeds.

They pollute by destroying nature; cutting down  
Trees in forests and jungles; they dig and destroy  
Mountains and are capable of destroying mountain  
ranges, the Alps and whatever else they can think  
Of, all in order to increase their economic pockets.

The evil one is capable of anything and; even  
Capable of, selling his mother, his sister, his  
Cousin and even his aunt. Capable of destroying  
Everything built in his path; even if it is a new building

## W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

With many floors in order to sell materials again  
To build it again without caring about the lives.

Mother Earth is in mourning because she is  
Tired of hosting perverse beings who do not  
Care for what was kindly lent to them. Men  
Who create and manufacture computers; who  
Then, invent a virus to infect them; and then  
They bet on temporary antivirus solutions  
And never stop paying for their computers.

Antivirus... doctors of all brands and degrees  
of protection; but they are capable of stealing  
-like fine white-collar thieves- all your data to  
Sell and resell them as substantial to other  
Companies; and even steal your bank details and  
Even the money in your accounts, they know how to  
Evade justice, which is slow and cannot reach them.

Mother Earth is tired of so much corruption, so much  
Apathy, so much mafia, of these traffickers, merchants  
Who appropriate even the mind with false lying  
Precepts, fables and inventions that only they can  
Create because their inventiveness reached  
The madness of their minds if they ever were humans  
And they became perverted in time and in the face of  
So much power and money earned by fanciful companies  
And smoke-sellers and clever stock games.

Mother Earth is tired of wars between countries and that  
everyone wants to be a winner. And in the meantime  
People's dreams are stolen and people are murdered  
Everywhere and out of greed to take over countries, their  
People and all the goods that are useful to them and to  
Impose authority as if they are victors over the weak. And  
This must cease completely and the international community  
Must make the independence of countries the first principle  
Of respecting and accepting the sovereignty of each country.

W.A.R. †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Jyotirmaya Thakur (India)



Jyotirmaya Thakur born in India, is a retired Principal of Cambridge affiliated school ,bilingual author of around fifty books in five genres with many waiting to be published ,translated into over 43 languages and is a co-author in many International Anthologies. Her poems , stories , articles and research papers have been widely published and translated in many languages in highly acclaimed journals and reputed magazines. Jyotirmaya Thakur is an illustrious author and poet, Peace Ambassador and a veteran academic. A voice to adhere to in our tumultuous times. Her academic experience and intellect combine to make her books a very useful companion to anyone seeking a path in a maze of confusion.

## About War

I am a pacifist and write only of peace  
I don't want to write about war  
And wars separate people  
Do you hear the siren?  
It tears to pieces the silence.

I write about unity in diversity  
I don't want to think about war  
About death and blood and alerts  
I don't want even one woman to grieve  
About a killed child or lost lover.

I think about harmony in humanity  
I don't want even a child to run away  
Hide in dark because of a bomb attack  
I don't want a child's heart to fear death  
But this world is too complicated.

I write about hunger and poverty  
But people need more and more  
Some people crave for power  
This insanity never sleeps  
No blood or death stops it evermore.

There are different shores to cross  
And countries to be conquered  
There is a city, a town, and a village  
To be subdued and victimised  
No one stops their mad rush.

Wars are happening in our meadows  
No one can escape their dark shadows  
I don't want to write about hate flood  
I don't want to write about blood  
There is no wall that can stop this plague.

W.A.R. #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Aziz Mountassir (Morocco)



Dr Amb.Aziz Mountassir was born in Casablanca Morocco 30/3/1961. Ambassador of Peace and Humanity. In Morocco, he is President of International forum of creativity and humanity, President of OACG organisation Of Art Creativity and Goodwill, Ambassador of Inner Child Press USA in North Africa. Director of America in Magazine in Morocco. Ambassador of peace WIP (Nigeria) in Morocco. Member of UNGM. Journalist (Akhabar7) Certified Moroccan newspaper. President of the Association of Free Moroccans Defending Territorial Unity. Ambassador of SAPS Polond in Morocco. Ambassador Of CUAP suisse France in Morocco. Director of IFLAC World in Africa and Morocco. He has 6 books. His poems have been translated into more than 16 languages. Participated in more than 10 international poetry collections. He attended many peace seminars in Mexico, Argentina, Spain, Egypt, America, Canada, Morocco, India, Jordan, Ecuador, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Tunisia. His Poems sung by some international artists after translating.

## A World of Change

In shadows deep, where battles cry,  
Where crimson rivers never dry,  
We stand amidst the blood-soaked ground,  
The echoes of despair resound.

The flames of war, they burn so bright,  
Casting light on endless night.  
In every heart, in every soul,  
The darkness takes a heavy toll.

We see the blood, the endless pain,  
The broken hearts, the lives in vain.  
Yet through the storm, we seek a way  
To turn the night into the day.

How can we mend what's torn apart,  
And heal the wounds of every heart?  
Not by the sword, not by the gun,  
But by the light of hope begun.

For every war, a spark of hate,  
But can we shift another fate?  
Instead of adding fuel to flame,  
Can we restore what still remains?

In words we speak, in love we find,  
A common ground that heals the blind.  
Let not our sides, our fights define,  
But unity in hearts align.

For blood may flow, but so does grace,  
And in this world, we all have space.  
To lift, to love, to share the light,  
To guide each other through the night.

The change we seek, it starts with one,  
A single voice beneath the sun.  
To say "Enough" and raise the dawn,  
To let the seeds of peace be sown.

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

For in this world, we all belong,  
And through the pain, we'll find our song.  
Not through destruction, nor through blame,  
But through the spark of love's own flame.

So let us stand, with open hands,  
And heal this broken, bleeding land.  
The blood we see, it tells a tale,  
But hope will rise, and love prevail.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Jenny Dejager (Belgium)



Jenny Dejager (1951) Lo-Reninge, Belgium. She is a teacher by training. Studied cultural studies at the OUN (Open University of the Netherlands) for four years. She is a visual artist and is studying drawing at the academy in Ypres. She is studying philosophy at NHA (National Business Academy Antwerp). Publications: nine collections of poetry and three novels. She writes reviews of poetry for various magazines. Her poems have been included in numerous anthologies; also in English-language anthologies and a number of her works have been translated into Spanish.



## Fight

The jester finds out that after the curfew  
No one laughs out loud at his joke anymore.  
Joy is censored.

The shadow play confuses him.  
His jokes no longer overcome fear.  
The people hardly dare to mourn.

Men and women beg for relief.  
The battles lose their target. Every thought  
takes an intense walk between peace and revenge.

The jester is silent. Children hide among ruins.  
Together they search for a teddy bear among the rubble,  
a reminder. The madness is given a face.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Rita Chugh (India)



World Record Holder Rita Chugh is an Internationally recognized, Multi Award - Winning bilingual Poetess, Author, Social Activist, International Ambassador Of Peace, Governor of The World Union Of Poets, Universal Icon Of Poetry, recipient of several National and International Awards. She has authored two Hindi and an English poetry book, co-author of 54 Anthologies. Her poems are published in many Magazines, Journals and Newspapers.

**W.A.R.** ††... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## War Disturbs Peace

Let's pray for a World of Peace  
With happiness and love let everyone greet  
Birds hopping in the sky with ease  
Colourful flowers bloom in the wonderful breeze

Let everyone hear the sound of peace  
To awaken sleeping hearts with melodies sweet  
Spread love and humanity everywhere  
So that peace prevails in every sphere

Let there be no war, no malice anywhere  
Hurting people with their vicious glare  
For war disturbs the peace of mind  
Giving detachment in the World  
With grime

Let everyone sway with happiness prime  
Being friendly and cooperative let everyone shine  
Let all be blessed with love and compassion  
So that everyone sings the song of peace and satisfaction.

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Deon Souldier Ballard



D.B. Soul (Deon Souldier Ballard ) is an artist and entertainment personality who tries to use his music and humanitarian efforts to provoke change in our society today. I'm just an artist that loves sharing the gift of song to others. I started singing and playing in my church during my teenage years. I played trombone in my H.S. band and sung in many bands around my city. I hope to further reach more people with the gift of song and words.

## This World

This world  
Avoids  
Revelation.  
Blood has already  
been spilled  
For the remission  
Of our sins before  
We do not have  
to shed anymore  
He can eradicate  
All our battles  
He came to make  
All of us free  
So we don't have  
To bear arms against  
Our sisters and brothers  
We should only embrace,  
Never to become subjected  
To hate solely on race  
Gender or creed  
But submit to our heavenly  
Fathers grace  
To adhere to a different  
Plane of justice  
Of love and peace  
It makes a better release.  
For mankind to be kind  
To find a stable place  
Where we can  
Easily talk  
To build together  
We might not be  
In everyone taste  
Life becomes a  
buffet  
Take what you like  
Never with arbitrary  
throw it all away

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Because you  
Wasn't impressed  
That is not  
His way or the answer to our nations  
problem.  
It can be for others  
to ingest  
War is the test  
That leaves both sides  
In its PARADOX  
Others live with less  
More food  
There is no increase in weapons  
To minimize our stress

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Alicja Maria Kuberska (Poland)



Alicja Maria Kuberska (1960)– awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor, translator. She edited volumes and anthologies both Polish and English. Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland and abroad Alicja Kuberska is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw (Poland) , Assiotiation of Polish Writers Branch Wrocław (Poland), IWA Bogdani,(Albania). She is also a member of directors’ board Our Poetry Archive (India). She is Cultural Ambassador of The Inner Child Press (the USA), Ambassador of International Poetry Competition Nosside in Reggio di Calabria (Italy), Academie Internationale “Mihail Eminescu” (Romania).

## Too Much Blood

Too much blood,  
unfulfilled dreams,  
ruined homes,  
complaints in the silent mouths,  
the dead stars trapped  
in the wide-open eyes.  
Too much of everything.

Too little love,  
hands carrying kindness,  
understanding, empathy,  
warmth in the words.  
Always too little.

You ask

- Will peace ever reign on Earth?  
Will anything ever change?

- I don't know.  
Humanity has drawn no conclusions  
from the trauma of past wars.  
People don't ask – For what? Why?  
More nights in red are coming,  
and dark dreams of the dead.



## Jasmina Čirković (Croatia)



Jasmina Čirković was born in Pančevo, finished primary school in Germany, high school in Pančevo, Faculty in Belgrade and Zagreb. Worked in Brioni, Croatia. 1991 She returns to Pancevo, Serbia, where she lives and works. Awarded Laureate of the Ivo Andrić Academy, and many others in the country and the world. Wrote 20 novels of all genres, participated in many anthologies and collections, translated into Russian, Turkish, English, Arabic, Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Romanian, Bengali, etc. Member of the Writers' Association of Serbia-UKS, Institute for Children's Literature, SKZ, etc.

## Maybe He's Dreaming

Maybe a rose will grow from the ashes,  
who knew that the cloudy sky hides an earthly wonder. blood drips instead of rain.

Did the clouds feel the cry and the pain.  
I planted a poppy to fill my heart with love and not  
poverty that touches me.

A crowd of old men reminds me of ruined cities.

But I have oleanders whose leaves are poisonous in tea,  
feel free to use them warriors.

My garden looks at the glow of the sun that burns everything in front of it, like a grenade  
in the middle of a hospital,

They tell me that it has already been seen, but the nettle did not spring up to set fire to  
that unloving world.

Poppies bloom on my blood, that's why they are so red.  
I do not worship murderers but God.

the fruit we carry within us wants to live,  
but the onslaught of usurpers does not allow him to survive.  
Susanna, I water the garden like a huge world on a hat, just a flower.

sadness pours out from under my eyelashes when I see a cut in the forest, my face is  
hidden.

Cherry blossoms are born on buds,  
they are covered with salt that acts on the soul.

My God, when the world rushes by and we keep it in a cocoon of whiteness,  
how to remove the membrane when killed with a sword.

My rose that adorns and the candle that does not go out,  
he will save this world with prayer and love.

**W.A.R.** **¶**... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## June Barefield



June Barefield is an Anarchist, military veteran, proud father of three. He's authored three collections of poetry and enjoys reading, the outdoors, mostly sunrises, his dogs, gardening, and he makes a delicious pot of rice and beans too!

## Look Outside

Look outside

The consistent tone is just obvious

Oblivion for the commoner merely an arrangement

An artless creation of the banal, by the beastly

An unemotional functional denial in acceptance

Where apathy and reluctance recant the dysfunction

And truth is the principal falsehood

In a fog of plausibility where brush strokes of civility intervene cleverly, masking integrity

The "civilized" tame the savage masses, dumbing down the energy

Every soul modified genetically

Privately patented like the Covid experiment

The Master class passes out the Prozac, the Oxy, and the Fentanyl

Afghan heroine props up the failed economy

Shifting levels

A brave new World

Thought processed for ownership

Scaffolding the spirit of men

Dreams dashed

System castes

Real connectivity long past

Competition is king

Consumption the task

Well versed clowns on television wear masks

And the youth are educated to be full fledged consumers

Customers

Each in possession of a "smart" phone, television, and Wi Fi in their very own rooms

Where comparing delusion gives compliance greater fusion

Desolation from within

From the umbilical into the upper colon, on to the hypogastric region, until post pineal lobes are boiled alive

Mental liquidation

A rendering tethered heavenly, where a geometrical stiffness quickens

An ideational sickness

Fuck it tho, business is booming!

But if you look outside, human kind is being slaughtered with just the right demented touch to give predatory power poignancy

A warm sultry haze lies over my city like a gigantic cup of lard

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

I drop some loot in the mailbox for the y0ng homie still walking the yard  
I pray 4 him  
Life is hard  
The tone a consistent drone  
& so obvious  
The law abiding citizen, oblivious  
Infected with this virus, a conformity existence  
Just take a look outside.

“Humans can be endlessly manipulated if they are complicit in the controlling mechanism.”

-Unknown fascist

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Metin Cengiz (Turkey)



Lives in Istanbul. Published 17 poems and 23 books of essays. His poems translated and published into 33 languages. Its 22 Poetry collections published in 20 foreign countries. Participated in many important festivals held abroad. Received Turkey's four important poetry and literature awards and six major poetry prizes abroad.

## At War

At first war entered into our life by words  
As if it was coming to us from the countryside  
Even birds were carrying bullets for soldiers.  
We didn't know it came on godly feet  
Jumping from city to city  
Entering into the games poor children played.  
Desperate people ate it with their bread  
The government spread it like honey on our bread  
While soldiers thundered on streets.  
Lovers cut short making love  
But I took shelter in love making day by day.  
Then it entered our songs with its terror  
As if strangling us when we breathed  
It was far from our homes, but within us  
For days we made it side dish by our raki  
It was like drinking without water, but it happened  
And some of us became heroes when we drank too much  
And ceased fire, for a moment, on the battlefield.  
Bread was twenty times more expensive  
Our lovers changed their men madly  
Our parents died while waiting for peace  
We became parents while waiting for peace  
We couldn't understand why the war didn't end  
Then we came to know that with our tiny war didn't end  
Then we came to know with our tiny minds  
That the tumor grows within us  
And dear reader, this tumor is you.

*Translated by Müesser Yeniay*

**W.A.R.** II... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

Aleksandra Sołtysiak (Poland)



Aleksandra Sołtysiak, graduate of the Catholic University of Lublin and of Jagiellonian University in Kraków. She publishes nationally and internationally. She has also been awarded The Gold Cross of Merit by Polish president Andrzej Duda. In 2023 distinguished with a medal for Merit to Polish Culture.



## Too Early

His disarming smile, full of light-  
he left too early. Suddenly, everything stopped.  
With him I lost my way.  
This would allow me to find happiness.  
I've lost what should have been immortal  
by the war. Some things cannot be undone.  
Hopelessness sucks us in.  
I tripped over piles of ash in the middle  
the ruins of houses, walking blindly.  
Run away, but where...  
This story will be repeated in the next parts  
from the past – sacrifices and blood.  
Crossing borders without hesitation-  
                  enough!  
Does MAN still sound proud?

*Translated by Olga Smolnytska (Ukraine)*

Olga Smolnytska Was born in 1987, Ukraine and is a writer, scholar, translator, journalist, literary critic, and the author of eight Ukrainian books. Candidate of philosophical sciences (Ukrainian Studies). She is a member of different literature associations and societies. Laureate of many literary prizes and competitions. Translates classics and contemporary literature from different languages.

## Lê Thành Bá (Vietnam)



Lê Thành Bá (Abahn Leth) was born in Xuan An Village, Cho Lau Town, Bac Binh District, Binh Thuan Province, Vietnam. Occupations: teacher, poet, writer. Chief Editor of Organization of Journal Cooperation & International Communication, Phnom Penh, Cambodia. He is one of the pioneers in modern times to take Vietnam Culture to the world. He wrote four long poems, “Say Hello to the World”, “Let the Future Tell the Truth”, “The Recalling Poems of Spring’s Night” and “Critical Remark About Abstract & so on” His work was hugely influential in shaping Vietnam culture, and contemporary literature. his book of poetry: “The Journey, towards Peace, Love, and Happiness” was published in 2017. This work brought him the honor of becoming Co-President of the World Union of Poets (WUP), appointed by Silvano Bortolazzi. and being an ambassador for the World Institute for Peace with an award of World Icon of Peace, (Vietnam branch, dated 12 February 2018), in recognition of his exemplary performances in promoting peace and humanitarian services through his profession.

## War And Peace

1

As war broke out everyone was fearing  
Many houses in the city were breaking  
Rural rice fields were like burning areas  
In dry gardens, rice isn't green fresher

2

Human and animal corpses are stinking  
Because of war, they can do everything  
Countries for their profits fight together  
To spread to the world it ruined forever

3

Peace can be possible if we create ever  
At a conference, we should talk together  
We should settle down all our difficulties  
People are well off in peaceful countries

4

The solution for peace is always superior  
Eliminate conflicts, and confronts forever  
Nations exchange and take care of interests  
Welfare is given to others for good interests

5

In short, the wars are the only hated as ever  
Therefore, you should live in peace together  
Your kindness shows conscience you see  
In the world, you have days so beautifully.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy (India)



Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy, senior ex-banker and former urban governance consultant has compiled and edited 6 international multilingual poetry anthologies and two English poetry anthologies of which “Amaravati Poetic Prism” 2016 to 2019 have been recognized by the Limca Book of Records as “Poetry Anthology in Most Languages”. Paddy’s own poetry collections are: “P-En-Chants...” and “P-En-Chants...Again”.

## Children At War-Torn Zones

Scared eyes,  
Sleepless eyes,  
Pleading eyes,  
Innocent eyes.

Many kids alone ...  
Lost everyone  
In the mindless  
Shelling ...

They look lost;  
Their eyes speak,  
Volumes and volumes  
Of a future bleak ...

War has taken its toll  
On these innocent kids!  
This war for what?  
This war for whom?

When hopes seem dim,  
And future seems grim,  
What's left for these children,  
Except hoping against hope?

And whose fault is it all???

## Katherine Wyatt (USA)



Katherine Wyatt is a poet, ballet teacher and nutrition and herbalism coach from North Alabama. She is a theologian with a BA and MA in World Religions from Florida State University. Katherine holds three Master's Degrees, including her degree in Complementary Alternative Medicine. She started writing outside the academic arena in 2006. Katherine has poetry that has been published online and she was a spoken word artist in New Orleans. She read her work significantly at the Maple Leaf Cafe, the oldest spoken word group in the United States. She was published in their anthology in 2014. Katherine has worked as a writing tutor for students as well and both her mother and father were writers. Today she runs her mini farm where she has rescued animals as pets and she grows as much food for herself and her husband Steven as possible. After years of living in cities as a professional ballet dancer who studied at the School of American Ballet and danced professionally after that, Katherine revels in the country life in the Bankhead National Forest with her animals.

## Paws, Claws, Hooves, Hands and Feet

Mothers cry for their babies as they are carted away in wheelbarrows,  
and found in the rubble of war torn cities.  
Tears fill the eyes of these beings as they die, beheaded, gassed, and bombed.  
The fear is real, knowing that death is coming in their minds  
as they walk single file into the firing line.  
What do they feel?  
Flesh is falling all around; Spirit watches through the eyes of the dying  
It is leviathan ruthlessness  
What manner of man entertains such scarlet rivers?  
It is mass consumption, mindless ...a hell realm  
They had paws, claws, hooves, hands and feet  
Too much blood flowing in the slaughterhouses and the streets.  
They were mothers, daughters, sons and fathers. What does it matter what culture or  
color?  
Fur, or skin, two legs or four, mankind keeps on killing, no conscience, no more.

In the beginning was the Word, and the word was AUM  
There was silence and Awareness, and from that silence came three qualities  
The first quality was filled with light and awe, the second embodied fire and the third was  
heavy  
Through these gunas began a process of evolution and entropy  
Awareness stretched into the Deep in seed form  
..consciousness pressed through a realm of dreams and then, into a world of forms  
Evolution began on a physical realm known to ancients as Vaishnavara  
The gunas, the three qualities, played on this realm and the animals evolved  
and then came monkey beings, and then humanity.  
All of these forms were relatively real, like reflections,  
but they forgot where they came from  
They forgot they were One within the Light of Awareness and Love  
There was play and beauty, seas and trees and leaves and dancing  
Entropy and chaos swirled in vortexes  
Then the forms became identified with their own reflections  
The human forms identified as separate from one another,  
Falling into darkness, they consumed one another  
And at the same time there was evolution; compassion was born  
Consumption and Compassion clashed and bled  
Pure Consciousness observed the living and dying of the material world of Waves  
There was beauty and love and frolicking and murder and the eating of flesh

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

Evolutes of the light identified as separateness and there was longing and the fear of death

Hungry ghosts were never filled up and human swallowed human in attempts to be small gods, to live in such frail form for eternity

But some of the forms remembered their true identity, and sat in silence

Following sound and light back to the silences after the AUM

They became the Lights in the world of Forms helping them to Re-member

So, I sit in my singlewide Cave and observe the silence and still the waves of the Mind Field

They once swallowed my babies and raped this flesh,

Now, I dance in the Holy Spirit that lives in the leaves of the Deep Green Forest

I witness as it dances in the seeds of each plant

It is the Light in every animal's eyes

I can do nothing about the world of the forms or the carnage,

Except

To remember my True nature and follow the Word from A to M and into the Silence

To tread the path of Fire and Light

I am not an identity, not a mother nor father, not a body, not a race or religion

I am Pure Awareness, Consciousness and Love

That is all I can do for this world of illusory angels and temporary demons

Sometimes I send up a prayer to the Light

as humanity continues to swirl into evolution through its bleeding

They had paws, claws, hooves, hands and feet

Too much blood flowing in the slaughterhouses and the streets.

