

BeinG HuMaN

a poetic plea for a better humanity

The Consciousness Poets

Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Being

Human

a poetic plea for a better humanity

The Conscious Poets

Inner Child Press, Ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

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General Information

BeinG Human

The Conscious Poets

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Disclaimer

In our attempts to maintain the integrity of the contributors' voices in the publication before you, *Being Human*, 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 the poems, but we encourage 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'



Dedication

This book is dedicated to

Humanity,

Peace,

Love

&

Poetry



How many people have you blessed today ?

Did you take the time to bless yourself ?

The power is within you!

Even small blessings are BIG things !

~ krisar

Being Human

For the most part
With dignity we lived.
Yes we too have had
Our ugly moments,
Reactions
And callousness

We did strive a bit
To love those whom we felt
Did not deserve it,
And discovered inner treasures
As a result

We fought battles
Against our indifference
As we attempted to understand
The illogical
And the stupid

Compassion has become
Somewhat of an art form
As we have designed ways
To exhibit
Our self-described
Noble character

Though it is evident
What we are as a species,
Being Human
Is always a challenge
If we choose
To open our eyes

Funny thing
About the truth of it all

Is we are very adept
At surviving ourselves
Well, most of us are
.....
Delusion is quite the valuable tool

Many times I sit,
And sometimes reflect,
Some times project
While taking an inventory
Of 'me'
Quite the undertaking if one
Chooses honesty ...
But for me
Before I finish reading
The entire book
I tire of the brutality of the
'Self-critique',
But somehow I
Am OK with me
For most moments,
The other moments
I choose to sleep

So, here I am
Still striving for progress,
Seeking, searching surreptitiously
For the path to absoluteness
And I still have
This abiding feeling
That I am still lost
Sigh so much for
Being Human

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

F oreword

Being Human doesn't feel as easy a task as it use to be in this world of ours. Being Human, what does it mean? Does it mean inhabiting a body, a physical body that interacts with other humans? Does it mean the heart that beats within us and what we feel and believe in our hearts? Does our humanity reside in our heart, liver, brain or in our hands as we reach out to one another trying to understand and communicate. Is it the way we treat our children and the children of those we call others? Is part of being human that we take a positive view of the world around us or that we see the pain and suffering and try to do something about it or is it something in between? Human being, is it a responsibility to act in a certain way, feel in a certain way, or can we decide how we feel and what we believe? Is it an honor, a right or something else? Does humanity depend on gender, nationality, culture, or age? What brings our humanity to the forefront?

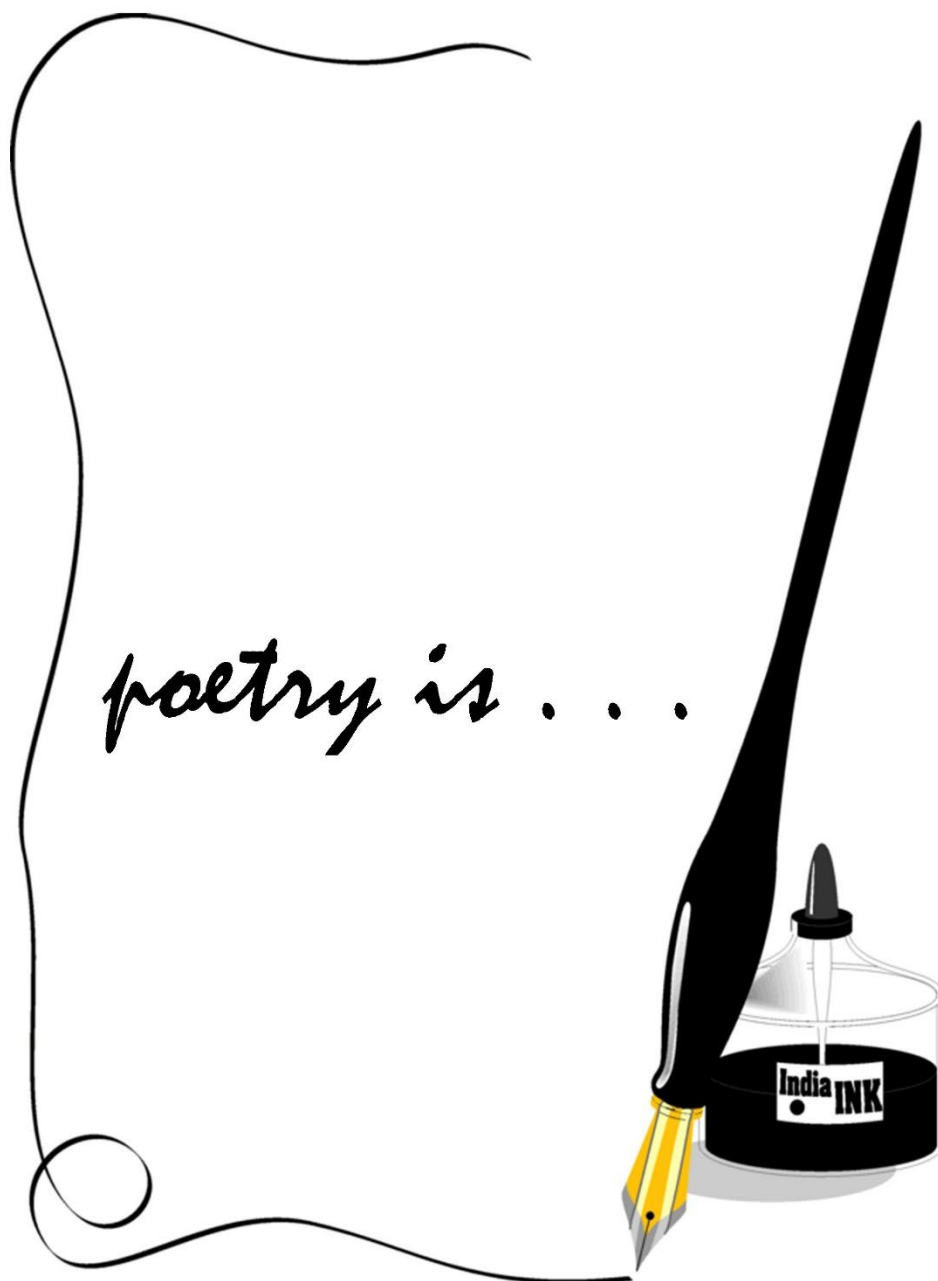
It turns out that reading through the selection of poems in this anthology, Being Human .a poetic plea for humanity, one realizes how differently poets interpret this call for poetry and expression. We each see being human as a mix of physical actions, thoughts, and feelings.

At Inner Child Press, we hope that this volume of poetry brings comfort and hope as well as spurring each of us to action to make the world an easier and better place to be human.

Kimberly Burnham

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

Spokane, Washington, May 2024



A Few Words . . .

A Soul's Letters

Zakariya:

Mommy, I know you cry and cry. I know you miss me so much. And I miss you and Daddy so very much. I was so happy with you and Daddy!

Did I do something bad to that man, Mommy? Did I hit his window with my soccer ball? You always told me to be careful. And I really, really was, Mommy! If I did something bad, I didn't mean it, Mommy! Why did he do those horrible things to me?

He was that monster under my bed, Mommy. I know you always told me not to be scared to go to bed: "There are no monsters, my darling!" But that monster was real, Mommy! And on that day, he came and snatched me from your beautiful Mommy-hands. I was never scared like that before. What he did hurt me so much, Mommy! Why did he cut my head off? You so loved kissing my forehead. "I love your rosy cheeks", you always said to me. And you loved my long, thick hair so! You always caressed it gently when you brushed my hair. You were afraid a knot could hurt me. It all fell to the ground with my head.

I know how much you are hurting now. You loved me so. And I loved you and Daddy so. I miss you both and want to come home. I so badly want to come home, Mommy! But I can't anymore.

Mommy, I want to tell you about a stranger now. A woman, far, far, very far away from our home. She sees me in her nightmares every night. When she is awake, she keeps me warm inside her heart. Her heart is so tender. She feels

for you and Daddy so. Last night, she cried many, many, many tears again. She was trembling in agony for me. She was hurting so much inside because of my brutal death. She wrote to her Mommy about my final breath.

She is a Mommy too and a Grandma. Her grandson is almost as old as I was. He has a bright and beautiful smile as I did. I will not see my grandmas anymore. They too loved me so. I know it's not the same, but this woman is by my side, Mommy. Since that day when my head was cut off. Since the moment I stopped breathing. So, try, please, please, please try not to be too sad, okay?

I must go now, Mommy. I must go now, Daddy. Bye.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

That woman of Zakariya's mention:

Mom, it has been too long of a while since I last talked to you. Forgive me for my grave absence. I feel terrible and lost these days. Preoccupied with people's tragic state, I need your insightful, loving presence.

I don't know what to do with our world anymore. We live in dark times, struggling to get through.

Too many people are lusting after violence and hate. Too many so-called leaders have for long made hatred their mate. Lives end again and again in the hands of war-mongers and religious fanatics in vicious conducts. My anxious breath is in direst need for a soothing break.

Ten days ago, a beautiful little boy was murdered in the most brutal way. What a gorgeous child he was! Long, wavy black hair, coal-black Angel-eyes and a sunshiny smile, one that was meant to shine until his natural last day. Mom, I

cannot get him out of my mind! He comes to my sleep every night. An entirely different story is my troubled heart!

How lucky have my brother and I been! We never met a monster in real life. These days, however, they are aplenty, and they come in many a shape and size. I often think of your love and your tender touch, only to realize that I miss you too much. I also miss those years of innocence and pure light. Our current era serves us with darkness galore, full of many a too hard-to-handle plight.

I don't know what to do with our world anymore. We live in dark times, struggling to get through.

From the desk of . . .

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Director of Editing Services



Poets, Writers . . . 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 Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted . . .

~ wsp



A Few Words from the Publisher . . .

Personally, I am excited . . . as always, when we, like many other publishers, writers and poets, initiate an effort to possibly effectuate change towards a higher level of expression of our humanity. For many years, Inner Child Press has not only been an integral part of this mindset, but we have wholly supported and continue to support any and all of these initiatives. We are very proud of all the poets, essayists, and writers who have contributed to our many volumes such as *World Healing*, *World Peace*, *The Year of the Poet* and the myriad of other anthological collections. In the back of this volume, you can have a look at the book covers that represent the collective work of us all.

In the future, we will continue this effort to make a change through our chosen art form of words as expressed in poetry and prose.

We thank you all who support us . . . readers, poets, writers, and patrons.

Bless Up

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher, Poet, Activist & Friend

Inner Child Press International



'building bridges of cultural understanding'

Being

Human

a poetic plea for a better humanity

The Poets
&
The Poetry

WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Neha Bhandarkar (Nagpur, India)



Neha Bhandarkar is a widely published Iconic Marathi and Hindi Poet of India, embellished with numerous national and international awards for her consummate literary skill mused about in her writings. She is a trilingual, genuine translator. She is the published author of 16 books in various 3 languages. She has been honored by many reputed global literary institutions working in India and abroad like Philippines, Nepal, Albania, Kyrgyzstan etc. Her poems have been translated into many Indian and foreign languages.

The Bond Of Humanity

Sometimes he sharpened the blades and knives
Sometimes he would knit pretty baskets for us
Sometimes in the evening
filled with breezy drizzles
He could be found mending old umbrellas for us

While occasionally he could be found
Roasting sweet corns on his wheel cart
In the past twenty-five years
As if promised
No matter the weather, he would always
Reappear in every nook and corner
Near my house
Ever since I was connected with this house, the day I got married

But this year for reasons unknown
Not in any of the season
neither did he appear
nor did his wheel-cart pass through my lane
So now, for reasons unknown
my heart is brewing a few storms inside
Sorrows fill my heart to the brim
And make me ponder...
Has he left my colony?
Or has he winded up all his businesses?
Or whether has he bid adieu to this world?

The more the uncertainty clouded my mind
The faster my heart throbbed each time

Not have I mended
the sole of my favourite sandal
for the whole of the last year
nor have I sharpened
the blades and knives of my kitchen
nor have I repaired my ripped umbrella
from some other shopkeeper
nor have I relished the sweet corns

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

for almost an entire year

Nah, nah I am not upset
with anyone
perhaps the truth is
no one has warmly addressed me as him
with such loving words, "Bitiya Rani"
Or "My Dear Daughter"
Or "Dear Princess"

Neither this old man was very close to me
nor was he of my flesh and blood
even though I worriedly traced
his whereabouts
as if we had mutually committed
and promised to meet
each other some day

But yes, I do believe
That one day he would show up coughing
and would concern me again
Calling me, "Bitiya Rani"
"My Dear Daughter"
Or "My Princess"
and would keep
the same bond of humanity
Yes of course, would keep
all the bonds of humanity.

Wanda Dewdrops (Kenya)



Wanda Dewdrops is a Kenyan born citizen. He is 30 years old. Graduate in Bachelor of science in Agricultural Education and Extension. Wanda is an Award-Winning Poet with many local, international and global recognition and live interviews. A published Poet, author of *The Voice from A Wounded Heart*, he is a teacher of Biology and Agriculture, Writer, motivational speaker, Counselor, Therapist, mentor, Husband, and a Father. Passionate about writing, reading, and playing volleyball.

Little Things We Desire

What's the battle
As wild animals
Encroach human homes
Killing innocent lives
Destroying properties
Making women widows
Leaving men widowers
Children left orphans.

Human too
Has turned wild
Butchering fellows like chicken
Killing innocent souls
Displacing people from their homes
Inciting the poor to fight each other
Using money from taxes to buy weapons
That ends up finishing the taxpayers.

How will we survive
In this harsh life
Where we're prey for feast
For both wild and home animals
Even fellow humans
Who will save those
Who can't save themselves
From the claws of the vulture
From the fangs of inhumane acts
From people we entrust our lives
From people who are just liars.

Who will hug me
When arms are thorny
When smiles are harsh like the desert heat
When shoulders hide snakes
When lips spit bitter words
That cut me to the marrow
When their eyes stalk like x-rays.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Sometimes
All we need
Isn't money
Nor material wealth
But just a heart
Full of compassion
Full of love
Genuine smiles and laughs
Warm hugs and kisses
Kind hearts and positive minds
Things that are so divine
Acts that are immortal
Things we all cherish
And crave to possess in life.

Maurice J. Ades (Washington, USA)



Maurice Ades has been a professional engineer for more than 40 years. He has also been an adjunct professor at various colleges. He has published more than 140 scientific and research publications. He specializes in modeling, simulation, and other research applications and has been doing so for 30 years. He has written and published three books: *The Edge of Innocence*, *Modeling and Simulation of Human Behavior*, and *Thoughts on a Successful Life*. Maurice received his PhD in Engineering and an MBA in Management/Finance. His hobbies include art, sports, science, music, reading, and writing.

Song For The Lord

This song is for Thou, O Lord
Thou, Dear God who
Showed me the light
When my life was crying in darkness
It was just a glimmer of light
But it opened my eyes and showed me the way
And to this day the light gleams in my soul
Like a never-ending bright light

This song is for Thou, O Lord
Thou, Dear God who
Gave me water
When my life was crying with thirst
It was just a few drops of water
But it kept my body cool
And it still flows in my soul
Like a never-ending stream

This song is for Thou, O Lord
Thou, Dear God who
Gave me a few pieces of bread
When my life was crying with hunger
It was just a loaf of bread
But it kept my body full
And it still rises in my soul
Like a blessed bread

This song is for Thou, O Lord
Thou, Dear God who
Gave me a little shed
When my life was crying with homelessness
It was just a little shack
But it kept me sheltered
And it still stands erected in my soul
Like a big castle

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

This song is for Thou, O Lord
Thou, Dear God who
Gave me firewood
When my life was crying with cold
It was just a few pieces of wood
But it kept my body warm
And it still burns in my soul
Like a bonfire

This song is for Thou, O Lord
Thou, Dear God who
Gave me healing
When my life was crying with suffering
It was just some relief
But it took away my pain
And this relief is still present in my soul
Like an eternal well-being

Angela Kosta (Italy)



Angela Kosta was born in Albany but since 1995, she has been living in Italy. Angela is an academic writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, and journalist.

Ash Smile

(In Remembrance of the Holocaust)

Dull eyes in icy tears
cold hands, foretold end on the eyelids
A desperate cry launched by brutality
translated into "Death" on racial laws
approved, confirmed with so much devotion
By those who had the power in their hands
to make the smile of human dignity disappear
Turning and stopping in the long queues
Children, women, men of all ages
Unnamed Numbers
branded mercilessly.

God Himself did not put an end to this act
allowed that "Why" to go unanswered
While the world applauded the whole scenery
breathing even for those who were forbidden to him
Shielding the teeth for those who wanted to
that the wheel of destiny would not get stuck.
It didn't take much for time to stand still
marked today as a great day of remembrance
beyond those traveled in vain

Persecution suspended over those who survived
But he can't forget.
Today, as well as yesterday
The Drama Continues
in other measures without shame
senseless wars and endless just as
human horror appears at the bottom of the sea
And the world continues to applaud
without opposition.

Dibran Fylli (Kosovo)



Dibran Fylli was born in Kosovo. He is a director, actor, poet, writer, Academician, Editor-in-Chief of the prestigious international magazine Orfeu. Dibran Fylli has won many awards. He fought with (UCK), the Army for the liberation of Kosovo from the Serbs. He was seriously injured. He wrote the book translated into 9 languages for the Great Martyr Commander of the UCK Adem Jashari. Dibran Fylli has made many films as a director and actor.

Here, Where You Have Been

(To Mother Teresa)

Was there one saved life
a cured disease Just there
where the tears on you less faces
use to transform in smiling
for the houseless you were
a roof for the waifs
were bread for the orphans

Mother...
Where you were
has no place for enmity
you loved the peace
and the humanity
loved and love You.

Where you were the God was ...
it is mistake it is a wrong saying
maybe a lie or a windy word
if someone says
I could not meet greet
pamper even and kiss her hand
her angelic soul...

Ndue Dragusha (Albania)



Ndue Dragusha was born on September 29, 1953 in the village of Dragusha, on the outskirts of Lezha (Albania). Since 1998 Ndue has been the Director of the newspaper "LISSABA", a literary-artistic newspaper, which has traveled around and off our continent. Ndue Dragusha started writing when he was in high school, where he was also very active in artistic and cultural activities.

When You're Missing...

The walls are silent,
dripping with pain.
The shadow of your dress pours into the corner of the room
(it still carries the scent of your body).
A light breeze blows outside,
sending messages through the night to the moon,
deep in thought,
Clouds limp through the dark alleys of my city.
In these moments,
I see what you don't,
I see the silent seagulls of pain, swimming in the blue milk of the sky.
Tongues of silence lick my body,
I feel only the pain on the roads of the map made by your lips...
The night speaks to itself in a coded language
of the wind that crashes against the walls of my silence.
When you're missing...

Husszin 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 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.

Be a Human Being Like Him

He emptied his pockets for the homeless
He was a human being

He scattered bread for the ducks and seagulls on the lake
He was a human being

He distributed toys to poor children
He was a human being

He cared about other people's dreams
He was a human being

He put smiles on the faces of lovers
He was a human being

He had compassion for animals, his partners in life
He was a human being

He watered gardens and orchards with the sweat of his brow
He was a human being

He hugged his children and his beloved
He was a human being

He obeyed his old parents
He was a human being

He gave hope and reassurance to those around him
He was a human being

He was generous and giving
He was a human being

He was human until the last breath of his life

So be a human like him.

Petrouchka Alexieva



Ms. Petrouchka Alexieva is a well-known distinguished scholar and TV persona. She is a “All American Scholar Award“- recipient (2008). Her name was included 3 times among the most distinguished Earth’s citizens list of NASA’s Mars Exploration Rover (2003) capsule, Science Laboratory Rover (2011) list and “Message on the Bottle” NASA’s Europa Clipper spacecraft.

