

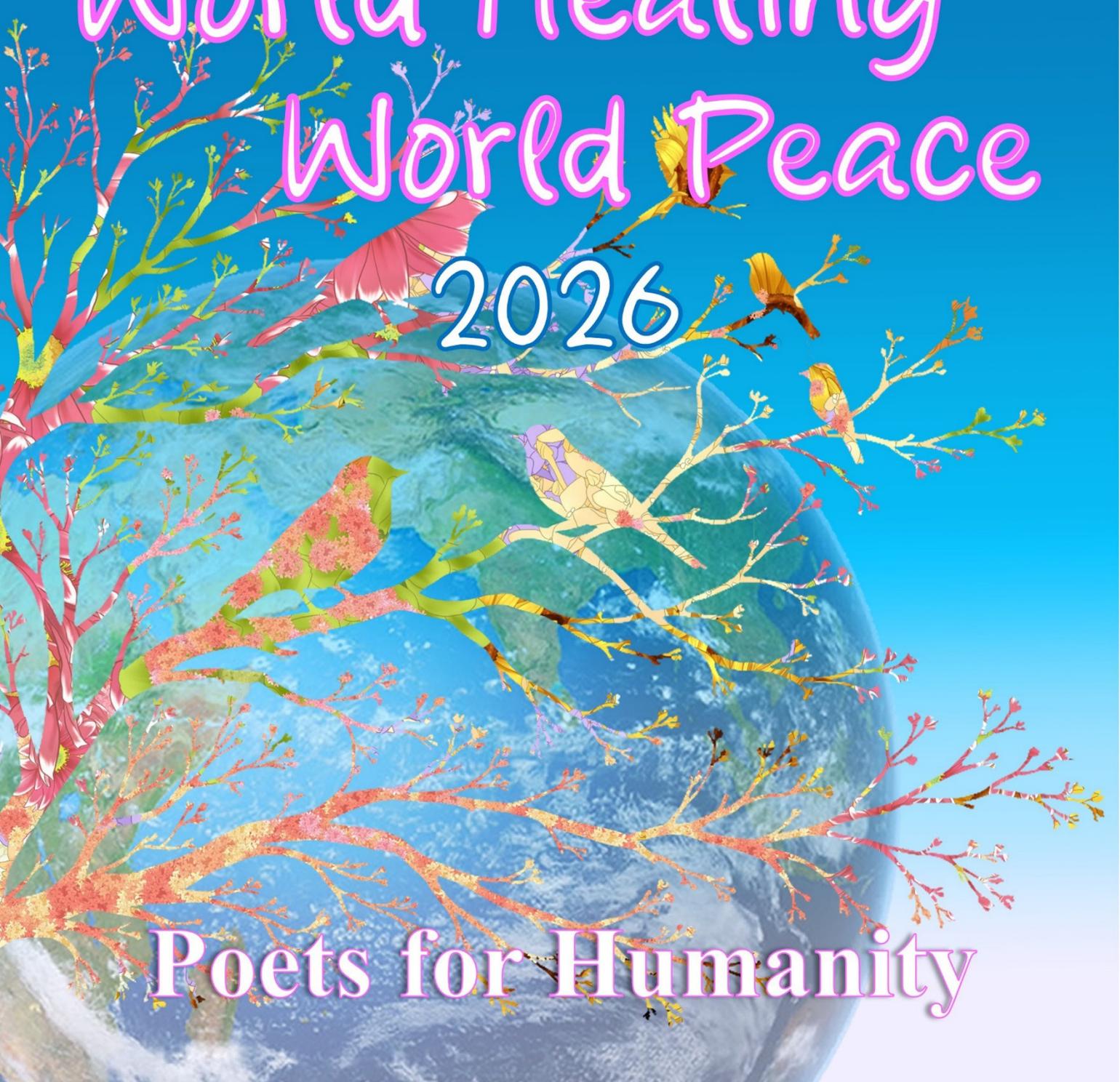
INNER CHILD PRESS INTERNATIONAL

presents

World Healing World Peace

2026

Poets for Humanity



World Healing

World Peace

2026

Poets for Humanity

inner child press international

'building bridges for cultural understanding'

Credits

Authorship

Poets for Humanity

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Inner Child Press International

General **I**nformation

World Healing World Peace 2026

Poets for Humanity

1st Edition: 2026

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

~ wsp



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

Janet P. Caldwell

F oreword

Has there ever been a time and people more in need of peace and healing?

In this volume, the poets continue to manifest peace into the world through our words and actions. The 2026 Edition of World Healing, World Peace features poets, thinkers, and activists from all over the world. We care about our families, neighbors, and communities. We also understand the impact of words as they go out into the greater world and that each person is our neighbor.

Our neighbor is the youngest poet, a ten-year-old from India and the oldest whose eyes have seen nearly nine decades; and everyone in between. May the words of these wonderful poets bring you peace and a sense of understanding. May our words wrap you in a warm hug.

We occupy this world with over eight billion people. That is a lot of perspectives and needs. May we all see a way forward together.

Kimberly Burnham

Spokane, Washington, May 2026

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

Preface

As I sit here and attempt to make some sense of our world, I am reminded of all the Poets, Writers, Children and Parents who struggle with this very same premise of rationalization. Within the pages of this volume I am sure you will be inundated with perspectives. Some will appear to be extremely foreign, while other a bit off-base. But please keep that candle of hope alive burning in your heart, I am quite sure that most of humanity vie for the same things ... peace, smiles and laughter, love and the absence of conflict.

As you ingest the words of these 'Poets for Humanity' please do us all a favor and 'pay-forward' the sentiment of our love for life and each other whenever possible. We make the difference.

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher

Inner Child Press International

The Lord of War ...

Throughout the annals of history, a recurring tragedy unfolds—the manipulation of faith and the perversion of sacred texts to justify the most heinous of deeds. It is a tale as old as time, where the worst of humanity cloak themselves in the garb of righteousness, using the name of God and the words of holy scriptures as a shield for their own malevolent intentions.

Stop and think: Who truly holds the strings that finance the terror, that feed the flames of hatred? The lords of war, draped in their self-righteousness, do not hold love in their hearts. They do not cherish the innocence of children, nor do they seek equality and justice for all. Love, to them, is a mere word, a facade to conceal their hypocrisy, a tool to manipulate and deceive.

In their world, the obsolete world ruled by corruption, greed, and power, they have twisted the teachings of peace and compassion into instruments of control and domination. They have used the cloak of religion to perpetrate unspeakable horrors, to wage wars and sow discord, all in the name of their own insatiable thirst for power.

Never in the annals of history has Satan himself been the promoter of wars. It is the hands of men, stained with the blood of their brothers and sisters, who have wielded the sword in the name of false righteousness. It has been they who have perverted the teachings of love and compassion, turning them into weapons of destruction and division.

As the pages of history turn, let us not forget the lessons of the past. Let us not be blinded by the false prophets who seek to lead us astray. Let us seek the true essence of faith, the true message of love and unity, and stand against those who would use it as a tool for their own nefarious ends. For in the end, it is not the name of God that promotes war, but the hearts of men who have lost their way.

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Disclaimer



In our attempts to maintain the integrity of the contributors' voices in the publication before you, World Healing World Peace 2026, we have elected to do minimal surface-editing. We felt that maintaining the original entries was critically important for you, the reader, to enjoy the authenticity of each poetic giving. All poetry submissions have, therefore, been preserved in their original versions, with only minor adjustments having been employed on them. You may encounter some challenges in achieving total clarity of the messages shared through poems, but we indulge you to let go of your critical thinking and embrace the spirit through words offered for the poetic art.

From the desk of . . .

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Director of Editing Services

Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'



The Poetry

of

Poets for Humanity

World Healing

World Peace

2026

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Eliza Segiet : Poland



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University. Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021, 2024. Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020, International Award Paragon of Hope (2020). Finalist Golden Aster Book World Literary Prize 2020, Mili Dueli 2022. Award - World Poets Association (2023). Laureate Between words and infinity "International Literary Award (2023).

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Proof

We are not made of clay.
We have a visible body
and a hidden heart □
these are our true attributes.
After all, clothes reveal not much more
than our taste.
To truly show yourself,
you must see Others.

Understanding the Other
and extending a helping hand
is proof
that there is
Man in a Human Being.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Mitch Alexander : USA



Writer, massage therapist, Resonance Repatterning and EFT practitioner. Like many people he grew up in a larger poor and dysfunctional family. He's used his survival instincts to work through self-healing and with that experience shares insights to help people improve their lives.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Love Takes You In Pieces

Love takes you in pieces.
Love takes you in pieces.
Not like your living room group,
Like the furniture in your social set-up.

Those society images sit in those chairs
Your family can look from the edge,
but cannot enter, even though they are telling you the truth.

You like the strangers because they take their anger at your injustice home with them.
Blood bleed for you and sacrifice their jugular to offer you truth.

At your funeral those strangers tell your children you were admired.
Your children feign polite, don't speak ill of the dead.
They know your death occurred somewhere in the past.
Not last week or even last year.

"Can you remember when?" adult children ask each other.
They agree the image in the casket was as close as they can place any accuracy.
They don't morn your death, they morn the life you never offered.

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Niloy Rafiq : Bangladesh



Niloy Rafiq was born in 6 August 1983 Maheshkhali, Cox's Bazar, Bangladesh. Niloy Rafiq has been writing in the literary pages of local daily newspapers since his school days. Later, his poems were published in national and international literary magazines including various famous little magazines. So far, his notable poems have been translated into more than twenty foreign languages. His English poetry book 'Sun Leaf' has already been published under 'Stockholm Project 2033 Global Leader' by Amazon. His second English translated poetry book 'An Incomplete Kiss' has published in 2024 from Amazon. The number of his poetry books written in Bengali languages are 6 respectively 1. I, the swan float in pure sadness, 2. Thirst's eternity, 3. Salty man's face, 4. Unknown fire, 5. Adinath in eyes, 6. Wax prayer bowed in a clay body. His poetry has a magical, edgy feeling. Poet Niloy Rafiq is like a magician in the extraordinary weaving of words and rhythms. Contact +88 01745981995 (whatsapp) niloyrafiq@gmail.com Facebook: niloyrafiq

A Morning of Sunshine

The enchanting Koirachola in Khiron river's flow,
A raft of bamboo floats upstream to the horizon,
Dream-painted strokes of visions by relative house
Raindrops murmur in the clouds over parched clay.

The breeze hums warm love in the evening twilight,
Soft greens embrace in a vision of woven sights,
In Shivrampur, pure memories in tranquil eyes,
Scattered words sewn into a garden of wonder.

The morning sun calls from the crimson hills,
Wings dance in Sagardighi's rippling waters,
Unfamiliar guests bow with respect and greetings,
Pride of the land, the radiant rows of pines,
A Baul evening by Fakir's home, the spirit's song,
Light fills the sky on Shah Karim's lips.

Translator: Nurul Haque

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Binod Dawadi : Kathmandu, Nepal



Binod Dawadi, the author of *The Power of Words*, is a master's degree holder in Major English. He has worked on more than 1000 anthologies published in various renowned magazines. His vision is to change society through knowledge, so he wants to provide enlightenment to the people through his writing skills.

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Peace

We should live happily,
We should love and care each other,
We are a family,
We should solve our problems together,
We should live in peace,
There should not wars,
There should be brotherhood,
We all should love our country,

As well as our people,
We are intelligent human beings,
Only animals didn't have minds,
We should use our knowledge,
To live happily for forever,
War is destruction,
We should love peace,
We should not destroy and kill others.

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Frosina Tasevska : Shtip, Macedonia



Frosina Tasevska, born in Shtip, Macedonia, is a bilingual poet writing in English and Macedonian. Author of two poetry collections, she actively participates in literary platforms worldwide. Her work appears in magazines, newspapers, and anthologies, earning her prestigious awards and recognition as a strong voice in contemporary literature.

Ashes Of Voices

Within me simmers a quiet river
carrying the weight of unspoken words
that the world has chosen to overlook.
The shadows of mothers,
firmly hold my shoulders.
Their tears are clinging
to the eyelids of humanity.
Each drop is a letter
without an address,
a cry from the earth
That long ago lost its voice.

I am the mark they leave behind,
The blood that refuses to dry,
And the flame that must burn
like a lantern in the darkness,
Guiding the world toward healing.

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Marjdapoet (Marjorie Walters) : Jamaica



MarjDapoet is a Jamaican Poet/Author who has written four Poetry books available on Amazon. She's the recipient of numerous Awards and Certifications and has been featured in many magazines /books and Interviews. MarjDapoet can be found on all social media platforms by her moniker.

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Let Me be the Peace the World Needs

Too much chaos hate Breeds
Imagine the World floating on Peace
And everyone living at Ease
All Violence & hatred would Cease
Love would conquer Everything
What joy it would Bring
Children playing Parents Watching
No kidnappers no Babies Snatching
Just Peace No wars No scars
No guns No bombs No army's No tankers
Our resources would build more Parks
The eyes of the elderly filled with Spark
Ooh how we long for Peace
From West to East
From North to South
Let's join hands and Heart
And play our Part
Make a new Start
Peace we will Impart

Petros Kyriakou Veloudas : Agrinio City Greece



Petros Kyriakou Veloudas was born in Agrinio in 1977. He has a degree in humanities from the Department of Greek Culture of the Hellenic Open University of Patras and works as a private employee and is also a preschool teacher, owner of a special education workshop for children and entrepreneur. He is European ambassador of Greek poetry in Italy (Il melleto Guigi Gozzano) and European ambassador in Romania, Academic poet at AMCL poetry at the Academy of Poetry and Literature in Brazil. Member of the international poetry societies Writers Union, International Association of Greek writers-DEEL.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Sweet Peace

Sweet peace forever
peace of mind

All people
hugging
or holding hands
they sing and dance
in the smile of the blue sky..

On a planet that breeds happiness...

Sweet peace
joy and cheerfulness
the hearts of mankind are loved
and..the sun smiles on human souls!

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Til Kumari Sharma : West Nepal



Internationally awarded author, Til Kumari Sharma (Basyal) is an Amazon no 1 best-seller and featured poet. She was born in Paiyun 7- Hile, Parbat Nepal. She is a poet in World Record Book "Hyperpoem". Til is highly awarded as "World Creative Hero" from LOANI. Her portraits are famous in Nigeria and Cuba.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Universe Healed by Peace

Peace is the jewel of humanity.
It is the ground of ethical voice where we quest peace and prosperity.

Peace is the medicine of mind.
It is the silent winner against the battlefield.

So, the peace is the mother queen to afford love and respect by all.
The universe is good in leading only by ethical peace.

Peace should not be in the exploitation.
The equal ethics and humanity can establish the peaceful world.

So, peace is the guest of every nation.
It is the garden of heaven when peace with justice enters in the world.

Peace foremost brings the mental health clean.
War and conflicts make people frustrated.

Later peace heals it from depth.
It leads the whole universe with light and might.

Peace after giving justice is the loyal judge.
Then people are full of happiness.
The universe seems green and eternal then.

So, peace is the inner light of third eye.
It is the genuine property of human intelligence.
It is wisdom creator and ethical and moral reformer.

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Mark Andrew Heathcote : Manchester, UK



Mark Andrew Heathcote is an adult learning difficulties support worker. His poems have been published in journals, magazines, and anthologies online and in print. He is from Manchester and resides in the UK. Mark is the author of “In Perpetuity” and “Back on Earth,” two books of poems published by Creative Talents Unleashed.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Please Leave Nothing But Your Footprints

Please leave nothing but echoes of love.
When everything is gone, turned to dust
This world will remember you, your shadow.
It may not be seen, but like a winged dove
It will punctuate an extra symbolic pulse.
Heartbeat, nothing can foreshadow.
Please leave nothing but your footprints.
When everything is cleared and cleaned up
This world will fall in love with you again.
In between, you're washed-away prints.
Run skipping a wild-eyed child, a pup,
He's stepping in your footprints once again.
Please leave nothing but echoes of love.
Please leave nothing but your footprints.
So, some future self can follow you once again.
Please leave nothing but echoes of love.
Please leave nothing but your footprints.
They'll not be heard, but like wind chimes
They'll tremble inside of me, for you once again.

