

# Changing

## the

# World

one poem at a time



## The Conscious Poets

# Changing the World

*one poem at a time*

The Conscious Poets

Inner Child Press, Ltd.

*'building bridges of cultural understanding'*



# Credits

The Conscious Poets

*Project Manager*

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

*Editor*

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

*Cover Graphic*

Yuffie Yuliana

*Cover Design*

Inner Child Press International

# General Information

## Changing the World

*one poem at a time . . .*

### The Conscious Poets

1st Edition: 2025

This Publishing is protected under the Copyright Law as a “Collection”. All rights for all submissions are retained by the individual author and or artist. No part of this publishing may be reproduced, transferred in any manner without the prior **WRITTEN CONSENT** of the “Material Owner” or its representative, Inner Child Press International. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Law. Any queries pertaining to this “Collection” should be addressed to the Publisher of Record.

Publisher Information:  
Inner Child Press International  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws.  
Copyright © 2025

ISBN-13: 978-1-961498-73-0 (inner child press, ltd.)

**\$ 19.95**



*Disclaimer from the Editing Department*

In order to maintain the poets' authentic voices and their original work, this publication has not undergone the full standard scrutiny of editing by Inner Child Press International. Please take time to indulge this collection for the authors' own creativity and aspirations to convey the uniqueness of their written art.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.  
Director of Editing Services



edication

To ...

Our World ...

The Children yet to come ...

&

Global Salvation





# Table of Contents

*Foreword by Kimberly Burnham*

*ix*

## *Changing the World ...The Poetry*

Eliza Segiet (Poland)	3
Neha Bhandarkar (Nagpur, India)	5
Liana Wallace (USA)	8
Tamikio L. Dooley (USA)	11
Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shameis (Egypt)	13
Kimberly Burnham (Oregon, USA)	15
Zainab Muhammad Aboud (Syria)	18
Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris (Morocco)	20
Suranjit Gain (Bangladesh)	23
Til Kumari Sharma (Nepal)	25
Nour Elhouda Guerbaz (Algeria)	27
Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana	29
Kapardeli Eftichia (Greece)	31
Kevin L. Williams (Chicago, IL, USA)	33
Hong Ngoc Chau (Vietnam)	35
Anita Bondi (USA)	37
Elizabeth Cassidy (New York, USA)	39
Nikolina Srđić (Bosnia and Herzegovina)	42
JuNe Barefield	44
Khalice Jade (Algiers)	47
Akleema Ali (Trinidad & Tobago)	50
Hussein Habasch (Afrin, Kurdistan)	52
Asia Jraoui (Algeria)	55
Imène Bouafifia (Algeria)	58
Dimitris P. Kraniotis (Greece)	60
Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas (India)	62

## Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Rocky Gauri (Bangladesh)	64
Dr Sana Boukhtache (Algeria)	66
Dr. Amel Tarfaya (Algeria)	68
Irena Jovanović (Serbia)	70
Ayham Mahmoud Al-Abbad (Iraq)	72
Deepti Shakya (India)	74
Ibrahim Honjo (Canada/Bosnia)	76
Swayam Prashant (Odisha)	78
Slavica Pejović (Serbia)	80
Ashok Bhargava (Canada)	82
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo (Philippines)	84
Smruti Ranjan Mohanty (India)	86
Alessandro Inghilterra (Italy)	89
Marlon Salem Gruezo-Bondroff (Philippines-USA)	91
Aibek Kalmaganbetov (Kazakhstan)	93
Anahit Arustamyan (Armenia)	96
Dinara Orazbekova (Kazakhstan)	98
Elham Hamedi (Iran)	101
Mark Heathcote (United Kingdom)	103
Monsif Beroual (Morocco)	105
Robert Allen Goodrich Valderrama (Panama)	108
Solomon C Jatta (Gambia)	110
hülya n. yılmaz (Turkey ~ USA)	112
William S. Peters, Sr. (USA ~ Wanderland)	115

## Epilogue

About the Artist	121
About Inner Child Press	123
Other Meaningful Anthologies by Inner Child Press International	127

# f oreword

The poets at Inner Child Press outline both the ways we can change the world and the ways we must change ourselves and our relationship to the world. We can plant trees for the next generation and flowers for our neighbors to enjoy. We can hold less tightly to what we think of as ours and more tightly to those we love. We can extend the circle of who we love to all eight billion of us.

We are all affected by the neighborhoods we live in and all the neighborhoods in the world are connected. Through this book, you and I are connected to people in Asia, Africa, the Middle East, Europe, Australia, and North and South America. We all share this world with other living beings, trees, wolves, and deer.

We pay our money and think of things as belonging to us but can we really own a wildflower, a stream with glistening rocks, or quail calling to each other. We pull our trash out to the curb and let someone else take care of it but we are still responsible for it, even when we pay someone to take it away. And that is the physical trash, the thoughts, the way we communicate, we are responsible for it and the way it goes out into the world.

Imagine a world where all we sent out was love and generosity. Imagine that world is here, tomorrow.

Kimberly Burnham

Portland, Oregon, June 2025

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>





There is no place for war in a civilized world ... therefore we can affirmatively conclude that those who indulge in the machinations of war are not civil!

~ krisar



# Changing the World

*one poem at a time*

The Conscious Poets

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*



*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

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).



## Changing the world . . . one poem at a time

### White Doves

A motionless point  
started to disappear.  
Suddenly, in this  
- so far unfenced –  
place stood a fence to gag the reality.  
Its aim – to silence the cry of those hungry  
for better days and quiet nights.

To look at white doves' wings  
- we need PEACE.

*In the memory of those who failed to reach their destination*

*Translated by Dorota Stępińska*

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

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Neha Bhandarkar (Nagpur, India)



Neha Bhandarkar is a widely published trilingual author and translator. Her 16 books have been published and embellished with numerous national and international awards. Some of her poems have been translated in more than 15 foreign languages and 8 Indian languages.

## Foundation

History is not biased  
Toward any individual  
It craves for incidents  
No oasis can quench  
The thirst of history

History, the sentry of time  
Gives sense to mankind  
Even in the present  
The dreams of history  
Gets drifted with  
The winds of the present  
Sometimes they come true  
Sometimes they are left incomplete too  
The repetitions of history  
Fills heart with fear  
The dense clouds of doubt  
Begin to crowd in the sky of the mind

The pages of History  
Are always not golden  
When are the anecdotes  
Of the history  
always consequential?  
Rationales for slavery  
Dedication for patriotism  
The sacrifices of our brave soldiers  
And their martyrdom  
When do they let us forget  
Our responsibilities towards our country?

The incidents of our history  
filled with  
Conquests-defeats Humiliations  
Misunderstandings  
Mistakes  
And their root causes  
Forgetting all these tools  
Will lead the present to suffer  
But present always

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Does not introspect  
The consequences of history

It is obviously better  
To live undauntingly  
In the present  
In the awareness of  
Our history  
And to build  
A foundation of  
The futuristic scenario

To make a new History  
in a neutral mood...



*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Liana Wallace (USA)



Liana Wallace is a poet, activist, and writer whose work bridges subversive art and collective liberation. Raised in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, she began performing in churches and community centers, where her passion for poetry and justice first took root. Her voice has since been featured on Chicago's Heartland radio show and at the Moran Center's 2018 Award Ceremony honoring Congressman John Lewis.

A 2019 Coca-Cola Scholar and former Seattle Limbe Sister City Association delegate, Liana has long been recognized for her leadership in building more equitable communities. She organized a 5,000-person rally for Black Lives in 2020, founded the grassroots group Evanston Fight for Black Lives, and has written on politics and culture as a blogger for DearMimi. A 2023 graduate of Georgetown University and castaway on Season 41 of Survivor, she is currently pursuing her Master of Social Work at the University of Chicago, where she is committed to building communities rooted in Black liberation, environmental justice, and the dismantling of imperialist and apartheid systems.

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### *I Been Laughing Lately*

I been laughing lately  
dancin'  
hips swangin

like maybe I could show all the people I love how much I love them with this one move  
make laughter roll out of bellies  
then evaporate into thin air  
kiss wounds they didn't know needed healing  
sun shining  
something magical spiraling down the staircase of heaven knocking on my front door  
screaming I love me naked, so my body absorbs it  
soil so dark,  
and that's why me and mamma plant the seeds  
water falling like syrup seeping into the ground  
sprouting  
singing  
crying  
a bucket of tears  
what's poetry been to me all these years?  
looking into someone  
being excited about tomorrow  
breakfast  
and Papa  
and the comb,  
wrestling against dark brown curls  
sweet hot chicken and yellow corn  
chalking up the sidewalk with bedtime stories  
knowing I am the sum of two complete parts,  
but I'm whole too  
and missing in some places

car wash drive-throughs  
standing in my diaper, toes in the sand, eyes deep brown  
salt sliding off the ocean onto skin  
wanting to be grown before we knew what that was  
boxed in classrooms  
not enough lead in my pencil to write down everything they asked of us  
trading childhood for teenage expectations  
growing  
sliding down slides

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

breaking things  
creating something new  
grandma  
honey on warm biscuits  
being taught Jesus,  
then wondering about colonization and things given to us  
wondering what we would have believed in,  
if they hadn't fed us that dry, unseasoned recipe  
tryna talk with a God that is my own  
swimming  
mamma's hands pressed on my back  
tummy to blue sky,  
till I  
could float  
yeah, I been laughing lately  
random memories  
time and people I took for granted  
just laughing  
belly quaking  
teeth gleaming  
laughing  
something I don't let myself enough  
just laughing  
time  
like clouds passing  
laughing  
memories  
us  
me  
yeah,  
I've been laughing lately

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Tamikio L. Dooley (USA)



Tamikio L. Dooley is a multi-award-winning author. She is the author of 150 titles and 100 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, and children's books, diaries, journals, inspiring books, culture, African American, and history books. She is also a publicist and blogger.

## **We Can Change the World If**

We can change the world if,  
We unite to share love.  
Joy,  
At the moment, find happiness.

We can change the world if,  
We collaborate, because it strengthens us together.  
Let's close our eyes,  
Hear our hearts beat as a single rhythm.  
Among the whatever

We can change the world,  
Dancing is what we do.  
The cadence of peace and humanity,  
In the form of solitude,  
We change the world if.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shameis (Egypt)



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

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### Who we are

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

Are we from the past.  
Or from the present.  
Or do we live in loss,  
appreciate the true meaning of life?  
And rediscover peace?



Changing the world . . . one poem at a time

Kimberly Burnham (Oregon, USA)



Kimberly Burnham, PhD (Integrative Medicine) lived in tropical Colombia; Belgium during the Vietnam War; Japan teaching English, and diverse international Toronto, Canada. She lives in Spokane, WA and Portland, OR 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>



## Can We Change

It begins in the morning  
not in the world, but  
the breaths we take  
the hand we extend  
or withhold

I walked beside a river today  
thinking of privilege  
how it clings  
like mist to the skin  
invisible until the sun  
lights it up

Can I have a smaller foot print  
in my want?  
can I hold less stuff  
yet feel more tenderness for the world?

The trees do not argue  
about how to stand  
bunnies outside my window  
do not envy the quail's stillness  
each follows a path  
it is enough to be alive

We are no different  
yet we forget.  
love is not always  
a thunderous river  
sometimes it is  
a trickle of attention  
the act of listening  
without the need to shout

Can we change ourselves  
understanding the messages in the wind  
whispered from diverse lips  
from the four corners of the earth  
and from our own backyard

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

We must change ourselves  
the fire has leapt the fence  
the world is no longer  
just burning but asking  
can we change  
be tender in the face of power  
reach into dirt and help others  
with what grows there  
what we have planted  
but do not own alone  
are we willing?

Let our hands  
hold less.  
let our hearts  
hold more  
open to the earth  
not the wide world  
but the small one beating  
inside our chests  
as we begins  
to turn and change  
and so the world will grow

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Zainab Muhammad Aboud (Syria)



Zainab Muhammad Aboud is a graduate of Arabic literature from Tishreen University in 2018, MA student of Linguistics. She writes poetry and prose and works as a language auditor in the modern literary renaissance. She also previously audited the book (Thoughts of Yarsan), and participated in a number of cultural events in Syria. She has some poems published in Arabic magazines such as Iraq, Egypt and Algeria. Zainab received a certificate of honor from the modern literary renaissance for her participation in 2018 in the book (Pearls) and compiled Arabic book, which started in 2019. She now serve as a linguist review in the modern literary journal Renaissance.

## A World

I have a world where my words are sweet  
The beautiful heart resides within me  
In it, beauty has become undisguised  
In it, life and the eagerness of times  
It is a free world for a people whose origin is  
Gold aged in the darkness of prayers  
But its fate has become sad  
Since the spread of separation, my sighs  
Our heritage has not carried the buried hatred  
This is because love is part of what comes  
In love, there is a healing for the wounds of sorrow  
And with it, we will ascend, like the deeds of masters  
The free, beautiful world is our ambition  
And so we will rise after every slumber  
We will build a country with dignity as its covenant  
And love is its factory of experiences  
I have a vision for love that creates a world  
In it, we will erase the class gap  
With knowledge, blessed effort, and passion  
Grass grows and blossoms in the desert

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris (Morocco)



Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris is a Moroccan poet, novelist, and children's writer. She studied at the École d'Interprètes Internationaux in Mons (Belgium), the École Normale Supérieure in Rabat (Morocco), and Université Paris Nanterre (France).

She has published a novel and two poetry collections in French, as well as two poetry collections in English. She has also fifteen children's tales forthcoming. Her poetry has appeared in several international anthologies in France, the United States, India, Kenya, and Morocco.