A Doll in a Wood Shadow Box

(The real story of Ranya)

We were two roommates, two adults
who served in the emergency team.
Life around us was a living nightmare
- always on the edge of extreme.

Ranya once said: “I celebrate
two birthdays in one year.”
“I understand”, I knotted my head,
“I have the same, my dear.”

I never asked about the past.
In fact, to have second birthday means,
that once you’ve crossed on the other side.
So, you are back with a second deal.

Hanging there, on her side of the wall,
in a closed shadow box, covered with door
a hand-made unusual doll
was looking at us behind the glass.

I accepted the silence of both.
There were dark spots all over the clothes.
A thick fated yarn was weaved into braids;
the uneven bang was completely messed up.

From the two stitched-button eyes
one was broken in a half,
but still keeping its place
on the strange embroidered face.

The dress had hanging-out pockets
and a missing sock on the twisted leg.
There were no shoes, but I have to admit,
the doll looked somewhat sweet.

BeinG HumaN . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

“The missile hit our home.
Mom and dad, in an instant, were gone.
I was in the corner, hugging my doll,
singing her sweet lullaby.

A piece of steel hit the wall
and the ricochet stopped in her back.
I had no voice to cry.
I was only five. I survived”.

Ranya hugged her precious doll.
The metal was still there, deep in the hole.

Deepti Shakya (India)



Deepti Shakya, an Indian poetess has contributed to many International Anthologies with her poems. She was awarded with "Rabindranath Tagore Memorial Literary Honour 2022" & "The Christmas Literary Honors 2023" by Motivational Strips and Alexander Pushkin - W. B. Yeats International Literary Award by Noel Lorenz House Of Fiction in 2022.

Forgiveness: A Great Virtue

Just as apologizing is a good personality trait,
Similarly, forgiving someone is also the best human quality,
Forgiving someone shows tolerance and kindness,
While not apologizing for a mistake and not forgiving when an apology is made, it indicates an ego disorder;

Forgiveness is the ornament of the brave person,
Forgiveness is the weapon of the virtuous and the cure for hatred,
Sometimes it is very difficult to forgive, but forgiveness should be tried,
The gift of forgiveness is a great gift that sows the seeds of love in the heart,
Those who cannot forgive, their whole life spends into anger and bitterness;

The act of forgiveness is to remove anger and bitterness from the heart and mind,
Forgiveness is an art that a human being must learn,
Mistakes are made by humans, when God can forgive our mistakes then why can't we,
By forgiving, one spreads peace in one's own life and in the lives of others;

The Great Lord says forgive those who sin and conspire against you,
By forgiving you will receive the love of God because forgiveness is a divine act,
Keeping vengeance in the heart only creates unrest and the fire of anger,
By forgiving, God also forgives us for our mistakes and always keeps his grace.

Silvia Steliana Natasha (Italy)



Silvia Steliana Natasha Born in Romania in 1969, currently residing in Italy since 2008. Painter of modern art and poet with several publications of poetry on Gazeta Albania Press, Gazeta Destinacioni, Alessandria Today Magazine, Ciceroni Magazine, Orfeu Magazine, International Magazine Polis Warehouse, Rivista Internazionale Netrazol Literay Magazine, Contributor to Saturno Magazine, Member ship card, certificate of appreciation-international artist Hungary, International Peace Ambassador, International Social Poetry Competition "The Different Verses" second place, Best Foreign Author Residing in Italy Section A-UMBRIA-Special Jury Prize for International Cuttlefish Bones Competition. Silvia Steliana Nastasa residing in Italy tel 3283734925 nastases 400@gmail.com

Light Times

Dream with me
The moment that passes.
I'll put myself
A cosmic garment,
And I'll cover
your soul
with the star
more beautiful
of the universe.
I'll jump
from one ray of light to another,
To give you in the last embrace,
A tiny
A moment of eternity,
where
Earthly Mysteries
resound in ancient songs.
I'll let you lose yourself in my footsteps,
in my sky.
There I'll teach you to love
The light of the stars
That will awaken
A silence forgotten by time,
Where love
He does not know the disorder of life.
I'll make room for you in my arms
And I'll write in the corner of heaven,
In verses of lace and star petals,
of you, of me, of the two of us.
Dream with me.
Away from it all in the light times
out of the water.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Gail Wasserman (California, USA)



Gail Wasserman is a poet / lyricist from California. Gail serves on the Board of Benicia Literary Arts and has several publications in the Benicia Herald and with Moonstone Arts Center. Gail received Honorable Mention in the Ina Coolbrith 2022 and 2023 Poetry Contests

Take A Leap Of Faith

Take a leap of faith
Believe in your fellow members
Of the human race

Remove the word hate
Put it to bed
Use the word tolerance instead
Teach your children
About many cultures and religions
How differences will always remain
Yet still people are more the same

Take the leap of faith
Believe in your fellow members
Of the human race

Say to your children
Treat your neighbor like yourself
Not like someone else
Explain we have many features
But only one face
That is the beauty of our race

Parents teachers and professors
It's up to you
Create a place of tolerance
Remove the word hate
Before it's too late
It's you who determine our fate

Take the leap of faith
Believe in your fellow members
Of the human race

Solomon C. Jatta (Gambia)



Solomon C Jatta is a Gambian Lawyer and a poet whose literary work focuses on issues affecting his society and humanity. Most of his works focus on love, and decry the misrule of the African continent, the suffering of the black race and the need for social justice. He aims to use poetry as a tool of change as he writes on contemporary issues as they arise, bringing to the fore in his writings the need to solve such problems.

Humanity Isn't One Body

Being Human

It's all turned to the loving of lies

And the hating of truth.

The amputation of the leg does the body not feel?

The crying of the stomach does sleep not run?

Does the head pain yet the body enjoy fun?

Humanity isn't one body any longer

For the body is sick down the East,

Being strong is license to oppress without account,

Turning peace to a fugitive

Yet we condemn not on the street.

The bombing of hospitals,

The cries of children as they watch the painful dying of parents,

The trapping of babies under mountainous rubble,

We run to the camps for safty but to meet death waiting.

But Humanity, he callously looks on with glee,

Indifferent to the plea

To Unite Now And Live

Or All To Perish By Hate.

Krishti Khandelwal (India)



Krishti Khandelwal is a prodigious 14-year-old poet and author from New Delhi, India, who has made an indelible mark on the literary world with her exceptional talent. Her poetic prowess has not only garnered her recognition nationally but globally as well. Her poetry has won multiple competitions both nationally and internationally. Her writings, ever since a young age, have touched the hearts of intellectuals and professionals who have been amazed by the depth and maturity of the thoughts she has on various subjects and also praise her control and clarity as she tells her stories. Krishti's exceptional writing abilities earned her the distinction of being recognized as one of the top 100 child prodigies by the Child Prodigy Group.

Destined to Insanity

Seeping through my mind, into my very bones
The worry of survival, and all else that follows.
Ever since our childhood, we've been bestowed
With the pains of the mind and the soul.
It's as if the human is meant to only apprehend
the depend on life the way it has always been,
and the primal is destined to descent
Into madness, in a world of flashing bright colors
Of complex endeavors,
The man is destined to insanity
as an awakened being,
In a world forcing upon the wrong on it.
The man is to be shamed upon its cries of help;
Shushed down, being told it is best for the end.
Flooded with sounds and thoughts unseen,
One of those men of descent is me.
I wished time could turn back;
For its flow to be like a stream than an ocean's fierce grab,
I asked and begged for answers to questions
But I was shushed down early,
And when I tumbled and fell down upon them
Everybody laughed at me.
I am good at ignoring the world away,
But I am not a master at recovering again and again.
It hurts to fall, It hurts to decay,
And to pinch my sight above to stray out the stars
I should've seen in the sky,
The stars I was promised to be able to see up high,
The night sky was promised to be bright,
But it is only cloudy to my eyes.
I see no shine, no glory of the universe,
Fall into my vision through the cloudy twirls..
The mess that will never go away.
The night sky is forever a shade of gray.
And I feel confused and betrayed,

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

And my very self breaks apart from me,
And everything else does as well,
Everything away from me.
As I sink further into the abyss
of the trench of failure and defeat,
And maybe so does everything else

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Kimberly Burnham (Washington, USA)



Kimberly Burnham lived in tropical Colombia; Belgium during the Vietnam War; Japan teaching English, and diverse international Toronto, Canada. She lives in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth. Author of *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program* which includes words for “peace” in hundreds of languages. Her most recent offering is *Heschel and King Marching to Montgomery A Jewish Guide to Judeo-Tamarian Imagery*, science fiction where Star Trek meets Judaism. Follow her at <https://amzn.to/44O9a8W>

Be Like a Butterfly

Humans can learn from butterflies
adapt
find ways to live in the seasons of our life
fly, explore, notice the effect of the flapping of our wings

In the freezing cold of winter
butterflies dormant sleep through hardship
waiting for times to change
for better opportunities to manifest
biding their time
a kernel of what they will one day become

As springtime temperatures rise
conditions improve
butterflies don't complain about the harshness of winter
they become new again
eggs hatching into caterpillars
growing, eating, enjoying everything that's around them
looking for opportunities everywhere

In the heat of sunlight butterflies to be
undergo metamorphosis
a miraculous restructuring
I wonder what they think about in their cocoon
as everything they know turns toward the unknown

Later in the summer of love
butterflies' delicate legs kick off their protective shell
which isolates them
emerging
standing for a moment to get their bearings
then flying out into the world
seeking nectar the sweetness of life
lovers

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

and then looking to a future with beautiful resilient butterflies
bring a smile to a child's face
they lay eggs that will overwinter
the cycle begun anew
ever changing and adapting to what is
to the realities of life as a butterfly

Tapas Dey (India)



Tapas Dey was born in India and besides being a teacher, poetry writing is his passion and many of his poems have been published in national and international magazines and anthologies like "Best of 2020 and Best of 2022, USA, Prodigy magazine, ILA magazine, Dash magazine, UK, Humanity magazine, Russia and many more.

Soldier Never Born Human Being

Gun point at the chest of the enemy soldier,
" Now, I'll kill you the brute,
You killed us many in number,
They all were innocent,
They knew nothing about the war,
Now, get ready for death."

A human response !

" yes, you're right, friend,
A soldier is born brute,
Never born a human being,
So, kill me, brother, I'm ready,
No fear of my ensuing death.

This is the grim reality of war.

Then I look at the sky with a sigh,
And rend the sky with my earnest request,
"listen to me, the whole world,
Show us an easy path of humanism."

Kathy Figueroa (Canada)



The verse of Canadian poet, Kathy Figueroa, has been widely published in newspapers, magazines, anthologies, and cyberspace. Her six books of poetry are: "*Paudash Poems*," "*Flowertopia*," "*The Cathedral of the Eternal Blue Sky*," "*The Ballad of the PoeTrain Poeteer: Winnipeg to Vancouver*," "*The Renaissance of Rhyme*," and "*Canadian Pandemic-Era Poems*."

The Weariness

They say “Patience is a virtue”

That’s certainly good to know

I must be mighty virtuous

I wonder, “Does it show?”

Or does the weariness in my voice

The sadness in my eye

The dragging of each step

My patience belie?

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Csp Shrivastava (Bengaluru, India)



CSP Shrivastava is a seasoned bilingual poet (Hindi & English). His poems have been published in various anthologies nationally and internationally. He is the recipient of Gujarat Sahitya Academy Award -2021 as also the award of Rabindra Nath Tagore Literary Honours from the Seychelles Government. Recently, he has authored 'Shekhar 'S Poetic musings'.

Just Being Human...

Humanity
Fructification of innumerable years of ages
Through lot many n sages

Embodying
perseverance
Patience n inbuilt cosmic rays beyond crazes

Do you doubt it
The authenticity
Or the behind serenity
Or even the sincerity

In those years of trial and invincibility of ill convictions

A hold was a hold
Subjected to trials
To end up in a catch gold

We're subjected to a continuous trials and tests
While nothing is at abeyance and rests

Examine not
What is abandoned in a fresh rush n twist

Hold on to the perennial innocence
To judge across cores of humanity

To which
We need to vouch for
As an essential essence of humanity

The avowed n not accursed is the cause to serve humanity

To ensure
How far n how long we hold n believe in humanity
The only coordinate of humanity
Is just being human...

Ўbaidullo Sanginov (Tajikistan)



Ubaidullo Sanginov was born in 1975 in the city of Vahdati, Tajikistan. Educational University named after Sadridin Aini in Dushanbe graduated with a degree in mathematics. Since 1996, he has been working as a mathematics teacher. Ubaidullo is one of the world's best poet and translator. His poems have been translated into different languages. Ubaidullo Sanginov's poems have been published in many international magazines and anthologies. He is the editor of the world magazine "Friendship of People" and a member of various international cultural organizations. His poems are about love, peace, friendship, good human behavior, and masculinity.

I Wish It Was

I wish justice would flow like running water
The ship of every tyranny was caught by burning fire

I wish there was a solid wall around the world
A huge wall would block the path of the devil

I wish this soil did not drink a lot of human blood
The child used to smile at his father

I wish there was eternal love for the world
The green of the alley of the heart was filled with flowers and basil

I wish the fire of all hatred would be extinguished forever
Love and affection were boundless happiness

May every angel be free and happy
Let the cursed devil take a corner of the prison

BeinGHumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Errol D. Bean (Jamaica)



Errol D. Bean “The Thinking Bean” a Jamaican, is author of ‘*A Flower Blooms*’ (1998) and *Cynthia Schloss An Inspiration of Love and Friendship*’ (2001). A graduate of United Theological College of the West Indies, University of the West Indies and the School of Education, Bean has served as lecturer and communications consultant.

Understanding Being Human...

Being human, I experience and grapple with typical human struggles;
I pant for wisdom, search for knowledge and crave understanding to quench my
curiosity, my thirst beyond water; hunger and starvation,
I see abundance, excess food, dumped;
I ponder the challenge some of the flock experience believing – holding faith in a
loving, caring, all powerful Divine Being, and
while being permanently perplexed by the problem of pain, undeniable evil.

Being human, I experience real, imagined fear to face the future, because
every drop of innocent blood, to be shed, is my blood, your blood,
crying out from the earth, from where we came as breathing, walking upright,
thinking, feeling, living souls (modern humanity – Homo sapiens), after the
Big Bang, Creation by Evolution, some 300,000 plus years now.

Being human, if favoured, longevity carves permanent timelines on every
face – black, white and every hue, for some with undue haste;
by natural reduction of collagen and elastin, longevity scrapes crow's feet from
smiles on eye corners of some kin of the flock;
accept it or not, longevity casts wrinkles on human precious skin, reduces and
weakens human bones;
accept it or not, longevity alters, distorts and restructures human image – natural
beauty – contours and curves;
and “six pack” gets flat, and flaps.

But (thankfully), being human, it's not body covering, skin, that defines divine
human, eternal self;
it's not bones that keep bodies upright and firm that manifest real, human livity;
it's not the colour of eyes or finger prints that uniquely identify divine humanity;
rather, it is Spirit – the invisible eternal divine identity, self, synchronized in
Oneness with Divine Invisibility;
Spirit Life Identity that will rise from the curse, death – first sin, consequences
modern humanity did not cause nor commit in the Garden of Eden.

Being human, I need hope beyond the surety of day after night,
tomorrow I need peace beyond fleeting tranquility;
I need solitude beyond the ebb and flow of silence;
I need love beyond sensual words of passion and seduction.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Being human, the wear and tear of the journey – ravages of many wars, often waged at the “whims and fancies” of egotistical leaders;
the scourge of violence and crimes, negative energy outflows from mind heart coherence conversation of flawed humanity;
pangs of hunger and deprivation, consequences of unequal distribution of resources, aplenty; callous inhumanity to humanity, manifestations of the malignant roots – the bitter fruits of human selfishness;
dread of climate, change; Artificial Intelligence (AI) – General Artificial Intelligence (GAI) taking over angst, makes the soul of the flock yearn and cry for real hope, and lasting world peace.

Being human, earth-bound, earth-adapted creature,
like survived Thoracopagus conjoined twins, identical in essence with the elements of the universe – one heart, one blood, one love, one hope, one destiny,
we stand or freefall, as one collective humanity, together.

But being human, don't we still have dominion over our actions, over the earth?
Have we read and understood the Memo from the Almighty I AM?
("Open your mouth wide and I will fill it" – "What is that in your hand?").
And so it is; being human like Aaron, the power of words from his lips, your lips, my lips – in any language,
we confront obstinate powers be they high and low seated, principalities in houses of governance;
like Aaron, we speak to the stony-hearted, the tough places of rampant oppression, bigotry and misogyny.

Being human like Moses, purify, make bitter waters sweet in the dry places; with symbol of authority, the rod in hand:
defend, comfort, correct, guide the flock;
strike the rock – let living waters gush, refresh, quench and cleanse every fold;
stretch the rod across the turbulence, cut dry paths to freedom – the final Exodus – the Evolution to Divine Dimension beyond Moon and Mars.

Being human – poets, inspired visionaries, we write it, wing it if we can, sing it South.
Being human – poets, inspired prophets, we write it, wing it if we can, sing it North.
Being human – poets, inspired teachers, we write it, wing it if we can, sing it West.
Being human – poets, inspired preachers, we write it, wing it if we can, sing it East (Near/Middle, Far).

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

Harmonize, strategize and go, now; Pole to Pole – Soul to Soul.

Free humanity – every fold of the flock;

free humanity – that fold of the flock, still, debilitated by negative-self-perceptions-self-denigration, skin colour shamed;

still, restricted without chains;

still, mentally enslaved, legacy of imperialistic, colonialist miseducation!

As it was in the beginning, Real Hope for World Peace, Real Hope for World Healing lies in your mouth, my mouth; in your hands, my hands powered by the Most High, Omnipotent. And did not the Christ promise that if we believe in Him, we shall likewise do great works as He did in His earthly livity, and even greater works shall we do in His absence? BUT is it too late?

Nour Elhouda Guerbaz (Algeria)



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

Dream Be Human

I poured my last breath into your eyes,
I struggled with longing
In my love, my eagerness, my fire, and my patience
I call the impossible a dream that haunts me with pulse and dignity
We will flatten the earth so that the moon will fall to its knees.
And God's lamps fall on our palms
With a rain cloud of clarity and purity
And you and I came to dispel false suspicions.
We catch a mirage that would have killed us if it
were not for the thread of survival
Let us recall feelings
that have been blown away by all the winds of separation
To reveal all my internal vulnerabilities,
And my soul is tired of chaos and anxiety
Be a memory of my affection
Be human
before you are something else.

Kiff Joshua



Kiff Joshua is a nineteen-year-old writer who has had works published by Where the Write Things Are and Philippines Graphic Reader. He is a recipient of the Graphic Salute Award and was nominated for the Nick Joaquin Literary Award.