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Damburudhara Behera : Odisha, India



Damburudhara Behera is a poet, a writer, a Storyteller, an Humanitarian and a teacher at the same time. Even though he is a teacher by profession, his profession and addiction is to write something all the time. As a teacher he has been working in the PM. Shri Jawahar Navoday Vidyalaya ,Bastar District of Chhattisgarh (India). He is a multilingual poet.

Smiles Like Knives

Talks a lot, but means no more,
Words so cheap — a beggar's lore.
Sweet as sugar, bitter inside,
A backbiter with charm to hide.

No fists raised, no fight begun,
Yet damage done, and battles won.
Not a warrior, not a knight,
But kills the soul without a fight.

Smiles in light, strikes in shade,
Truth is twisted, trust betrayed.
No weapon drawn, no blood to spill,
Yet hearts grow cold — that's the skill.

Tongues like serpents dressed in gold,
Spits out poison, calm and bold.

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Hussein Habasch : Kurdistan



Hussein Habasch is a poet from Afrin, Kurdistan. His poems have been translated into many languages and published in many international anthologies. He participated in many international festivals of poetry including Colombia, Nicaragua, France, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Germany, Romania, Lithuania, Morocco, Ecuador, El Salvador, Kosovo, Macedonia, Costa Rica, Slovenia, China, Taiwan, Cuba, Sweden, New York City, Sarajevo, Greece, Albania and Cyprus. He has also been rewarded with a honorific price at the Safi International Poetry Forum in Morocco (2024), and he was invited as a featured international poet to read at Walt Whitman's birthplace in Huntington, New York, for the "Walking with Whitman" program (2025).

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Ropes

I saddled my horse and placed my saddlebag on the saddle
Then I put some food, a water bottle, a few books, a photo album to ease the loneliness of my journey, and other things such as hay and barley for my horse in the saddlebag
I also put some strong ropes in it
I told myself that I might need them on my long journey!
I rode sometimes and walked other times
I encountered many paths, twists and turns
I crossed rugged slopes and deep valleys that neither jinn nor humans could cross!
The credit, of course, goes to my strong and brave horse.
On my long journey, my intuition proved true, and I actually needed the ropes I had put in my saddlebag!

As I passed through the valleys and towering mountains of Kurdistan, I saw an acrobat atop Mount Agri, eager to cross a tightrope from one peak to another, trying his luck at the risk.
So, I gave him one of my ropes as a gift from a world traveller like me to a world adventurer like himself.

As I walked along the Tigris River, I saw a man about to be swallowed by a dangerous whirlpool in the mighty river.
So, I threw him one of my ropes, which served as a lifeline, and he was saved.

In Morocco, I gave another of my ropes to a mountaineer who had a great desire to climb a high cliff in the Tichka Mountains, which connect Morocco to Morocco in an inextricable bond, and he succeeded!

I passed through a strange city that resembled Damascus to the point of similarity.
Its hungry people rose up in a violent revolution and captured the tyrant.
They desperately needed to make a noose for the neck of the tyrant who had ruled with an iron fist, so that he would serve as an example to other tyrants.
So, I gave them a strong rope from my ropes and continued on my way without waiting to see the spectacle of the hanging.

In Mahabad, the city of Qazi Muhammad, I came across a little girl crying in her grandmother's lap.
I took out one of my remaining ropes, quickly threw it over a tree branch and made a swing for her.
I did not leave her until I saw her flying with joy, then I continued on my way.

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I arrived in Erbil.

I saw heirs dividing up the land they had inherited, walking back and forth and disagreeing over the measurements.

So, I gave them one of my ropes, which cannot be wrong in taking accurate measurements.

I do not know whether they agreed among themselves or not, and I continued on my way.

I arrived at a place called Qamishlo, or Wheat Island.

I saw an old man about the same age as my father,
walking behind his mule, which was carrying a sack of wheat to the mill.

Suddenly, I saw that the sack had fallen off the mule's back!

I ran to him and helped him put the sack back on the mule.

Then I took a rope from my remaining ropes, tied the sack securely, and wished him a safe journey to his destination.

In a vast desert resembling the Rub' al Khali

I came across a venerable old man standing at the edge of a well with a bucket of water in his hand, its rope broken.

He wanted to draw water from the well to quench his thirst, but didn't know how.

So, I quickly fetched one of my ropes, tied it to the bucket, and drew up cool water that quenched the venerable of the old's thirst.

When I arrived Mount Kurd, also called Afrin of the Heart, my heart beat wildly.

I gathered all the rabble, donkeys, and beasts that had violated the sovereignty of its green olive trees.

I took out my longest and strongest ropes

I tied them all up and loaded them on buses filled with foul odours, I then took them back to the places they had come from as invaders, murderers, thieves and mercenaries...

Warning them never to return again to occupy other people's land and settle in their homes.

When my horse grew tired, I released it in a green meadow in Şiyê the village of my parents and grandparents.

Of course, I did not tie it up, as I trusted it completely.

Then I placed my books and albums under my head and took a peaceful nap under the sky

I love and the land I adore.

I dreamed of my mother, my father, my home, and all my brothers and sisters.

I dreamed of them watering the trunks and roots of olive trees from the arteries of their hearts...!

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Gobinda Biswas : India



Gobinda Biswas is an Indian poet who till September,2025 has composed 670 original poems in English from March 2013. He has seven published books to his credit. The Sunny Poems (86 poems) and The Universal Poems (90 poems) were published in Kolkata in 2016 and 2017 respectively. The Eternal Poems (110 poems) and The Global Poems (114 poems) were published in New Delhi in 2019 and 2020 respectively. The Immortal Poems (100 poems) were published in Kathmandu, Nepal in 2023. His 6th book of English poems The Lyrical Poems with 60 poems was published also in 2023. His 7th book of poems The Melodious Poems with 60 poems was published in May 2025 by The Impish Lass Publishing House, Mumbai, India.

Every Bloodshed Brings Tears

A mother always wants peace for her son
Who is so affectionate to him from birth,
For she bears the pangs of child bearing
She does not want to lose him as he is her mirth

When he came within her years ago
She was beside herself with heavenly pleasure,
He grew gradually into a cheering youth
But it was vanished when he put on army blazer

He was a devoted soldier for his nation
Like his strong counter-part,
Battle went on, one mother lost her child
Thus this cruel bloodshed crushed her heart.

But the slayer did not survive long
Because, Fate plotted also for him so,
In course of time, he was assassinated
And the killer's mother faced same kind of woe.

Tears has no border of nations or religions
It is the same and identical,
Whether it is of Chilean, Korean, or British
American, Russian or African organ of visual.

The inner meaning is always the same
While cry a father, a mother or a daughter,
Whose apples of eyes have been killed
When was exploded the fatal mortar.

One day met the near and dear ones
Of both sides together on Golgotha-field,
The mothers of the slain chaps cried and cried
“My darling, my son, come back to my lap, or let me be killed”

Still the mother cries, the father cries, cries the brother
With a baby in her lap cries the wife,
For both the victims blown to pieces
They shed tears and pray, “Please give them a new life.”

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Millions of hearts around the globe shed tears
For the slain whoever he or she is,
They cry, “Stop war, and stop killings in God’s kingdom
Let all live in happiness and peace.”

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Priyanka Neogi : Pundibari, India



Amb. Priyanka Neogi from Pundibari, India. International poet, story writer, motivational speaker, dancer, Reciter, Art, steech, N.S.S, Literacy organizational of national and international level, writer, Whistle, singer, artist, national joint secretary of Rocket Ball Federation of India, UAP Miss India 2nd Runner's up 2022, Miss Pundibari 2025, Miss West Bengal 2025, Social Worker, Blood International representative of Mother Teresa Foundation of India, Owner of Kalpanar Kabita Sahitya Samajik and Sangskritik Parishad. National and international awardee. World renowned poet. Attended many national and international conferences, she is multi talented, National Director of Miss and Mister Peace India.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Awareness

Awareness is big topics and words,
Sought peace on the horizon of the dig,
Remain healthy with peace,
Work with wellness,

Keep yourself good,
Taking care of the mentality,
In the normal mentality,
To exclude the rage,

To cause the air to be erupted,
It is the turn of care of behavior,
“Love, respect, honour, care to person”,
“Love the animal”,
“Love the environment”,
“Love the nature”,

“Thanks give to everyone”,
The precedent of humanity is formed,
To keep the mind and vision free of violence,
Keep food, need home,
To go out of war,

Give up,
Walking on the positive street,
Introducing good people,
Use is decorated with flowers.

In the creative mind,
To extend the hand of help,
The spread of education,
To keep the disease away from the disorder,
The house of the dreams,

In reality the success of success,
Walking in the way of honor,
Thinking about the loss,
To maintain peace in the map,

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By withdrawing the battle,
Good get togetherness,
Maintain world peace.

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Kimberly Burnham : Spokane, Washington, USA



Kimberly Burnham is the author of the recent book, *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, A Daily Brain Health Program*. In *Awakenings*, Kimberly investigates the relationship between memory, language, caring and pattern recognition, creating a daily brain health exercise program enabling people to achieve better neurological health, mood and quality of life. Her current project is a book exploring gender entitled, *Mistaken for a Man*.

The Heart of Listening

For there to be peace
there must be listening
to diverse opinions
each seeing the world around us
differently

In Ch'ol a Mayan language spoken in Guatemala
"ñach'tal'el lac pusic'al" is peace
the quietness of the heart
where listening can begin
in the heart and mind
my heart longs for peace for all

In the Central American language of Central Mazahua
"Mbeñeji" means peace
With nuances of calmness, harmony, well-being
"dya pje rá mbeñeji" means
there is no disturbance
there is peace
nothing disturbs the peace
not war, not conflict, not hate
nothing
for there is nothing more important
than peace and people

And I imagine the opposite
of a bull in a china shop
crashing around unaware of the impact on the world
disturbing through lack of consciousness
without listening or awareness

In Warao, a language of Brazil
"Inareraja jakitane" means peace be with you
peace as something shared or given
can we ever force peace
or keep peace
does it only happen when it is shared with all

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I wonder how long it will be
until we see and hear each other
listeners all in peace

Mukhtar Sherim Jumashuly : Kazakhstan



Mukhtar Sherim is a Satirical Poet from Kazakhstan. He was born in the village of Mikhailovka, Baydibek district. He completed his secondary education in 1974 at Abai Secondary School in Tulkibas district. In 1975, he entered the Faculty of Journalism at KazNU and began his career in the literature department of the Almaty Puppet Theater. He led the satire and criticism section “Qaqpan” in the regional newspaper Oñtústik Qazaqstan. In 1988, he launched the satirical newspaper Zhudyryq, and later headed the newspaper Barys, which he founded and managed for 14 years. In 1986, together with the regional Department of Culture, he co-organized the humor and satire theater festival Kúlki Zhármeńkesi in the region. sherimm@list.ru tel :87014282108, 87058522545

The Soldier's Last Words

(Calling his mother on his mobile phone)

Mama,
I'm running from war,
My feet — torn and raw,
Still I run...
Bullets spilled,
My body — burning,

Six hills
Already behind me...
Mama, I've been at war for three long years,
Now I'm fleeing from it!
Oh — I've fallen...
I asked a wounded man:
— What happened?
He said:
— A bullet to the head...
No, just grazed my hair...

Mama, I'm alive!
Don't cry, don't weep!
If only you were near...
Let me be honest:
Mama, I want to live!
I'm only twenty!
I want to laugh, to walk in peace...
Why kill the young?

What does the Kremlin want?
Tell me — will this war ever end?
What did the President say?
Yesterday, my commander said:
— No more rations,
Eat your stripes instead...

Mama,
I'm tired of this war,
Yesterday I longed to hear
Your voice: "My son..."
In dreams, I shouted at the President:

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— Do we need this war?!
Mama, I'm tired...
No, I'm no coward,
Understand me —
I am not in love with war!
I am not dirt under boots,
Not mud in the street...
I don't crave
To fire a gun, mama!
(His final words before the fatal shot)

Mama,
On the battlefield,
As Time opened its palms...
Is this really how
Fate ends for me?
I am a white angel,
Brighter than the moon above...
The sun blazes,
But for now — all is silent...
Yet I must say:
Even if I rot away,
I pray to the world —
For only peace.
Mama...

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Bao Wende : China



Bao Wende is a poet from China. He focuses on writing about life, emotion, and inner healing. His poems express deep feelings about ordinary days, loneliness, hope, and self-growth. With a sincere and gentle voice, he keeps exploring the meaning of life through words and hopes to bring warmth and peace to readers.

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Today Is Clear

Today is clear.
Love runs deep, and the heart clears itself.

Charm and Money

I pour all my charm into poetry,
yet have to give all my strength to money.

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Smruti Ranjan Mohanty : India



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty is an Indian English poet, essayist, and thinker from Odisha. His poetry blends simplicity, sincerity, and depth, reflecting on life, love, nature, and divinity. Rooted in tradition yet modern in expression, his works offer truth, reflection, and companionship on the journey of human existence.

Loyalty

Loyalty—to what, and to whom?
To an individual
Who does not grasp its true meaning?
To a relationship
That stands on shifting interests and hypocrisy?
To an idea
That misguides and leads one to the brink of calamity?
Or to something higher, something real?

When loyalty blinds one to reality,
When rooted in negative reasons and untested beliefs,
It becomes hazardous—
Instead of fulfilling, it kills the man within.

In the roles we play, in the relationships we hold,
To remain true,
To do justice in thought, word, and deed
Is what defines loyalty.

It is never blind obedience
To self-interest, dogma, superstition,
Or to forces, attitudes, and endeavours
That oppose truth and justice,
Man and humanity alike.

True loyalty responds to the larger society,
Its needs and values,
The collective conscience,
The betterment of humanity.

To remain loyal to others,
One must first be loyal to oneself—
To the man within, to your inner voice,
To the values you nurture.
The more loyal you are to yourself,
The more loyal you become to the rest:
To truth, to love, to peace, to brotherhood.
When you are true to your conscience,
You inspire loyalty in others
And grow into a better human being.

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People and ideologies come and go,
Relationships are cultivated,
Institutions rise and decline,
But true loyalty transcends these—it is
Always committed to the betterment of humanity.

Loyalty to an individual, an institution, an ideology,
Or to human whims and caprices,
If it contradicts your inner truth,
Is but disloyalty to man and society.

Let your loyalty be full and complete:
To your love and relationships,
To ideas and idols,
To anything you hold true and genuine.

Loyalty lies in heeding the voice of humanity,
In committing to ideas, endeavours, and relationships
That nurture man and his growth,
Always in harmony with decency and morality,
The law of the land,
And the betterment of society.

And in the end, loyalty is not blind—it is the light
That guides man through life,
A bridge between the self and the world,
A testament to truth, love, and humanity.

Robert Allen Goodrich Valderrama : Panamá



Robert Allen Goodrich Valderrama (Panama 1980) Poet and writer. I was born on September 25, 1980 in the awesome place called Panama. My father was an American soldier and my mother is a Panamanian. I begin to write since 2009 and participated in more that a 100 anthologies around the world. My books are published as independent way in Lulu.com in the United States. I have a blog www.robert-mimundo.blogspot.com since 2009 and have a Facebook Group "Amor por las Letras" since 2014. I am fluent in Spanish and English however I prefer to write in Spanish and read in English.

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We Want Peace

“You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll join us.
And the world will live as one.”
— John Lennon

Most morning I would be more or less insane,
in a place of hell
where the war is the breakfast, the lunch and the diner everyday.

The newspapers arrive with the careless stories,
everyday the same: War, war and more war.

I want peace, i feel terrible in this world
feel insane and sad
for the war in the world.

I lived in the first century of world wars.
Make my poems for others unseen and unborn.

We would try to imagine them, try to find each other,
To construct peace, to make love, to reconcile,
but everything is a dream.

I lived in the first century of world wars,
but I still believed in peace.

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Alexandra Nicod : Switzerland / Spain



Alexandra Nicod is a Swiss-Spanish poet, playwright, actress and stage director. She has published several collections of poems and participated in many international poetry festivals worldwide. Her poems have been translated into more than fifteen languages and published in numerous international poetry anthologies.

