



**Redwood
Coast Peace
Poetry
Anthology
2015**

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The Ink People Center for the Arts
Kati Texas, Artist in Residence

2015 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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*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.*



Three Trees of Peace

Annapaola Imberti

Arcata High School

Arcata, California

*** First Honors Award Recipient for Art

VETERANS FOR PEACE, INC.

OUR MISSION

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

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

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

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

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

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**Keamanan Dadn Perpaduan
(Peace and Unity)**

Nurul Nisa Matshalleh

Arcata High School

Arcata, California

*** Second Honors Award

Recipient for Art ***

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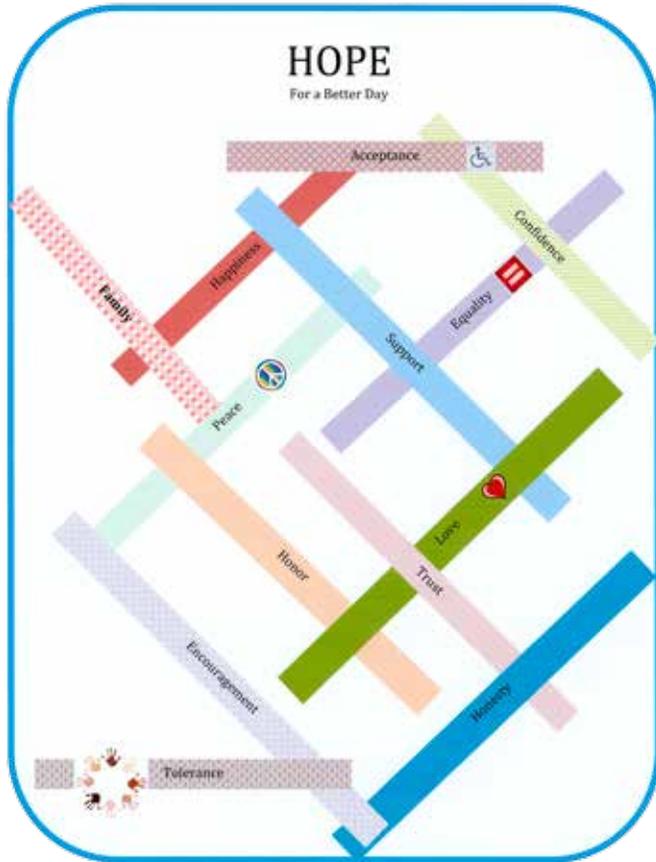
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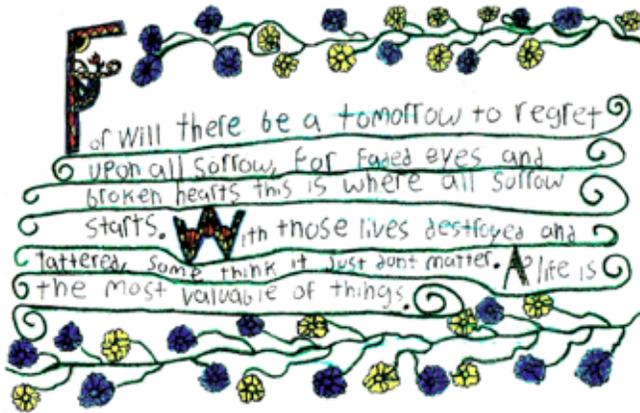
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Hope for a Better Day

Phoenix Spoor
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

*** Third Honors Recipient for Art ***

For Will there be a tomorrow



Michael George Kellen Jones
Eureka High School
Eureka, California

Crushing Blow

We ascend on deaths dark wings
shadowing heavens bright hot eye
then destroying all that lays beneath it.
Once a little foreign boy
sitting by clear waters,
a peaceful little stream,
glistening with purity
in minutes, dirtied as
darkened crimson red
by blood of war
blood of horrid hate and homicide.
Little foreign boy
in shocking fright
watches silently,
as bombs fall around him
shattering the window of life
he gazed through.
In desperation
he struggled,
fingers shaking,
brown eyes crying.

A window so shattered
that when he tried to piece
what was left back together
he cuts himself,
with the shard of glass
with dying hope
dripping and staining the pieces
with red blood of his memories.
Only now little foreign boy
is no longer so little,
he carries death in his arms
and hatred on his back.
Even now,
still bombs sneak around in black
stealing people's lives by the thousands.
In this fight who is the true victor?
In the end, who wears the gold medal
around their neck?

In this reality, no one.
For many lives are burned like paper
in a fire of greed and destruction
that we as humans sparked ourselves.
Are we really America, home of the brave?
Or America home of the blind?
Is peace a forbidden fruit in a towering tree,
never to be reached?
If so,
then we are no different than the wrong or evil
we think we fight against.

Felicity Mindus
Eureka Senior High School
Eureka, California

A Cloudless Sky

Some feel the need to gesticulate,
What some love and others hate.
Others feel on the whim,
To tell of harmony or to tell of sin.
Sin gathering with rain on high
Not I
I love the cloudless sky.

Others like to jurisdicit
People's looks, unpleasant verdict,
But so what if they're not fit,
If not pretty enough, the aquittal's quit.
Appearance remains a lie.
Not I
I love the cloudless sky.

Some abominations like to use
A nation's power to light the fuse,
An exploding chance of raining hand
To conquer all
And make them grand.
Instead innocence detonate and die.
Not I
I love the cloudless sky.