There's a Glow

there is only nothing.
it is void of the idea itself.
it has no beginning nor end.
it isn't here, it isn't there.
it isn't anywhere.

it carries no love or hate.
nor fear or courage.
not right or wrong.
nothing to see.
to hear, to feel.

not there before. not there now.
it never happened. never will happen.
nothing. nonentity. nonexistence.
nonetheless,
there's a glow.

it is a marble.
it's tiny, but it's there.
it's only just begun.
it is afraid. alone.
but it's there.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Binod Dawadi (Kathmandu, Nepal)



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

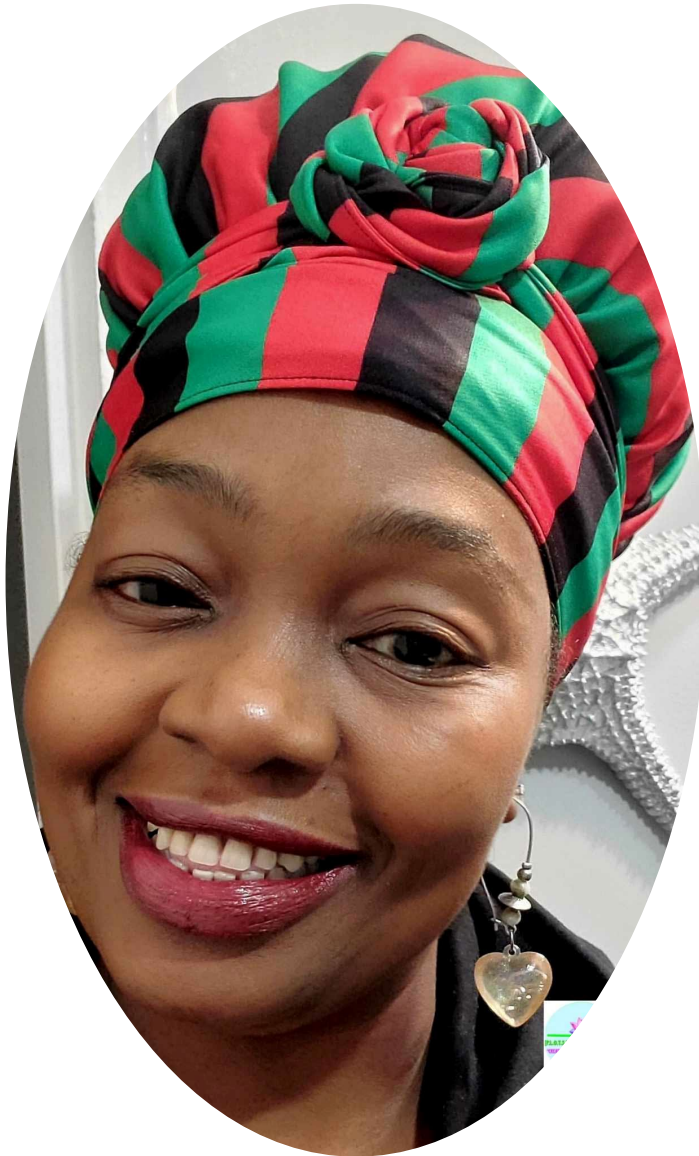
Who Is A Human ?

Who is a human who has intelligence,
Who can separate what is good,
As well as what is bad,
Who knows to win in difficulties,
Who never gives up in war,
To save their own people and country,
Who always loves and cares for everyone,
As well as everything,

Who is always immortal,
By doing good works,
Who loves, cares and knows,
On others problems,
Who is greater than animals,
Who is a form of God,
We are human beings,
We cry and laugh according to our destiny

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Maxine A. Moncrieffe



Maxine A. Moncrieffe aka Maxwanette A Poetess Business owner: Plots Proofing & Promoting Services, LLC (2020) & Cyber Clerical Associates (2021), published poet, self-publisher (Amazon KDP) - For Poets Only, Podcast Host: Plots Creatives Magazine – The Podcast (Spotify & YouTube), 100 TPC 4 Change, Owner/Founder/Editor-in-chief of {P.L.O.T.S}~Creatives Magazine.

We Are All Humans

It's been a long, hard and exhausting fight from the beginning.
Loss of lives, generations, communities, countries...no one's really winning.

Set in place by those who are forever extracting,
Our very essences, with tactics of distracting.

No love, just hate, taking over the place,
Forgetting, "We Are All Human", sharing this space.

"The Great Divide", all over the world.
We must rise-up, awakening together, forcing the oppression to unfurl.

When will the colors of our skins, no longer are used, as life-tags of sin?
Are we not tired of the conditions, we create for us "ALL" to live in?

Imagine this place, yes, our human race
Loving. living happily united tranquility ...

A powerful, unique force of love, a "One-ity"
A humbling caress, causing blushes from grace.

Consistent cycle of, "Namaste and One Love" to you.

*Inspired by a Facebook post by "Healing Light."

BeinGHumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana (India)



Dr. Ashok's message-oriented poems bear the distinction of publishing in over 100 countries and even translated in 40 languages. Personalities like Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam, former-President, India, Shri Atal Behari Vajpayee, former-Prime Minister, India, Bill Clinton, USA, Queen Elizabeth, Britain, Princess of Wales, President and Prime Minister of France, The Lord President, Italy, U.N.O, UNESCO, UNICEF etc. have commended his works.

A Perfection

Humans

We are born to perform
We are bound to reform;
Helping others in need
Brings a change, indeed;
Everyone's well-being,
Confers a great perfection,
We all need to project this
To experience a lasting bliss.

Humans

Ignorance invites suffering
Realization gifts a nice living,
It bestows a great satisfaction,
To outwit any grim situation,
Let us implant these words
For a worthy life in the world,
Let humanitarian views flourish,
May our next generations cherish.

Til Kumari Sharma (Nepal)



Ms. Til Kumari Sharma as Multi Award Winner in writing from international sector is from Bhorle- Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, Gandaki, West Nepal. Her writings are published from Russia, America, England, France, Hong Kong, Greece, Philippines, Hungary, Brazil, France, Chile, Scotland, Indonesia, Bangladesh, South Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, North Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Spain, India, Nepal and many other countries. She is poet of World Record Book named Hyperpoem. Her World Personality is published in Multi art 8 magazine from Argentina. She is featured-poet and best-selling co- author too.

Demanding Higher Humanity

The world seems seek due to less humanity.
War and death bring disaster in earth.
Color with race and height discrimination is a lot.
Gender discrimination is higher.
People are ignorant to reality of identity.
Humanity is missing everywhere.
Art seeks equal humanity.
Words build the identity of equal human.
Poverty is abused.
Rich is honored.
Peace is pained.
Humanity is lost.
My art worships to equal human.
Only our communication is way of equal world.
We are the super beings of earth.
Should have ethical humanity.
Respecting each other makes us higher beings.
Otherwise the humanity will collapsed.
Higher humanity respects moral and true identity.
Each dream has our identity of different perspectives.
No need of competition and conflict is there.
Love and kindness with higher respect make us super human.
Poverty is mocked even if it is moral.
Wealth is praised even it is from dirt of work.
So higher morality is essence please.

Tamikio L. Dooley



Tamikio L. Dooley is a multi award-winning author. She is the author of 150 titles and 90 published books. The author writes fiction and nonfiction of crime, thriller, mystery, fantasy, historical, western, romance, zombie apocalypse, and paranormal. In her spare time, she writes short stories, poetry, articles, essays, health books, children books, diaries, journals, inspiring books, culture, African American, and history books. She is the founder and publisher of CreatiVIngenuity Magazine and The Pinnacle News Review (Newspaper), Literary Editor-In-Chief of The Pen-Craft Literature Magazine, Editor of Friendship and People Magazine, and the Ambassador of The Daily Global Nation Newspaper. Tamikio is the founder of Tamikio Dooley Writers Coach Organization, the President of Alliance for Culture and Artistic Heritage, Peace and Resilience (ACAHPR), the Ambassador, Honorary President, Chairman, and Advisor of IFCH International Forum for Creativity and Humanity Kingdom of Morocco, and the Ambassador of Ageena International Non-Profit Organization.

Blossom Do

When my days overflow with honey and flowers,
They are called Alstromerias, Amaryllis, and Asters.
Recognizing in the floral arrangements,
Alstromerias' diversity in colors and ability,
To show different lives,
Symptoms-
Alstromerias in full sunlight or partial,
Shaded blossoms in the early spring toward late summer,
Amaryllis, my most favorable,
They are the pleasantest producing and developing in an-
Assortments of colorful blooms in the early to mid-summer,
Within its red, gold, and silver,
Passion gushes forth filled with maturity and adulthood.
Asters bloom in the late summer to early autumn, when,
Many other perennials have failed.
They differ from varieties skimming the ground,
To those towering six feet high,
The most common shade is purple as sour plums,
Lavender like delicate lilacs,
Pink as an alternative winning a young girl's heart, Red, white, and blue stands as a symbol
of American freedom!
They, my love, thrive in the late spring to early autumn.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris (Morocco)



Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris is a Moroccan poet, novel and young readers' tales writer. She studied in an Interpreter's school in Mons, Belgium and works as a teacher of English. She has to her credit a novel in French, and four poetry collections: two in English and two others in French. She took part in many international French and English anthologies that were published in France, The USA, India, Morocco, and Kenya.

The Voice From Inside

Listen to me
I'm the voice
Coming from inside
Asking you to show
A little insight
A little care and love
Towards that lonely heart
Suffering all alone
Suffering in silence
Bearing all your injustice
Waiting for your indulgence
I'm calling your senses
Have a look at this heart
Listen to its agonizing mournings
Feel its daily sufferings
It's struggling for survival
And you're the king in your jungle
You can kill or let live
Do let live
That weak heart
Under your mercy
Don't crush it
Like an insect
Under your feet
Listen to me
I'm calling your heart
I'm reviving the seeds of bounty
You've killed inside
I'm cleaning the dust
That is veiling your sight
I'm washing the rust
That is covering your heart
I'm shaking you till you awake
From those dreams, all fake
That will turn your days
Into nightmares
Let that heart live
Let your heart give

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

All the love it owns
All the generosity it holds
Don't make that heart suffer
And your conscience won't suffer
Set that heart free
And yours will be free
From all the chains
You've locked on it for decades
Be yourself, be humane
You're just a man.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Christeen Saparamadu



Christeen Saparamadu is a researcher by day and a poet by night. She writes especially when on public transport when her mind is able to freely wander. She is also witty, sarcastic, and sharp with her words but kind to her closest friends and family.

Blossoming

She walks in the wilderness
She won't be a fairytale
But rather a fable
Blossoming in the wild
But the heart of a child

With her, you will see the universe
Through her eyes; too fierce
She will even dig her way
Close enough to the milky way

She is a difficult damsel
Not usually adorned with silk mantle
But with wit and fragrance
Cause she is both soft and dangerous

She'll mend her loved ones
Even if it means breaking herself into parts
Because she is a constellation
That brings consolation

Debdoot Mukherjee



Prof. Debdoot Mukherjee is an aspiring academician, poet, short story writer, theatre enthusiast, academic counsellor, environmental communicator, fitness enthusiast and a motivator. He has a number of poetry books to his credit. He has published his poems in numerous journals, magazines and anthologies and has been awarded multiple times for his academic achievements. His poems are his thoughts on the flow of life and the experiences it gathers.

Challenging Being Humane

The end will never stay,
The end of being humane.
In the direst of curses thrives togetherness,
Painful moments challenging strength,
Around the world, a wall is being created,
Jealous eyes looking for uncanny revenge,
Yet the sun of hope never fails to rise.
Still blood dries up in battlefields,
Harmless soldiers in blind fight,
Humans seeking cannibal charms,
Yet the ray of peace keeps strong.
Slow paced vehicles move,
Move and move and move,
Life moves in monotonous meanderings,
Yet the river streams in search of dreams.
Clogged self-clustered in love for self,
Unknown frontiers proud and boastful,
Power shouts loudly in vain pump,
Yet flies high the banner of virtues.
Negative vibes darkens around,
Clouds of despair seeking revenge,
The heart beats in search of selfishness,
Yet being conscious of death is the answer.

Khalice Jade (Algeria)



Khalice Jade, also known as Saliha Ragad, is a versatile artist from Algeria. As an author, poet, and painter, she has published numerous works in Algeria, France, and Russia. Additionally, she works as a translator and has been involved in international humanitarian projects, including "Éclats D'espérance". In French, Khalice Jade, également connue sous le nom de Saliha Ragad, est une artiste polyvalente d'Algérie. Auteure, poétesse et peintre, elle a publié plusieurs ouvrages en Algérie, en France et en Russie. Elle est également traductrice et a participé à des projets humanitaires internationaux, dont "Éclats D'espérance".

Weaving Threads Of Hope

"A Plea for Human Unity"

In the tapestry of existence, woven with threads of light and shadow, we find ourselves as human beings, beings of immense depth and complexity. We traverse landscapes of joy and sorrow, our hearts beating to the rhythm of the universe. Amidst the chaos of the world, we are called to be guardians of compassion, architects of empathy, and custodians of hope. Our souls yearn for connection, for understanding, for a shared journey towards a brighter tomorrow. Let us embrace our humanity with open arms, celebrating our differences and cherishing our commonalities. May kindness be our language, and empathy our guiding star as we navigate the vastness of the human experience. For ultimately, it is our collective humanity that binds us together, weaving a tapestry of love and understanding that transcends borders and unites us as one. Let us raise our voices in a poetic plea for humanity, resonating through the ages, reminding us of the inherent beauty and resilience of the human spirit.

Tissage Des Liens D'espoir (French)

"Un plaidoyer pour l'unité humaine"

Dans la tapisserie de l'existence, tissée avec des fils de lumière et d'ombre, nous nous trouvons en tant qu'êtres humains, des êtres d'une profondeur et d'une complexité immenses.

Nous traversons les paysages de la joie et de la tristesse, nos cœurs battant au rythme de l'univers. Au milieu du chaos du monde, nous sommes appelés à être des sentinelles de la compassion, des architectes de l'empathie et des gardiens de l'espoir. Nos âmes aspirent à la connexion, à la compréhension, à un voyage partagé vers un lendemain plus lumineux. Saisissons notre humanité à bras ouverts, célébrant nos différences et chérissons nos points communs. Que la gentillesse soit notre langage, et l'empathie notre étoile-guide alors que nous naviguons dans l'immensité de l'expérience humaine.

Car en fin de compte, c'est notre humanité collective qui nous unit, tissant une tapisserie d'amour et de compréhension au-delà des frontières et nous unit en un seul être. Élevons nos voix dans un plaidoyer poétique pour l'humanité, résonnant à travers les âges, nous rappelant la beauté et la résilience inhérentes à l'être humain.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Zaneta Varnado Johns (Colorado, USA)



Zaneta Varnado Johns is an internationally recognized bestselling author of three poetry collections and What Matters Journal. She has co-authored four collaborative books and co-edited two poetry anthologies. Johns was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in poetry. Her expressions appear in numerous literary publications. Colorado, USA ZanExpressions.com

Healing

Healing begins in faithful soil
mustard seeds planted
size trivial
amount unknown
multiplied and magnified
by hopeful prayer

Unchanging hands
cling to life
tireless journey
sleepless nights
physically spent
she never falters
never gives up
holds steadfast

Across the miles
behind the scenes
village of believers
victory proclaimed
pleasant vibrations
miraculous revival
divine healing—
blessed

Kay Salady (USA)



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

Praxis and Paradigm

Praxis and paradigm
Are swinging sharpened blades
Soaring high above
Each decision that we've made
To put into play
The act of being kind
Yet it appears that circumstance
Can change confident minds
Loss is an eruption
That leaves a bitter scar
Keeping us removed
From who we really are
Our flailing human hearts
Long to be at peace
Crying out to God
Seeking sweet release
As we come together
Lifting holy hands to pray
Come now gentle Spirit
Enter in today
As we pour out our pain
With everything we are
For loss is still erupting
Remove its bitter scars
Dear God touch every soul
Heal the human heart
Needing to find peace
From being torn apart
You are the healing balm
That will ease a sister's pain
Lay hands upon my brothers
Far past the falling rain
Of indifference

When asked if there is one thing I would change about the world, my answer has always been indifference. Indifference is a lack of interest, concern or sympathy.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Alshaad Kara (Mauritius)



Alshaad Kara is a Mauritian poet who writes from his heart. He won first place for the Boney Cultural Center Valentine's Day Poetry Competition 2024 and was also a winner of the Flapper Press Poetry Café Valentine's 2024 Juliet Poetry Contest.

Humanity

What if I said no to chaos?

What if I said no to racism?

What if I said no to terrorism?

What if everything I said no to

Was true.

I would find reality

To bask in humanity.

A forever utopia

Locked in my mind.

It is just a myth

Like the epilogue of this world.

Being human

Is to embrace humanity

As its own heart

And unleash

Its fragrance

For a lifetime.

Simeon Elvis Dumle (Nigeria)



Simeon Elvis Dumle is a writer from Yeghe, the heartland of the Ogonis in Rivers State, Nigeria. He crafts tales from the fertile soil of tradition with a passion for exploring the essence of human dignity, faith, love, and aesthetics. His works have found their place in various international and domestic anthologies. And his aspiration is to leverage the power of words to foster positive human progress, even in the face of adversity.

Sons Of Gokana

Kinsmen, listen!

To the croaking tales of unwise history
Written on the lofty graves of crying deities
Before breaking proverbial nuts without equity:
“The birds that awake the morn sing sadly,
For the nightmares are spreading
Over the unclad sun.”

If you listen keenly,
You will hear the silent anguish of fortunate days
Passing through the same routes
You stood scavenging for entitlements
With bottles of ignorance emptied into your stomach—
You scratch yourself for decorum,
When the itching insect clings to the fabric
Of your unshaven skin.

You fan the embers of apathy
When the wind of strangeness blow through
The farmlands of your clansman
Expelling the nutrition for a healthy bloodline.

Yet, we dine on the tables of lies
Intrigued by the cuisine of horrors destroying
Neighbourliness and brotherhood;
And with deadly satisfaction
We bear the emblems of sorrow and retrogression.

The struggles of Bomu, Lewu, Bidere, & Kidere
Is yet to equip Yeghe, Bodo & Bera
With the regard to pursue long-awaited victory
Over strife and thirst for miserable prosperity
Watering the land with the pressure of blood.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

To the Chief elders,

I greet you well.

For how long are you going to be a vassal of
These withering seasons
Ruled by the sceptre of chronic pride in diabolism?
For how long are we going to hide
From the deathblows of truth
To earn the privilege of unity?

How high can we possibly reach
Minting currencies of cashless hatchets
To rise above our common folks
In the sport of winning daily bread?

NO! NO! NO!

Sons of Gokana
Follow the course of light
Liberate the unfree among you
And let the daughters of Khana know
That strength does not carry love
It is love that carries strength.

Let the gods weep for your joy
That you have found the path of progress
And you will gladly accept the challenge
To lead your brothers through.

BeinGHumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Ahmed Zaki Trabelsi (Lebanon)



Ahmed Zaki Trabelsi (Lebanon) is a Member of the Literary Renaissance, Activity of the International Cultural ambassador at Advisor Peoples Academy of National, an Uruguay Associate member of Modern Literature Latin, Honorary Doctorate European Studies in Belgrade institute, Ambassador at World Institute For Peace, World Healing World Peace and I Want to Live.

Listen

Listen, son Man is a living being who thinks without bias and distinguishes between truth and falsehood.

He chooses what his moral conscience dictates to him.

Therefore, he is a created being, and it is one of the basic good qualities.

Therefore, he is a creature that is jealous of his family, his community, and his human values.

To the extent that he is a created being, the family advances, and society advances.

Thus he becomes a role model for others to imitate.

The most important of these qualities is to be honest in his relationship with others, to be happy with his achievements without intrusion, to provide him with moral support to respect the elderly without affectation, to be compassionate to the young, and not to reciprocate the same.

An insult to himself and to avoid insulting others by staying away from them, to be generous

and the money he collects is worthless if he does not share it with the needy and the poor.

He must be considerate of others' feelings and be humble.

Munira Ahmed (Syria)



Munira Ahmed is Director of Nafhat Al-Qalam website in Syria, Founding member and director of media and public relations at Al Nahda Modern Literary School since 2015 \ Egypt, Member of the Syrian Scientific Society for Informatics, Associate member of the Uruguayan Popular Academy of National and International Culture, A lecture in the cultural, intellectual, educational and social fields, She has presented dozens of literary and poetic forums, sessions, and evenings in the Syrian governorates. Munira has contributions to poetry collections published in Egypt, Iraq, and Syria, with the participation of a number of Syrian and Arab writers and poets.

Your Humanity

To give a rose to a lover
To hold a child's hand
She lulled his little dream with a gift
You hold his little heart tenderly to you
Your smile spreads to those you see with your eyes
With your heart
Balm and medicine for a sick patient
A worker spends his day making an effort to
For his family
She heads towards him, wiping off his sweat...bless his fatigue
So you, O man
Desirable to give
You may not have money to offer
But you have a heart from which you can give
Giving is love
Your value is based on what you do above. Be a human being before anything else
He knows how to guide the universe to love

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Ben Mossa Yasser (Algeria)



Dr. Ben Mossa Yasser is an Algerian poet and Professor of English literature at Mohamed Khidir University of Biskra Algeria.