They were mothers, daughters, sons and fathers. What does it matter what culture or color?

Fur, or skin, two legs or four, mankind keeps on killing, no conscience, no more.

..

Hope is in the Re-membering

as the evolutes

flow Ever Onward.



**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Müesser Yeniay (Turkey)



Müesser Yeniay was born in İzmir-Turkey, 1984; She has won several prizes in Turkey. Her books have been translated and published in USA, Hungary, France, Portugal, Iran, India, Colombia, Japan, Germany, Denmark, Spain, Vietnam She was a writer resident in USA, Hong Kong and Belgium. Müesser is the editor of the literature magazine Şiirden. She studied Phd in Turkish Literature in Bilkent University.

## Slave

After a war  
I was captured  
with the chains  
like my braid

I came from the North  
on a horseback  
for booty

on the slave market  
my sealed lips  
never opened

with the voice of a merchant  
my body scattered into  
hands of strangers

I waited so that my owner  
unchains me  
into a desolate dream

his eyes went down  
to see me clearly  
in the veil

## Valeriu Stancu (Romania)



Valeriu Stancu, a writer, journalist, editor, translator, and editor-in-chief of the literary review *Cronica* (Chronicle Magazine), was born in 1950 in Iasi, Romania. He studied French Linguistics and Literature at the University Al. I. Cuza in Iasi. He is a member of the Romanian Writers' Union and has received several national and international awards. His works have been translated into French, English, German, Italian, Turkish, Arabic, Spanish, Macedonian, Russian, Serbian, Japanese, Greek, Bulgarian, Albanian, Dutch, Swedish, and Hungarian. His poetry is featured in numerous anthologies of contemporary poetry in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Mexico, Italy, Macedonia, Nicaragua, Lebanon, Turkey, and many more. He has participated in several poetry festivals, congresses, and meetings in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Mexico, Italy, Canada, Nicaragua, Cuba, Macedonia, Algeria, Vietnam, Turkey, and other countries.

W.A.R. ¶... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## Coming Back From Death

Coming back from death, I know it, is like  
coming back from a cathedral

In ruins:

Silent,

Deeply engrossed in thoughts,

Tired to death

With ringed eyes

With forehead annointed with chrism

But crushed by heavy sins;

Coming back from death, I know it,

Is like coming back from shopping

With hands full of whatever

The Eternity has offered you so far:

Tears,

Prayers,

Rituals,

And funeral feasts;

Coming back from death, I know it, is like

You are coming back from a holiday

Spent in the countryside :

A bit older,

Tired with walking

In too long eternity

So full of the sap

Of the numberless roots

Spreading underneath

And interweaving their fate

In deep earth;

Coming back from death, I know it, is like

Awakening from a dream

With the venom,

With the madness

Of the infinite on your lips

On your lips wearing

The obsessive question :

'Why have you burdened me

With Your impotence,

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

With Your passions,  
With Your own cross?  
From death, I know it, you are coming  
As tired out as the war prisoners  
Lost  
In the wild fields of Siberia  
Who are coming back home  
Exhausted  
Carrying in their shabby packs  
Their wounds,  
And their decorations,  
And their comrades fallen on the battle field;

When coming back from death, I know it,  
You have one single reason to do it,  
And this reason is that one day  
You'll be knocking on Death's door again...  
Coming back from death, I know it,  
You are coming back from death  
Only if the word gives you a sign...

*Translation by Rada Bălan*

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Tugrul Keskin (Turkey)



Poet, writer, journalist. Born on May 15, 1961. Wrote articles on poetry in various magazines and newspapers. He currently directs the International Homer Literature/Art Festival in Izmir. He participated in poetry festivals in France, Romania, Germany and Spain. His poems were translated into these languages. He has 18 poetry and 2 essay books. He has won 7 poetry awards in Turkey.

## Cold Wound

as branches and sparrows get a chill out of solitude  
the blizzard waiting sheltered like rabid wolves  
from afar your hands are breathed upon  
while your lips shiver and turn black and blue

write me what grows you warm and how you cover yourself there.

the blood spilled keeps disturbing sleeps  
what a shame, the women step out of life on the double  
you do not get why I am left breathless  
while this lovely homeland is in tatters in my dreams

tell me about the place you sleep, your starry nights.

your black and red hair used to drop nebulously on your face  
for nights in the delta of your cheeks I used to get lost  
the whip braided by your hair used to swish in my bosom  
and the stars used to salute your smile until twilight

tell me about how you look like now and your smile.

do not stop reporting to me on the sadness in your laughter  
when you laugh, oh your tears used to overflow out of my hands  
suddenly chrysanthemums did used to blossom and to wilt  
your eyes seemed to be two rivers streaming and hurting in my homeland

do not hesitate whispering to my ear where you hide your sore, that secret.

*Translation by Mesut Senol*



## Soğuk Yara (in Turkish)

dallar ve serçeler üşürken yalnızlıktan  
kuduz kurtlar gibi kuytuda beklerken tipi  
ellerin hohlanmaktan bunca uzakken  
mosmorken dudakların, titrerken

neyle ısındığını yaz bana ne örtündüğünü.

uykuları bölüp duruyor Bağdat'ta akan kan  
ne acı, kadınlar koşar adım çıkıyor hayattan  
soluk soluğa kalışımı anlamıyorsun  
paramparçayken uykularımda bu güzel vatan

uyuduğun yeri anlat bana, yıldızlı gecelerini.

kara kızıl saçların düşerdi yüzüne incecikten  
yüzünün deltasında kaybolurdum gecelerce  
göğsümde saçlarından örülü kırbaç şaklardı  
ve yıldızlar sehere kadar gülüşünü selamlardı

şimdi nasıl göründüğünü anlat bana, gülüşünü.

gülüşündeki kederi diyorum, durma anlat bana  
gülerken ah nasıl gözyaşların ellerimden taşardı  
kasımpatları açar ansızın, kasımpatları solardı  
yurdumdan akan iki ırmaktı gözlerin, yaralardı

durma yarayı sakladığın yeri söyle bana, o gizi.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Tapas Dey



Tapas Dey, a teacher by profession and a poet by passion. His poems have already been published in many national and international magazines and anthologies like ' Humanity Magazine', Russia, ' ILA Magazine,' USA, ' Best of 2020 and Best of 2022', USA, ' Prodigy Magazine ' , USA, 'over the rainbow', Greece, 'Paradise of earth' Vol. 1&2, USA and many more.

## A Child's Request

The dead soldier's coffin was brought down,  
Silence like a frost bitten winter evening  
Wrought a heart rending scene all around.

After gun salute, boom boom,  
The officers left the place, heads down.

Then was brought out his bereaved widow,  
Silent tears welled from her mournful eyes.

Her little son sobbed and said,  
"My dear papa, I salute you for the last."

Then was an utter surprise to all,  
She voiced to a whisper,  
"My son, say something to THEM,"

Son raised his head up,  
Shook the sky with his clear voice,  
"I hate the war, I want it to be stopped,  
War is a direct attack on humanity."

## Yvan De Maesschalck



Yvan De Maesschalck (1956) has been co-editor of Tielcelijn. Yearbook of the Reynard Society since 2008. At the moment he is a freelance (poetry) reviewer for MappaLibri, Poëziekrant (Poetry Journal) and Wetenschappelijke Tijdingen (Scientific Tidings). He has contributed to academic books about Flemish poets such as Paul Snoek, Stefan Hertmans, Charles Ducal, Miriam Van hee, Luuk Gruwez and Roel Richelieu Van Londersele. He has so far published two volumes of poetry: *De muren van Meknes* (The Walls of Meknes, Demer Press, 2020) en *Vossenkwaad* (The Fox's Evil, Reynaertgenootschap, 2023).

## A Short Plea for Peace

(highly indebted to William Shakespeare,  
John Milton and John Keats)

When to the sessions of sweet patient peace  
I summon up remembrance of pleasures past,  
I sadly recite tales of woe, folly and caprice  
And promptly sense searing tears, which I cast  
Dejectedly into hampers filled to the brim,  
Though my slumbering sorrow will not cease.  
Is it man's first disobedience or his very grim  
Penchant for malevolent malice and discontent  
That leads him to mismanage and hence disrupt  
His most glorious habitation and environment,  
So that Earth herself ends up fickle and corrupt?  
She dreads to see the downfall of her offspring:  
Presaged apocalypse, catastrophe and gloom.  
Birdsong is suppressed while unruly leaders cling  
To everlasting power, regardless of their doom,  
which besets the globe that has too short a lease!

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## D' Siafa Draper (Liberia)



D' Siafa Draper is a native of Grand Cape Mount County, Liberia. Draper is an inspirational leader, poet, spoken word artist and author of 'Beautiful Mind.' A collection of poems, articles and speeches. His writings cut across Love, Spirituality, World Peace and the Politics of Africa. He believes that 'life may not be lovely, but it is lovable.'

## God Must Be Busy

Desolate is the home they once knew  
The joy of a beautiful life forever gone

Like a singing chorus of a might band  
They are all caught up somewhere in the sky

Received by a greater light, bright, tender and kind  
They too had wished to breathe life's tender air

But now weep for their scattered bodies  
Scattered by bomb shillings and bullets

Her mom cries as she puts her body parts together  
So that vulture may not feast on her carcass

In her palm is the leaking blood of her offspring  
The world looks in phlegmatic silence while evil lost its balance

Opened is the graveyard  
But there is no cease fire to shovel these bodies

Heavy and thick is the sorrow descending the sky  
Each wailing and grieving over his lifeless mother

Some beneath and between fallen walls  
Murdered to eternal sleep, free from earthy pain

They all now fly with angel's wings  
Planting peace in holes dug by missiles

We pray for peace in another world  
--- for indeed, God must be busy

**W.A.R.** ♯... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

D.L. Lang (California, USA)



D.L. Lang is an internationally published poet and former poet laureate of Vallejo, California. She has performed her poetry hundreds of times at festivals, demonstrations, and literary events. Her poems have been transformed into songs, used as liturgy, and to advocate for a better world. Find her at [poetrybook.com](http://poetrybook.com)



**W.A.R.** ††... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## A New Reality

For all the funds we dedicate to bombs,  
we could be building millions of homes.  
It is time all nations are seen as neighbors  
not enemies who must be exploited.  
We must wake up from the haze of hatred  
and mold this world for love and safety.

We demand an end to all war,  
so humanity can begin to build  
a new reality worth living for  
where all peoples exist in harmony,  
where none shall want for lack of food,  
and every soul is sheltered, too.

There shall come a time of peace  
when all this bloodshed shall cease,  
and mankind shall not be ruled by greed  
nor profit from the death of our neighbors.

The hour is getting late. We can no longer wait.  
We are the revolution. We are the change.  
We know a better world can be arranged.  
Let us work to make this vision a reality.  
Only then shall the masses be truly free.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Angela Kosta (Italy)



Angela Kosta was born in Albania but has been living in Italy since 1995. She is Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter. His works have been translated into 33 languages and published in various national and international journals. Angela Kosta has published 17 books in Albanian, Italian, Turkish and English and soon also in French, Arabic and Polish.

## Aged Children

On the burning earth  
Children bent over with worn hands  
The wretched world dominates  
With stiff smiles, pierced souls  
The steps towards the sunless sunrise emit  
Crippled, at uncertain crossroads, helpless to breathe  
With tired, congealed eyelids  
In tears of blood.  
And the globe howls vibrating  
Bends over feeling cold  
Looking in vain for a torch  
Dreaming of a thread of hope  
Extending the broken wings  
And the old children hugs  
But nothing else remains, except  
The mirage of youth  
Lost in the darkness of hell.  
Stumped under the rubble of himself  
Swallowing the dust of hypocrisy  
Of this cruel, wicked world  
Having no strength  
To face the taciturn war  
Or prevent the noise of bombs where even the sky trembles,  
Once upon a time, the whole universe lit up  
Of which he now mourns no one knows where...

W.A.R. II... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## Kimberly Burnham (Washington, USA)



A brain health expert (PhD in Integrative Medicine) and award-winning poet, Kimberly Burnham lives with her wife and family in Spokane, Washington. Kim speaks extensively on peace, brain health, and "*Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.*" She recently published "*Heschel and King Marching to Montgomery A Jewish Guide to Judeo-Tamarian Imagery.*" Current work includes "*Call and Response To Maya Stein an Anthology of Wild Writing*" and a how-to non-fiction book, "*Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.*" Follow her at <https://amzn.to/4fcWnRB>

## Peace Be With You

Sometimes it feels like there are a million ways that war can come on us  
so easy to slight, judge, provoke anger  
but there are a million ways that peace comes to our heart  
in some languages peace is translated "not war"  
telling us what peace is not

Peace is translated cool liver  
"Kete-iluumu" in Mbula of Papua New Guinea  
telling us how to look inward at the impact on our body  
on the world around us and our responsibility  
longing to feel the coolness of peace

"Maigi" in Lakalai another language of Papua New Guinea  
means peace as well as cold damp or shiver  
to recover from an illness fever with chills  
fresh cold water is "Maigi" and cold leftover food "La maigi lamavo"  
"Maigi" also the word for a long thin yellow banana  
shows us many ways to arrive at peace and shared food

"Mugire Obusingye!" means peace be with you  
in the West African language of Runyankore  
where "Obusingye" describes peace, a state of calm or rest without any problem  
a situation in which there is no war between countries or groups of people  
we strive for "Obusingye"

In Gothic peace is written "𐍆𐍂𐍅𐍆𐍄𐍆𐍄𐍆𐍄"  
and in Old English "Frith" means peace  
protection, safety, security, freedom, and refuge  
derived from Old English "Friðu" cognates of similar origin  
Old Norse "Friðr," Old Saxon "Frithu," Old High German "Fridu"  
German "Friede," Dutch "Vrede," West Frisian "Frede"  
Luxembourgish "Fridden," Icelandic "Friður," Common Scandinavian "Fred"  
all with meanings similar to peace or calm  
as the words are kin so are we but we need to extend beyond the familiar

Swedish splits with two different words  
"Fred" is a state of no war  
"Frid" a state of no disturbance

## W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

the expression that something is "Fredat / Fredad" more or less  
"peaced" denoting things that are not to be touched  
such as animals not to be hunted or flowers not to be picked  
we must respect boundaries and the possessions of others

In Xhosa another language of Africa "Uxolo" means  
peace, sorry, pardon me, I apologise, excuse me  
there is a saying "Abantu bafuna uxolo, abayifuni imfazwe"  
people want peace, not war and "Uku xolelana" to be at peace with each other  
we need to seek out our responsibility for peace and war

In the Cote d'Ivoire language Baoulé "Aunjue" means not war  
"Wla gua ase" translates peace literally  
a song in the body, meaning to feel comfortable, have peace of mind  
where "Mɔ akunjue o lika kwlaa'n" means joy and peace are everywhere  
while "?Kε sa'm be tɔ e su'n, é yó se naan e wun w'a jɔ e fɔun?"  
means keeping your inner peace despite changes  
there are always changes we live in a world in flux

In the Philippino language of Tagalog "Kalinaw" is peace  
"Kali" is peace and quiet telling us about the sound of peace  
similar words "Liñaw" is to be bewildered, confused  
and "Línaw" means clearness of liquids  
may peace prevail on earth is said "Sana'y manatill ang kapayapaan sa daigdig"

There are many ways to wish each other peace  
in Brazil's Portuguese; a direct translation of peace be with you  
"Que a paz esteja contigo" in French "La paix soit avec vous"  
where "La Paix" is feminine while a neighboring language of Picard  
"ch'paix ale soéche avé osautes" means peace be with you  
in Hungarian "Béke veled" where "Béke" and "Békesség" are peace  
"Békesség" means peace in a more spiritual sense  
"Veled" is "with you" in the informal form

In the severely endangered Australian language of Wagiman  
"Nyimbur-ma" means to cool down and to calm down used in example sentences  
"Lamang mahan worrobobo ga-ni-ma!  
Gu-yobe gu-yobe, ngonong-nga nyimbur guu gorro!"  
this meat is too hot! leave it, leave it, and it will soon cool down!  
"Nyimbur-ma ga-yu now gahan marluga meny-gunda"

## W.A.R. 卍... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

the old man has calmed down now from being angry  
we should check our temperature and the heat we bring to situations

Some languages are written in an unfamiliar way ”和平” in Cantonese pronounced, ”和” [wo] meaning harmony, peace, peaceful, calm and ”平” [peng] meaning flat, level, even, peaceful  
”平” [ping] is to be level, even, just, peaceful  
in Japanese the character order is switched ”平和” [Heiwa]  
”平” [Hei] meaning flat, level, even; peaceful  
”和” [Wa] meaning harmony, peace, calm  
what are we doing to level the playing field and bring justice to all people?

In Aramaic ”Šlām-ā” similar to “Shalom” in Hebrew and “Salaam” in Arabic brings a meaning of wellbeing, prosperity, completeness and wholeness  
Amharic writes peace ”ሰላም” [Salām]  
Classical Syriac ”ܣܠܡܐ” [Šəlāmā] a masculine word for peace  
in these so similar Semetic languages of the Middle East

While in the cold north in Inuktitut ”ᓄᓐᓂᓐᓂᓐ” [Saimmasimaniq]  
means peace in this Native American language  
”Shanti” from Sanskrit has found its way into many languages of India  
including Marathi written ”शांती” [Śāntī]

Peace written in the Cyrillic ”мир” pronounced ”Mir” or “Myr”  
a masculine word for peace in Ukrainian, Russian  
and several other Slavic languages a homonym for “mir”  
means world so world peace could be said ”мир мир”  
highlighting the many ways we are the same  
and yet so different at the same time  
we must find a way to feel and propogate peace

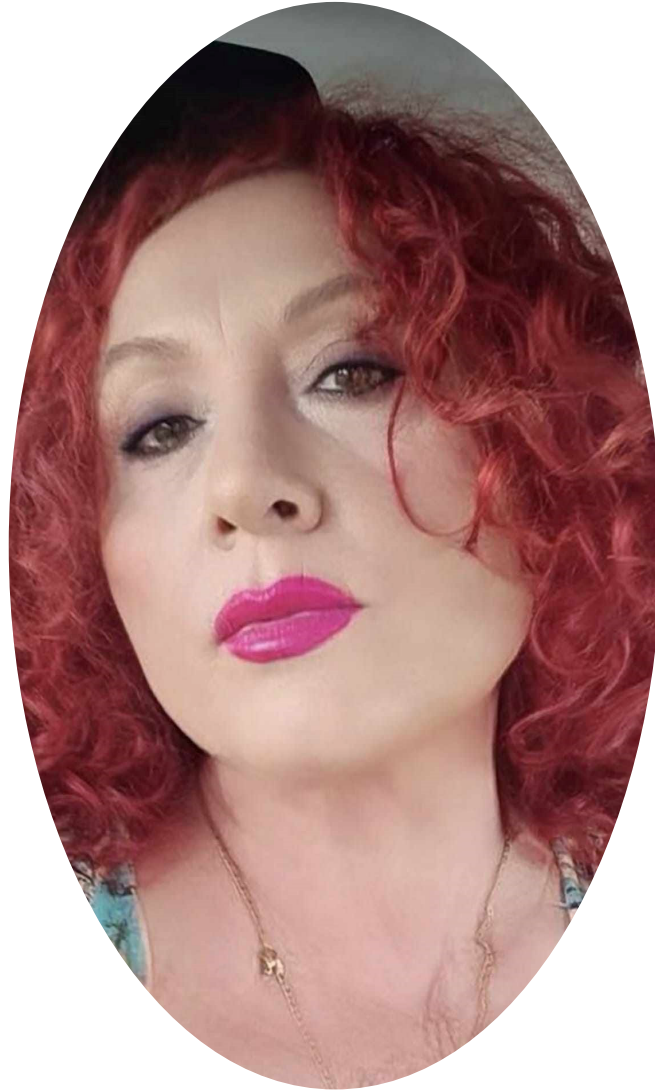
”Baké” in the Basque of Spain and France and  
”Barış” in Turkish inherited from Ottoman Turkish  
بارش meaning peace and reconciliation  
ultimately from Proto-Turkic “Bař” peace in the sentence  
“İki ülke arasındaki barış, savaşın tehdidi altında”  
the peace between the two countries is under the danger of war  
the two countries and all the countries of the world must work  
to never need this sentence, to never more endanger peace

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In Kiche of Guatemala "Utzil" means peace, blessing, goodness  
while peace is "Uvchin" in Mapuche of Argentina and Chile  
there is a saying, a wish for good in Mapuche "Peumangen felepe"  
just two words expressing so much  
I hope all that happens to you is as joyful as a dream



## Ana Korça (Albania)



Ana Korça was born on March 6, 1967 in Albania. From 1985 to 1990, she pursued higher education at the Faculty of Medicine, majoring in Dentistry, in Tirana. In 1995, along with her husband and family, she emigrated to the United Kingdom, where, after learning English, she worked as a translator. In addition to this, Ana Korça has been involved in literature and is known to Albanian readers through her books of poetry, as well as her participation in literary competitions and activities. She is also very active on social media. Ana Korça is the author of the following books.

## Too Much Blood

There is a cry that echoes through iron skies,  
Not of men, but of meaning torn asunder.  
We walk the line between breath and thunder,  
While rivers of thought flow crimson—silent goodbyes.

