



**Poems for
the People of Ukraine**

March 2022

Poems for the People of Ukraine is an initiative to collect poems from all around the world and share them with Ukrainians. At a time of such strife and terror, it is so important for us to unite and prove to the world that words have the power to heal, and that goodness will overcome evil.

These poems call for peace and support for Ukraine. The words may have originated in different countries and in different languages, but the overall sense of support is what resonates. Through these poems we hope you will find that similarity, more than diversity, is what connects us as humans.

Watching War {Haiku}

The grey moon is parched
The sun hides behind storm clouds
World — leaden — is dark

Cheylagn Ní hIcídhe

1/3

War

War, It is That stage of life,
Which Should Be Avoided!!!
Or else it would take away
Someone's happiness, Support!!

War is something which first
start between two Leaders in mind, but
sadly fought by military armies!!
taking away millions of soul's

In mind fight between Two person,
Armies lose Their life!!
those Who don't even properly know,
why They are killing those Who look like them,
and Why They are dying!!

Do you think war is only filled
with sound of gun shoot?
Do you think war is Only filled
with dead bodies of Armies?
Oh No No, I am not
critisizing you for thinking!!
But, I am saying you that,,
war is beyond our imagination

Vidhyasha

2/3

War

A three Letter word 'War'!!
is filled with people's cursing,
blood, blast, fire, blood, shoot
and Dead bodies not only of armies
but also of Innocent people
who want peace!!

War is not only loss of armies but,
it is the loss of Families beloved people too
Can The Leader Claim down the cries,
of those family who lost their beloved ones?
It is not that easy to Forget someone we loved!!!

War is always Fought between
Innocent armies
Suffered by innocent families
I never saw War In real life but,
the day when war will be fought
in front of me and you,
that will be the worst days!!

Vidhyasha

3/3

War

During war, Families and love
Says bye to armies crying!!!
but the family never know
Their love will Return
in Two legs or many legs!!!

No country wins a war!! cause
both countries lose Their People, and
Destroy their own country!!
Even after war ends,
the family who lost their beloved
people are never in peace!!

Lastly, I would Appeal My dear readers!!
Remember To salute and Respect
all the armies of all the countries
cause Armies are innocent,
they are just told to fight the war !!!
and they fight whether
willingly or unwillingly

Avoid war
pray for peace;!!

Vidhyasha

song that mutes falling bombs

smile hides fear
come closer my dear
sing loud but don't scream
monsters like to hear
that we fall with sirens horns
when like raindrops are falling bombs
sing my dear
the end is near
and we shall win
ending this blazing sin

just__dave

heroes & cowards

heroes are crying
and cowards are standing still
heroes are dying
and cowards are worried about the bill
cowards are lying
when they mourn and still refuse to kill

just__dave

1/2

Desolation

We are falling deeper
into the pit of madness
After wandering
through worlds of injustices
Watching faces after faces
from different places
across seas and over bridges
Morph into one
of those beasts underground

Blood soaked the ground
As tears from the sky
keeps on falling down
It's tearing apart!
The clouds were dark
Thunders and lightning
raining down in bright sparks
What has happened to this world?
Peacemakers has turned to a fraud

astaire_grey

2/2

Desolation

Dead bodies littered the ground
Desolation is a sound
echoing all around
Playing over and again
like a broken record
of a lost song that was never found
It's heartbreaking
to watch everything crumble down

We are falling deeper
Drowning faster
Forgetting to remember
What is for the better
BETTER and not bitter
PEACEMAKER and not a killer
Plant LIFE and not murder
No war—just surrender
If only they could remember...

astaire_grey

War

Peace is fragile,
War is futile.
For honor and glory?
More like a murder story.

At the door step of destruction,
And there'll be no reconstruction.
If this situation turns major,
It'll be the end of humanity's adventure.

Hope will become despair,
The world will never be repaired.
Will you be able to bare?
Yourself you must prepare.

xxxxxx

“Who ARE you? ... I’m Batman”

In another part of the world bombs are again being directed at a population that cannot defend themselves.

We can all do something, they say ..

I drive for days to the nearest beach and sit in the sand to await what the waves have to teach me.

... if that doesn't work then

I'll watch a podcast and read The book ... and maybe reread The book and more than likely still yet struggle to comprehend the free range thinking of this despot.

Hearing reports of the bravery of the Ukrainian people I am emboldened, as I identify with the underdog, especially when they're in the right.

May we all begin to take bigger and bolder steps away from ourselves, so that we can more fully appreciate the authentic purpose of life so valiantly displayed by those who have been so hastily and carelessly considered.

Perry warren

I Don't Much Care For Wars

I don't much care for wars
Most don't so that's not saying much
So if you will allow me, I'll start again.
Life's a gruelling occupation
Even beneath a clear blue sky
To pollute the air with explosions and smoke
Corrupt the world with broken bones
And shattered lives
Is an immorality duly unnecessary
So go on far away with the trouble you bring
Spoiling the land with gasoline and atrocities
Never come back, receive your lot
The world is a better place without your sad
contribution

Tola (I.G. Poetry Bores)

Don't feed Greed

Greed will breed hate
And fear from those who can't relate

And greed will breed False pride
Because from themselves they cannot hide

Greed will breed and create war
Those who are blind will ignore

And greed will breed a disassociation
That defines insensitive fake emotion

Greed can only breed a False narrative
Of how one thinks others should live

And if we want to escape the rampant greed
It is love and understanding that we need to feed

Pollyanna Fritz

Pieces

The opposite of peace
is not war—
it is pieces.

Broken fragments refusing
to again connect
instead, breaking into shards
another's glass.

Maddy Lis

At the end

At the end of any war
They celebrate
Celebrate what

That this is so far only habitable planet with life
And we are very good
In art and science of
Killing
Our own species

On this only planet with life

This celebration
Is
Complete mockery
Of
Life
Itself

NANDKUMAR

Peace

I don't know why they fight
Oh how brutal things can be
Killing innocent people
How does their day still have light

Families are going to die
Including many innocent kids
We should all support them
Not just sit and cry

We support u Ukraine
Hope everything goes well

writer's diary

The Quiet Creeping

There is a quiet creeping
the fallen pulling those a' sleeping

The rumblings have been heard
Should we break it'd be our third

We humans love this game
We simply remain the same

Married to this thing
Unable to remove the suffocating ring

We are at the tippy top
Falling is just another stop

Let's let young Johnny live
He has so much left to give

If one breaks down the silly door
Rest assured, she will go to war.

Brendan McKeegan

War and Resources

Deals
Treaties
Breaching of both

Goods
Embargos
War Economies
Bombastic income

Meetings
Debriefs
Decisions of reprieve or invasion

New tech.
Old strategy
No one will ever use

Food!
Land!
Is there enough for you?

Commence warfare

Odessa

(In solidarity with Ukraine and its people)

This lust for him is unrelenting
slurped between your thoughts and feelings
hanging to the earrings of a precarious life
swaying in front of a sea that still does not know you
awaiting you eagerly
to dive in it naked although it is afar from you now;
glad to receive a pomegranate or a sweet orange
to help you regain the fragrance of passion,
as you blink your eye lashes
expecting the bombs on Odessa to seize;
alas, for now, your blood drips
in vain
struggling with the blabbering of the
powerful.

John P. Portelli

The Truth

I walk along this
barren ground
As I drag my
dying feet.

Pus pours from
the open wounds
That brought me
to this place.

So much pain so
little love I wonder
if it's my fault.

It doesn't matter
now because the
grave has taken me.

And I will never
know the truth.

*ronvdm777,
Sept 2020*

The Forgotten

You pour out with
the others into
the bullets of the
enemy bap bap bap
When it hits you
in the head you
will never know.

You don't exist you
Are a memory now.
Those who died
before you had
slightly fewer
minutes before
they became
memories too.

*ronvdm777,
April 2020*

haiku 11

a wintry night
the nasty bombs unceasing
rescuing a soul

John P. Portelli

1/2

The world has ended

The world has ended
It may seem
We survived the Apocalypse
You and me
In the dark alleys
We stumble on dead bodies
In the lit up streets
We see the blazing ruins
The streets are twisted
It shivers every hour
The scars frighten the sky
It cries continuously
The storm has passed
The silence is deafening
Is this what we make
When we reach the zenith(of power)
Yet you console me
Everything will be alright
It is one more time
We will rebuild it too
My brother strolled this garden
Can you find him too?

enjoyinglife

2/2

The world has ended

See this was our tree
Where you confessed to me
For eternity our names were etched
That moment is now dead
The vultures are having a feast
I heard him say
He won the land
Our loss is someone's gain
How low can humanity go?
Or are we humans at all
Are we alive
Or Is this his pastime
Yet you console me
We can make it through
The waters will be blue once more
The land will greet us in green
Can you tell that to my brother
Will he smile again?
Perhaps

It is wrong to survive

enjoyinglife

Erich Hartman

“War is a place where young people
Who don't know each other and
Don't hate each other kill each
Other, by the decision of old
People who know each other and
Hate each other, but don't kill
Each other.”

Berry Coper

Two sides

I

Some people fighting for their lifes,
Being the victims,
Recieving help, but not enough,
In fear of pain and death.

II

Some people fighting against the innocent,
Not wanting to kill, but also afraid of those, who
stand higher,
Being hated by the world
And by themselves even more.

Caroline Dry

Brittle

Distance of reality not unseen-
And I feel like it's all one blended dream.
Similarly thinking I might sink-
Will I ever know what's beyond my reach.
Hard for me breathe when what I see.
As the pain and sorrow engulfs everything.
And all wish is what I can not be-
I can never be your saving tree.
And It hurt's —
Whatever happened to love and empathy—
Well who knows cause we don't.
Bridged the gaps with inconsistencies.
Where taught the wrong to believe.
Is it any better if I just leave-
To rest it wouldn't mean the dammest thing.
So clutch the girders and it's beam's.
Try as you might to hold the glued up seams-
As it all collapse's
Down on you and me—

MUAD'DIB

1/3

Jackets

Smoking void, a darker patch
Stitched with fear and studded spike
Light absorbing, smothering
My blackened jacket, my kind covering

Concede the light
Accede the crown
Mind runs from fight
Pin me down, fucking drown

Blackened claw, stiffened jaw
Piece the spine, control the mind
Thunder crack, deed is done
Emotions score, split my back

The jackets' call, worlds may fall
Iron hooks , ribs impale
Aeons calling, blowing veil

Night is falling, familiar home
Tethers pulls, metal from bone
Why am I dying, delaying here
Shoulder perched a devilish fear

Sven Anger

2/3

Jackets

Fucking jacket, leaden garment
Dorsal canyon, spinal column
Fruits of love laid, spoiled rotten

Truth is patient, lies demand
Rock destroyer, no gentle hand

Taunting teasing never pleasing
Hanging ruthless, back of mind
Neural receptor conspiracy,
Devious voice, us maligned
First combatants me v. me

It's okay the leathers creaking
Whispering something sublime
Destruction of this fucking jacket
Isn't something, fear has in mind

We think we'll keep him, down here safe with us
No time for worry, put up no fuss
War drums in Europe beckon, bait and reckon
We like him here, chained and shackled
Bedded, wedded, sorrow cackled

Sven Anger

3/3

Jackets

Jacket fitted, tailor constructed
Tightly zipped, consternation inducted
Depravity design, cloth woven shame
Words stricken, stolen, a voice declaim

Why would we go anywhere
We have all our friends, loneliness, anger despair
Jacket provides all we need, keeps us sheltered
Helps us bleed,
Places loving rings around our spine
Collapses it, designs decline,
All while prying relentless at that cage
Which protects that heart, fills the jacket with rage
Slamming at that resilient bone, singular on
destruction
The Jackets lies, its one last seduction

Sven Anger

Confusion

Woke up from a crazy dream
We were at war, enemies on our streets
Bullets coming from everywhere
So outnumbered no choice but to flee
As I wake more realise I'm all alone
I Look down and see a gun
Why is it here, where did it come from
I go to pick it up something holds me back
I stand, feeling so confused
Tryna figure out what the hells going on
Then something I hear sends shivers down my spine
A little girl crying I rush to go see
As I get closer I here the girl speak

"Dad what's going on, where has mum gone, please
don't leave, I need you to save me"

Oh my god, it's my daughter, my baby
She runs over, wraps her arms and holds me tight
I look down, that's when I realise
A terrified look on my little girl's face
I'm still not sure what's happened
Then she comes closer whispers in my ear
"Dad we are really at war none of it was a dream"

Callimaeblls

Katushya

Little girl keep your head down
Rockets coming in overhead
Think of the pear trees and do not frown
For you are not yet dead
Rise Katushya for your motherland

Men and boys women and girls
The old and the young prepare
Defend your Land flag unfurled
To the fight for us all those who dare
Rise Katushya for your motherland

Each City it's own Thermopylae
Everyone prepared to shed blood
Everyone prepared to die
Few are prepared to be left in the mud
Rise Katushya for your motherland

Taven Strickert

1/2

Power & Legacy

Imposters

Imposters

Charlatans and thieves

Crooks ner'do'wells

Villains and beasts

Distrust any man, woman or child that craves the
falsehoods of either of these--

Power & Legacy

Dominion & Control

Blood thirsty bastards

Who couldn't be told

NO, no one wants

This unholy show

This spectacle of death

This matinee of woe.

Its all an illusion,

Ill fitted delusion,

Where you do for you

But break me as you go

Social change and the greater good

Of grandeur and gold

Power & Legacy

Repeat and repeat and repeat and repeat
But you can't hide the stain
Of a greedy soul,
Of bugged out eyes
And an old world goal
Of being king of your castle
Making footstools of those
You would use as the fodder
In your self indulgent
misanthropic
Campaign of hatred
To seat yourself
Upon an unpraised throne

Power & Legacy
Shame & Woe
May you be remembered forever
For the humanity you brought low

'Long live the charlatan
Long live the thief,
Who couldn't find simple love
Who couldn't find peace'

1/2

Shadow of War

The great grey beast has awoken;
the wings of war are beating.
The great grey beast is destroying
all the good, snuffing out all the light.
You look for peace and find war,
you look for life and find death,
you look for the light and find darkness.
The great grey beast is tearing
thousands of dreams apart;
the great grey beast is pulling
the bright flowers from the ground.
Night is falling
on the fields of Ukraine.
The deceit of great grey beast
has covered the sky with darkness.
But the people are not silent.
In the dark of the night
they are building bright towers
to the heavens.

AudibleArtifact

2/2

Shadow of War

The stars are blinking,
and listen to the people singing:
„We need peace now!
We need to end this war!
Our army is fighting for freedom.“

The great grey beast is flying,
but the voice of the people
is rising above;
and they will not be afraid.
Come, sing a song of peace,
sing a song of freedom,
sing a song of love,
sing a song of joy,
sing a song of hope,
sing a song of a bright future.
The great grey beast is dying;
it's letting out one last roar.
After the night
comes the first light of morning.

AudibleArtifact

Tyrants

An abnormal desire
to scathe and to kill.
Passivity implies they can!!
And they will.

Blueledge

War

Long queues.

Miles of cars.

Borders.

Luggage.

Passports.

Women.

Children.

Seniors.

Pets.

Water bottles.

Sandwiches.

Railway stations.

Adhoc camps.

Portable beds.

Subway bunkers.

A baby born in the subway.

Men staying behind.

Explosions.

Broken windows.

Traffic jam.

Destruction.

Misery.

Death.

The sinister joke of the twenty-first century.

These Mere Words

These mere words will not be the hero that you need
These mere words are from a man in the safety of his
land, not threatened at all

These mere words will not pretend to be the shelter
and stability that you need

But these mere words will hopefully be a gulp of hope
to at least give you momentary replenishment in your
desert...

Hope shines brightest in the darkest of places, so
hold on to Hope like you hold on to every breath you
take...

Chris Kelley

Ukraine

A country is being slowly erased
from our maps before our eyes,
but never from their hearts.
They stand alone, the blue and yellow
proud to hold their broken
bleeding hopes held together
by glory they've never asked
to have to prove this way.
Greed and hate making them
fight for something
that was already theirs, freedom.
"Hey, Russian warship, GO FUCK YOURSELF!"
GLORY TO UKRAINE

A.Fractured.Poet

We Love U

We may be countries apart
But all of you our in our hearts
We will always pray for your safety
So all of you can become happy
We know this time is difficult and painful
Your once peaceful lives became dreadful
Just trust Him, for He knows everything
He will be with you, for He is loving
I pray that He may give you strength
And that this strife will come to an end
No more casualties, no more devastation
Just democracy and pure negotiations
We love U all, we stand with U all
No matter what happens, just stand tall
Remember, you are your own nation, yes
For every single one of you is loved & blessed

Caelum

Winter sunflower

(For the people of Ukraine)

Again and again,
The sweet nectar of this flower,
Will always be so tempting to taste,
Blue sky will show her beauty
Hues of yellow will always shine,
Even if it's cold and dry.
Different neighbors are always have their own vested
interests be on the west or to the east or
can we stay as free and play?
Two opposing names,
Volodymyr on the blue corner,
and the other Vladimir on the red corner,
As if a boxing match on the cold Maidan square.
The World Wide Web stunned,
Even Corona V is slowly on the bottom trend.
Little they know,
This Kyiv Rus,
wants to dance along their favorite pyansky
And drink their horilka
And together they shout:
Glory to Ukraine!
Glory to the Heroes!

#WeStandWithU

Angelo f.b. Carloman

A Prayer

Father, lift the veil from eyes
That green with greed are blind
That kill without a mourners bench
No sacredness for life
For when their eyes do open
Their sins spread out and bare
The Wailing Wall will brace itself
As truth reveals nightmares
The cries that shriek and scream and plead
No one has heard their equal
Yet One still stand who hears it all
His heart is for all people
How could He love them? Why would He?
These greedy, evil men
His mercy extends beyond our grace
His love it knows no end
So Father, reveal, expose and heal
Open eyes and hearts to truth
The world is desperately holding on
Help us to turn to You

Amanda Blankenship

Lviv at fire

Я

Хацеў бы прайсціся,

Па гораду,

Які я ведаў раней.

Для кагосьці

Гэта

Проста фатаздымак.

А,

Для кагосьці

Проста жыццё.

Зараз,

Тут гудуць сірэны.

І

Моладзь ідзе ва recruitment,

Бо

Старыя чакаюць цягнік у Паленію,

Калі ноч вяртаецца ў St. George's Cathedral.

Мабыць,

Мы яшчэ сустрэнемся у гэтым жыцці.

І

Пагутарым пра мастацтва.

Разам

Будзем чытаць

Свае вершы у мясцовым safe.

Там,

Дзе збіраюцца творчыя.

Igor Adaszkiewicz

З local boheme.

А, так,
Увогуле,
Я,
Хацеў бы прайсціся,
Па гораду,
Які я ведаў раней.
Для кагосьці
Гэта
Проста фатаздымак.
А,
Для кагосьці
Проста жыццё.
Не сумуйце,
Калі што ня здзейсніцца,
Проста верце ў сябе.
Мы павінны
Прайсці праз гэта,
Каб стаць мацней.
Часова
І мне
Хочацца плакаць.

І я
Ненавіджу сябе,
Калі
Гляджуся ў люстэрка.
Бо,
Сапраўдныя мужчыны
Таксама
Могуць плакаць
Калі
Іх ніхто не бачыць.

Dark Days

As darkness subsides, brighter days will follow with happiness.

A new way of life has hit the world with a powerful impact.

While the earth keeps on moving, we look forward to the end of this dark days.

We look to see the end of the rainbow in the far distance,

as we breathe in the air around us.

Close your eyes for a minute for a short rest and give thanks

for those who guided us while living through this darkness.

Perhaps this very moment is just a test.

Hopefully we will get stronger as the days will get longer.

Hope will flourish as our memories will be cherished and not forgotten.

Rainbows will paint the sky once again for the world and everyone one around, as we continue to look for signs that will tell us all is well.

1/3

DEATH POEM

Death you came hurling
your red breast against my May window
your red life watering rioting lilies
coarse winds howling with your message
scattering feathers and petals
across my entire front walk
I couldn't avoid crushing
regret

Death your glazed eyes
stared from my drowned spaniel
retrieved too late
rigid with insistence
that burial follows
grassy exultations
summersaults into frailty
hers and my own eyes drowning in salty grief
all July and
Again in August,
Death, my glazed eyes saw you again
heard your harsh midnight shout
my mother's rasping tears
as first one brother then another
slipped beyond seasons

Elaine Carlson

2/3

DEATH POEM

Now Death you rattle my bones
brittle with terror
I watch her running
from a bombed and burning hospital
her child not even into summer's bloom
his leaves withering from some aphid infestation
untimely autumn
dropping about his feet
rockets setting air on fire
across all Kiev
and everywhere she steps
she feels – I feel – we feel
the crackle
of his fear and hers
yet prefer the sound
to the sure muffle of snow
or earth thrown
over a mass grave
I thought I knew what death was
I know nothing
I know nothing

Elaine Carlson

3/3

DEATH POEM

I thought my faith was rooted all the way
To the far side of the world
like a redwood
sturdy
firewood one day
purposeful

Now I am a thistle in the wind

Elaine Carlson

#WeStandWithU

do not go
please
do not go
if you are called
you have to go
to war
they will kill you
kiss me
one last time
do not cry
please
do not cry

L_h_words

#WeStandWithU

Wynośmy się stąd!

Nie możemy tu żyć,

Nie możemy tutaj nawet
umierać!

Bo śmierć nie jest prochem w pociskach.

Śmierć również nie czyha pod zgliszczami miasta.

Umierać nie oznacza zjadać bułkę z mlekiem.

Przez ginąć nie rozumiem mieć złamane serce.

Śmierć jest tylko w łóżkach, szpitalnych lub
domowych.

Wśród swoich, z sercem na dłoni.

Ze zmęczonym okiem, pagórkami czoła

Wśród ciszy, bez oklasków.

Jak żyć to tylko głośno, dumnie i nad wyraz.

Z granatami w oczach, pociskami w sercu.

Bo życie takie warte jest miliony.

Śmierć taka natomiast
niezrozumienia.

Damian from Poland

These death

Let's get away with here
We can't live there
We are not able to
die here either
The death is not a gunpowder
We shouldn't find death under all of those ruins
Dying does not mean eat a roll with a milk
When I hear vanish, I don't understand
„to be a heartbroken”
The death comes from beds
In hospitals or homes
With yours around,
wear a heart on a sleeve
Having a tired eye, wrinkled forehead
In peace, without an applause

If you wanna live, do it loud, brave, overwhelmingly
with grenades in your eyes, bullets in your heart
cause these life worths millions
These death whereas
incomprehensions

Damian from Poland

MADRE TERRA

Le mancanze – sono rifugi meravigliosi
Madre terra con me in metamorfosi
Che disegna in me , me vive le poesie
Immacolata guerriera ... Artemisia.

Siamo tre atomi di azzurro ozono
Frequentiamo lo stesso cielo, stesso diapason.
Crocifissione che si trasforma in coraggio
Delusione sul viso crea disagio...

La paura di uno schiaffo o di carezza
Sguardo seducente dall'orgogliosa corazza Con lei
stiamo in risonanza perfetta
Una strofa di estasi sublimata...
...con questa molecola di ossigeno ...respiro e riscrivo
la mia origine

Elvira Boychuk from Italy

БАТЬКІВЩИНА

Ми сьогодні з тобою в одному діапазоні
— Три єдині атоми голубого озону.
Я — що борюся за духовну свободу,
Ти — уособлення боротьби народу.
Ми сьогодні з тобою в однім резонансі — Стан —
збентежений в формі трансу, Боязнь — дотику чи
ніжного ляпасу, Жах — від спокою чи спокійного
хаосу.
Погляд — м'який, жіночий, впевнений. Розпач —
чуттєвий та ерогенний. Розпяття, що звільнює, що
відроджує, Гордість, що щитом загороджує.
Мужність пройшлась по серцю війною. Брова
як стріла, зіниця бринить сльозою. Батьківщина
малює, в мені живе віршами Велична над Києвом
— тобі пошана.
....посланням тобі молекули киснюдихаю і
метаморфую в собі Україну.

Elvira Boychuk from Italy

1/2

How Do We Keep on Keeping On?

Boy has no clothes,
sleeps in a tub
too large for him.
In this familiar place
He forgot
bombs,
cries,
planes,
and the human folly.

While the City burns
crashing his childhood's memories,
broken glass, flying debris bring
,The day of reckoning nearer.'

There's a spell
but there's no magic
Innocence has been crushed;
Dead in one shot,
and little Boy
must give up
those fairy tales
spoken too soon

How do we keep on keeping on?

2/2

How Do We Keep on Keeping On?

Across the ocean
There's a calmness.
Girl's closet overloads;
Hot water in the tub
overflows—it burns
like a fever.
She cried,
It's too much.

While life never ends providing
the excess,
tantrums rule the day
for no reason.

Where are you little Boy?
Naked and cold.
Bold and giant you'll become
Evicted from your home
You'll hold your mother's hand
Until the end.

Maryline Roux

A child's cry

I can't breathe
I was born to live
Not to see me die

Don't touch me
I am a child of God
You don't own me

Let me go
I have so much to see
So much to feel

I can't breathe
I am not your puppet
There's no theater

You can't kill me
I'm the future
You're from the past

You're dead alive
Empty conscious
That give orders

I can't breathe
But I can scream
Your name

I can pray
For your evilness
To die

That we can live.

Maryline Roux

Daisies to the meadow

In sparkling yellow meadow
with golden drops of honey
I saw a girl with daisies
her palms were full of heaven.

Nearby were was sour cherry
kissed by the lips of dawn
which whispered lightly, gently
and swore the sun will come.

This whisper was like feather
which calmed each restless hearth
fresh drops of rain were washing
the wounds just healed from storm.

The girl looked at her daisies
with glance so full of hope
she left them to the meadow
to heal the world from storm.

Evelina from Lithuania

#WeStandWithU

Eu é que me apetece gritar
Sobre os anais da História
Desde hoje de manhã
Por se ter aberto mais uma
Ferida sobre a esperança de a ter.
Era para ir beber uma cerveja
Mas como, quando alguém,
Algures, bebe dos estilhaços
De um copo sempre meio vazio?
São velhos os dias do privilégio
E, ainda assim, continuam
Demasiado ruidosos.

Antes de Sonhar um mundo
Onde os copos se enchem
Para o momento do brinde,
É preciso não esquecer
As consultas de rotina.

Catarina Viegas

#WeStandWithU

Ontem, quando acordei
Não havia bombas nos telhados
Ou fumo e cheiro a pólvora
Não havia destroços e traços
De medo derramado na rua
Ou polícia para os calar,
Não havia cadáveres a rezar
E o barulho entulhado
Nas masmorras da razão.
Não havia o deserto das vozes
Na confusão das frentes
Que enfrentam a lucidez
Dos dias que, afinal,
Já são muito velhos.

Catarina Viegas

#WeStandWithU

My heart grieves,
About the destruction he weaves
In his wake, rumbles the thunder
As our brothers stumble in powder,

All I want is to see us holding hands,
Our children, mothers, fathers alike, in our lands,
For I hope that our laughters will outweigh
The sound of their bombs, we will pave the way,

As the red skies clear out like dead lies,
And out shattered hopes make us arise,
I will be delighted to welcome you home, my allies.

Jaïs Doriac - Karel Sofroniades from France

1/3

Ценна каждая Душа!

Я открываю своё милосердие
Я сочувствую вместе с тобой
Видишь? Слышишь?!
Мы вместе сильные!
Здесь на земле каждый самый родной

Я встречаюсь с великою цельной
Полноценностью, что вокруг нас
Она дарит мне лишь откровенности
О том, что так важно сейчас:

Обналичить не деньги, а качества
Все богатства душевны свои
Проявить в единении значимом
Сердце рядом в великой любви

Посмотреть изнутри - не отдельно
Ты взгляни! Все мы вместе стоим
Напитать глубину полноценно
Только так мы наш мир сохраним

Направляю свою благодарность
За осознанность эту свою
Что есть выбор - не просто «случайность»
Намеренья свои берегу

Alexandra Nova

Ценна каждая Душа!

Быть для каждого лучиком света
Ну а прежде самой для себя
В дни тяжёлые песня не спета
Я есть Жизнь! И я вечно жива!

Я живая покуда дышу я
Воплощая таланты свои
И поэтому сердцем пишу я
В дни лихие, что важно!
Быть сочувствием вечной любви

К человеку, к Душе, к его жизни
К нашим ценностям, к нашим дарам
Знайτε каждый, что мною здесь признан
Дар великий, что ценен всем вам:

Исцелять и к единству стремиться
В каждом теле есть света Душа
В человечество можно влюбиться
Если обнять теплом, никуда не спеша

3/3

Ценна каждая Душа!

И я этим всегда заживляю
Я из сердца на весь мир смотрю
Цельность в цельность свою возвращаю
Лишь потому, что люблю

Каждой клеточкой, своим вниманьем
Обнимаю я трепета суть
Пусть же каждый здесь это впитает
И наполниться воздухом грудь

Пусть в великой любви засияют
Искры света на ваших глазах
И великой свободой познает
Единение в ваших сердцах!!!

Alexandra Nova

#WeStandWithU

Зросійщені ЩЕНЯТА,
Хто ваша мати,
Чи маєте тата?
Чи вийшли на світ,
Наче тать, стати демоном?
Нащо у чужій стороні
Топанками топчите?
Нащо нам такі вироджені гості?
Ми вас не гукали,
Ми вас не шукали,
Ми з вами не діти єдиної мами.
Відріжуть великі, перетнуть малі –
Усі ваші наміри гепнуться в крах.
Над нами щит Бога,
Ми в Неба в руках.

Тетяна Грицан-Чонка from Ukraine

#WeStandWithU

Небом Освітлені очі,
Промінням – Життя.
Натхненно малює природа роди
Народини Бога, на одинно змога
На нашому спілім прозорінні,
На стоптанім поросі, тлінні,
Зростає змальований гай:
Пронизливо синя прозорість,
Пронизливо сильна на Прорість
Над сонячним променем
Треба...
Моїх на пів зітканих строчок.
Треба...
Твоїх най не звіданих точок,
Твоєї небесної Нитки,
Твого над тілесного Звитками...
Мене і Твою Пектораль,
Витчи мене, із Неба зіткай.

Тетяна Грицан-Чонка from Ukraine

1/2

Листівка щастя

Зараз ми всі вчимося любити...
Йти стрімголов, голіруч, не бити
Любити - то ближнім давати що змога
Любити - це вірити в перемогу!

Де Світло над Темрявою підійметься
Як промінь широкий твоєї Душі
Де лине мелодія тиха із серця:
«Я тут, я з тобою!» Молитви в вірші

Пишу я, складаю свої всі натхнення
У Дух, що живе тут у кожному із нас
Долаю я страхи і у сьогоднішня
Безхмарне запрошую кожного з вас

Де всі ми разом нашу землю гортаєм
«Гуртом нам і батька та й легше тут бить»
Ми волю свою серцем цілим єднаєм
Щоб ближнього милого довго любить

Alexandra Nova

2/2

Листівка щастя

У нашу Країну ми разом ввійдемо
І стане на мапі земля наша вся
Світитися світлом любові шалено
Бо ми об'єднали планети серця

Що у милосерді та помочі стали
Сплелися як гілки барвінку того
Квітучого, що ворожбу подолали
Засіяли світло єднаннь на всі сто

Нам є необхідністю щастя пізнати
Тепер: як у мирі живемо всі ми
Моя проста радість - в життя закохатись
Я знаю! Я вірю у Світло в п'їтьмі
Я бачу...
Любити навчилися знову всі ми)

Alexandra Nova

#WeStandWithU

When they sell their souls
to the Shadow
and move to a gloomy house
on the other side,
only then can they press
death buttons out of hatred
and break windows
overlooking the budding hope.

Darkness hunts souls smaller
than the eye of a needle.
She needs the weak, who lost
the war against their demons.

She can only act upon the hopeless—
she doesn't have her own hands!
Hence, she needs theirs to take
the deadly sword of hate.

She preys on those who will spread
the illusion, just so she can spin her web—
she can't speak on her own!
She waits with bated breath
to see how they lose their battles
and raise the white flag.

Tatyana P. Goncharenko

1/2

My Love Song

I'd like to write you a love song,
I'd like to be able to share it with you,
face to face,
but distance and situations make that impossible.
I'd like to let you know I've seen your face,
in the faces of every man, woman and child,
that's haunted me by coming across my television
screen,
where I watch events unfold in disbelief.
I'd like to share the tears you shed with my own,
And maybe, just maybe we could make some sense of
this,
together.
Our world has gotten substantially smaller in the last
few years,
and while we are not there,
we share your pains and your suffering,
and for you, we want it to end.
Just know we are your brothers and sisters,
and what you're going through,
resonates through each and every person,
on this planet.

Kevin J. Coffield

2/2

My Love Song

Stand tall.

Stand proud.

You have already won the hearts of the world,
and I guess in my way, I did write that love song
for you.

Kevin J. Coffield

1/2

COPIII LIBERTĂȚII

Copiii libertății adorm în praf...de pușcă
Plângând că-i doare burta de foamea care-o mușcă!
Copiii libertății n-au baie nici șampoane
N-au jucării, caiete...n-au sfinți și nici icoane!

Copiii libertății au pielea tăbăcită
Că-i rod la gât cămașa cu cânepă cusută!
Au hainele prea aspre și dure ca și viața
Când dup-o noapte neagră dispăre dimineața!

Îmbracă haine rupte și largi, de căpătat
Sau din gunoiul străzii în care-au căutat!
Pantofii mari cu găuri, ce talpă n-au deloc
Nu le feresc piciorul de apă sau de foc!

Copiii libertății nu știu de jucării
Că stau printre obuze ce lasă țări pustii!
Se joacă doar cu pietre sau cu bucăți de gumă
Sunt disperați când noaptea îi prinde fără mumă!

Stefania Vasile

2/2

COPIII LIBERTĂȚII

Copiii libertății nu știu de ciocolată...
Ei știu de-un colț de pâine ce-o rod că e uscată!
Nu știu de libertate, de vise împlinite
Cunosc doar ce-i teroarea când mamele-s rănite!

Copiii libertății trăiesc pe străzi blindate
De multe tunuri...arme...de forțele armate!
Trăiesc așa! Iar plânsul nu le usucă chipul
Terorizați că poate dau ochi cu inamicul!

Copiii libertății nu au de-acum adresă
Au case bombardate, pe gură au o lesă!!!
Ei nu cunosc căldura, n-au pace, nici lumină
Dar te întreb pe tine: copiii au vreo vină?!

Stefania Vasile

THE WAR...

It's night ... I'm sleeping on my mother's chest
And the bed is warm ... and it's clean ...
Suddenly the sky breaks in two
What rumbled?! ... I think it thundered!
My mother winced
And he throws himself on us:
„Shh! Shut up!“ whispers „War roar !!! ...
„The war?! What does she mean?
The nun with this word ?!
It's going to be a game ... a little secret
Of the great ones on earth?
The nun said that war
He kidnapped our father
Leaving all the hardships to her
That he never came home!
The poor mother was secretly crying
And curse the cruel war!
He said he was always afraid
He's going to put us in the ground! Thousands of
questions run through my mind ...
Thousands of arrows pass through my body ...
I remember the thunder

Stefania Vasile

2/3

THE WAR...

And my eyes are in black fog! I'm hot ...
I'm sweating, it seems ...
I can smell blood around me ...
I see my older brother
He hugs his mother on the chest!
But he doesn't answer her ...
Maybe she's asleep, she's tired ...
And the little brother next door
His face was crooked !!!
I call him, him ... my mother
I can't get to them ...
Looking around, I'm scared
I'm full of wounds and I'm starting to cry!
I don't want to die !!! No, not now !!!
I'm an innocent child!
Why is War killing us?
Why did he take my father ?!
What did I do wrong to die now?
Whose war is it?
We curse those who perish
The innocent like us!

Stefania Vasile

3/3

THE WAR...

You great men, what power you have
And you play with new weapons
Think of the one who perishes
In the cruel and black war!
Do not allow it to stop
Innocent children's lives!
And instead of heavy weapons in the world
You spread serenity!
Think about it in the evening
The children go to bed
And overnight instead of fairy tales
Listen to the chirping of weapons!
Stop the War !!! Stop shooting !!!
Don't send us to the grave!
You better think and get out
From DEX this gloomy word!
And instead of bullets or bombs
What they destroy after them
Let the earth blossom
And give life to children!

Stefania Vasile

Коси

Розтріпали наші коси
Бросили на землю босих
Думали перемогли?
Пішли на хуй кораблі!

Україно

Моя Україно, Моя Єдина
З тобою я до кінця.
Моя Україно, Моя Єдина
В мені є твоя душа.

Моя Україно, Моя Єдина
Ти наче крилатий птах.
Моя Україно, Моя Єдина
Не знаєш ти слово страх.

Моя Україно, Моя Єдина
Я знаю піднімемо флаг.
Блакитного неба, пшеничного поля
І ворогу буде крах.

Tetiana Medko from Donetsk, Ukraine

1/4

On Why Ukraine Matters (or at least why it matters to me)

As I watch the horror unfold in Ukraine,
I am reminded of a small group of Spartan men
going to their certain deaths,
to hold a pass between the Empire of Persia
and the infant idea of the West,
a hatchling notion that individuals matter.
I am reminded in one of the world's holy books
of a battlefield,
when Krishna entreats Arjuna to pick up his bow, and
do his duty,
I am reminded of a renegade band of thinkers who
believed they could govern themselves and fought
to their last breath for the idea of a country without
a king.
I am reminded of Crazy Horse leading his warriors to
Little Bighorn, between his people and the invaders,
saying „Today is a good day to die.“
And I remember the saga of my ancestors, fleeing
Nauvoo after their prophet was murdered, knowing
their government had declared war on their beliefs,
trekking across the desert in handcarts,
persecuted for the passion of their chosen life.
This is why Ukraine matters...
Because it matters when bullies throw their weight
around.

Britta Visser Stumpp

2/4

On Why Ukraine Matters (or at least why it matters to me)

It matters when choice is taken away
It matters when you're told who your god is
It matters when people are enslaved
It matters when how you look is more important than
who you are
It matters when leaders break their word
It matters when treaties are broken
It matters when sacred ground is reduced to
commodity
It matters when we know the price of everything and
the value of nothing
It matters when the media lies
It matters when rights without responsibility are the
order of the day
It matters when being safe is better than being
truthful
It matters when money supersedes life
It matters when being right is more important than
being honest
It matters when there is trust in a marriage
It matters when mothers can raise their children in
the faith that they have a future

Britta Visser Stumpp

3/4

On Why Ukraine Matters (or at least why it matters to me)

It matters when children are allowed to become
strong

It matters when men have something to live and to
die for

It matters when drug lords terrorize their country, be
it cartels or Big Pharma

It matters when you get sent to reeducation camps for
being different

It matters when elections are stolen, both foreign and
domestic

It matters when your power over your own body is
taken away

It matters when you're marginalized

It matters when children are kidnapped into sex
slavery,

be it Afghanistan or Little St. James

It matters when a people cannot trust their
government

It matters when the super wealthy decide how
everyone else gets to live

It matters when when Empire is the goal

Britta Visser Stumpp

4/4

On Why Ukraine Matters (or at least why it matters to me)

It matters when you're not allowed to say what you mean

It matters when there is no you, anymore

It matters in Taiwan

It matters in Afghanistan

It matters in Columbia

It matters at Standing Rock

It matters in Ottawa

It matters in Detroit

It matters when promises are broken

It matters when promises are broken

It matters when promises are broken

This is not about borders

This is not about America Inc or Russia Inc

It's about a small group of people standing up for their lives by any means necessary.

I stand for a Meaningful Life

I stand with the people of Ukraine,

and with all the people throughout all of history

who won't go down gently into the night,

but will die fighting for the only life worth living.

Britta Visser Stumpp

1/3

24.02.2022

What can a writer do?

To help,

to defend,

to save;

to try to, when already.

The pen vibrates under the bombing,

but doesn't stop.

What can a painter do?

In front of the fire,

of the weapons,

of the sky painted with dust;

to try to, when already.

The brush trembles as the tanks pass,

but doesn't stop.

What can a poet do?

To inspire,

to give strength,

to make a difference;

to try to, when already.

The delicacy falters facing the iron fist,

but doesn't stop.

What can a musician do?

Luca Laurenzi

2/3

24.02.2022

To change things,
to rebel,
to make people think;
to try to, when already.
The melody is covered by the sirens,
but the music doesn't stop.
What can be done,
when you don't even have a voice?
Keep going on,
trying is enough.
Unite and ally,
that Thursdays are always bad;
always keep going further.
Write, even though the pen vibrates and writes badly.

Paint, despite the fact that only an abstract painting
will come.
Whisper, despite the words are being covered up.
Sing, even though the voice dies of sadness.

Luca Laurenzi

3/3

24.02.2022

That none can die from artists,
but there are many deaths from art;
that the strength of the world belongs to those who
let themselves be inspired.

That the real strength is in the words,
in the colors,
in the whispers,
in the notes and in the scripts.

So strong that if the world breaks,
they will be the ones to fix it.

Go on, despite the weight, because we carry very little
of it.

Luca Laurenzi

1/3

2, 24.02.2022

Cosa può fare uno scrittore?

Per aiutare,

per difendere,

per salvare;

per cercare di, quando già ormai.

La penna vibra sotto i bombardamenti,

ma non si ferma.

Cosa può fare un pittore?

Di fronte al fuoco,

alle armi,

al cielo dipinto di polvere;

per cercare di, quando già ormai.

Il pennello trema al passare dei carri,

ma non si ferma.

Cosa può fare un poeta?

Per ispirare,

per dare coraggio,

per fare la differenza;

per cercare di, quando già ormai.

La delicatezza vacilla al pugno di ferro,

ma non si ferma.

Luca Laurenzi

2/3

2, 24.02.2022

Cosa può fare un musicista?
Per cambiare le cose,
per ribellarsi,
per far riflettere;
per cercare di, quando già ormai.
Le note vengono coperte dalle sirene,
ma la musica non si ferma.
Cosa si può fare,
quando non si ha neppure una voce?
Continuare,
che provarci è già abbastanza.
Unirsi e allearsi,
che i giovedì sono sempre brutti;
continuare sempre.
Scrivere, nonostante la penna vibri e scriva male.
Dipingere, nonostante verrà solo un quadro astratto.
Sussurrare, nonostante le parole vengano coperte.
Cantare, nonostante la voce muoia per la tristezza.

Luca Laurenzi

3/3

2, 24.02.2022

Che d'artisti non si muore,
ma di morti per l'arte se ne contano troppi;
che la forza del mondo è di chi si lascia ispirare.
Che la vera forza è nelle parole,

nei colori,
nei sussurri,
nelle note e nei testi.

Così forti che se il mondo si spezza,
saranno loro a rammendarlo.

Continuare, nonostante il peso, perché noi ne
portiamo minima parte.

Luca Laurenzi

1/2

Il mare color carne

Ho fatto il turno di notte
Lavoro in ospedale
Sono stata vicino a chi ha bisogno
Amo L'Italia
Ma il mio cuore si divide
Si spezza solo dal pensiero
Presentimento...
E tanta paura
....sono ucraina!!
Figlia di guerra
Madre di guerra
Nipote di guerra
...il mio corpo non ha più l'anima
È volata via ... come un razzo , un missile
Uno di quelli che ci sono sul cielo di Kiev , di
Chernobyl ...
Povere anime
Sto pensando la casa dei nonni
Il fiume.. la montagna
Anche il cielo può abbandonarci
Anche il mare ...

Elvira Boychuk from Italy

2/2

Il mare color carne

Sai quando si rifiuta e si ritira
E poi colpisce di nuovo
Nel silenzio
Ho visto tante volte sulle spiagge del'Adriatico
Sono la riva adesso
In ospedale abbiamo la vista al mare
È una fortuna d'avere un po' di aria fresca
Se tempi non ci permettono..
Ora vi prego
Vi prego col cuore di
Fare un pensiero , una poesia d'amore
Per il mio paese
Per la mia Terra
Perché i versi , i mari
Ed anche le terre
si " incontrano "...
Amen

Elvira Boychuk from Italy

#WeStandWithU

the only person who can start a war
is one who has replaced his heart
with an empty shell or empty canon
or ruins or a a bleeding dead dove
or an emptiness dying in its own emptiness

only a person
who has absolutely nothing
can start a war

the entire world is awakening
peace with a cry
in the war of a single deaf person
with his own emptiness

Inga Pizane from Latvia, translated by Jayde Will

The Criminal Check

Here is my contribution to try and heal the Ukranians
and Russians alike:

What am I Here for
if not to shed some light
if I cannot hold all of you
sister
brother
and You
who stand between
the bars
of this fluidless
human
definition
?
See my hand
it is open
take it

make it burn
to the heat you need
like a blessed fountain
or a steel silvery blade
make it cold
let it bleed
let me weep
with you
let me crave
let me feed
let the non coming
sleep
enfold
you

Aria Ivancich

Oh, my dear ones, I see

How you are trying to flee
From the so dangerous war
Which is going now so far!

Come here! Don't be afraid!
We'll offer you our aid!
Do not worry! Do not fear!
You will be much safer here!

I send you a lot of blessings,
Many hugs and many kissings!

Florentina B. from Romania

To Saint Micael

Look my archangel, look at the world. Who or what makes man so violent and so reckless that he doesn't fear your judgment? I kneel to you my praiseworthy prince, I ask you, with the same impetus as a mother ready to protect her offspring, to whisper your words to the Ukrainian people, give the fire of courage to their hearts, touch their lands with power of the 4 winds so that no enemy can dare to strike their homes. Destroy those who with a heart of ice inflicted pain on entire families. May no one dare to touch that sacred land of your love anymore. May he not have peace who bore a burden to your proteges.

Debora Inn

A San Michele

Guarda mio Arcangelo, osserva il mondo. Chi o cosa rende l'uomo così violento e così incauto da non temere il tuo giudizio? Mi inginocchio a te mio lodevole principe, ti chiedo, con lo stesso impeto di una madre pronta a proteggere la propria prole, di sussurrare le tue parole al popolo Ucraino, dona il fuoco del coraggio ai loro cuori, lambisci le loro terre con la potenza dei 4 venti affinché nessun nemico possa osare colpire le loro case. Distruggi coloro che col cuore di ghiaccio inflissero dolore a intere famiglie. Che nessuno osi più toccare quella terra sacra del tuo amore. Che pace non abbia chi generò fardello ai tuoi protetti.

Debora Inn

#WeStandWithU

God, they are killing you.
In each child.
And in a bunker in Kyiv
A violin cries.

Joana Alegre

#WeStandWithU

Deus, estão a matar-te.
Em cada criança.
E num bunker, algures em Kiev
Um violino chora

Joana Alegre

1/3

We dream together again...

No one can steal your will to dream...
They can steal your walls and roofs from your
houses...
They can take away your tables and chairs
and take the bread out of your mouths...
But dreams, no mad man... no war and no thirst for
power
can take away your dreams.

And we dream with you... and also with you , who
snuggle into this cold ground.
We lay our heads on the pillow every night and we
don't put our soul to sleep.

We think about your pain and here inside we share
the wounds.
Because we dream with you...
And we wanted to be able to build again the bridges
torn down
and the burned houses in your country.
Have wood to make new swings in the parks.

Daniela G. Pereira from Portugal

2/3

We dream together again...

We don't have weapons, we don't even have planes...
We are not politicians , we are not part
of a government...

We are flesh and blood... we don't have aluminum in
our skin, and we are so soft, but we dream with you.

We look at the food on our table and lose our hunger,
when we see poverty in your destroyed streets.

We see the news and think it could be here... here,
right here

in my country , in my street, in my house, in my
doorstep...

And it hurts to see the war so close to us.

We think of a thousand ideas to make a difference in
your days.

And we want to welcome you with open arms and
take the cold away from you
and give you the possibility of meeting again and
erase the goodbyes from the world.

Daniela G. Pereira from Portugal

3/3

We dream together again...

We are not generals or presidents...
We are only poets and we only have words.
And we wrote the words by the fireplace
so that they come to you still warm.
And we write sentences with empathy and synonyms
for hope
and we give wings to poems, so you can see birds
flying again.
And we only know how to make paper airplanes with
our fingers.
And we just wish with all our strength that they make
your children smile again.
And there's so little we can do, because we're poets
and we're soft and we don't have shields to line our
hearts.
But our tears are yours...
No one can steal your will to dream...
And tomorrow we believe that in peace , we will
dream together again.

Daniela G. Pereira from Portugal

1/2

War, War

When your son passes on, we will think this of him:
There is patch of ground that is forever his.
There will be a greater gallant soul remembered,
a soul that smells of bravery - potent and strong, that
will linger for many years on his patch of ground.

And his heart, a shield that battled evil, inspiring his
kin to make a hand shaped gun when they think of his
premature falling

And here lies a dusty smog that conceals amongst
him, a growing row of corpses as they sleep together
in a war-torn line -
unnamed, yet unforgotten, lost forever in deadly
peace.

Tess McKevitt

2/2

War, War

Did your son last think of only violence or did he
imagine peaceful freedom forever?

Did his last heartbeat feed him horror or did it give
him one last grasp of hope?

Did your boy know that his valour united millions
around his world?

Or did he sadly think once more of those he left
behind?

War, War, it's only purpose is to pollute hope and feed
power to a few, at the loss and devastation of many.

Tess McKeivitt

Bombs falling on Kyiv

Bombs are falling on Kyiv
right now
while we watch it happen
live and in color
from our warm apartments
heated by the gas
that is fueling this war.
And I see on TV
that finally our leaders
call evil evil
but it comes late
too late for the people in Kyiv
shivering in their shelters
from the cold and the fear
of the bombs falling on their city
while we watch it happen
live and in color
from our warm apartments
heated by the gas
that is fueling this war.

Karin Quade from Germany

No war in Ukraine

No war in Ukraine
they say
and try to find a way
to stop the playbook in play -
only to fail
at the end of the day.

Karin Quade from Germany

1/2

#WeStandWithU

„I had a dream of you last night.

That you were being carried by a dove.

Through the dark starless night, towards the warm lit dawn.

Her wings were as big as the sky could hold. And they held you strong against the fierce wind.

She was not afraid to come for you, and she knew exactly where you were.

Through stark passage and over anguished lands, she felt out for your heart,

Where she found you.

She saw what had been destroyed, and she cried for you.

She knew you were tired and needed her.

Maria Garito

2/2

#WeStandWithU

She heard your faint and strained voice, and picked you up with a gentle grip.

All the noise stopped the moment she touched you.

You weren't afraid, you just let her take you.

Your eyes began to close,

And you felt the vibrations of her movement beneath you.

You fell asleep knowing she would keep you safe.

Knowing she would take you home,

To the place you once knew.

It was she who found you.

The dove who had dreamed that she could carry you away“.

Maria Garito

A Lament For Ukraine

I wear the country of sunflowers
in the bones of my face
thinking of my ancestors,
grandparents Jacko and Anna, father Harry
the roots of Ukraine are in my blood
an unseen, beautiful land
a proud and brave people
resting behind my sad eyes
an ancient love
tucked away behind a rib
and nestled in the chambers of my heart

Lee-Ann Taras

1/7

MARCH 2022

On the dry edge standing
At the crossed Dnipro glancing
By the new fate absorbed
Of the ancient virtue so sure.
And we swore, we swore that those waves
Won't flow among enemy shores,
There won't be any walls anymore
Between Ukraine and Ukraine no more!

So we swore: other men to that oath
Arose from brotherly lands
In the shadows sharpening blades
That right now shine in the sun.
Now the hands have already been shaken,
Sacred words have already been spoken:
"Or together on deathbed as fellows,
Or brothers in our free land".

Luca Reverdito

2/7

MARCH 2022

Who could tell the waves of the Sozh,
Of the Styr, when it marries the Prypiat,
Of the Konka and Samara the wild
Apart in the Dnipro converged?
Who, again, of Pylypets the swift,
Of the Rika and the running Repinka,
Who could split the Bila and the Chorna
That together the Tysa tied up?

That man, in so wounded pieces,
Could divide a nation that's rising,
Going back through the years and the struggles
He would throw it in misery again.
Our people will either be free
Or crushed above the Black Sea;
United in army, in speech and in worth,
in history, in blood and in hearts.

Luca Reverdito

3/7

MARCH 2022

Years ago we were brave but subdued,
With a gaze afraid and unsure
As a beggar, alone, that surrender
At the mercy of few foreign men.
So it was in its land all Ukraine:
Other laws were a diktat to us,
Our fate was decided by others,
Our role to serve and be still.

Oh strangers, Ukraine now will stand!
It stands for its lands and we fight.
Oh strangers, tear off your tents
From a land that's no mother to you!
Don't you see how now it is rising
From the Hoverla to the Azov Sea?
Don't you hear how the ground is still shaking
Deep under your barbaric feet?

Luca Reverdito

4/7

MARCH 2022

Oh strangers! Upon your own banners
There's the shame of a heavy betrayal:
A verdict you gave long ago
Is judging your wrongful war.
All together you shouted one day:
"God rejects the foreign dominion!
Every man should be free: it should die
The voice unfair of the war".

And you too felt this pain long ago,
You too buried the bones of the oppressors:
If the burden of foreign dictators
Turned out so bitter to be,
Who told you that sterile, that endless
Is the mourning of all the Ukrainians?
Who told you that to our cry
God is deaf, he who listened to you?

Luca Reverdito

5/7

MARCH 2022

Yes, that God who closed the sea
Above the pharaoh who chased Israel,
That God who gave to Jael
The hammer and led her to hit,
He who is the father of humankind
Never said to the Russian: “Now go!
Reap the fields you never plowed up,
Be rapacious: their home will be yours”.

Dear Ukraine! Where your sorrowful cry
Is filled with unrighteous pain,
Where a part of the real humankind
Still exists, still has chance to resist,
Where already has blossomed freedom
And where still in the shadow it grows,
Everywhere there is sob and deep sorrow
Every heart is beating for you.

Luca Reverdito

6/7

MARCH 2022

How often did you wait at the borders
For a friendly banner to appear?
How often did you spend hours staring
At the vacuity of the Black Sea?
And now all around you like blossoms,
Tight around your own blessed colours,
Strong and armed with their intimate grief
Your sons are ready to fight.

Now, warriors, in your eyes will lighten
The fury of your innermost mission;
For Ukraine you fight, you must win!
Its destiny lays on your swords.
We shall see it rising again
And, bright, at the world's table sitting,
Otherwise, meaner and poorer,
Under terrible burden we'll stay.

Luca Reverdito

7/7

MARCH 2022

Oh days of our redemption!
Oh eternally sorrowful that one
Who will hear, like a stranger, this story
Far away from those smiling lips!
He will say one day to his children
With a gasp he will say: "I was not there
And the holy, victorious flag
I had not saluted that day".

Luca Reverdito

1/4

#WeStandWithU

Remember, your country lives in you,
your beautiful country
beautiful
in pain remember who you are
in sorrow what you still have,
which seems difficult to see, but find it
Find it again and again
Because, in this moment, you can forget it:
It happens, it's normal.
When I was writing this poem,
I remembered lines I wrote before, lines I thought I
had forgotten.
Go and find it! I know you can! I know you'll do it.
Remember shall be your only work, with love you can
find everything!
I'm a poet, in order to help you I have to read all of my
poems, because in every lines I wrote to heal,
there can be the salvation and the cure.

*Valeria Liberatoscioli from Italy,
translated by Alessandra Tiesi*

#WeStandWithU

You should do the same to help each other: remember with your divine memory everything.

Remember.

I shall help you with these words:

Love, equality, gratitude, humanity, value, literature, look, smile, hands, good, healthcare staff, laughing, friendship, love, trust, cat, summer, good company, comprehension, fondness, respect, family, caring for the other, support, be close to somebody, correspondence, a person, food, messages, harmony, ideas, revolution, activists, sweetness, cheerfulness, emotions, peace, garden, sea, mountain, culture, tattoos, empathy, reflection, self-critique, shake off bad things, joy, passion, altruism, voluntary workers, collaboration, union, soul, listening, science, distinctiveness, astonishment, surprise, gender identity, attentions, involvement, beat fast, interested, take part, sensitivity, deep feeling, curiosity, satisfaction, dreams, memories, visibility, words, watch, planning, say, drink, eat, wash, go out, music,

*Valeria Liberatoscioli from Italy,
translated by Alessandra Tiesi*

3/4

#WeStandWithU

kissing, hug, lighting, shining, flying, encouragement, hope, art, pointing out, expressing, communicate, making you soul scream, heat, desire, taking in consideration or not, neglect, believe, demonstrate, energy, strength, inclination, problem solving, vivacity, the makings, motivations, lightness, speak, health, important, vital, dynamism, determination, perseverance, stay, go away, love, protection, safeguard, skill, knowledge, possibility, priority, resolution, essential, reflection, quiet, kindness, pleasantness, greatness, understanding, harmony, sense, small things, sun, clapping, special, wealth, feeling, you, cuddles, memory, perseverance, forcefulness, eyes, treasures, everyone has them universe, motivating, healing, gift, intellect, heart, legs, arms, voice, body, happiness, poetry, heroism, actions, letter, bonds, dignity, helping, evocative, holding, hold on tight, writing, reading, asking, drawing, playing, be creative, try really hard, bravery, liberation, cathartic, to be, genius, brightness,

*Valeria Liberatoscioli from Italy,
translated by Alessandra Tiesi*

4/4

#WeStandWithU

honesty, candour, assertiveness, respect, civilization,
rights, notice, reach, sharing, been, explore, value,
touching,
the truth exists, light, beauty, inside, cuddles,
perfumes, relief, charm, essential, comfort, answering,
walking, introspection, deep, reveal, helping, exalt,
consecrate, liberty, softness, discovery, presence,
prestige, pride, brotherhood worth fighting for, tools,
abilities, open, creativity, meaning, esteem, safety.

*Valeria Liberatoscioli from Italy,
translated by Alessandra Tiesi*

Silence

Feeling that silence?
Silence speaks to me
I speak through silence
I am the silence
The wounds need no words
Pain dissolves
Hands stretch out
That touch confirms we are humans
Those wounds remind we are alive
That bridge shows there is life on the other side
Eyes speak the truth, heartbeats pump the venom
away
And silence is there to give the best verdict:
We are in it together! Wounded but alive!
Hurt but still feeling!
No need for voices to be louder
Silence speaks - no shouts, it only needs be heard in
patience, with bleeding heart and scary shadows from
the past.
Take my hand in silence, cross that bridge and wear
that pain like the most precious jewelry.
We can make it - together!

Elga Mitre

KYIV, 24 FEBBRAIO 2022

È silenzio
di sangue
oggi
non accarezza le fronde
la musica
non raggiunge
in diesis aurei
la cupola,
Santa Sofia,
non raccoglie
più voci
e preghiere
di memoria,
fugge
verso le sponde
divisa

allibita
gridando
preghiere d'orrore
riversate all'acqua
sfuggente.
Bemolle
e poi bombe
e poi bombe
schiantando l'aria
paziente
piegando
germogli di coraggio
riappararsi
da spaccature di nero.

Claribaws

LUNGO IL ДНЕПР

Non è la tua solita voce,
sorella,
gracchia di bombe
pesanti
e incredule,
gracchia di foglie
strappate a radici
sul greto del Dnepr.
Non è la tua voce,
sorella,
La tua
è già moneta sonante
del mondo che punta,
già spesa
comunque,
già appesa
ad un rien ne va plus.

Claribaws

FILASTROCCA DELLA MATRIOSKALUNA E DI TUTTI GLI UOMINI

È calata
la luna,
una notte di febbraio,
inghiottita dal buio,
illuminato a giorno,
nel brutto giorno buio
delle coscienze assolte,
d'esperienze mancate,
di umanità dissolte
nella matrioska calante
che ha nascosto la luna
in una dei suoi sè,
centomila e nessuna.
Centomila alibi
e nessuna ragione,
per il globo che rotola
schiacciando le persone.
Nascondi le tue figlie
dal buio che l'inghiotte,
nascondi le coscienze,
vuote bambole rotte.
Nascondile, matrioska
al posto della luna,
le responsabilità d'ogn'uomo,
centomila e nessuna.

PICCOLE COSE

Lasciami
il mio giorno semplice
la liturgia delle piccole cose
contro tumulti d'armi
Lasciami i profumi di sempre
a tagliare un'aria che non conosce confini.
Chiedo oggetti
dove i miei occhi da sempre
trovano casa
Ricordi che non siano interrotti
da esplosioni di tempo
Chiedo che abbiano
i bimbi
un foglio bianco solamente
e pastelli
per disegnarsi il futuro
che non sia storia
scritta da altri
che non sia scritta da bombe
che squarciano
segnando le terre e poi i figli
e poi i fogli.
Ti chiedo di vivere,
solo, e di morire
quando sarà il mio tempo.
Non ad un comando.

PRIMAVERA 2022

Attendi immobile,
Primavera,
le tue gemme deposte,
perchè depongano armi.
Il tuo cielo leggero reclama
voci d'uccelli e piume
e silenzio al fragore
arrogante
d'acciaio e d'uomo.

Che taccia il grigio,
in esplosioni di rosa
e di bianco,
di mandorlo e pesco.

Riscrosci il torrente,
mitragliando spruzzi
ai muschi e alle selve
rivestite a verde.

Il principe ferisce,
Primavera,
l'uomo implode
stracciando tempo,
soffocando
fioriture d'anima.

Claribaws

SE

Se volassero solo le farfalle
sul cuore dei bambini,
sulle sponde del mondo,
sui confini
di pensieri spenti
e recinti di storia inventata.

Se sbriciolasse polvere di colore
nelle nubi d'aberrazione d'uomo
in anfratti d'anima.

Se fosse Amore.

Claribaws

For Ukraine

Blue, yellow

Two beautiful colours.

Of Ukraine flag.

The flag hangs everywhere

For the support...

And I wish for this country to defeat with it's
kindness.

And that the kindness will spread in the world,

And get power to be powerful!

In every second,

In every minute,

In every hour,

In every day,

In every month,

In every year.

And let's be the unity of the world!

To make come back that yellow sun,

To make come back that blue, blue sky,

To make come back the life full of laugh,

To make come back the songs,

To make come back everything that made Ukraine
alive!

We stand with You Ukraine!

Simona Bendikaite from Lithuania

1/2

How to grow roots in a foreign land

How do we make a home
as strangers in a strange land?

Begin with a seed of hope, nurture it,
take it with you to the end of the world,
place it in the earth's womb,
and by sun's mercy, it will bloom.
In the body of the flower, a foreign song sleeps.

We live like children that are never hugged,
'cause not one will know of your heart,
not one will care.
Too many walls are raised and not enough bridges
and sometimes we simply get tired of defending
the sharp roads that led us here.

Praise to the ones that welcome us without
judgement,
turning their heart towards us in a moment of
solidarity.

Alexandra Vivienne Iris

2/2

How to grow roots in a foreign land

Their edges do not overflow with fury for the fact that we dared to look the world in the face, and braved it. Praise to the soft ways in which they fill the path with light.

Wherever you go, there are people whose hearts beat in the chest of the world. Hold on to them, those are kind people. They are the ones to help us grow roots in places where we go by the names of migrants, outsiders, fugitives and refugees.

Alexandra Vivienne Iris

Be brave and touch the sky

Be brave and touch the sky, pure soul
You have in your hand flowers instead of guns
The peace is around the corner
Have faith in yourself and God
You'll bloom again and you'll shine
The sky will be conquered with love
You'll be free as a dove

Your deep inner power is your brightest light
Self-love comes from fighting a war inside
Your soul will bloom without rush
And when the sky is under pressure
You'll draw love on the land you live
Because on your land, the doves sing again

Alexandra Androne from Romania

#WeStandWithU

A voice you don't know speaks in your ear and
whispers to your soul.

A voice in a different language from the one you
speak, and the one I talk.

A voice that accompanies you no matter where you
are, no matter where you go.

A voice that speaks to you from another map, from
another world.

A voice, deaf to those who sow hatred and war for
their futile purpose.

A voice that wants to fill you with hope.

Carlos Alberto Montaña Mejía

#WeStandWithU

Una voz que no conoces te habla al oído y te llaga hasta el alma.

Una voz en otra lengua diferente a la que hablas.

Una voz que te acompaña sin importar a dónde estés, ni a dónde vayas.

Una voz que te habla desde otro mapa.

Una voz sorda a los que siembran el odio y la guerra para su fútil propósito.

Una voz que quiere llenarte de esperanza.

Carlos Alberto Montaña Mejía

1/3

#WeStandWithU

Yes, how can I not stand with you,
You on the roads in the cold terrified
Wondering about tomorrow
Wondering about a loved one
Uncertain if anyone where you go
Will speak a language you can understand
How can I not stand with you
As shells and missiles and rockets
Fall all around and words whirl like shrapnel
Telling stories you cannot trust
Maybe this missile is Russian
Maybe this rocket is one of those
Nato gave to Ukrainian forces
Who cares
They both kill and maim and make you
Ready to flee in fright

Victor Andrews

2/3

#WeStandWithU

As soon as you can
Holding your children by the hand
Hoping the man you love
May not be dead when you return
If you ever return
How could I not stand with you
How could we not stand with you
In Kyiv in the Donbass in Kharkhiv
Or is it Kiev and Kharkov
Those images of destruction
Cities taken and lost
Monasteries destroyed
Thousands of dead widows orphans
Memories of millions of dead
To get rid of murderers hoping
For freedom for peace
Nothing is ever sure in war
Neither why nor when nor how long

Victor Andrews

3/3

#WeStandWithU

I stand with you
From the other side of an ocean
As you wait in line with your restless kids
And the cat
I wish I could open my door
Offer bread and cheese and salt
One thing only one can be sure
Someday
The nightmare will end
Someday
Rebuilding will come
Someday
You will be alive and then
Wherever you come back from
We'll stand with you
I'll stand with you

Victor Andrews

#WeStandWithU

Sea washes yellow sand
Sunflowers touch sky blue hand in hand,
Nature is crying 'No more war'
Together with people in struggle alone.
Ukraine suffers in pain bitter
But soon its victory will glitter.
All over world people's love
And humanity strive
To bring shelter and peace
And make evil war cease.
Ukraine's people is brave patrol,
Unbroken in heart and soul,
Glory to them shining in honour bright
Respect to protectors of freedom in fight.

Vera Ivanova

#WeStandWithU

Witnessing history being written.
Blood on the streets,
alliances and arrangements
signed by the ones who didn't see the war.
Small men who want the world
To affirm their gigantic egos.

Propaganda. Lies. Disbelief.

Families torn apart,
fleeing the country in search of a future
in hope to get back together
in the country they call their home.

Let your voice be heard
against all the merciless atrocities.
Shout for every life.
Shout for peace worldwide.

Elena Lucchini from Italy

1/2

Письмо к Владимиру

Мой дорогой Володя, солдаты носят нерождённых детей у себя в животе.

В ночи они ищут матерей, чтобы родить их мёртвыми на свет.

Я их знала, ты их знал, они не были плохими людьми.

Они слушали гул громкоговорителей по опустевшим улицам.

Они шли умирая по бороздам гусеничной грязи и промокших сапог.

Они не знали о младенцах в их утробе, ни о пуповине, ни о кровном родстве.

Они не знали о мире, не знали о расцветших подсолнухах до горизонта, о детях, танцующих под музыку праотцов.

Мой милый Володя, я знаю твои секреты, я храню их, я лелею их.

Я рассказала их только поэту, который пришёл ко мне на могилу, он переживал о тебе.

Patrick De Win from Brussels, Belgium

2/2

Письмо к Владимиру

Ты разбираешься во всём лучше чем я, в могилу не проникает свет.

Разве что только тот свет, который когда-то был похоронен и закрыт вместе со мной и которым я сейчас освещаю тебя.

Я горжусь чревом, которое произвело тебя на свет, и горжусь тобой, ведь ты плод моего тела.

Позволь мне заново гордиться тобой, когда ты во второй раз примешь дар жизни из моих рук.

Сделайся опять нерожденным в животе твоих солдат, ищи меня и позволь мне родить тебя на свет живым и здоровыми.

Ведь врагом человека никогда не является другой человек.

И ты тоже нет, мой любимый Володя.

Patrick De Win from Brussels, Belgium

#WeStandWithU

A child alone crossing border
Into unknown
Safety from the bombs
Is so counter-intuitive
What used to be concept of home
Now turned into « danger of death »
..While we rant over gasoline?
How dares any parent divide
Any kids on their « own »
and « somebody else's »?
If you build fragile bubbles of peace
At the price of one child's tears.
Would you really sleep well
In your bed, in your castle?!
If you do, anyway, I would say
You do not deserve your « own » children..
Life has a way of coming around for those
Who are «weary» to deal with
responsibilities..

Lana Shkadova @lightroomgirl

#WeStandWithU

Saccharine Lies

Teeth as white as polar ice
A Gucci suit and a tie so nice
Polished words, an assuring
voice

Flush with wealth
In your big Rolls Royce
Mind control and manipulation
The brainwashing of a
generation

The lies they flow like running
water

As you put the people to the
slaughter

No guilt or regret
Not a moments hesitation
As your saccharine lies
Bring total annihilation

Jamie @thesecretwriter99

We Stand With You

Even if your world feels like it's falling to pieces, know that this is not the end.

As unfair as it seems and as cruel as the world is to you, I can only recommend, laughing when you feel like crying, standing when you feel like falling and talking when you feel like holding it in.

There is a whole world uniting around you, with their doors open and warm open fires burning, doing all that we can to be welcoming.

So come sit with us, let us help you rebuild the life that could have been into something brighter, something even more exciting.

R. A. Debenham

ON THE CRIMEAN MOUNTAINS

The light roamed
The paths that led me
To a castle on the edge of a cliff.

Poppy wreaths
Colored and perfumed
The shores of the sea.
Your image, little by little,
Faded into the ice.
I was alone in this country
Who was once yours.
All up there, on the summit
Crimean mountains,
Young girls
Singing, fist
Raised, an anthem
To peace and freedom.
Your image, little by little,
Faded into the ice.
I was alone in this country
Who was once yours.

Sélène Wolfgang, the granddaughter of a Ukrainian

Sunflower Soul

Cold, bold
Or so they've been told
Loud, proud
Standing together in crowds
Chins raised up high
Piercing eyes facing sky
A war of the past
Fought for at last
Their story need be heard
Every heartbreaking word
Souls lost but not forgotten
In spite of spirits downtrodden
Listen to their tears

No longer hidden by fears
It's time the world knows
How a sunflower soul grows

Life Amidst Death

Life amidst uncalled for war
Is rather life amidst death
The bitter snatching of
hundreds,
Thousands,
At times millions of lives
In the name of not liberty
Not justice
But of power
Its choking reigns in the hands
of the few
Stealing the souls of the ever
many

Kate Dumstorff

I saw the world in grey today

And from somewhere near me a bambino
yelled with pride
« Mama look the sky is blue ! It's blue »
Though I looked up and it was grey
Hardly was there any colour
Though the child looked so sweet , so gay
But from where I was looking from everything
looked grey
I saw the news and Ukraine was on fire
I had no desire to believe it to be true
That world looked grey too
Told myself these photos are very old
Must be from World War Two
Though deep down I knew it was far from true
I grew up in that country
And my childhood photos turned grey too
Oh if only I knew back then what would be
I would have cherished the moments where the sky
looked blue

« Looked mama the sunflowers are so yellow ! They
are yellow ! » his voice filled my ears
And to my surprise that part was true
Everything looked blurry but the yellow sunflowers
filled me up with hope.

Elizabetha Golubkov

Ukraine

A city of beautiful people
A story that knows my name
A place where we love so deeply
No one can replace
This is my country
This is my name
Glory to my people
Glory to Ukraine
As we fight
Our pride remains
This is our city

This is Ukraine
We have been fighting
So many battles
But we never give in to pain
No matter our story
We're all connected
Hold our banners high
Spread more love tonight
Please help these people
Light up the sky
Share your pride
This is Ukraine

Tasha Hillman

For one

What can one do
when the fight is against so many?
What can one do
when the battle is in someone else's backyard?
What can one do
when the news isn't honest?
One sits
in a shelter that was meant to be forgotten
One leads
turning a country into a shield for the world
One sits at home
thousands of miles away, wishing it really were just
one - suffering
But one stands for many
and many have fallen
Families destroyed, cities demolished
And all for one
who wants it all

Vannatato

#WeStandWithU

A voice you don't know speaks in your ear and whispers to your soul.

A voice in a different language from the one you speak, and the one I talk.

A voice that accompanies you no matter where you are, no matter where you go.

A voice that speaks to you from another map, from another world.

A voice is deaf to those who sow hatred and war for their futile purpose.

A voice that wants to fill you with hope.

#WeStandWithU

Una voz que no conoces te habla al oído y te llega hasta el alma.

Una voz en otra lengua diferente a la que hablas.

Una voz que te acompaña sin importar a dónde estés, ni a dónde vayas.

Una voz que te habla desde otro mapa.

Una voz sorda a los que siembran el odio y la guerra para su fútil propósito.

Una voz que quiere llenarte de esperanza.

Carlos Alberto Montaña Mejía

**#thismorning #ukraine #life #antiwar
#propeace #shameandsorrow**

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You do not deserve your « own » children...
Life has a way of coming around for those
Who are «weary» to deal with the responsibilities...

Lana Shkadova

Anti-War

Bury green uniforms but prior
Stuff those pockets with sunflower seeds...

Shame is this bloodshed!!!
Deadened by greed...

Re-stocked with renewable life...
Our golden fields - the breadbasket...

Lana Shkadova

Freedom

Freedom is a word that is used and spoken freely,
but freedom is never really free.

It costs more than most of us realize.

The cost of freedom is love, happiness, lives, and
sometimes blood.

There is no real freedom with poverty, religion, and
even with life itself.

We may say, „Turn me loose!“, „Release me!“
so I can do whatever I want.

Is that truly what freedom embodies?

Poets use the word freedom a lot in their readings and
writings by

describing the beauty of it or the struggle to have it.

We spend many of our years living the way that others
choose for us,

such as our parents, teachers, ministers, employers,
and governments

not realizing we are forfeiting our freedom.

Our thoughts that may not be our own.

Fighting your way to true freedom,
is called the road of self discovery.

Royal Gala

След взривяването на мостовете
ябълките с червените ивици
заредени в молдовските тирове на път за Русия
полетяха обратно по нанадолницата
малки възпламенени кълбета пресякоха мирните
митници неподготвени за свръх количествата

Децата в бункера за една нощ пораснаха
изпили сока от непрозрачни чаши
ярко червена беше реколтата тази година
на сорта за износ Royal Gala

Христина Василева

1/2

Київчанки

Вкочаниха ти се краката
в метрото от двете страни силно духа
около нулата, тяло до тяло
пред очите ти са скиците на Мур в Лондонското
метро -
бомбардировките, Втората световна,
жена кърми дете на пейка на преден план
човек до човек завити в тунела до безкрай
клаустрофобична центрофуга
преди десетина години на училищна екскурзия в
Санкт Петербург
ги видя, бяха екзотика.
Сирените въоръжиха окото.
Стана почти мигновено - само с първия вой.
Кралят и кралицата седят на същата скамейка -
краката им увити невидимо в онези одеяла
и без корони, всички разбират, че са величества.

Христина Василева

Київчанки

Вчера гледахме със съседа ми по постеля как
Зеленски разказа пред английския парламент за
Славата на Україна ден по ден
Вече седемнайсет дни откакто слязохме под земята.
После станаха на крака. Пляскаха.
Солидарни сме с вас, гледащите екраните,
четящите комюникетата
Солидарни сме със страдащите отдалече за нас.
Ние сме отвъд страха.

Ръцете ви уловиха танка
армия нямаше, нито униформи, оръжията бяха за
годните да стрелят.
Градът полусрутен глух в утрото
още не можем да свикнем, че за работа не се
будим.
Беше студено.
Измръзнали, дланите до последно изтласкваха
машината
отчаяни крещяхте с една друга жена
Ета наша земя, уйдите из нею!
Как се удържа танк с двете ръце
Само вие двете знаехте.

Христина Василева

#WeStandWithU

Don't cry, my dear Ukraine, don't cry!
It's not even close to your last goodbye.
Just try to be strong, please, just try!
You've always been protected by the sky.

You fight with a neighbor, you strongly fight,
He came to your land to make you die.
He wanted to break you and occupy,
But you will be reborn and will shine bright!

Soon we will hug: you and I
This hell will be over and peace will arrive.
I love you Ukraine, please don't cry!
You are invincible and you will survive!

Oksana Nazymok

Подорослішала

Війна багатьох таки подорослішала,
А когось і суттєво змінила — зістарила.
«Напиши, друже, вірш. Але про хороше» —
Просять друзі, бо напруга й новини дістали.
Тож пишу: ми не просто вистоїмо,
Переможемо з Богом, розквітнемо рясно,
Ми ще й станемо свідками світові. З чистими
Душами, з іншим світоглядом, гаслами.
І потім найбільші у світі гуру й шамани
Підтвердять, що в нас таки — Божий устрій.
І гнізд ще багато буде птахів над домами.
Так пророчив нам Бог. Так писав Заратустра.

Олександр Козинець

Профіль миру

Небо відвоювало мир,
Відвоювало й мене.
Скільки щоденно викликів
У цьому бентежному світі!
Розсипалась долі правда
Мішечком дрібних монет,
Які склювали круки,
Мов цукерки голодні діти.
Небо відвоювало мир —
Битва була нелегка.
Треба ще й громадянам
Знати, що є контроль.
Біжить з поля дівчинка
З чашкою молока,
Свіжого молока корови,
Що паслась у полі.
Небо відвоювало мир.
Тепер його сіє між нас,
Допоки ми в паніці

Небо почути не хочемо.
Іноді мир інакший,
Коли його бачиш в анфас.
Іноді навіть у профіль
У нього заплакані очі.

Олександр Козинець

Вистоїмо й переможемо

Ми вистоїмо, переможемо, міцно зціпивши зуби.
Нині у кожного, як на тілі країни — рани й
подряпини.

Однак нашу правду та мрію ворог ніколи не
згубить!

У нас стальне серце й відповідно такі ж... клапани.
А тоді, коли з усім світлом і світом ми переможемо,
Всією країною довго і тепло без слів обіймемось,
Уже не рабами — синами і доньками Божими,
Оновимо устрої світу, зупинимо й інші війни.
Сонце сьогодні на нашій землі неймовірно тепле,
Завтра — весна, сік почне рух у кожній стеблині.
Запрацюють знову школи й театри — не лише
аптеки,
Очищення, віра, надія й любов — не лише
магазини!

Олександр Козинець

Ми вдома

«Мам, я за кілька днів став, мов справжній дорослий. —
Каже маленький хлопчик трохи стривоженій мамі.

—
Сам збираю іграшки, ти мене більше не просиш.
І, може, після війни тато пограє з нами...
А поки у місті сирени й треба спускатися знову
В тісне укриття будинку, сусіднього з нами,
Заспівай усім дітям теплу свою колискову,
Бо є діти тепер, які залишились без мами.
Ти тільки не плач! Бо час не для сліз, а віри!
І тато повернеться. Й мир безумовно буде!
Як завжди, з весною прокинуться в лісі звірі,
От тільки цікаво, чи зміняться підлі люди?

За ці кілька днів, здається, доріс, мам, до тебе.
Без слів розумію твій погляд, розпач, надію, втому.
Але глянь обережно, яке у нас гарне небо,
Які у нас мужні люди. І взагалі — ми вдома!»

Олександр Козинець

Нікуди не підемо!

Що об'єднує в більшості спальні райони?
Запах котячої сечі й цигаркового диму.
Тепер — комендантська година й нові закони:
Приглядатись до ближніх, хто з них у гримі.
Що об'єднує нині усю Україну?
Воля, бажання весни й перемоги,
Миру й добра, попри збиті коліна,
Вибиті вікна та втомлені ноги.
Духом ми сильні із прадіда-діда.
Роти небесні — на нашому боці.
З рідного дому нікуди не підемо,
Ні в цьому, ні в іншому місяці й році.
Що об'єднує в більшості спальні райони,
Місто й село, кожен дім та будинок?
Безмежна любов і духовні закони,
Де усі українці — велика родина.

Олександр Козинець

Будуть часи

Були часи, коли в Україні ревіли гармати.
Нині ж повсюди лунають гучно сирени.
Були часи, коли вдома — і батько й мати.
Зараз інакші: боротись за волю і землі!
Маємо зараз довести востаннє:
Ми нація сильних, кмітливих, хоробрих.
З мечем хто прийшов — на землі нашій стане
Клаптиком соняхів, мінеральним добривом.
Та будуть часи, коли Україна в мирі

Буде прикладом слави новому світові.
Будуть часи, де не буде кумирів,
А будуть Герої. З великої літери!

Олександр Козинець

День нашої перемоги 1

з молитвою, аби 16 березня 2022 року
стало новим Днем перемоги

Це станеться в середу. Оголосять в четвер.
Прийде мир на планету в березні цього року.
Був колись час до війни. Нині — час іншої ери,
Після страждань, буревіїв, міграцій, потопів.
Хто проходив війну, той нерідко мені казав:
Часи повоєнні — світліші та значно кращі.
Якщо і буває — від радості лиш сльоза.
А після роботи єднають обійми й каші.
І от відчуваю, як багато й гуртом
Доведеться нам знову відбудувати.
Та найголовніше — що ми в себе вдома.
І сховані за непотрібністю всі автомати.

Олександр Козинець

Покарано винних

Розчиняється тяжкість останнім снігом зими.
Замироточить сік у стеблах живих рослинних.
В повітрі поки тривога, та прийде у простір мир.
І як люблять казати «буде покарано винних».
Буде показано правду: мають всі ігри фінал.
Мафія несвідомо відкриває обличчя фактам.
Болісне випробування. У всього своя ціна.
Це підтверджує небо, пророки і навіть карти.
Злуцує світ із тіл своїх мейк, неправду, лак,

1 Вірш написано 04.03.2022

Ми ампутуємо вибухи — нині їх так багато.
Про ворогів або добре, або краще ніяк.
Нам робити своє: за землю свою стояти.
Розквіт буде за нами: вершити нові часи,
Просити про зцілення світу зі стін святої Софії,
Співати з небесним хором, співати разом із Сином
Про віру й любов, духовну підтримку й надію.

Олександр Козинець

Намальована перемога

Хлопчик довго малював війну. Аркуш сховав
у тубус.
Потім взяв інший. Мир значно важче було
малювати.
Бо вилітають з обойми кулі, наче молочні зуби.
І спокій — давно неспокій в удаваній дипломатії.
І як же зобразити мир: щасливу удома родину
Чи поле, налите зерном, по якому ходять лелеки?
Чи вечір у світлому місті, де цокає гучно годинник,
А поруч із домом — школа, й до неї іти недалеко?
Хлопчик завтра увечері малюватиме знову мир.
Він давно його вимріяв. І мир таки буде! З Богом!
А поки ж радіє, що тато зі Сходу йому надіслав
зефір
І записку: «Сину, спасибі, що малюєш мені
перемогу!»»

Олександр Козинець

Кримський

Бо і ніч в позачасі — така невимовна й нестримна.
І ранок, і вечір, і стільки промовлених слів.
І ми того літа поверталися з нашого Криму...
Про те, що ось так — я б і думати не посмів!
Окупована радість та пляж, на якому ми разом
Говорили так довго, що світанок теплом зустрів.
А тепер — перемовини й гострі проблеми з газом
У часи, коли знову бракує миру і теплих снів.
Кілька років вже й нас, як немає насправді.
Завойоване тіло твоє однією з чужих країн.

А у мене з новин — сьогодні ефір на радіо,
«Українському радіо», в вільній моїй Україні.
В позачасі кохання й війна — приблизно на рівні.
Соціальні мережі пилом припали давно.
Тільки в те, що щаслива ти, — я так і досі не вірю.
У житті все інакше — прозаїчніше, ніж в розкіно.

Олександр Козинець

Голограма

Країна агресора залила сама себе кров'ю
Та перекрыла кисень і закрутила крани.
Ми тримаємось міцно, молитвою віри й любов'ю.
Знаємо про загиблих. Менше говорять про
ранених.
І ніколи не скажуть про кількість травмованих
психік,
Надломлених, зламаних, з посттравматичними
станами.
Серед світових лідерів нині є один хворий псих,
Який добре ховається за жінками та голограмами.
Йому сниться сніг й саркастична посмішка
Сталіна,
Чітко наведене дуло з прицілом на його серце.
А у наших військових нерви з найкращої сталі
З непохитною вірою, що скоро скінчиться все це.

Олександр Козинець

1/3

Розмова з Богом. Частина 1

— ні
я не мовчу
довго обирав слова
сину мій
щоб бути вичерпним
у своїх коментарях
ви стоїте за правду —
і це справедливо!
за мир
і свою землю
тому й небо з вами
сьогодні вночі
чекаємо підписання
небесного перемир'я
і от тільки завершимо
в небесній канцелярії
почнемо процедуру
підготовки миру
і на землі
всі небесні янголи
об'єдналися довкола вас
та задіяли всі свої
знання й сили

Олександр Козинець

Розмова з Богом. Частина 1

аби ви перемогли
проте кожна перемога
починається з пробачення

ворогу
як би боляче й тяжко не було
і ви зможете
бо люди які по той бік кордону
у цьому не винні
хочу порадити
за можливості хоч трохи спати
бо попереду —
багато роботи
відбудувати мир
і духовність
зміцнювати світло й радість
ви показали свою силу
й стійкість
сміливість і відвагу
ви об'єдналися в вірі
ви єдині в надії

Олександр Козинець

3/3

Розмова з Богом. Частина 1

навіть коли вашу мрію
безжально знищили
аби ранити дух
і от прийшов час
у мирі почати відбудовувати
любов
заміщуйте глину
на нову цеглу
скоро весь світ
прийде до вас
просити цеглини
на мир та добро
у своїх країнах
і ви з розумінням
і теплом
ділитиметесь цією цеглою
яку небо разом із вами
нині активно замішує

Олександр Козинець

1/3

Розмов з Богом. Частина 2

я от що хочу прояснити
щодо війни

ворог вам відомий
дії його жахливі
і ви звісно маєте
боронити свою землю
всіма можливими способами

і ви все робите
правильно
бо всі
хто здійсме проти вас меч
від меча й загине
однак є одне але
бажати смерті та клясти
нового Гітлера
та його націю
не можна!

Олександр Козинець

2/3

Розмов з Богом. Частина 2

це відтягує час
вашої перемоги й миру
я є та влада
яка вершитиме суд Божий
і кожному воздасть за своє
я встиг загартувати
ваш бойовий дух
сміливість і самопожертву
підготувати вас
виживати у нелюдських умовах
але не всім зумів посіяти
найголовнішу духовну істину
доки в молитві
світ зцілюють одні
інші в ментальній агресії
займаються братовбивством
знаю
цілий шквал отримують

Олександр Козинець

Розмов з Богом. Частина 2

зараз мої слова
але такі духовні закони
які більшості з вас
доведеться прийняти —
дарувати прощення
й відкрити духовні очі
кривднику
як я пробачаю вам гріхи ваші
так і ви
пробачайте кривдників ваших
а про інше я сам подбаю
хочу щоб ви ще знали
що я пишаюся вами
і знаю яке велике серце
має кожен із вас
Біблія сучасності
пишеться тут і тепер
я пишу її
разом із вами
світлом любові
милосердя
й прощення

1/3

Розмова з Богом. Частина III

сучасна війна
швидко руйнує міста
знищує пам'ятки історії
які будувалися руками
й сотні людей
лише одним вибухом
за кілька секунд
та попереду мир
і велика відбудова
але замало відбудувати
мости й міста
доведеться відбудовувати тіло

психіку
а багатьом і душу
особливо тим
хто не встиг подорослішати
до війни
чи розпочав внутрішні зміни
лише під час воєнних дій
ми всі вже не будемо такими
як раніше

Олександр Козинець

Розмова з Богом. Частина III

ми всі безповоротно змінилися
боляче й гірко
втрачати захисників
ще тяжче від того
що далеко не всіх
вдається похоронити достойно
проте зараз
за спрощеною процедурою
всі земні захисники
стають небесними миттєво
приєднуються до Божої армії
посилюють силу роду
й боронять кожного
ще з більшими зусиллями
а іноді роблять і неможливе
аби ваші життя
тривали в мирі
найцінніша для них підтримка —
ваша усмішка
спокійний сон
і з теплом промовлене

Олександр Козинець

3/3

Розмова з Богом. Частина III

«люблю тебе
й завжди із вдячністю
пам'ятатиму воїне!»
цієї війни в багатьох людей
з'явилися нові-янголи охоронці

але їхні діти
ще довго дивитимуться
в мирне небо
татовими очима

Олександр Козинець

Лелечий клекіт

Добре нервову систему в норму приводить сон.
Шкода, що не вся країна може спокійно спати.
Але береже наші землі тепер не один батальйон,
І це не рахуючи ще й всіх небесних солдатів.
Поки діти не всі безтурботно утішені грою.
Вісімнадцятий день триває швидко зростання.
І дорослішають очі з кожною новиною,
Сподіваючись, що сьогодні бомба впала остання.
І коли зійде сніг, останній уже по країні,
Й наче голуби миру, прилетять журавлі та лелеки,
Святкуватиме перемогу вільна моя Україна.
І на вулицях, замість вибухів, буде лелечий клекіт.

Олександр Козинець

Shopping : Moscow style.

Hoards of them.

Armed with trolleys
descend the grand opening :

Blitzkrieg the shops of Zara,
and Ikea : A land grab
of emerging markets

to attract that wanderlust
of shopping solace:
The high profile

must haves. West-style.
Swedish design, Russia
puts its house

in order as the till rings
go ghost-still
like the sirens over Mariupol.

Mary T Duggan

#WeStandWithU

Чому тепер війна?!
Життя чому спинилось?!
А завтра вже весна!
Можливо все наснилось?!

Так хочеться тепла!
Так хочеться кохати!
І квіти весняні
У лісі відшукати...

Як хочеться весни!
Як хочеться співати!
І сонця промінці
Долонею впіймати!

Ще хочеться хмарок ...
І хочеться літати,
А вітер запашний
Волоссям відчувати!

Та хочеться грози,
І хочеться жадати!
На зірку, що летить,
Бажання загадати!

Так хочеться тиші
Аж хочеться мовчати...
Та на мосту самій
Опівночі стояти.

Так хочеться Життя!
Так хочеться спокою!
Нехай війна спливе
З весняною водою!

Куделя Марія
Mariya Kudelya

Sunflowers

Don't talk of sunflowers!

Talk of the pissed off grandmother
with greased Kalashnikov.

Land mines brought to bridge -
Cuddled like a child.

Let's not talk of wine
but of the Molotov cocktail.

The hour of night to hawk
and stalk the tank.

Talk of Russians
and Ukrainians.

Who tests the aggressor ?
Who won't be messed with ?

Come my darlings! Sit with us!
Share our tea. We will show

you how it is, here
in the Ukraine

We scatter sunflowers.
Shatter you with community.

Mary T Duggan

#WeStandWithU

Я не смогу обмануть время
Смерть не в моей власти...
Всё, что сейчас поддаю сомненьям
Месяц назад ещё было счастьем.

Пал пушистый снег на ресницы,
Волны зимние катились негромко,
Пели с утра свои песни птицы
Этот февраль ... головоломка.

Головоломка и сердцеломка,
Жизнекрушающие жернова.
Боги и черти играют так тонко,
Чтоб объяснить, не помогут слова...

Чтоб развенчать, не помогут призывы
Остановиться, ведь льётся кровь...
Бесы и ангелы не учтивы,
Коль завязался кровавый бой.

Бой за свободу от рабства мысли...
Сколько уж было таких боёв...
Время пришло свои души чистить,
Время скинуть оковы снов!

*Zhanna Talanova
from Odessa, Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

Когда устал служить всем господам
И понял, что собою был обманут,
Веди себя за руку в светлый храм
Там, где душа в потёмках обитает.

Веди и признавайся ей в грехах,
Скажи о том, как сожалеешь горько,
Что жизнь свою раздал по пустякам
Тем, кто тебе узоры шьёт иголкой.

Когда услышишь поминальный звон
И, словно, растворишься в полумраке,
Признай, что мёртв, но после похорон
Воскресни и живи, читая знаки!

*Zhanna Talanova
from Odessa, Ukraine*

The Cossack's Death

Great meadows, kissing the horizon
Eye dividing the separation of earth and sky;
A blizzard curtains the lands,
Donning the grand steppes white
O' my vast steppes, o' my soul's crest.

The wind that stampedes the faint grass;
A god-hand pummels your meadows;
The fields of grain mimick the Sun,
O' my vast steppes, my eternal home!

Christened in a river of blood,
Blessed by our struggle;
The night has come, the wounds beseech my death -
Gently embracing my head with your grassy soft
hands,
Take what's left of me -
O' my vast steppes, crimson donned land!

Endri Guri

Салюты

мамочка почему мы не выходим на воздух
я хочу писать я хочу домой
почему ты не выпускаешь меня наружу
зачем мы все сидим здесь?
еще немного и я завою, мамочка
зачем мы здесь? мне не нравится под землей
я хочу наверх я хочу наверх
мне здесь так тревожно
мамочка почему салюты как на новый год?
я не люблю салюты! я боюсь салютов!
хорошо, давай пока будем здесь, мамочка
но только почешу грудку, мне очень страшно
мамочка, я тебя спасу, не плачь
я грозно залаю и все разбегутся
мамочку, я всех укушу
мамочка, или сюда, я смою твои слёзы
моим шершавым сопливым, но самым верным
языком
я залечу тебе раны моим языком
мамочка, я буду рядом хоть до самой смерти

Maria Kanatova from Tartu, Estonia

моим подругам и друзьям из Украины

я выхожу из российского гражданства
но я не могу выйти из собственной кожи
искажая рот ору визжу верещу извиваюсь
взрываюсь кровавыми кишками танкам в рожу

Эмайыги спокойна: она пережила миллион оккупаций
эта страна всегда стопроцентно права, а там откуда я
принято накалять каждую вторую булавку геолокации
и всякая нормальная русская чувствует себя немного
Иудой

сексуальное насилие — предмет терапии и ночных
кошмаров
но разве это не я снова стою перед танком на коленях?
я выплевываю откушенное дуло в придорожную канаву
ну и где теперь твоё жало все что я слышу — пенье

мы поем «Небо над Дніпром» и тьма отступает
мы служим панихиду и благовонный дым рассеивает
заразу
тело поющей конечно перед огнем бессильно
но песни смертных побеждали всегда, а танки ни разу

Maria Kanatova from Tartu, Estonia

COSMIC CLOCK

the seconds they brew
like years
heavy
slow
infinitely difficult

we're stuck in them
reality
like a boulder

hold on for a moment longer
live for a few seconds
focus on the here and now
survive chaos and death

a time of war
is measured differently

Gosha Kulisiewicz

DIFFICULT CONVERSATIONS

they packed their lives
in one suitcase

another train
it will arrive in the morning

we open our hearts
for children
of unexpected death

we have to stop
apocalypse
after all, it can sweep everyone away

Gosha Kulisiewicz

**DREAMS ARE NO LONGER
RIDING A TRAM**

a projectile hits the vehicle
all for nothing
end of that world
the war is near to us
finish of the route
the street gurgles like a volcano
Franz Kafka's people get on the tram
they ride endlessly
controllers of the darkness
K A F K A R N A

Gosha Kulisiewicz

SOLIDARITY OF THE SCREENS

Kyiv cinema
for bombed Kiev
gives hope
supports with a word
Real blood
the fluid of life
of the innocent
A true love of a girl and a soldier
silent wedding among the balls
The little boy is wandering alone
several hundred kilometers to the border
These are not made up stories
the script was written by life
truer than cinema.

Gosha Kulisiewicz

THREAT QUESTIONS

in Kharkiv
bombs fell on the school

our weapon
solidarity
they fight with propaganda

what about the baby
which is in you

what it will lead to
war madness?

soldiers in Kherson
they destroy women

the tragedy of civilians continues

Gosha Kulisiewicz

VIEW FROM THE DRONE

lonely dog
runs through the ruins
deserted city
bombed
human fate
wounded heart
Ukraine
the earth is closing
women give birth
in the cellars
people in the subway
and shelters
they tremble

Gosha Kulisiewicz

1/2

AGGRESSION AGAINST UKRAINE DOES NOT BREAK

Aggressive influence over the good people
By the state that used to be
The world power was insignificant
Because war does not need to be a solution
For some political problems
But sad times are coming to us again
That people never see the light again
But people have become like that today
And I'm just asking for peace
Still in every part of the world
What a life, unfortunately, that came
That each of us sees only ourselves
Has the war solution become everything
A place to spread peace and unity?
What a life it is when war breaks out
Ukraine has always been a free country
She just wants peace to last
And fighting for their rights that are clear
I think there will be peace someday
Our hopes continue
And it makes more sense if I say so

Maid Corbic, Bosnia and Herzegovina

2/2

AGGRESSION AGAINST UKRAINE DOES NOT BREAK

Yes peace is always present somewhere
And I believe that happiness
It's somewhere right there
Ukraine is great, but aggression
Unfortunately, they affect the vitality of all over
And I think that peace will be present
Maybe when we realize one day
When I realize that the world doesn't need a war
To solve some mutual problems
Because war doesn't bring me and you
To the problems and divisions of life!

Maid Corbic, Bosnia and Herzegovina

ndWithU

There was a time when Death and I came face to face together!

Some tried to prevent this war.

Some aggressively pushed along the steps that were needed to make it happen.

Some watched, seemingly helpless, as the dominoes tumbled around them.

Alda Kraja aka Esmeralda

HURAGAN

Jak powstaje huragan, ten na Karaibach?
Najpierw jest czyste niebo, turkusowe morze,
To boski raj, a w raju nie może być gorzej,
Co za radość w tym miejscu, na tych wodach pływać...
Tymczasem gdzieś ocean, hen, za horyzontem,
Zaczyna się rozgrzewać, powietrze unosić,
Na wyspach wciąż idylla, miło trwać w rozkoszy,
Leniwie czas podąża za złocistym słońcem...
Ciągle nic się nie dzieje, tylko gdzieś z daleka
Wolno sunie wirując na leciutkim wietrze
Śmiesznie niewinna chmurka niby pianka z mleka...
Nagle zrywa się wichur i gna coraz wścieklej,
Za nim armia chmur rusza, kto żyw, niech ucieka,
Rozpętuje się piekło, wyje, chlaszcze deszczem...

*

*Dla przedkolumbijskich Indian szczepu Arawak,
pierwotnych mieszkańców wysp Morza
Karaibskiego, określenie „huracan“ oznaczało
„demony zła“.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

WOJNA

I nagle mamy wojnę, choć nikt w nią nie wierzył,
A przecież miesiącami Potwór się sposobił,
Aż w końcu był gotowy, co chciał zrobić, zrobił,

Wysłał na wojnę wojsko, chłopaków, żołnierzy,
Mordują, niszczą, giną, a wódz w bunkrze siedzi,
Coraz więcej nieszczęścia, dramat ludzi, dzieci,
Uciekaj jak najdalej, śmierć, śmierć z nieba leci,
A sprawca tej tragedii, odgraża się, bredzi.
Zapamiętajmy sobie, niech nikt się nie łudzi,
Wojna, to Bitwa Bestii, Wielkich Interesów,
Wojna, to nie jest sprawa zwykłych jak my ludzi,
To prawda chciwców, piekło, pożądliwość biesów,
Leje się propaganda, kłamstwo zewsząd judzi,
To argument bezmózgów, zderzenie bezsensów.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

PUTIN, IDI NAXUI!

Na pierwsze było kłamstwo, „niesiemy wam pokój“,
A potem tylko gorzej, zgodnie z pierwszym słowem,
Oni walczą Kijowem, szykują się Lwowem,
Twoi żołnierze giną, kończą w wiecznym mroku.
Jesteś fałszywym wodzem, ptaszyskiem z zębami,
Zakompleksionym nikim, mordercą, zbrodniarzem,
Nic nie dadzą miliardy, już jesteś nędzarzem,
Wojna to Krwawa Pani, skończysz pokonany.
Chciałeś wojny, masz wojnę, wszystko ci zabierze,
Złoto, diamenty, jachty, już się na śmierć pakuj,
Miałeś władzę, przegrałeś, zbieraj się, frajerze.
Jesteś nagi, nijaki, z kont w bankach wyskakuj,
Historia cię podliczy, ze skóry obedrze,
Ukraina ci życzy: „PUTIN, IDI NAXUI!“.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

PRAWDA

Wiadomo, wojna, prawda ginie pierwsza,
Każdy ma jakieś swoje projekcje i lęki,
Każdy w panice głosi prawdy z własnej ręki,
Wróg na tym korzysta, jego „prawda“ prędsza.
Zewsząd leje się kłamstwo, sieje propaganda,
W co wierzyć, w co nie wierzyć, gdzie jest ten
pośrodek,
W którym podobno leży prawda i rozsądek,
Na razie chaos, fejki i ogólnie granda.
Wybuchają wojenki na sieciowych forach,
Rozogniają się wątki, ranią wściekle słowa,
Jakby za mało wojny, walki w wrogich sforach.
To prawda, prawdy leży, wie to mądra głowa,
Tym bardziej tylko spokój, nie dać się zwariować:
Bądź Minerwą, nie Marsem, twym symbolem sowa.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

NALOT

Najpierw w powietrzu wisi niezwykajna cisza,
Miasto wstrzymuje oddech, naród wyhamował,
Coś może szeptem mówi, ale nikną słowa,
Tylko ktoś dawno temu taką ciszę słyszał,
Kiedyś, w innej historii, w całkiem innym świecie,
Dziś młodzi znają życie, wojny tylko z kina,
Niebo jasne, niebieskie, pod nim Ukraina,
Zimami cała biała, żółto kwitnie w lecie.
Nocami rozgwieżdżona, wdzięcznie, cyk, cyk, mruka
Samolot do latania tylko na wakacje,

I nagle ta zła wojna, jedna, potem druga,
Ciszę przerywa wycie, militarne racje,
Jęk, zawrodozenie syren, zgroza, trwoga długa,
Z nieba nalot, gwizd, huk, huk, zniszczeń operacje.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

UCIECZKA

Z nieba lecą pociski, płonąca ziemia drży,
Bierzesz co najważniejsze, walizka, dziecko, kot,
Drogi pełne uchodźców, idziesz gdzie wszyscy, tłok,
Nie ma starych rodziców, połykasz słowa, łzy.
Niby jest tak jak było, komórki, marki, net,
Pociągi jeszcze jeżdżą, tam zagranica, świat,
Wiosna idzie jak zwykle, popatrz, wśród ruin... kwiat,
Czołgi po nim przejadą, nie przeżyje i kret.
Przyszłość była tak pewna, dom, mąż, rodzina, sklep,
Miesiąc temu był luty, praca, kolacja, sen,
Ludzie śpieszyli do domów, skądś słyhać było śpiew.
Dziś jest marzec, niepewność, za wami długi tren,
Ktoś wam sprawdza papiery, ktoś daje zupę, chleb,
Czujesz wdzięczność i rozpacz, happy unhappy end.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

WOJSKO

Więc jesteście na wojnie, wojacy Putina,
Żołnierze są by bronić, nie żeby napadać,
Ale gdy rozkaz, idą, wojskowa zasada,
Jesteście agresorem, czy to wasza wina?

Czy wiecie, co to zabić? Co zostać zabitym?
Co bać się? Co głodować? To nie jest romantyzm!
To nie są już ćwiczenia i to nie są żarty!
Siejecie śmierć i chaos, wódką wasz mózg zryty.
Jeżeli przeżyjecie, matki was pogrzebią,
O ile wrócą trupy, może gdzieś zaginą?
Może was napadnięci z wściekłości rozjebią?
Wy nowego porządku jesteście przyczyną,
Przepadacie ze starym, w nowym nie wam schlebią,
Weterani agresji, przyszłe dni już giną.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

MIĘSO

Dziś znów bombardowanie, które to tej wojny?!
Ponoć zbawczy korytarz? Nie! Ostrzeliwany!
Ataki rakietowe, interes zasrany,
Ktoś o tym decyduje, cyniczne gry możnych.
Samolot z pociskami, bum, bum, wypróżniony!
Tam siedzi jakiś człowiek, spuszcza w dół ładunek,
Zabija, niszczy, pali, nie jego frasunek,
Rozkaz z góry, a z dołu, bum, bum, zestrzelony!
Ilu ludzi zginęło? Na cmentarzach gęsto!
Ilu nas, ilu tamtych, ilu już zabiło?
Tam na dole ofiary, tu „armatnie mięso“..
Już nas liczą w tysiącach, ile to na kilo?
Po nas rzucą następne, czy to jest zwycięstwo?
Giniemy i gnijemy, życie ad nihilo.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

ROK 2022...