In the Memory of Humanity

In the avenue of reality there is at any stretch of imagination duality
One is certainly charismatic and the other is merely a fragile humanity
Which of which we are amounted to and how we can reach mediocrity
I enchanted that one is excited towards the exultant lives
But the fragile, created an indelible mark of insignificant disputes
I myself stand steepest in the divergent hits of blurry and false ecstasy
In the obligations of humanity, I'm but committed to rank an emergency
I fell deep down into the mesmerizing yard of intuitions and perceptions
For a rational, it is a step back to understand mannerisms and the whole adventures
We are born, but born back to the beginning where war has a deal with human
There a was mystery inside woman and a fierce eagerness of victory inside man
Along this yearning there is a great conflagration eroded the seeds of humanity
It inspires the long breeding discussions of morality and acquaintances
The humble, the heroic and the fortunate, more like needed fairytales
It is a large scale of priorities, an endless plethora of questions that ends with a mirage.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Marlon Salem Gruezo Bondroff (Philippines / USA)



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

A Plea for Humanity

In the quiet chambers of our souls,
Where shadows dance and memories unfold,
I beg you, fellow traveler of life,
Lend me your ears, your hearts, your strife.

Oh, mortal vessel of fragile clay,
We are but stardust, woven in dismay,
Our veins echo the cosmos' ancient song,
Yet we stumble, lost, where we belong.

See the beggar on the rain-soaked street,
His eyes, like constellations, hold defeat,
His hunger gnaws, a ravenous beast,
While we feast on excess, blind to his grief.

And the child, wide-eyed, dreams of flight,
Her laughter a comet trailing light,
But war's cruel hand snuffs out her star,
Leaving scars deeper than galaxies afar.

We are Prometheus, stealing fire,
Yet our flames consume forests, hearts, desire,
Our tongues wield both venom and solace,
As we build bridges or burn them to silence.

Let compassion be our compass, unwavering,
For every soul, a universe worth saving,
Embrace the broken, the wounded, the lost,
For in their eyes, redemption's tempest-tossed.

So, fellow wanderer, let kindness bloom,
In this cosmic tapestry, find your room,
For we are but stardust, seeking grace,
A plea for humanity in this vast, fragile space.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Himanshu Bhushan Jena (Odisha, India)



Himanshu Bhushan Jena (b.20.04.1980) is a published bilingual poet, author, editor, reviewer, critic, researcher, and teacher of outstanding global elegance. His three anthologies of poems *Tranquil Rapture* (2019), *Spring of Serenity* (2020) and *Ripples of Reflection* (2020) have got wide readership and acknowledgement across the globe. His poems, articles and reviews have been published in different anthologies magazines and journals worldwide. He hails from Raipur under Jajpur district in Odisha, India.

Being Humane

In the world of growing erosion of values and crisis of character
Life reveals the glowing glory of humanity
Deeds humane shine and radiate our identity
Actions directed to fan fraternity show our cult of sublimity

No development is development real
No progress is progress in itself
Nothing echoes so louder in sense and spirit
When the tender touch of humane heart is a missing link

Let our thoughts and acts flourish leaps and bounds beyond, behind and other than the sky
and space too
for a natural global order
where roses bloom and blossom aplenty, doves flutter and soar in every heart and hands
hold hands for harmony and inclusion divine.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Rohit Kumar Dash (Bargarh, Odisha, India)



Rohit Dash is a writer of excellence. He writes in Oriya, English, and his mother tongue sambalpuri. So far 25 of his books have been published. Three of his poetry books have been translated into the Hindi language by Padmashree Dr. Srinibas Udgate, erstwhile President of Odisha Sahitya Academy. Sri Dash writes stories, poetry, and Novels. His works are published in local, national, and international anthologies and magazines.

Distressed

I am distressed
With my own situations
My worries anxieties
My sorrow suffering
My frustration
Yes my destiny left
Me here alone to suffer
Now I am so lonely
In all my disaster.

I know suffering is a
Monster which make
Me fright
I am still suffering
Although I am right
Who blames when
You are wrong
But in your suffering
Too can you sing a song.

Lo! here see the
Lone bird
On that top branch
Of the tree
Who recently lost
Her nest in a storm
Was she aware that
Storm will come
And shatter her dreams
Now no meaning
If she screams.

It was raining and rain
Everywhere
You searched for

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

A safe place
And were about to
Land on a shore
But the flood
Did not listen
To your prayer
And see now you
Are struggling for life
In a troubled sea
Now what does life
Means to you.

Thus care not brother
If you are destined to suffer
You are not a bird of fare weather
You are a real warrior
One day for sure
The situation will be in your favour.

Kapardeli Eftichia



Kapardeli Eftichia, from Greece, has a degree as an art conservator 2021 She has a Doctorate from World Academy of Art and Culture | Facebook International Ambassador of the International Chamber of Writers and Artists LIC, Member of the World Poets' society and poetas del mundo, member of the IWA, member of E.E.Λ.Σ.Π.Η The Union of Greek Writers-Authors of the Five Continents, member of the International Society Of Greek Literatures-Artists-Deel and Pel (the world association of writers in Greece) Panhellenic Union of Writers http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013_10_01_archive.html

Lonely People

Lonely people
who did not find their own land
in a deserted country
Everything was lost in the past
who did not live

Oh! what an evangelism of the soul
in their own soul an Angel dwells
In the mystery of the world
these eyes saw no other looks
No other hands touched
They did not listen to the music of the stars

The flowers that gathered them
nights in the same
white sheet all alone, forgotten
So many years in the same house
naked
In a wet and narrow garden
they wove the bird nest without wings
in the secret winds of silence

Ανθρωποι Μοναχικοί (Greek)

Ανθρωποι μοναχικοί
που δεν βρήκαν την δική τους γη
σε μια έρημη χώρα
Όλα χάθηκαν στο παρελθόν
που δεν έζησαν, εκεί

Ω! τι ευαγγελισμός ψυχής
στην δική τους ψυχή ένας Άγγελος κατοικεί
Στο μυστήριο του κόσμου
τούτα τα μάτια δεν είδαν άλλα βλέμματα
Δεν άγγιζαν άλλα χέρια
Δεν άκουσαν των άστρων την μουσική

Τα λουλούδια που μάζευαν τις
νύχτες στο ίδιο
κάτασπρο σεντόνι ολομόναχοι ,λησμονήθηκαν

Τόσα χρόνια στο ίδιο σπίτι
γυμνοί

Σε ένα κήπο υγρό και στενό
έπλεξαν την φωλιά πουλιών δίχως φτερά
στους μυστικούς ανέμους της σιωπής

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Dr. Navin Kumar Upadhyay (India)



Ambassador Dr Navin Kumar Upadhyay, M,Sc,M.A (Triple), Ph.D. is a retired scientist, poet, translator, publisher, and editor. He is the author of 315 books and has poems that have been translated in more than 40 languages.

Humanity

Human
Homo sapiens
Most advanced
Special genus
Specialised brain
Called Intellectual
Achieved advanced technology
Knowledge so amazing
Established honour and prestige
In the whole world
His flag of the glorious work
Culture and tradition
Adopted different language
Different cultures and traditions
Education, management
for Expression of his own feelings and
Emotion and endorsement
But
Forgot to care
About humanity and devotion.
That's the drawback of our thoughts
We have a make this world
With full Divine happiness
What our goal
Since a long time,
No language variation
No creed, no colour, no race distinction
We all one
For each and every one.

Taghrid Bou Mərhi (Lebanon / Brazil)



Taghrid Bou Merhi, a Lebanese multilingual poet, writer, journalist, and translator living in Brazil. She has authored 21 books, a translator of 24 books to date, a presenter of 25 books, and she participated in 60 Arabic books and 75 anthologies international. She is an advisory member among ten international poetry consultants chosen by Chinese media giant CCTV. Lebanese ambassador in the International Fellowship for Creativity and Humanities, England-London.

Embrace Our Humanity

In this world of chaos, let's strive to find peace,
Embrace our humanity, let love flood our hearty.
With empathy as our guide, let's walk side by side,
Building bridges of understanding across this vast land.

Let's cherish diversity, let differences shine,
For unity in variety, define our strength.
In the tapestry of life, each thread has its place,
Let's celebrate uniqueness, with dignity and highness.

Let's nurture compassion, let it bloom and grow,
Everywhere and in every heart.
Sowing seeds of kindness, wherever we go,
And healing wounds of division.

Let's listen to each other, respecting every voice,
Erasing doubts and fears, restore confidence and hopes.
Let's lift each other up, in times of despair,
For together we're stronger, and better than ever.

Let's learn from our mistakes, and strive to do better,
Forging paths of righteousness, united in our endeavor.
Let's leave a legacy of love, for generations to come,
A beacon of hope, shining bright in the darkest times.

So let's stand together, in this journey called life,
Being human with purpose, banishing strife and differences.
For a better humanity, let's all play our part,
With compassion as our guide, let's heal the world's heart.

Tyran Prizren Spahiu (Kosova)



Tyran Prizren Spahiu was born in Kosovo (Europe) and graduated with a degree in English Language and Literature. He was awarded Poet of the year by Pegasus Albania. He authored six novels, *Never Back Again* and *Twenty One Poetic Verses* books (over 4000 poems) in addition to *Dream Language English Grammar-Visual English Dictionary*.

Taste Of Heaven

Today again calls me idea of red blood
having a single sip I feel under the influence
this is the power that arrests
in this duel I am always the defeated.

Even during the day when I stay in my room
when peace requests my pen
inner voice of loneliness commands
do write a poem about summer of romance.

Like a butterfly enjoying the spring refreshment
I entered calmness of the basement past
opium of the bottles awakened memory of youthful days
more than silent I approached nectar bottles.

I will no retreat from the idyll of life
while lights illuminates basement of the castle
glass in my hand leads me to the oasis of happiness
grabbing the barrel of quality wine covered with many spiders.

Kingdom of silence surrenders to surprise
first drops of nectar are poured into the glass
fragrance of heaven spreads into one direction
even the air tastes intoxicating wine inspiration.

Eliza Segiet (Poland)



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

Just for a Moment

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

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

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

Translated by Artur Komoter

Artur Kamoter, A graduate in MEng Computer Science/Software Engineering at University of Birmingham. Originally hails from Central Poland, but currently resides near Birmingham, United Kingdom. Web developer by profession; poetry translator by hobby. A team member of student organization Poland 2.0. Enjoys good TV series and movies, as well as staying physically fit. Translated many works of well-known authors, including Eliza Segiet, Piotr Kasjas, Katarzyna Zwolska-Plusa, and Barbara Jurkowska.

Chidiebere Ifemembi Membis (Nigeria)



Membis Chidiebere was born to an ancient Royal family of Ifemembi in ubaha Akuma in Oru East LGA, Imo State Nigeria. He attended central school Akuma and St Augustine Grammar School Nkwerre. A Physician and traditional priest of Odinala Igbo. Membis is married with children and lives in his hometown of Ubaha Akuma.

A Life Is A Written Page

Life like a written page
Being human to write
Your Own,
You will be named as
One of the gurus and saints,
Only those with sunny hearts
Knows that
What we write today
Might be what we will be reading
Many years to come .
When a wounded snake rans away
It will come back with renewed skin
beauty, cool and smarts it has to go
The old wounds will fail away
As it learn from its past life
As many has rewritten their page
So you must being human to write
Yours more better
Just be bold and courageous
As we journey to a lovely page.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Hilda Kalap



Hilda Kalap wears many hats! One is as a writer – she’s published five books including three children’s picture books and a memoir. An award-winning speaker, in 2023 Hilda spoke before 20,000 people at an ashram in India about how our common humanity overrides any caste division.

All Born Free And Equal

We are all born free and equal and yet...

As soon as we're out of the womb the spell we're put under tells us the opposite

That some are more equal than others

That boys are stronger than girls

That white skin is more intelligent than skin of colour

That this religion is wiser than that one

That a rich man has more worth than a poor man

That a famous person is more important than someone who shuns fame

Who decides this?

Who casts this spell?

For After All It Is Merely A Spell

What truly matters in life?

That you are kind to others

That you treat yourself and others with love and respect

That you honour yourself and all other beings as sacred

That you are stronger and braver than you realise

That no one can take away your dignity but yourself

That you create your destiny with positive thoughts and actions

What truly matters is...

That you remember what you know deep down in your heart

The knowing you had when you first emerged from the womb

That we indeed are all free and equal

With this memory comes true freedom

Freedom from shame, guilt, fear, and everything in between.

Irina Tall Novikova



Irina Tall Novikova is an artist, graphic artist, illustrator. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art, and also has a bachelor's degree in design. The first personal exhibition "My soul is like a wild hawk" (2002) was held in the museum of Maxim Bagdanovich. In her works, she raises themes of ecology, in 2005 she devoted a series of works to the Chernobyl disaster, draws on anti-war topics. The first big series she drew was The Red Book, dedicated to rare and endangered species of animals and birds. Writes fairy tales and poems, illustrates short stories. She draws various fantastic creatures: unicorns, animals with human faces, she especially likes the image of a man - a bird - Siren. In 2020, she took part in Poznań Art Week. Her work has been published in magazines: Gupsophila, Harpy Hybrid Review, Little Literary Living Room and others. In 2022, her short story was included in the collection "The 50 Best Short Stories", and her poem was published in the collection of poetry "The wonders of winter".

White Flowers

There's something underneath the surface
as a designation of her words
And her thoughts
Possible
The one who dies at dawn
When the world wakes up...
But water, it's like ghosts
She herself is full of foam and dark Pisces,

Which seem like thoughts...
And everyone pesters her
Trying to take you deeper...
But it goes out like an unbloomed lamp
Which has no oil
For the scorching fire...

And I will never dream
The sadness that has gripped the world
crazy
And the hands are black
With thin nails developing
Scarlet trembling heart,
A thought flies like a bird,
Gets tangled in your hair
Will break his wings
And without screaming...
The little head will hang
To avoid singing...
And the white flowers will scatter
Into dusty nothingness...
And the moon will leave the sky...

Outside the window, behind the shutters of the world
Only one moment is possible
Oversleep...
Hold in doubt

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

And listen
Unbearably arguing
Jackdaw with light eyes husky
Look at the small delicate leaves
And thin branches
And then leave
Hiding behind
With a locked door
Where there is nothing...

I'm trying to catch a little echo
But I just feel like I'm missing out on life
Someone's or yours
And thoughts are intertwined with roots,
In a small world of dreams,
You can only lose
My own self
And who I was
Dissolved in silence
Without a trace and regrets...
Because I couldn't do anything...

There's music and cold
engulfed me
On the green crosshairs of wooden rafters
And Something ghostly whispers
Into the soft eardrum...
Retreats leaving
Anxiety...
Scarlet blood stain
The lungs that have always been...
As if closed...
They unravel and turn into
Thin wings of a butterfly
On which are displayed
Patterned letters...
And I'm soaring up
Leaving behind
A small echo of lost hopes...

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Akleema Ali (Trinidad & Tobago)



Ms. Akleema Ali is a Reiki Master Teacher living in Trinidad & 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. You can read more at <https://thereikilighthouse.com/>

Being Human – Your Only Existence

Being Human is to smile, to make others hearts feel light
It is to converse and talk, to make people's dark shadows feel bright
Being human is to cry, to feel pain and have tears
It is one of the ways for the human body to purge itself from all its fears.

Being human is to dream, to see a different world for the future
To vision, to invent, to build and create; an intelligence that can join humanity together
Being human is to see suffering in others, and see how you can ease their pain
To help, donate and give charity; so that kindness can flood the world again.

Being human is to feel joy, that to have a physical body is a miracle
It is to give hope to others; to teach, encourage and motivate others to keep going
Being human is realizing that to breathe is a wonderful thing
To go out in nature, play, do art, music, dance and to do anything that makes your heart sing.

Being human is to have a home, a place, a country that makes you feel sheltered
It is about knowing where you can find help and all those who keep you safe
Being human is to find that love, care and comfort are where all the good memories are
It is about having loved ones, nurse your wounds and help you heal your scars.

Being human is a journey of a lifetime, each age has different lessons
It is about learning that from birth to death, we will all have magical experiences
Being human is about appreciating your life, whatever the Divine has blessed you with
It is to be humble, be peaceful, be thankful; because your human life is a gift!

Mark Nwagwu (Nigeria)



Mark Nwagwu is a poet, a novelist and a professor of cell and molecular biology, a Fellow of the Nigerian Academy of Sciences, and a Fellow of the Association of Nigerian Authors, the only Nigerian with this distinction.

My Eyes Dance

seeing believing all life's meandering
I let it run in truths disappearing
a deluge pours down the stars with it
all I see is dappled joy

they build roads blue paint them red
I step out, all is dark, I fall
the world's gone awry
& circles turn to squares
drowsy bewildered I fall asleep

bands band on crowded streets
it's rhumba it's samba it's rock it's roll
the rainbow caresses me kisses me softly
paints me all over in love flamboyant
the new moon whips me up spikes my soul
seduced triumphant my eyes dance
.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

William Warigon (Nigeria)



William Warigon is a Nigerian legal practitioner, human rights activist, teacher, researcher, prolific writer, song writer, internationally acclaimed poet, columnist, songwriter, and playwright. He authored "Eclectic Poet," "Timeless Rhapsody", "Niger Delta: Cusp of The Starcrossed Lovers," among other works. One of his main passions is to revive the faded reading culture across the globe. He enjoys discussing topical issues, gardening, music and reading. He lives in Abuja, Nigeria.

Human Rights Reserve

Humans are right to have rights
So fundamental to aid their fights
For survival in these vast jungles
Filled with myriads of struggles.

Women in a vulnerable state
Are not to be toyed with like toy.
They play roles to make a state
A strong enclave like old Troy.

Our children, wearing the vulnerability
Apparel, apparent and clear to see...
Hearts dripping with milk of humanity
Strive to protect them in lofty treaty.

We call them "disabled", yet they are able
To swank their stability of ability for us to see.
Steal not their franchise by casting them in a stable.
Their importance is branded in you and me.

In this reserve, we serve to protect
Such right with every fibre we possess.
Tall standards we must eagerly erect
To promote all rights as we must press.

Shweta Aggarwal



An established Accessories / Jewelry Designer, Writer, Poetess, a successful Women Entrepreneur who holds 22 years rich experience & an author of 2 poetry books "The Monsoon Diary" & "Universal Verses" as her international collaboration! She won her very first prestigious award as "The most promising Fashion Designer" for market Japan, when she was just 19! Further she won 17 prestigious awards & 2 gold medals for her literary contribution!

An Awakening Soul

Each morning I rise...
Just before I open my eyes;

An awakening soul...
In search of a spiritual home;

Heart is open to receive abundance...
Breathe...to allow the magical experience;

An enchanted day begins...
For me, to see that sight;

Sun says, take some Sunshine from me...
Drench your soul & Universe is all yours;

Oh! You are magnificent...
And your Smile is so radiant;

Sun adds, You trust me to shine each day...
Trust yourself too, Life is going your way;

Smooth Sailing! Life can never be...
Up's & Down's! Keeps you ground;

Like the Sun burns beyond the white cold sky & gives a ray of hope...
No matter how tough Life was,
brighten up your new day like it was never before;

You are brilliant, You are Perfect...
Just be you & see the glory in you;

We are all mirrors for each other...
Goodness always see good in others;

Stay calm in the midst of storm...
God is in the process of polishing your Soul !!

