

**2010  
Redwood Coast  
Peace Poetry Anthology**



## **Cover Photo**

Memorial Lantern Ceremony  
Klopp Lake, Arcata Marsh, Arcata, California

Remembering the men, women, and children  
— mothers and fathers, wives and husbands, sons and daughters —  
whose lives were forever changed by the US atomic bombings of  
Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan, on  
August 6<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup>, 1945.

Photograph by: 'Nate' Lomba, August 9, 2008

# **2010 Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology**

*A Collection of Poems on  
the Subject of Peace and Non-violence  
by Humboldt County High School Students*



**Unitarian  
Universalists**



**Veterans  
for Peace**



**Buddhist Peace  
Fellowship**

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Veterans For Peace, Chapter 56  
VEOP Committee  
Post Office Box 532  
Bayside, California 95524-0532

Veterans' Education and Outreach Project  
(VEOP Committee)  
Jon Reisdorf, Co-chair  
Carl Stancil, Co-chair  
Richard Gilchrist  
Fred Hummel  
'Nate' Lomba

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Peace

even in times of unrest  
should be the goal of  
all human communities.

The Redwood Coast  
Peace Poetry Contest  
is an attempt to  
focus on peace in a  
very troubled world.

# VETERANS FOR PEACE, INC.

## OUR MISSION

Veterans For Peace is a non-profit, 501(c)(3) educational and humanitarian organization dedicated to the abolishment of war.

## STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

We, having dutifully served our nation, do hereby affirm our greater responsibility to serve the cause of world peace. To this end we will work, with others:

- (a) To increase public awareness of the costs of war;
- (b) To restrain our government from intervening, overtly and covertly, in the internal affairs of other nations;
- (c) To end the arms race and to reduce and eventually eliminate nuclear weapons;
- (d) To seek justice for veterans and victims of war;
- (e) To abolish war as an instrument of national policy.

To achieve these goals, members of Veterans For Peace pledge to use non-violent means and to maintain an organization that is both democratic and open with the understanding that all members are trusted to act in the best interests of the group for the larger purpose of world peace.

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a rousing success.

## *The Secret Angels*

When war strikes, we are peace  
When hate attacks, we are love  
When violence looms, we are compassion  
We are the Secret Angels  
When arguments erupt, we mediate  
When problems arise, we resolve  
We are the Secret Angels . . .

*“I have a dream ...”*

— Martin Luther King Jr.

*“An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind.”*

— Mohandas K. Gandhi

*“I have found the paradox, that if you love until it hurts,  
there can be no more hurt, only more love.”*

— Mother Teresa

— Daniel C. Beck-Stephenson  
South Fork High School  
Miranda, California

*Will He Ever Come Back?*

I am against the war.  
I wonder why people go to fight.  
I hear about it along with the weather.  
I see my cousin go with all his might.  
I just want my family to be together.  
I am against the war.

I pretend that I do not care.  
But, fear I do not lack.  
I touch my cousin's crew cut hair.  
And worry that he may not come back.  
I am against the war.

I understand soldiers are lending a hand.  
I say to myself that he is okay.  
I dream that this will come to an end.  
I try to be optimistic everyday.  
I hope this vision will finally come true,  
And I won't see a casket in red, white and blue.  
I am against the war.

— Kona Orlandi  
Arcata High School  
Arcata, California

\*\*\* Honorable Mention Award Recipient \*\*\*

## *A Peaceful War Treaty*

Peace is.  
Tranquil waters  
by the light  
of the moon.  
A silent wish.  
Pure notes  
synchronized in  
perfect harmony.

The smell  
of a new rose  
at dawn.  
The sweet  
tang  
of ripe lemons.  
A cool breeze  
caressing  
a tired face.

War is. . .

The cry  
of a lonely  
wolf.  
The last  
breath.  
Pain  
inflicted  
upon others  
and oneself.

A rose  
who pricks  
the fingers  
of those who dare  
to touch.  
Tear stained  
faces  
rioting  
over a crust  
of bread.  
The snake  
who is most  
deadly  
to us  
all.

A Treaty...

A song  
that has been  
sung.  
A new  
beginning.  
The sound  
of two hands,  
clasping each other  
in friendship.  
It is Peace.  
A beautiful  
rose that  
blossoms.

— Robin Weburg  
McKinleyville High School  
McKinleyville, California

## *War*

For parents, war has no humor.  
When a son so beloved  
comes home with shell shock,  
Who is to blame?  
Men watch their baby's birth over webcam.  
Explain the absence to children.  
Only a picture to understand, that's Daddy, that's Mommy.  
A friend dearest to many,  
a child to another.  
and a parent with a lover.

Could we suppress problems without AK-47's and tanks?  
Politics and bashful acts create war.  
Who strikes first?  
Low and behold the years aren't gold.  
Lives die in the bloodiest of combat.

Peace and verbosity allies as one.  
We talk about the war in Iraq,  
as more lives are lost and we don't pull back.

While war and death steal our breath;  
there are many more sorrowful days to follow.  
Is peace so hard to find?  
Corruption kills our people  
with the un-restful minds of trouble.

Wait in hope for better times  
as children cry at home.  
The loss of a family member can strike all sadness.  
And yet we don't stop it?

Is there ever a day of handshakes and flowers?  
Instead, windy waves of sweet decays,  
and shores washing up the dead.  
Everyone is affected while we don't meet eye to eye.  
Is there ever a chance that love and caring will last?

May one day be filled with joy.  
A day we can speak out our problems.  
Separate our religions with respect laced in between.  
Let hope survive again in this time of pain  
and sunny years lived long without fear.