## The Wind of Change

When will the wind of change blow  
So our nights with hope may glow  
Enlighten the sky with stars glistening  
Like diamonds, to the eye dazzling  
Disperse on its way, seeds of love  
Push away the clouds above  
Clear the sky for the sun to shine  
Make the dull days bright and fine

When will the wind of change hush  
The guns to make the barren lands lush  
The ravaged trees and shrubs bloom  
The distressed souls get out of the gloom  
When will it erase despair and woe  
To let hope in the grieved hearts flow  
Silence the agonising screams  
And make eyes filled with dreams

When will the wind of change begin  
To sow the seeds of compassion within  
Uproot arrogance and cupidity  
Ingrain empathy and solidarity  
Lift the weight over the aching souls  
Mend with threads of joy, their holes  
Make the eyes see beauty again  
And from shedding tears refrain

When will the wind of change sing  
Making the heart, on its rhythm, swing  
Sing an ode to life and peace  
Make cruelty and suffering cease  
Kids don't play where ruins lie deep  
From famine and thirst, don't weep  
Their war-scarred faces recover the smile  
Stroll through fields, not over trash pile

When will the wind of change rise  
Unchain the hands and calm the cries  
Stitch anew in mercy's name  
The once-torn flags by hate and flame

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Make the war-ravaged land a safer place  
Where belligerents live in endless grace  
When will kindness in every heart flare  
When will nations heal with love and care.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Suranjit Gain (Bangladesh)



Suranjit Gain was born 8 October in 1984 in Khulna district in Bangladesh of Mother Lila Gain and Father Tapan Gain. His primary education from Dacope saheberabad primary school. Secondary from Herovanga Vidyasagar Vidyamandir, West bengal, India. Higher secondary from Gobordanga Collegiate Highschool, India.

Creation of literature begin from childhood. Priest (gurudev) world famous poet Purushottam Kazi Nazrul Islam. Number of published book about hundred and fifty. Bengali, Hindi, English, Sanskrit literature published from several country of the world. Maximum writings and books released with the finance of publication. Admired and recognized by international literary festivals. National and international awarded poet. Congratulated by the universe in literature.



## Second Liberation

My golden teenage boy and girl, you know the history well;  
the country became independent in the mass uprising of 1924.  
Awami League dreamed of a false dream of dictatorship;  
it has forcibly deprived the people.  
Students have died, blood has been shed, how many people have cried;  
hundreds have sacrificed their lives for the country.  
Everyone wanted to live with their rights;  
in return, they received a brutal blow from tyranny.  
The oppressed people finally stood up; they took away the power of the tyrant and drove  
him out of this country.  
In March 1971, we first waved the flag of independence;  
we got our second liberation on July 24.  
My dear sons and daughters, this is written for you;  
in the coming days, you will shape the face of this country.  
There will be no sorrow, poverty, deprivation and hunger;  
you will give the gift of public service from your heart.  
In my country, a sweet smile will bloom on everyone's face;  
all people will spend their days happily with equal rights.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Til Kumari Sharma (Nepal)



Til Kumari Sharma is a Multi Award Winner in writing from an international area from Paiyun 7- Hile Parbat, Nepal. She is a poet of the World Record Book " HYPERPOEM". She is made as portrait "Poetic Legend of Asia" by Nigerian Painter. She is world creative hero of LOANI. Email: [authortilks@gmail.com](mailto:authortilks@gmail.com) [www.pushpasm/tilaism.blogspot.com](http://www.pushpasm/tilaism.blogspot.com)

## **Journey of Life**

Amazing life seems around the world.  
Having humanity is like jewel.  
The happy journey is beautiful.  
The life itself is a kind of journey.  
The worth of journey is very meaningful.  
The journey is difficult but it is eternal.  
We are taking joy to see this.  
The journey to death is joyful that no one knows fact.  
Life is joyful with tears and struggle.  
The journey of life is beautiful and painful too.  
So life is a kind of journey to soil with transformation.  
In the journey of life, I faced the challenges.  
The challenges of the life to have success are hard but I climbed a lot to reach in the peak point.  
The life is higher in the journey of struggle.  
My journey is center to the natural beauty.  
Nature is my foremost lover.  
Nature is the primary thing to heal my wound.  
The nature is the journey of life.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Nour Elhouda Guerbaz (Algeria)



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

## The Resurrection

The resurrection is happening now.  
A crazy world suffocating with destruction.  
Sick children in pain.  
Their rights are trampled on.  
Their simple dreams are stolen from them...  
Cold, hunger, and darkness.  
Sighs of pain and the songs of the nightingale  
buried alive at the beginning of the road.  
The child asks his mother,  
"Where is my father?"  
She answers him with a lump in her heart and a hoarse, sad voice.  
They killed him on Eid morning, depriving him of his children.  
The cold of the tents is unbearable, and the hunger is terrible.  
The smell of death is everywhere...  
I, my mother, am an angel.  
You lost me and threw me into this absence and torment.  
Please give us life, because it walks with a limp.  
Move, O world, to save deprived childhood.  
Famines, wars, greed, and killing stole childhood,  
shattered dreams, and broke hearts.  
Children are orphaned, and mothers are bereaved.  
Destruction has turned the earth into graves  
containing the corpses of adults and children.  
Where is peace?  
A world that has become a swamp of destruction.  
Bring it back to the way it was, containing all of humanity.  
Leave us to achieve dreams and live happily  
under the protection of a mother and father and a homeland  
that we sanctify until death.  
I address the imperfect.  
I am completely in you, so heal what remains of the wounds

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana



Dr. Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana's message-oriented poems have been published in no less than a hundred countries and are translated to over 41 languages as of now. During his 30-year tryst with poetry, the poet has been conferred with several national and international awards, doctorates, commendations, titles etc. Till date, Eleven Poetry Books have been published, apart, he translated 13 spiritual and 4 other book scripts from local Telugu to English language.

## Quest For Harmony

No safe place to either live,  
No safe place to either hide,  
Houses got devastated,  
Roads got destructed;  
Bombs keep raining often,  
Causing fear of death and ruin.

No water worth drinking,  
No road worth walking,  
Death keeps on hunting,  
Hunger keeps on gripping,  
Humane concern looks buried,  
Respect for the dead seems dead.

How to change the world's mind  
If peace is thrown to the wind;  
A quest for harmony and unity,  
Only can change the humanity;  
As citizens responsible for a change,  
Why not we accept the challenge.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Kapardeli Eftichia (Greece)



Kapardeli Eftichia from Greece has a degree as an art conservator 2021. She has a Doctorate from Arts And Culture World Academy. 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.Α.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](http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013_10_01_archive.html)



## Supplicants

Flowers are dressed in Light  
I wander, among the world  
I wipe my lips from  
empty words  
Times have closed me in a great silence  
The kisses of the Sun  
They burn me and fade me  
I get trapped, in unknown mirrors  
I squeeze thoughts, in whispers  
The rooms of the streets  
Dreams mourn  
Colorless lives  
Daily sufferings  
The rain washes away our silent  
footprints  
supplicants of love  
in the cracks  
of an embalmed era, travelers

## Ικέτες (Greek)

Τα λουλούδια ντύνονται με Φως  
Τρυπώνω ανάμεσα στον κόσμο  
σκουπίζω τα χείλη από τα  
άδεια λόγια  
Οι καιροί με έκλεισαν σε μια μεγάλη σιωπή  
Τα φιλιά του Ήλιου  
Με καίνε και με ξεθωριάζουν  
Παγιδεύομαι σε άγνωστους καθρέπτες  
Στριμώχνω τις σκέψεις σε ψίθυρους  
Τα δωμάτια των δρόμων  
Θρηγούν τα όνειρα  
Άχρωμες ζωές  
Καθημερινές οδύνες  
Η βροχή ξεπλένει τις αθόρυβες  
πατημασιές μας  
Ικέτες της αγάπης  
στις ρωγμές  
μιας βαλσαμωμένης εποχής ,ταξιδευτές

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Kevin L. Williams (Chicago, IL, USA)



Kevin L Williams, Ph.D, grew up in Chicago, Illinois and came from a family tradition of educators and writers. He has been writing poetry ever since he was a child. Kevin gets his creativity and poetry writing skills from his mother who was an excellent poet herself. “I hope you enjoy this poem.”

## Love Yourself

We get caught up in living this life, how the world thinks we should be.  
We even try to mold ourselves into images others want to see.

All that does is leave you empty, with a tank where nothing is left.  
The key to your true happiness is to learn to love yourself.

Love yourself unconditionally, as a mother can love her own child.  
Love yourself so fully, like that special one who makes you smile.

Love yourself so vitally, as the the very air we breathe  
Love yourself so stunningly, as a forest of autumn leaves.

Love yourself so abundantly, as the night sky full of stars.  
Love yourself so vastly, as the galaxies so far.

Love yourself so beautifully, as the blueness of the seas  
Love yourself so naturally, as the oxygen produced by trees.

Love yourself so pricelessly, as the most exotic jewel  
Love yourself so powerfully, as a rocket burns its fuel.

Love yourself so astonishingly, as the most colorful sunset  
Love yourself so boldly, without explanation or regret.

Love yourself so amazingly, as the power of mother earth  
Love yourself so valuably, that never diminishes your worth.

Love yourself so purely, like the finest bar of gold  
Love yourself so timelessly, like a classic song never gets old.

Love yourself so assuredly, like the day turns into the night  
Love yourself so strongly, that you give it all your might.

Love yourself so soaringly, like a flight on an eagle's wing  
Love yourself so above, any person, place, or thing.

Love yourself so preciously, as the blood that beats your heart  
Love yourself so gratefully, knowing you were perfect from the start.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Hong Ngoc Chau (Vietnam)



Hong Ngoc Chau is a pen name. Her real name is Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chinh. She is a Master of Education Management, a member of the Ho Chi Minh City Writers Association (Vietnam) and an Honorary Doctor of Literature and Humanities of the Church and the University of Priton.

She is an executive member of W.U.P (World Union of Poets), General Council of the World Union of Poets with SILVER MEDAL for Researcher (14th medal of the World Union of Poets), VISHWA BHARATI Associate - India (Vishwabharati Research Center), International Ambassador of the International Council of Writers & Artists, Administrator, Coordinator, Group Expert of many literary forums around the world.

## The Call Of Peace From Love

Peace is like the bright sunshine  
As the source of peaceful beings in life  
Like virtue, everybody is desiring  
To perform the truth of believing

Using grace to bury hatred emotions  
To turn wickedness into compassion  
First and foremost peace is sympathy indeed  
Then giving up a grudge, eradicating greed

Due to poverty, mercy is a righteous way of Lord  
We should have fair behavior to end the war  
All nations have the same responsibility  
To help all people have a good living, you see

For that result, they must understand to handle  
The true, the good, and the beautiful as examples  
They must admire, adore God, and love human  
If they were selfish they'd make chaos homeland

We should agree that the world is a big family  
Though we are not the same race and country  
But have the same mentality of asking happiness  
We should be united to create peace – endless

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Anita Bondi (USA)



Anita Bondi, Ph. D is the founder and co-director of Wellspring Holistic Center. She is a body/mind therapist specializing in trauma held in the body, dancer, poet, and creative. She has been in private practice for almost 40 years and still longs to be a singer in this lifetime. She is a Wild Writer who longs to meet herself in all of her glory on the page and in communion with others.



## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### *For Amber*

You do not need to know what comes next, even if you have an emergency bag packed, or know exactly what you will take from your house if you must evacuate immediately. Even if you have taken hours or days after that last conversation to figure out what you will say next time or decided that you will never do that thing again. Even if you have prepped all your meals for the week, and saved enough money to buy the tickets for the concert that is still months away. Even though you were up all night worrying or can't settle today as the pit in your stomach or ball of knots will not leave you alone. Trust me, even if you do not trust yourself. I am old. As of today, I have seen the sun rise over 22,000 times guaranteeing another chance and the moon illuminating so many dark nights of the soul. I have cried enough tears into dirty dishwater and mopped enough to know that just doing what is in front of you will heal a broken heart or at least give it a clean place to lie down and grieve. I also know that even though chocolate, chips, joints and fancy cocktails seem like the promised land, they are not. I did take days and months for granted and wasted so much oxygen struggling and grasping. I used so many years moving fast going nowhere; the grass forever greener under everyone else's feet. Now I sit and listen and can tell you with a grounded certainty that has come like the rocks stacked in my garden, not neat, but not going anywhere either, that you do not need to know what comes next. You do have to rest when the body says, enough. You must eat the rainbow and drink, mostly water, and watch the gauge in your car when it tells you it is running out of gas. Walk and skip and dance just because the air wants a partner and the ground longs to hold you tight. I can promise you that the new road appears when it appears, and it does appear. I can promise you that the most amazing life is unfolding just for you, right before your eyes and that no one else gets that chance. I can also promise that your heart just wants to experience every blessed thing, good and bad so that it knows the truth of this living and can write its own poem to the ones that come next.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Elizabeth Cassidy (New York, USA)



Elizabeth Cassidy is an award-winning former New York artist, poet, illustrator, writer and peace lover who now resides in the Berkshires in Massachusetts with her husband and their crazy puppy Miss Mabel Sunshine since June 2023. Recently she fell in love with writing contemporary poetry again. Who knew?



## Portrait of the Artist as a Child

Portrait of the artist as a child.  
Would you please write? Write anything.  
I clutched my crayons and declared  
I do not like letters.  
I do not know where the letters go.  
The colors that complemented my world  
Were overlooked because I did not know  
Where commas went to live on the page.

Portrait of the artist as a child.  
Would I please stand still?  
Could you get the world to stop moving, too?  
Neither of us could rest.  
My limbs were under the spell  
Of dancing fairies who pleaded with me  
To show them how to twirl around the garden  
Without wings.

Portrait of the artist as a child.  
Would you not run out of the classroom  
Before lunchtime?  
But there was a playground with so much excitement  
To behold.  
And not a single child to push me off the seesaw.

Portrait of the artist as a child.  
Would this school had been able to help you?  
Would Charles Dickens have dared to enter?  
Trying to silence me  
Back then only forced me to realize  
I know where letters go.  
Putting vowels and consonants together  
Created my voice. A very good voice.  
Albeit a tad loud at times.

Portrait of the artist as a child.  
Do you know what a brush  
Felt like when I wrapped my fingers around it?  
How clay cushioned my hands  
Against a cruel world.

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

And how a charcoal stick glided across the paper  
Like an ice skater on their way to the Olympics.

Portrait of the artist as a child.  
I had dreams that if I met Leonardo Da Vinci  
He would insist that I call him “Lenny.”  
Truthfully, I got one of those smiles  
You just cannot forget.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Nikolina Srđić (Bosnia and Herzegovina)



Nikolina Srđić was born on May 21, 2002, in Prijedor, where she completed her secondary vocational education at the Public Institution “Secondary School Center” Prijedor, specializing as a chemical technician. She has been engaged in poetry and writing since elementary school. She wrote her first texts at the age of fifteen, when she first truly felt the power of the written word. She has participated in the “May Encounters,” an event dedicated to promoting young authors. She is a passionate lover of art and literature. Her first poetry collection was created from a desire to present herself to others and to let her words play with the audience, because, as she says: “Everyone will feel my words differently, and they will leave a mark—just the kind that reflects who they are. It should be love, and one should love love.”

