



Redwood Coast Peace Poetry & Art 2017

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

Project Sponsors:



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Veterans For Peace, Inc., Humboldt Bay Chapter 56



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Women's International League for Peace and Freedom Humboldt Branch



Untitled (Peace Heart) by Jonathon Chance Eureka High School, Eureka, California The Sponsors gratefully acknowledge the financial assistance of the Ivy Irene Hughes & Carl Lundgren Fund, a fund of the Humboldt Area Foundation.

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VETERANS FOR PEACE, INC. Humboldt Bay Chapter 56

announces

The Kit Crosby-Williams Veterans For Peace Scholarship

One Award in the Amount of \$1,000

Kit Crosby-Williams provided the funds for this scholarship. A longtime resident of Humboldt County, she died April 21, 2015 at age 79 in Arcata. She was an Associate Member of Veterans For Peace Humboldt Bay Chapter 56, and an advocate for human rights, environmental and land stewardship, and peace.

Candidates should be residents of Humboldt County, preferably upper division undergraduate or graduate students, demonstrating financial need. Applications must include an essay (one page or less), discussing the candidate's commitment to advancing peace at home and abroad, and detailing past and present peace-related activities.

Applications available from January 15, 2018 to March 15, 2018 @ **www.hafoundation.org**

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

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

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Chased Dreams

Peace is a dream always being chased.

While the world is a decidedly violent place,

people say peace is the only solution.

The world is so diverse, and they say all its peoples are good.

But the things that distinguish one culture from the next are

The same things that define one morality from the rest, and

Peace would force all those differences together.

Like the host of a reunion, it would force them to coexist.

How can questions like religion or abortion or government control

Be answered with one statement that will satisfy us all?

Those questions are simply no or yes.

There can't be an answer seen by all to be the best.

Arguments which divide us also strengthen us on our own because

We feel passion.

The kind boiling in our blood to tell us to stand up for what we believe;

Passion, the same which can turn friends to enemies.

When you hurt someone with your passion,

You find how freeing and dangerous it is at once.

My point? I will never abandon my beliefs – they are who I am –

But there will always be someone who disagrees with them.

Don't get me wrong. I want peace. Like everyone else

I sometimes think if I reach out far enough, I'll touch it.

And then, a pebble creates ripples, maybe a stone.

Something tremendous happens,

Leaving us trying to grab at something we know we no longer can.

I want my children to grow up in a world without seasons of violence –

Without winters of war and summers of hate.

I don't want to see young people, dirt-stained and bloodied,

Crying because they lost their homes. Yes, I want peace.

But people, they're broken. Like raw spaghetti, they can snap.

Like yesterday's homework, they can be crumpled.

Sure, like a candle, they shine, but they can also be snuffed out.

While we've always chased peace, it has never been realized.

Never. Not once. Not with the whole world on the same side.

It makes you wonder about humanity and the future of this dream.

Now comes the part where I say I didn't mean to leave you without hope.

For while there's one thing we can agree on, that peace isn't coming now,

And that people have ruined their chances for trust repeatedly,

I still believe in their kindness, that we can make this dream come true.

But we need more time, more people with us from all walks of life.

I'll have to wait it out for utopia, I'll have to bide my time.

So I'll have to enjoy the small peace in my life now.

I'm talking having to enjoy my parents' love, and

When my sister is on speaking terms with me. Yes, I'll be forced

To hug my friends back, to laugh at their jokes.

I'll be *compelled* to like the smell of the ocean, and the taste of the sky.

To have to love wildflowers and laying in meadows,

for a better view of the clouds,

I'll be *coerced* to smile at the wind and to love the trees.

And how the light shines golden through redwood leaves.

We all will have to settle for this small peace.

Not world-changing, history-making peace

Because it all has to start somewhere. With individuals driven by passions.

And starting with our love isn't a hard way to chase that dream.