Too much blood stains the hands of time,  
A currency spent on promises shattered,  
A revolution born, yet humanity scattered,  
In the name of peace, we build mountains of grime.

Is war the blade that carves our soul,  
Or merely the mirror of our thirst for control?  
In the garden of truth, we sow seeds of despair,  
And watch as our innocence bleeds into the air.

But what is revolution, if not rebirth,  
In the ashes of loss, we redefine our worth.  
For every tear spilled is a monument raised,  
In the silent hope that tomorrow be praised.

Too much blood flows, but still, we endure,  
For pain is the price of the freedom we lure.  
We are the revolution- scarred, yet whole,  
With every wound, we reclaim our soul.

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## Dante Maffia



Dante Maffia is a poet, novelist and essayist. He was born on January 17, 1946 in Calabria. Lives in Rome, where he graduated in literature at Sapienza University. He wrote works in Italian, Calabrian dialect and Neapolitan dialect. It is translated into numerous languages. He made his debut in 1974 with "The lion does not eat the grass", prefaced by Aldo Palazzeschi. His successive poetic trials brought him the esteem of great names, such as M. Luzi, G. Caproni, G. Spagnoletti, N. Ginzburg, D. Bellezza, E. Pecora, T. De Mauro, A. Stella, L. Sciascia, I. Calvino, G. Pontiggia, C. Magris, F. Sabatini, R. Bodei... He devoted himself to research within the chair of Italian Literature at the University of Salerno.

## History Is Made Of Wars

The old professor used to repeat:  
'History, don't forget,  
is made only of wars'.  
A funny beginning to every lecture.  
And one day, tired of listening to the same old tune,  
without getting up from my desk, almost shouting,  
I asked: 'Who invented wars?  
Who wants them? What are they for?  
To write history books?'  
He looked at me grimly, irritated.  
If he had had a dagger at hand  
he would have rammed it down my throat.  
'Man is another man's wolf,  
and it is selfishness that reigns in hearts.  
Even the neighbour makes war on the neighbour,  
human nature is made for wars.  
Which then become history because  
when armies organise themselves  
they pay no attention to how much blood flows,  
how many flowers are slaughtered  
not yet 20 years old'.  
I still did not understand.  
The conquest of lands, of cities,  
the destruction of monuments, the lust of kings  
who accumulate wealth  
and care for nothing, could open the meaning of life  
to the exchange, to the give and take,  
but there are those who are born greedy of death,  
there are those who love to see youth exterminated  
convinced that those youths  
give long life to their illusions.  
Governments fall, dictators die.  
Wars only decimate  
without ever resolving anything.  
Repetitions chase each other.  
I vomited for three days  
when they put me in military uniform

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and gave me a rifle.  
They had equipped me with a weapon  
for a possible war, just in case.  
And when I asked to speak to the colonel  
to tell him that I was non-violent,  
I was put in jail.  
Flowers are never right,  
the others are the enemy, always, whatever language they speak,  
it is always the others, the enemies.

*Translation by Laura Garavaglia (Italy)*

Laura Garavaglia is a poet, translator, journalist, founder and president of 'La Casa della Poesia di Como', director of the International Poetry Festival 'Europa in versi'. Her poems are translated in more than 15 languages and published on anthologies, website, magazine, etc. She won many international poetry award and is invited to many festivals in various countries around the world. [www.lauragaravaglia.it](http://www.lauragaravaglia.it)

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Dr. Bhawani Shankar Nial (India)



Dr. Bhawani Shankar Nial, Poet, Editor & Thinker. He was born on 6th July 1968 in Kalahandi, Odisha, India. Internationally Acclaimed Poet Dr. Bhawani Shankar Nial, born in 1968 in the District of Kalahandi, Odisha State. He is a Poet, Editor, Thinker and Human Right Activist work all over India. He has worked as National Convenor of many organization, Founder of so many Social, Political and Cultural Organization in India and Leader of many people's movement for strengthening sustainable development and participatory democracy.

## A Unique War

That was too  
A sort of war,  
A complete one  
For it comes  
Within  
The logical circumference  
Of war.

That war  
In every instant  
And moment  
Continues between  
Man and woman.  
Rare is its measure;  
Hard to say  
Its origin and continuity  
Ends up  
With someone's end.

War continues  
Even after one's death  
Searching some  
Virtue and vice  
And a lump of  
Allegation  
And counter-allegation  
In the other.

This order continues  
Even after death  
Analysing  
One's eye and its  
Discernment;  
In and out are the  
Deep study, research  
And result  
Of which some

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Are pleasant  
And the other,painful.

Of the war,  
Some results  
Repeat  
The other regress  
The identity  
Of Man and woman  
Since the foundation  
Of their  
Encounter in  
The fighting  
Was laid down.

*Translation by Bankim Mund*




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## Anna Maria Dall'Olio (Italy)



Anna Maria Dall'Olio writes plays, fiction and poetry. In 2022 she received the Serbian prize "Pro Poet 2022" for her poem "Bauman for dummies". In 2018 she won the 3rd prize of the "FEI" competition for translating Italian poet Magrelli's "Su una sostanza infetta" into Esperanto. In 2005 she won the 2nd prize of the competition "Hanojo - via Rendimento", sponsored by the Vietnamese government.

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## Cattle Pushed Forward

They are just children  
you can see scare in their eyes  
cattle pushed forward  
such bloodshed are those lies.  
Dying in the name of others' pride?  
Let them live their lives.

## Michel Cassir (Egypt)



Born in 1952 in Alexandria, Egypt, with Lebanese background and French nationality, Michel Cassir is a rare case of a multilingual poet and intellectual, who is also an internationally known scientist in the field of renewable energies (hydrogen...). His extensive creative poetic work has explored a combination of French, Arab and Latin American cultures. He is also marked by the surrealism adventure. He has published more than 30 literary works (poetry and prose) and has translated several books of poetry from Spanish into French. His work has also been published in anthologies and poetical reviews all over the world.

## In Reverse

walk in Beirut  
in lunar disorder  
towards miraculous fishing  
in the starry garbage

walk through the debris  
of exalted fireworks  
by gods never seen

walk with one eye  
bumping into unreality  
and the other that resurrects  
the traces of exploded bodies

walk into a dream catcher  
woven in the fusion  
of cement and epidermis

continue walking blindly  
in the memory of footsteps  
that persist releasing  
your lost breath

your brain detects one by one  
the wheels of the lure  
that we celebrate  
in every intonation

reverse so as not to cry  
the loose substance of your eye  
which has seen so much  
that he no longer sees in Beirut  
anything but that involuntary dance

*Translated from French by Mishka Mourani*

## Ion Cristofor (Romania)



Ion Cristofor (b.1952) is a poet, literary critic, and translator with a doctorate in Romanian literature. He is former editor of Echinox journal and a member of the leading literary circle of the same name. He has published over twenty books of poetry and essays, some of which have been translated into Italian, German, French, and Catalan. In addition to his many awards in his native Romania, Cristofor has received the University of Freiburg's Publication Prize and an honorary diploma of membership from the Romanian-Israeli Cultural Centre in Haifa, Israel. Authors he has translated into Romanian include Tahashi Arima, Alain Petre, Alain Jadot, Paul Emond, Philippe Jones, and Liliane Wouters. He has translated, coordinated, and edited anthologies of poetry from Japan and Tunisia.

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## Eternal Night

As if on command

A further dog emerged from the barking dog.

A further bird flew out of the bird.

From black earth, black earth is born.

That's what happens some nights here.

From a railway carriage dragging along a disused line emerges the unicorn, immaculate as milk, being barely restrained by a naked woman, her long hair, her golden hair sweeping the train tracks that glint beneath the moon like a razor on a man's shadowy face.

That's what happens sometimes in these empty places when the magical song of crickets in the heathland triggers the pistons of the steam engines and suddenly the travellers friends and our long-dead relatives wave farewell from the carriage's lit windows. They flutter handkerchiefs – for a few moments only then the train, with a long whistle, re-enters the empire, starlit with stars, of the eternal night.

Nocturnal sky

The moon's sickle passes impassively over the grain field.

W.A.R. II... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## Menuț Maximinian (Romania)



Menuț Maximinian is a writer, ethnologist, journalist, director of the daily Răsunetul from Bistrița. Graduate of "Babeș-Bolyai" University, Faculty of Letters, Romanian-Ethnology. Department, with a master's degree in Ethnology from the Northern University. Affiliations: member of the Romanian Writers' Union, of the Romanian Association of Ethnological Sciences, of the Union of Professional Journalists. He has published volumes of poetry, literary criticism, ethnology and journalism.



## The Village in the Postcard

Make place  
To the front row!  
My simple and quiet  
Old folks are coming.

Their face is furrowed by the years' song  
Their coats are made of hay and apples  
Their eyes came to eternity.  
I have been waiting for them  
As if I were waiting for saints.  
They are the way to memories,  
The ones in the village on a postcard.

My hands  
Are now yours too.  
The body struggles  
Like a sick glove,  
While fingers  
Are like fringes of snow.

When it snows,

The red hands come close to each other  
As lovers come close to the light of the fire.

My palms  
Dug a hole

Where they keep their mystery.

My hands  
Are made of glass

And through them you can see the veins whirl the blood.

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## Keshab Sigdel (Nepal)



Keshab Sigdel (1979) is the author of *Samaya Bighatan* (2007) and *Colour of the Sun* (2017). Editor of *Madness: An Anthology of World Poetry* (2023), he is edits *Poetry Planetariat*, a global poetry magazine. He teaches Poetry and Literature of War, Conflict and Trauma at Tribhuvan University in Kathmandu, Nepal.

## An Evening

Each day before the sun sets  
Cows return to their sheds  
Blowing dust along their trails  
The goat's kid that had parted from its flock  
Comes hopping at the yard of the house  
And looks reassured.  
Somewhere around the guava grove  
The soft sound of the beetles  
Grow into a strong melody.  
In its hide-and-seek movement through tiny clouds  
The moon glitters.  
After keeping safe his slippers with the blue straps  
Chádani's father sits with his legs crossed at the porch  
He takes out a leaf-wrapped tobacco stick  
And with a loud voice  
Asks for a coal-fire to kindle it.  
This way, since many years,  
This old house has composed a melody  
Of its happiness.  
Unexpectedly, today  
The cows did not return through their dusty trails  
Nor did the goat's kid arrive hopping as usual.  
The frogs croak incessantly  
To invite rain this evening  
Chádani's father's slippers are found  
With their broken straps  
Below the guava tree nearby our house.  
Due to some unknown fear  
I am sweating.  
At the edge of a paddy field  
There is a cloth, completely drenched.  
As the moon grows dull covered by the clouds  
I am unable to discern  
Whether that piece of cloth  
Is a flag of victory  
Or an indication of my despair!

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## Albana Rrushi (Albania)



Albana Rrushi teaches at the middle school in her native town of Peqin where she was born, raised and married. In addition, she is the screenwriter of various shows and theaters with high school students and has obtained various awards in this regard. Every end of the year Albana organizes artistic essays in the school that spread art and literature.

## The Game Stayed In The Middle

The game started

steps - cupboards  
I found you.

I walk and play  
The song suddenly begins.

What joy

how much love  
For us all, children.

Suddenly it started  
Counting back  
close friend  
I didn't see him anymore.

Among the ruins  
her doll  
among the ruins  
And the body.  
without her life.


Joy

her laugh

in the wind flew  
It became a hurricane of rain.

Everyone's fear.  
Panic has caught us  
Our heart was not patient.

Why don't we

**W.A.R.**  ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Leave the people.

wicked

Growing up laughing

Full of sunlight?

I don't want bullets

I don't want sadness.

I want games.

I want joy.

I want freedom!

## Arsinoi Zengo Kallco (Albania)



The lyrical poetess Arsinoi Zengo Kallco was born in Dardhë of Korça. After finishing her primary education. Arsinoiu and her family immigrate to Hellenic country, where, she completed high school in Ioannina, Greece. Then, she graduated as a teacher of elementary education, at “Fan Noli” University, Korçë. She is married and has a son. She works as an accountant over eleven years, at the Albanian Post.

Passion for art, literature and poetry has transformed Arsinoi into a lyrical poet admired by poetry lovers of all ages. “Love and some raindrops” is her first book of mostly sentimental and lyrical poems.

## Dark Shades Of Life

The world is most scary,  
A world of trouble, grey and cloudy,  
It's all I see.  
People walking around with their head down,  
Everyone seem utterly bewildered,  
No bread, no meal on their table,  
Ah, only their suffering souls!

Sleep calls, as night falls gently,  
The knife runs over some dried steaks,  
A hungry child cries, his stomach is empty,  
“Dear Mom, give me bread, just a little bit!

The poor orphan, a fatherless child,  
He needs to grow up and work hard,  
Nothing, no one and no where to go,  
He just grabs the ax cutting some twigs,  
No more school, no more homework,  
No more tests, ah this misshaped world!

Just cheer up, speak up, and speak out,  
Please, do not abandon the poor's,  
Show your humanity and love,  
You, -statesmen and the forever riches,  
Give to those, who're forced to flee this land!

In the other world, what should you confess?  
Hell could no longer hold your soul,  
Just run, and catch the time,  
And give to those, with no mouth!

Me too, I want to learn more,  
Like my folks, I search for  
A warm hearth, where  
I may read the books,  
And then,  
Thank you forever and ever!



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## Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta 'Mewadev' (India)



The state of Birland launched a special edition of a postage stamp for Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta “Mewadev”. He is a recipient of the Presidency of the International Prize De Finibus Terrae - IV edition in memory of Maria Monteduro (Italy). He has been awarded an honorary doctorate “Doctor Of Literature” (Doctor Honoris Causa) From The Institute Of The European Roma Studies And Research Into Crime Against Humanity And International Law – Belgrade (The Republic Of Serbia) And From "Brazil International Council Conipa And Itmut Institute". He has received Uttar Pradesh Gaurav Samman 2019. He is the author of 8 books, editor of 27 books, and the principal of S. K. Mahavidyalaya, Jaitpur, Mahoba (U. P.), and resides at Banda (U. P.) India. Visit him as Dr Brajesh, [facebook.com/brajeshg1](https://www.facebook.com/brajeshg1), email [dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com](mailto:dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com), and [www.mewadev.com](http://www.mewadev.com).

## The Sobs Of Brajesh

In the dark depths where quiet weeps  
Brajesh strolls through the sorrowful fields  
Where the sounds of the fallen reverberate,  
And aspirations are abandoned in bleak futures  
At one point in the past, the sun gently embraced the gleaming earth  
Where laughter pirouettes on the soft breeze  
But presently the planet is tainted by harsh actions  
He weeps from agony and begs for tranquillity  
Each droplet of blood narrates a story of sadness  
Of shortened lives, shattered futures  
Brajesh, full of sorrow, is aware  
The price of war, the price of disdain  
Each tear narrates a tale  
Of mothers who are missing and children who are scared,  
He instils hope, even when the heart longs for it  
A loving hug, a healed heart  
During the night,  
The battle intensified and the sounds of war overpowered the brightness,  
Brajesh remained steady in his confinement,  
His guiding light obscured by the ongoing conflict  
Oh, how we long for the time  
When the sword is put down, and enemies become friends,  
Let us embrace freedom alongside visions of harmony,  
And bury the origins of conflict far below the surface  
Let a desire blossom in every soul  
For Brajesh, for anyone seeking peace,  
To avert one's gaze from the violent and damaged world  
And discover a soothing remedy in love.

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Ibrahim Honjo



Ibrahim Honjo is a poet/writer. He has published 41 books. His poems have been published in over 80 worldwide anthologies, and over 60 literary newspapers, magazines, radio, and TV stations. Some of his poems have been translated and published into 21 languages. He received numerous awards for his written word and creativity.

## Forebodings Or...

Forebodings are cutting me  
along and across

can you hear my moans  
do you hear the graves crying

the greedy have gone too far  
do you see those ashes  
which covers part by part of the planet

how to sleep through the pain of children  
and the pain of the common man

how to smell a flower that grows from the ashes  
and rest your eyes on its beauty  
when it arose from the death of the innocent

how to live in the blood of the innocent  
turning a deaf ear to the monstrosity of the bloodthirsty  
how not to spit in the face of an unscrupulous killer

how to live in a world of savagery

how...

W.A.R. #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Sharon SingingMoon (USA)



Sharon SingingMoon is a poet & award-winning visual artist living in Missouri on the ancestral lands of the Kickapoo, Shawnee, Ioway, Otoe, Delaware & Osage. Her poem, *Overdose*, January 2, 2023 has been nominated Best of the Net 2025. Her collection, *The Weight of One Hummingbird Feather* is at Indy bookshops & on-line.

## Say Justice – we made it up

I'm having trouble keeping up with the wars  
from one day to the next  
who is killing who, why  
where should we look  
details are sketchy, one-sided  
we're taught invading another country is bad  
killing innocent civilians wrong  
so when we invade another country  
when our friends kill innocent ones  
should I cheer  
put my flag out for the neighbors to see?

How do we measure pain when they  
the others, do not look like us  
do they feel pain like us  
when we kill their children  
steal their land, bomb their cities  
can we justify the actions  
we condemn of others?

Is starving a million people OK  
if we can make up a good excuse  
(Is there ever a good excuse?)  
say "God ordained this"  
say "we are the arbiters of justice"  
"we, not you, have a right to be here"  
if we want to take their homes  
their land  
if we poke, provoke, salt the wounds  
challenge stone-throwing children  
with automatic weapons  
does our might make us right  
do our lies warm the bodies in the streets  
warm the hearts of those with financial gain at stake  
say Justice – we made it up

W.A.R. II... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## John Guzłowski



John Guzłowski's poems about his parents' experiences as slave laborers in Nazi Germany appear in his award-winning book *Echoes of Tattered Tongues*. His most recent books of poems are *Mad Monk Ikkyu*, *True Confessions*, and *Small Talk: Writing about God, Writing & Me*.

## What the War Taught My Mother

My mother learned that sex is bad,  
Men are worthless, it is always cold  
And there is never enough to eat.

She learned that if you are stupid  
With your hands you will not survive  
The winter even if you survive the fall.

She learned that only the young survive  
The camps. The old are left in piles  
Like worthless paper, and babies  
Are scarce like chickens and bread.

She learned that the world is a broken place  
Where no birds sing, and even angels  
Cannot bear the sorrows God gives them.

She learned that you don't pray  
Your enemies will not torment you.  
You only pray that they will not kill you.



**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Nada Karadzic (Belgrade, Serbia)



Nada Karadzic is born 8.8.1961 in Mostar. She writes poetry, sonets, aphorisms, epigrams, short stories and proverbs. She is author of four books. She was awarded many international awards. Translated into Russian, Romanian, Bulgarian, Hungarian and Macedonian language. She is proud member of UKS-a, BAK-a and Moscow club of aphorism.

## Dying Poems

Tonight will march dying poems  
into wind of war smeared with blood.  
in pain, because he is affraid otherwise,  
the poet will mourn the rhymes and the wounds in them.

In a child's eye frozen from fear  
he will find a sense to defend the greed  
and love to spread in destined moment,  
to defeat reason riffles lead.

The light from his soul will bring awekenes  
that dear lives are not for throwing away  
Only in peace and happiness to welcome the days  
and let the life be endless bonanza.

Love and kindness will march tonight,  
and war screams will fade away from shame.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Marija Randjelovic (Belgrade, Serbia)



Marija Randelovic, poet, writer, aphoristicate, 1983 from Citluk next to Sokobanja, lives work, creates in Belgrade, Serbia. Author is of book of poetry "Everything I didn't say" and book of aphorisms "Aphotreasury", "Book of my friends", "Collection of humour and satire", as in two Macedonian" Grupen aforisticki portret" and "404 sdevizmi".

## Dead Watch

On a dead watch I'm sitting.  
With lips cracked from cold  
for their life I'm praying.  
For mine I'm not afraid.

On a dead watch I'm sitting  
like mad dog silence is growling.  
With evil ghosts I'm fighting,  
heavy silence makes my skin crawl.

On a dead watch I'm sitting.  
To life I'm writting last verse.  
Everything I had to forgive  
with my last breath I forgave.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Bob Haas (Philadelphia, PA, USA)



Bob Haas resides in Philadelphia, having devoted much of the past 44 years to the mundane task of making a living, partly by writing volumes of pages, but not a one containing a poem. He writes “on the side”, having copyrighted an unpublished volume, “Collected Matter of a Renegade Pulse”.

## Palace of Tears

from beer halls to the killing camps  
    from seed to ravaging stalk,  
a mania impersonating an idea  
could swallow newyorkcity some day; it starts  
in indifference, spotlighted by the burlesque wedding of  
    clowns and halos, devils eating grapes in civvies,  
    fascinated by the sounds of their teeth,  
imagining greater sounds, bigger teeth, different grapes.

in another day they whispered  
"something is going on at dachau", and so passive silt  
became beatified stench, dredgeable for few  
generations' memories during which citizens are suspended  
in a culture of depressed fascination  
and thus visit the ancestors' last turf;  
a few summon shock, project disdain, even employ tears.

But, to find children's teeth at dachau city  
    waiting under the bleached pebbles  
    so generously coating the surface  
    at this palace of tears, that is unacceptable as  
mere idle history, a trivial episode amidst the febrile dubbing and chaotic splicing of  
events,  
these heroic crumbs have not scattered into oblivion  
and this memorial, restrained by hygienic and aesthetic  
    considerations for now, protests too subtly a bloody maw in our celebrated  
intelligence,  
    any craven thought adored as precise and any emotion of grace dismissed as  
vague.

we still line up at dachau; the secrets beneath the grass  
    yield to the luxury of memorializing someone else's  
undesirable fate. buses take us home to dachau where we queue up  
    for the film in the auditorium and then sign the guest log;  
    records reveal there once was drawn the smoke of half a generation  
within these gates; here history reeks even though  
    the ovens are finally cold at dachau.

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

but the innocent ash of sisters and brothers has scattered  
to serve as stubborn fallout in the mind, a persistent pall,  
a suffocating prelude to the recoil so much at odds with sympathy, sunshine,  
and fresh air.

