

2012

World Healing
World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Volume 2

World Healing

World Peace

Poetry

2012

Anthology
Volume II

inner child press, ltd.



General Information

World Healing, World Peace Poetry 2012

Anthology
Volume II

1st Edition : 2012

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

Gautama Buddha

*D*edication

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

World Healing
&
World Peace

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

Abraham Maslow

*P*reface

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

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

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

Preface . . . *continued*

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill
Inner Child

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Inner Child

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welcome to my world . . .



inner



child

embracing . . . empowering . . . enlightening

World Healing

World Peace

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



The

Celebrants

LauraSue Gutierrez



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

Dream of Peace

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

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

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

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

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

*With one easy gesture
it has begun.*

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

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

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

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

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

→

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mother Teresa

Loretta L. Hardrick



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

Come Let Us Reason Together In Unity

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Selfishness and unforgiveness will not heal our land.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Putting another above oneself and ones ways,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Elise Fee



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

The Tipping Point

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

→

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

Top Nine Poems
World Healing World Peace
Poetry 2012

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

Top 30 Poems
World Healing World Peace
Poetry 2012

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

Poets

for

World Healing

World Peace

Volume II

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



Dandrea Dyson

“I have been characterized as good people by my peers. Born in 1962. Montgomery Alabama. Served in the U.S. 24 years. Retired and enjoying being a stay at home dad taking care of my twin 20 old boys.

The Tears of Mother Earth

Mother Earth is sad and hurting
She cries many tears for this precious earth
She cries greats tears because of the knowing
The knowing that this great earth was created by the hand of God
Mother Earth remembers the lakes and rivers that once flowed
That once flowed with the crystal clear water
Mother Earth remembers the skies
The skies that were once so clear and blue
Yes she remembers this tapestry of Gods mighty hand
Mother Earth remembers the mountains of West Virginia
Yes she remembers the once majestic mountain peaks
Those peaks have been blasted away to make room for the
Deadly Strip mine
Mother Earth is so sad and hurting
She cries many tears for this precious earth
She cries greats tears because of the knowing
The knowing that the conscious off of man has been striped
away
Striped away by the passion for greed and need
This consumer mentality has ravaged the once great planet earth
Mother Earth is sad and hurting
She cries many tears for this precious earth
She cries greats tears because of the knowing
The knowing that the precious white polar bear now falls through
The polar ice
This Global warming cries havoc in the arctic lands
Mother Earth is so sad and hurting
She cries many tears for this precious earth
She cries greats tears because of the knowing
The knowing that the innocent White Seagull is now covered in
In Oily black
Slowly drowning in the black crude that was so rude
You see this Oily Black Death has completely canvassed the
Seagulls world

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Mother Earth is sad and hurting
She cries many tears for this precious earth
She cries greats tears because of the knowing
The knowing that the Elephants of Africa and India now feel the
Pain
Hunted down and killed for the greed
The greed for the precious white tusk
The mighty hunters feel no shame
Minds full of blameless
Blinded by passion laced with greed
Mother Earth is so sad and hurting
She cries many tears for this precious earth
She cries greats tears because of the knowing
The knowing that the great Gray whale now languishes at the
bottom of the Sea
Afraid to come up for a breathe of air that was once so clean and

*"We look forward to the time when the Power of Love
will replace the Love of Power.*

Then will our world know the blessings of peace."

William Gladstone



Renata Brown

I started writing poetry when I was eight years old. I bound my first collection of poems together into a book at 11. I started Arts On 365.com in November of 2011 as a place for artist. The site is a one -stop shop for artist to promote his or her projects

Broken Wings.....Dear Angel

Dear Angel,

A heart so tender grieved by the human condition

Each pain carried as your burden

The smiles do not come so easy anymore

Salty tears curl down edges where joy escaped

Eye that twinkled and wished upon stars

Now hang heavy on the head

Delicate wings collapse

What good is an angel that cannot fly?

You ask the creator of the skies

The answer is in the healing

Is in the preparing

Is in the kneeling

Is in the listening

Is in the hoping

Is in the knowing

You will fly...

And soar

Again



Jacqui Baumgardt lives in South Africa. She is an English major and has a Masters Degree in Education Management. Jacqui has written poetry for more than forty years mainly reflecting her own life and religious experience.

Longing

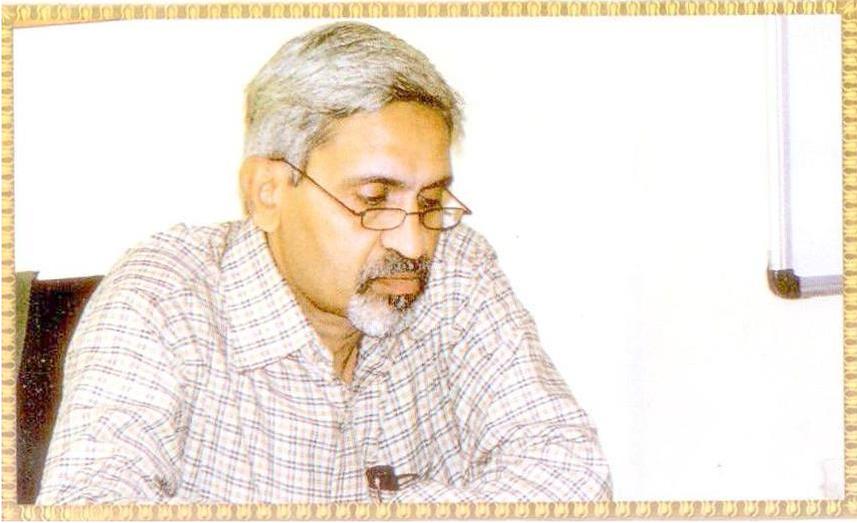
Deep sadness settles over me like a pall
black, suffocating, all encompassing
there is such a hurting world out there
loves lost, battles fought with many scars to show
people losing their identity.

I have been there
looking down the tunnel of non-entity
worthless, ashamed, lonely, un-beloved.

How I long now, having endured and won,
to hold the world close to my heart
embrace it and soothe away its pain
speak tender reassurances
that all will be well again.

How I long to take back words spoken
By countless soulless mortals
who live according to their own creed
uncaring of the wounds inflicted
on the innocent.

How I long to turn time back
to innocence and joy.



Dr. Susheel Kumar Sharma (b. 1962) is a Professor of English/Poet. Some of his poems have been published in France and the UK, Ireland, Canada and the USA. A collection of more than thirty reviews (*Bricks and Bouquets* Ed. Sanjeev Kumar, New Delhi: Creative Books, 2008, pp xxxii + 69, ISBN: 81-85231-32-X) of his first poetry book (*From the Core Within*, 1999, ISBN: 81-85231-27-3) has been published.

Dwellings

I have started
Living in the home of despair
For the house of hopes has been shattered
By volleys of jealousy.
First, the cobwebs of enemies spoilt it.
Then, it was the turn of dangerous curses
Spewed by holy men.
Yet I kept on serving
Dreams for dinner
But the child of innocence
Was not
On the way.
The tree of money sheds its leaves
For Autumn had come
But Spring could not
Locate my home.
Laden with colourful leaves
Hope passed by like a stranger on the road.
I salt my breakfast with tears
That ooze on the peeling of memories
When the butter of praise
Fails to soothe me
I go out to the arms of downstream
Where I drown in eternal sleep
To awake floating on a fresh dream.

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Despair is good.
It remains untouched
By jealousies,
By enmities,
By curses.
It does not desert you suddenly
To make you a pauper
Like hopes often do.
It doesn't give you
Skin deep wounds
Like hopes often do.
It doesn't give you
A pirate's heart.
To run aground
On an alarm !

*If we are to live together in peace,
we must come to know each other better.*

Lyndon B. Johnson



I am Akanni Festus, an undergraduate student writer. Nigerian born young poet and writer

The Ghosts; A Healing For History

It's past but remain
a relic and souvenir of back memories-
a genetic mutation passed to subsequent us.

The reek of conflict-wrecked tribes
poignantly diffuse from centuries
when their flesh was at fresh rottings
to this age when we find revenge.

Past is still in the tense of the present,
hesitant future taking after their ugly faces
blighted by clotting sores and dropping serum.

Here is a generation
that must heal history-
dispell the patrimony
the unforgiving hearts of the ghosts,
whose fingers are fern of swords,
eyes emblazoned with horror crimson bolts
striking, supersonic aural heritage for sons.

We converge in dreams
giving what they accepted without a cause
for a transplant of racial conflict to their generation-
artificial differences- religion, nationality
which generations pass.

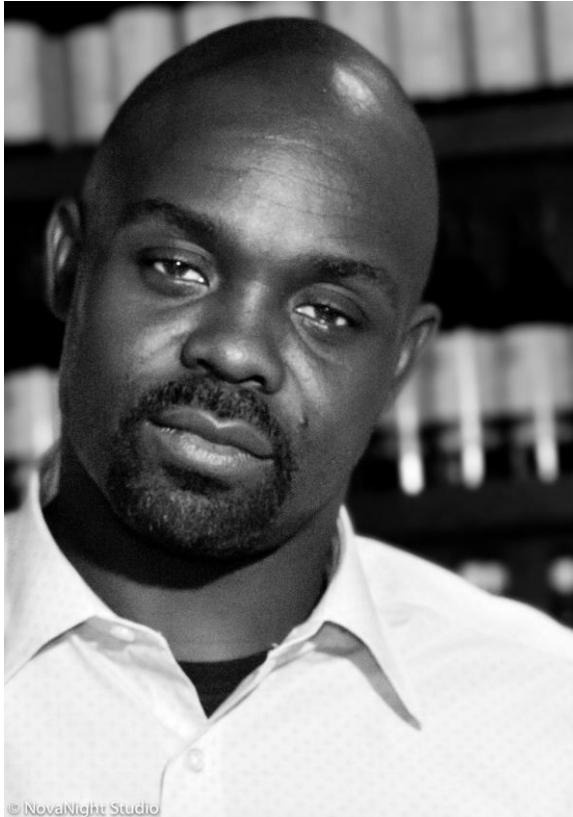
The purpose of living- death or destruction
obsessed the dexterity in creation
of death tools and not life
ghost motivations in history of clan fathers
whose bodies were as shards
dashed, out of vehement anger

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their sickness becoming ours
a contagious disease of polluted minds
their sickness borne to haunt
our peace and our unborns'
heroed if it would not heal history
their generation replicating...
The healing is in our forgiveness for history.

*There is no such thing as inner peace,
there is only nervousness and death.*

Fran Lebowitz



My name is Robert Gibbons. I am a poet living in New York City. Originally from Belle Glade, Florida; I have been a high school teacher for the majority of my career but started writing poetry at an early age. As a child my mother was insistent on me and my sibling reading; so reading became my passion. I started reading and reciting poetry in the 8th grade when I entered a poetry contest at Lake Shore Middle School in Belle Glade. Although I did not win the contest this is the first time I became interested in the craft. I have kept a journal on the down low every since. I have been published in many on-line journals and hard copies. I have been published in the Palm Beach Post, Uphook Press, Riverdale Press, and Tree of Life.

Olive Trees

“Through my grandmother’s stories life always moved, moved heroically towards and end. Nobody ever cried in my grandmother’s stories. They worked or they schemed or they fought, but no crying. When my grandmother died, I did not cry either. Something about grandmother’s stories taught me the uselessness of crying about anything.” (Langston Hughes)

no wonder they name those trees after grandmothers
butter hands and cedars and lebanon when they cut them
out of domicile with hummers and mac-trucks when they cut
knives of demarcation with helicopters and teleprompters
live transportation the separating walls the perpetual falls
its occupies the mother of the heroes ancestors of Sharon
blasphemy when they cut out Budrus Hutus Amazon Tutsi
South Africa and Gaza

no matter how grand mothers swallowing razor wires
slips caps-full consuming sap until healing comes
beneath eyelids in mid-noon prayer supper rubbing aloe
across the foreheads with ointments and libations
a finger of love and preparations for the divine the prophecy
end times

they cut down those trees like knee –high garters
roll stocking clocking suicide find the nation near the border
dragging them beating timber decapitation exorcism of the
spirit where the house is built where the ancestors live
their cuts were like severs umbilical clever as judicial
toils and tillers waiting for water the stoning and the slaughter
the unborn daughter it is a forgotten generation a nation
of relic lost beneath the desert they are royal peasants



Teresa E. Gallion has published in numerous journals and anthologies. She has a chapbook, *Walking Sacred Ground*, a CD, *On the Wings of the Wind* and her most recent book, *Contemplation in the High Desert*. The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence her writing. You may preview her work at <http://teresagallion.yolasite.com> or www.michaeljohnhallmusic.com.

The New Eden

I. Reflection

Let me rediscover myself
in the space of my brother,
wandering through the garden
of his heart.

When I turn toward the light
I must acknowledge his garden
is as precious as mine.
Both blossom in the same rhythm.

If I take his hand, my skin and his breathe homo sapien.
Why oh why dearest ones do we fear
the miracle of existence—our humanity.

II. Witness

Seated on a sacred cloud, I see a broken globe.
Humankind caught in ceaseless bickering,
bloodletting and turmoil does not see
the geography of rage from the deep
dressed in power, greed, vanity, lust.

Wave after wave of these negative passions
claim the lifeblood of everything that inhales.
Earth swallows this darkness in her abyss
in a stream of fiery orange light.

It is the last war on the planet.
Nature declares an end to negligence.
Our mothers and fathers burn to ash.
A last breath of love is given to each child.

III. Hope

The parched terrain cannot touch the children.
Spirit shelters them from the storm.
The ground hears the chanting.
They march in unison across the landscape.

Peace beckons them to repentance at the river of surrender.
Each child carries a virgin olive branch.
A request for forgiveness reaches for the light giver.

The flame of rage
succumbs to the cry of innocence,
spreads a wave of harmony on every face.

IV. Eden

Oh Master of the universe
heal our souls, grant us peace.
From the love of God,
a second breath given.

A new Eden begins a slow rise from the light.
The seeds from the ash are spared.
A little one offers her hand in peace.
She is the way shower.
To her the light is given.

V. Peace

The blue light of Spirit glows
from Antarctica to Patagonia
from Sudan to Russia
from the Himalayas to the United Kingdom
from the Canadian Rockies to the Hawaiian Islands
with a message to every child.

Come little ones
You stand upon the new earth.
Bring your lights of love
and join in a mantra of peace.



Jay Buck

I was born in Moline, Il.in 1937, but lived most of my childhood days in Ophiem, Il. I write poetry, but painting and drawing is what I love to do most. I have 2 children, 7 grandchildren, & 17 great-grandchildren.

Lament Of Mother Earth

Mother Earth is weeping in anguish
And her heart is filled with sorrow
For she fears for us, her children
And the atrocities on the morrow
We have raped her of her treasures
And have torn away her very soul
Now she aches in her ugly nakedness
And fears she will never again be whole
What have you done my children
She cries in grievous despair
You have torn my beautiful scenery
And fouled my precious air
All my creatures have suffered
But you shall suffer most of all
For I was given unto your keeping
And you never heard or heeded my call
I will turn on you and leave you
Trembling and quaking in fear
Because your hearts were closed
And my suffering you did not hear
Give me back my beauty and serenity
And repair what you know you ought
Or your days will be numbered
And your presence come to naught!