Nie wzywajcie do wojny, Putin nie przestanie,
To straszne, co się dzieje, miejcie wyobraźnię,
Pomagajmy uchodźcom, zatrzymajmy kaźnię!
Nie skończmy katastrofą, wielkim grzybobraniem.
Tyle nieszczęścia, prawda, chce zemsty, odwetu,
Nie łudźmy się, zew znaczy koniec człowieczeństwa,
Nie kręćmy tej spirali, nie budźmy szaleństwa,
Duśmy zło, nim odpali, nie chcemy resetu!
O, tak, boli świadomość, obrazy wstrząsają,
Świat pali się tuż obok, pod tym samym niebem,
Na wojnę idą młodzi, choć życia nie znają,
Walczą, choć nie umieją, chcą wygrać ze zjebem,
Dajmy im broń i werwę, niech go powstrzymają!
Tam, między ruinami, mają moc i siebie.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

PODRÓŻ

Gdy nad rodzinnym domem, nad błękitną rzeką,
Niebo nagle jest piekłem, a błękit czerwienią,
Kobieta spogląda w okno, ognie się w nim mieniają,
To płonie jej dotychczas, przyszłość będzie męką.
Decyzja już zapadła, uciekać jak wszyscy,
Ukochany mężczyzna, stół, komputer, kij z nim,
Ważniejszy sok dla dziecka, miska, pies na smyczy,
Śpiesznie upycha rzeczy, mało tej walizki.
Na dworcu kłębowski, jakby Dante zmyślał,
Jakimś cudem w pociągu, pies na plecach dziecka,

Wiele godzin to potrwa, ludziom wiara pryska.
Jedziemy, w głowie turkot, kłę-ska-kłę-ska-kłę-ska...
Celem nieznaną Polska, została walizka...
Mijamy smętny pejzaż, spuścizna radziecka...

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

POLSKA JEST PAKOWNA*

Godzinami w kolejkach, jest nas tu tysiące,
Idziemy i idziemy, tłum przed nami... po nas...
Ktoś podchodzi z kubkami, „komu picie podać?“
Tu już jest polska mowa, a picie parzące.
Miesiąc temu, przedwczoraj, żyliśmy w swych
domach,
Dziś śnimy jakiś koszmar, real science fiction,
W filmie o końcu świata gramy my, statyści,
Tylko film jest prawdziwy, już w tysiącach skonań.
Pierwsi z nas to szczęściarze, witani wśród fanfar,
Zwieźli wielkie walizy, ich rola wymowna,
Mieli swoje historie, wywiady, głos tam-tam.
My, zmęczeni podróżą, bagaż, rzecz umowna,
Tłum uchodźców bez twarzy, nikt nie śpiewa kantat,
Polska nas jeszcze wchłania, Polska jest pakowna.

*tytuł: Iwona Siwek-Front

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

CHOCHOŁ

Gdy czytamy wzburzeni, to nie każde słowo,
Jedno nam wpadnie w oko, inne przepadają,
Mózg sam tworzy znaczenia, choć mądrzy gadają,

Czytać akurat w nerwach powinno się z głową.
Dlaczego mózg nas zwodzi, ustawia pułapki,
I nagle zamiast z głową czytamy po łebkach,
Przekaz do nas dociera, ale tylko w strzępach,
Niczym greckie skorupy, jak fragmenty zdrapki?
Myślimy, że myślimy, ale już nas zniosło,
Umysł błądzi jak ślepiec, prosto w sidła wpada,
Skleca bądź co do kupy, zamiast sensu - chochoł.
Nic już nie pojmujemy, wyszła nam „art dada“,
Teraz walimy dzielnie, do przegranej prosto,
Choć chochoł pokonany, spotkała nas zdrada.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

NAPAŚĆ

To już piętnasta doba, jak oni tam walczą,
Telewizyjny przekaz, syreny, pożary,
Oglądamy na żywo obrazy-koszmary,
Jedni kończą na tarczy, inni wyjdą z tarczą.
A równocześnie jakoś wszystko nie do wiary,
Ojczyzna Bułhakowa znowu z piekła rodem,
Kultura na powierzchni, barbarzyństwo spodem,
Diabły się przebudziły, nachleptały siary,

Tańczą taniec szaleńców, szcżą na gruzowiskach,
Czerwone ślepie, odór, charkot, plugawienie,
Samo zło, gdzie witają, grube obrzydlistwa.
Wypuszczeni na ziemię, są jej pohańbieniem,
Pod rządami Mefista tyle wraz ohydztwa,
Szaber, rabunek, podłość, terror, gwałt, cierpienie...

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

KONIEC

Zewsząd pada pytanie, choć znamy odpowiedź,
Co zatrzyma tę wojnę? Czy jest taka siła?
Bo jeśli nie, to koniec, klątwa się spełniła,
Gdy światem rządzi człowiek, tracą moc bogowie.
Za pięć dwunasta była, wybiła godzina,
Były już końce świata, nigdy ostateczne,
Zawsze jeszcze czas sprzyjał, życie było wieczne,
Były wojny światowe, ta wojna jest inna.
Tej wojny nie napędza tysiącletnia Rzesza,
Nawet tak chore wizje skończyły się z gongiem,
Czas minął, zegar stanął, historia zawiesza.
Dziś nie ma co kasandrzyć, koniec z dalszym ciągiem,
Globus zatoczył koło, kres w piekielnych fleszach,
Nikt go nie spisze w pieśniach, nie opłacze songiem.

Elżbieta Binswanger-Stefańska

1/2

Маленький русский солдат

Русский военный корабль порт приписки сменил,
На хуй маршрут проложил от чужих берегов.
Маленький русский солдат, что ты здесь позабыл?
Это земля наших дедов и наших отцов.

После кровавой весны в потрясенном Крыму,
После всей бойни Донбасса и пролитых слёз,
Маленький русский солдат, я одно не пойму –
Что ты забыл здесь, напуганный молокосос?

Ты ме ни разу не брат и не друг, ты чужак.
Прячешь под маской лицо, свои совесть и честь.
Маленький русский солдат, ты сегодня – мой враг.
Значит умрёшь ни за что ты сегодня и здесь.

Думал, мы хлебом и солью встречаем солдат?
Тех, кто стреляет из Градов в наших детей?
Маленький русский солдат, орки топают в ад –
Вот наш ответ для жестоких незваных гостей.

Антон Эйне

Маленький русский солдат

Стой, не убий – не учил? Или это не в счет?
Значит, садясь в БТР, не забудь об одном –
Маленький русский солдат, здесь всегда тебя ждёт
«Тёплый» приём Джавелинов и наш чернозём.

Буйствует огненный ад, никого не щадя.
Смерть свою жатву получит, похоже, сполна.
Маленький русский солдат, это наша земля!
И не нужны нам в карманах твоих семена.

Чёрный февраль окропила красная кровь,
Взрывы порвали рассвет, сея горечь и дым.
Маленький русский солдат, возвращайся домой
К маме и папе, к семье, невредимым, живым.

Не было войн на земле этой семьдесят лет.
Мирное синее небо семьдесят зим.
Маленький русский солдат, если ты – человек,
Брось, отступи, уходи, может, мы и простим.

Ненависть тлеет внутри, заглушая любовь.
Но сердце стараюсь открыть, разорвав этот круг.
Маленький русский солдат, возвращайся домой,
Свергни царя, а потом возвращайся как друг.

#WeStandWithU — Love & Peace for Ukraine

Dear siblings in Ukraine:
After storm comes the calm,
after winter comes the spring,
after war will come the peace,
and after destruction
will come the rebirth.
So be strong,
have faith,
have hope,
you are not alone,
the world
is with you.
Keep your hearts
warm and free,
keep your love,
and your inner peace,
keep over all
your humanity.
Together we will move on
and will build a better future.
All my support and my strength for you

Rob Red

Resisting Tyranny

U nited you stand, elders and youth

K nowing your purpose is set in
the truth

R eadying your people

A nticipating attack

I ntend to defend

N ever going back

E mblazon your land with this act of great resistance,
and may the world powers be at your assistance

Barbara Joy

#WeStandWithU

U nder the blanket of snow,
K nit by the Father Sky,
R ed and brave roses grow
A skin g the sun to shine.
I mages come, images leave.
N ewborn and old each other meet.
E yes keep on us, Father Sky, please...

Diana Danè

One day

See if I can compare
my days of horror with
the blast that brought
the pieces of brain
of an infant in
my empty hands
empty of all tools
absent for evildoing
the angst in a dream seen
nine months before the real
thing happened 22 years ago
I see on this day
thrice repeated deed of mischief
hard, very hard to experience
the same ache of War on my
Body of Humankind
when the wind blows in the East
the pain I feel on my right
when the wind blows in the West
the pain I feel on my left
when I see death of children
from Nadir to Horizon
a muttered voice from my
heart's void breaks the heavy
Gates of Heaven, all made of Lebanese Cedar
with the golden clutches dismantled to pieces
one day it'll happen...
one day on the golden shore
one day it'll happen...

one day, one day of a Men's year
shall rejoice life and living adore
for no greed is a salvation and
no bloodshed is a bliss
for there's no wound on earth
that did not ache on my Humankind
Being

Fabredin Shebu from Kosovo

Torn

A war torn sky blooded with human suffering, a world watches from afar, a world that was not there....

A suffocating dark that seems to go on forever, they stood alone
they lost lives, they lacked any explanations why
a hell-bound destroyer would devour all...

What difference does it make to the dead, the orphans, and the homeless, whether the irrational destruction is wrought all for a tyrant's frailty....

There is no shield large enough to insulate the shame of slaughtering an honorable people - no matter how justified, a unprovoked campaign of genocide is a sin...

The world watches a torn proud nation - their wounds are my wounds - their words should be your words - their war should be our war....

S. J. Beaux

#WeStandWithU Ukraine

“Lines”

A plane, a plant

A flight, a flower,

A branch, a line,

A peach tree, an embrace of peace.

In the ruins of the house, the beauty of art
cannot hide,

Wherever I flee, my life is not behind.

I plant my seed, my piano music, and I thrive.

..For peace, for the afflicted people of Ukraine.

„A world without children“

They killed my sun ...!

They shot the sky with fire ...!

They, ... the adults ..., the little adults, the sons of
darkness ...!

The ground was drowned with blood ...!

The air was poisoned with gas ...!

They, ... the adults ..., the little adults, the sons of
death ...!

Dreams, toys were stolen from me ...!

Everywhere they sowed hatred ...!

They, ... adults ..., little adults, sons of the devil ...!

You made my life dust and ashes ..., you adults ...,
small adults, nobody's sons ...!

Tell me people, ... I want to know ...!

What world is a world without children ...?

Adrian Progni from Tirana, Albania

1/6

#WestandWithYou

We are the land
Of blue skies and yellow fields
The land of Kievan Rus'
The land of the mighty Cossack
Proud
Cultured
Free
We are the people
Of delicate flower crowns
Golden church domes
Melodic banduras
And spirited dances
Rich in history
And bursting with culture
Our wishes were simple:
To prosper our nation
To raise our children
To worship
To celebrate our heritage
To be.

Devin Andrews

#WestandWithYou

Why then, O Russia
Do you attack us?
What debts did we owe you
That we have failed to pay?
What have we done
To threaten your safety
As little as we are
Compared to your massive size
And ruthless warriors?
Why is our very existence
Such a thorn in your flesh?

Why do you say we are one
When you persecute us?
Why do you call us Little Russia
When Ukrainian is our identity?
Why do you call me a brother
When you treat me like a slave?
Were you our brother
When you split our nation
With the Great Commonwealth?

3/6

#WestandWithYou

Were you our brother
When you split our nation
To the Austrians and Magyars?
Were you our brother
When your Bolsheviks
Denied us our independence?
Were you our brother
When you starved us to death
In the Great Famine?
Were you our brother
When you and the Nazis
Played tug of war for land
That belongs to neither of you?
Were you our brother
When you forced us
To separate from civilization
In the name of socialist utopia?

Devin Andrews

4/6

#WestandWithYou

You were not our brother then
And you are not our brother now
You are Muscovites
We are Kievan Rus'
We were never brothers.

O Russia
Your bountiful, vast
Prairies
Forests
Steppes
Mountains
Deserts
Rivers
Lakes
Stretch as far east
As the Bering Strait
And the great Pacific
And as far north
As the Arctic
Such vast resources are yours

Devin Andrews

#WestandWithYou

Why does Ukraine
Smaller than most of your oblasts
Make you greedy and bloodthirsty?
Your Soviet days of glory
Are long gone
Did you not learn your lesson
In Stalingrad
And in Kabul?

Ukraine is ours
And we will pour out our blood
To protect her from
Your ravenous claws!
Bomb our cities
And we will fight back
For our valiant Cossack blood
Boiling with outrage
Will forbid us
From surrendering easily!
Even if you destroy our cities
The Ukrainian nation will survive
As long as a Ukrainian heart still beats.

6/6

#WestandWithYou

As long as Ukrainian lungs breathe air
We will sing our folk songs
And teach our ways to our children
If all that lasts in Ukraine
Is a stick of wood
We will use it
To make a bandura
To play our beautiful melodies
If all that lasts in Ukraine
Is broken bricks and scrap metal
We will use them to build
A grand cathedral of many domes
As a testimony of our strength
Until the indoctrinated Russian
Hangs his head in shame
And vows to make amends
Indeed
Hope will not die
And Ukraine...
Will not die!

Devin Andrews

1/2

#WestandWithYou

As I lay, resting on a wooden bench
Confused, tired and alone
I felt the attention of many strangers
The sound of the train was comforting
And although the seats were poor
The sense of community was rich
A soldier saw my guitar
Asked me to sign his passport
A police colonel befriended me
Brought me coffee and spoke of his home
We arrived and he led me
Through the streets and parks
Taking many photographs of me
Took me in his car
To see all of interest
Told stories of corruptions and crimes
And gave me gifts

Bert Rogers, a British musician who toured Ukraine in 2019. His fiancée, Ani Svami, escaped Kyiv with her family and is now in Prague, Czech Republic.

2/2

#WestandWithYou

The people of Ukraine
So dear to me
My heart breaks to think
Of their suffering and pain
But their spirit is strong
I am with you
Every step of the way
Love conquers all
Keep the faith
Slava Ukraine

*Bert Rogers,
a British musician who toured Ukraine in 2019. His fiance, Ani Svami,
escaped Kyiv with her family and is now in Prague, Czech Republic.*

#WestandWithYou

War shouldn't exist

My eyes are hurting
My heart isn't working
My soul is broken
Now we are in war.

My kids are crying
My family is dying
My friends are gone
Now we are in war.

My country is burning
My home is being destroyed
My memories are leaving
Now we are in war.

God help us now
Please stop this war
I know that they forgot
That you created us.

Tereze Thaqi

#WestandWithYou

We have one world
in which we all live
We all share two thoughts ... life and death
The third word connects them ...
Love!
Love for Ukraine!

#WestandWithYou

Jedan svijet imamo
u kojemu svi živimo
Dvije misli svi dijelimo...život i smrt
Treća ih riječ povezuje...
Ljubav!
Ljubav za Ukrajinu!

Les Paul Croatia

#WestandWithYou

Today my heartbeat is uneven
Seems wrong to sleep, seems wrong to eat
They came to free us from our freedom
Their means of helping - missile hit
Eight years ago they came from East
The world stood watching from aside
And now we have to pay for this
For staying ignorant and blind
I've never been a cruel creature
My heart is numb, my head is swell
I'm tired of counseling speeches
Russian warship - go to hell
My angels wide awake above
And I am blessed to stay alive
Yet had to learn to say goodbye
To those, who helped us to survive
No hatred left within myself
There is no sadness and no fear
My body seems an empty shell
Turns out I'm not made of steel
One morning I'll wake up to peace
I'll sleep through night, I'll smile through day
Yet I'll remember all of this
And those who stood for our Ukraine

*Kateryna Khozroshyna,
an actress of ProEnglish Theatre who wrote this poem from the bomb shelter in Kyiv*

#WestandWithYou

*

i know this energy that flows
into my heart though veins and bones
like trace of light in night we glow
who knows exactly where we go...
28 December 2015

Kyiv

*

my hands are higher than the trees
my mind is opened like a space
my eyes are wider than the sky
my god I'm in your cosmic grace
20 July 2018

Edinburgh

*

the sky is high in autumn grey
the trees are dancing in the rain
their stillness dance to start again
we will remain
we will remain
17 November 2018

Kyiv

*

Would there be a spring with me within?
Zaporizhzhia

Kostyantyn Yaremenko from Ukraine, Kyiv

INTO THE WILDS OF SKY

We find new roads in search of real Self.
The ways that passed backyards of God.
Unanswered questions - adults carousel,
Like crown of thorns. That's all we've got.
Those nests in oasis of deserts we left for
The call of Ocean - a true frontier shelter.
No time to rest while stars behind the door.
Like tiny drops, we search for ruts to shed
Over horizon of experience of the nations.
The West and East world's roads, we know,
Have intertwined their essence in Creation.
And we are merging parts of sparkling flow.
27 April 2018
Edinburgh

Kostyantyn Yaremenko from Ukraine, Kyiv

Another day

Another day will come
with the sun
through your windows,
you will enjoy your morning coffee
while laughing out loud
in bed hugging pillows!

The rain in the afternoon
will make you stronger,
with the clouds screaming your name,
rainbow will come in it's way
another day will come
and all your pain will fade away.

Edona Beqiri Krasniqi from Kosovo

1/2

BLUE SKY

Life is here
And now
Mine and yours
We've missed the closeness
The kisses
The touch
For so long
And now...

Now we take down the masks
Run for shelter
Search for loved ones
Escape the cruelty
Pray for love
Respect
For the touch we need
But listen...

Gudfinna Runarsdottir

2/2

BLUE SKY

Listen to the pounding pulse
Make it count
Because we owe it
To the ones
Who have missed the closeness
The kisses
The touch
For so long...

So long to plagues
Weapons in hands
Famine and bloodstained ground
Share love
Respect
touch
That's everything we should never
never be without...

Gudfinna Runarsdottir

Frame the sky with sunflower stems

Grab ahold of the sun, Look up
you see the clouds
they go, they swim
And when the rain falls
a seed will sprout
feeding the doves
that fly above
through the clouds
together they go,
they swim
framing the sky with sunflower stems
When the wind calls, they listen
together we go
together we swim

Anna Mielniczuk from Chicago, IL -USA

THE LAST BATTLE

Mourn not o heroes as timids do,
,Tis time that plays and plays for a life,
And there in the vale of death thou brew,
The essence of life; hung o'er a knife,
And as thou fete the moments anew,
Mourn not e'er as timids do.

There's bare leagues and crimson sands,
And all bruised corpses lay at rest.
Skies are fumed and so are lands,
And ashes moan ,neath brute behest.
,Fraid men heave midst the breathing few,
Yet mourn not thou as timids do.

The hazel skies whence the shellings rain,
Weep with tears too parched in ire.
The sun too weep for the ones in pain,
And witness in hush the vengeful fire.
But as the cities bid one last adieu,
Mourn not dear as timids do.

Dipanjan Bhattacharjee

THE LAST BATTLE

Little weans sans food to eat,
Groan in hunger for hours too long.
This indeed is a nation's defeat,
And a time to sing the final song,
Humanity is dead and blue,
Yet mourn not man as timids do.

A thousand nomads forsake their men,
Their corpses lay to decompose.
With no promises to return again,
They scurry in a quest for a true repose,
The bare girl lay; a man's sweet beau,
Yet mourn not for her as timids do.

Battle more days and days some more,
Till each nook is a land of graves.
Wafting ghosts thru' towns and shores,
Shall fete the nation of promising braves.
Thou mustn't rue and all anguish chew,
But mourn not e'er as timids do.

Dipanjan Bhattacharjee

Un cuento sobre Ucrania

Retorno al Dadaísmo

Por Mario Luis ALTUZAR SUÁREZ

-...aaaaagggh! Mmmm! Ooooooh! Pufffff!” Le escucho bufar fuerte las onomatopeyas que ¡nacen en su diafragma! ¡Suben del estómago al esófago! ¡Se engolan en la tráquea! Surfeando en la saliva pesada que aletarga la lengua ¡y escupe entre dientes! Salpica de los labios a la mesa en que yace recostada la cabeza con cabellera larga y desaliñada. La mejilla sobre el antebrazo cubierto por andrajos. En la espalda curveada se observa el espasmo de las vértebras cervicales. Se armonizan con el ritmo del temblor de las piernas esas extrañas onomatopeyas: “Aaaaagggh! Mmmm! Ooooooh! Pufffff! ¡Plash!”

Y al oírse el estruendoso “cataplunnnn... cataplashhhhh... pongosh” vemos como cae violento de la silla de fierro labrado con madera de asiento y convulsiona su cuerpo en el piso de esa extraña cantina con mesa de madera larga al centro y circulares con tripie a los lados tan parecida al diseño del Cabaret Voltaire por allá, en esa histórica urbe conocida como Zurich, esa maravillosa cuna del movimiento dadaísta con el alemán Hugo Ball, el regreso a nuestro origen salvaje y sin lenguaje comunicante, y en donde abrevó el francés Paul Eluard y plasmó en su libro “Poesía y Verdad” publicado en mil novecientos cuarenta y dos con gráficas del exquisito pintor español Óscar Domínguez.

Un cuento sobre Ucrania

En medio del movimiento tembloroso corporal y el miedo de que se presente la muerte en uno de los asiduos bebedores, nadie se percata de dónde extrajo el onomatopéyico convulsionante una pamelita, esa especie de sombrero femenino con ala muy ancha y acomoda sobre la descuidada cabellera para inclinar la cabeza una vez se acomoda en semiflor de loto ¡tan sereno! ¡Como si nada! De la bolsa derecha extrae un muñequito y de la izquierda una muñequita. Los enfrenta en el piso con sus ágiles movimientos de las manos. Y exclama con fingida voz femenina:

-“Yo Gala, declaro que ¡ya no te amo Paul! ¡Y es mi decisión, recuperar mi libertad y darte tu libertad!” Mueve al muñequito hacia la muñequita y con voz gruesa, grita: ¡Por qué! ¡No puedes hacerme esto!” Y con voz femenina expone: “¿Yo? ¿Hacerme qué? ¡No te hice nada! ¡Tú me lo hiciste!” Y escucha la interrogante: “¿Yo?” Y le dice: “¡Sí! Tú me presentaste y al hacerlo me entregaste al Divino Dalí. ¡Desde ese momento fui su Egeria en Cadaqués! Y me rebauticé en el Surrealismo para ser una voz fuerte de resistencia a la guerra”.

Un cuento sobre Ucrania

Extraña figura que se levanta sin el mínimo esfuerzo al arrastrar los pies y elevar cuerpo hasta quedar de pie y sentenciar:

-“Erase el tiempo de la Segunda Guerra Mundial y ¡regresamos en el tiempo para revivir el miedo! Hay-u-na-di-fe-ren-cia: ¡Ahora estamos en el precipicio de la última Guerra Mundial! ¿Estamos preparados para nuestro final, acaso? ¡La guerra termonuclear!” Y una voz pastosa, emerge del fondo de la cantina:

-“¿¡Cuál guerra termonuclear ni que mis pelones?! Sí, hay una guerra pero está tan lejos que...” Le interrumpe el Predicador:

-“¡Nada queda demasiado lejos! Ni en el tiempo ni en el espacio. Por eso es que les invito a repetir, sentir en la garganta, dejar que fluyan por nuestra carne, nuestros huesos, nuestra sangre, al fondo de las entrañas y al centro del ADN, los sonidos del dadaísmo de la guerra, que ahora repiten cada ucraniano, y mañana nosotros, al liberar su ánima por las balas que asesinan a su cuerpo, sin esperanza de reconfortarse en renacer con de cloruro de sodio de la sal rosa del Himalaya. Y al acostumbrarnos cobardemente a las imágenes de la muerte de civiles inocentes en donde creemos falsamente, está lejos, también nos resignemos, nos acostumbremos a repetir las onomatopeyas belicistas: ¡Aaaaaggh! ¿Mmmm! ¿Ooooooh! ¿Pufffff!”

Cavalry

Help will come, months to late
Help will arrive when a people have lost faith.
The sound of planes will ring in your ears.
Only it will bring back the fears; of blood soaked
fields like „Floundry,“
or of a hill like Calvery.
If your going to die choose your time and place.
Because your enemy has already chosen your fate.

Bethany Diehl

1/2

If you had to leave your home today

What would you pack with you as you flee out the door?

Would you pack your hands
So you can point fingers at this president or that policy
So you can pull the trigger at the teenage soldier
Who does not know what a weapon is

Would you pack your eyes
So you can bear witness to this atrocity
So you can see the yellow and blue flags planted outside
The homes of faraway Americans
Who declare their solidarity

Would you pack your ears
So you can hear the bombings and shellings
As you leave your village of Yakovlivka, near Kharkiv,
your country's second-largest city
So you can continue to hear the bombings and shellings
Years later in your dreams

Stella Cai

2/2

If you had to leave your home today

Would you pack your feet
So you can walk onto the ferry
That will take you through the Isaccea-Orlivka border
crossing
So you can run into the subway station
And seek refuge with your young family

Would you pack your mouth
So you can explain to your crying children
When they ask mama why do they want us gone
When will papa come home to me

Would you pack your heart
Your heart, the one that remembers everything you
loved before today
Your heart, the one that is keeping you from
becoming a war casualty
Your heart, the one you share with all those who did
not agree to partake in this winter's cruelty
Your heart, the one that knows how to heal from hate
Yes.
Pack your single, beating heart.

Stella Cai

„Morning Always Comes.“

The sun just went down
It's dark with no stars
The sun won't come out
It seems way too far
But the people hoped
Patience they all had
They prayed and they smiled
Even with dark, gloomy sad
What came back to them?
The sun of course did!
Morning always comes
Even though it hid
Patience is the key
Praying, hope, and fight
Don't let our spirits
Be crushed by the night!

Abygail O'Malley

Sad times in War

Time begins moving at a snails speed
Politicians lies with people in need
Life is so unfair because of others greed
Let's pray to God our Saviour
That human lives find peace
For the many men and woman of
Ukraine

Scott Lippincott

#WestandWithYou

На мольбу „закрити“ небо поки що охоче
реагують лише хмари. Більш ніхто не хоче...

Володимир Книр

#WestandWithYou

The war filled up
my Facebook
wall
ceiling
days, nights
thoughts dreams
The war which
has not reached me yet
physically
but kills
from inside
suffocates with
multi-bladed
knives of starvation
shoots the bullets
bombs
crushes with deep
tank treads
It seems I die
every day
multiple times
a day
as fathers
say goodbyes
to their children
wives
I too
say goodbye to someone

I run the
railroad tracks
the empty road
broken
bridges and
destinies
stretching out my hands
too far
to comfort
As prayers
rise up
missiles
moan down
from the skies
how can it
hurt so much
thousands
of kilometers
nine seas
away
it hurts in blood
hurts
the Blood
itself
that same
blood

*Linas Umbrasas,
translated by Audra Skukauskaitė*

#WestandWithYou

Karas užpildė
mano Facebooko
sieną
lubas
dienas, naktis
mintis sapnus
Karas kuris
fiziškai iki
manęs neatėjo
bet žudo
iš vidaus
smaugia bado
daugiaašmeniais
peiliais
šauda kulkomis
sprogina
traiško giluminiais
vikšrais
atrodo mirštu
kiekvieną dieną
kelis kartus
per dieną
tėvams
atsisveikinant
su vaikais
žmonoms
su vyrais
ir aš su
kažkuo atsisveikinu

bėgu tuščiais
geležinkelio
ir tuščio
kelio bėgiais
sulaužytais
tiltais ir
likimais
ištiesęs rankas
per toli
kad
priglausti
aukštyn
kylant maldoms
iš dangaus
ataimanuoja
raketomis
kaip gali
taip skaudėti
už tūkstančių
kilometrų
už jūrų
marių devynių
skauda krauju
skauda patį
Kraują
tą patį
kraują

Linas Umbrasas

1/2

#WestandWithYou

The Mothers
carry babies
carry guns
carry lifetimes
in backpacks across borders

The Mothers
lock front doors
one final time
abandon beds
for cold cement floors

The Mothers
offer the only shelter that remains —
their soft warm bodies
in bomb shelters
barren and bleak

The Mothers
say
“No we did not bring your lego set.”
“No, it isn’t right, child. It isn’t fair.”
“No, I do not know when we’ll see dad again.”

Elizabeth Berget

2/2

#WestandWithYou

The Mothers

hush

weep

sing

pray

in unison, in unity

The Mothers

labor

birth

nurse

underground,

underfed,

underestimated

The Mothers

march

yell

make signs

bear witness

to all that has come

and gone

and will be

The Mothers

mother

even now,

especially now

Elizabeth Berget

WHAT DO YOU PACK?

What do you pack
when the time has run out
to be safe in your home
in your country?

What do you pack
you don't know where you're going
don't know if you'll ever be back

Grab your passport your ID
your phone and the cords
Solid shoes, extra sox
warmest mittens
The picture of Grandma
of Christmas with Daddy
her blankie and his Mister Bear

Frantic steps, throbbing heart
close the door, take the key
This train can't promise return

Kathryn Long

„The World“ (to Putin)

the world judges you
your goodness and beneath it — what you hide
the world judges me
my apathy, but beneath my dispassion — I am free

when the fire comes, what do you do?
goodness is my selfish truth
what about you?
the world judges you

Scylla Grand

1/2

I'm Telling You Not Asking

Everyday we are all, praying for Ukraine's.
Everyday we ask Russia to stop!
Everyday is horrible for Ukraine now!

No matter what were going through here,
it's not comparable to there - It's just not fair.

But this situation is uncalled for.
It's not nice Russia is trying to make
Ukraine poor
Children are sleeping on the floor.

There living on nature
Drinking snow,

No life- Running hiding- In fear.

Russia must stop!
I'm not asking I'm telling.

Russia enough is enough!
Russia, Ukraine's didn't do anything!

Ellen Urowitz

2/2

I'm Telling You Not Asking

Leave them alone.

Again I'm not asking I'm telling

You must let them have a half hour of peace

You must let them have an hour

You must let them get back their electricity power

You must let them have a morning or peace!

Then an afternoon

Then an evening

Just leave them alone.

Come on - your mature aren't you all grown?

I'm telling you not asking!

Ellen Urowitz

MY BELIEF

May peace be with us, all of mankind
Forgive, forget and undo Battles cries
When War not peace confronts our land
Let's take a big stick, and shove it up Putin's ass

Scott Lippincott

How to make a molotov cocktail

take a rag soaked with tears
for your people,

or perhaps use the cloth your mother washes
the table with, now that eating a meal in
peace is over

a bottle, designed to break, fracturing
your heart as you soberly fill it with
the spirit of Ukraine
what could burn longer?

because this needs to devastate
in its wake, more than you are devastated

now

lit with the last spark of
hope hurled into the night
of winter turning to spring

turning to life

Alexandria Maxwell

1/2

#WestandWithYou

Where has,
Sanity gone,
The people are,
Getting bombarded,
Causing unheard,
Destruction all around.
A peace loving country,
Has been,
Converted into rubble,
On unsubstantiated evidence.

If somebody wants,
To be secure,
Increase engagement,
Invest in the relationship,
Automatically one will,
Get a positive response,
With love flowing,
All around.

Anil Jaswal

2/2

#WestandWithYou

But war is,
Not an answer,
Rather it will,
Create a problem.
The suffered,
Will take on you someday,
With whatever,
Option left.
It may,
Breed terrorism.

Than how would,
You like,
Terrorism at,
Your doorstep.

Anil Jaswal

Haiku on a Warring Soul

Go easy on me.
My silence keeps the tears in,
words failed to express.

#WeStandWithU

there is an echo in you
of the things
you used to
feel
used to say
used to call home
used to believe in

there is a faint call of the past
on your face
that no doubt
is wrinkled into your heart -
a name of a year
and a place
where secrets were created
and wistfully shared
with that someone
who quietly echos now like a no one

Agne Cagney

Let me paint a picture for you.

oh the songs we were singing
feeling the drum beat vibrate in our guts
the eyes closed
hands held high
praising the stars
feeling praised
antient melodies moving us
swaying our hips in the winds
oh the way we were freer
unbound
wild laughter chasing our dances
echos rising above treetops
giving away our spot

Agne Cagney

#Westandwithyou

I write to you beloved.

I mourn with you my fellows.

I can call you my fellows with a purpose because what you are passing through have ever happened to me.

I know and it's why I mourn with you.

I left my country till now I'm a refugee in Uganda.

It hurts alot when someone leaving their properties and beloved ones.

But keep in being patient because even religion tells us that everything has the end.

It is not easy but be hard and strong with more power and I know and I confirm that **YOU WILL MAKE IT.**

@westandwithyou and we will never and ever leave you behind.

It's time to change and fight for our rights.

But I know **WE WILL MAKE IT.**

The Obarb

1/2

I'M THE SOLDIER

I'm the soldier,
I follow commands.
Now at the battle field-
shooting all that possess life to that other side
Launching missiles just for destruction.

Our convoy has arrived.
I see people-
confused,
running up and down,
left and right-
just to bargain for their dearly lives.
I pull off the safety pin of a hand grenade,
I feel pity inside this my stone heart-
no option but to throw it there.

I'm a soldier,
I signed and took a vow-
but not this-
destroying innocent lives.
I'm also a human being-
I have heart and life.
Many lives have perished on my own hands,
Oh No!

Tom Ayieko

2/2

I'M THE SOLDIER

I have to abandon this war.

People are running-
from this war we started,
And-

Many have also rest permanently because of this war -
I have to stop being a vessel
I'm tired of being a slave of war.
What if I stand against all this?

I have made others widows and orphans-
I feel guilty,
Haunted for all this I have done,
I wish to reverse all this.
I hear the crying of women and children-
I recall of my family back home,
Trying to fit in my feet in their shoes.

My heart is burdened-
seeing blood of innocent people spread everywhere on
their own land
I see this-
wish it might be just a dream.
I have to stand against all this
I will not fight anymore-
I'm going back home.

Tom Ayieko

1/2

#WeStandWithU

Imagine you wake up
And it's a beautiful day.
You open up your curtains
To let in warm sun rays.

But it's not the what you expect,
Your window holds the truth.
An apartment complex crumbles,
From where a missile blew through.

You hear a mother shrieking,
Her son had just gone out to play.
Now he's still, on the cement.
His skin a pale, drained grey.

You feel the ground beneath
Rumbling right through your floor.
Then you see the soldiers,
Kicking down your neighbor's door.

You try to escape but you fall,
Tripping on items flung askew.
A father rushes down the stairs,
He cries "No! It can't be true!"

S. P. Oliver

2/2

#WeStandWithU

The sky is no longer blue,
As smoke rises through the air.
You see tanks rolling down the street,
As your community falls in despair.

That's not just unimaginable,
It's going on as we speak.
There are people dying,
Whilst they're trying to flee.

There are children on the front line,
Holding guns, they shouldn't have to.
Putting up a lasting fight, for most,
It's the last thing they will ever do.

If it's too upsetting to read about,
Understand how it is to be living it.
I won't sit here and watch silently,
We need to take a stand.

Ukraine I see you,
I am an ally.

S. P. Oliver

#WeStandWithU

good old St. Francis
his face like an infant's
bloody pigeon feathers
stuck to the wet asphalt
children toss their bones like dice

Evelina Daciute from Lithuania

#WeStandWithU

Silenciosos, acobardados
Por Mario Luis ALTUZAR SUÁREZ
No lloro por Ucrania
Ni por los ucranianos
Lloro por mí, por nosotros
Por esta impotencia
De solamente ser testigo mudo
Ante los niños descuartizados
Por esos tanques imperiales
De esos ancianos desdentados
Y desarticulados de la vida
Por la energía mortal de las bombas
Impotente y sin respuesta
A esa mujer con niño en brazos
Incinerada por los carniceros imperiales
Y lloro al pedirles perdón
Al dejarlos caer como marionetas
Sin respuesta a tan cobarde agresión
De la potencia atómica
Ensañada contra la inocencia
Sacrificando las sonrisas infantiles
Arando el odio y el rencor
No lloro por Ucrania
Ni por los Ucranianos
Lloro por mí, por nosotros
Los silenciosos acobardados
Frente al asesinato de la inocencia

Tuxtla Gutiérrez, Chis. from México

War and Peace

I was born in an imperialist country,
The comfort of my childhood
Made possible by wars and colonies.
The blood of far-off lands is spilling on my hood.
Yet, I don't feel guilty,
I just feel responsible for it,
I feel the need to study and understand,
I want to think that we could change.
It's time we all consider the consequences of our
conditions.
Our phones are made of blood and kids' labor.
Our clothes are sewed by slave workers.
Our food is causing deforestation, creating deserts.
Our energy supplies feed wars all around the globe.
Even our ideas and our thoughts are dividing one
another.
The world is so complex
And our brains so limited.
You know different, but not better than your
neighbor.
In case you are well informed,
Please keep it low and clear, kind and consistent,
Strong and peaceful.

Marko Luth

War and Peace

Everywhere we need justice and not revenge.
We need Love, Love, Love:
Without it, all knowledge becomes vain and
dangerous,
Even the best idea will then be used by the most
treacherous.

If we really want peace,
Love is our only tool,
Our only strength,
Our only weapon.
You can encompass complexity with Love,
But complexity will numb you and confuse you
without.
With Love you can consider opposite choices
While remaining on the same team.
Without, you will fight one another,
Even if you come from the same home.
Don't take the side of a lesser evil, if it is evil.
Fight for a greater good,
The one from your heart,
the one from your soul.

Marko Luth

War and Peace

If you have the luck to be righteous, be thankful for it.
If your neighbor is blinded by conflict, pray for him.
Judgment is on the side of war,
Forgiveness on the side of peace.
Revenge is on the side of war,
Justice on the side of peace.
Don't take the side of human artifices and
constructions,
But of human dignity, its essence and its evolution.
We have the choice to live together in peace as an
intelligent species,
Or to die separated by hate as insane rats.
A choice each of us makes each second:
In our thoughts, words, and actions,
Our prayers, silences, and creations,
Our loves, our fears, and imagination.

Marko Luth

A poem for the freedom fighters of Ukraine

There is no future without you
That's it
That's all
There is no future without you

Lucy Johnstone

#WeStandWithU

They thought the spring may never come
Until they blossomed through the ashes...

Giedrė Antanavičiūtė

#WeStandWithU

Dignity's Revolution, just eight years old
Helped re-engage as old wounds healed.
A new independence, your souls no longer sold,
You start to grow from Mariinskyi's battlefield.
But those foreboding eyes, that yearned hunger
to sate.
Reverie's attempt to regain a misspent youth
And as others dither along, failing to acclimate
A fledging new country just seeking some truth
And a chance to blossom beyond that Maginot line
Where oppressionists splintered and starved you for
gain
While citing their shared heritage. It is hard to define
Putin's absurd attempt at chicanery's legerdemain.

James Falkener

Stair to Nowhere

looking upward
beyond sight
a long, steep climb
daunting height

stare to nowhere

body heavy
senses sagged
feeling forlorn
spirit lagged

stare to nowhere

such crucial choice
reason strained
moment's upon
conscience drained

stare to nowhere

a will to live
fight to cope
in deepest depth
resides hope

stair to nowhere

Rise up Phoenix
lest you end
Convince your Self
to ascend

stare to somewhere

one step to start
do not dwell
ignite desire
leave your Hell

stair to somewhere

find momentum
increase pace
air gets lighter
finding Grace

stair to somewhere

gaining height
dark moods shift
bright sparks flashing
fuel your lift

stare to somewhere

break through your clouds
there's your LIGHT
you're now unbound
Heaven's sight

dare to Be There

Jamie McShane

1/2

YOU WAY

I can't get across to You
there's a universe between us

despondency creeping in
pains of mankind
soul, spirit, being
strained and pained

where is Your light?
where is mine?

destruction, inhumanity
endless insanity
justified by demons

why? and Why? and WHY?
CRY. and Cry. and cry.

do You hear?
do You see?
do you exist?

inside of me?

who is it
masses pray to?

spinning away in space
killing off the only home

struggling to get through
through to clarity
through to You

2/2

YOU WAY

cold and damp
lost, homeless tramp
seeking refuge
in spiritual camp

that may
or may not
exist

desperate pleading
to You,
an unclear maybe

to You,
a holy hope
perhaps
as real
as a leprechaun

cries
not out of disrespect
tears

stemming from deep, dark
pain
in the core of Being
screaming out
across the universe

to the universal
void

unsure if all the
answers
have and are
answered
not in a far off
deity
but in the
calm
within

Within does God begin?

Jamie McShane

For The Brave People Of Ukraine

Beautiful people,
beautiful land,
our hearts are with you,
and God holds your hand.

Families apart,
men left to fight
but love will continue
through the dark night.

Your bravery and strength
will see you through,
and know this above all:
we stand with you.

Booklover

#WeStandWithU

Mír rostl ku slávě,
naděje svíčky hřeje její pramen,
by uchránila základní kámen,
pro čest jež je našim pánem,
při rozhodování o tom co je správné,
tak aby vždycky byl náš záměr,
spravedlivý a hodný naší budoucnosti.

Siwec Jan

Refugee.

There is no school tomorrow.
And my heart is full of sorrow.
Pack a bag my darling.
I know it must seem frightening.
Put your big coat on
Hurry now we've not got long.
Chin up my love
Be brave and strong.
Pack a bag my darling
Take 1 Teddy bear.
I know that you are hungry
I've packed some food to share.
Wear your walking shoes
Don't forget your hat.
No I'm sorry darling
There's no time to find the cat.
Give daddy kisses Xx
Daddy's staying behind.
I hope that on our journey
New friends we will find.
Now listen closely child
Try to understand.
You must stay close to mama
And tightly hold my hand.
Have you packed a bag
My darling?
It is time for us to leave.

Sarah Jane Hull

A Peaceful Existence

There's a disturbance
in the midnight sky so vast and wide
an aching need for silence
in the world as we know it today.

Bombs fall where tranquility
once stood tall on sunlit days,
now fire fills the skies
nothing to be heard but cries.

Why does it have to be
this way in our lifetime's humanity,
stop the bloodshed now,
the degradation of the human soul.

The shattering of hearts,
the disruption of the human spirit
with fire running wild
over the land of peaceful serenity.

The only fight to be waged
is the battle for love's true reality,
no more death due to hate,
no more killing in our existence.

Just breathe in and out,
believe in the light of peaceful hope,
one step towards the sunrise
that burns down all the pain of war.

Timothy Michael DiVito

Paradise From Within

Feeling not of this place,
but of one far away,
filled with the scent of love.

Feed me not lies of peace,
for I feel for this world,
as brandished steel destroys
hope of eternal life.

Ravaged lives lie broken,
mended they cannot be,
except for their sacred souls,
which can now find freedom
in houses of the holy.

Fire shall rain down daily,
until this way of life
is ceased and desisted.

Peace, a true cherished gem,
needs to breathe free of sham.

Find it in your soul now
to set in motion love,
that will consume evil.

Paradise does exist,
not only in our minds,
but in every man's heart. . .

Timothy Michael DiVito

#WeStandWithU

You're in our prayer
You're in our prayers,
Oh! Yes, we're praying
With all hopes to make
You free from this war.
We might be strangers for you
Or we might never meet
but our hearts can feel
the pain that you're experiencing
Because it's this war
that pained our ancestors
So we want no more war.
We might not fight in
the battlefield like soldiers
But we're standing with you
To oppose this war,
because we can feel the
Pain that you're experiencing

Let tomorrow's sun shine
so brightly spreading
Positivity and a ray of
Hope for a bright future.

Swati Sarangi

TON DRAPEAU EST UN LINCEUL

Demeurer des humains n'était pas suffisant,
ils devinrent des patriotes, tracèrent des frontières
entre eux, dessinèrent des drapeaux, puis
le patriotisme n'était à son tour plus suffisant,
ils devinrent des nationalistes, creusèrent des
tranchées
pour s'égorger les uns les autres, et enfin
pour soulager leur peine on inventa des hymnes,
on édifia des statues et on créa des héros,
exactement comme pour les enfants.
Secouez vos drapeaux les petits, secouez !
Quand vous serez bien grand on vous enroulera
dedans.

Grégory Huck

YOUR FLAG IS A SHROUD

To remain human was not enough,
they became patriots, drew borders
between them, drew flags, then
patriotism was no longer enough,
they became nationalists, dug trenches
to cut each other's throats, and finally
to relieve their pain, hymns were invented,
statues were erected and heroes were created,
just like for children.
Shake your flags little ones, shake!
when you will grown-ups, you will be rolled up
in.

Grégory Huck

#WeStandWithU

Mehrere, ein paar Neutronenbomben
machen aus U-Bahn Katakomben.

Wolodymyr Knyr

1/2

UKRAINE! UKRAINE!! UKRAINE!!!

Hello Ukraine,
Do you make the guns blaze
As you hear them blazing?
Do you make the bombs tick
As you hear them ticking?
Do you make the missiles wail
As you hear them wailing?
Well, we've heard it, too
And our ears are filled with these
Demonic noise all over the news

Hello Ukraine,
Our hearts blaze, tick, and wail
As we send our love like rain
Hear the still small voice of us
That pray for you not to fall
Lest you open your eyes again
To this „misery of the last days“
Well, we've seen it, too
And our eyes are filled with these
Demonic gore all over the news

Damilola Mathias

2/2

UKRAINE! UKRAINE!! UKRAINE!!!

Shake the feeling, shake the thought
Shake the worry, use your guts
In the fire, in the flood
Do not cower, stand up tall
You, the frontiers of your court
Chase the foes of your freedom
Out of the land of your blood
In the which y'all are made bastions

Ukraine! Ukraine!! Ukraine!!!
You are not from central casting, from central casting
You are out of the ordinary.

Damilola Mathias

**JUST BECAUSE A LEADER IS MAD
DOES NOT MEAN YOU MUST
FOLLOW HIM**

Putin tries to poke holes into the body's work of
a nation
but the body's work of the nation cannot be poked
through—

gut-shot punctuation, terrorist renderings, vocabulary
of madness
and Russia bleeds fire, cruelty, vocabulary of an
insane man's mind.

He walks into the noise more than once,
and now he must exit from the room:

You do not have to follow a leadership lodged in evil.
Following orders is not a defense.

How do you fight a courageous people, Putin?
You do not. Geocide is murder. Murder is murder.

Get out of Ukraine now!

Michael H. Brownstein

WAR AND BEAUTY

Let us say the colorful hummingbird symbolizes
peace.

Let us say the two legged giant with weak arms is the
gray of cruelty.

The hummingbird swift and agile, a glitter of texture;
the giant clumsy and slow, the creator of tools of
destruction.

Let us say they meet in the field of wild flowers
blossoming.

After the smoke clears, the fires fade, the gray fog of
death remains.

Let us say the hummingbird symbolizes peace.

Let us say the giant with weak arms tries to be the
master of extinction.

The field will regain itself, flowers will bloom,
hummingbirds will repopulate.

Unfortunately the giant will return with cruel anger.

He is stupid and unsure, but he will learn beauty
always wins.

Michael H. Brownstein

Putin's Conscience

Some of us try and count sheep
but when Putin tries to sleep
he sees tiny pink unicorns falling
to the sound of air raid sirens calling
Children of Ukraine now at war
not safe at home anymore
Their parents turned brave soldiers
forced to defend their country's borders
Streets crowded by heavy tanks
with Russian soldiers at their flanks

And while they pray for God their souls to keep
Old Vladimir doesn't care - he falls right asleep.

M Welgemoed

1/3

„Eleven“

11 more seconds to live
11 more breaths to breathe
11 more feelings to feel
11 more people to kill

11 more questions to ask
11 more lies to unmask
11 more truths to nail
11 more plans to fail

11 more tombs to find
11 more things to mind
11 more friends to pick
11 more graves to dig

11 more words to say
11 more debts to pay
11 more decisions to make
11 more dreams to break

Novikov Pavel

2/3

„Eleven“

11 more numbers to count

11 more bodies to bound

11 more screams to cry

11 more ways to die

11 more issues to trip

11 more thoughts to flip

11 more roads to choose

11 more hopes to loose

11 more locks to pick

11 more facts to seak

11 more fingers to cut

11 more mouths to shut

11 more motives to fake

11 more freedoms to take

11 more nations to yeld

11 more fences to build

Novikov Pavel

3/3

„Eleven“

11 more rhymes to sing
11 more phones to ring
11 more pairs to part
11 more throats to cut

11 more hails to pray
11 more lords to obey
11 more layers to peel
11 more reasons to kneel

11 more beats of heart
11 more drops of blood
11 more rights are wrong
11 more sounds are gone

Novikov Pavel

#WeStandWithU

War in the midst of Pandemic!
Disease decimated towns,
Leaving the last chance
To serve the essence of life
But for people who can't tame
The pandemic that dwells within themselves
Saw it as the another chance
To retain the bad,
Oo! Human full of greed and lust
What all are these feuds for?
Think of the day
When your body would become dust
Commodities control our wealth
While we pollute the mother Earth
And neglect our health,
Stop! Before the heavenly blessings
Abode back to where it belongs
Hear the deafening cry of a child who bleeds
Famine left no soul untouched
As hate was all that you feed,
War in the midst of a killer pandemic
Oo! Good sinners
Stop the war that was started
To end all the wars
For a war never ends
For the treaties might be signed
But the harrowing memories
Always remain in our mind.

GODS PEOPLE OF THE UKRAINE!!

I WANT YOU TO KNOW WE FEEL YOUR PAIN.I CAN ONLY HOPE GOD DESTROY THE RUSSIAN TANKS WITH A HURRICANE.THIS WAR, THIS INVASION, IS SO INSANE.PUTIN IS PLAYING WITH PEOPLE LIVES LIKE A GAME,WHAT IS HIS AIM? THIS IS A SHAME, BOMBS COMING DOWN ON HUMANS LIKE RAIN. TANKS RUNNING OVER CITES LIKE TRAINS, PUTIN IS THE BLAME, TYRANT IS HIS NAME.THIS SHIT IS SO LAME,REGULAR CITIZENS FIGHTING PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS UN-TRAINED,SO MANY LIVES LOST IN VAIN. IT'S IS SO PLAIN, OLDMAN WOMAN AND CHILDREN IN PAIN. WONDERING WHY NATO NEVER CAME. WHILE RUSSIA IS CONTINUING TO COMMIT MASSACRES IN THE UKRAINE.THIS IS NO DIFFERENT THAN GENOCIDE, BOMBING SHELTERS WHERE CHILDREN HIDE.BUT UKRAINAINS NEVER LOST THIER PRIDE, STILL FIGHTING FOR THOSE WHO DIED. FIGHTING TANKS, FIGHTING IGNORANT RUSSIAN SOLDIERS BECAUSE PUTIN LIED.THIS IS WORST THAN SUICIDE, BUT THEY CONTINUE TO THROW MOLOTOV COCKTAILS, NOT GIVING THE RUSSIANS A FREE RIDE. FIGHTING WITH PRIDE. UKRAINE PEOPLE THRIVE.PLEASE STAY ALIVE!!!

GOD BLESS THE UKRAINE AND PEOPLE WHO FIGHT TO BE FREE.

WE STANDWITHU.

*Robert William Bellamy
aka Scalehambawk Da Poet*

Plant The Seed

Let soldiers lay their weapons down.
Let there be for them no need.
Let farmers flourish in the fields ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

Let rulers all across the Earth
Pay true compassion heed
And allow their country's voice be heard ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

It's time to put an end to war.
An end to needless greed.
The Voice of Peace is calling out ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

The path we're on, we can't sustain.
The wise must rise and lead.
The Golden Rule must be our tool ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

Let soldiers lay their weapons down.
Let for them there be no need.
Let farmers flourish in the field ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

E. W. Smith

1/3

WAR

Gone are the days
Left only with memories of freedom.
Siren, gun shots and bombs-
that's the new environment,
that's the new normal here.
Border stole our peace, we wish to reverse this war.
Gone are the days-
and not coming back soon
Troops enters with ready cocked guns-
hunting for fellow men.
Looking for safe place to hide our fears
Cold hearts and troublesome minds.
Gone are the days
Situation worsening here
Places where we call homes-
no refuge,
Crying of children and women
Running away from our own mother land,
Struggling to survive here.

Tom Ayieko

2/3

WAR

Gone are the days
We found ourselves at the battle field while passing
Guilty just because we belong here
We did not begun this war-
treated as the enemies.

Gone are the days-
days of peace.
Resources have been destroyed,
Life is the only remaining resource
that we are rushing to save.
We run to a place where we can find-
only a rest from this situation.

Gone are the days
Benefits of doubts to our soldiers and volunteers -
they are sacrificing their lives for us to survive
When will this end?
We need freedom.

Tom Ayieko

3/3

WAR

Gone are the days
All this destructions can never yield peace.
War is expensive, peace is cheap
Running away from man made disaster
Both sides needs freedom.

Gone are the days.
Today is the seventh day since this war begun
Convoy heading this direction-
for destruction
No sign of freedom to come soon
Admiring the too soon gone days.

Gone are the days.
Hiding in bankers while others seeking refuge
in other nations.
We dream of peace inside here
We hold tight the force of hope,
Tired of being victims of this situation.
Hope for freedom to come soon.

Tom Ayieko

My Apartment

Where I plopped on that droopy couch,
weary from the drain of work
and unyolked myself from
the cares of another day.

Give me back that delicious, boring day
when my all-consuming consideration--
whether to stop at the bar
or come home to a beer
with a lapful of my little dog, Glib.

We chose to stay, he and I,
so I could help defend that very couch.
On the day that he ran away,
I had heard the first shell,
and thought to myself:
„Glib is outside. Oh, Glib!“

But he was nowhere to be seen,
and I watch now from my window
to the spaces filled with hard sounds
and sad smoke.

My Glib runs there somewhere.
My droopy couch still smells like him,
yet I am called to go.

Donna StClair

Ukrajina

Světém letí
hrůzy zvěsti
děsu změtí
zbraně chřestí

Světe spoj se
hra je jiná
vrahu, boj se!
Na Putina!

Zbraně chřestí
horko je ti
ochraň děti
zatni pěsti

Dnes nepadne, zítra silná
z prachu vzejde válkou jiná
avšak živá

Ukrajina

Tereza Dvořáková

Ukraine...

We see and hear You
We stand with You
Your bravery is evident
In all that You Say and Do
We Pray for You

You took a stand for what is right
Love for your Country
Will strengthen You to continue to fight
You will never give in...

Ukraine...
Your prayers and strength are plain for all to see
It's evident that God has seen your tears
He heard your cries
We stand in awe of what we see
And the world has been changed by your Bravery.

People of the world look up... open your eyes
See what's happening to the Ukraine?
If it's happening to one it's happening to all...

Diane Broos from Canada

1/2

#WeStandWithU

Entry number 01:

At War

Who is to blame

for the faults of our past?

Do wars and gunshots of today

honors all who got betrayed?

Politicians and scientists

might have all the answers.

,It is what it is' they said.

And history repeats itself.

Her heart breaks

as her hands shake

for all the ,what is'

could never turn to ,what if's'

Or is it too late

to realize

that all of us could be

better than this?

Ciarra Tales

2/2

#WeStandWithU

Entry number 02:
What does it take?

It takes intelligence
to be inhuman
and it takes emotions
to be vulnerable.

It takes saving
to be a hero
but it takes revenge
to be the villain.

All my sympathy
goes to the ruins of Ukraine
and all my empathy
goes to the pains of Russia.

Ciarra Tales

1/4

Where is my heart leading to?

When I was young,
Grandma used to tell stories.
Stories of sinners and hatred.
Stories of how things changed time.
Stories that broke their soul.
Stories about life that death awaits afar.
Stories about what is happening now.
Listening to it, my soul sunk in,
Goose bumps all over my body.
As I closed my eyes
My soul wandered around
To the timeless event that is happening now and then.
What was war to them was different from us.
But all I asked is why?
When love can be so without worries
Why war and to live in misery?

That soldier's eyes telling many tales.
Tired and broken, alas! That soul left.
That child's cry! Are you even listening?
Where is their mother though?
Leaving them orphaned and broken from inside

Dr Chongtham Ranjita Devi

2/4

Where is my heart leading to?.

Will there be no spring tomorrow?

I can hear the sirens speaking,
Filled with voices in the air.
Nightmares in broad daylight
And dreams shattered.
Children were told to dream bright
And that everything is okay.
Their good dreams will cease then nightmares away, but,
Didn't no one say nightmares are dream too.

That unread letters piled up in the front porch,
And unsent notes on top shelves,
Empty rooms with no candlelight shone.
Where was the heart leading to?
Young children singing in chorus,
Praying to God for answers.

I don't know what fate has it for them,
But my heart dropped down deeply.

Dr Chongtham Ranjita Devi

Where is my heart leading to?

As my soul wandered around a little bit longer.
It came to my mind, why war when we could love.
Why greed, vicious and end up lamentable?
Look at who you are!

Look above you and around you!
Why are you not feeling anything!
Are you all right with the way it is going?
My soul cried deep down.

But when I looked up
I saw a clear sky, driven by the golden light,
I was blinded and guided toward the mountain site.
I can see the strength where it was coming from.
I can see the heart and faith they have all in one.
The day is coming when it will be sunny once again.
The day is coming when none's sacrifice will not go in vain
My dear people, Heaven will pour answers
And Heaven shall praise you all for the glory you will bring.
Do not fret and do not wary.
You have come this far
And shall all go home together.

Dr Chongtham Ranjita Devi

4/4

Where is my heart leading to?.

Those Reynard speaks in hideous ways
And siren continues to betray.
That sound unpleasing every time it fires
And the smell of burnt offerings made.
What has the world gone into.
My soul cries in deepening sorrow.
Do we move on from one and go on and stuck in loop?

Because it seems like
It is happening what had happened before Not de javu, not time travelled
But a lesson we all learnt that we didn't learn anything from history.
I opened my eyes only trying to understand
Where is my heart leading to?

But a lesson we all learnt that we didn't learn anything from history.
I opened my eyes only trying to understand
Where is my heart leading to?

Dr Chongtham Ranjita Devi

#WeStandWithU

Buď láska
I já jako celý svět
smutek nosím
buď láska
řekne se ukrajinsky
prosím...
buď láska,
modlím se tedy
a vzlykám
buď láska, volám kamsi
a sama nevím kam
buď láska,
vzývám
každého z nás
nenechme
Ukrajinu
zlomit si vaz
buď láska,
modleme se spolu
už dnes v noci
za Kyjev
za město
co zůstalo
bez pomoci.

Kateřina Kavalírová

#WeStandWithU

The one who is throwing the bombs and the who is
getting killed by those bombs
Both are saying „Our country is everything for us“

Suraj Thakur

1/3

Today, As I Watched the News

Today,
As I watched the news,
I heard of school children being sent from one city to
another, as parents hoped and prayed that they'll
escape the bombings.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I saw a wife break down and hold on to her husband
like it's the last time they'll say goodbye, as he
stayed back to defend his nation.

Tabia Zia

2/3

Today, As I Watched the News

Today,
As I watched the news,
I saw the number of casualties get higher and higher,
until they've lost count of the innocent lives lost.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I watched the moral battles, as they chose between
fleeing to safety, or staying to fight back and defend
their country.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I struggled to understand how someone could be so
evil.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I watched a nation too pretty to be destroyed, break
and burn.

Tahia Zia

3/3

Today, As I Watched the News

Today,
As I watched the news,
I realised that the 'United Nations' weren't so "united"
after all.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I wondered how humanity could be so inhumane.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I watched the definition of 'shelter' change to 'an
emergency bunker'.

Today,
I didn't watch the news...

Tabia Zia

Ukraine

These are strange days
Strange times
Dark clouds dominate the skies
Peace gives way to war
Light gives way to dark
so the storm keeps coming
We can only hope
We can only pray
For the sunshine to return
We wait for that rainbow
and the white doves of peace

Haraldo

Додому

Там світить дім,
там вирости мої діти.
Там, де сонце вперше побачить мене,
там свобода і мир зустрічає людину.

Там я виріс і навчився
там я закохався і одружився,
Я тут вдома
незнайомці зараз крадуть моє серце.

Я співаю сумну пісню на самоті,
плачу на самоті
Мені нікуди йти
нема кому прийти.

Мені сниться жінка, яка спить дитину,
Я мрію про сни, де кохання пахне домом,
вони забрали в мене все, крім надії.

Я кричу до світу на допомогу,
Я до останнього подиху вірю в доброту людини.
Я входжу в темряву зі світлом у серці.
Нехай Бог викупить мою душу за всі кривди мого народу

A. L. E. X. DREAMER

#WeStandWithU

A country so calm and serene
Full of patriotism and scenery
Feeding hungry stomachs with delicacies
Found my comfort in their croissants and coffee
The divine city streets and the cafes
A culture way too difficult but too alluring
In this country we found our dreams again
When we lost them in our own
Our birthday parties at The Pedestrian bridge
The beauty of Carpathian Ridges
Hours of chats in the silpo next to university
Or roaming around midnight in the city
The people who didn't judge
And made mouth-watering pastries and fudge
The Ukrainian mixed English of people
A place that never made me feel feeble
Away from home still I was at home
With my friends and the city's warmth
Heaven on earth are the frozen lakes
Or the land covered with snowflakes
It's my city burning down
Along with our memories
It breaks my heart seeing them cripple
I am not Ukrainian but these are my people

Palak Dutta

#WeStandWithU

Since it first rang out the sound
Still penetrates our walls – breaking news
Of bombs, civilians displayed.
Who are we, when we're invaded?
Shells and mortar traps litter the path..

Back when beauty wasn't stuck
Beneath debris – back when fears
Were grocery lists and happy birthdays -
Here, again the siren rain and BANG -
Another totalled house. History – it rhymes.

Is this what we humans do?
Or is it the world that makes us cruel -
Have our cake and it too when millions
Await a famished death. We stand with you,
And raise our voices for your cause.
You are not to be forgotten,

Jyotirmaya

A small nation with a mighty fight

Behind the ashes lays the lives.
Behind the shots cries the children.
Behind the tanks prayers are sent.
But behind the oppression,
A small nation rises.
A small nation sends a message,
A message of strength and peace
A message larger than any nation.
And behind every bombing,
They sing out the songs of their people.
Behind every shove,
They shove back a little harder.
Behind every tears and anger,
They tread ahead and...
They shout in hymns
“this is OUR land! this is OUR people!
this. Is. OUR. Ukraine!

spOrk

Na křídlech prosby

Na děti myslím – a na jejich matky,
když místo včelek bzučí roje střel.
Na život myslím, jak je krutě krátký,
na silný dým, jenž pohled obestřel.

Je mi tak smutno, pokaždé, když kdesi
dále či blíže salvy strašné zní.
Ty dětské oči ve spánku mě děsí:
Žalují válku. Vyplašené z ní.

Proč k prvním krůčkům výbuchy jim duní?
Kam se jen ztratil bezstarostný smích?
Proč nejde hrát si v písku na výsluní
a hltat příběh obrázkových knih?

Válka je saní, která oheň soptí,
a která spálí v temné noře sen.
Válka je zruďná, zanechává otisk:
Ten, koho potká, bude otřesen.

Nenávist hoří v krbu místo dřeva,
a plamen zkázy stoupá výš a výš.
Ať místo jedu láska se zas vlévá
do žil a srdcí. Ať je opět blíž.

Ať brzy z trosek nová stavba vstane,
a v dětských očích objeví se jas.
Modlím se za mír – za nás všechny, Pane.
Dej dětem šanci svojí vírou v nás...

Marek Vojtěch Řezanka

Drums of War

Off in the distance, somewhere,
drums of war are beating.
A man is gathering his weapons.
Someone who loves him is weeping.

The sound of the drums gets louder.
He has no choice in the war.
His country has called-he must answer.
She follows him out, to the door.

The amulet she puts in his pocket
was returned to her before.
There's a prayer, deep in her soul;
it will safely return, once more.

Off in the distance, somewhere,
drums of war are beating.
Another man gathers his weapons.
Someone who loves him is weeping.

The amulet she puts in his pocket
has returned to her before.
There's a prayer, deep in her soul,
it will safely return, once more.

One day the drums will stop drumming.
Two women will answer their doors.
One greets the soldier she loves.
The other, will hear "Nevermore".

Object shuffling

With Ukraine

By Ukraine

In Ukraine

On Ukraine

Over Ukraine

Upon Ukraine

Thro' Ukraine

Though Ukraine

Around Ukraine

About Ukraine

For Ukraine

From Ukraine

Will Belarus conference conclude

With Ukraine

With Ukraine

With Ukraine

With Ukraine...

j. a. d Orupabo

Peace 🙌 for Ukraine

during the Crimean war there are lessons learnt
importance of the right of the Palestinian Christians
the importance of the modern means of
communication

the fame of Florence Nightingale and remembering
the men who inspired the well-known

Poem

, 'The charge of the light brigade...'

Again, we have, Russia fighting Ukraine
and again alone and unsupported
by the rest of Europe and the free world.

Who decides whether Ukraine
joins the European union & NATO?
the litmus test here to decide Right is
To decide who is the aggressor?

Is there Ukrainian boots on Russian
Soil, or the opposite?

Ukrainian people aligned themselves
to the free world

Big Brother Russia must respect that.
#UKRANE WE STAND WITH YOU

j.a.d Orupabo

Human beings or mountains



in
most
coun-
tries...
of
the
earth
the
landscape
is
mountainous
so
certain
times...
the
heat
builds -
up
volcanoes
erupt
a
natural
pheno-
mena...And
in

all
the
Conti-
nents...
are
Inde-
pendent
nations
have
the
conflicts ceased?
do
we
count...
Ukraine
Vs
Russia
the
only
wars.
If
peace
succeeded
after
the

Belarus
Con-
ference...
will
all
wars
of
the
world
cease ?
are we
human
beings
or
volatile
mountains?

j. a. d Orupabo

UKRAINE

morning after the curfew
deserted streets
sad people

strange atmosphere

j.a.d Orupabo

1/2

Why give the United Nations a back-seat now?

In
times
of conflict
the right decision
is key !
otherwise
things
slide and fall
one on the others...
the domino- effect
to nations,
the stronger
talking down
on smaller ones...
We see
how terrorism had spread
all over the global community
We see
how religious intolerance
had manifested
into,
boko haram in Nigeria
El-shabab in East Africa
Isis has destructive agendas
for both Moslems and Christians
in Asia and all over the world...

j.a.d Orupabo

2/2

Why give the United Nations a back-seat now?

9/11 was beyond any imaginable nightmare,
Germany France Britain Sweden Belgium, and
most European nations
have been victims from onslaughts by terrorist...
Must the UNITED NATIONS
take a back seat, be dictated to...
in this fight for the soul of our world
when does it get the seat of God?

j.a.d Orupabo

1/2

Dilemma of a Ukrainian family

it is noisy
noise from the sky
noise on the streets
noise everywhere
difficult to think of anything
if it is to get away
where will one go
there's no transport
the roads to safety
are full of Russian soldiers
nothing is organised as before
you really want to remain
running away is too much of a bother
no safe place to hide
gun fire and bombs exploding
as the invading Russians advance
on all fronts...in Ukraine
your beloved country!

j.a.d Orupabo

2/2

Dilemma of a Ukrainian family

you should have been a soldier
it didn't matter then
you look at your wife, your
children, your frail grandparents...
employing you with their frightened eyes
hoping to see the hero
in your eyes
to lead them to some place
near but safe, far and hospitable !
Or say anything brave
make them strong
wanting to stay and fight
for flag and country !

j.a.d Orupabo

TORN

Words

Guns

God

or a kiss?

Which will be the one that will end all of this?

At the face of the trial

Times when the cloud is darker

And Songs of Peace sang farrer

Father,

Let there be light

In the painful times

Where hope is lost

And garment of joy is torn

Where tears is worn as amour

Where innocent souls are destroyed

At the face of war

God!

Have your way

Pio Vontelle

#WeStandWithU

Let the heavens speak peace
Let the troubled rivers flow with ease
Let the rain of hope fall on earth
Save homes
Be close to the troubled Ukrainians

Let their sons and daughters
Find laughter
Put an end to their oppression
Be their banner
Let them find you Lord
As a Redeemer
As a Savior

Tolu The Alchemist

1/2

BLUE SKY

Life is here
And now
Mine and yours
We 've missed the closeness
The kisses
The touch
For so long
And now...

Now we take down the masks
Run for shelter
Search for loved ones
Escape the cruelty
Pray for love
Respect
For the touch we need
But listen...

Gudfinna Runarsdottir

2/2

BLUE SKY

Listen to the pounding pulse
Make it count
Because we owe it
To the ones
Who have missed the closeness
The kisses
The touch
For so long...

So long to plagues
Weapons in hands
Famine and bloodstained ground
Share love
Respect
touch
That 's everything we should never
never be without...

Dedicated to the Ukrainian victims of war <3

Gudfinna Runarsdottir

Ruským vojákům na Ukrajině

Obejmi mě,
zahod' kvér,
ЈЕНО válka
není fér

Obejmi mě,
zahod' kalaš,
ЈЕНО válka
Není Váš

Российским солдатам в Украине

Обними меня,
Ты брось ружё
ЕГО война
это хуйло

Обними меня,
Ты брось калаш
ЕГО война!
ОН не ваш

maryna25@volny.cz

*

Ojalá nos queramos más
de lo que nos vendemos.

Ojalá los tiranos hubieran
tenido más abrazos
cuando fueron niños.

Ojalá las balas
se enamoraran de la paz.

Ojalá el dinero se hiciera
en el centro del sol.

Ojalá que el poder
se olvidara del hombre.

Ojalá que la decisión
de hacer la guerra
fuera de las madres
de los soldados.

OJALÁ.

Ángelo Noepoli

Ink for U

My feet may have not walked your land
My nose may have not breathed your air
My tears may have not burned as hot as
yours
But my heart is shattered all the same
My pen is feeling your pain
Shedding and inking
on to the paper pillows

And..
If your dreams decide to leave
If your hands knows nothing but to fist
If your eyes cannot forget the wreck
If your hope withers away

I pray time will keep them in a box

Because..
You will learn to dream again
Seek chance, high-five
And burn for hope

And I will...
Hope with U
Dream with U
Live with U
Stand with U

My strength lies here
May these words
Keep you going

In the dark hour of your life

In the darkest hour of life
You will know about your suffering
In the darkest hour of life
You will know whose with you
So do not feel so helpless and blue
Things will change for you
This too shall pass for you
So keep your hope alive!

Khyati Kukreja

Sky dissolve into a colour of Percussion

Today the sky is not blue,
See,
those clouds, no ounce of white you could see.
There only the colour of grimace
and a little shade of Red prevails.
It seems familiar.
Staring,
as my eyes are open
I could see the sky dissolve
Into numerous sorrowful colours.
If I place them on a canvas,
It will reflect a palette,
A palette where no brush dipped its colour.
Only humans,
With their heads shaved
Painted a portrait of war.
In it, Red amplifies, and violence simplifies
The outcome of a futile percussion.

Saptarshi Bhowmick

Ukraine You're Not Alone

Children dying.

The future is fluctuating.

Soldiers are protecting their country.

A country they call home.

Families are left behind.

Ukraine is not safe anymore.

Witnessing their country collapsing in front their
lachrymose eyes.

Ukrainians I can't begin to imagine the
unbearable pain you're experiencing.

Ukrainians; I see your swollen eyes, those restless
eyes, those worried eyes.

Behind your pain are brave souls that are fighting.

Fighting for freedom.

Don't give up.

Don't stop fighting.

One day your tears will be dried.

Allandra Gordon

UKRAINE

I KNOW THAT YOUR COUNTRY IS UNDER
A LOT OF STRESS
AM HERE TO SHOW MY FULL SUPPORT
TO WISH YOU ALL THE BEST
IT GRIEF THE SEAS OF NATIONS
NOT ONLY THE GROUP THAT CALLED NATO
PUTTING THE WHOLE WORLD AT WRECK.
AM SO SICK AND TIRED OF THIS WAR THING
IT DOESNT MAKE SENSE FIGHTING OVER
GOD THINGS
NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY
YOU GOING TO DIE AND LEAVE THIS EARTH
AND YOU CANNOT CARRY ANYTHING
CAUSE THE HUMAN LIFE IS CURSE
SALUTE TO THE MEN WHO TRY TO PROTECT
THERE NATION
ALL IS NOT LOST CAUSE OUR PRAYERS
IS WITH YOUR NATION
AM SORRY FOR THE BLOOD SHED AND
SORRY FOR YOUR LOST
DONATE SOME MONEY AND GIVE TO THIS
NATION

Jamore Smalls

#We Stand With You!

Today's the day we stand against tyranny.
Borders are sacred
Lines can't be crosses
People will fight to defend what's lost.
Buildings can be shattered
A bomb can be thrown
No one can ever take
the right to your home.
So stand and fight
It's all you can do.
People of Ukraine, the world stands with you!

Bethany Diehl

With you we call

With you
we call
our brotherhood
in the suffering
that we see
with breaking heart
It destroys of us all
To share in the loss
Of pain and agony
That it is witnessing
No words can describe
only with a deep sincere
feeling of sympathy
To insinuate that we care
Hang tight and stay strong
we ask
With abundance of love
and unity we share
For peace
that
come
together

Hanh Chau from the USA

1/3

Just stop it!

A peaceful country,
With peace loving people,
Has been invaded,
By a super power neighbour,
To toe her line,
Or face,
Deaths, destruction,
Misery, pain,
All around,
What a shame.

It's hard,
To believe,
It's happening,
In 21st century,
A blooming garden,
Has been turned,
To rubble,
Growing economy,
Has been destroyed,
Why this,
To a innocent country,

Anil Jaswal

2/3

Just stop it!

On the pretext,
That it is endangering,
The super power.

We are still,
Under the shadow of,
Rule of jungle,
That is,
Might is right,
Than how will,
The weak survive.

Look at,
The helplessness of,
Rest of the world,
They are failing,
To stop,
This carnage,
Instead shouting,
From their own,
Safety chambers,

Anil Jaswal

3/3

Just stop it!

And let the,
Men made calamity,
Falls on,
The helpless people.

For God sake,
Have some sympathy,
For humanity,
And stop,
This historical blunder,
Hand over,
This country,
To where it belongs,
And help them,
Rebuild it again.

Anil Jaswal

#WeStandWithU

Sunflowers shine through the darkness
bringing hope for peace.
Your Friends around the world
paint the brilliance of the flowers
and pray for you.

Jenny Panda

1/2

Farewell Of War

Let's end this war,
For forever from our country,
From our world let's leave in the peace,
Let's live in a very beautiful nature,
By loving it's living beings and animals,

By loving the things which are made by the human beings,
When the war will be ended,
We will enjoy and live in a very much peaceful
environment,
What has the war to do with the lives of the innocent
people,
Let's end this absurdist war and let's celebrate farewell of
war.

The Hunters And Creators of Wars

Why do they create the art of wars ?
At first they create in their imagination,
Then they wrote such things in any historical books,
They continues that wars in our history in world war 1 and
world war 2,

Binod Dawadi from Nepal

2/2

Farewell Of War

Now at this time they are creating world war 3,
They thought that this wars and killings are,
Their arts and skills but they are wrong,
The art teaches us to be a good man to help for the society,
As well as it's people,
But such hunters and Creators of wars doesn't know that,

They sacrifices their life in the wars also innocent people,

Sacrifices their life in the wars,
This is not for the benefit of people, society, country,
As well as for the world,
So if you are hunters and creators of wars,
Then mind your works and activities,
You are not genius, but coward,
You run away from freedom and rights,
You desire much so don't desire more,
The hunters and the creators of the wars.

Binod Dawadi from Nepal

#WeStandWithU

PHANTOMS transported beyond
Fear raising arms in adoration;
Veiling clouds rained on and on
Until the night cried dawn

First the Who
Grieved of their own sad shades
Then raised up the black-shining gleam
Strobing the dark world merriment

Unsteady heaven afflicted
Vast magnanimous wreck
Pyre flames unceasing warmed
Bodies still shivering wet

Heroics not easily played
Miseried vengeance at large
bent stone calcine jewels littering
the fierce land

Salokina Theopoulou

Sunflowers

Optimistic faces
turning from shadow
toward light

Roots deep
and wide
and hopeful

Lu Ann Kaldor

Pantoum for Ukraine

When will it end?
How will it stop?
The world is suffering
Ukraine needs our help
How will it stop?
Humans against humans
Ukraine needs our help
We need world peace
Humans against humans
Will we ever coexist?
We need world peace
Or we are all going to die
Will we ever coexist?
We need to hurry up
Or we are all going to die
The world is suffering
J.H.soul
My holy God
I pray to you
kill russian Putin beast
let all people in Ukraine

live soon again in peace

Marka

Uncertain Times

As enemies enter our lives, panic and fear overtake the mind.

Even when we know the truth that GOD is in complete control,

there still are some uncomfortable times about the daily battles within our hearts.

Our mind begins to roam from place to place.

This is the time we look around and begin to lose hope and strength.

Fear begins to creep in, and our focus becomes distracted.

Alone GOD offers us confidence in peace,

which can never be found without him.

He made all the heavens and earth with his plan for our life's journey.

Poetry can help us to cope with realities of the unknowns ahead.

We are now stepping out into unknown territory alone or together.

Poetry can capture the emotions as we share our scars and strengths.

Exploring the unknown gives shape to wisdom and insight to simply name the fears whether they be personal, spiritual, or even political.

We are reminded that we as people are still connected by worry, doubt and joy.

The resistance of closure with the sounding of darkness, helps us cope with the uncertainties of the shade of gray.

These really are uncertain times.

#WeStandWithU

Your cries are heard
Your tears are seen,
Your pain is felt
As we watch you bleed.
Families torn apart
Lives have been stolen,
Dreams have been shattered
Hearts have been broken.
We stand on the sideline
As we watch your world upend,
You've lost mothers, fathers, brothers
Sisters, cousins, friends.
The world hears your pleas
We pray for you at our pews,
But we can never understand
What it's like to be in your shoes.
We give as much as we can
Though it will never be enough,
Hate has filled the heart of man
Replacing acts of love.
As they wage war
Upon your land,
You're not alone
Ukraine...
With you we stand.

Nicole Townsend

Choose Peace

War is easy

Diplomacy is difficult

Condemning is easy

Working thru differences is difficult

Apathy is easy

Empathy is difficult

Starting a conflict is easy

Maintaining peace is difficult

We grow through difficulties not by taking easy path
and only peace can lead to mutual prosperity!

Choose Peace...

#ISupportPeace #EndTheWar #Humanity

#WeStandWithU

Hitesh Agarwal

#WeStandWithU

My country does not have a door,
my people are free to come and go.
My country is long on time but short
on freedom.

We work together on freedoms side, and with our new
Democracy we abide.

Now the tyrant stokes my country my land, with his brutal
war machine guided by his satanic hand.

This acolyte of satan is the bane of mankind.

His malice and his hatred are a product of his sick mind.

His country he has plundered, raped and pillaged.

His evil hand has blighted every town and village.

All opposition is simply swept away, poisoned, shot or
imprisoned.

In his rabid madness world domination is the vision.

Now his tanks and missiles bombard our town.

We stand and fight with tooth and nail,
broken but not yet down.

We defend our people our country our Democracy.

We will fight the evil Despot Putin and his Kleptocracy.

We will fight him with sticks we will fight him with stones
we will fight him again and again.

Our people and our country will suffer the pain.

For we are UKRAINE

Hitesh Agarwal

#WeStandWithU

My heart is saddened that you suffer War tanks and drones Bullet's and fire Gloomy days and more blood will be spilled Homes will be broken and hell will be riding through but not the will of UKRAINE WILL NOT FALL Stand fast stand tall. Give them sunflower seeds and smile in their eyes as you do Your unity's is vast and admiral Your cunning and wits are upmost truly absolute. You are looked down as a underdog... Let them believe in fairy tales your bullets are real My heart goes out to you it truly does. You are the definition of strength and the world knows it. Pick up rocks, block the roads clench your fist bore their hearst with fury and dissary give em hell with you upmost ferocious fight do not waiver do not surrender. ~Dylan Thomas Do not go gentle into that good night rage and rag against the dying of the light.

~Ra

I pray for Peace in Ukraine

Ukraine I have been away from you for many years,
once I was serene, but for a long time my eyes are full
of tears.

I pray for everyone, God protect my people, protect
my home.

Dark clouds of war vanished for eternity
and never return!!!

Holy Heaven grant us peace, joy, and unity from first
to last, from last to first.

Maryna Zhubryk

Peace when?

When will we know peace?
When humanity recognizes the divine in each living
being.
When will we know Peace?
When the love of our neighbour
Overpowers our love of power.
When will we know peace?
When the hope we feel blossoming in our hearts
Has no other choice but to bloom free by way of
smiles, helping hands, happy laughter.
When will we know peace?
When food, water, health, and home
Have more value than money, oil, tech, and greed.
When will we know peace?
We already know peace, in our minds.
We now have to live peace, in our lives.

poetic-rey

Ukraine 2022

M Anderson

My sons and daughters,
my fathers and brothers,
my sisters and mothers.
I weep and cry
I see you fall and die
who would not rather be home
than entering or escaping a war zone
war machines churn out the dead
no more rhetoric

what is left to be said?
My tears fall at
the ignorance and destruction
persued by warlords who
prevent the resurrection
of Spring.

All life burned in the flood
no life, no seeds, no birds nor bugs
no bulbs, no joys grow in the mud.

What will it take to realise
There is no glory in war
only a grieving forevermore....

poetic-rey

Pozdrav Ukrajině

Svůj pozdrav posílám ti na dálku,
tobě jediná připravená na válku.
Země našich sester a bratří,
země, která do Evropy patří.

Ty biješ se, hrdě jako lev,
za svobodu nás všech proléváš krev.
Stojíš tam jako maják naděje,
Hrdinně odvracíš úderý zloděje.

Do boje měl by se zapojit ten šmejd,
pak třeba ukončil by těch válečných rejd.
My napjatě čekáme, co se zas semele,
Ruská válečná lodi - jdi do prdele.

Rhymes4luff

Ukraine

What the hell is going on in this magnificent world, why are (most) people selfish, indifferent, insufferable, untrustworthy, dangerous, no it's not that I dislike people it's more that I don't trust anybody.

Being a watcher I've seen man's inhumanity towards man, I've seen man's disrespect of nature and I've witnessed man's dominance over resources and greed of power and wealth while those less fortunate have to practically beg for a glass of clean water.

Being socially isolated long before the virus began I was angry at the world, I was disappointed with the choices I was forced to make, because of circumstances beyond my control.

Now we are spectators of an invasion by one sovereign country to another as the aggressive dictator pushes women and children out of their homes along roads of destruction and chaos.

My eyes brim with tears as I watch the news unfold in the comfort of my safe home here in the UK, I hear the Screams of the children as they watch their world fall apart. The world afraid of a Nuclear war watch with bated breath as they feel impudent to act to stop this travesty I stand for the people of this world who suffer injustice and betrayal from countries such as Russia.

I stand for Ukraine and its people I stand for peace and respect for all I stand for unity not for destruction

The epitaph of this piece should be „stop the world I want to get off.“

Mark Hodges

From my phone I watch

I watch as the buildings fall
The threats ring in my ears
The light of war shines through
Made up of pixels
Shown in a square
It's all I can do
I can't look away
I can't watch anymore
The pixels turn dark
with the night of death
with the audio of the dead
Telling battle ships to Fuck OfF
All I can do
Is watch
And hope the brave prevail

Vannatato

Anti Political Love

I don't hate the nazis
nor their innocent children
I insist to confess..
And...
If you were led astray
I'd love you none the less!

I wouldn't want to see
a single Ukrainian nor Russian fall..
I hold no socially planted belief about the Chinese
I'm not afraid to love them all!

Look through my eyes
and see the world with love
Separation and hate
we can surely rise above!!!

Traveler

By Your Side.

Now that we've just begun
I will stand by your side,
Though the waves clash with the shores
Or wipe away grasses from our feet,
Though the seas dry up
When our thirst is scorching,
Though mountains stand before us,
And we are helpless in our bones
I say it without baiting my brow
I will stand by your side.

We stepped out under the clouds
Holding hands; holding breath
As we choose our memories,
To decorate our destinies,
Without the graffiti of fear;
Sometimes I feel trust is fragile
Where there is no guiding light
But look me in the eye,
Like your back is against the wall
And know I will stand by your side.

Jonathan Ukah

The Sunny Side

Set your eyes on the brighter side of the road
Where flowers blossom despite the hurricane,
Let your heart be free, and your head unload,
Sadness is mundane and pity profane.
Set your feet on the sunny side of the road,
Where a crowd of joy wave with smiling eyes
Though your heart is heavy yet unbowed
And bullets litter around you like split paradise.
Set your hands on the sunny side of the road
And snatch some hibiscus leaves from the ruin,
Where smoke-decked gardens and fields explode,
With torrid missiles that leave your skin immune.
If you set your lips on the sunny side of the road,
You will kiss dawn by the end of the day,
With your eyes shielded and spirits implode,
A nose that smelt the fragrance of peace today.
If you walk on the sunny side of the road
Set your eyes on the brighter side of the road,
Seize the hour and break out unbowed
Your heart is at peace, and your body is afloat.
Set your heart on the sunny side of the road,
Where golden daffodils sing of coming summer,
And chirping birds flock on hedges mowed
Where love would buffer as families cluster.

Jonathan Ukab

1/2

SUDDEN SHOCK

A nice land filled with peace and
happy contempt.

A land of people living day by day, just
as you and I do, now shattered by a
sudden loss.

A happy peaceful world, taken by
surprise by upheaval by the hands of
an evil monster.

You can hear the cries screaming in
pain, as their world is turned upside
down.

The breath has been taken away.

Why? All because of a man of a black
heart.

A monster of a deep black soul that
needs to get this own selfish way.

The children crying out for their
mothers, echo a shrill among the
world's air.

Jennifer Doty

2/2

SUDDEN SHOCK

Families left in poverty with the grief
for the loss of their loved ones.

A land that they call home has now
become a battlefield of destructional
pain.

Hope is still near however, tucked
away inside.

There will be justice done once and for
all.

The beautiful people of the land shall
not give up this fight, for their fight
has only just begun.

The precious untouched world will
soon be returned.

Jennifer Doty

#WeStandWithU

True,
the situation is beyond our control,
— it is snatching our present; as if, this is its own.
But this is also..... True —

,Peace too lies near the noisiest shore‘

We need to keep our eyes upon Calmness and Hope.
Untill we allow, Nothing can overcome us,
Loudly, Tell yourself —

,it is just a Momentary situation, Nothing More‘ .

Rajni Arora

Stand with Ukraine

You are not my home country
Nor one I have heritage from
You are still near and dear to my heart
And I want to see you push out Putin
Push back against his forces
Do not go into the night without a fight
Scream, shout, punch and kick
Do whatever you can to win this war

RJ Smith

#WeStandWithU

You are always in our hearts
Wherever you may be.
Thinking of you everyday
With love and sincerity.

How many new?
Now when children die and women cry
Does it matter that it started in 2014
When the United States orchestrated a coup
Ending in Ukraine becoming a corpses-filled zoo

Will it matter tomorrow when a country is wiped
Rolled like a dice,
Becoming a pawn in its own game
To each, killing has no shame

Jane Shaer

#WeStandWithU

Neo - liberals or nazis; aren't they really two sides of
the same coin?

Breathtaking views of humanity in its own desire,
spoiled

Creating the domino, that'll move the doomsday
clock

Ending with a big bang, only that the universe will
not care

Boundaries here and there, menacing a scare

Borders of salvation we have reached, breached

The new-new-new-cold war shall commence

How many 'new' and at what expense?

DeathFuel Poetry

#WeStandWithU

i had a dream that i was in the battlefield,
the ground shaking under my feet

A momentary power display
my weapon against yours
my love against your hate

for who ? for when ?we fight for ?

a leader's charisma stops
when the Earth prompts
 to listen the noon,
and all sounds were once again soothed

Sofia Kaloterakis

War

The tingling on my back has warned me
This isn't just an act of play
Two nations, brothers, fight each other
They're once again demanding land
The war of tug of tugging nothing
While people die, we watch the fall
Is this the end or the beginning
Of Earth's another tragic fate
I feel bad for I find it funny
Look at the rich do what they want
Abusing power, people, money
We let them, do we have a choice?

Leyla Azimova

War

Hide at home
And pray you'll never know,
The place where bombs
And nightmares flow.
Where laughter is lost
And lives are stolen.
Ghosts, left wandering,
Amongst the broken.

Coleen Mc Gleenon from Northern Ireland

1/2

#WeStandWithU

Together we stand,
Hand in hand,
Surrounded by the ring of fire,
Whilst the embers of Strands,
Strands,
Divided by all that we cannot see,
The beauty of life and laughter drowned out by
persecution and jealousy,
A nuclear weapon, ours or theirs threatens the sanctity of
life,
But we stand with Ukraine for sure.

Laughter and all that is drowned out,
If you put yourself in the situation of a war zone,
All you would hear, the sound of bombs and war planes
overhead.
I got sent another one of those boxes,
The other ones say who they are but this one doesn't.
I don't play the piano and I apologise for all I regret,
But today I stand with Ukraine for sure,

Indiana Simonde, @talesofacapricorn

2/2

#WeStandWithU

I thought of the day when I won't be with you any longer,
This weather never ceases to amaze,
All the molecules in a breeze,
It's a different place without us,
Without presence, the neurotic, narcissist in me arrogantly
bellows,
„I just want you to read something before you go.“
„..Will you stand with Ukraine?“

Isn't it crazy how one man can turn the world upside down
While he follows his madness and burns cities to the
ground?
It's insane how he speaks of glory and the greater good
When he cuts down their freedom and robs all their
childhood

A question of safety? To question what's right?
I think it's rather a question of misplaced pride
How can someone be so cold, dare I say evil
When it's clearly not the will of the people?

And that's why we stand up against what is wrong
We stand with the people that keep fighting on
We won't close our eyes and we won't walk away
We stand with the wronged and we stand up today

Indiana Simonde, @talesofacapricorn

REQUIEM FOR A DREAM WE THOUGHT REAL

I trained to be a diplomat./
My graduate degree's name changed from Diplomatic
History of the Soviet Union and Central Europe/
to Diplomatic History of Russia and Central Europe/
midway through my second year./
I stood in Budapest in a sea of American flags/
as a President I didn't approve of/
roused democracy in the hearts of Hungarians/
and raised the roof on the Soviet sin/
and I felt future history move as a palpable thing in the
summer heat/
my body swept in a sea of cellular significance/
as I stood on the same ground my grandparents fled on
foot across Europe/
with a five-year-old version of my mother I never got to
know/
to escape a boorish brutality of 1948
that history doesn't talk about./
The magnetic compass of Nations United/
charted my path lit by the light of peace/
in a land of „greed is good“/
my North Star affirmed by a gathering in Rio/
of those who saw the signs of the future/
back then/

REQUIEM FOR A DREAM WE THOUGHT REAL

puncturing a hole in the atmosphere/
and setting the Amazon forest afire/
with the blaze of common cause glowing in our eyes/
even as we were called crazy and alarmist./
But we knew, and had faith in nations moving
mountains./
So how, as a notedly preternatural futurist in my first real
job,/
did I fail to see this coming?/
How did we fail to see it coming?/
How did we not think that the worship of a movie
character spouting the goodness of greed/
would not result in the rise of small men
who think themselves large/
and wrap themselves in tin and lies/
with the power to melt the soft gold of freedom with the
slightest touch/
of adults in the room
who would dope a little skater girl's dream
to death/
and throw her to the wolves?

1/4

CALLING PEACE

Imbecile art thou! Buried wisdom heaves,
For, 'tis a voyage o'er gory lands of death.
Wherefore dost thy hands axe the branch thou perch?
Humanity ain't triumphant in arms of distorted faith.

Thou battle days for a great conquest,
And grab lands off to thy rever'd name.
Thou fete delight over earthen swathes,
And capture soil in tinselled frames.

A thousand graves beneath thy feet,
Slumber drenched in anguished rains.
And their souls in vengeful fires,
Burn each hour of grave disdain.

Dost thou feel for the bereft father,
Departing sans his willing heart?
His beloved beau too mourns aloud,
As she witnesses her soul's depart.

Dipanjan Bhattacharjee

CALLING PEACE

No promises true shall e'er return,
Her lost old days of happy hours.
A mournful corpse that breathes perhaps,
Shall stand oblivious to fulgent flowers.

O Knight of the world; as thou perceive,
What seekest thou from a defunct land?
Soil? Trees? Skies or clouds?
Or caskets with corpses entombed in sands?

Thou nestle gayly in castle of pearls,
And breathe each day in regal air.
What foes for thou in frailest attires;
Proclaim e'er their felonious share?

Stop for a while! Hither behold,
Flooded faces in ocean of tears.
What sin thou call for the tittle wean
With roseate eyes and ebony smears?

Let ,em breathe; o duke of honour!
For; they're all parts of noble mankind.
Thou art the king and none shalt revolt,
And none shalt cater varied thoughts in mind.

Dipanjan Bhattacharjee

CALLING PEACE

Of wars thou must behold a day,
Crumbled ruins of a civilisation.
Bare streets and barren fields,
Shalt be a part of thy regal possession.

Ah! Dost thou truly call a war?
Frail art they with timid demeanour.
Yet brave to the foes for one last chance,
Offer ,em love and petals of honour.

Seekest thou a perpetual surrender,
Thraldom thine must rein ,em all.
And evermore thy brutal wand,
Shalt lash ,em off from spring to fall.

Lo! Thinkest thou for a moment or two,
Dost thou seek o'er corpses a rein?
Or o'er crumbled houses and roads?
Wherefore fete a phoney win?

Lust of power and kingship rule,
And thus doth thy somnolent soul.
Awaken to the birds and behold the world,
Corpses ain't e'er thy rever'd goal.

CALLING PEACE

Proclaim triumph o'er hearts galore,
Where each man shalt worship thou.
Let 'em surrender all for love,
And offer to thee their solemn vow.

Peace must enshroud this mortal crust,
With posies shower from yonder skies.
Thy Knighthood shalt hold true for eons,
And God must bless thee in disguise.

There's a world aft renouncing cages,
Where the nymphs serve bliss to each.
But to the ones too blind of wealth,
Heaven's door stays off the reach.

And this bard of words and thoughts,
Offer to thee his verses wise.
This ain't his but the voice of God,
Behold o duke with thy soul's true eyes.

Stop the fire and let brooks flow,
Let each visage smile again.
The holy Lord from his abode,
Shalt bless thy soul with His divine rain.

Dipanjan Bhattacharjee

#WeStandWithU

sázím první řádek
Pokleknou a vyprosím mír
kdo ho má ve jméně
láska žije na Ukrajině
slovo, aby v půdě kvetlo
ochrání zem nebeské světlo

Miriam Šumníková

#WeStandWithU

Your dear heart was long in a battle.
I don't know who you are but you are loved.
Deep in the ground, walls seem to rattle.
Hold your heart while life starts to go puffed.
No one has the right to come in and crawl.
Sneaking, never let anyone build some bluff.
Raise up your flag, it's what your heart called.
Life is a book series, and tomorrow will be great.
What happened should never make you stop to create.

Sending love to Ukrainians!

Janica Treyes from Philippines

Plant The Seed

Let soldiers lay their weapons down.
Let there be for them no need.
Let farmers flourish in the fields ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

Let rulers all across the Earth
Pay true compassion heed
And allow their country's voice be heard ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

It's time to put an end to war.
An end to needless greed.
The Voice of Peace is calling out ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

The path we're on, we can't sustain.
The wise must rise and lead.
The Golden Rule must be our tool ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

Let soldiers lay their weapons down.
Let for them there be no need.
Let farmers flourish in the field ...
It's time to Plant The Seed.

E.W. Smith

#WeStandWithU

Нам комфортно і в холодній ванні,
особливо при бомбардуванні.

Володимир Кнур

#WeStandWithU

We are comfortable in a cold bath,
especially during the bombing.

Volodymyr Knyr

The Petals of a Rose

A man planted a rose in his garden,
it stood slim, straight and tall;
as the seasons passed, it spread
its branches across the garden wall.

The sun shone down on the branches
through a crevice that opened wide,
the plant responded to the sun rays
and passed through to the other side.

Now another rose is blooming there
and his neighbour is delighted.
He has done the same for the folks
next door and both are excited.

The scheme passed from house to house,
each neighbour planting as they chose.
The spirit of the community was
strengthened, by the petals of a rose.

William Doyle

#WeStandWithU

We stand on guard for thee

We won't surrender.
This place in our hearts
Will shine forever...
Somewhere...

O sweet motherland,
Pearl in my soul,
Though we feel your woe
We stand...

When the sky shines red,
If brooks are all dried
You still lead our lives :
Our fate.

O sweet motherland,
Verdurous plains.
And even having pain
We stand.

We'll stand until dawn
You cannot be fawn.
As your wings will spread
Alike the swan's.

O sweet motherland,
Don't fear the rain.
For our free Ukraine
We stand.

May we overcome
May we save our home
May we be candles
Twinkling in the night.

O sweet motherland,
Pearl in my soul...
Even having pain
I stand.

Savary Simon

Fly the Gadsden

It's both dreary &
An inspiration to see
Russians keep invading
Ukrainians ain't playing
Ready to keep fighting
Gadsden flag waving
Fly it high & bravely
Rattlesnake is saying
Putin, don't you do it
All Fascist's are included
You're never gonna be free to
Come on my land treading on me
Read it and weep, it's worth repeating
See the yellow flag means, „Don't tread on me“

Harley C. Slater

Seeds of war

If Ohio is for lovers
& Philly for brothers
Ukraine is for sunflowers
Take these seeds for lining your pockets
Soon your death is new dirt for my garden
Russian opposition is what we're uprooting
Turning dead bodies into flowers is the mission
Our land is not yours, not open for acquisition
You can try it but won't be the smartest decision
When fighting us you won't be seeing our backs
You'll see only our faces covered up in war paint
We won't surrender so soon you're becoming
Seeds we're preparing for our pollination
We'll keep resisting to the death
All attempts at domination
Growing tall sunflowers
In the same grounds
Your soldiers die in

Harley C. Slater

Ukrainian Warrior Woman

Holy.. fucking.. Goosebumps..
From my scalp to the tips of my toes
For this Ukrainian woman turned into her
nations most dangerous spoken word warrior
From her lips the words smack across every face
Of each man making up the wall of Russian forces
She shouts it out loud with all of her visceral might,
,Here you Fascists! Take these seeds and
put them in your pockets, so at least
sunflowers will grow where your
bodies soon lie on the ground
of my beloved country!'
And never before have the hairs on my arms
stood higher or this tall in such utter admiration.
I stand with Ukraine, with them all, but in a deeper
way, on a soul surviving plane, I stand with her.
Ukraine's strongest word warrior.

Harley C. Slater

Bless the battlegrounds

Russia, hear the chanting, „Defeat Putin!“
Yelling loudly to your soldiers ,ИДИ ДОМОЙ!‘,
,Go home!’ they’re screaming at you in Russian
Ukraine roars out proudly, „don‘t you tread on me!“
War Angels praying down on their battleground
please
„We stand with Ukraine, God bless your country
& amen!“

Harley C. Slater

I vecchi delle città violate

Vanno a passo lento, una preghiera
tra i denti, tra la pioggia di bombe,
i vecchi delle violate città,
laggiù, nella nazione ucraina,
scappano muti con visi sgomenti.

I loro volti hanno lunghi solchi,
sono rughe amare e profonde,
come gli scavi delle trincee,
e c'è la sofferenza di un popolo
stipata negli occhi gonfi di lacrime.

Una corta coperta di lana,
un povero cappotto sdrucito,
inondato di un pianto di neve,
un tremore di scarpe bagnate
è ciò che resta delle loro dimore.

Soldato della linea offensiva
non uccidere i vecchi canuti,
guardali, sono come i tuoi nonni
che ti hanno raccontato le fiabe
quando eri un cucciolo di uomo.

Salemi (TP) - ITALIA, 13 marzo 2022
Tutti i diritti riservati

#WeStandWithU
#WeStandWithUkraine
#Ukraine

Gioacchino Di Bella

Where Are You?

Kicking a rock
Moved by the wind
All these buildings they could fall on me
Left and right and I'm lost
Where is my family?
Where are my friends?
Where is the child I once was?
Though already dead inside
I must stay strong like the pole that holds the flag
So that others may see Ukraine.

CAHAUS

Flag of bravery

Their morbid pillars collapse within our bones,
yet ruptures form internally, bleeding our freedom,
shedding our derma to camouflage with the soil, to live
omnipresently, and to breathe through our ancestors
wisdom and courage to reintegrate what will always be
ours: a nation of bravery.

#StandWithUkraine

Haell

U krajnice

U krajnice vidíš kopat Ukrajince
"Ukáčko" není tak úplně označení pro Velkou Británii
Ti, jímž jejich zemi rozprodali
Se teď zarývají do zmrzlé země
A kopou hrob pro Tatlinovu utopii
Rýčem a lopatou

Sa



Fanciful scenarios play out in my head
On a real battlefield, I'd surely be dead
I imagine superpowers to twist and to rend
To bring all this madness to a swift end
But I'm not a hero and there's little I can do
Except willing them on to make it through
To survive this senseless barbarity
And to embrace a moment of clarity
The real heroes are out there in the field
Fighting with all the courage they can wield
Or keeping things going behind the lines
Looking after each others hearts and minds
They've been left, pretty much, for themselves to fend
And likely this will be until the end
I hope, for the people, their country won't fall
Here's to Ukrainians - heroes, one and all

#WeStandWithU

Greybeard

I Stand With Ukraine

The heart of the dove is tainted.
An ombre yearns for peace,
An array of sunshine fleeting,
Innocent renters,
Forced out of a lease.

Starlight burns of sadness,
Their brightness painted grey,
A fireball of screaming children,
Wishing for tomorrow,
Losing the battle of today.

Whether a union jack incrested,
A United States engraving,
The flag of down under,
Innocent people need saving.

I stand with Ukraine,
Not to fight fire but to plead,
Why bring guns and flaming tanks,
When a treaty of peace, we could read.

I will stand and as I fall,
I'm proud of how we love,
A joyous sea of humanity,
Carried freely on the wing,
Of a dove.

#IstandwithU

Isobel Askew

Diplomacy

bent over backwards
wind rages across europe
russian easterly

#WeStandWithU
#Diplomacy #UkraineConflict #RussiaUkraineCrisis
#haiku

finding peace

turbulent days
descending from the treetop
I cling to the bole

#WeStandWithU #Ukraine #UkraineInvasion
#Diplomacy #haiku

Steven Teale

Glory to Palestine

Why people not remember Palestine ?
Why just Ukraine?

~Sana

Stand with Ukraine

Toasting the Marshmallow
Watching Ukraine slowly crumbling
People of the free world
...slowly stumbling
How do we justify
“Our quiet horror”
as people worry about their tomorrow
Others are losing their homes,
kin, security and lives
The brutal reality of people
...hoping to survive
Growing up in the fifties
...and sixties
“Cold War”
As a child hiding under
“A Desk”
Fearing that a bomb
Will hit them next
Now a madman’s threats renews
Their fears
Not only for themselves but all
“They hold Dear”

VIRGILIO's

хогвартс невдах

так і не прочитала про тебе книжки, гаррі,
та і ти про мене теж навряд читав
хоч це й одна та сама історія
про нікому не потрібних невдах
коли в тебе немає родини,
тобі не куплять книжки про гаррі поттера
коли батькам все одно на дитину
вона чекатиме телевезійний показ.
а потім поїде в хогвартс,
до своїх найкращих друзів,
де всі чекають і допомагають,
де живе мудра і вірна сова,
де вчать, слухають, звертають увагу
де світ цікавий і все змушує радіти,
прикро що не можна лишитись назавжди,
бо насправді це лише чулан, темний, холодний
самотній,
люди поза ним лише мріють тебе позбутись, бо ти
не чарівник, гаррі,
ти не маєш суперздібності бути їм потрібним.
я люблю свій чулан, затишний і спокійний,
сюди не прилетять дементори,

хогвартс невдах

воланддеморт не визнає про мене, поки я тут,
не треба вставати вранці і йти на уроки,
не треба вдавати подив
проливати кров
боятись шкільного директора, а я досі його боюсь,
якщо тобі твій чулан набридне, гаррі,
приходь у мій,
наш поїзд поїхав без нас,
ми лиш розшибли скроні
по дорозі
у хогвартс невдах.
хогвартс для невдах
так і не прочитала про тебе книжки, гаррі,
та і про мене ти теж навряд читав
хоч це й одна та сама історія
про нікому не потрібних невдах
коли в тебе немає родини,
тобі не куплять книжки про гаррі поттера
коли батькам все одно на дитину
вона чекатиме телевізійний показ.
а потім поїде в хогвартс,
до своїх найкращих друзів,
де всі чекають і допомагають,
де живе мудра і вірна сова,

хогвартс невдах

де вчать, слухають, звертають увагу
де світ цікавий і все змушує радіти,
прикро що не можна лишитись назавжди,
бо насправді це лише чулан,
темний, холодний самотній,
люди поза ним лише мріють
тебе позбутись,
бо ти не чарівник,
ти не маєш суперздібності
бути їм потрібним.
я люблю свій чулан,
затишний і спокійний,
сюди не прилетять дементори,
воланддеморт не визнає про мене, поки я тут,
не треба вставати вранці і йти на уроки,
не треба вдавати подив
проливати кров
боятись шкільного директора,
а я досі його боюсь,
якщо тобі твій чулан набридне, гаррі,
приходь у мій,
наш поїзд поїхав без нас,
ми лиш розшибли скроні
по дорозі
у хогвартс невдах.