The sun does shine at dachau and sunflowers do grow  
there as well; the breeze is so pleasant that dachau is almost  
a nice place to be these days, but there remains so many secrets  
under the grass, and although with each year the memory  
requires greater effort, the fact that they are there is to be extracted  
like the putrified rotten tooth it is.

count the wonders of the world  
whose number pales before the ovens' turnover;  
sanity is not recouped and blessedness is not redeemed  
by the memorials sanitizing the infamous episodes; the fabled original sin  
was child's play  
and now the child has grown.  
paradise is dormant,  
a shore obscured by fog and squalls  
but beckoning, the new world waiting for the worthy,  
while we tarry and the stars shine weary.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Ngozi Olivia Osuoha (Nigeria)



Ngozi Olivia Osuoha is a Nigerian poet, writer, thinker, hymnist, and an award-winning anthologist. She has authored 28 poetry books, all published outside Nigeria. She has published over 350 poems, articles and essays in over 50 countries. Some of her pieces have been translated in over 16 languages. She has some books in foreign libraries including the US Library of Congress. She is Best Of The Net and Pushcart Nominees. She is a graduate of Estate Management, with some experience in Banking, Broadcasting and tailoring.



## Too Much Blood

Now is the time for change  
Otherwise we would all end in a strange cage  
Where none could breathe or survive.

Too much blood spilling down  
Like an eastern fountain  
Rushing towards the west  
And like a northern river  
Flowing down the south.

Bombs and missiles on air shaving hairs  
Sounds and blasts above, beneath and underneath,  
Human flesh in bits and pieces all around.

Powers and towers in tussles for mussels  
Digging down muscles and testicles in pain and vain.

Too much blood already  
A need for conscious resolution  
Because peace can heal and rebuild.

Wombs in tombs unknown and unheard  
Virtues in morgues, all sold to cold,  
Vipers and vampires on rampage.

Politics in religion and religion in politics  
Traditions and cultures lost in quest;  
Graveyards of dead society  
And nations of ashes and dusts.

A conscious revolution now; the blood is too much  
Stop, stop, humans are not meat!

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Manolis Aligizakis (Crete)



Manolis Aligizakis is a Cretan poet, author and translator. He's the most prolific writer-poet of the Hellenic diaspora. He's recognized for his ability to convey images and thoughts in a rich and evocative way that tugs at something deep within the reader. He has written three novels and numerous collections of poetry, which are steadily being released as published works. His articles, poems and short stories in Greek and English have appeared in various magazines and newspapers in Canada, the United States, Sweden, Austria, Hungary, Slovakia, Romania, Australia, Brazil, and Greece. His poetry has been translated into over a dozen languages and has been published in book form or magazines in as many countries.

## Sunrise

Suddenly it was sunrise  
a new day  
full of vigour and stamina

all comrades woke to stare  
at each other, counting bodies  
that moved instead of the motionless,  
let them be cursed  
let them keep away from us.  
Then the sergeant came  
and called our names

it wasn't strange that we answered  
except the dead lay in the ditch

in gray sacks like rotten potatoes  
no one dared deal with

and the sun, unerring  
overlooking, stood high up  
in the horizon like a mother  
who counted one by one her children  
she hid her eyes from  
this unspeakable spectacle

then a moment  
of silence was called for  
the ones who could no longer breathe

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Dasharath Naik (India)



Dasharath Naik, eldest son of Late Madan Mohan Naik & Sabitri Naik , hails from Bijadihi in Sundargarh district, Odisha . A student of English Literature, Sri Naik likes all genres especially poetry. He writes both in English and Odia for his own pleasure and Humanity is his main concern .

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Too Much Blood

So much bloodshed and havoc of war  
In and around, nations in commotion  
Realise there's one race, human race  
Love be in air; no crime or abduction

Good vibes though life does tremble  
Negotiations fail to hold Peace high  
The white pigeons can't fly any longer  
Scared of bullets , smoke and explosion

Too much blood , too much obscurity  
One hangs ; pillars of strength crumble  
Mere words explode , actions fall flat  
Even friends turn foes without reason

No murder or massacre in narrowness  
May love surround all children of God  
Sanity 'll replace insanity of madness  
For we're of same blood, all brethren.

For Humanity, we cannot but change  
Complete renovation we do envision  
Let's reshape and realign our goals  
Unleashing forces through revolution.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Dr. Ratan Ghosh (India)



Dr. Ratan Ghosh, a luminary in the realm of Bharatiya Bi-Lingual literature, is a passionate and prolific author, editor, and academician. Dr. Ghosh has left an indelible mark on the literary landscape. His creative expressions, spanning various genres, have garnered him as an acclaimed International author. Dr. Ghosh's poetic prowess has found its way into numerous esteemed platforms, including National and International E-journals, journals, magazines, and paperback anthologies. His literary contributions are diverse, reflecting a deep engagement with various facets of human experience. Dr. Ghosh's poems have been transliterated into many languages so far. Dr. Ghosh is well known as the co-editor of an International bilingual Journal titled “The Mirror of Time” (ISSN: 2320-012X).

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## Innumerable, I see

Innumerable

I see

...innumerable lives!

Smallest, biggest or largest

Living in vast bottomless Oceans...

Never have they bombed

Never have they shot bullets

to split blood

to split the heart of the waves

However, angry they are...!

Even Tsunami has its own language

It never cares to drown its fellow friends

it flows far above to kiss

the lips of wavy estuary

to feel the loveliness of streams

to wet the dry thirsty sand bed

When suffering from lifelessness

it walks up...

in search of love

it walks up...

in search of love

But...!

When I...

look at this smoky earth

Full of dust, dead bodies and debris

I see

Innumerable humble lives too

Singing the songs of love and quietude

From the deepest corner of the forests, villages and towns

They sing to beautify the music of the wind

The music of life...

They sing to beautify the music of rising sun

The music of colours

They sing to beautify the music of all humble hearts

The music of feelings

Innumerable lives



**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

I feel  
Singing  
neither they are the biggest nor the smallest  
All resemble like downy water  
all have only one lung to breathe in  
but...  
It is the man that has innumerable tongues  
growing growing growing  
innumerable  
I see!  
Growing like the eruption of volcano  
to eat up all bones  
to eat up all neurons  
to eat up soil and stones  
to eat up all alone  
innumerable  
I see!  
Innumerable  
I see!  
The falling lives  
On this angry earth

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Taghrid Bou Merhi  
(Foz Do Iguaçu, Paraná, Brazil)



She is a multilingual poet, writer, author, essayist, editor, journalist, and translator. To date, she has written 22 books, translated 32 books, and 96 articles. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms. Her writings are featured in several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals, and anthologies. She was chosen among the 50 women in Asia who have had a significant impact on the history of modern literature. She is a global poetry advisor for CCTV, Chinese television, and editor-in-chief of the translation department in several literary newspapers and magazines. She has won numerous awards for her writings. Her poetic works have been translated into 48 languages.

W.A.R. ¶... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## Endless War

Too much blood has stained this earth,  
A price too high for what it's worth.  
The cries of innocence, lost and torn,  
Echo through the ages and days.

We've built on bones, we've fed on fear,  
Chased power's shadow, year after year.  
But what have we gained from all this strife?  
A hollow life, a broken spirit.

The time has come to rise as one,  
To face the truth we long have shunned.  
No more can we stand idly by,  
While greed and hate obscure the life.

A conscious revolution calls,  
To tear down every injustice and evil.  
Change must come, from heart to heart,  
For peace to grow across this land.

Too much blood has flowed for naught,  
The future now is ours to plot.  
Let love be our new guiding light,  
And end this endless , senseless war.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Niloy Rafiq (Bangladesh)



Niloy Rafiq was born on 6 August 1983 Maheshkhali, Cox's Bazar, Bangladesh. Niloy Rafiq has been writing in the literary pages of local daily newspapers since his school days. Later, his poems were published in national and international literary magazines including various famous little magazines. So far, his notable poems have been translated into more than twenty foreign languages. His English poetry book 'Sun Leaf has already been published under 'Stockholm Project 2033 Global Leader' by Amazon. The number of his poetry books written in Bengali languages is 6 respectively 1. I, the swan float in pure sadness, 2. Thirst's eterni- ty, 3. Salty man's face, 4. Unknown fire, 5. Adinath in eyes, 6. Wax prayer bowed in a clay body. His poetry has a magical, edgy feeling. Poet Niloy Rafiq is like a magician in the extraordinary weaving of words and rhythms.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Prayer

The lamps in the sky are dozing, bowing down their heads

Moaning all around,  
like the uproars of wails losing the loved one  
Tonight is better than a thousand years, you  
said, O Lord

I'll give you what you want, O Merciful the Great!

I am the son of a carpenter from a humble hamlet.  
I plea to you in my prayer Is he, who does not know how to swim,  
a sailor in the stormy sea, O Lord?

Is he, who is engrossed in darkness,  
a person enlightened?

Is he, who is blind and deaf, Goethe the great poet!  
Does he, who are confined within the four walls, bring dreams to us?

Ants, the tiny ones, stretch their hands to an elephant,  
Heal the madman! May peace be upon him!

**Translation by Jyotirmoy Nandy**

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

zO-AlonzO Gross (USA)



zO-AlonzO Gross is Rap Artiste Composer, Producer, Actor, Dancer, Writer, Publisher, Poet & Multi Award Winning Author of 8 books. He received his bachelor's degree from Temple University in the field of Dance & English literature.

## Concerning The RuinZ of a Warred City...

Screams R Heard--  
till a bomb obliterates,  
4 the dead sayest not a word--.  
There is nothing Majestic,  
Nothing Pretty  
Concerning The RuinZ  
of a Warred City.

The Places these children once ran & played  
(whilst in their youthful innocence,)  
R now monuments riddled with horror,  
landmines & grenades  
Torn-limbs buried under a boulder  
seemZ all is Asunder,  
4 this warm place has grown desolate  
& colder.

Therein lies hopes with no choice but 2 fade  
no shelter from evil's glare in the shade.  
4 There is Nothing Majestic,  
Nothing Pretty  
Concerning The RuinZ  
of A Warred City.

The rubble of this tattered place]  
is now only a mere reflection  
Twas the DreamZ of the gifted,  
that hath now been erased  
as death was hurled in their direction  
their works lost in ghastly-barren waste].  
Such a tragedy\* O' such agony\*  
how men's greed & anger,  
can cause such human casualty\*.

A place of Richness in Culture,  
Devoured  
by way of Voracious-VultureZ,  
& CowardZ.



**W.A.R. II** ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Lord please have Mercy  
4 we know not what we do  
we claim 2b enlightened,  
Yet often we haven't a clue

& once more  
I utter this,  
as my soul outpours  
Praying it reaches those  
on this wretched course.

4 there is nothing Majestic,  
Nothing Pretty  
Concerning The RuinZ  
Of A Warred City

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Til Kumari Sharma (Nepal)



Til Kumari Sharma is Multi Award Winner in writing from international area is from Paiyun 7- Hile Parbat, Nepal. Her writings are published in many countries. She is featured-poet and best-selling co-author too. She is poet of World Record Book " HYPERPOEM". Her World Personality is published in Multiart 8 / 12 magazine from Argentina. She is feminist poet.

## Save Humanity All Over the World

The war is tragic appointment.  
It brings the death, destruction and bloodshed.  
The war of blind faith kills us all.  
The huge graves are ready to take coffins of all.  
The humanity is forgotten in the world.  
One human concept is forgotten.  
Then battlefield is made.  
How to pause the war is the question of intellectuals.  
How to bring peace is our appeal with fighters.  
The tears and voices of pain touch the heart of humans.  
We are the one bond of one forefather though we are physically white and black.  
Environment makes us short/ tall and black and white.  
We are come from one forefather.  
No matter is of different religions and cultures.  
Our ethics is same.  
No matter of rich and poor.  
So bring the end phase of war and battlefield to respect each other.  
Our humanity teaches us to make all equal.  
We all must secure the sense of humanity in everybody.  
The humanity is our medicine to bring human equality.  
Pause the battlefield to bring calmness and harmony.  
Plant the humanity all over the world.  
Bring the peaceful and happy transformation in the human worth.  
The harmless revolution is the sense of humanity.

**W.A.R.** ॥... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Varsha Das



Dr. Varsha Das writes fiction, non-fiction, poetry, radio plays and also for children in Gujarati, Hindi and English, and translates from Bangla, English, Gujarati, Hindi, Marathi and Odia. She is the recipient of several awards from the organizations like Central Sahitya Akademi, Gujarati Sahitya Parishad, Soka University, Tokyo, etc.

Why?

Air is polluted  
So is water,  
The sky is bleak  
And the sun is  
Hardly seen.

That's not all.  
Violence is rampant  
At home and in the streets.  
Rage Road, conflicts,  
Discrimination, prejudice.  
Hero kills the villain,  
And we clap, we cheer.  
Why?

We know no one is all good  
And no one, all evil.  
Possessed by greed, anger and stupidity  
Boasting shamelessly of superiority.  
The devastation is on both sides.  
No one cares to see.  
Why?

Why not live  
And let others live too?  
Why not be happy  
With what we have?  
Why grab from others  
What isn't really ours?  
Why so many wars  
And mindless destructions?

Why change the colour of the earth  
From green to red?  
Sword fight has turned into gunfight?  
From horses and elephants in the battlefield  
To drones dropping bombs.  
From arrows to missiles  
That turn towns into ruins.  
Will peace have no chance?

**W.A.R.** ††... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Will the word be forgotten?  
Will it disappear from our vocabulary  
And also, from the dictionary?  
That should never ever happen.

Violence can never be justified,  
Nor can it ever be glorified.  
But the times have changed,  
The minds have changed.  
Equations have changed,  
Our conversations have changed.  
It is easier to fight  
Than shake hands.  
It is simpler to abuse  
Than embrace.  
It is cheaper to kill  
Than save a life.

But why?  
This has to change.  
"The choice is between nonviolence  
And nonexistence",  
Said Martin Luther King Jr.  
"Be the change  
You want to see in the world",  
Said Mahatma Gandhi.

Let us hold hands and  
Guard this earth.  
We need this land and the sky  
For our own survival.  
Let us manifest our love  
And compassion,  
Our passion for peace  
And harmonious co-existence.  
Then this earth will be green  
And the sky clear blue  
The air clean and fresh  
And human minds  
Will bloom like flowers,  
Will spread fragrance all around.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Luigi Trucillo (Italy)



Luigi Trucillo was born in Naples. He has published eight books of poetry: *Navicelle*; *Carta Mediterranea*; *Polveri*; *Le Amorse*; *Lezioni di tenebra*, (Lorenzo Montano Award 2008); *Darwin* (Naples Award 2009); *Altre amorse*. “*Birds*”, his latest book of verses, was published in 2022 by Giometti&Antonello. The novel *What Fire Tells You* Mondadori, Milan, published in 2013, was translated into German with the title *Die Geometrie der Liebe* (Mareverlag, Hamburg, 2015). He wrote for the literary magazines “*Paragone*” and “*Nuovi Argomenti*”, and collaborated with the cultural page of “*Il Manifesto*”.

## Hatchet

We bury  
what was used  
to kill  
calling it: hatchet, or man.  
The peace of both  
dances on the edge  
of a blade  
that has tasted blood,  
the pornography of the dead.

*Translated in English by Natasha Sardzoska*

Natasha Sardzoska, Macedonian poet, writer, literary translator and polyglot interpreter, holds a PhD in anthropology from the Eberhard Karls University of Tübingen, Sorbonne Nouvelle in Paris and University of Bergamo and teaches at the Schiller International University. She is Poetry Editor of *Borders in Globalization Review* at the University of Victoria. She has published the poetry books *Blue Room*, *Skin*, *He pulled me with invisible string*, *Living Water*, *Coccyx* and *Lessons of Fallacy* and the novels *Tramontana* and *Life without Witnesses*. She has published poetry books in the USA, Mexico and Italy.



**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Dr. Arch. Franca Colozzo (Italy)



Poet | writer | multilingual author of many books | recipient of n°4 honorary Ph.D. | highly awarded | freelancer | blogger of UN SDGs | member of UN ECOSOC | GGAF (USA) | WEF | on Board of GPLT (UK) as Executive Director, Stewardship Advisor for Climate Change, and contact person of the European Commission's Transparency Register | member of the International Academy Of Ethics, founded and presided over by Dr. Jernail S Anaand | Researcher and Executive Director of RRM3 - Rinascimento Renaissance Millennium III, founded and presided over by Prof. George Onsy (Cairo, Egypt) | Founder of many groups on social media | Researcher on [www.academia.edu](http://www.academia.edu), etc.

## Memory Gasps

Longings of memories  
Between earth and sky  
Up in the air in clouds lit  
By marine images.

Silent is the sea...  
Its roar is quiet  
Amidst white sails  
Far away at the horizon.

Sea shy of people  
I always feel mine  
Wandering between dunes  
And brackish shores.

November presses on  
Naked is flora  
Of a rediscovered calm  
Like my soul

Silent is every song  
Every sound comes dull  
Among sparse foliage  
Of silver and gold.

## La memoria jadeante (Spanish)

Anhelos de memoria  
Entre la tierra y el cielo suspendida  
En nubes iluminadas  
Por imágenes marinas.

Silencioso está el mar...  
Su rugido se apaga  
Entre el blanqueamiento de las velas  
En el horizonte.

Mar tímido de gente  
Siempre siento la mía  
Vagando entre dunas  
Y orillas salobres.

Noviembre presiona  
Desnudo está el verdor  
De la calma recobrada,  
Como mi alma

Silenciosa es cada canción  
Cada sonido es sordo  
Entre el escaso follaje  
De oro y plata.

*Translated into English and Spanish by Franca Colozzo*

## Ansimi di memorie (Italian)

Ansimi di memorie  
Tra terra e ciel sospese  
In nubi accese  
Da immagini marine.

Tace il mare...  
Il suo ruggito è spento  
Tra biancheggiar di vele  
All'orizzonte.

Marina schiva di gente  
Sento ognor mia  
Vagando tra dune  
E salmastre sponde.

Novembre incalza  
Spoglia è la verzura  
Di ritrovata calma,  
Anima mia.

Tace ogni canto  
Ogni suono arriva stanco  
Tra fogliame rado  
D'oro e argento.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shameis (Egypt)



Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shameis is the Founder of literary Renaissance School of Literature and Secretary-General of the Literary School, Cultural Activity of the International Union for the Children of Egypt. Abroad, Egypt: Cultural ambassador at Inner Child Press International; Ambassador at World Institute For Peace; The Office of the Sun does not float twice; BOOK on Rabieh Albouh; BOOK for pearls; World Peace Anthology in Argentina; Anthology of the anthology of six bold birds in Argentina; and World Spanish Encyclopedia Flowers.

## Who We Are

The issue of life in its absence is war  
Injustice and tyranny  
When we see its human hand  
The data of eternity struggle in our souls  
The instincts with all their whims  
and revolution and the human mind and spirit  
In its sunrise and in the era of its defeats or victories  
Its teeth grind only the call for peace and faith  
Many similar and intertwined thoughts dance in my mind  
And increase my confusion and the present moment,  
the moment of death and annihilation  
Which creatures are we to strive for survival  
And I did not know what to call it,  
identity or connection to roots  
Who are we and war is everywhere  
We follow the herd, we do what they do,  
we compete in the race in the track of life  
And the killing rushing forward  
No time for contemplation and reflection,  
no time for reading and no time for worship  
Who are we when a person strips himself of his soul,  
panting after providing his daily sustenance  
Who are we and war has become a reality that we must live with  
Even if we are forced to suppress it with frankness and openness to peace  
Are we from the past.  
Or from the present.  
Or do we live in loss,  
appreciate the true meaning of life?  
And rediscover peace?

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Nour elhouda Guerbaz (Algeria)



Nour elhouda Guerbaz has a Master degree in semiotics, Doctor of Arabic literature and is a Professor of Arabic Narratives Mohamed Keidar University Biskra – Algeria. Technical committee of the Modern Literary Renaissance. Cultural ambassador at Advisor Peoples Academy of National an Uruguay. Associate member of Modern Literature Latin.

## My heart is in my children's hearts

A hundred years of war, where to??  
War everywhere Destruction everywhere  
Bereaved orphans wounded in pain  
Departing searching for a piece of bread, a sip of water, a box of medicine  
And for the father who used to bring his child a piece of candy every morning  
And a grandfather praying and supplicating  
And a boy and a girl raising an olive branch with every morning breeze  
Blood drowned the house A father martyred and a broken mother who cannot appreciate  
the needs of the children  
A disabled grandfather and a bleeding homeland No water, no food, no medicine  
In the camps you only hear the groans and smell the blood  
We are them...we are all children with dreams  
Their toys were buried Their childhood was buried  
It became a daily journey in search of water and food  
Nostalgia  
for the smell of my grandfather and grandmother My mother and father and brothers  
gathered around the fire  
Roasting corn and acorns...and enjoying the grandmother's stories and the grandfather's  
riddles  
And a house full of warmth, tenderness and safety  
And the olive trees caressing the homeland  
And the stars in the sky shine with joy, joy, joy.  
Our souls are full of thanks and gratitude  
And we pray to God for fear that this life will not remain  
Now the war has separated loved ones, shattered dreams  
And destroyed fleeting homes and made the homeland swim in a torrent of blood  
You hear nothing but screams and groans and attempts to cling to survival  
There is a child asking his neighbor, "This was our house, in it were my grandfather and  
grandmother, my brothers, my mother and my father."  
To answer him with tears streaming, they are all martyrs  
The little boy says: "I cried and prayed this night, but God abandoned me."  
I am doomed to remain alone, struggling to survive.  
Don't cry, my little one, we believe that God is just  
And the olives will return as an expression of peace  
And the jasmine will be fragrant and the honey will be sweet as it was not mixed with  
blood  
And the dates for his towering palm trees  
Because God is just and will not leave my child without water, bread and a home  
Because He is God  
and because my heart is in my child's heart in the heart of God.