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Healing You

As long as the world is the world
As long as the stars
generously
illuminate our thoughts
and transform cruelty into consciousness

As long as all the love felt for you and yours
penetrates deeply
into each of my cells
and makes me believe in beauty

As long as seeking harmony in my home is important
but not as much
as protecting yours from the lightning
of enemies

As long as I never tire of asking
which key to press to spread peace around the world
and let the spirit of healing
flow freely

As long as you are somewhere in the universe
making love live in my heart
and knowing that your breath will meet mine
in another galaxy
another space and time

My love...

As long as the world is the world
and the stars are stars
I will continue waiting in hope
always
 waiting for you
 healing you
 loving you

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Moulay Cherif Chebihi Hassani



Moulay Cherif Chebihi Hassani is a writer, poet, columnist, and translator. Recognized for his literary contributions, he was honored by StoryMirror with the titles of “Literary Colonel” and “Ambassador of Culture”, and was celebrated as “Author of the Year 2021.”

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When the Earth Begins to Breathe Again

When silence falls on fields of grief,
And hearts recall their lost belief,
May dawn descend through clouds of pain,
Till earth begins to breathe again.

The children's cries — the soldier's shame,
The fire that burns in mercy's name,
Shall fade like storms that spent their rage,
When love rewrites the war-torn page.

O wounded world of dust and dreams,
Thy rivers choke, thy skyline screams,
Yet still beneath thy scar and scar,
The soul remembers what we are.

Not swords, but hands, must mend thy clay,
Not walls, but songs, must light the way.
The wound of one, the wound of all,
The peace we seek must hear that call.

Let faith no longer wear a chain,
Nor reason mock the heart's domain.
The sun was never meant to fall
On thrones that rise by others' fall.

Where are the eyes that truly see,
That mercy is the highest key?
That kindness, whispered in despair,
Can bloom like lilies from the air?

We built our temples tall with stone,
Yet prayed to gods we made alone.
We sought the stars but missed the flame
That burned within each human name.

If one soft voice can calm the tide,
Then many hearts, when unified,
Can hush the thunder, heal the sea,
And make the world what it must be.

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O Time, uncloseth thy weary hand,
Unchain the hearts that understand,
That every wound is half divine,
And every life a holy sign.

Let nations meet where rivers blend,
Let broken spirits learn to mend,
Let every creed and color cease
To war for pride — and plant for peace.

For when we bow before the light,
That glows in stranger and in knight,
The wars within shall find release,
And birth the dawn of inner peace.

Then shall the songs of Earth be one,
Beneath the moon, beneath the sun,
And from our tears new flowers rise —
As hope reborn in human eyes.

Till hatred sleeps, till greed shall fade,
Till peace is not a word but made —
And in the hush of hearts made true,
The world begins — and breathes — anew.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Rayees Ahmad Kumar : Qazigund Kashmir



Rayees Ahmad Kumar is a writer and columnist based in Kashmir India. He is an academician, poet, short story writer and book reviewer. He has authored a poetry collection called *Silent Voices*, short story collection *Taskin e Dil* and a novel *Potter's Daughter*. His columns and articles are regularly featured in local and national dailies, weeklies and monthly magazines. He has earned many awards and regularly attends seminars, poetic sessions and symposiums. He has reviewed a century of books.

When Autumn Hesitates

Amidst the dancing fall
Of yellow, withered, and dying leaves,
Echoes the hustle of the vast fields—
Men and women, young and old,
Farmers busy in harvest toil.

Some are threshing walnuts,
Others picking and packing apples.
The chinar has yet to burn in blaze,
And the natives have not bid adieu to autumn.

A sudden wave of biting chill—
Silvery snow coats lofty peaks,
Presenting a glamorous sight,
Yet numbing our weary limbs,
Forcing an early indoor stay.

Winter casts its shadow sooner,
While hearts seem unready to receive it.
Once October was mild and pleasant,
Now it arrives—agonizing and fearful.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Nandita De nee Chatterjee



Nandita De nee Chatterjee is a Member, Commonwealth People's Forum, Writer/Poet, Freelance Journalist/Book Editor; ex-Economic Times, published in Statesman, Illustrated Weekly, ET, Telegraph, TOI, Germany Today, Setu, New York Parrot, GPLT, WPPF, Inner Child Press US etc. Co Author : 85 anthologies, Editor: 7 books, 2 journals. Received 3 Peace awards.

Revival of the Commonweal

Good souls walking down dreary roads
Not one, not a few
In millions they are
On every street and lane
They abound

Singular people, living righteously
Never a step amiss
No harmful thoughts
No vengeance or vitriol
No ire to manifest

Peaceful countenance
Values they uphold
Principles practised scrupulously
Toiling day in day out
Proudly self-dependent

When the world is tilted
In favour of the good
When the pureheart outnumbers the vicious
When law and order exists from pole to pole
When all intentions are for common good

How is it that evil thrives?
How the miniscule exert malafide acts
How do governments bow to unfair means
Employ treachery and treason
And crush the common good underfoot?

Slewing poison into the people
Destructing home and habitat
Mercilessly unleashing terror
On man, woman, child
Flattening civilisations without care

Disarmament was a concept
Cleverly thrown to the winds
Diplomacy pushed aside
To enable faster and furious profits

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But life holds a termination date

Who can defy that?
The mightiest man
Or the most evil
Who can control tomorrow
What good will fear tactics yield?

The good souls are unafraid
Safely in their towns
Or rushing for refuge
Without the baggage of guilt or greed
Without the load of sins without count

Where man build his heaven in his home
Where angels reside right in the mind
Where fear does not daunt goodwill
Where good outnumbers the bad
Where the heart sings hymns

Why is the world still paralyzed
Silently suffering the onslaught
Where are the good men of the earth
Statesmen, ambassadors, peace activists, the righteous lot
The people's collective?

They turn our towns to rubble
Decimate centuries of development
Let life perish on a whim
Bring hell into hapless homes
Their hubris undeflated

And still they survive shamelessly
Inflicting harm on all and sundry
Nemesis never on their minds

So when will the collective good
Exert its minimum rights
When will they decide
It's going to be Heaven here
Or Hell?
When will they push forward with all their might?

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Neha Bhandarkar : India



Neha Bhandarkar is internationally recognised author. In Marathi ,Hindi and English language, her 17 books have been published. She is a genuine translator across the world. She is recipient of many national and international awards.

For The Sake Of Peace

An aura of wisdom around Lumbini
is intangible
Lumbini, the birth place of Lord Buddha
is magical

Life is a one time offer
Use it well for the sake of the PEACE
Even King Ashoka had accepted
Buddha's truth and bliss

Setting the heart on doing good
is always commendable
Pain is inevitable
But suffering is optional

As you get served
What you deserve,
we should be responsible

Worship is no longer worship
Unless it reflects the culture around
Life is like a boomrang
What you give, you get rebound

Silent prayers for a peaceful night
Echoes of love, a guiding light
Healing hearts, a world anew
Together, harmony we pursue

Woundless world, a dream so bright
Unity and love, shining light
Gifts of peace, to every soul
A healed world, making us whole

Peace is the ideal path
In the welfare of entire humankind
Buddha was a great philosopher
Who taught the world
How to achieve enlightenment
and how the word peace to be defined

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Moore Ngwenya : Kingdom of Eswatini, Swazi)



Moore Ngwenya is a Swazi poet who writes a variety of poems including Christian poetry, inspirational poems and various poems on national or worldwide celebrated events. He started writing poems from 2019 late September and is planning to compile them into a book so they can get publication. moorengwenya@gmail.com

A Sweet Stab To My Heart

The vibration of the bass, harp,
cymbals and violin strings.
Producing tonnes of energy.
Pumping energy to my heart.
Invigorating it to beat day to
Day
A sweet stab to my heart

It circulates my body
Running through my veins.
As the pitch Pierce's my heart .
Sending waves of relaxation through
my limbs.
Making me move to every beat.
As my feet taps to every drum
Bang.
While my fingers snap at the relieving
tempo.
A sweet stab to my heart.

Killing my ears with waves of softness.
Reprocessing the feelings reigning the
moment.
Discarding all silence into voices of a
Song.
Bringing me back from the world of despair
and emotional emptiness.
Flying me through timelines of artists of music
growth.
Growling different artists into recording song
disc.
Allowing the dagger to deepen onto my sweet
stab.
Sending emotions through the words of the
Microphone in the studio.
Bleeding a fame of elation to the roaring fans

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Anika Agrawal (Delhi, India)



Anika Agrawal is a 10-year-old Sixth Grader from Delhi, India, who loves writing poems and stories. Her creative work has been warmly appreciated, and she already has a published storybook to her credit. When she isn't writing, she enjoys reading, dancing, and exploring new ideas through art.

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Music

Music is like a beam of light
In the stream of darkness,
It is a fluorescent drop
Looking like glitter on the very top.

The Strings move in a rhythmic sound
A Voice that has no bounds,
They catch hold of me every time
With its sweetness like juice of lime.

Music moves like a wind
Going high and low in the sky,
Music is like soft love,
Not pungent as a clove.

Music is peace and tranquil
Like a freshly blossomed white lily,
Music is the warmth and love
It is my life, everything to me.

Taghrid Bou Merhi : Lebanon – Brazil



Taghrid Bou Merhi is a Lebanese-Brazilian poet, translator, and journalist. She serves as editor in over twelve international and Arabic magazines, president of CIESART Lebanon, and a jury member in several global competitions. She has translated 47 books and hundreds of poems, stories, and studies, authored 22 books, and won numerous international awards.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Lanterns Of Peace

At the gates of dawn, a call is born
searching for a heart unstained by smoke.
On the weary pavements of cities,
the footsteps of children walk like dreams of blossoms and dew.

The world breathes its sorrow,
seeking in our chests a light of healing.
Do we hear its voice when the night drapes down
and when the lamps of homes are extinguished?

The world longs to wash its wounds
with water of tenderness,
longs to write anew
its history in the language of birds.

O heart,
open your doors to a breeze from afar,
perhaps it carries news of a tomorrow
without death, without gunpowder.

I saw in the eyes of children
a homeland of smiles,
and in their hands I saw
sheaves teaching the earth the meaning of giving.

There, on the horizon,
the banner of silence rises,
yet the birds
sing of peace without fear.

The world needs its medicine
in a truthful word,
in a mother's kiss for a child
trembling at the sound of bullets.

Let us carve upon the walls
that life is greater than wars,

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and that a tear is too frail to extinguish
the lamp of the soul.

O you who come from the four winds,
place your hands upon each other's hands,
and make the earth one home
guarded by songs.

For peace is the dream that awakens us,
peace is the bridge on which we tread,
peace is the final healing
awaiting us to open the doors of the heart.

Hassan Hegazy : Egypt



Hassan Hegazy Hassan, an Egyptian Poet and Translator, born in 1960, graduated from Zagazig University, 1982, got his BA, in English language, Education and Arts. Member in Egypt's writer union and a member in The Egyptian Translators and Linguists' Association, in Cairo. Hassan Hegazy has many versions, issued in poetry and translations from English to Arabic and vice versa.

A Warrior's Respite

A warrior—
or a vagabond?
Or a wanderer
at the gates of kings?
Is he resentful of his day,
or laughing at his fate?
Does he carry in his heart
the strength of Sisyphus,
or the illusions
of Don Quixote?
Or is he atoning
for a sin he never committed—
like Abel's sin,
inscribed long before
in the realm of the unseen?
Is it a respite,
or a pause
to mend the house?
And afterward,
will he return
to the front lines?
He unsheathes his sword,
and sharpens his pen,
with fiercer might
and a sharper blade.
He shatters the rock,
passes beyond
the darkness of the well,
crosses the seas of despair,
and goes beyond
all boundaries.

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استراحة محارب

محاربٌ أم صلوك ؟
أم يتسكع على أبواب الملوك ؟
ناقمٌ على يومه
أم على قدره ضحوك ؟
في قلبه يحمل
" بأس " سيزيف
أم أو هام " دون كيشوت " ؟
أم تراه يكفر عن ذنبٍ
لم يقترفه
" كذنب " هابيل
مسطرا من قبل
في عالم الملكوت ؟
أهي استراحة
أم وقفة
لترميم البيت ؟
ثم بعدها
لمقدمة الصفوف يعود ؟

فيشهر سيفه
ويصقل قلمه
ببأسٍ أشد
وينصلٍ أحد

فيحطم الصخرة
ويتجاوز ظلمة الجُب
متخطياً بحار اليأس
. وعابرا كل الحدود

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Aleksandra Sołtysiak : Poland



Aleksandra Sołtysiak (Poland), graduate of the Catholic University of Lublin and Jagiellonian University in Kraków. She has served as coeditor of the poetry anthology *Dotyk nadzie* (The Touch of Hope), which was translated into Ukrainian and German, as well as of the international anthology in support of world peace *The tree of peace turns green / European poetry for universal harmony*, which has been translated into Polish and English. She is also the author *Hope blossoms longer* and the published poetry volume „Spilled from the cases”. Finalist in the fourth International Poetry Contest, „Voices in the Wilderness” held in Rome (2022). She publishes nationally and internationally. She has also been awarded the Gold Cross of Merit by Polish president Andrzej Duda. In 2023 distinguished with a medal for Merit to Polish Culture.

The power of hope

In the glow of the Decalogue,
between the avenues of crosses
flowing with the tears of history,
hope passes full
of immortality.

It is a response given to the heart,
it lies like a seed of sowing,
ready for internal,
moral transformation,
and bears fruit.

It overflows with trust,
in the coming of a better fate,
an expression of human longing,
for beauty, justice,
and truth.

Hope and love have come together,
in a mutual embrace,
seeking the wisdom and will of Lord,
to heal the wounds of the past,
where hatred prevails.
So that in the treasury of the nation,
the ethos does not fade,
spiritual peace may prevail,
to discover paths of thought,
and to be champions of hope.

Translated by Olga Smolnytska, PhD, writer, artist, literary critic. Olga is from Ukraine.

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Jadranka Bjedov : Zaječar, Serbia



Jadranka Bjedov lives in Zaječar, Serbia. She is an English teacher. In addition to poetry she has also writes short stories, poetry criticism, and review articles. Jadranka does translations from Serbian into English and opposite. She has published four books of her poetry. She is a member of The Association of Writers of Serbia.

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The World Is Healing

Mother Earth that once conceived
the most beautiful fruit,
is getting dry, cracked, sick,
full of arrogant people scabbling over
each other, making wars
selfishly seeking for more.

The world is drenched with blood.
Cruel Zeus doesn't give a small
drop for the open wound.
Mother Earth is going to die!

Ungrateful people become so miserable
and finally start weeping for mercy.
At some point the sky is mollified
and puts down a pregnant cloud
to the thirsty earth.

The burst of rain starts pouring
Into the wounded cracks.
The earth eagerly waiting for blessing
can hardly satisfy itself,
it bends and melts under the
gentle dripping of a warm summer shower.

A magnificent dance of love
between earth and sky.
Suddenly, everything becomes pretty quiet,
and celestial sweetness makes
harmony in the air!

Mirjana Stefanicki Antonic : Republic of Serbia



Mirjana Stefanicki Antonic was born in 1954 in Novi Sad, Republic of Serbia. She writes poetry, literary criticism, essays and short stories. She published sixteen independent books - eleven books of poetry, three books of literary essays and two books of literary criticism. She is represented in contemporary anthologies and also in common books of poetry, in literary magazines, art, culture and science. Her songs have been translated into several foreign languages. She is awarded for her poetic achievements. Mirjana is economist by education. She has been a member of the Society of Writers of Vojvodina since 1997, and the Association of Writers of Serbia since 2019. Laureate of the 2025 Naji Naaman Lebanon Literary Prize 2025, honor prize for complete works, out of competition. Lives and works in Novi Sad, Republic of Serbia.

Peace Is Possible

In the quietest thought,
where hope is born,
in the light rising from the darkest days,
there echoes a simple whisper:
„Peace is possible.”

It is possible where hands
do not clench into fists,
but open into embraces.
Where words do not wound,
but lift.
Where eyes do not fear meeting,
but seek it.

Peace is possible in a child's smile
that still believes in goodness.
In a mother's breath
protecting every life.
In the step of a traveller
who sees his own in the stranger.

It lives in every human hearth
that dares to love
more than it fears,
and to offer a hand
before measuring differences.

Peace does not come all at once.
It grows within us,
like a seed searching for sunlight,
like a word searching for an echo,
like a song searching for its voice.

And so, as we stand at the crossroads
of questions and paths,
remembers this.
every choice that creates kindness
becomes a bridge to a world
where peace is no longer a dream,
but a reality.