## Opened Your Eyes Then Closed Them

Does it make you proud,  
that promise beneath summer nights?  
Does it leave you broken,  
that silence beneath nearby branches?  
Does it carry you to stone slabs,  
that rising above others?

I folded your hands,  
counted alone.  
I painted your hands,  
then hid them away.

Silence fell on you—  
do you feel it like a whispering whirlwind?  
Is it your quiet sorrow?  
Your dusky rose?  
Your cornerless room?

It all feels like love—  
like love for a hatred that still loves.  
I closed your eyes and shattered your hands  
for two souls, but only one body.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

JuNe Barefield



June is an Anarchist, father of three, a Military Veteran, former over the road, Semi Truck driver. A journeyman, really. June has authored three or four collections of thought spanning back to about 2012. June enjoys animals, the outdoors and gardening.

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### Throne Room

Whatever gods there may be, Thank you. . .  
There's an echo ever present, an ancient imagination being reimagined into the aether  
An encoded voice penetrating the stone into rhythm and space and time itself

Waiting in the waiting place for the Mud to settle in the collective Mind of men  
Inside

Waiting for the world to get lost enough, loud enough, to start to listen again  
At words Not meant for Synagogues or Temples  
Inside  
Where the system is cracking, distractions wearing thin, and the soul of man starts to awake  
from his slumber again

Whispering questions the mind can no longer silence  
Energy encoded in the language of the heart  
Tabulated and transmitted, transcribed, from the earliest dawn, realized  
Again

A blueprints written into antiquity on tablets of an emerald gemstone  
Enshrined on the hearts of men  
Where the Truth of the Throne Room lives  
Forbidden knowledge remembered, destroying the illusion, silencing the noise they distract  
you with  
Realizing that there is No end  
So again, begin

Into silence, inward facing, fading out of the trap of human debasement, ridicule and  
misdirection infecting the essence of men

Into presence again

Whispering the questions the mind cannot silence any longer  
The universe inside is you, growing stronger  
Together  
The All is One  
Mind  
Time, a loop

We've been here before, alive

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

The All is mind

Death, birth, past, future, presently you  
Through a dimensional soul ascension they've convinced us all is taboo  
This, a beautiful deja vu  
Remember?

The rising consciousness of eternal Nature  
Experienced by the living  
Alive and giving  
Great cycles of rise, forget, fall, and Rise again  
Begin

A chill in the spine for when truth clicks in  
Synchronicities to precise to be chance  
A serendipitous splendor feeding a childlike wonder of a new discovery uncovered  
To feel the wonder of care  
Again

Time, a loop  
A gentle reminder of what was already known, but forgotten  
Not meant for Temples or Synagogues  
The system is cracking  
The distracted are beginning to remember Again, focusing in  
We've all been here before

Whatever god's there may be, Thank you. . .



*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Khalice Jade (Algiers)



Khalice Jade, born Saliha Ragad, International Peace Ambassador, is a versatile author and philosopher committed to celebrating diversity and fostering cultural understanding. With over thirty published works, she promotes peace and reflection through her poetry and anthologies.

Khalice Jade, née Saliha Ragad, Ambassadrice Internationale de la Paix, est une auteure polyvalente et philosophe engagée dans la célébration de la diversité et la compréhension culturelle. Avec plus de trente ouvrages publiés, elle promeut la paix et la réflexion à travers sa poésie et ses anthologies.



## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### The Soul Of The Dove

It rises from the silence, This immaculate dove, Born from the ashes of our wars, Carrying in its feathers the echo of a forgotten world.

Its flight, fragile yet resolute, Crosses the chaos of our doubts, Like a whispered prayer To the ear of the universe.

Changing the world is not a cry of revolt, Nor a blaze consuming the moment. It is the breath of a feather Drawing circles in the ether, Invisible paths that only Open hearts can follow.

It teaches us that each wingbeat Is a movement toward the other, A bridge stretched over the chasms Of our misunderstandings, A silent vow That light will always triumph over shadow.

Our differences, our colors, Are the reflections of a sacred rainbow, A hymn to the diversity crafted By the Absolute, our Creator. Each hue, each shade, Is a note in the symphony Of universal love.

Oh dove, you who see beyond horizons, Plant in us the seed of possibility, Turn our wounds into open doors Toward a future we dare not imagine.

For changing the world Is to become the wind that carries your flight, The tree that offers you refuge, The hand that sets you free, And the heart that welcomes.

In your gaze, We find the truth: Change is not born in storms, But in the silent peace Of a soul ready to love, And in the recognition That our colors weave the rainbow of humanity.

## L'âme De La Colombe (French)

Elle surgit du silence, Cette colombe immaculée, Née des cendres de nos guerres, Portant dans ses plumes l'écho d'un monde oublié.

Son vol, fragile mais résolu, Traverse le chaos de nos doutes, Comme une prière murmurée À l'oreille de l'univers.

Changer le monde n'est pas cri de révolte, Ni brasier qui consume l'instant. C'est le souffle d'une plume Qui trace des cercles dans l'éther, Des chemins invisibles que seuls Les cœurs ouverts peuvent suivre.

Elle nous enseigne que chaque battement d'aile Est un mouvement vers l'autre, Un pont tendu sur les abîmes De nos incompréhensions, Un serment secret Que la lumière triomphe toujours de l'ombre.

Nos différences, nos couleurs, Sont les reflets d'un arc-en-ciel sacré, Un hymne à la diversité façonné Par l'Absolu, notre Créateur. Chaque nuance, chaque teinte, Est une note dans la symphonie De l'amour universel.

Oh colombe, toi qui vois au-delà des horizons, Dépose en nous la graine du possible, Fais de nos blessures des portes ouvertes Vers un avenir que nous n'osons imaginer.

Car changer le monde, C'est devenir le vent qui porte ton vol, L'arbre qui t'offre refuge, La main qui libère Et le cœur qui accueille.

Dans ton regard, Nous trouvons la vérité : Le changement ne naît pas dans les tempêtes, Mais dans la paix silencieuse D'une âme prête à aimer, Et dans la reconnaissance Que nos couleurs tissent l'arc-en-ciel de l'humanité.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Akleema Ali (Trinidad & Tobago)



Akleema Ali is a Reiki Master Teacher in Trinidad & Tobago. Her passion is using meditation and Reiki as a major modality for optimal health & wellness. Her mission is to encourage others to build their own sanctuary and her vision is that everyone can access peace within.

## The Reflection in the Mirror

We look out at the story lines being played,  
The wars, the horrors, the famine and droughts,  
There seems no end to the despair and suffering all around,  
To be an eternal witness getting caught in the twists and ties.

After a while it becomes too much to see,  
Every person casts their hurt out into the world,  
They look for a light, for hope, for a change,  
They can almost feel something big is about to shift.

We continue watching the mirror every day,  
Patiently waiting for our reflection to change,  
As we continue to stare into the mirror  
It suddenly dawns that change begins with us!

We begin to speak to others differently,  
Speaking softer and doing acts of kindness,  
We look at how our relationships can improve,  
Learning to change becomes our main objective.

The reflection within begins with new wishes,  
We dive into meditative journeys and spaces,  
Creating only peace, love and kindness within,  
Teaching others how they can share their light.

We become mentors and explore new opportunities,  
Learning to build hope for others to join our path,  
The reflection in the mirror becomes unrecognizable,  
When you realize you are the change the world always needed!

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Hussein Habasch (Afrin, Kurdistan)



Hussein Habasch is a poet from Afrin, Kurdistan, born in 1970. His poems have been translated into many languages. His poetry has been published in more than 200 International Poetry Anthologies. He has participated in many International Poetry Festivals 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, Cyprus, Uruguay, India Rockport (USA), Indonesia and Italy. He has won several awards: The International Best Poet Prize 2016 awarded in China by the International Poetry Translation and Research Centre, the Journal of the World Poets Quarterly (Multilingual) and the Editorial Board of the Chinese Poetry International, the Great Kurdish Poet Hamid Bedirkhan Award, awarded by the General Union of Kurdish Writers and Journalists (2022), the International “Bosnian Stećak” Award for Poetry, awarded by the Bosnia and Herzegovina Writers Union (2022), the Bangladesh Kathak International Literary Prize, awarded at the World Thinkers’ and Writers’ Peace Meet in Calcutta, India (2024) and he has also been rewarded with a honorific price at the Safi International Poetry Forum in Morocco (2024).

## Alles Kommt Gut!

Alles Kommt Gut!  
(Everything will be fine)  
To Alexandra Nicod

If you are sad  
Light a candle and warm your heart  
And say:  
Alles Kommt Gut!  
(Everything will be fine)

Breathe fresh air  
And watch a rainbow appear for you from behind the hills  
And say:  
Alles Kommt Gut!  
(Everything will be fine)

Pack your bag  
Fly to a remote island  
And say:  
Alles Kommt Gut!  
(Everything will be fine)

Go to the theater  
See the actress you love in her white dress  
And say:  
Alles Kommt Gut!  
(Everything will be fine)

Sing your favorite song:  
I miss you...  
And say:  
Alles Kommt Gut!  
(Everything will be fine)

If you are sad  
Put your hand on your heart  
And write to your long-distance lover  
I love you more than the earth and sky can contain!  
I love you, and I will continue to love you even after death!

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

So, there is no place for despair.

Tell your lover:

Alles Kommt Gut!

(Everything will be fine)

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Asia Jraoui (Algeria)



Asia Jraoui has a Master degree in semiotics Doctor of Arabic Literature and is professor of Arabic Narratives Mohamed Keidar University Biskra – Algeria



## Bird and People

The birds have migrated,  
and the people are busy,  
searching for salvation,  
for their fate.

There, atop the hill,  
the brothers divided the spoils,  
and left their little brother—  
to his hunger, his thirst,  
to his endless disappointments.  
He wept and complained to God,  
hoping He might...

...find the way.

The clouds block the path,  
and the thunder tells all who are present:  
God's wrath is coming—  
for they broke the bounds.  
They deprived their brother of life and joy,  
cast him into the unknown,  
where neither life nor happiness exist.  
Is this what they call freedom?  
Fear—fear everywhere.  
Where is humanity?  
Where is the human?  
All are deceivers.

The one who was once gentle  
has turned into a beast,  
fighting the child within us.  
All have become refugees.  
I wonder, will we ever awaken?  
Will our lives return to their beginnings?  
Will we reclaim our humanity?  
If only...  
If only...  
Peace.

Peace. The birds have migrated,  
and the people are preoccupied, searching for their salvation, for their fate.  
There, upon the hill,

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

the brothers divided the spoils,  
and left their little brother  
to his hunger, to his thirst,  
and to his endless disappointments.  
He wept, and he complained of his pain to God,  
hoping that He might...

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Imène Bouafifia (Algeria)



Imène Bouafifia is an Associate Professor - B- - Bachelor's degree: in Arabic Literature – Master's degree: in Classical Arabic Literature and Criticism - PhD: in Classical Arabic Literature and Criticism University of Mohamed Khider, Biskra - Algeria

## The Child

Burn, O wound, for the child is still drowning  
in the darkness of the night,  
searching for a path.  
Perhaps he will rise like a phoenix from the ashes,  
addressing the mirage in the jungles of longing.

You are wonderful, O girl, coming from far away, from the desert of absence,  
like a romantic song that unites lovers in the rain.  
Perhaps there our stories will be written anew,  
stubborn minds will be liberated, hearts will be reconciled,  
our eyes will be filled with me and you,  
and we will close the door of absence like teenagers biting the apple of life with pride and passion.

We ascend the stage of life with joy -  
life takes on its colors,  
and the most beautiful melodies dwell within us.  
We see people as people, not as things;  
thoughts deepen, and love lives in our hearts.  
Hold my hand -  
Don't let go,

So that my soul and yours may remain together as one,  
Taming words and this sinful world  
We will not allow it to tear us apart.  
The story of two lovers living with one heart,  
Their motto: Peace.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Dimitris P. Kraniotis (Greece)



Dimitris P. Kraniotis is a Greek poet and medical doctor. He lives in Larissa (Greece). Author of 11 poetry books. His poems translated into 36 languages. He is Doctor of Literature, Academician, President of 22nd World Congress of Poets and Chairman of the Writers for Peace Committee of PEN Greece.

## Hope Wanted

I ask for water to save me  
Fires are burning around  
The sea full of tears  
Burning with responsibility  
Circles full of fever

I want to be saved in the forest  
In the clouds I will lie down  
I will plant the Earth  
From the beginning  
Hope wanted in the dream  
Before it becomes a nightmare

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas (India)



Dr Biswas, an Indian poet without poetic feelings, a man with affirm manhood, a burden with huge papers written and thrown in the dustbin, depicts the reality in daily affair.

## World Unchangeable

Can we remove the hunger  
Can we stand by the hunger  
Earth is dynamic with its deficiency  
With its ever changing supremacy.  
Some says it is beautiful  
Some says it is full of moonlight  
Earth assures the survivability of vulture  
Who is standing by the hunger stricken. .  
Brutality is a nature that never accepts change.  
Will never allow the earth to be changed.  
Evils are demanding that they are eternal.  
Nightmares are protecting from positive change.  
Be hopefully possessive for songs and harmony.



*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Rocky Gauri (Bangladesh)



Rocky Gauri, a Bangladeshi writer, poet, researcher, and translator, contributed to the Chak-Bengali Dictionary by the International Mother Language Institute. He authored Christmas Rhymes, Stranger Ghost, and Pot-Bellied Ghost. Recognized by IFLA for translating its 2024–2029 Strategy into Bengali, his work explores language, culture, and the human experience.

## Becoming Distant from Nature

— Translated from Bengali

Becoming Distant from Nature

Touching the bare mimosa, I've felt your sensitivity,

I've known how innocent you are.

In the rhythm of daily breaths, I forgot—

Without you, I am nothing; without me, you cease to exist.

O Sublime One! O Divine,

What beauty do you not possess?

I've come to know how alluring you are.

Yet, caught in the rush of life,

I slip farther and farther away,

Lost in the embrace of myself.

From electric dawn to dawn, extinguishing the night,

I have drifted from nature and become technology.