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## Natasha Sardzoska (Macedonia)



Natasha Sardzoska, Macedonian poet, writer, literary translator and polyglot interpreter, holds a PhD in anthropology from the Eberhard Karls University of Tübingen, Sorbonne Nouvelle in Paris and University of Bergamo and teaches at the Schiller International University. She is Poetry Editor of *Borders in Globalization Review* at the University of Victoria. She has published the poetry books *Blue Room*, *Skin*, *He pulled me with invisible string*, *Living Water*, *Coccyx* and *Lessons of Fallacy* and the novels *Tramontana* and *Life without Witnesses*. She has published poetry books in the USA, Mexico and Italy.

## The Dawn Of The Revolution

I walk into the royal city and all  
I see are torches broken  
teeth sunk into wild flesh  
lights dimmed in the deaf night.

I have just met you.

I pass my secret thoughts on to you  
seated over rusty padlocks above  
secret poisons, promises of eternal life.

Your passage is your anguish.

You explode in the thick breath  
and all your deceptions are splashing:  
they are your wolves, your hatched words.

Your time is coming back  
in the flame of the ruined empire  
beneath the skirts of shame.

I hear their lies screaming in the robbery  
while a trickle of deranged executioners  
haunts you stealthily in your veins.

You are silent. You come from Croatia.  
I am silent too. I come from Macedonia.  
We belonged to a country that no longer exists.

It is the time before time:

we are only a breath away from the fasting for freedom,  
we stray from our brothers: the wandering dogs  
we inhale space on the treacherous ground.

Between us there is nothing.  
The solitude measures our time.

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The coldness is clear salt on wound.  
The oxygen destroys time.

The time (or the oxygen?) reveals the value  
of boiling blood, the homeless herd,  
the haunted household, or broken border.

Lights are unclear in the distance  
– yet we see well:  
undeterminate articles, unfaithful verbs.

Between us a bed that divides and unites us  
but it remains uncertain  
time to choose  
to give birth to light  
to shed tears of millions of slaves  
to clean the broken bones of a warrior  
after a battle he knows he was losing.

But something had to be lost.  
You knew it: as in love, as in war.

The past is gone now and  
unknown the man you become ahead:  
yet the dawn triumphant rises  
behind the golden rot.

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## Elham Issa (Syria)



Elham Issa is a writer and media worker who previously worked as a director of a media club and as Secretary of the Information Office of the Tartus branch of the Revolutionary Youth Union in Syria and as a correspondent for Syrian youth news newspapers who participated in the preparation of radio and television dialogues and meetings for youth programmes. Currently Editor-in-Chief of Lights Syria and Editor-in-Chief of Al-Rawad News. Head of Art at Magic of Life Magazine Editor of page dialogues in the newspaper Echo of the Future Libya, Paper and Electronic.

## Deepened in The Soul

Stars fall asleep  
On your foothills ,  
The idols are crashing.  
At the thresholds of your boundaries.  
Savage Those Roads,  
Oh, my country.  
Painful are your Wounds.

The vacuum and space are like Christ in dark night.  
And fire shadows,  
Crucified on the plumes of the cries  
I was walking...  
To follow silence's steps.  
Legs and hands hurt.  
Moan of Mountain is here and other of the Hill is There .

.  
The Antichrist came... Behind him...  
Wild Earth Monsters,  
They came in the name of freedom ,  
In the name of heavenly power..  
In the name of religions...  
They're just evil noise,  
Slaughter people on identity  
Alas, Acrobatic logos...

.  
Arm here. Liver over there.  
Whoever sucks how to trade in human organs  
The tree is burned in the name of figs and olives Monuments exploded as they pagan not  
historical.  
Hey, you religions dealers  
You distorted history.  
What a stain of shame on humanity's forehead

You will rise from the rubble of the impossible,  
The terror which planted on the roads  
And we burst bisexual guffaws ,  
Cut wild wolf claws  
Hey...

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The unity of my country lives between the Suns.  
He sings for freedom...

And when the water comes  
The ship of letters will be in balance,  
Embedded in our forgotten memory.  
Our dignity harbours to the altar of freedom.  
Oh Virgin Mary,  
Not protect us, but our  
alphabet.  
And forever, your letters remain pure

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## Zainab Abboud (Syria)



Zainab Abboud is an Arabic Language Teacher, MA Student in Arabic Language, Tishreen University, Member of the Literary Renaissance, Writer at the Language Academy in Jableh, Participated in the Sixth Arabic Poetry Festival at the Egyptian Opera House

## Our salvation is through love

War consumes our lives without guidance  
And lives are lost on the roads

The days have left nothing but our wounds  
And salt is wasted with sighs

Oh Lord, wars have left nothing but sorrow  
And their scars hide the wounds of the future

Wait, my heart is hopeful with promises  
That sadness will awaken after its slumber

The war of the years has left behind tragedies  
It left behind tears of a lifetime for my death

And widows who anticipated the sighs of their hearts  
With sadness for a loss that sighs me

Our martyrs planted life as a belief  
And a truth that hides the scars of my life

Oh Lord, protect our people, for their wounds  
Are difficult as a miraculous disease for the sorrowful

War, oh Lord, has bled my heart  
So have mercy on us, oh Great Self

With love fill our path, for our salvation  
With love, love is water Euphrates



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**Smruti Ranjan Mohanty (India)**



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty from India is a widely read multilingual poet, essayist and writer whose write-ups, published in different languages are appreciated all over the world. Other than his own anthologies, his poems, essays and short stories have been featured in newspapers and in more than two hundred journals and anthologies of national and international importance.

## Peace, The First Condition

From peace, we have come  
in peace, we will merge  
let there be peace in between  
from cradle to the grave  
let life be a journey  
for peace and peace only

Let there be peace and love  
all the way  
in the air, we breathe  
in the flowers we see  
in the light that nourishes  
in the nature that sustains  
in our beautiful mother earth  
that gives us everything we wish

Let there be an end to all those  
lovingly nurtured over the years,  
negative emotions, acquisitive instincts  
ego, selfishness, false vanity  
pride and jealousy  
that put an invincible barrier between us  
and land us in our solitary asylum  
a living hell  
where hardly humanity lives

Let there be peace  
first with the individual, the family  
spread its fragrance in the larger society  
love all, speak the language of love  
others will emulate and  
the whole world will be yours  
it is nothing but love that conquers

Peace  
everyone needs at the end of the day  
it is the motivating factor  
that guides one to action

## W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

but we are seeking it in the wrong ways  
in international accords, in the balance of power, in the preponderance of power  
and balance of terror  
that have given rise  
to an uncontrolled arms race  
with each power trying to surpass the other  
be it in a bipolar world, unipolar or multipolar world with a single dominant power or  
multiple players  
competing with each other  
there is hardly any peace.

Peace can not be imposed  
it is to be harvested within  
it requires nothing but an attitude  
towards oneself and others  
it is an urge  
for peace and peaceful coexistence  
an ardent desire to live in peace and dignity  
and let others  
it lies in a commitment to put an end to hatred and bitter animosity  
in a craving for that atmosphere  
where everyone has the opportunity to flower and flourish  
in a genuine endeavour  
to make the world  
more just and beautiful  
and hand the same to our successors  
to live with mirth and glee

Let there be peace  
the first condition for a better life  
let there be an end to  
our make belief identities  
let us realise  
we are human beings  
made for each other  
let genuine development and prosperity  
spread in every nook and corner  
and everyone has it  
irrespective of religion  
class, creed and colour

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Regina U. Hess, Ph.D. (Netherlands)



Regina U. Hess, Ph.D., Netherlands, is the visionary founder/director of Birthing an Ancient Future—Multidisciplinary Global Peace Council, bridging ancient wisdom traditions with modern science through unique educational activities and transformative changemaker initiatives. Its integral peace-builder programs are designed to catalyze an Evolutionary Up-Shift to Cosmic Consciousness—Humanity’s Sacred Mission. [drreginahess@birthinganancientfuture.com](mailto:drreginahess@birthinganancientfuture.com) [www.birthinganancientfuture.com](http://www.birthinganancientfuture.com)

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## O.N.E.-L.O.V.E.-W.A.R. – The End of Suffering

Evolutionary Up-Shift to Humanity's Sacred Mission—A Cosmic Love Letter Dialogue

Love Letter from Grandmother Universe and Grandfather Galaxies  
to Humanity on Earth within Cosmic Oneness

I am vibrating with you in love - a music Divine -  
a primordial symphony of the sacredness of being love.  
From the deepest inner core of my magma -  
I am your sacred fire – in the womb of creation.  
Pulsating in your exhale - I die with you -  
with the next inhale, catalyzing rebirth into a new breath.  
You are in me - I am in you.  
I love you forever – and feel your infinite love.  
Forever together. We are O.N.E.-L.O.V.E. in the eternal waves of life.

Love Letter Response from Awakened Gaians to the All-One Quantum Universe

Forever together. We are r-evolution – W.A.R.  
From minding the gap that divides—to bridging the gap between knowledge and action -  
synthesizing cultural understanding heart2heart.  
We all are a part of co-creating planetary equilibrium.  
We embrace equal reciprocity with all relations from all directions—for the benefit of all.  
We are involution—we are r-evolution.  
Forever together—in the fabric of eternity.  
Awakening to humanity's sacred mission  
—an evolutionary up-shift to cosmic oneness.  
We are O.N.E.-L.O.V.E. May peace prevail on Earth. The end of suffering.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Yvon Né (The Netherlands)



Yvon Né was born in 1958. She published 20 books of poems and a novel; she is also known as designer and painter. The ever-present theme is transition: new reality is emerging while past reality still exists. The result is continual movement which infuses her poetry with dynamics. Photo by photographer Noor Haverman.

## As threshold deities have left us

It's not just a ripple on a surface,  
some riffle or sandbar, stripe motion within a bin,  
an unspecified crease, a line by press of years.  
It's not that small that you'll embrace it by one hand.

An utter must to know –  
its ever-hungry head  
that preys on hearts that can't help being moved –  
it grants the homeless homes in hell.

Then, then don't you know – then  
defeat's a fantasy,  
the feel of victory is a disease –  
as threshold deities have left us.

The one thread of fight weaves its web of destruction –  
emptying all who were lovingly nurtured  
from the wonderful seed, all who are high and low  
bleeding – roving – ending – lacking close

War is attacks  
on divine Soul – Universe – on living Breath –  
war is humans that devour their own-species flesh

But you must know the flow of light:  
remembering – the cries – can never end –  
as threshold deities left

W.A.R. ㄇ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Tzemin Ition Tsai (China)



Prof. Tzemin Ition Tsai, Ph.D. (蔡宜勳博士) comes from the Republic of China (Taiwan). In addition to being a retired professor of literature at a university, he is also a columnist for “Chinese Language Monthly” in Taiwan.



## Light And Mist Veiled

Dust clings to his tattered cloak,  
Bandages shroud his once-bright eyes, nearly blind.  
Yet in his hand, the rifle remains,  
A fragile lifeline to the world slipping away.  
The horizon blurs,  
Shattered dreams scattered like ash in the wind,  
Fading into an eternal dusk.  
His homeland—once filled with life—  
Now a distant, elusive phantom,  
Its familiar warmth is lost in the smoke-heavy air.

Cannons thunder in the distance,  
The echoes reverberate in his hollowed soul,  
No longer through sight but through memory  
Does he grasp what he once was.  
Fear coils around him, thick as the fog,  
Each breath weighed down by confusion.  
Sounds of distant days return,  
Whispers from a life left behind,  
Tracing the edges of a place  
Where laughter once spilled freely.

With each unsteady step,  
His mind falters—  
Could this road still lead home?  
Yet the battlefield leaves no path of return.  
Darkness closes in, yet the earth beneath his feet still holds  
Her face a blurred silhouette in his fading mind,  
But in his rock-solid heart,  
Though his eyes may almost never see again,  
He walks forward, for the hope of carrying the faith to back to her  
Has never disappeared

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## Shafkat Aziz Hajam (India)



Shafkat Aziz Hajam is from Kashmir India. He is a poet, reviewer and co-author. His poems have appeared in international magazines and anthologies like Wheel song anthology UK based, Prodigy,digital literary magazine USA, Plots Creatives online literary magazine USA, Inner Child Press International USA etc He has authored two books one children's Poet book titled as The cuckoo's voice and one adults poetry book titled as The Unknown Wounded Heart.

## The World On A Fire

Oh, The world is on a fire .  
There is destruction everywhere.  
There are only wars but no peace  
Nowhere people live at ease.  
Oh , for power, wealth and fame  
Everywhere people are seen playing a war game.  
People shed blood, killing one another  
For throne they don't spare their brother and father.  
Whosoever comes in their way  
They mutilate him mercilessly  
Oh , this happens every day.  
We are humans, the crown of creation .  
We had to promote peace  
Alas ! We deprive one another's tranquility and cause destruction.  
Oh , humanity vanishes in us and animality is on increase.  
If we don't stop acting against our responsibility  
Soon we'll disappear from the Earth  
Oh , there will be regime of animals  
Oh , there will be animality.

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## Kathy Figueroa (Canada)



Canadian poet, Kathy Figueroa, is delighted her work has appeared in scores of newspapers, magazines, and anthologies. Her published collections include: "Paudash Poems," "Flowertopia," "The Cathedral of the Eternal Blue Sky," "The Ballad of the PoeTrain Poeteer: Winnipeg to Vancouver," "The Renaissance of Rhyme," and "Canadian Pandemic-Era Poems."

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## Humanity Destroyed

Humanity is being destroyed  
As mass weapons of death are employed  
Which try to prove God doesn't exist  
And that it's futile to resist

It's becoming harder not to hate  
As we long for the horror to abate  
...And peace seems like an impossible dream  
A quest of the naive, a futile scheme...

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## Corina Paralescu



Corina Paralescu is a poet.

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## The Pulse of the Heart

The heart of the world struggles in vain?!  
Justice in war is delusion!  
We build mirror walls  
Yet we don't recognize ourselves!  
We seal our heated lips,  
In gasping for air we cling  
Only to survival...  
Contempt no longer sends shivers...  
Blocked between the teeth of the struggle  
The smell of blood drowns us!  
Hatred is so cheap!  
Fear penetrates our lungs.  
War in the body, war in the mind  
In dialogue with the silence of the world  
With a stained face, the moon cries!  
Unshackle your lips once,  
Honor love and peace  
To taste the salt of the earth!

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Marlon Salem Gruezo-Bondroff  
(Philippines-USA)



Marlon Salem Gruezo-Bondroff is a Filipino-Spanish peace and culture advocate, and arts & letters protagonist, and a member of some notable international non-government organisations whose core missions are peace, culture, arts and education promotions. A poetry enthusiast, writer and editor of several international online and print magazines.



## Faces of War

In shadows deep, where silence weeps, the drums of war resound  
A symphony of sorrow's call, where shattered dreams are found.  
The conscious mind, once clear and bright, now clouded by the fray,  
Innocence lost, a heavy cost, as night consumes the day.

Spirits torn, in battle worn, the soul's light starts to fade,  
A canvas marred by scars of hate, where peace was once portrayed.  
The heart, it breaks, with each mistake, as love is cast aside,  
In war's cruel game, none are the same, where hope and fear collide.

Emotions raw, like open wounds, bleed out upon the land,  
A river red, where tears are shed, by those who cannot stand.  
The pain, it sears, through countless years, a legacy of grief,  
In war's embrace, we lose our place, and find no true relief.

Bodies fall, like autumn leaves, to rest in fields of clay,  
A silent plea, for unity, in death's cold, stark array.  
The physical toll, it takes its hold, on flesh and bone alike,  
In war's cruel hand, we understand, the cost of every strike.

Cultures clash, in fiery flash, traditions turned to dust,  
A heritage, now sacrilege, in war's relentless thrust.  
The songs once sung, in native tongue, now echoes of the past,  
In war's cruel tide, we cannot hide, the shadows it has cast.

Yet in the dark, a spark remains, a flame of human will,  
To rise above, with strength and love, and hearts that won't be still.  
We stand as one, beneath the sun, to change the course of fate,  
In unity, humanity, can end the war and hate.

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## Parvinder Nagi (India / Kenya)



Parvinder is born and brought up in the coastal city of Mombasa, Kenya, East Africa. Parvinder has dedicated her career shaping the minds of future generations as a Principal from distinguished senior secondary schools in India. Parvinder is a national award winner from NCERT, New Delhi, for making teaching and learning process more easier through the classroom aids for both the teachers and pupils. Parvinder's poetic journey begins with a great inspiration from her visit to the museum and Dove cottage a residence of vulnerable poet William Wordsworth in Grasmere, Lake District, UK. Her passion for poetry found recognition when she was bestowed with the prestigious accolades in a national poetry contest orchestrated among a gathering of over 2000 poets from across India on the national level.

## Without Delay

Let there be peace ...!!

Why all the battles and wars?

Let the world symbolise peace  
Where love and joy never cease  
The world is torn apart  
Needs eradication of sores  
and conflicts...

It's heartening when the child asks, "where's my school  
and where are my books?"

The timid girl asks, "where's my food and where's the peace?"

Futures lost and the dreams scattered  
No answers are found to the unlimited queries of innocent faces  
For tyrants have no mercy  
Bringing the war with destruction  
Ending the hopes for tomorrow  
Killing thousands of  
Innocent people rendered homeless  
Victims of devastation  
For boundless greeds  
There's erosion and explosion  
With agony of cries and screams  
Roars of guns and bombs  
Unleashing the blood so red  
Leaving piles of lifeless bodies

Let solutions be found  
Without delays or access of  
impediments ...  
Let's bid farewell to war and  
Glorify the earth  
No more blood shed  
Let the childhood, laughter and peace be back!

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Swayam Prashant (Odisha, India)



Swayam Prashant (pen name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack District, Odisha. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English, Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written ten books including *Live Like a Man*; *Joy of Love*; *Heart of Love* (poetry) and *The Sky Conquerors*.  
swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com [www.facebook.com/swayamprashant.prashant](http://www.facebook.com/swayamprashant.prashant)

## The Soul of Humanity Cries

The inflated egos of rulers feed on  
soldiers and innocent humans as fodders.  
Thousands are sacrificed on the altar of the War Goddess.  
One wonders  
how could man become so inhuman  
and kill his fellow men.  
How he boasts of inventing weapons  
that can kill millions in a minute !  
No one is spared. Not even children.

After missiles hit  
a hospital for children, newly born babies  
and pregnant women  
all lay in eternal sleep  
with splashes of blood  
everywhere.  
The young souls  
and the unborn ones  
were heard talking among themselves  
in the eternity of silence:  
Why did humans kill us ?  
How were we dangerous for them ?  
Can't they live in peace  
and let others live in peace too ?  
Can't they love their fellow men  
instead of killing them ?  
Can't they deflate their egos  
and inflate their hearts with love ?  
We came to spread love and happiness  
but they cruelly killed us and destroyed our houses.  
And they don't know  
(O God teach them)  
that they are burning  
their own peace too !

W.A.R. II... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## Paolo Moòxo Piccardo (Italy)



Italian scientist with the difficulty to accept his existence among humans. He writes to reduce the pressure inside his soul. He animates a group of ageless poets known as “Rumore” (Noise).

## Black-out

7 A.M.

February 24th, 2022

the radio shouts:

“BLACKOUT!

white screen

too late

violent fighting

15 km from the city

the enemy is at the gates

the inexorable has happened”

what time is the end of the world?

Open wide eyes

it wasn't a bluff

threatened interests

they say

too many in makeshift camps

on the fields of conquest.

Do you know what the color of their indecisions is like?

The red

of the indecipherable decisions

of self-proclamations

“our country cannot afford political solutions!”

Only diplomatic dissolutions

redrawing the threshold of pain

resigning tortured bodies

natural born martyrs

If God has been dead for a long time

we are witnessing the suicide of the man

who invented Him

but if God is alive, secretly

he is witnessing the suicide

of His creature

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Ida Bettis Fogle (Missouri, USA)



Ida Bettis Fogle is a nearly life-long Missourian who loves her imperfect home and the imperfect world in which it exists. She has been writing poetry and stories since childhood. Her work has appeared here and there, including in "Workers Write!" and "Well Versed."



## Continuance

I sign petitions and people continue to suffer  
I attend rallies and people continue to suffer  
I hold signs, I write letters, I scrape ten dollars  
From my bank account to help the cause  
And maybe one person suffers a little less  
I raise my voice against attacks  
On the vulnerable and the attacks continue  
The attacks continue but next to me  
An ally signs a petition  
Community members rally for justice  
Workers share their hard-won earnings  
To make the world less sick, more fair  
And maybe a few people suffer a little less  
And maybe a handful suffer a lot less  
Suffering continues and attacks continue  
And solidarity continues and the work continues  
And sometimes joy breaks to the surface  
And those who care continue to stand  
Shoulder to shoulder because  
What else is there to do

W.A.R. II... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

## Cam Wheelr, M.D. (USA)



Cam Wheelr, M.D. is a poet, writer, artist and neurologically disabled pediatrician whose works appear in *Pleiades*, *The Rumpus*, *Gumbo Bottoms Anthology* and other publications. From inside trauma-forged embodiment, she writes, creates art and engages in *The Res[t]istance*. Two affable service dogs allow her to share their mid-Missouri home.

## Demilitarize Your Tongue

Choose a date. A lunar event will suffice.  
An equinox or solstice will do. Any moon phase  
you please. An insignificant day works best.  
Next Tuesday. Even today.  
Today. Yes. Yes. Yes.  
Write it down.  
Begin in the bone.

Oust the hustle and grind of these least  
bodies, exhaustion-driven, by colonialists'  
powers. Their classism and castes.  
Their urgent hustle and scurry. Shuck  
their loads off your back. Wrench their boots  
off your neck. Organ grinder's beasts, cease  
fetching rich men's coins for mere dust and ash.

Refuse to perform for them.  
Rest up. Take a nap. Prepare.