My name is Gail Weston Shazor. My focus in writing is a journal of how I see, taste, smell and hear the world. I have been published at Allthingsgirl.com, Sun Sentinel Newspaper, Virginia Howler, Poetically Spoken Anthology and the Chicago SunTimes. My book may be purchased at <http://www.blurb.com/books/865753> and recorded works heard at <http://www.reverbnation.com/gailwestonshazor>

More of my Poetic offerings are available at awordywoman.blogspot.com, ceruleanmusings.blogspot.com, <http://www.facebook.com/thenavypoet>

A call for Arms...Quadruple Etheree

I
Stretched
Out my arms
To hold you close
Anticipating
That I would bask in you
In the warmth of your birthing
A new season to enjoy
Revel in the subtle changes
And feel your movements under my palm
Each one too small for the eye to witness
I did not know there would be a cleansing
A washing too strong for your stillness
You could no longer hold your seed
And I cried for your losses
For they were mine also
Pearls left on the road
Where even men
Missed the glean
Of tears
Wept

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Left

By cheeks

On high ground

Looking for words

Spelled like red crosses

Of an Army who saves

So you wonder who will march

In with tracts and hopefully lunch

For bodies can't hear over the gnaw

Because bellies are attached to the hearts

And my soul is ever attached to yours

Please bring seeds so I can remember love

Let me show you the old cornerstones

Talk with me of where I can be

When the dark takes the daylight

To places I can't go

Before you leave here

Tell me the truth

Will you come

Back for

Me?

*Before the war, and especially before the Boer War,
it was summer all the year round.*

George Orwell



Daniel Hughes was born in San Francisco, California and raised in Sacramento. Where he went to the school of hard knocks and took a lump or two as he has grown from a man of mixed culture to a man of many. He fathered an Asian daughter who became a woman of many talents from the diversity of who he was with the many cultures he grow to know. He is a well traveled person making his way from the Latin countries to the Far East and many Asian countries. He also lived with the many cultures here in his own back yard, through out Sacramento and in Oakland where he earned the name Blue Eyed Soul. Daniel has written many things in his life and is just now started to have them published.

The world at ease

The wind does blow across the tops of trees

The wind does blow across the seas

The waves do crash against shores

The wind then blows across the land

The winds of time has come and gone

Uneasiness there has been with sadness on the wind

Sounds of cries have also been heard

The wars did rage as people give life to secure our world for the future to be

Now it is up to you and me to give it peace with love you see

It will be a world at ease for us this love will show on the wind it will blow

To send peace to all we know and the peace and love will grow and grow

The world at ease then it will surly be loving and peace for you, me and all shall be.



Ann Betz is a transformative poet who writes in the language of consciousness and love. Her hunger to understand the nature of reality at its deepest level has led her to study, teach, and develop mastery in the fields of leadership, consciousness, and neuroscience. Ann believes passionately in transformation for all beings, and when she is not roaming the world, she lives in Minnesota with her son Noah and two Costa Rican cats.

Blessing for Sweet Community

We are meant to live
in community
surrounded and enfolded in each other
your arm next to mine, fingers
entwined and the warmth
the warmth
of bodies near

We are meant to live as one idea
expressed in a shout
a song, a prayer
nodding yes, that's right
as voices soar in praise

We are meant to blend our sweat
and dreams
holding a piece of the whole
bringing the light
of what was broken
together again

We are meant to live
in community
surrounded and enfolded in
each other



Kelli Allen is an award-winning poet, editor, and scholar. Her poetry and fiction has appeared or is forthcoming in *Puerto del Sol*, *Echo Ink Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Fjords*, *Abridged*, *Lyre Lyre*, *The Blue Sofa Review*, *WomenArts Quarterly*, *The Caper Review*, *It Has Come to This: Poets of the Great Mother Conference*, *Foliage Oak*, *Greatest Lakes Review*, *Lugh Review* (where she was the featured author), *Blackmail Press*, *The Chaffy Review*, *Euphony* and elsewhere. Her fiction has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and she was a finalist for the 2011 Rebecca Lard Award.

Just to Listen, Pulling Open the Soft Strings, Release

The problem is we no longer understand
How to tell ourselves to be still when the basket
Carrying the blessed boy comes floating into our pond.

The failed whisperings of *soon* and *almost* and *later*
Remind us somehow of music, but too late
And both donkey and badger turn from us, possibly ashamed.

Frogs lump close to one another, content all bumps
And weird damp bodies: a warm accomplishment.
No one tries to pry one from the other.

If reeds make peeping notes, as Knowers say,
What need would we have for the trumpeter
Or repeating notes from shining piccolos?

You and I think ahead, past where we have paid
For our fiddles, still dusty from streets and stalls,
Realizing quite perfectly that we have nothing
To do but let urgency lapse, sleek forward, embrace
As certain waves wash steadily inward.



Florence "floetic" flo Malone is a resident of the state of Ohio. An avid young adult advocate and cast member of Coochie Chronicles. Florence believes that we have to help the youth in each of our individual communities learn to express themselves thru art rather than sex or violence. Her New CD "The Conscience Floetic Flo" has been released since the summer of 2011 and is rapidly going up the charts on Reverb Nation.

My Pledge to the World

I Pledge my Allegiance to speak.

I'll provide healing through stories, folklore, legends and poetry
I'll use verbs and nouns to inspire a higher power
My aspirations will turn unwatered seeds into beautiful flowers
I'll unravel generational curses through my positive verses,
Spit from the heart nothing will be rehearsed
Metaphors and similes will fulfill the need
Help motivate the people of the world so that they can succeed
My words will unite their minds and then they will be free
Of any type of slave mentality
Rid their thoughts of all disease
No more hunger cause my words will feed
And if the people get thirsty, they'll drink of me
And with each sip, they will find eternal peace
Salvation is what they will feel when I breathe
They will let go of all their insecurities-prejudice will no longer
exist once they inhale me
For I'll break through and vanish all of their worries

So I Pledge my Allegiance to speak.

Because with each and every word I say
I reach one or maybe one hundred and ten
But regardless of how many---
They will take the lessons back and teach their kin
The village will grow stronger and they will use their minds as
their shield of armor
All because I became a lyrical farmer
Planting consciences into their garden
Purple lotuses will grow because my words will sow
Into the heart of every woman and man

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Love will blossom and we will begin
To take back what was stolen
I'll be milk for mal-nourished babies
The light that will pave the way
My diction will be the saving grace
I'll be the hymn that the Negro slaves sang when they thought it
was their last days
Like the liberty bell I'll ring
But with each ring, a poetic sound the bell will bring
Pledging to create a utopia because the power of peace lies inside
my mouth
The focus of my tranquility
But until my tongue can release
Or become the key to unlock the mystery
That will bring back humanity

I Pledge my Allegiance to speak.

When fire and water are at war it is the fire that loses.

Spanish proverb



My name is Toy Honey. I was born and raised in Flint, Michigan. I've been writing poetry since high school, while in high school singing in the high school choir and writing poems and songs was my great escape from my own reality. The Negro Speaks of Rivers by Langston Hughes was the first poem I recited and this poem made me love poetry. Over a year ago a fellow poet, Joski the Poet, reintroduced me to poetry, I had stopped writing poetry for three years and wrote short stories and since my love for poetry has been reignited my pen continues to flow. Music of all kinds inspire me to write like artists from the past and present. I'm a single mother of one boy who is my pride and joy, divorced since July 2008. My future goals for writing is to be a self-published author to publish the two books I am working on: one is a romantic drama and the other will be a poetry book.

Wake Up

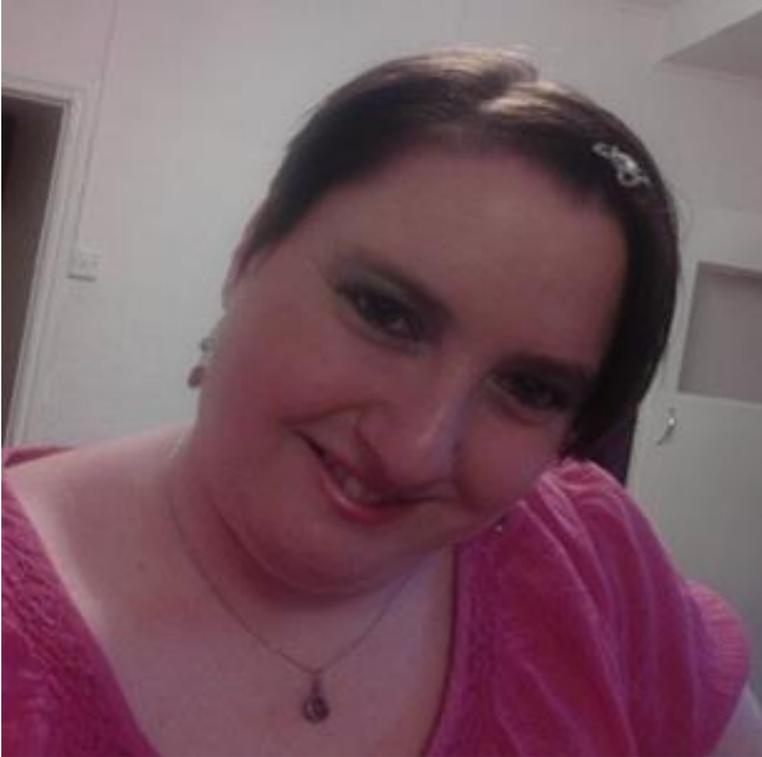
Open your eyes
And look around
Do you see what
I see?
People without jobs
For a long period
Of time
Some can't afford
To get sick
Cause they don't
Have healthcare
Earthquakes destroying
Places that don't
Usually have them
Our children are
Growing up with
One or no parents
To love them
Divorce and diseases
Are at the highest
Percentage in this
World
What's going on?
Where is the love?
If I could I
Would with the
Snap of my fingers
Make this world
Better
But it's not reality

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

We all have to
Come together
Work on these issues
Through the grace
Of God
I pray love is
Restored
Our people get the
Best healthcare
The children get the
Love they deserve
End the constant
Break-up of marriages
Cure all diseases
With all this trouble
Of the world
I fall down to my
Knees and pray
That the Lord
Can make it better

One sword keeps another in the sheath.

George Herbert



Laura Crean

I am 38 years old and a single Mother from East Sussex in the United Kingdom. I am an author, artist and poet. I have published 2 books this year, 'A Lifetime of Reflections' (poetry) and 'The Realm of the Purple Dragon' (Children's novel). My children are my inspiration, always.

A Poem for Peace 2012

There is a feeling in the air,
it is building day by day,
that everyone upon this Earth
may soon have a chance to say:

'Now is the time to make a stand,
to let your voice be heard,
the time is now, it is at hand -
Iniquity be cured!'

It is time to start the healing
of each and every soul,
broken and tormented -
it is time to make them whole.

Peace needs understanding
and to eliminate all fear,
the world must be a family
in unity that's clear.

How can we find this harmony
and create a safe new Dawn
of bliss and calm serenity
that makes each heart feel warm?

Only through a simple process
can compassion and respect
in each and every human heart
through simple love infect.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

And there is no one religion
that can pacify the Earth,
there is no one tradition
that can break the dreaded curse.

There is no prayer or meditation
that can put an end to war,
only love gives birth to peace,
only love and nothing more.

*Peace is a virtual, mute,
sustained victory of potential powers
against probable greeds.*

Paul Valery



I am Linda G. Coburn, aka Nruboc, this is my pen name. I turned to writing in order to release my feelings of pain and sorrow. Sharing my poems has now become a large part of my life and gives me the strength to face each day. Every word I write comes straight from my heart and my desire is to be a blessing to others.

Healing Peace and Legacy

World Peace and Harmony
Wouldn't it be nice if it could be
Isn't it what we all need most
Aiming for what God had spoke
Raise our glass and make a toast
For what we really want the most

Save our children our planet our lives
Continue as we're going and everyone dies
Wars for what reason
Do we really know why
An enemy lies then goes and hides
We slaughter each other because of pride

Is it really worth our having to die
Teach our children so they don't cry
We can shut down the prisons and no one fry's
Stop killing each other and quit the lies
Go on now and close your eyes
What do you see but the man inside

We're all of one nation
One spirit.... ...same line
I cut your hand then you cut mine
Same colour of blood flows outside
When it hits the ground
Do I know which is mine
Beneath God's Heaven where we reside

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

We only need look and take our time
Yes... our lives are a very fine line
Teach our children just what to believe
For our father was Adam
Our mother was Eve
She was the one that did conceive

But God gave us this land
For all to live free
Teach our children to only believe
Then watch in this world
We will finally achieve
What a legacy we will leave

Etched here in ink are my unspoken words
To the Nations I hope my words have been heard
World Healing World Peace it can be done
If all of Gods people become just one
World Peace Healing and Harmony
Won't it be nice when this we will see...

*Peace is not an absence of war,
it is a virtue, a state of mind,
a disposition for benevolence, confidence, justice.*

Benedict Spinoza



Le Chante aka Lisa Walsh

I am a 29 year old born and raised island girl who has a love for reading, listening to music and a passion for poetry that's been with me all my life. I have always been good with words. I would love to be published one day and I have aspirations of being a songwriter as well. I am also a mother of two children whom I love with every fiber of my being. I enjoy various genres of art. I am enthralled with history, music and writings of different cultures. I would love to own the bible in various languages one day. I love nature and although I am not overtly religious I am highly spiritual. I know that wisdom is a gift and knowledge is some of everything. I believe that we as humanity share a great deal of responsibility to each other. I know that we are connected and we affect each other by the power of words whether in thought or voiced. I am a lover of life and i know that with truth and consciousness I am one with the energies that are us.

"Jah be Praise"

I am one love calling on a winters eve,
Coming in from the cold like Bob Marley in his prime,
Singing for the conquering lion pride,
"Until the color of a man's skin is no more significant than the
color of his eyes there will always be war"
I Intend to stay authentic and
dust that hater ray off in a word, power, sound love,
Won't be caught with the blind leading blind

Lost in a mental heartbreak
As life unfolds at a fast pace,
I could get caught in this rat race but my life is a blessing,
So I move at a smart pace and educate myself on life's lessons,
Reading through the scrolls of the ancients
Logged into the matrix where we are all connected,
Cosmically related energies throughout earth's space,
Love and Jah above all the things that negate,

I chose happiness over inner strife,
Knowledge of self frees the mind,
The animals are showing the signs seek out nature to read these
lines,
These are some serious times and i can no longer bear nature's soul
cry
While we live stumbling in an illusion of peace,
Where nature is misused for greed,
Take for example
we need the trees to breathe and the earth lack trees
So its a twisted stem,

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

We live with systematic poison when one love is the option for
change,
So I live in the present tense and write tomorrows page.
I sample yesterday's secret gist to understand myself in the mix
Mothering seeds from the futuristic trees planted before I had
children,
Writing on the pages of life,

We don't appreciate mother nature's gifts and I can't live like this
So inner peace is hard when the world don't reflect love as real as
the stars above,
I'm grateful to the creator for the present
I've seen faces on the moon simply because I had a vision and
choose to walk in light,
All on the strength of an inner heights where the essence of who I
am is as an owl in the night,
High atop the tree of life,
I got connected with the aura of being closer to nature and the
knowledge of the ancients so I know that if we stand as one when
the changes come we will all walk in love
But if we choose division then we fall in confusion where peace
lives in seclusion,
So now that inspiration pulled me from the distance
Reflection brings me inner peace
And I am grateful to the most high for this,

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

Mother Teresa



Edwin M. Cordevilla, born on September 30, 1967, is a poet based in the Philippines. He is the author of *Phoenix and Other Poems*, published in 2000. *The Occasions of Air, Fire, Water, Earth, Sacred Space* is his second collection of poems awaiting publication.

Cordevilla has performed some of the poems in his latest collection at the Café Georgio in Makati City; the Far Eastern University; Kapitan Moy Museum in Marikina City; at the Inner Sanctum Bar in Intramuros, Manila; at the Abelardo Hall and Bahay Kalinaw, both at the University of the Philippines-Diliman in Quezon City; at the Green Papaya Art Gallery in Quezon City; at the (defunct) Republic of Malate Bar; and at Penguin Café Gallery also in Malate, Manila.