Jewel Blanchard Saint Bernard's Academy



Revelation

I was sitting and staring at a screen where I can see everything I was talking to that screen about how beautiful my life is And that screen said, "Oh kid, you are such a careless girl, you don't even know about this world" I said "What do you mean? I know everything. I am an educated person" The screen was quiet and just showed me something I saw a couple guys bringing guns walking really fast with cruel faces I heard a boom sound crying and guns shooting I smelled smoke blood and death Kids were walking around to find their families An old man was falling Another man was walking with his head bleeding I saw a woman hugging her daughter putting her daughter to sleep forever Her daughter looked so peaceful Because she left this horrible place I don't know where it was But I was glad I didn't live there I realized I was so blind I was too arrogant I just cared about myself when people needed me to help I told the screen about my revelation I can share the message of peace Maybe this is one way I can make the world better

> Marselina Marcel Six Rivers Charter High School



The Courageous Soldier

He is looking out on the field of chaos, People spread about like pieces of broken glass, With bullets whizzing and swords sparring, The bloodbath covering what was once beautiful, vivid grass.

They fought like animals.

He was petrified at what was below him.

Why would brethren go at each other like savages?

Has their common sense grown dim?

He wants to defend himself for what is waiting back home,
But the purpose has grown hazy for them.

He did not want to push forward,
But it is inevitable for him to fight.
And so he rode into battle atop his steed,
Moving through the pine branches as if he were a bird in flight,
But he still had fear in his heart,
Making everything seem to blur from sight.

And quickly memories shot back into his brain, Carriage rides through cobblestone streets, Children playing at his side, And a woman smiling at him beautifully, Blue skies reflecting off the sea by the port, His heart burned with a blazing heat.

But this wasn't just any fire,
For this is what made him not regret, but fight instead,
Because courage is not the absence of fear,
But fearing what lies ahead,
And facing it against all odds.
Because the ones we love are most important in our heads.

Michaela Childs Eureka High School



"A Soldier's Beloved" by Rachael Livingston Eureka High School

A Soldier's Beloved

There is an erroneous war inside my head I've tried to control it, but have failed And without him I may be dead He is my peace

When my thoughts consume me Dropping atom bombs throughout my battered skull A glimpse of his face makes the pandemonium cease My heart he has surely stole He is my peace

When the mirror becomes an enemy And self-hatred takes rusty daggers to my soul He restrains their blades with ease As off his tongue fall words of gold He is my peace

When I'm terrified of my own subconscious mind And the bloodshed of insecurity causes me to tremor He takes my hands in his I feel invulnerable to danger He is my peace

When my emotions fill my vision with teargas soaked lies And I begin to crumble The compassion in his sun colored eyes Forces my doubts and worries down to only a mumble He is my peace

Amidst all the anguish and destruction He fills my life with light And only with him I have placidity My mind, heart, and soul drip gratification He is my peace

He suppresses the bloody battle roaring in my head When we're together nothing could be more divine But he's been called to war so I must return to mine He is my peace

My peace is gone

Rachael Livingston Eureka High School



For Freedom, Equality and Love

I stare at his smile, I value his laugh. But everytime I hear his voice crack, I know it's all an act.

I see the facts. How deep down he's sad. At home when he's all alone, He cries and wants to be dead.

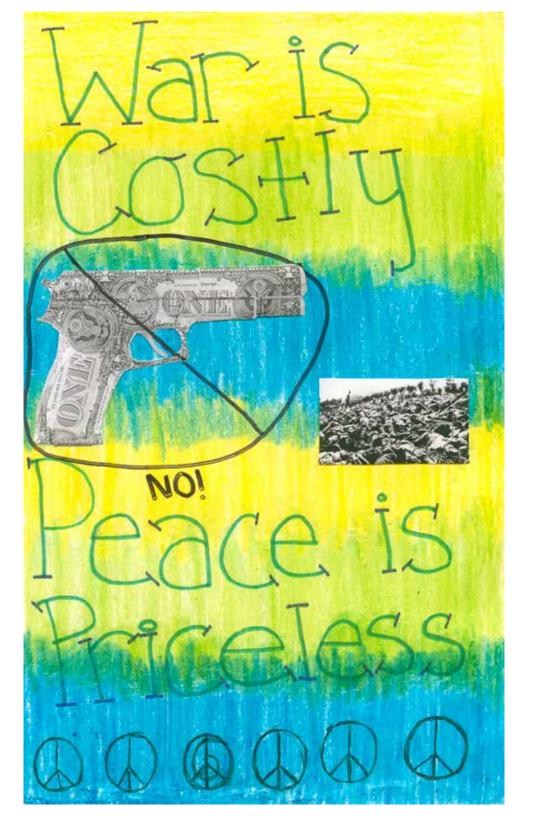
He's beautiful, In every single way that he's not. He'll never believe me, Because love for self has been long lost.