— Rachel L. Maxwell  
Six Rivers Charter High School  
Arcata, California

### *A Peace of Mind*

There is a mind meadow  
Where the doves play  
And fresh starts sprout from loamy quarrel  
Where pains cease to carve at our outskirts  
Love spreads like pollen in milky blueberry skies  
Some have never been, some never will be  
But those of us who have seen  
Take the seeds from the mind meadow  
To never forget that it exists  
Save the seeds from the meadow  
To plant in your children  
So that  
Someday, maybe, our world will have  
It's own piece of peace  
We can't change our world into a meadow  
But we can water the grass  
And unlock the doves' cages  
For them to sing a message to the world:  
Placidity Erases Anguish: Cherish Earth,  
bring kin to the meadow  
to give them a taste from the shallow brook  
of what we can do to better our planet,  
better ourselves,  
and not just rest,  
but prosper  
In peace

— Kira Weiss  
Arcata High School  
Arcata, California

## *Peace Poem*

Everyone has a little peace  
Inside their soul and heart  
That place they go to retreat  
From the evil that comes from being alive

This peace is here to help us survive  
Through a world cold and dark  
But we use it only for our lives  
And not for the better of the world  
“How can we,” you ask with brow furrowed

“Make it big for everyone to use?”  
It is easy to get the peace uncurled  
From the depths in which it is kept

There is no one who is inept  
Who truly couldn't do it  
All it takes is the concept  
That everyone needs love

Once you know that the shed of blood  
Cannot change the minds of others  
Then all you do is open up the bud  
So that your inner flower can radiate peace

So, please, truly believe in this release  
To everyone and everything  
And then the world will come to know peace  
In a true universal epiphany

But as I say this, I stand here sighing  
Knowing that some doubt my lines are true  
And it only takes one person's blundering  
To keep this peace from becoming real

If everyone stopped being so regal  
If they came down from their thrones  
When they realize some don't have a decent meal  
Because of their needless war

And, oh, how these people will soar  
Above and beyond folks down below  
Because they realized that the world is more  
Than the material cage they are in

Basically I'm saying it isn't a sin  
To think that violence is wrong  
And we know that peace will win  
And when it does it will not cease

Everyone has a little peace  
Inside their soul and heart  
And when help it to release  
We will diminish the evil that comes from being alive

— Casey Lynn  
Arcata High School  
Arcata, California

### *Peace Poem*

If people helped each other  
didn't worry about being cool  
If people showed respect  
and tried to follow the golden rule  
If people put their pride away  
and treated everyone the same  
If they stopped pointing fingers  
stopped bringing others shame  
If all peoples' hatred was to cease  
Maybe we would see world peace.

— Alia San Giovanni  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California  
\*\*\* Second Honors Award Recipient \*\*\*

## *Peace is Like a Tree*

Peace is like a tree.  
It grows with care, but can fall.  
Its growth is our job.

Peace is Like a Tree  
The world is axe-filled.  
It chops away at peace trees.  
Destroying the bliss.

Water is like those people.  
The ones who try to sustain.  
Prolonging our peace.

Hate is a forest fire.  
Engulfing this peace  
But leaving the ash.

Trees have always burned.  
This act seems unstoppable.  
No extinguisher.

But hope is a hose.  
Love is the rushing firetruck.  
Happiness is dirt.

We all must stop it.  
Be the brave firefighters.  
Using faith to fight.

As we live our lives.  
We walk through the burning trees.  
And sometimes get scorched.

Life will scar its living.  
Cuts of memories are sliced.  
Hate burns at our souls.

But we must hold peace.  
Remember it has fought and won.  
Cause trees still grow here.

With this we can fight.  
Help peace prevail over scorn.  
And bring dreams alive.

So wake up from hate.  
Take a walk through the forest.  
And always remember.

‘Peace is like a tree’

— Kandace King  
McKinleyville High School  
McKinleyville, California

## *Wrath and Peace*

I am from Me'dil-ding  
See only warriors  
No children  
Let you be feeling the  
wrath  
Of a warrior and his  
past  
An' they cast the  
memories  
To the enemy  
To learn his strategies  
But still he stands to the  
sunrise  
An' they despise  
Cry of war  
An' still want more beef  
Still needs more grief  
To feast his passion  
He's asking the creator  
To stomp on these  
haters he sees  
He runs through the  
trees  
To let them feel the  
breeze  
Of defeat  
Trying to stay discreet  
He greets death one  
more time  
To find that the creator  
sent a sign  
To get the warrior back  
in line  
He's blind with  
madness

So he hides his  
kindness  
With a grin  
An' tells the men  
He had a vision  
And they have a  
decision  
To become warriors or  
farmers  
So they suit up in their armor  
War is near  
Has the cowboys  
shaking in their boots  
Looking for new  
recruits  
While coop stick are  
made for honor  
Old warriors minds  
wander  
War is never the way  
But young warriors  
need to slay  
The man who has raped  
their land  
Emotions are crammed  
in back of the head  
To many treaties were  
read  
To many treaties broke  
But one more need to  
be wrote  
So all the great chiefs  
sign for peace  
So our culture won't  
decease

— Arlen W. Doolittle, Jr.  
Captain John High School  
Hoopa, California

## *Through Our Eyes*

How do you think we feel?  
All the holidays we dedicate to it  
What is so great about it?  
It's something horrible  
Yet we keep going back to it  
That's not the way to solve problems

Look at it  
It's all around us  
In the papers  
On the news  
From one mouth to another  
It won't go away on its own

It effects our home life  
Our schools talk about it  
But no one stops to think  
of the consequences  
The reason we are safe  
It has a dark shadow behind it

The wounding  
The killing  
It's pointless, so very pointless  
Can't you see the damage it's creating?  
Are you so blind?