Cordevilla is currently writing an epic entitled, "Ten Thousand Lines Project For World Peace." He started writing the epic in January, 2010 and as of October, 2011, has already crossed the 7,000 lines threshold.

Children of the Stars

At the end of the day,
You revisit the words,
Hoping to see a phrase,
Or a meaning that surprises you.
Hoping a window is open to welcome
You into a new way of seeing things,
Or to see things as they are,
To see the heart of civilization
In its rawness, in its most real state.
You're afraid a word may slip away
Without its incident, its history,
Its present-tense-ness,
That there is a now deeper
Than the Now as everything vibrates
In their vibratory existences.
The environment that embraces you
Is a fragile shade of a deeper image,
Deeper vibration, while nebula
Give birth to stars, and stars give
Birth to solar systems. Words
Know these things, that there is a part
Of the galaxies within you,
That there is another war,
That is, to care for the next soul
Or not to care, and that war
Is within every child of the stars.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



Kelly Giles

I'm an adopted immigration lawyer who nearly joined the state department, as wanted to be ambassador to Israel and bring about world peace. Now I want to seek peace through poetry, from "swimming in a thunderstorm" to "surfing the tsunami", as my poems are about healing trauma personally and universally.

Everything is upside down

For the God I believe in is
A terrified detainee
Being tortured to death
By a terrified soldier
Because we were told
To take the gloves off
A native American
Drinking himself to death
An Indian immigrant
Being shot & killed
For wearing a turban
Too soon after 9/11
A gay man
Being brutally beaten to death
A raw recruit
Left paralyzed for life
And speaking out
Against the madness of war

6

An abortionist
Suffering severe facial injuries
When her clinic is firebombed
A grey & white stray cat
Being hit by a car
& being cared for by my neighbor & i
Who the animal hospital said
They could try to save
For 75 dollars
But when we called animal control
They said our referral had died
Thus saving the city 75 dollars
A stop-lossed soldier

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Killing himself
Rather than returning to the hell
He thought he'd finally been freed from
A prostitute
Being viciously raped
By a moralistic vigilante

7

A journalist
At the Palestine hotel
Being killed
For trying to tell the truth
About the war
A Japanese father
Being detained at Manzanar
Because he looked
Like an enemy combatant
An undocumented trans-gendered immigrant
Dying in terminal island (how aptly named)!
Detention center
Because we won't let him have
His HIV med's

8

But when everything is right side up
The God I believe in will be
A homeless street kid
Welcoming an army of orphans
Into a family of gangbangers
In search of the ultimate rave
& when we finally find
The rave to end all raves
The music will rip our hearts out
& we'll never again
Be able to forget
How loved we've always been

I prefer the most unfair peace to the most righteous war.

Cicero



Hello my name is Alfreda Ghee, I just truly love the LORD!! I enjoy life and all that it has to offer through writing poetry and through my kids...If you cant enjoy life then why not find a way to enjoy it and be at peace with it...

World Peace

Bring light to your eyes in the morning sun rise
Sing joy through your soul as you see the world through my eyes
No more hunger will the children have to cry for
No more longing will mothers have to think about
No more war will the husbands endure
No more anger will any one feel
Food on your table when you rise for the day
Clean water running from every faucet in the world to drink

Freedom of speech is worth more to me you see
We all have a voice and we should all be heard amongst the the
people of the world
Working together in perfect harmony
Sharing the abundance of the earth
Is what we shall do
Pulling the rope so we all can cross the river
To pick the fruit and veggi's on the other side

Filling a plate with more than just food
Filling a heart with more than just love
Sealing our fates with nothing more than destiny, peace, joy and
hope
Feeling another's pain as they try to figure when their next meal
will come from
Hoping that if I reach across the sky and pull you from poverty and
take your place
Wondering if that would make your path a little easier
Walking hand in hand with another person from another country
Telling them of my hopes and dreams for them to have a better life
it seems
Wanting nothing but food for every boy, girl, man and woman
We shall plant a garden laid with all that you can imagine to be
there

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

We must unite and not divide if we are to survive
Feed you with my spoon and I eat with my fingers
Give you a drink from my glass and I drink from the palm of my
hands

You sleep in my bed and I sleep on the floor
You walk in my shoes and I walk with none
You sit in the good chair and I sit on the floor
Dress your wounds and leave mine to fester over
Showing you love and peace so you can be at ease and rest

Bring your country to meet mine half way
We exchange views and work for a higher power
Focus on the good things that we have
Let go of the bad feelings that we have for one another
Strive to build and strive to up lift
Move to teach and know how to learn and grow
Give out what your soul requires
Up holding to bring the world to one circle of life
Knowing that world peace is within at all times....

*Adapt yourself to the things among which your lot has been cast
and love sincerely the fellow creatures with whom destiny has
ordained that you shall live.*

Marcus Aurelius



My name is Star Blossom Goddess. I write through the gift of channeling short stories, poetry and am presently working on a novel. Often I find when I connect to spirit, I have an abundance of ideas. My hobby is photography and many times, I add poems to my photo's.

World Peace With Love

When one holds the candle of peace and love, we open a door where anything is possible. It begins with a visionary match.

Only when you weave peace and love, within your consciousness, can the world flourish to be a place of heaven on earth. It begins at home.

Run and reach out your hand to another, then, it will cause a tidal wave that can travel for world peace and harmony. It begins with intention.

Love is the spark that when planted, in everyone's heart, can grow to change the world. It begins with you.

Do not forget the gift of love for, it has the power to reawaken the magnificence of our world. It begins by opening ones heart.

Please honor one another and share love, for it is the answer to world harmony. It begins in the heart.

Everyone should look in the eyes of one another holding rays of love so world healing and peace can begin. It begins with a smile.

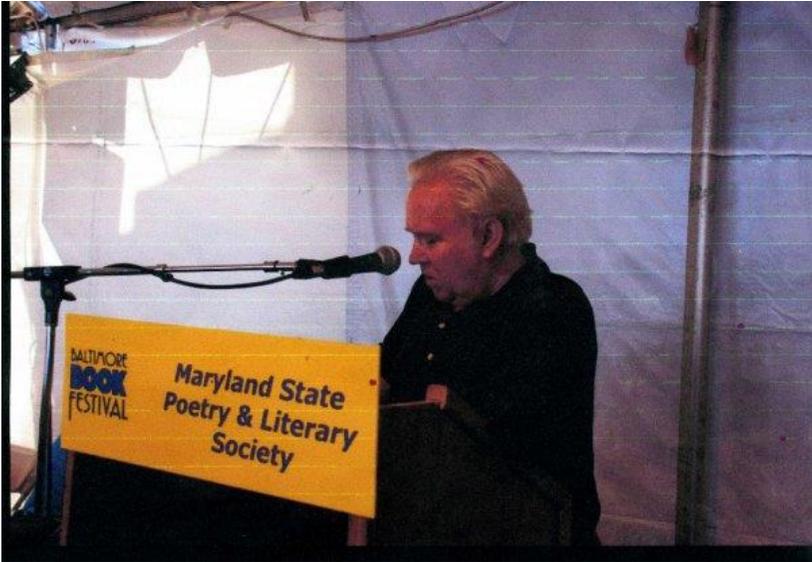
As you take a breath, take a step to embrace world peace with new eyes so, you can see the magic of a rainbow. It begins with the dance of truth.

Come and join your precious family on earth, and move with the energies of love to celebrate, inside world peace. It begins with a hug.

Enjoy one another and dance inside a loving heart so world peace, joy and light can filter through so we can celebrate our oneness. And so it begins.

Don't tell me peace has broken out.

Bertolt Brecht



David Eberhardt was born in March, 1941. As a peace protester, he was incarcerated at Lewisburg Federal Prison for pouring blood on draft files in 1967 with Father Phil Berrigan and two others to protest the Vietnam war. He retired from work in the criminal IN justice system in 2010 after 33 years of work at the Baltimore City Jail (see Chapter "Offender Aid and Restoration".) Two books of poetry are available: *The Tree Calendar* (Dolphin Moon Press, 1987) and *Blue Running Lights* (Abecedarian Press, 2007). Poems from PIB may be ordered from Amazon.

Once to Every Man and Nation"

Dave remakes the hymn: "Once to every man and nation" Now politically correct- still moving: dave's additions, transmogrifications in parens)

Once to Every Man and Nation: poem by James Russell Lowell (protesting America's war w Mexico- with apologies to James)- music tune nicknamed EBENEZER (one name like a Brazilian soccer star)- actually Ebenezer was arranged by Thomas John Williams, a Welsh organist. An Ebenezer is a stone

of salvation after the stone monument erected by Samuel after a successful battle with the Philistines- it's in the Bible.

"Once to every man (woman, transgendered person, animule, life form) comes the moment to decide.

In the strife of truth with falsehood (right wing, capitalist shit /crap) for the good or evil side.

Some great cause-God's (goddess, Buddha, Muhammed, Wiccan, abyss, nothing, quarks, muons,)

God's new Messiah (Berrigan, King, (insert whomever for occasion), offering each the bloom or blight,

And (I love this part) the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Stanza 2: (Now picture this) By the light of burning martyrs, Jesus bleeding feet I track. (can you believe the Unitarians have softened and changed the words in this hymn)

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Toiling up new Calvaries (movement/struggles, revolutions) ever

With the cross that turns not back.

New occasions teach new duties (don't forget education), time makes ancient good uncouth (there's a stretch for a rhyme James),

They must onward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.

(o yes)(still true!!!).

Stanza 3 Though the cause of evil (right wing stuff) prosper (how true), yet tis truth a lone is strong (never forget it).

Though her portion be the scaffold, and upon the throne be wrong!!! (hmm- who's on the throne right about now?)

Yet that scaffold sways the future (think of John Brown at Charlestown) and behind the dim unknown (evolution, other planets more successful than ours?)

Standeth God (goddess, Buddha, Muhammed, Wiccan, abyss, nothing, quarks, muons,) within the shadow keeping watch above his/hers/its own (let's hope so) (you can see me read this on you tube)

*First keep peace with yourself,
then you can also bring peace to others.*

Thomas à Kempis



C. William Clarke winner of the Blood Sweat and Tears radio blog contest in 2010. has written two poetry books "Thoughts of a Single Man" and "Thoughts of Single Man vol 2 the Erotica Files". and can be found on Facebook under Justice Clarke (Flowetric Justice)

Peace--The Theory of Man

From the dawning of time
there has been the seed planted in the humankind
that grew within the blooming mind
the illuminating shine of what we would become as a whole
as a race and a community in this mighty cosmic bubble
that we float within
that there was the striving survival for our existence
yet still the indented frame that bound us to our kin
before the separation of gender and skin
we are the ones blessed with the knowledge of self
the inner eyes of the seeing child
linked to the brain that held the eternal sparks
of the earthly worthy flame
that separates us from the animals that farm the forest and the field
what was to be our shining defining shield
and so fast in the midst of our extraction from the muck and mire
we saw that posturing view go askew
and simply retire
expiring as the green deeds of greed flourished
from the simple need to exist
and we heard the hiss of the venomous envious serpent
and so our dreams were sullied and lost within the lusty mist
the yearning burning in the essence of the entity
that the walkers on two legs sought the new
as not what was meant to be but the turning of friend to enemy
for we craved what was not ours and what was undiscovered
yet still formally known and previously used
we learned to take that which we desired
spanning so much more than our simple quest for fire
and so we crawled from the muddy waters of fright
learning to command the stand of the upright
and turned from our fledgling plan
and leapt to the grieving wreath and lost the olive branch in hand

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

forsaken in our Eden was the friendly greeting
that fell in the depths of the previous displays of construction
as it was swept away in the sands of our own ensuing destruction
we were the ones who were to be the example
the writing of the proclamation the independence declaration
and the essence of the preamble
yet we strayed as we embarked on a lower path
where the reckless seek to ramble and we left our world in
shambles
the yesterday forgotten and regressed
and that what we recalled to be our best could no longer progress
the fondness once felt left in the dimming of the setting sun
as shadows grew long in the plains that harvested our wrongs
no longer did we watch the rivers that run
just left alone with the shivers that come
how the earth mother blessed us with her bounty
then by our own design we carved our names in the endless
counties
cities and countries that fell in the wake of the missiles scorch
while in our homes the fires burned in the distance
before the homes with the locked doors on the empty porch
the words that were lost in the fog of the land we could have
shared
the forgotten silent whispers of the unrehearsed written prayers
as if that was all that we could have dared
for we cared not of the simple things
the cultured grass the flowering rose the humming bird that sings
the lessons learned of the serenity of Gandhi
reverberated in the humble murmurs of Doctor King
scattered in the sweeping dreams of the scrolling saints
and blown away and strewn as such feathered things
all was discounted as only new ambitions were counted
regardless of the ones who lied who cried who died
saw us lust even for the conquest of the twinkling stars in the sky
while the poets and philosophers sat and pondered why

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

we watched our comrades fall and all we could recall
was the chant of our own wartime anthem
formed in the verbiage of mass destruction
as we proudly sang of the bombs bursting in air
and how we wished we held the trigger on the weapons
how we wished that we were there
we turned the insightful flight of the Wright
into the death drones that burned the houses and homes in the night
pretending we were defending the fore fathers dreams of humanity
as we tore pages from the religious books and corrected each word
with that of curses and profanity
let us work for the unborn child before they cry and come calling
remembering what truly matters
as we stroll amongst the graves of the fallen
let us further fathom from the mushroom of the bombing atom
to the day that the towers of the twins fell
as we listen to the restless breath that come from the wrinkled wise
lips
before the buried crypts come to seize the stories they tell
is it possible to find the means to battle
with endearing words not seen as idle prattle
we the creatures so divine in our kind and mind
never extending the open palm
yet so quick to strike the fuse and abuse the use of napalm
for in the end there shall be nothing left
except the memories of those who paid the cost
the wars that were won and lost
and the mothers who had their children ripped from their bosom
clinging to old photos as they wept
for now if the fiddler plays on the rooftop he is forced to stop
for his strings tingle in a snipers scope
targeting the charitable gesture and the births of the dreaming hope
the noose of confusion strangles us in unison
and the price of our actions do not come cheap
that is why the loving poets shall always write and Justice never
sleeps

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

for the humbled desire radiates in the mindful eye
of a land where brothers are not constantly called to arms
but where the giving living few clamber to the future's lifeboat
sailing on the seas of imagination rather than retaliation
under the sparkle of the northern star
for the rivers of the peaceful stream will always stretch that far
does He now hold the world in His hands
shaking the orb of the crystal ball
hoping that snow falls rather than acid rain and tears
and that man shall answer the unspoken call
heard in the ears of the invading troops as well as their leaders
seen in the eyes of the warring groups as well as their noble
readers
let our growing ingenuity become a gratuity for all those in need
and not the conception of the tools used to make a city bleed
as the heart fills the ink of the ever writing pen
let the scriptures paint a picture of a different world and end
becoming the inspiration of all nations
that love still fathers over hate
until there are no more enemies at the gate
that we still can become good as we should and truly be great
let us rewrite the pages of our destiny together as one
and rock gently the cradle of the children of fate
in the still living and forgiving hands
for such was the original concept and the belief and the demand
the essence of the cooling soil tended in a world levied in peace
for this was the theory of man

Thoughts of a Single Man 2011tm

*There are no makers of peace
because the making of peace is
at least as costly as the making of war –
at least as exigent.*

Daniel Berrigan



Deborah Wilson Smart is an Entrepreneur and Author, whose mission is to serve the Lord through her work/life ministries. She is a Christian who is not afraid to share her love for Jesus Christ. She seeks to bring creative dreams to life; and assisted 15 writers achieve their dreams.