He will never understand Just what I see, Because I'll never tell him, And it'll never be.

I'm in love with him, But the world will never know, Because I'm a he, too.

> Deja Sirca Eureka High School





Ambivalent Flame

A glorious flame are we,
Raging furiously in the night.
The pits of hell burning bright;
The world bathed in gray
With torment and dismay.

Anticipating the sacrificial fuel,
Our machine works on like a mule.
This flame of war sent from above—
Sated only with death and lack of love.

But what fools are we!

The flame can be used to warm the old
The flame can be used to feed the poor
The flame can be used to repel the dark
To see the light, work through the night.

But we let the flame use us.

The Titan Prometheus gifted man fire:

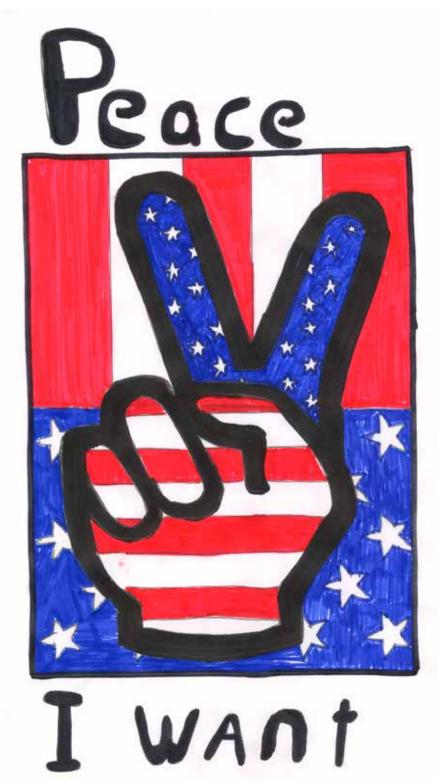
Never with thoughts of damnation nor ire.

Instead believing in preservation, salvation.

A mere candle in the night

Can make all the difference with its light.

Alex W. Fridley Eureka High School



I Don't

I don't understand, Said a small young boy As he clung to his mother's skirt When statues like men, who deliver death, Stood silhouetted in the doorway I don't understand Cried a girl of her teen age When the men raised their rifles Shooting the sorrow into the air Burying her grief six feet under While the despair rang in her ears I don't understand Screamed a woman and wife As she fell to her knees Hearing her lover couldn't find his way home From a front line fight, furious with patriotic men Like her own I don't understand

Thought a man, in the prime of his timed life,
Laying in a trench with consistent various booms
That shook his being, pondering if this moment will be his last,
Last breath, last heartbeat
Fingering the picture of his love back home

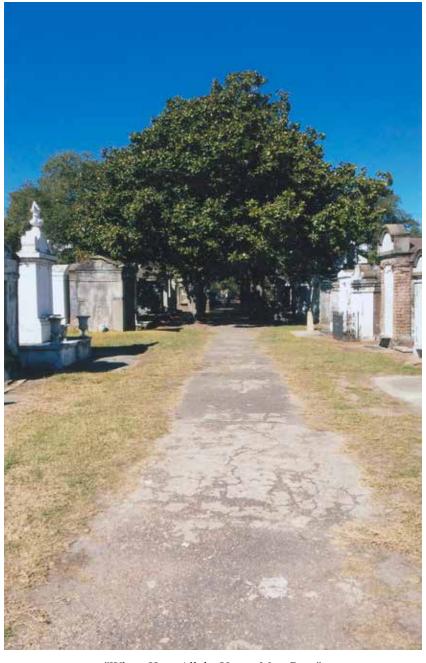
I'm lost and I don't understand
Why we are murdering,
Why we rob the houses

Their communion of their loved ones company

Fathers, Mothers, people I don't understand said I, Why we are playing reaper

Walking across pools of blood as if we are anything but human.

