

2013
Redwood Coast
Peace Poetry Anthology



Peace
is a
delicate flower
too many
people
run
it.



"Flower of Peace"
Ireland Farlow-Yates
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

2013 Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology

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

Edited by the Veterans Education and Outreach Project
of Veterans For Peace, Inc., Humboldt Bay Chapter 56



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Printing by Bug Press, Arcata, CA

*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.*

We dedicate this Anthology to our dear friend and peace maker

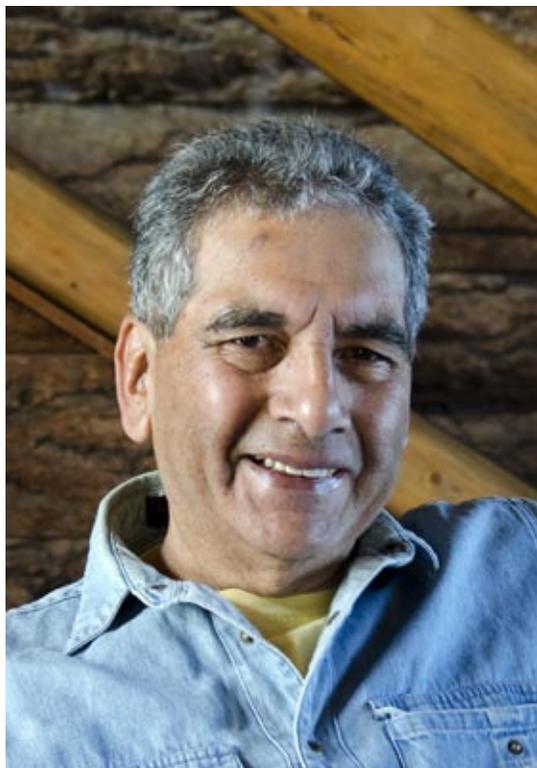


Photo by Paul Osborne and Katie Davis

Doug Smith
1942-2013

Doug personified the values of peace and acceptance of others. A man of few words, he spoke very clearly with his actions. As a dedicated member of Veterans For Peace Chapter 56, Doug was always available to help and encourage us to do our best. His modest but confident manner coupled with a broad range of practical skills made him the go-to guy for getting things done. From designing and constructing a booth for an event to cooking or dancing a Tango, Doug was always there with the right tool, a helping hand and kind word.

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.



"Serenity"
 by Jaycee Raymond
 Arcata High School
 Arcata, California
 *** Honorable Mention Award Recipient for Art ***

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Acknowledgments

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

— Co-sponsors —

Buddhist Peace Fellowship of Humboldt County
Humboldt Unitarian Universalists Fellowship Social Action Committee
Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom
The Ink People Center for the Arts

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Kati Texas, Artist in Residence
Katy Vitale, HSU Museum Practices Intern
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- Promotion -

Eureka Rotary Eureka High School Interact Club

- Assistance -

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



"Peace"
 by Aysu Solmaz
 Arcata High School
 Arcata, California
 *** Second Honors Award Recipient for Art ***

Drug Facts: Ingredients & Uses

One thousand smiles of agony
 One thousand needles of rain

One thousand outcries in harmony
 One thousand doubts in refrain

One thousand kisses to phantoms
 One thousand wishes to smolder

One thousand burns for ultimatums
 One thousand inevitables for a soldier

Antidote or poison,
 What will it become?

In the end,
 It will be
 Prescribed freedom.

Ellen Thompson
 Northcoast Preparatory and Performing Arts Academy
 Arcata, California

The Draft

Samuel Liberty and his family of three
get the daily post on a sunny morning.
A look a grief meets his face.
Goodbye kisses to the family, packed cases
summoned to war.

“I Want YOU”
The bloody slogan that provides
a keen sense of nationalism.
“A fair reward awaits you, Mr. Liberty”
A promise remembered.

Big guns, big airplanes, and big pride.
Train the men by the hundred,
pushed to physical limits,
born to kill. Born to hunt.
Stance, aim, fire, repeat.

The barracks: lines and lines
of holding cells, masses of men.
The armory: Weapons and Helmets,
stacks of cold metal, steel and iron.
Intimidating numbers of war tools.

Today is battle day.
War day.
100 standing men, attentive.
100 men standing, pending thoughts.
100 men out to war.

The screech and whistle of aeroplanes
streaking the sky, markings on a map.
Like arrows pointing to the site
of bombs dropping and cannons blasting.
Hot barrels bursting with bullets.

Enormous black mushrooms
spreading spores of ashes.
Mr. Liberty questions The Draft.
The list of chosen ones of honor.
“I want to go home”

Shots from the opposite direction.
Flashes of fire from red barrels.
Excruciating pain burns Liberty’s veins.
Blood lost, hope for safety.
Black out.

“You're fine, Mr. Liberty”
says the friendly Doctor.
Cold ward, other soldiers faceless.
Blood cleaned, but still bloodstains
in his palms.

“Welcome home, Samuel Liberty.”
Overwhelming guilt, bloodstains.
Survival, at what cost?
Nation’s pride? Shiny badge?
The gift of death given, not received.

Alec Perrone
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Peaces

Bruises bloom like
Dark splotches of ink;
Their infliction migrating
Over the map of a body,
Navigating the sharp
Ridges of prominent bones
Sinking into sweet tissue
And creeping up the slope
Of an extended neck
Then, sliding down the curve
Of a spine
Painting flesh the color
Of fresh, fragrant violets
And creating a camouflage
For the night
To conceal flailing limbs
From a shower of sharp
Silver rain
Bodies shield bodies
Molecules stretch out;
Straining to capture any
Stray metallic shards
Leaning forward on Fearful digits
To embrace the fate
Of another
Only to be engulfed
By the night that stains
Their skin.

Ula Varley
Northcoast Preparatory and Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California

I Believe...

I believe in riding.
That special moment,
When two become one.
I believe in trust and love.
To disregard independence.
To work as a partnership.
I love him and I trust him,
Without love and trust we are nothing.