Peace to Ukraine

Hello Anastasia I wanted to send you some peace
What you been through is harrowing
I am only twelve, but I know
These tents about me hold no peace It's been a decade
since
I both eyes last shut
I could ask Mr. NGO for peace, but
He may single me for night visit
So when you find your peace
I know you will, before me
Would you send some to Borno?F

Fati

Tent No. 207

nengak

1/3

#WeStandWithU

Tonight we run to Berlin (Day one)

It's Day one.
We got to leave.
We have to take our documents one by one .
It's hard to believe.

Now, what?
Check the luggage,
No, there is no time,
Let take what we have,

No, we had food,
Lot of food,
If soldiers came, they will take it,
They are hungry,
Let keep them hungry,
So they kill less.
We give all food to neighbors
The apartment is still not empty but no time

Bird Explore

2/3

#WeStandWithU

What about our cat?
We take it,
But she have no documents,
Let take it
It doesn't matter,

Oh, woman,
Oh, you man.
Keep it calm
Don't panic.
We are three on this journey.
Fear is the nearest enemy,
Rashist are the approaching enemy.

Do you have everything, Olga?
Yes, honey,
Good I have the money,
I will call Taxi,

It was raining,
It was all dark,
It was 6:30 pm,
We just stayed waiting for the Taxi

Bird Explore

3/3

#WeStandWithU

But this day is not our luck,
It the sound of the siren,
We are bombed,
we have to go to shelter,
The siren stopped
But it too late
It's 7:00 pm
It's curfew until 6:00 am

We pray for the next day.
Ukraine

Bird Explore

23:29

Контактний телефон жінки,
конфлікт безоплатно, одруження зразу.
Ми самі (одиначко) зустрінемо цей кінець світу
затопивши бурбоном старі образи/образливі
фрази, децибели виграють пустощі...
Неосяжне буття і чекова книжка
більш не згодиться нам в жодному разі
В жодному разі ми не допустимо фінал фривольних
фантазій (хитрощів)
Бо на сльозах сумлінь гойдаються здичавілі фази
наших з тобою місяців

Oleksandra

Dear Ukraine:

I am a Serb living in America and I understand you. When I was just a child my parents took me to Yugoslavia where I was raised as a child. In the 90's I watched that country that I grew to love get torn apart. And I had to hear about my family going here and there, this way and that way, only to run into forces beyond your control everywhere you go. In 1999 we were bombed by NATO. I am so sad to hear about this news happening in your country because I knew if it were up to you, you would become your own nation beyond East and West. Beyond their Cold War disputes and Propaganda. I know you can rise up without their help. You have your own soul. Your own vision. And your own dreams. I believe in you. I support you. I <3 you.

Yours Truly,
A Serb in America

Tesa Taboo

1/4

Death Stare

Half remembered lies
And crimes denied
Dead eyes;
Unsurprised
Disinterested
Detesting all before
And below
Them
Tell a tale
Of the dying soul
Within

Of a man
Who's dug too deep
A hole
In pursuit of immortality
Rationality abandoned
Long ago
With no checks
Or balances
To an unbounded
Insatiable ego

Düje Dödt

2/4

Death Stare

Surrounded
By impounded
Heavily indebted
Contortionist
Henchmen, lackies
And yes-men
Bending backwards
To lick the balls
Of their master

An expansionist
Imperialist
Revisionist
Narcissist
Seemingly hellbent
On speeding the Apocalypse
Seeding the thorny roses
That will shed bloodred petals
To pave his path
To the Acropolis
Of the ancient gods

Düje Dödt

3/4

Death Stare

A voracious desire
For the ostentatious
Trappings of infallibility
Implausible deniability
Afforded and accorded
To the untouchable
Faux nobility

Destruction and slaughter
Fair game
For the criminally insane
With no reference
For what it is to lose all
And only dark fantasies
Remain
Of making another ill-gotten gain

Düje Dödt

4/4

Death Stare

Steeped deep in the blood
Of cousins and uncles
And sisters and brothers
How does it still function;
Such a twisted brain?
To murder without compunction
In the Mother's name

It is only demons and despots
That ever dare dig there
But no amount of fool's gold
Mined from the mountains
Of disappeared ghosts bones
Can ever gilt-edge the rim
Of the yawning black hole
Bored through the heart
Of such a withering soul

*

Düje Dödt

Home or less and HOPE

“Stand with Ukraine “

Stripped of false love, false friends and false hope!
Don't throw your cards down and fold
When you reach the end of your rope
Tighten your lip, clench your fist and hold
If you refuse to even try, Evil wins!
You let them win?
Look at your reflection and blaming another is
getting old.
You've jumped from the pan into the fire.
A decision made by wretched desire.
Desire for love withheld,
Injuries from family hell
Food, shelter, security: the basic struggles of the
impoverished
Contribute to the anguish of physical and emotional
attacks that demolish

VIRGILIO's

1/2

Germany Drops The Ball

For a century
Prussia
Or 'Germany'
ie basically Prussia with the serial numbers filed off
Was the Black Hat of Europe
They started wars
They opposed Democracy
They were not nice people
Fascism reached its prime there
Then they got their asses handed to them
And Germany Woke Up
And for 80 years
Became the Good Guys
Building Europe
Championing Peace
Standing up for Refugees
Championing Diplomacy
Championing Unions
Championing Green Renewable Power
And in the Worlds Darkest Hour
As Fascism comes from the East

Emmit Other

2/2

Germany Drops The Ball

Instead of From Within
Germany Writes off Ukraine
They snoot their puffy fat little blond noses in the air
And say we were bad for a century
And good for near a century
And now we can be dicks again
We did our time
As if Democracy will last
If Russia takes Ukraine
As if Europe
Will listen to them
After they write off Ukraine
For Cheap Gas

Emmit Other

On and On and On

War is near
By deceptive design
To keep the brain
In a state of fear
All the time

Now that the “science has changed”
Bring in the war

Sol ☀ 2 ☀ Soul

The case against Putins war

Who decides
Only God in the end
Some may be moved by the spirit
Meaning they'll meet greatest resistance
Aka Mandela
What is truth? I dont know
Thought Pilate.
Just listening to Putin's version of history
Claiming Ukraine belongs to Russia
Yet the people voted democratically there
To reject Russia
Even if in the 17th century it was all one
The peoples vote should decide
Not this man. Right?
That's what differs between western thought
And totalitarianism
But oh wait what about the Catalan and Scottish
nationalists mandate for independence
The Scots were a country of their own until
The 17th century
Does that mean they should be let go of
Or kept against their will?
Meanwhile the ordinary joe and Josephine suffer
Whatever happens.
If you listened to Putin you would think he had the divine
right to choose for people.
I say put it to another ukraine vote
If you are so confident Vlad.

An Evening in Ukraine

Breezes aren't ordinary as yesterday
The shine of the sun isn't normal as yesterday
The chirp of birds aren't usually as yesterday
Reverberation on the ground isn't normal as yesterday
Darkness is traveling faster than the light
The heartbeat is traveling faster than the darkness
Countrymen' fate lies on the Rolling Dices
Uncertainty continues...

Akshil Ramachandran

Be a lie.

On the brink
It's gonna happen
World sinks
Is this the last one?

Just the beginning
When others see
Others do
Hear the pleas

Is it a lie?
Am I brainwashed?
What to believe.
I hope it's a lie.

StayStill

War Games

Seems they're struggling
To schedule this next war
Don't want to shit on the Olympics
But it needs crammed in
Before Spring
Or all the snowscape camo
Will be in the bin
It'll be a wipe out
If they wear their whites out
In green fields
I'm wishing Ass Putin
Would go fuck himself
But something tells me
He already does

Düje Dödt

in the air

there's talk of war
hanging in the air
anxiety emoticons
don't quite capture
silent fears of the world
there's talk of war
again on bus and train
at the water cooler and out in far flung fields
there's talk of war
whispers near snow dusted orchids
SHOUTS ON THIS TANGLED WEB
truth again the first casualty
there's talk of war
while people live their daly days
wishing all that talk would go away.

HerbieHerb

Notes #49

Woke up this morning to the sounds of war

Tola (I.G. Poetry Bores)

Ukraine

What good are words at a time like this
When a bleak midwinter beckons;
The East and West will thrash and clash
And ignore the past transgressions
Of our forefathers, soldiers and warmongers
Alike; it seems we shall never learn our lessons
But come wind or rain, freedom must remain
Untarnished; stand strong, brave Ukraine.

jda

I Stand With You

From afar, where I don't hear those sirens blazing,
From the safety of my home which still feels amazing,
From the security you too may have felt like once you had,
May your people be safe and not be consumed by a tide of
sad,
May you get food though supermarkets queues are long,
Feel in your own country that you've the right to belong,
I hope the bombing and the panic don't confuse your kid,
That the bullets and the troops miss you by miles where
you're hid,
That the internet holds and communication lines are
good,
I pray you aren't party to having to face spilt blood,
My tears aren't enough and my voice is too quiet I know,
But I hope you and your loved ones get through this and
grow,
I'm so sorry for the atrocities that you are party to facing,
I hold you, warm you, send my prayers with arms
embracing.

Garry Saunders

Solidarity

Into the storm of war, they march,
But they shall not march alone,
Against a tyrant with an evil heart
Seeking to resurrect a long-dead throne.
Such will be the fall of empires
When the people will bleed to be free;
The revolution may not be televised
But the fight for freedom will be.

Vigilant

We shall not look away,
A blind eye shall not be cast again,
Flares will light the darkest days
To come on the bloody horizon.
The devil drinks his sinful fill
When good men and women, in silence sit;
Those who cower away from evil
Cast a stone with those who wreak it.

jda

Gaia

Why is the sky so clear
No birds and no clouds
Is this Mother nature's fear
Of us shedding a tear
Of us not lending a ear
To the bombings that are being so loud
Tears leaving the eyes for the face
While bodies are dropping to the ground
Closing the eyes because of the tragic sound
Born from the dark horses stampeding in the sky on a rapid pace
Fighting for freedom is not
Imprisoning and instilling fear
Peace and love but destroy shall we not
Our humanity with a spear
Mother Nature suffers today
As her children are being taken away
The innocence of children now being stolen
By the knights of the dark horses making her heart all swollen
From the pain
From the blood stain
The holy color of yellow will shine through
And make the color blue of the waters as bright as possible
Humanity has gone through so many breakthroughs
Vulnerability is not a weakness but a beauty
And standing up for peace is what should be seen as admirable

People of Ukraine, we stand with you. Don't give up on hope, the sun shines after the rain, and light is always seen after the tunnel.

Love you,
Psukhe

Psukhé

Subway

Stations surviving several bombs only for people to
be crammed in
Russian invading them using troops to invade like the
fall of Berlin
Politics at a standstill while the world watches in fear
USA not joining while the end grows near
China and Taiwan, Russia and Ukraine and North
Korea all acting like Hearts of iron players
So let us send our prayers

Ikarus101

War

how hypocrites are the people
who think that war is the only solution
to attain peace

Bleedheartpoetry
(IG: @bleedheartpoetry)

we are all one haiku-ish

It's almost as if
The skies cried for our Ukraine-
Solidarity

Now I understand why it hasn't stopped raining

(A little light dispels a lot of darkness. Be kind,
be good.)

sunflowers and rain



war

War is the devil's dance floor
The guns are the trumpets
The tanks the drums
Humans the performers
Our cries the chorus.
Drug War in the North of America
A new Civil War at the border of Ukraine
Terrorist insurgency in Afghanistan
Ethnic violence in Sudan
Bandits in Nigeria
War bears different names
But the lives lost are all the same.
Man has been to the moon
Man knows maths
The moment we make it to Mars
Man will start a SPACE WAR.

Kiki Paul

Just a note

I'd like to write a poem, but right now I'm in shock. Probably, I will write about everything I'm feeling right now, but for now I leave my sincere feelings to the Ukrainian people, in addition to my sincere regret for the world setback. My heart is still in mourning.

PS: I leave you a beautiful and sad sonnet of recommendation, "A Rosa De Hiroshima" by Vinícius de Moraes, Brazilian poet and diplomat.

Jack21

God save Ukraine

Long will save
Ridiculous War
Shortly will exist

Belo Brol

1/2

Ukraine

Is it white on white war again?
Is it a part of the agenda?
Who's payin for the weapons?
Cos we melaninated people be fightin
Their wars...
So what's the deal with the Ukraine?
Tell me
Cos everyone is takin
Everyone is gossipin
Like what's really goin on?
I wonder
There are goin to be bunch
Of white people terrorizin everythin
Cos they love mass destruction and violence...
I'm just curious of what's the reason now?
What's the deal with Russia?
I mean they're doin somethin
And probably it's white supremacy...
Somehow they need black people
To fight world war 3...maybe they wanted the
Populations to go Down....remember it's white
genetic

© Kai C.,
Feb 24,22 heru 193

2/2

Ukraine

Survival, white people are goin to extinct....
How about war could help them out...
Yet what do I know, right?
What do I know....
We're talkin about Ukraine
And Ukraine, people are livin there
Hearin gunshots and bombs...
They been at war...
I wasn't really payin
Attention to the news...
I saw Ukraine on tweets
Leavin us distracted
And somehow
We can observe the behaviors
On the battlefield...
I guess America is goin to war
And after war soldiers will come home
With pstd and other mental disorders....
Loved ones ain't lookin forward to that
Ain't lookin forward to hear the bad news
The government hasn't considered the
Families' feelings nor concerns
Am I correct?
I'm just sayin.....

© Kai C.,
Feb 24,22 heru 193

Přeju ti všechno zlý

Plešatý zmrđ
Plný zloby a chtíče
Doufám že zhyneš
Táhni dopíče

hartmix

prayer

Month of Love
And yet
There's a War?
Keep safe everyone
Specially you who's reading this
May the Universe help you with your health
And may we have peace instead of gun.

Jūghead

Farewell

The calling has begun.

To what risk fate might take me to, I accept.

To how far I will hold stand my ground, I remain.

To until I breathe no more the last seconds gave me
grasp of soil, I lay down my life.

To the cherished people that watched me grew
enough may mourn no more.

To thee my farewell to thought of peace I have sought
by my way.

I stay to this very land I reclaim once more, no foreign
must step by blood on their feet in these freeland, my
people, my own.

#PrayforUkraine

#StandwithUkraine

Kairu

Battle Belongs

When all I see is the battle, You see my victory
When all I see is the mountain, You see a mountain
moved
And as I walk through the shadow, Your love
surrounds me
There's nothing to fear now for I am safe with You
So when I fight, I'll fight on my knees
With my hands lifted high
Oh God, the battle belongs to You
And every fear I lay at Your feet
I'll sing through the night

Oh God, the battle belongs to You

Pray for Ukraine!

*by Phil Wickham
Ailuro Amadeo*

Kyiv

We are with you, hovering countries away
Hands slipping on and off the big red button
We are praying for you, from the comfort of our
homes and offices, far removed from the terror

-

In the streets of Kyiv there is fire
In the homes there is rubble
Under the city there are people
Ipad kid steadily losing battery
His mom trying not to let him know she's scared
A couple joins active combat on their wedding day

-

New and yet familiar, these red painted arrows
Scraped off and painted over, pointing to where?
safety?

They are not sure.

Nothing is sure

The world holds its breath and sends prayers

Remember. Speak. Fight.

If not for Ukraine then for yourself

History only repeats itself when we forget it

Cracking walls

Cracking Walls

The sky is in blinking flames,
Beautifully decorated with fireworks.
Could these designs be more appealing?
Mighty birds are hanging in the air,
waiting, baiting to take their prey.
The sky is blazing in rage.
Bodies lying all over like sands
on a seashore; a solemn cry.
A beautiful hellish hymn plays.
Tensed nerves, tension building
in the grim atmosphere;
The earth is cracking open.
Vipers and dragons banging their
claws; our ears numbed by crazy
songs, crumbling walls.
Frightening images, Halloween is
beautifully decorated in blood.
I hope this is not the beginning
of the end? I'm scared.
Brothers greeting at arm's length,
Wailing shadows, wailing souls.

Ochui Augustine A
©Ochui A A

1/2

Prayer for the Atom Bomb

I summon you
mighty flame who scalded
the skin of Hiroshima,

burn bright
and descend your missiles of ash
down on blind deaf dumb humanity
in our uniforms
guns
pointed fingers
and prayers of
prejudice prejudice
hatred hatred
greed greed
mine mine,

illuminate your cloud
of incendiary poison
and rain down on us,
we've given up love,
we pawned it for a fat wallet
and a good night's sleep.

takingbetweenthelines

2/2

Prayer for the Atom Bomb

Burn us all.

Burn us all.

I summon you
Almighty nuclear full stop

I summon you
Oppenheimer's inferno end of times

I summon you
Fat Man of fallout fission

Cleanse our sweet Earth
of mankind's cancer.
Grant us this final mercy.
Drop the bomb
Drop the bomb
Drop the bomb
and deliver us
from hell.

I summon you.

takingbetweenthelines

Bad smell

This unpleasant smell
Of greed and hatred,
Exploitation and manipulation
Reeking through our civilization
Has set the tone
For a society in desperate need
Of correcting.
How do we fix this hell?
Do we unplug the dam
Or starve the source?

The Saint Of Prince

War

Putin el matador.

Coronach maker.

Breaker,
my life of ease .

Please release
my dove of peace .

Belo Brol

One Deafening Morning

One morning in Kyiv
A deafening blast was heard
Bamm! One blast once more.

J Egay Tubo



Deep way of queue to donate blood
For falling Ukrainian angels
For those, who make our nights safer
For those, who are families, friends
You know soldiers die, no more later
For sanctions to come across...
Some cries from stupid calls,
Mothers are now alone,
Some children aren't born...
We will win I know,
But is the price still to low?

Слава Україні! - Героям Слава!
Україна! - Понад усе!

*Omela*Dragonfish*

war

Now, a glorious morning, in a sight of the sun.
Ashes fall, craters immerge, as the sun again,
Rises, in weeping trees saw the sullen grounds,
Laid bare, the named men, the family, the lost.
Again, the sight of the sun, a numbing reminder,
Behind all the so called battles, agonizing tears,
Stricken like flies, unbeknownst, inhumane.
The highest of all the animals,
Yet every fiber of the being, is wrath in nature.
Give hope. War is death. Death is end.

Let's pray for Ukraine, a sovereign state, an
independent country. For the people, collaterals of
their selfish games. Let's give them hope, that all the
coming mornings is another hope for a better day.

Halley Evereven

Two neighbours

For what is love if we are at war?
Hearts bleeding and pleading what for?
For life, for change, for hope assured?
A silent peace of protest fueled...
By the prayers echoing within our world
Yet never certain of the future we all prayed for
Leaving matters to the Prince of Peace
Who has won the battle
Taking care of the Prince of the air
Take heart my brothers in Ukraine
For our petition to the Lord
Shall not be in vain

saintj2k20

Imagine All the People

Living life in peace
You may say John was a dreamer
But hes not the only one
I hope some day you'll join him
And then the world can live as one.
All we are saying,
Is give peace a chance.

I wish any of John Lennon's words resonated with
Vladimir Putin

Kieran84Vine

Pantoum for Ukraine

When will it end?
How will it stop?
The world is suffering
Ukraine needs our help

How will it stop?
Humans against humans
Ukraine needs our help
We need world peace

Humans against humans
Will we ever coexist?
We need world peace
Or we are all going to die

Will we ever coexist?
We need to hurry up
Or we are all going to die
The world is suffering

J.H.soul

1/4

steady

stuck in a car
stuck in a jam
stuck between war heads
families back and ahead
two lines, steadying abreast

she's running from home
home, where she can't get out of her head
home, where she can't get herself out of
she hugs her sister close to her chest
humming as her back sweats
trembling fingers drum steady beats
on that tiny bulletproof vest

another bomb lands; little Yeva shrieks
she felt a jolt from her scalf down
to her spine
feared
if Yeva felt it
her whole body sent into a wild wave of vibrations
as she felt their damnation
creeping..
closer
closer
closer
dœr...

2/4

steady

each step steadier than the one before
steady
steady
she breathes in the air
each breath steadier than the one before
having run down the stairs and up again
to snatch
that nail clipper for her cat
an urgency in her chest
a chill up her back
trembling fingers pour pills from a bottle bright orange in
her eyes, drums in her ears
she choked a sound
the world was muted as she counts
one
two
three
four
five
six
seven
eight
nine
ten
дев'ять

los rin

3/4

steady

вісім

сім

шість

пя'ть

чотири

so close... so close...

please! О, Боже...

Oh God...

extra thoughts down there you don't have to read. just some notes:

My thoughts are with everyone struggling under the Russian-Ukrainian War. A war. I cannot say I have in my lifetime ever come this close to an invasion this blunt and this... blatant? this.. I can't think of an exact word for it...

Wars. All I heard of them were stories, history, or recalls of events that have happened when I was too young to understand. I wasn't always allowed access to news and information as a child, practically locked from the world. It's like seeing the 2011 Japan Tsunami on TV for the first time... that shock, almost a wonder of how something I'd only ever read about in books would come alive right before my eyes.. only this time, there's NO WONDER, knowing that it all began in the hands of humans... where there were choices to be made, and some people have actually CHOSEN to go down this route.

los rin

4/4

steady

And I'm not here to just fictionalise what REAL terror REAL people are experiencing right NOW, to dismiss their grief, distress, anything they experience and feel. If you found my parallel/contrast here offensive, I'm sorry it made you feel that way. I only want to emphasise how much I DON'T understand... how much I simply cannot comprehend about their lives right now. Yet at the same time also how much I wish to understand, just so I can in some ways bear even just a small part of their fear, whatever anguish and anxiety they're feeling right now.. so they can bear less. or they won't have to feel so alone, so helpless.

I can only do so much to stop all this pain in the world. But I shall do my best. I shall pray. I shall watch with empathetic eyes. I shall reflect. I shall at least say, I'm with you, Ukraine 🇺🇦💙💙.

los rin

1/2

I'm so sorry

As a German you kinda have to feel bad
It's in our heritage
It's what our politicians did for us
Nothing like some good old regret
What's all the fuzz about?
Just another mad despot
On the brink of destroying the road our mothers and
fathers build
Just another country crying for help
There's no guilt if you pretend they're crying wolf
Doesn't matter if the sheeps are already dead
There's no regret if we tell ourselves we didn't know
You should have spoken up
Now don't give up
Yeah, well, we tend to make it easy for ourselves
Ignore the signs,
ignore the new generation being born into the same
abyss the old one left behind
And it's not a lie if you repeat it often enough
We love and cherish our neighbours
But once reality knocks on our door
We hold on to the rug so we don't have to see the floor
Bloody and broken as it is
God, I wish I would have known

TonySpark

2/2

I'm so sorry

I wish you can stay safe
Cause empty words are all you can take from me
I wish you didn't have to fight to feel free
I wish you didn't have to fear for your lives
I wish politics wouldn't work like this
But I fear, we may have never returned from that cliff

*all my thoughts to our friends in the Ukraine
and please inform yourself how you can help from the
outside. Our politicians ignored and disappointed us
again.

TonySpark

A Big, Giant Foot

Oh, how nice it would be
To have a big giant foot
With a giant leg
And angelic strength
To do right-doing by heart
To step in-between the invasion of Ukraine

How Funny

How funny that some believe that war is the
answer. When what has it ever solved?
Let's magnify our hearts.
Our love can be big.
Fear attracts fear.
Love attracts love.
We don't need to own or dominate.
We can just be.

Mekiah J

The Beginning

Bombs, missiles, shells and bullets
People stuffing their stomachs to the fullest
Rifles repelling rounds right through your chest
Rights of the people constantly repressed
The elderly eating rations like dying rats
Take up arms anything works even bats
For the tanks, combat vehicles and jets
The casualties rising like ashes of cigarettes

Ikarus101

Why?

Why do innocent people
have to be bombarded with
pain and distress? why can't
so called leaders address the
wrongs in this world?

pen nib

True suffering

They fear day
...fear the night.
We fear work ,
...fear to fight.
Fight?they fear not!
left is only that,
For they're life,
...human rights.
We? for comfort
and pay rise.
We cry of stress ,
they cry of death.
I wish to be able to help...
No child should see
another life condemned...

Gusan

Green hills

There's this feeling I get
When I move to the west
And the voice of the future
Calls me back again

Because leaving it all behind
So new hope I may find
Means I've lost the fight
To try and fight for it

But green hills became grey
And with it came a new day
It's a day of black smog
And scars to be gotten

O the green hills of old
And the stories once told
Will I come back in time
To find them again?

Mr. Q. Firne

Peace

Two country in war.
People want to leave with their car.
Other stay inside the bar.
While others holding their jar.
Can we be human?
Every man and woman.
Can we love like Peter Pan?
Without the tank and ban.

Likha

WAR

Innocent people are dying in war,
the land of happiness has become barren and dry,
many people are dying only because of power,
humans have brains but are not using brains,
to talk and solve the situation ,
Efforts are needed to establish peace,
the fire has to be extinguished, otherwise the whole
forest will burn and everything will burn,
neither human nor humanity will remain,
in the end only power will be left and every thing will
be the end .

?love yourself?

Is War Inevitable?

diplomacy
the profession,
activity,
or skill of managing
international
relations.

Maneesha Gupta

#❤️Ukraine

Old cars
Potholed roads
Exploding bombs
Fallen buildings
Broken hearts

Poeticnovelist

Democracy and War

We were never accustomed to sit and talk
For we have a history of preying upon.
A war past mother's labyrinths, remember?
Love isn't a mass revolution
Kindness isn't quick as a snap
We practice gratitude
We absorb to empathise
Blabber is no labor
Gibberish is no talent
Nagging is no expertise
1993, You adopted Democracy
Yesterday, You installed War
Which one required just a nod?

Maneesha Gupta

Invasion

A fairly normal day
or so it seems..

lines of tanks
lines of helicopters,
bombs light up the night
the distinct sound of cruise missiles you can't unhear
Ukraine we are rooting for you

broken hearts
lost lives
kurse you kremlin

god bless the Ukrainian army and people
and the Ghost of Kyiv
i hope You win

rainwater

Switch off my heart to Ukraine

Switch off my heart
To the madness inflicted on Ukraine
To the heroism of their people
I cant switch off my heart
But I have to do something
Prayer.
Donation.
Poetry.
Talk.
Then try to live a normal day in a so called normal
space of the world.
We dont need another hero..Tina sang.
But Ukraine needs them.
The Russians need them to topple Putins ideology.
There will be better days ahead for both Ukraine and
Russia. They are like cousins after all.
Let Ukraine choose it's own path.
If Russia could they would too.

Kieran84Vine

WAR

We Are Restless.

Some are in the confinement of the zone where the destruction wants to occur. There is weeping and wailing.

We Are Restless.

Some are out of the place, making jokes about people's lives that are about to be wasted like a spoilt meal. They don't seem to care.

We Are Restless.

Some are in between, praying and hoping for a miracle to happen. Trying in the best way they can to bring peace.

We Are Restless.

Everyone is taking action either by doing nothing or making memes or keeping quiet about it or praying or through awareness or fighting or anything at all.

It is WAR and We Are Restless.

alabaonome_

a reminder; victims of war

And you who believed that staying neutral will always keep peace at bay, you are truly wrong. If you believed that our sovereignty is simply just a piece that could just be given away, then you care only for yourself. Our forefathers would be in disgust of your disgraceful stand, that once again, we are a country in search for independence. Your president, a neutral animal that cared only for his so called tyrannical ideologies. Always the oppressor not the oppressed. Always in the winning side, because he knows he has nothing to lose. Always kissing the bottoms of his Lords because he believes his country should be ruled by an entity bigger than him.

And to those who believed that victory is in surrender, then all those hopes of an independent future, a better life for the people of a sovereign state, would be reigned upon by an oppressor. All the lives that fought to keep their rights of their motherland, would be put to shame. No matter how many lives were lost, it is those that started the war should be put accountable to their foul actions, never the victims.

Halley Evereven

Broken Children...

Marked by the red dawn...
Broken children.
The political pawn...
Broken children.
Emotionally torn...
Broken children.
Physically worn...
Broken children.
Too young to mourn...
Broken children.
Soon to feel scorn...
Broken children.
Another generation born...
Broken children.

D. H. Greenwell

Warlords

Old scores to settle
Claims and counter-claims abound
Now brothers square off
Thunder of boots in the ground
Heaven's aflame - gods frown down

- tanka

Düje Dödt

🇺🇦 **The Ghost Of Kyiv** 🇺🇦

Over the war-torn streets of Ukraine
A land filled with grief and with pain
One man, and his MIG flying high
One after one, his enemies done
Shot down from the grey battle sky
Valor and bravery true
The ghost, he is coming for you
Fighting on, no quarter he gives
Soaring dove, defending with love
Fly! O' Ghost of Kyiv

CYNIKA

From my phone I watch

I watch as the buildings fall
The threats ring in my ears
The light of war shines through

Made up of pixels
Shown in a square
It's all I can do

I can't look away
I can't watch anymore
The pixels turn dark

with the night of death
with the audio of the dead
Telling battle ships to Fuck Off

All I can do
Is watch
And hope the brave prevail



Praying for the safety of Ukrainian people

ukraine

Why in the world this is happening? They didn't even think of the innocent people that will be involve in this war.

The fact that I can't do anything makes me so mad!

10.10

Ukraine

Air raids reflect the wailing day
Traffic sticks minds together like glue
All throughout the country,
son says to father
he can't move,
can't get up
arms, legs trapped by a car door
stuck,
by the weight of blasted limbs.
Hot blood like cement.
He speaks so slightly
while turning in his seat
The bomb winks.

Father sobs
Afterwards..

Peace Frog

and

And silence will only encourage greed .

:)

Reality

Somewhere nearby
The skies have fallen
People in dread and fear
A battle so uneven

•

Never fired a shot
Never been on the run
Forced to defend
With a sub machine gun

•

Armoured vehicles arrive
A hot knife through butter
Town high rise apartments
Don't have a bomb shelter

•

Thousands flee at the borders
Clutching their children tight
Aware of the facts
Of the military might

•

Leaders pushing buttons
Of their enemies
Without much concern
For the innocent casualties

•

Psychopathic rulers
Now control our destiny
A world ruled by baddies
Is the harsh reality

Invasion | Haiku

Tyranny in power.
A system bent and twisted;
chaos and crisis.

FourWalls

Slava Ukraini!

Shots fired, sounds all around me
The explosions ring loud and hard
I stand strong, and like a tree
With roots buried deep in the ground.

One shot, one down
Peaking out, his blood will water the soil
Deep breathes, lean out and aim

Shots fired, leg burns hot and angry
Fiery Metal deep within my body
Blood seeps out, I collapse

Seen now, crawling to hide
One to the arm, one to the chest
Flaring pain like none before
It hurts, it hurts

My story ends here, in foreign land
My blood will now seep into the ground
Along with others like me, they shall water the
scarred land
As it all goes away, only one thought remains.

Slava Ukraini!

**SLAVA! SLAVA!
SLAVA UKRAINI!**

Hold your hearts fast!
Stand strong in the face of death!
Slava! Slava!

We may die! We may die horrible deaths!
But know that you die for the future of Ukraine!
Slava! Slava!

Ukrainians! Defend your homes! Defend your land!
Push back the invader!
Slava! Slava!

Your spirit is with Ukraine! Defend the land
of Ukraine!
Glory! Glory! Glory to Ukraine!
SLAVA! SLAVA! SLAVA UKRAINI!

Alaric

Oh Ukraine!

Oh Ukraine!
How I wish to join you!
I wish to fight for you!

Oh Ukraine!
People bleed for you!
I wish to join them!

Oh Ukraine!
You are torn with war!
I wish to help!

Help! Help Ukraine!
Let the world know!
Ukraine is not alone!

Alaric

Slava Ukraini! Slava Ukraini!

Rockets and missiles fly over
Their loud sounds roar over
Underneath the ground
With families all over

Gunfire roars, shouts yelled
All indecipherable
Except one thing

Slava Ukraini!

Slava Ukraini, brothers and sisters
They fight and die for our homes!
Slava Ukraini, friends and family
Stand fast and hold Ukraine in your heart!

Slava Ukraini!

Alaric

I'm sorry!

Ukraine! I'm sorry!
I have nothing to offer you but words!

I'm sorry! I wish I could do more!
Glorious Ukraine! I wish I could stand with you!

Ukraine! I want help!
I have no money!
I have no passport!

How I wish I could stand with the men and women
fight for you!
I wish I could do more!

All I can do is spread the word! That Ukraine isn't
alone!
Fight! Fight, men and women of Ukraine! Of Kiev!

I wish I could fight for you!
Oh Ukraine!

Alaric

Solidarity with Ukraine

A pallid horse,
Light gray,
Adorned with tattered mane,

Sat upon him,
A man,
With starkly withered frame,

A burning road,
Once whole,
Awash in endless flame,

A broken house,
Caved in,
Now frames a fallen plane,

A falling tear,
A drop,
Amid an endless rain,

A pointless war,
Brought down,
A tyrant is to blame,

Stand firmly friends,
Be strong,
Join the righteous world refrain,

Down with putin,
His war,
Victory to Ukraine!

Jason Perry

300 meters away

300 meters away and thousands of miles,
A missile struck a building.

In Texas we didn't see it until it hit the news unless
you were my best friend.

300 meters away and thousands of miles from where
that explosion hit, my friend Gene received a call.

His father was 300 meters away from the building and
watched it happen. Felt it happen.

Thousands of miles away his son is going to rallies,
posting on social media, doing everything he can.

300 meters away and thousands of miles, Ukraine
needs our voices.

*This is Gene's Facebook:
<https://www.facebook.com/olegofkiev>*

Share what he has there and show your support!

Jason Perry

1/2

Putin's War

Life and Death
Young soldier's
Final breath

A war
Between
East and
West

A family's
Last request

A Young
Soldier

Placed in the
Ground

A Grave
Never
Found

Shells
Pummelling
The
Ground

Buildings
Smashed

Cars
Crashed

Explosions
Flashed

Tanks rolling
By

Fighters
Bombers

Sirens
Sounding

Civilians
Floundering

Foreign
Forces
Invading

Population
Decapitating

Ben Burnett

2/2

Putin's War

Protesters
Gathered
Peacefully
Sing

Russian
Grenades
Suddenly
Fling

Sanctions
Repercussions
To and fro

Population
Destabilised
Ready to
Go

Families
Worrying
So

At night
A city's
Afterglow

Generations
Signed up
To fight

Russian
Soldiers
In Sight

Western
Politicians
Don't want
To fight

Putin's
War

Reclaim
The USSR

That's
Right

Ben Burnett

Unbreakable

-Dedicated to the valiant people of Ukraine-

Eyes heavy

Hands steady

Hearts pounding

Soul bounding

Death defying

Fear denying

Awe Inspiring.

When the ashes of this world
will stop dancing in the void
your courage will still linger
at the edges of oblivion

UNBREAKABLE.

R.B
Romeo B.

My thoughts for Ukraine

People of Ukraine
I don't know what to say...
Horrible things are happening over there.
I don't know how to process it.
I can only imagine what you must be going through...
Hiding in train stations,
Worrying about family...
I can only imagine what a mother would feel like
leaving her child behind to fight
What that child would feel for their country
I look at photos of Ukrainian citizens standing up
against Russian soldiers and I'm so proud for you!
I stand with you, though I don't know the
circumstances of your situation.
We must stand up to bullies together.

Midnight griffin

Sun and Sky

Yellow the sun
And blue is the sky,
A land on the run,
Ukraine, I cry.
I cry, for my blood
Is spilt by war,
My eyes flood
To this horror
Seen never before.
I feel this sorrow
And love,
Forevermore.
My Ukraine,
A half of me;
I can't stand
Seeing you be
Damned
To endless misery!
Let me
Hold your hand
Ukraine,
By your side,
I shall remain.

Rewritten Me

Ukraine

Fighting without giving up ukraine
They want to victory obtain
Russia does not make explain
But the union will never be broken

by İbrahim

Right in Two

Words by Maynard James Keenan
 Music by Adam Jones, Justin Chancellor, & Danny Carey

Performed by Tool

Angels on		the sideline,
puzzled	and	amused.
Why did Father give		these humans free will?
Now they're		all confused.
Don't these	talking	monkeys know
that Eden has	ENOUGH	to go around?
Plenty in this	holy garden,	silly monkeys:
where there's one		
you're bound to divide it		
right	in	two.

Angels on		the sideline,
baffled	and	confused.
Father blessed them		all with reason,
and this is		what they choose?

g	>	M	
n			o
i			n
l		+	k
l			e
i		y	
k	<		

over pieces of the ground.

Silly monkeys ---
 give them thumbs, they forge a blade,
 and where there's one
 they're bound to divide it
 right in two.

g > M
 n o
 i n
 l + k
 l e
 i y
 k <

over pieces of the ground.
 Silly monkeys --- thumbs,
 Give them a club
 they make their brother down.
 to beat survived
 How they've is a mystery.
 so misguided is a creature
 Repugnant is
 who would squander the ability
 to lift an eye to heaven,
 conscious of his fleeting time here.
 Gotta divide it all
 right in two.

Fight till they die
 over earth,
 over sky;
 they fight
 over land,
 over blood,
 over air;

they fight

3/3

over love,
over sun,
over nothing;

they fight till they DIE

over words,
polarizing.

Angels on the sideline again,
benched along with patience and reason.
Angels on the sideline again,
wondering where this tug-of-war will end.

Gotta divide it all
right
in
two.

The New Empire On The Rise

Birds scatter from trees.
As missile alarms bring the people to their knees.
Forcing loved ones from from their homes.
When sticks and stones may break
their bones.
Bombs fly bursting through the skies.
As children cry tears of fear from their eyes.
Their mothers and fathers look toward the future
that is none.
As the world watches on incomplete stun.
Soldiers fallen in large yields.
Popping up like wildflowers all over the battlefields.
This becomes our worlds newest horror.
Leaving Ukrainian family's in complete terror.
We must have Putin the tyrant overthrown.
Before he takes more lives and our own.
A mad man with his finger on the trigger.
A world that could become no more within a flicker.
When we are at the heights of nuclear war.
A war that wasn't called for.
This becomes our main conversation piece
And all we can ask for now is a time of peace.

Mathias Stiel

Stop the war

Saying goodbye, they
kissed, embracing their loved ones.
It left me in tears.

FourWalls

wish

We wish to be rich
We wish to be famous
We wish for love
We wish for nice cars
I wish Ukraine can survive

family man

war

anger fills up leaders till they break,
people devastated and terrified,
selfish should be written on his mirror.
praying for safety,
praying for the devastation to stop.

angel/ash

Chaos

1/2

They're screaming
They're crying
They're running
They're hiding—

Rain—
Pours
Golden bullets,
Droplets
Of bombs,
Splashes
Of explosions.

Screams
Cries
Shouts
Despair,
Warfare—

Fill the night
With all the fright,
Marching with might
To win the fight.

Bodies—
Drop
Bullets—
Fly
Fires—
Expand
Buildings—
Collapse.

Sona : Muse of the Night

Chaos

2/2

Their screams, frightening with the night
Their cries pouring with the rain,
They're running with the winds
They're hiding with the shadows.

Fields of vast greenery—
Desecrated and ravaged,
Children's laughter far and wide—
Innocent screams into the night,
Grand estates meticulously built—
Collapsing to ruins,
Bustling burgs shining with the stars—
Desolate and daunting in the dark.

~

• 02/27/2022 ; 1:20am •

Sona : Muse of the Night

Africans in Ukraine

Africans in Ukraine
Ain't allowed to be on the train
Only Caucasians can go on
The train and find safety
While there's a war with Russia
Africans have to wait,
Africans have to wait for a long time....
For a fuckin train to get somewhere
Safely...that should tells you somethin
Right off the back....Africans let
The Caucasians go on a train,
With their open hearts.... Remember
White is special...white has always been
Special....that's how Africans think...
Study the psychological abuse in
This situation..observin the whiteness of
All...we're sick....Ukraine doesn't give a
Fuck about Africans...not even Russia....
And we don't have Allie's...and this is what
Dr. John Henrik Clarke said to us, we don't have
Any friends and we don't listen
Cos we wanna mingle with every race
That hates our guts...and I'm tellin the truth.....
Ukraine doesn't give a fuck about Africans...
We don't give a fuck about us either
We should cos it's all we got....

Africans in Ukraine

However we ignored the message whole thing....
We just wanna be with the caucasoids...you know
Colorblindness is an illness...do you see that?
Do you see how Ukraine mistreat Africans
Just like the rest of the other countries?
You can't say there's no racism,
It does exist....
So
I'm prayin for Africans to go somewhere
Safe...to stand your ground, to mind your
Business cos this isn't your war...this is a white war
However white supremacy wants y'all to fight for them...
They will force you, persuade you to cause chaos
For their benefits...y'all need to understand
Cos our race is at war....our race on our side is a burnin
house.
We're still burnin.
Africans in Ukraine
Y'all may not hear the truth
I wish y'all could
Cos there are goin to be lots of troubles
On the way...y'all may not understand why
But please my people be safe....
Nobody said on the news that y'all can't take the train....
Lettin the whites go first....cos they feel special, they feel
entitlement...

Africans in Ukraine

Where y'all have to wait...only people on social media only
people

Who was there observin the experience..this kind of
discrimination...

It's sad it's not okay...yet again we put ourselves in a
position

Where we constantly think white is always right, been
brainwashed to

Think Caucasians are superior...the whole thing about
Africans situation

Is an inferiority complex, just lettin white people lead...
white people ain't better

Than black people...nobody told them this...

Africans in Ukraine,

How I wish I could do somethin

About it...find a ship where Africans can go

And be safe....or an airplane..or rentin cars for black
families

To escape....or get an empty train only for Africans....

You see here it's all we got and nobody gets the message
yet....

Africans in Ukraine, please be careful...hide if you have to..

Y'all are in my thoughts....in my concerns...

mama

'here boys take these seeds
you may rape my land
while you're here
but you won't be here forever
and where you fall
beautiful sunflowers will grow
nourished on the waste
of your beautiful body
welcome to my fucking land
you uninvited
piece of shit murderer

sparkles fantastic DCLXVI

1/3

Hopes Under Siege!!!

Hopes Under Siege...

Only the dead has,
Seen the end of war.
If we don't end the war,
The war will end us!!

Hiding under de table,
Eyes filled w/ saline water,
My Dreams getting frost,
Heart beats almost lost.

Death raiding the valley,
Sirens nearing de entire city,
Faith lost from humanity,

Then, flew a gust of blood,
Similar to that of the rust,
Greed ringing the heaven,
Hopes lost in the filth dust.

Fireworks liting up the sky,
Many died quietly in de beds,
War doesn't determine who,
Is right – only who is left.

by Raj Kashyap

2/3

Hopes Under Siege!!!

The hue is then painted red,
Corpse ambling shoeless in hot,
Sun, having only tears to gulf,
& only raw gunpowder to eat.

I can hear missiles whispering,
Troops sauntering a cake walk,
Jets singing melody of adversity,
Eyes ready to witness a nightmare.

Home, My home sweet home!!!
Is no more sweeter, but dolefully a,
Graveyard, in which cadavers &
Memories of loved ones is buried.

Birds, chirping without wings,
Queens to live without kings,
Pain surrounds the entire ring,
War making the dead sing.

Dreams killed, hopes blasted,
My future getting orphaned,
War can't bring a long lasting,
Peace, but a long lasting death.

by Raj Kashyap

3/3

Hopes Under Siege!!!

Adrenaline bursting nerves,
Instead of loving people and,
Using money, sadly human,
Often love money & use people.

Sound of bullets haunting me,
The greatest thing de almighty,
Life could gift you is, “life itself”!!!
Sadly, de table too has left me,

by Raj Kashyap

Pray for Ukraine

Support Ukraine
Fight for Ukraine

Angel Please

Pray for Ukraine

Support Ukraine
Fight for Ukraine

Angel Please

war

War is sign of threat
Russia and Ukraine is now top of that
Both are nuclear power side
We all know that is not right
Maybe in this fight world will divide
Coldwar will be on burning ride
In few years peace word will out of dictionary
If you imagining now it's too scary
Now War mode is always on
One day all demon will stay and human will gone
That war will give us major loss
But positivity make us to finger cross

H@\$b*

WAR

People dyng,
They are starving.
People in Ukraine,
Asking help in vain.
People in Russia,
Are scared, and pray for peace.
They protest,
But then get arrested.
They take away our voice,
We don't have anymore a choice.

Blackshining

Слава Україні

Рускій военний корабель, іді нахуй!
Glory to the free people of Ukraine
May the sun shine upon fields of sunflowers

Holly Íkorna

1/2

()

Steadfast. Slow. A tiptoe...
Paces kept as the future swept every step...

Homeland?-- destructive a desolation;

well known to all of man.

Silently emblazoned-- shivers down her spine.

A young Mother -
a clueless child in her hands.

Civilis hazing- rationed or chosen; so it seems.
Ides timing, the child- wondering why crying;
'what is happening?' a tiny worry now trying-

Destructive a desolation.

All of civility --

Her strength conveys -
may they lead enemies
astray. 'why is it so dark?!'
rings the tiny worry -

In her hands, the child is wondering a story.

,Stand up for our Homeland!' an Elder throws -

- his hands up into emblazoned skies.

STRIGIDÆ

2/2

()

Has it finally come? Bashing the shield that is enthroned
-- how beautiful is this rain?

The young Mother-- 'fears the worse is yet to come.'
-Bringing the cluesless child closer to the bosom --
'Mama! Where are you!?' -- the tiny fear embers. Still
waiting for what to do...

Steadfast. Wrenches all in it path...

The worse had already come.

The tiny voice is had to succumb. Firstly first.
The pain is no more.

March 13th--
ides carrying her inside Mother's

-- Eyes

Numb.

At last...
Swept up in the morning tide.

STRIGIDÆ

Ukraine

Every Scarlet Scar
Every Swelling Sore
Lost Buds and Blossoms
The soul in wry and weary
Groping for a hand in the darkest fears
Echoing threat in the air
To breathe or not to breathe under the hideouts
To live the memory or
To leave the mother-the home- the identity
To beg a living or To bag a refugee
A Tomorrow or A Today or An Yesterday
Life, will or is or was -to live?
Days ahead- collecting the losses
Compiling the heaps of ashes around
To find or not to find
Running behind in the long run
To the times that knew smiles
To the days that flew in bountiful happiness
Expecting everything ends
Anticipating nothing that destroys life lasts long
All of them awaiting Pondering
Gathering that is prevailing.....

Unspoken Song

The Bear and the Hunter

An old and tired bear,
Sleeping in the winter submerged in itself
Aggressive and harsh winter makes Bear sleep
longer

The sadistic, tyrannical and autocratic Hunter sees
the poor bear rested after so much work and turns on
his nuclear weapons

The Hunter takes the little bears from their mother
bears and takes them to die for a false ideology
Bear continues to sleep submissively, without voice
and without freedom

The Hunter increasingly puts weapons in the hands
of the little bears and leads them to their deaths

Psycho hunter kill civilians and children without
touching them, just sending bears
The Bear called Russia continues to sleep in a sweet
and deep sleep, while the world lives a nightmare in
February.

Jack21

1/2

~This Disease~

~All Wars
Are Bankers Wars
Our youth killed
By the score
Never the rich
Always the poor
Stealing resources
Evil to the core
I believe in a better man
One who would not steal land
From their own brothers
And sisters
And I hear more than
Just whispers
No
I hear shouts
Go back home
Your not wanted here
Of death we do not fear
Living under the boot
Will never happen again
Is that not clear
Freedom has been tasted
Lives will not be wasted
In any fight for democracy

~Gnaw Legge~

~**This Disease**~

For one's own chance
To have a say
In one's own destiny
Defenders are the heroes
Attackers less than zeros
History will prove you wrong
Criminals for every dropped bomb
And everything that you do wrong
That goes against your heart
You are smarter than this
Unclench your fist
And do what is right
You don't want to fight
Your brothers
And sisters
From other mothers
And misters
Repelled by this resistance
In this instance
I am so insistent
Peace can be had
When we reject the bad
And greedy
Who care not for the needy
Oligarchs pull the reigns
Profits for them

Bring our pains
Some leaders
Are insane
But their people
Don't drive in that lane
Power to the people
Who rejoice in peace
There's more food at the table
Which we can all feast
When we free ourselves
Of this disease
Of greedy oligarchs
Which destroy our peace~

1:50pm

Shockwaves
Rattled the ground
Coming from our neighbor
Ukraine
I swear
You could almost hear
Despair traveling
With the wind

*(Sending out my respect and empathy, for all who is and
who will be involved in this unfairness, try to be as safe as
you can my Poetizer family)*

NowhereButSomewhere

Soldier's Liberation Ukraine to Moscow

I am Pavel
I am here
In Ukraine
Come from Russia
In my tank
At my gun port

I see explosions
From missiles
coming in
My little world
changing before me

Can I ask?
Do I dare?
Why am I here?
Awaiting orders
Following orders
To kill, to conquer

These are
my Russian
brothers
And sisters
No threat
To my country
Forced to defend
against me

To whom can
I speak
Who will listen
To me
A conscripted
Private
A lowly nothing

Yet my eyes see
My ears hear
This is wrong
I know it
Others must too
If I could just
talk
To someone

Egor, our ammo
loader
A private too
Sits behind me
Sensible fellow
I see him grimace
When I glance back
His thoughts
I wish I knew

Soldier's Liberation Ukraine to Moscow

In here
So cramped
higher ranks
nearby
each beholden
to those above
enforcing orders
loyalty
on those below
little chance
for privates
to talk

In daytime
from slits
we peer out,
our den of steel
crawling forward
at night
close by
we defend
our resting
monster

Our minds
Our hearts
Encased
Locked in
Closed off

From real thought
reason
feeling

Closed containers
reaching back
to Moscow
to a man
in his circle
of confidants
afraid
to displease

When he speaks
Like billiard balls
Unthinking impervious
heads
reverberate
ricocheting orders
toward a
preordained goal
Moscow to my tank
To me
No questions
No resistance
No thinking
No truth

Soldier's Liberation Ukraine to Moscow

Only loyal
execution
of his truth

Yet I can see
I can hear
I know better
I have truth
In my mind,
My heart
My hands

From the bottom
We cry out
We defy
No more
his bidding
will we do.

InBRcog

I see them
Dug in
Up the road
Brave defenders
Holding true
Saying no
To our advance
They know
I know
better

Let our truth
Find its voice
Soldier to soldier
We know better

1/2

Ukraine Trilogy 2 Refuse the Boot

Brave Ukrainians	Refusing
Resisting the bear	devastation
Standing ground	Of their lands
Every inch	Ways of life
Of home	Their dignity
Held	
Like treasure	A collective desire
	To live
A beacon	Animating people
Shining brightly	Their struggles
Refusing submission	of resistance
oppression	Resounding
The Russian boot	worldwide
Every defended	Our insane world
corner	Willful, arrogant
barricade	greedy
ditch, cellar	insecure
A testament	Powers
A message	Herding peoples
A warning	to cliff edges
to tyrants	Indifferent
	to their suffering
	their cries
Brave Zapatistas	
Said "No More"	
Stood up	
For themselves	

InBRcog

Ukraine Trilogy 2 Refuse the Boot

Masking their actions Everywhere
In state fictions Peoples refusing
National glories This insanity
Subtexted our collective will
by histories declaring
of infused life's sovereignty
fear
of skin color,
religion
customs
and more.

InBRcog

Hovering
In the background
The nuclear
Spectre
lurking
menacing,
Like Damocles
sword
over our heads.

Blue and yellow
We identify
With you
We will rise

1/2

Ukraine Trilogy 3 Righting the Ship

Listing badly
Taking water
Ukraine collision
Tearing
Deep hole

A mad captain
Reckless
assault on
nearby vessel
Fearing
ghosts

Two ships,
Fates
now locked
At ramparts
sailors battling
The bilge
pumps
untended

Families
in lifeboats
casting off
for safer shores

Time for action
To right
the Russian ship
Officers duty
Arrest their
Captain
Him detain
In the brig
Later to stand
in judgement
For war crimes

Then surrender
yourselves
To your sailors
Orders you have
Followed
Have consequences
too

Set to the bilges
Sailors
Discharge waters
In the hold
To rejoin
The sea

InBRcog

Ukraine Trilogy 3 Righting the Ship

Now detach
from
Ukraine's
ship of state
As their sailors
Repair the
Damaged hull
Buoyant again

The healing
begun
Set forth
The time
for Russian
elections
All rightful
eligible
to contest

Hands together
Rebuild
Brave Ukraine
Honoring Chernobyl's
lessons

Dismantle
And destroy
nuclear arsenals
Russia
Then the world

Let this fool's
errand
Become
The world's
Awakening
A new dawn
Of truth
Of life
Of love.

InBRcog

Stand For Ukraine

#StandForUkraine

I encourage everyone to make poetry about the violence and horror. To condemn Russia and to support the Ukrainian people who are fighting so their children can live free from Tyranny.

#PeaceForUkraine

Darian Wachtmn

cobalt

a man on the news –
his sparrow voice explaining
that he's an artist;
that how just yesterday,
he was drawing cartoons
about a boy he used to love,
but now he's running
as other men burn his home.

my bleeding tongue is still to speak,
that he deserves to do
what I'm doing now;
how his story matters much more than
a war – how I heard myself
in the way his voice shook
as he said he isn't a soldier;
and I hoped that,
if he had to pick up that gun
and was herded off to fight,
that that boy was out there,
thinking about him too

muntjac

1/3

Forever Strong (Stand Together)...

Last chance to smile?
Last chance for a while?
Aggression won't wait.
We're only watching the skies.
Hoping for the best.
But expecting the worst.
Is he gonna drop the bombs or not!?

Do we let them die young?
To let us live forever?
We don't have the power.
But we should all say 'never'.
Not quitting on a land split.
Lives caught in a dictatorship.
The sick saboteur is a mad man.

Can you imagine if his race is won!?
Turning our beholden faces into the red sun.
Raising new leaders.
We're heading to doom.
The sick saboteur is a mad man.

D. H. Greenwell

2/3

Forever Strong (Stand Together)...

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever...
And ever.

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever strong.

Some see the slaughter.
Some see defeat.
Some see an enemy.
And some say we are beat.
Sooner or later we all will be gone.
Why don't we stand strong!?

It's so hard to get old without a cause.
I don't want to perish.
Or live with remorse.
Strong like a freedom for everyone.
And a freedom that is forever.

D. H. Greenwell

3/3

Forever Strong (Stand Together)...

So many lives...
Given up today.
So many souls...
We must not only pray.
So many screams bringing pain anew...
Oh don't let it come true.

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever...
And ever.

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever...
And ever.

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever strong!

(Inspired by 'Forever Young' Alphaville #StandWithUkraine)

D. H. Greenwell

So

O Russia/Ukraine
I'm air of love
I love two girls
Have different color rose
The political sense say that war a decision not
a problematic program
But Keats questioned yesterday night are you first
poet or politician?
So.....

Ibn E humār Ace

No Joke!...

Q: What do you get if you cross another countries
border with weapons that maim and kill innocent
civilians?

A: Medals.

D. H. Greenwell

Tears for Ukraine

Young kids fighting
A war they don't want.
All ages fighting for freedom.
Babies being born
In crowded bomb shelters
Families, children targeted
In hospitals and homes
Children crossing borders
To hopeful safety in
The arms of strangers
Oh how my heart breaks
And the tears flow
Thinking of all those in Ukraine.

Lyla Lynn

1/2

Ukraine - a brief history

Ukraine was significant in prehistory because the horse was domesticated there and they were an important state in Medieval Times
I think I ate their chicken.

By the 14th century things had gone to hell and Ukraine was fought over by Lithuania and Poland and a group they called the Golden Horde, which would be a rockin' name for a punk band, but they were actually a bunch of young Turks and Mongols before it became fashionable.

In 1648 there was a big Cossack rebellion (those were horse riding guys with boots and funny hats.) with the Russians and Poles and they signed a Treaty of Perpetual Peace but despite the name it didn't last and when Poland got carved up into partitions, Russia and Austria took control for around 100 years

At the close of World War I Ukraine fought almost everyone to gain its independence

A Ukrainian Republic emerged in 1917 with the Russian Revolution and a Ukrainian civil war, then in '22 Ukraine became a founding member of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics or USSR

Mateo Vélez

2/2

Ukraine - a brief history

There were bad times in the 30s with a famine that killed millions of Ukrainians and Nikita Khrushchev came to power. He's the Cold War guy who said "We will Bury You"
And they tried to force all the Ukrainians to learn Russian.

After Hitler invaded Poland in 1939
Ukraine fell under Axis control until 1944.
in '54 Crimea was transferred to Russia and there was a lot of persecution of historians and poets because they remembered what had been and what could be.

In the '60s the Beatles were really knocked out by the girls

Then in 1991 they had a referendum after the Soviet Union
fell apart mostly due to bankruptcy, I think.
Around 92 percent voted to be independent again.

But it's never really been quiet in Ukraine.

Mateo Vélez

War

I had a date with war today.
As I sat , I couldn't help but stare at him in the face.
I'm trying to find out what emotions he have on display.
He didn't look sad or perturbed in any way.
Guilt didn't stand a chance,he only wore
disdain today.
Which is strange because his death rate are on the rise
everyday
The silence was defending , and my mind wouldn't stop
asking questions, so when I couldn't take it anymore, I just
had to ask.
Are you looking for peace or just to claim lives?
He looked me in the eyes and with a cruel smile.
He said, 'Honey,
I'm not going to lie, peace is a great disguise.
I'm honestly just looking for more.'
More, what I questioned in shock .
With a beaming bloodied smile, he said more money ,
more land , more of whatever I wanted.
Unfortunately it may cost a few lives, and honestly I can't
help that .
But it's a causality of war is it not.
Me: Are you ever going to stop.
War: Sorry, my friend, I'm afraid not.

©*spechless*
~LOST VOICE, 01/03/22

chaos

There will be no more poison in the wind.
The explosions and noises will end.
The winner will take the bread.
And the survivors will be sent home.

But on the dark side, near the edge.
An old woman still waits for her soldier son
With his dog looking at the spot where he last saw
him
His wife still whispers hopes as the sun goes down
and she can't remove the ring from her finger yet
His twins are only 9 months when the war began
Now they grew weary of searching for his love

They got the peace
Ended the battle
But somewhere underneath the ashes
There were screams unheard
sacrifices unpaid
wishes killed
stories untold
and promises unfulfilled

For Ukraine #WeStandWithU

Humanity has lost its marbles
When war is the order of the day
In the midst of a global crisis
Destroying lives — political ends
People need compassionate action
NO to aggressive warmongering
There's no excuse Russia can offer
Stand with Ukraine, support their freedom
Hope for swift peaceful resolution
Be mindful not everyone has hate
By your actions, be a solution!

© *Cheylagn Ní hÍcidhe* ©

we are one

In the times of war
We stand with you
In the blood and fire
We walk besides you
In the fight for all that's right
We fight with you
We are family on a rock flying through space
We see brothers and sisters with unfamiliar faces
You hurt so we hurt too
We stand together
We stand with you
And if it all goes wrong
We will be next to you
And when it's over
I'll share a drink with you
I'll mourn with you
I'll cry with you
But we will all rebuild with you
#WeStandWithU

T.Hewitt XXI

I'm stand with U(Ukraine)

My soul is there,
I want to use energy and time
with them,
Who is trapped in suffering
because of the war against power
world politics,
They have no sympathy just greed,
They have no human hearts only the hearts of sheep with
wolf masks,
My friends in Ukraine,
And my church family members in Ukraine,
Adventist Development Relief Agency (ADRA) is there,
Help you over there those who suffering because of the
war,
I'm here ..
Only prayers and financial collections have I participated
for you there,
We stand for you,
We help for you,
We pray for you,
We speak for you,
We state the position that you are not alone,
My missionary soul is there,
But my body is still here.

#WeStandWithU

Precious Hope

Winter sunflower

(For the people of Ukraine)

Again and again,
The sweet nectar of this flower,
Will always be so tempting to taste,
Blue sky will show her beauty
Hues of yellow will always shine,
Even if it's cold and dry.

Different neighbors are always have their own vested
interests be on the west or to the east or
can we stay as free and play?

Two opposing names,
Volodymyr on the blue corner,
and the other Vladimir on the red corner,
As if a boxing match on the cold Maidan square.
The World Wide Web stunned,
Even Corona V is slowly on the bottom trend.

Little they know,
This Kyiv Rus,
wants to dance along their favorite pyansky
And drink their horilka
And together they shout:

Glory to Ukraine!
Glory to the Heroes!

#WeStandWithU

angelo f.b. carloman

Reality Check

USA ruined Iraq & Afganistan
as it bombs Somalia & Yemen,
Israel messes with Damascus & Palestine
while Europe sucks resources
off Africa like a leach
so its citizens can enjoy
on a beach

People only care for Ukraine more
because this time
whites are the ones being put down

-- © *Avi*

* my sympathies with Ukraine but not at the expense
of citizens of My country who are currently being
treated wrongly in Ukraine *

Light Work

Yes I am a master
But I am no monk
I embrace my failure
My anger
My foul mouth
For today I should not anger
But I rage
I shout
For humanity
Fucking humans
I've got something
To rage about
#standwithukraine #westandwithu #notowar

Zemi Lee

solidarity #westandwithyou

Fear of his cruel imposition and untethered violation,
Ultimately led her to this unfortunate decision;
Courage in her soul gave her strength to push forward,
Knowing she'll be better off, she's increasingly undeterred.

Ruminating on his failed matrimony,
Unfettered by threats to leave it as history;
Showering her with unprompted gifts of money,
So she'll regret leaving him eventually.
In spite of that, she will never be swayed easily,
As she knows the struggle for freedom is better than a life
of misery!

For all the suffering she has to endure,
Reminding herself her intentions are pure;
Eternity of independency is a future to secure,
Even if it means she will be struggling and poor.

Ultimately she knows that he's losing his grip,
Kindness is a foreign concept thanks to his ego trip;
Rationalizing his actions won't save this relationship,
All his sweet words are just another fucking fib!
In fact, his conceitedness is simply far too deep,
Nevermind that the price for autonomy is steep.
Even though the foreseeable future may seem bleak, she
will never give in to his ambition of being worshipped.

matahari

#StandWithUkraine

Our thoughts go out to all the brave souls in Ukraine and to all those affected by this struggle.

Team Poetizer

Postwar Anifesto

“Russia” missiles are as not accurate as “USA”;
“Patriots” of “China” are no worse than “National heroes” of “Ukraine”.

In the eyes of the masses and “leaders”, each other is a fool;
What can’t be negotiated at the table, can get it in the war?

“Everyone” is a “conceited genius”;
“Everyone” will become a “humble ant”.

<https://tiangong.space/postwar-manifesto/2022-02-26>

1/3

Tomorrow

We hear your screams
Throughout the days
We hear your cries
Into the nights
We hear your hearts
Breaking in two,
As you leave behind
Those important to you.

We feel your grief
Bestowed upon you,
We feel your fears
Wearing you down,
We feel your souls
Crying out,
For an end
To all this torment.

We reach out
Our healing hands
To pull you back up
To persevere
Through this heartbreak,
Through this soul shattering
Grave mistakes
Of an unnecessary outbreak— warfare.

Sona : Muse of the Night

Tomorrow

We'll lend you aide
To win this fight,
Overcome this strife
And continue in new life—
The aftermath of destruction,
The devastation
Laid out upon your beautiful lands,
For we shall rebuild tomorrow.

We stand alongside you
To bring about hope
Build for tomorrow
Living for today
Never taking for granted,
The life we were blessed with,
The life we build anew—
Together.

This turmoil will never last
We shall fight it
And it shall pass,
We shall stand tall
Amongst it all

3/3

Tomorrow

Into tomorrow's mourning light,
Side by side
We pay our respects, to those that flew away

Into heaven's golden days
Where torment can't stay.
Our shared tears
Fall like rain,
As heaven joins above...
For we will see a new day
In honor for those from above,
Forever watching over us.

~

• 03/02/2022 ; 12:05pm •
#WeStandWithU

Sona : Muse of the Night

Run.

To all those who have to run and hide
When nobody knows how you feel inside.
When fear and terror consumes your soul
And safety is your own real goal.

Lives lost and nothing gained
After escaping for hours your legs become strained.
May you find your home once again
And your family returns, and only then
Lords above, come end the pain
Our prayers and wishes are for Ukraine.

To all those experiencing troubles at the moment,
I hope the light does shine on you and the future
remains bright once again. May you get through this
as soon as possible and may you, your families, pets
and friends remain safe.

DBDarren

Sunflower

the little sunflower grew
in the shadow of thorns
and lifted her head

the gardener gave her little care,
tending wheat in other paddocks.
she grew until he saw her beauty
with darkened eyes

he saw the seeds,
shaking them from her head;
she does not wilt

the sun does not burn her
as it does the gardener

she has become vital
she will call herself
by her name

Ukraine

Debby Really

Ukraine

Hearts beat for you,
our proud Ukraine,
stay strong and brave,
resist Putin's dream.

See you in The Hague

During the nigh,
I had a dream,
I saw the court,
with Lavrov and Putin.

Lišák

1/2

This day and age

This day and age

We wage war on our neighbors over resources that and
land that should be allowed to just be
Just because of egos larger then what towns they bomb
larger then the life they take and people seem ok with this
how much pain do we need

In this day and age

You dont have to take life yet we arm our loved ones to the
teeh and then hide behind orders and desks and screens
then allow our brothers an sister's to kill and die for
a cause backed by only greed

In this day and age

Killing in cold blood seems to be the thing rather then
building gardens where children play and abundance
belongs to everyone not just 1% and bullet makers who
make a killing in the marketplace a marketplace they built
and maintain so why are we idle dying instead of just
saying no.

Phlnnieus jay or Cheshire

This day and age

In this day and age

We're united like never before we don't have to kill anyone anymore because there's enough of us who know what's wrong when we see it this world is like it or not we all connected and in ways that make these people were allowing to die these people are our friends and family now they're on my screen in video chat just the morning and now we are both terrified because of people fighting over oil and borders

In this day and age we can stop. It's as easy as what orders or not we have as a unified planet we don't need to kill one another and if we all agree together guaranteed not a man holding a gun will turn in

Or on his fellow man no matter what side he's on. We are all brothers and sisters this internet united every nation Call us the broken-hearted international game playing anonymous because we just had coffee this morning. We agreed that there will be peace because we are not enemies and we will not work for tyrants! Unjustified in their actions that will no longer stand because if we united as the LOVING people we say we are no blood no more pointless death ever has become the tears of a sobbing mother. Phinnicus

Phinnicus Jay or Cheshire

THE PAIN OF LUST

(In solidarity with Ukraine)

When bombs rain on your home
blood gushes from your children's faces
the roof on your head disappears
and you have to scramble to find bodies
under depleted concrete
and rats are condemned to eat rats,
may be you will begin to understand
the pain of lust
and may be you will for ever bury
your desirous avarice.
The children of Kiev and Odessa
meantime await helplessly
they do not wish to die:
'we are too young' they exclaim!

John P. Portelli

1/2

End of day

for the people of Ukraine

How often do we forget—
watching the nightly sky show,
clouds purpling, the last of
the day's energetic yellow
and orange rimming the horizon—
that the sun will return again?

We find ourselves sinking, too,
anticipating the coming dark.

Perhaps the angry evening sky
thunders like artillery overhead,
grays and blacks bumping like
colliding armies, an abrupt shift

from yesterday's painterly wisps
of white scudding across blue,
an egg yolk horizon brightening
day's end.

Jan Haag

2/2

End of day
for the people of Ukraine

We cannot foretell what each sunrise will deliver based on the sky that closed the previous day. Sometimes we must hunker down and wait for the all clear.

In those moments, then, we close our eyes and envision our favorite sunsets, the ones that warm us, the sunrises that feed us with four million tons of light each second. In every moment, even the worst ones, we carry solar radiance inside us—reflected by unseen ones wishing us well—as we call on that hope to see us through.

Jan Haag

1/3

unite for peace

It's a war!

People

It's a war!!

Get your guns out

Kill some men

Shed some blood

Be the lions of the den

But wait

Is it what we are meant to be

Beasts thirsty for blood

Generals greedy for lands

These opinions are like a flood

But nothing's in our hands

What should we do

What can we do

Haven't seen such things for a century

Oh it's all so new

But wait

We are still the same humans

Breathing the same air

Same food we eat

Same emotions here and there

2/3

unite for peace

It isn't a matter of people's war
It's just a big man hoping to be more big
It's just a play for the men in chairs
For them it's just a gig

They won't skip a meal tonight
They won't get a bite less
They won't live through fear like folks
They won't encounter the mess

The people in power, they are
No care for common lives
They feed on blood of innocents
They entertain themselves with strives

What should we do then
There's not much to be Done
Just spread awareness
Be aware
Help the needy
Be one

Manav the muse

3/3

unite for peace

In these times

Remember

Those suffer are no different than you and me

They also used to sit with family to share cup of tea

Misery struck

They suffer now

Lost homes and

Losing lives, wow

Stand up and say what you can

Say a sentence however broad

Spill the ink in favour of peace

Coz pen is mightier than the sword

(Be safe

just pray for safety of the innocent and judgement for the

puppeteers

May these clouds of distress go away soon)

Manav the muse

Reheated War

From '91 to '99, The Warsaw Pact was in decline.
Then sneakily in Putin crept,
A man who couldn't quite accept
The olden days were dead and gone
And he was just a hanger-on.
And with apparent Russian charm,
He smiled and vowed to unleashing harm.
He had the masses on their knees
With plans to crush democracies.

But despots never last too long.
To curb poor ratings, his swan song
Was bombing neighbouring Ukraine:
Was this coward just so vain
He could not see the world had grown
And watched the tyrants overthrown?
As in Ukraine, so Russia too
Would turn its back and then review
What politicians should be for,
Then vote for change and ask for more.

L. T. Hewitt

We Stand With You

Your tear-stained face
Flees to find peace
You search for safety
As you fear for your life
You are broken and confused
Desperate for stillness
In the midst of such chaos.

In the quiet, you cry out
Searching for answers.

As we watch from a distance
Wishing to do more
Crying in prayer
For your safety and deliverance
May you find that peace
In the stillness,
May you find strength
And the answers you search for.

Although our hands are tied
Our lips cry out for you
On our knees we pray
For the peace to meet you where you are.

Rita Lee

#WESTANDWITHU

My heart is saddened that you suffer
War tanks and drones
Bullet's and fire

Gloomy days and more blood will be spilled
Homes will be broken and hell will be riding through
but not the will of **UKRAINE WILL NOT FALL**

Stand fast stand tall. Give them sunflower seeds and
smile in their eyes as you do

Your unity's is vast and admiral
Your cunning and wits are upmost truly absolute.

You are looked down as a underdog... Let them
believe in fairy tales your bullets are real

My heart goes out to you it truly does. You are the
definition of strength and the world knows it.

Pick up rocks, block the roads clench your fist bore
their hearst with fury and dissary give em hell with
you upmost ferocious fight do not waiver do not
surrender.

~Ra

~Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night
rage and rage
against the dying of the light.

Ra-

Victory is Yours

#WeStandWithU

Though your tears fall thousands of miles away
we hear them and stand united with you.
Fear grows in your hearts, peace a thousand times
over floods our hearts, all for you.
When you are weak from the ravages of war
we will stand for you, united in compassion.
Ignore the lies told by those that do not grasp
the beauty of freedom and democracy.
For, they are lost in the depths of false power.
Victory belongs to those that respect it, those
that fight to defend it, those that believe in it.
Thus, victory is already yours, right now,
everywhere you look, and it will not fail you.

pattiinky1971

War Is Not A Solution

All these Ages
Humankind fought for
Power and Peace
In order to keep
Power and Peace
We lost many innocent souls

Never thought the day will come
In this modern technology world
Knowledge and Power is useless
Where People's lives are valueless
Humanity is useless when
Killing humankind to serve Peace

Only the language we speak different
But we the humans are same
We together can create bright future
Instead of destroying it

#PrayForUkraine

Menaga

Untitled Ongoing War

Russia... Ukraine...
Tanks? War Planes?...
There's no victor, here,
Just, very many blood stains...

.

The day that old, unused siren blared,
Rose, both, grand suspicion and unwavering fear,
The end, as we know it, is come, and is near,
Hold your family close, and all you hold dear.

.

Forgive all those who hurt you,
Forgive all those who stuck anger to your face, as glue,
Forgive the past, and regrets,
And, forgive yourself, for living in the old world,
instead of the new.

.

War...
Barehanded,
Climb,
Vertical hill.
Peace will,
One day,
Be still.

.....

@.ROYALES DE LUNARIS

.

Here and There

#WeStandWithU

I hear the traffic rushing past
It's not the same for you there
I see the sunshine
Does it happen there
I feel the air on my skin
How does it work there
You're miles away
Yet, you feel close in my heart
I think of life here and wish for it there
Nothing is perfect, life scars us
At least know in your darkest moment
we are united by heart and in wishes for peace

pattiinky1971

Standing With Ukraine

Your cries are heard
Your tears are seen,
Your pain is felt
As we watch you bleed.
Families torn apart
Lives have been stolen,
Dreams have been shattered
Hearts have been broken.
We stand on the sideline
As we watch your world upend,
You've lost mothers, fathers, brothers
Sisters, cousins, friends.
The world hears your pleas
We pray for you at our pews,
But we can never understand
What it's like to be in your shoes.
We give as much as we can
Though it will never be enough,
Hate has filled the heart of man
Replacing acts of love.
As they wage war
Upon your land,
You're not alone
Ukraine...
With you we stand.

Lizabethcole

Pantoum for Ukraine

When will it end?
How will it stop?
The world is suffering
Ukraine needs our help

How will it stop?
Humans against humans
Ukraine needs our help
We need world peace

Humans against humans
Will we ever coexist?
We need world peace
Or we are all going to die

Will we ever coexist?
We need to hurry up
Or we are all going to die
The world is suffering

J.H.soul

1/2

For Ukraine

The shadows of all our hearts
cast blue and yellow,
The world unites with protests:
strong heartbreak and sorrow.

We come together during a time of
mass bloodshed and terror,
peaceful people urged to flee
their own country,
take shelter,
take shelter.

All due to a substantial error,
conducted by a narcissistic
dictator,
shrouded by fury against the
potential emergence of
the peaceful peoples'
rightful democracy.

Echoes of 'No to war!' rhythmically shake
the Earth's core,
and together,
our countries stand for
no more war.

Ayesha Gaye

2/2

For Ukraine

We stand against bloodshed,
We stand against invasion,
We only stand towards
its hopeful evasion.

So please,
no more war,
surrender your weapons,
and leave with ease.

Let there be no sounds of gunshots,
or bombs.
Let the only sound be relief,
the peaceful peoples'
democratic beliefs,

And the birdsong that is heard
as the sun rises and symbolises
a peaceful beginning
for Ukraine and her people.

Ayesha Gaye

One Word: Victory

#WeStandWithU

Do you wonder
Do you cry
Do you strive
All for one word: Victory
If it shall come before all is lost
For those that die
In the name of peace
All for one word: Victory

pattiinky1971

Final Whistle...!?

War...
It rhymes with 'draw'.
Makes sense I suppose...
As no one wins.
And yet it makes no sense at all...
As everyone loses.

Peace...
It rhymes with 'cease'.
Makes sense I suppose...!?

D. H. Greenwell

Talk Is Not Enough

#WeStandWithU

We do not send bombs or planes or fighters.
We listen, watch, pray, and wonder.

How can we sit back, discuss sanctions?
Bombs fall, people flee, cities crumble.

We must stand tall.
We must stand united.
We must . . . what?

Talk is not enough.

pattiinky1971

To Be Here and There

#WeStandWithU

How can we be there if we are here?

How can we keep you close?

The answer is in the wind.

Blowing peace from me to you.

Feel our prayers with each breeze.

Hear our calls for strength with the rustle on your
flesh.

When your bones ache,

and your muscles fail,

feel our cries for mercy

with each wisp of air

upon your soul.

That is how we can be there even though we're here,

here waiting for news of victory in full.

We shall await the breeze.

We will turn our faces to the sun.

We shall cry out in joy as the air

touches our flesh, for that is

you being here when you're there.

pattiinky1971

Constricted. Conflicted!?!...

If there was a way...
I would 'personally' cut the head off the snake today.
A statement that I am sure provokes all manner of
thoughts between agreement and dismay.
Constricted...Conflicted!?
When I think of all the innocent victims that have
lost their lives in a moment...literally blown away!
My thoughts temporarily turn away from the calm
diplomatic solution.
Towards a more personal retribution.
Constricted...Conflicted!?
It is not enough just to pray!
The snake needs to pay!!
Constricted...Conflicted!?
This is my truth...I will not sway.
This is how I feel...that feeling will stay.
I am not worried about the consequences of any
Judgement Day.
I am judge to myself...each and every day.
Constricted...Conflicted!?
Yet still with that being so...
Whatever the reason is that I would willingly act this
way...
What about me also...does that say!?
Constricted...Conflicted!?

D. H. Greenwell

Ukraine, In Our Hearts

#WeStandWithU

One day becomes two
Seven make a week
Time rushes past
You fight
You pray
You tire
Alone, you are not
Look around
You cannot see
The peace we pray for, for you
The strength we send, for you
All we do, each day, is for you

pattiinky1971

Ukraine

What kind of man
would choose to hurt mankind in this way

the kind of man who can still find peace to sleep
despite destroying democracy and dreams
the kind of man whose heart still beats
whilst they watch their victims bleed
the kind of man immune to the poison they've
created
whilst the innocent struggle to breathe

the kind of man that makes the rest of us ashamed to
be human

not a kind of man at all

Elizabeth Ryan

Battle Of Life

We have the courage to win alone the battle of life.
We have the courage to earn, even if we don't get hired.

If we were not hired, than also there is no sorrow.
But We have courage to eat dry bread which is not borrow.

We don't afford big mansions in form of house.
but we have courage to build our own small house.

Sea can sunked the biggest ship, but not courage.
Sailor has the courage to make the safe voyage.

Today if you can cut the tongue of the poets, then.
They still have the courage to tell the reality with a pen.

In the corridors of power we are against the corrupt government.
We have the courage to raise the voice against the false movement.

1/2

Ukraine from San Diego

Our sky is clear
and quiet, like we know
yours isn't,
and yet we pause to listen
to your struggle

We see the flaws far beyond
the present, but in our chains
and arid fortunes as well

I take a stand for you
my sisters and brothers, Ukrainian
and Russian, I'll fight to keep
peace between you
and the many countries

And Syrian, Palestinians and Israelis,
read up on the 195 thesis from
Gene Sharp, listen to Chomsky
-rise together

S. F.

2/2

Ukraine from San Diego

Beyond our weapons, and coins,
markets and two-dimensional pictures
real evil to fight, real ignorance
we must cure
we aren't the only ones going down
as we take nature with us

From the Big Bang
by happenstance and movement
the universe uses this human eye
in self reflection

Let's pay attention to our ills
and how to care for those
around and beyond our arms

Stand up for peace.
Our thoughts, our best efforts,
our prayers, and a duty to fight for
a just and beautiful world, to you Ukrain

S. F.

1/3

history, repeated

"If something has happened before,
why wouldn't it happen again?"

- Those are the words of a holocaust survivor.

On the warmest days or
in the dead of night,
when the sun is shining
and all seems bright,
the ghosts of time
still tread the path,
up to the camps
and into the dark.

Stamped, with a needle,
inked into time;
tattooed on the landscape:
Nazi enemy lines.

History, repeated;
dehumanized people.
Tattooed: a number
Branded like animals...

200213

Fawn with a dash of Seshly

2/3

history, repeated

No hair
No clothes
No identity

70231

Survival - a way of life.
See a blade of grass and eat it.

Lies, broken promises;
Used for parts.

"There's only one way out of here and that's through
the chimney "

Don't look

Don't look

39934

Fawn with a dash of Seshly

3/3

history, repeated

I wrote this poem after watching a documentary about Auschwitz. It stayed in my drafts for a while, then Ukraine was attacked. It seems as though the world repeats itself, so I felt compelled to publish this. The numbers here are actual numbers that were tattooed onto people in the holocaust; and the lines in italics are quotes from a holocaust survivor. I pray that the conflict in Ukraine is resolved soon and that the horrors of the past are not repeated.

#standwithukraine

Fawn with a dash of Seshly

Peace Supreme

A sky of blue
A sea of yellow

A long time
Planned

A country
Their people

Ukraine

Strong but
Mellow

Like the
Mighty
Sunflower

A turbulent
History

Strength
Resilience
Hope

A war recently
Begun

Power

Cities struck
Populations

A sky of
Blue
A sea of
Yellow

Shelter
Run

Peace
Supreme

Men
Old and
Young

Don't Give Up

Ready
To
Proudly
Stand

A reality

No More
Just A
Dream

Fight

Russians
On the
Run

Ben Burnett

The choice

Does it matter if the missiles rain,
And we return to ash in flames?
Better than to live as slaves,
bound with icy Russian chains.

Shane J Reid

All we can do now

The sirens ring
Throughout the emptying city
Of kiev
Leaving echos
Of sympathy, compassion and love
Entering our hearts.

The Saint Of Prince

Broken Children...

Marked by the red dawn...
Broken children.
The political pawn...
Broken children.
Emotionally torn...
Broken children.
Physically worn...
Broken children.
Too young to mourn...
Broken children.
Soon to feel scorn...
Broken children.
Another generation born...
Broken children.

D. H. Greenwell

Tyranny

Dreams
Now seem like a nightmare

Memories
Now lost in the explosion

Happiness
Crushed in the wreck

Victims
Laid bare in despair

Memories
Fuming like burning buildings

Love
Once shared, torn by hate

Power
Putin's war, not Russia's war

Hate
He sails without remorse

War
Leaving his neighbor in chaos

Prayers for Ukraine. She is in pain.
#WeStandWithU

Pro Vás, co u zpráv pláčete

chtěla bych Vás chytit za ruku
a mlčet tak dlouho až
moje dlaň zahřeje tu Vaši

čas cizinců skončil
nastala doba souputníků
víry, prostých radostí
a mocných bezmocných

Maryša Piše

casualties

those are not just numbers
each of them had a beating heart
that fueled soul throughout their life
now they are gone,
daughters, mothers
fathers, sons
more we wait
more lives we shall fail
after death there no coming back
and we become monsters we hate

just__dave

Humans

Terrifying beings
With strength to kill
Weapons of mass destruction
Deploy, employ, destroy
Soldiers, tactics, lives

Terrifying beings
With blood to shed
To spill at someone's will
Savage, damage, ravage
War, homes, lives

Solidary humans
With strength to heal
What's broken to rebuild
Cure, assure, endure
The sick, the weak, the bleak

~ Stand with Ukraine

KayMay

Fight

Freedom always prevails
It sails in hearts and minds
Longs to be the wind
Upon the water
Revived spirits shall rise
Sail saffron skies
Blended bright stars
Freedom's flames
Aims to fight for God
Family and Country
All in a blaze of glory ...

~Steven

Ukraine

First of all, the firelight that
heart-like beating in the night sky.
Then there was a dull shelling, and
The people woke up and fled in a hurry.
They fled to their basements.

All this happened in the far north,
like in the early twentieth century.
But it just happened.
In full view of everyone,
In front of the children's eyes.

The kids brought their picture books,
In the dirty basement
dreaming of going home.
"When I come back there's nothing left.
A ruin, has my life been in vain?"

But we so easily believe in the promise.
A better, fresher world
blindfolded in our painful eyes.
Stop expecting, stop rejoicing.
What you see is the truth.

Joerover

Oligarchy

These oligarchs.
They pull the strings in east and west
both honoured and reviled they survive
when all is laid to rest, for they pass the test
devised by them to laugh at us as they sell
arms and profit to invest as they plan our
long term departure to eternal rest.
Keep howling in your hall of mirrors
for it is they who decide what shimmers
who is groomed to sit on the throne
who shall die and who of us is to live.
One day they're there and next they're here.
One day they're black and then they're white,
sometimes they're red sometimes blue
they seem just like they're me and you,
they will never ever let go of your sad little ear.
From Biden to Putin and from you to me
all are just shop dummies who stand in line
as their nuclear ark puts to sea where
there's no room for anyone let alone you or me.

Ranulf's Horn

World Peace

More than ten years ago,
there was a flowerpot in my grandmother's yard.
It was the only flowerpot I had ever seen
with "World Peace" engraved on it.
I never understood the meaning of these words on the
pot,
until the Ukrainian woman said to the invading
Russian soldiers.
"You should put the seeds of the sunflower seeds in
your pocket,
so that when you die they will grow on Ukrainian
soil."
And the earth, a huge flowerpot floating for ages,
carrying dreams and corpses.

Joerover

#WeStandWithU

Together we stand,
Hand in hand,
Surrounded by the ring of fire,
Whilst the embers of Strands,
Strands,
Divided by all that we cannot see,
The beauty of life and laughter drowned out by
persecution and jealousy,
A nuclear weapon, ours or theirs threatens the sanctity
of life,
But we stand with Ukraine for sure.
Laughter and all that is drowned out,
If you put yourself in the situation of a war zone,
All you would hear, the sound of bombs and war planes
overhead.
I got sent another one of those boxes,
The other ones say who they are but this one doesn't.
I don't play the piano and I apologise for all I regret,
But today I stand with Ukraine for sure,
I thought of the day when I won't be with you any longer,
This weather never ceases to amaze,
All the molecules in a breeze,
It's a different place without us,
Without presence, the neurotic, narcissist in me arrogantly
bellows,
"I just want you to read something before you go."
"..Will you stand with Ukraine?"

By Indana Simonde

My thoughts for Ukraine

People of Ukraine

I don't know what to say...

Horrible things are happening over there.

I don't know how to process it.

I can only imagine what you must be going through...

Hiding in train stations,

Worrying about family...

I can only imagine what a mother would feel like
leaving her child behind to fight

What that child would feel for their country

I look at photos of Ukrainian citizens standing up
against Russian soldiers and I'm so proud for you!

I stand with you, though I don't know the
circumstances of your situation.

We must stand up to bullies together.

Midnight griffin

A small nation with a mighty fight

Behind the ashes lays the lives
Behind the shots cries the children
Behind the tanks prayers are sent
But behind the oppression
A small nation rises.
A small nations sends a message
A message of strength and peace.
A message larger than any nation.
And behind every bombing
They sing out the songs of their people
Behind every shove
They shove a little harder
Behind every tears and anger
They tread ahead and...
They shout in hymns
“This is OUR land! This is OUR people! This. is.
OUR. Ukraine!”

#WeStandWithU

spOrk

Sunflowers #WeStandWithU

The dark seed that lay
In the strength of clenched fists
Hold on little seed
The storm will pass
The light is coming
Find the earth little seed
Tired but strong
Tendergreen fingertips
Search in the dark
The light is coming
Leaves unfolding hands
Take nourishment from these roots
Drink from your wine little seed
The golden glow of hope
Feeds your ribbons of fire
The light is here little seed
You are mighty and fierce
The land belongs to you
We waited for your Spring little seed
You're home.

#WeStandWithU

The SJ Edit.

Love to Ukraine

Millions of miles away,
And still my heart aches.
Tears fill my eyes listening
To their heartbreak.
When will we learn to
Love, instead of Hate.
And understand War,
Doesn't solve Anything.

#westandwithu
#standwithukraine

Luna.W

Something stirred

Come with me
On this fanciful flight
That popped in my brain
In the middle of the night
I'll keep it easy
Less stress for your brain
But it relates to events
In beleaguered Ukraine

Something stirred within Putin
Some time ago
Something that confused him
Something taboo
Perhaps on the judo mat
Or with sailors on the sea
Maybe it happened with Lavrov
As they chatted over tea

Immediate denial
Was how he dealt with it
And it has eaten away at him
Every day since

He has cracked down on his people
Made others suffer too
Because he refuses to accept
What is patently true

If only someone close to him
Would give him a hug and say,
"Vladimir, my dearest friend,
It's perfectly fine to be gay."

Onward Victory
#WeStandWithU

Day by day
Step by step
Every inch forward
Closer to Victory
No surrender

pattiinky1971

1/4

Death of Winter

I'm of melancholy mind
This eve
Not unusual for me
But this is moreso
This tastes like despair
News of strife
And loss of life
Travels fast and far
On clear chill air
And suddenly dreams
Seem like fireflies
Trapped in a jar

I'm walking the ridgeline
Above my hometown
At dusk
On the cusp
Of Spring
I pause at a bench
And settle down
Turn off my torch
Switch off my mind
And breathe in
This late twilight view

Early night
Sky lit by stars
And the city's light
Peaceful above
And below
But it wasn't always so

This sky has burned before
The city blitzed
In the days of the second war
This city has burned before
Civil unrest
A quarter century
Of a guerilla war
Sectarian confliction
Leaving a society on the brink
Of irreparable dereliction

This city at my feet
Has been close to defeat
Was almost on its knees
Begging and making pleas
Pleas for relief
Pleas for peace

Düje Dödt

Death of Winter

Please, no more grief

And many thought
It could never be
That we were doomed
To bleed
Forever destined
To plead

Preordained
To kill our own
To mourn our own
To bury our own
In contested ground
And continue on
Round and round
Steeped in suspicion
No solutions
Ever to be found

Worn down
By attrition
Blasé to the sounds
Of munitions
Our lives an exhibition

Of how not to live
A divided people
Overshadowed
By contrary steeples

But somehow
A will for new growth bloomed
A hope for better days
Was fostered and groomed
A Spring was born
From Winter's storms

Peace brokers brokered
And persuaded enemies
To the table
Diametric opposites
Sat opposite
And hashed out a truce
We never thought could be
It seemed as miraculous
As a biblical parting
Of a raging sea

Düje Dödt

Death of Winter

It's been a fragile treaty
But it's lasted
A quarter century
And counting
And whilst it's not perfect
It feels as if we've climbed
The highest mountain

But oh, that we'd been the last

The last to suffer
The sins of the past
The last not to blink
Or stop to think
Or flinch
Or run
From the blast
Of mortars
And grenades
And car bombs

Happenings
That human beings
Should never get used to
But we do
We're like that
Adaptable

Easily innured
Imperturbable
Traumas festering
Left uncured
Bottled up
Passed on
Passed down

And it becomes acceptable
That from time to time
Civilization is reduced to rubble
Seems that's what we do
To work out our troubles
Bludgeon and submerge innocents
In dust and blood
Man made tsunamis
Birthing hellfire floods
Bully and destroy
To coerce and create
A bargaining ploy

Düje Död

4/4

Death of Winter

Big children
With big toys
Butting heads
Afraid
To back down
And concede
Stolen ground
And so we continue
Waving white flags
To bring out our dead
And so we continue
Rebuilding streets
That ran with red

Where is it I am?
In more places than one
For I'm divided within
My body in Belfast
But my mind feels their pain
And thus I find my heart
Has flown to Ukraine

#WeStandWithU

*

Düje Dödt

Letters from Me to You

#WeStandWithU

Dear loveth ones who are
Standing strong in the midst of a heavy storm.
Life is unpredictable,
But love and grace dress us heavenly.
Fret not, prayers are heard.
This strong wind blowing out hearts off
And the rain that shudders us,
All of these will cease.
I can see the mountains moving
And first bloom happening.
Fill your days with bright lights
And nights with dreams of tomorrow.
Hard works are test of loyalty.
Much as love and war a test for unity in us
Much less this voice of mine unreachable,
But still I write from my heart,
Everything poured out.
I know Times are hard and days are long.
But stay strong, that mountain's moving.
Light up your candle bright,
And let the world know you are unshakeable.

#WeStandWithU

Rnji Chong

1/3

Forever Strong (Stand Together)...

Last chance to smile?
Last chance for a while?
Aggression won't wait.
We're only watching the skies.
Hoping for the best.
But expecting the worst.
Is he gonna drop the bombs or not!?

Do we let them die young?
To let us live forever?
We don't have the power.
But we should all say 'never'.
Not quitting on a land split.
Lives caught in a dictatorship.
The sick saboteur is a mad man.

Can you imagine if his race is won!?
Turning our beholden faces into the red sun.
Raising new leaders.
We're heading to doom.
The sick saboteur is a mad man.

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever...
And ever.

D. H. Greenwell

2/3

Forever Strong (Stand Together)...

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever strong.

Some see the slaughter.
Some see defeat.
Some see an enemy.
And some say we are beat.
Sooner or later we all will be gone.
Why don't we stand strong!?

It's so hard to get old without a cause.
I don't want to perish.
Or live with remorse.
Strong like a freedom for everyone.
And a freedom that is forever.

So many lives...
Given up today.
So many souls...
We must not only pray.
So many screams bringing pain anew...
Oh don't let it come true.

Forever strong.

D. H. Greenwell

3/3

Forever Strong (Stand Together)...

I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever...
And ever.

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever...
And ever.

Forever strong.
I want to be forever strong.
Do you really want to stand together?
Forever strong!

(Inspired by 'Forever Young' Alphaville
#StandWithUkraine)

D. H. Greenwell

Ukraine

Don't just make them voices choing in the air
weightless.

Don't let their tearsare just a few drops more
served to fill rivers
to quench the oceans.

Don't cover your ears
before the songs of freedom
do not try to change the sounds
to overtake them with useless words
let them steal every single corner
every single city.

Don't look the other way
do not fall into the deceit of the weakest
or between the teeth of the strongest.

Remember is a man
a child
a woman

that life is a right of all
Freedom is everyone's right.

Ask yourself in your heart
if it can a man
decide on the lives of others.

poet of tin

1/2

Blind Eye

Hide, hide hush out the sounds
Of women screaming
In the murderous fog
Fallen
Embracing their land
Milk jugs and bread
Stained with tears and blood
On the cold ground
This is their land
This is their land

The sky is a hole
Ripped open
Hell has arrived
Ghosts and the living
Silent shadows
Gasp
Rushing by

Hide, hide far from the sounds
The women are screaming
The city is carved
The city is scarred
It's scorched, torched, deformed
Gutted its heart

Pharaohnica

Blind Eye

Who stole the blue from the sky
Who marred the gold of the fields
And painted it blood
Who brought all of these sand dunes
For us to bore our heads in
And hide, hide, to hush out the sounds

We can hide all we want now
Turn a blind eye
But sooner or later
The air will fill with the souls and their cries
It will turn into wind then
And blow away the sand out of our ears and eyes
And it will be our turn then
To see the mouth of the devil
Open above us
And swallow the blue of the sky
Where will we hide then
If we now turn a blind eye

Pharaohnica

Humpty Trumpty...

Humpty Trumpty created a wall.
Humpty Trumpty was a power crazed fool.
All of his power disappeared soon after then.
Now history is repeating itself once again...
Only this power crazed, egg heads name is Vladimir
Putin!

D. H. Greenwell

To The Children Killed

Blue blood spilt.
Golden ichor stains
The clothes of a child -
who lies underneath
rubble and dust
peppered with shrapnel
eyes still open,
vacant.

To all the little children who have been murdered by
Putin's war. #WeStandWithU

J.Scribbler

Rah Rah Ass-Putin

Where careless words can lead to
What provocation can provoke
The power of the mainstream media
Is beyond the fuckin joke
These MPs with their flapping gums
Their everlasting tongue
It must be hung right in the middle
So it can wag both ends at once
The hot air of their sanctions
The ballet and World Cup
The taking away of his black belt
Well that's the war cleared up

The thing about unstable men
Especially those in power
Is absolute power corrupts absolutely
The way weeds strangle flowers
Of course that crazed old dolly headed throwback
would put it all on the skids
Isn't it time to move beyond war crimes, killing
women and kids?
The worrying part is that the hairless old windbag is
brimming over with spite
And I wouldn't put it past him to nuke the place
Until the whole damn world is alight

Kat Maddi

half-life (λ)

far from Chernobyl,
isotopes still lurk in the shadows
with 36 years on the burning of Reactor 4

now Zaporizhzhia is under fire,
Europe's largest nuclear power plant,
Fallout from which could be 10 times worse
than Chernobyl

a half-life no one can outlive;
the end is here
so say goodbye to near and dear...

-- © *Avi*

Stand with Ukraine

You are not my home country
Nor one I have heritage from

You are still near and dear to my heart
And I want to see you push out Putin

Push back against his forces
Do not go into the night without a fight

Scream, shout, punch and kick
Do whatever you can to win this war

RJ Smith

I stand with you

Warrior of love
I pray for peace
Let peace be born
Don't give up on love
Don't let the hate win
I pray for peace
A protective arm
A smile of a child
A new beginning
The birth of peace
Warrior of love
Let love conquer your world

phoenixinaflame

Standing with Ukraine.

Billions of us watching from
all corners of the globe,
the horrors of war.

Bombs falling,
Destroying buildings.
Reducing schools and hospitals
To rubble.

Gun fire in the streets,
Civilians dying.
The most innocent of this world
Having their lives stolen far too early.

Millions fleeing and hiding.
To new countries.
Into bomb shelters.

Absolutely barbaric, the actions
Of Putin, his soldiers.

Now we all are seeing the
Atrocities of war
On our smartphones and TV's.

Hearts and minds forever scarred
As we helplessly watch,
Crying and praying
For Ukraine.

Lyla Lynn

hoping for a serenity to all

This is the place of death
And I try hard to keep hope —by Alexis Molina

Yeasterday was the day—when I had my coffee to the extent and a pile of sheets along with a feather and ink. Laden down on a bean bag with dreams I saw the wind chime—hanging on the window shield, chiming just as crystallly clean—twinning her happiness with a blowing wind. Compelled me to switch those headlines with the countrysided themes which were graciously presenting the scenes—hopping squirrel, shedding trees, semi-melted snow, sound of an hooting owl and the stillness of the dark night sky.

Lastnight changes—turns into a chaotic panorama leading with a whispers of an innocence decease. Being unconscious, this eye is looking at the things which wouldn't supposed to be —it's seeking for the beauty of nature, probing for a tune to play— why the sky is displaying Russian army jets? Why the squirrels are stick to their shelters? Why the mountains are appearing like an erupting volcano today? Why humans are suffering more today? Do they forget about their—fertile soil? Where is the humanity today?

Zufi

Through The Eyes Of A WW2 Vet

Born to fight.
That was my legacy.
Protect the ones who needed me.

Now I sit in a home, battered and scared and watching
the news.
Another war could be upon us.

What was the point of us dying?

(With everything going on, please keep Ukraine in
your hearts. Keep the Russians who were forced to
fight that didn't want to in your hearts. Fuck war.)

CallMeBunny

Not here

Another war?
I just see people in chains
And I simply mean
the world.

Brassani

Athena's garden

Blood of sweet sacrifice
painted Athena's roses red
Her wise owl guards overhead
See how they grow
in the fields of the dead
Such a lavish garden
fed by sorrow
& the souls that mortal war swallows

#Brkn

isalittlebroken

A psalm to Kyiv

Many Huns have March over your lands
Though years passed
Though faces change
They are Huns none the less

The righteous have always fought them
Though years passed
Though faces change
You are righteous none the less

Fighting for one's home is noble
Fighting in one's home is necessary
You are noble by necessity
That is why you will win

Remain righteous
For you have known no nobler call
Keep the faith in your heart
And Kyiv will not fall

deCoupland

1/2

A Ukrainian Sky

Hues of deep purple
And orange
With bright swirls of pink
Against a pale blue sky during golden hour

I glance at it as I walk towards the front door
Pause and turn around
As I stare into the magnificent, vast, openness
I wonder
How different does this sky that the world shares look
5,800 miles across the oceans?

Has the sun set lost its' beauty?
Has the sun rise lost its' hope?
Does the red glow from fire fights
Distort the clouds white glow?

Are the constellations still painting pictures through
the night?
Has the moon begun to dull its' shine
Or is it just as bright?

bkinn18

2/2

A Ukrainian Sky

It's quite unfathomable to think
That the same sky we live under
Is the exact same sky where bombs fall
On people as innocent as me
On children
As innocent as
Children.

As I watch the sun disappear on the horizon
I hope that as it comes up in Ukraine
That bright pastel colors still fill the sky

And as the light begins to give life to a new day
People whose world has been stopped on its' axis
Are reminded that one day
When the sun announces itself
It will once more be more than a tally
of how many hours have been spent
Simply surviving

bkinn18

1/3

Ghost of Ukraine

There is the school
Wait it is no more.
My kid used to go there,
Although it was a bore.

Oh wait that is the pub,
Where I chilled with my friends.
I also met my wife there,
I hear it was destroyed with grenades.

Here is the post office,
I used to work here.
This one is not in the pieces,
But the old flag is no longer here.

These are the streets
On which i grew up,
My father taught me bicycle,
And how to stand up.

Streets! It's filled with shells,
Heavier than they look.
Gunpowder smells,
The lives it took.

HarshitV

2/3

Ghost of Ukraine

My town is in dust
And my country is bleeding.
West knows what it should do must.
But all are just diplomatic beings.

Well it's not their home
To protect, right big brother?.
So, Citizens of this country,
Will be refugees in other.

Here is the graveyard,
There are many graves here,
My mom's and dad's
And my kid's bones lie here.

I can't shed a tear,
I ran out of that water.
If i cry in blood,
Will it get any better?

Let me stay like this,
A mockery of free world,
Free will and independence.
How will fly, wingless bird!

HarshitV

3/3

Ghost of Ukraine

I am not alive,
Yet I am dying the most.
Roaming my broken
Homeland as a ghost.

PS

,

World is made of nations,
I dream of a time when,
World is made of people.

,

HarshitV

1/2

The Necessary Existence of Balance

The undertone of
a Ukrainian sky appears
diluted by the tears of
a rising sun.

A reckless blush divides
the layers of a disrupted
horizon with a tinge
not unlike sanguine fluid
or that of a rancid
blood orange

This new day, dishonored
by a blend of parched watercolor mixes with
the shade of a bad
memory dragging yesterdays
lurid end into the promise
of today while stealing
away all faith and belief
replacing it with the
emanation of
a fool's paradise.

CynthiaM

2/2

The Necessary Existence of Balance

The ebb and flow sustains
a give and take of darkness
and light as the flourishing chaos of war unites with
neutrality to pause the
adversity allowing the
thought of freedom to
quash a cowardice mind

Notes:

The reverb of emotions were heavy on my soul while
writing this piece
I sensed a justification of war that was hard to
overcome
in my desire to reveal the balance needed to gain
freedom
Pray for peace

CynthiaM

Love & Peace

Love & peace
for the alternative
is the loss of all that is us.

#BrKn

isalittlebroken

These days, nothing can numb my pain.
I'm crying out more than I can drink...

Signals from the Moon

1/2

They die by day; they die by night

https://youtu.be/t_MZpDt7R1Q

They die by day; they die by night
Innocent children in a war torn country
With their eyes fresh they look to the world
Without understanding imbued
To why one man would want to kill another
In order to make pavement of the land
As if it was his to own and yet was freely found.
They die by day; they die by night
Screaming woman told their husband daddy is gone
His life cut short by a piece of metal found
In his eyes before he died
He remembered the sweet smell of life
His wife close by him, his children with a hug
The sun rising across the horizon
All that beauty was given away by a gun in his hand.
They die by day; they die by night
Wars break out, people run,
Explosions ring out, buildings crumble
Blood runs down, sticky and warm
Lake, rivers, oceans of blood
Till the last drop is gone.

The English Poet

2/2

They die by day; they die by night

https://youtu.be/t_MZpDt7R1Q

They die by day; they die by night
In a world we once found ourselves free
Chained we became
Till our minds were filled
With all the ways we had to live
And breed it did the inhumanity in humanity
That we would take arms to kill our brethren
In order for power, position, fame, money, land
All illusionary aspects of our kingdoms.
We die by day; We die by Night
Living a past we should have long evolved
Caging our minds in stories of old
When will man out step to his future
And all reclaim the beauty of existence!

*Written: 04th March 2022 (9th day of Ukraine invasion
by Russia)*

The English Poet

Conquest of...?

Those fairytales of old,
they have been conquered.
Guinevere is no longer Arthur's maiden;
Those knights of the roundtable,
they have dissolved;
And Arthur lost his Camelot.
What are we to do,
no longer being able to believe?
Now,
that all the lies we knew have been stripped of their
truth?

sophi.lia

For the Sunflower country

In the fields
Sunflowers grew
now a battlefield
For soldiers to trudge through

From one mans decision
Young men are dying
And to keep his vision
To his country he's lying

The other man
Decided not to flee but fight
And his plan
Was to defend and unite

Let's stand with Ukraine
And support them intently
And help them maintain
Their beautiful country

Lilium-of-the-Valley

Time.

Time. Give it a little time.

Time. Give it a little dime.

Time. Enough to hold onto.

Time. To start a revolution.

Time. To fight the mad man.

Time. For we won't live in fear.

Time. For we won't shed a tear.

Time. We stand together to for a solution.

Time is pressing fast. Too many lay in open cast.