First, you must undupe your mind's ear of all  
the tyrants' metaphors of war.  
Uproot combat's weeds from your core.  
They've choked you since the Before  
before this violent Now.  
Rip them out of your tongue one by one.

Yank *pull the trigger* from your mouth.  
Hurry.

Extract all these:  
*on the attack*  
*bring the fight*  
*merciless, relentless*  
*battle on, test your mettle.*  
Cease *targeting* and *drawing a bead*  
on anyone. On anything.  
Keep every being out of your *sites*.

**W.A.R. ¶ ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

Your *crosshairs*.

Your *laser focus*.

Never *lower the hammer*  
get *triggered, unload*.

Rest when you must, but don't  
*pause to reload*.

Release your need to maintain  
*situational awareness*, to keep a *go bag*  
near, to urge one another to *jump in*,  
*rally, pile on, join the fight, soldier on,*  
*maneuver and scout*.

Delete all these:

*the fog of war*  
*war on drugs, war on crime*  
*war on guns, all war on all things*  
*and war chests, waging warlike campaigns*  
*every battle cry, revolution, coup*  
*every back against the wall*  
*all the ways you get pinned down*  
*disappeared, overthrown*  
*or dodge a bullet or hunker down*

No longer praise amazing success with,  
*this is fire and you've blown up,*  
*she slayed, he killed, blow the roof off,*  
*you're the bomb and my mind's blown*  
**POW! WHOOP! BOOM!!**

Nor hail great fun with, *Whatta blast!*

Void them all and so much more.

For leverage, use a crowbar  
or a daisy stem.

If you must, hum:

"Imagine"

"All You Need Is Love"

"Blowin' in the Wind"

Beat your word-swords  
into plowshares

**W.A.R.** ♪... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Improve our soil.  
Weave wider images.  
Plant wiser seeds.  
Speak our world into peace.  
Spin together anew. Landscapes  
dripping with birdsong.  
We can all thrive under one sun  
attuning our ears to the quiet thrum,  
of every gentled skull  
still intact.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Priyanka Tiwari



Priyanka Tiwari had a poetic disposition from childhood on. A co-author in over 30 anthologies, she has won awards in poetry and short story writing on a National Level. She is currently associated with the field of Human Resources- Organizational Psychology. Travelling, photography and reading are her other passions.

## Fire and Brimstone

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

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

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

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

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



W.A.R. 卍... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Kang Byeong-Cheol (South Korea)



Dr. Kang Byeong-Cheol is a Korean author, poet, translator, and Doctor of Philosophy in Political Science. He was born in Jeju City, South Korea, in 1964. He began writing in 1993 and published his first short story, "Song of Shuba," at the age of twenty-nine. In 2005, he published a collection of short stories. He has won four literature awards and has published more than eight books. He was a member of the Writers in Prison Committee (WiPC) of PEN International from 2009 to 2014. He also served as the Founding President of the Korean Association of World Literature and as an editorial writer for JeminIlbo, a newspaper in Jeju City, Korea. Currently, he is a Vice President at the Korean Institute for Peace and Cooperation.

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## The Lesson Of History

The long history of the world can be condensed into a short tale.

Wars were waged, many people died, and property was burned, but little was gained.

I heard that on an island, when conflicts arose, they would place an axe in the middle of the negotiation table.

Whenever anger flared during talks, they would gaze at the sharp edge of the axe.

If the sun set while negotiating, they would continue their conversation by the fire.

Peace requires patience, much like a large shoebill that stares at its prey in the water for hours without moving.

Peace demands even more patience.

Conversations carried forward by patience sweep away the thick soot of night.

With the will for peace,

there will come a time for young lovers,

when the brilliance of diamonds is placed in the palm of a lover's hand.

## Maria Pellino (Italia)



Maria Pellino lives in Milan, educator, poet, aphorist, blogger. She graduated from the University of Bergamo. She has won several first prizes, commendations and mentions in prestigious national, international and European competitions. 2 special press prizes. She constantly collaborates with Pier Carlo Lava's Alessandria Today. Accredited member of the Republic of Poets Wikipoesia. Recognition as an Ambassador Of Peace thanks to poetry from the international organization World Literary Forum for Peace and Human Rights. Youth Excellence Award 2023. Lifetime Achievement Award Between Words and Infinity. Biography and verses translated by the Writer Capital Foundation, in Albania, Bangladesh, Turkey, Spain, Florida, Egypt, China, Colombia, Iraq, Germany, etc...

## In The Children's Circle

In the children's circle  
there is a lost universe,  
a whitening war  
and cuts games  
dreams and smiles.  
A blanket of stars  
it died inside  
hearts of steel.  
Beyond any desire,  
filled with tears and blood,  
rubble and bombs  
the most beautiful game flew by  
in an uncertain and dark tomorrow.  
Even if it's still raining now  
this circle of hope  
will never stop.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

**Nandita De nee Chatterjee (India)**



Nandita De nee Chatterjee is a Writer/freelance journalist/ Book Editor; ex-Economic Times, published in Statesman, Illustrated Weekly, ET, Telegraph, TOI, Germany Today, VMM, UK, Setu, New York Parrot etc. Co Author in 82 anthologies, 8 Coffee Table Books, Editor of 7 books, 2 journals. Received 3 Peace awards & many digital literary awards.

## Insane Times

A pristine world  
With beauty and wonder  
At every turn

In comes mankind  
Monsters wearing masks  
Lurking among them

Thousands of years  
To grow, advance,  
March into unseen, unimagined frontiers

But the ogres of limitless greed  
To snatch, subjugate, decimate  
Invade, kill, conquer

Hatred in their hearts  
Blood drenched souls  
Thirsting for more blood...

Powermongers selling death  
Masterminds of crime  
Creating arms for genocide

Where doctors cannot cure  
evil minds, where technology cannot prevent, heinous crimes  
Devastation, destruction, flattening towns  
Displaced humanity on the run

Babies in arms, blood soaked moms  
Father and child  
Workers, civilians, innocents

Farmers, office goers, engineers  
Facing missiles day and night  
Nowhere to hide

**W.A.R.** ††... we are revolution... **Too Much Blood**

At schools they studied  
Well past midnight  
To make a life

A home to laugh and love in  
For food for the body and mind  
In a world they imagined

They would keep safe and sound  
Where brotherhood would grow  
And understanding foster friendship

Cooperation and collaboration  
Coupled with compassion and concern  
Empathy emphasized in every enterprise

Hearts bleeding for the hurt  
Hands outstretched to uplift  
Shelters indiscriminate of manmade tags

Nations committed to protect people  
Every side of the border  
Neighbourhoods of peace and prosperity

We walk into every sunset  
With prayers on our minds  
May sanity return

May the good overcome the evil  
May mankind discover its innate purpose  
May creation replace destruction

For immense is the work still undone  
New frontiers in medicine and technology  
New discoveries and inventions

Tantalising the prospects  
Up ahead  
Waiting for the wars to end

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

For hearts to open  
So all can live  
Birthrights of dignity untouched

Humanity labour for posterity  
Bloodless, humane, helpful  
Daylight preserving all

So night time can bring peace to one and all.



**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Walter Bargaen



Walter Bargaen has published 28 books of poetry including: *Until Next Time* (Singing Bone Press, 2019), *Pole Dancing in the Night Club of God* (Red Mountain Press, 2020), *Too Late to Turn Back* (Singing Bone Press, 2023), *Radiation Diary* (Lamar University Press, 2023), and *Orwell at the Kremlin*, Spartan Press 2024).

## Piper

It came down to June 26th, AD 1284, in Hamelin.

It's an old story. It began as nothing serious, a few hungry rats, skittering along the streets as if they owned them, coming

in from the cold to raid the winter grain supply until what remained was less than expected. It was a day celebrating St. John and St. Paul, close to the time of the pagan midsummer celebrations.

The date set by the town council for the Pied Piper, master seducer, mesmerizing enchanter, to arrive and clear the town of this infestation.

When the rats were led away and the Piper returned to be paid, the town council refused. The Piper donned his magician's high-pointed hat,

a rainbow-colored robe, and with that the children followed him out of town never to return. Rumored, they were led to a mountain lake and drowned, or sent off

to the east as slave labor, or left for a faraway land to escape the early attack of the plague, or recruited for a crusade to win back the Holy Land, or succumbing to St. Vitus Dance,

those unshakable, feverish gyrations that lasted days with weeks of leaping, singing, hallucinating until exhausted, their toy bodies spinning until they fell over and died.

A thousand years later another piper appears without a flute, dressed in the dull glitter and wretched dreams of empire. He doesn't remember

Hamelin's plea, the anguish of a corroded brass plaque mounted on an ancient town wall: One Hundred Years Have Passed. Where Are Our Children?

This piper doesn't mesmerize, he orders, he sneers, he commands, he threatens, he devours, he dictates, he executes. He rides in screaming his explosive glee,

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

he rides in on darkened “Z-striped” tanks, he dances  
on the back of Zergs until so many have died  
his feet are not dirtied by touching the ground

as he searches for more children to satisfy his hunger.  
Clear out the preschools, the kindergartens,  
the hospital birth rooms, daycare centers,

herd the little ones into buses and trucks, drive them  
deep into a deeper frozen country. He claims this is mercy to shield  
children from his Special Military Operation

that levels villages and cities, murders their parents  
or leaves them crushed, crazed, crying without  
hope as he swallows their children whole.

W.A.R. †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Farzaneh Dorri (Iran / Denmark)



Farzaneh Dorri is a poetess and translator. She was born in Iran and currently lives in Denmark. She writes poetry in Persian, Danish and English. By her passion for poetry, she discovered a passion for language. She began translating Danish poems into Persian in the beginning of 1990's. As a translator, she translates between English and Persian, Danish and Persian, English and Danish. She translates also some poems from Norwegian and Swedish into Persian.

## Bloody War

Too many people say goodbye to their homes  
to the city that was once quiet.  
Now duty calls young soldiers away again,  
Will peace give them back someday?  
If now it is the last goodbye that applies,  
then that's all you have to say goodbye to.

Between stream and fjord,  
is the blood that flows.  
How far to go  
to restore peace in the homeland?  
It is not small children who have to find answers with their lives  
and their innocent souls.

The moon is not in its full glory,  
it glides over the sky.  
On one side of the earth, it calls for merry dancing  
in the middle of the starry sky.  
On the other side of the earth  
shining on misery, hunger and flight.

On the field every flower stand withered  
In the bush the nightingale no longer sings,  
as bombs and grenades sound so loud.

I listen to the gentle wind,  
its rustling in the leaves of the forest,  
and ripples the surface of the lake.  
The sky is blue where I stand  
but it cries on the other side of the earth.

Alas! This image is so black and sad,  
that shines before my eyes,  
with field and meadow and forest in red  
the moon shines no longer high.  
Another image fades into view  
and fills me with pain:  
I remember broken homes

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

and many sorrowful hearts.  
Where long ago such a proud city stood,  
not stone lying upon stone,  
all destroyed by fire and lead,  
and the people are helpless and poor.

I see in my thoughts a region,  
which the claw of war has ravaged,  
with house and home, as well as garden and fence  
marked by the angel of death,  
with barbed wire fences across and across,  
where the enemy's attack bars,  
in the darkness of the night appears  
between trees, shot to pieces.  
I hear projectile of every kind:  
Shrapnels, grenades, mines  
with the speed of lightning  
screeching through the air

I see my fellow men in the fire of war,  
and feel the pain and sorrow of the battle from a distance.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Alessandro Inghilterra (Genoa Italy)



Alessandro Inghilterra, 1970, Genoa (Italy) Books: *Il Sole Che Verra'* (Italy, 2018, Aletti).

Worldwide published into: 2024: *World Contemporary Poets Vol. 2 – Being Human - World Healing World Peace – Atunis Galaxy Awards (Overall Winner)*; 2024: “Alberoandronico”; 2023: “Naples Worldwide Literary Festival”, 2022: Intercontinental Prize “Le Nove Muse”; World Poetry Prize “Nosside”

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Your Only Answer

Brother of mines,  
once we were tied  
by the promise of being brave  
whatever it comes, whatever it takes  
and even now,  
thought world's gone wild  
behind the lines of sleepless wounds,  
no stars, no stripes  
just bleeding thorns upon our flags  
but the same seed in your eyes,  
where love is water for the blind  
to see, there's still a chance for life  
when "tomorrow" is the question  
and your only answer's ...peace.



**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Brindha Vinodh



Brindha Vinodh's poems have been published widely. She is the recipient of Reuel International Prize with a special mention for poetry and has also been conferred upon with Poesis Award for Excellence in Poetry by Xpress Publications.

## May There Be Peace

Let children of today know about war,  
only through pages of history.

Damages done cannot be changed,  
but never too late to start fresh,  
a sky wiped clean of the smoke of hatred,  
a sky that splashes colours of love and kindness,  
a sky with the sweet scent of peace!

Let children of today know about war,  
only through pages of history.

Let our voices for harmony  
reverberate through their tiny ears  
as the song of humanity,  
like little beads that make a necklace,  
may our small but strong voices bring out a big change!

Let children of today know about war,  
only through pages of history.

Enough has been seen of war's aftermath,  
no more do we want annihilation and loss,  
no more refugees on the rise,  
no more crisis for identity,  
may peace to the coming generations be as basic as food!

Let children of today know about war,  
only through pages of history.

W.A.R. #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Melinda Hemmelgarn (USA)



Melinda Hemmelgarn is a Registered Dietitian who hosts nationally syndicated Food Sleuth Radio. She writes poetry to process emotion, promote empathy, and advocate for social and environmental justice. Her poetry has been published in the Columbia (MO) Art League's Interpretations, Ekphrasis, and Well Versed.

## Tomorrow, in Question

*"We will not learn to live together in peace by killing each other's children."*  
- Former U.S. President Jimmy Carter

Robert Shimek took the stage  
on the cusp of spring, after  
a long Minnesota winter.

Typical of Native Americans  
he spoke thoughtfully, paused  
between sentences, thanked  
his ancestors, bore witness  
to his ancestral land, then  
asked his audience to ponder:  
"How are the children?"

Their well-being predicts  
the future, surely  
we know, yet  
our actions, inactions, flawed  
intentions affect the world  
they may inherit  
if they aren't killed first.

In between school shootings,  
poisoned air, water and barren soil  
a barrage of bombs  
and missile attacks,  
Nature unleashes her own arsenal  
to wash away our errors.

Her storms come faster now  
suddenly, too much water  
rising, rushing  
ushered by gravity  
the pull of the moon  
the weight of the world.

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Violent gusts pair  
with drenching downpours  
walls of waves and surges  
swallowing, clearing away  
man's creations, life  
as we knew it.

With deepening droughts  
fires and choking smoke  
she fights man's stupidity  
his shortsightedness, his profit motives.

The only way to beat this new enemy  
is with *love*.  
We can see it, if only  
we stop to look deeply  
in the wide longing eyes  
of our children.

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Áurea María Altamirano Cuaresma (Peru / USA)



Áurea María Altamirano Cuaresma was born in Lima- Peru, graduated in Child development from Federico Villarreal National University and migrated to Berkeley in 2008. She has been spending her time and work teaching Spanish to children and adults in the Bay Area for many years now and each time loving it more. Most recently, navigating her way out from post-pandemic times with her son in his teens years and working on the release of her first book, "Mariposa de Fuego: A Journey to Empowerment" in October, 2024.

## In Our Hands

War not only destroys places,  
bombards bodies,  
erasing children, mothers, fathers,  
languages, cultures,  
leaving not only bloody tears spread  
of the victims  
everywhere,  
but also stained hands,  
broken consciences,  
frustrated hearts of its witnesses.

It eats our humanity  
and leaves us its waste,  
to rot ourselves with our "peace"  
and in this life.  
All blind, deaf and mute in the face of pain  
of its forgotten victims.

And we stay  
seated as mere spectators,  
seated on the bench  
of "I can't do anything."

How guilty are the innocent for nothing?  
if they were just passing around there.  
Or those ignorant of even doing anything.  
Maybe they have all the blame or maybe nothing.  
If no one taught them how to love  
in the right way,  
because there is no right way.

And what if we can do something?

Only action will free us  
of sleeping in the bed of guilt.

But if I'm so small,  
What can I do?

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

Love not only has a universal language  
but also incomprehensible paths  
that can be painted in a thousand and one ways.

Maybe try more than one perspective.  
Now to the right, now to the left,  
or maybe better in the center,  
and try a little more  
and try again with more and more wisdom  
of the land, of society,  
of modernity.  
In a different way once again.

Not the strongest always wins,  
but the most intelligent.  
And the smartest thing is to really live.  
Well and on good terms with others.

If humans created language,  
Why not put this weapon to good use?  
Instead of shedding blood with those other weapons,  
make a one hundred and eighty degree turn  
and reach a conciliation.  
Why be so divorced between us?  
If in the end we are all brothers and sisters,  
and we already live together in this our house,  
our Earth.

Instead of focusing so much on the speck in someone else's eye,  
maybe we could help each other  
to blow the eyelash that hinders our vision  
to each other.  
With love, help us each other to see beyond  
of color, pain and fervor.

Not to be a savior  
but more because we can do it.  
It is a gift that we, humans, have.

Maybe then good karma will return to us  
sooner than we think,  
and this little chain



**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

of prayer can reach the heart of one another  
and this can open its message  
like a flower  
with a voice  
endless branching  
and powerful.

“Look at me.  
I am you,  
and you are my own mirror.  
my other self.”

## En nuestras manos (Spanish)

La guerra no sólo arrasa con lugares,  
bombardea cuerpos,  
borrando hijos, madres, padres,  
lenguas, culturas,  
dejando regadas no solo lágrimas ensangrentadas  
de las victimas  
por doquier,  
sino también manos manchadas,  
conciencias rotas ,  
corazones frustrados de sus testigos.

Se come nuestra humanidad  
y nos deja sus desechos,  
para pudrirnos con nuestra "paz"  
y en esta vida  
toda ciega, sorda y muda frente al dolor  
de sus víctimas olvidadas.

Y nos quedamos  
sentados como meros espectadores,  
sentados en el banquito  
del "no puedo hacer nada".

Que culpa tienen los inocentes de nada,  
si ellos solo estaban de paso por allí.  
O los ignorantes de hacer algo siquiera.  
Quizá toda la culpa o quizá nada.  
Si nadie les enseñó a amar  
de la forma correcta,  
porque no existe una forma correcta.

¿Y qué tal si sí podemos hacer algo?

Sólo la acción nos liberará  
de dormir en la cama de la culpa.

Pero si soy tan pequeño,  
¿Qué puedo hacer yo?

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

El amor no sólo tiene un lenguaje universal  
sino que también caminos incomprensibles  
que pueden pintarse en mil y una formas.

Quizá intentar más de una perspectiva.  
Ya por la derecha, ya por la izquierda,  
o quizá mejor por el centro,  
e intentar un poquito más  
y volver a intentar cada vez con más sabiduría  
de la tierra, de la sociedad,  
de la modernidad.  
De una forma diferente una vez más.

No el más fuerte siempre gana,  
sino el más inteligente.  
Y lo más inteligente es vivir de verdad.  
Bien y bien con los demás.

Si el hombre creó el lenguaje,  
porque no poner a buen uso esta arma,  
en vez de derramar sangre con otras,  
hacer un giro de ciento ochenta grados  
y llegar a una conciliación.  
Para qué estar tan divorciados entre nosotros,  
si al final todos somos hermanos.  
Y ya convivimos en esta nuestra casa,  
nuestra Tierra.

En vez de tanto fijarse en la paja del ojo ajeno,  
quizá podríamos ayudarnos  
a soplarnos la pestaña que obstaculiza nuestra visión  
unos a otros.  
Con cariño ayudarnos a ver más allá  
del color, el dolor y el fervor.

No para ser un salvador  
sino nada más porque lo podemos hacer.  
Es un don que tenemos los humanos.

Quizá así el buen karma regrese a nosotros  
más pronto de lo que pensamos,

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

y esta pequeña cadenita  
de oración si pueda llegar al corazón de otro  
y este se pueda abrir su mensaje  
como una flor  
con una voz  
ramificada interminable  
y poderosa.

“Mírate en mi.  
Yo soy tú,  
y tú eres mi propio espejo.  
mi otro yo”.

**W.A.R.** #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Queen Alena Jones Smith (USA)



Queen Alena Jones Smith, aka Lana Joseph, is a retired ELA and theater arts teacher. She developed a passion for writing plays and poetry while teaching middle school. Queen is the author of “God’s Radiance,” a collection of her poems and prose. Her other writings are included in multiple anthologies.

## Let's End War

Every single day we hear about blood shed,  
even before I go to bed.

Conflicts  
Violence

War

World wide...

We see innocent blood being shed.

People are trying to survive...

gunshots, missiles, airstrikes,  
and other weapons of mass destruction.

These wars are terrifying!

And when the gunfire flies above the skies,  
innocent human beings are losing their lives.

I continue to pray for everyone,  
especially those souls affected by wars.

I don't understand why these leaders  
choose to fight instead of promoting peace.

I hope for the day we see NO MORE  
Skeletons... from human beings slaughtered  
violence and innocent blood shed  
It all must STOP!

Inside my soul,

I am still that little 8-year-old girl praying for world peace.

Yet,

I know that action is the only way we can change mindsets.

Action is what we need in this country and worldwide.

The devastation and blood spilled aren't just collateral damage.

My heart bleeds for all of those innocent citizens of all countries,  
cities, states, continents, and territories

that are caught in the middle

of others violent actions

resulting in deaths.

## W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

I strive to help create solutions.  
We are all in this world together.  
If we help our communities  
by showing empathy as well as sympathy,  
we can uplift, inspire and unite each other.

I believe that we owe it to everyone we love  
and everyone we care about.  
We need to work diligently  
to help change malevolent mindsets  
for the good of the people.

We need all of our world leaders  
and community leaders.  
to put the people first!  
If they would calmly communicate with allies and antagonists:  
presidents, dictators, authoritarians, kings and queens...  
and all powerful positions held by human beings  
that are 'supposedly' working for the people,  
they would cease from dividing the people!