I believe in completion.
No matter how many times he throws me,
He is not trying to hurt me.
I tell myself it doesn't hurt over and over again.
I know that if I stop and think I will never want to but,
I know I must get back on.

Do it again.
Push him and stay calm,
We have to complete the task at hand.
And yet, do it again.
Do it until he trusts me,
And I trust him.

Of course we could give up,
That's always the dark and easy path,
Flashing through my head.
But that would only be my loss.
Because the feeling of accomplishment,
When we finally get it right,
Well that, that— is perfection.
Or as close as anyone can get.

Hannah Bill
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

The most natural thing

Last night I walked into my father's study.
On the wall he had hung a map,
His map, on which he had outlined all the countries
With thick black pen.
Some he had scribbled out with red paint that smelled like gasoline.
Some sparkled with glitter glue, messy and crude
it spread out from its origins like a plague,
the grey dried glue polluting the paper oceans with the little metallic flakes.
One nation was cut out entirely,
haphazard gashes torn into borders,
sad stained wood paneling showed through the dark hole.

I stared at it for ages, a lifetime, as the black clock on the wall ticked the moments by,
just trying to understand who could do such a thing to the world.
And I wondered if other grown-ups had maps like this hidden away
I wondered if some other dad had my father's glitter country ripped to expose the bare wall beneath.
Looking at it, I felt a sadness claw its way into my belly,
And as it moved my eyes over the macabre landscape, the clock ticked away in my ears.

Tick. Tick. Tick.
With every tick, I felt my sadness turn to anger inside.
And soon I was boiling like an apocalyptic sea, fists clenched, eyes bright with flame.
I tore down that map with the force of a god angered
and I was about to crumple it up and throw it away
when my anger, so hot and righteous,
transformed into something more, something above everything else.
And instead of destruction, I decided to build.

With a new resolution, I brought in a canvas that stretched from wall to wall, corner to corner.
I taped it up around the edges, and I used my fingers to paint out hills and forests,
deserts and oceans.
I painted the world over again, but instead of using knives and gold to honor and disgrace,
I gave each country a color of their own, each as brilliant as the one next to it.
Rich Greens, deep blues, vibrant oranges and smooth purples,
Reds, pinks, magentas, and turquoise.
And before I knew it they were bleeding together, borders faded into rainbows,
Swirls and starbursts greater than could be made with a master painter's brush.
A gasp couldn't help but escape my lips when I stood back and took it in.
But there was more to do.

I ran and got my yarn, and I got to work,
Weaving it around the new map in a fever, I made sure there was no place in the world
not connected to all the others
east to west to north to south
and everywhere in between. And when I was done,
it made a web so beautiful and complete, I couldn't help but get this feeling of completeness,
as if a long lost puzzle piece that had been lost years ago had finally been found
and returned to the picture.
The feeling; it was primal, instinctive, the most natural thing I'd ever known.
Us, connected and living in harmony.
That is the most natural thing.

Casey Lynn
Arcata High School
Arcata, California
*** Second Honors Award Recipient for Poetry ***

Consumption

We ripped the jagged limbs
like the leaves of an artichoke
Consumed into the mindset of our desperation,
torn to pieces.
Until all that was left was a raw, beating
heart.
We climbed into the back seat
and roared away
Each flying piece of gravel
just a bullet in the past.
So we came home with empty chests, full stomachs,
and blood on our hands.
We wiped away the tears from the eyes
of our beloved.
Leaving invisible traces of screams
that rested in the creases of our palms
and only choked out of our own mouths
When it was artichokes for dinner.

Trinity Morton
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California
*** Honorable Mention Award Recipient for Poetry ***

Painless

I watched as if I was watching cats fight in the alley
I couldn't take my eyes off the bodies, so similar to gawking onlookers
at a car crash
My eyes burned, but when I returned home
I propped my chin up with dictionaries
I straightened my back
With a militaristic sullenness I spoke of the atrocities with the upmost
respect

Maia Lemann
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California

Take Action

Peace should not be a noun,
But a verb
Peace is not something accomplished by diplomats
But by the people
Peace is an understanding
Not the symbol of a dove on a forgotten flag
Peace is not an idea
Peace is not a goal
Peace should be a verb,
Not a noun

Claire Robinson
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

*** Third Honors Award Recipient for Poetry ***

Peace is...

Peace is a cool summer morning, the beginning of a new day.
Peace is ice tea on a boiling summer afternoon.
Peace is being inside a warm cozy house on a cold stormy night,
Peace is the smell of the Earth after a solid rain.
Peace is listening to the sound of a rushing creek.
Peace is the whisper of the wind maneuvering through blades of grass.
Peace is the sound of waves crashing on a shore.

Peace is water quenching an intimate thirst.
Peace is the taste of food filling an empty stomach,
Peace is satisfying a craving.

Peace is a good night's sleep.
Peace is dreams coming true,
Peace is the feeling of accomplishment.

Peace is the sun rising in the morning,
Peace is the moon setting in night.
Peace is the smell of a sweet candle burning in the darkness,
Peace is light in absolute obscurity

Peace is having friends and family who love you.
Peace is feeling good about everything and yourself.
Peace is the world and its people in tranquility.

Taylor Carey
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

PEACE

War and life is not a game,
No one does it for the fame
They do it for our country
Everyone there so hungry
Gives thanks to our troops,
While we're out there shooting hoops

War is a scary place
Love the people who are there
Because they're there for our freedom
So we can live a normal life
Guns and planes and bullets and bombs
War is a scary nightmare that never leaves
Hope no one goes there
And love who is already there

Troy Langley
South Fork High School
Miranda, California

ASHES

Ashes and rubble are all that's left of a town
During the war it was burning to the ground
Not a person is talking because there is not much to say
As each of them try to cope in their own way
When bombs started dropping the soldiers started knocking
Evacuate they would say as their minds try to grasp
It's hard to believe what happened that day

Aaron Galvin
South Fork High School
Miranda, California

PEACE HAIKU

fire burns brightly with
buildings falling, rising with
new hope for everyone

Brian Brooks
South Fork High School
Miranda, California

PEACE

P articipation of everyone
E xpressing their opinion
A ccepting the truth
C ommunicating as one
Every day

Danny Savoie
South Fork High School
Miranda, California

Peace Poem

War is life or death,
Killing to live, life full of misery,
To feel nothing but pain and sorrow,
We see war and nothing else.
Living is not about war,
What is the best for the world we live in?
Peace is the best solution.