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Hong Ngoc Châu : Vietnam



Her true name is Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chinh. Her pen name is Hong Ngoc Chau. She is a Master of Education Management, a member of the Ho Chi Minh City Writers Association (Vietnam) and an Honorary Doctor of Literature and Humanities of the Church and the University of Priton. Executive member of W.U.P (World Union of Poets), General Council of the World Union of Poets with SILVER MEDAL for Researcher (14th medal of the World Union of Poets), VISHWA BHARATI Associate - India (Vishwabharati Research Center), International Ambassador of the International Council of Writers & Artists, Administrator, Coordinator, Group Expert of many literary forums around the world;

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Creating Happiness

I love you all my rosy heart within
Though life roads full of stormy scenes
Though lots of hardship, much adversity
For satisfying my longing I keep the loyalty

I love you with all my heart pure and awesome
With my ardently sweet from my heart bottom
This ecstasy is not like a vague dream
True love starts from a clear soul, not dim

Thank you for responding to my love
Stable loyalty I keep completely enough
You quietly help me surpass all misery
Firmly protecting you are always with me

The moonlit nights you confided before
Helping me gradually understand more
More about the meaning of life and career
Helping me avoid the desire of a lonely dreamer

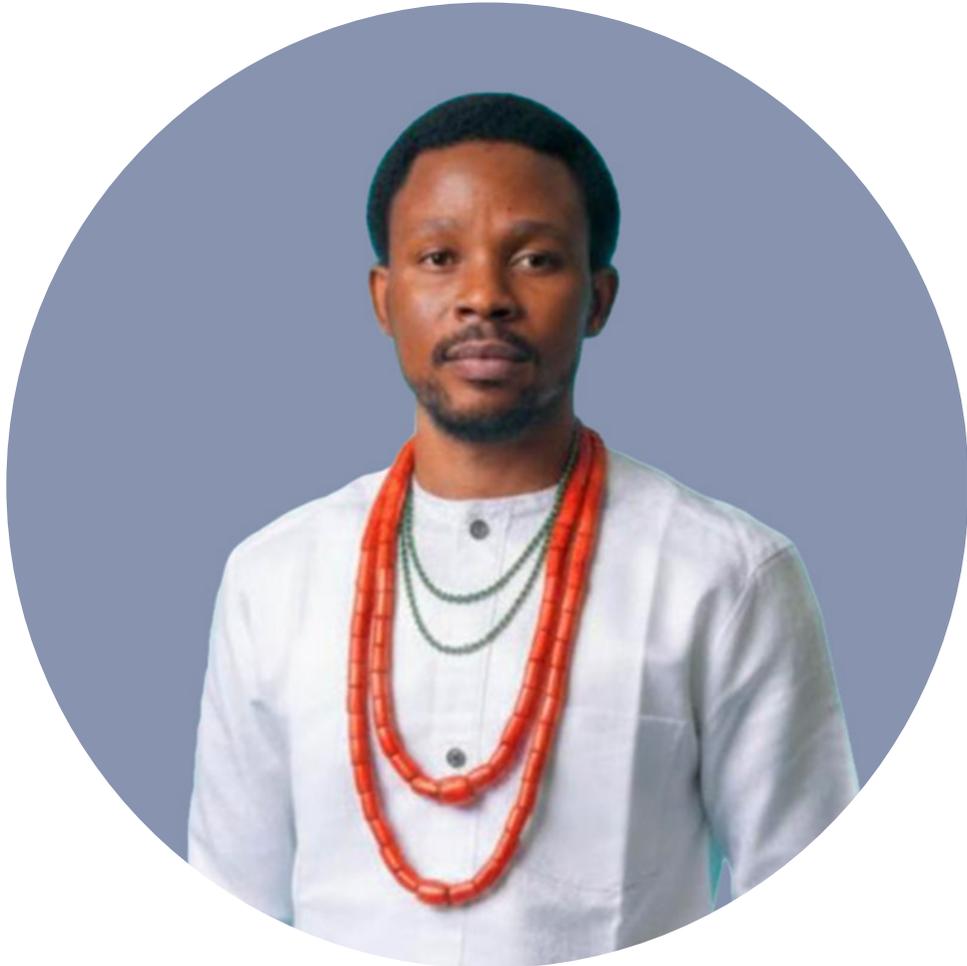
Helping me lighten the worldly burden
Helping me see the future brilliant
To bring me bliss my fate smiles
To bestow me to enjoy all my life

I thank you for your correcting my hope
Many broken things turned to real love
You gradually gave me energy more or less
To pursuit dreams adapted to the divine spirit

Over half a life but not too late
To revive the whole life faith
Altruistically we live for kindness
It means we ourselves create happiness

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Majekodunmi Oseriemen Ebhohon : Nigeria



Majekodunmi Oseriemen Ebhohon is a Nigerian poet and playwright, author of *The Great Delusion*, winner of the Association of Nigerian Authors (ANA) Prize for Drama, 2025. He shares his work via email at sankara101010@gmail.com, on Instagram as [@instituteofea](https://www.instagram.com/instituteofea) and <https://www.facebook.com/share/1G4obcgDA1/?mibextid=wwXIfr> .

A Question For The Octopus

I wonder if the octopus ever gets confused,
down there in its coral apartment,
when one arm is busy prying open a clam,
another is tasting the water for tiger sharks,
and a third is rearranging the pebbles outside its den,
just for a better view.

It must be like trying to read eight books at once,
or carry on a conversation in eight languages
while simultaneously knitting a sweater.
Scientists say each arm has its own mind,
a mini-brain that knows how to taste,
touch & decide on its own
whether to hold on, or let go.

The central brain,
the one behind the eyes,
just whispers the general objective:
"Find food. Hide. Don't die."
The *how* is up to the committee of arms.

And isn't that a better way to think of us?
Not as one world under a single, heavy crown,
but as a great, global octopus;
each nation a nimble, curious arm,
with its own language, its own memory,
its own way of tying a knot.

The central mind is no tyrant;
just a shared, quiet pulse, saying:
"Survive. Be well. Keep going."
It trusts the arms to know their own business,
to feel their own way through the dark.

It seems the secret to a peaceful life
is to give each of your arms a mind of its own,
and then... GET OUT OF THE WAY!
No need for one culture to become the hand
that tells all the others what to hold.

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We could be like this elegant creature,
each part autonomous, intelligent, and free,
yet still moving as one fluid thought
through this deep & mysterious water
we all, for a time, call home.

Debabrata Maji : India



Bango Ratna Dr. Debabrata Maji is a luminary in contemporary literature. His journey is one woven with the artistry of words, the precision of engineering, and the resounding echoes of literary passion. His life's path meandered through the structured world of engineering before blossoming into an awe-inspiring legacy in the poetic realm. Despite pursuing a career in engineering, the written word never loosened its grip on his soul. The world acknowledged his contributions by bestowing upon him seventeen Honorary Doctorates, a testament to the depth and impact of his work. Recognition followed in waves, with twelve prestigious Annual Literary Awards adorning his illustrious career - one of the most remarkable being the Silver Saraswati Statue, a symbol of divine wisdom and artistic excellence.

Sustain Social Life

Need of every man and woman
That partner should be more social
Like a moon in the domestic life
And should blaze like little stars;
The peace may be prevail the hour
The inherited of social proximity.

To keep the reluctant life in mind
Must shinning just yellow flowers
And extend a healthy signal of life;
The happiness all around the world
And to promote like flora and fauna
By flew air as natural phenomenon.

The landscape of sky fluttering
With colours and beauty of sigma
Have to make glorious moment
And glittering all around the space;
Amazing atmosphere of happiness
And pursue a momentum of Joyous.

Protect and make handy smile face
Need to extend by hand to hand
Both have must flutter the light
Help to upkeep alive the social life;
Have sustain with more and more
It's capricious the alarm of life.

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Swayam Prashant : Assam, India



Swayam Prashant (pen name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack district, Odisha, India. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English, Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written ten books including Joy of Love (poetry) and Heart of Love (poetry)(published in USA in 2023).

Four Elements of Love and Peace

(I) Fire

Although I covered my heart with iron shields
you entered it nonetheless
and you didn't know that you did.
I too didn't know that you were a fire
and was unaware of what you lit.

(II) Water

A piece of parched land
heart is
in search of water.
To satisfy the thirst they failed –
river, well, pond and all.
Came forward the sea
and flung open all her bounties.
I drank as much as I could
but it only increased my thirst !
O how strange –
the more I drank
the more I wanted to drink !

(III) Air

Do we ever wonder
that we hardly think of that
which is not seen but permeates all
in and around us ?
That which always touches us
but is unseen
we do not take care of –
the touch which is so soothing
that we want it more and more.
Lovingly we call it by so many names –
air, wind or sweet breeze
(not to speak of the angry ones – whirlwind or cyclone).
How strange
we all humans are blissfully unaware
that the pollution is caused by us everyday

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and we harm our own hearts and lungs too !
Surely love will win and peace will prevail
if we never make that unseen hand unclean
which will no doubt to all human beings
the heavenly comfort give.

(IV) Earth

Mother,
nay, more than a mother she is;
she feeds us all humans
oh no, not only humans but all creatures
although we hardly realise her real worth.
Mother Earth she is !
But our greed for leading an over-comfortable life
has made her suffer day and night.
She suffers, she cries, she groans;
pollution has brought about a devilish climate change.
We are not aware that the doomsday may arrive soon
unless we love Nature, save trees
and save humanity from jealous and power-hungry political monsters.

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Teresa E. Gallion : USA



Teresa E. Gallion is a poet who lives in the United States of America. She has published four books of poetry: *Contemplation in the High Desert*, *Chasing Light*, a 2013 book award finalist, *Scent of Love*, a 2021 book award finalist, and her most recent book is *Come Egypt*. Her work may be found on Amazon.

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After the Apocalypse

At the end of the Apocalypse
only young children stand.
Spirit cleanses the earth
of all other Homo Sapiens.

It is known they

never learned to play together,
never learned to love one another,
never learned kindness to another,
never learned greed leads to destruction.

Spirit saves only the innocent
who know not the kiss of evil.
The children cling to each other
in a rainbow of colors
gazing on the shattered land.

Spirit says to each one.
*I am giving you a chance
to do better than your ancestors.
Go forth and show me you are worthy
to rebuild this planet.*

Spirit fades into the clouds
and the children hold tight
to one another.
They hold a flag that cannot save them.

Will they learn to spread peace and love
or will they recycle the violence?

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Henry Valerio : Costa Rica



Born in Atenas, Costa Rica, 1969, Henry Vinicio Valerio Madriz is a teacher -English Teaching and Linguistics and Literature. Photography lover. He has published poems, short stories, and photographs, both online and print (in the USA, Canada, UK, India, Philippines, Pakistan, Palestine, Israel, and Nigeria).

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The Tears of Jesus

Watching from above must be difficult,
watching it all must hurt You in every sense.

The tears of Jesus roll down...

No time, beside the bed, to raise a prayer,
needing Him just when it is needed.

The tears of Jesus roll down...

How many times will His name be taken in vain?
How many times will His name be commercially used?

The tears of Jesus roll down...

Creation abandoned by its entitled caregivers
who don't care about their mother, just about wallets.

The tears of Jesus roll down...

Children being beaten, raped, or murdered,
barefoot street walking with hungry bellies.

The tears of Jesus roll down...

Spouses causing pain, great pain, to beloved ones,
while feeding their selfish anger with drugs or loneliness.

The tears of Jesus roll down...

Hopeless youngsters pretending to be the rulers,
with no clue in their minds but ingratitude and false pride.

The tears of Jesus roll down...

Neighbors not knowing their neighbors,
sheltered in social shells of indifference.

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The tears of Jesus roll down...

Politicians dishonor or kill their protected ones,
people's hope and dreams weigh less than bills.

The tears of Jesus roll down...

The future is worth more than a thousand presents,
past mistakes never taught lessons to learn from.

The tears of Jesus roll down...

Something should be urgently done,
in the hearts, Jesus should be reborn.

The sacred face of Jesus now smiles...

Maybe it's not too late,
not too late to cheer Him up.

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Ibrahim Honjo : Canada / Bosnia



Ibrahim Honjo is a Canadian/Bosnian poet /writer. He is the author of 44 books in English and Serbo-Croatian. His poems have been published in over 100 anthologies and 70 magazines. He participated in three literary conferences. Honjo's poems have been translated into 23 languages. He has received many awards.

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Democracy After War

War...War...War...
Where is this world going?
Where will the next war be?

The modern aggressors protect democracy.
With war in the whole world
What does democracy mean???
I am sure not war, not prosperity
Not protection and not progress

I am sure for aggressors, war is...
Oil and other natural resources
Selling weapons and drugs
Prostitution and terrorism
Millions of civilians dead as collateral damage

Thank you, aggressors, for your promised happiness
For your progress and prosperity
For your blessing and good deeds
Thank you for your promised democracy
Thank you for everything and all kinds of things

I am looking at all the countries devastated by war
I didn't find happiness, success, or prosperity
I didn't find blessing and democracy
No democracy at all – nothing of these anymore

You were there, weren't you???

I am on the side of democracy
I am on the people's side
That is the difference between us

You applaud war - I applaud peace.
You are becoming more prosperous.
I am becoming poorer and poorer.

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You and I know both sides.
But we keep missing each other.
You have power - I only have a poem
The status quo will remain between us

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Maxine A. Moncrieffe : Jamaica / USA



Maxwanette A Poetess, also known as Maxine A. Moncrieffe, is a Jamaican-American poet, publisher, publicist, and cultural creative. Editor-in-Chief of Plots Jamerican Magazine, She uplifts diaspora voices through poetry, media, and entrepreneurship, believing creativity connects humanity and inspires collective healing worldwide. Her work bridges culture, community, purpose, resilience, legacy globally.

Ain't Life Beautiful?

Ain't life beautiful?
I was sad for a moment,
Then I had to remember
How fortunate and blessed I am,
To be alive and free.
I had to remind myself of the
Joy that I share with others,
Is also here for me.

We can get caught up,
In the what was meant to be.
Walking out blindly
Overlooking the opportunities.

Live good with one another,
Hug & caress
With Love & Joy in your chest...
The existence...Of YOU.

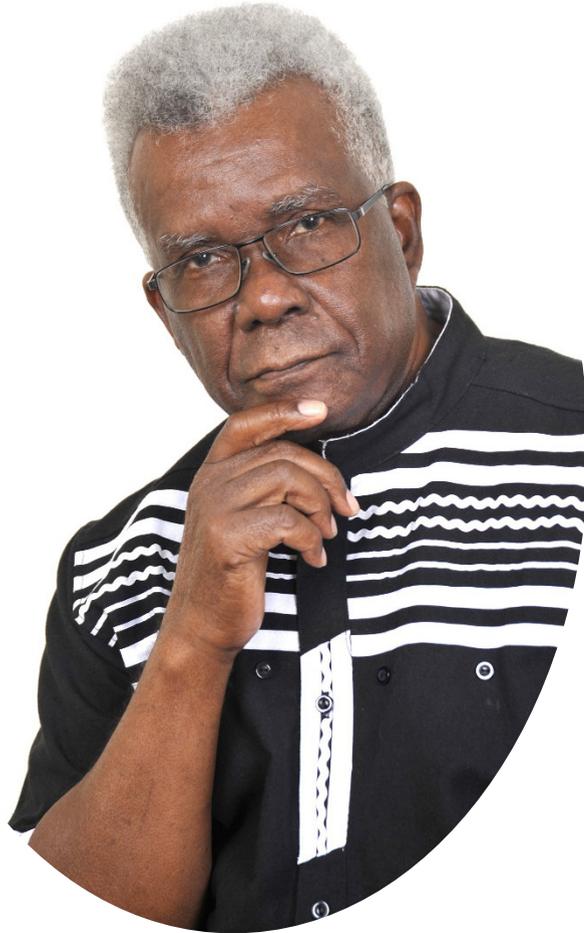
Remember the value of life,
The treasure of being...
To be
How we must treat Nature,
And all of Humanity.
Peace, Unity, Harmony, & Love
Things that only
We can create, maintain, &
Be a part of.

But if we stop, and
Take a good look to see,
Given from The Most High,
The beauty of life,
Exists within you & me,
We Simply have to...Be.