## রকি গৌড়ি

প্রকৃতি হতে হতে

উদাম লজ্জাবতী ছুঁয়ে সংবেদনশীল জেনেছি তোমায়,

জেনেছি কতটা নিষ্পাপ তুমি ।

দৈনন্দিন শ্বাস নিতে নিতে ভুলে গেছি

তুমি ছাড়া আমি নেই, আমি ছাড়া তুমি ।

হে নৈসর্গিক! হে ঐশ্বরিক,

রূপের কি নেই তোমার?

জেনেছি কতটা আবেদনময়ী তুমি ।

তবুও এক ব্যস্ততাগুণ দূর হতে দূরে,

নিজেকে আলিঙ্গনে নিরুদ্দেশ আমি ।

বৈদ্যুতিক ভোর থেকে ভোরে নিভিয়ে দিয়ে রাত

প্রকৃতি থেকে দূর হতে হতে প্রযুক্তি হয়ে গেছি ।

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Dr Sana Boukhtache (Algeria)



Dr. Sana Boukhtache is Professor at Mohamed Khider University, Biskra, Algeria M.A. in Modern and Contemporary Literature and Ph.D. in Literature and Postmodern Transformations.

## The Word and the Heart

A single word can light the skies,  
Or bring soft tears to lovers' eyes.  
It dances gently through the air,  
A silent song, a whispered prayer.

With love it blooms, with hate it breaks,  
It builds the world, or makes it quake.  
Love lives in lines we dare to write,  
In quiet talks that warm the night.

A tender phrase, a vow once spoken,  
Can heal a soul that once was broken.  
So guard your words, let kindness flow,  
For from your lips, true love may grow.

In every verse the heart is shown,  
In every sound, a truth is known.  
Words shape the path where feelings tread,  
They wake the dreams we thought were dead.  
And in their grace, our souls are fed.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Dr. Amel Tarfaya (Algeria)



Dr. Amel Tarfaya, Professor at Mohamed Khider University, Biskra, Algeria M.A. in Modern and Contemporary Literature and Ph.D. in Literature and Postmodern Transformations.

## The Words We Share

In quiet times and moments loud,  
Your voice stands out among the crowd.  
A friend in need, a light so true,  
Your words lift skies from darkest blue.

You speak with kindness, soft and clear,  
A balm to wounds I didn't fear.  
Each syllable, a hand to hold,  
A story shared, a truth retold.

Through whispered hopes and hearty laughs,  
We trace our paths on life's rough graphs.  
Your silence too can gently speak,  
When words are tired or spirits weak.

No distance dims the ties we've spun,  
Nor time can make those bonds undone.  
For every letter, thought, or line,  
Your words and mine in friendship shine.

So let us write this tale anew,  
With phrases pure and meanings true.  
For in our hearts, the verses stay—  
A friendship written day by



*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Irena Jovanović (Serbia)



Irena Jovanović was born in 1971 in Zaječar, Serbia, where she lives and creates. She is a Master of Ceramics Design, artist and poet writing in Serbian and English. Inners Child Press from the USA published her poetry book "Let It Be" through the contest in 2013. Her poems in both languages are widely represented in many magazines, collections and anthologies, printed and online, in Serbia and worldwide. She has founded and leads The Female Poetic Club "Blade of Grass" in her hometown with 30 members, and a regional branch of SKOR, an association of writers in homeland and abroad, and is their lector and chief editor for all their printed editions.

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### Changing The World, One Poem at a Time

Like a clock, tick-tack-tock lack of rhyme  
at a time one poem rises from pristine frame  
and it is all mine, because of my soul divine  
which tends to awaken beauty of ancient fame

Let the poem be a herald of the renaissance  
connesaince of glory of all uplifted realms  
above all it is a miracle of sublime reminiscence  
relying on our vibrational form and tone whelms

Poem vibrating so high and frequently just  
lifts down its downpour of blessings so fine  
refined substances open their secrets and must  
give results in excellence of everything sublime

My mind follows the patterns of joy in words  
versed in layers of collective truth so deeply  
changing the world, one poem at a time accords  
in minds and things echoing so sonorous and ripply



*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Ayham Mahmoud Al-Abbad (Iraq)



Ayham Mahmoud Al-Abbad, Iraqi poet and Ph.D in Linguistics and Translation, was born in Al-Alam in 1987. His poetry, featured in *Voices from Iraq*, includes four collections. He has translated works by Wilde, Schopenhauer, Van Dijk, and Eagleton. He's a member of the Union of Writers in Iraq.

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### Even if I Passed ...

No, you are not alone in your sleep, when you sleep, my soul comes in the form of a child in white clothes that do not hide any guilt or sin behind. My soul covers you with much tranquility, and it reads, between your eyes, prayers that I repeated to you ten years ago, and when a smile shines between your cheeks, my soul raises asking forgiveness to your highness for every sin that angered you, and for every sin that struck your head with gray and headache, and when you embrace, as you used to do, my fingers every time, a clean tear falls from my soul, and withdraws behind the curtain.

No, you are never alone when you wake up and when you sleep, my soul, on which Allah wrote your eternal love, hovers around you with the angels, while my body sleeps away from you, in a cemetery that you will never visit.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Deepti Shakya (India)



Deepti Shakya hails from Uttar Pradesh, India. She is an internationally acclaimed award winning Poetess, Artist, and Certified Reiki Healer. She writes poems in English and Hindi languages. She has contributed to many national and international anthologies, magazines, e-newspapers and e-Journals. Her hobbies include painting, cooking, flowers-making, knitting and crocheting.

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### For A Brighter Tomorrow

It's true that the world can't change in just one day,  
But the power is still in our hands; many voices together can light the way.  
Just as a single stone thrown into the sea can create a surge,  
Similarly a single voice for positive change can ignite a blazing urge.

Winds can change the direction of clouds and create new stories,  
Showers of love and kindness can shape the world and uplift all countries.  
We must take steps together with tremendous courage for a brighter tomorrow,  
Seeds of harmony must be sown so that only happiness flourishes and not sorrow.

When a small attempt can turn the game around, Why can't many efforts together heal  
humanity's deepest wound?  
To create a better world, we need to make many improvements,  
We must embrace unity and integrity for a joyous peaceful environment.

A single thought or a simple dream can kindle a revolutionary light,  
Let's join hands with new hopes and reshape the world without any fright.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Ibrahim Honjo (Canada/Bosnia)



Ibrahim Honjo is a poet/writer. He has published 43 books. His poems have been published in over 90 worldwide anthologies, and over 60 literary newspapers, magazines, radio, and TV stations. Some of his poems have been translated and published into 21 languages. He received numerous awards for his written word and creativity.

## Abyss

In the vortex of endless blindness  
in the smoke of extinguished fires and unfulfilled love  
fear, silence, and sorrow were born  
written in some forgotten fable  
a gloomy autumn  
the smelly air  
and thick fogs  
they are murdering closeness  
no one remembers  
no one suspects  
how it began

Nor is the end clear  
everyone knows  
they must outlive themselves  
and they resign to the present  
All of them bode a glimmer of light  
but they do not see  
that everything sinks into abyss

An abyss filled with fear  
neither to go  
neither to fly  
neither to stay

How to escape from the abyss?  
How...

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Swayam Prashant (Odisha)



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



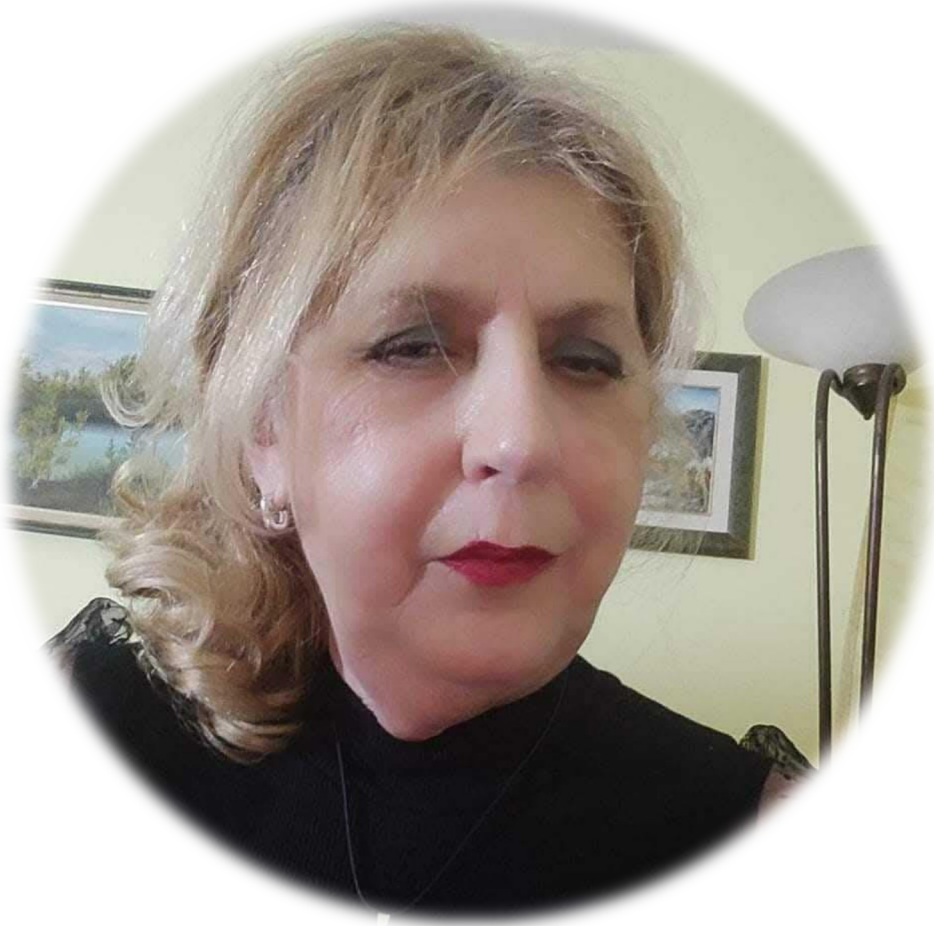
## Think Positive and Walk on

Nothing is unmixed in the world.  
We eat fruit and reject the peel  
from rough iron we make useful tools  
from rough diamond we make shining ornament  
and from rough piece of gold we make beautiful jewellery.  
The main thing in life is the choice and what we focus on  
and how we use what is available for us.  
There is thorn, there is flower.  
If we only see the thorn we certainly  
lose sight of the beauty of the flower.  
Saints and seers have told this repeatedly down the ages  
but still it needs repetition as men are apt to forget.  
At the end love wins not hatred, jealousy or war.  
War and hatred bring ruin to humanity,  
to both who inflict pain and those who are inflicted with pain.  
Love and fellow-feeling sustain life, humanity, society and the world,  
not war, hatred and jealousy.  
So choose life, choose living and choose the path of light,  
not that of darkness, death and destruction.  
Think positive and walk on.



*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Slavica Pejović (Serbia)



Slavica Pejović (1948) is a writer, poet, essayist, and literary critic. She graduated in Diplomacy from the Faculty of Political Sciences in Belgrade. For 20 years, she has been the President of the Book Lovers' Club "Majdan" and the chief editor of the literary, cultural, and scientific magazine "Majdan." She is the author of: Three publications documenting the cultural history of Kostolac: 16 poetry collections:and Five co-authored poetry collections:

Her poetry has been translated into multiple languages, Her works are included in various anthologies and magazines in Italy, Greece, India, Tunisia, Peru, Colombia, Mexico, Montenegro, Croatia, Bulgaria, Romania, Albania, Bangladesh, North Macedonia. She resides in Požarevac, Serbia.

## When You Become Love

Evil bumped,  
Darkens the day like a ghost.  
Unluckily, she is circling,  
She is salting wounds, invisible  
No winged horses arrive,  
Only the Hydra's poisoned fear.  
It tears souls across distances,  
Eyes, can't see eyes.  
Destroys galaxies,  
Eternally in remembrance of celebrities.  
To the pantheon and human might—  
Now hidden like ants.  
A demon plunges into the core of being  
Lovers and stardust alike.  
Into dark cosmic abysses it carries  
Dreams that burn in the heat.  
Birds fly away, poisoned—  
I'd paint their eyes with rainbow hues,  
Abduct the grief with rose scent,  
The Word, Love, then becomes a hunting ground.  
I know...  
I know...  
Only They  
Whose name is LOVE  
Shall offer salvation to the world.  
When, like shooting stars,  
And lovers in embrace

With hope, from dreams they are awakened...  
Believe me.  
I too know...  
I know...

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Ashok Bhargava (Canada)



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, author and a community activist. He has published several collections of his poems. He is a founding-president of Writers International Network. He has been an honored guest to literary conferences in Turkey, Italy, South Korea and Philippines. He is recipient of Poets without Borders Peace Award and Nehru Humanitarian Award, University of British Columbia.

## Changing the World

We can change  
by knowing  
the change lives within us.

We can dance  
with steps based upon  
things as they now are.

Or dance  
with dreams.  
I am sure you know

which steps to take  
that will perpetuate  
today's illusions or

change everything.  
A chrysalis transforms  
flickers, flutters and floats

a butterfly from flower to flower.  
We can begin  
a process of changing

ourselves and  
that's all needed  
to change the world.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo (Philippines)



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded International Author/Poet, and Visual Artist from the Philippines. She is the author of *Inner Reflections of the Muse* and *Seasons of Emotions* and a co-author to more than 300 international anthologies. Elizabeth's works have already been translated into 18 different languages.

## Stalwarts of Change

In the silence where the old fears dwell,  
Rise the stalwarts, with stories to tell,  
Guardians of dawn in a world turned anew,  
Their spirits unwavering, steadfast and true.

With eyes that see the dawn's first light,  
They forge ahead through endless night,  
Breaking chains, rewriting fate,  
Champions of hope, they never wait.

Their hearts beat with the rhythm of change,  
Unshackling the future from the past's strange,  
In every step, a promise made,  
A brighter dawn, a world unafraid.

Stand tall, stalwarts, in storms and calm,  
Your courage a balm, your will a psalm,  
For in your resolve, the seeds are sown,  
Of a new tomorrow, of seeds you've grown.



*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty (India)



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty is a widely read and renowned Indian English poet, essayist, and writer from Odisha, known for his reflective and philosophical poetry. His works often delve into themes of life, spirituality, human emotions, and the complexities of existence. He has written extensively on topics such as self-awareness, simplicity, and the transient nature of life. Many of his poems, like those from his series *A Look at Life*, *Something I Look at*, *The Journey*, *The Rivulet* etc emphasize introspection and finding meaning in everyday experiences.