Emily Alston
Eureka Senior High School
Eureka, California

What is peace?

Peace is clarity, peace is knowing that everything is okay.

Peace is waking up refreshed, in a quiet place, with no yelling or screaming.

Peace is easy. Because as soon as nothing is wrong, peace fills the body.

However peace is the hardest. Because sometimes no matter how hard you try, how many problems you solve, you can never find peace.

Wherever you go, discomfort follows you.

It confronts you at school with menial yelling, it floats across the fence as your neighbors argue.

It finds you when you sleep, in your dreams.

Peace is not easy. But it should be.

If everyone worked to be nice, to anyone and everyone, people across the sea, even people who wronged you. If everyone was nicer to everyone, the world would be a peaceful place.

What is peace? Peace is happiness.

Ian Hansberry
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Before Peace

I wake up
My stomach growling
The feel of my sore back from the hard ground
The sound of bombs falling all around.

I open my eyes
Seeing a house that should be holding 6 holding 60
People young and old
Rich and poor
All having one similarity
One common factor
Living in a war.

I hear people say
That one day it'll all be over
That we will survive
But what is survival really
My face may finally be clean
I may not have to worry about the food.

But
I will never forget
The screams from the dying men
The little boy playing soccer
One second
On the ground the next.

I will never forget
My father being shot
His body falling
Protecting me from the constant pellet of bullets.

I will try to forget
I will try to survive
I will try to start a new life.
And in a million years

Maybe all kids will go to school
Maybe I won't always have guns pointed
At me as I walk down the street.
In a million years

Maybe I'll have a cake on my birthday
Maybe I won't fear the day a bomb may fall on me.
In a million years maybe we'll have peace.

Angel Schneider-Reuter
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

The Spark

Hatred is of the most grievous kind of emotion.

It starts as a spark but as all sparks it begins to grow,

Until it fills the deep craters of your eyes and erupts through your ribcage.

It covers every inch of your being.

If you let it, the flame will grow to be corybantic and it will consume your body

Until there is nothing left but a putrefied corpse.

Yet, if you extinguish the flame,

You can shift and slip into newness

As you grow and change.

Being provided with an ever shifting path

Without hatred consuming you.

Faith Iverson
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

The Sound of Peace

Here we stand

Upon this ground

Hand in hand

Do you hear the sound?

The sound of peace

The sound of freedom

We cannot cease

To be the reason

It is no song, it is no melody

Yet here we are in perfect harmony.

Camilla Montoya
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

There Once Lived A Man Who Could Not Forget

There once lived a man who could not forget
What he had seen
Where he sought glory, he received nothing
But a psychotic artist's painting

An outstretched battlefield
As its canvas
The blood of men
As its paint
The instruments of war
As its brushes
The guts and gore
As its details
Along with the plague of flies
That they summoned

There once lived a man who could not forget
What he had heard
Where he sought glory, he received nothing
Beyond the songs of a demonic choir

The military commanders
Were its conductors
The screams of agonized men
Were its voices
The eruption of bombs
Were its drums
The exchanging of gunfire
Were its instruments
Along with the bullet rain
That they unleashed

There once lived a man who could not forget
What he had felt
Where he sought glory, he received nothing
Outside the war's weather

The blood from his brethren
Were droplets of rain
The disturbed stones of the earth
Were the falling hail
The scorching flames
Were the heat of spring and summer
The lightning storms
Were the artilleries' roar
Along with earthquakes
That they stirred

There once lived a man who could not forget
What he had witnessed
Where he sought glory, he received torment
And so he painted a picture of his own,
With his wall as his canvas
And his paint, his own blood and brains
And his brush, the bullet that bore through his skull

Deco L. Morin
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

The Truth

peace has been on the decrease since the beginning of time
people have become blind and uncaring about other peoples lives
more focused on themselves and not caring about what's right
but i feel the peoples pain and i wont sit here and let that slide.
the media telling lies while they're choosing their stories lives
while they disguise the truth with lies right in front of the peoples eyes.
people dying left and right why these families have to cry
deceiving the youth with music of false ideals of living life
is this gonna be my life my friends bodies dropping left and right
hearing my mom say every day "son please don't choose that life"
well we didn't choose that life momma it choose us from the jump
our future has been chosen already almost like it was written in a book.
but im going to try my best momma im gonna make it to the top
but ill tell you one thing momma i will never be a cop
see i don't like the police they like to inflict my natural rights
they stoped me in front of my school just because i glanced at them twice
but i know the real reason man you ain't gotta hide behind your lies
if your so big and tough why you even have to lie
its because you know your weak and you know the youth will rise
i just hope you understand your fate when it comes to judgment time
i am a boy from the hood trying to make it to the top
but if we all wanna get anywhere violence has to stop.