Libbi Hartl
South Fork High School
Miranda, California

Written in Clay

A tiny green bud is poking up through the soil.
Gentle rain falls,
Darkening the earth,
And silver droplets cling to verdant leaves.
Haruko crouches in the black loam,
Green hair tumbling over her shoulders.
In the cities, people can have their hair whatever color they like.
A quick twist of their genetics saves the trouble of having to dye it.
Haruko's is special though, because hers is green.
In the cities
green is illegal.
Watchers don't want people to remember the trees,
Or grass,
Or flowers,
Or ferns,
Or anything that lasts longer than a minute,
And doesn't generate revenue.
Haruko has left the cities,
Tired of the bomber jets that scream overhead,
Taking with her only a worn brush
And a small jar of paint.
Words take up the walls of her cave,
And she uses clay and charcoal to write now, too,
Because the paint is long gone.
There are not enough resources for the cities to expand,
Haruko knows.
Her records are safe.
She is alone, but she continues to write,
In hopes that someone will read her work,
When she, too, is gone,
And remember,
And maybe not make the same mistakes.

Madison C. McLaughlin
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California
*** First Honors Award Recipient for Poetry ***

Ashes to Ashes

The blinding light of pure unfiltered energy
The summit of human potential has been shown
The cards are on the table and the fifth ace in its hand
Even mighty Terra trembled at this threat
Humans after countless millennia were now free from their own oppression
We were now the weavers of the thread,
To great a weapon for any enemy to deserve
Yet undermining this crowning moment of glory was the understanding that we had put
the final nail in the coffin of the human race.

Jesse Mackinney
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California

Daisies

Peace rally
The little daisy
Trampled underfoot

Maya Makino
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California

Softness and Rust

There is a box under my bed,
With a laundry list of maybes.
This tin labeled when, if, according to...

I bury this small cookie can,
In the soft base hollow of a tree,
With a whispered promise: "I'll be back."

Many years pass, and the world remains,
Just the same, unyielding as the tin,
The small childhood box becomes rusty and cold.

Old age grows ever nearer as I return,
To find that base hollow grown over,
And the words on the box changed to acceptance.

Erin Casper
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California

A World Void of Light

The year 2020 is close in sight.
Yet our world draws nearer to plight.
One may ask themselves, can't we cease this giant fight,
But search and try as we might,
No one seems to be able to find light.
The people in power make speeches saying "Follow us, blindly into the night."
They must see what they are doing isn't morally right,
No, all they care about is their reputation as the wealthiest socialite.
When we look up at them as they take a private flight,
They return our gaze with gestures of disgust and looks of spite.
One look at prospects of money, and they bite.
When they look at their billion dollar houses they don't care, not even in hindsight,
They do not care how many people they had to smite.
As long as they can tell stories by firelight,
At the expense of the working class, suffering from frostbite.
Amongst themselves they laugh "Hah, exploitation of the masses,
You're damn right!"
One day a revolution will ignite,
But for now we live in a world, void of light.

Tyrone Sgambati
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California

Painted Walls

A child gazes at painted walls.
An artist has been here.
Men, women, and children lay asleep on the dusty floor.
Their pores have become larger than ever before,
letting in all sorts of nasty things:
dirt, dust, smoke, fear, hate
and letting out civilization.
The artist has been commissioned a permanent installment.

Dexter McNally
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California

Rain

Eyes shut tight,
you keep fighting.
Battling your way
through the world.
Paying no attention
to anything but this
endless
war of yours.

Right now
take a breath and
stop fighting.
Take a breath and
look around.
Take a breath and
just listen.

Listen to the rain
coming down.

Claire McCoy
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California

A Thought About War

Some say that war brings peace;
why then do we still have wars?

Some say that conflict is inevitable;
why then aren't we always?

Some say that war is necessary;
why then does nonviolence succeed?

Some say that man must war;
how then do we still live?

War breeds war,
violence more violence,
an insatiable thirst
for vengeance;

If no war lives
no violence done
what then is there
to avenge?

Thomas Tuttle
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Peace, The Time Has Come

Look around,
Sorrow, devastation, sirens,
It never stops.
Yelling, cursing, fighting,
When will it end?

Peace,
The time has come.
Set aside your differences,
Smile, laugh.

Stop the tears, the fears, the scares,
Take a breath,
Look around.

Peace,
The time has come.

Camille LaVoie
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

The Truth about Peace

Sharing is caring,

Is what they always say.

But in reality it never makes peace stay.

Peace is

A feeling...

An emotion ...

A dream...

Not something

That you can buy for what it seems.

Allysun Robie
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Impossible Dreams

As I lie in my bed,
Visions swirl through my head,
Of a world that could never be.
A true reality

A world in which chocolate is an everyday treat,
Your room is forever perfectly neat,
Everyone is kind and caring towards you,
And expressing your smile is a virtue

A world from which stress is simply
preposterous,
And feeling sad is absolutely monstrous.
Deadlines and quotas don't even exist,
And your name isn't one of many on a list.

A world where calories have no weight,
And overall performance has no rate,
Where no one tries to smother
The kindness exchanged between each other.

A world in which women don't sell their souls,
For a helping of soup in a small bowl.
Where young men don't march to their doom,
For one man's political boom

As I lie in my bed,
With dreams floating through my head,
I dream a dream that can never be,
Without the help of you and me.