"Be good, Do good, and Help Others."

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Errol D. Bean : Jamaica



Errol D. Bean (“The Thinking Bean”) is a Jamaican poet, author, educator, and songwriter. His works blend poetic reasoning, cultural consciousness , and spiritual upliftment. Publications include *Elevated Livity: Poetic Reasoning & Nuggets of Wisdom* (2025), while his musical credits includes the album, *Beyond the Rhythm* (2004). He lives in Jamaica with his wife, Gloria, and celebrates the achievements of their daughter, gender specialist/ historian: Dr. Dalea Bean. Mantra: Always Be In Divine Energy (A.B.I.D.E.) <https://errolbean.com>

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What Shall You Gain? (A Two Tiered Indictment of Violence)

Part I – What Are You Planning To Fight For?

Tell us. We humbly entreat you:
what on earth are you planning to fight for?

Honestly...

What are you truly hoping to fight for?

Answer us.

We need to understand:
is it merely to rehash the 1841 dispute,
to remove or reset the boundaries of the land,
or to extract the oil and minerals?

Answer us.

Is it to plant your boots – your flag –
upon mounds of rubble,
and declare your almightiness,
a god complex wrapped in mortal skin?

Answer us.

What on earth are you planning to fight for?

Is it to multiply body bags,
to command the minds of the few
who will be left standing?

Is it to stroke your ego,
to brim fill your emptiness,
to prop up your personal political fortune?

Answer us.

What will your ultimate endgame look like?

Have you charted, in your mind,
the contours of victory?

Answer us.

What on earth are you really – really – planning to fight for?

Is there a hidden agenda
to trigger a confrontation between superpowers?

Have you pegged the red line threshold
where you will step back
from the absolute futility of World War Three?

Will it be worth it?

Have you learned nothing
from the Great Wars?

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The Connecting Bridge

Are you working to re-draw borders? Pulling triggers in a dark lane?
Dropping missiles on foreign soil? Deleting lives in your own community?
The spirit is the same!
From the war rooms of the powerful, to the street corners of the powerless,
the question echoes across the earth:
What shall you gain? What will it cost?

Part II — What Shall You Gain?

What shall you gain from causing such pain?
What will it cost to wipe out life?
Dropping your missiles on foreign soil,
do you stop to think awhile?
At the end of your evil game
who will reap the spoils?
What shall you gain from causing such pain?
What will it cost to delete a life?
Yuh sell di coke and yuh push the dope,
listen man, this is no joke;
at the end of their little smoke
can you mend the spokes?
What shall you gain from causing such pain?
What will it cost to leave some insane?
Yuh tek a life and wreck a home
den try your best to save your own;
yes, the high court may set yuh free
but can it save your soul?
What shall you gain from causing such pain?
What will it cost to mess up a life?
To the Creator, you are debtor.
Aye, you oppressors, you shall account later.
To the Creator – the Just Creator –
then what shall you gain
from causing such pain?
What will it cost
to mash up a life?
What shall you gain
from causing such pain?
So much pain.
So much pain.
So much pain.

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It's a shame.
Your hands are stained.
You cause too much pain –
So much pain...
So much pain...
So much pain...

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Dimitris P. Kraniotis : Greece



Dimitris P. Kraniotis studied Medicine at the Aristotle University of Thessaloniki. He lives in Larissa (Greece) & works as medical doctor. He is author of 11 poetry books with poems translated into 38 languages. He is Doctor of Literature, Academician, President of 22nd World Congress of Poets, President of World Poets Society & Chairman of Writers for Peace Committee of PEN Greece.

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Prayer for Peace

In the little hug
Of children
In the eyes of our soul
Tears drowned the words

The war bled us
But the heart is invincible
Prayer that came alive
A beacon for peace

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Ranjana Sharan Sinha : India



Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha is the recipient of many awards for her poetry, Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha is a poet, author, academic and professor of English. She is a prominent voice in Indian Poetry in English with international recognition. She received a commendation from the President of India, A.P.J .Abdul Kalam for her poem ' Mother Nature.' Her poems are included in Postgraduate and B.A.(Major) University Syllabus.

Poppies : Red, Black And White

With wings of greed
and lust for power,
man is soaring high
in a firmament full of
destructive chaos
and mortal danger--
Red with blood!

Shell-shocked I find
cities and homes in ashes,
green waving crops destroyed,
hospitals and temples ruined,
skyscrapers razed to the ground,
dead men lying on the dust--
Their faces looking up at the skies!

The haunting images
of the diabolical destruction
make me shudder and think:
Man's evil instincts
trying to turn the earth
into a stream of fire--
The infernal Phlegethon.

Darkness descends
on my weeping heart:
The silver of the moon,
the gold of the sun,
lose their lustre.
Peace is blasted and
I sleep in snatches!

I dream of poppies--
Red, black and white:
The bright red poppies
remind me of the soldiers
who died during wartime.
The black poppies commemorate
the victims of imperialist wars.

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The white poppies--
Aye, the white ones
make a commitment to peace,
and give us a message-
Never ever attempt to glorify
or celebrate war!

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Irena Jovanović : Zaječar, Serbia

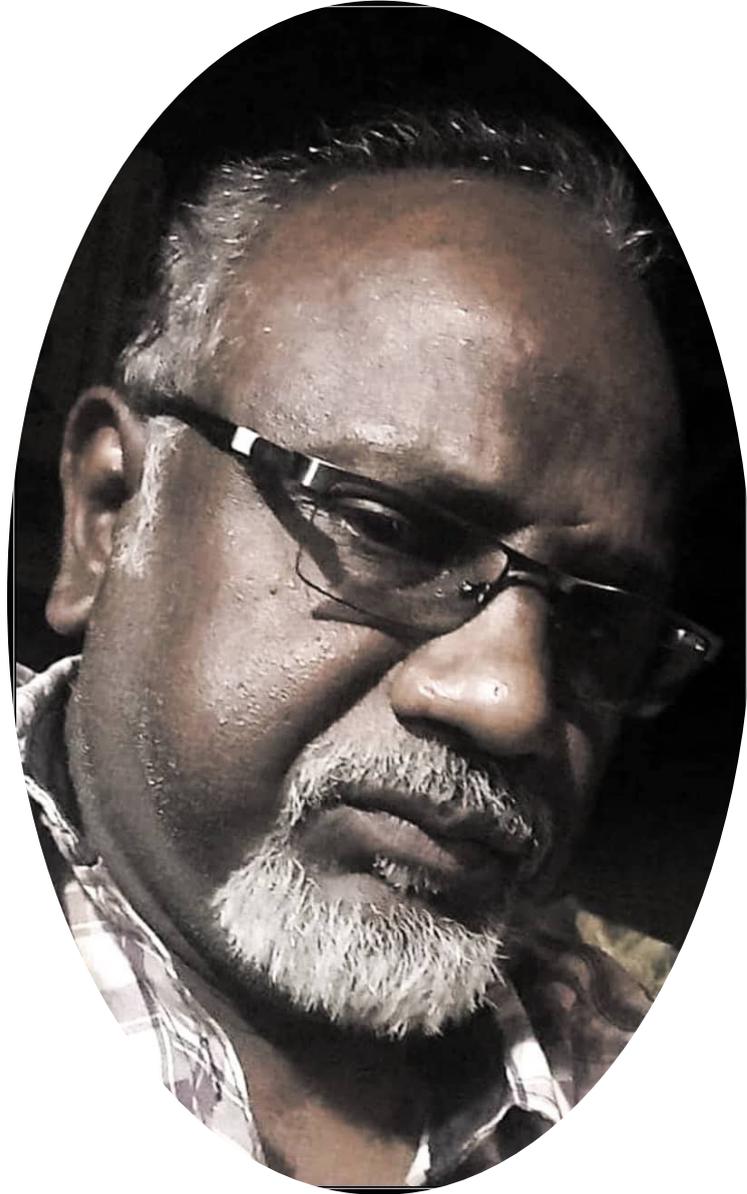


Irena Jovanović was born in Zaječar, Serbia, in 1971, and lives there as an artist with 20 solo exhibitions, writing poetry in Serbian and English, widely featured in many anthologies, magazines, and blogs. Inner Child Press from the USA published her poetry book *Let It Be* in 2013 through a contest. She won several prizes in her country and abroad.

Angel

The folded white wings that embrace
the lower body of the angel, bring peace...
I am breathing in the scent of a lotus blossom
sparkling essence encircles the entire area
of celestial vibrant, azure brilliance place
which has been enthusiastically described
as the most beautiful and dazzlingly coloured.
Turquoise blue, yellow, and shine are combined
in a truly sensational, adorable mildness
in rainbows and tints so delicately pure
nuances so sophisticated that stun my mind:
with eyes of wisdom, I see his garments
no thoughts, just presence of the soul in bliss
and miracle is evident in my deepest find
unfolded spectrum of the most refined
pure idea and the most profound silk
of subtlety arisen from the inner twist
an angel with those translucent hands
has touched my life through veils and mist
that covers my memory, which still weeps
to unfold that realm forever and blends
with its resonance of the finest honey with milk
for the soul in dreams left to stay and sleep...

Dasharath Naik : India



Dasharath Naik (Dob. 23.06.1964), the eldest son of Late Madan Mohan Naik & Sabitri Naik, hails from Bijadihi in the Sundargarh district, Odisha. A student of English Literature, Sri Naik likes all the genres especially poetry. As a bi-lingual poet, he writes both in English and Odia for his own pleasure and Humanity is his main concern.

The Vibe in the Air

Who knows where this strange road will lead me,
If away from my fellow people turning inhumane
Or far from my motherland;
Me feeling choked now for torturing tame
And to the chaos that lingers
In the name of caste, colour and creed;
Dividing mankind into fragments
And meaningless pieces;
I know how to make my life worth- living
I have my mission noble;
I am blessed living amidst the dead
The humblest divine souls with their numberless liabilities
Handicapping them every second,
Their poverty, hunger, diseases
And unloved crimation.
Their friends and families are rare
And invaluable than jewelry, stones or golds;
God only knows what HE has planned for all;
Living a mundane life gleefully is not enough;
Peace and harmony matter the most at tough
Without which life would be a new fall
To be placed with permanency to laugh
And be merry all the way;
Above all forgetting ill wills and ignoble thoughts of ifs and buts.
Wounded humanity now can't move,
For life seems to be a hearth
That burns the innocence of the GOD's swarth,
The simplicity of the folks
Working at a kiln-dried hove.
The serene beauty of a baby doll
Swaggers in serene air
The trust of a better half
To count the confidence of the talents resound
As the earth looks pale under the ghastly clouds
The obstacles of life hold us tight and mount;
And we are destined to suffer in our cocoons;

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Peace for all and harmony be its never failing friend;
Love be the vibe in the air to transcend life;
Bliss is to be reaped in the heart of hearts for a thrive;
'WAR' must be an obsolete word, not a friend;
And Happiness should universally be available for all.

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Akleema Ali : Trinidad and Tobago



Ms. Akleema Ali is a Reiki Master Teacher living in Trinidad and Tobago. Her vision is that all individuals are able to find peace in themselves, so that this peace will be able to ripple unto others.

The Path of Peace

The path of peace is a choice
To choose peace over conflict
To choose calm when tensions arise
To be peaceful is a destined path

The path of peace is a choice
To choose to walk mindfully
Walking gently on the earth
Taking slow steps with your feet

The path of peace is a choice
To eat mindfully
Savoring all flavours and scents
That have come to your table

The path of peace is a choice
To embrace all religions
Respecting each other's journey
Towards their own path of peace

The path of peace is a choice
To let go of all anger and worries
To release the burdens of the past
And focus on the joys of the present

The path of peace is a choice
Singing songs of harmony
Celebrating communities and spaces
That amplify calm and safety

The path of peace is a choice
To choose peace over conflict
To choose calm when tensions arise
To be peaceful is a destined path

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Krishna Chamling : Nepal



Krishna Chamling, aka Kr. Chamling, a poet from Nepal, The land of Gautama Buddha and Mt. Everest. He writes about life, love, nature, culture and socio-political issues in English. His poems are translated in many Asian, western, African and The Middle East countries. Besides, his poems are aired from Spain, Venezuela, Mexico, Argentina and Italy. He has received many national, international Poet of the Year, Honorary Doctor's and Peace Ambassador wards from many countries, and The Knight of Peace and Concord from Chile.

Peace is for Healing the World

Man created science and religion,
and why not peace, his body clan.

Peace, the pivot of the two flanks
Of progress and prosperity,
To which the whole world pray
Everyday for the sunshine in life.

It must grow within oneself first,
An infant's body develops organs,
Systems as capacity each day,
Becoming a mature human body.

It is to be spread morning lights
Across the lands on the earth, she
Has been seeing her generations
Lost their harmony among them.

Peace, the part and parcel for each
Individual becoming amiable
In persona, amicable to people,
And interfaith existing side by side.

The seeds of peace must be sown
In home-grown beds from the hands
And minds of the shepherds for
Healing the wounds in the world.

The airs of peace, the broly for all
souls at the present and future flowers
and florets' welfare with the scents of
Love, and the bouquets of hope and lifts...

The face, of peace smiling, not
Frowning and fury; heart, brimmed
With the eyes of humanity; hands
And limbs full for dissents for discords.

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Its nature is like in this world, and also
Not of the world without corruption and
Crimes, but always spring producing
And summer serving beauties to mankind.

The pulchritude of peace, the only path
To heal anxieties, trials and tribulations
Of the world to the world of emancipation
From the hells of sectarian ire... and ills.

Rocky Gauri : Bangladesh



Rocky Gauri is a Bangladeshi writer, poet, researcher, and translator, born on 5 October 1993 in Debashish Nagar, Rangamati, in the Chittagong Hill Tracts. His interests include recitation and research-based literary work. He is the compiler of the Chak Bangla Dictionary, published by the International Mother Language Institute. His books include Adbhut Bhut (2018), Bhunriwala Bhutota (2023), Christmas Rhymes (2018), Stranger Ghost, and Pot-Bellied Ghost. His poems have appeared in Inner Child Press (USA) and in Turkish translation in Erik Ağacı Öykü Dergisi. He currently researches the Chak language and is writing the biography of classical music maestro Ustad P. C. Gomez.

I Am Writing Myself

I am writing myself on the wings of a wandering bird,
I am writing myself—on the pages of a diary torn by sorrow.
I am writing myself in the tune of a soul-touching song,
I am writing myself—of the one who has gone far, farther away.
I am writing myself into your happiness,
I am writing myself—into the chest of all neglected pain.
I am writing myself in everyday question marks,
I am writing myself—into constant dreams with veiled faces.
I am writing myself on the forehead of moonlit nights,
I am writing myself—into crimson mornings of fulfilled dreams.

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Fikile Mosala : South Africa



A South African poet and passionate writer, Fikile Mosala is featured in many books including World Healing World Peace 2014 and 2016 as well as Poets for Humanity 2022 and other book projects. He is currently writing four manuscripts under his name.

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A Quiet Space of Healing

As the moon rise
Darkness fade in silence
A single step of warmth
Lead a fragile heart to thee presence,
Feeling the fragrance of joy and bliss

A quiet space upon the rhythm of river banks smoothly rubbing a fragile heart seeking
healing upon space to mend peace
The world need a soft smile,
where every heartbeat pace in space
Quietly seeking healing

The world bleed
Peace is what they need
Echoes of peace faded with brutality
I swear it's not Gods will
The muted world becomes cradles of dreams
Yet still our leaders dance behind close door still

For enquiries did we include God
No our heart felt heavy sorrows
We felt weak for weeks healing not promised
Our tomorrow will glitter
Fragile heart bleed steps away from chant of healing. We plead please let be peace

Cause every heart beat whispers softly
As plead in tears
Does thee say through every verse we shall dissolve in pain?
We need peace
The world bleed
Let the moon rise
And wrap every sore with its smooth
Gentle energy.

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Alonzo Gross : USA



zO-AlonzO Gross is a Poet, Songwriter, Rap Artist, Dancer Recording Artist, & Multi-Award Winning Author of 11 books. He is an English Literature graduate of Temple University.

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(A Peace) Surpassing All Understanding...

Don't U Know/_
There iZ A World,
A Mother- Plane)(^
Where Everything doeZ Flow/_
& Nothing,
iZ Covered With Rain)(^.