Maleke Love
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

He and She

He and She
She is the black
He is the white
She is the darkness
Crawling through the night
He is the peace
And she is the war
Taking what she wants
And never giving more
His gives up his
To give us our own
She takes all
To make her up throne
The man
Full of life
Full of peace
Full of light
The Women
full of darkness
full of blackness Black
Full of the night
But sadly
Together they make up life

Johanna Turney
Six Rivers Charter High School
Arcata, California

Transmutation of Hate

A cool and still coal rests upon a bed of ashes
Black, sooty, placid coal
Lonely, small, cold
pure

Soon accompanied by something alien to its nature
The coal temperature rises
A magnificent red glow lights up the coal as it forms in colonies
The glow's temperature swiftly rises from a warmth to an intense heat as it spreads across the untouched surface
Invisible, black, soot
For, it is a raging orange ball scorching that which comes within contact

Suddenly, a prominent flicker of light appears
Upon its stage, it dances in partnership with the currents of the air
Quickly now, one by one new flames appear all dancing together as an ensemble sharing the coal's surface
rage

The coal ignites and the flames engulf it in one swift move
The lonely coal is never to be seen again
It brightens in a new form
Flames light up the once peaceful bed of ashes
Fire is dancing much more violently and destructively than before
New shades of scarlet and blue make up this small fire

Surroundings are catching
Fire jumps and travels onto logs and anything in its path
It becomes huge and bright as it vividly swallows the lower forest
Many flames have evolved creating an even larger mass
Swaying,
Swiftly rippling through the sky, they dance on a much larger stage

Pop!
Sparks crackle and break away from their origin shooting up towards the dark night sky and becoming one
with the stars, it swiftly floats through the air currents
Finally finding a solid place to rest
Swift streams of milky gray smoke rise up from the tip of the flames rising up above the treetops and quickly
disintegrate

The fire races up trees and devours their very existence
It flows from one to the next murdering the trees one by one
The once beautiful forest becomes a raging monster
A massive flaming beast, destroying,
Changing everything it touches for the worst
Many more pops and crackles accompanied by swooshes can be heard from a distance
Unstoppable and feared this fire is
Hate spreads like wildfire and is unstoppable once it ignites

Paloma Herrera-Thomas
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Just A Dream

A man once told me
there is no peace,
not in this world.
That's all he believed
when he came back,
all he saw was the hate
and the violence
I think he forgot the love

I think people can forgive each other
and love each other
and care
“there is no peace”
only if we allow none
and resign ourselves
to hate

I believe we can change
and forget the hate
but that's just a dream
anyways

Anika Kirste
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

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

Self

Gun fire crackles through the brittle morning air.
The smell of sulfur is pungent and oppresses the sign of
anything living
Bricks crumble under the foot of self interest
If we do not put personal indulgence aside
There is no hope for the future of humankind.

Garrett Adamo
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

1,313,000

When I was a child my
mother told me the story
Of monsters that would wake my grandfather in the night
Screaming.
Of the upturned umbrella-tops and forest shaded boats
Whose jade canvas roofs boasted stars seldom seen through smoke and gas.
Of each new platoon of toy ships, plastic trucks,
playroom tanks, and tin soldiers
To be lifted by the far reaching hands of distant
snow-capped politicians
And hurled
Into the gravel pathways,
layered jungles,
quick cut river banks winding through unknown countrysides.
Of the grip of grandfather's hands on the dueling handles
placed on either sides of this pivoting arbalest
staring into the faces of those whom he had been told were his enemies
As he discharged
Indiscriminately

Into crowds of human beings
No different from the star spangled patriots he had shared barracks with.
Dodging the bullets of enemies who perceived him as such.
Two sides,
each believing the other to be in the wrong.
at war.
1,313,000,
If they had stopped to listen
to speak to those perceived as their enemies,
Could have been saved.

Izzy Vartinnie Ensminger
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

The Misuse of Common

A passionate dislike
A strong feeling of bad
A squint in the eyes
and a scrunched-up nose
are the symptoms of hate

Hate is ...

Bullying,
Is the gut-wrenching pain of others
really worth
the temporary confidence?
The feeling of superiority
that brought you clarity
only really
delivered someone else's tears
And head-throbbing agony

Hate is ...

Racism,
Pigment is just seen
not heard
Would it be the same if it was a white
and black bird?

Hate is ...

Terrorism,
religion is a freedom act
but yet
for it innocent people get attacked

Hate is ...

Everywhere,
it's continuous
human nature is cruel
and if you are part of the problem
then you are the fool

Emily Al-Yagout
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Ignorance

Soak your fingertips in the sizzling greed,
Let the hailstorm of a thousand bullets pierce your mind
Smell the bitter scent of real-life nightmares
Hear the shrill cries of your dearest friends being devoured by pain and
despair

It may be fighting for our country
But no human being should have to sacrifice themselves
To be treated like a pawn
In what is thought of as a game battleship and nothing more

How is it, that thousands of casualties are justified
When grown ups are the cause,
But in schools we punish children
Who hit other kids?

It's not their faults that they think that is right
We brain-washed them ourselves.

Melina Ives
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

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

Why Do Humans Love to Hate?

Humans love to hate

it's as if violence is a blazing candle and we are moths
blindly burning ourselves with tragedy and bloodshed,
strangely attracted to the sweet sensation of rage.

But if we continue then one day we'll meet our demise
and future generations will have to bury the bodies.

The hands of the human race are stained red,
the soil of our planet tastes metallic like the blood of the fallen.

Hatred.

It's a disgusting human emotion, sadly, it seems more prominent than gravity

Hatred is what left an outcasted girl crying alone in a hallway

It's the reason we bomb innocent strangers in other countries.

It's the justification ruthless souls have for enticing the death of 10 million.

Is there a way out?

We are buried a thousand feet deep under a mountain of wrongly ended lives.

We are suffocating in this madness.