Rowan Baker
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Peace

Peace;
The drips of rain
Falling off mossy branches

A silent prayer
Sent through the leaves

Whispering its contents

To those who choose

To listen

Mercedes Butterworth
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Acceptance

Our generation is a new age
Our generation has changed the views of million
Our generation will come to peace by accepting all people

This age will prove all others wrong
This age will love all genders and sexualities

This age will bring comfort to all

We will love all
We will care for all
We will accept all

Morgan Johnson
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

March of the Orphans

On marched the lines of the orphan-
Broken by loss, moved without aim -
'Cross field, through valley, and o'er mountain;
the shadows of man's greatest flame.

Arrived from the wars as its haunted,
Born of the passions thereof
Forth marched their lines, lost - but undaunted
by death - without guidance of love.

Carried by grief and driven by rage,
they marched with a strength - without rein;
transcending strife,
unhindered by age -
to match their unbearable pain.

Marched without end, through bullet and years,
in sight of men - who saw, they thought,
their dreams of past; who stood, blind with tears -
but understood of what they wrought.

Marched without purpose, or without cease
Moved not to destroy, nor to save;
Though carried not hope nor banner of peace,
They walked; and, dreams of peace, they gave.

On marched the lines of the orphan;
Driven, with emotional power,
a facet in the hearts of men;
a torch in man's darkest hour.

Caleb Morin
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

*** Honorable Mention Award Recipient for Poetry ***

Meaningless War

I feel for the men,
Who go to their death like cattle to slaughter,
For what?
For oil in the ground?
For imaginary lines that man has so proudly drawn,
To mark his separation from his relatives and family,
So closely related that they both feel that the line is justified,
But in the end what is it?
Meaningless war.

Nick Black
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

My Special Place

Sometimes, when all I can hear is the ticking of the clock and I have to remember to breathe, and each day seems to disappear into the last, I visit my special place.

She calls me, and I go running, the wind whipping my ears, my imagination dangling in front of me, mocking me, like no matter how fast I run it will always be one step ahead of me.

My sides burn.

I can't feel my body now, but I can feel the dark shadow of being completely swallowed into reality clipping at my heels.

I hit the ground when I reach my special place, the earth warm against my cheek.

My breathing slows.

It meets up with the earth; she's breathing along with the rising and falling of my chest.

If I close my eyes very tight and listen hard, I can smell the lavender growing next to me, I can see a place where I don't notice the cracks in the sidewalk. A place where the birds' chirping overpowers the ticking clock and where I can see the beauty of this life.

Melissa Perrett
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

What is Peace?

Peace is the calming movement of the stream
It's the love and memories entwined in a dream
It's the beauty of nature, the faith in mankind
With peace in the world, love is defined

Peace is the wind, whirling through space
It's happiness and kindness and giving and grace
It's the elegant moon, the twinkling stars
Peace is a choice, where ever you are

Peace is music, the melody of night
It's the anti-war and the guiding light
It's the rhythm of laughter, the pounding of a heart
Peace is life immersed with art

Jaycee Raymond
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

What Could Be Better?

A poem of peace
A jumble of words
Just a few
Short lines
can mean so much
the world
or universe
Could anything be better?
To top this beautiful symbol of love?
Shine brighter?
Abolish more hate?
Kinder than words
Deeper than the deepest well
Higher than a shooting star
There is one:
Given away by many, but owned by all
You ask
Could anything be better?
A smile, I say
A jumble of emotions
Just a few short seconds
Can mean so much
The world
Or universe
A smile of peace

Zoë Ziegler
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Peace?

when war has passed,
where are the crowds

the poor
sick
luckless
sad

not the gun,
the battle

suffering
and pain

who will speak of them?

Jacob Barth
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Peace

Peace

The tranquil eye of a thunderous storm

Calm deep beneath thrashing waves

A warm crackling fire

An endless fiery sunset reflecting off of still water

Meaningless bickering between young angry brothers

The tiny movement of a trigger bringing life to an abrupt halt

Death falling on sleeping cities

Bullets slapping

Green to black

War

Cormac Crowley
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Stand Up

How can you sit when so many are running?
How can you sleep when so many are crying?
How can you rest while so many are still working?
How can you be carefree while so many are in fear?
Stand up, stand up, stand up.
Stand up for the runners, and criers, and workers,
Stand up for the fearful.
Stand up so they can enjoy what we take for granted.
Stand up.

Julia Sloan
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Under Our Skin

Under our skin we are the same you and I
Yet when we pass each other by
We do not see eye to eye
You wear baggy clothing while I am dressed in suit and tie
Others would discriminate
Even go as far as to loathe and hate
Meeting on this specific date surely must be our fate
There is no reason for either of us to judge
The difference between us must seem vast, but it's only an itty bitty
smudge
Countries will go to war
All for the purpose of wanting more and more
Ask yourself what for
We are all sand from the same shore