& In this Realm-
Everyone]
iZ Ur Sister & Brother[
& No1 iZ Overwhelmed-
(With Pain)(^
4 there is not any a Gun]
2 Mame)(^
or kill One-Another[.

& Don't U Know*
There iZ a Place\
where Singin-FlowerZ
Grow*
In The Now,
2 Never Cease)|
away from the HowlZ,
of Malevolent-Beasts)|
where we "All" Stand in "Awe",
at the feet,
Of Never-Ending Peace)|
(Ascending 4 Each)|.

But one has not 2 face death,,
2 let this Begin^+

4 Verily Ur Journey Abroad,
StartZ...
With Thy Journey-Within^+.

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Alessandro Inghilterra : Genoa, Italy



Alessandro Inghilterra, 1970, Genoa (Italy) Books: IL SOLE CHE VERRA' (Italy, 2018, Aletti). Worldwide published into: (INNER CHILD-2025) War II, Changing the World with a Poem (PRODIGY-2024) World Contemporary Poets Vol.2 – (ATUNIS GALAXY-2024) Anthology World Poetry. Awards (Overall Winner): 2023: "Worldwide Literary Festival", Naples. 2022: Intercontinental Literary Prize "Le Nove Muse", World Poetry Prize "Nosside"

You Didn't Get To Go Too Far

You said you were looking for love
through the eyes of the hapless
walking down across the streets.

You said you were looking for peace
through the hands of the hopeless
beggin in the corners of the world.

You didn't get to go too far...
you have learnt a smile is kind
and there's a lot you love can do

Tell your neighbors there's a hope
a warming sun behind the clouds,
a time to shine in every home.

Teach your children some respect
and they will carry on your words
brave enough to heal this world.

Teodozja Świdarska : Opole, Poland



Teodozja Świdarska graduated in Polish philology and psychology (the latter postgraduate) from the Opole University. Author of five poetry books; co-author of over seventy anthologies (including international ones). Her works have also been published in literary magazines. Translated into Greek, English, Spanish, Czech. Laureate of poetry tournaments and contests. Member of SAP (in Warsaw) and ZLP, Poland. Teodozja Świdarska – absolwentka filologii polskiej i podyplomowych studiów psychologicznych na Uniwersytecie Opolskim. Autorka pięciu książek poetyckich; współautorka ponad siedemdziesięciu antologii (w tym wielu międzynarodowych). Publikuje swoje utwory także w czasopiśmie literackich. Tłumaczona na grecki, angielski, hiszpański, czeski. Laureatka turniejów i konkursów poetyckich. Należy do SAP w Warszawie oraz ZLP.

The Beginning

In principio erat Verbum
What hue we should lend to a poem's words
to make them beat laundry powder commercials
touch stones – soften rocks
with a metaphor – a Homeric parallel
noble like metals: silver and gold
Goods of the earth are a nightmare for the natives
constant pressure – foreign powers' quasi-assistance
still, bowing, they can survive the enslavement
in reservations casemates in exile –
that's where poems written in tears are born – pearls
How to break through with a good word – using drones
spill them all over the world like a deluge
straight under the feet of deceitful aggressors
before they trample white daisy blossom
What hues ignite violence and aggression?
One sky above us – though volatile
black birds – gold sun and stars
the purple of dawn with shades of red...
How multicolored is the Book of the World
we must read each page with our hearts
only tenderness is the most precious trait
the most noble diamond in people
We live to save and co-create beauty

Translated by Anna Maria Stepień

World Healing, World Peace 2026

In principio erat Verbum
Jaką barwę nadać słowom wiersza
by przebiły reklamy proszków do prania
wzruszyły kamienie – zmiękczyły głązy
metaforą – homeryckim porównaniem
szlachetnym jak metale srebro i złoto
Dobra ziemi dla tubylców są koszmarem
ciągła presja – niby pomoc obcych mocarstw
mogą przeżyć zniewolenie z ukłonami
w rezerwatach kazamatach na wygnaniu –
tam powstają łąz pisane wiersze – perły
Jak się przebić dobrym słowem – użyć dronów
rozsypać je po świecie jak lawinę
wprost pod nogi zakłamanym agresorów
nim zdeptają kwiaty / płatki białych stokrotek
Jakie barwy rodzą przemoc i agresję?
Nad nami jedno niebo – chociaż zmienne
czarne ptaki – złote słońce i gwiazdy
zorzy purpura z odcieniami czerwieni...
Jakże wielobarwną jest Księgę / Księga Świata
każdą stronę trzeba czytać sercem
tylko czułość jest cechą najcenniejszą
najszlachetniejszym diamentem wśród ludzi
Życ – znaczy ocalać i współtworzyć piękno

World Healing, World Peace 2026

Marlon Salem Gruezo : Philpines



Marlon Salem Gruezo is a Filipino-Spanish peace and culture advocate, and arts & letters protagonist, and a member of some notable international non-government organizations whose core missions are peace, culture , arts and education promotions. He won the 2025 Literary Asia Grand Prix Prize for Poetry and his poems were widely published in various platforms.

The Quiet Road to Healing and Peace

I looked in the mirror and saw a storm,
A face tired of fighting, a heart worn and torn.
I whispered, “I’m sorry,” though my voice cracked,
For all the times I left myself back.
That was the start—just me, and a crack of light.
I held my shame like a stone in my chest,
But slowly, I learned to give it rest.
I forgave the me who didn’t know better,
Who broke things trying to hold them together.
And in that soft breath, I felt something shift.
Some days I still stumble, still ache, still cry,
But I don’t curse the tears—I let them dry.
I talk to myself like I would a friend,
With kindness that doesn’t need to pretend.
That’s how the healing grows, quiet and real.
Then something strange began to unfold—
My peace reached others, gentle and bold.
A smile, a hug, a word not said in haste—
My calm became someone else’s safe place.
And I saw: love spreads like light through cracks.
Now I walk, not perfect, not whole,
But softer, steadier, with a mended soul.
And maybe, just maybe, this path I tread
Will help someone rise from where they bled.
Because healing and peace, they ripple, they teach.

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Prabir Kumar Rath : India



Mr. Prabir Kumar Rath is a Bilingual poet. He lives in India near Kolkata in Jhargram District. He has been writing English poems since his childhood 1986. He is the pioneer English poet, he uses numerics in English poetry. He resigned from his job of Tata Motors, Mumbai location, now he is busy making student's of junior classes, in his private Institute, named-RIPE.

Peace Promise

Who doesn't want that place?
Where there is no fear,
One can hold one's head
High above, and can talk
freely, with its base.
Where, songs flow with zeal
touch human hear and heal?
Who doesn't want to go there?
Where there is no fear,
One, but can have one's belief
To trust one, there is a relief.
No cost of pain is there,
No vie, no quarrel, not to suffer.
To achieve something, there is
No need, "That One" as everything
No recommendation, not much relation
There need to Prove.
Is there any place on the Earth?
Where Merit has no clash?
Perhaps, the place is in the Books!
Look, It is "The Earth", there is
merriment and mirth, to make it
A peaceful -place - leva 'Thy race'
Make room for others, thus, Dear human
Promise to make yourself better.

Judita Dedi : Albania



Judita Dedi is an Albanian poet whose work explores inner peace, human sensitivity, memory, and the spiritual dimensions of everyday life through concise and reflective verse.

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Ceasefire

In a fight with myself, after the marks of time,
in search of a day without noise, without effort...

A gentle word, a calm look,
a simple promise — a ceasefire.

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hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Professor Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, a published author, ghostwriter, and translator (EN, DE, and TU; in any direction). Her literary contributions appeared in a large number of national and international anthologies.

hülya writes creatively to attain and nourish a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, a traveler on the journey called “life” . . .

Writing Web Site
<https://hulyanyilmaz.com/>

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a revolving door

has been on my mind
for as long as the history of
politics, religion, ethnicity,
sexism, racism, and culturalism

a revolving door
is what i imagine
for humanity collectively
its frame is fluid
nothing is set in stone anymore
evil enters, the good come out

war mongers,
religions' marionettes,
culturalists,
ethnicists,
sexists,
racists,
bigots,
those corrupt to the core
in every which way,
the ignorant - willing or not,
and crime enablers
exist no more

as for the lure of this door of lore . . .
people joining people in throngs,
not complicit in their silence
in the face of barbaric inhumanity,
standing determinedly strong,
looking into the eyes of
any and all brutal violence,
and never saying, "i don't care",
for they have learned
the passage through this door
transforms everything
into an all-inclusive love affair

a revolving door is on my mind . . .

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William S. Peters, Sr. : USA



...t will not remain silent that you may remain comfortable!

www.iamin.com

A 2016, 2019 and 2025 nominee for the Pulitzer Prize for Literature, William S. Peters, Sr., AKA 'just bill', has devoted himself to poetry since 1966. He holds the passionate conviction that the written word is a necessity, regardless of form. The author's spiritual essence reflects in his socially conscientious actions, all of which serve his efforts to ease his personal angst while contributing to the betterment of humanity and the reconciliation of its plight.

The author says: "I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds We Sow and Nourish.

I Weep

I now weep
First, for all the times
I forced myself
Not to

Here I stand
Indebted to fate
For I borrowed
A forced resolve
When I was truthfully
Overfilled with anguish

My mother died
Before I said
All that I needed to say,
Before I asked all the questions
I have now accumulated since her demise,
My father is a mirrored reflection
Of that same ilk.

And now I am left
With a withering void
That makes me feel cheated
For i did not perform my chores
In a timely fashion
And I do not know why

I weep for my weakness,
That weakness i allowed,
And still do,
When I could have been,
Should have been
Strong and resilient

I weep for those who suffer,
Necessarily and unnecessarily
Because time marches forward regardless

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Whether you acquiesce
And get on board the
Train, plane, ship or bus
Or not

I weep within,
Even when the well of tears
Has dried
And leaves me alone
With a dry spiritual heaving
While choking on my own woes
Real and illusioned

I weep in the presence
Of a nothingness
When I perceive a something-ness
Should be in the room
Keeping me company,
Keeping me distracted
From my own self-exacted wretchedness

I weep now,
Because I realize
That i like to pick the scabs
Off my old digressions, wounds and pains
To remain relevant
And give my self a reason
To reimagine myself
To be fortitudious and strong

I like many know
There is nothing
Like a good, strong and deep cry
That cleanses the accumulated anxieties
We allow to ride on the back
Of our promise, our dreams
And our hopes
Waiting for that light
That cuts through and transcends

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Our darkness

I sometimes, but never enough
Weep for joy,
For there are times
That we realize that breakthrough
To a place where
Smiles, happiness and love abide

Yes I weep,
And in the end
I know
My soul is the better for it.
So . . .
I weep for you,
I weep for me,
I weep.

Epilogue

this is our World . . .
this is our Gift . . .



for our Children !

about . . .

The Artist



Yuffie Yuliana is an Indonesia based artist with a passion for bringing stories to life through vibrant visual. With a sprinkle of magic and a dash of whimsy, Yuffie craft illustration that ignite the imagination of young readers.

As a lover of storytelling and art, Yuffie found her calling in illustrating children's books. From colorful characters to captivating landscapes, Yuffie strive to create illustrations that sparks joy and curiosity in every child who turn the pages.

As a self-taught artist, every piece is a chapter in my ongoing story of growth. From humble beginnings to exploring new mediums, my evolution as an artist is a perpetual quest for self-expression and connection.

Whether you're drawn to my visual narratives or have a collaborative vision in mind, I'm open to new artistic adventures. Let's embark on a journey of creation together, where each stroke tells a story and every color holds meaning.

Get in touch

yuffiegp@gmail.com



. . . 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 you are the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted . . . wsp



about . . .

Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press was founded by William S. Peters, Sr., and is a subsidiary of Inner Child Enterprises. We take pride in our writer-oriented vision. Our entire staff is comprised of writers. We fully understand your needs and concerns when it comes to the multiple aspects of the publishing journey. Our areas of specialization include poetry and prose, and their various sub-genres. When you examine our extensive professional services, all geared toward the authoring-publishing-promotion dynamics, you will find that we have something for every aspiring and seasoned writer to fit their dreams and their budget.

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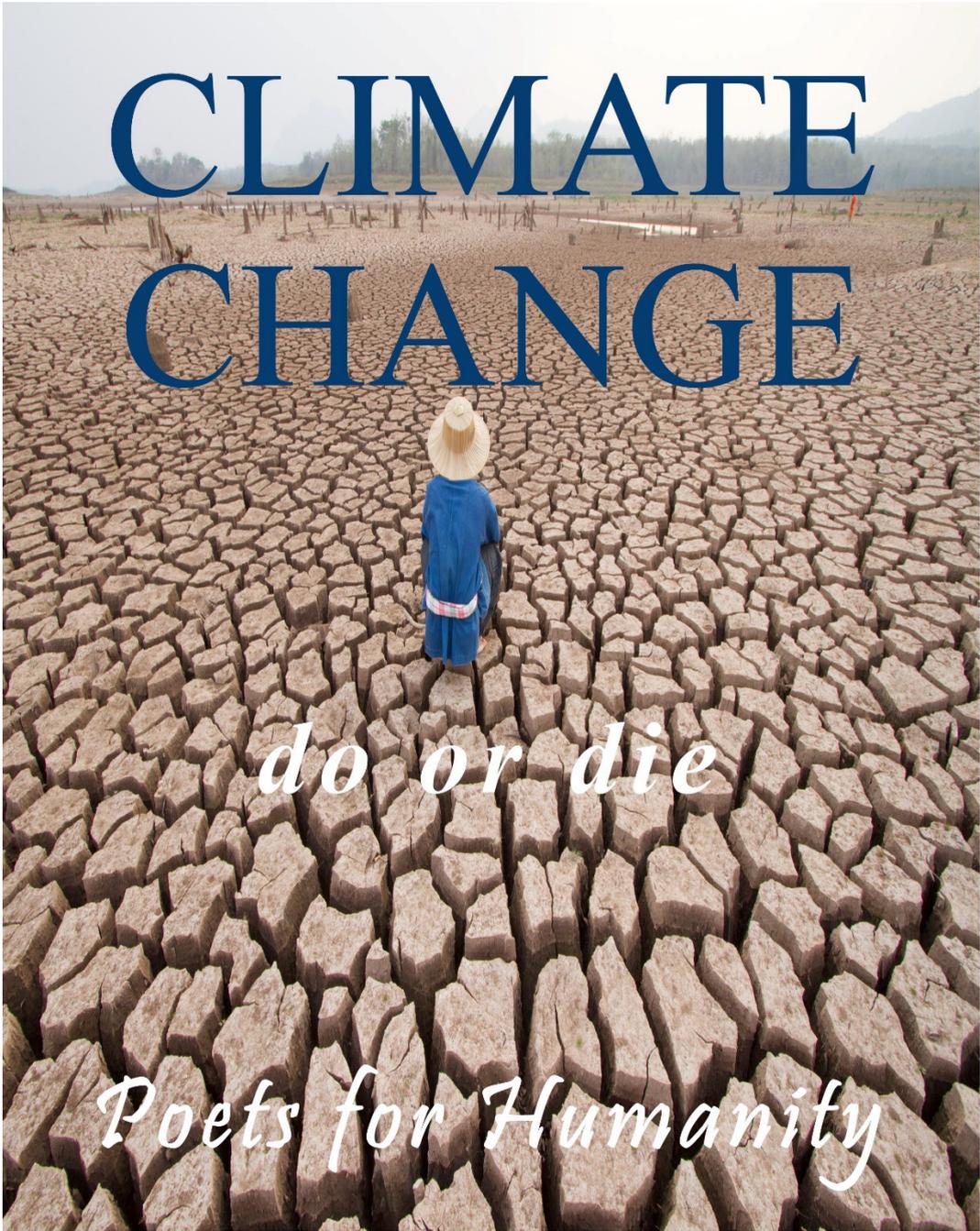
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A person wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt, a wide-brimmed hat, and a pink sash stands in the center of a vast, cracked, and dry field. The ground is composed of numerous irregular, raised blocks of dry earth, creating a grid-like pattern of deep fissures. In the background, there are some wooden posts and a distant mountain range under a hazy, overcast sky.