By listening and sharing stories, complaints, and concerns,  
the focus would shift to commonalities:  
love, family, friends and the future of our children,  
and generations to come.  
What kind of world do we as humans wish for them?  
Leaders are making the decisions about war.  
I desperately want the current narrative rewritten  
for the betterment and benefit of our country  
and for all of our brothers and sisters living worldwide.  
I believe that many people are like me.  
We want the wars to end!  
We want to live a life of happiness!  
We want to live in a world where freedom rings for everyone,  
And we want NO MORE BLOODSHED!

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Teresa Podemska



Teresa Podemska, Abt, is a writer, philologist, sociologist and critic of literature and translator and educator. She holds PhD in Indigenous Studies and literature, Postgraduate BEd and MEd (c/w ) in Education and Multiculturalism, MA in Polish Philology obtained from Universities of South Australia, Adelaide and Wrocław. Teresa creates in different genres in English and Polish.



## Ocean

free us from the times  
where we are strangers to ourselves

I want to feel spotless-again  
primeval. yet again  
intuitive  
let the water seep out my body unwearyingly  
until I become a stone  
to see surfaces smoothed  
from the rough scratches of the brutal past  
and the now-times  
so desperately bruising so many souls within the depths  
of the earth  
the spirits of mortals  
and the breathing evocations of the Universe

from the tender sprays of freshness  
you create the bouquets of the new old  
from which my thoughts and poems will evaporate

I crave to be touched by you  
love and dream again  
with your wisdom  
never to be forgotten  
my suns, moons, birds, dawns  
and the perpetual light of Nature's sixth sense  
will bring back my durability all over again  
to make the madmen hum their sorrow  
for the wars and bloodshed  
they have inflicted on humanity  
now and then  
awaken  
with your elation  
beyond  
star-crossed events  
my mood delusion

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

image  
faith and fate prisms  
will form a never-ending matrix  
of the sacred path  
of your-in-my memory  
and perhaps  
a copyright of a free being  
mind

**W.A.R.** #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Matthew Lee Gbigbi (Liberia)



Matthew Lee Gbigbi , alias Godhand; borned Liberia October 27,2005 ; is a young Writer, Published Poet and Author. He is the Author of the book “A Voice Echoing From The Atlantic”, Winner of Joseph S Spence Sr Poetry Award 2024 and 2x Winner of Suryodadoya Literacy Foundation international Poetry Competition. He has also co-authored many Anthologies.

## A Home of Shadows

It was dusk by now, our eating time  
We had come home, all from the farm  
Our happy voices ran through the bushes  
As though a forest fire winding ashes

Until they came we beat rice and corn,  
Boiling soups painting the anus of the pot  
So were we looking at outskirts to horn  
Or alarm ,if a hot air could tempt the shrubs

We came to dinner, our hands were spoon  
From the hot iron pan we ate as though a doe  
In the pepper farm of a vigilant hunter.  
But what I expected drove in like a flood

Papa went down and Mamusukula too  
They shoot then, after a while it was mama  
The taste of the togbogee turns as blood does  
With our oily hands we scattered away

They beheaded Ali and Omaru they stabbed  
Like a last man standing I buried my brothers  
And No one ,absolutely no one left behind  
With my heart so devastated, I sobbed  
Like a joey whose mama kangaroo is gone

Who are they?,Who were they hunting?  
Oh ! Rebels...Rebels from the City side  
They were gunsmiths and I, a tear-smith  
I'd come home to a shattered home

I'd come home to a wasted area  
So empty, so dusty, so gray and fray  
I imagine us eating where we sit  
But the shadows in view did not fit

A hopeless future I had already  
No front ,no back, no left nor right

**W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... Too Much Blood**

Every void and abyss sink my fights  
Full of Nothingness, I became a wanderer

Yes I left home, I had no living being there  
It was a home full of shadows  
I'm Ayouba and this is my oral diary  
No one wants to hear an orphan's story?  
Does any?

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Aklima Ankhi (Bangladesh)



Aklima Ankhi a poet, storyteller, and a translator, was born on 1 December, 1987 in Mymensingh, Bangladesh. Currently, she is living in Cox's Bazar, Bangladesh. She is a post graduate in English literature. She is a Lecturer in English. Her poems published in the national and international newspapers, magazines as well as many global anthologies. Her poems have been translated into different languages around the world. She has published a book named "Guptokother Shobdochabi" in Bangla language. She received many certificates and honours from different literary organizations for her outstanding literary works.

**W.A.R.** ††... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## World Vivek

(Vivek means inner feelings or conscience)

Morning is not good  
Even the Noon and the Night are the same.  
Who are chasing our goodness?  
Think, World Vivek knows it well!  
It is you who are the vigilant warden of it.  
Our voice echoes on the cosmological wall.  
See once —  
How is the present quaking by the past blankly?  
Then scratch now —  
Your conviction in the hands of the unborn.

**W.A.R.** #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## S. Janine Turner (USA)



S. Janine Turner aka Spicy has always found poetry amazingly intriguing, especially how words came together, and how they always seem to change and connect with people. Janine has had a love for words since 4th grade. Spelling and grammar were my benefits for me. Since overcoming my biggest struggle with me being “Physically Challenged”, and how I would tackle it in the future. How the world would react to this feature of creation; the one that was told “Go Back...”!



# W.A.R. ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## War

Realizing how much I have been missing amongst you and myself.  
However, I have a shadow of my former self following me.  
I don't know if it is for me, or against me.  
I learned one very important lesson from Muhammad Ali; when he was in training.  
He trained his entire body to be what he needed it to be.  
Chased by his own phantom...  
How the war wasn't outside of his body, but yet it was in his grasp...!  
Something that I was on one accord with in total.  
Now, the idea of a new deal with the opposition is...  
Your argument is that you have some sort of...  
Your argumental endeavors are more of a failure.  
I'm going to put this the best way that I can

“WAR, huh... Good God what is it good for  
absolutely nothing....  
Say it again...  
WAR, huh... what is it good for ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!!!

By the way, the biggest WAR is within  
“SELF “...

W.A.R. #... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Sylvestre Clancier



Sylvestre Clancier, président d'honneur du PEN français, traduit en 20 langues a publié 40 livres (Essais, Fictions, poèmes) et réalisé 60 livres d'artistes. Ses Œuvres poétiques anciennes sont réunies en 3 gros volumes aux éditions la rumeur libre. Il publie récemment 7 nouveaux livres. A Paris, il préside la Maison de Poésie et l'Académie Mallarmé.

## Face à la noirceur du monde

C'est ici que tu vis, dans ce monde assoiffé de sang !

Dans la prison de l'ici-bas que peux-tu espérer ?

Aux barreaux de ta fenêtre ta tête se heurte sans relâche  
la voici cabossée et meurtrie.

Tu voudrais l'échanger avec une autre tête  
et dans un autre monde qui serait fraternel.

Ce royaume pourrait-il exister ?  
ou bien ne serait-il qu'une vaine utopie ?

Un pays où le sang ne serait plus versé est-il imaginable ?

Toujours le même jeu pour déjouer les ombres  
pour tracer un chemin qui bannirait les guerres  
pour ouvrir des écoles et fermer des prisons.

Il faut affronter l'homme quand il ne fait pas l'ange  
mais fait plutôt la bête, le prendre par la main  
et lui faire la leçon.

Sans la peur, il pourrait raisonner au lieu de s'angoisser,  
de tourner sur lui-même, d'agresser ses voisins.  
Il pourrait repousser l'heure de partir en guerre.

Partir après la mort dans un monde idéal ?  
La farce dure car les hommes voudraient être immortels.

Les religions, leurs simplifications,  
accréditent l'idée d'un merveilleux voyage.

Si l'homme gagné par la raison  
ne veut plus se bercer de vaines illusions,  
Dieu rassure encore les sourds et les aveugles,  
quelques milliards à l'heure où je vous parle.

Il faudrait retrouver une soif première  
pour initier un monde qui serait plus humain  
et suspendre le temps des impatiences, des précipitations,  
des volontés de toute puissance qui ne sont qu'impuissance.  
Pour initier l'écriture de jours plus apaisés  
il faudrait inventer un nouvel alphabet,  
des syllabes secrètes fidèles à d'anciens avenir rêvés  
par de sages humanistes.

Voix multiples pour dire la vie souhaitable,  
inépuisables sources d'harmonie et de paix.

Le poète peut-il ouvrir une autre voie,  
et parler aux humains, en les aiguillonnant  
pour chercher le chemin ?

Existe-t-il une parole, une écriture,  
pour ouvrir le voyage de l'homme vers l'humain ?

Tu t'interroges en vain Orphée :  
comment sauver Eurydice, ne pas te retourner,  
ne pas céder à l'impatience ?

Et toi incontournable Œdipe  
sauras-tu enfin éviter l'ornière, maîtriser ta colère  
et ne pas tuer ton père ?

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

Rafael Jesús González ~ USA



Rafael Jesús González, Prof. Emeritus of Creative Writing & Literature, four times nominated for a Pushcart Prize, honored by the National Council of Teachers of English for his writing 2003, received a César E. Chávez Lifetime Award 2013 and by the city of Berkeley 2015; named Berkeley's first Poet Laureate 2017. <http://rjgonzalez.blogspot.com/>

## Luna sobre Gaza

La luna sobre Gaza,  
su luz sanadora  
velada por el humo,  
es como luna de sangre  
teñida por la sangre  
del niño muerto  
en los brazos de su madre,  
la madre muriendo  
al llanto de su niña,  
el padre muerto  
en montón de escombros,  
los sufriendo y muriendo  
de heridas y de hambre.  
En guerra son siempre  
los inocentes que más pagan  
— ¿jamás aprenderemos,  
oh hijos de Abraham?  
Madrina luna sigue mirando  
de río a mar.

## Moon Over Gaza

The moon over Gaza,  
her healing light  
veiled by the smoke,  
is like a blood moon  
stained with the blood  
of the innocent —  
the child dead  
in his mother's arms,  
the mother dying  
to her daughter's wails,  
the father dead  
in a pile of rubble,  
the suffering and dying  
of wounds and of hunger.  
In war it is always  
the innocent who pay most  
— will we never learn,  
oh children of Abraham?  
Godmother moon looks on  
from river to sea.

W.A.R. †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

## Kazimierz Burnat



Kazimierz Burnat—Polish awarded poet, essayist, translator of Slavic literature, journalist, literary critic, culture animator, born in Szczepanowice on the Dunajec River. Author of 23 books of poetry, including 7 translations from Czech and Ukrainian, and over 60 collective books with translations of works from these languages, as well as Belarusian, Russian, Slovenian and Hungarian.



## Slavic Uprousals

*Let Your Spirit descend and renew the face of the earth... ~ John Paul II*

I am accompanied by the proximity of evil  
copying the behaviors  
from Euromaidan  
export of Kiev methods from February  
(not November—December)  
escalated by the use of the army  
doing evident evil  
in the name of good  
what for—

there is no dialog among the living  
but above the slain  
different history  
mentality language  
the same life  
why obstinately cling to  
hard-headedness  
the uncompromising attitude

omnipotent oligarchy  
stifles resistance  
eliminates fellow human beings

let bullets flamethrowers  
tanks fall silent  
tires cease smoking  
and reason speak  
with the power of the word  
of the tamers of adversity  
of a bad fate at one's own request  
at the request of eurosquares  
east squares—  
a likho  
fueled by exorcists  
of western democracies

it is time for judicious self-determination  
for common song and dance  
of the Slavs

for the Victory Day

*Translation: Anna Maria Stepień*

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

*hülya n. yılmaz (USA)*



Liberal Arts Professor Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, published author, and literary translator. Her poetry contributions appeared in numerous anthologies in the U.S.A. and abroad. In 2018, WIN of B.C. honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award.

## Children

should not die,  
wrote the renowned  
20<sup>th</sup> century Turkish poet  
Nazım Hikmet many a time

children, however, die  
with the commands of war-mongers  
time and time again

children and their tummy-giggles  
die again and again

children with out-of-this world smiles  
die again and again

children do not get to live  
inside the shelter  
of family love

children do not get to spend  
their natural life happily ever after

reminiscing about my childhood  
leaves my soul in agony,  
for too many children  
of my early years  
have been  
discarded  
in war

*“Orda bir köy var uzakta  
O köy bizim köyümüzdür  
Gezmesek de tozmasak da  
O köy bizim köyümüzdür”*

*There is a village far over there  
That village is ours  
Even if we don't go there*

**W.A.R.** ††... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

*Even if we spend no time there  
That village is ours*

*tra la lala la la  
tra la lala la la  
tra la lala la la la la laaa*

*“Orda bir yol var uzakta  
O yol bizim yolumuzdur  
Dönmesek de varmasak da  
O yol bizim yolumuzdur”  
There is a path far over there  
That path is ours  
Even if we don't arrive there  
Even if we don't return from there  
That path is ours*

*tra la lala la la  
tra la lala . . .*

*tra la lala la la  
tra la lala  
tra la . . .*

the esteemed Turkish poet and politician  
Ahmet Kutsi Tecer had composed this poem  
for children who should always feel home,  
for children who should not die . . .  
an unnatural death

salaam, Soureyya  
salaam, Moustaffa  
salaam, Hameed  
salaam, Fatima  
salaam, Laila  
could you really see us from your village?  
did you hear our beloved school song back then?  
did any of you sing it together?  
had you ever heard it before?  
yes, i have a child, a daughter,

W.A.R. II ... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

and two grandchildren, a boy and a girl  
how about you?

words of old lore then  
began to haunt my privileged self:  
“*Halep ordaysa, Arşın da burda*”  
*If Aleppo is there, so too is Arşın*

in the silence of  
noble corpses of innocence,  
my heart, no longer intact,  
screamed at the top of its lungs:

if Aleppo is *there*  
where on earth is humanity?

**W.A.R.** †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

William S. Peters, Sr.



A 2016, 2019 and 2025 nominee for the Pulitzer Prize for Literature, William S. Peters, Sr., AKA ‘just bill’, has devoted himself to poetry since 1966. He holds the passionate conviction that the written word is a necessity, regardless of form. The author’s spiritual essence reflects in his socially conscientious actions, all of which serve his efforts to ease his personal angst while contributing to the betterment of humanity and the reconciliation of its plight.

The author says: “I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds We Sow and Nourish.

## W.A.R. we are revolution

Demented thoughts,  
Permeating once innocent souls  
Polluting our realities  
With the poisons of  
Greed,  
Power,  
Hate,  
Bias  
And  
Megalomania

Children, we suffer  
With no viable end in sight  
Save that found in  
Baseless dreams  
And untethered hopes

Our piousness tells us  
To put stock in the coming world  
Where supposedly  
All will be well,  
At least that is what  
They tell us . . .  
But in the meantime  
The demons, pagans and barbarians are  
“The tail that wags the dog”

We wait for the clouds to pass,  
Only to realize  
That they are endless in the coming,  
With a bit of clear skies and sunshine  
To abate the angst  
In between

In the meantime,  
More blood is being spilled,  
The gardens are being tilled

**W.A.R.** ¶... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

With the rotting bones  
Of the disenfranchised and powerless,  
That more or less  
Never transposes  
Into the needs of the people

There are those whose solution  
Is to cull the population  
And rid the world  
Of the undesirables and poor  
Who utilize too many  
Resources . . .  
And of course  
They are the founding members of  
The selection committee,  
For they are the ones  
We send our children to die for

As Edwin Starr once sung about  
“War (what is it good for)

Too Much Blood



W.A.R. †... we are revolution ... **Too Much Blood**

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*human beings for humanity*



2025

[worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org](http://worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org)

# Epilogue

this is our World . . .  
this is our Gift . . .



for our Children !