It's invading the minds of children  
It's their first reaction  
It's not right  
And it's not ok  
But it's still everywhere

Can't you see what it's doing?  
Do you see all the games out there?  
They make it seem natural, almost acceptable  
It may be natural but it's certainly not acceptable  
Use your words, you're adults  
Aren't you?

It's ok to be angry  
But not to kill senselessly  
These are people's lives you are ending  
Happy, healthy people  
That you just killed

Listen to the people preaching peace  
They've got the right idea  
Listen to your children questioning the actions  
The actions of a wild animal cornered  
And why it's so similar to our behavior

Listen to it, just listen  
The signs are everywhere  
Stop and realize this is wrong  
War is wrong, it's not the answer  
I'm telling you this. Won't you listen?  
Just look at it through our eyes.

— Sierra Raines  
McKinleyville High School  
McKinleyville, California

## *“Little Things”*

When he was first hit and told to man up, he stopped crying.  
When he got teased in school, it hurt.  
When he murdered his first virtual being in ‘World of Warcraft,’ it felt good.  
But the feeling of dropping his first bomb on the people of Gaza?  
Power.

Power.  
Destruction. Death. Fear.  
All linked together by heavy chains to form three harsh letters:  
W-a-r.

War.  
A petrifying word  
With sharp edges that slice the tongue.  
A word that shows no mercy.  
They say it will solve the problems  
Bring safety, security to the struggling people.  
Doesn’t.  
Why?

Why.  
Why does this go on?  
Why are thousands of innocent civilians dying each day from violence?  
How can a pilot drop a bomb, killing thousands, with intent?  
Why does the word ‘hate’ so often rip the ears?  
But most importantly,  
What can we do?

What can we do.  
War begins with the most insignificant of things.  
A harsh word, a quick slap, a flying bottle -  
But healing also begins with small steps.  
See someone crying, stop and give a hug.  
Witness violence, stand up and teach.  
Feel hurt and aggressive inside,  
Stop and think.

Stop and think.  
Little things.  
A smile, a hug, a simple thought  
Can change a life.  
Or hundreds of lives  
From this  
Fear. Death. Destruction.

— Natalia Nelson  
Arcata High School  
Arcata, California

\*\*\* First Honors Award Recipient \*\*\*

## *Discover Peace*

People protest  
Clad in black  
Proud and silent  
Whose right it was  
To subject all those people  
To fight and kill one another,  
To destroy homes and families,  
Leave children parentless  
With no one left to care for them.  
We are all people.  
We have feelings, families, and friends.  
No matter the color of our skin,  
Our religion,  
Our sexual orientation,  
We are all humans.  
We deserve equal respect.  
What is the point  
Of fighting over money and power, And Religion?  
Who does it benefit?  
Not the families that are  
Torn apart.  
Not the people who die in battle,  
Trying to kill but not be killed.  
People say we have evolved,  
But is this what you call evolution?  
People in Iraq, Afghanistan, and Africa  
Are afraid just to leave their homes.  
What happened to make us believe  
That killing is the only answer?  
No one has the right  
To take another life.  
Life is a precious gift,  
And it should not be wasted.  
Life is borrowed,  
And death is the debt we must all  
Pay in the end,  
But don't make it come sooner than it needs to.  
We should look out for each other.  
Rediscover the meaning of friendship  
And loyalty.  
Discover peace.

— Shea Lignitz  
Arcata High School  
Arcata, California

## *Peace Poem (Rap)*

Peace is the best  
I live in the west  
life is just a test  
of love and hate  
it's my fate  
this world's messed  
water in a cup  
cleanses my mind  
Just be kind  
love is the word  
it's like a bird  
soaring through the sky  
I just wanna fly  
Peace is the only way  
that's all I'm gunna say  
this world's corrupt  
it's like a volcano that's gunna erupt

— Michael Gerace  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California

## *A way to love*

In this time of chaos and war  
we must reach into our core  
and find an answer  
War is almost as bad as cancer  
there must be a way  
to say okay  
to peace and love  
We must be as gentle as a dove  
a way to do this  
is with a hug or a kiss  
If we can pray  
we will keep evil away  
These are solutions  
to all of these pollutions  
Peace is the way  
all day.

— Riley Jackson  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California

## *Peace*

We need peace in our world  
Let freedom ring  
War is not good forget what you're told  
See what a peaceful future will bring.  
Peace to me is a new born child now who sees  
with a family of its own  
and no parent overseas  
bring our troops home to a peaceful world our own  
where you are safe in your own home  
peace is good  
Now make a new tone  
show a new history of peace  
like a brand new fleece

— Danny Faust  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California

*Separate We Lose, Together We Stand Peace*

It's not about hate or revenge.  
It's about being love and peace.  
It's all about being a family and joining.  
Not about killing and separating.  
Not about destroying.  
Peace is part of good feelings.  
But it calls for a block to bad motivations.  
It's not about us or them.  
It's about what we all do.  
Now we must say, there is not much to say.  
But we say there is something to act every day.  
Just look around us and take a close look.  
There are reasons that will have your head shake.  
Just when we presence the passion of a war.  
Or when we see more terrible pictures.  
Such as a harsh gunned man wondering and killing people on the street.  
Or further intolerable standing that aren't very difficult to explore.  
We can feel how much this planet needs peace every day.  
We can see that from year to year.  
Sometimes it's difficult to imagine that this occurs in the world.  
However, as it is determined, it occurs all year round.  
We don't know if war is something we can end.  
But, we can all surely just try and see.