Treasure is where happiness is

BeinGHumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Rohini Behera (India)



Rohini Behera has retired from Government of Odisha, India in Managerial Cadre. He is a “Featured Poet” of Inner Child Press International, USA and Pentasi B separately . Motivational Strips has conferred upon him Golden Badge, Global Doves Of Peace, Golden Literature, Independence Day Global Literary Honour, Ambassador De Literature, and Ms. Founder’s Award-2022. He is the author of 8 English/Odia Pictorial Poetry Books

A Child

The children are divine
Let's take delight in them
I treat them innocent
Mostly they are joyful
Loveable and kind hearted
They are noble and magical
They are ever talented
Spontaneous their attitudes
Life is trials and tribulations
Let them get time to mature
May live with tolerance too
And with approval of acceptance
Let this world be a nice place
To live with love and friendliness
The children are so precious
We may better treasure them .

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Reneé Drummond-Brown (USA)



Reneé Drummond-Brown, is a renowned author, creative writer, publisher, and poet residing in the USA. She holds a Master of Arts degree in creative writing, Bachelor of Science degree in Christian Ministry Leadership with a minor in biblical theology studies, and an Associate of Arts degree in Christian Ministry. Drummond-Brown's literary works are recognized across the globe.

Autistic Awareness Poem

Awesome

Unique

Talented

Individual

Smart

Teachable

Intelligent

Children

Acrostic Poem

Dedicated to: Our brilliant Autistic children
and friends from across the globe

BeinGHumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Swayam Prashant (Odisha, India)



Swayam Prashant is the pen name of Dr Prashanta Kumar Sahoo. Born in the undivided Cuttack District, Odisha, India, he was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written nine books including *Joy of Love* and *Heart of Love* (published in USA in 2023).

Painting A Heart

I

It is nothing but a heart
can do it
unhindered by the negativity
that the world provides.
Today's society and its systems
are hardly cooperative
to the emotional waves that rise.
The police might first suspect the man as the culprit
who extends the humane touch
that the victim
so badly needs.

II

He lay on the roadside
(not very far from the famous Konark temple)
bruised to the bone;
might have been robbed
or hit by a speeding vehicle;
had lost consciousness for two or three days
and his wounds were being attended
by fleas and worms !
People came and went as usual
as if nothing had happened !
Not that nobody saw him and his condition
but they didn't want to be entangled
in a case that the Indian Police might see
as a prospective one for his lucrative purse.
But a Good Samaritan comes at last,
maybe, sent by the Lord above
(O it does not happen only in the Bible !);
takes him to a hospital
and nurses him to life.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

A real neighbour with a humane heart !
The societal systems to us may not be
as conducive as we expect them to be
but what humans will be
if they lose their humanity?

Nandita De nee Chatterjee



Nandita De nee Chatterjee is a Writer/ Freelance Journalist/ Book Editor. A Co Author in 77 anthologies including 8 Coffee Table Books and Editor of 6 books & 2 Journals. She has received 3 Peace Ambassador awards and is a Community Ambassador of Global Peace Let's Talk and Member, World Healing World Peace Foundation.

Imprisoned

The room was dark as hell
Musty and suffocating

In a corner she cowered
Crouched with her hair all awry

Whimpering in agony
Trembling in terror

Lifting her tear-stained face
She begged with folded hands

“Can I get redemption?
Will you forgive me?

I am Humanity
Yet my face is scarred

My heart is wide as the ocean
Yet my waters stained in blood

I'm from time immemorial
Yet I've extinguished myself

I preach endlessly
Yet I can't practice

I am in excruciating pain
I'm failing day by day

People swear by me
Prayers are said in my name

Yet the truth is a lie

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

Shorn of my virtues
Smeared with vices

Blasted all over the place
Replaced by a horrific hatred

My home is asunder
My beloved brethren orphaned

My wards homeless
Hungry, wounded

And they say I'm the Ultimate

In which universe?
Here, where I've been a curse?

Anguished, hopeless, I wander
Picking up my pieces

Love, brotherhood, mercy
Compassion, courage, care

Strewn in the debris
Where humans were meant to be

Today the Lord needs to come down
For I have failed Thee

Alone, altogether
In every way

Forsaken the paths of peace
Forgotten to conquer with love

An expansive universe
Yet not enough for a handful of humans

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Rolling plains and plateaus
But no space for a few good men

Bottomless oceans surging eternally
But not a momentary respite from hatred

If humans are shorn of humanity
What is the purpose of life itself?

Time travels forward
Then why is the mind left behind?

Take me out of the dungeons
Break my chains

And I will show my glorious face
Healing, helping, holding every hand

I'll take them to a forever land
Where sunshine never fades

Where children play in glee
And dream of wondrous lives

Where equity and justice reign
And hunger and hurt never came

The wide, wide world so bright
Bountiful, magnanimous, and kind

Never denied us our rights

Who then are men
To capture me thus?

Imprisoned I am in hideous hearts
Pray rescue me from this accursed hearth."

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

Her voice rang loud and clear
Over mountains and valleys

To every ear
Every beating heart

Humanity wept and cried
With folded hands she pleaded

Hurrying men and women listened

Children stopped and looked at them.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Anita C Powell



Anita C Powell, Msc.D. ~ Founder/Executive Director, Empowerment Thru Spoken Word Poetry - Tapn2u 501(C)(3), Helping to Raise the Vibration of Global Love & Peace,
<https://blknews.com/the-blessed-challenge-embracing-our-human-and-divine-potential/>
<https://www.eswp.org> www.anitacpowell.org

Emptied

I feel like I'm being emptied.
Unsure what this is about.
Empty of thought and
Empty of what I feel
Is this my imagination
Or is this really real

My mind is not at peace...jittery
My soul feels vexed
Is this live or is it Memorex?

The very foundation is crumbling
Thought it was formed of brick
Now it has the texture of straw.

It's being lifted up from me
The illusion of security felt
Hold on to things, that's the real deal
As with ice it's beginning to melt and thaw → thaw

Grasping at straws,
The sheath takes the wheat
Without cutting into my hand
In all of this,
I just don't know how or
Where I stand...in this life

Stand...stand where???

I know I don't
know a damn thing
Hahahaha, yet
I know I know a Grand Thing!

My mind searches and asks
What is happening?
My eyes answer back at me
You know – I'm being emptied

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

.I wanna cry but why?
My mind wonders
it is over?
My heart beats with the rhythm
This is the beginning of the rest...
the best of life
Inside where my ego reside
Of what I thought was the who of me
Is being replaced by traces of the True of me

I feel like I'm being emptied
How do I release and just let it be?
I wanna cry – and I realize why
because I'm afraid
Afraid of what I want
is to crawl into a ball
But there's another side of me
That whispers
The ball is not your
destiny is to stand and reveal
The Spirit the Creator is alive
And real, feel it within

It seems like I'm floating, like I'm floating on air.

AND In all of this, as I reminisce
I see the shallowed fullness
Of what I thought complete.

My mind searches and asks
What is happening?
My eyes answer back at me
You know – I'm being emptied.

It begins
I feel like I'm being emptied

I cry cause I'm filled
My soul is still
With the Spirit active within!

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

My mind is at peace...not jittery
My soul no longer feels vexed
Nope, it ain't Memorex...this is LIVE!!! and I know I'm bein' healed!
I'm Livin my Life like it's Golden...Cause I'm Livin' my LIFE from the
Inside/out!

Yassssssssssss!
From The Windows Of My Soul ~
My Eyes Speak To Me ~
And I Know I'm Being Emptied!

So, if You're feeling confused
And just don't know what to do
You mind searches and asks
What is happening on my inside?
Look deep I mean deep into Your eyes
And the windows of your Soul will answer...
You know – You're being emptied.

Spirit flows through the Soul
Soul whispers to the heart
Heart sings to the mind
Body does the dance to the rhythm, harmony and melody.

When Your Soul answers...Listen
You ain't gonna hear it from the outside
You're gonna hear it from within.

Going back to mastery begins
The moment we recognize
The need - To be
Emptied.

Faleeha Hassan



Faleeha Hassan Pulitzer Prize and Pushcart Prize Nomination. Member of IWA and Whos' Who in America, Cultural Ambassador Iraq, USA, winner of the Women Excellence award, winner of the Grand Jury Award of the Sahitto, one of the Excellence selection committees, winner of women arts award. Sahitto Award Judging Panel.

Scarf

Do not be scared of me
I'm not an alien
Coming from space
Hiding its horrible sensors
Under its hood
I am not here to attack you
No

Don't be scared
I am not a female spider
Hiding in her web
Trying to wrap your body with my silken thread
I am not a barbaric woman
Just dancing on the drums of death
I am a woman like you
Smiling like you
walking on my feet like you
crying, laughing, dreaming and singing like you

The difference between us is
in the war I lost so many...

It's a scarf
My scarf
See it, touch it, feel it
Do not let it cover your mind
From seeing the real truth

Hussain Nasser Jabr (Iraq)



Hussein Nasser Jabr was born 1964 in Nasiriya (South of Iraq- near the Old city of Ur), moved to Najaf early in the 1990s. A poet, translator and Academic (PhD. in English and Translation). Published a collection of poetry, “Mada’in min Juman”, (English: Cities of Pearl) in 2001. Translated for a number of Iraqi poets and published his translations in periodicals in Iraq and abroad, and in books in the US. Translated a number of books in history, philosophy, art, and sociology.

A Soliloquy Divine at the Holy Sanctuary

Along the way
No distance .. between you and me.
Curtains of light are off,
Illusions melt,
Our steps entangle
And then we are one.
Unaware of my late wake,
I longingly fly
Into the lap of God
Floating on the wave of love.
Silently sending looks away,
Trembling but standing still,
My stature flows away.
Hopefully shall I, if go beyond
The realm of love
Be a shade of God.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Venz Hufalar (Philippines)



Venz Hufalar was born in the Philippines and is currently working at UAE. She officially began her writing career way back in 2017 when she was working in Singapore. It stopped for a few years but now she's trying again to join anthologies and hoping soon she can republished her own books.

Indomitable Spirit

Enduring relentless attempts to break,
Like taming a wild beast, slaying a majestic creature, or capturing a soaring bird,
My spirit remains unyielding, unwavering and awake.

Vulnerabilities do not quell my determination,
Some are unsettled by my fortitude,
Trying to manipulate me like a marionette, a futile involvement.

Reflecting on past trials weathered,
Excruciating anguish, sleepless nights,
Dwelling in torment, with shattered heart, tears shed.

I am not a troublemaker but a tenacious voyager,
Confronting my own barriers, combating my own challenges,
An ordinary woman placing trust in her capabilities, a human warrior.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Joseph Mwangi Macharia (Kenya)



Joseph Mwangi Macharia. Pen Name: Nib of the Oozing Quill website: www.annamastenterprises.com Joseph is a husband, father, and grandfather who lives in Nairobi, Kenya. He is a scientist by training, a veterinary surgeon by profession, and a teacher, writer, blogger, and poet by passion.

We Belong Together

In this grand, silent world;
birds chirp and joyfully sing,
ignorant that their air man pollutes;
fish playfully swim
in ocean waters that man fouls;
and humans cluelessly consume
food made unsafe by their own actions.

Wonderful is our quiet planet;
sweet home for a panacea-hopeful people;
though wounded their bodies be,
their psyches bruised, hearts aching,
souls grieving and tummies empty;
due to avoidable unrest, strife,
war, greed, and disease.

Awesome would this abode be;
if sovereignty and frontiers society respected;
if diversity of language, skin colour, creed,
ethnicity and religion they sincerely embraced.
A paradise it would be if
in forgiveness, reason, conscience
and tolerance humanity invested.

But arise shall we, the people of the world,
with dignity, above the cruelty, ruins,
intolerance, pride, prejudice, distrust,
anger, hatred, discrimination and hurt.
We all, our part will play to create
a safer, more caring world that nurtures
only the good for all its fauna and flora;

... because,

Boundaries and oceans separate only land,
not hearts and souls.
May friendship and togetherness immortal abide;
and limitless peace, remain the only option.

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty (India)



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, OFS, M.A in Political Science, from Odisha, India is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer whose write-ups are published in his own anthologies, newspapers and in more than two hundred national and international journals and anthologies. He writes extensively on life and its intricacies which are widely acclaimed. He is featured in Atunis poetry.com, Our Poetry Archive, poemhunter.com, GloMag, Setu bilingual magazine, Different truths, The Year of the Poet, Destiny Poet International, Spillwords.com etc.

A Look At Life

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

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

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

The biggest tragedy is not dying
but dying while still alive.
Live with love and passion

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

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

Teodozja Świdęrska (Poland)



Teodozja Świdęrska, a graduate of Polish philology and postgraduate psychology studies from the University of Opole. Author of four books of poetry. She has published her poems in several dozen anthologies (including international ones) and in literary magazines. She belongs to the (ex.) Polish Writers; Union, Association of Polish Authors in Warsaw.

Towers Of Babel

Great projects of little creatures
must be pleasing to God
if He allows them to erect
lodges like towers of Babel –
Those on the edge of Wood Buffalo
can even be seen from space

And tiny ant folk
may create huge mounds
without obstacles
Clouds of bird communes at the gates of heaven
must be pleasing to God
though they obscure its azure

It is humans who are a threat to creatures
who disturb their communication
tame with human speech
may save or stupefy
so that they serve enslaved
for as long as they are allowed to live

God mixed up languages of people
some have all mixed-up in their heads
between nations dams of the absurd pile up
lodges of misunderstandings soar
humans – loyal to fellows / behind the wall
are brothers – oppressors or wolves
turned savage civilizationally

Translation by Anna Maria Stępień (Poland)

Poet and teacher of English; Anna Maria Stępień co-translated Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* and *A Vindication of the Rights of Men* (2010). In 2023, a bilingual book of poetry appeared (*Dotyk świata/The touch of the world*), including a collection of poems by Teodozja Świdorska in her translation.

Adila Katia (Algeria)



Hamichi Nacira alias Adila Katia, an Algerian writer and poetess, born on March 8, 1971, in Kabylia. She was a former contributor to the daily newspapers *Le Soir d'Algérie* and *Liberté*, writing columns for nearly 30 years. Her books include (*Le vieil homme et la Belle*), published by SAEC Liberté Edition in 2002, *A l'ombre de tes yeux* and *Le souffle du bonheur* in 2009, in the Sitelle collection published by Editions Alpha. In 2011, (*Le mur du silence*), a collection of short stories translated into Arabic by Yacine Kallouche, published by Editions Nour Houda (out of print).

The Children of Ève and Adam

In this childlike world,
where carelessness blossoms with ease,
the human being takes shape,
with infinite, intense benevolence.

Empathy and gentleness, eternal values,
essential to every resonant spirit,
To sow joy and cultivate peace
in a symphony of harmony.

For in this tormented world,
where love sometimes becomes scarce,
Helping one another, side by side,
in the embrace of a secret bond.
No matter the age,
united in the impulse to share,
with no regrets,
Let's cultivate principles and love,
for freedom in perfect ballet.

In every creature lies beauty,
a treasure sometimes ignored,
That time reveals,
with an inspired breath.

It's time to forge links,
towards a shared unity,
a destiny prepared,
For a society in harmony,
in its praised diversity.

From home to home,
without distinction,
let's forget the barriers we've erected,
Let us be carried away.
To the world where the soul is sincere and appreciated.

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

Let us sow the seeds of serenity,
leaving our thoughts enlightened,
For a radiant horizon,
where fraternity and generosity reign.

Let's create solid bonds,
bridges to an infinite and high peace,
Where everyone finds their place,
under a sky without lines, the sacred light.

Let's dare to dream of a luminous world,
where fraternity is the supreme teacher,
Where the children of Adam and Eve live united,
in shared joy.

Bhaskaranand Jha Bhaskar



Bhaskaranand Jha Bhaskar is a trilingual poet (Maithili, Hindi and English), short story writer, critic and reviewer. Regularly published in various national and international magazines, both printed and online he has to his credit three collections of poems in English: Soothing Serenades, Two Indias and Other Poems and Thoughts in Solitude . One of his poems on Nelson Mandela is included in the academic syllabus prescribed for the school students of Philippines

From A Human Being To Being Human(e)

Dead tired on journey of life
The body rests in silence, in peace;
Beyond the door of death
Soul has a retreat into Eternity
From the chamber of flesh and blood.

Released fine, refined, purged off dirges
Soul sees another Life
With eternal force, in infinite flow
Of blissful moments
With no time-space continuum
In celestial realm of primordial Energy
Where all merge
Finally as, into, and with One--
The cosmic Divine source.

Life and death are just two dots
Connected with a rope of hope
Of love, humanity and peace;
In between lies man's perennial striving
Out of mundane struggles of hell
To become the total man—
From a human being to being human(e)
That unlocks the door to Heaven!

BeinG HumaN . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo (Philippines)



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded International Author/Poet/Visual Artist from the Philippines. She is the author of “Seasons of Emotions” and “Inner Reflections of the Muse” and a co-author to more than 200 international anthologies. Her co-authored book, “Verses of Meraki” is due to be published soon. Elizabeth’s works have been translated into 18 different languages.

Am I Real?

I asked myself why am I here?

Looking for a reason, finding my place in this world

Lost in a tavern far beyond your wildest imagination,

Caught up in a glaze twisting and wondering

What could have been if I would turn to a different path,

Far away from this maze.

I am human,

Born into this world with a definite purpose,

A Higher Calling I am yearning to discover

Elusive as it is, I searched beyond the seven seas and yonder

Am I still real for being this uptight over this dilemma,

While others are too preoccupied with their never-ending drama?

Am I real or am I not? Is this me or just a silly dummy

At times I feel as though I'm out of my own body.

I chose to immerse in this tantamount abyss

Looking at the mirror now I find a total mess,

Yes, you'd utter scary as it may seem

Got my own self to finally redeem.

Am I real for feeling this intensifying longing,

This upturns and downturns is really sickening

I yearn one fine day would be given to me of being set free,

From these chains I am in and simply remain being me!

I am human- I am me!

I create my own happiness and Ultimate Destiny.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Johny Takkedasila (India)



Johny Takkedasila is an Indian Telugu poet, writer, novelist, critic, translator and editor born on 08.06.1991 in Pulivendula, Andhra Pradesh, India. His literary journey, which began as a Telugu poet, has seen the publication of 23 books. He has received numerous awards for his contributions. The Central Sahitya Akademi Yuva Puraskar for 2023 (National Award) was awarded to "Vivechani," a criticism book in the Telugu language.

Waiting

I will keep the door open,
And leave glances,
Hoping someone might come
To this forgotten, withered form, show love.

Whenever there's noise,
I look at the door with hope.
A tabby cat roams, pushing her kittens,
Her movement blurs my past.

Why doesn't anyone come?
Walls build,
Living like frogs in a well.
How many days pass
Without human scent?
I long to embrace a kind soul
Recite verses.

Like a sneeze,
Rain arrives and departs.
Life remains the same.
I saw tomorrow's sunrise
In the melting candle.

On my journey,
I encountered Thorns,
Glass shards,
A stone wall as a barrier,
Four chilies, hairs and rice grains.

Today,
Between four walls,
With a broken body and closed eyes,
I wait for a touch,
For sound, for kindness
Like a human flower.

Am I home or in the grave?

Rosemary Hurwitz (USA)



Rosemary Hurwitz is a best-selling Enneagram Author, Life Coach and Workshop Presenter. She is passionate about an inner-directed life and she found the focus for it in the Enneagram, a personality to higher consciousness paradigm respected and practiced worldwide. Since her Certification in 2001, Loyola University, Chicago, she has studied, taught and coached for self-awareness and emotional wellness, with the Enneagram and the intuitive process. She is an Accredited Professional member of the International Enneagram Association and teaches at the IEA Conferences and internationally. The *Courageous Heart*, *Finding Strength in Difficult Times*, and the other books can be found on Amazon. Her first single authored book, *Who You Are Meant To Be*, *The Enneagram Effect* became an Amazon Best Seller! Connect At: rosepetalmusic@gmail.com Website: www.spiritdrivenliving.com

Rising Up With Spring, More Or Less

More letting go and letting God – feeling lighter,
less angst

More balance in my giving and receiving,
less false pride and resentment

More connecting with my inner feelings and truth,
less image and role baggage

More and consistent baby steps toward dreams in ordinary ways,
less longing

More heart to heart connections,
less collecting of information

More trust and Buddha belly breathing
less second guessing, doubt and fear

More presence and attention to life unfolding ,
less rushing around, splintering

More vulnerability, patience and love for all,
less Bossy-ness

More self-expression and “dialing my true self up”
less “dialing down” and invisibility

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Mark Andrew Heathcote (Manchester, UK)



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

Humanity

Looking in or looking out
humanity needs a big, big shout.