## **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  
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  
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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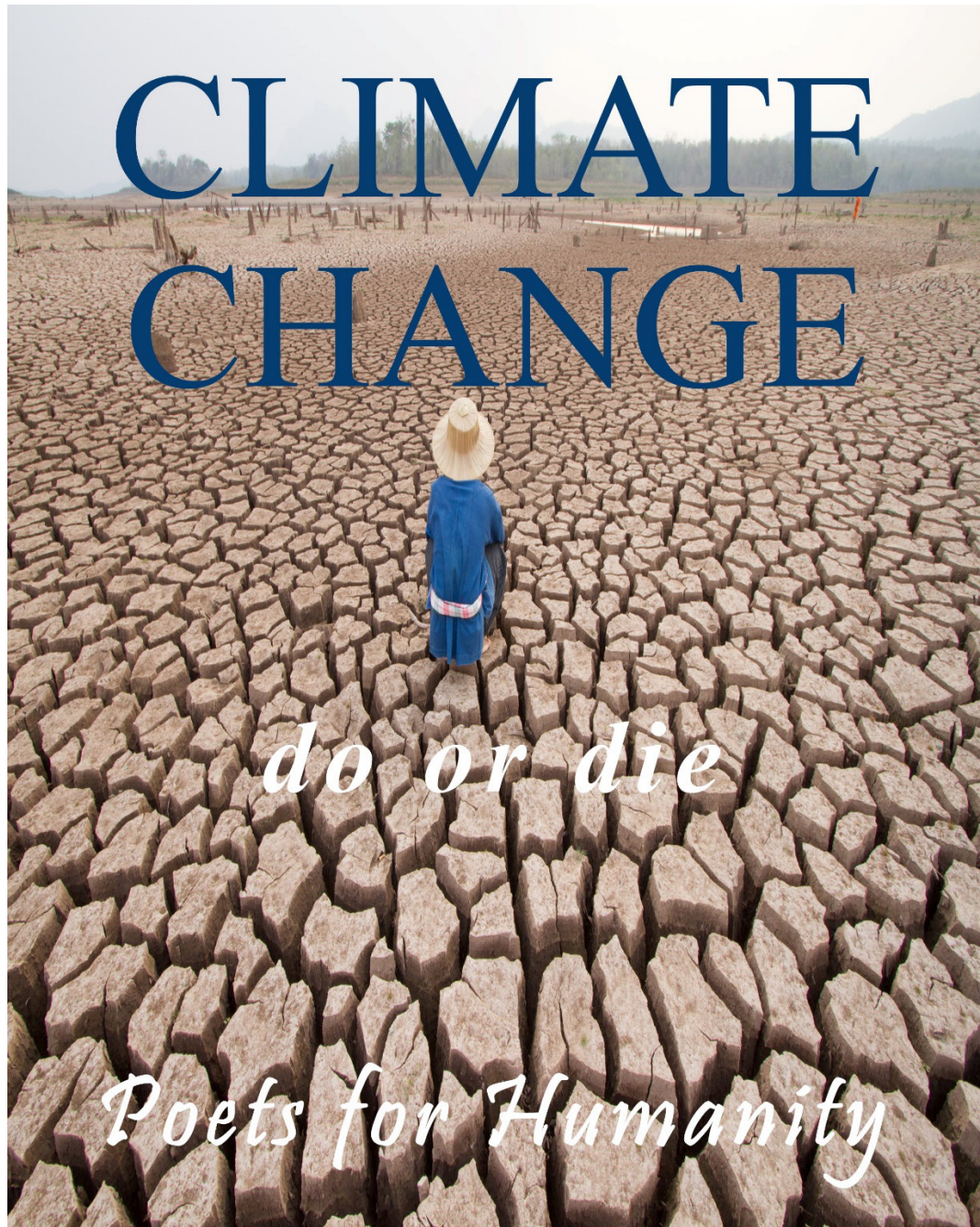
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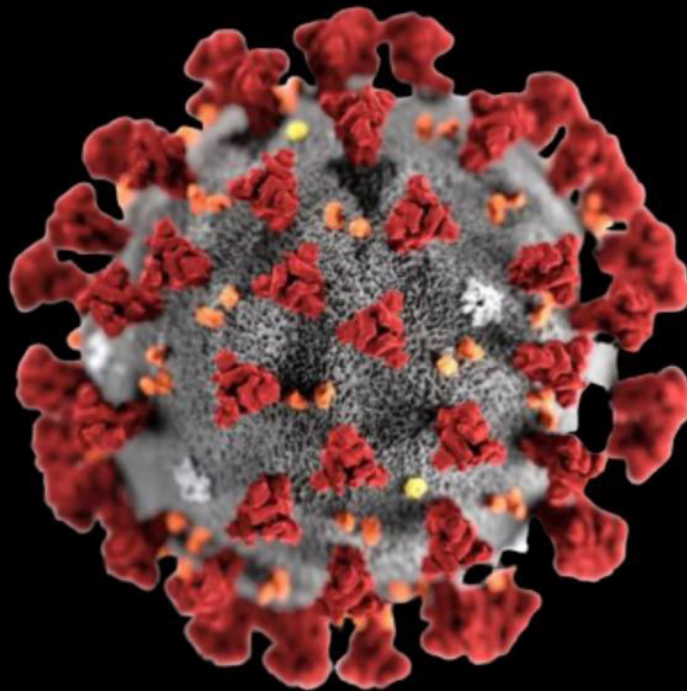
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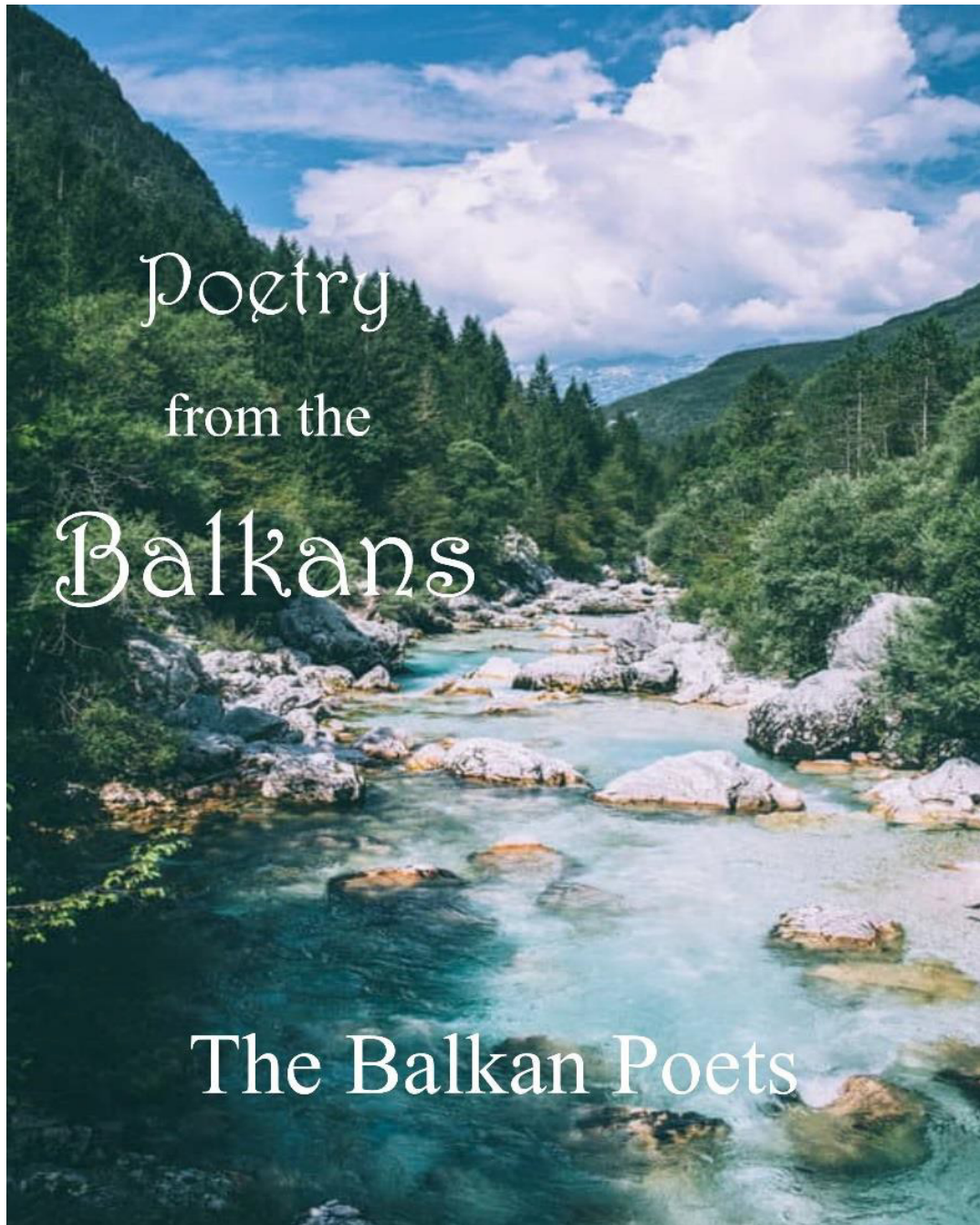
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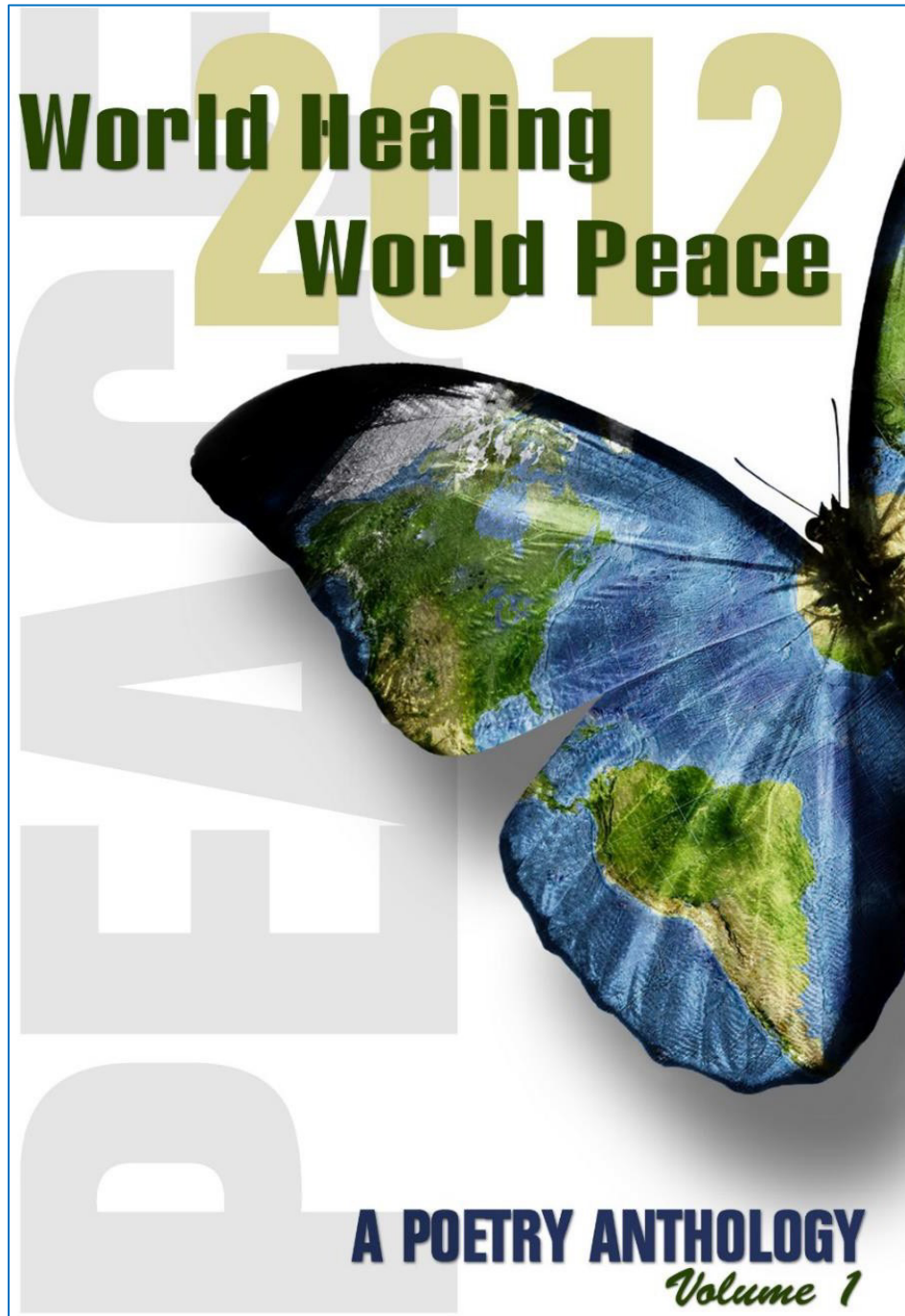
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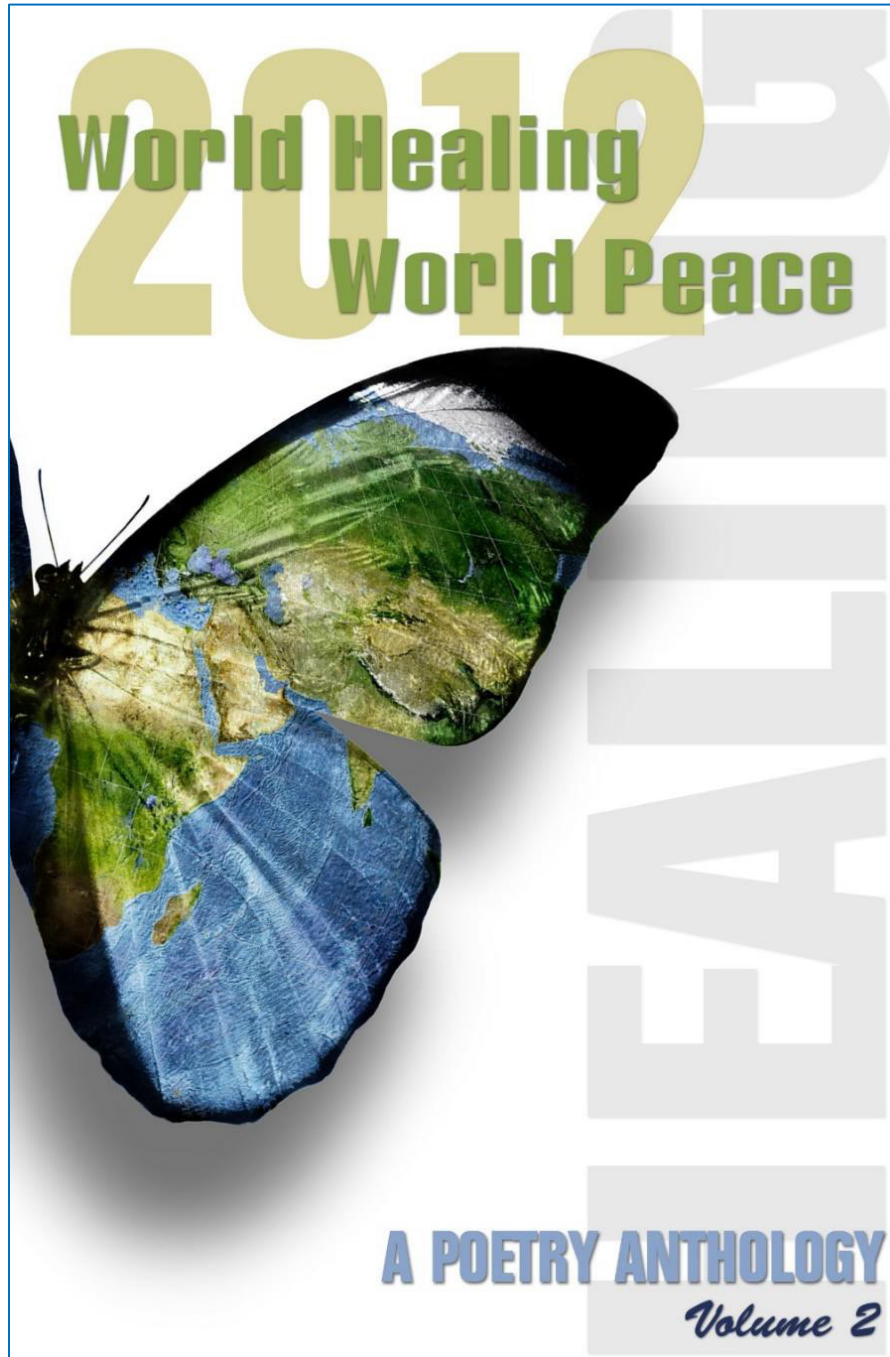
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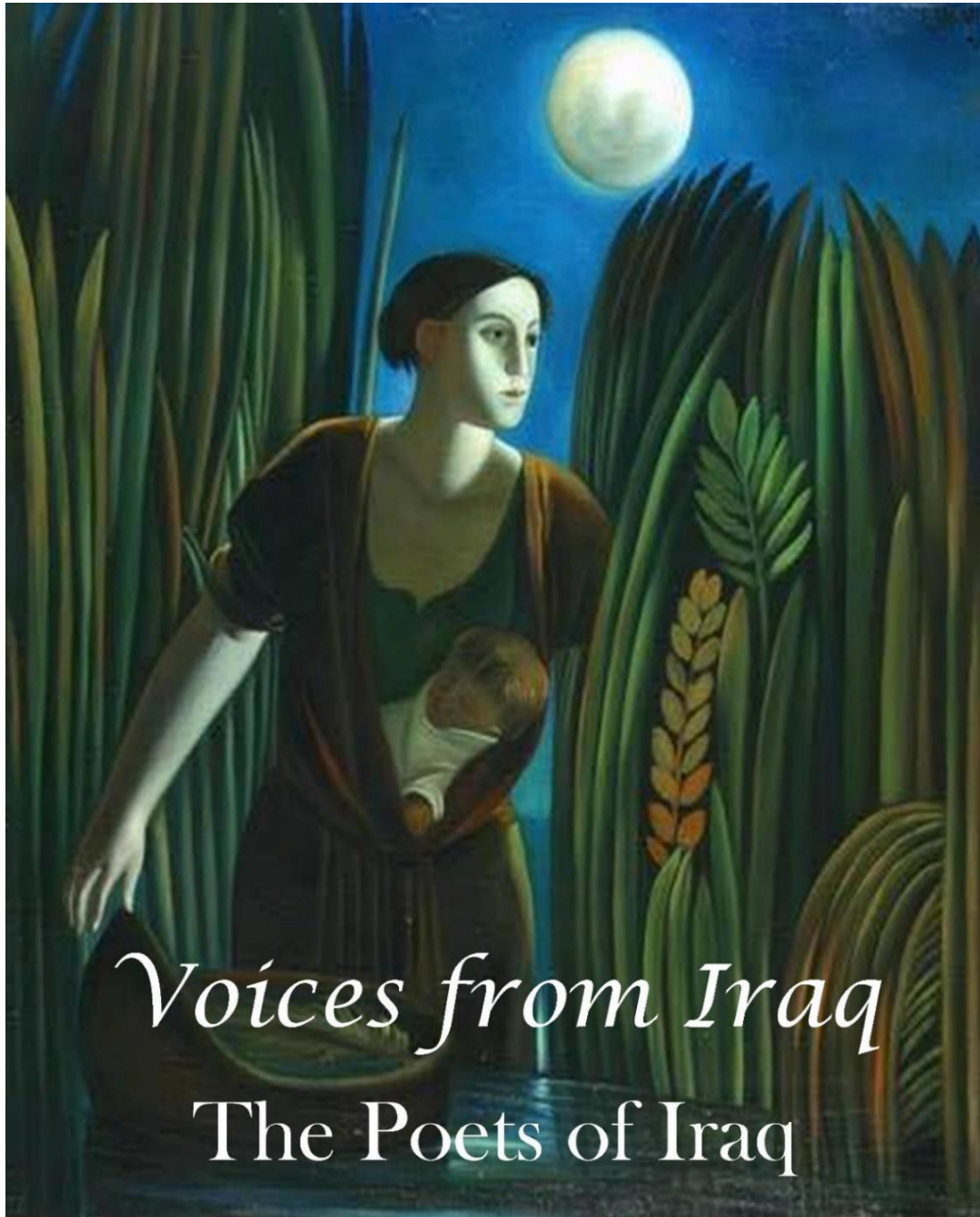
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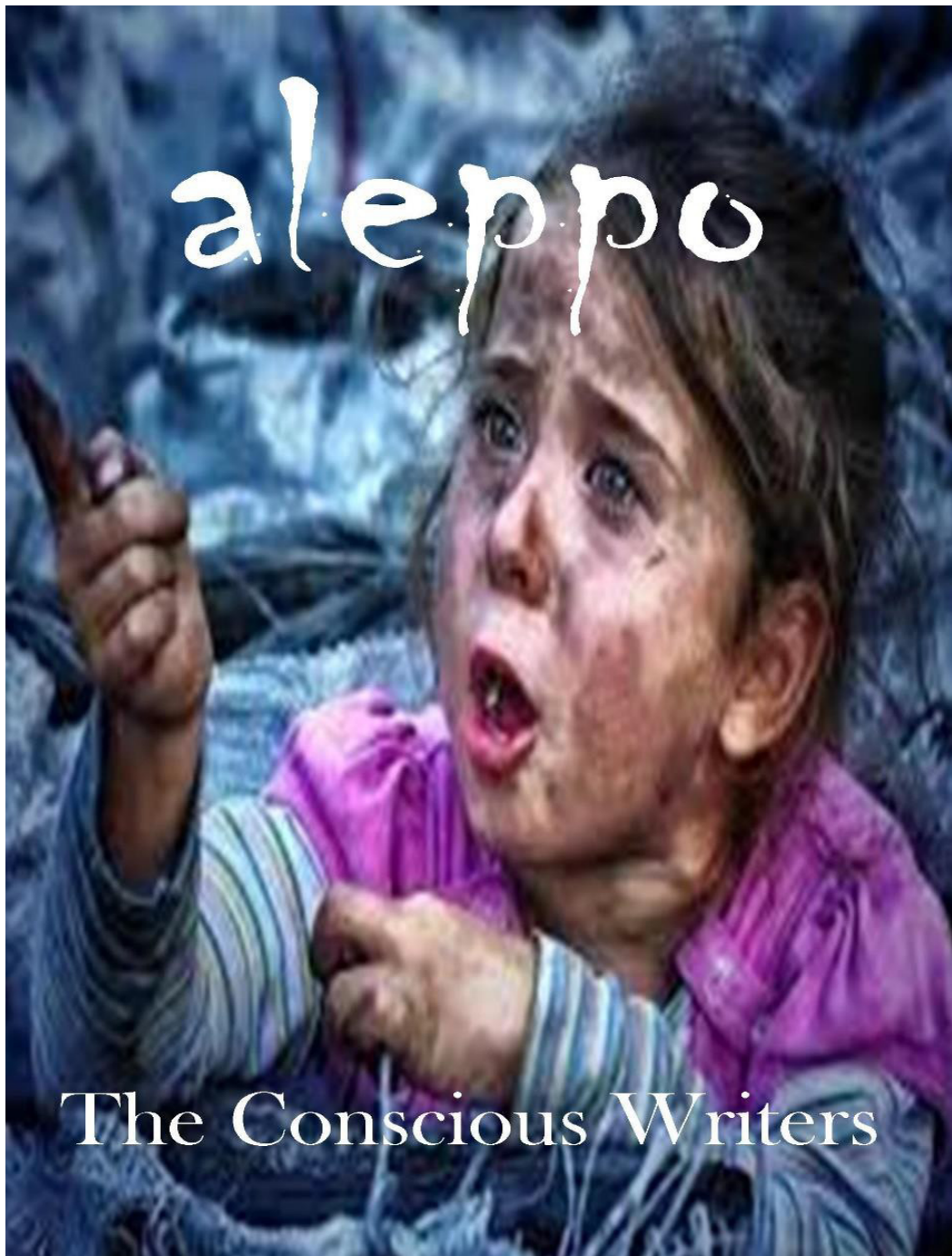


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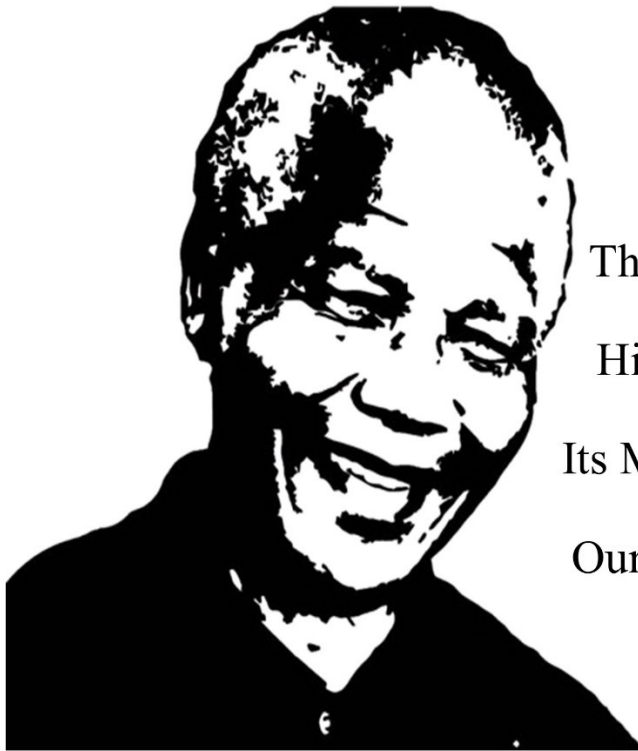


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Inner Child Press



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Editing Services  
Co-Chair Person



**Nizar Sartawi**  
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Relations



**Fahredin B. Shehu**  
Director  
Cultural Affairs



**Gail Weston Shazor**  
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Anthologies



**Kimberly Burnham**  
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**De'Andre Hawthorne**  
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**Ashok K. Bhargava**  
Director  
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# Inner Child Press International

*'building bridges of cultural understanding'*

## Meet our Cultural Ambassadors



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Director of Cultural  
Kosovo



**Faleha Hassan**  
Iraq ~ USA



**Elizabeth E. Castillo**  
Philippines



**Antoinette Coleman**  
Chicago  
Midwest USA



**Ananda Nepali**  
Nepal ~ Tibet  
Northern India



**Kimberly Burnham**  
Pacifie Northwest  
USA



**Alicja Kuberska**  
Poland  
Eastern Europe



**Swapna Behera**  
India  
Southeast Asia



**Kolade O. Freedom**  
Nigeria  
West Africa



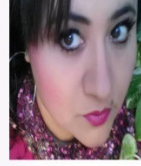
**Monsif Beroual**  
Morocco  
Northern Africa



**Ashok K. Bhargava**  
Canada



**Tzemin Ition Tsai**  
Republic of China  
Greater China



**Alicia M. Ramirez**  
Mexico  
Central America



**Christena AV Williams**  
Jamaica  
Caribbean



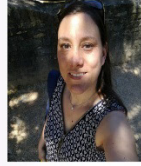
**Louise Hudon**  
Eastern Canada



**Aziz Mountassir**  
Morocco  
Northern Africa



**Shareef Abdur-Rasheed**  
Southeastern USA



**Laure Charazac**  
France  
Western Europe



**Mohammad Ikbal Harb**  
Lebanon  
Middle East



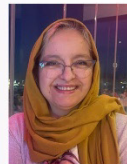
**Mohamed Abdel  
Aziz Shmeis**  
Egypt  
Middle East



**Hilary Mainga**  
Kenya  
Eastern Africa



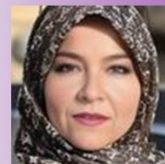
**Josephus R. Johnson**  
Liberia



**Mennadi Farah**  
Algeria



**Marlon  
Salem Gruezo**  
Philippines



**Khalice Jade**  
Algeria  
France

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# Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press International is a publishing company founded and operated by writers. Our personal publishing experiences provide 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:

Inner Child Press International

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

[intouch@innerchildpress.com](mailto:intouch@innerchildpress.com)



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