Nicky_notes

Flag of bravery

Their morbid pillars collapse within our bones, yet ruptures form internally, bleeding our freedom, shedding our derma to camouflage with the soil, to live omnipresently, and to breathe through our ancestors wisdom and courage to reintegrate what will always be ours: a nation of bravery.

#StandWithUkraine

Haell

1/2

Left 4 a reason

The night fell silent
the darkness turned off all the lights,
Out of sight loss is imminent
monsters are let loose, so we fight.

They left for a reason,
he is a monster beyond rescue,
no need to call it treason,
he is a devil incarnated, slave crew,

they left for a reason,
which does not become less real
if you pretend it does not exist
they left for a reason,
it has a name, bloodless with a seal,
a heartless dictator, a madman, a fascist.

We must stand up
for what we believe in
We must give up
the comfortable mindfuck we live in
We must fight
against evil
We won't see the light
unless this evil

2/2

disappears
eviscerated
burned down
shot and hanged
quartered
guillotined

We won't see the light
unless this evil
is executed
not tried
but terminated.

For good.

/pun intended/

sebastiancaine

Freedom for Ukraine!

Peace reigned for so long we didn't see what was
brewing
We thought war was no more, we have had our fill and
wanted no more
Progress, Rights, and Freedom was the motto for
Democracy
Then came a dictator who wanted more than his share
He saw a country with a small army and thought it'd
be easy
A quick in and out operation
But
He was wrong
The citizens of Ukraine are Strong and United
Their patriotic love of their country was incredible
and it brought the free world together
They fight for Freedom and will continue until they
have it as they deserve
United we stand and we're stronger for it
Goodness will prevail and evil shall fall
I stand for Freedom and I stand with Ukraine!

LegitLiquid

1/2

Ukrainian and Russian War

If it's one thing we need
It's to speak about this war
Silence won't do anything
It won't bring back life to before

I've seen bodies in the street
Blood and guts spewing out
They fought until the very end,
That's what their morales were about

I've seen videos of children
Being sent to Poland on trains
Parents might never see them again
But they are safer away from Ukraine

Russians bomb their cities
Like there aren't innocent citizens
But not even they want this
We are all Putin's victims

Russians and Ukrainians
Die in the masses
Their families won't ever get to
Bury or spread their ashes

2/2

This isn't the answer
But what else can we do
The struggle has only just begun
But the fantasy of war isn't new

What does war bring?
Death, loss, pain, and destruction
When peace is finally granted
What is left in the disruption?

Speak up
It's the least we can do, please
Join Ukraine's cause
And pray for tomorrow's peace.

Stand With Them

—The Poet Duck

The Poet Duck

A Prayer

Father, lift the veil from eyes
That green with greed are blind
That kill without a mourners bench
No sacredness for life

For when their eyes do open
Their sins spread out and bare
The Wailing Wall will brace itself
As truth reveals nightmares

The cries that shriek and scream and plead
No one has heard their equal
Yet One still stand who hears it all
His heart is for all people

How could He love them? Why would He?
These greedy, evil men
His mercy extends beyond our grace
His love it knows no end

So Father, reveal, expose and heal
Open eyes and hearts to truth
The world is desperately holding on
Help us to turn to You

Amanda Blankenship

1/2

Ukraine

Frightened, dark and in the cold we must flee we
are told Holding each other we begin to pray Will
we live to see the sun rise in a new day Hoping
for their dissolution They'll never find no
absolution Gathering in numbers we stow away All
our pets went frantically ran astray We huddled
below the snow covered ground Ever so quiet, not
to make a sound Breathing easier, now that we're
hidden from the danger Amazingly, your neighbors
no longer is a stranger Explosions from bombs above
, echo in our cavern below Take in a deep breath, let
it out slow Somewhere footsteps are heard Everyone
....quiet... don't breathe a word Try to be still like a
rock Hearts begin pounding loud as a clock Hearing
the enemy as they surround Chaos invades as we are
found Forced to leave our shelter below Everything
begins to slow wwwwww..... .. All my will
shattered like the darkened sky..... as I wish
yesterday wasn't so distant Yesterday, blink, your gone
in an instant Destroyed is My People, home and land I
sink inside with empty heart in hand Oh, Warming
sun, blanket this cold defeat Comfort me, before my
maker and I meet Everything in my head becomes
a slow moving, echoing dream Like. I'm watching
through a demented movie screen I raise my head to

2/2

get lost in the vast sky
Instead we meet, eye to eye
Even slower now in motion
I cry please .please..... I don't
want to die
My life flash's before me
Remember her as she was ,
I decree
Tears falling ,as I reply
Allegence to you, Ill never comply
You can take our land , but our
hearts remain
My blood will only bleed as a citizen of
Ukraine

RebelReaper

Ghost

His Mig-29 may be old but is a fighter
His spirit still active reawaken by the fire
Defending the land a fierce
appointment
Those against will suffer the consequence
The ghost of Kiev with a soul in limbo
With Godspeed protect those in trouble

spells

1/2

Pod modrou oblohou, pod žlutými lány...

Pod modrou oblohou,
nad žlutými lány...
smutně leč s odvahou,
otevřeme rány...

že stehy je nespojí,
že časem se nezhojí,
že co mohlo být,
to nebude,
až přetřem klasy do rudé.

Až moře modré nad helmami,
bez zeptání,
nám přemalují barvičkami,
mocipáni,
s odstíny do šedé, paleta z dýmu,
štěteček od sazí a od benzínu.

Až nebude zlato pro obilnice,
protože zasely se nábojnice,
až zbylá pole sklídí cizí pásy,
až trosky a šrot budem sklízet asi...

Že co mohlo být,
to nebude,

2/2

a co už je tak ubude,
až sliby se příště neujmou,
v hlíně slzami pohnojené,
až prosby už víckrát nedojmou,
v zemi na krvi odkojené.

Že co mohlo jednou vážně být...
co se mohlo možná přihodit...
Že ztěžka vrací se důvěra,
ta naivní dívka nesmělá...

Pod modrou oblohou,
pod žlutými lány...
mnohé sny zůstanou,
dlouho pochovány.

Ondřej Doležal

Madman's War

Why this happening?

What is it for?

How many more innocent lives will be lost In this
Madman's war

How can this be happening again?

We've seen it all before

When a madman from Germany Started a World
War

The world's supposed to be better

Why are we back here?

Where a madman attacks civilians
Spreading panic & fear

What is the point of this?

The reason for this Madman's War?

It's a man who has so much

But he always wants more

He takes what he wants

No matter the cost

With no compassion for the lives that are lost

As both sides see bodies piled up on the floor

This is the cost of a Madman's war.

Weapons of War

They fight with supplies from the western allies
Civilians now forced at war with the Russians
Not allowed to leave they must now stay and fight
husbands and sons how can this be right
Left to their destiny with out of date guns
The Russians the same using old weapons
War is money to the one's that high rank
Both sides funded by the world bank
For now it is contained within the Ukrainian
My guess it will remain that way with years of pain
The industry of war machines using up old stock
Meanwhile the big players hide what they've got
The production and sale of these war weapons
Is now more important than the life of civilians

spells

Degeneration

The mind is tricked by the mouth,
And vice versa!
Both continue their conspiracy;
Yet predict no deception?

Hypocrisy is the greatest material;
To make virtue.
You can no longer think;
When you can't see lies.

Politics is great at closing doors;
But better at locking them.
Culture of today has destroyed history;
Yet culture is a history?

Ryan Talbi

den, kdy křičelo nebe

i dnes je nebe rozevřeno dokořán
pláči, když přichází komety
to nejsou hvězdy, co by nás spasily
není to tma, co by nás skryla před nebezpečím
v okolním pekle je zima
já hořím zevnitř

proč se oči zavírají
když ještě není čas jít spát?
sotva se narodíš a už máš pocit, že ti zbývá posledních
pár dní života
bojím se být částička prachu, co se jen tak vznáší ve
vzduchu
ale i přesto
kam všechny ty částičky půjdou, až se svět neohraničí
životem, ale neprostupnou tmou

potřebuji zavřít
možná se ten křik tolik nerozleze, když se zamknu na
několik západů
stejně ale
jako včera
tak i dnes
nechám dveře lehce pootevřené
a počkám na den
kdy ten záblesk bude naděje a ne střela

v0ri

1/2

Mission Glory

Our land has been captured,
Bomb and cannon has been ruptured,
Soldier's bones get fractured,
And the world's heart are in tortured,

Seeing horrible event,
Makes me mourn or lament,
But we our 'glory' to be represent,
We have a good leader and president,

We are one as Ukraine,
We break a lot of chain,
We feel all kinds of pain,
And our land will forever in reign,

We will win this,
Using word, gun and kiss,
And make surrender all who seize,
To maintain our glory and peace,

To make it successfully,
For the world and Ukrainians Especially,
We will not escape nor flee,
We will stay here in land of our family,

2/2

Because we own this country,
We don't need any sorry,
Because of this tragic kind of story,
That happened in our territory,

We will live here together,
Not in the name of surrender,
But in the name of Ukraine our Mother,
We will live here again in peace and tender,

Glory to Ukraine, Glory to Heroes,

I'm with Ukraine.

J.Jose

Written by ...

Written by blood
read by hate
violence never solved squat

written by blood
stories of late
heroes of might and magic
if you don't believe in magic
even if you're a follower of logic
heroic stories should make you nostalgic
written by blood
paid by fate
they fight
also
for us.

sebastiancaine

Anxiety

If you suffer from anxieties
It's probably down to this
How you perceive yourself
In the eyes of others

Overthinking too much
Can often be the cause
Or trying to fit in
With so many rules

The very definition
Suggests an inner angst
And blown out of proportion
Like an armoured tank

In reality most are tiny
And nothing to worry about
Imagine for a second
Your family under attack

These anxieties exist
Not too far away
Forced to fight an army
Run or obey

A lesson can be learnt
From opening our eyes
Suddenly the little things
No longer seem worthwhile

A War With No Need

#WeStandWithU

Their tears turned to mine
I could not watch them cry
The loss of life
Silence of freedom
While the world goes on by
War stomps out light
Each day we pray for an end
To savagery without a care
How long can they fight
How long can they endure
No one wants the answers
for the strife and misery
Far off, over there
A war that we fear
is banging on our door
That's how it works
World War
We only share one planet
Our globe has no escape
We must pray
We must stand together
Against a war with no need
For, there is nowhere to hide
from a war with no need

pattiinky1971

Boys Falling From the Sky

Boys falling from the sky.
Dictated by leaders who lie.
Cousins and brothers fighting one another.
Lovers left behind for some others.
Fallen Giant raises his head.
Sees the fallen Fatherland, instead.
Failing to see his people's immediate needs
He'd rather make those in the boarderland bleed.
With lost humility,
(would have been their saving grace)
Rus is unable to see.
(Planning its own grave on a foreign place)
Beyond it's past ambitions.
Sees more than cooperative coalitions.
Sees only it's former glory.
While blind to his own past gory
History.
Will witness the Giant Bear's facticity
Of human fallenness.
Boys should not be falling out of the sky.

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S. D. Kilmer

Desperate Road to Freedom

It's snowing. They're storming .
Brothers from the East are shelling,
The Borderlands, the Ukraine.
Motherland's destruction and pain.
Buildings and homes and farms.
Force a peaceful people to arms.
Ukraine is not yet dead.
Their mothers and daughters journey ahead
The desperate road for safety and bread.
While Fathers and sons spare neither soul nor body,
hastily
to regain national freedom.
As the dew does in the sunshine,
Their enemies will perish;
God will still smile and cherish
the Borderlands people
Glory and freedom will remain with them
unchanged,
The Children of Ukraine.

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S. D. Kilmer

Bombs falling on Kyiv

Bombs are falling on Kyiv
right now
while we watch it happen
live and in color
from our warm apartments
heated by the gas
that is fueling this war.
And I see on TV
that finally our leaders
call evil evil
but it comes late
too late for the people in Kyiv
shivering in their shelters
from the cold and the fear
of the bombs falling on their city
while we watch it happen
live and in color
from our warm apartments
heated by the gas
that is fueling this war.

Karin Quade

Growing out of conflict

I see a yellow rose
I see a blue rose
I see the shears
I see some tears
I see fallen petals
I see cruel metals
I see misery
I see bravery
I see a jackboot
I see a new shoot
I see a yellow rose
I see a blue rose

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

Timewarp

So he wishes to revisit
Stalin's Russia
Recreate a nightmare
As it went so well
The first time round
Can we expect
Reincarnations
Of Hitler's Germany
Pol Pot's Cambodia
Mussolini's Italy
Franco's Spain
Pinochet's Chile
All episodes that should be
Kept under lock and key
Consigned to the vault of history
Only to be viewed
As what not to do's
Ever, ever again
For no dream
Can be worth
Such motherfucking pain

*

War

So pointless, so sad, every time it ends bad
Innocent people get killed, families violently torn
apart
Just thinking about war, it breaking my heart

Madness, suffering, happening so fast
It's not up to you, it's up to who fires first blast

We know the history, what happened in the past
But continue to hurt each, freedom won't last

I don't understand how cruel someone can be
Sometimes it's like we're not even human, are we?

Be careful, take care of your family and yourself
Unfortunately, history tends to repeat itself

Take a breath of fresh air, a new day has just begun
Try to live life to the fullest and enjoy it as long as you
can

We never know when when will be there another evil
man...

Mr.Invisible2

| **matches** |

IF STANDING UP FOR FREEDOM BURNS
BRIDGES.

THEY ARE JUST ANOTHER PAWN.

I HAVE MATCHES.

WE RIDE AT DAWN.

Nautical By Nature

Ceasefire

white butterflies
perched on warm kalashnikovs
a church bell ringing

Steven Teale

WindsWept

Cold air from the East
And the winds wept
Their gathered tears
Raining down
On our ears

Düje Död

Winter

Snowflakes and bombs
Silence follows the noise

Pharaohnica

I Don't Much Care For Wars

I don't much care for wars
Most don't so that's not saying much
So if you will allow me, I'll start again.
Life's a gruelling occupation
Even beneath a clear blue sky
To pollute the air with explosions and smoke
Corrupt the world with broken bones
And shattered lives
Is an immorality duly unnecessary
So go on far away with the trouble you bring
Spoiling the land with gasoline and atrocities
Never come back, receive your lot
The world is a better place without your sad
contribution

Tola (I.G. Poetry Bores)

1/2

Crazy Man on the Train

A while back
Pravda introduced me to Spalding Gray
who is a narrator of this specific story
The Soldier on The Train

there was a crazy man
with a delusion that he had been
a soldier who pressed the green button
which had set off the nuclear bombs
in the Cold War

the crazy man also claimed
that russian rockets are rusty
and "the russkis" would communicate
through talking tubes
instead of electric intercoms in the war

we knew, we all knew the man is crazy
the man said he was "properly brainwashed"
so he didn't go crazy like the guy
who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima

whether it is "properly brainwashedness"
or hunger for power or crazy craziness
or sane craziness

2/2

it stays in the area of crazy
because it isn't possible
it wasn't possible
it shouldn't be possible
what the man was talking about

and I would like to tell all the people
I know
that when this kind of thing
isn't in the area of crazy
we, as mankind, are fucked badly

and all we need to do
is to make sure that the crazy man on the train
stays the crazy man on the train

Natha

Peace

I don't know why they fight
Oh how brutal things can be
Killing innocent people
How does their day still have light

Families are going to die
Including many innocent kids
We should all support them
Not just sit and cry

We support u Ukraine
Hope everything goes well

writer's diary

WE STAND WITH UKRAINE

I write to you beloved.

I mourn with you my fellows.

I can call you my fellows with a purpose because what you are passing through have ever happened to me.

I know and it's why I mourn with you.

I left my country till now I'm a refugee in Uganda.

It hurts alot when someone leaving their properties and beloved ones.

But keep in being patient because even religion tells us that everything has the end.

It is not easy but be hard and strong with more power and I know and I confirm that **YOU WILL MAKE IT.**

@westandwithyou and we will never and ever leave you behind.

It's time to change and fight for our rights.

But I know **WE WILL MAKE IT.**

#westandwithyou

theobarh

THEOBARH

1/2

A strong poem

Ukraine

Ukraine is

I don't know how to use a gun.

I would die for my country,
But not kill to steal another.

I don't take that which doesn't belong to me,
I am no child, fighting over a plaything.

I hear the cries of innocents,
Yet, can my voice save them?

I don't know how to use a gun,
Nor would point it at those undeserved.

I don't stand with those above me,
Nor will I become their puppet.

I didn't want a war,

2/2

Peace is my truest wish.

I wasn't bred to fight,
So my strength will lie in living.

That same living that shouldn't be taken from anyone,
no matter their origin.

(Based on recent news. I wrote this from the
perspective of a Russian citizen. Pray for Ukraine .)

Luke_Worsley_

Ukraine War

Russia is invading Ukraine

It's driving people insane. People are hurt and dying. They're also crying. Everyone's leaving. We're all grieving. When will this war end? #WeStandWithU

Amari

Ukraine

You can; you will win
Heat and pressure reveal your
(Excalibur Hearts)

mahesha

Odessa

(In solidarity with Ukraine and its people)
This lust for him is unrelenting
slurped between your thoughts and feelings
hanging to the earrings of a precarious life
swaying in front of a sea that still does not know you
awaiting you eagerly
to dive in it naked although it is afar from you now;
glad to receive a pomegranate or a sweet orange
to help you regain the fragrance of passion,
as you blink your eye lashes
expecting the bombs on Odessa to seize;
alas, for now, your blood drips
in vain
struggling with the blabbering of the
powerful.

John P. Portelli

The Truth

I walk along this
barren ground
As I drag my
dying feet.

Pus pours from
the open wounds
That brought me
to this place.

So much pain so
little love I wonder
if it's my fault.

It doesn't matter
now because the
grave has taken me.

And I will never
know the truth.

1/2

Warfare

Thermonuclear warfare is near
While most of us can't do a thing but stare while
sitting here
Waiting for the rest of us to join the fight
We got veterans hopping on flights
Going and fighting next to the men and women of
Ukraine
While I'm just sitting here feeling insane
But I give you all my full support
I can't imagine the pain
Russia taking imports
I'm praying even though I don't believe in a God
This is the beginning of the end though
WIII is near
We as the residents of this earth shall be in fear
Cause history is repeating itself once again
Many sin
Even ones that enforce morals
At my funeral I want no florals
Send that shit to the women of the men fighting in
war
Cause they're the ones suffering the most
With ware and tare
Life ain't close to being fair
Sometimes it's too much to bare

2/2

But look at Ukraine
Fighting
Standing tall
Saying fuck you
To a Psychotic bitch
Who's holding his nuts a little too tight
Thinking he can take over cause one country's power
changed
Excuse the language
It's needed tho
You're all in prayers
#WeStandWithU

SchizoWes

The Sleeping Prince.

Fuck Hiphop,
I'm going to War...
For real and Raw,
The Purple Restore...
Or,
Perish I'll More.

(Hiphop Bullshit Postponed)
Rage Wave.

Кшиштоф. Янович.?

1/2

In our Selective Love, Ukrainians #WeStandWithU

The world trembles with anger after war broke out in
Europe
Nations opened borders, welcomed the fleeing with no
questions asked
And did come men and women with babes in arms
Fleeing death and destruction and their war torn
homeland
It is terrible to witness this,
War is terrible.

Media reports eagerly on death, destructuon and rumours,
Poets are exhorted to write poems in solidarity,
Social media is alight with campaigns of support
Nations are bestowing visas and residency permits to
Ukrainians
And all that is good, we should do it and more.

But those stay in stark contrast in my memory
With treatment of Syrians and Yemenis fleeing their war
and misery,
Or was that our war which they suffered for? Who fought
whom?
Americans, Europeans and Russians too like in Ukraine
fought in the Middle East.

2/2

I don't recollect any poems proclaiming #WestandwithU,

Written for the Arabs.

But I remember Nations closing their borders and
Electing populist xenophobes into power in Eurppe to deal
with the 'crisis'!

Alas Syrians and Yemenis I guess you don't qualify
As equals in the eyes of nations or poets.

You see only when the European die will the world feel the
pain!

I apologize on their behalf for this inhuman treatment
That you still to this day continue to absorb.

It is in a way similar to how when the rich feels threatened
From say a pandemic that afflicts the wealthy alike

Will the world go into an emergency,

Manoeuvring resources and establishing lockdowns

Which is alright but hey,

What about the 9 million who die every year from
starvation and hunger related illnesses?

When will that become an emergency?

Alas our love and attention has always been selective.

So we have another war which alone for now as the media
puts it,

Demands our attention.

Donot worry about your fellow humans in Syria

Or the still starving millions in Yemen.

In our selective Love, Ukranians, #WeStandWithU

josef

slava

planted out this spring
a yellow forsythia
beneath the blue sky
flag of solidarity
against the garden's east wall

#SlavaUkraini
#TankaNotTanks

Steven Teale

Storm in Ukraine

Storm clouds will pass
they always do

While they rage
we're thinking of you

Please join our shelter
if we can get to it fast

meanwhile remember
storm clouds will pass

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

Urgent Request Please Pray For Michael And All of Ukraine.

My dear friends cousin is living in Ukraine, he is part of the military reserves.

Most likely fighting.

If any of you can say a prayer for him.

I would be so appreciative of all of your help.

His name is Michael.

I hope and pray God's armor and protection will keep him safe and protect from harm.

So he can come out of this unscathed. As well as all of the Ukrainian people too.

There banks are closed. So my friend cannot help her cousin.

Is all we can do is pray. So I am asking each of you to pray with me in unison, for my friends cousin.

And for all of Ukraine.

The Ukrainian people need our prayers above all else.

Anne Carlson Willson

U

Unjust, unfair
Yet, united you stand
Through the nightmare
Sand slipping, tired hands

We cannot idly stand by to unearthly force
Though pain we cannot fix with stitches
To your people we feel deep remorse
Ukraine we send you our best wishes

#WeStandWithU

Norf

1/2

rain.

I saw the rain.

The pitter patter of percussion on a perfect summers
eve
Sending tremors to the ground
Creating a pound
That surrendered an illicit sound
Which splish splash flashed up into the air
And rained down like a star fall
Creating streaks in the Grasses' hair
Gnarled Trees ironed smooth
Rivers raging onwards and in
Leaving a deafening silence that lingers after the wake
of Its' kin.

Nature quietened in a droplet.

In one breath a dry desert
The next a flooded plane
Exploded from the brain
Of an all consuming force
That shatters and embraces

2/2

In a hard

soft

loving

leaving

living

grieving

Feeling

Stealing

Breathing, of another life that is both

Breathed in -

- to the flame existence -

.and.

Put out

With a light refracted into a splinter, that pierces
through the sodden air.

A cuddle too tight that leaves a sour sweet smell
smeared everywhere.

Poss

Dark to Light

#WeStandWithU

Why the pain?

Who needs it?

The aggressor,
for stupid pride?

No point,
not for human loss.

No excuse,
for life is more
than false power.

In the end we fight,
to the death,
through the darkest of days,
until the loss is too great.

Then comes a sliver.

A ray of light.

Seeds of hope.

We grab these and hold them close.

For they're all we have.

Their loss is the death of
hope, of light, of goodness.

The goodness we need to
reign over the evil of false power.

pattiinky1971

For one

What can one do
when the fight is against so many?

What can one do
when the battle is in someone else's back yard?

What can one do
when the news isn't honest?

One sits
in a shelter that was meant to be forgotten

One leads
turning a country into a shield for the world

One sits at home
thousands of miles away, wishing it really were just
one - suffering

But one stands for many
and many have fallen

Families destroyed, cities demolished
And all for one
who wants it all

vannatato

Sacrifice

Lay me down slowly
on the ground
that I am part of,

For it's worth sacrificing
myself to keep it safe,
To protect it from invasions,
And to safeguard the recognition
it truly deserves....

Shoumeet Saha Poetry

Peace

I never thought this day would come
Repeating mistakes already done
Pick up a book, read all those stories
Talking about some fake sense of glory
It's gruesome and ruthless without real purpose
But to take all they can from those above surface
They call themselves saviours, unitors of old
It's just a facade, a lie to be told
It's not the good people, they try to resist
They're trampled to dust, no way to exist
Under the thumb of systems designed
To breath them down before they even start to rise
A shitstorm of violence pain and suffering
To keep one man's ambitions from blundering
So much for change, the betterment of man
The peace so sought after crumbles like a faulty dam

Pastel

1/2

Cries from the Skies

Cries from the skies,
Angels come to take the love ones by.
War is the destruction that lies before our eyes.
As water fills up,
And we let out our cries.

My spirits cries for those on the front lines,
As rich men in suits send our children to die.
They fighting for someone else legacy...
But they telling the world a bunch of lies.
Shhh...
Can you hear the cries from the skies?

Why?

For greed?

This shit don't make no sense to me.
Killing off the future legacies,
For material things that one day will fade away.

I pray...

That this will change.

I pray...

One day we can gather with no pain.

2/2

I pray...

Our today will not be formed a horrible tomorrow for
our children.

Riddle with ashes...

Clashes...

Slashes.

Enough!

I'm through!

Peace and blessings to you.

#WeStandWithYou

CEO Spoken King

Mad Vlad, a savage Czar

A hospital
they bombed a hospital?

tears and grief
staggering in the rubble

and we look on
faces full of disbelief

how is this possible
they bombed a hospital

war is never a civilised thing
even in the twenty first century

no point in kidding ourselves
just look at humanity

lost in the rubble
of where once stood a hospital

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

The violence of the world

You and I, Humans, Bone and Flesh,
Doesn't it matter? Blood spurt,

Leaving one's eyes lifeless,

Burning with desire to overrun power,
Devoid the guilt, with outrageous explanations

Reaching the top were Your priority,

Forgetting the one's who sculpture you,

Unlike you, I rather pain my blood across the china
walls before one's could hurt other's
~The cigar

#WeStandWithU

The Cigar

Special Operation

What are you operating on?
There's nothing wrong with me

Tola (I.G. Poetry Bores)

Glory to Ukraine!

Glory to Ukraine

A beautiful Ukraine

A country-land of flowers and of snow

A motherland of kind and brave

Where soldiers fight for freedom with no fear

Where people cry and pray but still believe

Where children smile with tears on their faces

Where mothers give their all just to protect them

A country with a future big and bright

An independent union of pride

A humble land which makes whole world believe

That if you fight, my dear, you will win.

Daniela Isaievych

Flat Coke

Half a glass of flat coke, another life lost
Grubby bones scrubbed for fifteen hours
War is heavy cost

Little man with sharp fingers cries in secret corridors
Locked away from reason and light
Botoxed brow
War is heavy cost

Half a glass of flat coke still sits on the family table
No walls
No floors
Someone's child in the rubble
An insurmountable loss

Serpico Snelling

Cavalry

Help will come, months to late
Help will arrive when a people have lost faith.
The sound of planes will ring in your ears.
Only it will bring back the fears of blood soaked
“Flander’s Fields”
Or of a hill like Calvery
If your going to die choose your time a place.
Because your enemy had already chosen your fate.

BD

SUNFLOWERS

It roared in from the East.

A wind so chill and bitter it was friend to neither man
nor beast.

The trees on the Tundra bent to its will,
Stunted and warped into lesser versions of themselves.

Like David, the people stood unflinching, defiant,

Spurning a felling by the advancing giant.

Patriotism unquellable, their history indelible

They turned as one to face the storm and the world
turned with them.

Slumbering babies underground, dormant like the
seeds tossed from the Babushka's pocket;

Awaiting the blast's termination to spark a
resurrective germination of a golden army once more
to rise,

Under the gaze of azure skies.

An uplifting visual proclamation

Of glory to this sovereign nation.

Glory to Ukraine

Susie S

Not Ash

The "innocent" Germans
Who never bothered to taste
The falling ash in their towns
Might have been able to say
"We didnt know"
And there are many many Russians
Who ARE fighting the holistic war crimes
Their dear leader is committing
But the more I learn
And the more I read
The more it looks like Most Russians
Will at least SAY they support dear leader
But as all western companies
And all western artists
And all western resources
Pull out
The Russians who dont give a fuck
Might be able to say
We didnt know
But we will know
They are lying
Just like people
That couldnt tell Ash From Snow

Emmit Other

#WeStandWithU - Love&Peace for Ukraine

Dear siblings in Ukraine:

After storm comes the calm,
after winter comes the spring,
after war will come the peace,
and after destruction
will come the rebirth.

So be strong,
have faith,
have hope,
you are not alone,
the world
is with you.

Keep your hearts
warm and free,
keep your love,
and your inner peace,
keep over all
your humanity.

Together we will move on
and will build a better future.

All my support and my strength for you

Rob Emvi

Angels for Ukraine

Come to Russia we have great Streaming
We'll take your freedom and keep you dreaming
We'll give you papers and a back alley beating
IF YOU DONT HAVE THEM UPON EVERY
MEETING

A cold dictator with closed door tactics
Back breaking labor with no chiropractics
A shirtless war hawk with inspiration
... Of crippling an entire nation

Propaganda for breakfast and the talking heads will
sell you what great shame that you have left us though
up ahead it does compel you that the whole world has
your 6 and that we're working hard to help you

... Send the Angels to Ukraine
Crying in the streets and praying in the rain
Light the candles and inhale
Imagine for a moment your entire world in firesale
Give our world a message
We're crying out for help but theres no Hand of God
to help us
Save our countries from refuge
Or ring the bell and sound the horns and bring about
our rapture

Puppet/Poet

To Russia with Love

Promogat sosyed!
Prussia drug:
stoyat ser'yoznyy,
neudovletvoryonniy,
y serditiy!
--Amerika dosh'

jsar

Ukraine

Unfettered

Killing

Russians

Are

Idolizing

Nefarious

Extinction

Darin

My Home

I am Ukrainian.

I have family and friends who live there

And I am heartbroken right now

We need the light of love

We need peace

seeker of life

stop.

stop!

they say, in the name of the law.

another foot on top, the neck of a man who refused to
fall.

war torn families, lost to the wind.

we've seen it once before, and now we witness it again.

stop!

we beg,

for the better of our nations.

a frontline militia of proud family men,

friendly faces drowned out by the sin,

the pain of the war,

stop!

we plead,

before the last bomb drops.

stop!

please, we cry and plead,

strong willed men,

begging on their knees.

-k, 3/14/22.

konvikt

Fun Times

Avoid people like the plague
Instead I'll just write another page
Staying inside my self-imposed cage
I like to write raps on occasion but I could never perform
'em on stage
Try to avoid the news too
Manufactured outrage me vs you
Focus on the negatives to grab the attention
Nothing's more important than viewer retention
Keep people's faces glued to the screen
Whilst the government's machinations continue unseen
Nah, who am I kidding, they ain't that competent
But Boris and his rich mates seem overly confident
Keep calm and carry on, have a cup of tea
Never mind the fact that you're never truly free
Has everyone lost their senses? Fuck me
Get me a ticket off this North Sea rock
Don't really care at all where the boat decides to dock
As long as it's away from here I'll be A-OK
Just as long as there's no extradition treaty with the UK
Ok, well maybe not Ukraine
The situation over there right now is insane
If the war spreads west,
Conscription comes next
And you'll never make me wear a military vest
Or take a bullet for a country that I care nothing for
You distract the Officers, I'll sneak out the back door.

Javanox

1/2

Ukraine wants Africans to fight for them

Ukraine wants Africans to fight for them
After they dissed them.. dissed them off the train
Cos someone, anybody has to fight...
The benefits, the capitalism...
Africans
Oh sleepy Africans
You're willin to fight in massas war
But you won't fight for your own continent
For your own people who has no water and no food
Like Europeans and Chinese has made your towns
Poor and get them richer...
Am I correct? Ukraine is a bitch,
White folks in Ukraine are a bitch
They stick to the code, they stick to the system
Just like the rest of other countries...
Systematic racism is all over the place..
Why would you wanna fight for them when they
disrespected y'all?
Oh yes I forgot we're been programmed, been
conditioned
However this isn't an excuse...this bull shit should tell
us somethin
Cos racism is global...racism is on every every
country, every continent...

2/2

And Ukraine is deeply racist....they don't care about
black people...

Though we pray for them, we're willin to give a helpin
hand for them

When it's not our business...it's a white on white
battle but

They want us they never ask us if we wanna brawl
with them...

It's more like force....more like we have to....

Right?

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kai c.

Once upon...

Once upon a time; before our towers fell; we lived our lives so selfish, but after stood together indivisible. Once upon a time; pre the things we say so petty; we said freely what we believed as true, now we paint broadly about another disagreeing. Once upon a time; our land was united and a' rallying a world; please follow us toward peace and prosperity; finding instead, religious ideology and political correctness reigning terroristic opposition. Once upon a time people took pride in communities we were living and lived by loving thy neighbor. Today is a selfish singular self-absorption. Once upon a time; a crowd as a gathering, felt comfortable and comforting, as everyone was welcoming to find now a senseless killing field of victims among survivors. Once upon a time has come and gone. Once again the time has come upon us to witness madness, a senseless loss of innocence. Life's light in a blink violently extinguished. The saddened so heroic, sheltering some as they fell; helping and striving too push and pull for survival and saving whom they could. An answer cannot make sense to the sanest among us. God Bless Ukraine and the many murdered and maimed. God Bless America! Give us strength.

John "Scott" Kielar

John Scott Kielar

All Eyes Are On You #WeStandWithU

The world can only look on as war rages on, freedom on the line. A country stands proud, brave, and most importantly, fearless. We can not even begin to fathom what day-to-day life is, what survival is like. Every single heart in the world beats for you, and every breath withheld.

R.V.

On the Off Chance

On the Off Chance
The lonely monkey-man-child
Behind the long-ass table
Presses the button
Thanks to you all
For being a friend
Those I don't communicate much with
Sorry if I've offended you
I was secretly rooting for everyone
The good
The bad
The smelly

Collin Lawrence

Ukraine, Stand Tall

#WeStandWithU
Words, not war
Blessings, not sorrow
What have we come to
In this crazy world
There's no escape

Stand and fight
If not with weapons
Use compassion
Give your strength
As each day begins anew
You must do so too
For the monster brought the fight
You will struggle to beat him back
Words will guide you
Let them echo your fear
In the end victory will ring in their place
You will have no sounds except for joy
That will be enough

pattiinky1971

1/2

Ukraine, Never Ceasing

The echo's cry is strong
Wailing and gnashing
Onward your steps are
Against the wall of greed
It lacks humanity,
compassion not even close
Emotions cut through
the trenches and streets
You beg, wonder, pray, and fight
Never ceasing
This monster, the one that believes he is great
lashes, its whip tearing souls apart
Understand the monster
Listen to its fits and demands
Think like it, allow a small piece of your
hardened soul to accept it
For, then you will find the weaknesses
it struggles to hide under a cloak of fear
Defeat, and the plans you seek will flash
Their brightness a beacon to safety
Victory is in your hands
Take it, seize it, hold it close
As a treasure of goodness and light
Let it shine a path for your tired steps
A balm for your scars and aches

2/2

Soothing kisses from the angels above
for the shattered slivers of your soul
The one that cried out
Let it laugh, dance, and sing
The day will come
Have no doubt

pattiinky1971

Ukraine, Together

The salt of tears burn the scars of the flesh
Days linger in a pattern that feel stuck
One becomes two, right you ask
Yet, how can you tell
Faith is your answer
Believe in the anger boiling in your heart
Trust the strength building determination in your
limbs, struggling, but not crashing down
Look to your sides, for you are not alone
There, victory's seeds find the ground
A place to settle, grow, and take over
In your comrades, your neighbors, your allies
See the fight they give
Hear their growls as they refuse to bend
They are your brothers and sisters in arms
You are theirs, their strength, their way
One by one, setting everything aside
Meld as one force of people standing up
For justice
For peace
For life
For victory
Have no doubt that it will come
Good conquers evil
For evil will get sloppy, tired, and fearful of itself, and
then it will slink away, defeated

pattiinky1971

1/2

Tonight we run to Berlin (prelude)

War is already there.
It's here for days.
Rockets are fleeing here.
The war might last for ages.

I wanted to stay here.
But wife is with me.
I fear for her.
My mum called me.

She lived miles away,
in another continent.
She call me: in May
The war might not end.
Please, son leave.

It's was a hard decision.
To leave my beloved Ukraine.
I cried for hours.
I looked around me,
All the streets where I had my best moment.

It's not an ideal city,
It's called Zaporizhzhya
But it was my home,

2/2

My home for 9 years

9 years of freedom
9 years of exploring myself.
9 years of becoming who I am,
9 years of happiness

Put on halt by the head of Rashist.
Rashist in Ukrainian is a combination
Of two words.
Russia and Facist.

To be continued

Bird Explore

1/3

Lviv at fire

Я
Хацеў бы прайсціся,
Па гораду,
Які я ведаў раней.

Для кагосьці
Гэта
Проста фатаздымак.

А,
Для кагосьці
Проста жыццё.

Зараз,
Тут гудуць сірэны.

І
Моладзь ідзе ва recruitment,
Бо
Старыя чакаюць цягнік у Паленію,
Калі ноч вяртаецца ў St. George's Cathedral.

Мабыць,
Мы яшчэ сустрэнемся у гэтым жыцці.

І
Пагутарым пра мастацтва.
Разам
Будзем чытаць
Свае вершы у мясцовым cafe.

Там,
Дзе збіраюцца творчыя.

2/3

З local boheme.

А, так,

Увогуле,

Я,

Хацеў бы прайсціся,

Па гораду,

Які я ведаў раней.

Для кагосьці

Гэта

Проста фатаздымак.

А,

Для кагосьці

Проста жыцце.

Не сумуйце,

Калі што ня здзейсніцца,

Проста верце ў сябе.

Мы павінны

Прайсці праз гэта,

Каб стаць мацней.

Часова

І мне

Хочацца плакаць.

І я

Ненавіджу сябе,

Калі

Гляджуся ў люстэрка.

Бо,

3/3

Сапраўдныя мужчыны

Таксама

Могучь плакаць

Калі

Іх ніхто не бачыць.

IGOR ADASZKIEWICZ

The Colors Run

After two trips
to fill up your tank

You will forget those
south of Kyiv

And take down flags
you have posted

Online and off
for the last two weeks

Ben Nardolilli

Peace...

My heart goes out to the Ukrainian people
My heart cries for the suffering you have
been subjected to
Your values
Your communities
Your families and friends
Your beliefs
Your traditions
Your way of life
They will never fully end
Wherever you go
In your country or afar
You carry inside of you
All that you are
Nobody will take your heritage away
It is part of who you are
No oppressor,dictator or tyrant will
Ever destroy you
The world stands beside you
With you and for you

.

By me,Lou

#WeStandWithU

By me,Lou

1/3

A Game

If this life is a game and nothing more,
I'm sorry that it took me so long
To understand that I have to play it with you,
Looking in your eyes, holding our hands!

We locked ourselves inside us more than we locked
ourselves in homes
Tell me, do you still know how to love?
Show me what your heart is capable of,
The dusty love hidden there...

Right now I don't know what burns harder: the sky or
the soul
While we are standing here, with water up till our
ankles
Not from rain, but from tears
And instead of bread and wine we feed ourselves with
breaking news and prayers.

From second to second, the sand from the hourglass
disappears in vain
Somewhere in a sea of tears
But if you hold my hand and walk this road with me
We can be more, we can do more.

2/3

Suitcases of memories, that's all that was saved
From the houses that burn like matches, and for
what?

They burn just like the pain from every mother's eyes,
While waiting for their children to come back home,
waiting for a sign that will never come.

There are souls that were broken in two
When we still speak about love and fairytales
And there's that terror that they forcefully tattooed in
the children's souls...

Look them in their eyes, what you can explain?

We got lost when we had too much...
Now all we want is a little love, we want peace
We know it's enough, now we know how to play
This difficult game called life.

Still, we have to teach the others
How to play this game together with us...
If only we could heal as much as we hurt
If only we could build as much as we destroy...

We could use all this energy in a different way,
If only we could love as much as we hate...
Can you imagine how life would be?
We got the key, we must find the right door.

3/3

Look at the tears from our eyes
When a white bird
Flies above us
Help me to call this bird to come to us!

Andreea Ruxandra Tudor

Cities on Fire

Over down yonder
Past the Dead Sea
Down around the entire world
As mayhem twirls in unison
The entire Earth is ablaze in a haze of
confusion , paranoia, concern, and regret.
What is to come?
Don't fret
History has been told to repeat itself
The man who sold the world
The one who broke all the rules
3 little pigs on the wing
As the angels sing out
Down and out
Cities from coast to coast
Embalmed in napalm and gas

seabass

A Poem for War Victims.

Not just for Ukraine,
Nor to those civilized European people.
It's for every child, who lost their father.
For every woman, who lost their other half.
This is for every community who lost their home.
Not just for Ukraine,
But for every weak country,
Getting bullied by the powerful one.

The Poetic Potot

That Little Light

We all may be in pain

And struggling in the darkest lane

But do not give up the fight

Because there is still that little light

This feeling might seem horrible

But we still have something that's affordable

And that is that little light

This road might feel endless

But don't be so defenceless

Becesse in us, we still have fight

To reach that little light

Elliott Greco

1/2

Unwanted

A cry from far,
A silent tear,
A hopeless tired sigh,
The painful torment of hunger,
They want us all to die.

So many bodies packed like crates,
Man, woman and child,
Forced into eachothers space,
The thought of comfort seems too wild.

The stench that fills the crowded camps,
Haunts us in our dreams most nights,
A stench that reeks of abandonment,
A stench left to fester by our lack of rights.

Thousands of hollow blank faces,
And even more empty eyes,
Search each other for answers,
But find no answers, just shrill cries.

Desperation brought us here,
It's what's keeping us alive,
All we wanted was a chance,
Not a chance to starve and strive.

2/2

We were promised a safer life,
But in the process our wealth was taken,
It will be worth it we said,
But we couldn't be more mistaken.

We're unwanted and kept at bay,
We're just a thorn in everyone's side,
We don't deserve help,
Because we threaten their national pride.

Immigrants, terrorists, thieves,
Scammers, rapists, thugs,
They say we're only good for one thing,
All we do is crime and drugs.

There will always be bad people,
That promise will be kept,
But to blame all for a few,
That, how can you accept?

What makes us less human?
Can't we all be the same?
We just want a chance at a life,
Do you really lose if we gain?

Albanian

They are beneath me

Victory

Is sitting in

The same room as them

And not letting it cloud your mind

And effect your positivity

Or well being

#WeStandWithU

Nazar11

The Nightingale

Though small and weak,
the nightingale does not bow
to the strikes of the eagle.

A great, powerful,
but sinful and unprepared eagle.

Nightingale, make your voice heard.
Against the war,
Against all aggression.

Sing so loud that the eagle
will not hear the sound of his own wings.

The eagle attacks
but does not understand his fate
is hanging on a small nightingale's voice.

Oh, sing and sing,
for a peaceful future.
The song of the nightingale will never end.

AudibleArtifact

1/2

Movement

Every day we die a little

Every day we gather our strength to move on.

And move we do.

We move together, no doubt in mind

Keep humanity in mind

For us and the lost souls on the other side.

So far, so close, the rain set in

Happy days evaporated into nothingness

Why, you ask - I cannot tell –

But hope is near, the sun will shine again.

You are not alone.

Tomorrow seems grey with dust and death,

A hopeless thing that once was home

But the colours will come back to home.

This is not a battlefield,

Was never made to be.

We move. We all do.

2/2

My friend, let me tell you that you're not alone.
Let me tell you we'll stand by your side
And move together.

We move together, no doubt in mind
Keep humanity in mind
For you and me and the one next to you.
For your brother and sister, by blood or not.
For your friends and enemies.

For tomorrow.

We all move.

EternalSoul

Slova naděje

Kéž by slova křídla měla,
jak slavík vzlétla k nebesům,
k lidským srdcím doletěla,
tiše vklouzla k jejich snům.

Slova stvořím ze šumění moří,
vylétnou z srdce, v němž touha hoří,
ze skřivánčí písně, z pampelišek chmýří,
ze zpívání deště, v němž kapky jeho víří.
Z vůně lučních květů,
z jasných ptačích trylků,
z nejněžnějších vznětů,
co trvaly jen chvílku,
z ševelení listů, z přílivů a snění,
z tónů violončelistů,
z jara probuzení.
Slova tolik něžná, že něžnějších už není.

Já nechám je, ať letí,
jak bouře mají sílu.
Já nechám je, ať znějí,
ať navrátí nám víru.

Marcela Fialová

1/2

Crusade

I saw a cabbage lying on the pavement,
and on it I saw there was blood;
Moments later a poor woman was shot,
her lifeless body fell with a thud.

Tried hiding myself behind some ruins,
and there I sat down and wept;
A dozen men broke into a grocery shop,
for war doesn't cease crime or theft.

I saw a little girl crying on the sidewalk,
said they killed her mum and dad;
She firmly held onto a tattered ragdoll,
it was all the hope that she had.

Then fear gripped my mind so tightly,
as bombs exploded in the vicinity;
I knew that I would get killed as well,
like thousands of others in my city.

I kept watching as the horror unfolded,
in that place where I was born;
So many people that I used to know,
they're all dead, they're all gone.

2/2

Houses destroyed, schools burnt down,
blood on the neighbourhood walls;
Once an empire full of love and glory,
helplessly, I watched my city fall.

sylwibes

1/2

Rosary

If my prayers take the
Form of poetry
Avert your eyes
From the devil's snares
And follow instead
The third strand
Of God's chord
Weaving humanity together
In the subtle beauty
Around you:
The way a flower defies
Destruction in its
Solitary bloom
The unbreakable love
Of a mother
Holding her child
Tender mercies in
A kind eye or
The weary smile
The selfless father, his provision, his protection
The strength to persevere
The fortitude to never lose hope
The lovingkindness you were made in
An image of perfection
Braving strongholds

2/2

Like pearls on a string
Each moment of beauty you witness
In the darkness
Is a prayer from the
Mouth of someone you may not know
Who calls upon God for
Your safety
Your protection
Your healing
On our knees with plates overturned
Hands clasped together
We claim
The armor of God covering you
His angels appointed to you
In all of your ways
That The Holy Spirit speaks to you
In all your times of need
We are praying for you and with you
A rebuke of all that is wicked
Demolishing every stronghold
A parting of seas
A homecoming of your safety
A promised land of milk and honey.

To the people of Ukraine- I love you, God loves you. We
stand with you and we are on our knees praying for you.
#WeStandWithU

mon cœur t'appartient

1/2

Autopsy Report

Cause of death predetermined

Still searching for a sign of life

Comatose or paralysed

By fear

By truth

By lies

Crack the ribs rigor mortis

On the presumption of a heart

Broken, cracked or made of stone?

Ice cold

Naked

Alone

Unmarked grave, unknown soldier

Battling to win a pointless war

Emotionally sterilised

Forgot

Forgave

Forlorn

Post mortem, dissection box

Surgeons licking dirty fingers

Coroner or president

Victims

2/2

Entwined
In arms

Waving blue and yellow flags
Nobody has a place called home
Love bleeds on a marble slab
Lament
Now truth
Is dead.

DaveGibson81

War of Words

Where are we ?
Words are not enough
When the Devil is Deaf
Or Blind or Stupid

Evil has no conscience
And the collective moves
In ways unfathomable
For fear of reprisal

Stand up citizens of the world
Solidarity of condemnation

Just Words
They have no bite

"Remove
this
Madman"

Are the only three words
That I can think of, might

Coltrane

Ukraine Will Prevail

There's a seed within the ground,
but the seeds of ills are older.

There's a flower above the grass,
but the flowers of peace are lovelier.

There's a star above the sky,
but the stars of truth are brighter.

There's a din above the silence,
but the song of the people is louder.

There's a sword above the shield,
but the shield of Ukraine is mightier.

There's a dream within the darkness,
but the dream of Ukraine will prevail.

AudibleArtifact

scared of falling

listen to our voice and hear these screams
we'll be strong, we will not break
because the world is watching
aren't we all scared of falling?
our past and future burnt down to ashes
is it just me or it all feels so empty
nobody knows our story
they don't see the bad side of the glory
we're not heros, not idols
just a tree that withstands a rough storm
but we are not scared of falling
we'll preach the one and only justice
and the world will be just watching

szaffi

Requiem for Fallen Sunflowers

The Ukrainian flag flies in the sky.
The sunflower's petals lay on the ground.
The people gave their lives for freedom.
They loved their country and they loved their land.

Snow falls, covering flowers;
frost covers the ground.
Petals fall from flowers,
and the people are not silent.

Their cries for peace echo in the land.
They chant "Peace."
They chant "Peace."
They chant "Peace."

Their voices can be heard across the land,
and they will not be silenced.
Their voice will echo until the land is free.
Their voice will echo until the land is free.

AudibleArtifact

I Have Felt 2 (after Boxingpoet)

I have felt the cruelty of friendship.
I have felt the kindness of enemies.

I have felt the dark of the day.
I have felt the light of the night.

I have felt the cold of the sun.
I have felt the warmth of the moon.

I have felt the emptiness of happiness.
I have felt the fullness of grief.

I have felt the noise of laughter.
I have felt the music of crying.

Lucien Zell

DAY 19 (Lack of Empathy)

Sitting comfortably in peace
My mind is at ease
But I can't look away from overseas
My peace feels like like a fluke
While brave men are forced to shoot
Your pain is a reality no one should bare
Leaving family for a war of greed
Seems like history is doomed to repeat
Broken homes shivering without any sheets
Missile debris, life beneath concrete
My heart goes out to you who sits in the face of death
Your reality has taken your breathe
Change is needed more than ever
No child should have to fear shelter-
Faces covered in the blood of vile men that plague their countries
Where is the empathy from these men who claim glory from innocent lives?
I say to those men you are in need of a heart
Your "victory" will corrupt your soul
We stand with those lives that had nothing to do with this crusade of power
I pray for your peaceful nights
And prosperous days
This war needs to end in the name of peace and empathy

B.L.U.E

#stopwar

Stuck in the past,
A reality that didn't last,
Stuck in a fantasy,
A reality that wouldn't be.

Fire, bullets and bombs,
For a made up cause,
Blood, loss and fear,
For the mad dream of a killer.

Homes turn to ruins,
Children become orphans,
Lives turned to ashes,
There is nothing left but tears.

We pray for peace,
We pray for love,
We pray to end the pain,
But this pain has no end.

We pray for clear skies,
And a good sleep through the night,
We pray for no more sirens,
We pray... for no more bombs.

1/2

Not knowing

We breathe in this air,
Filled with dread and fear,
We breath in not knowing
What awaits us tomorrow.
Speechless before it all,
We can't recognise our world.
We went to bed one night
And woke up in hell.

A dark cloud came over,
And rained bullets instead of water,
It grew bigger,
And spitted fire,
It grew angrier,
And sucked the lives
Out of us.

It hid a monster,
All along,
Disconnected
From our world.
It became untamed,
Day by day,
And it burst
Into flames.

2/2

Now he gets upset
At the reactions people have
To the mess that he made.
Now he want revenge,
But does he know?
In the end,
His vengeance should be aimed
At himself.

MSA

1/2

Silent Prayer

At the face of the trial
Times when the cloud is darker
And Songs of Peace sang farrer
Father,
Let there be light.

In the painful times
Where hope is lost
And garment of joy is torn
Where tears is worn as amour
Where innocent souls are destroyed
And their flesh fed to the vultures
At the face of war
God!
Have your way

Let the heavens speak peace
Let the troubled rivers flow with ease
Let the rain of hope fall on earth
Save homes
Be close to the troubled Ukrainians

2/2

Let their sons and daughters
Find laughter
Put an end to their oppression
Be their banner
Let them find you Lord
As a Redeemer
As a Savior
Amen!

#WeStandWithU

#hope

#peace

The Alchemist

A Letter to Ukraine

Your land is burning with war.
Your nation sees so much gore.
And it rips everyone to the core.
As sirens roar
And planes above soar
As tears pour out from every pore
The world hears from far away shores.
You may feel alone
But the world hears your moan.
For your troubles are known.
We stand with you united no matter the cost.
For hope is never lost.
Across the seas and plains yellow and blue light the
dark skies.
So wipe the tears from your eyes.
Let us all rise.
We will sever the enemies ties.
And take back the prize.
For this is not your demise.
Because we unite hope always flies.
The Ukrainian spirit never dies.
If our enemy is wise
They will leave this land
We've taken a stand.
In the end we will help you keep your land.
Together hand in hand.

Dream Weaver

Flesh Harbors

Brothers.
Close enough
to lift me when I fell.

Brothers.
Close enough
to guide me safely through blizzards.

Brothers.
Close enough
to hear me when my heart could only whisper.

Brothers.
Close enough
to stab me in the back.

Brother,
my blood doesn't just stain the ground—
my blood stains you.

Lucien Zell

Uncomprehending

I'm sitting here
Speechless
Not comprehending

I'm sitting here
Deeply sad, enraged
My heart exploding
Feeling every bomb, blast,
Cry for help, anguish

I'm sitting here
Sobbing
A river of hot ash burning my face

I'm sitting here
In silence
Deep breathing
Connecting
With all hearts
Pouring forth
Love and peace

Szilvia

1/2

war

you can hear them coming
from miles and miles away,
you must start running
if you're to see another day.

but you're standing tall and strong
wearing your hearts on your sleeves
protecting the land where you belong
fighting criminals and thieves...

but don't forget they're just kids
like you and me, sons and daughters
armed with rifles, taken from their cribs,
forcing their hands, victims of the slaughters

their guns are piercing your sons' innocent hearts,
never to know your fierce and loving embrace
aiming to kill like it's a game of darts
for the pain of losing them you could never brace

they might come out of this alive,
but what life is there, waiting on the other side?
before your nation's blood has dried
they'll start wishing they hadn't survived.

2/2

so forgive them, if you can find it in your heart
for in your demise, they have played their part
for choosing in their oppressors to believe
for inflicting a kind of pain no one should ever grieve.

for they are not the enemy,
only the ones who wield their swords
because the cowards who claim they want their legacy
only care to reap their rewards.

your husband, your father is just another number
they won't face the storm, not even the thunder
only you'll shoulder the heartbreak for years to come,
never let your children forget where you came from.

riverwrites

Question to self

Humanity is at its height
With its history of genocide,
I'm afraid to look at it in the daylight.
When the next war's coming, will you fight or flight?
Will you help the oppressed, in the face of
bombsight?
When the murders will have green light,
What will you do to bring hope to the finite?

Hate is bubbling and it is in sight and on sight.

Starmud

DAY 19 (Lack of Empathy)

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And prosperous days
This war needs to end in the name of peace and empathy

B.L.U.E

1/5

Ukraine

Die Abende werden wohl länger werden. Die Nächte
kürzer und laut. Gespräche werden wohl später sterben
Und tanzende Körper berauscht.

Die Tage werden wohl wärmer werden. Die Sonne heiß
und prall. Die Sommer werden die Welt wohl färben
Und singende Stimmen das All.

Die Menschen leben ihr Leben, laufen hindurch mit
Tunnelblick
Und während ringsrum die Seelen beben,
Kriegen wir beinah nichts davon mit.

Drehen uns weg, verschließen die Augen Wollen nicht
sehen was da passiert,
Wollen und können und werden nicht glauben:
Auch wir sind schuld, sind kalt und verirrt.

Die Menschen müssten doch wärmer werden! Ihre
Herzen liebend und weit. Wenn Seelen weiter schreien
und sterben
Im Hilferuf dieser Zeit.

Doch wir hör'n und sehen nicht, kehren dem Leid
unseren Rücken hin,
Merken wie unser Rückgrat bricht,

2/5

Unter Mitschuld und Lügen und Sinn.

Wie tausend Messer werden uns wohl die Fragen und
Blicke treffen,

Die Augen leer und kalt und hohl,

„Wie fühlt es sich an? Das Vergessen?“

Die Seelen sie müssen doch wild sein und toben, Bei
dem was da gerade geschieht.

Aus dem Schweigen, da haben sich Stimmen erhoben,
Die Schreien, damit man sie sieht.

In diesem ohrenbetäubenden Schweigen, Müssen
Stimmen Rufe sein.

Lasst uns auf Weltendächer steigen

Und unsere Stimmen dort verein.

Damit sie dann, wie Regentropfen, In diesem lauten
Schweigen landen, A

n Türen des Gewissen klopfen

Die verstaubt im Schweigen standen, Seit die Welt im
Schweigen lag.

Doch das Schweigen, es spannt seinen Schirm, hört
Prasseln, doch spürt keinen Regen

runzelt ein wenig genervt seine Stirn, doch wird sich
kein Stück weg bewegen.

3/5

Im Schweigen, da scheint meine Stimme so
kraftvoll, Und so laut wie im Luft-leeren Raum.
Wird verschluckt vom großen Groll,
Verschluckt von Grenzen und Zaun.

Und der Groll, er stürzt sich auf sie. Schluckt die
Stimmen, schluckt die Worte, Das Schweigen ist so laut
wie nie
Verschluckt ganze Welten und Orte.
Kann die Welt denn wärmer werden? Kann Schweigen
selbst ein Mittel sein? Für Veränderung auf Erden,
Um die Seelen zu befreien.

Hielt ich für jedes Unrecht dieser Zeit, eine
Schweigeminute ab,
Hüllte ich mich in ein stilles Kleid,
Der Raum für Wort wäre knapp.

Aber vielleicht ist Schweigen ja stärker. Hätte das
Schweigen mehr Macht,
sperrte ich Worte in Seelenkerker
Und legte ein Schweigegelübde ab.

Aber Worte sind meine Waffen, Sind mein Schutz,
meine Begleiter Mit ihnen kann ich Veränderung
schaffen,
Bei mir und im Kleinen, dann weiter und weiter.

4/5

Kann in Gesprächen, in Gedichten immer wieder Worte
nutzen,
Kann Unrecht und Gefahr belichten, Dem Schweigen
seine Klauen stutzen.

Schreie mich auf Demos heiser, Bring Seele in die
Poesie,
Mein Protest wird manchmal leiser,
Doch verstummen wird er nie.

Worte werden mehr als Regen, Worte können Flüsse
sein, Die erneuern und bewegen, Die erfrischen und
befreien.

Wenn die klaren Wasser fließen, Kleine Tropfen großen
Glücks, Ideen so wie Blumen sprießen
Stiller Fluss zum Quell zurück.

Doch zu oft versperrt der Staudamm, Strenger Normen
seinen Weg Und die Worte werden grausam Klares
Wasser, steht, vergeht.

Dann fließt Gift in seinem Bette, Langsam, wie im
feuchten Moor, Gedanken reihen sich zur Kette
Gefangenheit steht nun bevor.

Wenn die Wasser nicht mehr frei sind, Alles stetig,
stumpf, verstellt Nicht nur Augen werden blind,

5/5

Wenn der Damm zu vieles hält.

Und die Wasser die er führt, Brechen mit Gewalt dann
aus, Und kein Halt vor Damm und Tür,
Verschont euch mehr im alten Haus.

Und so lasst die Bäche fließen, und die wilden Flüsse
auch
Lasst Emotionen sich ergießen,
umhüllt von kreativem Hauch.

Auch ihr könnt eure Worte zeigen, Könnt von Krieg
und Frieden sprechen Könnt ein Fluss sein, der das
Schweigen,
biegt und schließlich wird es brechen.

Und die Abende werden wohl später sterben. Die
Nächte laut und gefüllt, Von Worten, die Proteste
werden, Während jedes Schweigen brüllt.

Das Schweigen wird wohl leiser werden Die Worte
warm und wild Gerechtigkeit wird die Welten
färben Und unsere Herzen mild.

Pride, Peace And Poetry

i will choose joy

today i will choose joy
i will choose laughter
i will create art and i will spread love
and i will carry out each act
as willful defiance of the
powerful few that beg us to
choose hate and fear and war
and today as we join together
in this resistance and choose
joy and laughter
and art and love
i pray that it acts as a balm
for our broken hearts.

r.m.f.

#WeStandWithU

r.m.f.

The Shadow

When they sell their souls
to the Shadow
and move to a gloomy house
on the other side,
only then can they press
death buttons out of hatred
and break windows
overlooking the budding hope.

Darkness hunts souls smaller
than the eye of a needle.
She needs the weak, who lost
the war against their demons.

She can only act upon the hopeless—
she doesn't have her own hands!
Hence, she needs theirs to take
the deadly sword of hate.

She preys on those who will spread
the illusion, just so she can spin her web—
she can't speak on her own!
She waits with bated breath
to see how they lose their battles
and raise the white flag.

2/2

They sell their souls to the Shadow,
and act on behalf of it.

They are trapped in illusion
that the Shadow would cover up
the unbearable sense
of their own insignificance
and futility of their lives.

Mia Belle

Monika AmiBelle

BÝT LÁSKOU

Vzhlížíme k nebi
Ve světle hvězd i v hlubinách temnoty
hledáme znamení.
Věříme, že k nám promluví...
V zrcadle nekonečnosti
toužíme spatřit tvář budoucích zítřků
a ručičky hodinek chceme vrátit do časů,
kdy bychom snad mohli změnit sen,
který nám pod víčky,
na plátně života,
promítal nekonečné možnosti...
Toužíme tisíce KDYBY
proměnit v jediné...
V jediný OKAMŽIK,
který by snad
mohl trvat věčně
A v něm být
BÝT LÁSKOU...

Lk Fiamma

Ukraine:

Every day news flashes across my screen.
War, death, pain, tears; moments never unseen.

And yet remembered over all sorrows,
“Glory to Ukraine, glory to heroes!”

People running and fighting to survive.
Beautiful Ukrainians who WILL thrive.

The world is watching, and you have our love.
#WeStandWithU with Power from above.

Jessica Franco

#stopwar

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A reality that didn't last,
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A reality that wouldn't be.

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For a made up cause,
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For the mad dream of a killer.

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There is nothing left but tears.

We pray for peace,
We pray for love,
We pray to end the pain,
But this pain has no end.

We pray for clear skies,
And a good sleep through the night,
We pray for no more sirens,
We pray... for no more bombs.

A Child of Ukraine

My loving Father
Stayed behind to fight so that
I wouldn't have to

Levi Michael Dickson

1/2

Not knowing

We breathe in this air,
Filled with dread and fear,
We breath in not knowing
What awaits us tomorrow.
Speechless before it all,
We can't recognise our world.
We went to bed one night
And woke up in hell.

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It hid a monster,
All along,
Disconnected
From our world.
It became untamed,
Day by day,
And it burst
Into flames.

2/2

Now he gets upset
At the reactions people have
To the mess that he made.
Now he want revenge,
But does he know?
In the end,
His vengeance should be aimed
At himself.

MSA

1/2

#WESTANDWITHU

Hashtag WE STAND WITH U
hashtag REhash
tag; ...U are "it"
I'm "it" ...
how'd that happen ?
Not so fast,
eye AM "it"
who said that?
eye did.
no I didn't.
Yes, eye did.
Ok this can go on,
forEVER,
we're on a bit of a time crunch
people's LIVES are at stake....
if I am "it"
and so is "i"
what's the deal
who are U?
I am "eye"
"Aye, ...THE eye?"
Yes, the seeing eye
eye AM the light
with my might
eye

2/2

makes ALL
right.

Hashtag WE STAND WITH U

hashtag REhash

tag,

U

are “it”

and #WESTSANDWITHU

eigram9

Everlasting Arms

Wishing the night away would be so easy to do
Knowing that uncertainty lies ahead is trying
Bravery is found inside one's being to the core
Trying to protect a country from shore to shore
The heart races to comprehend the reason
Love still abides in one spirit looking to the hills
The season is at hand to pray without cease
His people will be delivered in time
A standard has been raised garnering must praise
Praise to the Devine One in his infinite wisdom
The spiritual fight is on and we want to win
Follow Jesus as He leads the way to safety.

Patricia Farley

The Gray of War

A World united behind the Sunflower Nation.
And against the Jack O'Lantern death's head
of madman Putin.

A small man enamored of past Glories
built on cruelty and a bloody Soviet silence.

Cities in white and gold.

Beautiful red cheeked faces at work.

Laughing children at play or learning.

Now, the rich colors of the University,
the Opera House, and Police HQ
gone like the fleeing families.

Job sites are empty. Kindergartens silent.

Ukrainian Life bombed to gray.

Blood and flames the only color.

Trains overcrowded with women and their children.

Hundreds left behind in the stations.

Men separated out like on a sinking ship.

Fathers, sons, and brothers now headed to
the battlefield.

On TV a mother cries, "Someone decided my
children should not have home anymore."

Mary-Fran Connelly

Peace

With everything that is going on I am praying for
peace.

Peace within oneself.

Peace within our country.

Peace for Ukraine and it's people.

Everyone deserves peace and happiness.

So let's start by being each other's peace.

Standing with those who need help the most.

We cannot lose if we stand together.

Paris Anja

a breeze in the blast

He walked miles
with a starving
tiny belly
and blistered feet
looking at everyone's
faces to see a familiar smile,
his mother's.

He closed his ears
with his little hands
as another bomb blasted.
The sound of cries was
louder than the blast.

Soft hands hugged him
from behind,
"Mom?" he asked.
A mom who lost her child
said, "I'm here baby,
don't you worry."

limey

1/2

Standing with Ukraine.

Billions of us watching from
all corners of the globe,
the horrors of war.

Bombs falling,
Destroying buildings.
Reducing schools and hospitals
To rubble.

Gun fire in the streets,
Civilians dying.
The most innocent of this world
Having their lives stolen far too early.

Millions fleeing and hiding.
To new countries.
Into bomb shelters.

Absolutely barbaric, the actions
Of Putin, his soldiers.

Now we all are seeing the
Atrocities of war
On our smartphones and TV's.

2/2

Hearts and minds forever scarred
As we helplessly watch,
Crying and praying
For Ukraine.

Lyla Lynn

Light Work

Yes I am a master
But I am no monk
I embrace my failure
My anger
My foul mouth
For today I should not anger
But I rage
I shout
For humanity
Fucking humans
I've got something
To rage about
#standwithukraine #westandwithu #notowar

Zemi Lee

Bated Breath.

In and out with bated breath,
Beset upon by storm and death.

Millions fleeing and underground,
From the gunfire; explosive sounds.

Real people their homes upturned,
Forced to wait while their world burns.

#WeStandWithU

silently.writes

1/3

Wisdom

Today, i heard Eike Waltz recite
“War is a human disease.”

I wonder if wisdom is the means or the end
to war.

There are roughly one million people in and around
the city of Albuquerque.
I think of each of us
either by car
by bike
by horse
by foot
by hot air balloon
forced to make our way to the ocean
as bombs fall upon our schools
hospitals
parks turned into graveyards
apartments turned into columbariums.

My friends, family, the grocery store clerk, the guy
who runs each morning with his fluffy orange dog,
the cat lady across the street who never waves back
at me, the old shaky man at the gym who always says
‘good morning’...my children’s teachers, the poets...

2/3

How far are we away from being Ukraine?
What would my home look like?
What would YOUR home look like?
Mortars, rockets, shelling, explosives,
tanks, camo, uniforms, guns,
searching, crying, skin soiled by shock
relocating humanity
disposing of memories
rewriting history.

Where is the wisdom
when “wise” men are making decisions with
fingers on buttons
tongues wagging
waging war
none the wiser for wide eyes of crying orphans
and dead pulled from debris
concrete headstones mixed with rebar and blood.

Not even a natural disaster! Just this human disease.

Such an unnatural dismissal of human life
weighing heavy pocketbooks against freedom
designing a destiny of ego and domination
against the underestimated will of a people you just
don't fuck with.

3/3

Is their wisdom whittled from courage
or face-checking the bully
when walking away is no longer possible?

All eyes blinded by wise men who traded sight
for power,
who traded their souls signed dotted lines
for lives.

Will wisdom wait for humanity?

Will wisdom rewrite us a future
where we actually survive?

Will wisdom have been worth it,
especially if there are no more humans left?

Marissa Prada

1/2

Peace Not War

Sanctions
necessarily impose for
a nation's
unprovoked
and
unjustified
attack
premeditated war
bring
a catastrophic
loss of life
and
human suffering.
stand up to bullies
stand up for freedom.
that's who we are humans
compassionate,
emphatic
we are humans
we love
we respect
we sympathize
let humanity reign in our hearts
not greed.
conflict

2/2

must
stop now.
talk, dialogue, forum
understanding
on what we stand for .
give peace
another chance.
in war....
no victory
no champion
the devastation
of people
of nation
the aftermath
only shock us.
we all need
peace
not
war.

*MEAd**

For Ukraine #WeStandWithU

the city grows dark
as we hide in the park
i've left my home, once this week
just to take a quick peak
the wreckage is there I can see it in the street
even though my mind can't move with my feet
away from the bombs
i can think now as my mind calms
i'm not in Ukraine that is true
but I have friends and family there, don't you
my brothers and sisters scream for help
i hear them scream and yelp
but I'm stuck where I stand
frozen by my own command
though we are not related by blood
their pain calls to me like an unobstructed flood
the tv's are alive with reports
but no one wants to listen to my retorts
"stop this war" I shout
but my words are drowned out without a doubt

Rea Ritter

The Flag

It's fluttering over there
The stirring hope in the air
Blue of the deepest color
The shade of ocean summer
A goldenrod stripe
Suspended in stoic flight

your flag still stands.

shilohthepoetess

1/2

Ukraine

On the Ukraine

I know

This isn't what you wanted

I know

That were just watching

Waiting

And you're busy escaping

Or picking up guns for the first time in your life

Wishing you were back in school

Or picking up guns for what you know will be

The last time in your life

Because we go down with the ship

And Ukraine is the ship

And you're going down swinging

And I see you

On the news

And in all the social media

I feel you

When I have the privilege

To go to work

And watch the news

Instead of packing everything I know into a duffel bag

I feel you when I wake up in the morning

To silence

Not the violence.

2/2

Of a dictator inciting terrible violence.
Because he's on some power trip
Big boy hissy fit
And I wish I could help
But I know if I feel this hopeless
I can't imagine how you feel.

bluesun12

To vše jen prázdnotou v sutinách zeje

Džbán, hrnce, kus postele, povozu
Jen věci určené k odvozu
Všední den rodiny
Popelem zasypán
Zmizel už navěky
A nikdo neví kam
Krb, kuchyň i dětský pokoj
Kyjev, Charkov či Mariupol
Vybuchlou sopkou zasypané Pompeje
To vše prázdnotou v sutinách zeje

Kattenka79

1/2

War

While I sit in a class
Learning about the art of poetry—
How poetry forms ethics, delights,
and how it guides,
While I inattentively flick a cigarette butt
on a footpath of the city,
And walk as the sun dips before my eyes,

While I reach home
And find supper on a platter
(Conjured by mother, god knows when,
Among housework that demand an afternoon nap—
Perhaps she did it when she had nowhere to be,
While father and I had somewhere to be)

While I catch up with my lover,
Tiffing and living through miniature heartbreaks
(The sting and comfort of cold air passing through
the
cracks in the heart,
Making us feel alive, is beautiful)

While I do all these, and while all these do me,
The sounds of shells do not reach my home—
The uncertainty of a lost lover,

2/2

A cherished pet, a mother's wait,
The consolation of coming home,
Do not hinder my day, my class,
My food, my rows—
The tremors of yearning for mundanity
In a cataclysmic sea do not reach me;
What reaches me is ting, an update,
Never the trumpets.

Namrota Purakayastha

YOU- THE HEROES!

Woke up, Boom! To the sounds intense,
no car, no ride just jump across the fence.
See nothin', hear nothin', just keep moving now,
Please don't cry, j-just keep going now.

Maria, Jo, Mary stay close to me,
Shouts Linda, the mother of three.
Blackouts- the world's a house of darkness,
forgot the green, its just red smeared sadness.

Met the neighbours who they haven't met,
people huddled together like fishes in a net.
It's not life, just chaos to be felt,
With bombs like stones, the people are pelt.

We're with you now, just don't fall,
Hold a lil' longer, we need you all.
You are loved, your company we await,
You are not alone, we are with you mate.

A message to you we want to tell,
You are the heroes, so fight the hell.
Stand strong, no remorse you show,
**YOU ARE THE PHEONIX AND THAT WE
KNOW...!!!**

WE ARE WITH YOU.. Awaiting your calls, your visits and awaiting the joy back onto your faces. We know it's tough! Tough and only you guys can feel the pain, but we want you all to remember.. you have our screams, our support... The world now are your cheerleaders.. just fight, fight through all the troubles and rubbles. Seek the light shining in front of you.. and there we will be waiting for you with the warmest embraces kept ready!
Stay safe.. defend yourself.. DONT FORGET.. YOU ARE THE HEROES.. YOU ALL ARE.

(:YourFriend:)

Emergence

Even in the cold silence and stillness

A heart still beats for the blazing warmth of the sun

And faith is born from Winter's promise

The ice is only there to preserve the birth of Spring

The snow only falls to remind us to wait

And when it melts, we will celebrate the return of our
innocence

We will rejoice in the aliveness of the Earth;

the budding flower

the morning dove

the newborn child

All we be in celebration of the beginning

All will be in service to life

Emerging from the darkness

we will come again to dance in the sun

And we will come again, to know happiness

And we will come again, to know peace~

© Monika Hendrix 3/10/22

#WeStandWithU

Monika Hendrix

For Ukraine

I pray for younglings, those just born,
their sense of life; is countries torn,
anguished soil and pavements cracked,
to bare the weight of innocent backs.

A nest these mothers build in dirt
and pray their child will see the earth,
as somewhere not of twisted minds,
but a place thats gentle, just and kind.

One day this soil will flower again
but will remember those that came,
warm bullets from a land attacked,
and the day that kindness, won it back.

#WeStandWithU

Ben.Parker

#WeStandWithU

My prayer to all the victims of War.
My hearts shuttered watching you afar.
I cannot fathom if no one is ajar.
Children and teenagers leave with no car.

Families sacrifice for this chaos.
They choose peace; hope not to lose.
One is selfish for power and territory.
And another fighting for his country and loyalty.

Let us be human for the next generation.
Where children laugh without limitation.
Teenagers smile without eye judgment.
Adults have freedom in all governments.

Those nightmares because of gun shooting.
Trauma in life that never-ending.
Mental health is suffering.
I am here for praying.

Likha

Poems of a War.

Imagining is so different from knowing.
Seeing is so different from being there
We on this side are trying to imagine the pain it is to
see the streets of our cities full of potholes, while you
are standing there listening to the noise of bombs.
While a stranger writes some poem.
On the other side, we see you looking for the way
home, just as we look for the meaning of it all.
We wait for answers, but we don't know which
questions are the right ones.
Everything becomes so small because of the greatness
of man's greed.
What man? Whose fault is it?
Why does history always repeat itself?
Why do they destroy everything?
They kill souls while chasing the wind.
Maybe we're all crying for these cold times.
And who is not? Who can hold back tears and fake a
smile, as we're always used to doing?
Maybe a physical hug is impossible due to the
distance, but I know we can hug in other ways.
This poem is not a poem, it's a hug.

#WeStandWithU

Daniele Dias

One More Time - Stand with Ukraine

The world is not what I remember, how I long to have
a child's eyes
one more time.

I remember the warmth
of not understanding the world of my youth
what sweet bliss I wish for
one more time.

Now old I look upon a world of nothing more than of
those looking for hope
one more time.

The rich do not help the poor
everyday another billionaire goes to space
while a child goes to bed hungry
one more time.

You do nothing either
except sit behind your screen of choice
one more time.

There is no more time for us
The world burns
and no one is willing to save it
one more time.

#WeStandWithU #StandWithUkraine #Ukraine

Kate Mc.

Vulnerable Ukrainians

Demolished Monuments
Dismal streets;
Despairing hearts,
Walking naked feet.

Hollow Voices
Screeched with pain;
Frightened Kin,
The foe isn't ashamed?
#Supportukraine
~Annalisa~

Anna_lisa

chaos

There will be no more poison in the wind.
The explosions and noises will end.
The winner will take the bread.
And the survivors will be sent home.

But on the dark side, near the edge.
An old woman still waits for her soldier son
With his dog looking at the spot where he last saw
him
His wife still whispers hopes as the sun goes down
and she can't remove the ring from her finger yet
His twins are only 9 months when the war began
Now they grew weary of searching for his love

They got the peace
Ended the battle
But somewhere underneath the ashes
There were screams unheard
sacrifices unpaid
wishes killed
stories untold
and promises unfulfilled

maricinth

Ukraine

The souls of innocent youth were
Harmed mentally !
We who are safe and sound can never feel that pain
However
We shall give you our words
Don't ever lose hope
The sun always shines
Even after nights
Don't feel left alone
Even in the darkest time
It may hurt you to see this sight
But never lose hope
The sun will soon come tomorrow
We are with you !
I wish you to be unharmed
I wish you be in harmony
I wish you are alright
I wish you to be happy
#Westandwithyou

Calliope Grače

We Love U

We may be countries apart
But all of you our in our hearts
We will always pray for your safety
So all of you can become happy

We know this time is difficult and painful
Your once peaceful lives became dreadful
Just trust Him, for He knows everything
He will be with you, for He is loving

I pray that He may give you strength
And that this strife will come to an end
No more casualties, no more devastation
Just democracy and pure negotiations

We love U all, we stand with U all
No matter what happens, just stand tall
Remember, you are your own nation, yes
For every single one of you is loved & blessed

Winter sunflower

(For the people of Ukraine)

Again and again,
The sweet nectar of this flower,
Will always be so tempting to taste,
Blue sky will show her beauty
Hues of yellow will always shine,
Even if it's cold and dry.

Different neighbors are always have their own vested interests
be on the west or to the east or
can we stay as free and play?

Two opposing names,
Volodymyr on the blue corner,
and the other Vladimir on the red corner,
As if a boxing match on the cold Maidan square.
The World Wide Web stunned,
Even Corona V is slowly on the bottom trend.

Little they know,
This Kyiv Rus,
wants to dance along their favorite pyansky
And drink their horilka
And together they shout:

Glory to Ukraine!
Glory to the Heroes!

#WeStandWithU

angelo f.b. carloman

Fight

After every storm comes a rainbow
At least that's what they say
Don't give up hope that was given
To you when you were born.

Times are rough and excruciating
People are dying and nothing is okay
Your family is disappearing and you're
Losing your friends.

You are watching the place that you love
Fall apart and there is nothing you can do
I'm sorry that this is your new reality
Your new home.

Please don't give up and put up a fight
You are worth more than this endless war
Remember that one day you will not have to
Fight; with all your might be strong and survive

Delarkao

Ukrainian Warrior Woman

Holy.. fucking.. goosebumps..
From my scalp to the tips of my toes
For this Ukrainian woman turned into her
nations most dangerous spoken word warrior
From her lips the words smack across every face
Of each man making up the wall of Russian forces
She shouts it out loud with all of her visceral might,
'Here you Fascists! Take these seeds and
put them in your pockets, so at least
sunflowers will grow where your
bodies soon lie on the ground
of my beloved country!'
And never before have the hairs upon my arms
stood higher or this tall in such utter admiration.
I stand with Ukraine, with them all, but in a deeper
way, on a soul surviving plane, I stand with her.
Ukraine's strongest word warrior.

Harley C. Slater

Fly the Gadsden

It's both dreary &
An inspiration to see
Russians keep invading
Ukrainians ain't playing
Ready to keep fighting
Gadsden flag waving
Fly it high & bravely
Rattlesnake is saying
Putin, don't you do it
All Fascist's are included
You're never gonna be free to
Come on my land treading on me
Read it and weep, it's worth repeating
See the yellow flag means, 'Don't tread on me'

Harley C. Slater

#WeStandWithU

the hunt for power
seems to condone pain
but we are stronger
so we stand
with Ukraine.

Beautiful Chaos

Seeds of war

If Ohio is for lovers
& Philly for brothers
Ukraine is for sunflowers
Take these seeds for lining your pockets
Soon your death is new dirt for my garden
Russian opposition is what we're uprooting
Turning dead bodies into flowers is the mission
Our land is not yours, not open for acquisition
You can try it but won't be the smartest decision
When fighting us you won't be seeing our backs
You'll see only our faces covered up in war paint
We won't surrender so soon you're becoming
Seeds we're preparing for our pollination
We'll keep resisting to the death
All attempts at domination
Growing tall sunflowers
In the same grounds
Your soldiers die in

Harley C. Slater

instead of a fuse!

Business as usual, some people say, the rhyme and
the reason, the cause if I may, I wish they would stop
it, oh Russia the pain! they just want to be there, the
folks in Ukraine!

I for one thought that you'd look OUT for them,
appears I was wrong, my words I ammend, never I
thought that I'd see it again, ugly head capital, rearing
again!

Next thing you know will be fire in a sky,
I wish for that money that man would be shy.
Tangle my words in which ever direct, but I think
that you know just which way that I meant, clearly ill
state it, un-clear let it not, the man is just mad, and
un-clear-ly, without thought, noone is there when the
burnings all done, is this what hell say when all black
is the sun? I HOPE it's an act, at this point, just a ruse,
but how about a pact? Instead of a FUSE!!

The Storm of Manson & Milhouse

Blue-yellow payphone

Midnight phone calls instead of day-long texts.
Peace& calm instead of threat of death.
To girl with grey eyes and blue-yellow vest,
I stand by the payphone where we met,
Praying to hold close to my chest.

L.K lost lover

1/2

REQUIEM FOR A DREAM WE THOUGHT REAL

I trained to be a diplomat./
My graduate degree's name changed from Diplomatic
History of the Soviet Union and Central Europe/
to Diplomatic History of Russia and Central Europe/
midway through my second year./
I stood in Budapest in a sea of American flags/
as a President I didn't approve of/
roused democracy in the hearts of Hungarians/
and raised the roof on the Soviet sin/
and I felt future history move as a palpable thing in
the summer heat/
my body swept in a sea of cellular significance/
as I stood on the same ground my grandparents fled
on foot across Europe/
with a five-year-old version of my mother I never got
to know/
to escape a boorish brutality of 1948
that history doesn't talk about./
The magnetic compass of Nations United/
charted my path lit by the light of peace/
in a land of "greed is good"/
my North Star affirmed by a gathering in Rio/
of those who saw the signs of the future/
back then/

2/2

puncturing a hole in the atmosphere/
and setting the Amazon forest afire/
with the blaze of common cause glowing in our eyes/
even as we were called crazy and alarmist./
But we knew, and had faith in nations moving
mountains./
So how, as a notably preternatural futurist in my first
real job,/
did I fail to see this coming?/
How did we fail to see it coming?/
How did we not think that the worship of a movie
character spouting the goodness of greed/
would not result in the rise of small men
who think themselves large/
and wrap themselves in tin and lies/
with the power to melt the soft gold of freedom with
the slightest touch/
of adults in the room
who would dope a little skater girl's dream
to death/
and throw her to the wolves?

JC | The Poartry Project | 26.feb.2022

#WeStandWithU

The Poartry Project

sázím první řádek

Pokleknu a vyprosím mír
kdo ho má ve jméne
láska žije na Ukrajině
slovo, aby v půdě kvetlo
ochrání zem nebeské světlo

Fotimsrdcem

Current state

When did humanity die

When did we end up thinking it's okay to see families separated, some saying their last goodbye

When did death become the solution when one refuses to comply

When did the rivers of love and abundance grow dry

We have no other choice, on one another we must rely

These thoughtless leaders we must deny

We all must be an ally

laurae

modrá-žlutá

Putine! tohle je země jiná
to není Rusko - to je Ukrajina!
stáhni ocas mezi nohy a zmiz!
sic skončíš jako škodlivý hmyz

Putine! vyhasly nevinné životy
kdo za tím stojí? jen a jen ty!
upuť od tohoto šílenství!
nikdy nedosáhneš vítězství

C. H. Ohr

Sunflower

Standing fierce in the face of uncertainty.
United as one against a foe.
Now the world watches their actions of bravery.
Fear does not belong in this sunflower land.
Liberty will win once again.
Oppressors will not remain on their land.
Warriors of heart, mind and spirit the world describes
them.
Everyone will remember their names.
Remember Ukraine we all stand with you!

Destiny's Perspectives

Putin

In an effort to be accurate,
not wanting to be vague.
It's fifteen hundred and thirty nine miles
from Moscow to the Hague.

#WeStandWithU

blueedge

Rain falls in Ukraine

Missiles fall like rain on a gloomy day
Droplets turn to bullets
Rainwater turns to ember
The day has come
The impending doom has began
Golden sunflowers underneath the blue skies
Slowly fades into gray and battlecries

Together let us spread seeds of hope
For every life of a soldier
Blooms a golden sunflower
Let us all be war ender

We stand with Ukraine
When light falls like rain
Love and light will reign

#WeStandWithU #sunflower #ukraine

zecsans

Putin on the yellow brick road

He seems to be lacking in courage.
It appears that he's not that smart.
No one's going to forgive him
when he hasn't got a heart.

#WeStandWithU

blueedge

My favourite lass - How pretty those yellow summers are

I'm glad you broke your glasses and have no vision to feed
the bad fad,
to snack dinner while watching masses on the television
display.

I'm pleased you find comfort in books with porn fairy and
love dismay
and your cute notepad with glowing stickers and random
scribbles.

I want to seal your ears and sight, so you can have a life;
just yours and mine, a carrying construct with the lack of
tale

of the wither and survive, from those planting seeds to
field from debris,
sunflowers dancing in the wind. Better than anyone, my
little favourite lass,

you know how pretty those yellow summers are. I just
want you to rest
in my arms, a timeless 'it's alright', where outside won't
surpass

our peculiar sister place at the usual tabletop with black
coffee as the world stops.

**Keep the word or save Sunflower's seed inside
pockets**

News on the TV and insta-stories tells the value of
hope;
when the intention abuses until it collides, none aren't
on the right!

By misusing the fence of near fellow with the say of
the way
as a tense arrow memo about tainting others with
nuclear rockets,

then to keep a simple phrase and sunflower's seed
away of pockets.

Lara Reis | Poetry

1/2

Become sunflowers instead of blood

Was it an atomic Monday, that you came old hag,
with a hand-packed of astronomic seeds warmed by
the day?

Your face now drying salt from last night, the battle
your born babies will now be truly playing. You walk
old lass,

because no apathy is on your flag. You go to them
even sooner
and nearer to the stranger, that pup like soldier, the
one who didn't knock

at your border. Show him the clutch of grains stuck
between
each wrinkle of your hand! Teach him the manners of
those

lost in your land! 'Take them!' you curse wise one:
'Take them and fill your pockets with the seeds of my
sons,
So when you - a piece of goodbye - far from your
home,

2/2

your crap will grow on Ukraine's soil's domain. Take
them I say,
you uninvited ones, I curse your soul to be the root of
rather

more glow than the unwelcomed of blood! You shall
die,
and become sunflowers before another winter come.'

Lara Reis | Poetry

Ukraine

Hearts beat for you,
our proud Ukraine,
stay strong and brave,
resist Putin's dream.

Lišák

We Stand with Ukraine

whilst leaders may be deaf
and have jelly legs
whilst they may be blind
and have forked tongues
whilst leaders my lock doors
and have no courage

we the people
we stand with you
we send our love
we share our hopes
we the people
we open our hearts
we will send whatever we can
we will open our doors
we the people are you the people

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

1/3

A Good Friend

A good friend taught me
How I treat the least of us
How I treat my Lord

A good friend taught me
Take care of my self love first
Ask God for good rest

A good friend taught me
Blame will never be the cure
War is not an answer
Look back briefly at all history
There's no need to repeat it
Solutions can be made without the violence
I pray daily for Jesus Christ my Lord saving grace
Peace is possible for his gift lives, exists, and thrives
Internally and externally echoing peace

A good friend taught me
I am responsible for
How I view the world within and surrounding
Blinded and wide eyes seeing everything
What I output into the atmosphere
Reflects what I want to believe in
Being present I have the choice to be

2/3

The inspiration I need accordingly
With less judgement seeking more justice
Observing the difference between

The worse and the better
The dark and the light
The negative and the positive
The tiny and the enormous
The last and the first
The numbing and the sobered
The dreamer and the achiever
The words and the melodies
The cruel and the kind
The outer and the inner
The seeker and the found
The giver and the forgiver
The emptied and the fullest
The weakened and the potent
The seed and the blossom
The young and the elder
The altered and the natural
The hurting and the healing
The loveless and the loved love more

A good friend taught me
Why it's important to stand firm
Be strong speak the whole hearted truth

3/3

I pray for Gods divine intervention to intervene
For those people oppressed in hiding
For those silence by man made fears
For those people starving for equality
For those people whose basic needs go unmet daily

A good friend taught me
Fear God alone
As money has never solved all problems human
Relationships have been broken for less than love
Pray for any man attempting to come against God's
will
Trusting his will be his own downfall alone
No man can claim the heartbeats that belong to God's
love

A good friend taught me
God knows everything
Keep faith in the miraculous
As God is working over time on God's time
For what belongs to God alone is alive
All souls matter

Miss Janet O A

Ukraine: Love and Silence

Dark
Gray skies
A country's
Divide

A blanketed silence
Permeates debris
And
Our sky

Territories
Aren't humans past this by now?

Militaries
Full of innocent bystanders now

Love
Can we all just

Love?

Ataraxy

See you in The Hague

During the nigh,
I had a dream,
I saw the court,
with Lavrov and Putin.

Lišák

Losing Ground

i had a dream that i was in the battlefield,
the ground shaking under my feet
A momentary power display
my weapon against yours
my love against your hate
for who ? for when ? we fight for ?
a leader's charisma stops
when the Earth prompts
to listen the noon,
and all sounds were once again soothed

#WeStandWithU

Sofia Kaloterakis

1/2

Big Blue Skies (lyrics)

V1

The air around is bitter cold
Smoke hangs in the atmosphere
Day and night, guns ring bold
We hide from the explosions
We fight to save our own
Day and night, we let it be known
We won't take the downfall

There is no peace
When trees lose their leaves
There is no reward
In a warring world

C1

I won't stop fighting
I won't stay in line
I'm gonna hold my own
Carve my name in stone
Under big blue skies

2/2

V2

We hold each other up in our hands
Keep ourselves high in the stratosphere
Day and night, we make our stand
A thousand voices scream a battlecry
We won't let you take our brand
We won't let you have our homes
We won't take the downfall
No, we won't take the downfall

C2

I won't stop fighting
I won't stay in line
I'm gonna hold my own
Carve my name in stone
Under big blue skies
I won't stop fighting
I won't stay in line
I'm gonna hold my own
Carve my name in stone
Under big blue skies

#WeStandWithU

K | M | H

#WeStandWithYou

Why are our breaths so convoluted and eloquent,
My cerebrations store these thoughts,
Experiencing the in and outs, the philosophies, the
heritages, and the ethics.

As the black in a rainbow, why this hatred in the
cosmos is so pricey and quizzical?

We, humans, humans are terrestrial brutes,
Is it because of the eminence and dominance our
DNA posses? We lost our sociability and mental
faculties.

We are the reason why there's this constant
complexion filled with lures and decoys with severe
exhaustion, feuds, aversion.

Are we Enlightened enough to practice this
competition of supremacy?

Do we have a reason why all this hatred is happening?
To my knowledge, Man was once a heavenly creature,
now he's all contaminated by greed and lordship, and
lost his marbles in search of paradise.

sai tej Dharavath

UKRAINE UKRAINE

You don't need a poet like me
Your population has given you voice
You don't need the ink in my pen to spill
Your population has spilt its blood for you
You don't need my sympathy
Your population inspire awe
You don't need my prayers
Your population has God on its side

Dedicated: To all the women and children who had to
say goodbye to their husbands and fathers

Tola (I.G. Poetry Bores)

Ukraine, 2022

but i am tired
of war all over.
for you i want
only peace.

a brave owl

Bless the Battleground

Russia, hear the chanting, 'Defeat Putin!'
Yelling loudly to your soldiers 'ИДИ ДОМОЙ!',
'Go home!' they're screaming at you in Russian
Ukraine roaring proudly, 'don't you tread on me!'
War Angels praying down on battleground pleas
'We stand with Ukraine, God bless this country'

Harley C. Slater

Connected

I am afraid with you

I am angry with you

Your chaos is mine

My heart breaks with yours

My love

We are connected by so much more than just words

I stand with you

Dasn

The colours of sun and sky #WeStandWithU

Cried in silence for so long
without breaking apart
until one day when everyone was up in arms.

Wondering about what
I'll wake up to next day.
While watching the sky slowly covered
up with the colours of hope,
I shed all the tears I can find.

From the ashes of wickedness, the world is filling up
with the colours of sun and sky surrounding
devastation.

With the unimaginable strength of our ancestors,
the fight continues after a century in the Black Sea.

I wonder what will happen the next day...
How could we ever live in such sorrow?
But knowing well we fought together
side by side against corruption, inequality, and
delusion,
I'll continue this fight we all started.

From Syria, Afghanistan, to Ukrain with the colours
of sun and sky.

M.D. Yazicioglu

We Stand With You

Your tear-stained face
Flees to find peace
You search for safety
As you fear for your life
You are broken and confused
Desperate for stillness
In the midst of such chaos.

In the quiet, you cry out
Searching for answers.

As we watch from a distance
Wishing to do more
Crying in prayer
For your safety and deliverance
May you find that peace
In the stillness,
May you find strength
And the answers you search for.

Although our hands are tied
Our lips cry out for you
On our knees we pray
For the peace to meet you where you are.

Rita Lee

Peace...

My heart goes out to the Ukrainian people
My heart cries for the suffering you have
been subjected to
Your values
Your communities
Your families and friends
Your beliefs
Your traditions
Your way of life
They will never fully end
Wherever you go
In your country or afar
You carry inside of you
All that you are
Nobody will take your heritage away
It is part of who you are
No oppressor,dictator or tyrant will
Ever destroy you
The world stands beside you
With you and for you

.

By me,Lou

#WeStandWithU

By me,Lou

Choose Peace

War is easy

Diplomacy is difficult

Condemning is easy

Working thru differences is difficult

Apathy is easy

Empathy is difficult

Starting a conflict is easy

Maintaining peace is difficult

We grow through difficulties not by taking easy path
and only peace can lead to mutual prosperity!

Choose Peace..

#ISupportPeace #EndTheWar #Humanity
#WeStandWithU

hragarwal

1/2

Unto Blood

The hardness of men's hearts
Makes peace impossible sometimes
I relish the time
When it
Won't be bought by grief

Hoarding
Guns and missiles
Avarice keeps them in denial
Senile to pain they cause
Suffering their cost
They recruit our babies
To fight in their war!

It's not just Eff Putin
It's flipping the bird
To power men like him abuse
Those who accumulate wealth
To decimate our views
Of success
To co-exist is a safety net!

2/2

But defend
Your
Life!

Don't give in
To those who revel
Doing the devil's work
Dig your feet into the moor
And push back
Against death at the door
Be ready with arrows
The enemy's at the gate
Looking to take what's yours
I come equipped with Words
Psalm 94?

Just a Poet

Standing With Ukraine

Your cries are heard
Your tears are seen,
Your pain is felt
As we watch you bleed.
Families torn apart
Lives have been stolen,
Dreams have been shattered
Hearts have been broken.
We stand on the sideline
As we watch your world upend,
You've lost mothers, fathers, brothers
Sisters, cousins, friends.
The world hears your pleas
We pray for you at our pews,
But we can never understand
What it's like to be in your shoes.
We give as much as we can
Though it will never be enough,
Hate has filled the heart of man
Replacing acts of love.
As they wage war
Upon your land,
You're not alone
Ukraine...
With you we stand.

Lizabetchole

1/2

For Ukraine

The shadows of all our hearts
cast blue and yellow,
The world unites with protests:
strong heartbreak and sorrow.

We come together during a time of
mass bloodshed and terror,
peaceful people urged to flee
their own country,
take shelter,
take shelter.

All due to a substantial error,
conducted by a narcissistic
dictator,
shrouded by fury against the
potential emergence of
the peaceful peoples'
rightful democracy.

Echoes of 'No to war!' rhythmically shake
the Earth's core,
and together,
our countries stand for
no more war.

2/2

We stand against bloodshed,
We stand against invasion,
We only stand towards
its hopeful evasion.

So please,
no more war,
surrender your weapons,
and leave with ease.

Let there be no sounds of gunshots,
or bombs.
Let the only sound be relief,
the peaceful peoples'
democratic beliefs,

And the birdsong that is heard
as the sun rises and symbolises
a peaceful beginning
for Ukraine and her people.

– Ayesha Gaye

Ayesh

I stand with you

Warrior of love
I pray for peace
Let peace be born
Don't give up on love
Don't let the hate win
I pray for peace
A protective arm
A smile of a child
A new beginning
The birth of peace
Warrior of love
Let love conquer your world

phoenixinaflame

Ukraine

Ukraine

We speak your name

We see your pain

Your disdain

We pray for peace

For freedom and release

For relief

United

Undivided

Ukraine

Kaylee Sue

You

Everything we see of you,
brave. Stronger than is even
imaginable. We would never
be this brave, this unified,
of that I am sure.

#WeStandWithU

Bronwen R.C. Evans

War

When there's injustice,
where there's a war.
A common denominator
is hard to ignore.

Follow the path
of each bloody trail.
The gender responsible
is usually male.

#WeStandWithU

blueedge

Putin. Extinction event.

Misogynistic man
and violence are linked.
Let's try and make
this bastard extinct.

#WeStandWithU

blueedge

1/2

Ukraine from San Diego

Our sky is clear
and quiet, like we know
yours isn't,
and yet we pause to listen
to your struggle

We see the flaws far beyond
the present, but in our chains
and arid fortunes as well

I take a stand for you
my sisters and brothers, Ukrainian
and Russian, I'll fight to keep
peace between you
and the many countries

And Syrian, Palestinians and Israelis,
read up on the 195 thesis from
Gene Sharp, listen to Chomsky
-rise together

Beyond our weapons, and coins,
markets and two-dimensional pictures
real evil to fight, real ignorance
we must cure

2/2

we aren't the only ones going down
as we take nature with us

From the Big Bang
by happenstance and movement
the universe uses this human eye
in self reflection

Let's pay attention to our ills
and how to care for those
around and beyond our arms

Stand up for peace.
Our thoughts, our best efforts,
our prayers, and a duty to fight for
a just and beautiful world, to you Ukrain

S.F

To Ukraine

You are lovely, you are bright.
You are on the side of goodness and light.
Did you know your hearts contained
such bravery, strength, and sunshine?
Remember the sunflowers,
Remember the blue skies
Remember your loved ones,
and your courage will never fail.
You are so loved, dear Ukraine.

Stephanie Lee

A Tight Grip

The whole damn world just watches
As this nation is sacrificed at the altar of some tiny
Prick

The news and the people and the influencers all have
these nice, beautiful things to say
And they're all useless

Even this is useless

They've got us all by the balls
With the threat of nuclear Armageddon
And there's nothing anyone can do about it.

Miguel Mendoza

1/2

Togetherness

I didn't pray on the bathroom floor last night
That's the second time I've forgotten.
The first night I was so afraid
All the way down here in South Carolina
I was afraid
So I prayed
But then I Googled if America was in danger
And I think we're okay
So
I'm not afraid any more.
Ukraine is still being attacked by Russia
But I'm okay so
I didn't pray on the bathroom floor last night
Instead
I went to bed
I hate that about me
I hate that I only care
When I care about me.
I've prayed three nights on my bathroom floor.
The first night I prayed in the name of hope
Because I believe hope is more powerful than fear.
The second night I prayed in the name of love
Because I believe love is more powerful than hate.
The third night I prayed that God's will be done.
Because that's how I was taught to pray.

2/2

And every night I've prayed
I've prayed for God to be with me.
Because when God is with me
I'm not alone.
Tonight I'll pray in the name of togetherness.
On this day as the people of God begin fasting and
praying.
I pray that whatever comes next
It comes to all of us
Together
Because togetherness
Is more powerful
Than alone
Together
We stand with Ukraine.
Tonight I'll pray in the name of togetherness.
#westandwithu

Red Marble

Pela Paz

Que negros dias, O mal os trouxe e venceu,
Os inocentes choram,
Enquanto os tiranos os tomam.

Rogo a vossa salvação,
Ó defensores da paz,
Que vossa alma do céu é capaz.

Não desanimeis,
Tudo o que tenho comigo,
Deixo, minha alma e pesar está,
Amigo da Paz, contigo.

#WeStandWithU

José Caeiro

Força

Se o Tempo parar neste segundo, Não vou ter mais que
falar,
Apenas o mais profundo
Respeito pelo sentido de amar.

Amam porque sabem a derrota
Como fim total,
Por isso aguentai-vos gente devota,
Perante o ataque infernal.

A vós imposta foi o mal,
Tende a força de algo colossal.

José Caeiro

"Ukraine is Iconic"

"For as long as but a
hundred of us remain alive,
never will we on any conditions be brought under
their rule,
It's not for glory, nor riches,
nor honours that we are fighting,
but for freedom - for that alone,
Which no honest man gives up but with life itself".

Alan Newell

Irmãos

Se passa outro dia,
E guardeis as portas da Liberdade,
Dedico-vos a minha poesia,
Pela coragem e grandiosidade.

Estou longe mas convosco,
Heróis da Coragem Eterna,
Que a Paz defendem com atitude materna.

Rogo ao Destino,
Que vos conserve sãos,
Meus corajosos irmãos.

#WeStandWithU

José Caeiro

1/2

Peace Not War

Sanctions
necessarily impose for
a nation's
unprovoked
and
unjustified
attack
premeditated war
bring
a catastrophic
loss of life
and
human suffering.
stand up to bullies
stand up for freedom.
that's who we are humans
compassionate,
emphatic
we are humans
we love
we respect
we sympathize
let humanity reign in our hearts
not greed.
conflict

2/2

must
stop now.
talk, dialogue, forum
understanding
on what we stand for .
give peace
another chance.
in war....
no victory
no champion
the devastation
of people
of nation
the aftermath
only shock us.
we all need
peace
not
war.

*MEAd**

Stone city

This city was built on stone
Our core will never give
You can tear the walls
But not our hope
Our fondation is strong
Ill greet the enemy with
A kiss and shake their hand firm
They'll know
This city was built on stone

#WeStandWithU

blacksaint

Ukraine

Sirens mourn the coming pain

the world turned into Silent Hill
and monsters are starting to appear

just__dave

cause of wait

sanctions won't save losing lives
the fire is spreading
wait and there shall be no rest
in forever dying forest

just__dave

Violence without end

Pure anger is flowing through my chest,
to see the flames of war caused by the unwelcomed
guest

I punched a wall but the wall still stand
I expect actions to have this crisis mend
but the walls around me still stand silent
why isn't there any end to this violence?

just__dave

casualties

those are not just numbers
each of them had a beating heart
that fueled soul throughout their life
now they are gone,
daughters, mothers
fathers, sons
more we wait
more lives we shall fail
after death there no coming back
and we become monsters we hate

just__dave

nightmare of reality

please let it be just a dream
a dreadful nightmare
but all we hear are screams
and morning doesn't seem to care

just__dave

solidarity.

this day weighs the world down
as we hold a collective breath,
waiting for the future to reveal itself.
we pray to every deity,
toss every coin,
and carry love in our hearts
for all who are suffering.
we are here to lighten the load
in any way possible.

L-C

Fight

Freedom always prevails
It sails in hearts and minds
Longs to be the wind
Upon the water
Revived spirits shall rise
Sail saffron skies
Blended bright stars
Freedom's flames
Aims to fight for God
Family and Country
All in a blaze of glory ...

~Steven

~Steven

A Poem for Ukraine

When men like Putin want to swallow up the world;
swallow up states, and people, and power, and control
that's when the world is losing its soul. These words
are for the protection of Ukraine. These words are
scribed so the people stay alive, as well as the spirit of
the country. A people who face war are a people who
either have a lot to fight for, or are a people who do
not want violence anymore. How many scores does
the ruthless leader have to settle? Why with Ukraine
does he have to mettle? I am writing poetry that is
against war, that is against a takeover, that is for peace
and the release of Ukraine from the coming grip of
Russia. I stand with Ukraine in the name of love, in
the spirit of light. I am with you as you have to fight
or flee. War has been here for centuries but it does
not have to be in Ukraine. I am sending this syllabic
blessing people of Ukraine. May you not have to
continue dealing with shock, stress, fear, uncertainty,
and pain.

UniverSouLove

We Stand With U

Let's all pray for all the people of Ukraine,
for they are suffering with too much pain
With all the things that happened there,
I think one of the best help we can offer is prayer

I know it wasn't easy
But hopefully, soon it will be okay
May peace and goodness will prevail
And soon, may everything goes well

Ukrainian people
Know, that you are not alone
Even if we are afar, we are with you
Spiritually, we stand with U

tihnz lei

The Observer

I have seen
I have seen
And I will see again

(This experience)

I have heard
I have heard
And I will hear again

(This experience)

I have felt
I have felt
And I will feel again

(This experience)

I have not lived
I have not lived
Maybe one day I will live

(This experience)

My heart hurts
My heart hurts
For those who must endure
(This experience)

Vernilious

Ukraine

Children dying.

The future is fluctuating.

Soldiers are protecting their country.

A country they call home.

Families are left behind.

Ukraine is not safe anymore.

Witnessing their country collapsing in front their
lachrymose eyes.

Ukrainians I can't begin to imagine the unbearable
pain you're experiencing.