## A Look At Life – 161

Life is both  
smile and tears,  
happiness and sorrow,  
hope and despair,  
virtue and vice—  
but not a solitary asylum in a no man's land,  
to be silently cursed 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 hear it.  
If you run away from it,  
it becomes prosaic.  
The more you unfold its pages,  
the more you may feel frustrated.  
Be a passionate lover—  
life may leave you, and  
you may find 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,  
feelings and emotion,  
zeal and aspiration.  
Have your moments,  
good and bad.  
Enjoy and endure.



## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Despite all its uncertainties,  
life is so beautiful, so fascinating—  
a god's dream  
to be lived and relished  
till the last beat.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Alessandro Inghilterra (Italy)



Alessandro Inghilterra, 1970, Genoa (Italy) Books: IL SOLE CHE VERRA' (Italy, 2018, Aletti). Worldwide published into: WAR II Too much blood, 2025 - World Contemporary Poets Vol.2, World Healing World Peace, Atunis Galaxy Anthology 2024. Awards (Overall Winner): 2024: Poetry Prize "AlberoAndronico" (from Rome to the World). 2023: "Worldwide Literary Festival", Naples. 2022: Intercontinental Prize "Le Nove Muse"; World Poetry Prize "Nosside."

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

### Quasar

Is it because I'm scared of saying it out loud  
or maybe, 'cause it's short and suddenly fades out?

It's because there is no reason,  
if not, because I feel  
that, tonight, I am alive  
and that's the way I feel inside.

As if I were bereft  
of all that brings me sorrow,  
as if, yesterday, begins tomorrow,  
in this light

...I'm bright.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Marlon Salem Gruezo-Bondroff (Philippines-USA)



Marlon Salem Gruezo-Bondroff is a Filipino-Spanish education, peace and culture advocate and a poet. He is deeply involved in international organizations promoting human rights, arts, and education. His acclaimed literary works appear in prestigious publications, and his poetry has garnered global recognition. He draws inspiration from his loving husband, Ryan “Trucky” Bondroff.

## The Miracle of Rhyme

A single verse, a whispered word,  
Can stir the sleeping soul inside.  
A poem falls like autumn leaves,  
Soft but fierce—changing the tide.  
It lifts the heart, it breaks the chain,  
It turns the night to dawn again.

A poet's voice, though small and still,  
Can shake the earth, can spark a dream.  
Through ink and breath, through fire and light,  
Hope takes root in words unseen.  
One line can mend, one truth can burn,  
A world once lost, now dares to turn.

A child reads beneath the stars,  
Each stanza hums, each story grows.  
A rebel finds his courage there,  
Through sonnets bold, through prose that flows.  
A woman weeps, a heart beats strong,  
Each syllable—a battle song.

The wounded heal, the silent speak,  
Each verse a pulse, a voice, a flame.  
The shackled rise, the weary dance,  
For rhymes unbind, for words inflame.  
One fleeting thought, one fearless sound,  
A world reborn, a truth unbound.

Through storm and war, through peace and time,  
Let the poets, carve their light.  
For ink, when spilled, can flood the streets,  
And lift the world—a miracle of rhyme.  
One poem sings, then ten, then more,

Until the echoes shake the shore.

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Aibek Kalmaganbetov (Kazakhstan)



My name is Aibek Kalmaganbetov, I am from Kazakhstan. I was born in 1967, in the Shokpartogai village, Zhyloi region, Atyrau oblast. I came to the world of poetry in 2006 with the poem "The Legend of the Lost Girl". But my real poetry life began in 2019. This year my first book of poems, "Place of Happiness" was published in Almaty. After that, the next year, the books "Monument of My Father" and "Ken Zhyloy" were published. In 2021 came the new book "Letter for my Friend ". Two collections of poems "If You Miss Me", and "The white World" were published in Almaty this year.

## Бүлдіршіндер

Мен сүйемін сендерді бүлдіршіндер,  
Барлығың да дарынды, білгірсіңдер.  
Тек сендерге шат күлкі жарасады,  
Жарасады бірдеме бүлдірсеңдер.

Сендер ғана риясыз күлетіндер,  
Сендер ғана уайымсыз жүретіндер.  
Сендер ғана барлығын ұстап-қарап,  
Дәмін татып ауызбен білетіндер.

Сендер ғана алдауға көнетіндер,  
Сендер ғана аңызға сенетіндер.  
Сендер ғана үлкендер шақырғанда,  
Еш күдіксіз жүгіріп келетіндер.

Сендер ғана ойынға тоймайтындар,  
Сендер ғана қиялға бойлайтындар.  
Сендер ғана барлығын ата-анаңдай,  
Мейірімді жандар деп ойлайтындар.

Қандай ғажап адамның бала шағы,  
Не істесе де барлығы жарасады.  
Күндей жарқын болса екен осылардың:  
-Бала шағы және де болашағы!

## Little Ones

I love you, little ones,  
Each of you is gifted and wise, everyone.  
Only laughter suits you best,  
Even if you make a little mess.

You're the ones who laugh so pure,  
You're the ones carefree and sure.  
You're the ones who touch and feel,  
Tasting everything to make it real.

You're the ones who trust so much,  
You're the ones who believe in such.  
You're the ones who come when called,  
No doubts, just running, never stalled.

You're the ones who never tire of play,  
You're the ones who dream all day.  
You're the ones who think everyone,  
Is kind as parents, kind to everyone.

How magical is childhood's charm,  
Everything you do brings only warmth.  
May their days shine as bright as the sun:  
-Their childhood and future, everyone!



*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Anahit Arustamyan (Armenia)



Anahit Arustamyan is an Armenian writer and poetess.

Poetry books: The Queen Of Metaphors, My Intoxicated Ink, The Phantom's Dolphin, Words In Flight, The Canvas Of My Soul, Where I Meet Myself, Ink And Quill, the latest poetry book "Autumn Songs For Nara."

A novel, "The Pilot."

A memoir, "The Lamp Lights The Way Back."

Her books are available from Amazon, Kobo Writing Life, Lulu, Barnes and Noble. Her works are also published in some international poetry anthologies and magazines, both online and in print.

## The Apple Tree

Who chopped me down?  
Who changed me for a dry log?  
I was an apple tree that was fresh and tall.  
I grew before a window and shone.  
Everyone admired my pink blossoms' gloss.  
Each of my apples looked like a red rose.  
I lie on the ground like a heavy stone.  
I don't know why they did so.  
They ate my apples to live long.  
The world can be better if no tree gets lost.  
The world shivers from a terrible noise.  
I survived the seasons, both hot and cold.  
I was an apple tree with no loss.  
I was generous and strong.  
My apples were as shiny as gold.  
They were on the tables, both large and small.  
If I had a voice I would scream SOS!  
However, I didn't have a human voice.  
But who could hear me if I spoke.  
I was a living tree, but not a ghost.  
Isn't my new name forget me not?  
I know they just forgot.  
Yes, yes, I existed to grow.  
O no, my existence was not wrong.  
Do become a better place, o world!

*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

Dinara Orazbekova (Kazakhstan)



Dinara Orazbekova (creative pseudonym Dina Oraz) - poet, writer, translator, presenter, journalist, actor, director, public figure, head of the creative association “AVANGARD”, vice-president of the ICPD.

Born in Kokshetau, lives in Astana, Republic of Kazakhstan.

Author of children's books “Who treats lions' teeth?”, “Where does the unicorn live?”, “What is my name?”. The author's works have been translated into Tajik, Azerbaijani, English, Belarusian, Ukrainian, Latvian, Turkish, Kazakh, Kyrgyz, Italian, Arabic, Uzbek and Bengali languages.

## Первый полёт

Звёздное небо манит людей,  
Тайны Вселенной, сияние огней.  
Вечны созвездия, в дымке луна,  
Как бесконечны в ночи небеса.

Загадки космоса чтоб разгадать,  
Надо скорей астронавтом мне стать.  
Эта наука - гранит по плечу,  
Выучу всё и на Марс полечу.

Стану я ближе к туманной мгле,  
Шифр раскрою, сигналы из вне.  
За миллионы световых лет,  
О цивилизациях галактик, планет.

Во сне пребывая, смогу подрасти,  
И побывать на Млечном пути.  
Мне колыбельную мама поёт -  
Я przygotowуюсь в первый полёт.

Невероятны вещие сны,  
Знаю, что с верой мысли сильны.  
Я на ракете взлечу в небеса -  
Сбудется детская моя мечта!

Черные дыры мне не страшны,  
Ведь для чего-то нужны они.  
Как лабиринты между мирами,  
Шкалами времени, цветными снами.

Вскоре в объятиях Морфея усну.  
"Сынок взгляни на эту звезду,  
Видишь Венера вместе с Луной,  
В жизни я буду всегда с тобой".

Где б не носила корабль судьба,  
Солнышко - папа, мама - луна,  
Пусть необъятны вокруг параллели,  
Крылья расправь - достигнешь все цели.

## First flight

The starry sky beckons to man,  
the mysteries of the universe, the glow of lights.  
The constellations are eternal,  
the moon is in the mist, the sky is endless at night.

To unravel the mysteries of space,  
I have to become an astronaut.  
It's a science of granite,  
I'll learn everything and go to Mars.

I'll get closer to the nebula,  
I'll decipher the code, the signals from beyond.  
Millions of light years away,  
about civilisations of galaxies, planets.

I can grow up in my sleep  
and visit the Milky Way.  
My mother will sing me a lullaby,  
I'll be ready for my first flight.

Dreams are incredible,  
I know that with faith thoughts are strong.  
I'm going to fly in a rocket,  
my childhood dream will come true!

I'm not afraid of black holes,  
for they are necessary for something.  
Like mazes between worlds,  
time scales, coloured dreams.

Soon I'll fall asleep in the arms of Morpheus.  
"My son, look at that star,  
see Venus with the moon,  
I'll always be with you in life.

Wherever destiny takes you,  
the sun is your papa, your mummy is your moon,  
let the parallels around you be vast,  
spread your wings and you'll reach all your goals.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Elham Hamedì (Iran)



Elham Hamedì-Iran

A multimedia artist, and poet, In 2022, she published her poetry book *Un colpo alla testa era uno Zaqboor* in Italy. Holding a Master's degree in Art, she was named one of the “50 Unforgettable Women of Asia” and recognized as a “Pillar of Asian Culture” as part of the global project Stockholm 2033

## Shiva's Pulse

The world stands in the blind spot  
and the bloody dance of shoes in the street  
is the same graceful Indian dance—  
both the destruction of a bird's nest  
and the fresh creation of a pair of wings  
to heal the wounds on a human's shoulders.  
I am Kali,  
from another land,  
standing in place of all other trees.  
Kali,  
the Mother—  
the heart of all mothers pulses  
through my weary veins.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Mark Heathcote (United Kingdom)



Mark's poems are published in journals, magazines, and anthologies online and in printed form; residing in the UK from Manchester; he is the author of "In Perpetuity" and "Back on Earth" 2 books of poems published by Creative Talents Unleashed.



## **This Is God's Country? ♡**

So, what are we to do until the end?  
But believe this is the Garden of Eden  
This is God's country, my friend.  
Let's wage no more wars today or tomorrow.  
Let's savour the fact that we are here and we are alive.  
And make it our foremost drive.  
Not just to strive and survive  
But to truly enjoy life's highs  
And even more importantly, cherish the lows.  
Without which you would never know you are rich.  
Sheltered from the old sewers of Shoreditch.

To mourn is to miss  
And if you could solemnly wish  
You would wish it maybe all came again...  
Even if many times over it all ended the same  
This is God's country, my friend.  
So, what are we to do until the end?  
But believe this is the Garden of Eden  
This is God's country, my friend.  
So, let's shake hands.  
You've tasted love; you've tasted hate.  
The choice is yours to live or break.  
To be true to yourself original not fake

This is God's country, my friend.  
And if you don't love me  
Just go -jump in a lake.  
Because this is God's country, my friend.  
And I don't need or want to hesitate  
To love what I see and desire  
Because I'm no phoney, I'm no fake  
So, what are we to do until the end?  
But believe this is the Garden of Eden  
This is God's country, my friend.  
And are we not all here born for a better beginning  
And an even better end?

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Monsif Beroual (Morocco)



Monsif Beroual is a multi-awarded and internationally renowned poet. His poems have been translated into 11 languages and published in more than 300 international anthologies and magazines. He is a young fellow with BIG vision of sharing Love and Peace in the World. He feels that humanity and all creatures have the right to live peacefully and be treated with compassion, respect and love which are visible in his writings.

<https://allauthor.com/author/monsifberoual/>  
[https://www.instagram.com/artunited\\_xplanet/](https://www.instagram.com/artunited_xplanet/)

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Perhaps the world no longer belongs to idealistic imaginary words,  
but to the silence of those who choose to look away.

today, we see war on every screen,  
cities swallowed by flames, children buried in rubble,  
and the world, its nations, its leaders, they watch.  
We write verses, fragile, fleeting,  
while missiles carve their own poetry in fire and blood.  
We hold our pens, but what use are words  
when screams drown them out?

Once, we spoke of a world that had learned from its past,  
But maybe we were just telling ourselves stories,  
and now, even the poets are running out of words.

### **with a little poetry..... Remnants of Humanity**

Ink spills, carrying the last whispers of our fading grace,  
pouring sorrow into verses, tracing the world's reflection.  
Poetry our only window, offered fleeting glimpses,  
a fragile thread of hope woven into the silence.  
Unspoken desires turned to whispers of peace,  
as we dreamed we could mend a world  
shattered by the greed of a single, ruthless bullet,  
a bullet that stole our humanity forever.  
Are we still alive as we scroll through these echoes of war?  
Blood-stained screens, genocide laid bare,  
children, silenced before their first dreams could bloom.  
But it does not end with them;  
it murders every voice, every breath,  
stripping the universe of fleeting souls.  
Earth no longer a home for hearts, but for missiles,  
tearing through distance only to end a life  
where love once lived.  
Where is humanity beneath the weight of these horrors,  
when the world's wounds are framed in frozen images?  
We try to weave their screams into poetry,  
but our voices falter;  
grief too great for sound.  
We flee the shock, desperate to remain,  
yet the earth has stolen all that was beautiful in us;

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

the most sacred thing, our humanity.  
But do not be afraid. They are not lost.  
They live, nourished in the gardens of Eden,  
while we remain;  
mere ghosts, wandering the ruins of a world  
where the last remnants of humanity  
have long turned to dust.