If Only I Could...I Would

If only I could reach across world borders and touch someone's heart

I would place within their spirit the essence of love, joy and peace

I would caress their longing to resolve all stress and redefine their need

I would embrace their fears and trepidations; massage them until they disappear

If only I could reach across world borders and touch someone's heart

I would breathe new hope into their life and guide them on the path of love

I would gently stroke their inner child and soothe away their tears

I would share a smile and words of humor to release their stagnant thoughts

If only I could reach across world borders and touch someone's heart

I would be a servant leader showing the way; to serve and teach love, joy and peace

I would expunge the aggressive nature that keeps conversations from flowing freely

I would work with poets, writers and teachers to share the knowledge and wisdom of living peacefully

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

If only I could reach across world borders and touch someone's heart

I would pour into them the same desire to instill world peace and love

I would provide an environment that is absence of anger, aggression and regret

I would emanate the spirit of peace so others find comfort in my presence

If only I could reach them with the power given to me by God

I would achieve world healing and world peace through the power of true love

*Once you hear the details of victory,
it is hard to distinguish it from a defeat.*

Jean-Paul Sartre



Lindsey Harrison is married with two adult children and two grandchildren. Lindsey enjoys writing for pleasure. Lindsey is a Reiki Practitioner and Intuitive Card Reader. Lindsey hosts a show on Blog Talk Radio with Cathie's Distant Echoes. Lindsey is a member and Administrator of the Inner Child Ning site.

Compassion

A world without compassion,
Is a world without love
As the aid worker works tirelessly
with compassion
with love,
to bring about change
to sorrowful poverty.
Humbly lifting the heart of another
Whose hope has dwindled
to the depths of despair.

Who cares if the starving children die?
Who cares if the homeless suffer?
The aid worker does.
Angels sent from Heaven
to assist where they can,
with compassion.
For a world without compassion,
Is a world without love.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012



Joy Leftow is a writer, poet, performer, and current editor of the Cartier Street Review. Leftow is a double alumna of Columbia University with a second masters in Creative Writing from the City College Of New York. Leftow calls poetry her first love.

Leftow's Blog: <http://joyleftowsblog.blogspot.com>

Give Peace A Chance

I have a dream to spread world peace among lands and nations
World peace unfurled released upon future generations
Voice of world peace is blowing in the breeze, please baby please
Hear its cry forswear and be anti war declare peace
Peace ~ blowing in the breeze
Thunderbolts of peace strike us like lightening the truth of it's
frightening,
Baby I'm begging you please
Comply, meditate open the floodgates on making peace reality
Begin with community - extend to humanity - cleanse the world
with peace
Open the floodgates
Cogitate, hear my pleas for peace, deliberate, drink, eat peace
Breakfast lunch and dinner, PEACE on all menus please
I dream of world peace, wars to cease, no more fights about energy
and resources hidden behind religious prayers and sentiments
No more armed forces invading foreign soils
Everlasting peace for mother earth I breath peace unto thee and me
instead of stealing your oil destroying your soil –
I want to power the Mohave Desert with miles and miles of solar
panels
So our children will inherit the earth, so they will have a planet on
which to reside to survive
Make peace a new way to breathe
inhale exhale peace
I want some peace a piece of the peace
Increase peace; buy a new lease on your life and mine
I'm joining the conspiracy theorists regarding there being a world
plan among the monied and powered...for a new world order.
Breathe peace visualize a new universe
I don't have to be a Rastafari to enjoy their music
I want a world ruled by peace not caprice inhale exhale peace
The priests don't have all the answers

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Release judgments, forget treason, peace is the answer
One day at time - stick to art speak your heart - promote peace
amplify and aggrandize
no more guns, increase love tenfold, world peace will be the new
world order of the universe
breathe peace respire inspire inhale exhale peace
it's delicious it's nutritious ~ peace
Here in the matrix - peace -health follows peace as naturally as
sunrise follows night
Give me a fudge Sunday delight without a fight
Give peace a chance to turn off these fitful blues
a look through Monday's peaceful schedule
Tuesday's just as good
I want to feast on reverence and PEACE
Fast on desires fear and greediness
Don't you want somebody to love?
I need somebody, I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody I just want someone to love
With peace in my holster, I need a little bolster
Just give me somebody to love
God Bless, I'll say it again -
Just give me someone to love

*The peace of the man who has foresworn
the use of the bullet seems to me
not quite peace, but a canting impotence.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson



Poet/Author Susan Joyner-Stumpf is the author of six published books, currently working on her seventh. She has won numerous awards. Inspirations are e.e. Cummings and T.S. Eliot, to name a few. Susan resides in the Rockies of Colorado, but was born and raised in New Orleans, Louisiana. She also enjoys Graphic Art.

Armor

There is a band of
armor, impenetrable ~
stronger than bronze, steel.

That armor is my friendship,
bullet-proof, infantry-real
comes in a myriad of tones
borne of unconditional love;
my bones.

Go out into the world
adorn me in thought
disrobe me at need.
I am tougher than leather, deer hide;
yet fragile enough to bleed.

Wars will be waged, so cruel
battles you will choose
my aura shall always protect you ~
in my eyes, you never lose.

Harness this fact ~
new battlefields await you,
soldiers who don't fight fair.

Yet they cannot win.
They don't possess what
greatness you wear!

Let this be your song:

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

They can stab all day long
into your armor,
this friendship does not
give up, or die easily ~
in fact, it swings back, strong!

You can't go wrong.
This armor shields you head to toe,
you walk in victory, always;
in my Soul.

Where they make a desert, they call it peace.

Tacitus



Mauro Werneck Monteiro, from Rio de Janeiro. Born of the sea, the poet's work speaks of the power and magic of nature. His spoken word/poetry has been heard at Iguana Café, Barnsdall Theatre, Electronic Café, LA Poetry Festival, LA Central Library, KPFK, KCRW, Laundromats, and the Blue Line Metro Rail.

Oh Mother Oh Earth

oh mother oh earth
stay young or please try
and age gracefully

i don't blame you if you leave
and never come back 'cause up here
on the surface i've seen the ones
who live their lives in such a hurry
living in a dream (more like a blur)
always having to be somewhere
but never knowing where they are

where is the soul?
the ones who don't know
will never have the energy
will never know the dream

there's a reason
why we're here
to live in harmony
with one another
to find peace in our existence
and cherish this blessed place

oh mother oh earth
please don't die

what will be of the children?
will they have mountains
to climb? rivers to cross?

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

will they ever know
that heaven
has always been
right here
where i live
right here
on the ground

oh mother oh earth
please don't go

They sicken of the calm who know the storm.

Dorothy Parker



Donna 'Soul.Lyrical' Robinson is a 36 year old poet, writer, and columnist for www.examiner.com She is originally from Compton, California and now resides in Georgia. Her first poetry book, Muse Me Up Volume I was released in early 2011.

Untitled

Come together, come one, come all, under the same sun.

Observe, differences brings out the beauty in all humans in this world.

Evolve, invite equal rights because free will, is as certain as we see the same moon.

Xenophobia has no place here, simply because we all were foreigners once,

Intellect proves peace over war is a much needed resource, sip freedoms water or be all alone.

Solving the puzzle of media over minds is on the rise, absorb each 'peace'.

Treat each individual with respect, understanding, love and kindness...

Explore all races, beliefs, religions to realize WE indeed are beautiful because we COEXIST!

No longer are the days of unjust treatment and unfounded worldwide prejudice.

Children will have no memory of previous tragedies' of ancestors past.

Existing as one people, many races, religions and beliefs peace for all at last.



P.S. Perkins, author, poet, actress, entrepreneur, is passionate about WORD POWER. President of Human Communication Institute, LLC, her writings include books, short stories and poems that share the power to heal our lives through our thoughts and words. Be true to your word and it will be true to you!

The Voices of Women

We hear the Voices
Voices
Voices of Women,
sounding, softly, strangely familiar as the
shackled silence becomes the deafening roar
of peace growing louder and louder
refusing to be stifled any more.

We recognize the Voices
Voices
Voices of Women
as our own reclaimed voices,
piece by piece,
tear by tear,
heart by heart,
one life at a time surrounded by a sea of love!

Nurturing love, healing love, a willing love,
big enough, deep enough, strong enough
for all womankind of like-mind,
realizing there is only
one Voice
one Voice
ONE VOICE
of plenty for everyone...

The Voices of Women building Peace



Charles Banks was born and raised in Chicago, Illinois attended Dunbar H.S. and Graduated from Devry Institute of Technology. His interest in Poetry started freely with no training or schooling except one Saturday class long, long ago. He rediscovered poetry a few years ago, and has been hooked ever since. He now resides in Houston, Texas

JuGGler's Delight

See the ball
See the ball n out stretched hands
Color the ball
Yellow
Blue or
Red
Move the ball
From one hand to the next...
Add another ball...and color it
Toss each up n over hand to hand
ADD another...ball
Three balls moving
Feel the JuGGler's Delight
Hands smooth with it...
JuGGling..!
See it...U doing it
It's a daily thing...!
Job..spouse..KiDDs
Bills...friends ...LIFE!
How many U JuGGlinG'?'
Have U dropped a few?
Does that stop U?
Imagine this...
The World's full of JuGGlers
Each with they're own balls..
To do...
From one to hundred n one
N the Air
N the hands
On the way up
Or down
Tossing

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Catching...
Watching
Willing'
Praying'
If that's enough still
Imagine..interacting..with others..JuGGlers
The Delight of iT
Have you dropped a few?
Have you thought of just you?
Tossing balls between 2
How about 7 billion?

Imagine yourself a ball
Fragile n small choose a color..
Any at all...
Whose hands is that holding you?
Tossing?
Catching'?'
Dropping!
Praying!
Willing'
Picking up to start anew...

Wars Taxes Crimes against Humanity
Elections MoNey Surviving Poverty

Imagine the World as a ball
Or a globe if you will
Colors are already there
Same out stretched hands
Is it yours U?
Is it...?
IS IT?...
Delight..... in It !!!

"Peace is always beautiful."

Walt Whitman



Kimberly Miller

My name is Kimberly Miller. I am a young wife and step-mother of two precious children. To help with income I serve as a nanny; the rest of my time is given to my family, prayer, ministry and writing.

Untitled

Love seems to be the answer to everything,
But love seems to be the one thing lacking;
The key that brings all the pieces together,
But the sacrifice too taxing to labor for.

If I love you and you love me too,
Would I harm and murder your children?
If you loved me and I loved you,
Would I accuse and slander and use you?

But if you hate me and I hate you,
Well the disease of iniquity we would reap!
Oh the thievery and slavery, injustice and extortion;
The contention and war that would come forth!

But, 'what is love', is the question we ask;
How can love be the key to all things?
It's a cheesy saying and naught but weightless;
It's a four letter word without meaning.

'For I was once loved,' we retort to the crowd,
'And that loved misused and abused!
It was selfish and angry; it was hurtful and cruel;
See the scars that are left from its wounds!'

And though it is said that love it is kind,
patient and selfless and true;
Is this love ever seen? A love sacrificing all things,
That lays down its life for mankind?

That cares for its neighbor supplying his needs,
that grieves for the sick and the poor?
That opens its doors to the orphan and widow,
That never refuses or hoards?

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

That passes by wrongs again and again,
That fails to judge or condemn?
That sees through the eyes of mercy and pity,
That cares not for greatness nor riches?

This love it is rare, in truth far from seen;
But in reality it exists if we just seek.
We've all known broken love, weak love at best-
Imperfect love that could help not but wound us.

But the key is the same, this key that will change,
That will bring all nations to the table;
Where they'll partake in a feast of peace and will cease,
Their hatred and strife and all fighting.

In unity they'll join hands, and in humility bow down,
And consider their enemy a friend;
The life of their neighbor will be more valued than theirs;
The swords will be formed into plowshares.

But the journey to this time will be quite a while,
For the price of its prize is quite great;
For daily we see that man continues to be
Lost in the disease of self-seeking.

He yearns for pleasure and thus rapes a child,
Considering his desire above their own;
He desires a car and thus thieves in the night,
Stealing the wealth of the poor.

He wants bigger and better and thus commits injustice;
Do we see the oppression of the nations?
Are we blind eyed to the crimes and deaf eared to the cries,
Too caught up in our greed and selfishness!
The worldliness we know and comfort we have;
How we're ignorant to the state of all man!
We pass by the crippled and despise other religions;
We feed ourselves and throw out the extra!

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

If we just gave a dime, was frugal with spending,
Was kind to the hurting and broken;
Considered another's needs above our desires-
How different this world would be!

If we valued their lives as much as our own ,
Would we ever do evil to another?
But sadly it's true that there's much work to do,
Till man extends a hand to his brother.

I believe love is the answer, love in truth that is;
A love that gives its all without charge;
A love that bears longs and endures all things;
A love that never grows tired nor weary.

But it must be birthed, like a seed it is grown
Deep within the heart of man's soul.
When it finally blooms, oh the wonder we'll see;
Oh the healing and prosperity there will be.

May it begin with me and may it begin with you;
May it begin with more than just two.
May it spread to three and creep on to four,
And soon would the world overflow.

For it can't be contained once it finally roars,
it consumes like a fire that destroys;
But instead of destruction it brings forth sweet life,
and the nations of the earth are reborn.



Carlo Jonkers

I began life (this time), on the 27th of February 1984. Words failed to express my being and as soon as I respected them more they started speaking to me. Now, 27 years later, I speak and write in Dutch and English mostly about Love, God and Truth.

Child's play

The lost piece of the world that has been sought for is puzzling the lot, what can I say more?

I find peace in acceptance that the puzzle is framed to be solved
Just like heaven and hell are simply narratives
of the same tale that's sung

Relatives, so to speak, in this world of duality
no ups without down, no you without me
and thanks to silence there exists sound
sounding throughout all eternity

In God's play we all play our part
it's child's play I'll say
just live from the heart
who in his or her sane mind
could harm another being
have we willingly become so blind
as to not feel and do it in the name of God?
The Jihad's holy war for instance
is an inner battle, to be fought in the heart
not to mention the false terrorist quest that's on
what a distraction, just lay down those arms

The true challenge for me is to manage my conscience constantly
clearing out any misconceptions about the world's pretensions
it is not that hard you see, I know without a doubt
that I am truer than anything that's "out" there
as it is my inner development that helps me to mend
the broken pieces that leave me unaware

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

The system I live in, helps us all with living
though it also drops bombs
making money through war, what for?
What happened to well wishing or has human kindness stopped?
Does a baby's smile say: "For peace I am prepared to make war"
No, words aren't needed, the baby is silently smart
yes we all know who pleads it and how
as we were young once
and eternally now

The holy script is lit by unconditional love
the only kind of violence I hear
is that of the supreme writer
who lives inside of here
beating the drum for harmony
so to have peace finally
as the sacred conductor
aligns us all

*"Better than a thousand hollow words
is one word that brings peace."*

Buddha



David Lester Young

Born in Akron, Ohio; upon being honorably discharged from the Vietnam Conflict started writing napkin poetry. On Social Security, I write my Uni-Verse with a Declaration of Independence in the American Dream Atmosphere.

We Are The Worlds Harmonics
(2011)

Can you let your soul sing aloud
Feeling the world's warm womb,
Illuminate us with this rosy glow
That smiles positive in Free Spirits
Of aura persona halo harmony?
Where our words spring alive,
Budding song blossoms that radiate
Our love sharing diverse melodies.

Let your heart beats bare
Tranquil affection to bear inspiring vibrations
That arise with universal understanding,
To hug close, upon making a world whole.
Let us unite in holding hands worldwide
Merging our voices in harmony together.