— Caroline Cho  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California

### *Peace Poem*

Peace is like the calm  
before the storm  
Peace is the gentle palm  
of God that is warm  
Peace is a child's laughter  
while playing a game  
and forever after  
and always the same  
Peace is a new born child  
It is a sea  
so soft and mild  
Peace is a bee  
busily working on a flower  
Peace to me is the greatest power.

— Matt Jones  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California

### *Hatred*

Hatred is the emotion that scars the earth,  
Hatred opens up the old wounds that the earth has encountered over the years,  
Hatred destroys all the living things the earth has ever known,  
Hatred is bad.

— Jerry Rylee  
Fortuna Union High School  
Fortuna, California

## *Within the Tears of a Dove*

Peace,  
A dove  
Its feathers gleaming white,  
From the sun beams above.

Hope,  
A branch of olive,  
Firmly clasped in the mouth of the dove  
To stay, to live.

Hope,  
Yet to be found  
For it is the one thing,  
That the Box of Pandora still has bound.

Peace and Hope,  
Stand hand in hand,  
One can not be without the other,  
Without knowing the other's pain.

Peace and Hope  
Hope and Peace  
Then how can Peace exist,  
When all believing in Hope has ceased?

Peace,  
A dove,  
Whose salty tears,  
Fill the ocean from its rejected love.

Hope,  
A branch of olive,  
Wilting as time goes on,  
Caused by our hateful perspective.

Peace,  
Disappearing into thin air,  
Not wanted in this world  
Hatred and death are too selfish to care.

Peace and Hope,  
Our only prayer,  
Lifeless and dying  
In our despair.

Peace and Hope,  
Arise and save us!  
Hope and Peace  
The hatred in our hearts is too numerous.

Peace,  
Soar down  
With faithful Hope at your side,  
Within your cleansing tears let us drown.

Peace,  
Wash away our wickedness and pride,  
Hope return! Cleanse our hearts!  
Wash away the hatred, greed, and lies.

— Laura Daw  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California

## *The Start of Peace*

If our world were a better place,  
We would all show our face,

Helping out with each other,  
As if it were brother to brother,

If you treated everyone with respect,  
You would come to expect,

The peace that you spread,  
Would come back on your head,

So if changing the world one person at a time,  
Could be possible after reading this rhyme,

Start with the family and friends that you love,  
And peace will rain down to fit the world like a glove.

— Samantha Barnett  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California

## *Peace*

Peace is here  
people are here  
trying to hear  
the cries of many tears

Come upon the break of dawn  
to hear the speech  
of endless peace  
from here to there  
peace should be everywhere

War isn't cool  
we are just being fools  
stop this madness  
or we will keep feeling sadness

People can freak  
about my speech  
but living free  
has been my dream

This is fate  
there's gonna be hate  
but trying to hide  
can only cause a lie

Peace is here  
people are near  
trying to hear  
the cries of many tears

— Shanán Daly  
St. Bernard's Catholic School  
Eureka, California

## *Peace*

Peace

It is hard to come by in today's world

Sorrow, pain

it all fills our world every day

Haiti

suffering people, homeless people

war

justice often costs the world.

Peace

between all countries and their people

Live life to the fullest

forgive and forget

lend a helping hand

become friends with your foes

encourage peace into the world

Be that extra person it takes to do so.

— Cody Macy

St. Bernard's Catholic School

Eureka, California

## *Being*

Human beings are dirt, dust, ashes. What is a being? All together placed on a metamorphoses with a personnel of gifts no one could explain. Imagine concepts of a picture revolutionizing a solution to become the one piece of information that everyone is lost and unaware about. Hypnotized by the everything around; butterflies, purple skies, yellow, devil eyes, kings handsome reign.

People.. .Human.. .child.. .adult.. .cocoon.. .butterfly.. .egg.. .chick.. .a human life. No one is aware of the reasons why we do the things we do. Why do? The question is always why. Confusion throughout this atmosphere of phases untouchable to the human mind. One feels alone, depressed, sad, a downer, why does this nature come alive in the human spirit; The one thing itself that hurts the most binds us at times where no one of course wants to experience. Faith helps you know, something you get from reading a book, moments spent with the family, a church, perhaps a scripture foretelling the testification of the truth, whether you believe or not doesn't matter, this world where every little lady bug is a piece, a masterpiece, an image in the mirror where the insecure constantly fathom, obsess, over the fact that everyone is the same in a way, but what lies in back of the human skull lies a personality that is sometimes hidden and not yet discovered by others to inhale, like the scent of a woman. The personality is a force to be reckoned with, people let it out, some don't, but in reality every individual soon awaits their gifts wrapped inside as a white elephant ready to be flashed before eyes of wonder exhaling unspeakable talent we never knew had, more blinding than the high beams on a vehicle, breaking out of one's shell and speaking out to the world a story that goes on eternally. You see there are so many words, so many conversations to be shared, lips to read, eyes to see, a natural ability that is reliable, being a being, don't think, over think especially, just do and many doors will open a kingdom before each solid foundation of potential. The feeling of love, the one wave that can't be bailed. Ever in love? Keeps one pacing, stressing on how to act before the partner. Learning to love is a beautiful yet simple matter, for it is the study guide for dummies no matter the I.Q., life is well spent when in love. it's an unexplained mystery really, once found I have no clue on whose the real hitch.