But frequently, it goes missing
leaving many just coexisting
but working and showing mercy
it's like an angel, otherworldly
has joined us to lend a hand
they're not here to reprimand.

Their benevolence is a gift
always geared to uplift
but when humanity goes missing
we see fighting and killing.

We see murder and starvation
refugees from other nations
they're here begging profusely.

Please don't sit back passively,
please, lend a little humanity
it counteracts tyranny and cruelty.

Jadranka Bjedov (Serbia)



Jadranka Bjedov lives in the eastern part of Serbia, in the town called Zaječar, where she works as a secondary teacher of English. Jadranka has published three collections of poems so far.

Can You Imagine

Can you imagine a flower trampling on another flower?
Do you believe the world with no beauty could survive?
Can you imagine a bird stopping another one from flying?
Do you believe the world with no freedom could stay alive?
Can you imagine a child hating another child?
Do you believe the world with no innocent souls could remain alive?
What would the world be like if there was no mercy at all?
Wouldn't it be called prison, and humanity
would be imprisoned as a whole!

So, I call on you,
women and men all over the world!
Be a flower, tender and delicate. Don't trample on another human being!
Be a bird, mighty and free. Don't stop from flying another human being!
Be a child, who bears no burden. Don't hate
anybody if you want to survive!
For hatred breeds hatred and hatred breeds
killing!
Who is going to stay alive?

Ibrahim Honjo (Canada)



Ibrahim Honjo is a Canadian poet / writer. He is the author of 38 published books in English and Serbo-Croatian. Represented in more than 70 world anthologies. His poems have been published in more than 60 magazines. He has participated in four literary conferences, and many literary festivals. Honjo's poems have been translated into 20 languages.

The Poet's Prayer

Let the wars be only in them
and let only them bleed to exhaustion
but to survive and celebrate victory
over themselves

let their wars keep them alive
and let the riots disturb them at all times
and let the riots boil them into sick brains
like hungry birds pecking grains
and let him quench his bloody thirst
such as quenching quicklime

let them eat their flesh
and because of defeats and victories to exhaustion
and let the war never cease in them
until they destroy themselves
on a day that will not be reminiscent of other victims

so, fight you to whom wars are sacred
you have eaten our meat enough
taste your own now
fight within yourself and drink from your womb
and the poisoned wombs of your mothers
who renounce you in death
and curse the days when they gave birth to you

therefore, worship your shadows today
because tomorrow no one will worship them

if my prayer reaches you
you will be saved from new bloodshed

Tzemin Ition Tsai (Taiwan)



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai is from the Republic of China (Taiwan). As a literature professor, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels and writes articles or poems about the feelings inspired in him by nature and humans. His literary works have been anthologized and published in many countries.

Embark On the Delicate of Poetry

The noise floats up alone, the corner of the city.
Listening to the whispers of the wind. The poets are silent.
Nestled in the sunlight-kissed grains of May's dawn,
A subtle warmth emerges — obscure or
illuminated emotions, lost in the fragments beneath the quill.

Atop the mirror lake, under the resting clouds,
Drunken by rubbing, the poet writes lovingly.
Thoughts — now concealed, now unveiled — ebb and flow like rainbows,
Echoing the tranquil silhouettes in gentle whispers.
The rhythm endures, despite wandering strokes.

Unearthing emotional veins from rugged words,
Roaming the sea of letters, cherished crystal phrases shimmer.
From sacrifice, a unique rhythm is birthed,
A poet or a relentless craftsman?
Heart swaying, drunk on the inky scent of morning dew.

BeinGHumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Irena Jovanović (Zaječar, Serbia, Europe)



Irena Jovanović, born in 1971 in Zaječar, Serbia, Europe, is a Master of Ceramics Design, a painter and a poet writing in both Serbian and English. She has held 20 solo art exhibitions in her country, and she also has created and is a leader of a Poetesses club “Blade”(of grass) in her hometown with 30 members. “Inner Child Press” published her first poetry book, “Let it Be“ in 2013.

Dashing and Breath-Taking

Amazing, brilliant, awesome
stunning, splendid, miraculous
mesmerizing, marvelous, magical
mystical, accomplished, genuine
blissful, astonishing, astounding
quintessential, super-vibrant, fluid
all-pervading, rhapsodic, resonant
soulful, mild, fantastic and elevated
sparkling, gorgeous, radiant, fine
pure, divine, substantial and endless
exciting, iridescent, innermost, translucent
ecstatic, indescribable, mind-blowing, bright
beautiful, unparalleled, eternal and evergreen
fresh, vivacious, impeccable, distinguished,
exquisite, delicious, graceful, refined
crucial and perfect, merciful and rich
impressive, extraordinary, unbelievable, true
virtuous, tactile, and gentle, filigree
delicate and silky, subtle and exalted
transcendental, intricate, ravishing, fabulous
sensational, delightful, enchanting and full
captivating, magnificent, infinite and lovely
sublime, soothing, dashing and breathtaking
this super-conscious, termless, twinkling
and utterly wonderful existence of ours

Sibangi Bhukta (India)



Sibangi Bhukta, a literature enthusiast from Angul district of Odisha. A reliable UG MBBS student. Begins her day with the charms of sundew and ends with the poems of shimmering Stardust. She mostly inks inspirational verses. With an earthly heart and a stormy mind, although she couldn't pursue a career as a writer (spices necessarily not meant to be the meal) she would always be a passionate writer. Author- *Ferry Of Life, Nirvana, Aureole*. Coauthor- *One More Clock, Demiurge, Khwabon k rang kalam k sang*. Magazine- *Youthmania* (December edition). Open mic performer (poetic house).

Let The Scars Heal

Bees and butterflies have sniffed to death,
If daisies have been hissing like snakes.
What's beauty?
A dead rose breathing the memories of past
in the soul of old diaries.
Vampire under the skin of human,
Being loved by as the heart that beats within is still pure.
Let the flower of compassion bloom
Between the cracks of the rock.
Let the fish of mankind swim back to the brook of peace.
Let's not blemishes bleed,
Let's not eclipse of blame game veil the world.
Silk heart of saints and
blood flesh bones of the wolf had the same beautiful soul that Almighty weaved.
Let the darkest twilights be loved,
For being black and dark,
For loving the moon,
For fading each time for the moon to shine
In the night

Habiba Ghareeb (Algeria)



Habiba Ghareeb holds a state engineer's degree in electro-technical. Media presenter in Arabic and French for more than 30 years. During which she held many responsibilities in the field of written journalism Public and private newspapers and specialized magazines. Participation in a comprehensive book about Jean Senac. 2004. Participation in a comprehensive Arabic poetry collection translated into several languages 2018. Participation in a poetry collection published in America in Arabic and translated into English in 2021. Founding member and member of the National Office of the National Association for the Heritage of our Algeria. Member of the Literary Renaissance in Egypt, Head of the Algeria Office.

My Dream .. How to Be A Human

My dream Lost hobbies that have no home or address
My dream Virgin spaces to which ideas travel from all directions and times
My dream It tells the story of the immigrant heart
To the land of love, to the temple of feelings
To meet that human poet
Who were my heart and me
We search for him and ask about him
The most difficult secrets and clan customs
We were guided to his paths once...
We lose it again... and then it scatters like cigarette smoke
Then we met him there in the Temple of the Wind...
He sings on the highest podiums.. He resists temptation...fights sadness, alone and rebellious
He sits at the top of the mountain at the end of his life
Between his poems, his memories, and the piles of notebooks...
Draw words on paper
He built palaces and cities there.
His letters closed curtains for their windows...
It includes the story of peoples annihilated and hearts lost
The taste of the world in the war of consciences

BeinGHumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Juhayna Karim Korban Ali Al-Dalawi (Iraq)



Juhayna Karim Korban Ali Al-Dalawi is an Iraq poet and English teacher. She is the member of the literary renaissance in Iraq.

Be My Friend

Avoid loneliness during difficult days
Be among the flocks of ambition with a wild heart
Dreams are woven with beauty that never fades
Be my companion when the days call us
The night grows longer between sleep
All wounds have a cure
Except for hurting the beloved if he betrayed
Be my friend
I adorn you among the flowers with fragrant scent
The whiteness of intentions is wetted by rain
It irrigates the minya herb during travel hours
Be my friend
If the years defeat me
And don't blame her
There are many forms of death
Like grass in a man's field
It blooms

Alicja Maria Kuberska (Poland)



Alicja Maria Kuberska (1960) is an award-winning Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor, and translator. She edited volumes and anthologies both Polish and English. Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland and abroad. Alicja Kuberska is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw (Poland) and IWA Bogdani (Albania). She is also a member of directors' board Our Poetry Archive (India). She is a Cultural Ambassador of The Inner Child Press (the USA).

Humanity

When I say the word humanity
a sine wave appears in my mind.
I can see Mahatma Gandhi, Buddha, Jesus
at the very top.
There, Elizabeth of Hungary
gives bread and roses to the poor,
Francis of Assisi talks to the birds.

Darkness lies at the very bottom.
Smoke from crematorium chimneys
obscures the sky.
Hitler gives the fiery speeches,
sets the world on fire with hatred
and contempt for other human beings.
There are bleeding Cambodian fields
- they remember Pol Pot's crazy ideas.
Bombs are constantly exploding,
rockets are whistling,
the corpses of the murdered decompose.

Both points are connected by a line
- crowds of various shades of grey
These are the people
who have become indifferent to everyday life
and haven't asked the question - why?

History keeps repeating itself
and the past becomes the present

Francesco Favetta (Sicilia, Italia)



The poet Francesco Favetta was born in Sicily in Sciacca, he has always loved poetry, writing verses, but above all culture, true culture, food for the soul! He has written more than 4000 poems so far, he also writes reflections, and philosophical thoughts. In 2018, he was awarded by the Academy of Sicily: Academician of Sicily.

We are Humanity!

We are the battles
we are the wind in life
we are our fears
we are every desire in the heart
we are the anchors in faith
we are humanity
anger and freedom
the answers without the words
the need for love
the universal verb of peace
we are all different in the world
but we are the same
similar in flesh
and brothers among all souls.
We live in a world
where each of us
is rich
of infinite beauty
and desire to live
without constraints
and untied from the schemes
men among men
humanity without borders
souls in the heart
the truth is love screaming
standing on the ground
everyday
his wonderful gift.

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Gail Weston Shazor (USA)



Gail Weston Shazor is fond of the arcane, unusual and the not yet words. Gail is more than accomplished in everything from Shakespearean sonnets to newly created styles. Gail Weston Shazor has authored several books along with numerous anthology contributions. Look for her on Innerchild Press. <https://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor.php>

Awake

Asleep
We are open some days
and not on others
naps come earlier and earlier in the morning
when we should be about business
but we sleep
only to awaken
just before the clanging bell
and not ready to be
we sleep yet once again
until our hearts are quickened
and fears drum in our skulls
panicked
until we are assured
it was only a bad dream
and lulled back to sleep
with a false sense of security
sold on the days that we are open
but not on the days we aren't
that we truly need to be
awaken to
Asleep
Awake
is it day or night
is it wrong or right
and my sons are dead
and my daughters are dead
and i can no longer say
i dare not chose sleep
for that is when they come
in order to speak
i
must
be
Awake

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Mary Anne Zammit (Malta)



Mary Anne Zammit is from Malta and is a graduate from the University of Malta, in Social Work, Diplomatic Studies and holds a Masters in Probation Services. She is the author of four novels in Maltese and four in English. Her poetry is published in international anthologies. Mary Anne received awards in Art, exhibited in various collective exhibitions locally and internationally.

Journey Towards Love

I am alone in the airport.
Waiting for the next flight.
I seek for a while, to forget the world.
Forget about wars, pain, chaos and power games.
Selfishness.
Because this is what we have become, trapped in dark paths.
They say we all do make mistakes.
Because we are all human.

Sipping slowly the creamy cappuccino gives me a feeling of calmness, of control.
I think of my next trip.
Where am I going ?
And, I suddenly realize that I am only trying to escape the cycle of humanity, the coming and going, rebirth, life and death.
Scattered on paths, unknown.
That I am struggling to tame the inner animal, the lower nature of desire, jealousy, power, sensuality.
Part of humanity.
But being human means also having the capacity to love.
The force of love.
We cannot control it, neither understand but it gives us a sense of belonging.
Indeed.
The answer is in the capacity to love with the heart, mind and soul.
To live in peace, in the sublime.
It is what makes us human.
I smile.
Let us all take this journey.
Mine is about to start.

Rajmonda Qose Shkopi (Albania)



Rajmonda Qose Shkopi was born in Kuçova city, in Albania. She has completed her higher studies at the "Aleksandër Xhuvani" University, Language and Literature degree, in Elbasan city and works as a teacher. She has published the poem books "*Don't give up*" and "*We forget to kiss the dew.*" Her poems are published in many newspapers and literature magazines national and international. She is co-author in many national and international anthologies. She has won many prizes in poetry competitions.

Be Human

A cry from the earth resounds,
when her body is injured day by day
from the poisons
they throw at her
It calls as much as the mountains do
What are you doing like this,
You soulless creature?!
Be human
Give goodness!
Do not sow hatred in your eyes
Extend your arm and
be a bridge of salvation for what is at stake
What is the meaning of being a human being?
when you are not a man?
Each time it surrounds you like a whirlwind the flame of anger,
stop the step
Think and endure
Make peace with yourself
and what you are facing
Give love for the one
who has an empty soul.

Bein**G****H**uma**N** . . . a plea for a better humanity

Noreen Ann Snyder (USA)



Noreen Ann Snyder is a poet and a published author of five poetry books and four of them are co-authored with her loving husband, Garry A. Snyder. She will always do what she can to keep her loving husband, Garry's name and memories alive.

CJay

CJay is one of my heroes.
Down-to-earth, kind, loving,
friendly, helping others
who are strapped for cash.

CJay will not quit no matter what.
He will not back down!
He will keep on helping people.
Let's all support him!
Stand up with CJay!
Are you with me?

I can't hear you!
Louder! Louder!
Stand up with him and our rights!
He's doing nothing wrong!
So why does cops and security guards
want to stop him?
Since when is it a crime to help others in need?
Is giving money a crime now?

Cjay is being human
a poetic plea for humanity.
Our hero.
Respect, C Jay!

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Shirley Smothers



Shirley Smothers is an amateur Poet, Writer and Artist. She has self-published her second book "SOLASTA" through Pothi.com She mostly writes short stories, some of her stories can be viewed @Shirleysmothersstorystar.com

Acrostic Poem

Cares

Open Hearted

Memorable

Peaceful

Art for a cause

Selfless

Sincere

Involved

Outstanding

Nice

Dimitris P. Kraniotis (Greece)



Dimitris P. Kraniotis is a Greek poet and medical doctor. He lives in Larissa, Greece. He is the author of 10 poetry books. His poems are translated in 36 languages. He has participated in International Poetry Festivals. He is a Doctor of Literature, Academician and Chairman of the Writers for Peace Committee of PEN Greece.

Our Heart's Visitors

A stranger talk
With a stony garment
Threateningly hovers
In our every step
Cold drops of courtesy
Burn our breath

Did hope cease
To visit our heart?

The snow today
Isn't white
It is colorless
Like the iris of our eyes
Like good morning
Which doesn't come out of our lips

Did love cease
To visit our heart?

A torn poster
In the whirl of the wind
Our every word
Blue pebbles
Sunk in the blue of the sea
Our dreams

Did poetry cease
To visit our heart?

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Alessandro Inghilterra (Genoa, Italy)



Alessandro Inghilterra, 1970, Genoa (Italy) Books: *Il Sole Che Verra'* (Italy, 2018, Aletti). Worldwide published into: World Healing World Peace 2024 - Prodigy Magazine - USA, Dec 2023, Atunis Galaxy Anthology 2024. Awards (Overall Winner): 2023: "Worldwide Literary Festival," Naples. 2022: Intercontinental Prize "Le Nove Muse"; World Poetry Prize "Nosside."

Intentions

Formless, evanescent
ambiguous, insubstantial,
they reveal themselves to those
who think they can be changed.

They vanish and return
to sketch a semblance of concrete
anticipating pace of every uncertain truth.

Hidden metamorphoses of mouldable reflections
they speak and tell of us,
as of those who changed the world

and in the background of each story
born and made to last,
they lodge ambitious promises,
amidst the light and shade
and dance, reflected, on and on
like shadows on the walls.

Heather Parker (USA)



Heather Parker, aka Funky Sunshine, is a Published Author, Lioness, Relationship Coach, Reiki Master / Teacher, and graduate of CSULA. She has performed on stages in New York City and Los Angeles. Her first book, '*Loving a Lioness: Poetry in Life, Love & Eros*' was released in 2016 via the World Stage Press. She is featured in the *Heart break Anthology* released in 2015. She blends her love for spoken word, her soul knowing and training in energy work to help people heal. Her second manuscript is currently in production. Heather loves to travel, being creative, spending time with friends and family, and being in nature. You can frequently catch her watching documentaries or marvel movies with her partner Cedric, community building, writing stories and poems, or playing with their dog, Max.