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Robert Allen Goodrich Valderrama (Panama)



Robert Allen Goodrich Valderrama (Panamá 1980): Poet, writer, academic who was born in Panamá on September 25, 1980 he was participated in more than 100 anthologies around the world. Adminitrator and creator of the Group Amor por las Letras in Facebook. My books are published in Lulu.com and for sale in Amazon, Lulu and others places. He write in spanish and english he's blog is [www.robert-mimundo.blogspot.com](http://www.robert-mimundo.blogspot.com)

## We Can

*We must learn to live together as brothers or perish together as fools.*

~ Martin Luther King, Jr.

We can work together  
one by one  
step by step  
with a nice objective:  
---THE PEACE---

We can do it  
we can  
in our hands are the change  
to create a better world for the children,  
for the future.

We can work together  
one by one  
step by step  
for the peace around the World.

Is no easy  
but We can  
This is the beginning,  
let's do it the first step:  
--Together---

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

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 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.

## Changing The World

One poem at a time.  
Yet the words were not enough to change  
The killings we decried —  
The bombing of children, whose parents had died  
From missiles we fired from far range.

One word at a time,  
We spoke — yet they fell on deaf ears.  
We're forced to relive Hitler's wrath through the years.

Our ink bleeds truth on paper white,  
But justice still hides from the light.  
We cry for peace, they build more drones,  
We sing of love, they crush more homes.

What use is rhyme in times like these,  
When tyrants thrive and innocents freeze?  
Yet still, we write — we will not cease —  
Our poems are seeds of stubborn peace.



*Changing the world ... one poem at a time*

*hülya n. yılmaz (Turkey ~ USA)*



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

## ashamed to breathe

in these times of pure darkness,  
i shamelessly breathe

i continue to devour whatever the universe serves me,  
sipping each of my painful memories and immense joys  
all of which appear before me as my entree;  
my plate is filled  
no risk for my life to seek it

i am, however, not void of a vast sadness  
for the non-stop bombardment of unspeakable acts  
upon my co-humans, children, elderly and non-soldiers  
for them, any ounce of humanity has been nullified  
and the nullification goes on to the point of annihilation

their suffering don't let me be the way i used to be  
the wings, supposedly meant for me, are bound to the ground

i know . . . my word-offerings are fragile in their built  
for i carry too much guilt, as if to erase that of the war mongers

in the meantime, my co-souls are dying,  
they are being erased from the face of the Earth  
not by a natural death

it is in the claws of the hungriest beast  
that my co-spirits are forced to their end  
they meet in undescrivable agony

i cling unto my pen in an effort to find some peace in words  
and i imagine i am helping someone, anyone to ease their pain,  
to ease it a little, at least by a tiny thread  
their man-made premature fate  
oh, utterly gory!

in these times of pure darkness  
i shamelessly breathe

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

wings or no wings, shield or no shield,  
i dress up my strength and soar into the cloudless sky,  
wrapped inside my empathy and hope for all  
while my heart echoes an ear-piercing cry,  
my internal tears flow down in silence  
and freeze in mid-air at broad daylight,  
the collective aching of humanity  
is torn into boomerangs  
and return the bloodshed  
where evil is housed

*Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

William S. Peters, Sr. (USA ~ Wanderland)



Bill's writing career spans a period of well over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 50+ additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding! Bill is a three-times Pulitzer Prize Nominee.

Bill says . . .

I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds we Sow and Nourish.

## Pleading .... for Change

I often think about this world,  
Our planet  
And the extensive beauty  
Of the landscapes,  
The waters, mountains and skies  
I have been blessed  
To witness,  
Be it being there or  
Via pictures  
.... I am not only enamored,  
But mesmerized and overcome  
With that old phrase  
We armchair philosophers  
Often ask ... 'what if'

What if mankind as a whole  
Exhibited its beauty,  
A yet unquantified embrace  
Of our higher selves

What if we never polluted  
The rivers, streams and oceans,  
The air and the land,  
Or our spirits and minds  
With waste, greed and covetous things  
And other proprietary exclusions  
To be harbored by the few,  
Excluding the many

We have so many other challenges  
To be faced such as  
Hunger, disease, homelessness,  
And more.

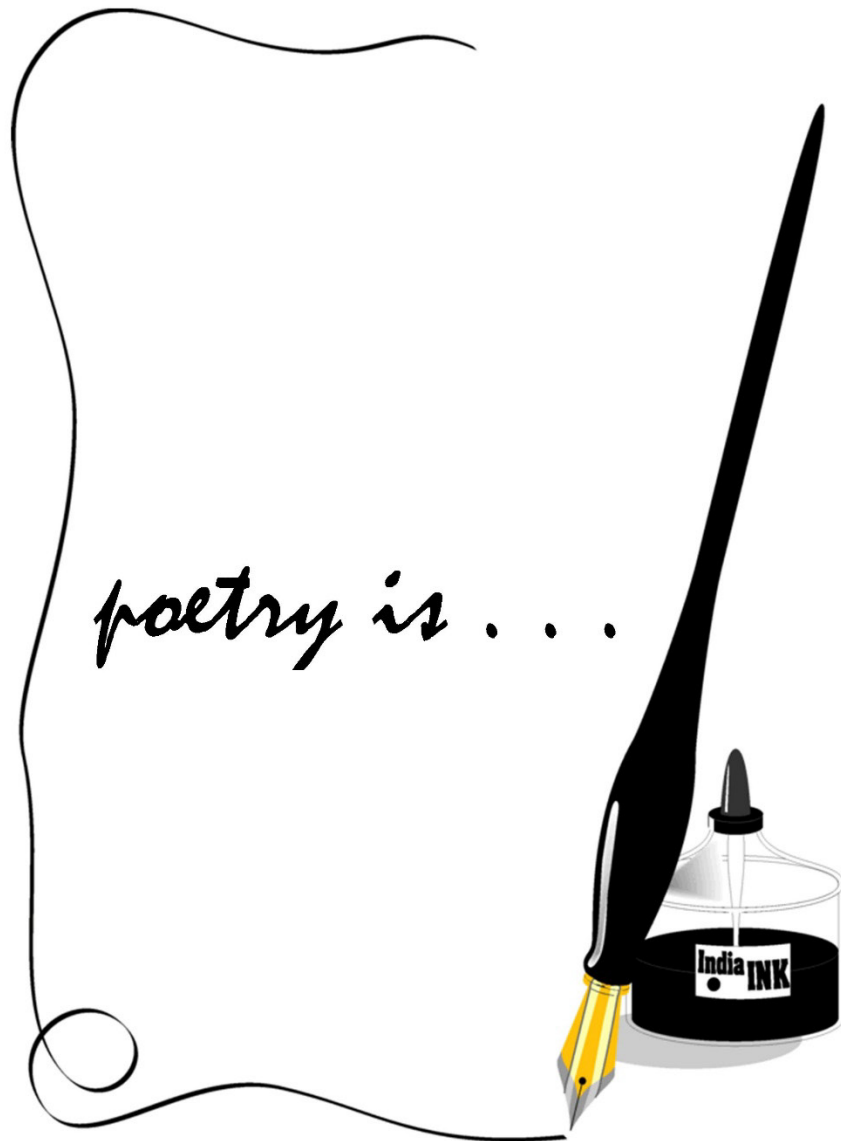
The sad reality is that  
There is enough prosperity  
To feed all of the children  
Of creation ....

## *Changing the world . . . one poem at a time*

Yet somehow  
We are able to disable  
Our empathy,  
Our caring,  
Our hearts.

I am pleading for change,  
And we must,  
Or perish

Changing the world . . . one poem at a time



# Epilogue



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



for our Children !

*about . . .*

## The Artist



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

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

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

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

**Get in touch**

[yuffiegp@gmail.com](mailto:yuffiegp@gmail.com)



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



*about . . .*

## Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press was founded by William S. Peters, Sr., and is a subsidiary of Inner Child Enterprises. We take pride in our writer-oriented vision. Our entire staff is comprised of writers. We fully understand your needs and concerns when it comes to the multiple aspects of the publishing journey. Our areas of specialization 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.

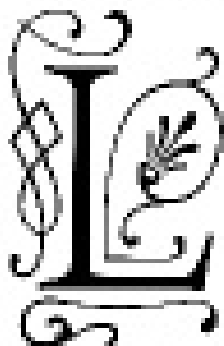
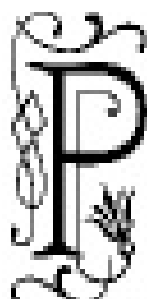
We offer a full range of services for the writer, including the complete aspects of the writer's publishing interests and other essential services. Browse through our web site to learn more about who we are.

*Let us share our **Magic** with you ...*



*. . . 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*



WHAT WOULD  
LIFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
POETRY?