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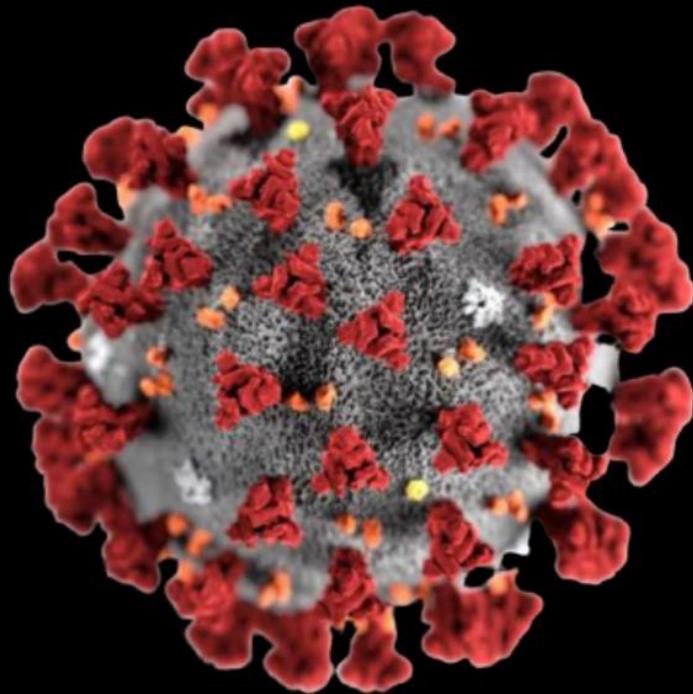
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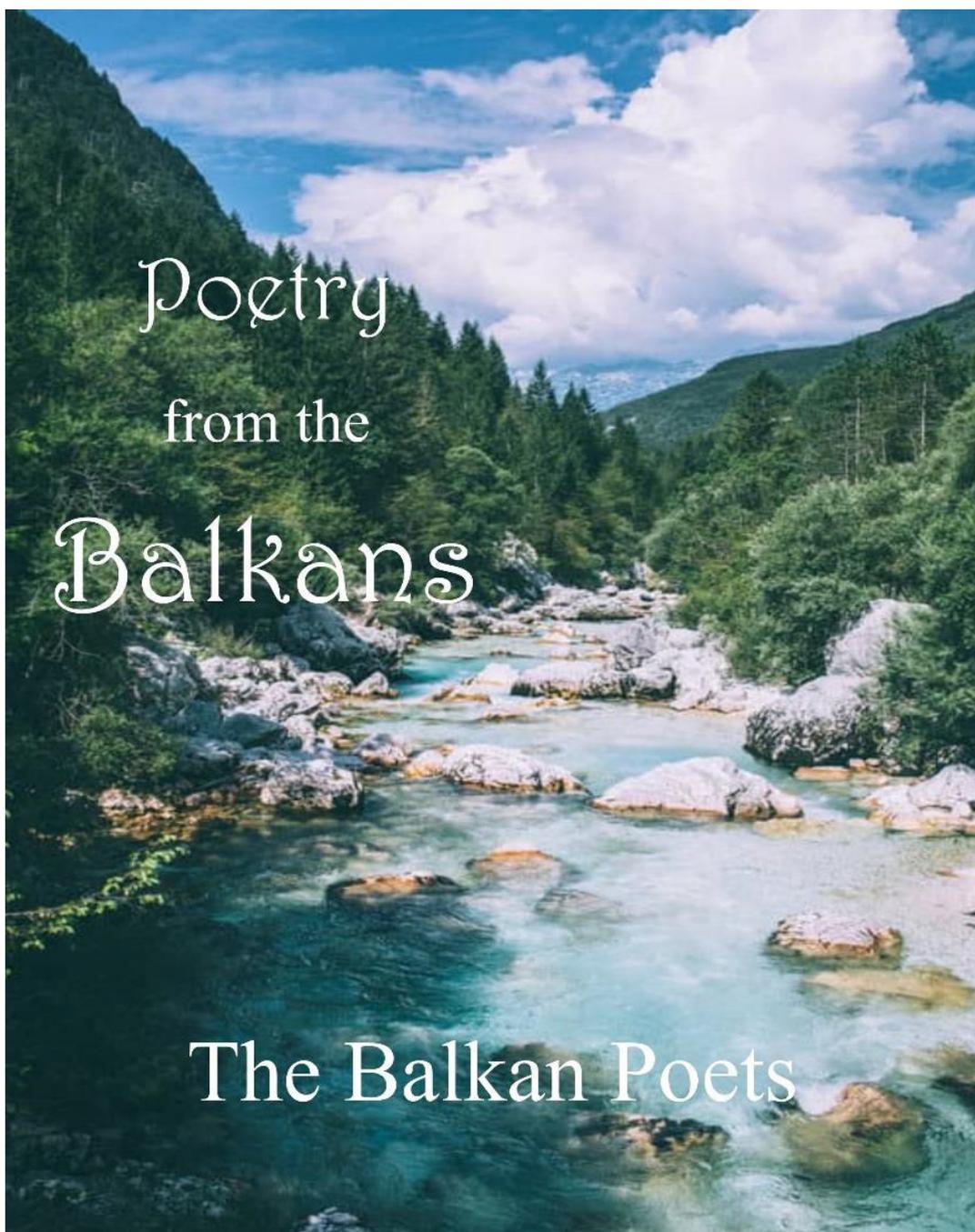
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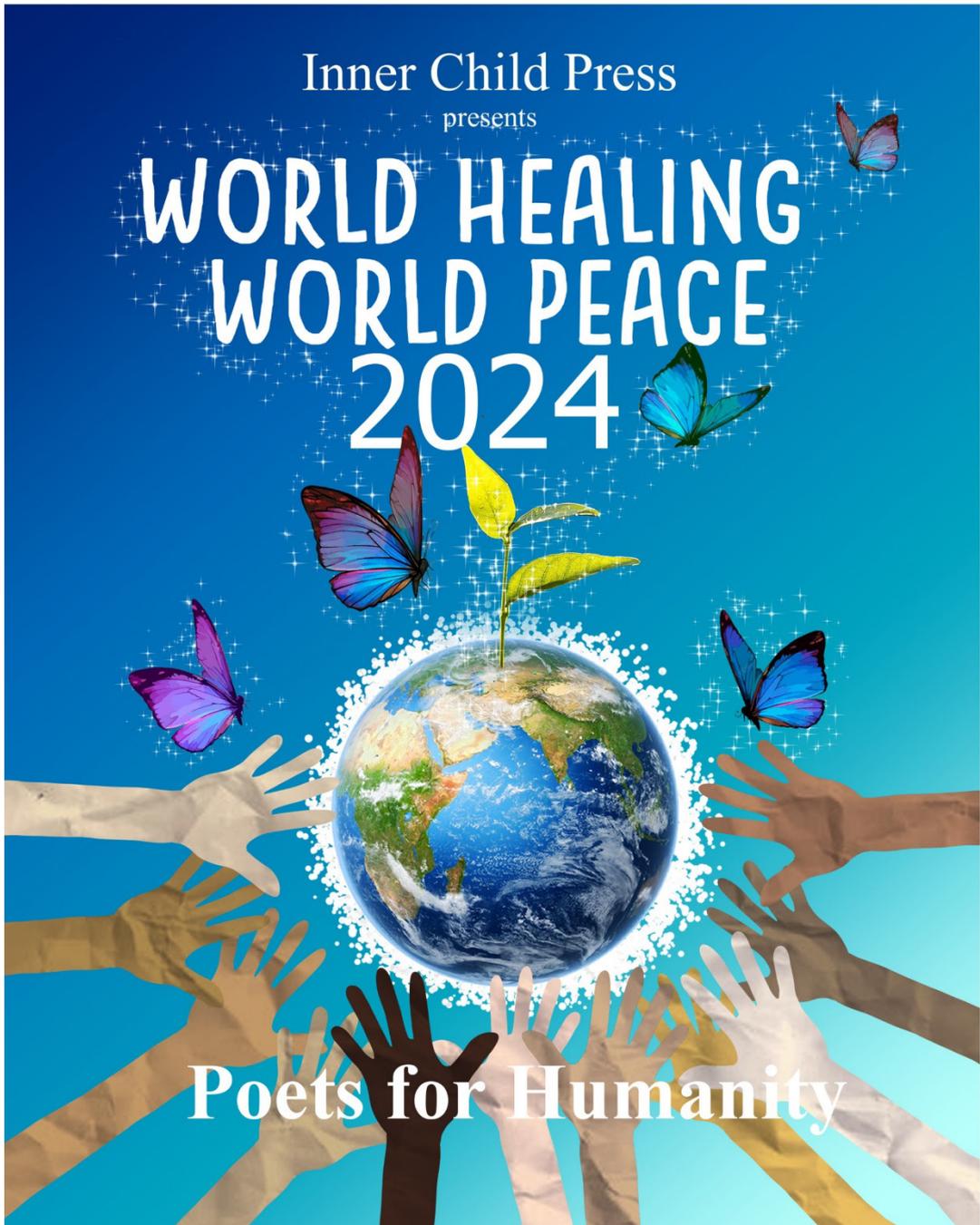
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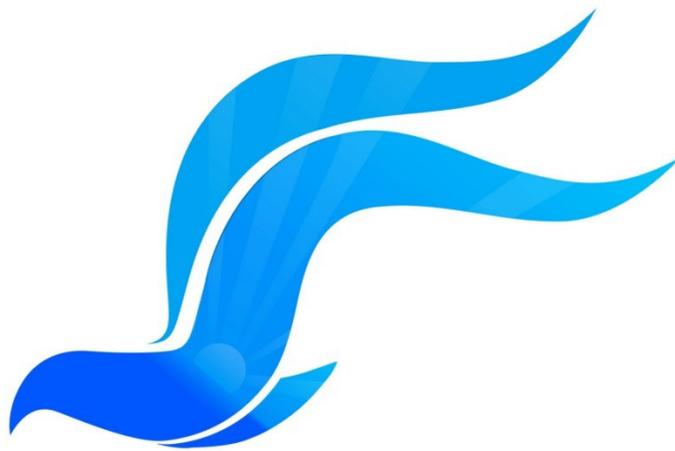


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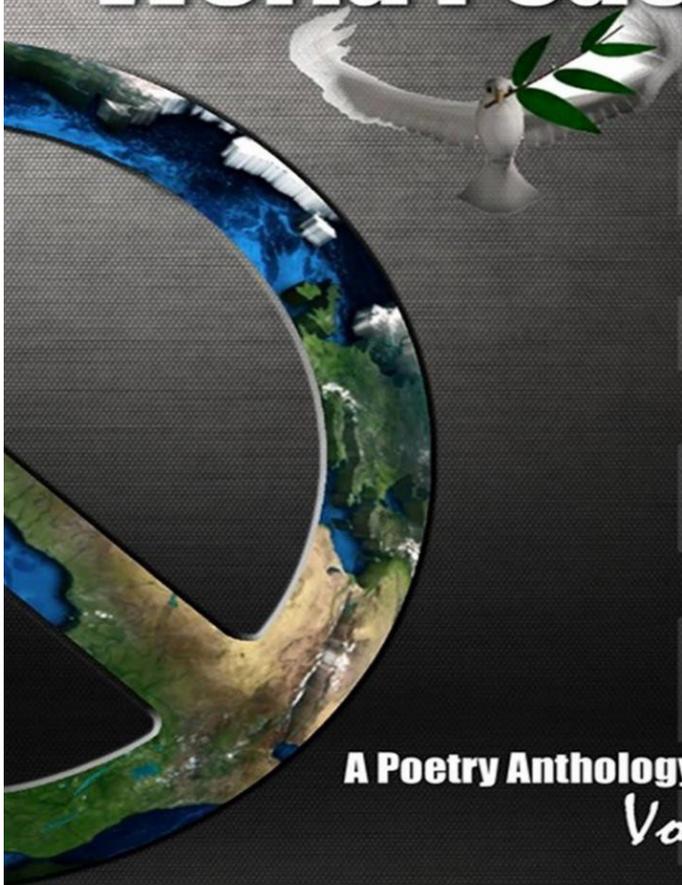


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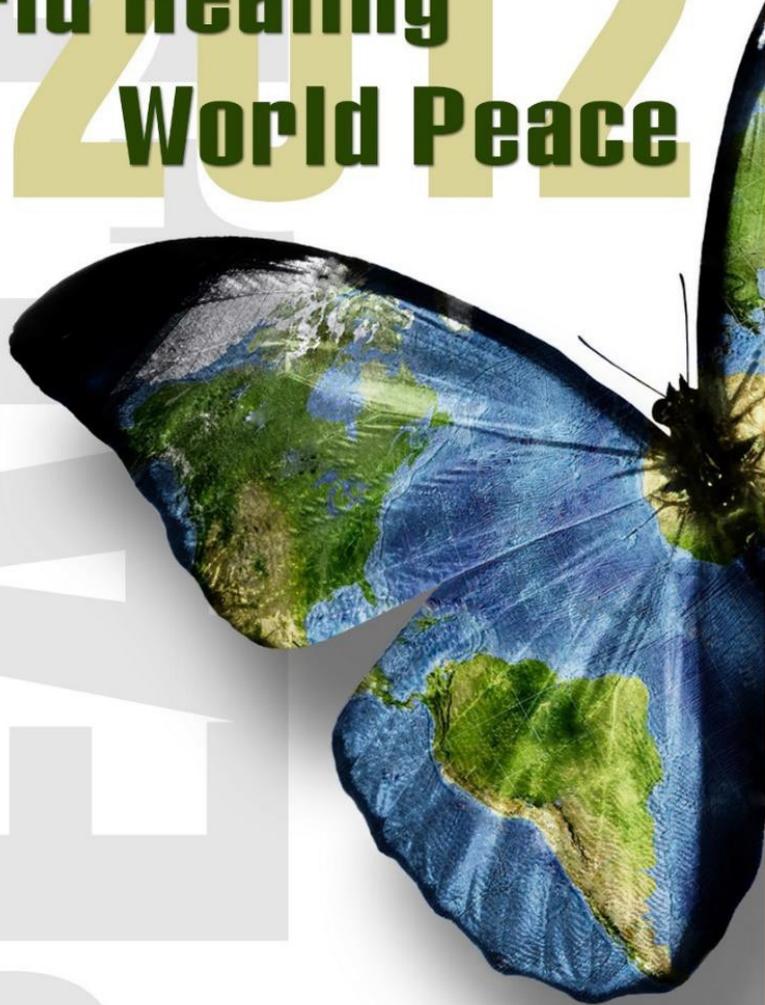