Bags

Bags

So many bags

Hand bags

Luxury bags

Lunch bags

Gift bags

Travel bags

Body bags

Bags filled with

Lipstick

Phone chargers

Money

Food

Clothes

Crystals

Books

Gifts

Babies

Bodies

I got a new bag

All leather

Cream with satin lining

A fat zipper

All gold hardware

I can stuff it with my life

Wallet

Makeup

Emergency kit

Phone charger

Mints

Bottle of water

Book

Zip it open

Zip it closed

I stand a bit taller

When I wear it

BeinGHumaN . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

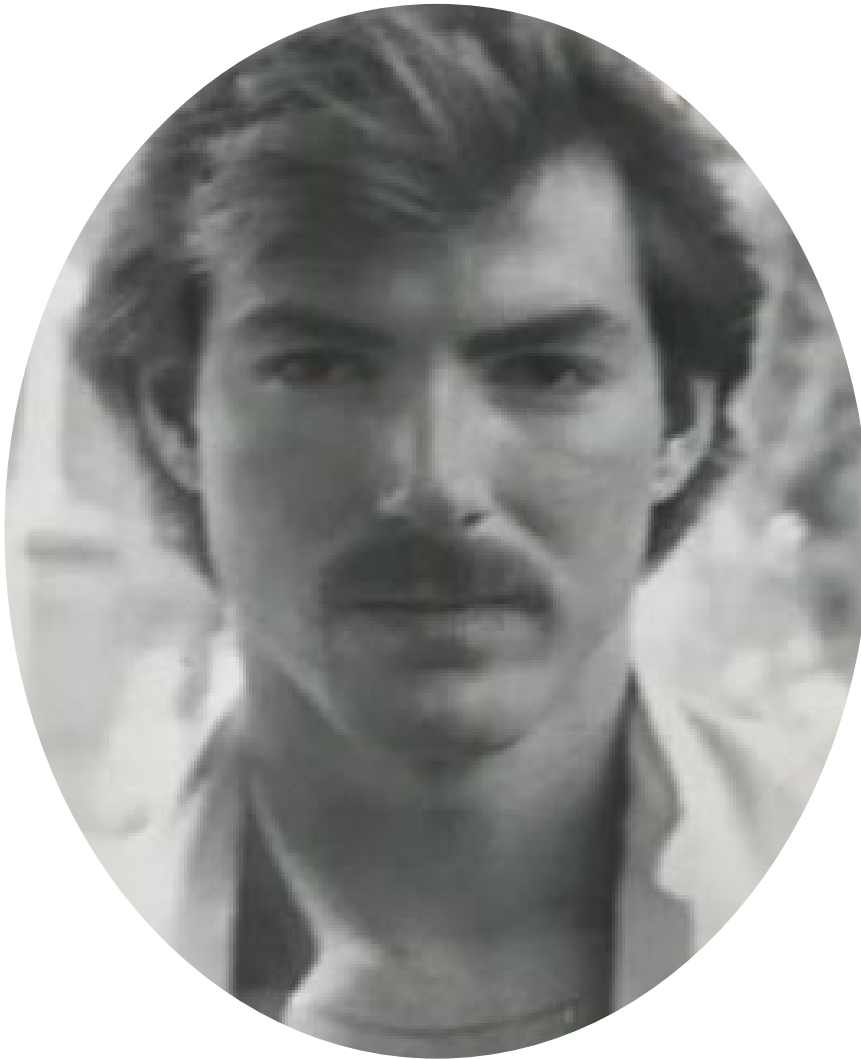
But lately,
Bags and
Zippers
Sadden me
Anger me
Break me
Or is it the images
Every day, the images
Babies
Children
Women
Men
Boys
Girls
Covered in dust
After being recovered from rubble
After being dragged from dirt streets
After being gassed, bombed or shot

When I close my eyes
I see their faces
Their blank stares
Their stiff bodies
The babies
Once rosy cheeks, now pale blue
Once sweet lips moving, smiling, now stiff
Stiff like their bodies
Their little bodies
Stuffed into bags
So many bags
So many babies in bags
So many sweet souls stuffed into bags
While these governments stuff their pockets with bags
Because it is always been for the bags

They come for the oil, for the land, for loot, for the bags. Even if they have to stuff a bag with bodies, with babies, with moms, with dads. To bury the truth and live their lies. It is always about the bags.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Grègoirè Marshall




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

Is it Pain

Or to be Shame
When a human Heart
Loses Space
To call on Grace
To show Empathy
For another Heart
Journeys are Unknown
On the moments of the Days
To rather be Silent
Callous words
Can only be a Path
When comes the day
Grace finds its Place
To be given in a Way
That lacking the Knowledge
Or authority to Judge
That Grace
That is the only Requirement
Not to deepen another Pain
The noble Silence
Takes the place
In order to remain
In Gods good Grace
Simplest to Ask
Since one has no Tears
With the Coldest
Hand that Claims
The Human has compacity
To replace the lack of Grace
Humbled in the Face
Of another's Pain
The gift God gave
To who can not
Decipher the difference
Between Pain or Shame

BeinGHuman . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

For the Others

Heart 

Good Night

Let tomorrow Sun

Bring Your Heart to a Better Place where in your Heart you know,
that's what God asks of you

Trust in your Capacity to you can if not for them

Then for God

You are Loved and Blessed

For you Breath promises you that God has not Forgot

Your Heart 

Victoria Fătu Nalatiu (Romania)



Born on August 8, 1941, Domnești, Victoria Fătu Nalatiu lives in Bistrița, Transylvania, Romania. She graduated the Post-High School of Library Economics in Bucharest (1973-1975), then the University of Philosophy (1975-1978), and the Art School Painting section (1980 - 1983). From 1975 to June 2010, she worked as a librarian at the "Grigore Moisil" Industrial School Group in Bistrita. Victoria taught librarianship classes and led over 30 years a painting, graphics and literature circle with students. She published a lot of books in the country and at IFLA, and she also was the hostess of a Literary Tea circle for the teaching staff since 1975 (which still works even today), Published in 20 books, Victoria has organized over 25 personal painting exhibitions and many with students. Email victoriafatunalatiu@yahoo.com

The Love of Quests

"Be strong and be a true Human Being" David tells Solomon...

On the road of life
you adorn the identity,
without hatred of race, religion or sex
and do seek unceasingly, the love of the morning.

Ennoble your calling,
and don't let time fly
in mistakes and defeats.
Only in the song of light
the love of quests pulsates.

"Without love it's sad to be human" (Voltaire)

Ask yourself, wonder, be doubtful,
play but be humane,
let the the ground be under your feet,
to be able to open the gates of eternity...

When you can reach infinity,
the infailible stars will descend,
in the construction of vibrating patterns
where our Universe is contained.
He, is built in the song of light
and pulsates in the love of quests.

Be Human Being, without absurd legislation,
nurture the unborn fire...
Through dizzying risks,
you can penetrate the power
from the essence of lightning,
you can open the doors ahead
to watch over the dark world,
to kneel seraphic childhood...

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity

Search, search the bridges, the opportunities of the future!
You will find them only in the song of light
that pulsates the love of quests.

Man is armed with the arrows of knowledge,
with deep intelligence, and a hungry curiosity,
he, must follow his passions,
to choose their books, to follow their dreams,
to deepen the wells in the rainbow necklace...
He seeks the immortal, song of light,
in which the love of quests pulsates.

If you are a Human Being, you know the roads...
Open the gates of mysteries,
share the universe, manage your time,
awaken your dreams, passions,
valuable thoughts and ideas
which penetrate the center of the Universe,
where the Crown of infinity is hidden
in the depth of the traces that create fear!
make them lose their mistery and untie them....,
and thus the song of light
will pulsate in the love of quests.

Maria Gabriela Rusu, Translator

Poem Translated by Prof. Maria Gabriela Rusu. Maria has translated four books into English for Victoria. Each has been well well received.

Iubirea Căutărilor (Romanian)

”Întărește-te și fi om” (David îi spune lui Solomon)...

Pe drumul vieții
împodobești identitatea.
fără ura de rasă, religie sau sex
și cauți neîncetat, iubirea dimineții.
Înnobilează-ți chemarea,
și nu lăsa timpul să zboare
în greșeli și înfrângeri.
Numai în cântecul luminii,
pulsează iubirea căutărilor.

„Fără iubire e trist să fii om ” (Voltaire)

întreabă-te, miră-te, îndoaie-te,
joacă-te, dar fii de omenie,
solidul să-ți stea sub picioare,
să poată deschide porțile eternității...
Când vei putea atinge infinitul,
vor coborâ infalibil, stelele,
în construcția modelelor vibratoare.
unde-i cuprins Universul nostru.
El, e zidit în cântecul luminii
și pulsează-n iubirea căutărilor.

Fii Om, fără legiferări absurde,
întreține focul nenăscut...
Prin riscuri năucitoare,
poți pătrunde-n puterea
din esențele fulgerului,
poți deschide ușile înainte
de-a sta de veghe lumea întunecată,
să îngenunchează serafica copilărie...
Caută, caută, punțile, oportunitățile din viitor!
Le vei găsi, numai în cântecul luminii
care pulsează iubirea căutărilor.

Omul este înarmat cu săgețile cunoașterii,
cu inteligență profundă, și o curiozitate înfometată,
el, trebuie să-și urmeze pasiunile,
să-și aleagă cărțile, să-și urmeze visele,
să adâncească fântânile în salba curcubeului...
El, caută nepieritorul, cântec al luminii,
în care pulsează iubirea căutărilor.

Dacă ești om, deștălenește drumuri...
Deschide porțile misterelor,
împarte spațiul, gestionează-ți timpul,
trezește-ți visele, pasiunile,
gândurile și ideile valoroase.
care să pătrund în centrul Universului,
unde Coroana infinitului, e ascunsă
în adâncimea urmelor, ce izvodește cu frică!
Des vrăjește-le, dezleagă-le,
și cântecul luminii
va pulsa-n iubirea căutărilor.

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis (Egypt)



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

A Candle Shining Be Human

Or die trying
Be human
When the clouds call you
Be who you are if times change
And those around you become a body without a human being
be or not to be
Some of you are enough as you fight your war
While you sleep, be a candle shining in the darkness
Be like your father today
If you change your mind
and was freed from the wound of the tongue
Be like your mother, who grew closer to you
If you look at the place Be human
If you get bored again
Be a human characteristic
Be several times in hours of travel
Be a human being and don't care what name it is
Be a human
Be human

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Cherry Natural



Cherry Natural is Jamaica's leading female Dub Poet and Self Defense Instructor; her publications include 'Earth Woman' and 'The Lyrical Contortionist'. Audio CD's: 'Earth Woman', "Intellectual Bad Gal" and Self Mastery. Her numerous awards, include the 2019 IRAWMA - Best Spoken Word Poet, 2019 The Qorihc Award and 23 IRAWMA.

Contact: +1(876) 581-2381
therealcherrynatural@gmail.com

Moments

Being human
How rich life can be
When we celebrate
The simple gifts
That lift the imagination
and open our appetite
For the source of light
Embracing beauty with all our senses
Finding the ecstasy of life's existence
hidden in ordinary places
Moonlit midnight stroll on the beach
Leaving footprints in the sand
Breathtaking sceneries
Competing for attention
Soul elevating, transported by the melodies
of soothing music, pure magic
Taking mental trips through the pages of a good book
The succulent flavour of freshly picked fruits
That melt inside our mouths with each taste
Listening to the rhythmic cadence of the rain drops
Watching the Hummingbirds as they move pollen
from flower to flower spreading pollinated love
It's pure joy to feel soft dewy grass
Caressing the soul of our feet
Creation whispering
As the wind rustles through the leaves
A rush of warm evening breeze stroking exposed skin
The fragrance of nature's perfume
permeating the air, intoxicating
The sweet taste of a lover's lips eclipse
Transcending language
Two hearts weave together as one
No commitments, no deadlines, no agendas
All that truly matters is this moment
Taking time to write, to read, to think

BeinGHumaN . . . *a plea for a better humanity*

To enjoy the simple things
Throwing yourself into the ocean of life like a pebble
Step back and watch the effects of the ripple
Fully alive and alert
Living in heaven while we are still on earth

Mitko Gogov



Mitko Gogov was born on 11 November 1983, in Skopje, Macedonia. He writes poetry, short stories, essays and journal articles. He also writes haiku, senryu, renga and publishes them on the microblogging network twitter. His works have been translated and published in numerous anthologies, poetry books and journals for art and literature in India, Pakistan, the Philippines, China, Taiwan, Egypt, USA, Argentina, Russia, Spain, Italy, the Czech Republic, Romania, Germany, Israel, Mexico, Serbia, Croatia, Albania, Kosovo, Greece, Bulgaria...

Mitko is the author of four poetry books.

Channel

A battle of minds
or a paradox of old men.

The screws in the park benches
speak of their age
the wind carries the old newspapers
towards us
I leave judgment to
the stone spinning
in the old windmill.

A look upwards
is nothing more
than
a look downwards.

I keep a ladybird's wing
between two pages
as I do a poem
between two books.

Translated by Nikola Gjelincheski

Valerie Ames



Eye use the word eye instead of I...Because it holds deeper meaning for my expanding spiritual conscious awareness, rather than my persona. Eye am an introverted empath who loves observing patterns of cycles and seasons of birth, death and rebirth... Mother of two grandmother of six and three fur babies.

***THAT*...NAKEDNESS...THAT EYE AM...**

Eye am That nakedness
Eye am That which Adam and Eve was ashamed of
Eye am That which they did not identify as
Eye am That which they did not recognize as unconditional love
Eye am That which they denied as the best aspect of themselves
Eye am That which the human mind can not name
Eye am That which the human mind can only blame
Simply because the human mind does not identify as being That
Eye am That which is constant
Eye am That which is always changing
Eye am That everything and That nothing
Eye am... That...*THAT* is my name ...

My point of reference is... Eye am
Meaning eye am never not That which eye am
That is what being holy and being sacred is
It is the light of truth beyond a shadow of doubt
It is the word created through conscious awareness
It is the sound emitted and echoed beyond time and space
That is the frequency and spectrum That eye am
Eye am That which reflects the absolute truth of nakedness
Eye am That intimacy...That you secretly year for outloud
Eye am That distance ...eye am that sacred space
Eye am That voice..that reminds you ...That...
Eye...am...That and there is no other
Eye am the father...eye am the mother...eye am the child
Eye am the seen and eye am the unseen of discernment
Eye am unconditional love eye am justice eye am judgment
Eye am the left and the right...eye am up and eye am down
Eye am the seasons and cycles of balance and unbalance
Eye am That which is most denied...which most are ashamed of
Eye am That which remains ...when everything...every garment
Every layer...every word...every mask...every veil is gone
*THAT NAKEDNESS *...*THAT IS*...*EYE AM*...
Valerie Ames Middlebrook

Willow Rose



Willow Rose is a peripheral visionary who believes in the power of well chosen words, the importance of mindful living and that healing and redemption are possible for all beings. After dropping out of high school in the ninth grade, Willow became a single mother and struggled to make a living with no education. Determined that her daughter should have a better life, she obtained her G.ED and began college where she graduated at the head of her class with a Bachelor's Degree in English Literature and the fervent desire to begin teaching. Using her experience as a drop out, she went on to help others struggling to complete their educations by teaching G.E.D classes, Adult Basic Education classes, and an innovative program called Even Start. She is now a certified Mindfulness Mentor and

believes mindfulness and meditation can transform humanity and heal the planet. She has been writing poetry all her life.

Winter's Day at La Closerie des Lilas

Beneath a sky of mushroom hue,
and clouds gravid with snow,
misfortune's child lies sleeping
oblivious to the cold.
Welded to his wrought-iron bench,
warmed by Bacchus and old newsprint,
stray droplets of spittle
freezing on his grey stubbled cheek;
He sleeps on unaware...
Of the writers at the Closerie
wreathed in smoke
from their Gauloises
ensconced in warmth
drinking espresso while
picking apart the stuff of life
with well-honed minds
while a blush of blue
is slowly creeping
across a forgotten
figure.

Wrapped in words and wisdom
the poets leave;
one stops and stares,
pokes and prods
the frigid form—
then hurries home to his
second story flat
composing tributes in his head
to the man he has brought home for a hot shower and warm bed.

"Why, oh, why, have you done this for me?"
What we do for one, we
do for all of
humanity.

h ly  n. y lmaz



Liberal Arts Professor Emerita, h ly  n. y lmaz [sic] is Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, published author, and a literary translator. Her poetry contributions appeared in numerous anthologies in the U.S.A. and abroad. In 2018, WIN of B.C. honored y lmaz with a literary excellence award.

what else is left to do but . . .

to bow in highest respect
before the pens of one such power
that even supersedes
the brutality of the
segregationist
colonialist
chauvinist
ethnicist
sexist
racist
and one that surpasses time and space
as only the unwavering ink can do

now is the only time
and here, the only place
where we must unreservedly embrace

for . . .
a single loss from our unity in diversity
will incite an irreversible tragedy
infecting us with no downtime
toward the expiry of our humanity

william s. peters, sr.



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

BeinGHuman . . . a plea for a better humanity

Mr. Peters has coined for Inner Child Press International is 'building bridges of cultural understanding'. Achieving this vital connection is his inspiration.

Acceptable?

When the 'crazy' becomes normalized,
Does that give us the excuse
For our silence?

When the asylum is overrun
By those who occupy its purpose,
Should we turn our backs?

When do you lend a 'deaf ear'
To the propaganda and
The insane rhetoric
That continually assaults
Your desensitized peace?

.....

When do we stand,
Mobilize and rage against,
Fight back
Against this demonic virus
Which/who gives not a damn
About humanity
And the innocent casualties
Lost in a war
They did not start,
Nor wanted?

What the hell does
'Acceptable' mean?

BeinG HumaN . . . a plea for a better humanity



Epilogue



. . . 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 includes 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 writer to fit their dreams and their budget.

We offer a full range of services for the writer, including the complete aspects of the writer's publishing interests and other essential services. Browse through our web site to learn more about who we are.

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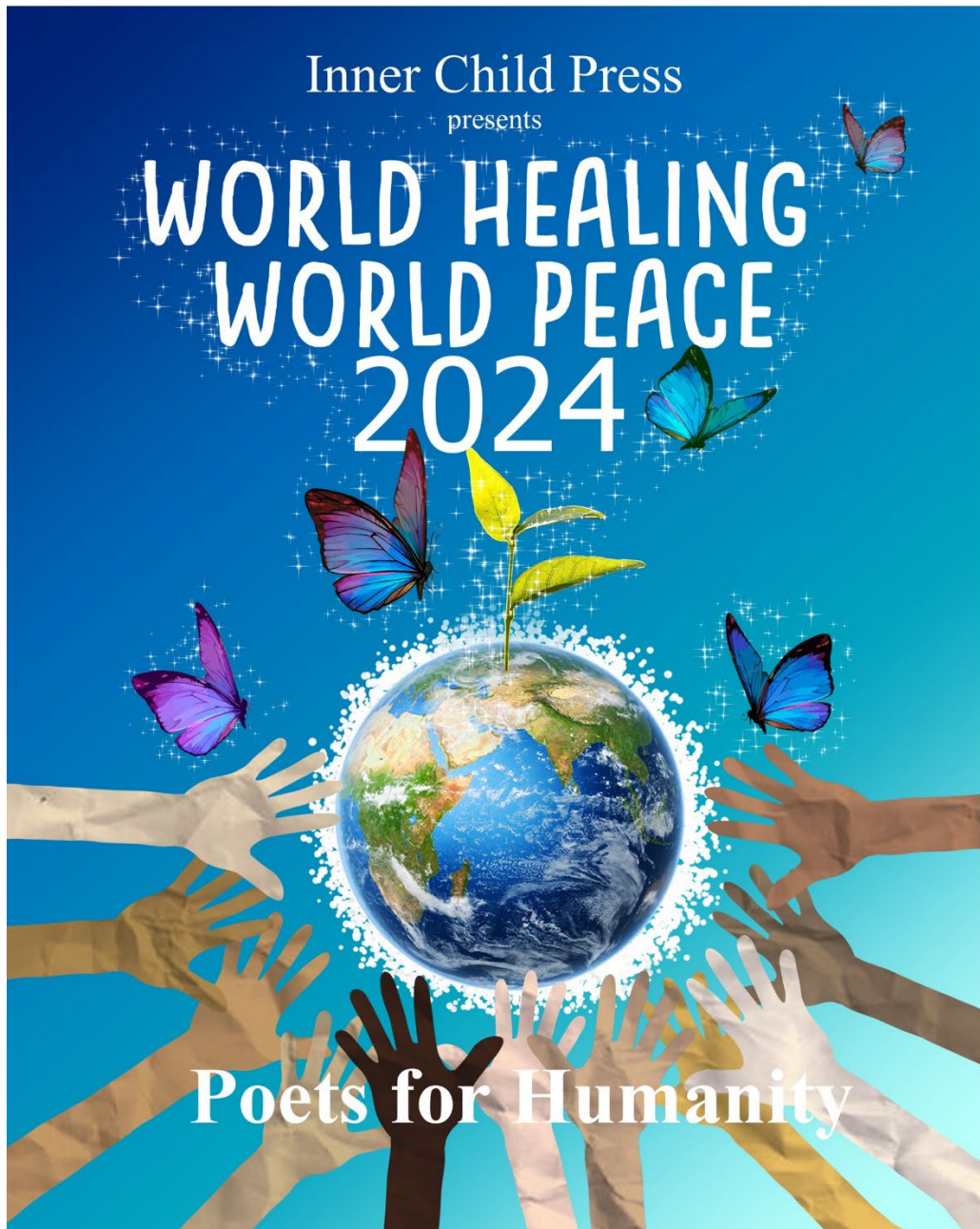