# Other

## Meaningful Anthologies

by

### Inner Child Press International



Inner Child Press International

*presents*

WAR

*We Are Revolution*

Too Much Blood

*Poets for Humanity*

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

Inner Child Press International

*presents*

WAR

*We Are Revolution*

*Poets for Humanity*

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

Inner Child Press International

&

The Year of the Poet

present

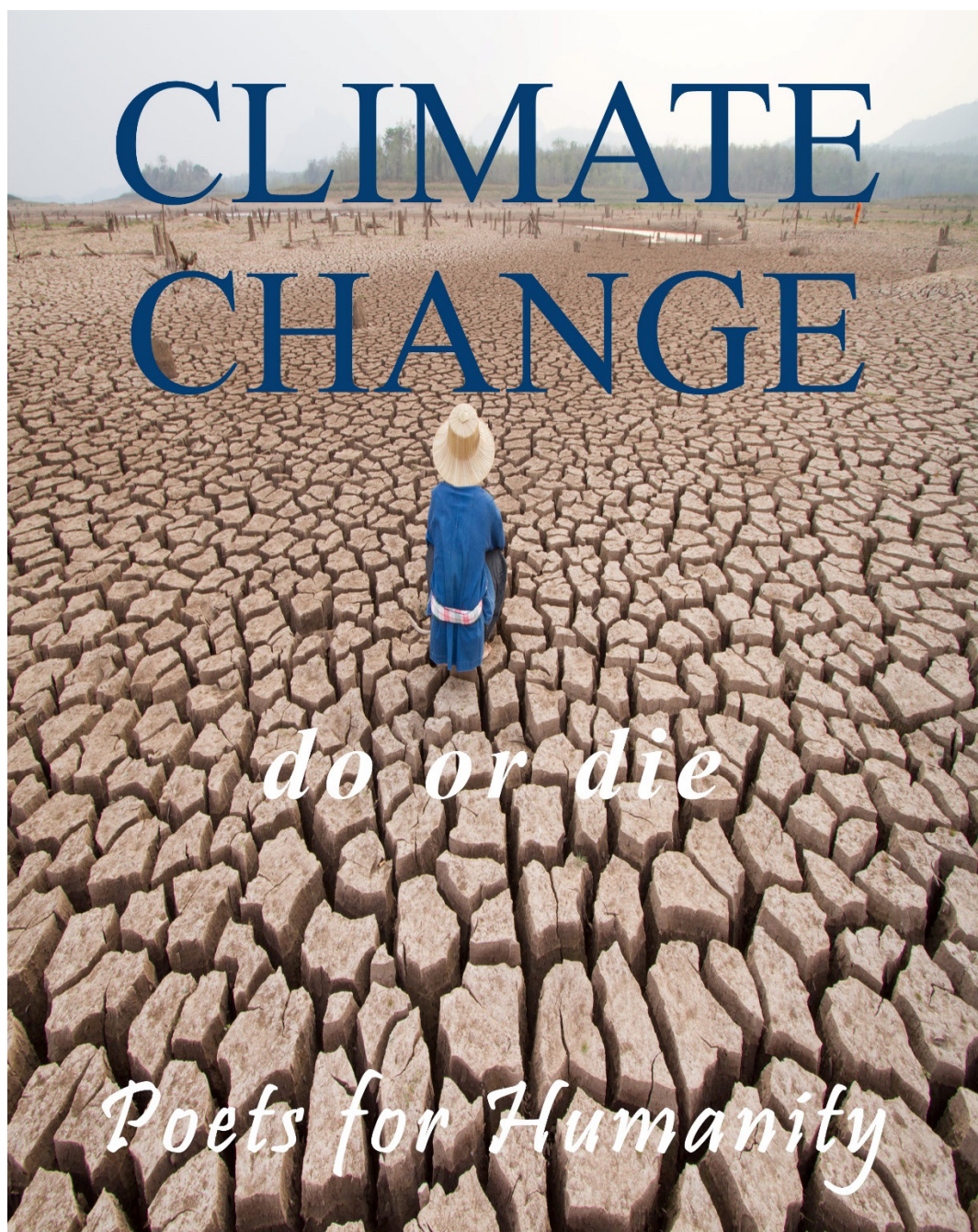
# Poetry

*the best of 2020*



*Poets of the World*

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



# the Heart of a Poet



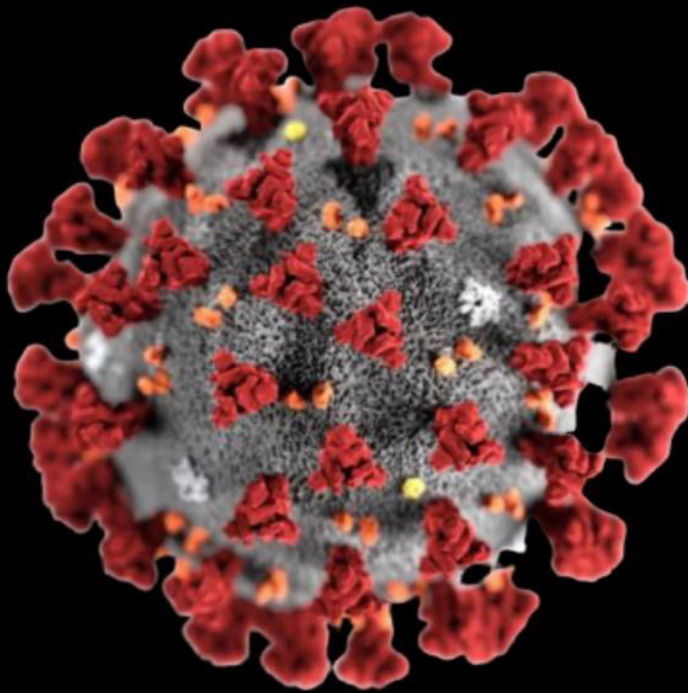
words for a better tomorrow

## The Conscious Poets

Now Available [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

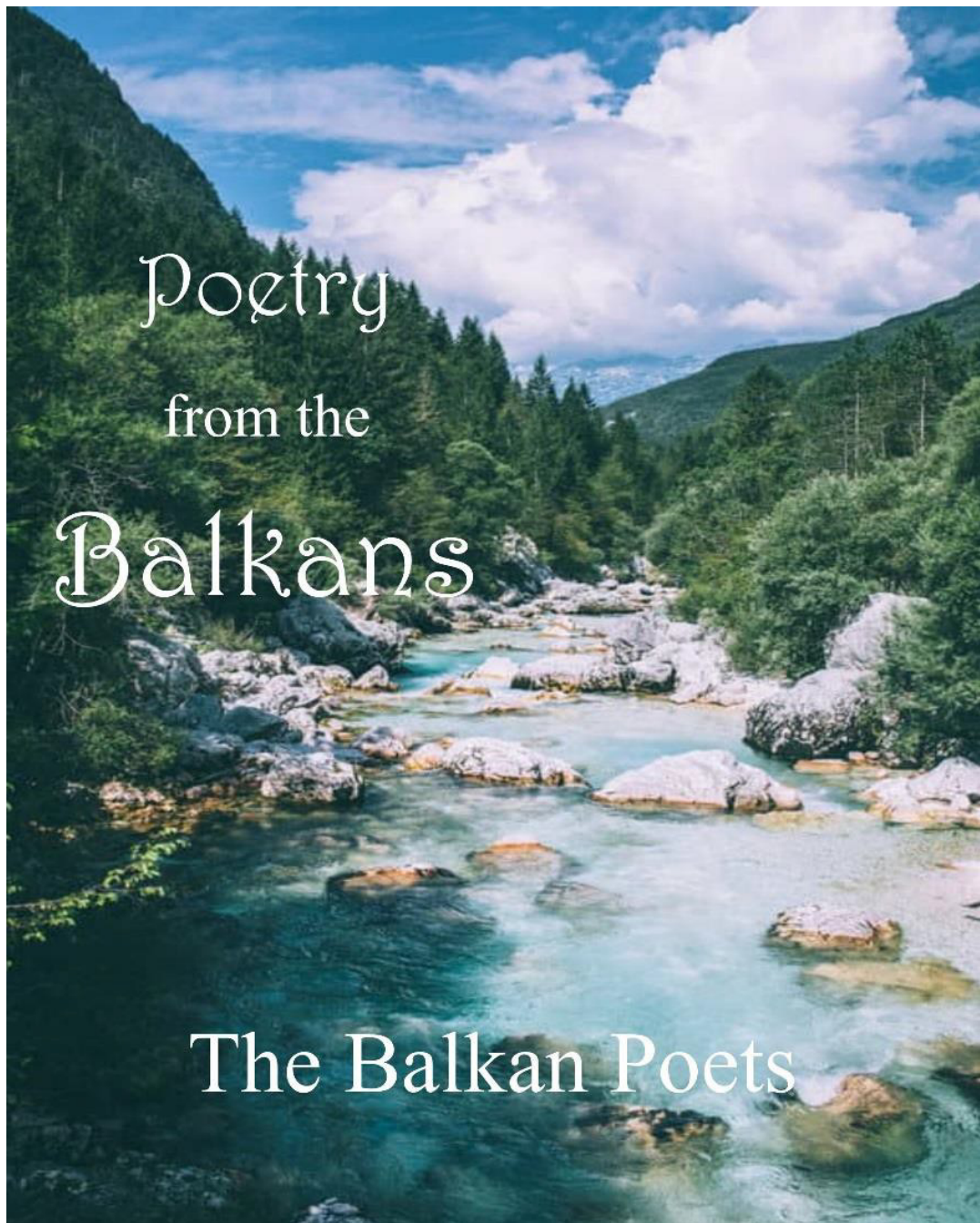
# Corona

Social Distancing



Poets for Humanity

Now Available [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)





*Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)*



Inner Child Press  
presents

# WORLD HEALING WORLD PEACE 2024



Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# *World Healing World Peace*