— Nathan Ingersoll  
McKinleyville High School  
McKinleyville, California

## *Core of Peace*

In our very troubled world,  
people throw punches  
instead of kind words.  
They shoot guns  
instead of shooting out ideas.  
They destroy  
when there should be creation.  
Webster defines peace:  
“the absence of war and hostilities”.  
But how something needed  
by even the worst of people,  
can be described  
in the most unpassionate words,  
I can not begin to wonder,  
why define negatively?  
Peace should be:  
“Love for everyone,  
equality for all persons,  
caring and compassion,  
shared and spread”.  
Peace should be in every corner,  
every home, every heart,  
anywhere in the world.  
It is said,  
“You can’t appreciate the good  
without the bad.”  
Hasn’t the world had  
enough of the bad?  
How can we appreciate the good,  
when we’ve barely tasted it?  
Peace is always needed,  
anywhere you go.  
In the midst of foreign wars,  
in the fights in schools and communities,  
in the middle core of our hearts.

— Belle Snow  
Fortuna Union High School  
Fortuna, California

## *The Power of Peace*

The roads and city lights better clear because my pores are  
outbursting and exceeding to blow thru the air  
I feel the sounds I feel the taste  
I see what I feel through the vibration swimming through my veins  
I urge this sense of desire I am fully inspired this melody is  
driving into the creases of my skin how did I get this understanding  
I'm falling time is not passing  
The guardian is the sky  
That leads me through the depths of the sea as I fly  
not any motion nor gravity can pull me down  
breathing is not touched or yet found  
I'm relenting but only through my soul  
The built walls of love fill me up full  
Stopping never existed  
my heart at this moment is the only thing that's insisted  
my breath is drowning all around me  
the flame of compassion striking within replaces what use to grieve  
Water can't quench this thirst of insanity  
World peace is a hope of all humanity  
This needs to be shared so don't be conceited  
Between towns and counties this by far is needed  
Wars never have this if you know what I mean  
This emotion is only felt it's never sincerely been seen  
We all want this peaceful stillness  
This peace we stand for has much greatness

— Hannah Crossley  
Fortuna Union High School  
Fortuna, California

## *What I See Just Across the Street*

I stand staring across the street from sullen brown eyes, watching the love fall away while the darkened skies cry. As the cars go by through the puddles in front of me I take a few steps forward to feel the world move under me. I hear the news as cold as steel running through my veins with an icy feel of what's to come if we all continue to hurt each other, what have we turned into?

As bombs drop from the sky new rivers are formed from every tear that loved ones cry for their dear departed far above in the sky. And when I think of all the pain and genocide I want to ask those pilots would they still have dropped the bombs if they had had to look the innocent in their eyes as they handed back their request for a new lease on life stamped denied.

When did it become ok to take another's life just because they live miles away in a place with regrets in need of reform, not to our standards but to what's normal for them. When someone's your friend what matters to them matters to you and to achieve a helping hand you would lend. We all need peace entwined in our lives, to have the safety and peace of mind to survive.

We should all be existing beneath clouds of white with their blue background so brilliant and bright, but instead we invite hate and injustice into our home. Taking away the purity of little children who will someday be grown into a society just like us; filled with corruption of peace and never ending violence. But instead when I look up I see wisps of gray, filled with lost hope, wondering...

How many people will die today, and by whose hand will they fall? Is it just the command of the government? And if so then why does it reflect upon us all. Once we were great but that was such a later date, I'm worried America, and the world will end up in an undeserved fate of a self-loathing republic haunted by hate.

With all the countries killing each other where will humanity be far from this present day? How long will it be, or have we already stumbled off the path drunk, drugged, broken, and bruised and lost our way? When people talk peace and protest the wars, so many open their minds, but so many more leave them shut and guarded, a locked steel door. We have to listen. We have to love!

Make each man your brother, and every woman your sister. And when she opens her mouth close yours and listen to her. Those words are gold, every single one. Its time for those of you who still believe to let go of sexism the idea is old, dead, and done. That just as well goes for all those who're racist, if you don't change you will be forgotten. Those words of hate should have never been written and they should now and forever be banished from our systems.

Our days here are numbered if we continue to carry so much rage and hate. We must let go of all these things. Leave them behind and sprout new wings and leave forever this darkest night because if we don't the part of our soul that makes us sing will die. And we can kiss goodbye to all of this, that is my sad, and oh so somber promise.

— Torin L. Ritter  
Independent Study Program  
Eureka, California

### *Pointing at Reaching Fingers*

Icy sweat turns to damp on burning foreheads.  
Tearful eyes give blurry visions,  
And bleeding hands grasp after the shadows.  
Gasp after air.

Their damped water-drops blow over cracking countries,  
Falling like rain and exploding in palms.  
They hold a memory and a plea  
For the yet to be fulfilled dream.

One drop of water fell and cleaned a palm  
The next are patiently waited for to clean minds.  
Minds that sigh when hearts flutter in a moment's freedom.  
Minds that set pencils to paper.  
They aim. They cause pain,  
Rope around wrists,  
Dilated pupils,  
And cold bodies belonging to restless feet searching for home.  
What their eyes long for. Hallucinate for.

— Asta Arendt Tranholm  
Northcoast Preparatory and Performing Arts Academy  
Arcata, California

### *What Could Have Been*

A boy stands in the photograph,  
He was only nineteen that day.  
A boy stands in that photograph,  
Smiling in that frozen frame.  
A boy stands in that photograph,  
His eyes shone like bright ore,  
A boy stands in the photograph  
But that boy is here no more.