Ukrainians; I see your swollen eyes, those restless
eyes, those worried eyes.

Behind your pain are brave souls that are fighting.

Fighting for freedom.

Don't give up.

Don't stop fighting.

One day your tears will be dried.

Allandra -M

To the people of ukraine

We are sleeping;
When yours lives are reaping;
We all are praying;
When enemies betraying;
We all are one;
The human, by the end of the day, to be won;
In our battles, everyone.
You matter to us;
No matter which side we are, we pray for you, thus;
You innocent people, we pray for your safety;
To aid.

The_ethereal_zircon

To the people of ukraine#westandwithU

the_ethereal_zircon

Ukraine

We stand by you.

We will pray for you.

We support you

And we will stand by you

DariaGrace

1/2

The Last Sunflower of Summer

In its wide-eyed youth,
the last sunflower had followed
the bright star's steady arc
across the open-ended sky
worshipping its life-giving presence.

Resting in the warmth of celestial spring
and baptized in its perennial waters,
its yellow disks of petals gently unfurled,
blossoming with vigor and natural charm.

As the light of the day slowly seeped
into the retreating night's sphere,
the fertile petals pulsed with vitality,
innocently seducing every passerby -

with its bright yellow ray florets arranged
in precisely proportioned Fibonacci spirals,
its sacred geometry of golden, eternal beauty
manifested to reveal its splendid glory, from a steady
accumulation of memories and endless days of silent
self-reflection.

And, as the summer has now loosened its clasp and
prepares for its seasonal slumber,

2/2

the last sunflower has birthed new seeds of life,
releasing its progeny into a weary world, to help nurse
its wounds and to heal its sick.

Its duties and offerings finished,
and now fully transfigured
into its sustainer's essence,
in both color and form,
the last sunflower of summer bows its head
in solemn devotion and quiet contemplation
to deliver the last summer's prayer to the sun.

#WeStandWithU

bb221b

Sky dissolve into a colour of Percussion

Today the sky is not blue,
See,
those clouds, no ounce of white you could see.
There only the colour of grimace
and a little shade of Red prevails.

It seems familiar.
Staring,
as my eyes are open
I could see the sky dissolve
Into numerous sorrowful colours.
If I place them on a canvas,
It will reflect a palette,

A palette where no brush dipped its colour.
Only humans,
With their heads shaved
Painted a portrait of war.
In it, Red amplifies, and violence simplifies
The outcome of a futile percussion.

Saptarshi Bhowmick

1/2

A letter to Ukraine

It looked bad
Real bad
Like my apocalyptic nightmares
Were being to come into
Fruition

The prelude
Some found assuming
Some found to be
Not our problem
But I found to be immensely
Foreboding
A sign of tyranny to come

Then they struck
A crimson wave
Comprised of blood
Built on
Lies and terror

So I acted
To enlist
A marine to be
Ready to defend a home that is not
My own
In world
Which we all share

2/2

As humans
Not Americans, Ukrainians or yes, even Russians
The rights inalienable belong to all peace loving
Justice seeking souls
Under one Creator
Whether believed in or otherwise

I will train
I will stand
I will fight

For freedom
For justice
For peace

For
It was once said that every man
Has the right to
Life
Liberty
And the pursuit of
Happiness

Stand with the victims of this
Disciplined genocide
And let history not
Repeat itself

Let freedom ring
Freedom and justice for all

yeshua

In the dark hour of your life

In the darkest hour of life
You will know about your suffering
In the darkest hour of life
You will know whose with you
So do not feel so helpless and blue
Things will change for you
This too shall pass for you
So keep your hope alive!!!!

Khyàtî

... II

Zůstali sami.
Supi se krmí živými.
Začala hostina.
Začal bál.
Zůstali sami.
Uprostřed nezemě
s bolestí,
tančí se dál.

Honza Vitoň

... I

Vychází slunce nad jinou zemí.
Bez včelího vosku sirény znějí.
Děsivé, že svět přesto neví.

Honza Vitoň

Až se tě nebudu smět dotknout

Až uvidíš záblesk
a paprsky, které nebudou patřit Slunci.
A ucítíš teplo ve stínu oblohy.
Rtuť ti začne pomalu
měnit vlasy na stříbro.
V tu chvíli,
už se tě nebudu smět dotknout.

Honza Vitoň

ONLY YOU KNOW THE PAIN...

Only you know what you have lost with time
Only you know that you have lost your life
Do not be sad as this is just a phase
Do not feel sad as life is like a maze
You lose something and have to move on
You have to be more strong
This test may be difficult for you
But you have to move on through new
So, keep your hope alive
This too shall pass!

Khyàtī

A war that is not right - #WeStandWithU

Isn't it crazy how one man can turn the world upside
down

While he follows his madness and burns cities to the
ground?

It's insane how he speaks of glory and the greater
good

When he cuts down their freedom and robs all their
childhood

A question of safety? To question what's right?

I think it's rather a question of misplaced pride

How can someone be so cold, dare I say evil

When it's clearly not the will of the people?

And that's why we stand up against what is wrong

We stand with the people that keep fighting on

We won't close our eyes and we won't walk away

We stand with the wronged and we stand up today

- s.p.//@talesofacapricorn

talesofacapricorn

Questions i ask to everyone

What have we done otherwise destroying earth?
How much good have we brought upon this planet?
Has something good happen on this world?
i reckon no such things so.

Before us lush green forests on every corners,
Now only green colour on every tower,
Since ur existence only fighting is what we have done
At firt with spears then swords then guns now nukes

Dont we understand where we all walk?
Or are our eyes blinded by the glamour spawned,
Why nations fighting when we all know,
Shall always lead to eternal gloom

Its within this pages of politics,
Lies something far sinister than any morales,
The realm of devils it is, playing politics of human,
For whom shall want doom to humanity if not
demons?

sagar rao

1/2

Today, As I Watched The News

Today,
As I watched the news,
I heard of school children being sent from one city
to another, as parents hoped and prayed that they'll
escape the bombings.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I saw a wife break down and hold on to her husband
like it's the last time they'll say goodbye, as he stayed
back to defend his nation.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I saw the number of casualties get higher and higher,
until they've lost count of the innocent lives lost.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I watched the moral battles, as they chose between
fleeing to safety, or staying to fight back and defend
their country.

Today,
As I watched the news,

2/2

I struggled to understand how someone could be so evil.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I watched a nation too pretty to be destroyed, break
and burn.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I realised that the 'United Nations' weren't so "united"
after all.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I wondered how humanity could be so inhumane.

Today,
As I watched the news,
I watched the definition of 'shelter' change to 'an
emergency bunker'.

Today,
I didn't watch the news...

Tabia

1/2

#WeStandWithU

By Indana Simonde

Together we stand,
Hand in hand,
Surrounded by the ring of fire,
Whilst the embers of Strands,
Strands,
Divided by all that we cannot see,
The beauty of life and laughter drowned out by
persecution and jealousy,
A nuclear weapon, ours or theirs threatens the
sanctity of life,
But we stand with Ukraine for sure.
Laughter and all that is drowned out,
If you put yourself in the situation of a war zone,
All you would hear, the sound of bombs and war
planes overhead.
I got sent another one of those boxes,
The other ones say who they are but this one doesn't.
I don't play the piano and I apologise for all I regret,
But today I stand with Ukraine for sure,
I thought of the day when I won't be with you any
longer,
This weather never ceases to amaze,

2/2

All the molecules in a breeze,
It's a different place without us,
Without presence, the neurotic, narcissist in me
arrogantly bellows,
"I just want you to read something before you go."
"..Will you stand with Ukraine?"

Indiana

A small nation with a mighty fight

Behind the ashes lays the lives
Behind the shots cries the children
Behind the tanks prayers are sent
But behind the oppression
A small nation rises.
A small nations sends a message
A message of strength and peace.
A message larger than any nation.
And behind every bombing
They sing out the songs of their people
Behind every shove
They shove a little harder
Behind every tears and anger
They tread ahead and...
They shout in hymns
“This is OUR land! This is OUR people! This. is.
OUR. Ukraine!”
#WeStandWithU
-spOrk

spOrk

#WeStandWithU

I took my phone and called my friends -
the party people from Mexico,
my boss from France
old Erasmus mate from Poland
my first love from Croatia
an acquaintance from Japan.

They all think the same:

You, Ukranian folk,
you have right for your state
right to fight and decide for yourselves.

Because they try to colonize you for God'sake!

I could call any random number all around the globe
and wisper the question again:

"Are you with the humans of Ukania?"
The reply would be YES!

Since we all we stand with U
think about you
cry for you
and try to help.

Maryša Piše

electric madness

Power

it's all about power

the hands on power

madness on power

madness because of power

to much power

power to the people

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

1/2

#WeStandWithU

When they bombed the hospital in Zadar in 1991
My husband was just a newborn
And his dad's hair turned grey overnight

I can't even imagine how his mother felt
But I know that she talks of that war every day

I was also just a baby when the war was starting
So I may not know a lot

We used to play in 'tents' made of blankets
In the shelters in Zagreb
One day I asked my mother: when will we hear
The sirens again so we can play in the tents?
It breaks my heart to hear that story
And every Ukraine child's tear I see
Is a knife in my heart

I may not know a lot
Because my parents never talked about
The war in Croatia to me when I was younger

I may not know a lot
But I dare to say war is not the answer
And there are no winners in a war

2/2

All you have in the end is pain

So, people of Ukraine

I just want you to know you are not alone

The whole world is praying for you

And feels the pain

And the tears that fall from my face as I'm writing this
say: we stand with you.

sandalica

Ukraine

Instead of weapons,
they hoped to hug clouds
and their nothingness,
dreams,
the stars and
the luxuriant ears
of the wheat fields
florid and golden.
The days
they never passed
and to give a look at the sky
it was just a memory.
The sky was watching them
instead
and he was loving them
and was hoping
to see them,
again soon.

etherealtales

hoping for a serenity to all

This is the place of death
And I try hard to keep hope —by Alexis Molina

Yeasterday was the day—when I had my coffee to the extent and a pile of sheets along with a feather and ink. Laden down on a bean bag with dreams I saw the wind chime—hanging on the window shield, chiming just as crystallly clean—twinning her happiness with a blowing wind. Compelled me to switch those headlines with the countrysided themes which were graciously presenting the scenes—hopping squirrel, shedding trees, semi-melted snow, sound of an hooting owl and the stillness of the dark night sky.

Lastnight changes—turns into a chaotic panorama leading with a whispers of an innocence decease. Being unconscious, this eye is looking at the things which wouldn't supposed to be —it's seeking for the beauty of nature, probing for a tune to play— why the sky is displaying Russian army jets? Why the squirrels are stick to their shelters? Why the mountains are appearing like an erupting volcano today? Why humans are suffering more today? Do they forget about their—fertile soil? Where is the humanity today?

Zufi

1/2

The end

The end is near
Something we fear
Is about to happen
While some are still clappin

People are scared
Seeing what the media shared
Viruses are everywhere
We can't find a safe place nowhere

Is this the end
Of our existence
Can it really be
The end of our reality?

War is waiting
For you to push the button
Mister the president
Will you seal our faith?

Crime is rising
Family's are hiding
Preoccupied of their faith
When they walk outside

2/2

Nations are crumbling
Folks want their money
Governments keep taking
We're fed up of paying

Is this the end
Of our existence?
Can it really be
The end of our reality?

samboynoodle

Slava Ukraini!

Place sunflower seeds
in the fallen invader's pockets
So something good can grow from
evils reign
& Sunflowers will rise towards peaceful skies
as we stand for Ukraine

BrKn

isalittlebroken

Sunflowers #WeStandWithU

The dark seed that lay
In the strength of clenched fists
Hold on little seed
The storm will pass
The light is coming
Find the earth little seed
Tired but strong
Tendergreen fingertips
Search in the dark
The light is coming
Leaves unfolding hands
Take nourishment from these roots
Drink from your wine little seed
The golden glow of hope
Feeds your ribbons of fire
The light is here little seed
You are mighty and fierce
The land belongs to you
We waited for your Spring little seed
You're home.
#WeStandWithU

The SJ Edit.

Here Together

We must try to
Understand each
Other with
Love,
Compromise,
And Trust.
For, we are all here
Together until
Our last breath.
Why not live
Together in harmony,
Seeing the Beauty
In everything around
Us.

Luna.W
#westandwithu

Luna.W

Love to Ukraine

Millions of miles away,
And still my heart aches.
Tears fill my eyes listening
To their heartbreak.
When will we learn to
Love, instead of Hate.
And understand War,
Doesn't solve Anything.

Luna.W
#westandwithu

#standwithukraine

Luna.W

Overcome the Darkness

A dark cloud looms
Over the Land,
Bringing with it pain
And sorrow.
But, above the darkness
Comes many rays of
Light.
Shining down,
Working together,
And Pushing
Their way through the
Darkness.
Bringing Love and Light,
To the Land once more.

Luna.W
#westandwithu

Luna.W

#WeStandWithU

War mirrors itself
into heavenly eyes
of a child
holding tight
his mother's hand
with his head
turned away
towards a happy little swing
where wind now whistles
among emptiness
Towards
a window lilac curtain
where he looked
at the sunflowers
among faraway fields
Murmuring a farewell
to each fallen petal
I'll be back
perhaps one day
When snow's dove mantle
will fall again

Peculiar Erica

1/2

Čokolotočův přísedící

Jednou jsem se kolotočil
Měl jsem málo místa k sezení
Vedle mne seděl bachař z vězení
Strašná korba byla vůči mně

Kolotočili jsme se tak
A radovali z toho
Že jsme měli šmak
Udělat i druhé kolo

Jako hlupák jsem nalil
Kolotočáři šálek pálenky
Aby s náma tak zatočil
By se nám protočily panenky

Sedl si vedle mně kravaťák
Statný státník, řekl jsem si
Ale místa bylo dostatek
Navíc řekl, že má sílu, že nás udrží si

Že se nepotřebujeme poutat
Že to uhlídá ten statný chlap
Jen se mě zapomněl zeptat
Co jsem dělal s lahví u vrat

2/2

Polkl jsem z láhve řádný doušek
Kývl na kolotočáře, že jsme ready
Ale co s námi dělal ten hošík...
Byl jsem z toho celý bledý

Řítili jsme se nahoru a dolů
A ten pán vedle mě začal houpat klecí
Říkám mu: Patříte do stáda Volů!
A najednou se mnou vzduchem lecí

Ptá se: Co se stane až dopadnem?
Koukám bledý, za mnou zvratky
Říkám: To rozhodne tamta zem
Naštěstí, já spadl mezi odpadky

...

Ponaučení?

Žádné...

Chybama se člověk učí

Znovu chybovat

...

padlý-podlý

beautiful hands

the smoothly folded pair of hands, both of them clothed with wrinkled warm skin over a single beating pulse—oh—those pair of hands—so human, so experienced and concentrated, how well they depict mankind! but these exact same perfect hands, these highly-modeled examples of what mankind really is—age, learning, and a beating pulse—,—are, running out of breath, hand gripping someone else's, a heart forced to be emptied hollow with grief, bereaved of all assurance and pride, burdened with the impossibility reality. Oh, sire with those beautiful hands, may one day come when you will stop running, ease that tight-grip of anxiety, to stop feeling the misery of losing what being human truly means; Oh, may that silent but ardent pulse beat for those hands for days more to come!

The_White_Dot

Kiev

May Saturn bless you from its space
Shine it's peace upon thine face
To then be sheltered from evil eyes
That brings about this war of lies

God of plenty may they rise above
Envelope their cities with all your love
Free the people who have been starved
Of their homeland and their stars

For every ring around your sphere
For every moon that circles near
Keep the people of Ukraine safe
May their night now turn to day

SatanicSatanist999

Common line in war.

'Our country is everything for us'*The one who is
throwing the bombs and the one who is being killed
by those bombs both are saying this line.

SURYA

To the people of Ukraine #WeStandWithU

How strong are you or how weak?
Or how do you even measure such things?
It's probably when you're up against a storm
You factor in things like courage and strength
When your heart's beating fast
And you try to keep it from sinking
And beyond all reason it gives out a gasp
of words, 'We'll get through this'
You muster up the grit, you pick yourself up
And give a brave face to the world
You're still scared, a bit on the inside
But nothing ever shows on your face
And the arms you pick up give you strength
But to protect what's dear to you
Because there is beauty in rising up and
in saying no to your fears
Being beaten to the brink of death and not giving up
And may your resilience carve a way
For you, to be living one more free day

A star in the attic

March 2022

Nations of love hold no territory
Bring your brothers to their senses
Innocents alight in the wildfires of glory
The smoke of battle endless

Only love poured in every hand
Only the empire of the heart
Can invade the head of every man
And lead us through the dark

stickwillow

Everlasting Arms

Wishing the night away would be so easy to do
Knowing that uncertainty lies ahead is trying
Bravery is found inside one's being to the core
Trying to protect a country from shore to shore
The heart races to comprehend the reason
Love still abides in one spirit looking to the hills
The season is at hand to pray without cease
His people will be delivered in time
A standard has been raised garnering must praise
Praise to the Devine One in his infinite wisdom
The spiritual fight is on and we want to win
Follow Jesus as He leads the way to safety.

Patricia Farley

Snídaně v Kyjevě

V rendlíku ohřívám mlíčko
Hladím tvé něžné líčko
Na zemi balíček plín
V duši veliký splín
Na stole chleba a adžika
Za oknem chaos a panika
Maminka ví, že končí mír
Za humny číhá Vladimír

Kattenka79

A psalm to Kyiv

Many Huns have March over your lands
Though years passed
Though faces change
They are Huns none the less

The righteous have always fought them
Though years passed
Though faces change
You are righteous none the less

Fighting for one's home is noble
Fighting in one's home is necessary
You are noble by necessity
That is why you will win

Remain righteous
For you have known no nobler call
Keep the faith in your heart
And Kyiv will not fall

deCoupland

One Man's Way

Power in the hand of one cruel man, Who stands
as if in place of God, With wicked imagination
births, Brutal aggression grips his satisfaction. Putin
soldiers in line brings him delight, Tanks rumbling
roads as families flee, Behind is Yesterday's life;
children at play, Laughing aloud, as gathered clouds
threaten. Then mothers prepared the evening meal,
Fathers retired, wearied and worn, Who's homes
spawned life, love, and hope. All before battleground
came downtown. Putin his boot on the neck of a
nation, Offense spurred, but unprovoked, Void of
reason, a twisted mind to crush these People, His
pleasure to hold a land in terror. With whom so vile
does one conspire, To breed that rank and corrosive
evil? Tiz your father, the ancient enemy of God,
Though justice delayed, a suffering time... The One
Eternal will Prevail!

whispered footprints Danna

Evil In Your Eyes

We can see the Evil within
Your eyes, in the blank
Stare you give.
While you Dictate
From your chair.
Numb to the tears Flowing
From the loved ones,
of the People and children
You have killed.
How can you inflict so
Much horror and pain,
On people who have
Done nothing to you.
This blood is on your hands,
While You praise war and hate.
Priding yourself, on forcing
People to bow down to your
Views.
Arresting your own, when
They don't agree.
The world is watching, with
Disgust at your War.
You have no Heart or Soul
Anymore.
Heaven will not wait for you.
It's in Hell you will be, along
With your legacy too.

Luna.W

War of Words

Where are we ?
Words are not enough
When the Devil is Deaf
Or Blind or Stupid

Evil has no conscience
And the collective moves
In ways unfathomable
For fear of reprisal

Stand up citizens of the world
Solidarity of condemnation

Just Words
They have no bite

"Remove
this
Madman"

Are the only three words
That I can think of, might

Coltrane

1/2

Zhasli jsme světla

Zhasli jsme světla
vypnuli topení
posloucháme,
jak bijí zvony v kostele
denním úsilím zborceni
vysíláme
modlitby
z tepla naší postele...
nam ne nado gaz
to ví každý z nás
nam nado mírj
a ať se Vladimír
třeba
ruským plynem otráví
ať se vlastní ropou zadává
zhasli jsme světla
a vypnuli topení
přišel již čas
večerního modlení
máme stále dost tepla
tepla něhy i vroucnosti
celé moře
co spojuje mocnosti
a vzývá v nás skryté síly

2/2

o nichž jsme dosud netušily
nam ne nado tvoj gaz
věříme v mír
věříme v sílu v nás
a i když celý svět visí
na vlásku
spoléháme se
především
na lásku.

Kattenka79

A Haiku a Day #053

childish invasion
looks like you're losing asshole
we stand with Ukraine

Victor Y. Gin

Standing with Ukraine.

Billions of us watching from
all corners of the globe,
the horrors of war.

Bombs falling,
Destroying buildings.
Reducing schools and hospitals
To rubble.

Gun fire in the streets,
Civilians dying.
The most innocent of this world
Having their lives stolen far too early.

Millions fleeing and hiding.
To new countries.
Into bomb shelters.

Absolutely barbaric, the actions
Of Putin, his soldiers.

Now we all are seeing the
Atrocities of war
On our smartphones and TV's.

Hearts and minds forever scarred
As we helplessly watch,
Crying and praying
For Ukraine.

Lyla Lynn

1/2

Cost of Living Free

I woke up today,
and made breakfast for my girls.
We danced to our favorite music,
and I donned their hair with curls.
We woke up to our clocks,
rather than sirens or muffled screams;
we weren't being warned of missiles, or the impacts of
mass suffering.

Many sit here and post on Instagram saying "oh we
are so blessed".
"Share my post to help those in Ukraine, so they can
feel our support amidst unrest".

The sentiments of support you send I'm sure are
received with welcome,
but only with strong leadership could we have avoided
this altogether,
and truly do something to help them.

Ukraine's leader is steadfast and unwilling to flee.
He is not putting political correctness above asking
for support to help his beloved country.
He has stayed to fight, portraying the epitome of
strength.

2/2

He's not hiding behind metaphors or grandiose script writing.

So keep posting on Instagram, and enjoy your freedom of speech.

Keep protesting your leadership and the decisions that they make.

Take your kids to school without the fear of vacuum bombs;

pray to whatever god you worship, since that choice is only your own.

But when you lay your head to rest from the safety of your home,
remember...

we can only do what we want and say what we mean,
because thousands are abroad sacrificing everything...
to pay the cost of living free.

ChristieU

1/2

War

While I sit in a class
Learning about the art of poetry—
How poetry forms ethics, delights,
and how it guides,
While I inattentively flick a cigarette butt
on a footpath of the city,
And walk as the sun dips before my eyes,

While I reach home
And find supper on a platter
(Conjured by mother, god knows when,
Among housework that demand an afternoon nap—
Perhaps she did it when she had nowhere to be,
While father and I had somewhere to be)

While I catch up with my lover,
Tiffing and living through miniature heartbreaks
(The sting and comfort of cold air passing through
the
cracks in the heart,
Making us feel alive, is beautiful)

While I do all these, and while all these do me,
The sounds of shells do not reach my home—
The uncertainty of a lost lover,

2/2

A cherished pet, a mother's wait,
The consolation of coming home,
Do not hinder my day, my class,
My food, my rows—
The tremors of yearning for mundanity
In a cataclysmic sea do not reach me;
What reaches me is ting, an update,
Never the trumpets.

Namrota Purakayastha

Imagine

Imagine there's no Putin.
One day, he will be dead.
I don't care if they shoot him
or he just dies in his bed.

#WeStandWithU

blueedge

1/2

Crumbles of love that might fight

“When the power of love overcomes the love of power, the world will know peace” - Jimi Hendrix

I know what is going around. I see that corps and wars don't stop.

The talking - talking didn't work! Now they march the walk of

squatters, and the fear finally drops on those yellow-blue tears of blood.

I hear the war language of an explosion, cocktails, rockets and nuclear bud;

houses in debris and families in shelters, caves and flooded metro stations;

And I'm hither between four save walls, so far from this all, with loud voices

in my head. Am I sad, or am I dead? Did the meds work, or did my brain

overheat its organization? It is too much shade! Too much rage! And the noise that makes my mind go blind..., but I do try to find at the deepest of my pocket,

2/2

some crumbs of love that might fight this absurd
power because
my native dialect is still craft and arts, touching at
least one or two hearts.

Lara Reis | Poetry

Nadiya i syla #WeStandWithU

New! The world you grow in your heart,
And the flower shooting from a fireplace,
Dream of it, this thing, this life,
I dare to name it - hope.
You who are baptized in courage,
All of these hills belong to you -

I admit, I don't know your valleys.

Strength was born in your mother's arms,
You invite us around your freedom flag
Like to a rapeseed field and June's blue sky
Abloom with hope and strength!

Molly

PLEASE!!

Let us trade Values not Ammunitions

Let us groom Children and not incarcerate them

Let us exchange Resources not count death tolls..

The world stands still and obeys when the world
stands unified.

Don't mess up the system PLEASE.....

HSpoet

1/2

Maybe A Miracle

Maybe Ukraine got a miracle
Maybe
Maybe
They were always courageous
And brave
And amazing fighters
But is also looking like the Russian Kleptocracy
Has basically STOLEN
All of its own military's supplies
The universe gave us a miracle
But only fools count on them
Now that Ukraine is surviving
Europe is scrambling to look brave
It should NEVER have come to this
Europe and America should have properly armed
Ukraine before this started
And more than anything
ANYTHING
We must never again
NEVER
Allow a madman to threaten nuclear destruction
No more security council vetoes
And extend the shield to the world
If you use nukes anywhere
Everyone else

2/2

Turns your country to glass

Period

Stop demanding the universe provide miracles

You might piss it off

And it might say no

God help us all

It might say no

Emmit Other

1/2

Fiddling With The Devil

Awful lot of demons in the house
When the house burns down
Built upon the ashes of the last war
The House of the West
Has grown dry as kindling
And the Devil has come
To set it afire
And some of those dancing
Think they have just cause for their revelry
Hypocrisy
A failure to stand up to its promise potential
Imperialism
Nationalism
Anti Globalism
And as the blue and yellow flames rise higher
You cant help but see
Some of their whispered groans are truths
But just like that party game
We used to play on old and wispy nights
When the harvest moon
Hung full in the sky
There are two lies
To every truth the demons whisper
And the old house has her problems
But she has sheltered us from many a storm

2/2

And those that dance have no plans
None at all
To replace it with anything else but ashes
Their forked tongues speak of glory
A nationalist paradise
A sleeping dreaming eden
Were the Woke are bled
And the demons can drink their blood as wine
But these architectural designs are lies
Demons do not build
Demons only burn
And prey on their own kind
As it does
They will burn the freedom and the peace of this old
house
And replace it with nothing
A time before even kings
When animals were no different than men
And spears and fire and flesh ruled
This is what they want
This is what they need
This is what they will have
Until they are expunged from our midst
And no lies tolerated again

Emmit Other

1/2

It Almost Happened Here

Remember Remember
The Sixth of January
I don't think the maga plot
Should ever be by us forgot
Every maga us wanted to shot
Their snarky stupid brains of snot
Think that we have all forgot
Their satanic racist argot
Now Ukraine sure means a lot
Because before our eyes without a thought
Is the outcome trump land has sought

Blood in the streets of blue cities
College educated in camps
Minorities branded with a twastica
A big giant T
And a second letter indicating who owned them
Women will become property
Straight out of the Republic of Gilead
The children of dissidents given
Second class citizenship for ever
Pictures of Trump and his family
In every room in every home
Staring at us
Making us comply

2/2

Look at Ukraine

Remember the Blackwater and Rogue cops

Who actually rounded up protesters in unmasked
vans

Russian troops now maga paramilitaries

Dropping fuel air bombs on blockades set up to
defend schools

Chemical weapons dropped on crowds of protesters

Look at Trump

Look at Putin

Look at 1/6

And tell me I am wrong

Both sides are not the same

And if you pretend they are

You only have yourself to blame

When they come for you

And those you love

And they will

If we dont stop them

And I mean more than lace doilies

And thoughts and prayers

Emmit Other

Weather wishes

I threw some petals in the air
hopefully they find peace up there
and rain it all over the world

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

1/3

Only Can Give You Love & Pray Along!

Whenever I see the daily newspapers

The headlines of first pages

Attracts this heart.

Many people

Are dying for their own motherland!

Many things are destroying

In Ukraine.

People are suffering

Losing

Their homes.

Many of them

Are

Joining army

For saving

Their homelands!

One mother in a basement

Is with her two sons!

Two

Footballers

Lost their lives

For that war!

Many helps are coming from

Different countries

2/3

But
Not everyone likes war
Or
Destruction or Cruelty!

I can't do anything for
Anyone
As I'm not capable.
Only thing
I can do is
To pray along!
To pray along!
To give love!
To give love!
To the fellow humans!
Can this be enough?
I don't know!
I don't know!
I don't know!

May the peace
Come to
The doors of people.
May the Justice
Comes upon
This world!

3/3

Hey!
The humans!
Carriers of humanity!
What are you doing now
With that heart of yours?

Just this heart is expressing itself
Don't know what will happen?

May the future be bright!!
May the new morning light,
Be full of right!
Be full with balance!
Be full with love!

Rinilla Rahman Bristy

1/3

Ghost of Ukraine

There is the school
Wait it is no more.
My kid used to go there,
Although it was a bore.

Oh wait that is the pub,
Where I chilled with my friends.
I also met my wife there,
I hear it was destroyed with grenades.

Here is the post office,
I used to work here.
This one is not in the pieces,
But the old flag is no longer here.

These are the streets
On which i grew up,
My father taught me bicycle,
And how to stand up.

Streets! It's filled with shells,
Heavier than they look.
Gunpowder smells,
The lives it took.

2/3

My town is in dust
And my country is bleeding.
West knows what it should do must.
But all are just diplomatic beings.

Well it's not their home
To protect, right big brother?.
So, Citizens of this country,
Will be refugees in other.

Here is the graveyard,
There are many graves here,
My mom's and dad's
And my kid's bones lie here.

I can't shed a tear,
I ran out of that water.
If i cry in blood,
Will it get any better?

Let me stay like this,
A mockery of free world,
Free will and independence.
How will fly, wingless bird!

I am not alive,
Yet I am dying the most.

3/3

Roaming my broken
Homeland as a ghost.

PS

,

World is made of nations,
I dream of a time when,
World is made of people.

,

HarshitV

Tam dole

Zvony kostela zvoní
Celé město už duní
Dokreslíš slunce
A malý mráček
Na větev usedne ptáček
Máš jen jednu pastelku
Ruce se klepou na stolku

Před mámou skrýváš slzy
Ale víš, že už brzy
Se vydáš na cestu
Každý sám, ale pořád rodina
A z tebe bude hrdina

Na dlani sbíhá se několik tras
Máma se snaží schovat ten třas
Pomalou složí ruce do klína
A tváří se, že usíná.

Ty však víš, že tomu tak není,
že se neoddává snění
že jenom potichu
celou svou bytostí
podlého mužika proklíná.

Umělcova káva

Bude zde navěky mužika?
Ptám se
Přežije umění a muzika?
Vzdá se?

V pění se rozpíná tulipán
Po světě šlape mocipán
Někdo v šálku vidí anděla
Copak nám předpoví Sibyla?

Pokud by Kreml nikdo nedobyl
Čeká nás zjevně druhý Černobyl
Druhý a jistě také poslední
Chci doufat, že se ještě rozední

Je slunný den
Venku však zvučí temná noc
Přijdete nám někdo na pomoc?
Bože, USA, Číno?
Dáte si ještě jedno cappuccino?
Stovky, tisíce, miliony...
Kolik bude celkem obětí?
Ne děkuji.
Musím mazat pro děti

For the Sunflower country

In the fields
Sunflowers grew
now a battlefield
For soldiers to trudge through

From one mans decision
Young men are dying
And to keep his vision
To his country he's lying

The other man
Decided not to flee but fight
And his plan
Was to defend and unite

Let's stand with Ukraine
And support them intently
And help them maintain
Their beautiful country

Lilium-of-the-Valley

1/2

Once upon a midnight tyrant

Once upon a midnight tyrant
I was freedom and you were autocratic
I was democracy and you a Marxist
I was a republic, you a communist
Your revolution, I could not awaken
I crave a ruby-red, revolutionary
The garnet red revolt is reawakening
I was an insurgency and you a Falangist
I felt compelled to sniff out the renegades
So they could warn me about the utopians
The bureaucratic Benthamite buckling
Outcasts continue to demand reforming
There stood a commie ugly duckling
Eagerly I approached him in a rampage
Instead I distracted a dictator
And threw him against the militiamen
The rebellious roll tide was readying
Spotted a fascist as he stood in hiding
Quarreling and quarreling
with my military junta
Ah, distinctly I was fuming
I threw a socialist upon the floor
An echo murmured back the word 'revolution!'
It continued, warned me about the decade
Misfits screaming 'death to all fascists!'

2/2

The outcasts never cave to conforming
Not to any king or utilitarian ruler
My mind always strays to uprising
The coups came swiftly swashbuckling
The disloyal dictatorship drudging
You were a Redcoat and
I, a glorious revolution
You were a Russian flag and
I, Ukraine's resistance evolving

Harley C. Slater

Agenda

This world,
Reeks with greed,
Cold to the core,
Even in a pandemic, man wants to start a war,

Why can't we move on from the past?

World leaders will never understand,

All they care about is their agenda,

In their heart— peace has fled.

Wingsofhearts

Peace

I hope that we will find a way
To walk side by side,
Accepting that falling is part of the journey
And healing is an intense and
Careful process
That involves understanding.

Alisa Kanti

Courage

Be strong and courageous my friends
The morning sun shall again rise
You are facing a crucible as the world watches on
But we have seen courage in your eyes.
You are teaching us what fierceness looks like
To face the enemy head on
You are marching head first into the battle fray
And your resolve is strong.
We pray over you and your families daily
That God's favor is shown
We pray for protection, provision and strength
So know that you're not alone.
Though these days are dark and hope seems dim
Stand fast and firm in faith
The shadow of God's right hand provides covering
And He will keep you safe.
We pray for your children and the site's they've seen
May peace cover their heads at night
We ask that their hearts and minds be ever protected
From the atrocities of this fight.
Our hearts are knit with yours and our prayers joined
Believing that this will soon pass
So keep strong in your faith and perseverance
This battle will be your enemy's last.

Beardedblenkinsopp
3-5-22

BeardedBlenkinsop

1/2

Ukraine Strong!!

Seeing this situation unfold, Reminds me of a story of old,

About David and Goliath, an insurmountable foe,
Israel imagined themselves low,

But how, why, you know how it ends
and the folly that Israel comprehends,

That putting your hope and trust in God,
Before the problem changes abroad,

Is all it took, to allow God to Prove,
Hoping in ME, is the right move,

No matter what your situation appears,
Even when the way, seems unclear,
Only human to think God, isn't near,
Although HE is, and HE'S in Tears,

HE'S always working, fighting, behind the scenes,
Along with HIS mighty, angel marines,

Don't loose heart, God is unbeaten,
Regardless, how, you've been weakened,

2/2

I'd rather have someone battle tested, on ours,
Along the way, HE'S picked up a few scars,

One in each hand, and one in his feet,
To the world ,looked, just like defeat,

it's always darkest, before the dawn,
Don't lose hope, keep pressing on,
You've been free, all along,
We're beside you, Ukraine Strong!!

Sir Anduin

Your First Fight

You shall use the darkness in the most spiteful way
To be fuel for the light you'll shine throughout the day
When night comes and shrouds you within the shadows
That darkness will gaze upon you convicted in gallows
For you never forsake all the light that shines on your
soul

Yet through others you find that you are indeed whole
So tear through the flesh with a clouded blade
Take thine heart and body, but I believe it to be a trade
Darkness shall be enlightened upon reaching the mind
Find we've used its likeness as it's charred so kind
Those demons will beg as we release the inner evil
Murder must make death fall on that devil
After we stand amidst the most lovely shit and gore
We'll inquire if they'd like to endure any more
We scream connected and shake the rose lit sky
The hearts in pain now shudder and begin to die
All human ignorance doesn't fucking care
Eyes in the bloodshed meet ours and reveals light with a
stare
Consciousness retained, we must witness our morals so
sore
Doomed by disdain will we together rise up in the free
will war

Made For Humans

Daddy, Please

When I'm scared of nightly shadows
And I'm hiding in my bed
Daddy, please come home
And hug me 'til the end

When the howling of the wind
Is crying out my name
Daddy, please come home
Make it silent, make it tame

When the sky is turning grey
And the smoke compels the air

Don't leave me all alone
As that just isn't fair

When the call is for the war
Why must you up and go?
Daddy, please don't go
Don't leave me all alone.

#WeStandWithU

Because in the middle of war the children bare the
greatest loss

A.O.Reynel

Fight, Ukraine!

Fight, Ukraine!

With cheer we beseech your sovereign truth!

Fight, Ukraine!

May you be delivered though against all odds

Fight, Ukraine!

Find in your arsenal the hand of God!

Fight, Ukraine!

For this has proven destiny to be one you choose

For the years will come that you are praised,

The one, the only

Prevailing Ukraine.

abstractempo

1/2

Eleven

11 more seconds to live
11 more breaths to breathe
11 more feelings to feel
11 more people to kill

11 more questions to ask
11 more lies to unmask
11 more truths to nail
11 more plans to fail

11 more tombs to find
11 more things to mind
11 more friends to pick
11 more graves to dig

11 more words to say
11 more debts to pay
11 more decisions to make
11 more dreams to break

11 more numbers to count
11 more bodies to bound
11 more screams to cry
11 more ways to die

11 more issues to trip
11 more thoughts to flip

2/2

11 more roads to choose
11 more hopes to loose

11 more locks to pick
11 more facts to seek
11 more fingers to cut
11 more mouths to shut

11 more motives to fake
11 more freedoms to take
11 more nations to yield
11 more fences to build

11 more rhymes to sing
11 more phones to ring
11 more pairs to part
11 more throats to cut

11 more hails to pray
11 more lords to obey
11 more layers to peel
11 more reasons to kneel

11 more beats of heart
11 more drops of blood
11 more rights are wrong
11 more sounds are gone

Paul Nordic

Dear Mr. Orwell,

I always found unfortunate that they appreciate your ideas and visions more than your unique style and empathy.

Now Big Brother rules in Russia and China. It is reality. I hope that readers will finally dive deeper into your novels and essays and discover the humanity in them. Since it is what we need the most now - feel, experience and understand the link between Men. Friends-Enemies-Women-Children-Soldiers-Dictators-Jesus.

You, Mr. Orwell, used to be policeman in Burma, journalist travelling with homeless folk, someone who cared for people and used his voice.

Thank you for your endless inspiration.

Yours faithfully,

Girl, who was born in Eastern Bloc four years before the fall on Berlin Wall.

Maryša Piše

Pod modrou oblohou, pod žlutými lány...

Pod modrou oblohou,
nad žlutými lány...
smutně leč s odvahou,
otevřeme rány...

že stehy je nespojí,
že časem se nezhojí,
že co mohlo být,
to nebude,
až přetřem klasy do rudé.

Až moře modré nad helmami,
bez zeptání,
nám přemalují barvičkami,
mocipáni,
s odstíny do šedé, paleta z dýmu,
štěteček od sazí a od benzínu.

Až nebude zlato pro obilnice,
protože zasely se nábojnice,
až zbylá pole sklídí cizí pásy,
až trosky a šrot budem sklízet asi...

Že co mohlo být,
to nebude,

2/2

a co už je tak ubude,
až sliby se příště neujmou,
v hlíně slzami pohnojené,
až prosby už víckrát nedojmou,
v zemi na krvi odkojené.

Že co mohlo jednou vážně být...
co se mohlo možná přihodit...
Že ztěžka vrací se důvěra,
ta naivní dívka nesmělá...

Pod modrou oblohou,
pod žlutými lány...
mnohé sny zůstanou,
dlouho pochovány.

Ondřej Doležal

A Sunflower Story

Sunflowers. Ukrainian land is filled with them.
For the sunflower to grow and prosper,
to develop and flourish,
people must have love and care,
to give it attention.

We sow the seeds of love,
slowly and carefully,
so that all of us,
can safely, securely,
enjoy the blessings of tomorrow.

Let's come together and sow,
so that the sunflower of healing,
of compassion, of peace,
can grow high, and together,
like a family, with our hands, and hearts,
we will create a better future.

All people, from all nations,
look to the future,
that future that we all believe in,
that future that we all can share.
The future is a sunflower.

History

Repeats itself again
Pandemic world
Russian bully
People are dying
And dying
And dying...
Apocalypse?
Wish I had paid
ATTENTION
In class
It is deja vu.
We are living the lesson
Not learning
From our past
It has passed
Into the present
And it is
History.

GBG

Už nejde jen o Donbas

už nejde jen o Donbas
v té spoušti se topí každý z nás
noc málem osvítila radiace
budíček, snídane
děti, práce...
...je těžké se vrátit zpět
do bezpečné zóny
našich dnů
bez fazony
bude to trvat několik let
už nejde jen tak
nechat tikat čas
hraje se
o život každého z nás

Kattenka79

1/2

Poslední tango

Celým tělem ses těšila na ráno
Až v hlavě bude ti znít soprano
Na okno pověsíš peřiny
Kávu si uvaříš v kuchyni
Vypiješ si ji jen tak vestoje
Pomalů a líně
Třeba na prahu pokoje
Pochováš kočku v klíně

Vpluješ do předsíně
A začneš tančit
Jen tak sama
S ladností
Co do vínku ti byla dána

K tvým uším už nedoléhá dunění
Křik dětí
Ani motor tanků
Vnímáš jen tiché zvonění
Posloucháš zvuky z jinačího ranku

Flamenco, Tango, Argentinu
Naliješ si víno
A chytneš slinu
Z medvědí krve

2/2

Už necítíš žádnou vinu

Jsi divoká jako Django
Tančíš dál
Už jen samé tango
To víno je jak Amorův luk
V hlavě ti zazní kovový zvuk
Je to snad ticho?
Anebo rozkoše hluk?

Ty tančíš dál
V ohnivém žáru
Z potu i vášně
kolem krku máš šálu

A tančila bys
Až do setmění
Když vtom začneš padat
Do podzemí
A po chvíli už
Z tance
Ani z domu
pranic není

Kattenka79

Priorities (when the world is on fire)

I want to remember all the souls
Who - to defend, and to protect -
Put down their pens for swords;

Willingly trading a dream, their ambitions -
A chance at life! For, instead -
A shot at honour, and glory -
In the face of certain death.

The artists - the poets -
Those living by words, never violence
Who are forced - by what is right,
And morals determined by something
Deeper than politics, to fight -
Against soldiers, trained
In blood, bombs, and rot.

War makes a warrior of many,
Yet we should always treasure, and never forget
Any culture - any people - threatened by loss;

Battles are always fought,
People will die -
Yet their love, their light -
Their power! -
Will survive.

Lillith Scarlett May

Don't Give Up

Stand up tall
Though weariness weighs heavy
Walk on with conviction
Though shadows close all about
Be strong in your heart
When defeat whispers you name
Stay true to yourself
Though lies claw at your mind
And when reason and purpose
Seem so hard to find
Breathe deep of the ancient air
And know that you will be
Neither the first nor the last
To suffer for your rights
And for the wrongs of the past

*

#WeStandWithU

Düje Dödt

Patriarch Kirill

The madman behind the madman
Cannot stand a schism
Even though his very denomination
Is a schism from a schism
But they werent important
In his mind
Russia was gods chosen church
And Ukraine was the frankenstein
The theological abomination of the uncanny valley
It must die
At any cost
An alliance of convenience
Made to legitimize a tyrant
Lost control when Putin started eating
His own breakfast cereal
Now the new Tsar believes he is on a mission from
God
And it isnt getting the band back together
Its building an empire
In blood and toil and snow and soil
The Desert God lets a lot of murder happen
But sometimes even with him
The windows shut
And the Mandate of Heaven is withdrawn

Emmit Other

Soldiers

At the battlefield,
Amidst the sounds of gunfire,
The smell of blood,
The scattered bodies,
The mourning of people,
Fighting for the nation,
With a little hope of peace.

My huge respect to all the Ukrainian soldiers and the
Ukrainian people who are fighting for their nation

#StandWithUkraine
#WeStandWithYou

Ya3ya28

Mission Glory

Our land has been captured,
Bomb and cannon has been ruptured,
Soldier's bones get fractured,
And the world's heart are in tortured,

Seeing horrible event,
Makes me mourn or lament,
But we our 'glory' to be represent,
We have a good leader and president,

We are one as Ukraine,
We break a lot of chain,
We feel all kinds of pain,
And our land will forever in reign,

We will win this,
Using word, gun and kiss,
And make surrender all who seize,
To maintain our glory and peace,

To make it successfully,
For the world and Ukrainians Especially,
We will not escape nor flee,
We will stay here in land of our family,

Because we own this country,
We don't need any sorry,

Because of this tragic kind of story,
That happened in our territory,

We will live here together,
Not in the name of surrender,
But in the name of Ukraine our Mother,
We will live here again in peace and tender,

Glory to Ukraine, Glory to Heroes,

I'm with Ukraine.

J.Jose

1/2

The Nightingale's Song

I hear the nightingale's song
and turn to her words of hope
of the light at the end of the tunnel,
of compassion and peace,
and of nations that will unite
to find a way out from this darkness.
To save the planet from its violent fate.

The bird sings with her voice,
and its sound is heard by all.
The sound of the freedom of nations,
the sound of peace, of humanism,
of the need to defend a people's identity.
To protect the rights of the Ukrainian people.

And in that song, there is a call to action.
A call to create a better world.
A call to end the war, to stop military aggression.
A call to work together to save lives.
A call to save, not to destroy.

The nightingale's song is a symbol of a fearless people.
A people, who in the face of aggression
have not been defeated and have not surrendered.
A people, who are defending their independence,

2/2

defending their territory from attack,
defending their right to choose their own destiny,
defending the dignity of their nation and their
people.

The nightingale's song is a message of peace.
A message of ending military action,
a message of Ukraine's defense,
a demand to stop attacks,
a demand to stop killing.
A demand to protect the rights of the Ukrainian
people.

And a nightingale's song is a promise –
a promise of a better life in the future.
A promise of a Ukraine,
a promise of a country of happy citizens,
a promise of a country, which will be chosen by its
people.
A promise of a world that will not become a
battlefield.

AudibleArtifact

1/2

Ukraine, Land of Golden Fields

Let the heavens be covered with a rainbow,
let it look like a shining bead.
Let the joyful sun shine,
let it make the land fertile.
Let the farmers sing their song,
let it be the best ever heard.
Let the whole Ukrainian land be golden,
and the whole Ukrainian land be free.

Let the imperialists stay in their corner,
and the nationalists stay in their hole.
Let the fakers stay in their place,
among the corrupt and the restless.
Let the Russians stay in their country,
while the Ukrainian people live in their land.

Let the politicians stay in their government,
and the diplomats stay in their offices.
Let the army stay in their bunkers,
and the whole world live at peace.

Let the beautiful Ukraine be free!
Let the whole world live at peace!
Let's live and love each other.

2/2

We will build a new world.

Let the people join together,
let the people unite.

Let the people live in harmony,
and in freedom, in peace.

AudibleArtifact

Growing out of conflict

I see a yellow rose
I see a blue rose
I see the shears
I see some tears
I see fallen petals
I see cruel metals
I see misery
I see bravery
I see a jackboot
I see a new shoot
I see a yellow rose
I see a blue rose

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

1/2

Shelter from the Sky

They plead for shelter from the sky,
shelter that we can surely provide
so a subway station is not home.
Sounds of change, but it's not fare.

Shelter, that we can surely provide
to the many who suffer and plead.
Sounds of change, but it's not fare;
it is fear from lives that were lost.

To the many who suffer and plead,
please, do not give in to the hatred.
It is fear from lives that were lost
in a senseless act of violent attack.

Please, do not give in to the hatred
like they who wield their tools of rage
in a senseless act of violent attack.
Protect your children, and their hearts.

They, who wield their tools of rage,
no amount of war will satisfy them.
Protect your children, and their hearts;
boarding trains should not cause panic.

2/2

No amount of war will satisfy them.
Bombs overhead heard from below.
Boarding trains should not cause panic;
nothing is fair when you can't go home.

Bombs overhead heard from below;
sounds of change, but it's not fare.
Nothing is fair when you can't go home.
Shelter? That, we can surely provide.

#WeStandWithU

JJ Samuel

1/2

Tiny Little Toy

So innocent
The Tiny Little Toy
Left by the Side of the Road
You would think
That the toy would represent joy
Such a little thing
Abandoned as everyone fled for their lives
Like the pets now mostly rescued
Thanks to angels in human form
People forget
That thanks to childrens belief
Toys live when no one is watching
Pixar showed it so
And yet
And yet
And yet
What if I told you
That the harmless little toy
Had a bomb hidden inside
To kill a little Ukrainian orphan
That might pick it up
An evil to make a nazi blush
Never did any evil come higher
Not the KKK or the spanish inquisition
Or the Americans with their smallpox blankets

2/2

Not the Khmer Rouge or the Imperial Japanese Army

Not the Mongol Hoards nor the Shining Path

Not real or fictional

Not Cobra Commander or Slytherin or Skynet

None of them

Not one

Not ONE

Put a bomb in a toy

Specifically to kill kids

But Putin did

Emmit Other

1/2

Shelter from the Sky #WeStandWithU

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2/2

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Shelter? That, we can surely provide.

JJ Samuel

Timewarp

So he wishes to revisit
Stalin's Russia
Recreate a nightmare
As it went so well
The first time round
Can we expect
Reincarnations
Of Hitler's Germany
Pol Pot's Cambodia
Mussolini's Italy
Franco's Spain
Pinochet's Chile
All episodes that should be
Kept under lock and key
Consigned to the vault of history
Only to be viewed
As what not to do's
Ever, ever again
For no dream
Can be worth
Such motherfucking pain

*

Düje Dödt

War

The tingling on my back has warned me
This isn't just an act of play
Two nations, brothers, fight each other
They're once again demanding land
The war of tug of tugging nothing
While people die, we watch the fall
Is this the end or the beginning
Of peace on Earth's fate-tragedy
I feel bad for I find it funny
Look at the rich do what they want
Abusing power, people, money
We let them, do we have a choice?
Leyla Azimova

My Soul's Desire

Nightingale Interrupted

The nightingale sang in the silence
of a peaceful Ukrainian forest.
I heard the nightingale's melody.
Singing for a new world,
a peaceful world,
a world without violence;
but the call for peace is no longer heard.

In this Ukrainian forest
the song of the nightingale is interrupted
by the thundering of war machines.
Now the nightingale is silent.

The nightingale's song will not be heard
in this war-torn Ukrainian forest.
I hear only the deafening roar of war,
and what remains of the nightingale
is a sad song.

But the nightingale's song
was not in vain—
because the world has heard it.
The world will remember the nightingale.

Sunflower

As the world is burning,
my head is spinning.

I am still standing,
but for how long will I be breathing?

The sun is still shining,
but for how long will I be here to see it rising?

I am still hoping,
but for how long will I be weeping?

As the sunflower is growing,
the blue of the sky grey is turning.

Léandre R.

song that mutes falling bombs

smile hides fear
come closer my dear
sing loud but don't scream
monsters like to hear
that we fall with sirens horns
when like raindrops are falling bombs
sing my dear
the end is near
and we shall win
ending this blazing sin

just__dave

heroes & cowards

heroes are crying
and cowards are standing still
heroes are dying
and cowards are worried about the bill
cowards are lying
when they mourn and still refuse to kill

just__dave

WindsWept

Cold air from the East
And the winds wept
Their gathered tears
Raining down
On our ears

Düje Dödt

1/2

Crazy Man on the Train

A while back
Pravda introduced me to Spalding Gray
who is a narrator of this specific story
The Soldier on The Train

there was a crazy man
with a delusion that he had been
a soldier who pressed the green button
which had set off the nuclear bombs
in the Cold War

the crazy man also claimed
that russian rockets are rusty
and "the russkis" would communicate
through talking tubes
instead of electric intercoms in the war

we knew, we all knew the man is crazy
the man said he was "properly brainwashed"
so he didn't go crazy like the guy
who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima

whether it is "properly brainwashedness"
or hunger for power or crazy craziness
or sane craziness

2/2

it stays in the area of crazy
because it isn't possible
it wasn't possible
it shouldn't be possible
what the man was talking about

and I would like to tell all the people
I know
that when this kind of thing
isn't in the area of crazy
we, as mankind, are fucked badly

and all we need to do
is to make sure that the crazy man on the train
stays the crazy man on the train

Natha

1/2

Hope Is Bulletproof

Tanks, guns, missiles, and bombs,
Armed to teeth, to kill, to strike
Terror as they try to flee,
It was all too easy,
At least that's what they imagined
It would be...

They found resistance
Not just with blood and bullets,
They brought an army
To murder a country full of friends,
Lovers, and family

They sing and dance,
With joy they advance,
Bullets for bullets,
Engraved with a song,
A song of love, life, and dreams,
And even a little pity,
For their heartless invaders
Who frantically scramble
To escape this infectious laugh

2/2

Glory to the children under siege
For you I write these words
Till we stand side-by-side in body
We sing together in spirit
And laugh and dance in the
Face of the worst, at
The vile, selfish, hungry fool
Who knows not that
Hope is Bulletproof!

#WeStandWithU

whispered anguish

Peace (as seen by the persecuted)

Took out the milk from the fridge
The toast was almost ready
We ran out of butter the day before yesterday
But that's ok
We have toasts and stale milk

This will be the last breakfast
This will be the best breakfast
This will be the worst breakfast
This will be what I dream of

As I lay dying later today
Gun in my hand
The muzzle still hot
Will my blood buy freedom?
Will my countrymen be safe?
I think not of the hopeless
Musings of a philosopher

My mouth is filled with rust
And I taste the butter that I
Ran out of
The day before yesterday
I wish nobody else finds this peace
Which now holds me tight to its bosom
I sleep, I sleep, I sleep...

whispered anguish

today's the day those Russians turn around.

Send your tanks and send your rockets
Cause we're lead by Davy crocket,
And today's the day the Russians turn around.

We've got missiles we've got jets
and 10,000 army vets,
Yes, today's the day those Russians turn around.

If they want war, then they've found it,
And if they want strengths then it's here;
They think that they've got us surrounded;
Now they have something to fear.

We can keep them on the run
if our allies send more guns,
And together make those Russians turn around.

And if they send a million men
We will beat them back again,
Cause today's the day those Russians turn around,
Yes today we're going to make them turn around.

Shane J Reid

Peace

I don't know why they fight
Oh how brutal things can be
Killing innocent people
How does their day still have light

Families are going to die
Including many innocent kids
We should all support them
Not just sit and cry

We support u Ukraine
Hope everything goes well

writer's diary

Don't Look For Me (a cry for ukraine)

Don't look for me
I am weeping
In the shadow of evil
In the garden of roses
Where doves are crying
Like mournful drunks.
Don't look for me
Because I am hiding from the stars.
Look for
The thousands of broken hearts
The thousand I do not know
The thousands that I am
The thousands that are we.
& thousands of deaths wash over me
Baptized in the blood of dead cities
As thousands of cries cover the world.
Can you hear my voice, God?
My voice that sounds like love and mercy?
My voice that has been abandoned on the shores?
My voice that begs for truth
 like holy scriptures, like an ancient verse?
Surely you can hear the sound
Of billions of souls breaking at once
Like the glass that we are.

Christopher Mohn

The Quiet Creeping

There is a quiet creeping
the fallen pulling those a' sleeping

The rumblings have been heard
Should we break it'd be our third

We humans love this game
We simply remain the same

Married to this thing
Unable to remove the suffocating ring

We are at the tippy top
Falling is just another stop

Let's let young Johnny live
He has so much left to give

If one breaks down the silly door
Rest assured, she will go to war.

Brendan McKeegan

1/2

We See You

I see the children,
And my heart breaks
Adults making decisions
That forever change lives.

I see the mothers,
Desperate to protect their young
Relentless in their pursuit
To provide a safe home.

I see the men [and women]
Taking up arms
Ready to stand
And protect their land.

I see the world
Seeking ways to help,
Advocating for the hurting
Uniting across lands.

Taking up the blue & yellow,
Not afraid to take a stand
Showing support
To this distant land.

2/2

War reminds us
Of how fragile life is
Opening our eyes to the courage within,
The bravery in the eyes
Of those left to defend
The unspoken unity extends
From one human to another
As we pray for war to end
And peace to resume once again.

We see you.
We stand with you.
Until the end.

Rita Lee

Age of the Mask

what history will they write
when they write of these times

words of fear, and bravery
words about the edge of midnight

they will write of a mad dictator
and words about his crimes

or will they write of true people, maybe
or will they write of hope, maybe

what words will they write
of the age of the mask?

the mask of deception
the mask of protection

whatever they write, let's hope they learn

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

She is the land

She is the land where
sunflowers blossom
against the metal
pressing on the soil.

She is all beset with sparkles of the soil, that raised all
the flowers

M.D. Yazicioglu

MDŽ

Ta síla byla
asi jako Tsunami
A svátek žen
teď už slavím bez tebe,
Mami

Kattenka79

Hell on Earth

(Posting for a friend w/o Poetizer)

Bombs, bullets, and fire
Fueled by hate, greed, and lies
A Mother screams with anguish
In the midst of Hell on Earth
Justice has no meaning
In the face of anarchy and terror
Unthinkable threats come to pass
In the midst of Hell on Earth
But don't forget there is a war in the heavens
Fighting for mankind and her heirs
Where love wins the battle
Revealing order, purpose, and light
Although evil remains a mystery to the suffering
And appears cruel to our blind eyes
There is an army of angels
Deployed to seal our eternal lives
So hold on all you weary wanderers
Heartbroken by loss and defeat
Hells and it's furry will be condemned
Your eternal promise will be fulfilled
You will dance and sing again
Jackie Patillo
March 4, 2022

BeardedBlenkinsop

United We Stand

We, the friends of the Ukrainian nation
stand in solidarity with you
as you struggle with the Russian bear.

We stand with you
to protect our common values.
Through the storm and the sleet,
we will never leave you.
We are your friends.

We are with you, people of Ukraine.
We stand together in the struggle.
Joined in spirit, today and beyond the horizon.
We stand together,
knowing freedom is not free.
The flame of freedom, which the people
of Ukraine have ignited, will burn brightly.
We will dance in the light of freedom.

Oh, Ukraine, we see your strife!
We shall overcome all
that is evil and darkness,
as long as we hold to love.
We shall overcome
as we join hands
to create a better day.

AudibleArtifact

Ukraine

At one time the people danced and sang all day.
They never knew what was coming their way.
Happy days of living a peaceful life.
Could never imagined they'd receive such strife .
Now they wait on a miracle

Their blue skies turned to grey
Because a mad man wants his day.
The beautiful streets have blood on the rubble .
The people never deserved such trouble .
Now they wait on a miracle .

Mother , fathers , sisters and brothers
And the slaughter of many others
But the people stand strong despite the odds.
Fighting the power of the war machine anti -gods .
Now they wait on a miracle

One day this will all end
But now the people continue to defend.
The mad man who caused this destruction will pay.
Russia will face retribution one day.
Now the people wait on a miracle .

Anthony R

1/2

Mr Putin

We don't want you here Mr Putin
With your tanks & your guns
And your belief that we belong to Russia
We are a sovereign nation

We are no threat to you
We don't want what you have
We just want our freedom
And the right to decide our destiny

We don't fear you either
Bigger is not necessarily better
We will stand in your way
And see you weakened by your stupidity

You will leave this battle a loser
Because bullies always lose
Your country is weakened by your folly
But your pride won't let you see that

Take your army back to Moscow
Your ego will destroy you
Turn back before it's too late
The world is united against you

2/2

Your people are suffering
They don't want this war
Our people are suffering
We don't want this war

This is a war of no winners
Despite your propaganda spinners
There is no positive outcome
Everyone knows this is dumb

You will be the loser
It's plain for all to see
Ukraine will never bow to you
For we are proud and free

Kiwiben

1/2

Lid s kostí

/Nelidskostí proti lidskosti!/
...

Lid z kostí, z kostí lid,
s lidskostí i bez lidskosti.

Ty bytosti
z masa, z kostí,
s lidskostí i
bez lidskosti.

Krváciví,
krvelační,
na krev civí,
na kost taky.

Prve ta ční
pod oblaky,
s lítostí i
bez lítosti.

Lid s kostí, s kostí lid,
z lidskosti i z nelidskosti.

2/2

...

/Lidskostí naproti nelidskosti./

#WeStandWithU

#MelanCHolik

#tepdoby

Na Instagramu zveřejněno 4. 3. 2022, upraveno.

tepdoby

StroMY

— | —
— | — | — | —
— | — | — | — | — | —

Koruny vysoko,

| |
| |
| |
| |
| |

kořeny hluboko.

— | — | — | — | — | —
— | — | — | —
— | —

#WeStandWithU

#tepdoby

#MelanCHolik

Na Instagramu zveřejněno 2. 3. 2022, upraveno.

tepdoby

Pole

Jak nahoře,
tak i dole...

... vyklidnit se
a
vyklidit pole.

#WeStandWithU
#tepdoby
#MelanCHolik

Na Instagramu zveřejněno 2. 3. 2022, upraveno.

tepdoby

The World (to Putin)

the world judges you
your goodness and beneath it — what you hide
the world judges me
my apathy, but beneath my dispassion — I am free

when the fire comes, what do you do?
goodness is my selfish truth
what about you?
the world judges you

ScyllaGrand

Jarní haiku (terapeutické)

Nečiní v pýše:
Matka čile buduje
své jarní říše.

#WeStandWithU

Básnířka.SK

Heavy Hearts

My heart is heavy
with only the knowledge,
Yet each day you carry the full
weight on your shoulders.
You live it and breath it,
But with true courage,
You boldly stand up.
When the world turned
A cold shoulder you stood up.
What bravery.
When faced with the worst,
You stand strong
in body and spirit.
In the face of true evil,
You stand steadfast.
Through destruction
And unimaginable loss,
You stand proud.
We look on in horror,
But you are living it.
The losses lay heavy,
A world being destroyed,
I cry for you,
I cry with you.
I pray for you,

2/2

I pray with you.
Let this madness end,
Let the world stand with you,
Let the world hold each piece of you
with honor and respect,
Until you can return to your glory.
Let there be justice,
Let there be retribution,
And then let there be peace.
#westandwithUkraine

RosieWrites

1/3

In our Selective Love, Ukrainians #WeStandWithU

The world trembles with anger after war broke out in Europe

Nations opened borders, welcomed the fleeing with no questions asked

And did come men and women with babes in arms
Fleeing death and destruction and their war torn homeland

It is terrible to witness this,
War is terrible.

Media reports eagerly on death, destructuon and rumours,

Poets are exhorted to write poems in solidarity,
Social media is alight with campaigns of support
Nations are bestowing visas and residency permits to Ukrainians

And all that is good, we should do it and more.

But those stay in stark contrast in my memory
With treatment of Syrians and Yemenis fleeing their war and misery,

Or was that our war which they suffered for? Who fought whom?

Americans, Europeans and Russians too like in Ukraine fought in the Middle East.

2/3

I don't recollect any poems proclaiming
#WestandwithU,

Written for the Arabs.

But I remember Nations closing their borders and
Electing populist xenophobes into power in Eurppe to
deal with the 'crisis'!

Alas Syrians and Yemenis I guess you don't qualify
As equals in the eyes of nations or poets.

You see only when the European die will the world
feel the pain!

I apologize on their behalf for this inhuman treatment
That you still to this day continue to absorb.

It is in a way similar to how when the rich feels
threatened

From say a pandemic that afflicts the wealthy alike
Will the world go into an emergency,

Manoeuvring resources and establishing lockdowns
Which is alright but hey,

What about the 9 million who die every year from
starvation and hunger related illnesses?

When will that become an emergency?

Alas our love and attention has always been selective.

So we have another war which alone for now as the
media puts it,

Demands our attention.

3/3

Donot worry about your fellow humans in Syria
Or the still starving millions in Yemen.

In our selective Love, Ukranians, #WeStandWithU

josef

Storm in Ukraine

Storm clouds will pass
they always do

While they rage
we're thinking of you

Please join our shelter
if we can get to it fast

meanwhile remember
storm clouds will pass

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

Svátek žen

Chvíli si ještě pospíš
Tu žízeň zaženeš
Ve snu
Víčka ti padají
Z dálky už vidíš Vesnu

Chvíli si ještě pospíš.
Až pak natrháš sněženky.
Je přece svátek žen.
I když už bez maminky.

Kattenka79

Sednout si

S terapeutem/tkou je zásadní,
abyste si spolu sedli.

kon & takt -> kontakt

#WeStandWithU

#MelanCHolik

#tepdoby

Na Instagramu zveřejněno 9. 3. 2022, upraveno.

tepdoby

U

Unjust, unfair
Yet, united you stand
Through the nightmare
Sand slipping, tired hands

We cannot idly stand by to unearthly force
Though pain we cannot fix with stitches
To your people we feel deep remorse
Ukraine we send you our best wishes

#WeStandWithU

Norf

Triumph

There is a shift in many nations at this time
So much focus is on doing good even during crimes
Threading lightly and making the right choices
To catapult to the top of the crop not to side step
But to move ahead in stride to go the distance
Providing resistance and fighting anyway in danger
No stranger to fiction but the truth will be reviled
Happiness will not be ignored for very long
A song will be in the hearts of millions of people.

Patricia Farley

rulers' lies

forcing them to dig their own mass graves
forcing them to forget where rest all those names
if there's ever been God watching over us
it surely closed its eyes with the first fallen life
we are alone
rulers wear this sorrow crown
scared to put it down
cause they are scared to act

just__dave

~Exodus~

We must go, by now
the roads we step
are melting

as we walk,
in our backs are laying
the ruins of what
one day we will call
the home that we lost

as we walk,
the line of the horizon grows
until the point that we will call
the home that we found

Sofia Kaloterakis

1/3

And so I asked

I asked him 'why do people always fight?'

To which he replied 'because, some can't ever agree'

'But why do they say such mean things?' I say

'Because, they think they need to get what they want'

And so I asked him 'why must people be this way?'

He said 'because we are only human'

But what does that mean?

And why does being human mean we can't be nice?

Why must we hurt one another?

Why must there always be war?

'Why can't we live in peace, and love one another?'

'Because some are blind to that'

2/3

And so I wondered for a while, about how people love

Why they dedicate so much time to each other

And why some don't even bother

And so I asked 'How can we make them see?'

To which he replied 'we cannot, because most are
reluctant'

'Why do they deny being good?'

'Because they only choose to do so'

'But why do they choose this life?'

To which he replied 'I don't know'

And so I asked 'What if everyone was kind?'

'The world would be much better

For there would be less hate, less war

And more love, and thoughtfulness

3/3

People would love longer, and prosperous too

Living in harmony with each other'

I told him I wished that's how it was now

And he said 'Kindness is a treasure, find some

And keep it well persevered

Pass it on to others

Those who's lives could use it '

And so I asked 'would that help?'

Once more he said 'I don't know, perhaps '

He continued 'It might make a slight difference

And a small change can sometimes make the biggest waves'

Mizuki

sunflower

i've been a sunflower
wilted from neglect

you see
i've been watered with acid
they say it's in the rain

what was to nourish me
provided no substance

i became a dandelion
spreading like rapid fire
they did not like dandelions

hosed down with acid;
the kind from a can

i notice a way out before i am plucked
i take it, i leave
i'm hoping to be a sunflower

A.R. Kanen

Mad Vlad, a savage Czar

A hospital
they bombed a hospital?

tears and grief
staggering in the rubble

and we look on
faces full of disbelief

how is this possible
they bombed a hospital

war is never a civilised thing
even in the twenty first century

no point in kidding ourselves
just look at humanity

lost in the rubble
of where once stood a hospital

HerbieHerb (Twitter: <https://twitter.com/herbieherb>)

ukraine

Not enough to say
For the loss at bay
Ships and airplanes
Men in their suits
In their armors
With their parts
Protruding their pants
And their egos over massing
The black clouds of
Gunshots and bombs
Their children hidden under
subways on their phones
And with guns on their other hands
Plans
Gonna make some plans
To meet up and fuck
Oh no, you gotta duck
That fist on your face
That bomb headed for your place

It's obvious why I wrote this, but I also wrote it
because I read an article about Russian soldiers
hitting up Ukrainian girls while they destroyed their
towns.

what's going on in Ukraine is unfathomable

llàura

1/2

Yellow and Blue

Oh, I want to leave
this life is behind
progress is forward
internal progress is not cowardly
oh, what pain it causes
look I'm in love with you
look you only make me blue

Bodies spread across the floors
how naked could your body be
just like roadkill
they have them covered in plastic bags
graves dug on soiled grounds

Z

Zero accomplishment
xenophobic I am
towards countries with human indignity
oh, how you assert your power

The sun rises and it's yellow
but I feel blue
The wind will cause your flag to wave
my love for you will never cave in
I will never give up on the message

2/2

bring them down
bring them down
bring them down
they're turning the world upside down

llàura

A Call for Peace

O, Ukraine, betrayed by Russia, how you are forsaken.
Your land laid out with coffins,
with the bodies of your brothers.
The blood of the war
has turned your fields crimson.

Your enemies are cruel and unrighteous,
they have robbed the people,
they have killed them.
They want to drown you in blood
and seize your beautiful land.

We don't need war,
we don't need death,
we don't need blood and hatred.
We need peace, we need freedom,
we need truth and justice.

Ukraine, Ukraine, we love you.
We want to live with you, to grow with you,
to sing and laugh with you,
to build our future together.

AudibleArtifact

The violence of the world

You and I, Humans, Bone and Flesh,
Doesn't it matter? Blood spurt,

Leaving one's eyes lifeless,

Burning with desire to overrun power,
Devoid the guilt, with outrageous explanations

Reaching the top were Your priority,

Forgetting the one's who sculpture you,

Unlike you, I rather pain my blood across the china
walls before one's could hurt other's
~The cigar

#WeStandWithU

The Cigar

The Day 16 #WeStandWithU

5000 km from my home
people die for their country
and I cannot do anything but
donate money and clothes
write poems and read the news.

And be horrified
at the brutality of someone's decisions,
at the unstoppable speed of war,
at the ultimate destruction of lives.

Remember Syria?
How did it end up there?
We stood with them and somehow,
the war was forgotten...

What a dreadful script of our history
Can we learn?
Yes, we can...I know, but
how?
It's day 16 of another war
and in charge are generals and politics.

Maryša Piše

Glory to Ukraine!

Glory to Ukraine
A beautiful Ukraine
A country-land of flowers and of snow
A motherland of kind and brave
Where soldiers fight for freedom with no fear
Where people cry and pray but still believe
Where children smile with tears on their faces
Where mothers give their all just to protect them
A country with a future big and bright
An independent union of pride
A humble land which makes whole world believe
That if you fight, my dear, you will win.

Daniela Isaievych

Believe or not

With fear in hearts
For our loved
We stand together under the dark sky
We'll never break
No food or gas
Can't make us bend our knees or beg
Don't understand
Or just don't want
Believe your government or not
Our hearts are torn
With bullets in our heads
The loved we lost will never smile again
The day will come
And we will try
But memories don't fade
Believe or not
The choice is yours
Just know
No bulletproof protects you from the God.

Daniela Isaievych

Mukačevo

Od východních plání vane vítr zlý
Všechno co jsme měli nám tanky sebraly
Jak utíká zvěř před lesním požárem
Prcháme svou zemí i my dva před carem

.

Ještě hoří oheň a praská dřevo
Ale už je čas jít spát
Támhle za kopcem je Mukačevo
Tam dovedu tě a jdu rukovat

.

Tam se setkáme, do dne a do roka
A až půjdeš ráno pro vodu z potoka
Když ji nabereš ať tě nezebe
Že jsme každý jinde já budu u tebe

.

Ještě hoří oheň a praská dřevo
Ale už je čas jít spát
Támhle za kopcem je Mukačevo
Tam dovedu tě a jdu rukovat

.

Půjdu bojovat za každého z nás
Kdo chce svojí zemi šťastnou vidět zas
Kde dnes z požárů k nebi stoupá dým
Z rozstřílených sutin zas dům ti postavím

.

2/2

Ještě hoří oheň a praská dřevo
Ale už je čas jít spát
Támhle za kopcem je Mukačevo
Tam hned po válce budeme se brát

Trivius

The New Beginning

Demons in the minds of men
stand poised to unleash
the fires of destruction again.

The terror incited
by the shroud of its baleful shadow
boils like a storm above the world.

We cannot run from this threat,
and we will not hide.
We will stand and fight.

The end we seek
is to create a world
without war or terror.

We must embrace a new beginning.
We must unite hands and hearts.

We will walk together into a tomorrow
where we honor each other's dignity.

We will not be adversaries,
but partners and friends.

And when our work is done
we will know peace

Loneliness

People everywhere, nevertheless alone.
No family, nowhere at home.
No one smiling, not a nice word.
One step into the void, all is gone.

Eryth

Illusions

Bitter evil is life,
and in vain all striving.
After the higher goal,
everything remains a game.
Illusions hover around us,
Who never give themselves as truth.

Eryth

Replies

On the objection of a clever
can be argued;
on the reply of a fool
you have to be silenced.

Eryth

11:11

Youre never alone
Youre never alone
Somebody's out there singing you a song
Youre never alone ooo
Youre never alone
Somebody's loved you all your life long
Youre never alone ooo
Youre never alone
Somebody's always singing you a song
Youre never alone ooo
Youre never alone
Somebody's loves you all your life long
Somebody's always singing you a song
Somebody's wishing you everything you need
Somebody's praying for you today
Somebody's with you as you go to sleep
Somebody's loved you all your life long
Somebody's always singing you a song

Miss Janet O A

Not Ash

The "innocent" Germans
Who never bothered to taste
The falling ash in their towns
Might have been able to say
"We didnt know"
And there are many many Russians
Who ARE fighting the holistic war crimes
Their dear leader is committing
But the more I learn
And the more I read
The more it looks like Most Russians
Will at least SAY they support dear leader
But as all western companies
And all western artists
And all western resources
Pull out
The Russians who dont give a fuck
Might be able to say
We didnt know
But we will know
They are lying
Just like people
That couldnt tell Ash From Snow

Emmit Other

1/2

A life at war

We heard the shots
Big blood covered all of us
Now my heart is broken
when I saw the children crying all around.
The whole family lying down,
I saw my father looking for me,
but when I approached him
He just closed his eyes, and slept peacefully.
I also went to my grandfather
I thought we could escape the house
I saw his face covered with tears.
Crying for his son that it's been killed,
without fault.
I couldn't move anymore
I knelt down
I screamed with all my heart
Every day that I remember my family
I mourn for them, and I'm not stopping now.
Never forget the history
Always remember the black days
Remember also the blood that was shed
Think of the peace and it will come
And one day the war will be gone.

2/2

17/02/2022

Tereze Thaqi

This goes to all of families that have lost someone,
closest to their heart at the war.

Pray for better days.

Tereze Thaqi

In-Conflicts

Dancing on the blood-curdling ladders of dead
bodies,

I am gonna scream a poet's war cry
Bitch! The Privileged are laughing,
Glancing upon the mugged beggars of dread
robberies

I plan on a dream, a poet's cry for pride
I write then I think, but I still make sense
as my brain was thinking beforehand
'The news is, the eyesight of weak men
is like dry ink, useless to pen.'

All of them, brawl
they crawl, like a centipede
What's the recipe for your hypocrisy?
I need humanity, isn't that a fantasy?
Peace, sometimes it's better to leave than
to defeat your enemies
Religions and leaders of different regions
for different reasons
are making humans pigeons in a cage
Freedom? Now just a form of rage
In that case, better help in puttin' catafalque and
caskets
It breaks every guard, I have seen
Empty minds, empty hearts, and empty plates

2/2

Your envy is the anvil,
where you shape your blade of hate
One moment sittin' with your loved ones
The other moment, you see the destruction
by the wars beloved sons,
the great bombs and guns
The Crusaders of bloodshed givin' instructions, to
invade
In hate, they wanna separate
themselves from their ultimate fate
The weight of a poet's palms, their words armor, and
pen
is larger than the men they have 'slayed'.

Vulneracious

And Yet Again

And yet again the sky is red,
and yet again the blood is shed.

And yet again the mountains crack,
and yet again the tanks attack.

And yet again the earth quakes,
and yet again the body aches.

And yet again the evil dream
ignores the words that people scream.

And yet again the gods throw dice,
and innocents will pay the price.

And yet again, and yet again ...

And yet again the voice of peace
is calling for the clash to cease.

The world is calling for war's disgrace
to end, so once again we can embrace.

AudibleArtifact

Billions of dangerous heads

I am not afraid of the world itself
Just the people in it
I am afraid when they talk
I am afraid even more when they are silent
I am afraid when they walk
At night, not at the rushing hour

Judite

Love and Like

What is it that I love
What is it that I like
Why does it divide

Why is this what I love
Why is this what I like
Why can't I like and love
Just as I like and love you

MRJ_MRJ

1/9

Please No More War

They always say if you're writing about something big
Focus on something small
So I guess that is what I will do

Because how do you talk to someone about the war
Without breaking it down into something more
manageable to comprehend

You have to break it down into something which can
be talked about
Because how else do you talk about that level of
destruction?

You have to ask
Can you see it?
Can you hear it?
Can you smell it?
Can you taste it?
Can you touch it?

Well, can you?

I'm trying to
Because I don't know how to write about it without
understanding it

2/9

I don't know how to understand it without living it
And we are all so far removed from it that it gets
difficult to feel it sometimes

But I think about the boot on the floor
Belonging to a soldier
A civilian
Someone in the wrong place at the wrong time
I don't know which side they were on
I don't know that it matters
Because there's a boot on the floor
And a body
But the body is too tragic to comprehend
And the boot is just unimportant enough that I
understand it
Because there is a boot which has travelled
And worked
And been worn out
And kept going
And kept going
And kept going
Until it has stopped
Because the war stopped it when nothing else could

I am that boot on the floor
So are you
So are we all

3/9

I think about the silence
Not the sound
You'd think it'd be easier to mention the screams
But there are so many
Too many
If a tree falls in the forest does it make a sound
If a child screams in a war does it make any difference
at all
You'd think I'd mention the bombs
The guns
Everything which makes killing so easy
And humanity such a difficult thing to believe in
You'd think it would be the noise that made an impact
Not the absence of it
But I cant stop thinking about the still rooms with no
families left to live in them
Or the hearts which stopped beating
The laughter which the streets are forgetting
The silence where there used to be voices
The absence is so much stronger than the presence
And it shouldn't be

I am that silence
So are you
So are we all

4/9

I think about the smoke
Not the fire
Because fire burns and burns and burns
But it will burn out eventually
The smoke is what kills you
Its what lingers
It's the reason the war is never over even when it is
over
It is the thing that kills the hope
Because the fire burns in a way that hurts more than is
imaginable
But the smoke hurts too
In a different way
By making it impossible to learn to breathe again
It makes it impossible to trust the air
Impossible to see a foot in front of you
And I do not understand what it is like to be
suffocated the way they are suffocating
But I understand gasping for air and finding ash
instead of oxygen
I understand pain which lingers after it is over
I understand the smoke more than the flames
So that is what I will focus on
Because I am not saying I have ever felt the same
But it is the best comparison I have to something I
hope I never have to feel myself
And it is the only way I can get anywhere close to

5/9

understanding how much it hurts
To burn
But then keep dying
Even if they manage to douse the flames somehow

I am the smoke
So are you
So are we all

I think about the blood
Not the amount of it
No one can understand the amount of it
The blood which grew the poppies red
Which stained the hands of people who just wanted
to serve
To survive
To come home again
To stop the war
But instead ended up being part of it
You cant mention that blood
But you can mention the metal in the back of your
throat
The taste of fear
Which is the opposite of hope
The taste which crosses continents
Because we are all scared
Not as scared

6/9

Nowhere near as scared
But still scared
The whole world is scared
And I think fear tastes the same for everyone
regardless of the intensity
And that taste is the only way we can come close
to understanding the blood on the floor where we
cannot stand
Where we are so grateful we do not have to stand

I am that blood
So are you
So are we all

I think about the child
Not their story
Because that is theirs to have
To tell
To keep
And I will not ask them to tell me their story before I
feel sympathy for them
But I can see how they stand there
How they have arms which can give hugs
But no one to hug
How they have tears to be wiped away
But no one to wipe them away
How they have eyes which beg you to make it stop

7/9

But no one can make it stop
I want to make it stop
And I wonder if the whole world feels as helpless as I
do
Looking at this child
Who gives a face to this war
Because there are too many bodies to count
We owe it to them to try anyway
But while we try to count the casualties
This child is casualty enough
One child is enough to end a war
Surely
Surely
To save a child
To save a human
Not just from death
But from having to be the only survivor left
Surely that is a good enough reason not to kill
anymore

I am that child
So are you
So are we all

Do you understand?

I dont

8/9

I dont know how to understand it

I dont know how to write this poem

It isnt enough

Nothing is enough

Ending the war would be enough

Could be enough

Wont be enough

Because it's already too late for this to be undone

It was too late when the first drop of blood hit the
ground

I just dont understand it

Why we have to write more poetry about this

Why we once again have to fight violence with art

The two conflicting forces of humanity

With a clear winner at the moment

The wrong one

I just don't understand it

Not any of it

9/9

I don't understand

The boot

The silence

The smoke

The blood

The child

The child

The child

I don't understand

Because when poets in world war one wrote about the
worst war in history

The war to end all wars

I cant help but wonder what they would say

If they knew we still had to write poems today titled

Please No More War

I wonder how they would feel if they knew

We were still having to talk about the empty boot in
the middle of the road

Just with a different body lying next to it this time

c12345678f

#WeStandWithU

the hunt for power
seems to condone pain
but we are stronger
so we stand
with Ukraine.

Beautiful Chaos

The Birth of a Nation

They say that great suffering creates strong Men
But how about a Nation?
I guess the road is also brazen
And not without the devil's obfuscation

But just like the day beats the night
So life beats the death
The Tree of Life springs high
And so gives us the second breath

The First "E"

We Stand With You

Even if your world feels like it's falling to pieces, know that this is not the end.

As unfair as it seems and as cruel as the world is to you, I can only recommend, laughing when you feel like crying, standing when you feel like falling and talking when you feel like holding it in.

There is a whole world uniting around you, with their doors open and warm open fires burning, doing all that we can to be welcoming.

So come sit with us, let us help you rebuild the life that could have been into something brighter, something even more exciting.

R. A. Debenham

Do not drop bombs

Do not drop bombs on the maternity hospital where
I took one big breath and he took his first to plant the
roots of our new family tree

Do not drop bombs on the nursery school where my
baby learned to trace his name in the air with stubby
pink fingers and he saw the colours we couldn't see

Do not drop bombs on the store on the corner of the
street where we bought traffic light lollipops the day
she fell and grazed her knee

Do not drop bombs on the park we spent summer
days on tartan blankets with Tupperware boxes of
treats that were left for the bees

Do not drop bombs on the streets, the cafes, the
places where after months of indoor living we could
finally hold our friends and family

Do not drop bombs on the homes we made and filled
with pieces of the days we wanted to keep forever in
our memory

Do not drop bombs on me

Do not drop bombs on me

Do not drop bombs on me

Do not drop bombs on me

Dragonfly burning

All Eyes Are On You #WeStandWithU

The world can only look on as war rages on, freedom on the line. A country stands proud, brave, and most importantly, fearless. We can not even begin to fathom what day-to-day life is, what survival is like. Every single heart in the world beats for you, and every breath withheld.

R.V.

Be brave and touch the sky

Be brave and touch the sky, pure soul
You have in your hand flowers instead of guns
The peace is around the corner
Have faith in yourself and God
You'll bloom again and you'll shine
The sky will be conquered with love
You'll be free as a dove

Your deep inner power is your brightest light
Self-love comes from fighting a war inside
Your soul will bloom without rush
And when the sky is under pressure
You'll draw love on the land you live
Because on your land, the doves sing again

@alexandraandrone 2022

Alexandra Androne

On the crimean mountains

The light roamed
The paths that led me
To a castle on the edge of a cliff.

Poppy wreaths
Colored and perfumed
The shores of the sea.

Your image, little by little,
Faded into the ice.
I was alone in this country
Who was once yours.

All up there, on the summit
Crimean mountains,
Young girls
Singing, fist
Raised, an anthem
To peace and freedom.

Your image, little by little,
Faded into the ice.
I was alone in this country
Who was once yours.

Sélène Wolfgang,
the granddaughter of a Ukrainian

Selene Wolfgang

Crumbling Marble

The Son of Baba Yaga
Roars at the World
He think he is a lion
And his banner is unfurled
He is in fact a jackass
And his schlong is now exposed
He is killing his own allies
And soon will be deposed
Look at all the marble
In the pretty easter eggs
The gremlin in the kremlin
Has been kicked betwixt the legs

Emmit Other

No war in Ukraine

No war in Ukraine
they say
and try to find a way
to stop the playbook in play -

only to fail
at the end of the day.

- Karin Quade

This poem was inspired by a play written in 1935 by French dramatist Jean Giraudoux called "La guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu" ("The Trojan war will not take place" or "Tiger at the Gates") which describes the efforts being made to prevent a war which tragically does take place at the end of the day. I wrote it five days before the war in Ukraine started.

Karin Quade

Bombs falling on Kyiv

Bombs are falling on Kyiv
right now
while we watch it happen
live and in color
from our warm apartments
heated by the gas
that is fueling this war.
And I see on TV
that finally our leaders
call evil evil
but it comes late
too late for the people in Kyiv
shivering in their shelters
from the cold and the fear
of the bombs falling on their city
while we watch it happen
live and in color
from our warm apartments
heated by the gas
that is fueling this war.

Karin Quade

For the Ukranian soldiers

Sunflowers may bend but never bow
figment of beauty in a dangerous fight
families run with what they have
many men and women stay to fight with all their might

the bombs are falling on Chernihiv
Children left victims to a selfish man's plight
Putin is raging like a dog
But what is a dog to a lion's bite?

the nightingale sings with a tuned chord
forced to watch violence disguised as conquest
she carried messages to kiev like the wind
no man can shoot down a bird that rose from being
oppressed

the maddened north fire has tried to burn
the countrymen waiting with weapons and knives
yet the fire never wins though ashes may fall
many have bravely sacrificed their lives

sunflowers may bend but never bow
the nightingale may sing but still she can fight
the ukrainian people are not without hope
they fight like the stars raging through night

Peace Tree Poetry

Not here Ma'am

Not here , not there
They kept screaming at her.
The Hospitals full of people
With those who left from the war.
A lot of people are immigrating
without fault
They keep ignoring her,
once again
She doesn't want to wait
She's so sad,
She doesn't want war,
She only wants her family
to be close ,not so far.

Tereze Thaqi

1/2

Shadow of War

The great grey beast has awoken;
the wings of war are beating.
The great grey beast is destroying
all the good, snuffing out all the light.

You look for peace and find war,
you look for life and find death,
you look for the light and find darkness.

The great grey beast is tearing
thousands of dreams apart;
the great grey beast is pulling
the bright flowers from the ground.
Night is falling
on the fields of Ukraine.
The deceit of great grey beast
has covered the sky with darkness.

But the people are not silent.
In the dark of the night
they are building bright towers
to the heavens.

The stars are blinking,
and listen to the people singing:

2/2

"We need peace now!
We need to end this war!
Our army is fighting for freedom."

The great grey beast is flying,
but the voice of the people
is rising above;
and they will not be afraid.

Come, sing a song of peace,
sing a song of freedom,
sing a song of love,
sing a song of joy,
sing a song of hope,
sing a song of a bright future.

The great grey beast is dying;
it's letting out one last roar.
After the night
comes the first light of morning.

AudibleArtifact

Tyrants

An abnormal desire
to scathe and to kill.
Passivity implies they can!!

And they will.

#WeStandWithU

blueedge

War

Long queues.

Miles of cars.

Borders.

Luggage.

Passports.

Women.

Children.

Seniors.

Pets.

Water bottles.

Sandwiches.

Railway stations.

Adhoc camps.

Portable beds.

Subway bunkers.

A baby born in the subway.

Men staying behind.

Explosions.

Broken windows.

Traffic jam.

Destruction.

Misery.

Death.

The sinister joke of the twenty-first century.

Victoria West

These Mere Words

These mere words will not be the hero that you need
These mere words are from a man in the safety of his
land, not threatened at all

These mere words will not pretend to be the shelter
and stability that you need

But these mere words will hopefully be a gulp of hope
to at least give you momentary replenishment in your
desert...

Hope shines brightest in the darkest of places, so
hold on to Hope like you hold on to every breath you
take...

Chriskelley

Ukraine

A country is being slowly erased
from our maps before our eyes,
but never from their hearts.

They stand alone, the blue and yellow
proud to hold their broken
bleeding hopes held together
by glory they've never asked
to have to prove this way.

Greed and hate making them
fight for something
that was already theirs, freedom.

“Hey, Russian warship, GO FUCK YOURSELF!”

GLORY TO UKRAINE

@A.Fractured.Poet

A.Fractured.Poet

We Love U

We may be countries apart
But all of you our in our hearts
We will always pray for your safety
So all of you can become happy

We know this time is difficult and painful
Your once peaceful lives became dreadful
Just trust Him, for He knows everything
He will be with you, for He is loving

I pray that He may give you strength
And that this strife will come to an end
No more casualties, no more devastation
Just democracy and pure negotiations

We love U all, we stand with U all
No matter what happens, just stand tall
Remember, you are your own nation, yes
For every single one of you is loved & blessed

Winter sunflower

(For the people of Ukraine)

Again and again,
The sweet nectar of this flower,
Will always be so tempting to taste,
Blue sky will show her beauty
Hues of yellow will always shine,
Even if it's cold and dry.

Different neighbors are always have their own vested
interests be on the west or to the east or
can we stay as free and play?

Two opposing names,
Volodymyr on the blue corner,
and the other Vladimir on the red corner,
As if a boxing match on the cold Maidan square.
The World Wide Web stunned,
Even Corona V is slowly on the bottom trend.

Little they know,
This Kyiv Rus,
wants to dance along their favorite pyansky
And drink their horilka
And together they shout:

Glory to Ukraine!
Glory to the Heroes!

angelo f.b. carloman

A Prayer

Father, lift the veil from eyes
That green with greed are blind
That kill without a mourners bench
No sacredness for life

For when their eyes do open
Their sins spread out and bare
The Wailing Wall will brace itself
As truth reveals nightmares

The cries that shriek and scream and plead
No one has heard their equal
Yet One still stand who hears it all
His heart is for all people

How could He love them? Why would He?
These greedy, evil men
His mercy extends beyond our grace
His love it knows no end

So Father, reveal, expose and heal
Open eyes and hearts to truth
The world is desperately holding on
Help us to turn to You

Amanda Blankenship

1/2

Lviv at fire

Я
Хацеў бы прайсціся,
Па гораду,
Які я ведаў раней.
Для кагосьці
Гэта
Проста фатаздымак.
А,
Для кагосьці
Проста жыцце.
Зараз,
Тут гудуць сірэны.

І
Моладзь ідзе ва recruitment,
Бо
Старыя чакаюць цягнік у Паленію,
Калі ноч вяртаецца ў St. George's Cathedral.
Мабыць,
Мы яшчэ сустрэнемся у гэтым жыцці.

І
Пагутарым пра мастацтва.
Разам
Будзем чытаць
Свае вершы у мясцовым safe.
Там,
Дзе збіраюцца творчыя.
З local boheme.

2/2

А, так,

Увогуле,
Я,
Хацеў бы прайсціся,
Па гораду,
Які я ведаў раней.
Для кагосьці
Гэта
Проста фатаздымак.
А,
Для кагосьці
Проста жыццё.
Не сумуйце,
Калі што ня здзейсніцца,
Проста верце ў сябе.
Мы павінны
Прайсці праз гэта,
Каб стаць мацней.
Часова
І мне
Хочацца плакаць.
І я
Ненавіджу сябе,
Калі
Гляджуся ў люстэрка.
Бо,
Сапраўдныя мужчыны
Таксама
Могучь плакаць
Калі
Іх ніхто не бачыць.

IGOR ADASZKIEWICZ

Slava Ukraïne

standing together
sunflowers and a blue sky
growing tall

#WeStandWithU #haiku
#SlavaUkraine #SlavaUkraini #GloryToUkraine

Steven Teale

Rose

Fire and ashes
will not reach the roots
the rose will bloom
from firm soil

Those that oppose
will feel its thorn
twisting force
as it defends

Cold dark night
to be endured
shining light unveils
all that fear
rest assured
the rose always prevails

Pascalvb

СОХТЕНЬ

листя жовте, бо завмерло,
зсохло.

в кольорі відбиток сонця,
літа.

споглядаєш жовте - тепло,
сором.

жовтобагряна спідниця,
материк.

зплющуєш повіки

холод, ґрунт

танення надій і мрій

пожовтілі ліки

від засмут

всохлі друзки

буревій

qieenmargo

Couldn't take their threats The teasing and testing

Their early walks and their sirens
The loud sounds of destruction
The loud sounds of the pain

Whole world at it's ignorance
Fading away for the best

Somewhere there, far away
There's one that still sleeps
Wrapped in the, arms of love

Colours of the brightness
Colours of the happiness

Those colours now covered in red
Those colours now covered in determination

Somewhere there, far away
There's one that still believes
There's one that still hopes

For shall this pass, and new sunrise will emerge

Ridiculous

Ukraine

Dear friends of mine live in Ukraine. When I asked how best to support them, they directed me here:

<https://ukraine.ua/news/donate-to-the-nbu-fund/>

I'm never going to tell you what to do with your life or your money, but if you are looking for a way to help, this is what people there are saying will help. You're all marvelous.

Beenee

Front row seats

Peace-fully we scroll past

The War.

Mindlessly we observe

Torn limbs and burning cities,

Falling houses and shattered family photos.

We acquire front row seats,

To watch- not to see-

To know- not to mourn-

And we leave into the comfort

Of ignorance before the credits roll.

-

[Melancholias Mind]

Melancholias Mind

Peace when?

When will we know peace?
When humanity recognizes the divine in each living
being.

When will we know Peace?
When the love of our neighbour
Overpowers our love of power.

When will we know peace?
When the hope we feel blossoming in our hearts
Has no other choice but to bloom free by way of
smiles, helping hands, happy laughter.

When will we know peace?
When food, water, health, and home
Have more value than money, oil, tech, and greed.

When will we know peace?
We already know peace, in our minds.
We now have to live peace, in our lives.

poetic-rey

Putin drinks Tea

I woke up today thinking
Of you
And the tea you sipped as
The cities of my ancestors burned
You added a second sugar
The first wasn't sweet enough
There's a child with blood on his head
And cheeks
And some of the tea spilled as you
Violently mixed it
What an annoyance

MariaSeFue

Dad Jokes #4

Why did Vladimir become a coward?

- His parents failed to 'Putin' the work

#Solidarity with Ukraine

Tola (I.G. Poetry Bores)

To Vladimir

Kings and Emperors old to beauty fell;
When kingdoms might, and wealth left hollow chests;
Waging wars they killed, Ringing knells of death,
Thine Sorrowed lands ran cold, with hallowed blood;
Avarice crowned haughty heads, egos fed;
No penance to ancient gods, wrathful dread.
People yearning to be free, shackled; chained;
Desires whispered revolt kill thy kings;
Revolutions flood killed old kinsman rakes,
Freedom laid in wait for the bold to take;
Victory heard through ag-ed histories,
Statues to liberties, now, understood.

Yet, eastern leader of thy troubled Rus',
Need be reminded of when tyrants fell!

DREDGE

1/2

Love Through the Pain

Humans wept
While
Gods slept
And
Emotions lept
Buildings

Ukraine
#WeStandWithU

Encircle the globe
In a loving robe

Blanket the streets
In defiant sheets

Pangaea is born
From a world torn

Stand sit or lay
Now and everyday

Quit the hate
Now is the date

2/2

The great resignation
Unite every nation

Now is the time
To drop the dime

To take to the streets
Until every heart that beats
Loves the one it meets

In Ukraine
Saharan plain
Bangor, Maine
Every blood filled vein
Stand until
only love remains

TiminMT

1/2

The blood you kill will shout... (#WeStandWithU)

Russia, God is speaking
from the heaven and the earth,
and this is what he is saying,
just listen very well...

-I'm sufferign- says the lord-
For all the damage
that you are doing to yourselves.

I created you as my likeness
and my image
and look what that devil
make with your mistakes.

Im not against your brothers
I wish them to be saved,
Remember who are blessed
remember, child, my name,
for there is bliss in mercy
and this you know so well.

Remember what i told you ,
for i will hear the shoutings
of the blood in the ground...
the blood of your brother,

2/2

the one you kill, will shout.

And NO, I have been so patient
that i dont undertand
why you kill each other,
there is no good in what you've done.

So please, stop this madness
you are not the devils child,
you are still my servants
there is no death in me,
for "I Am That I Am."-

This is what I think
our lord is trying to shout
Please God have mercy
in all of us... just all...
.-.-.-.-.-.

#WeStandWithU

Daniel Andres Rodera

1/2

Humanity Is The Answer

We are living in a world stirred up by economic austerity and social injustice. The people have been torn apart by political difference, classified by wealth and possessions, differentiated by colour.

Some people still say because you're black so you don't have equal rights and opportunities as they do.

Some people still say because you are financially unstable so you are not worthy to sit on the same table with them.

Some people still say because your food unsecured so you are less important and deserve no help

Some people still say because you have no power so you can not demand for what rightfully belongs to you

Some people still say because you are financially broke in present so your future is dark and dim

Some people still say that if you don't have enough financial support so you are not a good husband/

Some people still say that because you move on dusty road and they move on roads cemented with tarmac so you are not their class

Some people still say because you're an orphan so you should be deprived of what you deserve

The World has grown immoral and the people have become so wicked that they have forgotten they are

2/2

humans, they all have one race that's humanity and whether they are white or brown or black, they all share the same red blood

Whether they're Americans or Africans, Asians or Australians or Europeans, they all have the same legal right of belonging to the world and are called the citizens of the world. Whether rich or poor, slaves or free, we are united; united by death.

To elaborate, the people have forgotten that a golden watch and plastic watch all show the same time frame, a motorist and cyclist moving on the same road can eventually can reach to their destinations.

This is evil and the righteous people of the world should stand up and stage a campaign against it!

Humanity Is The Answer!

By Teny Tang Boum

Less_wriThink_17

1/6

Death of Winter

I'm of melancholy mind
This eve
Not unusual for me
But this is moreso
This tastes like despair
News of strife
And loss of life
Travels fast and far
On clear chill air
And suddenly dreams
Seem like fireflies
Trapped in a jar

I'm walking the ridgeline
Above my hometown
At dusk
On the cusp
Of Spring
I pause at a bench
And settle down
Turn off my torch
Switch off my mind
And breathe in
This late twilight view

Early night
Sky lit by stars

2/6

And the city's light
Peaceful above
And below
But it wasn't always so

This sky has burned before
The city blitzed
In the days of the second war
This city has burned before
Civil unrest
A quarter century
Of a guerilla war
Sectarian confliction
Leaving a society on the brink
Of irreparable dereliction

This city at my feet
Has been close to defeat
Was almost on its knees
Begging and making pleas
Pleas for relief
Pleas for peace

Please, no more grief

And many thought
It could never be
That we were doomed
To bleed

3/6

Forever destined
To plead

Preordained
To kill our own
To mourn our own
To bury our own
In contested ground
And continue on
Round and round
Steeped in suspicion
No solutions
Ever to be found

Worn down
By attrition
Blasé to the sounds
Of munitions
Our lives an exhibition
Of how not to live
A divided people
Overshadowed
By contrary steeples

But somehow
A will for new growth bloomed
A hope for better days
Was fostered and groomed
A Spring was born

4/6

From Winter's storms

Peace brokers brokered
And persuaded enemies
To the table
Diametric opposites
Sat opposite
And hashed out a truce
We never thought could be
It seemed as miraculous
As a biblical parting
Of a raging sea

It's been a fragile treaty
But it's lasted
A quarter century
And counting
And whilst it's not perfect
It feels as if we've climbed
The highest mountain

But oh, that we'd been the last

The last to suffer
The sins of the past
The last not to blink
Or stop to think
Or flinch
Or run

5/6

From the blast
Of mortars
And grenades
And car bombs

Happenings
That human beings
Should never get used to
But we do
We're like that
Adaptable
Easily innured
Imperturbable
Traumas festering
Left uncured
Bottled up
Passed on
Passed down

And it becomes acceptable
That from time to time
Civilization is reduced to rubble
Seems that's what we do
To work out our troubles
Bludgeon and submerge innocents
In dust and blood
Man made tsunamis
Birthing hellfire floods
Bully and destroy

6/6

To coerce and create
A bargaining ploy

Big children
With big toys
Butting heads
Afraid
To back down
And concede
Stolen ground
And so we continue
Waving white flags
To bring out our dead
And so we continue
Rebuilding streets
That ran with red

Where is it I am?
In more places than one
For I'm divided within
My body in Belfast
But my mind feels their pain
And thus I find my heart
Has flown to Ukraine

Düje Dödt

Buď láska

I já jako celý svět
smutek nosím
buď láska
řekne se ukrajinsky
prosím...

buď láska,
modlím se tedy
a vzlykám

buď láska, volám kamsi
a sama nevím kam

buď láska,
vzývám
každého z nás
nenechme
Ukrajinu
zlomit si vaz

buď láska,
modleme se spolu
už dnes v noci
za Kyjev
za město
co zůstalo
bez pomoci

Letters from Me to You

Dear loveth ones who are
Standing strong in the midst of a heavy storm.
Life is unpredictable,
But love and grace dress us heavenly.
Fret not, prayers are heard.
This strong wind blowing out hearts off
And the rain that shudders us,
All of these will cease.
I can see the mountains moving
And first bloom happening.
Fill your days with bright lights
And nights with dreams of tomorrow.
Hard works are test of loyalty.
Much as love and war a test for unity in us
Much less this voice of mine unreachable,
But still I write from my heart,
Everything poured out.
I know Times are hard and days are long.
But stay strong, that mountain's moving.
Light up your candle bright,
And let the world know you are unshakeable.

#WeStandWithU

Rnji Chong

1/2

Ghost Fighters In The Sky

From up behind the vipers
Came the sword of justice sure
A missile in their tail
Became fascism's firey cure.

Not one, not two
But six monsters did he slay
He came from sun and shadow
And helped to turn the day.

The demons all laughed and said
This ace could not be real
But then his face appeared
As proof this land they could not steal!

Under blue and gold banner
Does he fly
This mighty flying savior
Will open up the sky

The ghosts of downed fighters follow him in chains
Their pilots now in purgatory singing their refrains
'Dont cross the Ghost of Kyiv
Or Like us you will fry
In firey justice

2/2

For Putin we did die
A lie of weakness
Of demonic origin
Until we stop our slaughter
We are ghosts haunting for our sin!

Under blue and gold banner
Does he fly
This mighty flying savior
Will open up the sky

Emmit Other

If I were you...

Dear you,

Your grass is green; your sky is blue.

The air around you blows swiftly, your garden flowers bloom.

The Lion remains King not because it's got the best abilities, but because it has for himself the best mentality.

The hardest thing in the world is right in your shoes.
But if the Lion could survive, so could you.

Shinamide

The Man

The man the man he's biting the hand that feeds him
The man the man he's stealing the land
Well when you've got no food to eat and no air to
breathe tell me how is the taste of concrete?
The man the man he's invading the seas
Killing the bees chopping down trees
Well brother when it's all gone only then will you
realize you can't eat money.
The man the man he's robbing us blind
Taking our time and owning our lives
The man the man he's no fan of the critics
He's no fan of the truth teller
The man the man his words like venom
You tell the truth, you'll end up like Lennon.
#westandwithu

Tanielle Beyleveld

Rain in Ukraine

Heavy missiles rain,
on the people of Ukraine,
beings in the world in tears,
seeing people struggle for life in fears,
Innocent civilians have done no wrong,
now holding guns and stands strong,
only to defend,
there's no one to depend,
their homes not a battlefield,
they fightback, not yield,
for their beloved homeland,
physical and mental attacks, they withstand,
Let us save humanity,
from the political insanity.

gokulnarrates

Red clouds

Fire fell in a smoky storm
and devoured your dreams
like they meant nothing,
but they meant something.

Bullets pierced your loved ones
and stole their future
like it meant nothing,
but it meant something.

The brave ones that fled
and the brave ones that stayed,
this wave of incomprehensible cruelty
will end.

you'll find me in a cloud

Refugee

Pack a bag my darling.
It is time for us to leave.
Pack a bag my darling.
Put your trust in me.
There is no school tomorrow.
And my heart is full of sorrow.
Pack a bag my darling.
I know it must seem frightening.
Put your big coat on
Hurry now we've not got long.
Chin up my love
Be brave and strong.
Pack a bag my darling
Take 1 Teddy bear.
I know that you are hungry
I've packed some food to share.
Wear your walking shoes
Don't forget your hat.
No I'm sorry darling
There's no time to find the cat.
Give daddy kisses xx
Daddy's are staying behind.
I hope that on our journey
New friends we will find.
Now listen closely child
And try to understand.
You must stay close to mama
And tightly hold my hand.
Have you packed a bag
My darling?
It is time for us to leave.