Kush Rawal
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

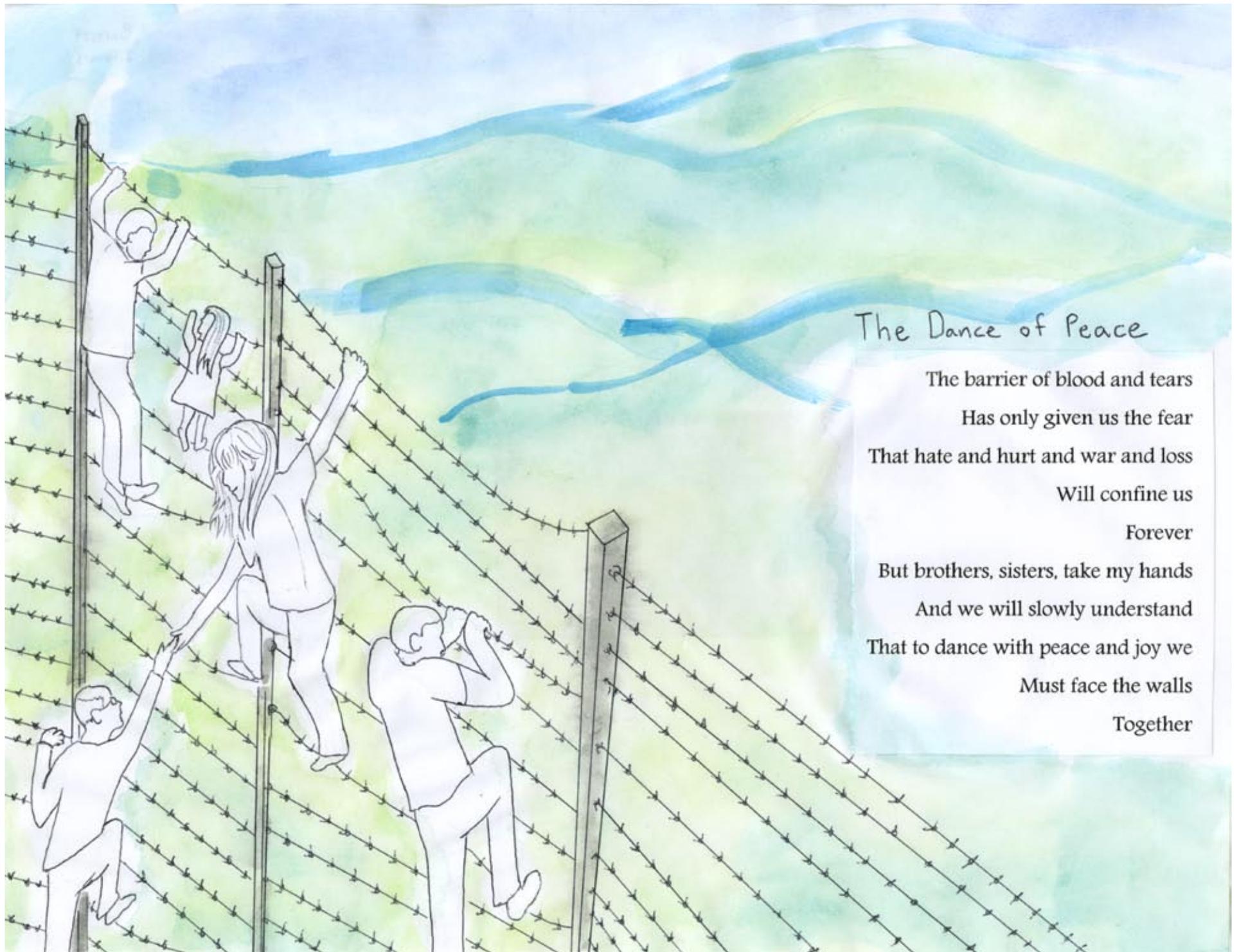
You and Me

From the wars big or small, you hear about them all,
The mind sweeping nations, to the soldiers that fall,
The blood covered streets, to the bullets that meet,
The sorrows of mothers, from the loss of sister's brothers,
A meaningless dispute, that leaves millions unspoken,
Although they'd like to say what's on their mind,
But their words have been swallowed, from their hearts being broken.
A world with a hardened edge, it has forgotten the memories,
Of what it's like to be loved, with an honest tendency.
The kids don't stand a chance, against the humorous ignorance,
Some try and stand tall, but just like the rest, become bitter and tense.
So it's time, to all take a moment, to look at the forgotten mistakes,
Go back in time, to repair, and do everything that it takes.
Shake hands with your enemies, and don't forget to smile.
Because our mentality has been gone for so long,
It's going to take a while.
To get back to the heaven, we'd all like to see,
But it starts with more than just an idea; it starts with you and me.

Taylor Schafer
Arcata High School
Arcata, California



"Sending Peace"
by Anna Nelson
Arcata High School
Arcata, California
*** Third Honors Award Recipient for Art ***



The Dance of Peace

The barrier of blood and tears
Has only given us the fear
That hate and hurt and war and loss
Will confine us
Forever
But brothers, sisters, take my hands
And we will slowly understand
That to dance with peace and joy we
Must face the walls
Together



"Finding Peace"
Rowan Baker
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Sounds of Peace

Peace, a beautiful concept,
One that stays just out of reach.
We catch brief glimpses of it in many things,
Including everyday sounds:

The Whispering of the wind in the trees,
The soft pitter patter of bare feet,
The steady rhythm of raindrops on the roof,
The roar of the ocean as waves crash on the beach.

The sweet melody of laughter,
The cheerful bubbling of a creek,
The twitter of birds in the trees,
The silence of freshly fallen snow.

The warm crackle of a fire,
The soft crinkle of pages turning,
The light scratch of pen on paper,
The pleasant clatter of someone cooking.

These are all small snatches of peace.
There one minute,
Gone the next.
Leaving behind splashes of happiness.

Emma Zierer
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Do No Evil

Three wise monkeys look at this world in dismay, refusing to believe what they already know
Mizaru, who covers his eyes in sorrow, refuses to see the Evil
Kikazaru cowers as he shakily blocks his ears from the static of Evil
Iwazaru has sown his mouth shut, for he speaks no Evil
But they can feel the loss of their brother,
Shizaru, the doer of no Evil

I cross my arms as I take in my surrounding, thinking of the Evil consuming my world
Three wise monkeys look at me
Questioning if their brother has not ridden from this world after all

She, who crosses her arms, is she the doer of no Evil?

I cannot guard my eyes
Barricade my ears
Or seal my mouth
From the Evil polluting my life
But I can think no Evil
Be no Evil
And do no Evil

The three wise monkeys scurry elsewhere
They know now
That with one individual thinker, doer, or being of no Evil
A spark will ignite
And Evil will be no more

Sara Kiyo Davis
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Still

The trees stand tall
deep-rooted and set
still for eternity.

The clouds overhead drift past
in a complete, foggy silence
shifting and changing.

The wind picks up
whispering in my ear and tussling my hair
the leaves quiver.

The world outside churns
with sorrow, confusion, turmoil, hate, tragedy
and we stay still

We don't lift a hand
we don't make a change
we stay still

And so I escape
away from it all
to where things are truly quiet.