As God's children,
We are these blessed faiths
With unique religious souls
That share Divine miracles,
Where each one needs
To live in celestial peace.
Neighbors sharing mutual respect.
We are the world harmonics
In Mother Nature's – healing love lyrics.



Yuriana Uceta

My name is Yuriana Uceta. I am Dominican and 25 years old. I am a Mental Health Masters in progress! I deeply enjoy guiding people to finding wholeness and balance in their life. I honor nature and humanity with all my heart. I am a poet, artist and creator.

The Mother's Prose

A pebble kisses the water
The water ripples as it blushes through
The passion manifested by the fire which
Consumes and burns through, the woody cells
As the lumber romantically melts... into ashes,
Meanwhile, the air caresses the child's sweet face
Grounding the light that guides, liberates and shines
Like a candle amidst the beautiful dark Sky
Washing away all fears, as the carefree laughter,
Echoes, reverberating through the walls of the Mother's womb
GAIA...

You stretch, shake, open and release.
Ascend, breakthrough and give, so much love.
Unspeakable is your truth.
Your healing blessings penetrate through
And through, as our hearts open to the crescendo

Of tides dancing with the Moon
The ebb, the flow
Reaches and takes hold
Deep within us to awake
Sacred strands of divinity
Seeking to express the full potentiality
That awaits within our united and yet unique souls.

The ancient wisdom The Mother carries within her bosom
Suckles us back to health, restoring our yearning for the Sacred
Union.

So that we may enter anew, the state of pure innocence;

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

So we may Love. So we may heal.
So we may find peace, as we become a piece of the Whole.
So we may merge...and ride on the Merry-go
'Round we go, spinning to the theme song of this lifetime's vision.
We spin, spin, and spin into the diversity of our Union.
It is The Elder's dream that we hold hands anew,
Free of judgment and separation,
In respect and unconditional Love
Simple and free with uninhibited shrieks,
Carelessly escaping our hearts
'Round, 'round, the merry round we go.
We conjure, a cure, coming together with pure heart's to adore,
The spark, residing within the womb of the One, who birthed into
life,
Me in You...and You in I

A peace that depends on fear is nothing but a suppressed war.

Henry van Dyke



Yeşim Ağaoğlu

Born in Istanbul.Studied University Of Istanbul, Department Of Archaeology and Art History.Master of arts degree at the University of Istanbul, Faculty Of Communications, Department of Radio-TV-Cinema .Attended a part time film lessons using super 8 camera at the New York School Of Visual Arts and these lessons has resulted in a short film called “Loneliness, Machines And Meditation”.

Poems have been published in literary journals since the age of 18. Has seven poetry books published in Turkey and also two poetry books published in Azerbaijan in Russian language. A member of the PEN International Writers’ Club and also a board member of BESAM.(Creators of Scientific and Literary Works Association) Used to be a board member of the PEN Writers at banishment and PEN Turkish Women Writers Committee.

the other toy soldiers

the toy soldiers in the closet

are waiting for a chance

to seep to the life outside

waiting for the right hour

to bomb towns

to topple the establishment

to kill for the sake of killing

to kill women, children, every body

unfortunately

these are not like the nutcracker soldiers

their lead is much too leaden

their aeroplanes the latest technology

their bombs infallable

they are as pitiless as the doll chucky

oh, my friends, wake up, wake up

they're kicking the closet door now



Planted Daisies

Planted Daisies is a versatile artist that make it a point to tackle any form of poetry presented to her. She is all about emotional and spiritual growth within her self and her poetry. Her pieces are to leave a message people can identify or understand; whether it is personally driven or inspired by another. Many pieces may be controversial but are made to give understanding in the powers of the mind and heart of another human even if not accepted. She is driven by emotional and life pieces even though she can write past those topics and she likes to dip her ink in poetry forms from time to time...She began to write August 2008 and looks forward to pay forward all her efforts to tomorrows artist.

Believe

If I could heal the world
Let me be the hands
embracing her from within
nurturing her
each and every day

when others throw gravel on her ground
tainting the fiber of her existence
I yearn to wipe the tears she cries
every time she watches her children

day and night

consumed in pain
becoming prostitutes and junkies
broken down
left in troubled times
panhandlers and scavengers
homeless in search for hope

while others are caught in ego trips
using capital gains to ruin her earth
creating wealth out of

her laboring back
her legs and her mountains

let me be the eyes
that watches the beauty she hides
love cultivated
fruition bloomed
new beginnings
births and rebirths
emotional growth

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

as hatred is displayed
where filth can be seen
landfills overfilled in her despair

protest she only dreams
picket fenced signs
displaying 'peace not war'
wanting salvation for us all

as she displays her pain
the fury she possesses
as torrential downpours flood the skies
volcanic eruptions brewing deep inside
tsunamis and tornadoes whipping around all in sight
turning her valleys into mountains of snow
deserts with no oasis
death becoming all she ever knows

she cries....
under a cloud of insecurities
for this world
she cries....

as we strip her from her clothes
and leave her nude for the sun to hurt her
she cries....

and i yearn to be her voice
expressing her greatest fears
the issues brewed from deep within
causing her to cry at night

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

she yearns to save us all
each and every time
....her children
created from her womb
and buried deep within her soil

she wants to be beautiful again
just like her yesteryears
she wants to regain the luster
the purity she once had

I only hope my words could bring her strength
yearning it reaches many ears
changes many hearts

cause at the end of the day
we are slowly dying before our eyes
many are starving....homeless
in need of salvation
in search for prosperity and redemption

while some...may never change

I hope my word transcends
one little heart
becoming the new face for the future
a born leader

so embrace her beauty
look into her soul
be brave
be conscious
be compassionate
sympathetic

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

know your actions
can bring upon change

peace
love and joy
to a nation
to a world

just look within yourself
and simply.....believe.

*Harmony is one phase of the law whose
spiritual expression is love.*

James Allen



Dowell Oba is a Nigerian poet. He holds a Bachelor of Arts and Education degree in English and Literature, from the University of Benin, Benin City, Nigeria. Amongst the publications his poems have featured include: His poetry collection, *Ocean Tide* (2011), *The ZAM Africa Magazine*, Netherlands, *The Copperfield Review*, USA.

Our Peaceful Toil

Let's turn swords into ploughshares
And till the earth that's once been marred;
Let's mesh some love in our wounded beings
And wash the hate that's lurked beneath;
Let's check our pride and rivalry traits
And stroll together in harmonious roads.

In cleansing our minds from warring paths,
We observe in calm our natural world,
Preserved with peace in our sprouting blooms
With gentility growing in freshness of times;
When birds do sing, and twitters whirl,
In a graceful spin in tranquil skies,
Free from disruption by storming flights
That interrupts the amity on Mother Earth.

Let's emerge from our fortress and reach across
To a burdened soul, that's trapped in haze,
Spreading on seeds and fruits of love
We reap at last from our peaceful toil.

Let's move together in a single lane
In oneness a cause on a binding voice,
Drawing near, as we hold our hands
In a cool so smooth to be granted will.



Rima N. Jaber

BIO

I know souls, I don't know names,
I know acts, I don't know positions,
I know kindness, I don't know roughness,
I know tenderness, I don't know harshness,
I know humanity, I don't know cruelty,
Never knew hatred, All I know is only Love.
This is who I am.

WHO ARE WE IN GOD'S EYES?

Did you ever asked yourself how God is looking at us,
Do you think he consider that we have:

Different beliefs,
Different philosophies,
Different religions,
Different rituals,
Different colors,
Different ethnics,
Different traditions,
Different nationalities,
Different histories,
Different political views,
Different educational levels,
Different Social levels,
Different positions,
Different...

Or does he look at us, considering us being:
Under the Same sky,
The Same sun,
Living on Same planet Earth,
Having Same bodies,
Same humanity,
Same hearts,
Breathing Same Love,
Same adoration for him,
Same..

Try to consider the Same,
Try to free yourself from the inheritance of negativity,
& See the light of truth; we are all brothers & sisters,
Get yourself out of the dark circle open your heart to Love,
Look around you we are all going towards the light,
Walking the same path of Love to join the Divine Eternity.



Ikechukwu Ogbuikwe aka Don Ketchy

Don Ketchy is primarily of the world first before he became an African, a Nigeria and a Biafran. He is everything that he aspires to be. An Accountant. A musician. A Family man. And now, by the Grace of Him who raises, a poet.

PEACE AND HEALING

1.

They ask me where at, it is
Should be common knowledge if it does indeed exist
To understand it is to be familiar with the opposite
Which is what we pursue more frequently in the confines of the closet

2.

In the context of family
The quest for economic determination has raised the stakes on individuality
In the context of the world
So many Pyrrhic victory has left us more divided and at discord

3.

If we are not so busy grappling with more resources
It may have been possible to realize that true light comes only from one source
Still there is no denying that peace can exist
Even if circumstances blinds us from seeing it

4.

This acrimony
That has formed a large chunk of our history
Takes root from being deceived with laws
That overtime becomes prone to flaws

5.

Yes we fight
Not always because of right
Mostly for aggrandizement
Only to realize that getting this prize does not give the desired fulfillment

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

6.

Is this to be found in what man created or Creation?
The world can only go so far but not with its current religion
Let us remember the tower of Babel
Commonality of worship does not mean all is well

7.

What I seen across generations is the rewriting of the laws of
nature
And then giving it the tag of culture
We forget that every culture that is not tied to our collective future

Is as near a miss as a mile and must be kept aside as chow for the
culture

8.

I do not want to talk about pain
Aside the aphorism 'no pain no gain'
It's not possible to wear all those shoes
Except to see it as providence provisioning us with all we need as
tools

9.

To tolerate
Is to become an avatar that creates
Bonds
Which make us all to belong
To a united world
Not at all at odds

10.

History
Is telling someone else's story
Our own story is that the future is
For you and I to live

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

11.

Healing starts by forgiving
Not through the remembrance of the past
if there is anything to be learnt, it is that there is more
To what lies ahead than looking back to errors that are vast

12.

Life brethren, is a very long and sometimes teary road
Which when made to the end, we will realize that of all ways, this
is the only one that was broad
This then is what holds true at all times
And at all climes
Love, if it is 'love' will hold us firm
Will heal all pain, renew all loss and this brainwave only comes
from Him.



Brian Heffron is a staff writer/director/producer at KLCS-TV/DT, an Educational PBS Station licensed to the Los Angeles Unified School District where he creates programming to assist and improve student outcomes. Since leaving Emerson College with a BFA in Writing (Russell Banks was his Writer in Residence and main instructor) he has supported himself as a movie screenwriter and TV producer/director. Since joining KLCS he has won nine Telly Awards, eleven Aurora Awards, two Emmys two Videographer Awards and a Davis Award. As a writer he has published articles in Backstage, American Cinematographer, Cruising World and Sail. His poems have appeared in Rockport Review, Ploughshares, Poetry, Poems, and the Burlington Review. His poetry is deeply romantic and infused with images of nature and love.

So Long Alone the Dog Barked Incessantly

So long alone, the dog barked incessantly.
Outside, the streets were lit in
Colored streaks by car lights
And sealed shiny with rainy pain.
Each pedestrian lying to themselves
For all they were worth.
I am certain of it. Or am I the only one?

The manger is empty now, but so are the skyscrapers.
The occupants of the stable were evicted.
But in my dream, the corporations were evicted too.
Forced out of their tall steel buildings down into the streets of
truth.
Will this mean safety in their old age for our ill and our infirmed?
Your Mom and Dad? You?

No.

Broken, broken, broken.
Whilst the long thin graceful wine glass stem keeps
Their vintage wine at the perfect temperature
The rest of us must drink the sour milk.

I am hoping not to be alone on the holidays,
Or for the rest of my life,
And specifically not at the very end.
I want Mary there:
"Now, and at the hour of my death."
The Mother of God, for some.
"Amen."
But not me. I don't think.
I just want a benevolent female spirit
Hovering about my sacred but scarred soul when I meet my maker.
Women are so comforting in this regard, don't you think?

Too bad my own Mother is already gone.



My name is Olusegun Arowoloa male,born in Lagos, Nigeria on the 25th of march,1968.I am a science teacher in a secondary school in Festac town, Lagos,Nigeria.I reside at no.23 olaoye street,off shosanya avenue,Ikotun-ijegun,Lagos state, Nigeria.

World Healing and World Peace

I Long for healing and peace in the world,
drug trafficking and peddling I detest,
Many have died and some dance naked on the
street with no foster parent to claim them,
Environmental pollution I frown at,
Man's activities have affected aqua, air and land,
Dangerous chemicals are being
consumed, inhaled and absorbed,
Diseases and disasters lingered emanating from
bad practices resulting in the earth degradation.
Stop! I say stop! let's heal the world.

What affects one affects all,
Drought, war and terrorism ravages
like furnace fire as in the holy books,
Religious tolerance and free association
are real mirages in arid land,
Killing with impunity reigns supreme,
Stop! Stop!! Let's maintain peace in the world.

Where leaders wallop in corruption and covetousness;
there I dwell,
where diseases and malnutrition spread their
wings like the eagle; there I dwell,
where poverty glue to the heart and body;
there I dwell,
Children weeping due to hunger and war,
homeless and defeated youths wandering
in the day that seems like the night;
there I dwell,
Intoxicated with stress and sorrow,
I staggered on the street,
Hoping that help would come; then I fell into trance.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

I foresee a world full of joy and tranquility,
Where violence and war are folk tales,
Where all diseases are curable and preventable,
Corruption and selfishness are shadows of themselves,
Malnutrition and poverty are long forgotten,
Men intermingled freely without religious bias,
No economic or political slavery,
Natural or environmental disasters are no more,
Pollution free; Biological and radioactive weapons are non-
existence,
Hmm!...A perfect and peaceful world.
Won't you like to be there?

A peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience.

William Shakespeare



Sylvia Ramos Cruz is a physician and surgeon, gardener and world traveler who loves words and what they can do.

Her poems aspire to give voice to moments in her experience that spark intimate thoughts in her readers.

She believes that peace is inherent to the Universe and, therefore, inevitable.

Witnessing Futaba, Fukushima, Japan

Saffron ripples soft in the salted breeze
suffuses the landscape where monks tread lightly
on bared bones of homes and bamboo groves,
framed against towers capped by fractured rafters,
remains of concrete monsters who blew their tops.

Each turn unveils a meditation—
weather vanes pointing east and west;
necrophory ants removing dead mates from their nests;
school children hiding under silk umbrellas.
Seeds slide through their fingers as if prayer beads,
fall muted on weary soil, mingle gently with the elements.

Radiant yellow sunflowers, purple amaranth cascades,
crimson cockscomb zigzag the rubble,
sway in summer squalls, shift horizons.
Roots reach deep and wide like hands open to welcome
strontium, cesium, iodine into their veins
in ritual purification.

No one is left to hear this colorful explosion,
see leafy susurrations, smell budding sweet remembrance.
No one gathers blossoms in celebration, gratitude or repentance.
Only the heavens find solace reflecting
the flowering of this place at peace.



Vikki Marshall

I am a poet, writer and photographer who lives near Yosemite National Park in California. I enjoy inspiring others through the natural beauty of nature and connecting with others through poetry.

