

**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 6th and 9th, 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**

Copyright © 2010 by Veterans For Peace, Inc., Humboldt Bay Chapter 56.

All rights reserved.

No part of the contents of this anthology may be reproduced without the written consent of the publishers, VEOP Committee, Veterans For Peace, Inc., Chapter 56 (VFP56).

Individual poems remain the property of the author and VFP56 is granted an unrestricted license for reuse at its discretion. Persons interested in obtaining individual poems in this anthology should address inquiries to the author credited herein, in care of
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

Anthology layout by Toby Griggs (Buddhist Peace Fellowship)

Printing by Bug Press, Arcata, California

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.

Contents

Daniel C. Beck-Stephenson	The Secret Angels
Kona Orlandi	Will He Ever Come Back
Robin Weburg	A Peaceful War Treaty
Rachel L. Maxwell	War
Kira Weiss	A Peace of Mind
Casey Lynn	Peace Poem
Alia San Giovanni	Peace Poem
Kandace King	Peace is Like a Tree
Arlen W. Doolittle, Jr.	Wrath and Peace
Sierra Raines	Through our eyes
Natalia Nelson	“Little Things”
Shea Lignitz	Discover Peace
Michael Gerace	A Peace Poem (Rap)
Riley Jackson	A way to love
Danny Faust	Peace
Caroline Cho	Separate We Lose, Together We Stand Peace
Matt Jones	Peace Poem
Jerry Rylee	Hatred
Laura Daw	Within the Tears of a Dove
Samantha Barnett	The Start of Peace
Shanan Daly	Peace
Cody Macy	Peace
Nathan Ingersoll	Being
Belle Snow	Core of Peace
Hannah Crossley	The power of peace
Torin L. Ritter	What I See Just Across the Street
Asta Arendt Tranholm	Pointing at Reaching Fingers
Cedric Seaman	What Could Have Been
Jeanny Dwi Adriyanti	From A Child
Pathanin Panasri	Our only world
Jesse Drucker	Vae Victis
Benjamin Barrington	KBBL West ‘Haven’ Radio – Excerpt
Autumn Coffelt-Murrish	The Fire of War
Elizabeth Hassler	On World Peace
Eva Khoo Wuan Jing	Peace ?
Lakia Solomon	A War No One Can Win
Garbiel Renouf	The Dirty Martyr
Joanna Williams	What Is Peace

Acknowledgments

The Veterans' Education and Outreach Project (VEOP),
gratefully acknowledges the participation of
the following organizations and individuals.

— Co-sponsor —

Buddhist Peace Fellowship
Humboldt Unitarian Universalists Fellowship

— Judges —

Allen Berger
David Holper
Lynn Kerman
Jerry Martien
Pat McCutcheon
Vanessa Pike-Vrtiak

— Assistance —

The VEOP Committee gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance
from the Ivy Erene Hughes & Carl G. Lundgren Fund,
a fund of the Humboldt Area Foundation;
the financial assistance of VFP Chapter 56;
and the Chapter members that helped make this contest
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

The Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest sponsors wish to thank the advertisers for their financial assistance. Please remember to thank the advertisers for their support when you patronize their establishments.



FUSION + HYBRID

4800 Highway 101 N (707) 443-7311
Eureka, CA 95503 harpermotors.com



REHABILITATION

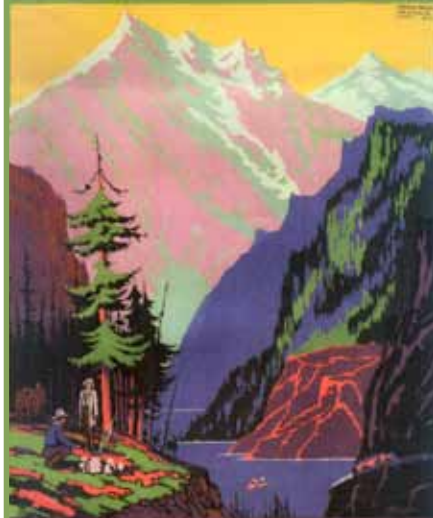
physical • industrial • sports

EUREKA
707-443-8354

McKINLEYVILLE
707-839-1802

FORTUNA
707-725-6995

Sew What



custom sewing and alterations

932 9th st. Arcata, Ca 95521

707 822-1006



Lynda McDevitt, L.Ac., M.Sc.

Oriental Medical Services

Acupuncture • Herbs

Arcata Health Alliance
739 10th Street
Arcata, CA 95521

(707) 822-2324

Lic. #ACI437



EUREKA BOOKS

426 Second Street
Eureka, CA 95501
707 444-9593

List of Donors

The Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest sponsors thanks
the following individuals and organizations
for their generous donations:

Chuck DeWitt

Richard Gilchrist

Fred Hummel

Bug Press, Arcata, California

*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 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

FRIDAY MAY 7TH
HUMBOLDT
UNITARIAN
UNIVERSALISTS'
FELLOWSHIP HALL

23 FELLOWSHIP WAY
BAYSIDE, CALIFORNIA

7 P.M. TO 8 P.M.



CONTEST AWARDS CELEBRATION