#WeStandWithU

Give peace a chance

Everybody's following bagism
vladism
spatism
in-your-face madism.
or at least they should be.
You really can't afford not to.

I still go back to the queen elizabeth every now & then to
speak with him,
the legend gone far too soon.
I want to learn everything, ask him
why the universe wouldn't let him stick around any

longer,
why he was ripped away from us so cruelly & callously
but I know that's not a productive use of anyone's time.

What is
is learning, growing as human beings all in the same bag
knowing that if we don't, we'll be tormented for the rest
of time
by our own inaction.

So I ask him about how we can stop this senseless
brutality,
get them
to see the only thing
they're really destroying is their own
soul.

But he just keeps repeating that four-word phrase over and
over
again
like a broken record player.
That's all he's saying.

When we find ourselves in times of trouble, the
ambassador
comes to me
& expects me to convey some semblance of wisdom.
"How do we end this?"

What am I to say?
Another bed-in?
Another march across a bridge?
Maybe a good old-fashioned stirring rendition of
kumbaya?

I just look at him
woefully unprepared,
"Have you tried tabula rasa?"

If you're not completely satisfied with it, you can return it
in 90 days for a full refund
at which point we can ride our flying pigs to the Bahamas
for a well-deserved vacation."

Sage Moondancer

Golden Blue

Borderlands
are besieged by ice
are besieged by lies
but truth never dies

Borderlands
under falling snow
but the snow is slow
thaws when it falls low

chorus:

A rain of pain is falling from the blue
on the golden fields mired in a stew
cooked from eagle's taste for the untrue
Don't let the eagle take your rightful due!
A golden sun is rising to the sky
a wreath of wheat above the world of rye
The seeds of steel will pierce the frozen lie,
their green will bring forth peace to all who cry!

Borderlands
between slack and wide
between wack and snide
betwixt in the slide

Borderlands
between next and past
past of brute-forced fast
chose the west at last

-chorus-

Borderlands
between bright and white
never lost their sight
in the dark of night

Borderlands
let us hear your tone
between hard and stone
you are not alone!

-chorus-

epilogue:
For your sacrifice
we must all atone
not just the face of ice
not just the hearts of stone

Every one who dies
dies for our home, too
Please, make us see their eyes
we must not forget you!

poznámky/notes:

Tak fajn, hecli jste mě :P

Doufal jsem, že postování v angličtině tu omezím na minimum, ale zoufalá doba si žádá zoufalé činy.

Ukrajinci, vy nezoufejte! Spoléháme na Vás, že svou zemi uhájíte.

At' zoufá ten zoufalec, který nechá svůj lid umírat za svoje bludy.

Fine, your dare made it :P

I hoped that I will keep posting here in English to a minimum, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

Don't despair, Ukrainians! We trust that You will protect your land. Leave despair to the desperado who lets his people die for his delusions.

(A tip to would-be singers: In each stanza except the epilogue, three lines are to be sung fast, the fourth slow. The epilogue goes 2:2)

#WeStandWithU

Julius Litevský

Sadness of War

The sadness of war,
The unbearable sadness of war.
People killing people they've never
met.
Just because they are told to.
Systems so vast
That no one can understand them.
Lies told with such ease.
And the grief of it all
Tears through everything.

#WeStandWithU

War

War and conflict will continue
As long as people see others as other,
And not as part of themselves.

Instagram: @manolin_poetry

#WeStandWithU

Manolin_Poetry

Politicians & Poets

Politicians and poets
Should be friends,
For the politicians
Need to learn
How to use words well,
And the poets
Need to learn
That words have consequences.

#WeStandWithU

Love Fiercely

What makes us act the way we do?
These are the questions that war
and violence and hatred bring to mind.
Does the desire for revenge, the
need for dominance, the
lust for bloodshed make us human?
I say this with a heavy heart:
It doesn't.
We must be careful
With each other.
Be gentle.
Love fiercely.

Instagram: @manolin_poetry
#WeStandWithU

Words of War

If politicians knew poetry,
They would not resort to war.
They would know that words
Can move mountains,
Just like love.

#WeStandWithU

Cowardly Conflict

Fighting and war
Is the last resort of cowards.
Tolerance and understanding
Are the weapons of the brave.

Instagram: @manolin_poetry

#WeStandWithU

Manolin_Poetry

Somewhere

Not somewhere far away anymore
The war is always is here
Hate and evil
Is with us
Every day every night

Somewhere a candle is burnung
Every night in the dark
Somewhere is always here
Fear grief and love

#WeStandWthU

Mohalit

Nestřílej, Volodo!

Ty nevidíš ty děti?
Bezbranné, zmlácené...

Bojí se tě,
ví totiž,
že je chceš zabít,
A tak se snaží ač roztřeseny spolu ještě naposled bavit.

Nebud' zrádcem lidskosti,
bud' zrádcem rozkazu.
Smrt tvá, i kdyby byla za to stojí.
Stojí za to ty děti sladké, co se tě tak bojí...

A to ti není o moc víc než jim,
požehnej jim životem.

Ne smrtí, ne krví...,
jež by byla pro tvého krutovládce a jeho sadismus,
vášeň neznající mezí.

Nestřílíš do papírového terče,
nýbrž do těl, jenž mají duši

a výstřel z pistole, tanku slyší.
i když vedle nich v řadách na popravu čekají
a stojí potichu se sepjatýma rukama jako mniši.

Tak tiše!
Klid, mír a lásku rozdávej!

Volod'o,
doma máš mámu a otce,
tak nebuď vůl.

Vrať se k nim nyní!
a živ a zdrav,
ne jako přeživší,
přeživší okupant.

Goewert2711

Close the Skies!

“Close the skies!” she shouted,
As the horizon thundered in pain.
Too soon it was upon her and
Life darkened with enemy planes.
“Close the skies!” she pleaded,
As bombs fell like rain.
It hurts too much to look up
And see the sky crying tears again.
What did she see during the daylight hours
Of those weeks of horror and despair?
Only rubble, brick, mortar, and stone
No sign of life anywhere.

Instagram: @manolin_poetry

#WeStandWithU

Manolin_Poetry

I will not stand with Ukraine

I will not stand with Ukraine

I will not stand with Ukraine...

Ukraine is disrespected my people

Africans

Plus it's not my business to be in

Your war with Russia how you need

My people to fight for you...they're willin

To, they won't fight for Africa...they won't

For black Americans...I can't say all of them

Cos there are some who fight for us, who's

Fightin white supremacy with us, too...

I will not stand with Ukraine...

I will not...

Ukraine speaks code....they're playin chess....

But they got the nerve to call on our brothers and

Sisters to go to war with them, even though they treat

Them like animals...it's not ok...

Why would I wanna stand with them

If I get mistreated?

Melaninated people are so naive

They don't see this as an issue

They see this as a mistake..

It's not a mistake.....

And it's not our business to be involved
In white people battles...
We should stand out of it
It's between two white men fightin over somethin
Yet we're so conditioned to love them....and we don't
want
Them to fight, and that's our problem....
We don't know how to stay out of white folks business
When it comes to battlefield between them...
We should stay out of their mass destruction...
Let's focus on us, we should be buildin,
Developin our code yet we still don't do that
We stuck on white people...it's sad....
It's why I will not stand with Ukraine
Sorry there's a war between them and Russia
I'm goin to mind my business...let them work it out
I guess...I go what I do best...it is to get messages
through
Melaninated people noggin....
I will stand with my own people, black people
Melaninated people they look like me
I look like them....
Will not stand with Ukraine....

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kai c.

Thank You, Ukraine

In a world,
Where normal is just a word,
A lonely country have to fight,
To keep the situation tight.
In a country, that used to be,
Just like the other countries you see,
Now there is an eternal struggle
An endless fight for survival

This is not a movie, or a game,
So why to be so much pain,
In a country just like yours ?
That used to be opened for tours.
In a place with his own tradition and history,
That used to have a beautiful mistery,
A war had started
And the beauty faded.

Look in the eyes,
Full of pain and tears
And tell me that you feel nothing,
Make me believe.

Words in rain,
Thank You , Ukraine

Mike B Christian

Poem for Ukraine

the sunflower seeds
burrowed in loan
begin to transform
and leave their soil homes
they pick themselves
by slender white stems
their heavy shell heads
are lifted and then
begin their new lives
hard skulls become green
softening, opening
longing to be seen
and now they rise
upwards, upwards, one by one
reaching, reaching--longing
for their father, the Sun

My Shell

Why I am Ukrainian too

I'm not an island,
every brother of suffering humanity
is my brother.

I'm not an island!
and I don't have to be near the bleeding sea
to shout.

My blood must not enter under the door,
to feel and say what I can only shout:

I'm not an island!
and I don't just want my peace,
I don't love her,
nor the portion of food,
I ended up not liking the postman's face anymore,
bringing me news that doesn't interest me,
the electricity and the heat of the home
they have become
strangers to me from now on.

I look at the clouds and clouds are everywhere.

Leave me things! leave me!
I'm not an island!
I am a living man! I'm air!
my brothers are dying under bombs!
Death is alive, if it is no other way!

Glory to Ukraine!

Her fight is mine too!
Here people behave normally,
buy things,
I buy too, most drink
but I drink hard,
the war comes with the drink
in my veins.

I'm not an island!
I'm a living man,
I'm the air of this spring.
I have all the flowers in the garden,
but all these flowers are no longer my flowers,
when my brothers were swallowed by bombs.

My parents tell me I'm not the richest man in the world,
and I must keep my house quiet,
but my peace is now my greatest pain,
when the brothers' faces are covered in bombs.

Where is the beloved Peace?!
I do not know!
Where I am?
I don't even know that anymore.
But who am I? and what I do
is all that matters!

Emanuel Pope

Stand, Arise, Fight

Stand

Arise

Fight

For your right

For yourself

For your love ones

For your neighbors

For your countrymen

For your beloved country

For your motherland

For your home

For your family

For the bright future

Of your son

Of your daughter

Of your grandson

Of your granddaughter

For the next generations

For their education

For their welfare

For their dreams!

*MEAd**

For All of Us

For the feelings that we can't suppress
For the regime that puts us under continues distress
For the depressing emotions that run wild
For the things we see that makes us act mild
For the hope we've lost and the lost we've gained
For the pain that we've caused and the people we've
maimed
For the hurt that follows us wherever we go
For the never-ending lingering sorrow
For the thoughts and horrors that keeps us awake at
night
For the darkness that is always consuming the light
For our humanity to never stop questioning itself
For our remaining stupidity that can be found in
books on many shelves
For our hearts that break and souls that are forsaken
For our beliefs to be destroyed and our last shred to
be taken
For every person who has ever failed
For all of us who've seen people killed
We are human
and
our humanity needs to sing
That violence never solved anything

Blady5970

My Heart Bleeds

My heart bleeds for a child who walks thousand of miles leaving his homeland.

My heart bleeds for a 9 years old who lost her arm in bombing.

My heart bleeds for a pregnant lady who lost her child in womb.

My heart bleeds for those children and wives who lost their father and husband in this bloody war.

And it will continue bleeding till this war ends.

(Please end this bloody war and spread some love)

lavrina

Hear their call

Under the cover of darkness they laid in wait,
Clutching what they held dear, in solemn state.
They've been here before in ages passed,
Stood on snow painted red, when they fought to the
last.

'Our Land is Our Land', a sweet child sings,
As birds fly above with death on their wings.
She looks to her mother, who has tears in her eyes,
Unable to see where their future lies.

'Where are our friends in the western sphere?'
Through the waves of death, we all must hear.
For it will not be just they that suffer,
If sanctions and rhetoric are all we can muster.

When you hear their cries echo through your day,
May you remember them dearly, as you keep tears at
bay.
May we respond with love when we hear their call,
We shall stand together, united we fall.

Jimmy Watkins

War in Ukraine

Сьогодні 20 день війни... і Сьогодні була весна..
справжня.тепла.сонячна.але не спокійна..
Сьогодні я б хотіла гуляти по місту з відчуттям
безпеки і миру. Що в моїй країні не помирають
діти та дорослі. Що не руйнуються оселі , будівлі
, навчальні заклади..Що ніхто не виїжджає за
кордон з метою порятунку..Що ніхто не отримує
повідомлень про смерть сина, доньки, мами
чи коханої людини.. Що ніхто не бачить смерті
батька на власні очі..Що ніхто не чує вибухів та не
прокидається від звук сирен..Що хтось зовсім не
може спати..Що хтось сидить у підвалі і мерзне..
Що комусь немає ,що їсти, що хтось покинув рідне
місто і у нього тепер немає дому...Що хтось більше
ніколи не обніме найдорожчих , не скаже нарешті
"Я тебе кохаю". Що цього не встигну зробити я
.... тому ,що зараз як ніколи хочеться обійняти
всіх кого не можу ... хочу просто посидіти поруч
і довго говорити про все на світі..сміятися.. Хочу
,щоб мої проблеми та проблеми всіх інших були ж
такими дріб'язковими ,як раніше..щоб відсутність
у мережі людини не навіювало страх , і першим
про що думалось " Ти живий? Ти в порядку? Де ти?
Як ти? " Хочу не спати з рукою на телефоні, і не
прокидатись ,як по будильнику о 3 годині ночі..
Хочу ,щоб мені снилось море , а не ракети ,які

пролітають над головою..Хочу, не прислухатися до кожного звуку , і не чути в них сирени ...Хочу ,щоб всі плакали тільки від щастя, від довгоочікуваної перемоги, а не від утрат та страху..Я хочу спокою..в країні.в голові.в думках..Я хочу мируЯ вже хочу почати відбудовувати мою Україну, хочу об'їздити всі міста , кожен її куточок..Кінець ти там вже скоро?

An.mkhts

Pak už nic

Po válce
Každý je generál
Každý ví
Co a jak
Ale co teď?
Co uděláme?
Kdo se se zbraní
K hranici postaví?
Kdo si bude
Na vojáka hrát?

Cvičený opičák
Bezbranný študák
Vyjde to na stejno
Zemřou oba

Všechny ty matky
Všechny ty děti
Všechna ta metra

Ozve se bum
A co pak?
Pak už nic

27. 2. 2022

Revolution

War is a king on the throne,
and we the lowly peasants,
who dream of a better life.

But even the king is mortal,
and there will come a time,
when we tear down the king's walls
and the king will be dethroned.

Hark! What sounds are those?
The clashing of steel?
No, it's the clanging
of a thousand anvils.

The smithing of a new day.

Let the fires of creation
burn through the night,
and forge a new world.

The people will live in peace,
and no one will dream of war,
because we'll have the world,
and the world will be ours.

War will be but a memory,
and peace will reign.

За Родимые Края/ For the Native Lands

За родимые края будут вновь стоять,
Будет литься кровь ручьём, павших не считать.
Будет горе страшное, будет страх и боль,
Битвы будут долгие, и кровавый бой.
Жили люди счастливо, парни выросли
Ах, зачем, несчастные на войну пошли?
Будет горе чёрное, белая печаль.
Сыновей похоронив, будет причитать
Мать старуха, и отец выпустит слезу.
За родимые края, за свою страну
Будем с горечью рыдать, и клянуть войну.

They will again stand for their native lands,
Blood will flow in a stream, can't count the fallen.
There will be terrible grief, there will be fear and pain,
The battles will be long and bloody.
People lived happily, the guys grew up
Oh, why, the unfortunate went to war?
There will be black grief, white sadness.
Having buried their sons, the old mother will lament
And the father will let out a tear.
For my native land, for my country
We will weep bitterly and curse the war.

Rubble

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
Before the ones, the so called 'saviours'
Came marching in and took it all away

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
The people here were so nice to their neighbours
Those times, so good and dull, the day to day

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
When truth still had a place in here somehow,
Before the lies engulfed their wiped out mind

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
If you dare look, you'll almost see it, even now:
The memories left behind. Weren't they so kind!

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
These half torn houses once kept love so near...
There's just a faint outline of what it used to be here:
A place of peace, of heart, of truth and life

#WeStandWithU

This poem was inspired by one of Sasha Anisimova's
illustrations (@sasanisimova on Instagram).

Daria Hupov

A War Cry for Help

In the midst of turmoil
as an army rises to take the spoil
on another nation's soil
the people rise and toil
defending their soil

On one side
Women and men
Mothers and fathers
Young and old
stand bold
defending their soil

The other side-
heavily patrolled
controlled by what they're told
Marching orders become nothing more than a blindfold
a captive stronghold
Which soldiers cannot escape without renouncing their
allegiance

Threatened by the potential loss of the brotherhood from
one country to another
and drained by political upheaval in one country to the
other
A war cry broke out

Though oceans separate us,
our hearts stand with the people
The Women and men
Mothers and fathers
Young and old
that stand bold
defending their soil

Although we may not be there,
or be able to understand the gravity of the situation,
one cannot help but wonder –
What do you do when you find yourself in the midst of
war?
Where do you even begin?
Who do you call for?
Or kneel before?

As families are torn,
who will care for the ones they adore?
Who will attend to those misplaced with nothing more
than what they can carry?

Stressed beyond measure
families are caught in the middle of political unrest
With no one to contest these circumstances
Where does one turn?

For hope, we yearn
so I say, lookup
Who made the heaven and the sky you see?
Who has the power to not only hear but ANSWER your
plea?

This war cry for help –
no man can heal
only time will reveal
yet while it's real,
it's time to kneel

Do not put your trust in men who are nothing more than
mortal men
here today and gone tomorrow
Put your trust in what is pure and just
And what is purer and more just than our Lord and savior?

While we still have air in our lungs
let us use our tongues
to declare a desperate cry for peace
that this war may cease

Binding together
from far and near
altogether, let this cry resound
that the Lord may hear
and change the sphere

Alexis M.B.

U

While the shells rip us apart, we become closer than
ever

While they ask us to flee, we ensure to stay together
With our lives and our entireties, our land we'll
defend

With guns and ammo, blood and bravo; we'll fight to
the end

As you pray for us, make sure others hear our story
For we want to keep telling it, not to merely seek
glory

Our hearts remain strong, but the scenes are gory
Our bodies still live, but there are many to bury

A lot of fight remains so no crying for us yet
The worst of times has brought out our very best
In the midst of darkness, we see love and light first.
The end is nigh, for the borderland will have her
conquest

Okus

**Ukraine is of the world.
As is war and peace.**

23:14h....17.3.2022.....= $10+26=36=9$ (Facts)
Lisboa, Portugal.

Things keep on getting colder;
Senseless.

...I think it's the times.

The universe, getting to a state of renewal,
Extinguishing humans to get ideals fulfilled.

We know we can get warm,

We know we should be,

Today; with a deep need to face it,

And a deep need to survive.

.

On, how to act

And, get through.

Away from indifference.

Luís Ventura

Hope

There will always be hope
long before it begins,
long after it is over,
there will be hope.

When your mouth feels dry
when you feel that you can't survive
when the whole world, not just yours,
seems to be falling apart,
when the humanity is torn into parts,
remember there is hope.

Shining through the clouds
pouring from the heaven
in the kind deeds
in the womb of a mother
in the seed underneath the ground,
there is hope.

wordsbysurabhi

MAKE LOVE

this war isn't war, it's a chance not to kill anyone
this love isn't love unto death, it's as long as it lasts
to protect one another is all this occasion demands
and to look at the world through a steady rifle sight
and to look within ourselves through every
microscope
and to look at you at every hour every minute at all
times
to protect one another, and in keeping calm and
carrying on
to burn down to the ground and to rise up as smoke
this war isn't war , but a certain and fiery passion
this love is forever, just as moments pass forever
we hit bottom to get stuck in some new heaven
there is a string that binds us all together
that string between us is a safety fuse

jeevan srinivas

Stand

Let our brethren's tears stream vertically with you.
Let our children's scream echo in the smoky chaos.
Let the mother mourn the loss of her young child.
Let the bride yell in anguish for the parting of her
groom.

Let the people earnestly battle for their inalienable
rights.

& Let US stand on our feet to support yours in the
fight.

#WeStandWithU

dmdandelion

One For Those In Power

i wonder
how the inhabitants of snow globes feel
to have their world shook
turned upside down
for another's merriment

is the white calm that falls after
worth it?

Samantha Ironman

Kočárky ve Lvově

Jak obří barevné korálky
Stojí opuštěné dětské kočárky
Ulice jsou plné sutin a smetí
Invazi nepřežilo už 109 dětí

Kattenka79

I don't believe

I don't believe in violence
but I hope they give you hell
I hope you lose your continence
I hope your trousers start to smell

I don't believe in violence
but I hope they snap your bones
I hope they kick your teeth in
I hope you cannot speak for groans

I don't believe in violence
but I hope they bleed you dry
I hope you beg for mercy
I hope they hear you cry

I don't believe in violence
but I hope your pelvis breaks
I hope they really take their time with you
I hope they throw you to the snakes

I don't believe in violence
but I hope you choke on sick
I hope for every bruise you give Ukraine
your scrotum takes a kick

I don't believe in violence
but I hope they piss on you
I hope they beat you yellow
I hope they beat you blue

I don't believe in violence
but every word of this is true:
I don't believe in violence
but I hope it believes in you

#WeStandWithU

Jan-Kjetil Jess

Turn Despair into Hope

I once was a slave.
But I am too brave.
It was not astonishment.
But, I am glad to receive my punishment.

Since, I am ready to die.
All of my life was a lie.
But someone said you have to fight.
You will turn the darkness into light.

Come with me to sweet revenge.
We will fight, give justice, until the end.

Enyerclipse
3/18/22

Enyerclipse

I Think to Myself What a Wonderful World

TWs: reference to hostage situation, Russia-Ukraine conflict, terrorism

But my world revolves around violence and war
Not the kind of 2022
I've been hoping for

I fight to save my children
Who used to be safe in their classroom
Now their living, breathing textbooks
Are the number of lives killed, mentions nightly news

I fight to save freedom of press
Journalists must elevate our narratives truthfully
We're not headlines; we're real people
Enduring this trauma they like to censor collectively

I fight to save the African students
Locked here amidst the invasion
Racism has no place here, there, anywhere
They must come home to continue their education

I fight to keep wonder alive
Though now my world revolves around violence and war
To make 2022 the kind of 2022
I've been hoping for

A/N: #WeStandWithU
Thank you for being you!

Avery Danae Writes

Standing with Ukraine

In the blink of an eye, all changes,
All lives left battered and broken.
No one people should control
Another just for sport,
For all lives matter.
As hope fights on,
You are in
Our hearts,
U.

#WeStandWithU

Brett Andrew Heard
March 18, 2022

Brett Andrew Heard

Mantra for the enemy - #WeStandWithU

You shatter our lives with bombs, with fear, with shelling
You try to rob Ukraine of freedom and of strength
You'll fail. And there's a fact that doesn't need foretelling:
We'll win our peace. For that, we'll go to any length

You fill our eyes with tears and our hearts with sorrow
You kill the best, the bravest who stand for our defense
You're doomed. For likes of you, there will be no tomorrow
We're strong. But for all this, there is no recompense

You decimate our cities, destroy our land and culture
You force people to flee, to leave their dreams behind
You'll die. Your fate - sunflower seeds and vulture
We'll live. We weren't, aren't, and won't ever be blind

Lana L.

U(kraine)

....standing in the cold,
standing and turning old.
All standing because you care,
standing because you're there.
Still standing with guns drawn,
standing with everything gone.
Who can see such strength?
US of America watching at length..... United with U
in the States.

#WeStandWithU

Kate Cravens

The Final Price

a son bidding farewell,
to his father with tears,
in his innocent eyes,

a couple kissing, unaware,
one of them won't survive,

a mother awaiting,
the return of her martyred son,
her life's numbing sacrifice.

someday,
when leaders shake hands,
and economies grow back,

these people will carry on,
with bullet-shaped holes,
in their forlorn hearts,

these people will carry on,
with guns, screams and tears,
echoing throughout their lives,

so now tell me,
when it comes to war,
who pays the final price?

Dennis Thomas

As Violence Sung

his eyes reflected,
the flames burning,
his childhood home,

his bones weakened,
feeling his mother's,
warmth grow cold,

his heart's screams,
joined the chorus,
of tanks and guns,

and the light,
stopped breathing.
— as violence sung

Dennis Thomas

for U

i fold these words into
a paper airplane
and toss them with all my might
hoping they will fly
into your hands
on this cold, relentless night
over the stars
a silver jet stream
singing
'look towards the moon'
for here is where you and i will meet
i am looking
and thinking of you

Breanna Shae Poetry

Anecdote

They bombed my friend's hometown.
I know nothing about what that is like.
His memories of hopscotch decimated by airborne
evil.
So we cooked his favorite: surf 'n turf.
It doesn't change anything.
We both knew that.
So we reminisced on the beauty of
His culture, language, religion, and community.
We spoke of the willpower of
his family, his people, his nation.
That I know nothing about
aside from news outlets.
I asked him to teach me
words of his native language.
I am not fluent.
He explained to me what he considers support,
I listened.
Then we decided we should consider
living together.
I like surf 'n turf too.
We both know that.

Jonsey

Monday

I'm waiting for these sausages to cook.I have turned
off the news.

There's an air raid siren sounding somewhere
Far away.

I listen to the sizzle in the pan.
The popping of fat in angry oil.

Lydia Rutland

Ukrainian child

What is wrong with you little girl
Do you want a new Barbie? What is it at all?
Are you sad as your programme again is not on?
No, I am sad cause my Mother is gone.
Is she gone to the shop, to get you some bread?
There's no shop any more and my Mother is dead.

Kon chorny

We stand with you

Sometimes its hard to stand it,
sometimes its hard to tell,
sometimes I think oh dammit,
why do we have this hell?
But here we stand beside you,
not in person but in words,
and going together with you through,
let our thoughts fly with the birds,
yes, we can see so many,
believe me, you are not alone,
if you ever think: is there any?
be sure: hope will lead you home,
there are many people beside you,
even if you cannot see,
the global movement breakthrough,
with all who don't agree,
we send you light and power,
for this live with more downs than ups,
even in this darkest hour,
against this man without no scrups,
you are stronger than this terror,
hold on, you will survive,

against this old dictator,
who has no sense in live,
and all beside this cruelty,
that you see day by day,
you have this strong unity,
justice is on it's way,
never loose optimism,
your nation is so brave,
for a world lead by pacifism,
stay strong - and please stay save.

Christina Faab

Petal

A million lives stretched behind our eyes
I hold tight to a petal
The colour of sunshine
It's the light that bursts through darkness
That makes me stand alone...broken
Fighting for this land
Flowers blanketed in black
The wind blows encouraging hope
It's the light that bursts through darkness
That makes me stand..together in healing
Fighting for this land
#WeStandWithU
People of Ukraine

Andrea Fahselt

Shea the Child Thief

Ukraine is the great divider
Showing wheat and chaff
Like the bible says
Slime and heroes show their true colors
Reverened Matt Shea wears many hats
Insurrectionist traitor
Disgraced frothtard congressman
Fundamentalist cult leader
Human snail
Literally sliming the statehouse steps
And now to this distinguished career
Adds human trafficker
Because why not
A party that shields pedophiles
That causes other traffickers to mysteriously die
And blame democrats
Or elects them to the senate
Or appoints rapists to the court
Why not add a feather from their butt
To their tinfoil duncecap
As the froth of the froth of the froth
Fights to turn Idaho
Into Florida
And the good Reverend

Will bring 60 war orphans
To add to the population of hostages
The federal government is slow
And seems to be doing nothing
As whispers on the internet
Imply social media support
Is protecting Shea
What do facebook and twitter and tiktok
Have to do with this man?

Emmit Other

NEWS

Everyone is saying "stand with Ukraine"
They raise up banners to speak of the war
Somewhere in the world deaths are multiplying
But no one raised placards for that
People have taken the decision to come out and
justify one
We have forgotten that taking a stand for just one
country
Isn't how the war would end
What we have done is only add fuel
The flames are going up
The enmity hasn't still been solved
Both sides still knows no peace
Who says Russia citizens are Happy with the war?
Who says they agree with their leaders display of
power?
Who says Ukraine wishes to be in the news for this
war
Instead of taking up placards saying "stand with
Ukraine"
It should be to the leaders "End this display of Power"
Who shoot the gun first?
Who retaliated next?
What Matters is that there is a war going on and
people are still dying

Cries of agony is still being heard
You know i get tired of seeing those leaders in power
Talking of retaliating to the other country
If there could just sit to think about the blood that as
spilled for their retaliation cause
Shame on these leaders who don't know the way of
peace
Maybe when their mothers come crying for their
injured sisters
Or maybe when their wives cry for losses
Then their heart will be open towards forgiveness
Woe on the people who have taken a side to stand
with
They don't wish to end the war
Their wish is to create a news
Raise up the placards, keep saying "stand with
Ukraine"
You shall see how this fire will keep burning

PeckieRalph

The Sound of War

Tick tick tick A happy little clock looking at A young
couple dancing around in love In the late evening sun

Tick tick tick

Laughter and giggles and love fills the air

The young man goes on one knee

And pull out a ring

Tick tick tick

A small gasp and a heartbeat of silent

The young woman flings herself to him

YES!

Tick tick tick

House filled with love ones

Cheering, hugging, dancing

On *finally* their wedding day

Tick tick tick

Pitter patter of little feet

“Papa! Papa! One more time!”

She giggles as Papa made her fly

Tick tick tick

“Mama! Papa!”

“It’s midnight!”

“Happy New Year, our darling”

Tick tick tick

24th February 2022

BOOM BOOM* BOOM*

“Mammaa! Papppa!”

“We’re here my love, we’re here”
Mama and Papa looks at each other
With tears in their eyes
Tick tick tick
“No! You can’t go! We need you here”
“I need to protect you. I need to protect Yulia”
“Promise me you’ll come back. PROMISE ME.”
Tick tick tick
“Papa! NO! PAPAA!”
Young man glimpsed back with rolling tears
“You made a promise remember that!”
Young man nodded and left
.....
Tick tick tick
“YULIAAAAAA! NOO!”
BOOOOOOOOOOM
Dust, chaos, fire, rubble, broken toys
Tick tick —
Sad little clock
Stopped at 06:56
.....
Tick tick tick
Young man on the ground at war
Can’t move. Grenade.
Tears in his eyes
“I’m sorry my love, I can’t keep my promise”
BOOM

Samantha’s secret

the Difference

its an entirely different feeling,
for the lives around you to be challenged.

different than that of your own,
freedom and rights being altogether gifted.

its an entirely new sensation,
to be rewarded for all accusations & crimes

new sensations of fear,
to watch the longing souls around you die.

this entirely fatigue-rigged world
show all but the people that life's ignorant.

a fatigue-rigged world
allowing the rest of us no form of good peace, but
tolerance.

this is the difference.

— M

#WeStandWithU

Morigan Young :)

Не говориться, не працюється,
Не складається на душі,
Не всміхається, лиш сумується,
Ох, як гірко ж зараз мені.

Як не віриться що це робиться
На країні рідній моїй.
Світ руйнується, все збувається
Що написано в Біблії.

Як прийняти це? Зрозуміти це?
І невже це початок кінця?
Пережити це, не зламатися
І отримати від Бога вінця.

Я от думаю за ці душі всі...
Чи спасуться, чи згаснуть навік?
Одні борються, інші журяться,
Інших чути молитви крик.

Так благайте же! Докричітеся!
І розплачтеся за життя!
За марнотним всім не женітеся,
Бо воно все йде в небуття.

В небутті воно не згадається.
Бог лиш гляне на душу твою, -
Чи повірив ти, чи розкався,
Чи довірив життя ти Йому.

Гляньте люди всі, - Бог не гається!
Він гряде! Ось вже скоро прийде!
Хтось засмутиться, хтось злякається,
Але Свого наш Бог не мине!

Та не бійся так, ти душа моя,
Не хитайся ти, не тремти!
Що написано, те збувається.
Бог дасть сили нам все це пройти!

Uliana Meyer

Nostra somnia non erit terminus

The life give me a shot,
The life took me forever
and has pushed me into a bucket
that has no end.
Can't handle the stuff
Sometimes I feel like
like, someone is taking me back,
But sometimes it's completely weird
And then I woke up with anxiety in my head.
I'm looking for a better world,
the world with peace in it,
not with war.
A free world full of love,
with harmony in each other's hearts.
People die with hope
that God send it from up above,
because this is life,
and the world will never be yours.
People need more smiles to share
and to let the negativity pass away.

19/03/2022
Tereze Thaqi

STAND WITH UKRAINE

they wait patiently here
fists clinched, full of fear
they hear marching in the distance
they put up a resistance
and pray this whole thing will clear

• • •

#WeStandWithU

Devarius Johnson

Nice Alliance you have there

Be a shame if something should happen to it
I mean natural friends there
CCP and Rashista
Two peas in a natural pod
Now heres the rub
As in rub salt in the wound there Polony Boy
What if
And this is a hypothetical here
What if Covid wasnt natural
blahblahblah
Boring you say thats so 2020
Well sure but hear me out
Everyone thinks China or the USA made it
But what if
And sure its a hypothetical
But what if the Russian Federation made covid
To be able to sell vaccines
And increase their diplomatic weight
Just like they actually did
Imagine what China would do
If they found out

Emmit Other

The Right For Independence

True strength comes from self-reliance
Utilizing one's intelligence to replace confidence
To stand triumphantly as a lone autonomy
Able to flourish greatly on your own accord
For this controlled power results
In the sovereign of meekness
Comprehending limits of your capability
One's obstinate assuredness holds truth
In the most absolute sense of just aptitude
Expressing determination to uphold responsibility
An honest freedom to strive towards
My right for independence must be acknowledged
Allow me to stretch my wings and soar high in the sky

Midnight Kale

War Again

The bombs fall from above
to silence the gentle dove
Sirens all begin to call
and the people now start to fall
War is again at the door
and they again wonder what for
A father walks streets alone
nothing of home remains but stone
Children weep with parents gone
and mothers wail with every dawn
Silence now fills them with dread
as they wait to see who is dead
Another war and it's fears
the pain and sorrow felt for years

Sophia Frey

the painter

the painter put his palette down,
he put his paint brush down as well,
and in a language I don't understand he spoke to his
town.

All ghostly and grim,
a horror scene, so unfamiliar yet horridly his.
And in a language that I understand,
he cried.

orbiting vega

Spring

Bees are benumbed with cold
Birds fled from their nests
Nightingales are waiting for flowers
Awaiting eyes of cuckoo's
Infact, everything is faded

One will bloom and groom
With the pinnacle of beauty
Attractive colors and fragrance
That will change the destiny of the whole yard
Expunge sadness, darkness of Autumn's
One day spring will transpire

Asfand Shahzad

Asfand Yar

Voda v potoce zčervenala

Voda v potoce zčervenala
A nezabudki sklonily se v prachu
Matka zrovna košilku prala
Hladinou plují dětské oči strachu

Kattenka79

The lesson from Stalingrad

On the Mamayev Kurgan
their own dead buried them
Ragged all, in the ruins
of dark days, hurled
Arm-on-arm bullet-on-bombshell
they buried them,
On those cold days pivot
to the might of the world.

A blizzard of wings and steel
under flare light
Organ ground, and snipered down
they crumbled
As a red tide was poured
into the maw of the night.
In Stalin's city,
the Reich first stumbled.

It wasn't the Allies
who saw that dark tide turned
But Russians, and Germans,
thirty millions of them
Who beat down that fire
from when the Reichstag burned.
It was in Stalingrad,
where their own dead buried them.

It was not guns or hope,
but deaths that won.
Because all tyrants can make,
is ruins and dead men.
The innocents of that time
must not be forgotten
And that tyrants should die,
before dead men bury them.

#WeStandWithU #Ukraine #GloryToTheHeroes

Permacultural

Russia Trilogy 1 Brute Power

Miracle of life
Much later
Miracle of human life
Complex, caring
Social, intelligent
And sometimes
Brutal

Like a rock
To smash open
nuts
and retrieve
the fruit
therein

Coarse, hard
pitiless
Brutal from
it's inception
In minds
of would be
rulers

Too ready to
Organize
To inflict
Terror

First luring,
young, lost
male soldiers
Enrolling them
in rituals of
Violence

Building
blind loyalty
Fear-based,
Cold, armed
Deadly
Draped in lies
Paeans of glory
Conquering exploits

Forging a nation
An empire
An edifice of
death
The currency
of rule
Brute force

Used, forged
In brute
Violence
Most so
when innocents
In public
before others
Silenced by
steel

Today we see
on vivid display
Russian brutality
Putin's rule
Wreaking havoc
and fear
In Ukraine

The world
protests
sanctions
This travesty
But stands by
Knowing well
The coarse truths
of today's
Power

Each regime
In delicate balance
with the brute
Power of others
Trading in false
histories
Of state
and rule

So now
One leader
Holding nuclear
Force
An ultimate
Brutality
Dares the world
With brazen
Horrorific
Violence

This is our
World today

Russia Trilogy 2 Ruler's Accounting

At mother's knee
Next to father
Returned soldier
Stories of
Leningrad
Nazi horror
900 days
Starvation
takes a million

Lessons of
resistance
To brute power
To a madman
Far away
Bent on
destroying
My people

This young child
last of three,
two older
taken by illness
Vladimir
Charmed survivor
To two
struggling parents

Be ready
to fight
Strike first
Humiliate
your opponent
No quarter
only power
threatened
and wielded,
Rules

KGB training
tunes
early instincts
A rapid rise
To head of FSB
A Surprise
Yeltsin choice
As Presidential
successor

More surprises
Astutely manages
Russian economics
Growth raises
living standards

True nature
soon evident
Retore Russian
glory
Return to Chechnya
Erase Yeltsin mistakes
Crush opposition
Raze Grozny
With Bashar
Crush Aleppo

Establish
And sustain
Dictators
Belarus, Chechnya
Poison for
West leaning
Leaders and
expatriots

With guile
Stir separatist
grievances
Georgia, Moldova
Ukraine
Russian force
Secures
Forced independence
Of Russia leaning
populations

Ever maneuvering
A reduced empire
Gas dependent
Economy
Like a small boy
In the streets
Bluster
Strike first
Find a way

Absolute
Control
No internal
opposition
Political adversaries
Jailed, shot
Supporters
punished

A lifetime
battling,
Conscience
silenced
Every tactic
To survive
To prevail

Each battle
A test
Ruthless violence
Quells
opposition

Happy discovery
West fears nuclear
force
Mere threat
and bigger powers
Back off
Watch in awe
Horror at work

So stunned
When judgement
arrives
Alarmed generals
Palace surround
Your cowardice
exposed
Poison pill
Stays in hand

Behind bars
You await
Your life's

accounting
Brought
to the dock
Defiant
Impassive
No regrets

A foretold verdict
To late
For so many victims
May dictators heed
May peoples heed

No more
No more

InBRcog

Russia Trilogy 3 Recovering Humanity

The jacket
of fear
Presses tight
Constricts
Little room
To think
to feel
Better to
Obey
Stay safe

Get indoors
Close the blinds
When out
A pretense
Of conformity
Such is the rule
Of tyrants
and their thugs

The rule of
Russia
Crushing any
Independence
At home,
and now
in Ukraine

Let recovery
Take root
In human bonds
To others
To our land
Daily care
A reclamation

Neighborhood
by neighborhood
Build bonds anew
Our marginalized
with their voices
their needs
Begin
So weave
bonds of
mutual care

Look around
Our barren streets
Tear up
concrete
Plant trees
Bushes
Flowers
Vegetables

Call back
the birds

No to police
To jails, courts
And violent gangs
as well
No to armies
To unthinking
unfeeling
Brute force

With human resolve
Denounce
Stand up
Then melt away
And reform
In another block
Defanging
Assembled forces

Bit by bit
Loving act
by loving act
Recover humanity
Reclaim cities
Make Russia
A beacon
Tyrannical
Rule undone

InBRcog

Přeci

V Charkově střílí děla
Copak to se lidem dělá?
Ostřeluje školku i porodnici
Poslat na něj tak polednici
V pátek vzplál oheň v Záporohu
Jaderná katastrofa číhá zpoza rohu
V Mariupolu slíbil příměří
To už mu ale nikdo nevěří
Prý míří na strategické cíle
Tak ať si tedy vezme brýle
Květináč, houpačka, morče v kleci
Jsou jenom všední lidské věci
Přeci.

Kattenka79

Peace Peak When Hope Peak a Boo

I dream about a world,
A world full of peace
But all I see is despair.
I dream about a world,
Where people can live with ease,
But I can't find it anywhere.

I dream about a world,
A world without poverty,
Where people aren't deprived of their liberty.
I dream about a world,
A world where kids go to bed,
listening to lullabies.
not where one wakes up to war cry.
I dream about a world,
A world full of happiness,
Without a sight of selfishness.
I dream about a world,
A world without wars.

Wars to have control,
Wars to have land,
People must learn and lend a hand.
Wars are costly,
They rob children of their innocence,
When children should be playing on their Papa's
shoulder,
I see them carrying their papa on their shoulders.
Wars and conflicts,
Oh when they cease.
There shall be a world at peace.
And i dream about a world.

Quraishi

Turtle Game

Commanding the fear of all
Wild rage dried upon bony cheeks,
Grown men pregnant with reprisal
in swift stride unto the breach
Swinging sharp memories through the neck
of vestigial but vast sickle and hammer.
For the bones begging for burial,
pleading for peace, yearning for the yard,
the blood and worms meat turned fertile soil,
The soil springing forth daisies;
shivering in rainfall, waltzing in the wind,
smiling in sunshine, now trampled and weeping,
freckled in ash.

Easton Payne

How can there not be a heaven

A holocaust survivor was killed today
I will get his name his age he deserves that
But surely the next life is greater than this one
Little children with shrapnel in their tummy
Women raped
If there is a non heaven then there must be a heaven
And God must be able to pick up all our small tributes
down here
Our little way, as St Therese wrote.

Kieran84Vine

Sorry n Miss you Liza

Broken walls of security
and hearts
Towers crumbling down of who
ugliness of nationalities

Blowing up the edifice of
wordly worldly affairs
To talk less,
The great groupings are rubbish,

What to say except nothing
I couldn't save you, Sorry, my dearest

Miss you Liza!

©madgoke

Madgoke

Odessa, March 2022

she places her hand on the mahogany archway
and the mezuzah her grandmother had placed
when she had returned all those years ago
shoulders her backpack and walks away
around barbed wire and sand bags to the train
one crocus in a crack in the sidewalk
monsters in the Black Sea

My Shell

Haiku: Conminación

Se calienta el Mar Negro
en la hora del sol —
Mieses y hierbas levantando el martillo
[dorado]

#WeStandWithU

.....

Haiku: Threat

The Black Sea heats up
in the sun hour —
Mieses and grasses raise the golden
[hammer]

Phillipe Jars

El verbo

Sí — Claro — La guerra— Bramidos al este — Putin salpicando con su saliva — Ucrania, unánime, sin mostrar duda, dilatando el músculo — Que sea azul y amarillo el verbo contra el martillo y la hoz.

~Ph Jars©~

.....

The verb

Yes — Of course — The war — To the east bellows — Putin splashes with his saliva — Ukraine, unanimous, without showing any doubt, dilates the muscle — Let the verb against the hammer and sickle be blue and yellow.

Phillipe Jars

we stand because of U #westandwithu

we.stand.with U
west.and.with U
We stand because of you

We die with each lie we tell ourselves
You die from a bullet fired from hell
You die because we fail to defend
The very reason why we still stand
We stand because of you.

g00dbar

IN UKRAINE

Every time things become normal
The sirens sound
And your mind is crowded again.

Lubella Ellen

World

Turmoil looms
While Putin dooms
Sanctions hanging overhead

Bombs and drills
Spine chilling drills
No one's counting the dead

Cintra

"Play of lives and deaths"

Leave the other thoughts out
You are still alive,
Stand on the knees, you can n
Give me five!
I am victor, Don't you hear
The little minded!
One less soldier has died from my side
It's my great noble duty to keep you reminded!
I have tasted all kind of firecrackers
You saw with your wide range of eye,
Waging a war an ancient sapiens play,
This is the game of lives and deaths, the truth is this,
I am never going to deny!
©madgoke

Madgoke

Be Assured

Putin what is the reward

On Angels chord

You can't see what your heading toward

Right in front of the whole world

You are decapitating yourself with your own sword

The fight will not stop, you can be assured.

Chris1987

Třese se mi tělo

Třese se mi tělo,
potí se ruce ledové,
už dávno mělo skončit období maturitní,
plné učení a začít nové.

To je z toho,
všechny ty nervy,
to dalo se čekat,
že pobřežím na záchod derby.

Klepu se, u srdce mě píchá,
mám se ale dobře,
když nepostihla mě jako jiné mícha.

Můžu chodit, žít i s touto nepříjemností,
té dispepsie se říká.

Čas tiká a tiká,
ubíhá ale pomalu.
Chce se mi zvracet a je mi z toho do žalu.

Je to neuróza nebo viróza?
Kdo ví?!

Nikdo jinou odpověď než že je třetí světová dneska nezná.

Hot dogy, kuskus a čokotycinky už nebudu jíst,
chci klid,
silnou a stabilní střevní mikroflóru a PEACE.

12:05, přichází naši noví obyvatelé z válečné zóny,
Ukrajiny,
snad jim naše pomoc a nic jiného nepřijde levé,
protože levárna to (aspoň pro mě) není.

Moje bolest, vsadím se, tedy vlastně vím, je i za ně,
nezvaně, přišli nezvaně jako ta válka u nich,
i když byly signály naznačující postup vojsk Rudých,
Ubohých, Slabých, Krvelačných "Obránců".
Já teď bojím se, bojím se blbců,
co nechápou, že mít je víc než NUTNOST,
ale lidská potřeba,
která měla být hned v první příčce Maslowovy pyramidy
zapsána.

Mým tenkým či tlustým střevem asi právě teď prochází
párek jak rourou, krytem pod zemí.

Valí se lavina, lidi se ptaj,
co je naše a jejich území.

Nemáme hranice, ale v chování je mějme!
To musíme!

A musíme vědět proč se o svůj klid a o svoje území s nimi
dělíme.

Je tak, nebo ne?
Myslím, že je tak.

Spolu to nějak uhrajem,
když to už teď se snahou válíme jako Sisyfus před sebou

hroudu, balvan, co má X tun.
Musíme vědět, že je stále a včil was zu tun!
Nebo si přejme, aby tak bylo,
lidstvo by jinak pasivitou v anarchii skončilo
a srdce své pozvolna si lilo na chodník.

V krvavé lázni smutku z anarchie,
ještě ke všemu,
koupat se nechceme,
vzkažme to tedy prosím hloupému lidu.
A ostatně i lidojedům.

Jak tedy hodláme bojovat proti anarchii a pasivitě?
Činností, činností lidu plné lásky.
Na to já hodlám se doma vyspat,
na ty zírky, co lepší budou a že smutného se vyspat,
a pokecat si se zdí,
tím nemluvným joudou.

Sláva národu bojujícímu,
sláva těm, co se nevzdali,
sláva zdraví,
sláva Bohu,
já tě zdravím, zničena bez masky a strachem z Černobyly a
bez jódu.

Potkala jsem dvě ženy ukrajinské,
česky jsem se jich ptala, jestli rozumí.
„Not czech, but english, do you speak english?“
Já: „Yes, of course, but my english is not too good, you
know.“

ony: „It doesn't matter, but I understand you", řekla jedna z nich.

A já, Čech, hnidopich hnidopichem nechtěla jsem být, a tak neřekla jsem: „ It does matter", protože to by bylo nevkusné, radši jsem se koukala jaký je venku hezký Wetter and the sun, na chvíli se zamýšlela, že ji na papír napíšu, co říct chci nebo jsem chtěla, ale nakonec jsem to neudělala a na ně pohlédla se slovy: „Russia would not win this war! Never! And I will support you, not with my english, but with my love to you! Stay strong!"

Byla jsem tak mimo, očarována,
že i ta minuta mých slov byla so long.

Teď v buse sedím, je mi o něco líp,
nastupují další Ukrajinci a já si říkám, že bych na jejich místě fakt nechtěla být.

Goewert2711

#WeStandWithU

I witnessed an old man in Ukraine,
On a bench, napping with this thought:
'& if this war continues for a decade,
Who assures me that I will be present
At my grandson's marriage, Or my grandson will
attend
His own marriage? I saw a huge building which
vanished
During the blink of my eye. I saw my children
washing away the dust
From their faces as blood was reflecting it.
I saw a couple, promising to each other
Life & death together.
I saw a colourful rain on my rooftops.
Being a believer -- so I'm upright --But who will bring
my son back? As the days passed, I lived
Now the days are stuck, ways are weird, & I only
think about my infants.'

Faizan Manzoor

Vladimir Putin Must Be Stopped

~for Ukraine

Vladimir Putin must pay for what he's done,
his smirking face presides over many lost lives. In Ukraine,
the people are waiting for the sun.

A child's quivering hand, the shadow of a gun,
mother beneath the debris of more cease-fire lies.
Vladimir Putin must pay for what he's done.

Such aggression shocks as the world looks on,
too afraid to aid beyond the barest of tries.
The Ukrainian people are waiting for the sun.

No Russian oil, no oligarchs with access to funds,
these sanctions like tantrums a spoiled baby might cry.
Vladimir Putin must pay for what he's done.

His hand hovers, a threat, above the nuke button,
as he smiles like a dare where democracy dies.
In Ukraine, they're praying to see the sun.

In attempt to prevent World War, it's already begun,
the moment Russia put innocents in its sights.
Vladimir Putin must pay for what he's done.
In Ukraine, the flag's still waving in the golden sun.

Jay Sizemore

Flowing Blood.

In the field of blood
In the pool of tears
When the cool morning airs
Is hot to those who bear it earlier

For the peaceful people of Ukraine
Who fight for their fatherland to stay
And to send their enemies away
The flowing of blood tore my heart

And put me insane,
As the bulletproof of Ukraine admit bullet
I cried and wrote against massacre

Oh men of UKRAINE
Common!

Arise and strive
To save the life
Of your deaths souls
Against your unlovable neighbor.

Ukraine shall succeed!

© Babalola promio
Country: Nigeria.
Thursday, March 24,2022.

Babalola Promio

**#WeStandWithU People of Ukraine;
Do so like the Sun**

#WeStandWithU people of Ukraine
Do so like the sun

A Shackle for a Sparkle that uncovers the King's
garments
Best Dressed Soul,
put on a Jewel he cannot Steal
Jealousy marrs him with rabbies
He has an unkindness of the desert sun
to brim your petals upon rods of the oven
Flowers in deserts grew thorns
A purple heart to match the eye
But you are born of heaven
with love in your bones
Your SMILE rises at dawn
sets at night
You are sunshine, a fire no one lights
Nor can extinguish
Morning comes,
Shine,
Do so like the Sun
#WeStandWithU

Mangena

WAR 

TASTE. LOVE.
NOT. BLOOD !

ARE SUMANTH

family is we*

I cry

I cry as I write this sad letter to my distant family

I cry not to show weakness but strength & endurance

I cry for I know their is hope....

I cry not only with my eyes but also pen

Am not the strongest but I have my words and space

Family is what we are ...not related by blood but have

a common mother

Earth.... mother nature

Ask mom's to pray for their daughters and bless their
sons

Remind father's to hug their sons and smile to theirs
daughter's

Plead with the clergy to pray for us

Tell the perpetrators that we are still watching

Watching they tear our families apart... their families

And fist's won't always solve the problems...

Explain to my siblings that it's going to be okay

And the sky will be blue again

We well hug and dance under the rain

...no blood and sweat will go in vain

Our mother is watching I don't preach vengeance but
brotherhood

No mother likes seeing her son's and daughters
tearing each other apart
Please don't break down we get our strength from you
(parents)
We won't loose hope,we know you get your
motivation from us (children)
Family is what we are
Is what we will be
Is what I feel

scar faxe

Thank you so much.

I just want to thank Poetizer for printing my poem on
Ukraine: The Flag.

It is truly an honor and I cannot express my gratitude
for helping me reach those in need of hope.

Thank you.

shilohthepoetess

Hope

The last time I saw my love,
he wasn't in the train with me.
His hand was pressed against the window,
sobbing as he told me he'll find me soon.
But I didn't believe him, I was sick of lies,
and sorrow, and pain, and everything in between -
they took everything and there is none left.

The last time I saw my home,
it was burned straight down into ashes.
I saw the fire, breathed in the smoke,
watched everyone's hearts break into pieces.
Yet I wasn't hurting, nothing hurt at all,
for my soul had already left my body -
they took everything and there is none left.

But the last time I felt hope,
I have not been through that yet,
because is that music I hear in times of horror?
Is that a flicker of light shining in the darkness?
Perhaps, just perhaps, we can win this war -
for they cannot take everything because I still got
hope.

We still got hope.

#WeStandWithU

(Am I a little late to write this? Forgive me if so, but this devastating war is still going on and I felt this post was needed. Sending love to Ukraine - we stand with you.)

Eugracia Opalle

Where am I going...

Where am I gonna stay
When I had left my home
In fear of death
My heart is detached
From my comfort surrounding
Ukraine my divine world
You have been reaped apart
And you pillars are being knocked down
By the arrogant neighbour
You are being painted with explosions
And you're suffocating with defeat
But you still remain aggressive with hope that you will
survive
Stand firm and fight Ukraine
Fight for your freedom
I'm away from you right now
But I'm in support of you
Where am I going to live freely

Boi-Thee-Poet

རྒྱུ་ལམ་གྱི་འཇོག་རྟེན། U.A.*ཀློག་པུ་མ་

འགྲུ་འཇོག་འཇོག་རྒྱུ་ནི་ཐོག་ལ་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འགྲུ་
རྒྱུ་གསུམ་ལ་འཇོག་པ་ལོ་གྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་རྟེན། འཇོག་རྟེན་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག་
མཐོང་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག་
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- འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- ལུ་མཐོང་གྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- ཐམས་ཅད་ཀྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- མཐོང་ལུགས་ཀྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- ཆོ་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- ལོ་ངོ་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
- རྒྱུ་ལམ་གྱི་འཇོག་རྟེན་རྟེན།
- ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་སྒྲིག་འཇོག་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཇོག་པའི་ཞི་བདེ་འཇོག།
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salute to soldiers.

The station is silent as the passengers
are waiting desperately for the train.
The anticipation of meeting their loved ones,
or getting the news they fear.
The families of the army with beating
heart has gathered their.
A mother sat on a bench waiting for
the return of her son.
A father standing in silence waiting to
hug his daughter with pride.
A wife waiting to see her husband who
left for war on their wedding night.
A child waiting for his mother to listen
endless stories of war.
With hands folded in prayer they wait
their with heartfelt of fear.
Some may return in self and some languages
may come back to family.
Some cheers with smiles and some breaks
down in tragedies.
For the love of nation they happily agree to
suffer any outcome .
Salute to the soldiers who sacrificed their
own life for others.

I Meant To Do That

In Soviet Russian Federation
Ill advised blitzkrieg run by Z clowns
Feints you!!!!
Seriously, Prince Polonium
like Steve Urkle
has said "I meant to do that"
as in it meant to kill thousands
And lose in a totally humiliating fashion
Because in Soviet Russian Federation
Taking Broomstick up the ass
Feints You!!!!

Emmit Other

Let In Light

Let there be light!
Let the spring flowers bloom!
May our people be merry,
May there be no gloom!
I sincerely hope there soon will be peace
So let's all hold hands, forget about politics!
Under the sun, in circles we'll dance
Let in the light, give joy a chance!

heartshapedbox

Stand With Ukraine (Prompt Poetizer)

We all stand with Ukraine
And pray the war end soon

Nobita Doremon

War. Haiku

He orders his reign,
And his bombs rain
As life on the streets lays__slain.

theauthor

How Is It Love?

If we can't
Fly in the storm,
Swim in the Rain,
And
Glow in Dark Corners
How is it Love?

John Dico

CeaseFire

We hear piercing cries of humanity, through our
thickest walls. We hear sounds of bullets & bombs,
through our farthest boundaries.
We hear the calls for help, through our time zones.

It is unfortunate that mankind has made progress,
Only to kill.
It is sad to witness the actions of One,
Uproot millions of lives.

One calamity to another, we just keep moving
forward
BRAVO!!

But what about those who are not with us, through no
fault of their own?
What about the suffocation and drying tears of loved
ones, left with a never-ending trauma to live with?

“There is no flag large enough to cover the shame of
killing innocent people.” - Howard Zinn

Technology will enable what the minds behind it
choose,
Narratives can be drawn, tactful methods can be
used, but screams of those who are suffering cannot be
silenced.

We have to choose and choose NOW.
Live in peace or Kill our fellow beings

We hear you Ukraine and we stand against this
brutality. May the souls we lost rest in peace

Written by - Ankur Singh

Kuriosing

| War·ning siren |

· Crystal tears ·

Pain intones smeared notes

while

Death's delicate fingers play glass

Full of liquid life and innocent blood

(Italian version)

| La sirena canta la guerra |

· Lacrime di cristallo ·

Il dolore intona note sfregate

mentre

Le dita delicate della morte suonano calici

Pieni di liquida vita e sangue innocente

L • D

L·D

2 Kinds

Those who worship
The Russian warship,

And those who tell it
To fuck off.

Fuck the former,
Power to the latter.

A world without war
Would be so much better!

And I'm not scared to swear,
People dying isn't fucking fair!

Fuck you Putin.
Fuck you Kremlin.
Fuck you Russian warlord gremlins!

Watching other people die is tough,
We've got enough!!

When will this fucking war stop,
And when will both parties drop
Their animosity?

When will people stop being selfish,
And unite in generosity?

When?
Fucking when?

If not ever,
What will happen then?

Is there a future for mankind
If we've left our decency behind???!

Spiritus

WHAT MAKES WAR?

Eloquent sedition is what stirs our oceans.

littleworm

A modern day past event

It was just another day,
When hell was unleashed onto pompeii.
The sun shone its usual gleam,
When Martin Luther King was killed for talking of his
dream.
On one Easter when some were making sure their baths
were bubbling,
A group of men took over the general post office in
Dublin.
On a day that could have been heaven,
Ai-Qaeda killed the twins on September eleven.
On a 2019 new year's eve when all seemed well,
A single bad cold began to give us hell.
And on the 24th of February Russia invaded the Ukraine,
A dictator, for his own self ego, is spreading relentless
pain.

All but one of these things happened in the past,
And the one that isn't may not last.
They are being invaded for no good reason,
By a man who would see a different opinion as the highest
treason.
There is a way you can help to stop his expanding reign,
So, for the love of God, send some money or food to help
the Ukraine.

Joe McKeown

Peace Be Upon Us All

"Let there be PEACE ON EARTH, and let it BEGIN WITH ME."

*MEAd**

economic capitalist reform

Dollars dont grow on trees...
They grow in your wallet by
spending hard worked for
Monnies to furbish the economy
And each month a dividend
Of the american economy's
Success, should it fail?not likely
Just keeps going on and on
Why not? Why not deliberate
The liberty to all not just well
To dos, not just liberals but all.
Not just whites but all fellows.
Not just men , but women too.
No hard worker left behind; but
All that work hard and do good
To their country all men and women
Shall celebrate in peace by having
Their piece of the shared pie....
Not all peace is free tis fought for
By goodly soldiers and good politicians
Not all is lost but is found in equity
Of our united states of America.
Thats you and me and our properties
All one commerce with dividends
To divide to each and every country man
And every country women the right to be free
The rights of freedom for freedoms sake.
All .an and all women equal by the summation
Of thier hard work by not only cashing they're

Check and salary earned but a check dividend
From the USA each month. But no dividends to the
person not working. Unless you're over 65 and retired,
you better be working; then you get the USA dividend.
Equalizing the wealth of the nation guarantees all are
wealthy in the nation. And a wealthy happy people invest
in their wealthy nation. And, becomes a national power all
on its own; for the people by the people one nation under
God.

Trying to bluster the economy up.... its down.
downward trends tend to be space to be in:
Likely, if the economy does not turn around soon; by
getting back to work; because, America needs you and
you need America

First of all, people deserve a good life? Not, promised a
cake walk even then most don't get a cake. But a cake walk
where everyone gets a slice of the cake, not just one
greedy person running off with the goods.

Im just saying what the alaskan government invests in
their residents could well be afforded by usa citizens any
where in. The continental USA.
Please trickle down from mount krumpet already of
course you'll blast your mighty trumpet...

dividends to all for all. And watch the americans all
reinvest in the stock market, in utilities, in the commerce
of the economy. Only a fool would go bury their dividend.

Please re think this economic heirachy. What good is a billion dollllars multiplied by a zero interest rate. We are not a wor km d leader with such a low interest rate. The dollar nearly worth less than it was in the seventies.

Please, increase the power in its people for and by the people to increase wealthiness ten fold in America. By dividending ten percent utilities holding in America to each American. Why? It makes no cents to keep the rich wealthy wealthier each and dvery day...

. spread the wealth and all are willing to repay it back into thd commerce by investing in hemselves their own best interest. And thereby investing reinvesting back into the wealth that is America.

I just want to see a better out come for everyone not just the elitiests. Please reason this is a win win situation. Where everyone is equal no matter what.

I wish, pray and hope for the job :
A good paying job that pays all
The bills and affords me a car
And affords me a house to live in.
Thats all i ever really wanted God.
Amen.

If i was 10 months pregnant i would work tried of doing nothing but sit on my ass all damned day...
Im sick and tired if this stinking thinking drats for daiseys and all unholosome things. I want out of this home and out of my chair, i want to freaking work

Im not happy sitting at home. Im not hspyy sitting at the
cafe and definitely not happy sitting at mc Donald's.
I want to be out there working for living a substancial
living some kind of job that pays all the bills and provides
saving to buy a car out right and a 15 year loan on a house
to pay for and live in.

Missing opa...
Liqorish liquors
To ask for more
More opa more.
Thanks opa
For the good
Memories, too.

As all quiets on the western front
By LGFredenburg

Please; Dear Valdimer, 26th March 2022
Winter freezes the bone, chaps the lips and hands as all
quiets on the western front
But atosisties scream like sirens aloud
Silently in one's mind so loud it deafens
Beckons the one to fits of rage & fury in futility.
Just as the frost fades and blooms
Cascades the green valleys richly ckothed
You assualt an old friend tolerating less; trappling more;

Than you should, you conquer by war;
Before the popular populace to prove infamy;
Hangs you or poisons you soul if you do not;

Truce reguile if you must, give peace a chance
But call truce and free the Ukraine appeal them
Freed the poeple free your self from bully demons that
cabin fever festering blighted
From your own tiring exhausted of covid

Ease what you might your own poison
Be it for solace to conquer demons
That toy to toil on and inside your mind
Ease the temptation of whirling wind's
Temptess in to the east of Europe.
Conquer and qyell your demins well,

Wuth peace. Serene peace, to envelope;
Close off your mind to their attacks
Demons only toy with whkm they can .
Make sure you get plenty a fresh air
And enjoy what commerce great peace in your republic
commands with un tapped oil reserved

Ready at hand, use great wisdom of your
Covetted east European countries lost in 1989.
Promise all Russians 10 percent royalties
Of all crude o pumped from Russians land.
The east is poor no way to escavate to produce

The unseen crude oik that the lands possess.
They cant begin to accomodate the infastructure to tap
the reserves, and to have???

..... brittain or the usa tap their lands no wealth will the

east gain but remain rominov antiquity but no weath or
great commerce unless they join Russias republic to each
citizdn of russia's united lands a dividend royalty of 10
percent each..

Conquer your sound capacity to lead with peaceful
diplomacy, not harsh demaneding fist rage of war
dictatorship only reminisant
Of hitler himself. To go down in history gener rations
to come when an old man goes weary of mind , the
grandfathers will call him Putin

A....

Man of mean fury that infamously lead him self
To his demon's destruction and abrupt end, and the
children will disrepect an ailing old person rather than
care and love them in old age ; all be cause you conquered
in greart fits of rage by

..

.... listening to your ever so hatred of less territory in a
home sanctioned to shelter i n.v place only to not wish to
call it a home no more a hell than...

A home to dwell in more like a private prison we have the
keys but shelter jn place for fear of a plague that killed
millions of persons.

Hold your precious mind preserved in yhe inner sanctum
dont worry dont tarry with trivi aas l hate and will to
destroy showing great power, but great is the power of
diplomacy and great is its wealthy reward to you and all
united in russia united republic. Grant wisdom to lovie.
Conquer by peaceful diplomacy

Not to conquer;
east europe, by hideous war, but by diplomatic peace ,
which O i know you could create such a handsome replore
to conquer with peace not war. And, bring weath to the
russia people's and a weath of commerce back to your
valleys

and east Europe's valley all one day clothed with wild
flowers and many sparrows to enjoy what worthy of
luxury, is much more worthy to man ss man worth many
a sparrow. So is the worth of a russian man woman oor
child.

Bring
... the east europe to russian with diplomacy. Grant them
10 percent each of russia's future oil reserves and watch
the east join you for wealthy nations have wealthy citizens
invest wealthily in their own nation,

and
Rule way into the future of minions of generations. Peace
or war!!?? Choose peace... my smart keen friend... invest
in your country men and women and they will invest in a
great republic called Russia

Love, always yours;
LGFredenburg

Secrets, one can't tell?
By LGFredenburg

There once was a girl, that was born a tom boy. And, I never wondered why? i never questioned how or why i ran as fast as the boys or perfered to toss and play football. I played in the dirt and puddles.

.... I was very mechanical. I once took a phone apart and put it back together, before my parents could find oyt what i had done. Yes, I put the phone back together, so it still worked.

I loved all animals even the mean one's that bit. I played with animals and felt more akin connected to them. Dogs, cats, and even birds.

So my step mother decided to teach me a lesson in corporal management in which corporal punnishment would be a unwanted result if the lesson was not learned....

I would learn many lessons unfortunately in life. So here goes lesson one.

Mothrr had gotten four eggs from a local farmer and put them in an incubator. The young me a teenage girl watched intently . Not too many questions asked. The only question was would the chick be able to hatch its self.

The last two eggs in the incubator one egg didnt hatch and the one that tried died trying.

So , I watched them everyday after school and peeoped over to look every morning to see if anh changes to ad happened.

One day , it had just turned May. I had come home and three chicks had hatched . The fourth egg hadn't. It seemed sad that one did not get the chance , but all ythose ythree chicks were just so cute the abandoned eggs seemed in place to be discarded.

Two women wanted female chicks and intended on having egg laying hens. But mother sent them away and looked at me and said this is a male chick and you need to keep your cat away from him, locjed in your bed room.

So , i accepted and behaved. And took on my new occupation to raise the baby chick. and, an aquarium was placed on her desk foil wrapped snugly on the insides of th he aquarium and a steal netting over the top with a heat lamp connected to the lid.

She fed and watered the bird. Even held it and put it in her hamstet roll around see through ball. The chick would run around rolling ghe ball around with it and yhe cat watched intently to follow the rolling ball around.

The chick started developing its feathers half way. It seemed just like the other chicks mom gave away until then. It was developing in to a colorful rooster. A Gorgeous prussian blue green tail. And oranfe goden feather covering its head neck and body.

Soon it was a teenager just like my mom wanted me to see for my self. I was developing slowly small breasts and athletic. I was proud of my self running on the track team and still playinv foot ball with the neighborhood kids.

Mom told me it was time to release the young rooster into the chicken coupe. So, we drove up to my aunt's where the chicken coupe was. And shortly after arriving my mother told me to go put the rooster in the pen with the other hens.

This was the most unexpected. I bent to kneel down with the rooster in both hands covering his wings. As I released him expecting a wonderful welcome to my dismay no way.

The hens much bigger than what seemed a miniature rooster to them, started plucking off his gorgeous rooster comb on its head. They attacked him ferociously. And cackled harshly as they did this. I tried to defend the little rooster and pushed the hens away from him, but the little rooster bit me for the first time.

Mom said to let him be. And, soon as I left the hen yard settled down and the rooster was welcome now. But I'm sure he could have done without the welcome comity. ..

So I started dressing much more feminine and put male things aside... no place in this world for a miniature male. Well, what choice do I have?

Life went on, and I joined the military. I wanted to see Germany and I got my wish. Two years in Germany traveling up and down the European peninsula. I saw it all.

But then one day. Without expectancy...

Someone pointed out an even more frightening thing that the roosters welcome.

They were measuring my fat percentage as a fun exercise which was just my fellows being phobes. They measured me with the womans fat percentage guidelines in the manual. 12 % body fat as a female. Then , my buddy a male said lets do the male measurement body fat percentage test on her..

And so , they did. 5% body fat mass. You know thats un healthy woman are supposed to be above 12 % body fat. And you measure below the male standards. You an olympic athelete, Fred.

Then , i was transferred to upstate new New York. Where discrepancies of treatment followed....

I didnt get paid while i worked there. I didnt have a car to get to chow hall and i didnt get a car loan from a bank because no incoming funds.

And, a lot of strange doings happened. Soon enough, I was starving to death and lost my breast small to begin with and lost my hips too. I was so famished. i was faint, and went to sick call. Id become so thin there was no hiding my masculinity

I went to the hospital a never returned. Retired now. I guess my corporal management mistake i made joining the military a mans world.

I was faster than most men skilled capable an physically fir that when i statted exercising more and dieting cause some one called me fat. I wasn't able to hide my masculinity...

The lesson was half learned until then...

If i hadnt retired , when i did. A fellow would havd killed me. Had another rooster, been in the pen my miniture rooster would have been dead...

Dont tell; dont ask. But sometimes one can tell without asking. But, since i told .you .my story, ive told on myself. Dont ask ; dont tell; dont hint at being an eunuch. Im telling my story for an example. If you're an effeminate male, be a woman, not too masculine; be very feminie and tell no one. Not even me.

Biasing the non-binary

By LGFredenburg

been female since i was 2 years old. I always identified straight woman....

i dont have the problem with it....

Someone at employment, Inc., has problems with it...

Chances are i wasnt going to relate out of the office with any of you. I dont believe in dating coworkers.

And, i have to go with out a prestigious job, because some body whined about me, because thg he size up every woman as a sexual partner , which was not going to happen only in there dirty mind.

Seriously???

Woman are not objects to undrrss and sexualize in your minds; woman or man. I can believe we're still in the dark ages...

You men over there need to purify your thoughts.
Im done. Would have been a hellious night mare because
a dirty mind thought a vagioplasty none of his business
unless we dated. But he was already thinking that way.

And he was disgusted with me.
Im disgusted with the person for thinking he could. Im
not that easy, besides wasnt going to ever happen.

Just afraid of becoming attracted and feeli M g he was gsy
for being attracted to an eunuch.
Eunuchs are permitted to marry , but with great strife....

god permits it and wont call you a faggot or judge you.
Why are you judging me?

Man..... being an eunuch is not for sissies.

No, never ever give up@!!!!

You can!!!!

By LGFredenburg

I respect that you are retired. I had though you wanted
a job and thought it was not even worth trying for at all.
I here to just tell you. It can be done. If you want to work,
it still can happen despite any disability. A disability is only
a disability is you think it is. It doesnt have to be the end.
I believe in you. You have a great esteem and take pride
in everything you do. I think if , you wanted; you could
do any thkng you wanted to do, despite any disability
you have. I believe people with a disability should not
be counted out or definitely not count themselves out.
I believe in you. You still have the spark.

Eugene or uslyses become useless due to injury on or off the job; they turn about to get a job they still can do,. Disabled is not what you can't do its about what you still can do to work for your country.... theres people that are disabled that want to work an eight hour job to tweleve hours a day job. They see fit to work that working with what ables you to work to keep working because stinking thinking is a hazard to ones health. Weve been doing a lot of that with this covid business.. its time to get back to work America. America needs you and you need America...

If America invested in its people like they do in the stock market with dividends in utilities, maybe americans all americans could afford to invest handsomely in America.

And the impossible was made possible by God himself.
AMEN

Enough is enough

I yelled at the drill sergeants...

Harts looking at me the whole time pleading no , fred with her eyes.

" we've scrubbed these walls and floors three times with toothbrushs. No amount of scrubbing is going to make the grout white again. The grout is stained. Its never going to be white again"

Three drill sergeants, " no comment " just disappear. and, ten minutes later detail duty ended.

If we all demanded economic equality; eventually; they would give in to higher reasoning. And , make it happen.

Capitalism reform

By LGFredenburg

Exercises in futilities....

Share the dividends of utilities

So we can all share in fine and fancy antiquities

And maybe we will all be equal in wealth

Stranger things have had happened

Strength in wealth and equity, if all were;

Wealthy and but equally, so.

No not communism but capitalism

Shared for the nation by the nation for the people by the

people one nation under God...

Well, i tried. So, much for trying.... cant sell

American's shared commerce ... they think its communism, but its not. Equalize the nation.

Its to empower the poor to stand along the side of the wealthy and be as equals....nope can not sell that. Eliteists would hate me for it.

The leader would have to esteem by sheer confidence and others confidence that he was the right man to rule or reside as president.

Voted in By esteem of character and vision to run a happier nation where everyone didnt just pursue happiness but own it. This hopefully doesnt lead to residing in caskets size boxes to own. But great lands of liberty for all to have and own.

Ok enough? ! Im done deliberating.... its not new taxes, its taxes owed to you all every years end. Dividends tax return. No one on social securirty, theres a job for everyone. And at the end of the years end everyones all the Americans are; equal; share of god bless America and the American peoples...

Seeing the end of a rainbow would be bad luck to an Irish woman...

The curse of the wee peeps...

Yes they got to the gold before i got there.

Hmmmmmm.

She was a good natured cat, smart, ' understood & listened
,

She was a cat of gold.

God, I'd give any thing to get her back

Coyote ate her.... she just didnt come home one evening
i let her out.

I lost my mom thirty years ago. It still hurts. But i have wisdom about it now. God bless you in your mourning and wisdom to heal well.

My mother was a witch in her last days and before she died she cursed me to possess me after her death.

Her possession caused me to have a mental breakdown and, she riddled my brain with nonsense for 15 years until i exorcised her from me.

I love her. But i realized she never permitted herself to love me. I forgive her. I hope she is finally resting peacefully.

Not everyine makes it to retirement.
Im lucky, I did my travels in my youth.
There's more to live for than work.
Paying bills with 2 or 3 jobs ; crazy!
My mother ruined her life with drugs.
Pets are good for mental wellbeing.

flying nun the cyberomantic

'Put-it-in' and 'By-the-den'

One prisyádka dancer has a few friends but they will not come to dance with him just yet incase it might rain but if he is angered by his friends and and their partners then he just might make rain with acid. After all this is last game to dance.

The other ball player has too many friends and they love playing together - and historically they have been playing a super ball of the warring games for the last century. He is only interested to make 'us' the most powerful defender in the team. He (like his former captains) is working on a strategy that will zero on a goal tackling secret the world would still cheer for - once again!

Navina Bilimoria

Ako'y Malaya (Filipino)

Malayang sumigaw
Humiyaw sumayaw
Sapagka't puso ko'y
Nag-uumapaw
Ng kaligayahan
Punong-puno
Ng kasiyahan
At pasasalamat
Sa Poong Maykapal
Na makita
Ang aking
Mga minamahal
Na mabuti ang kalusugan
Malayo sa mga karamdaman
Nakakapagpahinga at nakakatulog
Ng mahimbing sa sariling tahanan
Na walang pangamba
At takot na mararamdaman
Araw-araw ay
Mayroon sapat na pagkain
Sa kani-kaniyang hapag kainan
Walang nagugutom
Nang dahil sa pagtaas
Ng mga bilingin
Epekto at dahilan

Sa mataas na presyo ng gasolina
Sa mga gasolinahan
Dulo't ito sa nangyayaring digmaan
Sa ibayong karagatan
Hanggang kailan?
Itong digmaan
Buong mundo
Ito ang katanungan.

*MEAd**

A 'Stranger' is just a friend you do not know.



SURYA

Be Strong, Ukraine

Be strong, Ukraine,
Don't give up,
Stay strong,
Someday, you shall win,
Peace will come,
I'm with you,
I stand with you,
Yessiree, we all stand
With you,
Those who invaded you
Shall be punished
And you shall be free,
We're all with you!

Roxie Sawyer Mitchell

you are David
with stone
you shot Goliath in the head
I conclude
tiny can
kill giant
in the head,
drones?

Angel Please

It's another red smoke filled sky
I thought we were all done with Innocents dying
Think two steps ahead and what do you see
A bitter not better world is to be believed
Down this dark and dusty road again going nowhere
The faces we see are now filled with despair
Along with a strength no one can compare
Holding heads up high and fists higher
When all the world watches a denyer
Willing to give all you have and then some
Because of a man who wants dominion
It's a sad day when we see evil spill blood
Watching an earth that's still without love
Children that should only hear sounds of nurture
Are now hearing cries of agony and torcher
Everything you claim that you believe in
Is opposite of the greed that you're steeped in
So I salute the everyday people
For bending not breaking to resist you
To the last man
Onward continue
A.M.

Aivel McKendall(the cheese)

Little Hearts

Some children sit by their collapsed lego building

And some children sit by the rubbles of their homes
and dreams

Some children see the father of their favorite
character die

And some children live the death of their own father
in war

Some children are scared of a loud noise when they
play

And some children have their entire being shaken by
explosions and bombs

Some children cry for days when they lose their
favorite toy

And some children cry till eternity because their
entire country, their home is taken away from them.

Noora Roza

slava ukraini

Slava Ukraini

When the tanks come after us like
Back in Tienanmen Square - we
Stood solitary in the protest of the
Power we didn't fear. But what's a man
Against a chunk of metal manufactured
Just to kill?

While in Kyiv we see the man in charge,
With fearless eyes and words to put
The world to shame. What's the modern
Age? Another war for nations states to
Congregate?

And they're stuck in freezing winters in
A chunk of metal to protect them while
They kill - does not the irony of life feel
Like a thrill? Never mind, we'll hate each
Other longer than we'll learn to get along -
Or is that wrong?

But that's the pessimism of an immature
Critique - the kind that writes a poem on the
Suffering, the bleak - of those whose wrinkles
Come before their time - the stress, the agony, the
The will that lets them fight - A spirit somewhere
Left alive.

I can picture in their eyes a glimpse of all they
Left behind - painted walls, a house behind those
Ocean eyes. Always fearful - is there coming back?
Tears, bombs and shells, with pursed smiles they sat;
And here we stand for you.

Slava Ukraini.

jyotirmaya

WeStandWithU

WeStandWithU

Eine Freundin schrieb mir,
Der ich Gedichte machte,
Einen lieben Brief.
Sende Worte du an Poetizer,
Es geht um diesen Krieg,
Tritt ein für Solidarität,
Dafür ist es nie zu spät
'Schwarz' ich dichtend machte
Und schickte es den Poetizern zu.
We StandWithU
Auch wenn die Worte später wirken
Als Kugeln und Granaten,
Allen, die für Unrecht Worte hatten,
Rufe ich nun zu:
Schickt sie Poetizer zu
Sie sind zwar leiser
Als wenn Kanonen bellen
Und später sind sie auch
Doch ist jedes weiser,
Weil aus guter Hirne Rauch
Seh ich Hoffnung quellen,
Hoffnung für den Frieden,
Tapfere U, du kämpfst dafür

Wir haben uns für dich entschieden,
Zwar bleibt uns nur das Wort,
Doch da bist du
Tapfere U,
der Freiheit starker Ort,
Tapfere U, wo auch in der Welt wir sind,
Tapfere U, wir werden dichten,
Tapfere U, wir sind mit dir!

Francisco brokMann

Peace, My World

I dream a time
where freedom will bless the earth,
where the trails at the sky
are paths of peace,
where the broken-winged bird
learns again how to fly -

and when the end of winter's cold
passes the star of morning
spring day sings it's song
and hope will bloom again

laura v. • luminoso.poetry

Tears from heaven

Imagine the look in the eyes of a father
As he kisses his wife and baby girls goodbye
Off to fight for country
only post cards and photographs now keeping him alive

To love your home
and be forced to flee it
And leave behind the only ones you need in this cruel
existence

To be a peaceful people
and be forced to fight or die...
It's a sadness only seen in this world
a few times before...

- The British invasion and colonization
of North "America"

- Hitler

- America again (invasion of the Middle East)

- and now Russia

...

Prayers for Ukraine

Sunflower seeds

I suppose I will die young.
After all is gunned and done,
at least I finished my book.
A final, simple joy to complete,
before I even knew my life would turn obsolete.

If I had been graced with the knowledge,
that death would soon knock,
I would have put in my pocket,
the seeds of the sunflower or hollyhock,
so that a gorgeous little stain
of blissful flowers
could be left as a homage,
to my creative little brain.

Hannelor

"One Life To Live"

How did we live through these historical events?
How were we able to comprehend certain things?
No matter where our stance lies within this war,
isn't it better to hold our hands together around the world
then it is to live in pain

Let's remain as one unit
Take the noise and mute it
Can we put down our weapons and instead cause
a new movement

One nuisance after another
A virus brought us closer
Isn't ironic?

Who would look after one another if the world is gone?
Stop this bloodshed
Let's act as one consciousness as we once did

Flip the script
Wipe the tears off your lips
I'm going to hold you against your hips as we only got one
life to live
Live with love, as we only got one life to live

Serge B

Furry Friends

One thing that the world learned about the Ukrainian people is that they unconditionally love their furry friends.

Victoria West

Sending Love to Ukraine #WeStandWithU

A smile that surrounds, children merry around.

newfound lovers, staring as eyes collide,

new life, new beginnings thought this year's the best
as the pandemic years ago arrived,

newlyweds couple excited to make love tonight,

tears of joy heard as he passed the job interview and
hugged his parents and cried,
mom and dad I will make you proud,

this is happening in a day until

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

a large missile seen from afar looked like a shooting
star

goes down and down and down.....

until a tragic, languished, loud, bursting fire strikes....

the world halted for a while,

the smile that once marked their faces turned to
sorrow and tears in everyone's eyes,

Soldiers and fighters don't have any choice but to
follow the authority's orders,

thousands of untrained soldiers are terrified,

wives, pregnant women, and children kiss their dad
wailing as they say goodbye,
Please come back soon my love,

parents teary-eyed as they send their young son,
to be the hero of a land deteriorates by a nearby town,

The Whole World,

The Whole Hearts,

Asian, American, African, European,

The Whole Races,

From North, West, East, South

Black, Brown, White skin
Blonde, Brunette, Red hair

Joined together for the First Time,

Cried out to the LORD to Stop the War,

Praying together for our fellow men and women in
Ukraine,

Unite together as Humanity and Faith Grows without
Religion talks,

My Piece of Notes shows the superiority of Love,

May it comforts your souls my Beloved Ukrainian
people Now.

#WeStandWithU

Quinn Meise

Peace will follow

Sun may go down,
But it'll rise again.
A leaf may fall,
But a sprout will follow.
The places may change,
But the people won't.
Stay strong! My Dear!
The Peace will follow.

-© KalpanaKG

KalpanaKG

Putin's Allies

Putin's Allies (the Devil's Companions)

...

Putin launched his war on the west
Long before the invasion of Crimea
Infecting the body politic with the
Promise of nationalist authoritarianism
Poisoning the public discourse
With fear of the immigrant others
Le Pen and Zemmour in France
Matteo Salvini in Italy
Schroder and Weidel of Germany
Thierry Baudet of the Netherlands
Kyriakos Velopoulos of Greece
Santiago Abascal of Spain
Boris Johnson of Britannia
Bolsonaro of Brazil
Trump of the USA

...

They trip over their own tongues
Their own promises and loyalties
Yet the truth is clear
They are soldiers in Putin's army
A war against democracy
A war against western values
A war against individual rights
And civil liberties

...

Listen to them carefully
For when the sanctions begin to bite
They will show their true colors
They belong to Putin
And they will return to him
At first light

Jack Random

Unnecessary War

I live in a foreign country
from you,
but have heard the tragedy of war
from yours,
that wasn't started by you.
But from another
on your soil,
who came unannounced,
where they are not welcomed.
This war wasn't needed nor welcomed,
I am writing this to you
so you know,
you are not alone.
And we stand with you
from near and far,
until this unnecessary war
is over.

#WeStandWithU

Tiana Gumpert

Stay Strong

My heart had become a river,
My heart had become a stream.
Can't grieve for the killed or my homeland,
Eyes are overfilled with tears.
But no matter the heartbreak and sorrow,
We will rise again and we'll sing.
Tomorrow is a new day to make,
Tomorrow is a new day to be.

heartshapedbox

I stand with U

To many fathers,
I salute you with feathers.

To many brothers,
I salute you with tears.

To many sons,
I salute you with hopes.

To many daughters,
I salute you with my heart.

To my fellow humans,
I salute you with my arms.

You have my feathers from my wings,
To help you believe there will be a better things.
You have my tears from my soul,
So you won't shed then no more.
You have my heart,
So you won't fear tomorrow.
You have my arms,
So you will hug your family forevermore.

And you have my hope,
So tomorrow those better things arrive,
so tomorrow we won't have to console those crying
their tears,
so tomorrow fear is gone,
so tomorrow we can all stand strong, together in
peace with our fathers, sons, mothers, brothers,
daughters and sisters and justice once again will reign
in our world.

#WeStandWithU

Rū

While People

While people die.....poets write
While people die.....a leader crumbles
While people die....a voice emerges
While people die.....a hero rises
While people die.....boys grab a gun
While people die....a surprise attack
While people die.....a country fights back
While people die....the worlds on edge
Because when war breaks out.....
People die to defend....each other.

BD

Resistance

Every day I watch the news
And see what horror has ensued
Effects of war you did not choose
Ukrainians we stand with you

Families torn apart by pain
Artillery that falls like rain
Amid the rubble hope remains
With you we stand all of Ukraine

Fighting to preserve your land
From tyranny of evil man
Injustice world won't withstand
Ukrainians with you we stand

Every day I watch the news
Of places far beyond my view
To pray for those I never knew
Ukrainians we stand with you

Rywolf

Miles Away

Miles away a bomb fell today;
Destroying ground that was safe and sound.
Over night an army came
To bring destruction while they kill and maim.
We have been trained to not believe
What leaders tell us on the tv.
Yet in this instance our leaders were right
When tanks came and shot on sight.
Little boys now carry a gun
And they will until the fighting is done.
All because of one man's greed
To see my home as a piece he needs.

BD

Physically fine

That's a low bar to be honest
But the best you can hope for in times of war
When peaceful sleep has become a luxury
I'm physically fine.

Marilina

Dominion

An age-old nightmare, made reality in day -
When skies explode - torn, forsaken chasms -
Spilling fire from the clouds in blind fury,
Where more natural weather - like wind, thunder -
And rain , should there instead - in serenity be.

It is an iron beast, forged - in blood, blue, and snow -
Aggravated, just like every other titan -
By westward giants, and over-ambitious islands -
To scout, prowl, and attack - to take what isn't theirs;

It is hungry, and cares not for peace, nor democracy -
And it eats brave men like plums, and countries like
They never even existed by themselves in the first
place -

But nobody is going to let it win -
Our generation is filled with far too many creatives
Who vocally express every truth they see in the world
-

No matter how brutal; and all we little countries -
Well, we talk to each other far too much -
To ever let anything like that happen

again.

Lillith Scarlett May

It Must Be Stopped

We have had two of them,
Don't let it turn into a third one.
The world doesn't need a third one.
The world doesn't need one at all.
You've shown on which side of history you want to be.
You've done an amazing job so far,
Don't let your guard down now.
Keep your eyes open,
Don't let the fog blind you.
Finish what needs to be done.
The madness must be stopped.

Victoria West

A tale of a theatre

Standing tall, crying red,
in ruins now they all rest, this ain't no tale of Cain,
but lives of those we lost vain. Once a man said - well
who else, am I right?! there are no rules in love and
war, a twisted nightmare got all too real for us to
fight, we are not the ones left with a scar. Still standing
tall and shouting loud, the truth about her immortal
heroes, the real truth is about us, the civilized
crowd, we are led by cowards, greedy bastards and
pathetic liars and while moving backwards, we pretend
not to give in to his demands.

sebastiancaine

The tragedy of us

We are a bunch of lazy MFs,
addicted to Instafame and frozen yoghurt,
none of you comfortable bastards
have a clue that freedom costs a lot of hurt.

We are living in iron casts,
privileged knuckleheads with a death wish,
lifelines hanging from ceilings and masts,
we want the points without the swish.

Dead and gone, life as we know it,
everyone scared shitless by a bus,
we are dead wrong and we know it,
that's the tragedy of us.

sebastiancaine

time to build

once there was a day
when wise men roamed the streets
once there was a way
how to live side by side in peace.

once there was a beat
sick as anything the masters can throw,
once there was feat
everyone would know her as Snow.

It takes a second to destroy
everything
It just takes a moment to deploy
bombs to kill a king,
it takes a second to fall
into darkness, too deep to call
for help, redemption, forgiveness,
it only takes a second to lose worthiness.

it's easy to kill and pillage,
it's easy to be that man,
it takes time to build a village,
it ain't easy to be the man.

once there was a melody,
the sound of freedom unchained,
once there was a symphony
of people free, of people freed.

153 /a lament/

"153 names that won't be written
anywhere near you,
153 names that a teacher will not say
at a school near you,
153 stories that were mercilessly unwritten
but not near you,

'cos you are safe in your cozy home
nowhere near that living hell,
'cos you're scared only to lose your gnome,
you feel privileged to be well.

The world has now 153 reasons to raise a gun,
tell the soldiers to go liberate,
but it's not the monster who fears what he's done,
it's you growing scared and desperate.

153 new angels recruited against their wishes,
stolen from their homes,
153 dreams cut short, too early to turn to ashes,
only to live in songs and poems.

There is nothing in this world or others
to justify killing children, dads or mothers,
we are bizzarely out of touch with reality,
that we quietly allow this bloodshed, this immorality.

Having a job, a paycheck and a quiet place,
We go on for a shag and once in a while, a lace,
there is nothing in this world or another
to forgive killing a child nor their mother.

NOTHING.

"

sebastiancaine

Leé esto si te querés enojar

Dios es gay

El Diablo es gay

Las lesbianas son gay

El calentamiento global es gay

El patriarcado es gay

Los veganos son re gay

Yo soy gay

Vos sos gay

Los gay no son gay

Todo lo que te gusta está mal

Todo lo que te parece valioso es una mierda

A nadie le importa un carajo tu opinión

No sos tan bueno/a como crees

Tus padres tenían razón

La tierra no es plana

El hombre no llegó a la luna, fue una mujer negra

Subida a un cohete ruso

La energía nuclear está de más

No hay que abortar

Sí hay que abortar

El feminismo es para ricos

Donald Trump es mi padre

Nunca tuve un orgasmo, vos tampoco

El tipo que te gusta es gay

La tipa que te gusta es lesbiana

La biblia tiene faltas de ortografía

La brujería es más falsa que las criptomonedas
Nada tiene valor
La mentira es tan falsa como la verdad
Nada tiene sentido
Todo da igual
La guerra y la paz.

denisse_denisse

I feel the Pain

I feel the pain, Brothers and sisters falling in Ukraine.
I feel the death, After innocent people taking last
breath. I shed my tears, Asking God to stop this war
with my prayers. I see the war end, But your suffering
can never be justified my Ukrainian friend.

SudarshandEV

mother's mother is still in Ukraine

Mother in motherland
Your voice is in my head
It's wrong to be angry
Though you never loved me

моя мати, ти можеш померти
хоча в пеклі ти б брехав

the hanged man

When Want Becomes War

The days break a little later
and the oceans grow somewhat stronger
under strawberry cascades,
devoured by the coupes of tides
and stirred by sovereign hands;
dipped into the blood of their young
like pawns taken before they queen,
taken by that same arrant hand
and the world watches from afar;
they are the audience of suffering -
they are the watchers of broken homes,
riven families, torn, perhaps forever
when the want of rulers
breathe evil onto the land,
when they swallow the prayers -
the aspirations of millions,
or the future altogether,
when ambition makes its way
from want to war.

#WeStandWithU

Andrew Kamis

Escaping from the truth

A secret is always part of us,
Love is always in each others hearts
You want to do something,
the last idea is to change.
But how you can help yourself,
Well there is just one way
You have to learn, to love and to give,
and to bring light
in this darker tunel
while we all in.
It feels like you are in war.
You are looking for escape
But in the same time,
you cannot leave your homeland.
And unfortunatly we are in war,
the world may think that Ukraine is far from us
But we need to pray for peace
no matter how
and to dream that maybe one day
everything will change for good
and life to be an amazing place
where you can live free.
Like every kid, that has wishes and imaginary
I want to fight a lot,
for helping the world
to understand the meaning of a true freely life.

04.04.2022

Tereze Thaqi

#westandwithU

Tereze Thaqi

The Fall of the Kingdom

,I don't need a physical weapon to slay them. Words are my strongest weapon. Yielding them, deadly as a scythe, slicing through sword and truth. He holds the scepter in his hand, gold and mighty, on the ready to wield an army. I hold nothing. No riches to my name. No trained soldiers to back me. But I stand in a strategic position. Hidden slightly amongst the night, cloaked in the darkness. He can't see the faint shadows cast by moonlight behind me. He can't see the ones that stand for the people, with an iron will and hearts of pure courage. When a kingdom falls, it's not because of the swords and arrows cast against innocent flesh. The kingdom falls from words. Words that spread like a wildfire. Words that strike a revolution and give people the strength and power to fight and live. The kingdom always falls, And those who are brave will win.

I don't need a physical weapon to slay them. Words are my strongest weapon. Yielding them, deadly as a scythe, slicing through sword and truth. He holds the scepter in his hand, gold and mighty, on the ready to wield an army. I hold nothing. No riches to my name. No trained soldiers to back me. But I stand in a strategic position. Hidden slightly amongst the night, cloaked in the darkness. He can't see the faint shadows cast by moonlight behind me. He can't

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Ren Memetaj

Sorrow

You don't know if you'll survive today
You don't know if you'll survive tomorrow
You can hope that your loved ones are safe
Pray they don't suffer and feel no sorrow

Marilina

LASCIA CHE IO TI ACCUDISCA

Prendimi per mano,
chiudi gli occhi,
lascia che io ti accudisca.
Ti porterò ove il rumore
sono gli uccelli che cinguettano,
o l'acqua di un ruscello che scorre,
ove il vento porta con sé
il fruscio delle foglie che si muovono
e i tuoi capelli si scompigliano,
ove il calore è il sole
della vita che continua.

Prendimi per mano,
chiudi gli occhi,
lascia che io ti accudisca,
e un giorno ti dirò di riaprirli,
e ti ritroverai
davanti ad una mimosa fiorita
che si staglia nel cielo sereno.
E il rumore, il vento, il calore,
saranno di nuovo quelli della tua terra.

Franco Giuseppe Gobato

ВІЙНА

Я пам'ятаю день, коли була зима.
У той день тишу на світанку
Навпіл розламала кривавая війна.
Вона приїхала до нас на танку,

Озброєна, наші бомбила міста,
Із літаків скидала на дахи ракети.
Безжальна, людей убивала вона.
Руйнувала їхні будинки й портрети.

При загрозі ракетного удару,
Звук сирени пробирав до кісток.
Війна гнала нас до холодного підвалу
Під покривом сонця, під сяйвом зірок.

Війна дивилася дітям в очі
І, стріляючи, забирала їхні життя!
Нас сон покидав щоночі –
Приходили думки про майбуття.

Я добре пам'ятаю день, коли була зима.
У той день тишу на світанку
Навпіл розламала кривавая війна.
Вона тоді приїхала до нас на танку...

Струсь Вікторія

Ukraine

At the end of the day, we speak for truce
The earth still moves on the same rythm
You only know there's nothing to loose
And your contry is still free from the Fasism.

Have faith Ukraine, may the God spare us
You fought about a month with a giant
You are little David against Goliath
Your love for your freedom is your triumph.

Every night, and every day I fought with you
Speaking with people about an unfair world
I'm a man with no power and guns above
I as well you, know how much liberty costs.

I hope the day of peace is near
I want to fill with flowers the army posts
For those who fought, for those who fear
And share my live with you and your lost.

Peter Koofas/Πέτρος Κούφας from Thessaloniki, Greece

Birdsong: A chorus of Peace

Peace is like the birdsong
It twitters on the breeze
and fills with hope the people
and caresses all the trees

I see the distant fighting
and feel the old earth shake
her body groaning out in pain
hoping humans will awake

from the idiocy of their slumber
their destructive ego's too
I hear the birdsong calling
out to us, that's me and you

It sings within morning
and foreshadows every night
the birds just want a place to sleep
a nest that stays upright

I'm singing with the birds now
underneath a sky that's blue
I cannot wait for the day I hear
all other's singing too.

Becca Sebire from the UK

#WeStandWithU

воно йшло і хрест зачепило,
лице воском вмило,
надії пів вбило,
завило

мою' землю вмило
червоним потоком

та курка-сорока
шо в дзеркалі стала
бодай би не мала
чим пір'я збирати

воно лізло з хрестом перед ока,
ховаючи погляд за марлею з оцтом

насурило в'язи,
зирнуло з-під бока,
на звивину встало,
шість кігтів втоптало,
в цукровану рану

не встану.
не встану.

хрестом проколело
скривавлений отвір

швирнуло всередину,
обвуглений попіл

і так танцювало
вбиваючий танець,
що клітку зламало
старих димних зранень
й само ж потопилосьь

лежить і горланить
в агонії птиця

а я все дивилась
п'янкими очима
і танцем молилась,
шоб в клітці спочила
ота рижа курка,
шо хрест зачепила
і горлом завила
і дверці відкрила
собі до кончини

Слава Україні!!
Сонце Світить

Сонце Світить

For All of Us

For the feelings that we can't suppress
For the regime that puts us under continues distress
For the depressing emotions that run wild
For the things we see that makes us act mild
For the hope we've lost and the lost we've gained
For the pain that we've caused and the people we've
maimed
For the hurt that follows us wherever we go
For the never-ending lingering sorrow
For the thoughts and horrors that keep us awake at night
For the darkness that is always consuming our light
For our humanity to never stop questioning itself

For our remaining stupidity that can be found in books on
many shelves
For our hearts that break and souls that are forsaken
For our beliefs to be destroyed and our last shred to be
taken

For every person who has ever failed
For all of who've seen people killed

We are human
And

Our humanity needs to sing
That violence never solved anything

#WeStandWithU

My dear ukrainian friend
you told me

how behind the windows
of one old house
in the suburbs of Kiev
colorful azaleas bloomed
the cat was warming up there
and bread was baked inside the house

we will build
such a house again
and hundreds of new homes
and yellow sunflowers
they will bloom around them
in the fields under the free ukrainian blue sky...

Ofra from Czechia

Крестики-Нолики

Ласточка в клетке из золота
Смотрит на город пустой –
Веточки, всё, что так дорого
Тронуто страшной войной.

Волны морей не услышаны –
Только лишь страх и смятение.
Во роны реже всё пыжаты,
Зная – бессмертие смертно.

Крест перекошен церковный,
Крест перекошен могильный,
Крест перекошен на окнах,
Крест перекошен убийцей.

Клетка вся соткана в крестик,
В ноликах окон – разруха.
Летом все встретятся вместе,
Толку-то в вечной разлуке?

Аисты носят пелёнки,
Цинком покрытые клетки.
Филины смотрят на фото
Цирка сгоревшего где-то.

Весь зоопарк не на воле,
Казалось как птицам в полёте.
Ключ от замка не находят,
Но клетку когда-то откроют.

A Little Boy

They thought they were the smartest,
the strongest,
In control of everything,
In charge of everything,
They said to the little boy
'Cheer up, you're just a little boy'
'Aren't you a little coy'
They patronised him
They chastised him
They're with him
And that's all there is to know
Because he was 'just a boy'
Who doesn't know what to know

One day the thugs came
And nothing was the same
The little boy looked around
The men were nowhere to be found

They had vanished
In a gleam
In an instant
And he tried with all his might
But still he couldn't fight
Because he thought
He was 'just a little boy'

Anushree Yadav from Barcelona

„Я прорасту семенами подсолнуха....“

Мама! Я прорасту семенами подсолнуха
сквозь сырую землю
Так кричала та тетка в Херсоне
и зачем-то совала мне в ладони и в карман
семечки и еще какие-то семена.

Она говорила: подсолнухом
или чернобривцем или барвинком
А они рассыпались и падали
на землю у моих ног,
как и ее слезы....

Мама, я не знаю как это получилось,
клянусь, я этого не хотел!
Я стал убийцей - так случилось,
И нет мне прощенья,
только расстрел.

Мам, мне больно и страшно!
ведь просто вышли они за водой,
а мы из танка по ним шарашим,
по тихим жилым кварталам,
там во дворе стоял велик,
похожий на детский мой

А эти на трассе, мама!!!!

Они убегали из ада,
спасали своих детей
А мы их - из автомата!
Всех пятерых на дороге
Среди украинских полей.

Седой мужчина с усами.
через лобовое стекло
я видел как руки раскинул
как будто хотел защитить
малышек, что сидели сзади,
но - очередь и - в кювет...
и нету их больше, нет!!!

Ты помнишь, мама, и знаешь,
ведь я же животных люблю.
И вдруг проезжали мимо
в поселке каком-то приют
Собаки и кошки славные
бездомные те, которых
потом в руки добрые раздают.

Там был черно-белый песик,
щенок совсем, но большой
все тыкал свой черный носик
и щекотал мне ладонь....

Потом отошли мы дальше
и к ночи ракетный обстрел,

я видел ракеты вспышку
Да, мама, приют сгорел!

И нет мне прощенья, мама,
Я зверь и безвольный трус,
И проклят я Украиной
И вряд ли домой вернусь

Я прорасту подсолнухом
Желтым
Под небом синим
Сквозь землю сырую
Когда
буду убит
в Украине.....

Не плачь, мама,
слышишь? не надо!
Прошепчи за меня молитву.
А я теперь знаю точно:
Подсолнух - красивая квітка!

Тетяна Кабанова

«ПЕРЕЛІТ ЧЕРЕЗ «НУЛЬ»

Летять лелекі, летять додому,
Тяжко летіти, долає втома.
Втома долає,
Сили немає,
Крила зомліли -
На землю сіли.
З криниці птиці
Води попили,
Води попили,
Та й полетіли...
А понад полем, полем широким
Ворог мурує стіну високу.
Від краю поля
І аж до краю
Літають кулі,
Кулі літають...
З передової
Вгору - до Раю
Полум'я битви
Нас обпікає.
Побудували стіну до сонця -
Забули двері, нема віконця.
Летіла хмара
Зливою впала...
Злива безсила -
Згоріла злива.

Летять лелекі,
Крила палають
На землю попід
Чорний лягає.
Як нам, лелекам, перелетіти?
Як нам, лелекам, та й не згоріти
Там, де залізні
Крила палають?
Там, де сталеві
Дзьоби ламають?
Де білі хмари
Чорні від диму -
Летять лелеки,
Та й без упину.
Летять лелекі, та не сідають,
Удвох лишились до небокраю.
Обрій далеко,
Обрій не скоро,
Ледве синіє
За круглозором.
Зорі рахують,
Хмари минають,
В своє гніздечко
Спати лягають.

Нехай Україна переможе і буде знову мирне небо!
Слава Героям!

Михайлом Ілленком

#WeStandWithU

Нестерпний біль рідненької країни тече по тілу
кожного із нас!

Моя квітуча ненька, Україно, ти захищаєш і годуєш
нас.

Тебе ніколи не захопить ворог, його ми знищимо
враз і навіки.

Тебе відродимо від орків остогидлих - і зацвітуть
жасмінові кущі!

Ми підіймемо духів наших предків, на поміч їх ми
будем підіймать.

І будуть орків вони катувати, і сім кругів до пекла
проводжать.

Ти зацвітеш, моя красуню мила, ти зацвітеш, як
зацвітуть кущі.

І цілий світ впаде пред нами на коліна, а ти
відродиш мир на цій землі!


Мартиненко Юлія

#WeStandWithU

Ми сильні, бо маємо, що захищати
— свободу та правду!

Ми зможемо всіх ворогів подолати,
залишив позаду!

Нам є чим пишатись,
в нас гори й море,
а мова і люди — вони пречудові!

Ніхто не зітре Україну з історії 
В нас гідність і воля в аналізі крові

vikaiva_

#WeStandWithU

Україна - мати
Я постаріла за чотири дні,
Не так щоб посивіла , як зима,
У мене зморшки на душі,
А в серці потекла сльоза.
Я проклинаю ворогів своїх,
Що смерті дивляться в лице,
І знаю,що безсмертний цвіт
Мого народу оживе.

Мені сьогодні снилася війна,
У ній я загубила всіх.
Прокинулася ніби й нежива
І обіймала діточок своїх.
Я не скажу,що вже зневіра є,
Але так боляче дивитися на тих,
Кому сам Бог до столу подає
І хто сльозами омиває їх.
Благаю тих,хто мир наш стереже,
Живіть! Любов вас береже!

Тривожно минула вже 2 ніч,
А Київ буде стояти!
Коли рідні пишуть,
Як ви? - Ми живі!
Я хочу усім написати.
Але священними будуть слова:
Нехай Україна буде жива!!!