Is there room to let in just an ounce of sanity? A touch of beauty?

Just a tiny glimmer of sunlight?

Peace is a little dandelion, in the sidewalk crack,
trodden by dirty feet, ignored by careless human sheep.
But it's stronger than steel
more beautiful than any constellation
solving any conflict in your imagination.
This puny dandelion could stop the bickering of nations.
It's serene like something in a fairy tale or a dream.
A magical thing, we just have to plant the seed.

Contrary to popular belief we can do it.
A world without war and hatred seems like the unachievable,
a goal so many people have in mind but still find unreasonable.
We have to stop being so drawn to hatred,
shatter the discrimination based on the pigment of someone's skin or who they love.
We don't all fit into the crushing jaws of society.
Human beings are too beautiful to be put into boxes,
too extraordinary for your hateful thought processes.
We need to put an end to this "us versus them" mentality
because people are complicated and no one is truly an enemy.

If you cut us open we are all the same,
the same color of red flows through our veins.
We all love and laugh and cry, one day each of us will die.
Our atoms all come from stars in the sky.
If we eliminate hate and focus on love,
together we shall rise above.

Madii Bazard
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

War on Rainy Days: A Prose Poem

It was fourth grade, rainy day. Hallways filled with board games, chit chat, listening to the rain. I was surrounded by a whirlwind of Clue, Monopoly ... But one group of boys played a game of strategy, of opposing countries, of little toy soldiers traveling across the board: Risk. Each day was war, conspiring and destroying. For them, it was but a game. They played to pass the time. But now, these boys are men. Now they realize the realities of war. Blood fills streets across the world. War is more than just a game played to pass time on rainy days.

Zoey Knox
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

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

Evil Aspects

War has shaped this earth over time but brought nothing but misfortune each and every time

War reaps and destroys civilization and is corrupt in its mission

War patronizes its pawns but when over wants them gone

War brings death all around but leaves the starters nowhere to be found

War hurts this earth to the core and leaves its traces forever more

War makes children feel its wrath but in the end they will follow the same path

Cirque Schlagenhauf
Six Rivers Charter High School
Arcata, California

The Truth About War

We have always been told war is necessary
“It’s what made this country great”
This free, great nation was built on the blood of our slaughtered enemies
But we never fully know the price
How can we, when we’re not the ones dying?
Who cares, because it’s not happening on our ground?
We can bomb the sand filled lands of others
because one bad apple ruins the bunch
I saw a terrorist wearing a turban once
So now, it is no longer a traditional piece of clothing
it’s a threat to my country
We have done everything to make war into what it’s not
We promote it through movies and posters
I Want YOU!
Do we think about why he wants us?
Who cares, he’s got a cool hat
I still don’t understand how we can dare
march into other people’s countries to wage a war against terrorism
When there is too much terrorism on our own soil, from our own white people
Teenagers can’t walk around in hoodies for fear of dying
Because they have a different skin pigment
I can work just as hard or harder as a man and still get paid less
Not only paid less, but harassed on the street or in the workplace

Not harassed, but I get to be told to get back in the kitchen
Or even better: that I'm only mad because I'm on my period
All of this I get
because I have two X chromosomes
If there's another mass shooting by a deranged white man
He's mentally ill, poor boy
But if one Middle Eastern individual does absolutely anything wrong
Every Muslim is a terrorist and we have to go to war
So many remain ignorant to these injustices and unwarranted hate
I personally am so tired
tired of the war
of the bigots
of the constant fear and hatred towards fellow man
It's up to our generation to make a change
This mistreatment of others can't go on
We won't be able to survive
Make
A
Change

Isabella Loch
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Where I Find Peace

I find peace in my music
I tune the crumbing world out
I cease the firing burns of words from others
I drowned my mind in meaningful melodies
Submerged in a new state of being, I begin to focus on the good
Memories of better times float through my head like a raft down a river

I find my peace before my sleep
My mind walks on a grass path along the side of a stream
The sound of the stream is a rhythm hypnotizes my subconscious
I find an well known patch of grass where lay down my worries
I walk away and drift into a fearless sleep

I find my peace in the water
When my body if fully submerged in the water my mind iffree
My mind wanders through a storm of emotions till it finds peace
She is more beautiful than ever
Her gentle voice guides me to a feeling of ecstasy
I am intoxicated by her conciliate of my troubles

Peace can never stay long
I used to ponder why she always left me so quickly
then one day I understood her motif
she never wanted to go but it was me who made her leave
Peace can only be taken in small dose
Those who indulge Peace never leave.

Melody Hardwick
Arcata High School
Arcata
California

Who Wins A War?

Can someone tell me who truly wins a war?
Who benefits from the delight of human affliction?
Is it the side that most boosts their economy?
Can currency ever pay for the price of human life?
Whose side wins?

Can someone tell me who truly benefits from war?
Is the purpose of war only to grant the wishes of the greedy?
What is the point of obtaining land when the previous owners of the land are
trampled like flowers under the feet of egoistic superpowers?

It's a drug.
It's a scarring human addiction needed to be broken.
Why do countries make their military one of their largest priorities?
Why don't they make humanitarian groups a main priority?
Why don't children ever dream of becoming philanthropists?
Rather than being dressed up as little fighters for Halloween?
It's a toxin.