To where the trees stand tall
and the clouds drift past
and the wind whispers.

If only every place
could be this easy, still
maybe someday.

Gillen Martin
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Warm Wind

Peace is the warm wind that rushes through the tallest tree
Gently turning every leaf
Until they whisper all of their silvery secrets
And when I lay underneath the tree
The same wind blows through me
Takes away the hate and the evil
Leaving nothing but the love and the laughter
It dries every tear
And if I look up through the branches and the leaves
I can see every memory
Every smile
Every kiss
I can see them dance across the clouds

Elise Ford
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Around Her Hair She Wore A Yellow Ribbon

The yellow ribbon wrapped around hair,
stopping the strands from sticking
to the salty tears running down her cheeks.

Her shaky hands smoothed down her sides,
unwrinkling the black fabric of her dress.

She slowly lifted her veil,
the wrinkles of her face
revealing the pain death left behind

The Flag was folded.
The guns were shot.
The body was lowered.

At the end of the service,
she was left alone thinking.
“Peace at last, but at what cost?”

Mei Lan Hughes
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Finding Solidarity

Shoes tossed aside over heat incrusting
rocks. Torn jeans rolled halfway
up freckled calves, a quarter on the
other. Bare toes, paint chipping, balance
across water incased rocks. Arms extend
onward, stabilizing limbs as I move
downward, traveling with the stream,
onward along the quiet babbling,
drifting towards peace.

Here nothing else exists. There is
nothing beyond the fawn gracefully
parading forward, extending her
mussel to grasp waving leaves of
grass; sky reflected river muting
colors of bright orange fish weaving
through algae; toad croaking, calling
amongst the life. Life bursting
from the silence.

From this point the world expands,
spinning between lives and shifting.
Forest, sea, farms. Farms to village;
village to town; town to city. Cities
bustling with people. Cities lacking
life. Steam, gas, smoke expanding
into an eternity of technology.

I speak, my voice moving exponentially
forward, floating across the surface of
the water and I pause. I wait, wait for
them to hear the truth of forever.
Validity in the past, present, future.

They freeze, positioned in fluorescently lit
lives, they act. Moving, freeing themselves
mindless delusions, drug out into honesty.
From cities they come, pace quickening
as their minds draw nearer to hope.

Positioned on the riverbed, I dance toward
the water, smiling as the moment is
shared in the minds of other, shifting,
moving toward solidarity.

Talena Graham
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Saving Me

Listening
Shouting out
Pausing, to listen again
The reply- if there is one
Swallowed by the smoke
My voice- if there is one
Swallowed by the smoke

A cry for help
Thrown desperately into the void
A cry for need
Echoing through the gray
A cry to end this world of greed

Silence tremors;
Vibrations through the swirling smog
Tendrils embrace, wrap around the pain
Isolating one human from the others' need

A small spot of brightness,
pushing through the black.
Fighting, arms swinging through smoke
The cry was heard
The answer came.

A small hand, reaching out
Fighting to reach through the smoke
Anger, lies, regret and ignorance
Pushing back to hold the help at bay

A child's innocence,
Eyes undimmed by the knowledge of pain
Unable to see the smoking remains of humanity
The child, who doesn't see the pain,
answers a call she doesn't understand

Reaching out a helping hand
Saving one lost soul
No reason, no knowledge
But hearing a voice and answering,
Unknowingly turning a life around.

It's the smile that helps you
even unknowing of your hurt.
The hand that holds you,
unjudging of your pain.
It's the spark of humanity and caring
that moves from one life to another
giving the will to try for one more day.

Suzannah McFarland
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

To Change is to Progress

You live a life your wish you was different
Using tears to hide your shame
Using denial to mask regret
Shoveling an empty hole
That never seems to be hollow
You shovel and shovel
And the dirt keeps falling back in
Fuller than when you started
An yet emptier than before

And so comes a point
A point where you must changed
So lock away your hate
Release your bitterness
And hush those hateful words

These things that cause disturbance
They hurt others don't you know?
Well in case you haven't noticed
They hurt you as well

With spiteful words of hatred
And violent angry action
Inaction is your purpose
Regression is your reason
You fight for something
An unworthy hurtful cause

So how do you feel?
Don't tell me you are happy
Don't tell you're content
Lacking belief, lacking worth?
So find a principle
Fight something of value

And once you find a reason
And once you find hope, share it
Peace is something only you can bring about
There is no progress without sacrifice
And so we can work together
As inspiration is something we can all do
So take a stand and be a muse

Take a deep breath and look in the mirror
Do you see yourself now?
Exposed and venerable
And if you see it now
Find another soul worth saving
And so together we can grow

No burden to bear is a lot lighter load
For we have overcome our troubled past
And together we get stronger
From what was 'I' is now 'We'
Call it inspirational
Call it motivational
Or just call it progress

Jenna Caldwell
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Peace Poem

Running, Running, we are always running,
To the light? To the dark?
We know what we want but can't seem to reach it.

What holds us back?
Fear, greed, power hatred,
Peace is innocent like a child,
It has no place with these things.

Kindness, understanding and acceptance must come first,
Once they are established the dark is driven away,
Is it possible though?
How could it be when other crave the darkness?
They project their hate on the world,
Extinguishing the flame of peace that flickers.

Fear,
If we want peace we must not be afraid,
Learn to stand up and lift the blanket off the light and cover the dark,
Accepting the cliché needs to happen,
Accept that no one is perfect and work around it.

When we accept this,
Peace may be accomplished,
Patience,
Peace needs patience.