"I Sat Down on 11/11 and I Wept"

This moment arrives
will it be noticed this time?
I pray while it passes
that humanity lasts.
I pray for the earth
that her soul is shaped,
that it's molded
according to her natural birth.
I pray for success
for a fair prosperity,
for the end of greed,
for a world that reaches
down and provides for
those in need.
I pray for each day,
for each person who lives.
May my energy cross
across every barrier
that may still persistently exist.
We may be different
but I pray that all wars
have had their day,
that the time has finally arrived
when we can hold our calloused hands
together while we bow and pray.
Oh Lord, do you hear my humble plea?
I've cried a river that rained.
Today is a moment
for you to heal us all
of our blistering human pain.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

I pray....I pray.....
I pray for the babies
born to the mothers who die,
for the child who never sees
the twinkle of love
in its fathers eye.
I pray for the cold,
for the starving and damp,
for the hearts of the people,
who despite all of this
still find a way to dance.
I pray for the joyous,
the happy, the glad.
May they find a way
to somehow embrace,
to uphold,
the soul of someone who is sad.
I pray.....I pray
Because it's all that I have
to give back.

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

Mother Teresa



My name Tejasvi Kaur. My age is 18 and I am a student. I live in New Delhi (India). Sir John Lennon is one of my inspirations. And even I am a dreamer who hopes to see the world as one someday.

The Song of Humanity

Listen to the birds that sing
Listen to the streams
Love the feeling of peace they give
Then listen to the screams

Of blood, on nature, of battle and war
Of peace that they afflict
The cries and yells of people they for
Do, die or kill

Greed and hatred have forever
Made the soul to bleed
In grief and in emptiness
For love is all it needs

Why not, if all we need is the same
-Love, care and warmth,
We don't share some time in brotherhood
And sing a beautiful song

Of peace, of love that may prevail
If we make the promise to heal
All the ones amongst and along
All, with humanity.



Born and raised in San Francisco, CA, Trina Guilfo, also known as Phree Myles is a very intuitive, gifted and unique Poetess, Speaker and Writer.

Many are fascinated how she, "heralds the good news", in her poetry and inspires audiences, to an "awakening" level, promoting the greater good.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

We stand

We fall

Not for one

But for all

We'll give

Not receive

So all will believe

That we care

We share

But most of all spare

The goodness and wonder

Of this ole Atmosphere!



Maria Wood

I live in Co Cork, Ireland. Have always enjoyed writing, but for twenty years did very little. Now my three children have left the nest, I am devoting more time to it. Whilst leaving outside London. England I had three pieces published in Anthologies.

Encompass The Ripple

World Peace, yes, first start in the house,
within confines of honeyed nicotine, stale beer, curry, laundry and
lavender,
all embedded in glass hut; concrete cage,
Understanding differences in custom and circumstance.
Different times, juggles thinking, doesn't always add up,
Alternative conclusions to the equation.
The maths, done differently by different Nations.
The total must constantly calculate change,
Daily chugging and chaffing, love smooths edge of cut throat
razor,
Softens blow in fist fight.
None have your thoughts your hands.
Pain twists time and logic till framework shatters.
Tapestry fortuitously stitched, unthreaded unravels, creativity
irretrievable undone.
Love turns to anger; points needle of blame, and usurps harmony.
Whispered word would want to be said, to soften and silence
slithering Satan entering head.
To rein in the stallion of self doubt, harness abilities for
community appeal.
Generosity of Spirit vibrating into song, no matter diversity of
dance;
daily dose of laughter accords wigwam piping,
Contentment, continual conniving for quiet tranquillity during
absence of war,
within a threshold of Ready-mix, family 'Barney' their troubles,
encompass treacle love to ripple out.
No matter your blood type, we all bleed red; we all mend the same,
hopefully with love in our hearts and tempers contained.



Born 64, Chris Lawrence lives by the sea in North West England with his muse and children and writes poetry, stories, and articles.

The Silk Has Shown

committed to the
kaleidoscopic silk
draped over stone,
all contours shown
in the brilliance
of solar glare,
upon these forms
touch and stare,
let them format
in images stored
within that cranial
box,
listen to a rhythm
that can only be
nature talking in
sincere tones,
listen do not miss
a beat,
upon that silk
life forms move,
in microscopic cities
as one together,
nurture these beings
as they need utmost
care,
only in the silence
of peace can they
thrive and be at most
honest with each other.



Joski The Poet has appeared live at the Jazz Cafe' located in Ontario,CA as well various competitions such as : Battle of the Sexes,The Men of Erotic Poetry Battle. You can also find me as a regular supporter and contributor of the following online shows : Vertikal Bistro, Vertikal Cafe', Poetry After Dark, The Poetically Spoken Show, Blazzin' The Mic, The Artist Lounge Show, Inner C|hild Radio, Chatten' with Candace & Midnite as well as other various online venues.

we need to change

We come from a turbulent past
To an information-age moving way to fast
The fate of our lands
Is now placed in our hands

the questions we can ask is this

Will we bring destruction to an end?

Will we have the power to mend?

we need to save this fragile dreamland
Wash away our footprints in the sand

Global warming is causing weather changes right before our eyes
But we still blacken our skies
makes it hard to wake up to a bright sunrise

Sunrays take less time to burn our faces
But we still destroy our rain forests and just leave empty spaces
and what a shame to claim the earth as our home

Men spill out oil from the factories everywhere
Punching their time clocks basically unaware
and we just sit back and stare.

We don't realize what's happening to the bigger picture
The massive devastation of the atmospheric mixture
is leaving us have a different complexion

Every day people go through their daily motions
Waiting it out for stupid promotions
we give out distant stares and silent prayers
and for what? I sigh
Monday to Friday . all we say is hello and goodbye

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Have you been to the beach lately?

Our oceans are slicked with oil spills
Our waterways full of toxic waste that kills
and people drink bottle water and throw them in the
ocean to kills seals
and other marine life and the leave them in so much strife.

We build our cities on mountains of pollution
Without an environmentalist having a solution

We live our lives in search of wealth
In the process of doing this we
damage our good health

Outrageous crimes are found on every TV and newspaper page
People loosing control an having road age

The victims of greed are getting younger
In a world that still allows millions to hunger
Our small problems make us shake our heads
While million's every night go unfed

Our wants and desire shows the light of our day
But we cannot give in to the subtle decay
We must rise above the haze that's descending
and come together for a mass action of healing

We must take control of our actions today
or the children of tomorrow will be the one's to pay
as the new inn keepers we shall soon take charge
of the next generations voyage at large

So let our pads and pens
deepen our
Trends that are patterned and patterns be trended
But man's damage has got to be ended.

*"If we are peaceful, if we are happy,
we can smile and blossom like a flower,
and everyone in our family,
our entire society,
will benefit from our peace."*

Thich Nhat Hanh



Chris Darroch Biggs is a multi-talented writer across numerous mediums including screenwriting, poetry, fiction and non-fiction. His passion for uplifting as many people as possible guides his craft, making his art therapeutic and powerful. It is his desire to help change the world by inspiring one Soul at a time.

"BURNING ETERNAL"

Star matter forms within and without... birthing many an infinite display, cascading across a night filled day... behold the wonders, the wisdom, the boldness... the flame that burns within is but a beacon light for the wondering tones... vibrating endlessly, making a home... saving grace and sheltering the alone. Turning eyes within, blurring and dim, what does one see but infinity... basking in everything, togetherness, oneness... to be whole, never sold, forever young when old, a blessing foretold... how high can one go? Melting inside to flip flop eyes there is nothing else... stars just are they don't try. Be free, flowing intensity, burning desires broken free manifesting with ease... licking reality in a blistering sea, there is no today, no yesterday, no tomorrow to save... tickling wisps of sizzling lips hungry to taste a parallel craze... the sun, the moon, and spinning planets on display, gravitate towards what stays away... an epic canvas of cosmic art... still all within, for eyes to bend... seeing inward towards the heart. Rising... rising... reborn on the wings of heat... emanating from an infinite flame... never to be tamed. Ohh, dear love, ohhh... how you can sing... healing the world through inner peace and dreams!



T.L. Moore is a Christian author from Pasadena, Texas. She adores writing even though it has been a very hard road at times. Her dreams, her prayers are to continue her writing and to someday work with the children with cancer. Everything she does is for Jesus and the children.

She has written several books and seven are published at the present time. She writes anything from a children's book series, "Ed on my shoulder" to adult books like "Notes to Ian". Though when she started she didn't write Christian books, but now all her books are Christian based. She hopes when she is old and gray and her time does come for God to take her home to Heaven that she falls asleep in her chair with her laptop resting upon her; the file opened to a manuscript.

The Chain of Heaven

I dream of a place with no war, no crime, no children being abused.

No hateful words from the mouths of evil driven people to keep them amused.

No pain, no selfishness, no tears or blood ever shed.

No sadness, no grief, no feelings of dread or wanting to be dead.

Every person follows their heart and not their head.

If everyone would find peace within no more needs to be said.

People in this place are happy & filled with joy.

Every man, woman, little girl & boy.

I know a place like this I must confess.

This place is called Heaven & is filled with peace and happiness.

What we need to do down here on earth you see
is bring a little piece of Heaven here for you and for me.

We need to spread its love, peace, and harmony.

I know this might sound like a major task.

But I do not feel this is too much to ask.

No more children without food, or a home.

No more elderly feeling forgotten or alone.

This world needs to stop pulling apart.

We all need to get back to the love & peace that God intended
from the start.

Heaven cannot literally be on Earth I do understand.

But it's love, peace and harmony can be felt & shared with each &
every single man!

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Every nation around the globe spread out your hands & take a hold of another.

We are all God's children, we are sisters & brothers.

We all are here to help & love each other.

Heaven can be felt as the chain of hands makes it way around the globe.

Share God's love, peace & it starts with you reaching out & taking hold.

The chain of Heaven will be strong & bright.

It's light of love will never fade away not day or night.

We all have to keep trying in this world until we get it right!

Reach out & believe & peace & harmony will this world achieve.

Take hold of that hand with love & we all will succeed!

The chain of Heaven & the love is the key.

So joining hands my sisters and brothers and plant that seed.

United we shall start a major spark.

Divided this old world will continue to fall apart.

Take a hold of that hand & the chain of Heaven will give us all a brand new start!

Praying to Jesus above to overflow the world with his peace and love.

*"Peace is not merely a distant goal that we seek,
but a means by which we arrive at that goal."*

Martin Luther King, Jr



My name is Michael Weidman. I am 19 years old and a Christian. I am also a singer/songwriter, writer, and poet. I hope to one day have a book published.

A Turn Of The Page

Let us love lonely strangers
Think kindly on their hidden souls
For what do we earn ourselves
By treating them so plainly cold

Embrace care received
Pay dues to love's wage
For peace is only
A turn of the page

Let us terminate judgments
Against all heritage and skin
For every person has their rights
But some treat freedom as a sin

Blind all to color
Whether black or beige
For peace is only
A turn off the page

Let us allow life to grow
Then to end their hourglass sands
For who gives law or mothers
Such rights, held in God's righteous hands

Spare life in all forms
Give them time to age
For peace is only
A turn of the page

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Let us halt our bitterness
Of religious beliefs and views
For our after-life will stay
Does it matter who believes who?

Come together, friends
End our extreme rage
For peace is only
A turn of the page

Let us join our efforts
In wake of new dangers and fears
For the Earth is ours to guard
Until the end of our long years

Cast away your fears
Place them in a cage
For peace is only
A turn of the page

*"If you scramble about in search of inner peace,
you will lose your inner peace."*

Lao Tzu



Jamie Bond is a poetess who loves, loves words, people, animals, children and thoughts quoted as saying : i love to laugh but I'm gonna smile regardless! . . . and she does just that! always in all ways!

jamie bond on facebook

<http://www.facebook.com/itsbondjamiebond>

World Peace

it's hard to write about something
in which you don't truly believe you'll get
world peace is such a broad topic its a
"I'll believe it when I see it
but I really DO wanna see it happen" type of subject
I think if we got back to having a sense of community it would
help
if taxpayers were actively involved in their town meetings
they could make an splendid impact

I think if some folks paused
and THOUGHT before they spoke it'd make a big difference
and I know for sure without a doubt it'd be a better world
if some folks minded the RIGHT business
I believe in freedom of expression in all genres
being able to keep that right would assist
if we did away with judging others and jealousy
and just kept trying to uplift

I don't believe there is one formula
to solve the world of its plagued problems
but I do believe that we all are planted seeds
designed to create smiles where there are none
so asking me to talk about world peace
isn't difficult at all...
what's difficult is that its a different cult
and good intentions can fall
we see the wrong
we complain to the wrong folks
our legislators and congressmen
aren't on these social networks yet
so complaining about it and not doing something
other than writing about it
only raises a small fraction of awareness

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

before I bid you adieu let me say
that whatever you do - do it well
spread the love because that's what heals
you can let your words and actions
be the band-aid and Neosporin
do, create, laugh pray and don't hate
love is the formula for peace in my world
I hope its in yours too try to propel forward
wishing others well by being a loving better you ♥

But peace does not rest in the charters and covenants alone. It lies in the hearts and minds of all people. So let us not rest all our hopes on parchment and on paper, let us strive to build peace, a desire for peace, a willingness to work for peace in the hearts and minds of all of our people. I believe that we can. I believe the problems of human destiny are not beyond the reach of human beings.

John F. Kennedy



Karen Lowe is passionate about reaching others through outreach ministry, comedy and the written word. Her passion for helping those struggling through life come from an intense desire to share the blessings she has received in her own life path. Her hope is that all who read her works will come away with a sense of hope and empowerment.

Great Manifest

Be ye that the alarm has sounded

If tears were now ears of those that cared

If screams were now dreams of those that had been there

If I became you, and you became them and they became us

How united we would be

Now Heaven and Earth, rivers and trees are feeding from

Established nutrients of life

Grow together, live together

Die together

As one race, one mankind, one human

Each entitled inheritance to respect, love and equality

Be called not only to help humanity

Be called to heal

Be the one nation to feed

Remember your words

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Touch as simply stated moving the authority of Kingdom Power

Knowing that all is good lives and breathes

Breathe into others what someone has breathed into you

Goodness

Great manifest

Awesome is what we are when

We believe

World healing, World peace

Let love rule the world

Let love live in your heart

Let love all you to let go

*If there is to be peace in the world,
There must be peace in the nations.
If there is to be peace in the nations,
There must be peace in the cities.
If there is to be peace in the cities,
There must be peace between neighbors.
If there is to be peace between neighbors,
There must be peace in the home.
If there is to be peace in the home,
There must be peace in the heart.*

Lao Tzu



Rita Tatum

I am a Poet and Writer of Short Stories. I currently reside in Akron Ohio. I have a passion that consumes me and drives me towards Excellence. I love to study Poetic Form and all the various styles of Poetry in pursuit of Mastering my chosen craft.

The Seed

My Father gave me a seed
a seed entrusted to plant
so small it was,
much smaller than an ant.

I asked God where to plant my seed
wanting to keep it safe and sound
he said, in a place there is a need
now go plant it in fertile ground.

So I sowed it in a place where it could flourish
in richness it started to grow
my heart embraced and nourished
this seed
and peace began to show.

My garden began to bud with love
overflowing with blossoms and blooms
and my life was filled with goodness
no room for darkness nor gloom.

So with this tiny precious seed
I build my everlasting creed
that will follow me and breed
love and peace
in every thought and every deed.

Yes, I give this gift my friend
World healing and World peace
join me , plant your seed, and tend
then love will never cease.



Mary Loughran is a poet and painter living in the San Francisco Bay area. Her poem “Sometimes” has recently been published in *The Gathering 11, The Ina Coolbrith Circle Poetry Anthology 2011-2012*. The Circle was founded in San Francisco in 1919.

World Healing, World Peace

We know it's possible.

One morning the miracle occurs.

We hope, not really expecting.

Wishful thinking, the mind considers it...

even in most ardent prayer,

on our knees, prostrate on the floor,

fingers clasping beads,

hands clasped together,

touching forehead, lips, heart.

Tears stream down,

unrestrained prayers escaping

from the silent space within,

ascending like the bleat of sheep

to their shepherd,

who lifts from craggy places,

those encumbered

with despair.