Philip Throssel
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Anti-War

Peace; the anti-war and Peace; the anti-hate and Peace please; the abolition of the things that I distaste and despise violence I might try to keep acceptance in my mind but until we love our enemies our efforts go to waste do you care much for the man that killed your family or those who cause catastrophe or war or hate your kind and commit genocide or shame or blame you or steal the things you loved and worked desperately hard for but for peace care for and adore the liar psychopath miser thief whore cheater criminal murder racist fascist zealot atheist terrorist and neighbor don't hate mankind for war or pray away violence before you yourself are kind and feel for everyone else in this world.

Joshua Gomersall
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Pea's

North of the tomatoes
east of the cabbage patch
velvet leaves adorn a small pea plant
enclosed in sweet shells
reside the pea's

Green and small
orbs of peace and life
never tempered
never swaying from moral
a vision of peace amongst all plants

Good will shall prevail
insisted the peas
violated as always
enduring the pain

Years of hate
of war
undermining the actions of the pea's

Unheard to all except the green life of the earth
poison thoughts plagued the rows

New plants were first to die
elders shut out the light for those below
vulnerability meant death
end to all
racing toward the sun

Grabbing up light as fast as possible
oppressive elders consumed all
no
not like this
and so

Little pea's
escaped their green cages
tumbling to the ground

Yearning for light
out they cried for peace
until the tallest drew back

Down to let light reach all
out of the darkness came light, and with it life
weary of the dark
new life thanks to the pea's peace

Zachariah Johnson
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Redo

War is a boar that destroys everything in its path,
Boom Boom another man down
All I see is red everywhere
when I'm sleeping
when I'm awake
I can never seem to shake the noise off
It's like a hurricane in my brain
that never seems to go away
the memories never seem to fade
there's still so many people I could of saved
if only I could have a redo for only one day

Lee Lindsey
Six Rivers Charter High School
Arcata, California

A Fleeting Moment

When one steps in a Puddle

There is a fleeting moment when ripples obscure colors and lines,
a moment of absolute chaos and uncertainty,
a moment when reason and objective are lost to ecstasy and damage.

This moment is corrosive, it's afflictive, it's delightful, ugly, impulsive, zealous, disturbing,
destructive, angry, looming, glooming, consuming.

Time is lost in this moment,

this moment may disperse as ripples give way to colors and lines, or continue, fed by perpetual
dark energy, like stomps of the feet churning up trapped water.

Love is lost in this moment,

evil impulsive desire grinds teeth and scrunches eyes and twists arms and clasps hands,
heaves feet, and cheats, and defeats, and depletes.

But this moment is over,

ripples flatten like mountains falling to endless plains,
stray droplets fall to the earth and soak into cold ground.

A clear reflection is restored as tension seeps back to unknown depths,
anger escapes through the teeth as empathy flows up the spine.

This moment was ruthless,
but the moment is gone.

The past is seldom altered,
yet the future remains forever unsown.

Leo Stafnes
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

When Will This End?

two people die every sixty seconds because of a conflict
we have been killing each other since the beginning
for what?
to solve our conflicts?
we terror families apart and take innocent lives
is it worth it?
in what way are any of us winning
even if these things aren't happening to you,
it doesn't mean that they aren't happening
when can everyone sleep through the night without worrying about getting a bomb dropped on
them
when can mothers and children stop looking forward to the day that dad comes home, or if he
does
when will this end?

Noa Reinman
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

What's Within Us

Within us there are many feelings,

Hate, greed, love, lust

As we grow we choose what feelings we dwell on

Some choose hate and from that we get war.

Some choose greed or lust and from that we get poverty, social classes, and an increase in the rich-poor gap

But what about those who choose to embrace love

From love we get happiness, unity, joy, harmony

From love we get peace

Peace comes from within us all

It's your choice what you choose to dwell on

Madrone Topolewski
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Give Pizza a Chance

Peace is like a piece of pizza

It's warm

It's comforting

And it's good

But there are many people who dislike it

And do nothing but burn

Burn the pizza

Destroy it

Destroying any chance of having peace

Any chance of having a warm, comforting, and good

Piece of pizza

A piece, of peace

Kahvi Garrett
Six Rivers Charter High School
Arcata, California

The Haunting Truths of War

The human race never ceases to amaze me
with the rapid fire shooting from a young brainwashed wannabe.
At what point will the parents begin teaching their young
that on their shoulder not a machine gun but a backpack be slung?

For ignorance is the poison being pumped by the heart
turning compassionate beings into an army's spare part.
They are trained to kill one another
as if it's just another war game being played by a little brother.

While in the safety of their homes they massacre millions
so that when they grow up they can easily gun down civilians.
Not caring if the blood on their hands is theirs
or if it happens to be from an innocent bystander saying their prayers.

Across the middle east children scream
not from scary stories but from the American dream.
Which has spread to the murder of innocent people
not even safe if they're under a steeple.

Woven throughout the great quilt of time
war has never been a victimless crime.
For when a human's compassion and empathy disappears
all that is left is another one's tears.

But I believe that a change is overdue
because with murder we are becoming increasingly through.
It is time to take a stand against the evil that surrounds us
and brainstorm ideas of peace to discuss

Sierra Bennett
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Violence

There is a choice in what you do, there is a choice in what you say, you can love more then you can live, and you can hurt more then you can hate. To be gentle as an old oak tree or as cruel as a weed strangling a harmless flower, to think of the living being in front of you, and think of what they feel, and what their life has been like, and what it will be like after the harm has been given to them, and how they will change from a magnificent mountain to a ferocious volcano and crumble in there own fear. To look into the sparkling eyes of another, to see the wonder, the sadness and the joy, and leave it be. To end the the fear to be free again.