2022



## Poets for Humanity

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

World Healing World Peace  
2020



Poets for Humanity

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



INNER CHILD PRESS

# WORLD HEALING WORLD PEACE

2018



**A Poetry Anthology for Humanity**

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

INNER CHILD PRESS

# WORLD HEALING WORLD PEACE 2016



**A Poetry Anthology for Humanity**

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



INNER CHILD PRESS



# World Healing World Peace



**A Poetry Anthology 2014**  
*Volume 1*

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

INNER CHILD PRESS

# World Healing World Peace



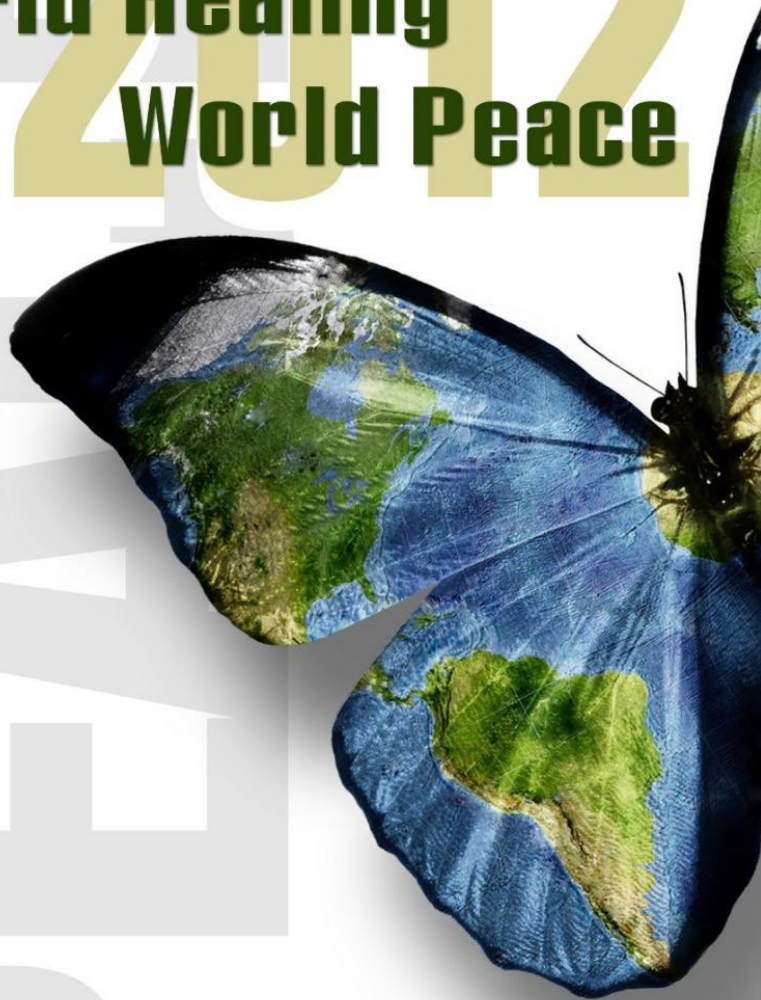
**A Poetry Anthology 2014**

*Volume 2*

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

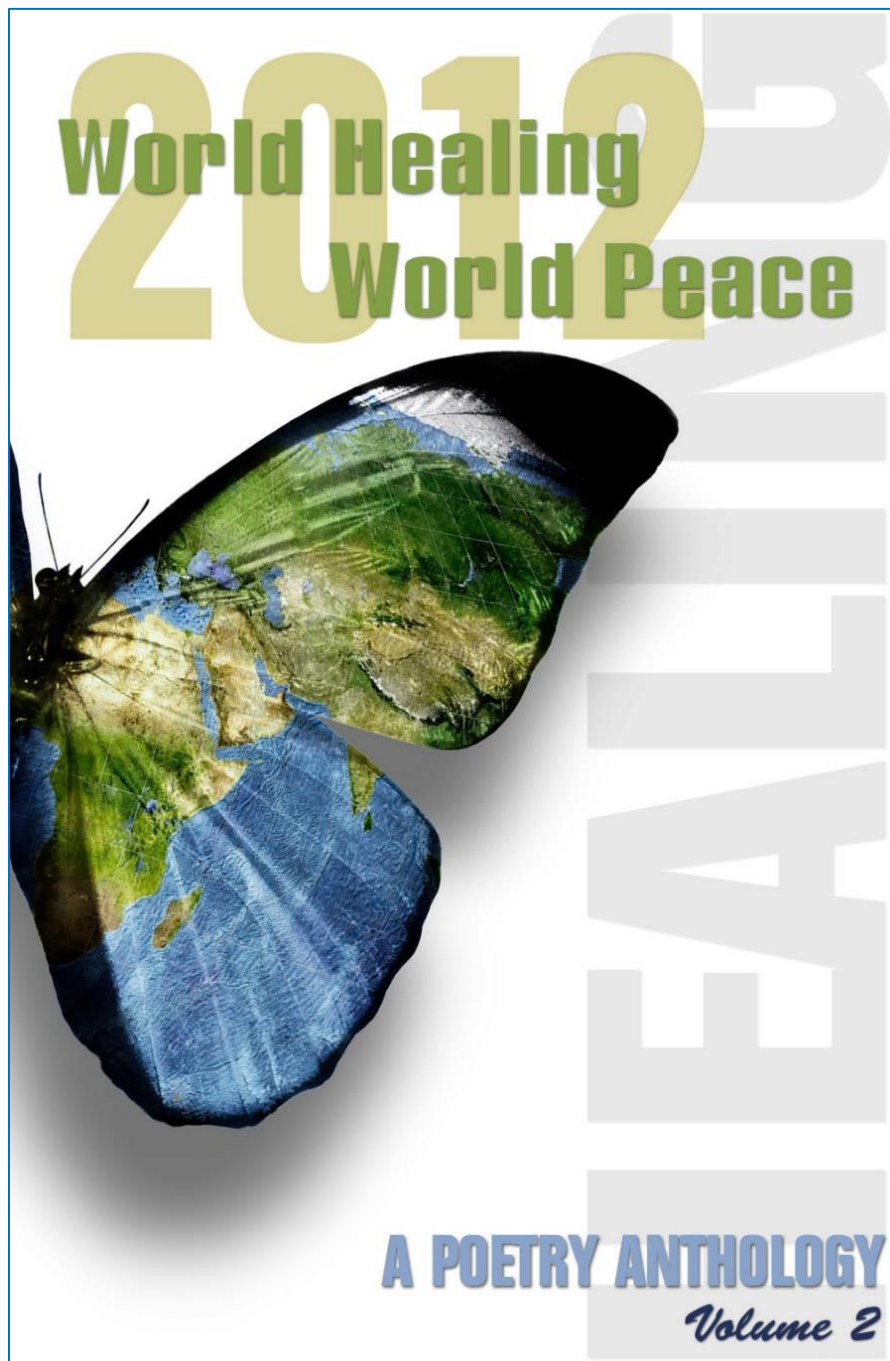


# World Healing World Peace



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# I Want TO Live

a *examination* of Black & White issues

POETRY

STORIES

CREATIVE  
WRITING

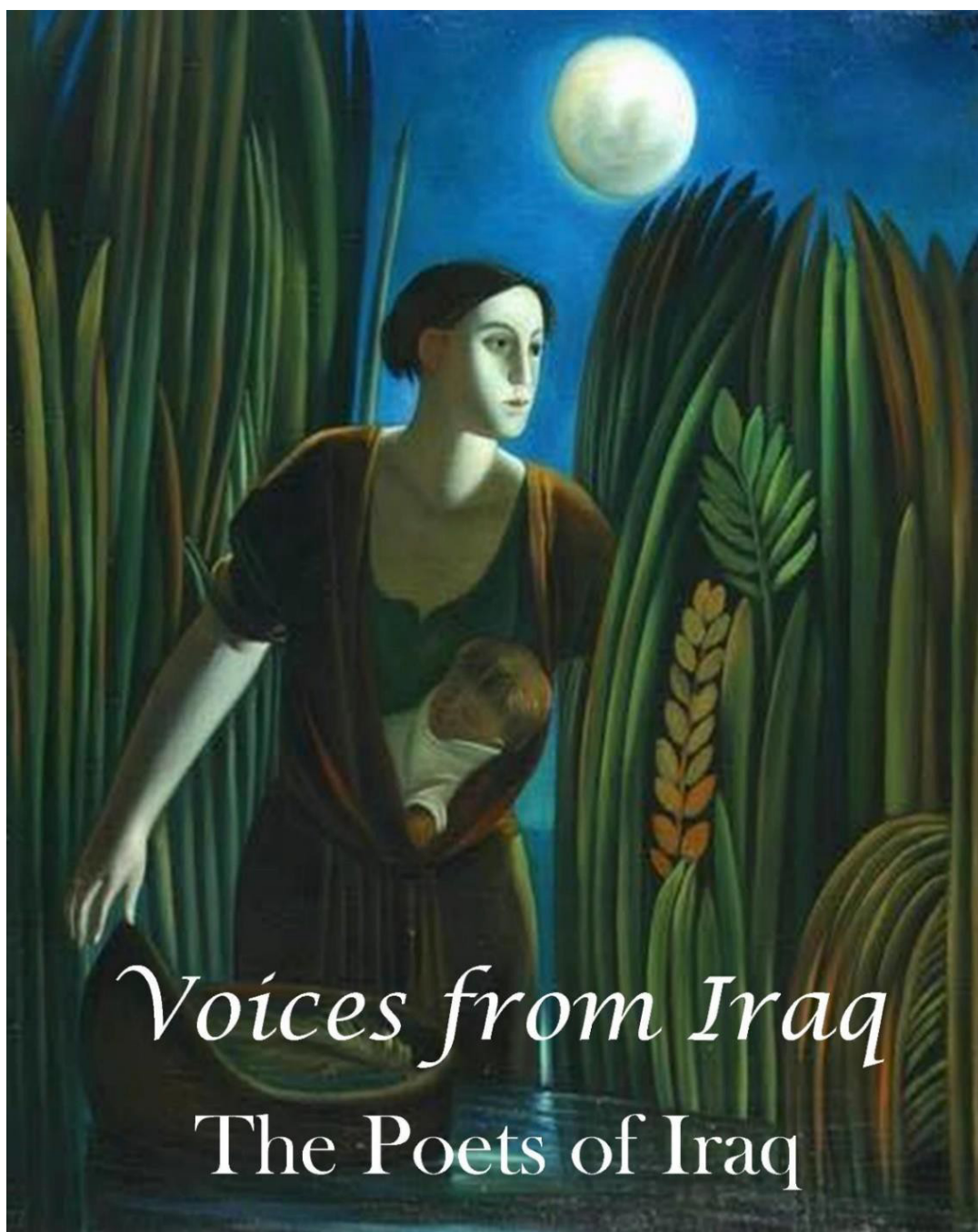
ANALYSES

CRITICAL ESSAYS



## POETS FOR HUMANITY

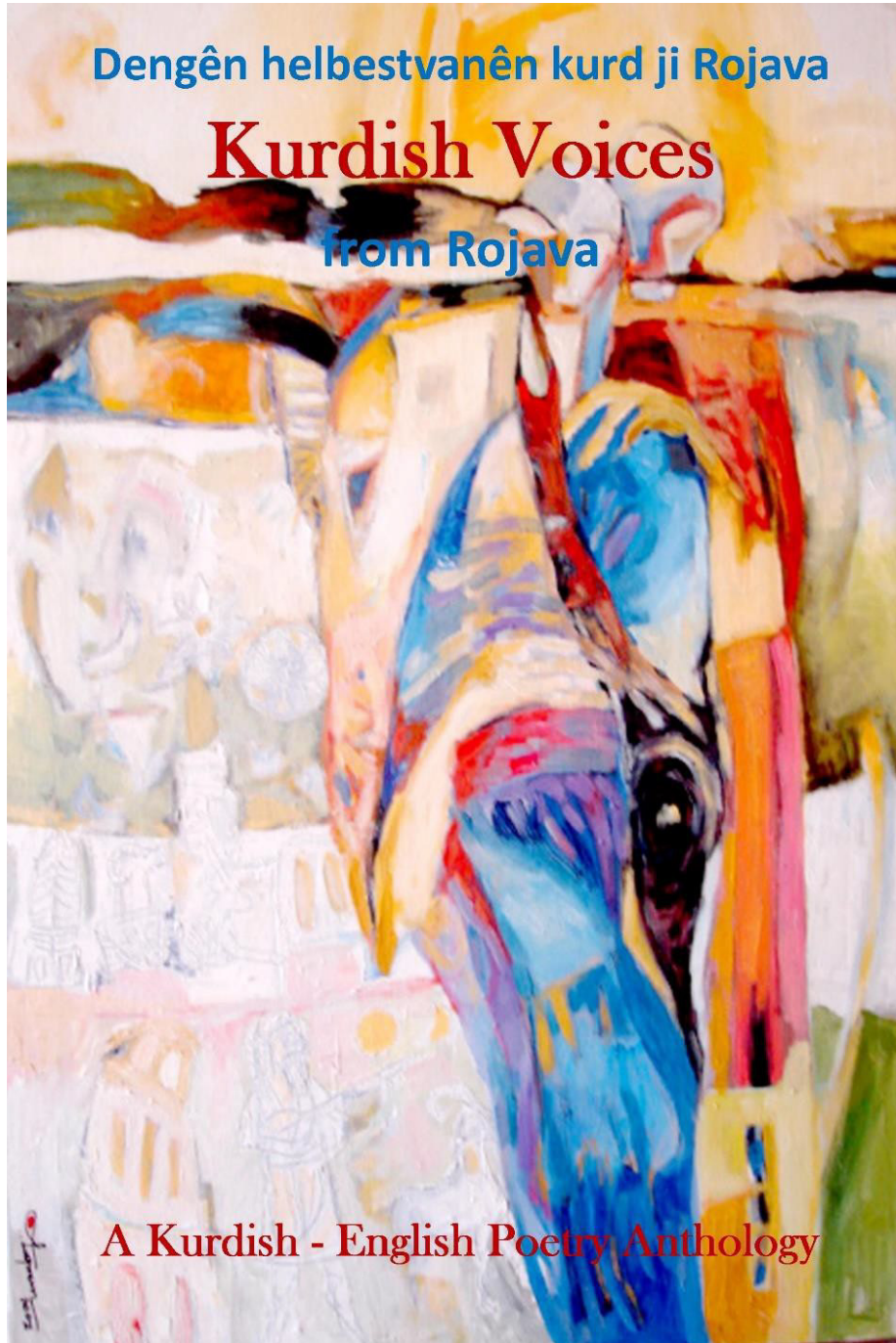
Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



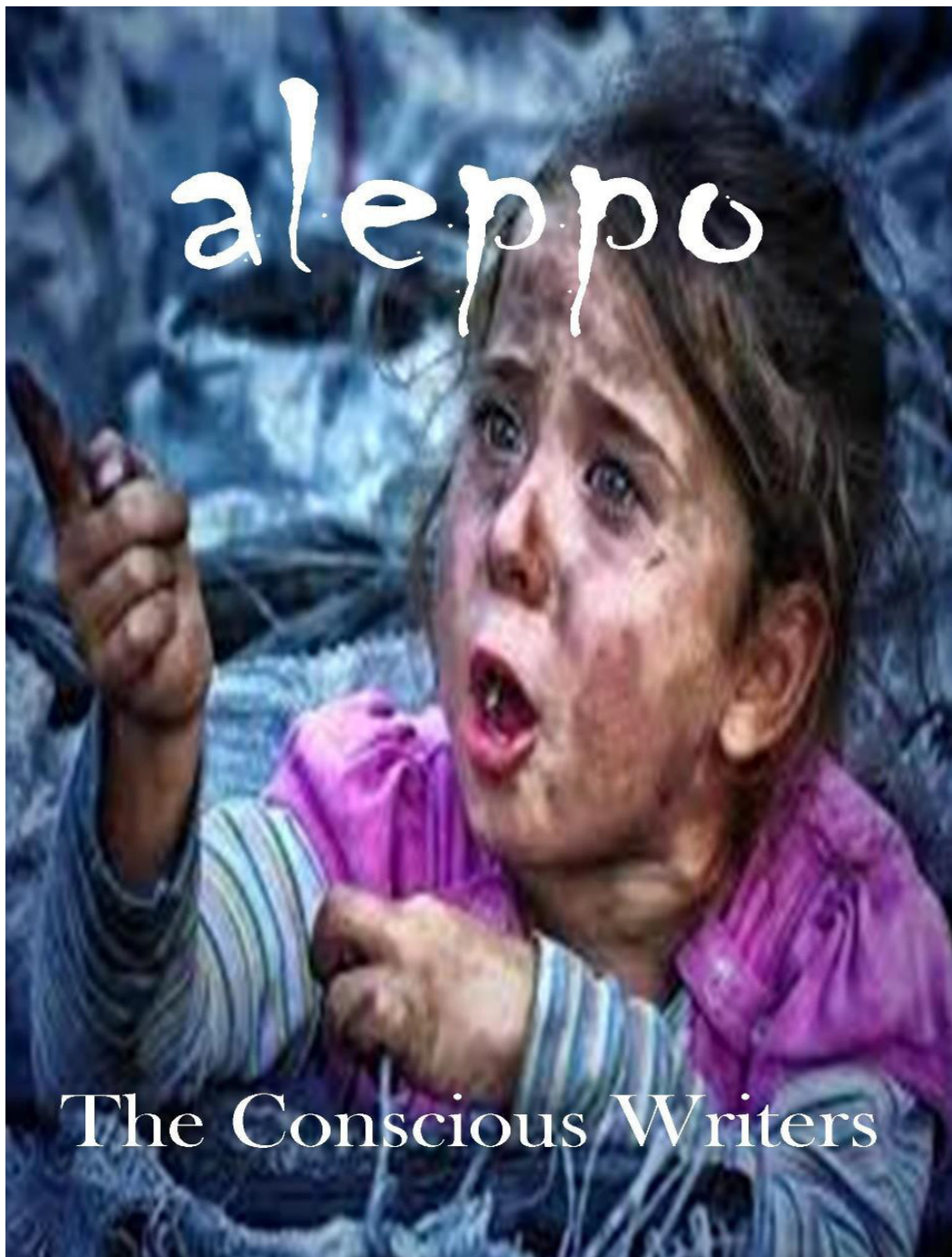
*Voices from Iraq*  
The Poets of Iraq

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)





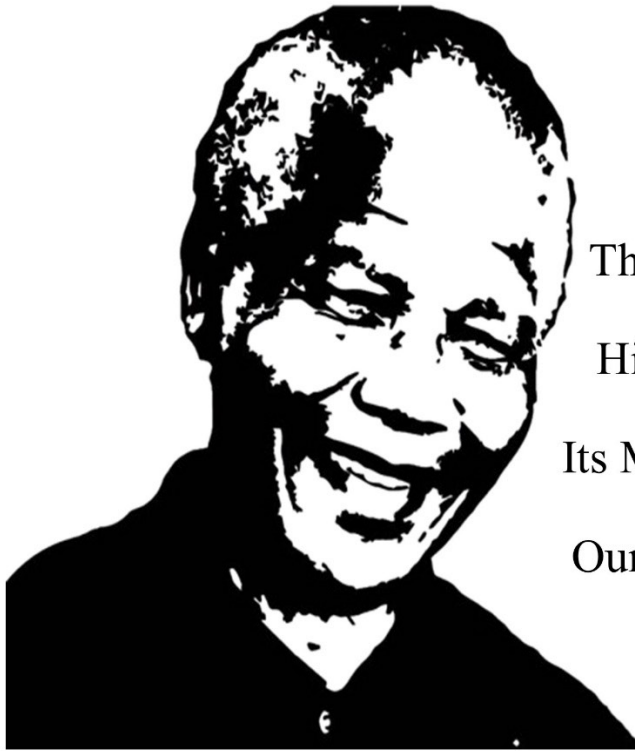
Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



## The Conscious Writers

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# Mandela



The Man  
His Life  
Its Meaning  
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories  
*The Anthological Writers*

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



# A GATHERING OF WORDS



## POETRY FOR TRAYVON MARTIN

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

INNER CHILD PRESS

# BLACK MALE~D

## The Black Male Writers

with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

aka H. Rap Brown

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

A warm, inviting living room scene viewed through a window. On the left, a plush orange armchair sits next to a small side table holding a lamp with a white shade. The wall behind the chair is decorated with several framed pictures. To the right, a fireplace with a white mantel contains a bright fire. A window with patterned curtains is visible above the fireplace. The overall atmosphere is cozy and comfortable.

# Armchair Poetry

*Poetry to sit and get comfortable with while you read*

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

by

# Poets of the World

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



# BeinG Human

*a poetic plea for a better humanity*

The Conscious Poets

Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Now Available at [www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

*and there is much, much more!*

visit . . .

[www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies-sales-special.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies-sales-special.php)

Also check out our authors  
and all the wonderful books available at:

[www.innerchildpress.com/authors-pages](http://www.innerchildpress.com/authors-pages)





[www.worldhealingworldpeacepoerty.com](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoerty.com)





# Inner Child Press International

*'building cultural bridges of understanding'*

## Meet the Board of Directors



**William S. Peters, Sr.**  
Chair Person  
Founder  
Inner Child Enterprises  
Inner Child Press



**Hülya N Yilmaz**  
Director  
Editing Services  
Co-Chair Person



**Nizar Sartawi**  
Director  
International  
Relations



**Fahredin B. Shehu**  
Director  
Cultural Affairs



**Gail Weston Shazor**  
Director  
Anthologies



**Kimberly Burnham**  
Director  
Cultural Ambassador  
Pacific Northwest  
USA



**Deborah Smart**  
Director  
Publicity  
Marketing



**De'Andre Hawthorne**  
Director  
Performance Poetry



**Ashok K. Bhargava**  
Director  
WINAwards

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# Inner Child Press International

*'building bridges of cultural understanding'*

## Meet our Cultural Ambassadors



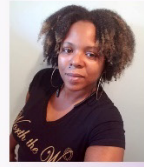
**Fahredin Shehu**  
Director of Cultural  
Kosovo



**Faleha Hassan**  
Iraq ~ USA



**Elizabeth E. Castillo**  
Philippines



**Antoinette Coleman**  
Chicago  
Midwest USA



**Ananda Nepali**  
Nepal ~ Tibet  
Northern India



**Kimberly Burnham**  
Pacific Northwest  
USA



**Alicja Kuberska**  
Poland  
Eastern Europe



**Swapna Behera**  
India  
Southeast Asia



**Kolade O. Freedom**  
Nigeria  
West Africa



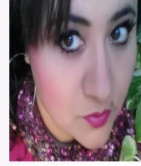
**Monsif Beroual**  
Morocco  
Northern Africa



**Ashok K. Bhargava**  
Canada



**Tzemin Ition Tsai**  
Republic of China  
Greater China



**Alicia M. Ramírez**  
Mexico  
Central America



**Christena AV Williams**  
Jamaica  
Caribbean



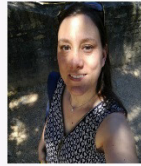
**Louise Hudon**  
Eastern Canada



**Aziz Mountassir**  
Morocco  
Northern Africa



**Shareef Abdur-Rasheed**  
Southeastern USA



**Laure Charazac**  
France  
Western Europe



**Mohammad Ikbal Harb**  
Lebanon  
Middle East



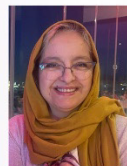
**Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis**  
Egypt  
Middle East



**Hilary Mainga**  
Kenya  
Eastern Africa



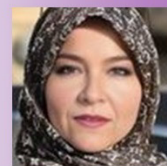
**Josephus R. Johnson**  
Liberia



**Mennadi Farah**  
Algeria



**Marlon Salem Gruezo**  
Philippines



**Khalice Jade**  
Algeria  
France

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



# Advisory Board

World Healing, World Peace Foundation  
*human beings for humanity*



2025

[worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org](http://worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org)

~ fini ~

# Inner Child Press

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

For more information:

Inner Child Press International

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

[intouch@innerchildpress.com](mailto:intouch@innerchildpress.com)



Inner Child Press International  
*building bridges of cultural understanding*



[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



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



for our Children !

. . . 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



There is no place for war in a civilized world ... therefore we can affirmatively conclude that those who indulge in the machinations of war are not civil!

~ krisar



'building bridges of cultural understanding'

you too can become a published author ...

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)