Inna Palamarchuk

#WeStandWithU

In my country there's a war. Impossible..
People die in their own houses.
russians say: „our paths are crossable“,
But they don't know a Ukrainian proudness.

Every day they kill little children,
They have no souls or hearts, undoubtedly.
And it won't be rebuilt,
They horror all the world reputedly.

They tell about „salvation“,
But we need to be saved from them.
Ukrainians are an independent nation,
And we don't need anybody else, not a gram.

We wanna have a peaceful sky and tranquility,
Continue to live, to be happy and dream.
They take away this unartful possibility,
However, we'll definitely this battle win.

Анастасія Кобильник

#WeStandWithU

I don't believe prayers work
I do not believe in god
I believe it's a choice
wheter you shed the blood

I don't believe in the heaven or hell
there's no abyss underground
no winged angels as well
the good and the evil is all around

let's watch what we feed inside
let's love deep and wide
for when you start spreading a war
there's one in your soul

let's put this war to an end
with you brothers we stand.

Karolina from Poland

#WeStandWithU

Ми вже виграли з ними війну, кохана.
І хоча таргани все одно будуть лізти ордою,
І сочитиме довго відкрита глибока рана -
І труситиме ще лихоманка від кожного бою.
Все одно ми вже виграли - гідністю, честю і духом.
Міцним спокоєм тих, хто без паніки чистить
зброю,
Волонтерським масштабним нестримним і дужим
рухом,
І відвагою тих, хто не втік, а лишився, щоб бути з
тобою.
Ми вже виграли - вірою, правдою, словом,
Українським прадавнім і дуже глибоким корінням,
Ти - назавжди, все зайве - лише тимчасово,
Й серед списку твоїх перемог - принести у цей світ
прозріння...

Anna Voloshchenko from Copenhagen

For You, Ukrainian

Though we don't know each other,
though we may never meet,
please know,
these are my prayers for you:
May you once again be free,
like fields of tall-growing sunflowers
dancing in the wind.
May peace return to you,
and all the precious joys
she brings.
May God's blessings come upon you,
as you so richly deserve.
These will continue to be my prayers.
Please know,
I stand with you.

Kimberly M

#WeStandWithU

,Boom
Boom Boom
Boom Boom Boom
Bombs
More bombs
Ukrainian Hearts beating
Beating louder than hatred
Louder than fear
Louder than lies
For me
For you
They fight
They live
They keep on beating
Boom
Boom Boom
Boom Boom Boom‘

Malgorzata Zbudniewek

Δέσμιες λέξεις φωτός

Δέσμιες λέξεις φωτός ξεχύνονται
σε παρθένες αγκαλιές
ξαναγεννιούνται
λέξεις ιερές
Δέσμιες λέξεις τιμής
Αγάπη
Ομόνοια και ειρήνη

Σιωπηλά Τριαντάφυλλα
πλαγιάζουν νωρίς

στις πλατείες και στο θόρυβο του κόσμου

αβίαστος δίκαιος καρπός
την ομορφιά σκορπίζει

Του ουρανού κομμάτια
τρύπωσαν στην καρδιά μας
χαμένες μνήμες και
στο αδιέξοδο του κόσμου,
μοναδικοί καρποί
στολίδια ψυχής
η ειρηνική συνύπαρξη
η καλοσύνη και η αδελφσύνη

Πώς να αρνηθείς το ανάστημα
που σου έδωσε η Πατρίδα
στα μέτρα της καρδιάς
η γλυκιά λευτεριά
ατίμητα δώρα η ζωή
η αγάπη, η ανθρωπιά

Eftichia Kapardeli

ODE OF PEACE

Oh! Peace sprout of the earth

with the dream of the dream, in every First East

in the gaze of love, You

The Harpies are chasing you to imprison you

Oh! Peace, in the bright Alkyonides of a blessed
winter in the

beauty of the Sun, in the supplications in the cries

in the distant voices of the stars

In the aspects of life on the horizon

and the Tombstones of the Heroes

where the light freezes, Peace You

Oh! Peace on the lonely stone, set the beautiful
flower

on it grows desperately

in the girlish dances, in the smiles, in the bloo-
ming roses that

did not bloom in vain

in the closed doors that aged

waiting for loved ones

in the failure of the sphere, asking for a target
in faceless neighborhoods with ordinary people
struggling to

survive

In the hearts of the people you are constantly
"born"

and you travel silently, Peace You

Eftichia Kapardeli

#WeStandWithU

In the world, time has come.
Where the enemy acts so ruthlessly.
None of us knew the war.
And the piercing pain awaits.
Hope only in God for the Father.
We ask for your blessing.
Give us a peaceful life.
Clear skies and more are not needed.
Somewhere there are soldiers defending.
And they give their youth.
These are the angels who protect us.
Give endurance, Almighty, I pray.
And the sentence of sin will be announced.
And the enemy will regret in captivity.
We fought for our mother.
We are free birds, look around.
You smile, everything will pass ...
Because we became stronger together.
And everything that surrounds us is yours.
This way of hardening we are now stronger!

Petry Kinna

War in Ukraine by my own eyes.

Повітря потемішало, загусло
Таким не вмію дихати, хоч мушу
Все тіло захолонуло й затрусло
Так само затрусило й мою душу.
В екрані телефону - руйнування
Я у вікні своєму його бачу
Не вперше випадає нам страждання
Але цього ніколи не пробачу.
Я не пробачу вам тупих ілюзій,
І не забуду вашої зневіри
Я вам згадаю це в годину „блюзу“
Як ви себе поводили, мов звірі.
Я не пробачу страху, боягузтва,
І вашої гидливої спокути
Нас верне, що ведетеса не глупство.
І не цураєтеса повної цензури.
Я не пробачу вам дитячих тіл у моргах,
І сльози їх батьків такі солоні.
Пустішають полиці в военторгах,
У Миколаєві, у Бучі й Оболоні.
Я не пробачу згублені будівлі,
У першій, зачарованій столиці.
Я не забуду спалені покрівлі,
У Ірпені, у Сумах, у Охтирці.
Я буду пам'ятати дуже чітко,

Обличчя тих, хто пав у свою землю,
Вона їх пригорнула надто швидко,
І їх серця, міцніші від кремню.
Війна колись заглохне, закінчиться.

Їй розквітне українців щира вдача,
Але у генокодi залишиться,
Війна, яку ніколи не пробачим.

Аліса Колесникова

#WeStandWithU

,This was Kharkiv
This was Mariupol
This was Viazivka

This was my bakery
This was my bed
This was my son

To wake up
To stand up
To fight back
How do you even..?

But I do see you
Irina, in a red woolen hat, bearing her baby in a
carrier bag to safety.
Olga, with quiet sad eyes, feeding all dogs and cats
and parrots that were left behind.
Igor, with cute friendly dimples, driving the train
through untrustworthy fields.

You are there.
And you will be.

Glory to You
Glory to Ukraine'

Malgorzata Zbudniewek

#WeStandWithU

Лютий завжди нам намагається показати свою
лють
Кати катують
Та сильні духом не мруть
Всюди пропаганда,
всюди гіпноз
Головне, щоб по шкірі від страху не забігав мороз
Головне, щоб в серцях ми віру і любов зберегли
Це і є наша сила, в цьому всі ми

Екатерина Краснова

Red stripes dead body

if you choose a title for your poems
all of them will be named the same
a page from a maniac's diary
since you were little they said you come from
a family of psychopats
they were slamming you to the ground
kicking you in the stomach
between your legs
you started to like the pain
no one hits you now
you started to mutilate yourself

*

you live on the other side of the battlefield
that separates you
the iraq war
the mineriads
the revolution
the divorced family that abandoned him
his girlfriend's misscariage in the street
the punches in his back that knocked him over
the boots crushing him further
the man upstairs filming everything quietly

*

you exist
alongside the one that left his last article on the editorial
board
before being beaten on the street corner
the one that banned his own artistic freedom afterwards
and tolerated only science

as form of self-expression
the one that wears the handcuffs of his own seclusion
the same person that touched your inner thigh
turned your sex inside out kissed your lips undressed you

watched your testicles between the elbows
so satisfied while smelling the traces of blood
from your stiff bruised body
the one that revenged his ruined life
on a dismantled family
you're cannon fodder
a mere cannon fodder
in front of his very eyes

*

all that you left behind
it was a blood trail
your own adoration became
a prohibited & disinterested topic
you are a personal ambitions mutant
the son of a neglectful mother
the desire for recognition plywood
within his own dismantling's parameters
you penetrate the pyramid of civil heads
decapitated after the american invasion
the smell of ammonia that you emanate
covers them up
your perfume reminds
of a prostitute's cheap hair dye
you relived your father's dramas
the sequence of violet rods

piercing through redemption
the electrodes transmit the irregularity of pain
from one day to another

*

you put on your gloves all the way to the end
you're laying your head against his chest
you imagine a sliced meat portrait
you remember the feast in the american military base
the garrison that he left a month before the bombing
he got on with his life as a hidden man
feeling the worthlessness
artifacted by the macabre pleasure

*

you reconstruct your bodies out of touches
the air stays still
in the atonic silence
one of his hands is spreading your legs
the other is entering the space between your glutes
with ferm gestures
you are drawing lines on the surface of your skin
with the tip of the compass
you fondle it you can feel it's hot it's soft it's all yours
you squeeze it until it gets back in your fist
the illusions are congregating & smashing through
the people that suffered while dying
in rounds of applause

*

four times you were hugging him like a son
four times

you were loving him
you tried to live up to his expectations
you tried to be a better person you became
the only one that accepted him as he was
now he's looking at you with a blank stare
as if you wouldn't be there
you understand him
you're talking to yourself beside the body
that you're hugging since a few days ago
the body laying on the sideboard
your father

Erna Matzepa from Romania

This spring

Come to light
unashamedly
in the ungrateful world.
Silent.
Courageous like Diana.

Music in an empty building.
Petals on the tar.
With rude clarity
and atrocious truth,
is revealed to fight human misery.

Light in the night forest.
Whale song in the empty ocean.
A lonely child, smiling in his sleep.

Hidden miracle, private one.

Resists.

Insists.

Resist.

This spring is coming for you.

Michela Nardella from Ukraine

Вставай! (Get up!)

Get up, Cossack! Trouble has come to the house!
It will not work out the hardships:
The Horde is knocking at your gate,
As if, again - the thirteenth century.

Get up, Cossack! Skinny Batu
Russia began to sharpen its sword again.
Who will protect her if not you?
Who but the son should protect the mother?

Get up, Cossack! Plowed border -
Such a small and unnecessary hassle,
When fields explode from explosions,
When wheat is trampled by „fastening“ boots.

Get up, Cossack! Raise your weapons!
Not the Sun now rises from the East -
The regiments of the racist plague are crawling,
To take away strength and freedom.

Get up, Cossack! They smelled blood.
It's time for us to choose our destiny:
Slaves feed their flocks,
Or your own field free to plow.

Get up on the hertz! Two worlds came together,
The troops of the new Muravyov are marching.
You - decide who should lie down,
Either we or the children near Kruty, again.

Let's get up, brothers! The wind carries smoke.
In the armor of the heart connect the hot.
Arise, who values freedom above all!
The fatherland is in trouble! Get up, Cossack!

Paan Kotskiy

Mas valerá o esforço e o suor

Eu não quero morrer.
Não agora,
Nesta altura.
Terei de correr mundo afora.
Tentar viver,
Não somente sobreviver.
Isto é uma confissão
De joelhos no chão.

Preciso de renascer.
Não há tempo a perder.
Depois, vou regressar
Ao meu lar
E voltar a vê-lo
Com olhos de criança.
Esquecer a desgraça
Que assolou este solo.

Esta casa, irei recompor
Com amor.
Largar a dor
Do passado,
Do presente,
E do futuro.
Será duro,
Mas valerá o esforço e o suor.

Carmen Aberquero from Portugal

#WeStandWithU

Darkness won't last long,
The sun will bring the light soon,
Do not lose hope; live.

Look around you; see,
You are not alone.
Keep fighting, my dear soldier.

—*Lynè T.*

Ukraine Poem

My baby boy snuggles in my lap, while we sit on the front porch.

He hears bird songs and his own lips blowing raspberries.

He sees cats playing and green grass dancing.

He feels a cool breeze on his chubby cheeks and little wiggling toes.

And I'm so thankful we have this peaceful moment.

I do not take it for granted, instead I soak it up with gratitude.

Because in another part of our planet, a baby boy sits in a bomb shelter.

He hears explosions and screams.

He sees his mother crying.

He feels his heart pound in terror.

So here in the safety of my front yard, I breathe in a prayer. Breathe out a prayer.

That those bomb shelter babies know peace again,

Their senses soothed with all things beautiful:

Instead of smoke-filled skies, that baby boy looks up to see puffy white clouds shaped like bunnies.

He hears music and laughter.
He sees happiness in his mother's eyes.
He feels the sun kiss his little face.

And our two realities will no longer clash in warped
fun-house mirror reflections, but rather blend like
sunset colors on a placid lake.

And our worlds look alike.
And our senses are soothed with all things beautiful.

Amelia Lea from Louisiana, U.S.A.

Poem for Ukraine

Trust no wolf with bloody teeth
Speaking of peace and false guarantees
For he hides crooked smile under cracking mask
Only truth can stand time's test

I hope it made your day at least a little better.

Slava Ukrajinii!

Vlad Palička

Ukraine

Stay strong beloved people
you won't take a single,
step without God our Lord
your connected to him with an umbilical cord

Oh dear Ukrainians stay humble
don't stumble
Don't forget who your Sheppard is

No need to stress,
no need to impress
Let all your worries onto God
because he is our Lord

May God be with you

Kaduska DeWet

We Stand With U

Ангел з автоматом
Доню, подивися в небо:
зіронька зорує...
Це від тата -
Нас з тобою боронить
Янгол з автоматом.

Заспокоїлась нарешті?
Віченьки заплющи,
Всі побоювання лишні,
Не хвилюйся дужче.

Тато шле тобі вітання -
Сяєво заграло,
Щоб ти спала до світання
І міцною стала.

Щоб наснилося тобі
Синє чисте небо
шепотітиме слова:
"Доцю, спи, так треба.

Як прокинешся раненько,
Золоте серденько,
Поцілуй за мене, любя,
Братика і неньку.

А тобі я шепочу:
Люлі, донько, люлі,
Україну вбережу

Від російської кулі.

Будуть ранки ще у нас
Ясні, пурпурові,
І веселки в небесах
Різнокольорові.

І прогулянка у місті -
Все, що забажаєш,
Знову купим кошенья,
Хоч одне вже маєш..."

Нахилилася матуся,
Дочку цілувала...
Спить дитина
Ї не відчула,
як сльозина впала.

Марія Дем'янюк

Великий пост..

„Душа, что плачешь?
Чего тоскливо то тебе?
Где слёзы тела? Снова прячешь?“
Так спросят люди о тебе.
А что душа... Война идёт...
Она вся ранена, побита,
Грехами мира занята,
Словно земля кровью умыта,
И на руках невинное дитя.
Ей говорят “Молчи, молчи!
Забейся в угол, там кричи!“
Дрожа и плача от бессилья,
Она ушла, сложивши крылья.
Замолкла.. Тишина.. Как вдруг..
Услышала биенье сердца,
Вся встрепенулась, ожила.
На свет молитвы полетела,
Надежда, вера и любовь спасла!
Во тьме найти хоть лучик света,
Увидеть снова новый день.
„Пришла весна, дождаться б лета..“
Тихонько шепчет снова, та душа.
(А.Ждан)

Анастасия Петручук

A poem from Ukrainian girl

Invading our homes
And killing peaceful people,
You don't conquer our souls,
You won't be able to break our spirit.

The Russian devil is getting weak
And our army even stronger.
Fighting against us? you should be sick!
Please go away! We can't stand you no longer.

Rather we die than let you take the world.
We will avenge the children's death.
And you will pay for all dark lord.
Welcome to look how Russian devil fails.

Maria Konarska

Вірю!

Летальна тривога.
Осквернений Час!
Я вірую Богу.
Поможе й в цей раз.

Господь не покине.
Не вбити святинь!
Я вірую у Київ
І вірую в Ірпінь.

Палає офіра.
Країна горить!
У Вінницю вірую
І - у Бровари.

Летять птахи з вірію.
Всевишній, прости!
У Миргород вірую
І - в Яготин.

Нестерпна розмова,
Священний взірець.
Я вірую Львову,
Люблю Трускавець.

Країна - на скресах.
Себе не віддасть!
Я вірую Одесі
І вірую в Бердянськ.

Море болю і суму...
Ведмедю - потоп.
Я вірю - у Суми
І в наш Конотоп!

Безмежна безмірність...
Пекельний перон!
Я Харкову вірю
І вірю в Херсон.

Страшні опояси...
І кожен з нас - ціль.
Я вірю в Черкаси
І - у Чернівці.

Весна засміється.
Христос - біля нас!
Я вірю Донецьку
І вірю в Луганськ!

Поглянь на це Небо -
Безодня й бальзам.
Я вірю у себе,
Я вірю всім Вам!

Антоніна Листопад

ЛЕЛЕЧА ІСТОРІЯ

Казала бабуся: лелеки завжди повертаються на весні,
що би там не було, як би той світ не змінився, не знависнів,
вони знають дорогу і точно знають, де їхній батьківський дім,
навіть якщо пошкоджений, лагодять і залишаються в нім.

Я занадто мала. Цікаво. Питаю бабуся: а далі як? якщо дому немає і усе зруйнували, поганий знак? розкажи, що лелеки роблять, може вертаються всі назад,
і як після того всього живуть і виховують ще малят?

Каже бабуся: жоден лелека не верне від дому на чужину
покурличе, потужить й потому зведе домівку іще одну,
гілка до гілки, стебло до стебла - так будуватиме новий дім,
і щоразу вертатиметься до нього ще через багато зим.

Знай, не одне молоде покоління ще зростатиме в
тім гнізді,

і жодне із них не зречеться дому, бо істини в них
прості:

там, де ти народився, вперше побачив цей різний
доволі світ

Батьківщиною зветься.

Світ на цьому тримається і стоїть.

Я лягаю спати, закриваю очата, бачу лелечий дім
і небо безхмарне, сонце в зеніті і зграю птахів під
ним,

бабуся тихо співає пісню про Україну і про любов,
і про лелек, які щовесни повертають додому знов.

Автом IngiGerda

Поезія про війну

Станеться так, що війна розсікатиме навпіл...
Та літо народить маленькі рум'яні міста
Станеться так, що віддуння холодної правди
Вичавить сік на долоні чужинця. Свята
З вітру повстане і буде молитися людям
Тим, що дубами стояли, тримаючи світ
Небо розчиститься, небо усіх приголубить
Дрібно посіється саду широкого цвіт
На перериті дороги, надірвані душі
Спокою трохи вплететься в знебарвлені дні
Так, це війна, і коли вона раптом стається
В ріках із крові вмиваються як у вині
Кляті кати, але зло не сильніше любові
Поки що кулі свистять та співати птахам
Скільки би не довелось підійматися знову

Дому свого, я триклятий, тобі не віддам!

Julia Pavlivna

Вірш про війну в Україні

Таке неможливо пробачити. Знає лиш Бог,
Яке пошматоване серце у мого народу,
Скільки наслухались вже і сирен, і тривоги,
Скільки разів проклинали сусіда-урода.

Смертельні ракети порізали наш небозвід,
Ворожі тіла впали трупами на чорноземи.
Ми прагнем свободи настільки, що скоро весь світ
Про наші звитяги складатиме нові поеми.

За кожную сльозинку, за кожен зруйнований дім,
За кожне життя, яке нагло війна обірвала,
Ворог горітиме в пеклі аж сім поколінь,
І тої розплати за звірства їм ще буде мало!

Ми все відбудуємо, Ненько, тільки тримайся!

Ти в надійних руках твоїх кращих синів і до чок.
В руїнах від бомб, у смертях від боєприпасів
Ми не просто пишем історію – ми міняємо почерк.

Ольга Савчак

Heavy footsteps in the Ukraine

Why does war exist at all?
a world where people, communities fall

in distress and such despair
the world looks on, with empathy and prayer

a world united, seeking peace
wishing, demanding to withdraw and cease

those who wish to split this earth
their own needs, insecurity, self-worth

an attack on freedom, human rights
destruction to cities, explosive lights

yet proud they stand, with pride as one
powerful, strong, too fearless to run

those that flee, a tough journey ahead
uncertainty, seeking refuge instead

heavy footsteps in the Ukraine
what's left is hope, through all this pain

Loretta

Verses about war

We retreat. And for long. Shall we fit that coffin?
Say farewell to your books, their dusty covers.
We're to pass. When exactly? – all that me bothers.
Every day we rehearse the sweet nothing.

Brand new clothing is out of place.
Just a couple of coins for a ferryman,
private letters instead of a testament
so that everyone knows – life's a passing craze.

A step far from throat vowels stay mute.
Save yourself! Otherwise down you'll burn.
The abandoned abandon in turn.
No way back. We are nomads, we're free and crude.

We don't travel by train but on foot,
southern steppe is our home sweet home.
Our land is our bed and the sky is our dome.

Still blood runs deep. We stay proud for good.

Yet we're humble.

The gatecrashers, here they come
uninvited, unbidden, unwanted.
Hawk-eyed vultures peck eyes of a nomad
who once struggled to silence an enemy gun.

Antonio Viandante

#WeStandWithU

If my worst nightmare threatened to blow out the stars I would still find you.

Peel through layers of bricks and walk across elderly nations.

You are my place and I am yours, and we will not be separated how it counts, whatever they try.

I will wait for you, darling, no matter how slowly time passes for us.

My heart will still be full, my eyes will still be wide, and my arms will still be prepared for you, however you come to me.

I love you, and my will won't ever shake or bleed.

Sasha Madsen

ПЕРШИЙ ДЕНЬ ВІЙНИ

Це був важкий, але сміливий день,
Який почався вдосвіта брехнею.
Моя країна, як чиясь мішень,
Прокинулась з роздертою душею.

Летіли дуже низько літаки.
Гелікоптери пил з дахів здіймали.
Ранкова, ще не проспана блакить,
Останні сни бідою розірвала...

Яскравий спалах із відтінком штор,
І лязг вікна, прочитаного в лютий.
Хтось увімкнув ще сплячий монітор:
„Війна... З нас почалось... Як далі бути?..“

А поряд перелякана донька,
З питанням, що зависло: „Мамо, що це?..“
І знову гуркіт. Зблизька. Здалека.
Яскраве світло, наче вийшло сонце.

А потім знову темний гул небес,
І звуками спотворена реальність.
Закрила очі. Але фон не щез,
Лише в думках змінилася тональність.

Про себе я промовила: „Війна...“

І доню приголубила: „Нічого...“

А стукіт серця видав. І вона

Спитала: „Я не виросту з-за цього?“

Міцніше пригорнула: „Звісно ж ні.

Хіба нас можна ранком налякати?

Ми не дамо тут правити війні.

Ходімо борщ для тата готувати.“

Яна Малыга

Contrastes

Ha vuelto a salir el sol
Nubes blancas sobre cielo azul
Mozart en la radio
Calefacción encendida
Teletrabajo

De nuevo el cielo gris
Humo y destrucción
La guerra en la radio
Frío en la calle
Ni casa, ni trabajo

El mismo cielo
Las mismas nubes
El mismo mundo
Que ellos destruyen
impunes

Rocío Fariña Seoane

#WeStandWithU

I've never thought that my life could fit into
a backpack
And I'll be carrying it around for days.
What's left of me now? Is there anything else?
Show me a place where I can feel safe.

My home has been turned into a void.
I don't think you know what's it like,
How horrid in here is the night.
I'm afraid of every sound louder than a clap.

From now on
On every world map
My country is the heart.
It's bleeding every single day.
Along with me.

Anna Kovalyova from Ukraine

Costs

You pay a huge cost for souls.
For ideas,
for life under the sky,
which is also the Russian sky.

Fill the sky with a cry of love.
Let the world hear.
Let the world move heaven and earth.
Let the world shake the canopy and warm the cold
hearts of the invaders.

I am not a pacifist, but war is taking humanity back
at least two steps

Let's pay for being human. We will pay with
humanity. Glory to Ukraine

Krzysztof Dubajski

The Day That Peace Died

2.45pm Wednesday in the Home Counties

I was walking though the green fields with my legacy friend, Annabel,

My friend who had lost her husband the year before.

She was hollow

But still beautiful

In her tartan hat

Empty ring finger

Puckered lips

Perfect skin

2.50pm my cramps started

I could feel my period falling down, late

Notes on grief:

Grief's got sticky hands

Grief

Leaves marks

Like blisters

Oozing

Apprehension

Doubt

Guilt

Smallness

Nausea

Humiliation

Aching

Death had touched her, Annabel

And me, in a way
Left her behind
Left me a little more empty
Like some wild stallion
Neighing and bolting
Left behind
With my small grief
And her big bigger grief
Yes
And at just after 3pm, Annabel asks for more time
“Please, just a little more time,” she says
“Please”
So
So the light must be on again
Her radiance overcoming
The blisters temporary
Cat scratches
That will heal
In time

Chiara Hepburn

Chiara Hepburn 2022 2022kd
In green fields
With friends
And hot tea
And port
And prayers
And time

In time
And trust
3.30pm we got back to the cottage
I scraped the mud off my boots
Jumped in the car
4.15 pm swerving through motorway lanes
Trying to keep my eyes open
I pushed down the window
I checked the dog in the back seat
Concentrated on staying awake
Focused on not
Needing to urinate
Focused on not
Focusing on the pain
And the black blood
4.45pm I got home
Got into bed
Shut my eyes
The blood was redder now
6pm I woke up
Went downstairs
Ate a biscuit
Called my mum
She was working
She's always working
"Sorry" I said
"I hope you're not too disappointed"
6.45pm I text my in laws
Sorry... I typed

I hope you're not too disappointed
7pm I made some dinner
Used the pot that was a wedding gift from my brother
in
law, Jonny, the doctor
I wondered if there could be Teflon in it, the pot
I hoped not

Chiara Hepburn 2022 2022kd

7.45pm

And it was war

Cries

Cars backed up

Gunfire

Makeshift bunkers

Sirens in Europe

After so long

All that we took for granted

All that we might say or change or vote away if we
could

Apathy now turned to fear

For our sons our daughters

For our futures and for our neighbors and for our
friends

11pm and I hold my husband close

11pm and the tears sink down

11pm and my husband is 33

So we would need to hold

On

For two years
Two years and he'd be protected
From conscription
Or enlisting even
He has a hero's heart after all
So
Two years more
And we might be protected from our own not so small
grief
Unlike those in
Mariupol
Or Odesa
Or Kharkiv

Or-
Only a month ago

I was asked to travel to Kiev
For a job
"No thank you"
I declined
Unease
Building then
And I remember nights
Laughing with girlfriends
Dreaming up trips to Moldova
Or other not so far off places
So who'd have thought just a quintet of years later?
We'd be seeing folks

Regular folks

2022 2022kd

Lovely people

Or not so lovely people

People like you or I

Their smiling faces

Or

Like grieving Annabel

Or Jonny the doctor with the maybe not Teflon pot

Or my cousin Lucy

Or my uncle Dan

Or Oksana

The lady who made jokes with the reporter from
CNN

Because she didn't want her children to see,

Didn't want them to know,

That she was afraid.

These types of people

Kind

And bald

And fat

And tall

With tender hearts

Piling into cars

Packing their families

And picture frames

And Teflon pots

And transportable memories
And driving away from their lives
To boarders
Not so far from home
Not so far from here
In the end we all pray
In the end we all just ask for more time
And so I lay down my small grief

(3)

Thankful that today I do not have to hide
That I do not have to hide my fear from my children
That I do not have to hide from those that are carried
or
even, miscarried.

In the end we all ask for more time
More life
More love
Please
More time
More
Wednesday February 23rd 2022

The day that peace died.

Carmela Corbett

Silver Linings

if I was a dove
I would rise above
this world of hurt and hate
to where there are no states
no borders humans made
only silver linings

if I was a dove
I would spread my love
with every feather floating
to where they are devoting
their lives with others gloating
give them a silver lining

if I was a dove
I would get wind of
all the battlefields
no one yet revealed
where they need a shield
and a silver lining

if I was a dove
I would give a shove
for jets around the world
like a flock of birds
to let their contrails blur
and leave a silver lining

for once let us be doves
heaven's wide enough
to write it down above
that peace is made from love
so let us all take off
becoming silver linings

Juliane Vogler from Leipzig, Germany

SKRIJTE IH DO BOLJIH DANA

Ponovno zvijezde na noćnom nebu,
rakete, zračna opasnost i suze,
i djevojčica što u rukama nosi bebu,
i zao čovjek što im djetinjstvo uze.

I potreba sna i san o Tihoj noći,
kad su imali dom i psa i bili su sretni,
a sada bježe iz svog grada moraju poći,
kako su se radovali, a sad su tako sjetni.

Skrijte ih, skrijte ih do boljih dana,
skrijte ih i pričajte im samo lijepe priče,
skrijte ih daleko, daleko od ovih rana,
novi svjetski pokret mira iz srca zemlje niče.

Nikola Dominis

#WeStandWithU

Гордо я достаю из широких штанин
Длинный ствол и острейшую саблю
И украинский паспорт,ведь я гражданин
Иди нахуй,российский корабль!
Вы сброд и отребье,всего лишь рабы
Без башни ,без дула,как ваши танки
И застряли в болоте ещё до стрельбы
Ваши старые консервные банки
Ну шо ,позновато узнали чей крым
Хотели земли ,пидорасы
Землѐи вас накормим ,и ей отдадим
Удобрение пушечным мясом
Не нужно вам плакать ,бояться,просить
Москва слизням не верит,и вы ей отвратны.
Пора вам свинцом и землѐй закусить
В аду заждались вас и просят обратно.

Stefann Cebotaru

#WeStandWithU# Ukraine 

I hear their Screams ,
I Feel their Pain ,
From the Far across lands .

Soon...
The Bright Sun will arrive soon
And the Darkness would be gone .

Droplets of Happiness,
Would shower through The Skies
And
The Rays of Sunshine ,
Would bring you peace .

Your Dreams would Bloom Up soon .
And a better Future of Happiness ,
Would arrive soon .

We Stand with You
And
We Pray For You .
Hard Times will be vanished soon
And
Those Hopeful eyes ,
would be filled with Prolonged
Happiness soon ..!

Fathima Sameera from Sri Lanka

TO GENERATIONS

Ukrainian heroes are here and there!
Our brothers... and sisters... who help and take care!
With hands and with thoughts, with public and private,
by saying to world something bigger and higher,
then Oleg once said about Slavs in desire.
And once again hearing, sensing the truth
about our nation, so thriving and young,
we are ready to rock,
we are ready to strike,
defending ourselves from the Russian plague!
Our shouts sound bravely,
the victory's calling,
leading us forward, proud and thankful
for all we have got:
our country,
and people,
heavens,
brave hearts,
open souls
sacred blessing...

And if we say,
“Must!” -
we are struggling against
fictitious end.

Ukrainians are endless,
like water, earth, sun
and the young artist's pen.

Taras Riehl

#WeStandWithU

the lap of vertigo
the stroke is divine
the top is deep
the dome is a well
the air grainy like a wreck.
Stars in stars
shine
because far away
a look lights them up
and the heart floats
hanging from a balcony
without roots.
Does the rose know
the taste of water?
Full of intention be
our blooming
above and below us.

Sabrina De Canio

#WeStandWithU

In grembo alla vertigine
si addivina il tratto
alto è profondo
la cupola è pozzo
aria sgranata come un relitto.

Stelle nelle stelle
brillano
perché lontano
uno sguardo le accende
e il cuore fluttua
appeso ad un balcone
senza radici.
Conosce la rosa
il sapore dell'acqua?

Pieno di intenzione sia
il nostro fiorire
sopra e sotto di noi.

Sabrina De Canio from Italy

Вірш

Я вже багато років не бачив синього неба,
Давно не чув тиші у полі,
Коли чутно лише листя шелест.
Спроба.
Долі.
Протест.
В мені горить вогонь найгарячіший:
Язики полум'я лоскочуть вуста.
А лиш хочеться спокою, тиші і миру.
Хижа.
Помста.
Звіра.
Принесе лише більше болю.
Тому треба йти з гордо піднятим носом,
На путь альтруїзму, гуманності і поваги.
Волю.
Духом.
Змоги.

Константин Веретинский

No Excuse!

So you think it's okay...to carry on this way?

WHAT?

To torment and taunt. . . to terrorize and haunt?

WAIT!

While the whole world watches . . . in horror, your launches?

WHY?

Your unjust war . . . your unfounded attacks . . . this is so out of whack!

WHAT FOR?

THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR WHAT YOU ARE DOING!

Causing families to flee from their homes. . . now in ruins. . .

IT'S NOT RIGHT! IT'S NOT RIGHT!

Stop it now! I do say!

How can you sleep at night? How can you wake each day?

STOP THIS INSANITY!

SUCH DAMN INHUMANITY!

Unforgivable acts

You must stop these attacks!

Sandi Jean Gajewski

Po lidech

Po lidech přišla tráva
skelety zavražděných domů
pavoučí píseň
namotává
vzpomínky v jizvách stromů
a země napila se krví
nad čelem závoj vlčích máků
nasládlé ticho
bezesloví
jen křídla vyplašených ptáků
rozvíří prach
kde hvězdám došel dech
prázdnost a strach
tu zbyly
po lidech ...

Michal

My a naše (U)krajina

Hoří nebe v Ukrajině
a pásy tanků žerou zem
to se pase ruská svině
než ji v neckách vyvezem

Ano, hrozí atomovky
a pláč se dere do očí
ale přesto stříhnem krovky
té putinské svoloči

Bojujeme za Evropu
za svět v dnešní podobě
a ne za plyn nebo ropu
tak stůjme hrdě - při sobě ...

Michal

A poem for Ukraine

Seule à braver la tempête, seule oui,
la nation écope dans un bain
amer de sang et de pleurs, un flot si
violent et subit qu'il dépose tout là,
au bout du chemin, dans le flou et le noir,
un et opaque ; et nul ne sait si Donetsk,
Kiev ou Odessa frissonneront à nouveau
rapidement au rire sonore et aux hurra
allègres des enfants en liesse. À Kharkiv,
il faut sans cesse se relever. Déjà,
notre monde s'effondre ; le bal
inéluable de la guerre, lui, ne faiblit pas.

Jordan Esteve from France

#WeStandWithUkraine

The rainbows gone, the sky is empty
Only rockets in the air
Does it seem to be better?
Armless birds
And the enemy taking lives over
The night and stars are looking dumb
While the sirens still go on
Does it seem any better?
A newly born having no future
An old man cannot be honoured in a grave

God is upset, mad at us
Who let you kill people, shoot everywhere?
We must touch everything sweetly God says
Does it really look any better?
Conscience is covered in dust
The land is no more yours till the death

Etleva Kupsi

Pour un poème européen

Comme d'une eau tant soit peu bouillante,
Un sabre qui chuchote à la boue -
Des paroles de Marioupol
Une halenée de savon froid
Un timbre s'en décolle,
Qu'un élan se lève et brame
Sous les dents métalliques qui progressent
implacablement...
Un sabre qui chuchote à la boue
Des paroles de Marioupol
Un avis ? Sur la perspective résistante
Un élan se lève et brame pour un poème européen.

Victor Cabras

NATION

On the day the war ends,
Let's set the tables for the whole country,
Let's rake the horrors and ruins,
And remove the tape from each window.
On the day the war ends,
Every family will meet the warrior
And the child laughs happily,
And the world will know what a terrible price.

The day the cellars run out,
We will not launch loud salutes,
Feeling what it means in real Kruty,
We will not hold pompous carnivals.
Having cut a wheat palyanitsa,
Mentioning both the soldier and the general,
We will remember those who died
Weeping mournfully from every bell tower.

And then the whole country will go to bed,
No duty over the crib,
As long as everyone is writing books,
We will rest and not be disturbed.
On the day when all the fatigue is over,

Let's disassemble the delayed suitcases,
And we'll laugh as much as we can,
And we will understand, now consciously,
We are Ukrainians, Glory to Ukraine!
On the day the war ends,
Everyone will say: he, they, she:
We are a nation, We are strong We are one!

Ольга Халена

Ukraine: I sing for you...

You lie on the other side of the world
Confused and Dazed with the vision you see

A sight of horror
Instead of glee

A country so beautiful
Yet terror finds it
The misery, the chaos
The fear that it feels

Cold and stranded
Left as a battlefield
Will it ever bloom again?
Into its earlier glory

There can be hate
There will be bloodshed
Of people and families
It cannot be forgiven
It cannot be forgotten

The world does not deserve war
Yet here it is
The word love that
You speak of

Where is it?

People are fighting

One by one everyone is involved

There is no love

There is no empathy

There is no humanity

Alas the future is dead

Was it simply

as we could not be

Better humans

Or was it

Simply that we have forgotten

Who we are?

You are scared

I am scared too

Everyone is scared

One too many

A battle of unknown virus

A battle of unknown conflicts

A battle of sadness

Are we to the world?

Or the world to us?

The end is up to us
The battle is not over
The end is near

But our chances still count
If there is no hope
We shall feel it once more
If love is not found
We shall speak of it
Not in the moments taken
But the moments cherished

In the songs that we sing
In the memories that it bring
Because we never do forget it
We simply become blind to it

I sing for you
For the love that
Has not faded
For the people
Who still believe

Who has not given up
Who has not forgotten how to love
And especially
For the ones
Who still have HOPE

I wish to send every bit
Of my rainbow
So that you get to see

The beauty of every shade in life
The war will end
People will smile again
And in the end
That is ours
You shall regain your beauty

I shall sing for you
Ukraine

Sangay Loday from Bhutan

Inferno is on Earth

In middle age - even if you remain on inferno
you have handful of nostalgia, some wrinkled memories
that crawls like your weary feet.

But the children of war have their memories on toys,
to the last pages of books full of adventures.
When they open the window, they see smoke,
smoke, and sadness. This new chapter of their life is being
written
through the rubble and the roar of arms.

Dante – inferno is on earth each time there is no freedom
and the cold power of weapons extends over human
destinies.

It's March, the beautiful season.
Winter is in its last throes.
But there is no open sky in Ukraine.

The smoke of war has darkened the horizons
and the earth is covered with fear.

A child in the Kyiv hospital expects to disappear to a new
place
which is called Security.

This place on earth seems not to exist today, Dante.

There is the poison of hate and sorrow on earth.

There is darkness and the veins of hatred want to burst.

It is darkness and soul darkness are more horrific than that
of hell.

Everything is written and said:
War is terrible.

„No - he cannot do that,“ - said the sick girl's mother
and closed her eyes to see a little light,
but there are ruins ahead her,
where the dreams of the innocent are dissolved.

(1)

The girl cries. Is in pain. Oxygen in the hospital is at risk of
spending
Food is limited. Only news
and political statements are abundant.
No one knows the pain of a child leaving nightclothes,
bags of toys, and disappear away. Escape is ice-cold as
death.

And war is a harsh continent where the unfortunate
beings dwell
them that forget their names, tear down dreams
and turn into fear.

Dante, how to get together children's tears -
and with it to create a great river
where all sinners can enter and bathe in it.

Dante, today I cried with the voice of the little girl in a
hospital in our earth.
She takes cure to heal her sickness
while hearing the alerts of war and said: I want to escape.
Her cries have entered my room, like the spear.
She needs one who leads her out of the inferno.

You know how it goes,
Therefore, you ought to appear
and bring humans out of the fiery hell of suffering.

Dante, you know that one day the weapons will cease,
shameless leaders, will sit at tables
and will sign a peace document which they tear up
whenever they want.
But their madness pays from innocent and the generations
to come.

Therefore, we need to make the earth better,
to decrease the amount of fear
and increase the amount of goodness.
Then undo the word war
and with it, to burn all cursed borders
and in their place to plant magnificent flowers and trees.

(Night dialog with Dante Alighieri)

Ndue Ukaj

The scent of flowers

It must have been the scent of blooming flowers,
Their splendor
Sprinkling blood
In my nostrils:
Amputated limbs
Dying line -waiting
Citizens
Orphaned toys
Left In the deceased furrows of past life.

I asked to enroll in a pain management program
But the only class available was
How to be
A positive,
Happy
Refugee.

Edna Aphek

A haiku

sunflowers waiting
for peace to reign again
a history of healing

Katherine E Winnick

#WeStandWithU

You stand alone.
We re freezed to stone.
To scared, to be with You.
Horrified we re watching.
We see what war can do
Famillys are seperated.
Putin is so very hated.
The men are locked in fatherland.
Putin ,s evil, we understand.
But Zelenskiy what are you ?
The men are civilians too .

Europe is taking you as our shield.
So we put weapons in the field.
I don't want war with russia.
But I can barely watch ya.
They take and destroy your land.
And you strongely stand.

Your back against the wall.
Ukraine i pray for you all.

M. Schmitz

STRONG AGAIN

Though the flood may destroy the golden crops
of today

Blues skies and sunshine will return
and zoloto kernels shall grow strong again

Christine Servant

Poetry. War. Ukraine

На вулиці війна...
І ця весна...
Ще довго нам болітиме
Пізніше...
Все закінчиться,знаю
Мир...і перемога
Без сумнівів ,я вірю
Буде наша.
Всі рани залікує...
Вірний час...
Нехай все тільки закінчиться ...
Хаос..
Я вірю, що все буде ще у нас
І світ нам допоможе
Вчасно. Враз.
І наші воїни поборять
Темну силу...
І ми... Такі єдині і прекрасні
Повернемось в життя щоденне,
Вірю!
Що знову ж ,
Мир прибуде неодмінно!

Валентина Капшук

Цей пекельний титанік розтрощиться об нас

Перша літера «в», п'ять літер, остання «а».
Я його на ім'я не назву не тому, що боюсь —
Щоб і маковим зерням не вкласти силу свою.

Ця пекельна, непотопельна бездушна іржа
Цей утілений розтиражований чорний жах,
Нерозбірливо поглинає, ковтає, жере
Але їй не переплисти це синє мо-ре,

Не зорати чорнозем, не винищити суті
Білий айсберг невідворотно назустріч сунеться,
І — адреса одна — титанік сягає дна
Й розверзається дно, і в товщі тоне луна.

Julia Maksimeyko

Poems for the People of Ukraine

The Ukrainian soul blows the horn,
calls for help
but
no one called.
The Ukrainian soul is trumpeting again and again
but
silence only exclaims.
Where is the help?
Where is the friend who promises to "be there
for you?
There is no one.
There is no one.
But my soul is not alone.
My people stand by,
My family
My soldiers.
We are fighting the enemy
for our freedom,
for our land.

I get up in arms
I'm not afraid
I'm trying to find myself
I free rein to courage and strength
I keep an invisible sword with me
My spirit is unconquerable in me
I'm ready for the battle
I will bring glory to Ukraine
I will glorify the whole Ukrainian

Karina Jackson

HOSTOMEL

Everywhere
Song of sirens
Sounds of war
All around
Rolling thunder
Fills the night
Terror in the dark
Rockets blast
The earth is shaking
Shells they plow the ground

Long awaited
Still surprising
Dread fills every heart
Is this the end
Is freedom dead
Will tyrants rule form now?

Uncounted numbers
Unmatched weapons
Overwhelming force
Panic growing
Chaos rules

Fear in every heart
The Russians are
At Hostomel town

Ukrainian heroes storm the fields
They fear not pain nor death
Invader troops are out of breath
At Hostomel town

The dust has cleared
The screams have stopped
The guns they sing no more
The heroes stand
The Russians lie
Amidst the dreadful gore
At Hostomel town

All doubts are gone
The war is won
At Hostomel town

Dennis Graemer

Poem about hope

So, we have sunny,
windless days.
spring.
hazel
blossoms prematurely.
other birds,
their habits have not changed
the jays played songs of freedom and rebellion
and their feathers rose over the dry orchard,
they flew unaware that people might be in trouble
they were preparing for hatching as every year.

the stork returned to Kiyv
the church blossomed iconically
the stork did not understand the bloody glow,
the splendor of the eastern cities.
He endured branches on the socket. He
was looking for frogs and snails like
a soldier at the front
looking information from the capital. Hungry.
The stork was still alive.
A symbol of a life that can come back.

Kinga Matalowska from Poland

ΔΟΞΑ ΕΝ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ!

Πᾶς τύπος ὅς καταπίπτει πᾶρ Κιέβω θανατώδης
Εὐρώπης κατὰ μάζου πένθος βαλλόμενον περ.
Πᾶς Ουκρανός ὅς ἐχθρῶ σούν ὕβρει καταπίπτει
Εὐρωπαϊός ὅς ἔργω θνήσκει βαρβαρικῶ νῦν.

Michele Sacco from Italy

AD PACEM

Dūlcis Eūrōpē, spātīōsā vīsum,
spūmēās sūpēr Tŷriās ārēnās
lētā tēxēbās crōcīnās cōrōnās
īnsciā fūcī:

Gēntiūm rēgīnā pācīsquē māter,
ūnūm āttōllūnt cīthāræ sōnāntēs
cāntūm ālātūm sīmūl ūsquē tētē
clārīficāntēm.

Hicē sōlēm sēpōsitōsquē frātrēs
ādvēnīt sēmēl cēlēr aūrēūsquē,
stēllām ōmnēm cārūlēūmquē cælum
trānsgrēdiēndo.

Sīt nēc iām rūssūs nēquē ūcrāīnūs
sīc nēc ūrbānūs nēquē bārbārūs sit,
sēd pārēs sōlūmmōdō sīnt hēmōnēs
sūb gēnus ūnum.

Nōsmēt ōmnēs nām cōmītēs lēvāmus
cāntā dāmnāntēs hēmōnīs hōstēs:
vōcībūs nūnc ūnānimīs rēnēmus
vērbūlūm hōc: „pāx“.

Michele Sacco from Italy

Poems about Ukraine

Amanece porque vuestros abrazos
son más fuertes que la sed del tirano.
Jamás podrá ser hecho pedazos
vuestro corazón por el odio insano.

Con vosotros no podrán los zarpazos
del horror, obra del frío gusano.
Ante el mal no hay banderas, sino lazos
solidarios con el pueblo ucraniano.

Que el amor acalle todo disparo.
Que el coraje derribe los misiles.
Que la locura arda en el infierno.

Ucrania, conmueve tu clamor claro:
la verdad enterrará los fusiles,
dará al asesino silencio eterno.

*Alejandro Pérez Moreno
from Talavera de la Reina, Spain*

Голоси війни

кому розказати? зима і війна...
і залізо... кому розказати?
серце на нитці, й горюча земля
виростає з кривавої вати.
ці завзяті пісні, що повітря шкребує,
і тремтіння замерзлої гривні
по пивницях сирих оповідки гудуть—
всі трагічні, але позитивні
общипали для супу лаврові вінки,
всі оголені правди й неправди
розхиталися, наче в зеленій воді
русалок облізлі принади.
понапхали каміння в клітину грудну,
і скаліченим містом ходили...
ці історії чесні про звичну війну -
і чому ми їх завжди любили?
тільки янголи-сироти між пустирів
у безжальному небі блукають...
але наші рукописи давні й сумні
не горять, хоч і зараз палають.

Элина Свенцицкая

Ukraine

muffled fears
distant cries
unexpected attack
lit the skies

broken trust
plot to scare
silent greed
unaware

republic divided
by a single man
chasing sovereignty
secret plan

soldiers ordered
regime to rise
civilian lives
to jeopardize

run for shelter
spread the word
cries for help
the world... has heard

strength of people
lives within
distant heroes
coming in

damaged leader
sit and tremble
countries unite
Avengers!!!
... assemble.

And here's another I'd like to contribute.. for hope.

Grace Domingo

Survive

tides are rough.. we hold tight
fog blur vision.. unclear sight

waves crash down.. catching air
scream for help.. no one there

fear within.. takes over us
mentally crippled.. conscience distrust

unsure the outcome.. we are vigilant
ship may plunge.. we are resilient

test our strength.. as we drown
tenacious together.. bravely bound

far in distance.. we see light
a glimpse of hope.. continue to fight

reaching up.. to stay afloat
as water rise up to our throat

that gasp for air.. keep us alive
we'll never sink... we will survive.

Grace Domingo

They killed peace

We died the same exact day
when bombs suddenly killed peace.
Shadows of confused ghosts
on the streets of the world,
tore off the masks washed out with time.
The words can no longer convince anyone.
Mothers curses fly up in the sky
to strike the blindness
before colliding
over the heads of innocent sons.
Delirious speeches on TV screens
they can not ease the pain of wounds.
Lips should never utter
the poison of betrayal.
Spring is the season of life.
The sweetness of freedom does not accept chains
of infidelity.

Arjan Kallco from Albania

#WeStandWithU

Де гори єднаються з небом блакитним
Де річки вмивають п'яний чорнозем
Де запах солодкий від сосен та жита
Розноситься вітром і літнім дощем
Де зорі палають як вогнища бога
Де квіти встеляють мандрівникам путь
Під затишком пісень з тендітної мови
Під небом просторим Незламні живуть.
Незламні плетуть свою силу з любові
До рідного краю і близьких людей
І мальви душисті що кольору крові
Вони прикладають до сильних грудей
Таких не зламаєш, вони не вмирають
Таких не злякаєш, їх криє любов
Вони за свободу священного краю
Життя віддадуть і народяться знов
Вертайся додому проклятий загарбник
На нашій землі ти згниєш в чорнозем
Ми сила, ми єдність, нас не подолати

Незламні пильнують з вогнем і мечем!
Незламні і Вільні

Iryna Li

RESTORE
'Ode to Sunflower Seeds'

The seeds will grow
Although small
Although scattered
Although isolated
Although pressed
The seeds will grow
Across the ground
Through the darkness
Through chaos
Through bone
They will take root
Transform scorched earth
Into lush green
Foliar stalks
Who stretch and reach
They will produce
Golden petals
Follow the sun
Claim heaven and
Restore paradise

Catherine Grace

To Ukraine

How can I tell you from
thousands of miles afar
that the pain of Ukraine
can be felt like the weight
of a falling star
Cascading through the universe
destruction and torment in its path
rectified by faith and glory
counteracting its wrath
So, hold on to the vision
of all the love in our hearts
that the suffering of this
senseless war
will one day depart
Remembering freedom
will always hold true
and your country cannot be taken
by a dictator of the attempted coup
And if I were Hercules
I would hold the falling star
so high in the sky
that its brightness
could be seen from
thousands of miles afar
knowing that the weight
of the pain of Ukraine
had been lifted by the
palm of my hand
without a scar.

Cheryl Doyle

We are people

massacre
nightmare gone haywire
dark scenario dug
from the deepest mortal hate
down the barrel of the gun
no path is straight
hold your children
and confine in fate

we are people
not numbers in a great scheme
not specks of dust on a war painting
loving and breathing
fighting and living
we are people

shake down artists of a peaceful life
running around with bloodstains and knives
open history books
nothing but money, blind power and crooks
flesh and bones self proclaimed gods
rolling the dice, changing the odds
deaths counting blood and skins

by their rules there are no sins
who survives
who wins

we are people
not pawns in a great game
not sacrifices with sick aim

disgusting, psychotic injunction
trading lives in tranzactions
battles, screams, scared nations
yelding fear, no one surrenders
liberty will rise from flaming embers
hearts never forgets
history forever remembers

we are people
we are people
we are people
we love
let us breathe
we'll fight
until you'll let us live

we are people

Thea L

«Все буде Україна»

Був зимовий, сонячний ранок,
За п'ять днів вже квітуча весна.
Телефонний дзвінок - лиш три слова:
«Прокидайся, настала війна!»

Гради, бомби, ракети...
Справжнє пекло для мирних людей,
Окупанти стріляють в цивільних,
Нешкодуючи навіть дітей!

Батьківщина для нас - Україна!
І найкращий у нас отаман!
У нас гасло козацького роду:
«Слава нації! Смерть ворогам!»

ЗСУ - пишаємось Вами,
Ви наш Янгол, Ви наш Охоронець!
Перемога буде за нами!
Гордий тим, що - Я УКРАЇНЕЦЬ!

Слава Україні! Героям Слава!
І в кожного мрія одна!
Телефонний дзвінок - лиш три слова...
«Прокидайся - скінчилась війна!»

Крик душі про трагічні події на рідній землі
Скирда Вікторія

Хто побачить світлий ранок
крізь криваві шати куль...
Розбудила кожен ґанок
пісня смерті вранішніх зозуль...

Плаче мати...плаче тато...
Засинає їх малюк...
Захищає їх від кулі
той старенький...ржавий люк...

Піде дощ...засвітить сонце...
Проженуть страшних примар...
Чи забуде малий хлопчик
смерть батьків під пилом хмар...

Євгеній Третяк

The Breakfast of Russian Soldier in his Youth

come on,
open your mouth, sonny
the plane is coming
the plane is coming
from little spoon
black viscous
liquid
pours onto the tongue,
it lubricates the throat,
drains down
the palate,
settles
between the ribs,
seeps
into the bloodstream
come on,
open your mouth, sonny
the plane is coming
the plane is coming
black viscous liquid
licks a strand of
dirty blonde hair,
runs down to the forehead,
eats the eyes out,
leaks from the nose
and ears
hurry up to the plane, sonny
hurry up to the plane

in the world of black viscous
liquid
gravitation was cancelled
by the decision of international
everything and everyone
in the black world
one only
flies
down
close your mouth tight
the plane has arrived
the plane has arrived

*Written by Anastasia Berezhetska
Translated by Victoria Pushyna*

20.03.2022

The War is rain of tears and blood,
Whose? there is among ... of child.
At once that will be quite enough,
To awake in the soul of empathy's guide.

Yellow and blue - the flag of life,
Under mortal fire of Russian lies,
Bullets and bombs, which define the line,

Our conscience is a hare or a lion.

Doc

b r e e z e

When poppies fly around us
We stand barefoot on the ground (warm)
Bloodied flowers, flustered us
alive - pending on spring
hearts beat at the pace of ethno

what'll take, what'll bring this wind of change
inspired by hundreds of voices?

we nurture in loved ones and ourselves
these grapes of wrath/love
to grow free
like drunken, unbreakable flowers
and to not drink wine for freedom

can you hear notes of buds, storm
drowned in minutes?

someone is blooming in calm
in stranger's eyes - dry wind
falls apart into petals
but every soul - is a thorn
of burning, raging hope

may winter hold own breath
while we - exhale this breeze

kissing, valuing our freedom

Stephen Tkachuk

#WeStandWithU

Venture further until you reach the boundaries of mind
Block the voice of the people who seem false
Let them be a part of the white noise
When you feel as if something needs you back
Don't fear, it's only you and your conscience.
Keep your dreams high and your visions higher
Don't stop even if you stumble
This is a race you cannot win
Neither can you lose if you bend it to your will
It is not about who comes first
And who came the last
It's about who persisted and who faulted hard.
Even if you feel as if you're a failure
It's just in the world's eyes
You cannot change it
But what you can - has already morphed
Into a new horizon awaiting your presence.
Very few have the courage to see their fractures and cracks
And still get up to touch the light,

Even if they feel the intoxicating pull of the darkness,
beckoning;
They feel the world's sight on their wounds
Their probing fingers and dark smile
Yet they reach up and up until they could see no more
The world left staring at their shadow.

Nandini Bihani

Vladimir Poopin'

S So much pain has been inflicted in the last few weeks

T Too many lives have been lost in Ukraine

O Others too, from Russia and many other countries, including mine, Ireland

P Putin, should be called Poopin', for that is what he is, SHIT with power and control

W War is never the answer, not when the innocent people are hurt

A Awaiting an end, to this blood battle, the

R Russian Invasion of Ukraine

Grace O'Reilly from Ireland

„Today“.

„Today I was meant to die.
Neither for any reason,
Nor for a tear to cry.
Thus humanity’s treasoned.

Today I was meant to die.
That’s because he decided.
They never ask him why,
They just agree beside him.

Today I was meant to die.
Yes, I’m a disappointment
For those, whose collar is white,
While ours are red and soiled.

We live so we fight today.
We cry so then will be laughter.
Tomorrow our great dismay
Will end. Only freedom after“.

Oleksandr Batkhin

Post-truth Society

May this be a war
and if we fight
we fight with words
No guns or deaths
but breathing hate
losing its air
while you taste the smell
of some faded flowers
as they play, last dramatis personae
survivors of this revolutionary game

Carola Varano from Italy

OUT.RAGED

Fear to forget.
I fear to erase all these fights.

Fear to forget.
You fear to allow that fire at night.

Fear to forget.
We fear to embrace those phantoms worldwide.

Fear to forget.
You fear the omission,
Your face turning acceptance.
Your conscience becoming a common place.

Fate is not written.
Fate is not written.
Never forget.
Forgetting. For.get.ting.
Never.

@art_crossed_hermind

#WeStandWithU

Not burned by fire.
Not subdued by the sword.
War rage
Plowed around.
It was completely bombed
„Brotherly love“
Moscow Mongolian,
Horde of Katsap.
Elected under the sky.
From Heaven endowed.
So not oppressed -
No one is inclined,
My favorite land -
Tears drop.
I cling to you,
Your little blood.

*Atasov Dmitry
from Alexandria Kirovograd, Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

Me, not you! And that's right!
You are a slave.
I am a Cossack.
You are blind blind,
Vertigo is a dog.
The dog is your head.
Don't fraternize with you.
You live near sr @ ki
Putin, the dogs.
I live in my own house.
We do not know you.
You came to my house,
To help the dog
On the Dnieper cliffs
Pile up piles?
I'm a blind blackbird to you
I'll point to my door
Kopnyak under the enemy with @ d,
Russian valiant soldier!)

*Atasov Dmitry
from Alexandria Kirovograd, Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

I will fish with the camouflage net,
in a helmet I will cook soup on a wild fire.
Before we learned to fly,
we for a long time have been taught to fall.
My eyes view differently
and while one of them is asleep,
I will make wishes for every star,
there are many of them falling from the sky now:
in the yard my tank lulls to sleep
geese and chickens in the moonlight.
Victory came to my gate, smelling the soup.
The summer night cricket sings a gentle siren
about how blue sailors expel evil spirits from the land.
Its calm for the water and land to graze in the field
and collect in the bosom eternity,
and fall asleep without fear of fire
under peaceful sheep shaped clouds.
Only a dog has restless dreams, he has
memory
and a heart full of love.

When I fall asleep, I'm postponing my own
and hide it from flies and from torments.

Trees bend from every wind
and keep in their shadow
the groan of war, with this language now speak
the landscapes of all cities.
The written language comes from their foreheads,
and in the feeble rustle of grass
I can already feel that soup and that fish,
and the dream of geese and tanks.

Rybonka and Olya Mykhaylyshyn

Я — не воин, просто — Мать!

Режет сердце нож войны,
Слышу — чья-то мать зовёт:
«Ох, любимый сын, ты где?
Кто тебя на бой ведёт?

Где окажется душа,
Если ты погибнешь... вдруг?!
“Истина” — твой меч и щит?
Иль опутал мерзкий спрут

Тебя ложью, подавив
Волю? выбор — исключив?..»

О, проклятая война,
Как же Мир тебя впустил
В наши семьи, в города?
Почему не защитил
От бомбёжек и блокад,
Кровь, убийства допустил?..

Я — не воин, просто — Мать
Сыновьям — своим, чужим;
Кто там прав? — не мне решать,
Яро против я войны!

Боль несчастных матерей
«Наших», «ваших» — душу рвёт!
Что за жизнь без сыновей? —
Мрачный холод, ступор, топь...

Поднимайся, Мир, с колен,
Хватит страхам потакать!
Заступись за Матерей,
Сколько нам ещё рыдать?!

Ты сторонисься?! Ещё
Не коснулась боль тебя?
И боишься сделать шаг,
Чтобы кончилась война?..
Что ж, тогда ты — «РАБ спрута»,
Одурманен, Мир, ты им!
Злу — содействует твой страх,
Добавляет ему сил!

Или, думаешь, Земля
Не способна жить без войн?
Зря боролись сообща
Против них столько веков?!

Нет, не верю! Близок Свет
Жизни мирной — без войны!..

Матери со всей Земли,

Пробил гонг сплотиться!.. МЫ —

Можем вместе отстоять
Право жить без слёз войны!
Помните, что в смертный час
Нет «своих» или «чужих»!

Перед смертью — все равны;
Не дадим ей сыновей,
Также братьев и мужей,
Дочерей, сестёр, детей!..

«Смерть от войн», приказ: «стоять!»,
Всех оставь нас, — вон с Земли!
Или прекратим рожать!
Матери, услышите клич!

Вместе — сила мы и мощь,
ЖИЗНЬ чрез нас — ростки даёт!

Сбросим робость и спасём
Человеческий весь род!

Будем крепко мы дружить;
«Доброте», «Любви» клянясь —
Верой, правдою служить!..
ЖИЗНИ Свет, храни всех нас!

В. Белан, Киев, Украина

Мир, Жизнь, Любовь!

Охвачен пламенем наш разум
И пишем по утрам: «Кто жив?
Все целы?».. вопреки стараньям -
Врагов, ворвавшихся в наш мир?
Родные, близкие, соседи,
Вы живы?! Как же рады вам!
За семь ночей и дней военных
Мы оценили - Жизни дар!
Всё остальное - отвалилось
И больше не терзает нас!
Под свист ракет - объединились,
Под звук сирен - смирились: прав
Конечно, прав был наш Создатель,
Учивший в прошлом чрез Христа:
Искать пути, чтоб мир наладить -
В себе(!), Любовь объяв сполна!
Какие б ни были искусства
Вокруг, - не верьте, - ерунда!
Одной Любви дана лишь Сила -
Мирить сердца, когда война!
Любовь - прощает, исцеляет,
Спасает разум ото зла,
Цветные лоскутки сшивает
Различных судеб, как игла,
Сшивая - в Целое, к Единству
Нас побуждая всех идти,
Не поддаваясь мерзким, слизким

Словам - «Добру - не победить»!
И не такие были «ночи»;
На брэнной Матушке Земле,
Но всякий раз Священный Подвиг
Их разгонял, впуская Свет!
И Свет господствовал сияя,
Так хватит мрачно унывать!
Земляне, братья, призываем
Пора в защиту нашу стать!
Одним - не справиться нам! время,
Увы, не повернуть уж вспять...
Спасайте Украину смело,
Если хотите мирно спать!
Зло слишком долго издевалось,
Бомбило страны, города...
Коль не спасёте нас, то завтра
Встречайте - дома вы Врага!
Его амбиции - безмерны,
И аппетит - не утолить!..
Земляне! Мыслимо ль «военный»;
Режим повсюду нам вводить?!
Пора нам зло загнать в берлогу,
Предав его - Суду Небес!
И с чувством радостной Свободы
Провозгласить Мир на Земле!..
Мы ж - не сдаёмся, свято верим:
Наш дух - не сжечь, не разбомбить;
Народ украинский примером
Всем станет - как Добру служить!

Как песни петь в любые годы,
Как сеять хлеб и побеждать
Удары зла - бесповоротно,
Как - Жизнь любить и прославлять!
To Ukraine
Cheryl Doyle

How can I tell you from
thousands of miles afar
that the pain of Ukraine
can be felt like the weight
of a falling star

Cascading through the universe
destruction and torment in its path
rectified by faith and glory
counteracting its wrath

So, hold on to the vision
of all the love in our hearts
that the suffering of this
senseless war
will one day depart

Remembering freedom
will always hold true
and your country cannot be taken
by a dictator of the attempted coup

Sending strength from within us
to help lead the way
towards a steadfast victory
which will never sway

And if I were Hercules
I would hold the falling star
so high in the sky
that its brightness
could be seen from
thousands of miles afar
knowing that the weight
of the pain of Ukraine
had been lifted by the
palm of my hand
without a scar.

Namaste!
I stand with Ukraine!

В. Белан, Киев, Украина

- Rocket Rain -

In world Russian madness
Who stand with Ukraine?
Are you still in silence?
We have rocket rain!

If you don't believe -
Just see in the picture
It's not a fake given
It's Russian cruel witcher

Ukrainian people -
Most brave in the world
But we still be thankful
If you give us sword

Now, please, no indifference
In world, in Ukraine
Let's save our Earth-Land
Let's stop rocket rain!

Lidia Anischenko from Ukraine

#WeStandWithU

She had to hurry,
they were out of time.
She knew it was in her closet somewhere
behind her everyday clothes.

She finally found it,
the dress she wore on the day they met.
He always said it was his favorite
and it still fit.

She carefully applies her makeup and perfume
and dances into the living room.
Twirling around and laughing,
a tender smile spreading across his face.

She put on her coat,
the baby snuggled inside.
Slipping her arms through the straps of the knapsack,
holding mementos and food.
Closing the door to her world,
ready for the journey ahead.

They arrive at the station
and hold each other close.
He looks into her eyes

and whispers she looks beautiful in her dress.
Arms wrapping around each other,
a family in an eternal embrace.

He gently kisses her and his baby,
loading them onto the train.
Not knowing if he would see them again,
smiling at each other amid their tears.
As the train leaves the station,
they slowly wave goodbye.

He thinks of her every minute of every day
as he fights valiantly for his country.
Despite unspeakable carnage strewn everywhere,
he is comforted knowing she is always right beside
him,
wearing his favorite dress.

Janet

#WeStandWithU

Falls, falls
Hurricane of blood
Bleeds, bleeds
The city walls
They cry, they cry
Eyes of frost
Snow eyes
Girls of ice and fire
Men of iron and desert
Flashes of lead and uranium
Nails of stone and salt
Tongues of sand and flames
Death without peace everywhere
The banquet of the dead in the streets
Orgy of the living in the squares
The crapula of the soldiers in the pillory
The sky that breaks like glass
The veins crashing on the pavement
Hearts bitten by vultures
The satrap who dominates the fire
Sits in the throne sleepless mummy.

*Francesca Farina
from Rome, Italy*

ASK THE CHILDREN

The youngest know.

They know boot crunch from tank whir, missile
whistle from rocket whine.

They can count seconds to boom and brazen light
bursts, the broken nights.

They can nod off to anthems, echoed tunnel cries, or
blast-bitten lullabies.

They can draw it all.

There's the house as it stood where it stood when it
stood. There's the tree.

There's grandpa's face in the house window and papa's
face in the bus window.

There's the dog that didn't come out of the rubble.

There's his empty leash.

They know the colors of blood on flags and
sunflowers,

just the right blue, the right yellow, the right red.

Hollis Kurman

#WeStandWithU

The ignored warnings

Have made our world a war.

The narrow politicians' mind

Has shrunk my life into bleak survival.

Stab a European liberal

To get a bleeding coward.

Stab a Russian literati

To bleed a cryptofascist.

Julie Levine from Ukraine

Smoke

There is a forest
Near my house,
Down to the city border.
Just for one night
Wicked firebug made it red.

I saw a beast,
Tongues of its flame
From the window.
Grass grew on the ash,
Force of monster is tamed,
Everything is forgotten.

Now I wake up
And see every morning
Smoke from the window.

NATO close the sky!
I see iron in the air,
I can feel it in my veins.
NATO close the sky!
To avoid the void
In destroyed surroundings
Of a window frame.
NATO close the sky!

Dangers closer than you think.
NATO close the sky!
Help to catch the beast.

10 million people
Left their homeland.
Is it a good choice
To stay here, in Kyiv?
I can't imagine myself
Without native tongue,
Sounds of war,
Empty shelves,
Broken tiles
On the road.

Katherine Baranovska
from Ukraine

Shrovetide

Pancakes are easy to make
From minimum ingredients:

Soda, sugar, eggs, flour and yoghurt,
But we are not so lucky.

We had been looking for them all day,
Stood in lines to several stores.

Today is Shrovetide,
So, we knead the dough
Fried on leftover oil,
Before the nightfall.

Dinner by candlelight...
At least today we are happy
And proud of ourselves.

*Katherine Baranovska
from Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

written on an anxious valise
the poem has no status of limitation
lies like a child's head
on the mother's knees
in the basement of the adjacent house

listens to the silent darkness
smelling of dust
cobweb
fear
tears
crackers
dog fur
learning to distinguish between sonic halftones and
black shades
to recognize the stars in camouflage
to the sound of a siren and the jet roar
the poem becomes a hamster in a child's hand
lollipop under the tongue
earring in the ear
ring on the finger
comb

combing dusty child's hair
that smells of war

*Ganna Syniok
from Ukraine*

Sunflowers

When the sun sets
and the darkness comes,
the cold that will embrace the moon, will freeze you,
and the dark darkness, friends and enemies will not
let you see, but like small hopes the stars will hang
from the sky.

And your moon looks like hope,
but it is a horrible creation,
the clouds elaborate hide it ,
along with the little light.

And shadows as if they come at night,
and loved ones if they take with deceit,
and weeds if they spoil the ears of corn,
do not be afraid,
it will not be forever.

The smile you look to find,
illuminates your sweet world, like,
under the blue sky,
the sun the sunflowers.

Panagiotis Baxebanis

Only you know the pain

Only you know what you have lost with time
Only you know that you have lost your life
Do not be sad as this is just a phase
Do not feel sad as life is like a maze
You lose something and have to move on
You have to be more strong
This test may be difficult for you
But you have to move on through new So, keep your
hope alive
This too shall pass!

Khyati Kukreja

#WeStandWithU

God, I wish you could hear me
They kill us, burn our homes
We want to live, we're scared
They drop on us their bombs

My God, I'm far away,
I've never been that close
Please, save my brother, sisters!
It hurts

My Lord, I know you're listening
You're cherishing my hopes
Give us your holy power
Please, stop this War

Polina Staritsyna

#WeStandWithU

A roof is there to protect you.
But what if it isn't
Anymore?
Home is where you're supposed to feel safe.
But what if you can't
Anymore?
It's supposed to be peace,
But what if it isn't
Anymore?
So you pack your stuff
And you leave,
Your house,
Your friends,
Your home.
And you don't feel safe,
Nowhere,
Not anymore,
Even when you find a new roof,
Because it's not home.

But remember
You are not alone.
There is help everywhere
And soon
You will feel safe
Under that new roof.

Alicia Kohl

War Lullaby

Do wolves howl in the dark, mom? How scary they
howl...

You told me, wolves live in fairy tales and don't dare
to get out of there.

Today I hear they have come here, they have come
and they are howling terribly...

Sleep, sleep, baby, it's war now, the sirens are howling
a lullaby...

The black story has happened and our dog is growling
with the wolves.

The dog whimpers, howls, looks at us guiltily –
the wolves have been his brothers once, it's not a lie...

Sleep, sleep, baby, it's war now, the sirens are howling
a lullaby...

The yard, the bed, the wall is wounded, the evil
wizard broke the door...

Wolves have eaten a hole in the dark,
wolves kill the day and wait for us...oh, do they wait
for us to die...

Sleep, sleep, baby, it's war now, the sirens are howling
a lullaby...

Laura Dimitrova

Sweetie-sweetie (lullaby)

Sweetie-sweetie, get asleep
Let the dreams in your head seep
All the worries you forget
When in warm bed you will get

Sweetie-sweetie, get asleep
And in soul wonder keep
Like an angel with his wing
Shields the warrior your spring

Sweetie-sweetie, get asleep
Pray that your eyes never weep
Memories will go with wind
Time will lead to calmness hint

Sweetie-sweetie, get asleep
Let the dreams in your head seep

*Alice Zelenko,
a student from Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

Де тебе цілував під березами,
де зливались тіла і сліди –
вже ламає сусід нетверезий
наші долі і наші світи.

Де віночок тобі із калини
я сплітав, -
він терновий вінець
одягав на чоло України
і на кожне із наших сердець.

Вавилонської вежі уламки
він на місці любові лишав...
Та не знав – з без'язикової ранки
українською ллється душа.

Володимир Віхляєв

#WeStandWithU

Мої батьки, ви – дві долоні,
що внесли мене в цей світ, як в храм любові
і добра...

Мої батьки, – вечірні зорі
на землі, – світить мені, хай навіть все навколо
догоря!

Мої батьки, я все б віддав
за ті хвилини, де жили разом ми у казках!
Мої батьки, це не біда,
що ваші душі сиві вже засипають смутком снігу мій
шлях.

Мої батьки, я вам не вірив,
що колись так шкодуватиму про мить, коли вас
ображав...
Мої батьки, ще спущені вітрила
і ще безсилий вітер дороги в Вічність перед бурею
бажань.

Мої батьки, які ж ми схожі
з вами, як в безкінечнім морі всі далекі кораблі!
Мої батьки, на цій землі немає, може,
крім вас, нікого, хто умів би так любити.

Мої батьки, це ви – моя Вітчизна –
усі місця, де ми разом бували, навіть в снах...
Мої батьки, хоч я – дитина пізня,
але я рано визрів у ваших мріях і піснях.

Мої батьки, іде війна навколо –
для чого ж дали добре ви серце, що тепер
безжалісно щемить?..

Мої батьки, я хочу, щоб ніколи
не розвела долоні на трьох єдина доля – ні на мить!

Володимир Віхляєв

It has begun on 24th February...

Bleeding ash marches in black
through innocent streets, through innocent souls,
screaming, deafening, tearing,
in a thousand pieces, hearts massacred
by devilishly warlike barbarian hand.
The wretched grimace of the murderer's spirit laughs
just as black as the silence of the mute with eyes
turned away.

Deep red the guilt on all their hands.
Slaughtered children's laughter, bombed-out dreams,
shredded human rights,
shattered bodies in willfully destroyed cities.
Black, blood-filled tears running down from innocent
eyes –
perfidiously extinguished lives, senseless killing.
The sunny days are now black,
breathing grief, pain, burned skin – screaming
injustice,
the echo of which will reverberate forever in the
conscience of all offenders,
where there is no conscience,
but the shame dripping with pitch will stick to them
forever.

Souls stand up bravely against it,
surrounded by the bleeding dust of blasted lives,
defend their stolen homeland with greatness and
unity.

At their side, courageously, the sighted people, letting
not silencing themselves, standing up for freedom,
equality, fraternity,
for peace and the right of human dignity.
Through the course of the day corrodes black
bleeding ash,
like a gorging abysm,
but the spirit of freedom shines brighter than all black
of destruction,
than all black of killing by a barbarian hand –
the spirit of freedom remains the shining guiding star,
uncapturable, invincible –
the white radiance can no longer be subjugated!

Dominique Dethier

#WeStandWithU

I woke up today to war

I woke up to my country, being invaded

By soldiers of a madman

I woke up to democracy, being ripped out

From underneath me

I woke up to families, being killed and fleeing the
country they love

I woke up to missiles striking all around

Like rain hitting the ground

Now I fight, for my family's freedom

And the freedom of my country

I will fight through the day, and through the night

Bombs bursting, and bullets screaming through the

air

Praying while taking cover

With god by my side

I will fight the good fight

No matter what the cost

The bells of freedom, will ring once again

For the country of Ukraine

Bobby Hardy

Летіла Зозуля

Зозуля летіла, білощока, сльзоока,
далеко на Україну
В пташини справ багато,
Літа всім рахувати.
Комусь ще років сотня: життя все проживати
Комусь ще день чи місяць,
Як дасть Бог, може, й два.

Тепер не злічиш точно, кому й скільки лишилось,
Бо ж щось занадто сильно
Російське зло сплодилось.

Рахуй, моя зозуле, ты кожен день-деньочок,
Бо пройде час злиденний,
І всі ті дні крадені чи діей, чи мовчанням,
російський чорний море,
Повернеш нам встократ!

Анастасія

#WeStandWithU

ось я: шибки навиліт, небо кришиться й кришиться
стеля

вирвами вкрита моя постеля

ось я: розбита кав'ярня у центрі, ребра салтівських
жилмасивів

сиві будинки і діти сиві

ось я: потрощене, рване тіло

ось я: цегляна цукрова пудра

рвані судини, артерії, жили

ось я: Харків, який хотіли асвабадіть та „схилити
до миру“

ось ви: ламаєте наші долі.

ось ми: ламаємо ваші шії.

Leriya

When I Think of Ukraine

When I think of Ukraine, I think of strength.
The kind of strength you rarely hear about in present times. The kind of strength that a word barely defines.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of heart.
The kind of heart that despite all odds prevents their country from coming apart. The kind of heart that is conveyed in the most compelling works of art.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of courage. The kind of courage the world can't help but to acknowledge. The kind of courage that we've only read about in story books. The kind of courage that runs much deeper than it even looks.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of determination. The kind of determination that can conquer any situation. The kind of determination that fights for their country without hesitation and will surely be their salvation.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of kindness. The sort of kindness that instills hope inside us. The sort of kindness that compassionately cares for not only its own, but every human and animal that called their country home.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of a force that is impenetrable, unmovable, and filled to the brim with purpose. A country that's built upon a foundation of love, integrity and service.

Chelsey Armfield

BAMBINI CHE TI GUARDANO

„Un dolore lancinante,
bambini che ti guardano,
sembrano foglie in mano all'avversità.
Ho visto emozioni spiazzarmi,
a causa di questa "strana" diversità".
Un giorno hanno preso in mano il monopolio.
E volendo controllare l'umanità, non sapendo che
farcì.
Trattavano l'anima come scambio merci.
Ora dietro al viso, so che scorre un fiume,
una storia fragile come piume.
E non basta, lo sai, tutto l'oro del mondo,
non basta a richiudere ferite, per cambiarne lo sfondo.
Qua son scelte di cattiveria voluta,
non come quando lanci una moneta. Per sceglierne il
destino.
Qua gli occhi diventano bagnati.

E dalle immagini dei cuori sfregiati,
il grido del mondo, gli occhi del mondo,
hanno ancora sete di amore!
Fermatele queste bombe!
Dite che le parole risolvono.
Intanto il fiato del dolore,
purtroppo incombe!.,

Enrico Salvagno

12/03/2022

favorite street became the warfare place
others are rapidly turning into anti-tank fields
from bags with the sand, defensive walls are raised
friends take weapons in their hands, wear bulletproof
vests
necessarily bind yellow ribbon on their arms
none of us wanted this

special operation for destroying nazi babies
relaxed schedule of air raids from 6:00 am till 6:00 pm
sounds almost like an office job
do they pay the same?

friends carry threatened to death but enormously
strong Ukrainian people on their backs
friends are defending our freedom
friends are dying in trenches

someone brings death
someone stands aside
someone will never stand again

Uliana Oliinyk

Slava Ukraini

When the tanks come after us like
Back in Tienanmen Square - we
Stood solitary in the protest of the
Power we didn't fear. But what's a man
Against a chunk of metal manufactured
Just to kill?

In Donbas we see the man in charge,
With fearless eyes and words to put
The world to shame. What's the modern
Age? Another war for nations states to
Congregate?

And they're stuck in freezing winters in
A chunk of metal to protect them while
They kill - does not the irony of life feel
Like a thrill? Never mind, we'll hate each
Other longer than we'll learn to get along -
Or is that wrong?

But that's the pessimism of an immature
Critique - the kind that writes a poem on the
Suffering, the bleak - of those whose wrinkles
Come before their time - the stress, the agony, the
The will that lets them fight - A spirit somewhere
Left alive.

I can picture in their eyes a glimpse of all they
Left behind - painted walls, a house behind those
Ocean eyes. Always fearful - is there coming back?
Tears and silent thoughts, with tight-lipped smiles
they sat;
And here we stand for you.

Slava Ukraini.

Jyotirmaya

Are being written...

Now, balades are being written
As the Holy pergament of Ukraine—
The land broken by cruel days —
Is being painted with the brave soldiers' blood.

Fairytales with heroes are being written
In which the sword of rightness is triumphal.
With tears, on cheeks as white papers,
The poetry of broken hearts is being written.

And in the women 's ears, with an echo,
His last words keep being written for infinity:
'Don't cry, my darling, I'll be a hero!
And I'll love you even in grave! '

And mothers are diving deep into the eyes
Of their little babies : there seems to be the heaven
In which they escape for a second
From the burning hell of the war.

And the wife's tear, fallen on the ground,
Will kiss his blood.
Snowdrops will raise in that place then,
Proclaiming the beginning of a new spring!

Novels are being written on the souls
Of all the Ukrainians.
But the Crucified Ukraine
Will be resurrected, undefeated!

Slava Ukraine!

*Roșca Lucian-Andrei
from Romania*

#WeStandWithU

Shoot a bullet for Mykolaiv,
For Odessa, Kharkiv, Kheroson.
Shoot a bullet for every life line
Young or old that they have destroyed

They are lying and lying on purpose
And keep claiming that „We never knew!“
Never knew that they were and are bombing
Peaceful, cheerful, alive avenues.

Never knew that they were attacking
Our hospitals and our homes
Never knew that people were dying
From russians' awful bombs.

They are telling that blame is on Putin
And keep pretending that war is a lie
„You are bombing yourself, cause you're stupid“
Can you fucking please open your eyes?

russian people, can you just fucking listen
To the truth that is spoken worldwide
Can you try and see your damn missiles

That destroyed thousands people and lifes

Can you stop freaking tell us you're sorry
And just do things to fight the regime
That's pretending you're dying in glory
When you're just getting deeper in shit.

How can you be so easy to trust them
When they say there's no casualties here
When your people are dying and dying
In the battles they thought they can win.

There's no „special peace operation“
That fights „nazis from the Ukraine“
russia's trying to conquer a country
That will never give up. Not a chance.

Cause we value our freedom and honor
Because we are protecting our lands
And forever and always we're loyal
To a country, who's name is Ukraine

Anastasia Bat from Ukraine

З Україною В серці

Our Motherland is in danger.
We know the power of resistance.
Our forces are wonderful angels,
But the enemies don't afraid distance.

Our cities're ruined and ghosted.
We can't count on our tears.
They do not admit guilt, but just boasted
Of uncountable losts and fears.

But we will never surrender.
There's a trace of ancestors in blood.
Everyone there now is defender
And Ukraine'll never fall apart!

Maslenkova Darya

Schwarz

Schwarz ist nun die Erde
Und rot des Blutes Fluss,
Laut hinten noch ein Schuss,
Nichts zu sehen von Russlands Herde,
Die hier gewütet hat.

Wo im Kopf oder in der Seele
Findet einer all die Worte,
Dass er ja nicht fehle,
Wenn er das Grauen an diesem Orte
Zu beschreiben hat?
Kopf und auch die Seele
Bluten wie das Land.

Es blutet jedes Wort
Für den Bauern, der nichts mehr wiederfand,
Was für ihn sein Lebensort,

Die Familie auf der Flucht,
Der Bauer noch die Gründe sucht
Für russische Befehle,

Folgen eines Größenwahns
Haben hier das Leben ganz zerstört.
Alles, was dem Bauern gestern noch gehört,
Ist nun im Panzermatsch zermahlen.

Was habt ihr dem armen Bauern bloß getan,
Soldaten dieses Wahns.
In seinem Gesichte seht ihr seine Qualen.

Er weiß nicht, wie ihm geschah,
Nichts ist mehr, wie er es kannte,
Keine Hoffnung mehr, die er einst sah,
Alles nun verbrannte.

Sagt bloß nichts, Soldaten der Verwüstung,
Das Elend versteht die Sprache nicht,
Die aus euren Panzern spricht
Und lauter ist als jedes Wort.
Leid und Tod sind das Ergebnis eurer Rüstung,
Damit an jedem Ort

Schwarz die Erde, rot das Blut,
Wahnsinn werde, schwer der Mut!

Kröten des Nichts, haltet euren Zug!
Es ist sehr spät,
Der Wind der Freiheit weht,
Der jeden noch zum Frieden trug.
Hört auf mit eurem Krieg!
Mit Waffen gibt es keinen Sieg!

Frank Brokmann

SCHOOL

bombed school
is the triumph of the russian weapons

it is good that students were taken away
even before the shelling
otherwise no one
would survive

there's map of the world
is hanging torn in pieces
the room for geography

helpless textbooks
scattered on the floor:
ancient literature with charred covers
is a recent story with a torn core

Dmytro Lazutkin from Ukraine

LABORATORY WORK

a pleasure to welcome you dear guests
unfortunately we don't have oil
so whatever you need
we can give in blood
blood harvest is lavish here

blood is our national currency
for what else can we use for payment
blood is our national idea
for it clots fast and leaks into the ground

our buses are made from blood
our work tools are made from blood
our women – from milk and blood
you can suck it with a needle
or pump it with a blower
dedicatedly like a vampire
self-confidently like a bull

blood is strong like morning coffee
blood is cheaper than ever
blood is salty blood is sweet
comes in a handy package
of a ukrainian army man

on blood is our faith
on blood is our hope
on blood is our guilt
and our devotion to bladed weapons

so dear visitors
feel free to sit down
drink from plastic cups
turn the music on
ukraine is a golden fish
in black venous water

Dmytro Lazutkin from Ukraine

Закрийте нам небо

Мое сонечко, моя квітонька,
Моя радість, моє зайченятко,
Чом всміхаєшся, моя донечко,
Мабуть знову наснився татко?

Моя зіронька, моє серденько
Уві сні шепотіла тихенько:
Я чекаю на тебе татечку
І молюся щодня, як і ненька.

Моя мужня та сильна дівчинка
Говорила: сирен не боюсь,
Бо я знаю, що нас берегтиме
Добрий Боженька й любий татусь.

Трудівниця. Натруджені рученьки.
А сьогодні так крепко стомилась,
Помічницею стала матусеньці:
Плести сітки вже добре навчилась.

А на вечір горнулась до матінки,
Поцілунок вмостила на щічку:
Снів солодких, моя мамусенько,
Дай нам Боже спокійної нічки...

Моя люба маленька дівчинко,
Моя рідна кровинонька мила,
Помолімося в бомбосховищі
ППО щоб ракети збила.

Марія Демянюк м.Хмельницький

О птичках

Голуби смело живут в моей хате
И на столе они , и на кровати
Запах чудесный теперь на портъере
Дом не разрушен- есть рамы и двери.
Волны взрывные... и птички у ложа
Пусть обосрут они мне его тоже.
Я убежала и некому больше
Окна прикрыть мне после бомбежек.
Снег и морозы, воды и ветер-
Спряталась птичка – я радуюсь этим.
Как уезжала, то хлебчик остался-
Кушайте, голуби, и поправляйтесь.
Я как приеду, -проголодаюсь
Супчик сварю с вас – не обижайтесь!

Модно сейчас говорить о тех птичках,
Что принесут врагам много больничных.
Ах, если б правду они Вам сказали,
Что поведали, чем нахлебались.
Где им пришлось ночевать и что видеть...
Окон нет- мелочь. Нам выжить ... и жить бы!

Котик с Харькова

Воздушная тревога

Опять, опять, опять.
А я б и не подумала,
как страшно засыпать.
Вот вспомнила, что раньше любила я играть
В «Мафию» с друзьями и типа «засыпать».
«Город засыпает». Мафия не спит.
«Город просыпается». Кто у нас убит?
Было так нам весело. Шутя играли мы.
Сейчас же ждешь-надеешься.
«Все ль выжили жильцы?»
Я знаю, всё закончится.
Хоть выживут не все.
Но нужно всё отстроить нам.
Забывать бы о беде.
Не будут дети вздрагивать
От звука «бах.. бах.. бах»
Салюты не нужны уж нам...
Нам просто ...ТИШИНЫ!

Котик с Харькова

Poem about war in Ukraine

I'm Okhtyrka.

No more power and heat. Ruined yards.

I'm scared, cold, aching, and it's getting darker.

But darkness is nothing against the fire in hearts.

I'm Chernihiv.

Yes, I am wounded, but I ensure

that with no exception, Russian invaders leave
nowhere. Our soil could use organic manure.

I'm Kharkiv.

Can't recall how to sleep in a bed at night.

Out of guided missiles, my sky is weaved.

But someday you will learn from me how to fight.

I'm Zhytomyr.

Shattered hospitals here, one of them a maternity
home.

But a bearded man at the checkpoint adjusts his gear.
He fought the enemy at Svitlodarka, and will miss at
none.

I am Lviv.

I live, smell like coffee, take in refugees, and make
sure

they have lighter dreams and feel some relief.

I'm open. I try to smile. I care.

I'm Ternopil.

I'm fine. Helping out whoever I can is my part,
so that people keep calm, have faith in the Army, and
pray.

I'm in awe to witness the courage and beauty they've got.

I'm Mariupol.

The horde attacks. But the world's bravest warriors hold their ground.

Father's hands lie upon a teenager, killed at Putin's call.

See to it, oh Lord, that our enemies burn in hell for all they've done!

I am Kyiv.

I volunteer, marvel at empty streets, hide in the subway.

Several times a day, the siren howls and chokes here, aggrieved.

But I stand, and I will stand. As ever, the Dnieper will flow its way.

I'm Dnipro.

I bring in the wounded, docs at Mechnikova keep their watch.

And I know good defeats evil at all times, it is the law.

So I go on collecting medicine, blood, warm clothes, and such.

I'm Odesa.

I have kosher Czech hedgehogs, be aware.

Truth be told, I wouldn't advise you, Russia, to come.

But together my people stock cocktails in case you dare.

I'm Mykolaiv.

The enemy squirms hissing at me, his soldiers are dying to capture.

But I laugh in their faces. I'm holding the line ever still.

While they „train“ in Kulbakin and learn their lesson, for sure.

I'm Enerhodar.

Out of their minds, they fight a nuclear power plant, irate.

Admit, oh Lord, when you placed these monsters onto your land,

you were tired, bitter and not thinking straight.

I am Kruty.

Carved in my memory is the violent clash, the Red Army won then.

A century after in the same place, Russians met my rage.

This time Ukrainians got their revenge with all might and main.

I'm Kherson.

The enemy seized me. Well, even so, I'm holding the base.

It's scary, and my heart is racing, but in unison with a man holding the flag of Ukraine right in the occupant's face.

I am Ukraine.

They crushed my airports, houses, and the giant Mriya I made.

I am that man who stops the tanks, and that granny eager to grow those seeds for grain.

I am that woman in labour hearing her son's first cry in a shelter during the air raid.

It hurts so much to lose Heroes. On my knees, I'll
bury every one of them and wail.
But the empire's in agony. The empire will fall and
will rot in sores.
And my people are solid. It is they who know how to
love. And they win the wars.

*Nastka Fedchenko,
translated by Olena Boltushkina*

Vain

„She’s far from you“
You didn’t mind
This thought returning
All the time

She’s far away
She and her eyes
There’s war going, thanks
That she’s alive

But how long will it be, this war
Who caused it, and what does this for?
You bombed baby hospital, and well
Russian soldier, you will burn in hell

We will stand instead of all the pain
There will be scars, and they’ll remain
Those you have killed, you think they’re vain
Our brothers and sisters? Think again

Андрій Усенко

Empire of Humanity

The air of terror will vanish soon, Perplexed situations
will sweep through the difficult strains,

Gates of joy and peace will open on souls who are
covering the toughest journeys with stern hope,

Havoc of humanity will topple the hollow cages of
power,

There will come a day when the darkest hours no
longer will shatter the peace of mind,

And no longer will the injustice rule its cracked tower.

Nazish Sabir

A new journey

Bright days will knock hello soon,
Sun will sing again those beautiful tunes,
The air will send soothing vibes once more,
Again their will be places open to humanity,
Filled with harmony and hope,

Solace and solidarity will rule these lands,
Souls will embrace the beauty of longevity for land,
A chapter on hatred will wind up soon,
A journey of happiness will begin soon,

Oh the mothers will smile again,
For their children will get to play again,
Running around the streets with joy,
Such an amazing scene would it be soon,

What an encounter would it be,
Meeting the land and dreaming of good days,

Looking forward with utmost hope,
And working for the better future while rejecting
chaos.

Nazish Sabir

If I were you...

Dear you,

Your grass is green; your sky is blue.

The air around you blows swiftly, your garden flowers bloom.

The Lion remains King not because it's got the best abilities, but because it has for himself the best mentality.

The hardest thing in the world is right in your shoes.
But if the Lion could survive, so could you.

Shinamide

The Man

The man the man he's biting the hand that feeds him
The man the man he's stealing the land
Well when you've got no food to eat and no air to
breathe tell me how is the taste of concrete?
The man the man he's invading the seas
Killing the bees chopping down trees
Well brother when it's all gone only then will you
realize you can't eat money.
The man the man he's robbing us blind
Taking our time and owning our lives
The man the man he's no fan of the critics
He's no fan of the truth teller
The man the man his words like venom
You tell the truth, you'll end up like Lennon.
#westandwithu

Tanielle Beyleveld

Rain in Ukraine

Heavy missiles rain,
on the people of Ukraine,
beings in the world in tears,
seeing people struggle for life in fears,
Innocent civilians have done no wrong,
now holding guns and stands strong,
only to defend,
there's no one to depend,
their homes not a battlefield,
they fightback, not yield,
for their beloved homeland,
physical and mental attacks, they withstand,
Let us save humanity,
from the political insanity.

gokulnarrates

Red clouds

Fire fell in a smoky storm
and devoured your dreams
like they meant nothing,
but they meant something.

Bullets pierced your loved ones
and stole their future
like it meant nothing,
but it meant something.

The brave ones that fled
and the brave ones that stayed,
this wave of incomprehensible cruelty
will end.

you'll find me in a cloud

Refugee

Pack a bag my darling.
It is time for us to leave.
Pack a bag my darling.
Put your trust in me.
There is no school tomorrow.
And my heart is full of sorrow.
Pack a bag my darling.
I know it must seem frightening.
Put your big coat on
Hurry now we've not got long.
Chin up my love
Be brave and strong.
Pack a bag my darling
Take 1 Teddy bear.
I know that you are hungry
I've packed some food to share.
Wear your walking shoes
Don't forget your hat.
No I'm sorry darling
There's no time to find the cat.
Give daddy kisses xx
Daddy's are staying behind.
I hope that on our journey
New friends we will find.
Now listen closely child
And try to understand.
You must stay close to mama
And tightly hold my hand.
Have you packed a bag
My darling?
It is time for us to leave.

#WeStandWithU

Give peace a chance

Everybody's following bagism
vladism
spatism
in-your-face madism.
or at least they should be.
You really can't afford not to.

I still go back to the queen elizabeth every now & then to
speak with him,
the legend gone far too soon.
I want to learn everything, ask him
why the universe wouldn't let him stick around any

longer,
why he was ripped away from us so cruelly & callously
but I know that's not a productive use of anyone's time.

What is
is learning, growing as human beings all in the same bag
knowing that if we don't, we'll be tormented for the rest
of time
by our own inaction.

So I ask him about how we can stop this senseless
brutality,
get them
to see the only thing
they're really destroying is their own
soul.

But he just keeps repeating that four-word phrase over and
over
again
like a broken record player.
That's all he's saying.

When we find ourselves in times of trouble, the
ambassador
comes to me
& expects me to convey some semblance of wisdom.
"How do we end this?"

What am I to say?
Another bed-in?
Another march across a bridge?
Maybe a good old-fashioned stirring rendition of
kumbaya?

I just look at him
woefully unprepared,
"Have you tried tabula rasa?"

If you're not completely satisfied with it, you can return it
in 90 days for a full refund
at which point we can ride our flying pigs to the Bahamas
for a well-deserved vacation."

Sage Moondancer

Golden Blue

Borderlands
are besieged by ice
are besieged by lies
but truth never dies

Borderlands
under falling snow
but the snow is slow
thaws when it falls low

chorus:

A rain of pain is falling from the blue
on the golden fields mired in a stew
cooked from eagle's taste for the untrue
Don't let the eagle take your rightful due!
A golden sun is rising to the sky
a wreath of wheat above the world of rye
The seeds of steel will pierce the frozen lie,
their green will bring forth peace to all who cry!

Borderlands
between slack and wide
between wack and snide
betwixt in the slide

Borderlands
between next and past
past of brute-forced fast
chose the west at last

-chorus-

Borderlands
between bright and white
never lost their sight
in the dark of night

Borderlands
let us hear your tone
between hard and stone
you are not alone!

-chorus-

epilogue:
For your sacrifice
we must all atone
not just the face of ice
not just the hearts of stone

Every one who dies
dies for our home, too
Please, make us see their eyes
we must not forget you!

poznámky/notes:

Tak fajn, hecli jste mě :P

Doufal jsem, že postování v angličtině tu omezím na minimum, ale zoufalá doba si žádá zoufalé činy.

Ukrajinci, vy nezoufejte! Spoléháme na Vás, že svou zemi uhájíte.

Ať zoufá ten zoufalec, který nechá svůj lid umírat za svoje bludy.

Fine, your dare made it :P

I hoped that I will keep posting here in English to a minimum, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

Don't despair, Ukrainians! We trust that You will protect your land. Leave despair to the desperado who lets his people die for his delusions.

(A tip to would-be singers: In each stanza except the epilogue, three lines are to be sung fast, the fourth slow. The epilogue goes 2:2)

#WeStandWithU

Julius Litevský

Sadness of War

The sadness of war,
The unbearable sadness of war.
People killing people they've never
met.
Just because they are told to.
Systems so vast
That no one can understand them.
Lies told with such ease.
And the grief of it all
Tears through everything.

#WeStandWithU

War

War and conflict will continue
As long as people see others as other,
And not as part of themselves.

Instagram: @manolin_poetry

#WeStandWithU

Manolin_Poetry

Politicians & Poets

Politicians and poets
Should be friends,
For the politicians
Need to learn
How to use words well,
And the poets
Need to learn
That words have consequences.

#WeStandWithU

Love Fiercely

What makes us act the way we do?
These are the questions that war
and violence and hatred bring to mind.
Does the desire for revenge, the
need for dominance, the
lust for bloodshed make us human?
I say this with a heavy heart:
It doesn't.
We must be careful
With each other.
Be gentle.
Love fiercely.

Instagram: @manolin_poetry
#WeStandWithU

Words of War

If politicians knew poetry,
They would not resort to war.
They would know that words
Can move mountains,
Just like love.

#WeStandWithU

Cowardly Conflict

Fighting and war
Is the last resort of cowards.
Tolerance and understanding
Are the weapons of the brave.

Instagram: @manolin_poetry

#WeStandWithU

Manolin_Poetry

Somewhere

Not somewhere far away anymore
The war is always is here
Hate and evil
Is with us
Every day every night

Somewhere a candle is burnung
Every night in the dark
Somewhere is always here
Fear grief and love

#WeStandWthU

Mohalit

Nestřílej, Volodo!

Ty nevidíš ty děti?
Bezbranné, zmlácené...

Bojí se tě,
ví totiž,
že je chceš zabít,
A tak se snaží ač roztřeseny spolu ještě naposled bavit.

Nebud' zrádcem lidskosti,
bud' zrádcem rozkazu.
Smrt tvá, i kdyby byla za to stojí.
Stojí za to ty děti sladké, co se tě tak bojí...

A to ti není o moc víc než jim,
požehnej jim životem.

Ne smrtí, ne krví...,
jež by byla pro tvého krutovládce a jeho sadismus,
vášeň neznající mezí.

Nestřílíš do papírového terče,
nýbrž do těl, jenž mají duši

a výstřel z pistole, tanku slyší.
i když vedle nich v řadách na popravu čekají
a stojí potichu se sepjatýma rukama jako mniši.

Tak tiše!
Klid, mír a lásku rozdávej!

Volod'o,
doma máš mámu a otce,
tak nebuď vůl.

Vrať se k nim nyní!
a živ a zdrav,
ne jako přeživší,
přeživší okupant.

Goewert2711

Close the Skies!

“Close the skies!” she shouted,
As the horizon thundered in pain.
Too soon it was upon her and
Life darkened with enemy planes.
“Close the skies!” she pleaded,
As bombs fell like rain.
It hurts too much to look up
And see the sky crying tears again.
What did she see during the daylight hours
Of those weeks of horror and despair?
Only rubble, brick, mortar, and stone
No sign of life anywhere.

Instagram: @manolin_poetry

#WeStandWithU

Manolin_Poetry

I will not stand with Ukraine

I will not stand with Ukraine

I will not stand with Ukraine...

Ukraine is disrespected my people

Africans

Plus it's not my business to be in

Your war with Russia how you need

My people to fight for you...they're willin

To, they won't fight for Africa...they won't

For black Americans...I can't say all of them

Cos there are some who fight for us, who's

Fightin white supremacy with us, too...

I will not stand with Ukraine...

I will not...

Ukraine speaks code....they're playin chess....

But they got the nerve to call on our brothers and

Sisters to go to war with them, even though they treat

Them like animals...it's not ok...

Why would I wanna stand with them

If I get mistreated?

Melaninated people are so naive

They don't see this as an issue

They see this as a mistake..

It's not a mistake.....

And it's not our business to be involved
In white people battles...
We should stand out of it
It's between two white men fightin over somethin
Yet we're so conditioned to love them....and we don't
want
Them to fight, and that's our problem....
We don't know how to stay out of white folks business
When it comes to battlefield between them...
We should stay out of their mass destruction...
Let's focus on us, we should be buildin,
Developin our code yet we still don't do that
We stuck on white people...it's sad....
It's why I will not stand with Ukraine
Sorry there's a war between them and Russia
I'm goin to mind my business...let them work it out
I guess...I go what I do best...it is to get messages
through
Melaninated people noggin....
I will stand with my own people, black people
Melaninated people they look like me
I look like them....
Will not stand with Ukraine....

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kai c.

Thank You, Ukraine

In a world,
Where normal is just a word,
A lonely country have to fight,
To keep the situation tight.
In a country, that used to be,
Just like the other countries you see,
Now there is an eternal struggle
An endless fight for survival

This is not a movie, or a game,
So why to be so much pain,
In a country just like yours ?
That used to be opened for tours.
In a place with his own tradition and history,
That used to have a beautiful mistery,
A war had started
And the beauty faded.

Look in the eyes,
Full of pain and tears
And tell me that you feel nothing,
Make me believe.

Words in rain,
Thank You , Ukraine

Mike B Christian

Poem for Ukraine

the sunflower seeds
burrowed in loan
begin to transform
and leave their soil homes
they pick themselves
by slender white stems
their heavy shell heads
are lifted and then
begin their new lives
hard skulls become green
softening, opening
longing to be seen
and now they rise
upwards, upwards, one by one
reaching, reaching--longing
for their father, the Sun

My Shell

Why I am Ukrainian too

I'm not an island,
every brother of suffering humanity
is my brother.

I'm not an island!
and I don't have to be near the bleeding sea
to shout.

My blood must not enter under the door,
to feel and say what I can only shout:

I'm not an island!
and I don't just want my peace,
I don't love her,
nor the portion of food,
I ended up not liking the postman's face anymore,
bringing me news that doesn't interest me,
the electricity and the heat of the home
they have become
strangers to me from now on.

I look at the clouds and clouds are everywhere.

Leave me things! leave me!
I'm not an island!
I am a living man! I'm air!
my brothers are dying under bombs!
Death is alive, if it is no other way!

Glory to Ukraine!

Her fight is mine too!
Here people behave normally,
buy things,
I buy too, most drink
but I drink hard,
the war comes with the drink
in my veins.

I'm not an island!
I'm a living man,
I'm the air of this spring.
I have all the flowers in the garden,
but all these flowers are no longer my flowers,
when my brothers were swallowed by bombs.

My parents tell me I'm not the richest man in the world,
and I must keep my house quiet,
but my peace is now my greatest pain,
when the brothers' faces are covered in bombs.

Where is the beloved Peace?!
I do not know!
Where I am?
I don't even know that anymore.
But who am I? and what I do
is all that matters!

Emanuel Pope

Stand, Arise, Fight

Stand

Arise

Fight

For your right

For yourself

For your love ones

For your neighbors

For your countrymen

For your beloved country

For your motherland

For your home

For your family

For the bright future

Of your son

Of your daughter

Of your grandson

Of your granddaughter

For the next generations

For their education

For their welfare

For their dreams!

*MEAd**

For All of Us

For the feelings that we can't suppress
For the regime that puts us under continues distress
For the depressing emotions that run wild
For the things we see that makes us act mild
For the hope we've lost and the lost we've gained
For the pain that we've caused and the people we've
maimed
For the hurt that follows us wherever we go
For the never-ending lingering sorrow
For the thoughts and horrors that keeps us awake at
night
For the darkness that is always consuming the light
For our humanity to never stop questioning itself
For our remaining stupidity that can be found in
books on many shelves
For our hearts that break and souls that are forsaken
For our beliefs to be destroyed and our last shred to
be taken
For every person who has ever failed
For all of us who've seen people killed
We are human
and
our humanity needs to sing
That violence never solved anything

Blady5970

My Heart Bleeds

My heart bleeds for a child who walks thousand of miles leaving his homeland.

My heart bleeds for a 9 years old who lost her arm in bombing.

My heart bleeds for a pregnant lady who lost her child in womb.

My heart bleeds for those children and wives who lost their father and husband in this bloody war.

And it will continue bleeding till this war ends.

(Please end this bloody war and spread some love)

lavrina

Hear their call

Under the cover of darkness they laid in wait,
Clutching what they held dear, in solemn state.
They've been here before in ages passed,
Stood on snow painted red, when they fought to the
last.

'Our Land is Our Land', a sweet child sings,
As birds fly above with death on their wings.
She looks to her mother, who has tears in her eyes,
Unable to see where their future lies.

'Where are our friends in the western sphere?'
Through the waves of death, we all must hear.
For it will not be just they that suffer,
If sanctions and rhetoric are all we can muster.