Marlo Varley
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Stop the Killing

Nobody should die
nobody should die for being a certain race or gender, or believing in a certain religion
nobody should die while on a vacation

Why take? Some ones
mother or Father
son or daughter

Make peace and stop killing
draw the white flag, and call a meeting

Don't kill, don't shoot
don't run, don't hoot

Make peace with your enemies
and leave some good legacies

Make peace with your enemies
because think of the penalties

Make peace while you can

Ellis Kahn
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

The Undiscriminatory Discriminator

6,222 the number of hate crimes in the United States per year
50% the percentage of suicides in young people ages 15-24 caused by bullying
4 out of 5 the ratio of school shootings that are due to the cruelty and abuse from peers

these numbers may be large and unable to be forgotten
but they are
and those voices who remember and remind us are drowned out
drowned out by the cries of those in mourning
the mourning do not hear those who want change
only what will comfort them

the unscathed do not understand how being poked and violated
by words of prejudice
can tear down the feeling of self worth that we are all taught to have
we are left feeling lesser and eventually left as nothing
and it is truly the most terrifying thing

these slings and arrows of words pick away at everything
Truly hurt more than any blow
stick around longer than any bruise ever could
We carry them like a tattoo
that gets touched up every time
we look in the mirror

or into the face of the artist
who carved the hate into our identity

and words don't discriminate
we all fall prey to hate from a foreign soul
or the one thriving inside us

we are not strangers to discrimination
yet hate is still prevalent
we know what prejudice does and feels like
yet we rather fight against the person
than the cause

And if we could separate the two
One day there will be
6,222 good deeds per year in United states
50% of children ages 15-24 that thought of suicide will fight to prevent it
And 4 out of 5 students will never use violence against one another

Heather Jackson-Pease
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

From Within

A kind act of charity
Giving to those in need
Loving each other for our flaws
Working towards a better cause

Being patient is sure to help
Or a smile to brighten one's day
Not judging because of one's color
Will help a change to occur

Apologize when feelings are hurt
And try to love all those around you
Embrace each other's diversity
And we will all live in harmony

Peace is like a tiny seed
By small acts of kindness it will grow
Soon it will be a tree
But first, peace begins within me

Benson Floyd
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Primordial Peace

Struggling to remain buoyant
in the mind's tumultuous sea,
stoic and defiant,
you'll forever remain to be.

Gasping frantically for air
unable to voice your vice,
lamenting how life's unfair,
inundated heart as frigid as ice.

You'll be found in the abyss
if you continue this self hate,
ignoring the bright side of life would be remiss,
appreciate your existence before it's too late.

Realize your ocean can be quite pleasant actually,
the waves calm and the current becomes less swift,
no need to analyze it all factually,
possessing peaceful waters is a rarity and a gift.
Make an effort to reach out to those around you,
for you are not the only one here adrift.

Max Gambin
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Fight On

A day for a picnic!
His mother would say
A light breeze fondling one's hair
Vibrant blue streaking the sky

If only they would leave
He wished
Looking across the ruined field
Through the piercing wire
Past the fallen friends

Fight on, comrades
The man would always say

Maybe they could join us
He pondered
A day of peace in a time of war
A day of life in a place surrounded by death

Fight on, comrades
The man would always say

How different could our enemy be?
The boy questioned
Do we not both enjoy a grand meal?
Do we not both play in the everlasting warmth?

Fight on, comrades
The man would always say

On a day as such, everyone should be an ally
His mother would tell him
Killing was not lawful today
With such lively daisies swaying

Fight on, comrades ,
The child would always say

For a real man cannot fight
When a picnic must be held
The boy left his position at the front

He was now a man.

Ryan Sloane
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

A Future of Peace and not Hate

Don't hate

Appreciate

No discrimination

But acceptance

Equality

Not isolation

That is the future of a peaceful world

Phoenix Spoor
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Peace In Our World

Our world should have peace
The amount of hate should decrease
There should not be riot
but don't be too quiet

Stand up for what you believe in
Stop tearing apart your skin
Everyone should feel free
Never give up and flee

Fight for peace not war
Go open up a new door
Take a brand new route
Stop having doubt

Everyone come together to create
a better world at a greater rate
Forget how different we are
together we will go far

People keep dying
Families are crying
Too many corpse
Stop all the wars

So let's stop the hate
It will be worth the wait
Let's turn it all around
Create love in our wonderful town

Brianne Beronilla
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Fix You

Broken, bullied, and burned
Your feelings singed by the fiery words of others
Your tears not enough to put out the flame
Help, the heat is just too much
Take my hand
I will put out the flame
I will fix you
They never go away
The words
They stay stuck in the prison of your mind
They tear you down and rip you apart
I have the key
I will let those words out
I will fix you
There's no where to run
No place to hide
Their hate fills your lungs
And blinds your sight
You are blinded from all the good in you
I am safety
I am an escape
I will fix you
Time ticks

It's almost too late
You can't forget
You can't forgive
Your tunnel has gone dark
Blank
I'll be your light
I will fix you
You're standing tall
Your tears are all dried up
You can breath
You are no longer blinded

Brittany Dawson
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

another's pain

“breathe,” she said;
my lungs were overcome with pain;
“this,” she said;
“is human nature's game.”

convince the best to fit in with the rest;

she told me
I was the only one

without a cancerous chest

I told her there must be a name for my pain
she said only this:
“humans are vain.”