Felicity Mindus Eureka High School



"Where Have All the Young Men Gone" by Fiona Seibert Six Rivers Charter High School Arcata, California

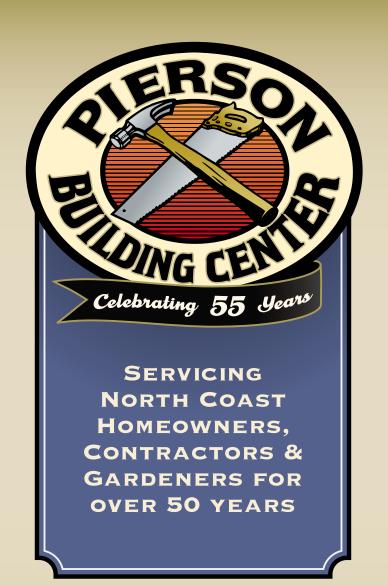
Heartbeats

Heartbeats speak with every beat. They speak of peace That they cannot reach, Because they were never taught To reach for the better. Some people will talk idly of peace; While they rage wars in their heads Not believing peace can be reached. That it's an illusion given to make us feel. Others truly believe in peace. The ones whose minds are calm Believing peace can stop the pain Caused by our pride and hate. Peace can stop the illusion we've put over our eyes So we can finally admit; Everything is not alright. But peace will overcome Every bad outcome, Every little doubt, For our heartbeats scream for peace And who are we to deny the heart. The heart beats with that of the world. The world is who we are; Everyone of us are defined by this planet Whose heartbeat is as loud as ours.

> Seraphina Dollar Eureka High School

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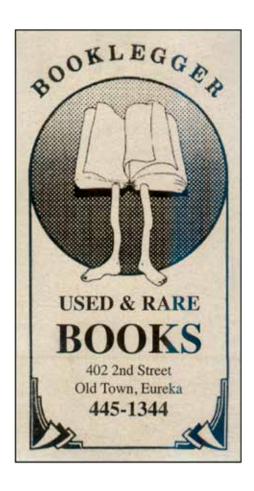
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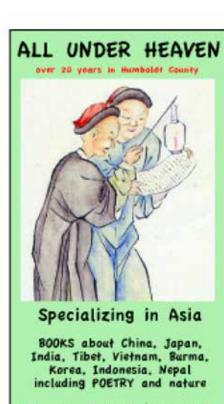


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Celebrating and Supporting the Creative Talents of Our County's High School Students



Humboldt WILPF Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is women and men working for peace in branches worldwide since 1915. Our Humboldt Branch sponsors various local peace-related activities. Our projects include:

- o Edilith Eckart Memorial Peace Scholarship each spring
- o International Women's Day Celebration March 8th
- o Jane Addams Children's Book Award books to local libraries
- o July 4th used book sale
- o Co-sponsor of International Day of Peace September 21st, the Arcata Floating Lantern Ceremony in August and this Peace through Art Project
- o Supporting other community peace and justice organizations

We meet monthly and welcome new members. Email us at wilpf@humboldt1.com. More info at humboldtwilpf.wordpress.com and www.wilpfus.com





APPENDIX

BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP

MISSION STATEMENT

The mission of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship (BPF), founded in 1978, is to serve as a catalyst for socially engaged Buddhism. Our purpose is to help beings liberate themselves from the suffering that manifests in individuals, relationships, institutions, and social systems. BPF's programs, publications, and practice groups link Buddhist teachings of wisdom and compassion with progressive social change.

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.

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM

Mission Statement

WILPF members create the peaceful transformation they wish to see in the world by making connections that:

Provide continuity with the past so that knowledge of historical events and patterns informs current activism for change.

Create analysis and action that reflect and reinforce each other.

Link and challenge root causes of oppression, especially racism, sexism, heterosexism, militarism economic disparity, and political disempowerment.

Build and strengthen relationships and movements for justice, peace, and radical democracy.



"Stop War! Stop Hate" by Maurice Alvarado Eureka High School Euerka, California



"Pass Peace Forward" by Marselina Marcel Six Rivers Charter High School Arcata, California