Lilleback Anderson
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

pledge of allegiance

i pledge allegiance to the flag
because it gives me permission to criticize it
this United States of America
and to the FREEDOM for which it stands
freedom to choose who another person
is allowed to love
freedom to impose your cookie-cutter ideals
your fireworks
your pride
your religion
on this one nation
...
(under God i choose not to say
but that does not mean i am stopping you)
indivisible
—implying a lack of the individual—
with liberty and justice for all
but some more than others

Sonia Copple
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

*** Honorable Mention Award Recipient for Poetry ***

Peace Forever

Peace is like sunlight that streams through tree branches.
It wants to touch the earth, and give people second chances.
But the world is so full of war and corruption,
Everyday, there is a new eruption
Of hatred and violence.
There is no peace or silence.
Many think problems are only solved by fighting.
And the effect on our communities is truly biting.

It seems as if peace is weaker than war.
Like trying to open a locked door,
It is nearly impossible for good to overcome evil.
But, is it really war that causes this upheaval?
People are the force that drives against peace.
Together, we have created a terrifying beast
That chews up and spits out anyone who's different.
Several souls are torn apart because of human judgement.

A world without peace is like ten years with no rain.
A world with just war brings us nothing but pain.
If this pain is to cease, we must all work together
To create communities that are at peace forever.

Vera Heidmann
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

One

Ten guys shot,
Nine guys injured,
Eight guys lose a teammate,
Seven guys wishing they weren't there,
Six guys pray they will make it alive,
Five guys sick to their stomach,
Four guys will never be the same,
Three guys lost in a place they don't belong,
Two guys come out never wanting to go back,
One guy watches a bird fly away.

Chaunice Bodkin
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Black and White

The line between peace and war

Is a chasm.

On one side is aggression, destruction;

Mars has laid waste on that world.

The other side is still, calm;

Silent save for the murmur of the rivers,

the chattering of sparrows,

the whisper of wind.

For these opposites,

there is no gray:

Just the

Black of violence, hatred, sickness

Or the

White of restraint, kindness, tolerance.

How hard can it be to just keep peace?

Morgan Tomfohr
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Consider Peace

Before I start my poem

And my poem has already begun

Well, I just want to tell you a phrase which is *pax vobiscum*

It's Latin and it means "peace to you"

Such a considerate wish and yet probably overused

Think of us tossing over a "good morning" to one

And a "happy birthday" to another

Without really considering what we mean by this lexical cover

I'm not asking that you take any advice

But rather consider what it is we really wish for

Do we care about status – what about community?

We don't want our sons and daughters going to war

I ask that you consider peace in its truest sense

And come to me enlightened by a demolished pretense

Abigail Black
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Warzone

I feel as if I'm the only one left alive
I walk through this once beautiful place
hoping something will survive
I find a broken vase
amongst the rubble in the street
just another broken thing
in the destruction that goes until the ocean and sky meet
I hope this place will heal in the spring

Bronwyn Hassall
South Fork High School
Miranda, California

Battles of Peace

Killing time
Wasting breath,
Causing pain
And even death,
Shooting love
Bombing hope,
Damaging happiness
Getting hard to cope,
Stop the crying
Wipe the tears,
Remember good moments
Forbid all fears,
What was that word?
I think it was peace,
But before that can happen
Fighting wars must cease.

Madeline Nutter
Arcata High School
Arcata, California



"Do No Evil"
 Sara Kiyo Davis
 Arcata High School
 Arcata, California



"Peace Is Love"
 Kayla Curtis
 Arcata High School
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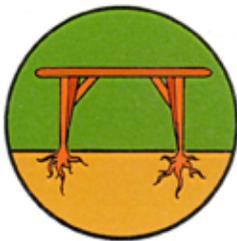
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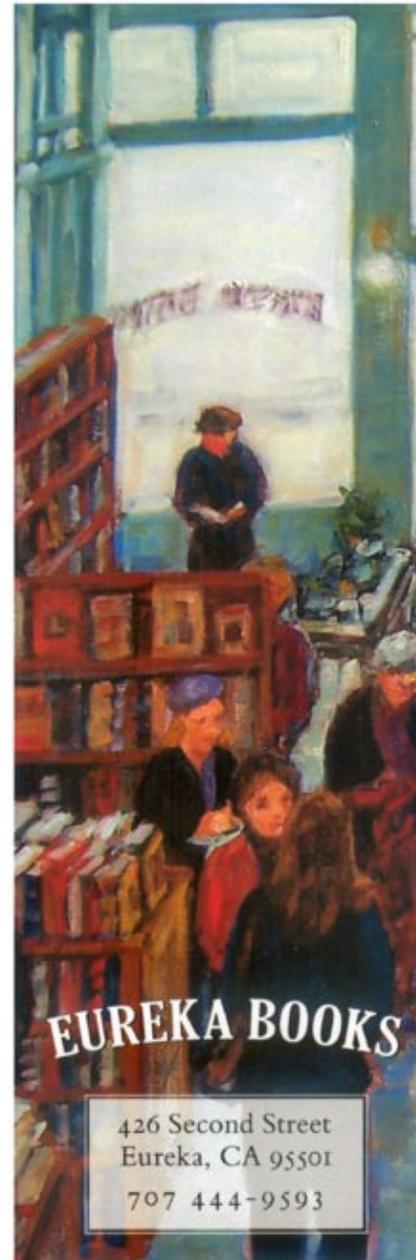


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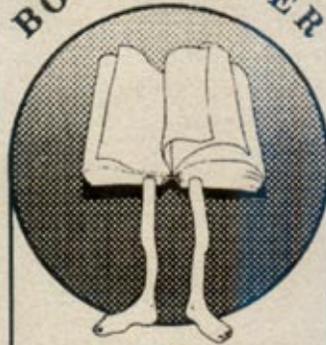
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Jim Laden, Director, Learning and Volunteer Resources
AFS Intercultural Programs, Inc

Maura Eastman, Director, Youth Services Division
Redwood Community Action Agency

Liz Smith, MSW, Executive Director
Boys & Girls Club of the Redwoods

February 13, 2012

Veterans for Peace
Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest
P.O. Box 532
Bayside, CA 95524-0532

To Whom It May Concern:

On behalf of AFS Intercultural Programs/USA, I endorse the Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest.