I realized right then

that we all have a void
we think need to be filled
with pills, potions,
riches,
or coins

this hole in our chest
is not one avoided
by a bullet proof vest

this is one we acquire at a very young age
one that grows deeper
and worsens with age

and with that I grasped that
I wasn't like the rest

for they have made decisions
out of hatred and sadness
I realized that as humans

we must make a change

and with my last breath of air
I yelled my own name
for I would be the last one
to die of another's pain

Marina Sonn
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Peace is Possible

Some say peace is impossible
but so was flying to the moon
and where would we be today
if Neil Armstrong had that attitude

Some say peace is impossible
but so was a black man playing ball
and where would we be today
if Jackie Robinson didn't answer the call

Some say peace is impossible
but so was freeing a nation with no violence
and where would we be today
if Gandhi didn't take his stance

Some say peace is possible
and they just may be right
but we must all work together
to end these useless fights

John 'JB' Packer
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

A Search For Peace

There's this endless search for
peace.

Why is it so hard to find?
It's invisible in our
winding,
twisting
maze of a world,
where instead of sharing kindness
we share blame.
Where instead of seeking faith
we seek fame.
Where we are overcome by hate
when we see
someone in a dead end
who's no more lost than we
are.
Why is the world so blind?
There's so much we don't see.

Good things,
bad things,
and all in between.
How can we have sight when
we ignore?
How can we have peace when
we abhor?
There's nothing else to do but
eliminate
all of this blindness
all of this hate
and
just leave it all behind.

Only then can we find
peace.

Katelyn Fitzgerald
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Stop

If we stop
And listen
We will realize

Peacefulness is not the same thing as peace.

Peacefulness is quiet, a sense of of personal solitude.
Everyone
Will experience
Peacefulness.

Not everyone, however,
Will experience
Peace.
In fact,
No one
Will experience peace.
Peace is vivid; varicolored.
It is not quiet nor quaint
It is flashing yet fallible

Peace is togetherness.
The entire world could have a halt on war,
Yet there would still be couples and comrades who bicker
and brawl.

The peace that we think we feel isn't real.
We must stop
And wait
For a sense of peacefulness that lasts;
Even if
It is not peace.

Sydney McKasson
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Simple Words

Why do you destroy hopes and dreams?
Does it make you happy?
it only makes me hate myself
for not having the strength to do anything.

Every time I sense your lips moving
my stomach suddenly drops
I try to block the words, but they are much stronger
my smile is lost in the distance of your shadow.

Words are filled with great power
the power to build or destroy a person
Why is it becoming human nature to destroy one another?
just a few words can crush and injure a soul.

Every day more and more voices are rising together
to make a difference in this cruel and harsh world
bringing support and understanding
coming together to form a new way of viewing the world.

A few words can be the start of a new beginning
A better beginning.

Carmen Herrera
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Three Haikus Reaching for Peace

Searching for solace
No peace where violence rains
Looking forever

The world seen from space
Always happy, safe, and warm
Isn't happening

Don't try to fake it
So for heaven's sake exhale
Peace is everywhere

Jet Glover
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

The Show

he walks alone
bathed in the injustices of the world
the weight of the world is on his shoulders
it's all one big circus
welcome to the show

please, quiet down
it's time to begin
listen and watch
a magic trick
are you ready

a boy in a hoodie
walks down the street
sins against skin
his killer walks free
this nation is torn

a man speaks out
our government says
naughty boys must not lie
they keep him quiet
a leper among society

i'm going to ask you
to look deep within yourselves
what do you see
a tyrant, a monster
look deep, deeper ...

a girl walks down the street
her head is covered
she goes to school
her government says no, no, no
bang goes the gun

a mother sews a yellow star
into her family's clothes
she sells herself
for stale bread
her children will never know

ladies, control yourselves
your delicate sensibilities might be harmed
men, control yourselves
expressing emotion
what would society say

her mother sees a boy
she sees a girl
a boy sees a girl
society sees a boy
oh my, how the times have changed

ladies and gentlemen
it's been a thrilling night
i hope you enjoyed our ... special show
go back to your comfy little lives
come again soon

Allie Lucchesi
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Progress

War does not stem from stupidity
lack is not the root of our hate
instead, we've come too far too fast
the last frontier is fate

A young species, we've mastered Earth
and made life easy, simple, clean
all troubles can be fixed
with apps for everything

We venture through the heavens
count and measure moons and stars
fight disease and pestilence
with tinctures kept in jars

We are born into a house, a bed
and every door has locks
without a single step outside
we phone a friend and talk

Not in the last few thousand years
has anyone of us
defended caves with tooth and claw
from creatures of the brush

But we are made to stand our ground
fight back with rage and spear
when ancient horrors melt away
we fabricate new fears

Too smart for any person's good
we chop down every foe
when it's so easy to survive
boredom starts its own sick show

We are a little boy who sits
outside, in quite a trance
his chores are done and without thought
he starts to squish some ants