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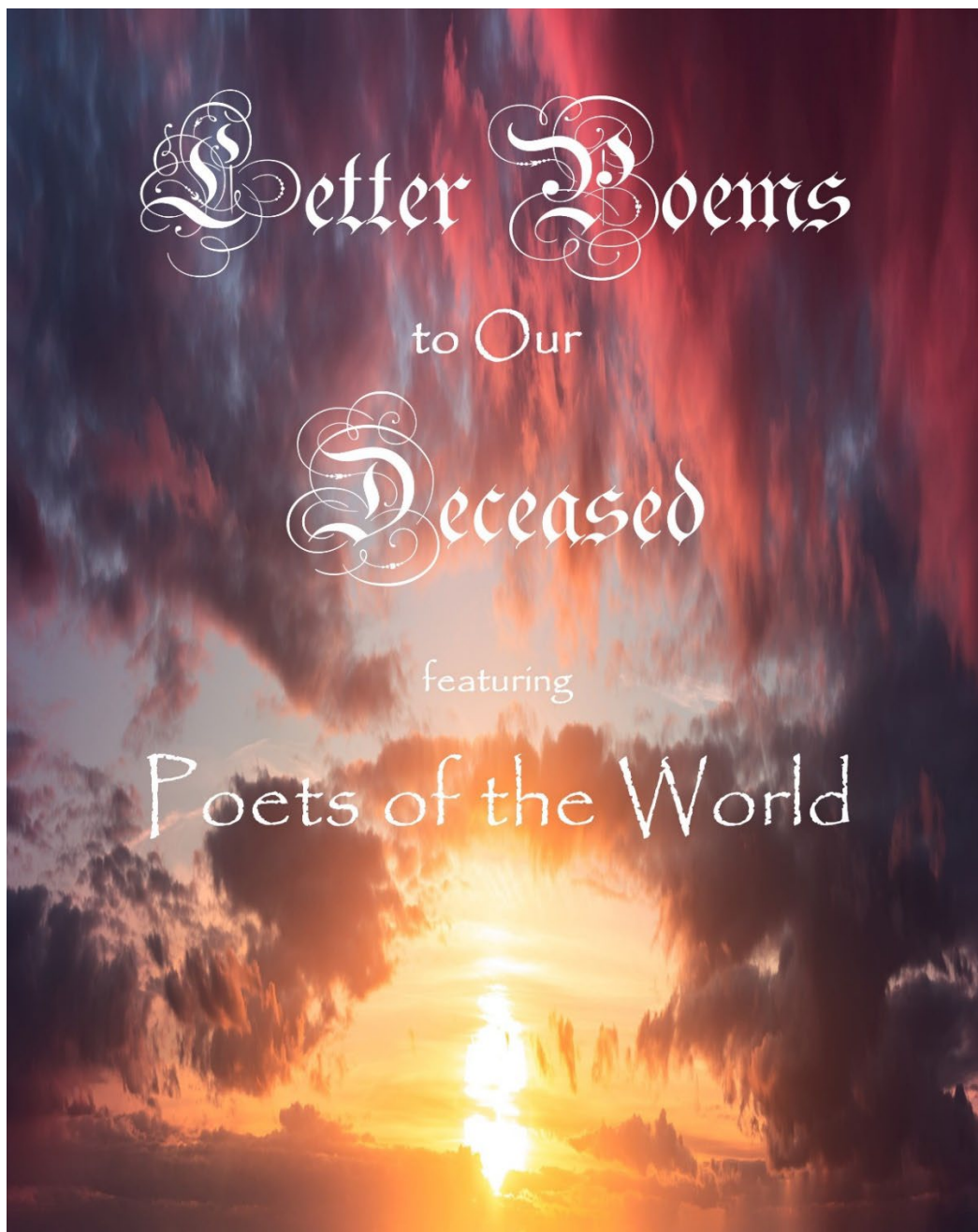
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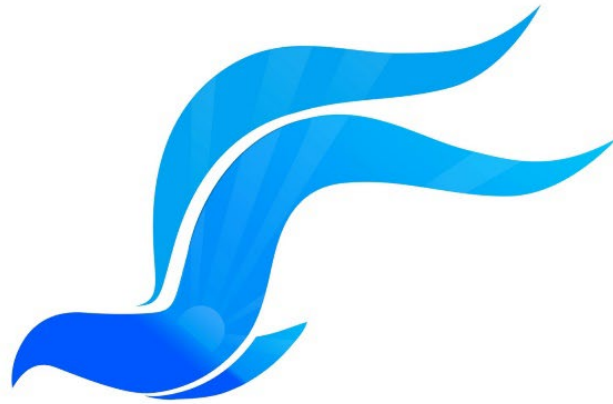


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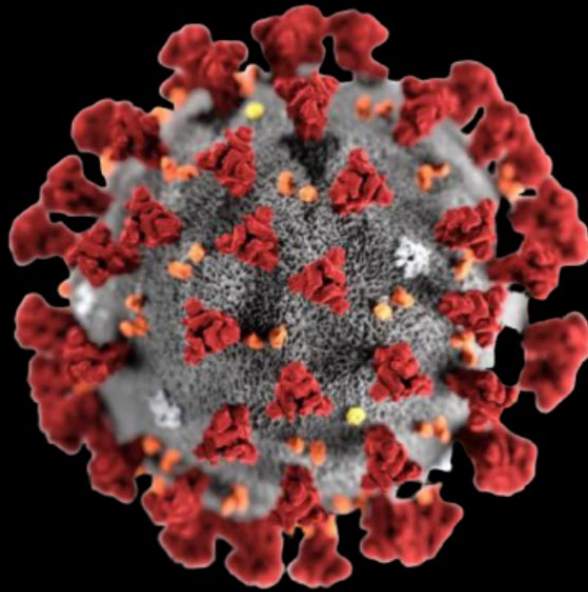
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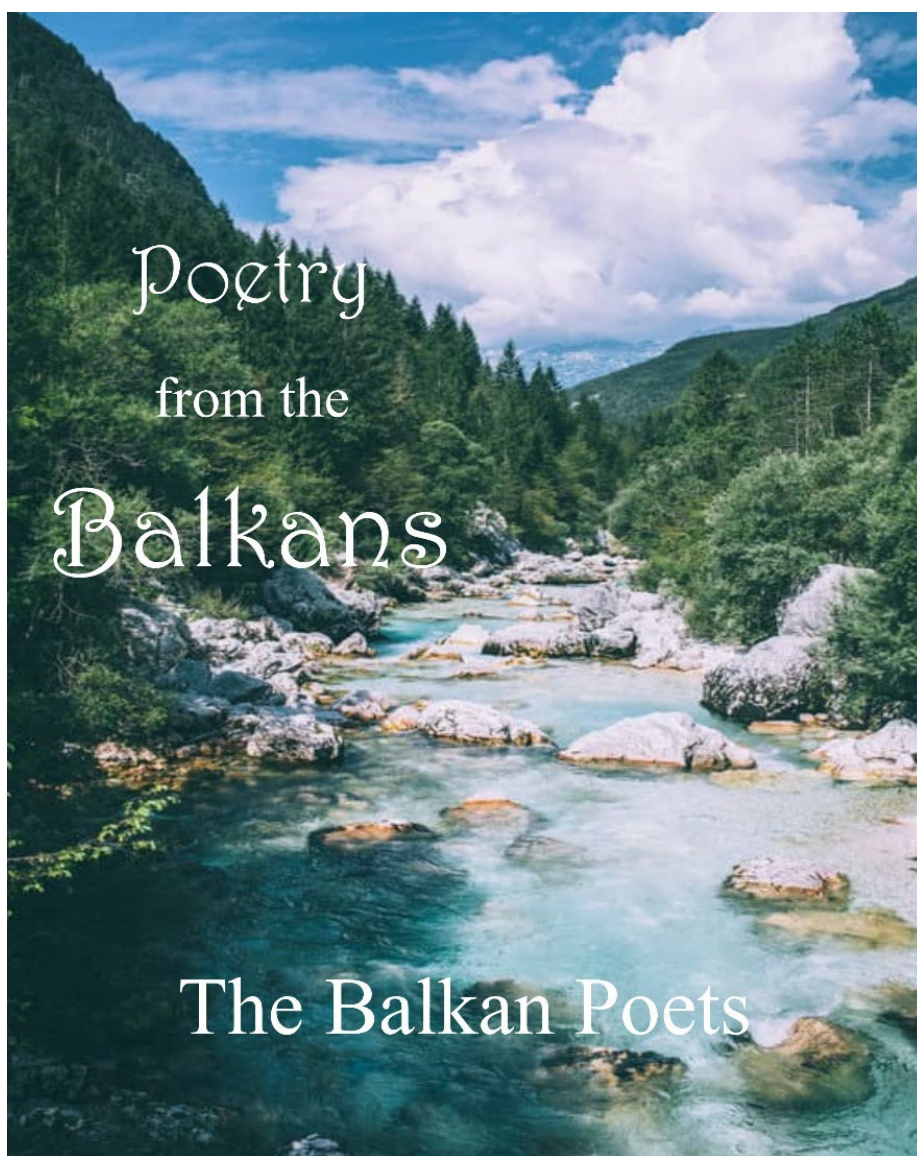
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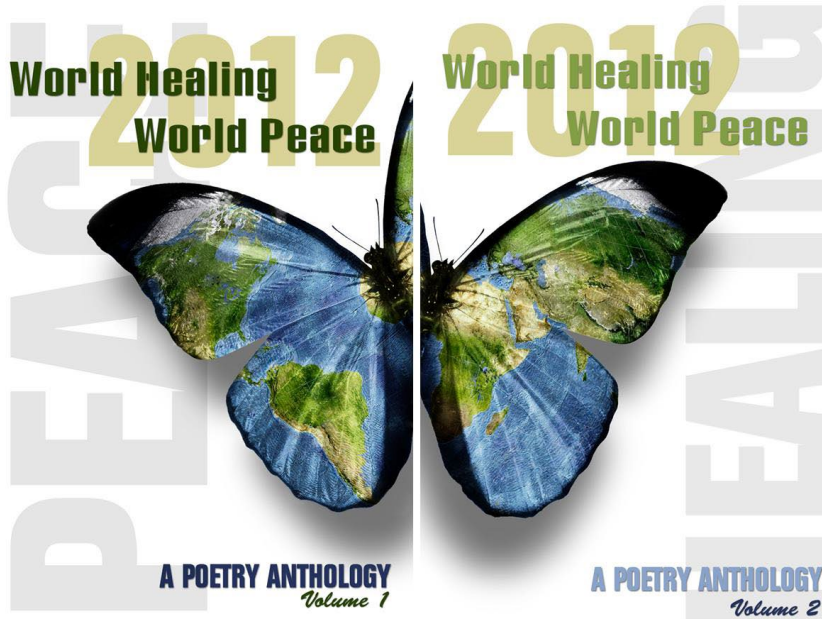
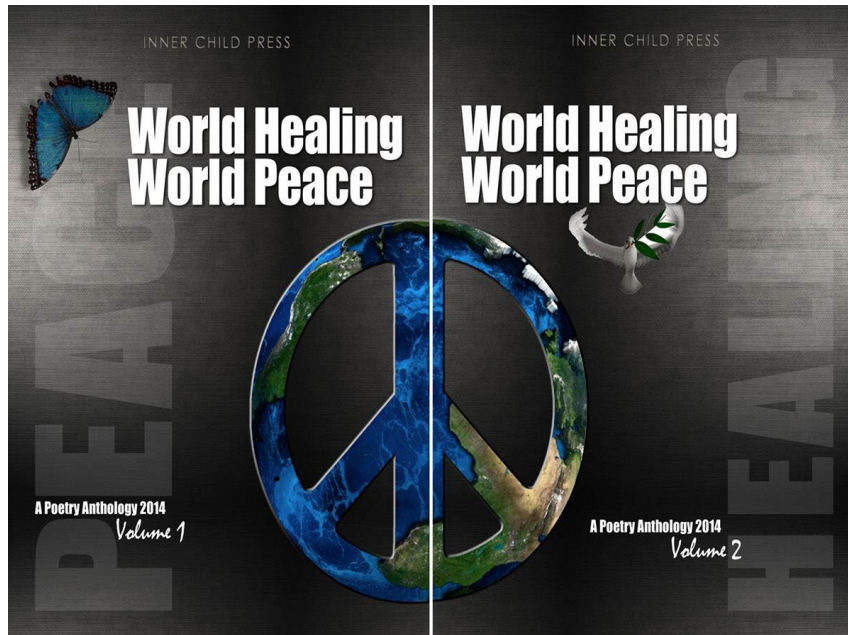
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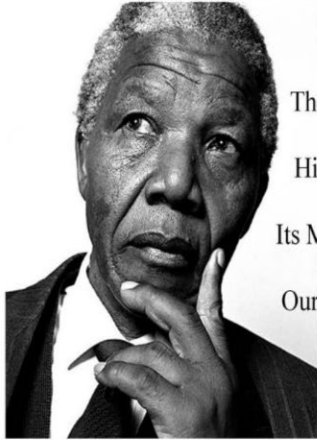


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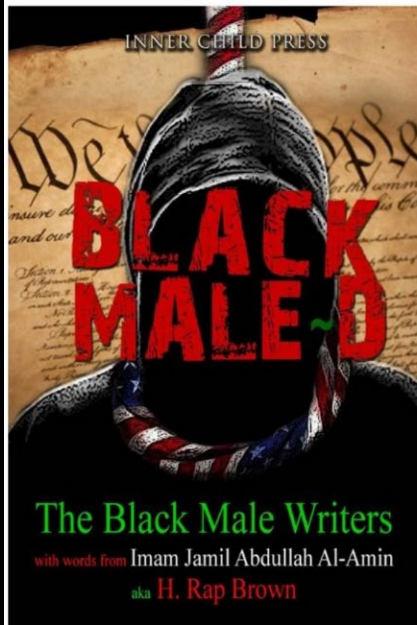
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FOR

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with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

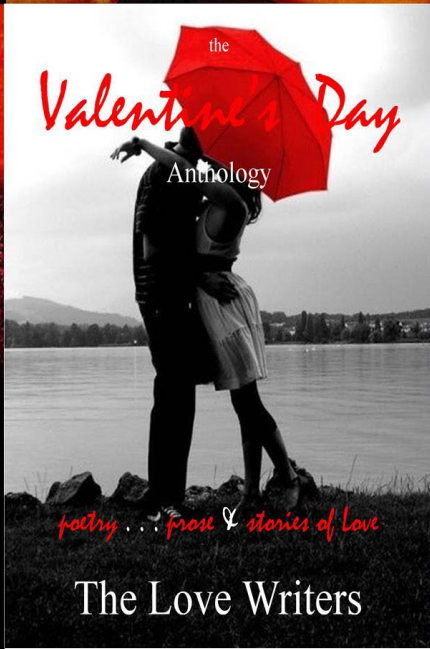
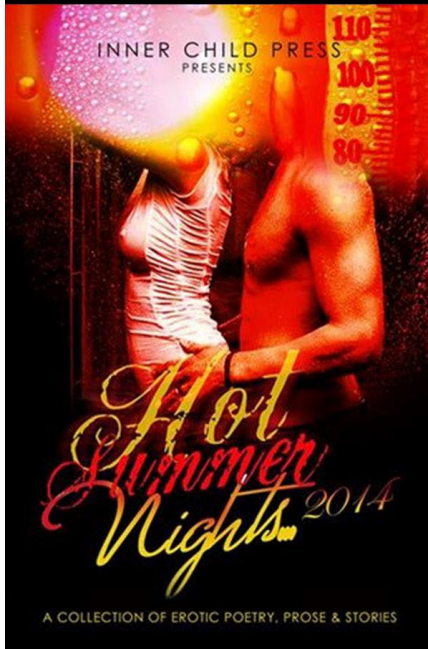
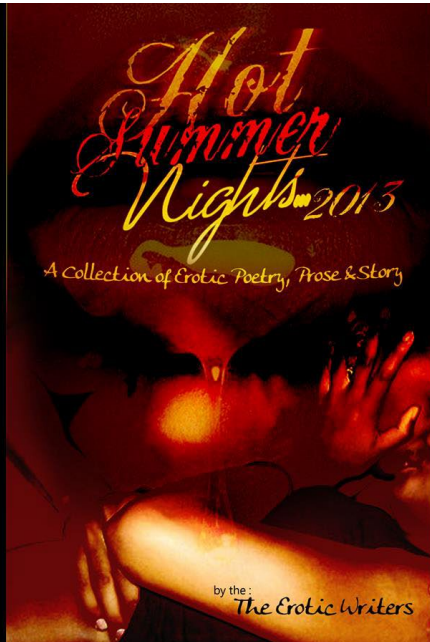
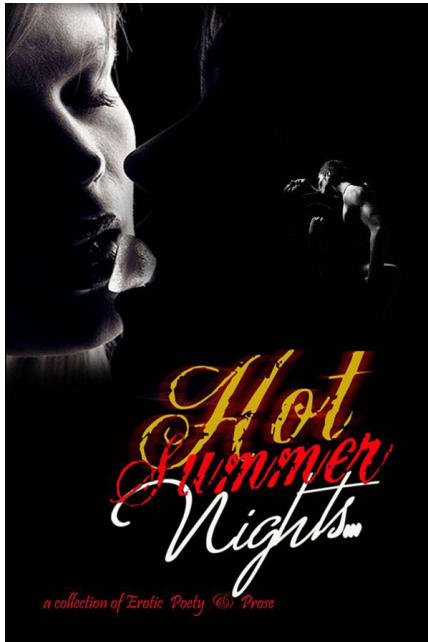
aka **H. Rap Brown**

I
want
my
poetry
to... volume 4

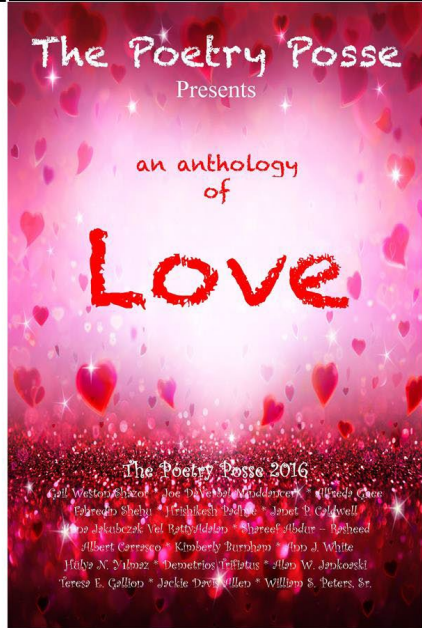
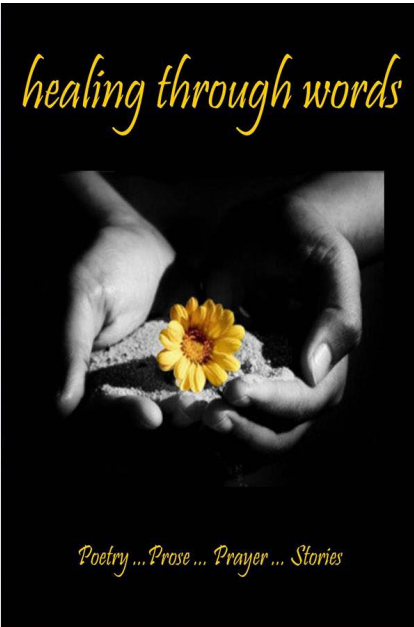


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Being Human

For the most part
With dignity we lived.
Yes we too have had
Our ugly moments,
Reactions
And callousness

We did strive a bit
To love those whom we felt
Did not deserve it,
And discovered inner treasures
As a result

We fought battles
Against our indifference
As we attempted to understand
The illogical
And the stupid

Compassion has become
Somewhat of an art form
As we have designed ways
To exhibit
Our self-described
Noble character

Though it is evident
What we are as a species,
Being Human
Is always a challenge
If we choose
To open our eyes

Funny thing
About the truth of it all
Is we are very adept
At surviving ourselves
Well, most of us are
.....
Delusion is quite the valuable tool

Many times I sit,
And sometimes reflect,
Some times project
While taking an inventory
Of 'me'
Quite the undertaking if one
Chooses honesty ...
But for me
Before I finish reading
The entire book
I tire of the brutality of the
'Self critique',
But somehow I
Am OK with me
For most moments,
The other moments
I choose to sleep

So, here I am
Still striving for progress,
Seeking, searching surreptitiously
For the path to absoluteness
And I still have
This abiding feeling
That I am still lost
Sigh so much for
Being Human



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