A boy wanted to be an ambassador  
He could have been great  
A boy ended up as a soldier  
The choice to change his fate.  
A boy was brilliant and eloquent,  
Always at the top.  
His parents were so proud,  
'Till the bullet made him drop.

This boy could have been an ambassador,  
He could have been great.  
This boy is now no more,  
On this grave day.  
This boy could have done something,  
To make this world complete,  
But with a bullet in his head,  
Our world sees defeat.

— Cedric Seaman  
Eureka High School  
Eureka, California

\*\*\* Honorable Mention Award Recipient \*\*\*

*From A Child*

Ignore diversity  
Prejudice and stereotype  
Blind of heart  
Always turn their backs

I peek into the wall  
And watch the horror movie  
With the real props  
I don't need nightmare  
Molotov parties for birthdays

Living in the constant fear  
And shocking catastrophe  
For unexpected tragedy  
How cheap is the blood here

Tell me why  
My books are burned  
My foods smell like gas  
My game just hide and seek  
Can I have gardens and springs,  
Treasures and honor?  
I'll cut the sky  
And talk to God

— Jeanny Dwi Adriyanti  
Northcoast Preparatory and  
Arts Academy  
Arcata, California

## *Our Only World*

We can almost see it.  
Our lovely world.  
But not yet.  
We are missing something.

Wake up, people.  
Did you hear that voice?  
Violence.  
Yes, you heard.

Do you remember?  
The scientists always say...  
We live in the most beautiful planet.  
Don't we?

Our blue planet.  
But now, it is changing.  
Into...  
The red planet.

Look over there,  
The children are dying.  
They are killed by their friends  
In the same world.

Be aware.  
Someone is waiting for hope.  
In the hopeless land.  
But we are happy, aren't we?

The violence is growing.  
The peace  
is dead.  
We are facing our mistakes.

Violence.  
Improve it.  
Stop it.  
For your only world.

It's too late.  
It's never too late.  
Who knows?  
We know.

— Pathanin Panasri  
Northcoast Preparatory and  
Performing Arts Academy  
Arcata, California

## *Vae Victis*

Life moves with  
Syncopated rhythm,  
Unnerved touch,  
Reactionary thrust.  
The volatile animal  
Must control its lust.

William Blake's body  
Lies tortured in the grass.  
He breathes not,  
Sees not;  
As the patriot steps over him  
Continues on his path

To a sultan's gate,  
A corporate home.  
The televised broadcast  
Stand in contrast.  
Arousing graphics surround him.  
Back in the theater, he is alone.

The lofty politician  
Listens only to the polls,  
The reasoned men  
Are last in ken.  
Closed ears, thunderous speech  
The drumbeat grows old

We don't need  
Plato's despotic kings.  
A careful gaze,  
Respecting phrase,  
Just action;  
Remove the craze of vae victis  
That is presently dividing us.

— Jesse Drucker  
Northcoast Preparatory and  
Performing Arts Academy  
Arcata, California

## *KBBL West 'Haven' Radio - Excerpt*

**Virgil:** This is KBBL West Haven Radio, hosted by Virgil, broadcasting coast to coast we have here the Devil yes the Devil - Lord of Darkness; now, Mr. um, how should I introduce you properly?

**Devil:** Lucifer is fine thank you

**Virgil:** Right, Lucifer... now just for the sake of time we can only answer one question lets hear our first caller

**Angela:** Hello?

**Virgil:** Hello, you are calling KBBL West Haven Radio coast to coast

**Angela:** My name is Angela, and I have a question

**Virgil:** Well then we have an answer

**Angela:** Alright, why do we have war

**Virgil:** Alright Lucifer, this is to you why do we have war?

**Devil:** Oh, that is a good one, can you give me a moment?

**Virgil:** Angela, are you still there?

**Angela:** Yes I am Virgil, but I have a dentist appointment in about ten minutes so...

**Virgil:** Alright, Lucifer, are you ready?

**Devil:** Fine, fine, I am ready

**Virgil:** So I ask again for the sake of our listeners why war?

**Devil:** Well, I was thinking about this, it just has so many opportunities, I just don't know where to start. I guess I state it right out: It is just so dang simple I get one man against another for a simple slice of bread, and suddenly I have nations up in arms on technicality, technicality, technicality. I love it. War is like an art, you know Virgil?

**Virgil:** Well, I would think

**Devil:** Ah, you just don't have a sophisticated taste for such things, almost like chemistry it is the most beautiful thing in the world. My goodness, it never gets old I can pit one man against another for pennies or less! It is amazing and so simple; fair, universal: whether you are fat, thin, tall, short, old, young; anyone can have their brains blown out in machine gun fire! Ah, the machine gun, we had good times - it reminds me of the old days, you know, it takes practice to get it right

**Virgil:** Why, what do you mean?

**Devil:** My goodness! I remember when there were rules, you had to stand a certain way, dress a certain way, walk in a certain way, and die a certain way. I had to walk whole armies to the front lines myself, quite a parade... So boring... So, I thought to myself, why not spice it up a bit? Now, I don't want to brag, but I am pretty close to perfecting the art; as of now, I can decimate a thousand battalions or more with the push of a button Bam! And all humanity is gone.

**Virgil:** Now do you intend to do this?

**Devil:** What?

**Virgil:** I mean is anyone going to push that button?

**Devil:** No, no, no... Then the game would be over unfortunately I have to wait a while until I can get some better diversification killing 'em all would spoil the fun. Shoot, then what would I do?

**Virgil:** So Lucifer, you are saying to all our listeners out there, that there will never be a nuclear holocaust?

**Devil:** Well now, that is a completely different question. Not now at least, you have to give these things time Virgil. The world just isn't ready for something so effective...