Elizabeth Uemura
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

That State of Mind

Deep into the countryside
Far over the rolling
Hills of rattlesnake grass
Below a small bridge on a sweet
Safe waterbank

Protected from the wind my imaginary home awaits.
The simple walk to reach
Warmth from the setting sun
Feelings of content as a pleasant smile easily finds
Itself exposed
Blissful appreciation toward all
Absence of all evil
Overwhelmed by all peaceful

Destination absorbs me
As I face myself at the water's complexion
Dances pulsate off the ripples
My home is inside of me
Alas, no one can visit
But I am my home,
So therefore I can share
Yes
My home, my soft peace of mind,
Safe with me always

Savannah Aiello
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

*** Second Honors Award Recipient for Poetry ***

It Starts With You

To understand human recollection
Often comes with much misconception
For reliving the past only leads to a certain fate
We may want to recalculate

Start by planting a mere seed
For those who wish for peace may want to heed
Help each other, clear the mind, stop the violence
A global alliance

Worldwide, domestic, self
Take the negative and put it on a shelf
Never to be felt again
All humans can

We were not made for war
It's manually welded into our core
But it can be drained from our systems
All it takes is the remaking of the dictums

One day there will be peace, but that is not now
One day there will not be unwanted violence, and this is
how
Make it heard, voice it, start with you
You can change the worlds view

Kale Prentiss
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

Battlescar Blindness

To learn from the mistakes of our past
to pour over countless volumes
entrenched
in the dust of our ancestors
cloaking these alleged words of wisdom

History-better known as
battle after bloody battle
fight after fearful fight
an endlessly repeating account
etched in dying hearts
and smeared across the pages of time
with the tears of its victims

the murders rain down
Frozen ice on Frozen stone
hits hard but bounces off
an unfelt barrage
hits hauntingly home

generations
ever racing, running, reaching to conquer
each Domination
each Death
each Devastation

To learn from the mistakes of our past
the eternally idealistic mantra
but what have our efforts come down to
as we flail in the wake
of our Battlescar Blindness
Burning in today's mistakes of our past

Trula Rael
Arcata High School
Arcata, California

I Pledge

I pledge allegiance to the flag

That was held over my Husband
Folded neatly into my arms by two men who knew him not,
two men who stood emotionless, faceless, while I watched him lower down six feet
underground.

Of The united states of America

The country that promised to protect my family.
The country who sent my brother away strong and scared.
The country that brought him back in a letter and box.
Now I hold that letter as I watch the box lower down six feet underground.

And to the republic for which it stands

For which it stands in a straight line like the background of my sons movie
my son who said this speech in school and was sent to defend it.
Wrapping up that flag he praised and now in his lovers hands
while these men stand in a straight line like the background of his black casket being lowered
down six feet under ground.

one nation under God

Under god my father thought he was,
under God in the flag above.
now sinking deeper and deeper down six feet underground.

Indivisible

Indivisible but not individual
the country still stands, but my grandson lies dead and gone
taken away from life and family to a row of stone
lowering down six feet underground

With liberty and justice for all

We will take our justice not in a flag or a letter or a stone,
but in memories and words.
Not as an indivisible country but as an individual family until death due us part
six feet underground

Olivia McGahan
Northcoast Preparatory & Performing Arts Academy
Arcata, California
*** First Honors Award Recipient for Poetry ***

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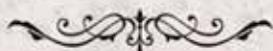
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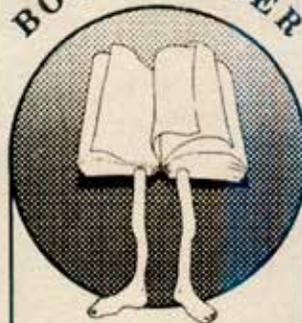


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APPENDIX

List of Donors and Endorsements

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

Richard Gilchrist

Toby Griggs

Bug Press

Humboldt Unitarian Universalists Fellowship
(Social Action Committee)

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

Veterans For Peace Humboldt Bay Chapter 56

Endorsements

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

Sixth 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.

Entries must be received not later than 5 p.m., Friday, March 6, 2015

Cash prizes will be awarded.

Entrants will receive a copy of the **2015 Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology** and are encouraged to present their poetry at the **Sixth Annual Peace Poetry & Art Celebration** to be held Sunday, May 10, 2015.

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

The Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Contest is organized by the Humboldt Bay Chapter of Veterans For Peace, Inc., and co-sponsored by the Buddhist Peace Fellowship Humboldt Chapter, Humboldt Unitarian Universalists Fellowship Social Action Committee, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom Humboldt Chapter, and The Ink People Center for the Arts. Submissions remain the property of the author. Veterans For Peace Humboldt Bay Chapter 56 is granted an unrestricted license for reuse of submissions at its discretion.

2015 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.

Individual, Group or Class Projects are encouraged.

Entries must be received not later than 5 p.m., Friday, March 6, 2015

Cash prizes will be awarded.

Entrants will receive a copy of the **2015 Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology** and are encouraged to introduce their artwork/photography at the **Sixth Annual Peace Poetry & Art Celebration** to be held Sunday, May 10, 2015.

All entries will be displayed during the **Sixth Annual Peace Poetry & Art Celebration**. One entry may be chosen for the cover of the **2015 Redwood Coast Peace Poetry Anthology**. Other entries may be used inside the anthology and selected entries may be exhibited at public venues.

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

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