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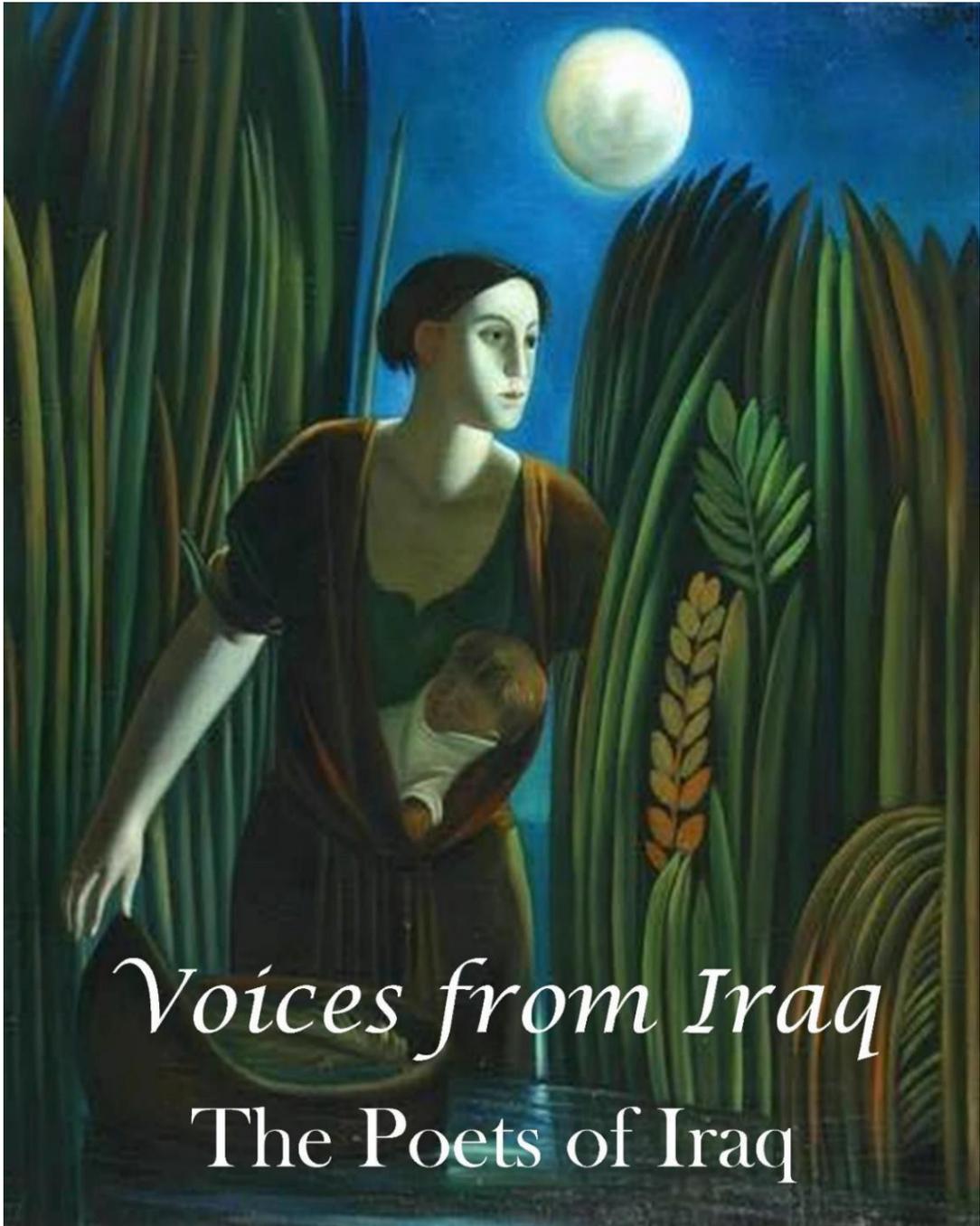
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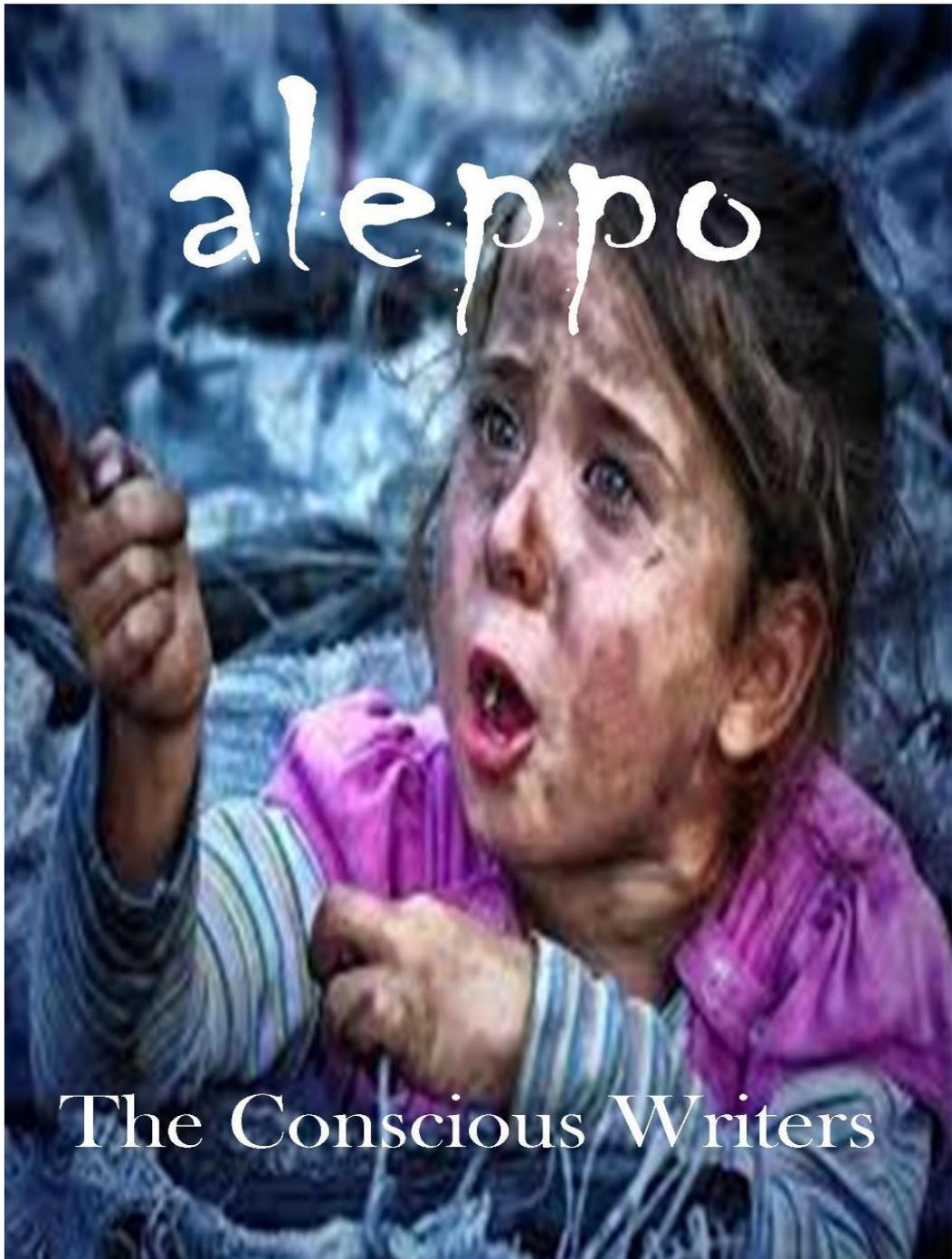
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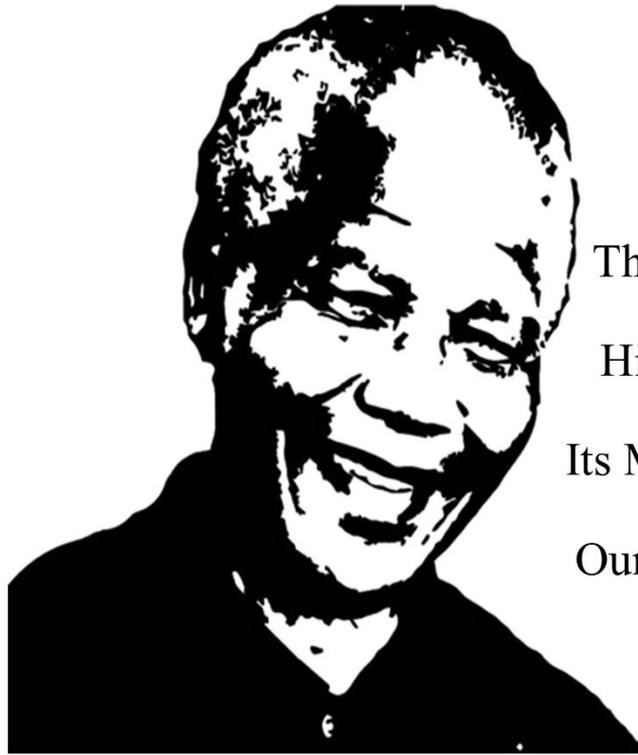
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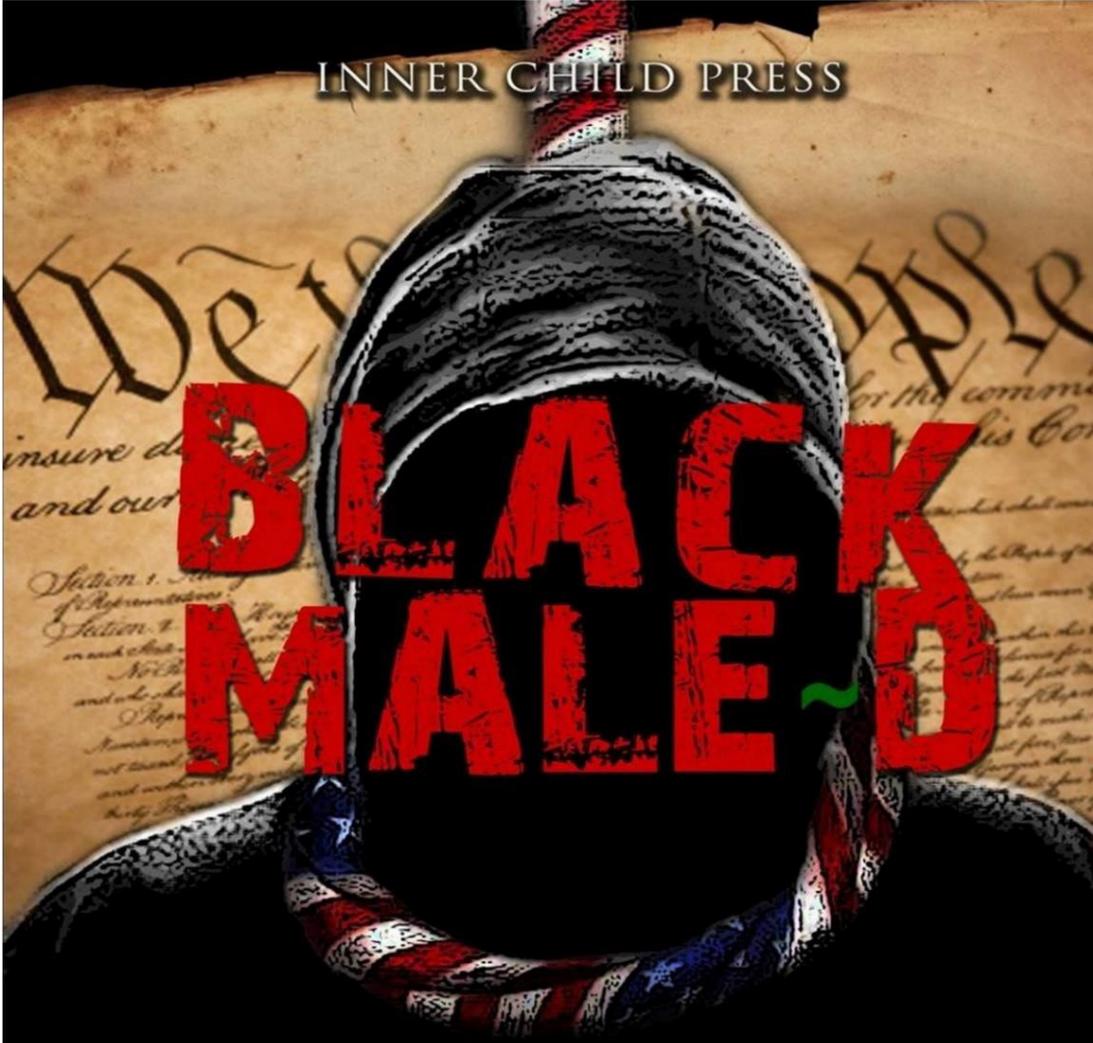
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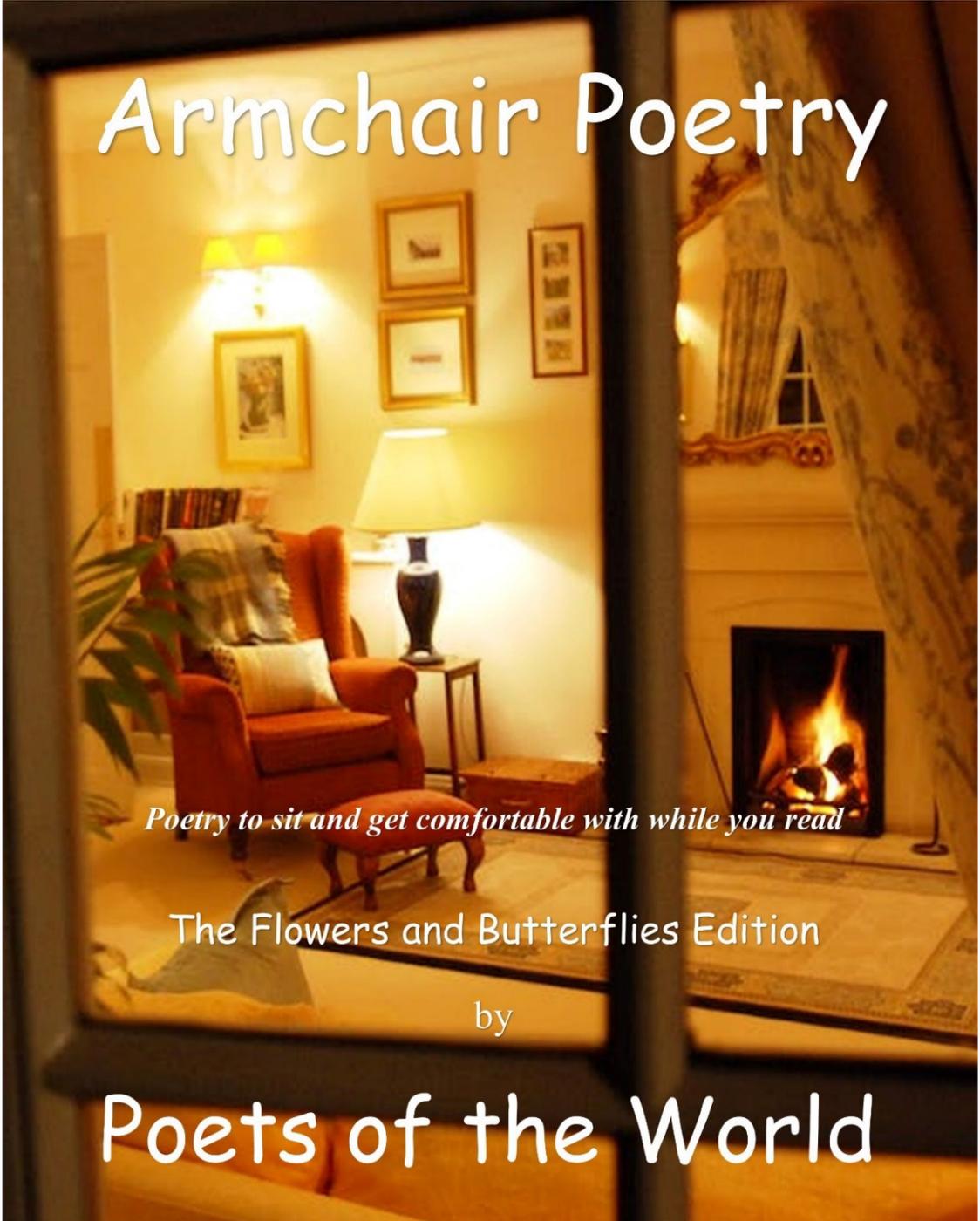
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Inner Child Press is a publishing company founded and operated by writers. Our personal publishing experiences provide us an intimate understanding of the sometimes-daunting challenges writers, new and seasoned, may face in the business of publishing and marketing their creative “Written Work”.

For more information:

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Over the years since 2012, Inner Child Press has produced this biennial initiative, *World Healing, World Peace*. In the beginning, it was but a novel idea seeking to engage the voices of poets over the globe to speak/write about the ills that challenged our humanity in the form of wars and other expressions that had a negative impact on our ability to live in harmony with creation. Since those early days, this franchise has become even more significant and much needed. There is so much to be said, needs to be said, should be said, and is spoken on the pages of not only this current effort of 2026, but in all the past volumes as well. I salute all the writers who contributed to this vision.

It may be quite redundant, but I will speak on the challenges we face just the same. We seem to be a species that has a few ill-adjusted souls amongst us who are driven by the primitive bases of human expression . . . power and greed. With these, many other unnecessary ills manifest, such as war, famine, disease, racism and bias . . . and the list goes on. I, for one, am deeply saddened by this reality, but I am also more empowered to make a change, or at least contribute to one. This offering represents just that. This volume is a gathering, a collective of voices from all over our world who are 'like-minded' and are driven to speak out poetically about the need for a change of consciousness.

We at Inner Child Press are driven to stimulate and make available a platform whereby poets and readers can come together in communion and celebrate the possibilities of what we may become.

We can do better . . . and we will!

Bless Up

William S. Peters, Sr.
aka
Just Bill

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