**Virgil:** So in the future?

**Devil:** Maybe...

**Virgil:** Thinking in that direction, what is in store for humanity in the future?

**Devil:** Now I am not one to spoil the fun, but I have a real doozie coming up real soon...

— Benjamin Bairrington  
McKinleyville High School  
McKinleyville, California

### *The Fire of War*

The sadness,  
The sorrow  
Looking into your eyes trying to find the old you  
All I can see is the fire of war.  
Like that's all you remember.  
Telling me nothing will be the same  
And the war is to blame.  
Promising you'll make it through  
The deranged minds of hate  
I know that war isn't fate  
So why are we still there?  
To lose innocent people for nothing  
But the root of all evil  
Put it to an end  
Before there is nothing to defend.

Autumn Coffelt-Murrish  
Zoe Barnum High School  
Eureka, California

## *On World Peace*

The violence of it -  
when quick, sharp words  
dismantle institutions,

when typefaces establish peace  
and phrases waste battalions.  
I came to you with letters  
as a way to change this world

with its language of hate and fear,  
its violence and misspelled words;  
turn graffiti, wars, and jingoism

into poetry.  
The defense budget should buy dictionaries,  
not bandages  
and tanks  
and other peoples' blood.

Peace can only be defined, not quantified, as *the normal,*  
*nonwarring*  
*condition of a nation, group*  
*of nations,*  
*or the world.*

Do we dare approach that pronunciation key?

— Elizabeth Hassler  
Arcata High School  
Arcata, California  
\*\*\* Third Honors Award Recipient \*\*\*

## *Peace?*

“Run! Run!”  
“The bomb is going to explode!”  
  
“Help me, Daddy! Help me!”  
“Where are you son?”  
“Auchh! My leg is bleeding! I cannot  
walk anymore! Mom! It hurts!  
Auchh!”  
“Aaaaaaaa! Our house!”  
“My son!”  
“Mom! Don’t leave us please! Mom!”  
“No! Chandini is still inside the house,  
let me in! Let me in! I want to save  
our kid’s life!”  
Screaming everywhere. Crying  
everywhere.

Bless them rest in peace.

Peace?  
Katahimikan, Asomdwee,  
Paz,  
Damai, Amani.  
What is peace?  
How this world can be peace?  
Who can bring the peace?

YOU!  
(me?) Yes, you! Don’t question yourself,  
is You!

the road,  
You do charity works in orphanage,  
You donate clothes to earthquake refugees.

You help blind people to walk across

You love peace, don’t you?

Yes, I do love peace.  
I feel sad when I see the pity children  
lost their family,  
I cried because I cannot keep them warm,  
I feel pain when one of the countries is  
fighting the other country.

War is just like a scar,  
A scar that will never recover,  
A scar that will never disappear,  
When you look at the scar on your hands,  
It reminds your pain, your suffer, your  
lovely family,  
A new scar with salt on it.

Peace? He he.  
Are you kidding me?  
Is time to wake up, my dear.  
Time to visit your mum in the hospital.

— Eva Khoo Wuan Jing,  
Northcoast Preparatory and  
Performing Arts Academy  
Arcata, California

## *A War No One Can Win*

They say America is so great  
But everywhere you look is hate  
No love, compassion seem to show  
Hate and war everywhere you go  
On building walls and in our hearts  
Show the things that set us apart  
The color of our very skin creates a war no one can win  
Ignorance causes many to say  
“God hates you because you’re gay”  
People protest for our rights  
Peaceful protests turn into fights  
A young girl was killed no one knew why  
The culprit? Another gang drive-by  
They say America is home of the free  
A land of equality and liberty  
So why must immigrants have to leave  
A land considered to be free  
They came wishing for a better life  
And all they get is societal strife  
Hate and violence everywhere you turn  
How long will it take for us to learn  
That what we created seeps into our skin  
We’ve created a war no one can win.

— Lokia Solomon  
McKinleyville High School  
McKinleyville, California

## *The Dirty Martyr*

No we are not Blameless  
For we have all sinned  
Be it the sins of gods  
Or the sins of Man  
No blameless martyr walks  
Sanctified by his own self righteousness  
No blood can justify blood  
No steel can vanquish steel  
The Blade stuck into the blameless soil  
Soiled with our feet  
It is the same soil the blameless martyr walks on  
The dust  
Same as what I turn to  
Sitting here  
Wishing for a dove to justify my life  
But none comes

But meanwhile the world will never stop  
Can never stop  
Just turning  
As we walk the ground  
Crushing it back into earth  
You are the one making the choice  
That there never is  
To live like this  
Or how you know you will  
And the stream of bombs fly on

It makes me sick  
All the guns  
They don't know who they're killing  
Who they're hurting  
Therefore it is alright  
Bang  
And the martyr falls to the ground  
His mask finally slipping from his face  
And we can finally see it is not a happy one

— Gabriel Renouf  
Northcoast Preparatory and  
Performing Arts Academy  
Arcata, California

## *What Is Peace*

Who can accomplish the goal that no one single person can alone achieve,  
Or an entire country will absolutely not be allowed to believe?

Is it, at this moment, actually real,  
Or is there a chance that it is just a thief's conceal?

What is peace, but a promise that no one can seem to keep,  
Or find because it's on a mountain that is too steep.

Is it simply a treasure which all seek,  
Or a draining ambition that makes all weak?

Where can peace be, but in the heart,  
Or is it in a puzzle that requires all to be smart?

Is it possible that peace is the lost ways of an ancient civilization,  
Or nothing but an old dream forgotten because of temptation?