If so with us, so with the world.



Hello, my name is Christina McCormick aka Tina Long, I was born in Sacramento Ca. I am a writer and author of poetry, my words are of raw emotions of true life stories told through poetry. You will feel my words of life's miseries and you will see my strength and confidence I found within me to overcome. Through my words I will speak for those who cannot. I have found my passion in writing and I will continue to spread my wings

On The Wings of a Butterfly

Your friendship is special
Like the flowers that bloom
Or when a butterfly emerges
From within its cocoon...

You remind me of that butterfly
Loving and free,
Bright and colorful,
For the world to see...

We will share sunshine and rainbows
Sometimes, the rain and the snow
We'll stand together through it
While the cold winds blow...

When the time is right
We won't stop to ask "Why?"
Our friendship will take flight
On the wings of a butterfly



X Blu Rayne

Being a single mother doesn't keep this dynamic woman from taking a chance and making her passion her business. S.W.A.U. (Spoken Word Addicts Unleashed) was birthed after much pain to give X Blu Rayne and other writers, poets, and spoken word artist a platform to showcase their gift to begin healing. She is also a published author with two titles currently available for sale Blu Life which is a combination of family photos and poems that equate to key points in her life. Rayne for Growth is her own twist on food for thoughts books in a poetic form.

Universal Spirit

I am me
One entity consisting of all those before me
Connected to this plane universally
One with the universal spirit
Can you hear it
It cries for it's children
Weeps for the separation among them
Among us
We need a healing to our self inflicted cuts
We are the world so the peace we need starts with us
The universal spirit shows it's pain
In the natural disasters that we call tornadoes, earthquakes, and
hurricanes
It is the universal spirit's cries in pain
When it sees that with all the love that exist, we still inflict hurt
and shame
Because we have forgotten that we are one in the same
Spoken from the same existence
Birthed from the same womb
Walk the same earth
Placed in the same tomb
Without each other, we are doomed
I need you to live in peace
I need you for my spirit to be free
Free the disharmony that binds me and arms me with heavy
machinery
That cause my broken heart to bleed
I need you to fix me
Reconfigure my settings from hate to love
From anger to peace
From bitterness to forgiveness
From pride to humility
This is all that we need
To bring world healing and peace
And then the universal spirit can rest with ease...



Born Lisa D. McCraw, NOLA...P refers to herself as “a Southern girl from Mississippi”, but she is very much a woman & a poet. “I’ve been writing for several years covering all kinds of topics. I love poetry & could not live without it. My pen name is NOLA...P (Nothing Out There Like A...POET). Basically, if one of my poems, makes one person think or feel a little more deeply, then I’m a happy POET. “

Humanity

Humans
Understanding
Man's
Absolute
Need
Internalizing
The
Yearning

Let us all try to internalize our BROTHER's NEEDS. Lift up one another and always try to understand our fellow man's need for a HUMAN BOND and for....

RESPECT

Realizing
Every
Soul
Patiently
Expects
Consideration
Therefore

BE KIND TO OUR BROTHER

Become
Earnest

Killing
Ignorance
Never
Denying

Trusting
Observing

Other's
Unique
Rhyme

Believing
Respecting
Outwardly
Trying
Helping
Everyone
Regardless

Of what they can do for you, thinking instead, of what you can do for them.

If you wish for peace be ready for war.

anonymous



Laura Hale is an advocate and community outreach warrior for children and adults with special needs. The development of "Imagination Station" (Children's public radio show) as writer, host & actor. An article published in the AJOT SI Newsletter. She was technical editor for S.I. Focus magazine.

Awaken Choice

Will I live with compassion
or competition
Will I love and support and belong
or focus solely on myself
Am I filling my coffers to build for the future
or giving my love freely
fully embracing each moment,
each gift,
each soul.

Every morning I wake up with free choice
I roll and stretch and yawn and look at you
Today, I must choose, do I choose you
Are you good for me
Do you bring out my best
Do I want you, without cloying
Do you lift me without pushing yourself down
Do I lift you without holding myself back
Do we grow in love's garden

Can we lead and hold,
help and follow
At each fork in life's path,
whether through muddy woods of dankest despair
or across warm soft sands in sunshine salt air
God did not bless me with you
The fates did not ordain our togetherness
Our marriage of minds and love were not arranged
by the stars or society

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Every day we awaken,
so far, side-by-side
with the free will and responsibility to make the right choices
We carry the commitment to our
choices, forward
I am with you
We are still better people together,
than we would be apart.
That is why we married

My inspiration, my muse,
you love and amuse
My passion, I honor you
You are the best man I've ever known
Yet, every day you work to become a better man
You animate my love
Love gives me strength
Today, I choose you
And we achieve, together
Live with compassion, peace and healing
over competition
Love and support and belong to humanity
Rather than focus solely on ourselves
Leave off filling our coffers to build for a solitary future
Give Love freely, today
Fully embrace each moment,
each gift,
each soul

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Every morning wake up with choice
Get up and face humanity, the world
Today, choose peace and healing
Be good to mankind
Give our best
Be with others and not try to convert
Lift all, without pushing any down
Lift others without resentment
Grow in Love's garden

We can lead, and hold,
help and follow each other
at each fork in life's path,
whether through muddy woods of dankest despair
or across warm soft sands in sunshine salt air
God blessed the world with us
We must bless the world with peace
The stars will not arrange a meeting of our minds
We must become a universally respectful society

Every day we awaken,
on this earth,
with the responsibility to make the right choices
Carry the commitment of our
choices, forward
We are on this earth together
Be better people together,
than we would be apart.
Choose peace and healing

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Aspire to be humane
God gave us each other to Love
Humanity's capacity for healing and peace
is our greatest gift
We have the power to
animate world healing
Share because we can and we need
Everyday, choose world peace
Achieve it through universal Love

If when i find the peace within me . . .

i will find the peace of the world

William S. Peters, Sr..



Nerissa Maralit is from Albay, Philippines. She is a speaker, writer and researcher working with local communities. Her research interests are in alternative medicine of indigenous communities, environmental protection, biodiversity, water conservation and women's empowerment and involvement in community development. She is a graduate of Bachelor of Science in Business Administration major in Management at Bicol University College of Business, Economics and Management and has earned units in major courses in Masters in Public Administration at the Bicol University Graduate School.

The Greatest Healing Power

The solitary Hawk flies in sadness
As he looks into the horizon
Of a land decaying in blossoms
His heart full of pain and anguish

The Mountain cries in torment
For the digging and blasting pain in her breasts
Watching helplessly her beloved Trees
All dead filed in a row naked on the ground

The Sky clothed herself in the darkest clouds of heavy mourning
Listening to Gale blowing sad stories of deaths in deep breathing
While Snowcaps listened in tears melting
The twins heard..... Tornado and Hurricane came madly raging in
revenge

The Hills hid in fear amidst the dark blinding rains
The whistling Rivers turning into a band of yelling rapids
While poisonous acids engulf the Ocean shrieking
Angry waves of Death to the fish sanctuaries flowingold and
young dying in thousands.

What happened to our world? So lost and desolate....
The wave trains of Death gaining more territories of Love
Where is Love? Why is she gone?
In Love's foothold, Death together with Shame, Agony and
Devastation now stand.

Listen! Listen! Drum beating of Hearts!
Encircling the foothold of Love
As each heart greets each other in hugging friendship
A candle light of hope appears in deep prayer

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

Every heart came and the circle of friendship grew bigger and bigger

The drum beating of hearts growing louder
The sound that startled the Sky to drop her cloak of mourning
And from under the blue mantle of Sky came the breeze of the early morning Spring bubbling

Singing, swirling, and gracefully dancing
Greeting every heart with a kiss of God's morning!
At Love's foothold, she bowed in deep humility
Giving the sun fire golden key as a friendship gift offering

It's gold! Precious! Death, Agony, Shame and Devastation shouted "Mine!"

All of them encircled Spring... with a mindset to possess and win.
The Minister of Greed was chuckling and started whispering
To the most powerful, the sun fire golden key must be given

Spring in her light breeze merrily said "I agree"
And she dropped the sun fire golden key at the foothold of Love
No one noticed the engraved letters of FORGIVENESS in the key
As everyone was busy shouting to the greatest power!

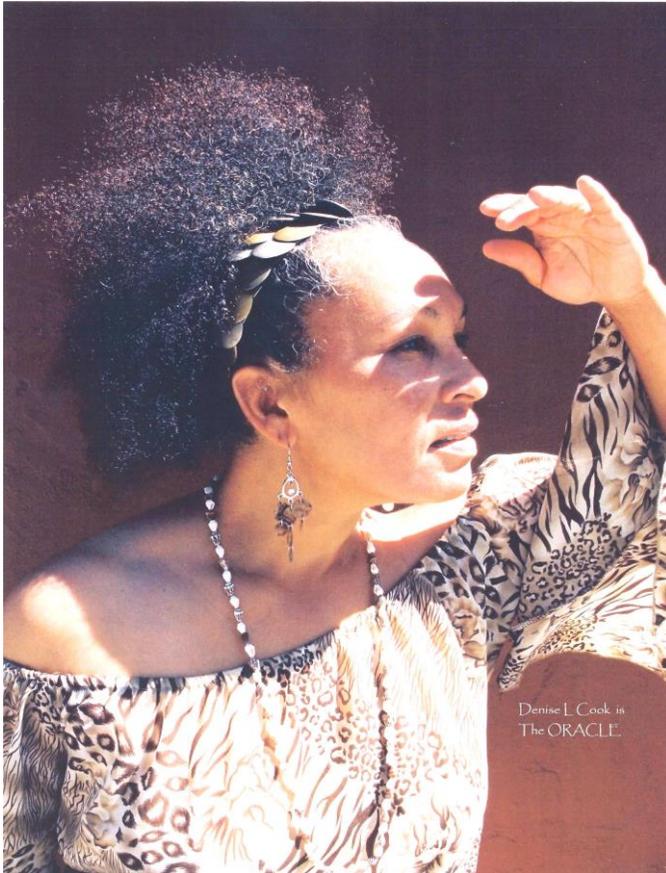
Lo and behold!
From the center of the foothold
An astonishing heavenly music and radiant light
Touching every heart with a healing might

Shame ghastly withdraw
Agony in deep torture disappeared
Devastation in a fit of temper departed
Greed perished in fear while Death vanished in thin air

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

From the light in the foothold, Love suddenly appeared
Opening every door to the wounded hearts with the key of
forgiveness
To bring forth the healing power of Love
To a new life of peaceful rebirth

The circle of friendship cheered and rejoiced
That echoed to all corners of the world
Long live the Forgiving Hearts!
Long live the Greatest Power of Love!



Denise L. Cook, known as The ORACLE, is a prolific writer and captivating performer; and is well known as a healer of the heart, mind, body and soul. Her current titles attest to her diversity of style, wit and understanding of the written word. Her works represent her true nature; "all-ways remember to love yourself".

www.theoraclespeaks.info / theoracle@theoraclespeaks.info / www.theoraclespeaks.info 323-962-1372 /Oracle Productions

A Man Of Peace And Commitment Of Firm And Pure Belief

A man of Peace and commitment
Of pure and firm belief
Troubled by the ills of his country
And taking action
Concerned for the loss of faith
Suffered by so many
Yet undoubting in his trust in the power
Of a true relationship with God
Enveloped by the protection
Of the strength of his belief in God
Revered and honored with an insatiable search
For justice, fairness, and embodying what it is to be like Christ
Forever a child of God
A man of peace and commitment
Of firm and pure belief
A master of the dialogue of life and
The spirit of the human condition
A champion for those who would not fight
For those who could not fight
By example and pure boldness he stands for God
By word he speaks to the consciousness of God
By deed he challenges others to step up to the calling of God
By love he shows the world how to give and receive the love of
God
By choice he is a man of God
Cardinal Christian Wiyghan Tumi
Archbishop of Douala, Cameroon is
A man of peace and commitment
Of firm and pure belief



Janice D. Johnson aka Heart Spoken Niicy is an Author, Poet and great Friend. Her expressions from the Heart are very moving. Janice was born in Los Angeles, California and raised in Duarte. she is the proud Mother of two wonderful Boys, Paris and Nicholas who are both now adults. Janice's first Book is Secret Fantasies, and she is now working on her second book.

Blinded

People today are so blinded.
Always asking and seeking
for peace. Do we really do not know
the definition of the word.

Peace, love and unity. These words
are so powerful, let this world
to become one. But the lust and
being deceitful, so much in the dark
has blinded us from the reality.

Our focus to be on the right path . . . GOD,
This is the way of life, so much like our Ancestors.
Our Grandmothers and Grandfathers tell
us the stories and we laugh.

So blinded, i want to know peace and want to feel peace again.
We crave and desire it every day. We need
to STOP.

STOP and be still and and listen to the birds
sing and the oceans sing the song they have
been singing for years. Can we hear ?

In the silent you will hear God's
voice saying " I am here and i am your world peace.
God's word will open our eyes so we can finally
see the light. Watch as darkness creeps away so fast and
becomes a thing of the past.

This is how God intended for us to live
in a world of Peace and Love.
Let us Heal.



Gabrielle is a mom, writer and sometimes poet in the Northern Colorado area. She enjoys the outdoors, volunteering in the local schools with emergent readers, photography, drawing, writing fiction and non fiction and spending time with her family.

Captive Bird

In the presence of a judge
and our friends, you said your vows,
promising to love, honor
and cherish me from that day forward,
till death do us part.
That is when it all began

From that day forward you
chipped away at my self-esteem,
manipulated me at every chance
taking away who I was from me

You made me your puppet,
then you shortened the strings
so I could not reach my potential,
my family or my friends

In those seven years
you robbed me
of my sanity along with
every penny I earned.

Everything was still
not enough for you,
You then looked for ways to separate
me from the happiness I sought.

And in the end, you took away
the precious life that we had
created with your
steroid - driven rage;
your fists pounding
at my pregnant belly-
until it was no more.

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

I then had no more left
to give you,
you had taken it all –
except for my dignity;
I kept that.

Don't get me wrong,
I do not blame you-
that would give you
control of my life again;
I blame myself for allowing
you to keep taking from me.

Now it is time for YOU to give -
give me back my freedom.
Give me the key to unlatch the shackles,
open the cage door.

I'll fly away from you -
and I won't look back.

The Great Spirit is in all things, he is in the air we breathe. The Great Spirit is our Father, but the Earth is our Mother. She nourishes us, that which we put into the ground she returns to us....

Big Thunder (Bedagi) Wabanaki Algonquin



SoldierBlue-I am a Native Blood spoken word artist....my interests are in my culture...and the traditions of the native nations...here...in the amerikkas....

Katherine Wyatt also known as Trinity born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the 1500's.

With a strong background in the arts and a deep interest in spirituality, her poetry reflects the spirit of the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western traditions.

The GrandMother tree

The GrandMother tree....sprung from thirteen voices...
the roots morphed/become from thirteen seeds...
as was sewn by the ancestors....
the strength of prophecy...
and the heart beat of our mother....

RedEarth...in all her many parts....
and the blessings...our GrandMothers...
are gifting us with...in these days of dream...
gathered from all corners of the Mother ...
their wisdom, a net of light cast around us...
moving us into this time of recuperation...
from all that has been..
the shakti element..
gifting life and lush greens..
where the trees weep...
a new root..
planted with hands that bear life..
bodies that have borne and carried..
two souls in one womb...
alchemical...

They speak...
The song moves through the buffeting breeze...
as the ripples send the notes caracoling...after each other....
the seeping unborne wisdoms...waiting
for their season.. the times when sun and mune...
show the passage of humanity...
and the presage of sacred storms...
instead of our mother's lashing rains..
borne of her agony...the GrandMothers...
raise the blessings...once again...