We applaud and support like-minded organizations that encourage high school students to focus on peace in their communities and around the world. The goal of the contest is reflective of our mission: *AFS-USA works toward a more just and peaceful world by providing international and intercultural learning experiences to individuals, families, schools, and communities through a global volunteer partnership.*

Thank you for providing this opportunity to youth in your community.

Sincerely,

Jim Laden
Director, Learning and Volunteer Resources

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Roger Macdonald, Principal ~ Melanie Susavilla, Assistant Principal ~ Jack Sheppard, Dean of Students



September 27, 2012

To Whom It May Concern:

I am writing this letter to voice my enthusiastic support for the fourth annual North Coast Peace and Art Poetry Contest. Over the last three years, my students have enjoyed the opportunity to submit their works and to be published in an anthology. The thrill of publication, the chance to see one's name in print, is a significant experience in a young person's life. What I truly appreciate is that a student does not have to "win" in order to be published; he or she need only submit a piece of writing that is sincere and from the heart.

This contest also provides students with a platform to read and perform their works as there is a celebratory evening event where students get to listen to each other and meet other writers in our area. Everyone gets a copy of the publication, and for some, the most exciting part is discovering if he or she placed and received a monetary award for their original works. Last year, two of our students who placed were unable to attend due to lack of transportation and Mr. Jon Reisdorf was kind enough to attend our Senior Awards Night to honor them. These two young ladies were so delighted by this honor – and both graduates are studying literature and theater on scholarships to Drew University in New Jersey and Southern Oregon University just over the border in Ashland.

The prompt for the contest asks students to explore what "peace" means – from one person to another, from one country to another and anything inbetween. Being as open-ended as it is, it truly draws upon the artistic abilities of our young people AND their critical thinking skills. The fact that a group such as Veterans For Peace encourages and promotes such an event shows how education transcends school institutions and is something that can happen anywhere at anytime. I celebrate their enthusiasm for finding unique ways to engender compassion across the county.

It is for the abovementioned reasons that I wholeheartedly support this project. I appreciate this group's good work and appreciate their concern for our students even more. If I can provide any further insight or answer any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me at asahlberg@nohum.k12.ca.us or on my cell phone at 707-845-5615.

Respectfully submitted,


Anne Sahlberg
English teacher
McKinleyville High School

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September 26, 2012

Hello:

One of the thrills for a classroom teacher is when students apply the lessons of history to their life and understanding of the world. The Humboldt Bay Chapter of Veteran's For Peace provides local students the opportunity to reflect upon the world they live in and are preparing to inherit with the spring Peace Poetry Contest. Students from around the county, and from around the world as exchange students participate, assemble with community members and share their art, ideas, and visions of a better place in a caring and supportive setting. The Peace Poetry Contest provides me with inspiration and hope. I leave there with the belief that the world is in capable hands.

Sincerely,



Doug Johnson

4th Annual Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest



THE HUMBOLDT BAY CHAPTER OF VETERANS FOR PEACE

Invites

Humboldt County High School Students

to submit an original poem directly 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.*

Entries must be received not later than 5 p.m., Monday, March 4, 2013

See reverse side of this announcement for submission requirements.
or visit the VFP web site at www.vfp56.org

Entrants will receive a copy of the **2013 Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology**
and are encouraged to present their poetry at the
4th Annual Peace Poetry & Art Celebration to be held Sunday, May 19, 2013.

Cash prizes may be awarded for written entries.

There may also be cash awards for the "Best Presentation" that
conveys the meaning of the author's written poem.
To qualify, the presentation must be made by the author at the Peace Poetry & Art Celebration in May.

The Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest is sponsored by the Humboldt Bay Chapter of Veterans For Peace, Inc., the Buddhist Peace Fellowship Humboldt Chapter, and Humboldt Unitarian Universalists Fellowship Social Action Committee. Submissions remain the property of the respective authors. Veterans For Peace Humboldt Bay Chapter 56 is granted an unrestricted license for reuse at its discretion.

2013 Redwood Coast "Peace through Art" Contest



"Lennon Wall" – Prague, Czech Republic (2009)

THE HUMBOLDT BAY CHAPTER OF VETERANS FOR PEACE

Invites

Humboldt County High School Students

to submit an original piece of artwork or photography depicting and 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.*

Entries must be received not later than 5 p.m., Friday, March 8, 2013

See reverse side of this announcement for submission requirements.
or visit the VFP web site at www.vfp56.org

Entrants will receive a copy of the publication **2013 Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology**
and are encouraged to introduce their artwork/photography at the
4th Annual Peace Poetry & Art Celebration to be held Sunday, May 19, 2013.

All entries will be displayed during the **4th Annual Peace Poetry & Art Celebration**.
One entry may be chosen for the cover of the **2013 Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology**.
Other entries may be used inside the anthology and selected entries may be exhibited at public venues.

Cash prizes may be awarded for art entries.

The Redwood Coast "Peace through Art" Contest is sponsored by the Humboldt Bay Chapter of Veterans For Peace, Inc., The Ink People Center for the Arts, the Buddhist Peace Fellowship Humboldt Chapter, and the Humboldt Unitarian Universalists Fellowship Social Action Committee. Submissions remain the property of the respective artist/photographer. Veterans For Peace Humboldt Bay Chapter 56 is granted an unrestricted license for reuse at its discretion.
"Lennon Wall" used by permission of the photographer, © 2009-2012 by Michael Fenichel, www.fenichel.com/2010

The 4th Annual Peace Poetry and Art Contest

**Celebration
on May 19th at
Humboldt Uni-
tarian Univer-
sualists' Fellow-
ship Hall 23
Fellowship Way
Bayside, Ca
From
3:30-5:00 p.m.**

www.vfp56.org

Graphic design by Jordyn Leigh Orsini, Eureka High School, Rotary Interact Club



"Raising Hands for World Peace"
Nur Fahlevi Kriswiandika Pratama
Arcata High School
Arcata, California



"Flying Colors"
by Zoë Ziegler
Arcata High School
Arcata, California