When there is peace, does it not become nonessential,  
Or by teaching kids, does peace have a potential?

Is it an emotion with no sound,  
Or just a thought that always hangs around?

Why does everyone either look for peace here?  
Or destroy peace there?

Is it going to be won through a final war,  
Or does peace ask that the world give more?

How do we expect to find peace in the world,  
Or in ourselves, if we don't even know what peace is?

— Joanna Williams  
East High School  
Fortuna, California

# **APPENDIX**

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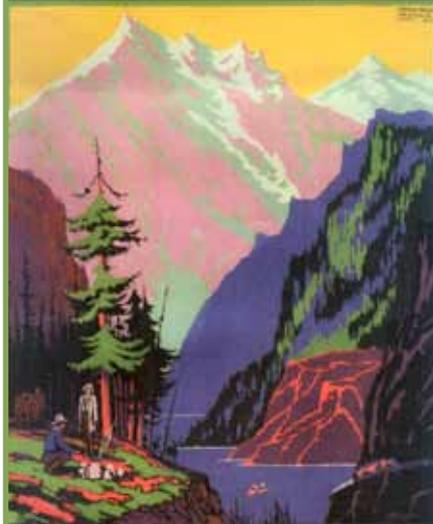
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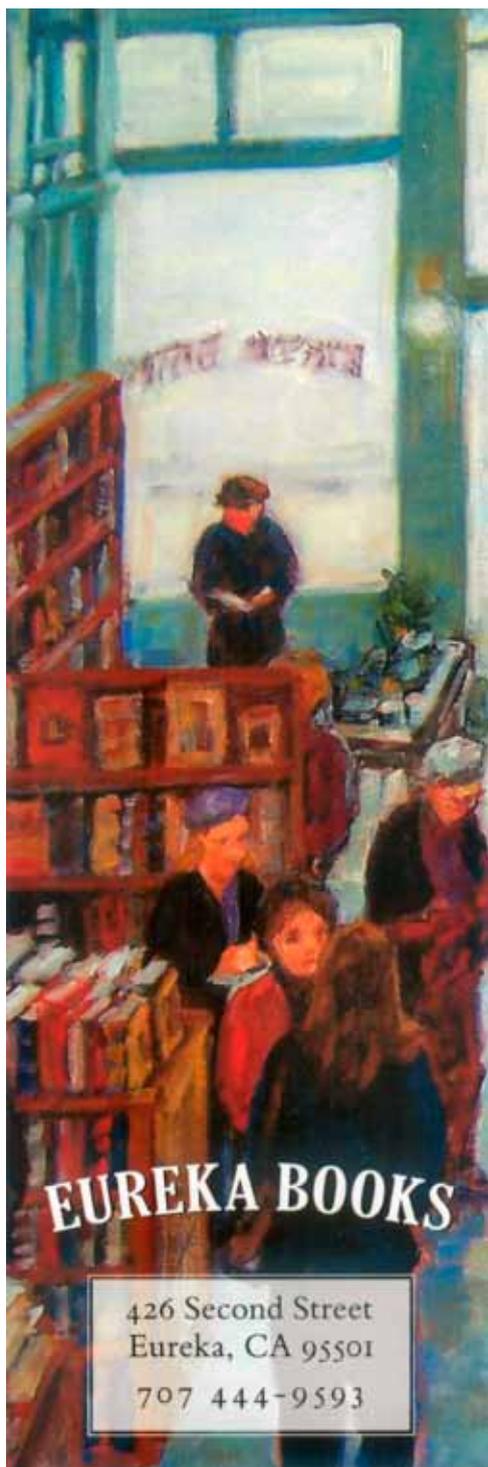
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*Be on the look-out for the next  
Peace Poetry Contest  
in early 2011!*

## **Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest**

**THE HUMBOLDT BAY VETERANS FOR PEACE**

*www.vfp56.org*



*Invite*

### **Humboldt County High School Students**

To submit an original poem focusing on peace; the abolition of war, hate, or violence; or peace-making in our communities.

*Peace even in times of unrest should be the goal of all human communities.  
This contest is an attempt to focus on peace in a very troubled world.*

#### **Format:**

Free style verse, rhymed or unrhymed poems of 50 lines or fewer, printed or typed on 8½- by 11-inch paper. All work is to be completely original and unpublished.

#### **Identification:**

All entries must include a single copy of the poem with the title of the poem at the top of the page. In the upper right hand corner include: Author's name, parents' or teacher's name and telephone number, school affiliation or home schooled statement, and e-mail address.

Entries should be e-mailed to [nslomba@reninet.com](mailto:nslomba@reninet.com) or mailed to: Veterans For Peace, Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest, P. O. Box 532, Bayside, CA 95524-0532.

#### **Submission Deadline:**

**Entries must be received not later than 5 p.m., Monday, March 8, 2010**

Entrants will receive a copy of the *Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology* and be invited to present their poetry at a public reading in May 2010.

#### **Cash prizes will be awarded to five entries**

\$200 for 1st Honors ♦ \$100 for 2nd Honors ♦ \$50 for 3rd Honors  
and two \$25 prizes for Honorable Mention

The Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest is sponsored by the Humboldt Bay Chapter of Veterans For Peace, the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, and the Humboldt Unitarian Universalists Fellowship, and is supported in part by a grant from the Ivy Irene Hughes & Carl G. Lundgren Fund, a fund of the Humboldt Area Foundation. Submissions remain the property of the respective author. Veterans For Peace Humboldt Bay Chapter 56 is granted an unrestricted license for reuse at its discretion.

# PEACE POETRY

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