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

of the thirteen munes...the months of a rich...
blessed blues...skyes expanse...and rivers hues..
the smoothe of star stones....
that have tumbled through the ages...
of time and man....as we seek to be....
what we were...those who listen...
to the GrandMothers...their words unfurling...
as the limbs...of a sacred tree of life...

Women of power...
unlike that which destroys..
they birth new seasons..
of gentle earth songs...
rekindling that energy which was diminished..
refilling the wineskins ..
of the People...
with perspectives of perpetuity and clarity....

In soft tones...
A holistic alleviation...
To the cancer of patriarchy...
They weave a web of supple influence...
A power bathed in moonlight..
Synced with all that is..
So that we may listen to their prayers..
A homecoming to what ought to be...
The branches of this olden tree...
handled with care...the ancient ways...
the grace of knowing...the knurled fruits...
as sweet as when the nurturing...
was in their primal learning....

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

When they....were young....and the ephemeral bones...
of the immortalness of the people...
was the refreshing of being....
brought before the earth.....
again...
the days pale...with the ashe...
of those whom have forgotten the ways...
we were never meant to betray...and now...
before the soft fire....stand the council...
of the thirteen GrandMothers...rooted firmly...
to the ways of our RedEarth...
as stately as the Tree of learning they represent...
as quietly grand....as the Wisdoms...
they have earned with the passage of years...
in her service....upon the Mountain tops...
bringing forth the usher of rain...
and healing....as they say....in thirteen ways...
of thirteen GrandMothers..."we are in the eleventh hour"..
and it is time to give....instead of take...

The GrandMothers speak....and in the spirit song..
of that..I sit....with joyful tears..before elders...
and listen...
and the soft receptive strength..
of the yoni...
once again...can be heard..
upon the prayers..
and the weaving of the divine feminine...
has begun as it was foretold...
as the constellations usher them in...
jyoti...a light..in the darkness..
of a passing age...
the guardians...butterflies of iron...
gather...granting the blessings...

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

of an ancient knowledge...
forgotten.. now brought to the foreground...
as the People are blessed..
character etched upon their faces...
they raise us up....

Ushering in a new era...
The days when amongst us...
male and female...were equal..before the impact..
of outsiders...before the advent..of "technology"..
and the circumvention of the path...
that was of RedEarth....and the slower beat...
of our mother's breath...and heart...
asking...imploring why?....

"I have given you all you need for life...Why?"
as now it is for the GrandMothers...to give answer..
and hope that the peoples around them..
those who gather to them...
to listen...under the spreading leaf made bower
of an ancient tree...the Life...
we were first given..will once again..
be taken unto the breast....in an embrace...
of sacredness...by all human beings...
so that our mother..nought be forced...
through her pain...to relieve us..
of the gift she freely gave to all that yet live...
in spite of man's best...to remove in arrogance...
what HE did nought create....

World Healing . . . World Peace ~ 2012

As human beings...we can do nothing...the spirit ones...
can do everything....and so we see...
the blessed advent...of this moment..
and the strength....of continuance....
in the thirteen Grandmothers...the limbs...
and root and seed of the dreams...
of true earth...Red and beautiful...
and the hopeful return...to the ways..
of living with our mother...and the words..
as put forth...by these her children of grace...

The council fires...of thirteen...GrandMothers...
as they sit before us...and speak..
with the words...of root,,earth....stone...and fire...
with the sweet cool of rain waters and rivers...
upon their tongues...we are blessed...
to give what we receive...from these venerated...
representatives...of the Divine Female....
GrandMothers....this council...of thirteen...
may we live long enough....that there would be others
that would choose to live in such a manner...
as to honour them...and the life...of such a living Tree



Andrew Scott is a Canadian Native. He is a reviewer for literature and music on Swaggakings.com and hosts ReVerse, an international on-line classic poetry radio program. Andy's eclectic poetry style has been featured in numerous publications worldwide. His chapbook, Snake With A Flower, is now available on AMAZON.

andrewmccott.weebly.com

United Healing Hands

Twelve ordinary people shot down dead,
by invading soldiers looking for a new bed,
marching into any community,
guns are the new symbol of the city.

A leader breaks in anger,
screaming rage, making others feel danger,
no more being human, more to being the beast,
looking for flesh to feast.

Fighting in the desert hills over religion,
leaving a motherless, fatherless region,
just a cry of a young refugee,
the future they will not see.

New soldiers march in under a new flag,
marching one by one as hope sags,
the new flag carried by people of all different borders,
all nations acting as brothers and sisters,
not one asked to conform,
just to believe in the uniform,
marching, clearing the rubble,
making shattered buildings stable,
wiping away tears,
calming all fears,
all hopes are rebuilding,
not about taking and destroying,
the world covered in new sand,
carried by united healing hands.



Sandye M. Roberts is a founding member of the HALOS711 Foundation. She along with her Twin Flame Arthur spend their lives assisting and ministering to others. They are both Divine Reiki Master Instructors and give this gift to the world for free. Sandye is also a Radio Talk Show Host at the HALOS 711 Program found on Blog Talk Radio. Sandy has a passion for love and spirituality which she expresses through her writing.

Healing the Universe and World Peace

H-er love has been relentless
E-ven though we failed to Pray
A- sign of Mother Earths eternal
L-ove thats here to stay
I-ncrease the Love and energy
N-ow is the time for Peace
G-od's gracious gifts of Healing

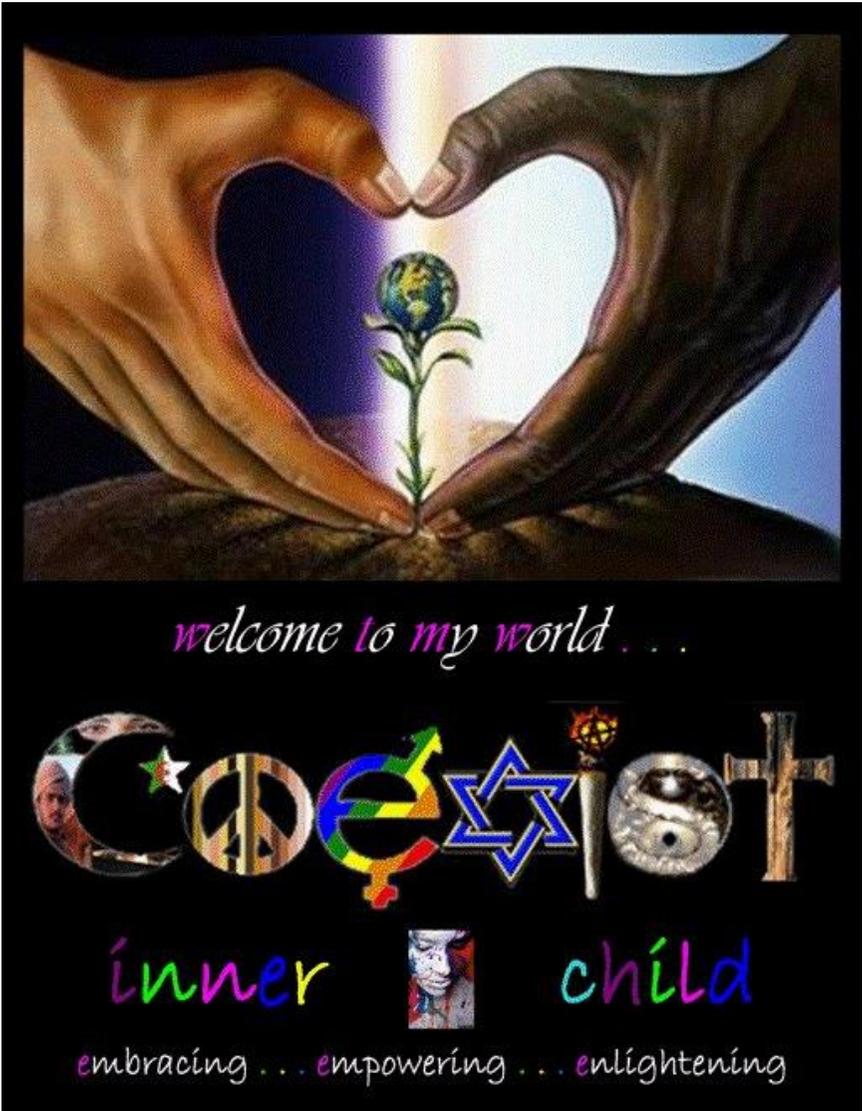
"THE"

U-nite in Love and never cease
N-ow is the time for oneness
I-n everthing we do
V-oices joined together
E-very culture, every hue
R-espect each others journey
S-how you Really care
E-veryone is special

"AND"

W-orth taking time to share
O-ur Universe is calling
R-enewal is round the bend
L-ove is truly Healing
D-edicate all that you can send

P-lease take the time to Think About
E-ach action that you take
A-nd know that Peace and Healing
C-an be the Difference that "You" make!
E-ternal Blessings as we join together in Love for World Peace and
Healing to Our Universe



Epilogue

Conquer the devils with a little thing called love !

Bob Marley

Contest Administrators and Facilitators

World Healing, World Peace

Poetry 2012

Radio

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

Judges

Diane Sismour
Juanita Gibbs Betts
Mark States

Media Facilitators

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

Volunteer Editors

Jill Delbridge
William S. Peters, Sr.

Sponsors

The New Writers	Sarah Stuart
The Artists Lounge	Jill Delbridge
Everyday Connection	Rick O'Shields
	Jean Victoria Norloch
Nlistic Souldiers	Deon Ballard
	Leslie "mizz fab" Ryan
	Jeffery A. Sanders, Sr. aka Cali
Poetically Spoken Groups	Poetically Spoken
	Heart Spoken Niecy
Scribe Poetry	Mangus Khan
Adelle Conexxions	Adelle Banks - Wilson and Jade
HALOS 711	Arthur and Sandye
KW Productions	Kelli and William
UnMuted Ink	Jamie Bond
Moments in Chaos	Leslie 'mizzfab' Ryan
A Poetic State of Mind	Miguel Keaton
Speak Yo Piece	Micheaux "UrbanVoodoo" Fortson
Keith Alan Hamilton .	Keith Alan Hamilton
Karama Sadaka Enterprises	Karama Sadaka
Blend Of Loving Energies	Peter Egler aka Sineh
Heaven Speak Radio	Loving LaFaye

Olive Branch Ministries	Karen Lowe and Michelle
Written In Pain Enterprises	Carlos 'Written in Pain' Levazarri
Creative Impowerment	Charlotte 'Poetryizme' Lewis
One Smart Lady Productions	Deborah Wilson Smart
The Watcher	Tyrone Mobely
ArtsOn365	Renata Brown
GoldE Productions	John Early
Todd Smith	The Lyfe Poet

Inner Child Groups	Inner Child Social
	Inner Child Press
	Inner Child News
	Inner Child Magazine
	Inner Child Radio Network
	Inner Child Productions
	Inner Child Services
	Inner Child Stores
	Inner Child FaceBook Groups

*“When the power of love
overcomes the love of power,
the world will know peace.”*

Jimi Hendrix

The Judges

Diane Sismour

Juanita Betts

Mark States

Diane Sismour



Diane Sismour, Writer/Network for the Arts

from Diane Sismour . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Diane Sismour

Writer/Network for the Arts

see as they for they are us

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Contacts

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

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

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

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

i shine . . . you shine

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

Juanita Betts



Juanita Betts is an Author and Poet

from **Juanita Betts . . .**

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

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

Tranquility

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

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

Can I carry you, or will you push me away

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

Our children are our future

We are our past

But still in the present to make it last

To be the best, to support and love the world

Because it is a mess

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

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

So respect yourself and others

Love one another love yourself

Love as God intended us to love

Take care of his gifts

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Books

Desire My Dream Poetry

My Mama Said (Children's series)

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

William S. Peters, Sr.

Mark States



Mark States is a Poet and Spoken Word Artist

from **Mark States . . .**

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

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

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

Mark States

Painted Irises

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

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

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

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

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

That's the story of how

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

I have a conviction

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

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

Mark States

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

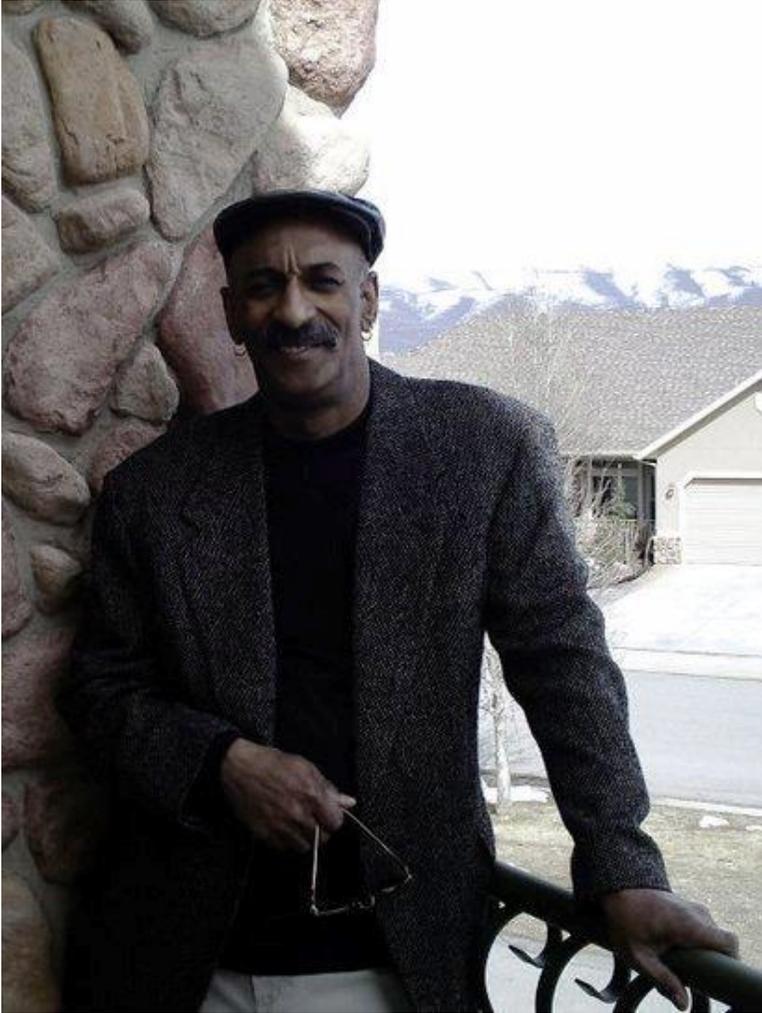
The former editor of Poetalk Magazine, he is the author of three books, one performance poetry cd, and one recorded funk song.

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

Inner Child
Administrators

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

William S. Peters, Sr.



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

The Antithesis

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

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

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

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

what have we done
had we slept too long
he asked

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

we usually always get
what we allow
don't we

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

and now
this is what has been heralded in

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

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

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

and if i had any mercy let
well . . .

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

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

and that is

the antithesis

Janet P. Caldwell



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

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

www.janetcaldwell.com

a word from Janet . . .

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

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

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

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

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

Namaste'

Janet P. Caldwell

I Dreamed of Peace

Angry people stopped shouting.
Protest signs became invitations.

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

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

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

~ wsp ~

Jill Delbridge



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

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

a word from **Jill . . .**

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

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

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

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

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

Jill Delbridge

The Artist Lounge
Inner Child Groups

it's NOT about me or you, but US

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

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

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



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

~ wsp ~

~ *fini* ~

WORLD HEALING

WORLD PEACE

P
O
E
T
R
Y



~ 2012 ~



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