When you hear their cries echo through your day,
May you remember them dearly, as you keep tears at
bay.
May we respond with love when we hear their call,
We shall stand together, united we fall.

Jimmy Watkins

War in Ukraine

Сьогодні 20 день війни... і Сьогодні була весна..
справжня.тепла.сонячна.але не спокійна..
Сьогодні я б хотіла гуляти по місту з відчуттям
безпеки і миру. Що в моїй країні не помирають
діти та дорослі. Що не руйнуються оселі , будівлі
, навчальні заклади..Що ніхто не виїжджає за
кордон з метою порятунку..Що ніхто не отримує
повідомлень про смерть сина, доньки, мами
чи коханої людини.. Що ніхто не бачить смерті
батька на власні очі..Що ніхто не чує вибухів та не
прокидається від звук сирен..Що хтось зовсім не
може спати..Що хтось сидить у підвалі і мерзне..
Що комусь немає ,що їсти, що хтось покинув рідне
місто і у нього тепер немає дому...Що хтось більше
ніколи не обніме найдорожчих , не скаже нарешті
"Я тебе кохаю". Що цього не встигну зробити я
.... тому ,що зараз як ніколи хочеться обійняти
всіх кого не можу ... хочу просто посидіти поруч
і довго говорити про все на світі..сміятися.. Хочу
,щоб мої проблеми та проблеми всіх інших були ж
такими дріб'язковими ,як раніше..щоб відсутність
у мережі людини не навіювало страх , і першим
про що думалось " Ти живий? Ти в порядку? Де ти?
Як ти? " Хочу не спати з рукою на телефоні, і не
прокидатись ,як по будильнику о 3 годині ночі...
Хочу ,щоб мені снилось море , а не ракети ,які

пролітають над головою..Хочу, не прислухатися до кожного звуку , і не чути в них сирени ...Хочу ,щоб всі плакали тільки від щастя, від довгоочікуваної перемоги, а не від утрат та страху..Я хочу спокою..в країні.в голові.в думках..Я хочу мируЯ вже хочу почати відбудовувати мою Україну, хочу об'їздити всі міста , кожен її куточок..Кінець ти там вже скоро?

An.mkhts

Pak už nic

Po válce
Každý je generál
Každý ví
Co a jak
Ale co teď?
Co uděláme?
Kdo se se zbraní
K hranici postaví?
Kdo si bude
Na vojáka hrát?

Cvičený opičák
Bezbranný študák
Vyjde to na stejno
Zemřou oba

Všechny ty matky
Všechny ty děti
Všechna ta metra

Ozve se bum
A co pak?
Pak už nic

27. 2. 2022

Revolution

War is a king on the throne,
and we the lowly peasants,
who dream of a better life.

But even the king is mortal,
and there will come a time,
when we tear down the king's walls
and the king will be dethroned.

Hark! What sounds are those?
The clashing of steel?
No, it's the clanging
of a thousand anvils.

The smithing of a new day.

Let the fires of creation
burn through the night,
and forge a new world.

The people will live in peace,
and no one will dream of war,
because we'll have the world,
and the world will be ours.

War will be but a memory,
and peace will reign.

За Родимые Края/ For the Native Lands

За родимые края будут вновь стоять,
Будет литься кровь ручьём, павших не считать.
Будет горе страшное, будет страх и боль,
Битвы будут долгие, и кровавый бой.
Жили люди счастливо, парни выросли
Ах, зачем, несчастные на войну пошли?
Будет горе чёрное, белая печаль.
Сыновей похоронив, будет причитать
Мать старуха, и отец выпустит слезу.
За родимые края, за свою страну
Будем с горечью рыдать, и клянуть войну.

They will again stand for their native lands,
Blood will flow in a stream, can't count the fallen.
There will be terrible grief, there will be fear and pain,
The battles will be long and bloody.
People lived happily, the guys grew up
Oh, why, the unfortunate went to war?
There will be black grief, white sadness.
Having buried their sons, the old mother will lament
And the father will let out a tear.
For my native land, for my country
We will weep bitterly and curse the war.

Rubble

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
Before the ones, the so called 'saviours'
Came marching in and took it all away

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
The people here were so nice to their neighbours
Those times, so good and dull, the day to day

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
When truth still had a place in here somehow,
Before the lies engulfed their wiped out mind

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
If you dare look, you'll almost see it, even now:
The memories left behind. Weren't they so kind!

And there was life in every corner of this rubble
These half torn houses once kept love so near...
There's just a faint outline of what it used to be here:
A place of peace, of heart, of truth and life

#WeStandWithU

This poem was inspired by one of Sasha Anisimova's
illustrations (@sasanisimova on Instagram).

Daria Hupov

A War Cry for Help

In the midst of turmoil
as an army rises to take the spoil
on another nation's soil
the people rise and toil
defending their soil

On one side
Women and men
Mothers and fathers
Young and old
stand bold
defending their soil

The other side-
heavily patrolled
controlled by what they're told
Marching orders become nothing more than a blindfold
a captive stronghold
Which soldiers cannot escape without renouncing their
allegiance

Threatened by the potential loss of the brotherhood from
one country to another
and drained by political upheaval in one country to the
other
A war cry broke out

Though oceans separate us,
our hearts stand with the people
The Women and men
Mothers and fathers
Young and old
that stand bold
defending their soil

Although we may not be there,
or be able to understand the gravity of the situation,
one cannot help but wonder –
What do you do when you find yourself in the midst of
war?
Where do you even begin?
Who do you call for?
Or kneel before?

As families are torn,
who will care for the ones they adore?
Who will attend to those misplaced with nothing more
than what they can carry?

Stressed beyond measure
families are caught in the middle of political unrest
With no one to contest these circumstances
Where does one turn?

For hope, we yearn
so I say, lookup
Who made the heaven and the sky you see?
Who has the power to not only hear but ANSWER your
plea?

This war cry for help –
no man can heal
only time will reveal
yet while it's real,
it's time to kneel

Do not put your trust in men who are nothing more than
mortal men
here today and gone tomorrow
Put your trust in what is pure and just
And what is purer and more just than our Lord and savior?

While we still have air in our lungs
let us use our tongues
to declare a desperate cry for peace
that this war may cease

Binding together
from far and near
altogether, let this cry resound
that the Lord may hear
and change the sphere

Alexis M.B.

U

While the shells rip us apart, we become closer than
ever

While they ask us to flee, we ensure to stay together
With our lives and our entireties, our land we'll
defend

With guns and ammo, blood and bravo; we'll fight to
the end

As you pray for us, make sure others hear our story
For we want to keep telling it, not to merely seek
glory

Our hearts remain strong, but the scenes are gory
Our bodies still live, but there are many to bury

A lot of fight remains so no crying for us yet
The worst of times has brought out our very best
In the midst of darkness, we see love and light first.
The end is nigh, for the borderland will have her
conquest

Okus

**Ukraine is of the world.
As is war and peace.**

23:14h....17.3.2022.....= $10+26=36=9$ (Facts)
Lisboa, Portugal.

Things keep on getting colder;
Senseless.

...I think it's the times.

The universe, getting to a state of renewal,
Extinguishing humans to get ideals fulfilled.

We know we can get warm,

We know we should be,

Today; with a deep need to face it,

And a deep need to survive.

.

On, how to act

And, get through.

Away from indifference.

Luís Ventura

Hope

There will always be hope
long before it begins,
long after it is over,
there will be hope.

When your mouth feels dry
when you feel that you can't survive
when the whole world, not just yours,
seems to be falling apart,
when the humanity is torn into parts,
remember there is hope.

Shining through the clouds
pouring from the heaven
in the kind deeds
in the womb of a mother
in the seed underneath the ground,
there is hope.

wordsbysurabhi

MAKE LOVE

this war isn't war, it's a chance not to kill anyone
this love isn't love unto death, it's as long as it lasts
to protect one another is all this occasion demands
and to look at the world through a steady rifle sight
and to look within ourselves through every
microscope
and to look at you at every hour every minute at all
times
to protect one another, and in keeping calm and
carrying on
to burn down to the ground and to rise up as smoke
this war isn't war , but a certain and fiery passion
this love is forever, just as moments pass forever
we hit bottom to get stuck in some new heaven
there is a string that binds us all together
that string between us is a safety fuse

jeevan srinivas

Stand

Let our brethren's tears stream vertically with you.
Let our children's scream echo in the smoky chaos.
Let the mother mourn the loss of her young child.
Let the bride yell in anguish for the parting of her
groom.

Let the people earnestly battle for their inalienable
rights.

& Let US stand on our feet to support yours in the
fight.

#WeStandWithU

dmdandelion

One For Those In Power

i wonder
how the inhabitants of snow globes feel
to have their world shook
turned upside down
for another's merriment

is the white calm that falls after
worth it?

Samantha Ironman

Kočárky ve Lvově

Jak obří barevné korálky
Stojí opuštěné dětské kočárky
Ulice jsou plné sutin a smetí
Invazi nepřežilo už 109 dětí

Kattenka79

I don't believe

I don't believe in violence
but I hope they give you hell
I hope you lose your continence
I hope your trousers start to smell

I don't believe in violence
but I hope they snap your bones
I hope they kick your teeth in
I hope you cannot speak for groans

I don't believe in violence
but I hope they bleed you dry
I hope you beg for mercy
I hope they hear you cry

I don't believe in violence
but I hope your pelvis breaks
I hope they really take their time with you
I hope they throw you to the snakes

I don't believe in violence
but I hope you choke on sick
I hope for every bruise you give Ukraine
your scrotum takes a kick

I don't believe in violence
but I hope they piss on you
I hope they beat you yellow
I hope they beat you blue

I don't believe in violence
but every word of this is true:
I don't believe in violence
but I hope it believes in you

#WeStandWithU

Jan-Kjetil Jess

Turn Despair into Hope

I once was a slave.
But I am too brave.
It was not astonishment.
But, I am glad to receive my punishment.

Since, I am ready to die.
All of my life was a lie.
But someone said you have to fight.
You will turn the darkness into light.

Come with me to sweet revenge.
We will fight, give justice, until the end.

Enyerclipse
3/18/22

Enyerclipse

I Think to Myself What a Wonderful World

TWs: reference to hostage situation, Russia-Ukraine conflict, terrorism

But my world revolves around violence and war
Not the kind of 2022
I've been hoping for

I fight to save my children
Who used to be safe in their classroom
Now their living, breathing textbooks
Are the number of lives killed, mentions nightly news

I fight to save freedom of press
Journalists must elevate our narratives truthfully
We're not headlines; we're real people
Enduring this trauma they like to censor collectively

I fight to save the African students
Locked here amidst the invasion
Racism has no place here, there, anywhere
They must come home to continue their education

I fight to keep wonder alive
Though now my world revolves around violence and war
To make 2022 the kind of 2022
I've been hoping for

A/N: #WeStandWithU
Thank you for being you!

Avery Danae Writes

Standing with Ukraine

In the blink of an eye, all changes,
All lives left battered and broken.
No one people should control
Another just for sport,
For all lives matter.
As hope fights on,
You are in
Our hearts,
U.

#WeStandWithU

Brett Andrew Heard
March 18, 2022

Brett Andrew Heard

Mantra for the enemy - #WeStandWithU

You shatter our lives with bombs, with fear, with
shelling
You try to rob Ukraine of freedom and of strength
You'll fail. And there's a fact that doesn't need
foretelling:
We'll win our peace. For that, we'll go to any length

You fill our eyes with tears and our hearts with sorrow
You kill the best, the bravest who stand for our
defense
You're doomed. For likes of you, there will be no
tomorrow
We're strong. But for all this, there is no recompense

You decimate our cities, destroy our land and culture
You force people to flee, to leave their dreams behind
You'll die. Your fate - sunflower seeds and vulture
We'll live. We weren't, aren't, and won't ever be blind

Lana L.

U(kraine)

....standing in the cold,
standing and turning old.
All standing because you care,
standing because you're there.
Still standing with guns drawn,
standing with everything gone.
Who can see such strength?
US of America watching at length..... United with U
in the States.

#WeStandWithU

Kate Cravens

The Final Price

a son bidding farewell,
to his father with tears,
in his innocent eyes,

a couple kissing, unaware,
one of them won't survive,

a mother awaiting,
the return of her martyred son,
her life's numbing sacrifice.

someday,
when leaders shake hands,
and economies grow back,

these people will carry on,
with bullet-shaped holes,
in their forlorn hearts,

these people will carry on,
with guns, screams and tears,
echoing throughout their lives,

so now tell me,
when it comes to war,
who pays the final price?

Dennis Thomas

As Violence Sung

his eyes reflected,
the flames burning,
his childhood home,

his bones weakened,
feeling his mother's,
warmth grow cold,

his heart's screams,
joined the chorus,
of tanks and guns,

and the light,
stopped breathing.
— as violence sung

Dennis Thomas

for U

i fold these words into
a paper airplane
and toss them with all my might
hoping they will fly
into your hands
on this cold, relentless night
over the stars
a silver jet stream
singing
'look towards the moon'
for here is where you and i will meet
i am looking
and thinking of you

Breanna Shae Poetry

Anecdote

They bombed my friend's hometown.
I know nothing about what that is like.
His memories of hopscotch decimated by airborne
evil.
So we cooked his favorite: surf 'n turf.
It doesn't change anything.
We both knew that.
So we reminisced on the beauty of
His culture, language, religion, and community.
We spoke of the willpower of
his family, his people, his nation.
That I know nothing about
aside from news outlets.
I asked him to teach me
words of his native language.
I am not fluent.
He explained to me what he considers support,
I listened.
Then we decided we should consider
living together.
I like surf 'n turf too.
We both know that.

Jonsey

Monday

I'm waiting for these sausages to cook.I have turned
off the news.

There's an air raid siren sounding somewhere
Far away.

I listen to the sizzle in the pan.
The popping of fat in angry oil.

Lydia Rutland

Ukrainian child

What is wrong with you little girl
Do you want a new Barbie? What is it at all?
Are you sad as your programme again is not on?
No, I am sad cause my Mother is gone.
Is she gone to the shop, to get you some bread?
There's no shop any more and my Mother is dead.

Kon chorny

We stand with you

Sometimes its hard to stand it,
sometimes its hard to tell,
sometimes I think oh dammit,
why do we have this hell?
But here we stand beside you,
not in person but in words,
and going together with you through,
let our thoughts fly with the birds,
yes, we can see so many,
believe me, you are not alone,
if you ever think: is there any?
be sure: hope will lead you home,
there are many people beside you,
even if you cannot see,
the global movement breakthrough,
with all who don't agree,
we send you light and power,
for this live with more downs than ups,
even in this darkest hour,
against this man without no scrups,
you are stronger than this terror,
hold on, you will survive,

against this old dictator,
who has no sense in live,
and all beside this cruelty,
that you see day by day,
you have this strong unity,
justice is on it's way,
never loose optimism,
your nation is so brave,
for a world lead by pacifism,
stay strong - and please stay save.

Christina Faab

Petal

A million lives stretched behind our eyes
I hold tight to a petal
The colour of sunshine
It's the light that bursts through darkness
That makes me stand alone...broken
Fighting for this land
Flowers blanketed in black
The wind blows encouraging hope
It's the light that bursts through darkness
That makes me stand..together in healing
Fighting for this land
#WeStandWithU
People of Ukraine

Andrea Fahselt

Shea the Child Thief

Ukraine is the great divider
Showing wheat and chaff
Like the bible says
Slime and heroes show their true colors
Reverened Matt Shea wears many hats
Insurrectionist traitor
Disgraced frothtard congressman
Fundamentalist cult leader
Human snail
Literally sliming the statehouse steps
And now to this distinguished career
Adds human trafficker
Because why not
A party that shields pedophiles
That causes other traffickers to mysteriously die
And blame democrats
Or elects them to the senate
Or appoints rapists to the court
Why not add a feather from their butt
To their tinfoil duncecap
As the froth of the froth of the froth
Fights to turn Idaho
Into Florida
And the good Reverend

Will bring 60 war orphans
To add to the population of hostages
The federal government is slow
And seems to be doing nothing
As whispers on the internet
Imply social media support
Is protecting Shea
What do facebook and twitter and tiktok
Have to do with this man?

Emmit Other

NEWS

Everyone is saying "stand with Ukraine"
They raise up banners to speak of the war
Somewhere in the world deaths are multiplying
But no one raised placards for that
People have taken the decision to come out and
justify one
We have forgotten that taking a stand for just one
country
Isn't how the war would end
What we have done is only add fuel
The flames are going up
The enmity hasn't still been solved
Both sides still knows no peace
Who says Russia citizens are Happy with the war?
Who says they agree with their leaders display of
power?
Who says Ukraine wishes to be in the news for this
war
Instead of taking up placards saying "stand with
Ukraine"
It should be to the leaders "End this display of Power"
Who shoot the gun first?
Who retaliated next?
What Matters is that there is a war going on and
people are still dying

Cries of agony is still being heard
You know i get tired of seeing those leaders in power
Talking of retaliating to the other country
If there could just sit to think about the blood that as
spilled for their retaliation cause
Shame on these leaders who don't know the way of
peace
Maybe when their mothers come crying for their
injured sisters
Or maybe when their wives cry for losses
Then their heart will be open towards forgiveness
Woe on the people who have taken a side to stand
with
They don't wish to end the war
Their wish is to create a news
Raise up the placards, keep saying "stand with
Ukraine"
You shall see how this fire will keep burning

PeckieRalph

The Sound of War

Tick tick tick A happy little clock looking at A young
couple dancing around in love In the late evening sun

Tick tick tick

Laughter and giggles and love fills the air

The young man goes on one knee

And pull out a ring

Tick tick tick

A small gasp and a heartbeat of silent

The young woman flings herself to him

YES!

Tick tick tick

House filled with love ones

Cheering, hugging, dancing

On *finally* their wedding day

Tick tick tick

Pitter patter of little feet

“Papa! Papa! One more time!”

She giggles as Papa made her fly

Tick tick tick

“Mama! Papa!”

“It’s midnight!”

“Happy New Year, our darling”

Tick tick tick

24th February 2022

BOOM BOOM* BOOM*

“Mammaa! Papppa!”

“We’re here my love, we’re here”
Mama and Papa looks at each other
With tears in their eyes
Tick tick tick
“No! You can’t go! We need you here”
“I need to protect you. I need to protect Yulia”
“Promise me you’ll come back. PROMISE ME.”
Tick tick tick
“Papa! NO! PAPAA!”
Young man glimpsed back with rolling tears
“You made a promise remember that!”
Young man nodded and left
.....
Tick tick tick
“YULIAAAAAA! NOO!”
BOOOOOOOOOOM
Dust, chaos, fire, rubble, broken toys
Tick tick —
Sad little clock
Stopped at 06:56
.....
Tick tick tick
Young man on the ground at war
Can’t move. Grenade.
Tears in his eyes
“I’m sorry my love, I can’t keep my promise”
BOOM

the Difference

its an entirely different feeling,
for the lives around you to be challenged.

different than that of your own,
freedom and rights being altogether gifted.

its an entirely new sensation,
to be rewarded for all accusations & crimes

new sensations of fear,
to watch the longing souls around you die.

this entirely fatigue-rigged world
show all but the people that life's ignorant.

a fatigue-rigged world
allowing the rest of us no form of good peace, but
tolerance.

this is the difference.

— M

#WeStandWithU

Morigan Young :)

Не говориться, не працюється,
Не складається на душі,
Не всміхається, лиш сумується,
Ох, як гірко ж зараз мені.

Як не віриться що це робиться
На країні рідній моїй.
Світ руйнується, все збувається
Що написано в Біблії.

Як прийняти це? Зрозуміти це?
І невже це початок кінця?
Пережити це, не зламатися
І отримати від Бога вінця.

Я от думаю за ці душі всі...
Чи спасуться, чи згаснуть навік?
Одні борються, інші журяться,
Інших чути молитви крик.

Так благайте же! Докричітеся!
І розплачтеся за життя!
За марнотним всім не женітеся,
Бо воно все йде в небуття.

В небутті воно не згадається.
Бог лиш гляне на душу твою, -
Чи повірив ти, чи розкався,
Чи довірив життя ти Йому.

Гляньте люди всі, - Бог не гається!
Він гряде! Ось вже скоро прийде!
Хтось засмутиться, хтось злякається,
Але Свого наш Бог не мине!

Та не бійся так, ти душа моя,
Не хитайся ти, не тремти!
Що написано, те збувається.
Бог дасть сили нам все це пройти!

Uliana Meyer

Nostra somnia non erit terminus

The life give me a shot,
The life took me forever
and has pushed me into a bucket
that has no end.
Can't handle the stuff
Sometimes I feel like
like, someone is taking me back,
But sometimes it's completely weird
And then I woke up with anxiety in my head.
I'm looking for a better world,
the world with peace in it,
not with war.
A free world full of love,
with harmony in each other's hearts.
People die with hope
that God send it from up above,
because this is life,
and the world will never be yours.
People need more smiles to share
and to let the negativity pass away.

19/03/2022
Tereze Thaqi

STAND WITH UKRAINE

they wait patiently here
fists clinched, full of fear
they hear marching in the distance
they put up a resistance
and pray this whole thing will clear

• • •

#WeStandWithU

Devarius Johnson

Nice Alliance you have there

Be a shame if something should happen to it
I mean natural friends there
CCP and Rashista
Two peas in a natural pod
Now heres the rub
As in rub salt in the wound there Polony Boy
What if
And this is a hypothetical here
What if Covid wasnt natural
blahblahblah
Boring you say thats so 2020
Well sure but hear me out
Everyone thinks China or the USA made it
But what if
And sure its a hypothetical
But what if the Russian Federation made covid
To be able to sell vaccines
And increase their diplomatic weight
Just like they actually did
Imagine what China would do
If they found out

Emmit Other

The Right For Independence

True strength comes from self-reliance
Utilizing one's intelligence to replace confidence
To stand triumphantly as a lone autonomy
Able to flourish greatly on your own accord
For this controlled power results
In the sovereign of meekness
Comprehending limits of your capability
One's obstinate assuredness holds truth
In the most absolute sense of just aptitude
Expressing determination to uphold responsibility
An honest freedom to strive towards
My right for independence must be acknowledged
Allow me to stretch my wings and soar high in the sky

Midnight Kale

War Again

The bombs fall from above
to silence the gentle dove
Sirens all begin to call
and the people now start to fall
War is again at the door
and they again wonder what for
A father walks streets alone
nothing of home remains but stone
Children weep with parents gone
and mothers wail with every dawn
Silence now fills them with dread
as they wait to see who is dead
Another war and it's fears
the pain and sorrow felt for years

Sophia Frey

the painter

the painter put his palette down,
he put his paint brush down as well,
and in a language I don't understand he spoke to his
town.

All ghostly and grim,
a horror scene, so unfamiliar yet horridly his.
And in a language that I understand,
he cried.

orbiting vega

Spring

Bees are benumbed with cold
Birds fled from their nests
Nightingales are waiting for flowers
Awaiting eyes of cuckoo's
Infact, everything is faded

One will bloom and groom
With the pinnacle of beauty
Attractive colors and fragrance
That will change the destiny of the whole yard
Expunge sadness, darkness of Autumn's
One day spring will transpire

Asfand Shahzad

Asfand Yar

Voda v potoce zčervenala

Voda v potoce zčervenala
A nezabudki sklonily se v prachu
Matka zrovna košilku prala
Hladinou plují dětské oči strachu

Kattenka79

The lesson from Stalingrad

On the Mamayev Kurgan
their own dead buried them
Ragged all, in the ruins
of dark days, hurled
Arm-on-arm bullet-on-bombshell
they buried them,
On those cold days pivot
to the might of the world.

A blizzard of wings and steel
under flare light
Organ ground, and snipered down
they crumbled
As a red tide was poured
into the maw of the night.
In Stalin's city,
the Reich first stumbled.

It wasn't the Allies
who saw that dark tide turned
But Russians, and Germans,
thirty millions of them
Who beat down that fire
from when the Reichstag burned.
It was in Stalingrad,
where their own dead buried them.

It was not guns or hope,
but deaths that won.
Because all tyrants can make,
is ruins and dead men.
The innocents of that time
must not be forgotten
And that tyrants should die,
before dead men bury them.

#WeStandWithU #Ukraine #GloryToTheHeroes

Permacultural

Russia Trilogy 1 Brute Power

Miracle of life
Much later
Miracle of human life
Complex, caring
Social, intelligent
And sometimes
Brutal

Like a rock
To smash open
nuts
and retrieve
the fruit
therein

Coarse, hard
pitiless
Brutal from
it's inception
In minds
of would be
rulers

Too ready to
Organize
To inflict
Terror

First luring,
young, lost
male soldiers
Enrolling them
in rituals of
Violence

Building
blind loyalty
Fear-based,
Cold, armed
Deadly
Draped in lies
Paeans of glory
Conquering exploits

Forging a nation
An empire
An edifice of
death
The currency
of rule
Brute force

Used, forged
In brute
Violence
Most so
when innocents
In public
before others
Silenced by
steel

Today we see
on vivid display
Russian brutality
Putin's rule
Wreaking havoc
and fear
In Ukraine

The world
protests
sanctions
This travesty
But stands by
Knowing well
The coarse truths
of today's
Power

Each regime
In delicate balance
with the brute
Power of others
Trading in false
histories
Of state
and rule

So now
One leader
Holding nuclear
Force
An ultimate
Brutality
Dares the world
With brazen
Horrorific
Violence

This is our
World today

Russia Trilogy 2 Ruler's Accounting

At mother's knee
Next to father
Returned soldier
Stories of
Leningrad
Nazi horror
900 days
Starvation
takes a million

Lessons of
resistance
To brute power
To a madman
Far away
Bent on
destroying
My people

This young child
last of three,
two older
taken by illness
Vladimir
Charmed survivor
To two
struggling parents

Be ready
to fight
Strike first
Humiliate
your opponent
No quarter
only power
threatened
and wielded,
Rules

KGB training
tunes
early instincts
A rapid rise
To head of FSB
A Surprise
Yeltsin choice
As Presidential
successor

More surprises
Astutely manages
Russian economics
Growth raises
living standards

True nature
soon evident
Retore Russian
glory
Return to Chechnya
Erase Yeltsin mistakes
Crush opposition
Raze Grozny
With Bashar
Crush Aleppo

Establish
And sustain
Dictators
Belarus, Chechnya
Poison for
West leaning
Leaders and
expatriots

With guile
Stir separatist
grievances
Georgia, Moldova
Ukraine
Russian force
Secures
Forced independence
Of Russia leaning
populations

Ever maneuvering
A reduced empire
Gas dependent
Economy
Like a small boy
In the streets
Bluster
Strike first
Find a way

Absolute
Control
No internal
opposition
Political adversaries
Jailed, shot
Supporters
punished

A lifetime
battling,
Conscience
silenced
Every tactic
To survive
To prevail

Each battle
A test
Ruthless violence
Quells
opposition

Happy discovery
West fears nuclear
force
Mere threat
and bigger powers
Back off
Watch in awe
Horror at work

So stunned
When judgement
arrives
Alarmed generals
Palace surround
Your cowardice
exposed
Poison pill
Stays in hand

Behind bars
You await
Your life's

accounting
Brought
to the dock
Defiant
Impassive
No regrets

A foretold verdict
To late
For so many victims
May dictators heed
May peoples heed

No more
No more

InBRcog

Russia Trilogy 3 Recovering Humanity

The jacket
of fear
Presses tight
Constricts
Little room
To think
to feel
Better to
Obey
Stay safe

Get indoors
Close the blinds
When out
A pretense
Of conformity
Such is the rule
Of tyrants
and their thugs

The rule of
Russia
Crushing any
Independence
At home,
and now
in Ukraine

Let recovery
Take root
In human bonds
To others
To our land
Daily care
A reclamation

Neighborhood
by neighborhood
Build bonds anew
Our marginalized
with their voices
their needs
Begin
So weave
bonds of
mutual care

Look around
Our barren streets
Tear up
concrete
Plant trees
Bushes
Flowers
Vegetables

Call back
the birds

No to police
To jails, courts
And violent gangs
as well
No to armies
To unthinking
unfeeling
Brute force

With human resolve
Denounce
Stand up
Then melt away
And reform
In another block
Defanging
Assembled forces

Bit by bit
Loving act
by loving act
Recover humanity
Reclaim cities
Make Russia
A beacon
Tyrannical
Rule undone

InBRcog

Přeci

V Charkově střílí děla
Copak to se lidem dělá?
Ostřeluje školku i porodnici
Poslat na něj tak polednici
V pátek vzplál oheň v Záporohu
Jaderná katastrofa číhá zpoza rohu
V Mariupolu slíbil příměří
To už mu ale nikdo nevěří
Prý míří na strategické cíle
Tak ať si tedy vezme brýle
Květináč, houpačka, morče v kleci
Jsou jenom všední lidské věci
Přeci.

Kattenka79

Peace Peak When Hope Peak a Boo

I dream about a world,
A world full of peace
But all I see is despair.
I dream about a world,
Where people can live with ease,
But I can't find it anywhere.

I dream about a world,
A world without poverty,
Where people aren't deprived of their liberty.
I dream about a world,
A world where kids go to bed,
listening to lullabies.
not where one wakes up to war cry.
I dream about a world,
A world full of happiness,
Without a sight of selfishness.
I dream about a world,
A world without wars.

Wars to have control,
Wars to have land,
People must learn and lend a hand.
Wars are costly,
They rob children of their innocence,
When children should be playing on their Papa's
shoulder,
I see them carrying their papa on their shoulders.
Wars and conflicts,
Oh when they cease.
There shall be a world at peace.
And i dream about a world.

Quraishi

Turtle Game

Commanding the fear of all
Wild rage dried upon bony cheeks,
Grown men pregnant with reprisal
in swift stride unto the breach
Swinging sharp memories through the neck
of vestigial but vast sickle and hammer.
For the bones begging for burial,
pleading for peace, yearning for the yard,
the blood and worms meat turned fertile soil,
The soil springing forth daisies;
shivering in rainfall, waltzing in the wind,
smiling in sunshine, now trampled and weeping,
freckled in ash.

Easton Payne

How can there not be a heaven

A holocaust survivor was killed today
I will get his name his age he deserves that
But surely the next life is greater than this one
Little children with shrapnel in their tummy
Women raped
If there is a non heaven then there must be a heaven
And God must be able to pick up all our small tributes
down here
Our little way, as St Therese wrote.

Kieran84Vine

Sorry n Miss you Liza

Broken walls of security
and hearts
Towers crumbling down of who
ugliness of nationalities

Blowing up the edifice of
wordly worldly affairs
To talk less,
The great groupings are rubbish,

What to say except nothing
I couldn't save you, Sorry, my dearest

Miss you Liza!

©madgoke

Madgoke

Odessa, March 2022

she places her hand on the mahogany archway
and the mezuzah her grandmother had placed
when she had returned all those years ago
shoulders her backpack and walks away
around barbed wire and sand bags to the train
one crocus in a crack in the sidewalk
monsters in the Black Sea

My Shell

Haiku: Conminación

Se calienta el Mar Negro
en la hora del sol —
Mieses y hierbas levantando el martillo
[dorado]

#WeStandWithU

.....

Haiku: Threat

The Black Sea heats up
in the sun hour —
Mieses and grasses raise the golden
[hammer]

Phillipe Jars

El verbo

Sí — Claro — La guerra— Bramidos al este — Putin salpicando con su saliva — Ucrania, unánime, sin mostrar duda, dilatando el músculo — Que sea azul y amarillo el verbo contra el martillo y la hoz.

~Ph Jars©~

.....

The verb

Yes — Of course — The war — To the east bellows — Putin splashes with his saliva — Ukraine, unanimous, without showing any doubt, dilates the muscle — Let the verb against the hammer and sickle be blue and yellow.

Phillipe Jars

we stand because of U #westandwithu

we.stand.with U
west.and.with U
We stand because of you

We die with each lie we tell ourselves
You die from a bullet fired from hell
You die because we fail to defend
The very reason why we still stand
We stand because of you.

g00dbar

IN UKRAINE

Every time things become normal
The sirens sound
And your mind is crowded again.

Lubella Ellen

World

Turmoil looms
While Putin dooms
Sanctions hanging overhead

Bombs and drills
Spine chilling drills
No one's counting the dead

Cintra

"Play of lives and deaths"

Leave the other thoughts out
You are still alive,
Stand on the knees,you can n
Give me five!
I am victor,Don't you hear
The little minded!
One less soldier has died from my side
It's my great noble duty to keep you reminded!
I have tasted all kind of firecrackers
You saw with your wide range of eye,
Waging a war an ancient sapiens play,
This is the game of lives and deaths, the truth is this,
I am never going to deny!
©madgoke

Madgoke

Be Assured

Putin what is the reward

On Angels chord

You can't see what your heading toward

Right in front of the whole world

You are decapitating yourself with your own sword

The fight will not stop, you can be assured.

Chris1987

Třese se mi tělo

Třese se mi tělo,
potí se ruce ledové,
už dávno mělo skončit období maturitní,
plné učení a začít nové.

To je z toho,
všechny ty nervy,
to dalo se čekat,
že pobřežím na záchod derby.

Klepu se, u srdce mě píchá,
mám se ale dobře,
když nepostihla mě jako jiné mícha.

Můžu chodit, žít i s touto nepříjemností,
té dispepsie se říká.

Čas tiká a tiká,
ubíhá ale pomalu.
Chce se mi zvracet a je mi z toho do žalu.

Je to neuróza nebo viróza?
Kdo ví?!

Nikdo jinou odpověď než že je třetí světová dneska nezná.

Hot dogy, kuskus a čokotycinky už nebudu jíst,
chci klid,
silnou a stabilní střevní mikroflóru a PEACE.

12:05, přichází naši noví obyvatelé z válečné zóny,
Ukrajiny,
snad jim naše pomoc a nic jiného nepřijde levé,
protože levárna to (aspoň pro mě) není.

Moje bolest, vsadím se, tedy vlastně vím, je i za ně,
nezvaně, přišli nezvaně jako ta válka u nich,
i když byly signály naznačující postup vojsk Rudých,
Ubohých, Slabých, Krvelačných "Obránců".
Já teď bojím se, bojím se blbců,
co nechápou, že mít je víc než NUTNOST,
ale lidská potřeba,
která měla být hned v první příčce Maslowovy pyramidy
zapsána.

Mým tenkým či tlustým střevem asi právě teď prochází
párek jak rourou, krytem pod zemí.

Valí se lavina, lidi se ptají,
co je naše a jejich území.

Nemáme hranice, ale v chování je mějme!
To musíme!
A musíme vědět proč se o svůj klid a o svoje území s nimi
dělíme.
Je tak, nebo ne?
Myslím, že je tak.

Spolu to nějak uhrajem,
když to už teď se snahou válíme jako Sisyfus před sebou

hroudu, balvan, co má X tun.
Musíme vědět, že je stále a včil was zu tun!
Nebo si přejme, aby tak bylo,
lidstvo by jinak pasivitou v anarchii skončilo
a srdce své pozvolna si lilo na chodník.

V krvavé lázni smutku z anarchie,
ještě ke všemu,
koupat se nechceme,
vzkažme to tedy prosím hloupému lidu.
A ostatně i lidojedům.

Jak tedy hodláme bojovat proti anarchii a pasivitě?
Činností, činností lidu plné lásky.
Na to já hodlám se doma vyspat,
na ty zírky, co lepší budou a že smutného se vyspat,
a pokecat si se zdí,
tím nemluvným joudou.

Sláva národu bojujícímu,
sláva těm, co se nevzdali,
sláva zdraví,
sláva Bohu,
já tě zdravím, zničena bez masky a strachem z Černobyly a
bez jódu.

Potkala jsem dvě ženy ukrajinské,
česky jsem se jich ptala, jestli rozumí.
„Not czech, but english, do you speak english?“
Já: „Yes, of course, but my english is not too good, you
know.“

ony: „It doesn't matter, but I understand you", řekla jedna z nich.

A já, Čech, hnidopich hnidopichem nechtěla jsem být, a tak neřekla jsem: „ It does matter", protože to by bylo nevkusné, radši jsem se koukala jaký je venku hezký Wetter and the sun, na chvíli se zamýšlela, že ji na papír napíšu, co říct chci nebo jsem chtěla, ale nakonec jsem to neudělala a na ně pohlédla se slovy: „Russia would not win this war! Never! And I will support you, not with my english, but with my love to you! Stay strong!"

Byla jsem tak mimo, očarována,
že i ta minuta mých slov byla so long.

Teď v buse sedím, je mi o něco líp,
nastupují další Ukrajinci a já si říkám, že bych na jejich místě fakt nechtěla být.

Goewert2711

#WeStandWithU

I witnessed an old man in Ukraine,
On a bench, napping with this thought:
'& if this war continues for a decade,
Who assures me that I will be present
At my grandson's marriage, Or my grandson will
attend
His own marriage? I saw a huge building which
vanished
During the blink of my eye. I saw my children
washing away the dust
From their faces as blood was reflecting it.
I saw a couple, promising to each other
Life & death together.
I saw a colourful rain on my rooftops.
Being a believer -- so I'm upright --But who will bring
my son back? As the days passed, I lived
Now the days are stuck, ways are weird, & I only
think about my infants.'

Faizan Manzoor

Vladimir Putin Must Be Stopped

~for Ukraine

Vladimir Putin must pay for what he's done,
his smirking face presides over many lost lives. In Ukraine,
the people are waiting for the sun.

A child's quivering hand, the shadow of a gun,
mother beneath the debris of more cease-fire lies.
Vladimir Putin must pay for what he's done.

Such aggression shocks as the world looks on,
too afraid to aid beyond the barest of tries.
The Ukrainian people are waiting for the sun.

No Russian oil, no oligarchs with access to funds,
these sanctions like tantrums a spoiled baby might cry.
Vladimir Putin must pay for what he's done.

His hand hovers, a threat, above the nuke button,
as he smiles like a dare where democracy dies.
In Ukraine, they're praying to see the sun.

In attempt to prevent World War, it's already begun,
the moment Russia put innocents in its sights.
Vladimir Putin must pay for what he's done.
In Ukraine, the flag's still waving in the golden sun.

Jay Sizemore

Flowing Blood.

In the field of blood
In the pool of tears
When the cool morning airs
Is hot to those who bear it earlier

For the peaceful people of Ukraine
Who fight for their fatherland to stay
And to send their enemies away
The flowing of blood tore my heart

And put me insane,
As the bulletproof of Ukraine admit bullet
I cried and wrote against massacre

Oh men of UKRAINE
Common!

Arise and strive
To save the life
Of your deaths souls
Against your unlovable neighbor.

Ukraine shall succeed!

© Babalola promio
Country: Nigeria.
Thursday, March 24,2022.

Babalola Promio

**#WeStandWithU People of Ukraine;
Do so like the Sun**

#WeStandWithU people of Ukraine
Do so like the sun

A Shackle for a Sparkle that uncovers the King's
garments
Best Dressed Soul,
put on a Jewel he cannot Steal
Jealousy marrs him with rabbies
He has an unkindness of the desert sun
to brim your petals upon rods of the oven
Flowers in deserts grew thorns
A purple heart to match the eye
But you are born of heaven
with love in your bones
Your SMILE rises at dawn
sets at night
You are sunshine, a fire no one lights
Nor can extinguish
Morning comes,
Shine,
Do so like the Sun
#WeStandWithU

Mangena

WAR 

TASTE. LOVE.
NOT. BLOOD !

ARE SUMANTH

family is we*

I cry

I cry as I write this sad letter to my distant family

I cry not to show weakness but strength & endurance

I cry for I know their is hope....

I cry not only with my eyes but also pen

Am not the strongest but I have my words and space

Family is what we are ...not related by blood but have

a common mother

Earth.... mother nature

Ask mom's to pray for their daughters and bless their
sons

Remind father's to hug their sons and smile to theirs
daughter's

Plead with the clergy to pray for us

Tell the perpetrators that we are still watching

Watching they tear our families apart... their families

And fist's won't always solve the problems...

Explain to my siblings that it's going to be okay

And the sky will be blue again

We well hug and dance under the rain

...no blood and sweat will go in vain

Our mother is watching I don't preach vengeance but
brotherhood

No mother likes seeing her son's and daughters
tearing each other apart
Please don't break down we get our strength from you
(parents)
We won't loose hope,we know you get your
motivation from us (children)
Family is what we are
Is what we will be
Is what I feel

scar faxe

Thank you so much.

I just want to thank Poetizer for printing my poem on
Ukraine: The Flag.

It is truly an honor and I cannot express my gratitude
for helping me reach those in need of hope.

Thank you.

shilohthepoetess

Hope

The last time I saw my love,
he wasn't in the train with me.
His hand was pressed against the window,
sobbing as he told me he'll find me soon.
But I didn't believe him, I was sick of lies,
and sorrow, and pain, and everything in between -
they took everything and there is none left.

The last time I saw my home,
it was burned straight down into ashes.
I saw the fire, breathed in the smoke,
watched everyone's hearts break into pieces.
Yet I wasn't hurting, nothing hurt at all,
for my soul had already left my body -
they took everything and there is none left.

But the last time I felt hope,
I have not been through that yet,
because is that music I hear in times of horror?
Is that a flicker of light shining in the darkness?
Perhaps, just perhaps, we can win this war -
for they cannot take everything because I still got
hope.

We still got hope.

#WeStandWithU


(Am I a little late to write this? Forgive me if so, but this devastating war is still going on and I felt this post was needed. Sending love to Ukraine - we stand with you.)

Eugracia Opalle

Where am I going...

Where am I gonna stay
When I had left my home
In fear of death
My heart is detached
From my comfort surrounding
Ukraine my divine world
You have been reaped apart
And you pillars are being knocked down
By the arrogant neighbour
You are being painted with explosions
And you're suffocating with defeat
But you still remain aggressive with hope that you will
survive
Stand firm and fight Ukraine
Fight for your freedom
I'm away from you right now
But I'm in support of you
Where am I going to live freely

Boi-Thee-Poet

རྣམ་ཤིང་ལས་འགྲུའི་འཕེལ་རྒྱ་ལྗོད། U A 

འགྲུའི་འཕེལ་རྒྱ་ལྗོད་འཇུག་ལ་འཆོར་མེད་ཞིབ་ཏུ་འཕེལ་སྤེལ་གྱི་འགོ་
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- འཆོར་མེད་ཞིབ་ཏུ་
- ལ་ཕྱི་ལོ་གྱི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་
- སྤེལ་གྱི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་
- ཐམས་ཅད་ལྱི་སྤེལ་གྱི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་
- ཕྱི་ལོ་གྱི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་
- མཐའ་དག་གི་སྤེལ་གྱི་ལོ་ལོ་ལོ་
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salute to soldiers.

The station is silent as the passengers
are waiting desperately for the train.
The anticipation of meeting their loved ones,
or getting the news they fear.
The families of the army with beating
heart has gathered their.
A mother sat on a bench waiting for
the return of her son.
A father standing in silence waiting to
hug his daughter with pride.
A wife waiting to see her husband who
left for war on their wedding night.
A child waiting for his mother to listen
endless stories of war.
With hands folded in prayer they wait
their with heartfelt of fear.
Some may return in self and some languages
may come back to family.
Some cheers with smiles and some breaks
down in tragedies.
For the love of nation they happily agree to
suffer any outcome .
Salute to the soldiers who sacrificed their
own life for others.

I Meant To Do That

In Soviet Russian Federation
Ill advised blitzkrieg run by Z clowns
Feints you!!!!
Seriously, Prince Polonium
like Steve Urkle
has said "I meant to do that"
as in it meant to kill thousands
And lose in a totally humiliating fashion
Because in Soviet Russian Federation
Taking Broomstick up the ass
Feints You!!!!

Emmit Other

Let In Light

Let there be light!
Let the spring flowers bloom!
May our people be merry,
May there be no gloom!
I sincerely hope there soon will be peace
So let's all hold hands, forget about politics!
Under the sun, in circles we'll dance
Let in the light, give joy a chance!

heartshapedbox

Stand With Ukraine (Prompt Poetizer)

We all stand with Ukraine
And pray the war end soon

Nobita Doremon

War. Haiku

He orders his reign,
And his bombs rain
As life on the streets lays__slain.

theauthor

How Is It Love?

If we can't
Fly in the storm,
Swim in the Rain,
And
Glow in Dark Corners
How is it Love?

John Dico

CeaseFire

We hear piercing cries of humanity, through our
thickest walls. We hear sounds of bullets & bombs,
through our farthest boundaries.
We hear the calls for help, through our time zones.

It is unfortunate that mankind has made progress,
Only to kill.
It is sad to witness the actions of One,
Uproot millions of lives.

One calamity to another, we just keep moving
forward
BRAVO!!

But what about those who are not with us, through no
fault of their own?
What about the suffocation and drying tears of loved
ones, left with a never-ending trauma to live with?

“There is no flag large enough to cover the shame of
killing innocent people.” - Howard Zinn

Technology will enable what the minds behind it
choose,
Narratives can be drawn, tactful methods can be
used, but screams of those who are suffering cannot be
silenced.

We have to choose and choose NOW.
Live in peace or Kill our fellow beings

We hear you Ukraine and we stand against this
brutality. May the souls we lost rest in peace

Written by - Ankur Singh

Kuriosing

| War·ning siren |

· Crystal tears ·

Pain intones smeared notes

while

Death's delicate fingers play glass

Full of liquid life and innocent blood

(Italian version)

| La sirena canta la guerra |

· Lacrime di cristallo ·

Il dolore intona note sfregate

mentre

Le dita delicate della morte suonano calici

Pieni di liquida vita e sangue innocente

L • D

L·D

2 Kinds

Those who worship
The Russian warship,

And those who tell it
To fuck off.

Fuck the former,
Power to the latter.

A world without war
Would be so much better!

And I'm not scared to swear,
People dying isn't fucking fair!

Fuck you Putin.
Fuck you Kremlin.
Fuck you Russian warlord gremlins!

Watching other people die is tough,
We've got enough!!

When will this fucking war stop,
And when will both parties drop
Their animosity?

When will people stop being selfish,
And unite in generosity?

When?
Fucking when?

If not ever,
What will happen then?

Is there a future for mankind
If we've left our decency behind???!

Spiritus

WHAT MAKES WAR?

Eloquent sedition is what stirs our oceans.

littleworm

A modern day past event

It was just another day,
When hell was unleashed onto pompeii.
The sun shone its usual gleam,
When Martin Luther King was killed for talking of his
dream.
On one Easter when some were making sure their baths
were bubbling,
A group of men took over the general post office in
Dublin.
On a day that could have been heaven,
Ai-Qaeda killed the twins on September eleven.
On a 2019 new year's eve when all seemed well,
A single bad cold began to give us hell.
And on the 24th of February Russia invaded the Ukraine,
A dictator, for his own self ego, is spreading relentless
pain.

All but one of these things happened in the past,
And the one that isn't may not last.
They are being invaded for no good reason,
By a man who would see a different opinion as the highest
treason.
There is a way you can help to stop his expanding reign,
So, for the love of God, send some money or food to help
the Ukraine.

Joe McKeown

Peace Be Upon Us All

"Let there be PEACE ON EARTH, and let it BEGIN WITH ME."

*MEAd**

economic capitalist reform

Dollars dont grow on trees...
They grow in your wallet by
spending hard worked for
Monnies to furbish the economy
And each month a dividend
Of the american economy's
Success, should it fail?not likely
Just keeps going on and on
Why not? Why not deliberate
The liberty to all not just well
To dos, not just liberals but all.
Not just whites but all fellows.
Not just men , but women too.
No hard worker left behind; but
All that work hard and do good
To their country all men and women
Shall celebrate in peace by having
Their piece of the shared pie....
Not all peace is free tis fought for
By goodly soldiers and good politicians
Not all is lost but is found in equity
Of our united states of America.
Thats you and me and our properties
All one commerce with dividends
To divide to each and every country man
And every country women the right to be free
The rights of freedom for freedoms sake.
All .an and all women equal by the summation
Of thier hard work by not only cashing they're

Check and salary earned but a check dividend
From the USA each month. But no dividends to the
person not working. Unless you're over 65 and retired,
you better be working; then you get the USA dividend.
Equalizing the wealth of the nation guarantees all are
wealthy in the nation. And a wealthy happy people invest
in their wealthy nation. And, becomes a national power all
on its own; for the people by the people one nation under
God.

Trying to bluster the economy up.... its down.
downward trends tend to be space to be in:
Likely, if the economy does not turn around soon; by
getting back to work; because, America needs you and
you need America

First of all, people deserve a good life? Not, promised a
cake walk even then most don't get a cake. But a cake walk
where everyone gets a slice of the cake, not just one
greedy person running off with the goods.

Im just saying what the alaskan government invests in
their residents could well be afforded by usa citizens any
where in. The continental USA.
Please trickle down from mount krumpet already of
course you'll blast your mighty trumpet...

dividends to all for all. And watch the americans all
reinvest in the stock market, in utilities, in the commerce
of the economy. Only a fool would go bury their dividend.

Please re think this economic heirachy. What good is a billion dollllars multiplied by a zero interest rate. We are not a wor km d leader with such a low interest rate. The dollar nearly worth less than it was in the seventies.

Please, increase the power in its people for and by the people to increase wealthiness ten fold in America. By dividending ten percent utilities holding in America to each American. Why? It makes no cents to keep the rich wealthy wealthier each and dvery day...

. spread the wealth and all are willing to repay it back into thd commerce by investing in hemselves their own best interest. And thereby investing reinvesting back into the wealth that is America.

I just want to see a better out come for everyone not just the elitiests. Please reason this is a win win situation. Where everyone is equal no matter what.

I wish, pray and hope for the job :
A good paying job that pays all
The bills and affords me a car
And affords me a house to live in.
Thats all i ever really wanted God.
Amen.

If i was 10 months pregnant i would work tried of doing nothing but sit on my ass all damned day...
Im sick and tired if this stinking thinking drats for daiseys and all unholosome things. I want out of this home and out of my chair, i want to freaking work

Im not happy sitting at home. Im not hspyy sitting at the
cafe and definitely not happy sitting at mc Donald's.
I want to be out there working for living a substancial
living some kind of job that pays all the bills and provides
saving to buy a car out right and a 15 year loan on a house
to pay for and live in.

Missing opa...
Liqorish liquors
To ask for more
More opa more.
Thanks opa
For the good
Memories, too.

As all quiets on the western front
By LGFredenburg

Please; Dear Valdimer, 26th March 2022
Winter freezes the bone, chaps the lips and hands as all
quiets on the western front
But atosisties scream like sirens aloud
Silently in one's mind so loud it deafens
Beckons the one to fits of rage & fury in futility.
Just as the frost fades and blooms
Cascades the green valleys richly ckothed
You assualt an old friend tolerating less; trappling more;

Than you should, you conquer by war;
Before the popular populace to prove infamy;
Hangs you or poisons you soul if you do not;

Truce reguile if you must, give peace a chance
But call truce and free the Ukraine appeal them
Freed the poeple free your self from bully demons that
cabin fever festering blighted
From your own tiring exhausted of covid

Ease what you might your own poison
Be it for solace to conquer demons
That toy to toil on and inside your mind
Ease the temptation of whirling wind's
Temptess in to the east of Europe.
Conquer and qyell your demins well,

Wuth peace. Serene peace, to envelope;
Close off your mind to their attacks
Demons only toy with whkm they can .
Make sure you get plenty a fresh air
And enjoy what commerce great peace in your republic
commands with un tapped oil reserved

Ready at hand, use great wisdom of your
Covetted east European countries lost in 1989.
Promise all Russians 10 percent royalties
Of all crude o pumped from Russians land.
The east is poor no way to escavate to produce

The unseen crude oik that the lands possess.
They cant begin to accomodate the infastructure to tap
the reserves, and to have???

..... brittain or the usa tap their lands no wealth will the

east gain but remain rominov antiquity but no weath or
great commerce unless they join Russias republic to each
citizdn of russia's united lands a dividend royalty of 10
percent each..

Conquer your sound capacity to lead with peaceful
diplomacy, not harsh demaneding fist rage of war
dictatorship only reminisant
Of hitler himself. To go down in history gener rations
to come when an old man goes weary of mind , the
grandfathers will call him Putin

A....

Man of mean fury that infamously lead him self
To his demon's destruction and abrupt end, and the
children will disrepect an ailing old person rather than
care and love them in old age ; all be cause you conquered
in greart fits of rage by

..

.... listening to your ever so hatred of less territory in a
home sanctioned to shelter i n.v place only to not wish to
call it a home no more a hell than...

A home to dwell in more like a private prison we have the
keys but shelter jn place for fear of a plague that killed
millions of persons.

Hold your precious mind preserved in yhe inner sanctum
dont worry dont tarry with trivi aas l hate and will to
destroy showing great power, but great is the power of
diplomacy and great is its wealthy reward to you and all
united in russia united republic. Grant wisdom to lovie.
Conquer by peaceful diplomacy

Not to conquer;
east europe, by hideous war, but by diplomatic peace ,
which O i know you could create such a handsome replore
to conquer with peace not war. And, bring weath to the
russia people's and a weath of commerce back to your
valleys

and east Europe's valley all one day clothed with wild
flowers and many sparrows to enjoy what worthy of
luxury, is much more worthy to man ss man worth many
a sparrow. So is the worth of a russian man woman oor
child.

Bring
... the east europe to russian with diplomacy. Grant them
10 percent each of russia's future oil reserves and watch
the east join you for wealthy nations have wealthy citizens
invest wealthily in their own nation,

and
Rule way into the future of minions of generations. Peace
or war!!?? Choose peace... my smart keen friend... invest
in your country men and women and they will invest in a
great republic called Russia

Love, always yours;
LGFredenburg

Secrets, one can't tell?
By LGFredenburg

There once was a girl, that was born a tom boy. And, I never wondered why? i never questioned how or why i ran as fast as the boys or perfered to toss and play football. I played in the dirt and puddles.

.... I was very mechanical. I once took a phone apart and put it back together, before my parents could find oyt what i had done. Yes, I put the phone back together, so it still worked.

I loved all animals even the mean one's that bit. I played with animals and felt more akin connected to them. Dogs, cats, and even birds.

So my step mother decided to teach me a lesson in corporal management in which corporal punnishment would be a unwanted result if the lesson was not learned....

I would learn many lessons unfortunately in life. So here goes lesson one.

Mothrr had gotten four eggs from a local farmer and put them in an incubator. The young me a teenage girl watched intently . Not too many questions asked. The only question was would the chick be able to hatch its self.

The last two eggs in the incubator one egg didnt hatch and the one that tried died trying.

So , I watched them everyday after school and peeoped over to look every morning to see if anh changes to ad happened.

One day , it had just turned May. I had come home and three chicks had hatched . The fourth egg hadn't. It seemed sad that one did not get the chance , but all ythose ythree chicks were just so cute the abandoned eggs seemed in place to be discarded.

Two women wanted female chicks and intended on having egg laying hens. But mother sent them away and looked at me and said this is a male chick and you need to keep your cat away from him, locjed in your bed room.

So , i accepted and behaved. And took on my new occupation to raise the baby chick. and, an aquarium was placed on her desk foil wrapped snugly on the insides of th he aquarium and a steal netting over the top with a heat lamp connected to the lid.

She fed and watered the bird. Even held it and put it in her hamstet roll around see through ball. The chick would run around rolling ghe ball around with it and yhe cat watched intently to follow the rolling ball around.

The chick started developing its feathers half way. It seemed just like the other chicks mom gave away until then. It was developing in to a colorful rooster. A Gorgeous prussian blue green tail. And oranfe goden feather covering its head neck and body.

Soon it was a teenager just like my mom wanted me to see for my self. I was developing slowly small breasts and athletic. I was proud of my self running on the track team and still playinv foot ball with the neighborhood kids.

Mom told me it was time to release the young rooster into the chicken coupe. So, we drove up to my aunt's where the chicken coupe was. And shortly after arriving my mother told me to go put the rooster in the pen with the other hens.

This was the most unexpected. I bent to kneel down with the rooster in both hands covering his wings. As I released him expecting a wonderful welcome to my dismay no way.

The hens much bigger than what seemed a miniature rooster to them, started plucking off his gorgeous rooster comb on its head. They attacked him ferociously. And cackled harshly as they did this. I tried to defend the little rooster and pushed the hens away from him, but the little rooster bit me for the first time.

Mom said to let him be. And, soon as I left the hen yard settled down and the rooster was welcome now. But I'm sure he could have done without the welcome comity. ..

So I started dressing much more feminine and put male things aside... no place in this world for a miniature male. Well, what choice do I have?

Life went on, and I joined the military. I wanted to see Germany and I got my wish. Two years in Germany traveling up and down the European peninsula. I saw it all.

But then one day. Without expectancy....

Someone pointed out an even more frightening thing that the roosters welcome.

They were measuring my fat percentage as a fun exercise which was just my fellows being phobes. They measured me with the womans fat percentage guidelines in the manual. 12 % body fat as a female. Then , my buddy a male said lets do the male measurement body fat percentage test on her..

And so , they did. 5% body fat mass. You know thats un healthy woman are suppose to be above 12 % body fat. And you measure below the male standards. You an olympic athelete, Fred.

Then , i was transferred to upstate new New York. Where discrepancies of treatment followed....

I didnt get paid while i worked there. I didnt have a car to get to chow hall and i didnt get a car loan from a bank because no incoming funds.

And, a lot of strange doings happened. Soon enough, I was starving to death and lost my breast small to begin with and lost my hips too. I was so famished. i was faint, and went to sick call. Id become so thin there was no hiding my masculinity

I went to the hospital a never returned. Retired now. I guess my corporal management mistake i made joining the military a mans world.

I was faster than most men skilled capable an physically fir that when i statted exercising more and dieting cause some one called me fat. I wasn't able to hide my masculinity...

The lesson was half learned until then...

If i hadnt retired , when i did. A fellow would havd killed me. Had another rooster, been in the pen my miniture rooster would have been dead...

Dont tell; dont ask. But sometimes one can tell without asking. But, since i told .you .my story, ive told on myself. Dont ask ; dont tell; dont hint at being an eunuch. Im telling my story for an example. If you're an effeminate male, be a woman, not too masculine; be very feminie and tell no one. Not even me.

Biasing the non-binary

By LGFredenburg

been female since i was 2 years old. I always identified straight woman....

i dont have the problem with it....

Someone at employment, Inc., has problems with it...

Chances are i wasnt going to relate out of the office with any of you. I dont believe in dating coworkers.

And, i have to go with out a prestigious job, because some body whined about me, because thg he size up every woman as a sexual partner , which was not going to happen only in there dirty mind.

Seriously???

Woman are not objects to undrrss and sexualize in your minds; woman or man. I can believe we're still in the dark ages...

You men over there need to purify your thoughts.
Im done. Would have been a hellious night mare because
a dirty mind thought a vagioplasty none of his business
unless we dated. But he was already thinking that way.

And he was disgusted with me.
Im disgusted with the person for thinking he could. Im
not that easy, besides wasnt going to ever happen.

Just afraid of becoming attracted and feeli M g he was gsy
for being attracted to an eunuch.
Eunuchs are permitted to marry , but with great strife....

god permits it and wont call you a faggot or judge you.
Why are you judging me?

Man..... being an eunuch is not for sissies.

No, never ever give up@!!!!

You can!!!!

By LGFredenburg

I respect that you are retired. I had though you wanted
a job and thought it was not even worth trying for at all.
I here to just tell you. It can be done. If you want to work,
it still can happen despite any disability. A disability is only
a disability is you think it is. It doesnt have to be the end.
I believe in you. You have a great esteem and take pride
in everything you do. I think if , you wanted; you could
do any thkng you wanted to do, despite any disability
you have. I believe people with a disability should not
be counted out or definitely not count themselves out.
I believe in you. You still have the spark.

Eugene or uslyses become useless due to injury on or off the job; they turn about to get a job they still can do,. Disabled is not what you can't do its about what you still can do to work for your country.... theres people that are disabled that want to work an eight hour job to tweleve hours a day job. They see fit to work that working with what ables you to work to keep working because stinking thinking is a hazard to ones health. Weve been doing a lot of that with this covid business.. its time to get back to work America. America needs you and you need America...

If America invested in its people like they do in the stock market with dividends in utilities, maybe americans all americans could afford to invest handsomely in America.

And the impossible was made possible by God himself.
AMEN

Enough is enough

I yelled at the drill sergeants...

Harts looking at me the whole time pleading no , fred with her eyes.

" we've scrubbed these walls and floors three times with toothbrushs. No amount of scrubbing is going to make the grout white again. The grout is stained. Its never going to be white again"

Three drill sergeants, " no comment " just disappear. and, ten minutes later detail duty ended.

If we all demanded economic equality; eventually; they would give in to higher reasoning. And , make it happen.

Capitalism reform

By LGFredenburg

Exercises in futilities....

Share the dividends of utilities

So we can all share in fine and fancy antiquities

And maybe we will all be equal in wealth

Stranger things have had happened

Strength in wealth and equity, if all were;

Wealthy and but equally, so.

No not communism but capitalism

Shared for the nation by the nation for the people by the

people one nation under God...

Well, i tried. So, much for trying.... cant sell

American's shared commerce ... they think its communism, but its not. Equalize the nation.

Its to empower the poor to stand along the side of the wealthy and be as equals....nope can not sell that. Eliteists would hate me for it.

The leader would have to esteem by sheer confidence and others confidence that he was the right man to rule or reside as president.

Voted in By esteem of character and vision to run a happier nation where everyone didnt just pursue happiness but own it. This hopefully doesnt lead to residing in caskets size boxes to own. But great lands of liberty for all to have and own.

Ok enough? ! Im done deliberating.... its not new taxes, its taxes owed to you all every years end. Dividends tax return. No one on social securirty, theres a job for everyone. And at the end of the years end everyones all the Americans are; equal; share of god bless America and the American peoples...

Seeing the end of a rainbow would be bad luck to an Irish woman...

The curse of the wee peeps...

Yes they got to the gold before i got there.

Hmmmmmm.

She was a good natured cat, smart, ' understood & listened
,

She was a cat of gold.

God, I'd give any thing to get her back

Coyote ate her.... she just didnt come home one evening
i let her out.

I lost my mom thirty years ago. It still hurts. But i have wisdom about it now. God bless you in your mourning and wisdom to heal well.

My mother was a witch in her last days and before she died she cursed me to possess me after her death.

Her possession caused me to have a mental breakdown and, she riddled my brain with nonsense for 15 years until i exorcised her from me.

I love her. But i realized she never permitted herself to love me. I forgive her. I hope she is finally resting peacefully.

Not everyine makes it to retirement.
Im lucky, I did my travels in my youth.
There's more to live for than work.
Paying bills with 2 or 3 jobs ; crazy!
My mother ruined her life with drugs.
Pets are good for mental wellbeing.

flying nun the cyberomantic

'Put-it-in' and 'By-the-den'

One prisyádka dancer has a few friends but they will not come to dance with him just yet incase it might rain but if he is angered by his friends and and their partners then he just might make rain with acid. After all this is last game to dance.

The other ball player has too many friends and they love playing together - and historically they have been playing a super ball of the warring games for the last century. He is only interested to make 'us' the most powerful defender in the team. He (like his former captains) is working on a strategy that will zero on a goal tackling secret the world would still cheer for - once again!

Navina Bilimoria

Ako'y Malaya (Filipino)

Malayang sumigaw
Humiyaw sumayaw
Sapagka't puso ko'y
Nag-uumapaw
Ng kaligayahan
Punong-puno
Ng kasiyahan
At pasasalamat
Sa Poong Maykapal
Na makita
Ang aking
Mga minamahal
Na mabuti ang kalusugan
Malayo sa mga karamdaman
Nakakapagpahinga at nakakatulog
Ng mahimbing sa sariling tahanan
Na walang pangamba
At takot na mararamdaman
Araw-araw ay
Mayroon sapat na pagkain
Sa kani-kaniyang hapag kainan
Walang nagugutom
Nang dahil sa pagtaas
Ng mga bilingin
Epekto at dahilan

Sa mataas na presyo ng gasolina
Sa mga gasolinahan
Dulo't ito sa nangyayaring digmaan
Sa ibayong karagatan
Hanggang kailan?
Itong digmaan
Buong mundo
Ito ang katanungan.

*MEAd**

A 'Stranger' is just a friend you do not know.



SURYA

Be Strong, Ukraine

Be strong, Ukraine,
Don't give up,
Stay strong,
Someday, you shall win,
Peace will come,
I'm with you,
I stand with you,
Yessiree, we all stand
With you,
Those who invaded you
Shall be punished
And you shall be free,
We're all with you!

Roxie Sawyer Mitchell

you are David
with stone
you shot Goliath in the head
I conclude
tiny can
kill giant
in the head,
drones?

Angel Please

It's another red smoke filled sky
I thought we were all done with Innocents dying
Think two steps ahead and what do you see
A bitter not better world is to be believed
Down this dark and dusty road again going nowhere
The faces we see are now filled with despair
Along with a strength no one can compare
Holding heads up high and fists higher
When all the world watches a denyer
Willing to give all you have and then some
Because of a man who wants dominion
It's a sad day when we see evil spill blood
Watching an earth that's still without love
Children that should only hear sounds of nurture
Are now hearing cries of agony and torcher
Everything you claim that you believe in
Is opposite of the greed that you're steeped in
So I salute the everyday people
For bending not breaking to resist you
To the last man
Onward continue
A.M.

Aivel McKendall(the cheese)

Little Hearts

Some children sit by their collapsed lego building

And some children sit by the rubbles of their homes
and dreams

Some children see the father of their favorite
character die

And some children live the death of their own father
in war

Some children are scared of a loud noise when they
play

And some children have their entire being shaken by
explosions and bombs

Some children cry for days when they lose their
favorite toy

And some children cry till eternity because their
entire country, their home is taken away from them.

Noora Roza

slava ukraini

Slava Ukraini

When the tanks come after us like
Back in Tienanmen Square - we
Stood solitary in the protest of the
Power we didn't fear. But what's a man
Against a chunk of metal manufactured
Just to kill?

While in Kyiv we see the man in charge,
With fearless eyes and words to put
The world to shame. What's the modern
Age? Another war for nations states to
Congregate?

And they're stuck in freezing winters in
A chunk of metal to protect them while
They kill - does not the irony of life feel
Like a thrill? Never mind, we'll hate each
Other longer than we'll learn to get along -
Or is that wrong?

But that's the pessimism of an immature
Critique - the kind that writes a poem on the
Suffering, the bleak - of those whose wrinkles
Come before their time - the stress, the agony, the
The will that lets them fight - A spirit somewhere
Left alive.

I can picture in their eyes a glimpse of all they
Left behind - painted walls, a house behind those
Ocean eyes. Always fearful - is there coming back?
Tears, bombs and shells, with pursed smiles they sat;
And here we stand for you.

Slava Ukraini.

jyotirmaya

WeStandWithU

WeStandWithU

Eine Freundin schrieb mir,
Der ich Gedichte machte,
Einen lieben Brief.
Sende Worte du an Poetizer,
Es geht um diesen Krieg,
Tritt ein für Solidarität,
Dafür ist es nie zu spät
'Schwarz' ich dichtend machte
Und schickte es den Poetizern zu.
We StandWithU
Auch wenn die Worte später wirken
Als Kugeln und Granaten,
Allen, die für Unrecht Worte hatten,
Rufe ich nun zu:
Schickt sie Poetizer zu
Sie sind zwar leiser
Als wenn Kanonen bellen
Und später sind sie auch
Doch ist jedes weiser,
Weil aus guter Hirne Rauch
Seh ich Hoffnung quellen,
Hoffnung für den Frieden,
Tapfere U, du kämpfst dafür

Wir haben uns für dich entschieden,
Zwar bleibt uns nur das Wort,
Doch da bist du
Tapfere U,
der Freiheit starker Ort,
Tapfere U, wo auch in der Welt wir sind,
Tapfere U, wir werden dichten,
Tapfere U, wir sind mit dir!

Francisco brokMann

Peace, My World

I dream a time
where freedom will bless the earth,
where the trails at the sky
are paths of peace,
where the broken-winged bird
learns again how to fly -

and when the end of winter's cold
passes the star of morning
spring day sings it's song
and hope will bloom again

laura v. • luminoso.poetry

Tears from heaven

Imagine the look in the eyes of a father
As he kisses his wife and baby girls goodbye
Off to fight for country
only post cards and photographs now keeping him alive

To love your home
and be forced to flee it
And leave behind the only ones you need in this cruel
existence

To be a peaceful people
and be forced to fight or die...
It's a sadness only seen in this world
a few times before...

- The British invasion and colonization
of North "America"

- Hitler

- America again (invasion of the Middle East)

- and now Russia

...

Prayers for Ukraine

Sunflower seeds

I suppose I will die young.
After all is gunned and done,
at least I finished my book.
A final, simple joy to complete,
before I even knew my life would turn obsolete.

If I had been graced with the knowledge,
that death would soon knock,
I would have put in my pocket,
the seeds of the sunflower or hollyhock,
so that a gorgeous little stain
of blissful flowers
could be left as a homage,
to my creative little brain.

Hannelor

"One Life To Live"

How did we live through these historical events?
How were we able to comprehend certain things?
No matter where our stance lies within this war,
isn't it better to hold our hands together around the world
then it is to live in pain

Let's remain as one unit
Take the noise and mute it
Can we put down our weapons and instead cause
a new movement

One nuisance after another
A virus brought us closer
Isn't ironic?

Who would look after one another if the world is gone?
Stop this bloodshed
Let's act as one consciousness as we once did

Flip the script
Wipe the tears off your lips
I'm going to hold you against your hips as we only got one
life to live
Live with love, as we only got one life to live

Serge B

Furry Friends

One thing that the world learned about the Ukrainian people is that they unconditionally love their furry friends.

Victoria West

Sending Love to Ukraine #WeStandWithU

A smile that surrounds, children merry around.

newfound lovers, staring as eyes collide,

new life, new beginnings thought this year's the best
as the pandemic years ago arrived,

newlyweds couple excited to make love tonight,

tears of joy heard as he passed the job interview and
hugged his parents and cried,
mom and dad I will make you proud,

this is happening in a day until

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

a large missile seen from afar looked like a shooting
star

goes down and down and down.....

until a tragic, languished, loud, bursting fire strikes....

the world halted for a while,

the smile that once marked their faces turned to
sorrow and tears in everyone's eyes,

Soldiers and fighters don't have any choice but to
follow the authority's orders,

thousands of untrained soldiers are terrified,

wives, pregnant women, and children kiss their dad
wailing as they say goodbye,
Please come back soon my love,

parents teary-eyed as they send their young son,
to be the hero of a land deteriorates by a nearby town,

The Whole World,

The Whole Hearts,

Asian, American, African, European,

The Whole Races,

From North, West, East, South

Black, Brown, White skin
Blonde, Brunette, Red hair

Joined together for the First Time,

Cried out to the LORD to Stop the War,

Praying together for our fellow men and women in
Ukraine,

Unite together as Humanity and Faith Grows without
Religion talks,

My Piece of Notes shows the superiority of Love,

May it comforts your souls my Beloved Ukrainian
people Now.

#WeStandWithU

Quinn Meise

Peace will follow

Sun may go down,
But it'll rise again.
A leaf may fall,
But a sprout will follow.
The places may change,
But the people won't.
Stay strong! My Dear!
The Peace will follow.

-© KalpanaKG

KalpanaKG

Putin's Allies

Putin's Allies (the Devil's Companions)

...

Putin launched his war on the west
Long before the invasion of Crimea
Infecting the body politic with the
Promise of nationalist authoritarianism
Poisoning the public discourse
With fear of the immigrant others
Le Pen and Zemmour in France
Matteo Salvini in Italy
Schroder and Weidel of Germany
Thierry Baudet of the Netherlands
Kyriakos Velopoulos of Greece
Santiago Abascal of Spain
Boris Johnson of Britannia
Bolsonaro of Brazil
Trump of the USA

...

They trip over their own tongues
Their own promises and loyalties
Yet the truth is clear
They are soldiers in Putin's army
A war against democracy
A war against western values
A war against individual rights
And civil liberties

...

Listen to them carefully
For when the sanctions begin to bite
They will show their true colors
They belong to Putin
And they will return to him
At first light

Jack Random

Unnecessary War

I live in a foreign country
from you,
but have heard the tragedy of war
from yours,
that wasn't started by you.
But from another
on your soil,
who came unannounced,
where they are not welcomed.
This war wasn't needed nor welcomed,
I am writing this to you
so you know,
you are not alone.
And we stand with you
from near and far,
until this unnecessary war
is over.

#WeStandWithU

Tiana Gumpert

Stay Strong

My heart had become a river,
My heart had become a stream.
Can't grieve for the killed or my homeland,
Eyes are overfilled with tears.
But no matter the heartbreak and sorrow,
We will rise again and we'll sing.
Tomorrow is a new day to make,
Tomorrow is a new day to be.

heartshapedbox

I stand with U

To many fathers,
I salute you with feathers.

To many brothers,
I salute you with tears.

To many sons,
I salute you with hopes.

To many daughters,
I salute you with my heart.

To my fellow humans,
I salute you with my arms.

You have my feathers from my wings,
To help you believe there will be a better things.
You have my tears from my soul,
So you won't shed then no more.
You have my heart,
So you won't fear tomorrow.
You have my arms,
So you will hug your family forevermore.

And you have my hope,
So tomorrow those better things arrive,
so tomorrow we won't have to console those crying
their tears,
so tomorrow fear is gone,
so tomorrow we can all stand strong, together in
peace with our fathers, sons, mothers, brothers,
daughters and sisters and justice once again will reign
in our world.

#WeStandWithU

Rū

While People

While people die.....poets write
While people die.....a leader crumbles
While people die....a voice emerges
While people die.....a hero rises
While people die.....boys grab a gun
While people die....a surprise attack
While people die.....a country fights back
While people die....the worlds on edge
Because when war breaks out.....
People die to defend....each other.

BD

Resistance

Every day I watch the news
And see what horror has ensued
Effects of war you did not choose
Ukrainians we stand with you

Families torn apart by pain
Artillery that falls like rain
Amid the rubble hope remains
With you we stand all of Ukraine

Fighting to preserve your land
From tyranny of evil man
Injustice world won't withstand
Ukrainians with you we stand

Every day I watch the news
Of places far beyond my view
To pray for those I never knew
Ukrainians we stand with you

Rywolf

Miles Away

Miles away a bomb fell today;
Destroying ground that was safe and sound.
Over night an army came
To bring destruction while they kill and maim.
We have been trained to not believe
What leaders tell us on the tv.
Yet in this instance our leaders were right
When tanks came and shot on sight.
Little boys now carry a gun
And they will until the fighting is done.
All because of one man's greed
To see my home as a piece he needs.

BD

Physically fine

That's a low bar to be honest
But the best you can hope for in times of war
When peaceful sleep has become a luxury
I'm physically fine.

Marilina

Dominion

An age-old nightmare, made reality in day -
When skies explode - torn, forsaken chasms -
Spilling fire from the clouds in blind fury,
Where more natural weather - like wind, thunder -
And rain , should there instead - in serenity be.

It is an iron beast, forged - in blood, blue, and snow -
Aggravated, just like every other titan -
By westward giants, and over-ambitious islands -
To scout, prowl, and attack - to take what isn't theirs;

It is hungry, and cares not for peace, nor democracy -
And it eats brave men like plums, and countries like
They never even existed by themselves in the first
place -

But nobody is going to let it win -
Our generation is filled with far too many creatives
Who vocally express every truth they see in the world
-

No matter how brutal; and all we little countries -
Well, we talk to each other far too much -
To ever let anything like that happen

again.

Lillith Scarlett May

It Must Be Stopped

We have had two of them,
Don't let it turn into a third one.
The world doesn't need a third one.
The world doesn't need one at all.
You've shown on which side of history you want to be.
You've done an amazing job so far,
Don't let your guard down now.
Keep your eyes open,
Don't let the fog blind you.
Finish what needs to be done.
The madness must be stopped.

Victoria West

A tale of a theatre

Standing tall, crying red,
in ruins now they all rest, this ain't no tale of Cain,
but lives of those we lost vain. Once a man said - well
who else, am I right?! there are no rules in love and
war, a twisted nightmare got all too real for us to
fight, we are not the ones left with a scar. Still standing
tall and shouting loud, the truth about her immortal
heroes, the real truth is about us, the civilized
crowd, we are led by cowards, greedy bastards and
pathetic liars and while moving backwards, we pretend
not to give in to his demands.

sebastiancaine

The tragedy of us

We are a bunch of lazy MFs,
addicted to Instafame and frozen yoghurt,
none of you comfortable bastards
have a clue that freedom costs a lot of hurt.

We are living in iron casts,
privileged knuckleheads with a death wish,
lifelines hanging from ceilings and masts,
we want the points without the swish.

Dead and gone, life as we know it,
everyone scared shitless by a bus,
we are dead wrong and we know it,
that's the tragedy of us.

sebastiancaine

time to build

once there was a day
when wise men roamed the streets
once there was a way
how to live side by side in peace.

once there was a beat
sick as anything the masters can throw,
once there was feat
everyone would know her as Snow.

It takes a second to destroy
everything
It just takes a moment to deploy
bombs to kill a king,
it takes a second to fall
into darkness, too deep to call
for help, redemption, forgiveness,
it only takes a second to lose worthiness.

it's easy to kill and pillage,
it's easy to be that man,
it takes time to build a village,
it ain't easy to be the man.

once there was a melody,
the sound of freedom unchained,
once there was a symphony
of people free, of people freed.

153 /a lament/

"153 names that won't be written
anywhere near you,
153 names that a teacher will not say
at a school near you,
153 stories that were mercilessly unwritten
but not near you,

'cos you are safe in your cozy home
nowhere near that living hell,
'cos you're scared only to lose your gnome,
you feel privileged to be well.

The world has now 153 reasons to raise a gun,
tell the soldiers to go liberate,
but it's not the monster who fears what he's done,
it's you growing scared and desperate.

153 new angels recruited against their wishes,
stolen from their homes,
153 dreams cut short, too early to turn to ashes,
only to live in songs and poems.

There is nothing in this world or others
to justify killing children, dads or mothers,
we are bizzarely out of touch with reality,
that we quietly allow this bloodshed, this immorality.

Having a job, a paycheck and a quiet place,
We go on for a shag and once in a while, a lace,
there is nothing in this world or another
to forgive killing a child nor their mother.

NOTHING.

"

sebastiancaine

Leé esto si te querés enojar

Dios es gay

El Diablo es gay

Las lesbianas son gay

El calentamiento global es gay

El patriarcado es gay

Los veganos son re gay

Yo soy gay

Vos sos gay

Los gay no son gay

Todo lo que te gusta está mal

Todo lo que te parece valioso es una mierda

A nadie le importa un carajo tu opinión

No sos tan bueno/a como crees

Tus padres tenían razón

La tierra no es plana

El hombre no llegó a la luna, fue una mujer negra

Subida a un cohete ruso

La energía nuclear está de más

No hay que abortar

Sí hay que abortar

El feminismo es para ricos

Donald Trump es mi padre

Nunca tuve un orgasmo, vos tampoco

El tipo que te gusta es gay

La tipa que te gusta es lesbiana

La biblia tiene faltas de ortografía

La brujería es más falsa que las criptomonedas
Nada tiene valor
La mentira es tan falsa como la verdad
Nada tiene sentido
Todo da igual
La guerra y la paz.

denisse_denisse

I feel the Pain

I feel the pain, Brothers and sisters falling in Ukraine.
I feel the death, After innocent people taking last
breath. I shed my tears, Asking God to stop this war
with my prayers. I see the war end, But your suffering
can never be justified my Ukrainian friend.

SudarshandEV

mother's mother is still in Ukraine

Mother in motherland
Your voice is in my head
It's wrong to be angry
Though you never loved me

моя мати, ти можеш померти
хоча в пеклі ти б брехав

the hanged man

When Want Becomes War

The days break a little later
and the oceans grow somewhat stronger
under strawberry cascades,
devoured by the coupes of tides
and stirred by sovereign hands;
dipped into the blood of their young
like pawns taken before they queen,
taken by that same arrant hand
and the world watches from afar;
they are the audience of suffering -
they are the watchers of broken homes,
riven families, torn, perhaps forever
when the want of rulers
breathe evil onto the land,
when they swallow the prayers -
the aspirations of millions,
or the future altogether,
when ambition makes its way
from want to war.

#WeStandWithU

Andrew Kamis

Escaping from the truth

A secret is always part of us,
Love is always in each others hearts
You want to do something,
the last idea is to change.
But how you can help yourself,
Well there is just one way
You have to learn, to love and to give,
and to bring light
in this darker tunel
while we all in.
It feels like you are in war.
You are looking for escape
But in the same time,
you cannot leave your homeland.
And unfortunatly we are in war,
the world may think that Ukraine is far from us
But we need to pray for peace
no matter how
and to dream that maybe one day
everything will change for good
and life to be an amazing place
where you can live free.
Like every kid, that has wishes and imaginary
I want to fight a lot,
for helping the world
to understand the meaning of a true freely life.

04.04.2022

Tereze Thaqi

#westandwithU

Tereze Thaqi

The Fall of the Kingdom

,I don't need a physical weapon to slay them. Words are my strongest weapon. Yielding them, deadly as a scythe, slicing through sword and truth. He holds the scepter in his hand, gold and mighty, on the ready to wield an army. I hold nothing. No riches to my name. No trained soldiers to back me. But I stand in a strategic position. Hidden slightly amongst the night, cloaked in the darkness. He can't see the faint shadows cast by moonlight behind me. He can't see the ones that stand for the people, with an iron will and hearts of pure courage. When a kingdom falls, it's not because of the swords and arrows cast against innocent flesh. The kingdom falls from words. Words that spread like a wildfire. Words that strike a revolution and give people the strength and power to fight and live. The kingdom always falls, And those who are brave will win.

I don't need a physical weapon to slay them. Words are my strongest weapon. Yielding them, deadly as a scythe, slicing through sword and truth. He holds the scepter in his hand, gold and mighty, on the ready to wield an army. I hold nothing. No riches to my name. No trained soldiers to back me. But I stand in a strategic position. Hidden slightly amongst the night, cloaked in the darkness. He can't see the faint shadows cast by moonlight behind me. He can't

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Ren Memetaj

Sorrow

You don't know if you'll survive today
You don't know if you'll survive tomorrow
You can hope that your loved ones are safe
Pray they don't suffer and feel no sorrow

Marilina

LASCIA CHE IO TI ACCUDISCA

Prendimi per mano,
chiudi gli occhi,
lascia che io ti accudisca.
Ti porterò ove il rumore
sono gli uccelli che cinguettano,
o l'acqua di un ruscello che scorre,
ove il vento porta con sé
il fruscio delle foglie che si muovono
e i tuoi capelli si scompigliano,
ove il calore è il sole
della vita che continua.

Prendimi per mano,
chiudi gli occhi,
lascia che io ti accudisca,
e un giorno ti dirò di riaprirli,
e ti ritroverai
davanti ad una mimosa fiorita
che si staglia nel cielo sereno.
E il rumore, il vento, il calore,
saranno di nuovo quelli della tua terra.

Franco Giuseppe Gobbato

ВІЙНА

Я пам'ятаю день, коли була зима.
У той день тишу на світанку
Навпіл розламала кривавая війна.
Вона приїхала до нас на танку,

Озброєна, наші бомбила міста,
Із літаків скидала на дахи ракети.
Безжальна, людей убивала вона.
Руйнувала їхні будинки й портрети.

При загрозі ракетного удару,
Звук сирени пробирав до кісток.
Війна гнала нас до холодного підвалу
Під покривом сонця, під сяйвом зірок.

Війна дивилася дітям в очі
І, стріляючи, забирала їхні життя!
Нас сон покидав щоночі –
Приходили думки про майбуття.

Я добре пам'ятаю день, коли була зима.
У той день тишу на світанку
Навпіл розламала кривавая війна.
Вона тоді приїхала до нас на танку...

Струсь Вікторія

Ukraine

At the end of the day, we speak for truce
The earth still moves on the same rythm
You only know there's nothing to loose
And your contry is still free from the Fasism.

Have faith Ukraine, may the God spare us
You fought about a month with a giant
You are little David against Goliath
Your love for your freedom is your triumph.

Every night, and every day I fought with you
Speaking with people about an unfair world
I'm a man with no power and guns above
I as well you, know how much liberty costs.

I hope the day of peace is near
I want to fill with flowers the army posts
For those who fought, for those who fear
And share my live with you and your lost.

Peter Koofas/Πιέτρος Κούφας from Thessaloniki, Greece

Birdsong: A chorus of Peace

Peace is like the birdsong
It twitters on the breeze
and fills with hope the people
and caresses all the trees

I see the distant fighting
and feel the old earth shake
her body groaning out in pain
hoping humans will awake

from the idiocy of their slumber
their destructive ego's too
I hear the birdsong calling
out to us, that's me and you

It sings within morning
and foreshadows every night
the birds just want a place to sleep
a nest that stays upright

I'm singing with the birds now
underneath a sky that's blue
I cannot wait for the day I hear
all other's singing too.

Becca Sebire from the UK

#WeStandWithU

воно йшло і хрест зачепило,
лице воском вмило,
надії пів вбило,
завило

мою' землю вмило
червоним потоком

та курка-сорока
шо в дзеркалі стала
бодай би не мала
чим пір'я збирати

воно лізло з хрестом перед ока,
ховаючи погляд за марлею з оцтом

насурило в'язи,
зирнуло з-під бока,
на звивину встало,
шість кігтів втоптало,
в цукровану рану

не встану.
не встану.

хрестом проколело
скривавлений отвір

швирнуло всередину,
обвуглений попіл

і так танцювало
вбиваючий танець,
що клітку зламало
старих димних зранень
й само ж потопилосьь

лежить і горланить
в агонії птиця

а я все дивилась
п'янкими очима
і танцем молилась,
шоб в клітці спочила
ота рижа курка,
шо хрест зачепила
і горлом завила
і дверці відкрила
собі до кончини

Слава Україні!!
Сонце Світить

Сонце Світить

For All of Us

For the feelings that we can't suppress
For the regime that puts us under continues distress
For the depressing emotions that run wild
For the things we see that makes us act mild
For the hope we've lost and the lost we've gained
For the pain that we've caused and the people we've
maimed
For the hurt that follows us wherever we go
For the never-ending lingering sorrow
For the thoughts and horrors that keep us awake at night
For the darkness that is always consuming our light
For our humanity to never stop questioning itself

For our remaining stupidity that can be found in books on
many shelves
For our hearts that break and souls that are forsaken
For our beliefs to be destroyed and our last shred to be
taken

For every person who has ever failed
For all of who've seen people killed

We are human
And

Our humanity needs to sing
That violence never solved anything

#WeStandWithU

My dear ukrainian friend
you told me

how behind the windows
of one old house
in the suburbs of Kiev
colorful azaleas bloomed
the cat was warming up there
and bread was baked inside the house

we will build
such a house again
and hundreds of new homes
and yellow sunflowers
they will bloom around them
in the fields under the free ukrainian blue sky...

Ofra from Czechia

Крестики-Нолики

Ласточка в клетке из золота
Смотрит на город пустой –
Веточки, всё, что так дорого
Тронуто страшной войной.

Волны морей не услышаны –
Только лишь страх и смятение.
Во роны реже всё пыжаты,
Зная – бессмертие смертно.

Крест перекошен церковный,
Крест перекошен могильный,
Крест перекошен на окнах,
Крест перекошен убийцей.

Клетка вся соткана в крестик,
В ноликах окон – разруха.
Летом все встретятся вместе,
Толку-то в вечной разлуке?

Аисты носят пелёнки,
Цинком покрытые клетки.
Филины смотрят на фото
Цирка сгоревшего где-то.

Весь зоопарк не на воле,
Казалось как птицам в полёте.
Ключ от замка не находят,
Но клетку когда-то откроют.

A Little Boy

They thought they were the smartest,
the strongest,
In control of everything,
In charge of everything,
They said to the little boy
'Cheer up, you're just a little boy'
'Aren't you a little coy'
They patronised him
They chastised him
They're with him
And that's all there is to know
Because he was 'just a boy'
Who doesn't know what to know

One day the thugs came
And nothing was the same
The little boy looked around
The men were nowhere to be found

They had vanished
In a gleam
In an instant
And he tried with all his might
But still he couldn't fight
Because he thought
He was 'just a little boy'

Anushree Yadav from Barcelona

„Я прорасту семенами подсолнуха....“

Мама! Я прорасту семенами подсолнуха
сквозь сырую землю
Так кричала та тетка в Херсоне
и зачем-то совала мне в ладони и в карман
семечки и еще какие-то семена.

Она говорила: подсолнухом
или чернобрицем или барвинком
А они рассыпались и падали
на землю у моих ног,
как и ее слезы....

Мама, я не знаю как это случилось,
клянусь, я этого не хотел!
Я стал убийцей - так случилось,
И нет мне прощенья,
только расстрел.

Мам, мне больно и страшно!
ведь просто вышли они за водой,
а мы из танка по ним шарашим,
по тихим жилым кварталам,
там во дворе стоял велик,
похожий на детский мой

А эти на трассе, мама!!!!

Они убегали из ада,
спасали своих детей
А мы их - из автомата!
Всех пятерых на дороге
Среди украинских полей.

Седой мужчина с усами.
через лобовое стекло
я видел как руки раскинул
как будто хотел защитить
малышек, что сидели сзади,
но - очередь и - в кювет...
и нету их больше, нет!!!

Ты помнишь, мама, и знаешь,
ведь я же животных люблю.
И вдруг проезжали мимо
в поселке каком-то приют
Собаки и кошки славные
бездомные те, которых
потом в руки добрые раздают.

Там был черно-белый песик,
щенок совсем, но большой
все тыкал свой черный носик
и щекотал мне ладонь....

Потом отошли мы дальше
и к ночи ракетный обстрел,

я видел ракеты вспышку
Да, мама, приют сгорел!

И нет мне прощенья, мама,
Я зверь и безвольный трус,
И проклят я Украиной
И вряд ли домой вернусь

Я прорасту подсолнухом
Желтым
Под небом синим
Сквозь землю сырую
Когда
буду убит
в Украине.....

Не плачь, мама,
слышишь? не надо!
Прошепчи за меня молитву.
А я теперь знаю точно:
Подсолнух - красивая квітка!

Тетяна Кабанова

«ПЕРЕЛІТ ЧЕРЕЗ «НУЛЬ»

Летять лелекі, летять додому,
Тяжко летіти, долає втома.
Втома долає,
Сили немає,
Крила зомліли -
На землю сіли.
З криниці птиці
Води попили,
Води попили,
Та й полетіли...
А понад полем, полем широким
Ворог мурує стіну високу.
Від краю поля
І аж до краю
Літають кулі,
Кулі літають...
З передової
Вгору - до Раю
Полум'я битви
Нас обпікає.
Побудували стіну до сонця -
Забули двері, нема віконця.
Летіла хмара
Зливою впала...
Злива безсила -
Згоріла злива.

Летять лелекі,
Крила палають
На землю попід
Чорний лягає.
Як нам, лелекам, перелетіти?
Як нам, лелекам, та й не згоріти
Там, де залізні
Крила палають?
Там, де сталеві
Дзьоби ламають?
Де білі хмари
Чорні від диму -
Летять лелеки,
Та й без упину.
Летять лелекі, та не сідають,
Удвох лишились до небокраю.
Обрій далеко,
Обрій не скоро,
Ледве синіє
За круглозором.
Зорі рахують,
Хмари минають,
В своє гніздечко
Спати лягають.

Нехай Україна переможе і буде знову мирне небо!
Слава Героям!

Михайлом Ілленком

#WeStandWithU

Нестерпний біль рідненької країни тече по тілу
кожного із нас!

Моя квітуча ненька, Україно, ти захищаєш і годуєш
нас.

Тебе ніколи не захопить ворог, його ми знищимо
враз і навіки.

Тебе відродимо від орків остогидлих - і зацвітуть
жасмінові кущі!

Ми підіймемо духів наших предків, на поміч їх ми
будем підіймать.

І будуть орків вони катувати, і сім кругів до пекла
проводжать.

Ти зацвітеш, моя красуню мила, ти зацвітеш, як
зацвітуть кущі.

І цілий світ впаде пред нами на коліна, а ти
відродиш мир на цій землі!


Мартиненко Юлія

#WeStandWithU

Ми сильні, бо маємо, що захищати
— свободу та правду!

Ми зможемо всіх ворогів подолати,
залишив позаду!

Нам є чим пишатись,
в нас гори й море,
а мова і люди — вони пречудові!

Ніхто не зітре Україну з історії 
В нас гідність і воля в аналізі крові

vikaiva_

#WeStandWithU

Україна - мати
Я постаріла за чотири дні,
Не так щоб посивіла , як зима,
У мене зморшки на душі,
А в серці потекла сльоза.
Я проклинаю ворогів своїх,
Що смерті дивляться в лице,
І знаю,що безсмертний цвіт
Мого народу оживе.

Мені сьогодні снилася війна,
У ній я загубила всіх.
Прокинулася ніби й нежива
І обіймала діточок своїх.
Я не скажу,що вже зневіра є,
Але так боляче дивитися на тих,
Кому сам Бог до столу подає
І хто сльозами омиває їх.
Благаю тих,хто мир наш стереже,
Живіть! Любов вас береже!

Тривожно минула вже 2 ніч,
А Київ буде стояти!
Коли рідні пишуть,
Як ви? - Ми живі!
Я хочу усім написати.
Але священними будуть слова:
Нехай Україна буде жива!!!

Inna Palamarchuk

#WeStandWithU

In my country there's a war. Impossible..
People die in their own houses.
russians say: „our paths are crossable“,
But they don't know a Ukrainian proudness.

Every day they kill little children,
They have no souls or hearts, undoubtedly.
And it won't be rebuilt,
They horror all the world reputedly.

They tell about „salvation“,
But we need to be saved from them.
Ukrainians are an independent nation,
And we don't need anybody else, not a gram.

We wanna have a peaceful sky and tranquility,
Continue to live, to be happy and dream.
They take away this unartful possibility,
However, we'll definitely this battle win.

Анастасія Кобильник

#WeStandWithU

I don't believe prayers work
I do not believe in god
I believe it's a choice
wheter you shed the blood

I don't believe in the heaven or hell
there's no abyss underground
no winged angels as well
the good and the evil is all around

let's watch what we feed inside
let's love deep and wide
for when you start spreading a war
there's one in your soul

let's put this war to an end
with you brothers we stand.

Karolina from Poland

#WeStandWithU

Ми вже виграли з ними війну, кохана.
І хоча таргани все одно будуть лізти ордою,
І сочитиме довго відкрита глибока рана -
І труситиме ще лихоманка від кожного бою.
Все одно ми вже виграли - гідністю, честю і духом.
Міцним спокоєм тих, хто без паніки чистить
зброю,
Волонтерським масштабним нестримним і дужим
рухом,
І відвагою тих, хто не втік, а лишився, щоб бути з
тобою.
Ми вже виграли - вірою, правдою, словом,
Українським прадавнім і дуже глибоким корінням,
Ти - назавжди, все зайве - лише тимчасово,
Й серед списку твоїх перемог - принести у цей світ
прозріння...

Anna Voloshchenko from Copenhagen

For You, Ukrainian

Though we don't know each other,
though we may never meet,
please know,
these are my prayers for you:
May you once again be free,
like fields of tall-growing sunflowers
dancing in the wind.
May peace return to you,
and all the precious joys
she brings.
May God's blessings come upon you,
as you so richly deserve.
These will continue to be my prayers.
Please know,
I stand with you.

Kimberly M

#WeStandWithU

,Boom
Boom Boom
Boom Boom Boom
Bombs
More bombs
Ukrainian Hearts beating
Beating louder than hatred
Louder than fear
Louder than lies
For me
For you
They fight
They live
They keep on beating
Boom
Boom Boom
Boom Boom Boom‘

Malgorzata Zbudniewek

Δέσμιες λέξεις φωτός

Δέσμιες λέξεις φωτός ξεχύνονται
σε παρθένες αγκαλιές
ξαναγεννιούνται
λέξεις ιερές
Δέσμιες λέξεις τιμής
Αγάπη
Ομόνοια και ειρήνη

Σιωπηλά Τριαντάφυλλα
πλαγιάζουν νωρίς

στις πλατείες και στο θόρυβο του κόσμου

αβίαστος δίκαιος καρπός
την ομορφιά σκορπίζει

Του ουρανού κομμάτια
τρύπωσαν στην καρδιά μας
χαμένες μνήμες και
στο αδιέξοδο του κόσμου,
μοναδικοί καρποί
στολίδια ψυχής
η ειρηνική συνύπαρξη
η καλοσύνη και η αδελφσύνη

Πώς να αρνηθείς το ανάστημα
που σου έδωσε η Πατρίδα
στα μέτρα της καρδιάς
η γλυκιά λευτεριά
ατίμητα δώρα η ζωή
η αγάπη, η ανθρωπιά

Eftichia Kapardeli

ODE OF PEACE

Oh! Peace sprout of the earth

with the dream of the dream, in every First East

in the gaze of love, You

The Harpies are chasing you to imprison you

Oh! Peace, in the bright Alkyonides of a blessed
winter in the

beauty of the Sun, in the supplications in the cries

in the distant voices of the stars

In the aspects of life on the horizon

and the Tombstones of the Heroes

where the light freezes, Peace You

Oh! Peace on the lonely stone, set the beautiful
flower

on it grows desperately

in the girlish dances, in the smiles, in the bloo-
ming roses that

did not bloom in vain

in the closed doors that aged

waiting for loved ones

in the failure of the sphere, asking for a target
in faceless neighborhoods with ordinary people
struggling to

survive

In the hearts of the people you are constantly
"born"

and you travel silently, Peace You

Eftichia Kapardeli

#WeStandWithU

In the world, time has come.
Where the enemy acts so ruthlessly.
None of us knew the war.
And the piercing pain awaits.
Hope only in God for the Father.
We ask for your blessing.
Give us a peaceful life.
Clear skies and more are not needed.
Somewhere there are soldiers defending.
And they give their youth.
These are the angels who protect us.
Give endurance, Almighty, I pray.
And the sentence of sin will be announced.
And the enemy will regret in captivity.
We fought for our mother.
We are free birds, look around.
You smile, everything will pass ...
Because we became stronger together.
And everything that surrounds us is yours.
This way of hardening we are now stronger!

Petry Kinna

War in Ukraine by my own eyes.

Повітря потемішало, загусло
Таким не вмію дихати, хоч мушу
Все тіло захолонуло й затрусло
Так само затрусило й мою душу.
В екрані телефону - руйнування
Я у вікні своєму його бачу
Не вперше випадає нам страждання
Але цього ніколи не пробачу.
Я не пробачу вам тупих ілюзій,
І не забуду вашої зневіри
Я вам згадаю це в годину „блюзу“
Як ви себе поводили, мов звірі.
Я не пробачу страху, боягузтва,
І вашої гидливої спокути
Нас верне, що ведетеса не глупство.
І не цураєтеса повної цензури.
Я не пробачу вам дитячих тіл у моргах,
І сльози їх батьків такі солоні.
Пустішають полиці в военторгах,
У Миколаєві, у Бучі й Оболоні.
Я не пробачу згублені будівлі,
У першій, зачарованій столиці.
Я не забуду спалені покрівлі,
У Ірпені, у Сумах, у Охтирці.
Я буду пам'ятати дуже чітко,

Обличчя тих, хто пав у свою землю,
Вона їх пригорнула надто швидко,
І їх серця, міцніші від кремню.
Війна колись заглохне, закінчиться.

Їй розквітне українців щира вдача,
Але у генокодi залишиться,
Війна, яку ніколи не пробачим.

Аліса Колесникова

#WeStandWithU

,This was Kharkiv
This was Mariupol
This was Viazivka

This was my bakery
This was my bed
This was my son

To wake up
To stand up
To fight back
How do you even..?

But I do see you
Irina, in a red woolen hat, bearing her baby in a
carrier bag to safety.
Olga, with quiet sad eyes, feeding all dogs and cats
and parrots that were left behind.
Igor, with cute friendly dimples, driving the train
through untrustworthy fields.

You are there.
And you will be.

Glory to You
Glory to Ukraine'

Malgorzata Zbudniewek

#WeStandWithU

Лютий завжди нам намагається показати свою
лють
Кати катують
Та сильні духом не мруть
Всюди пропаганда,
всюди гіпноз
Головне, щоб по шкірі від страху не забігав мороз
Головне, щоб в серцях ми віру і любов зберегли
Це і є наша сила, в цьому всі ми

Екатерина Краснова

Red stripes dead body

if you choose a title for your poems
all of them will be named the same
a page from a maniac's diary
since you were little they said you come from
a family of psychopats
they were slamming you to the ground
kicking you in the stomach
between your legs
you started to like the pain
no one hits you now
you started to mutilate yourself

*

you live on the other side of the battlefield
that separates you
the iraq war
the mineriads
the revolution
the divorced family that abandoned him
his girlfriend's misscariage in the street
the punches in his back that knocked him over
the boots crushing him further
the man upstairs filming everything quietly

*

you exist
alongside the one that left his last article on the editorial
board
before being beaten on the street corner
the one that banned his own artistic freedom afterwards
and tolerated only science

as form of self-expression
the one that wears the handcuffs of his own seclusion
the same person that touched your inner thigh
turned your sex inside out kissed your lips undressed you

watched your testicles between the elbows
so satisfied while smelling the traces of blood
from your stiff bruised body
the one that revenged his ruined life
on a dismantled family
you're cannon fodder
a mere cannon fodder
in front of his very eyes

*

all that you left behind
it was a blood trail
your own adoration became
a prohibited & disinterested topic
you are a personal ambitions mutant
the son of a neglectful mother
the desire for recognition plywood
within his own dismantling's parameters
you penetrate the pyramid of civil heads
decapitated after the american invasion
the smell of ammonia that you emanate
covers them up
your perfume reminds
of a prostitute's cheap hair dye
you relived your father's dramas
the sequence of violet rods

piercing through redemption
the electrodes transmit the irregularity of pain
from one day to another

*

you put on your gloves all the way to the end
you're laying your head against his chest
you imagine a sliced meat portrait
you remember the feast in the american military base
the garrison that he left a month before the bombing
he got on with his life as a hidden man
feeling the worthlessness
artifacted by the macabre pleasure

*

you reconstruct your bodies out of touches
the air stays still
in the atonic silence
one of his hands is spreading your legs
the other is entering the space between your glutes
with ferm gestures
you are drawing lines on the surface of your skin
with the tip of the compass
you fondle it you can feel it's hot it's soft it's all yours
you squeeze it until it gets back in your fist
the illusions are congregating & smashing through
the people that suffered while dying
in rounds of applause

*

four times you were hugging him like a son
four times

you were loving him
you tried to live up to his expectations
you tried to be a better person you became
the only one that accepted him as he was
now he's looking at you with a blank stare
as if you wouldn't be there
you understand him
you're talking to yourself beside the body
that you're hugging since a few days ago
the body laying on the sideboard
your father

Erna Matzepa from Romania

This spring

Come to light
unashamedly
in the ungrateful world.
Silent.
Courageous like Diana.

Music in an empty building.
Petals on the tar.
With rude clarity
and atrocious truth,
is revealed to fight human misery.

Light in the night forest.
Whale song in the empty ocean.
A lonely child, smiling in his sleep.

Hidden miracle, private one.

Resists.

Insists.

Resist.

This spring is coming for you.

Michela Nardella from Ukraine

Вставай! (Get up!)

Get up, Cossack! Trouble has come to the house!
It will not work out the hardships:
The Horde is knocking at your gate,
As if, again - the thirteenth century.

Get up, Cossack! Skinny Batu
Russia began to sharpen its sword again.
Who will protect her if not you?
Who but the son should protect the mother?

Get up, Cossack! Plowed border -
Such a small and unnecessary hassle,
When fields explode from explosions,
When wheat is trampled by „fastening“ boots.

Get up, Cossack! Raise your weapons!
Not the Sun now rises from the East -
The regiments of the racist plague are crawling,
To take away strength and freedom.

Get up, Cossack! They smelled blood.
It's time for us to choose our destiny:
Slaves feed their flocks,
Or your own field free to plow.

Get up on the hertz! Two worlds came together,
The troops of the new Muravyov are marching.
You - decide who should lie down,
Either we or the children near Kruty, again.

Let's get up, brothers! The wind carries smoke.
In the armor of the heart connect the hot.
Arise, who values freedom above all!
The fatherland is in trouble! Get up, Cossack!

Paan Kotskiy

Mas valerá o esforço e o suor

Eu não quero morrer.
Não agora,
Nesta altura.
Terei de correr mundo afora.
Tentar viver,
Não somente sobreviver.
Isto é uma confissão
De joelhos no chão.

Preciso de renascer.
Não há tempo a perder.
Depois, vou regressar
Ao meu lar
E voltar a vê-lo
Com olhos de criança.
Esquecer a desgraça
Que assolou este solo.

Esta casa, irei recompor
Com amor.
Largar a dor
Do passado,
Do presente,
E do futuro.
Será duro,
Mas valerá o esforço e o suor.

Carmen Aberquero from Portugal

#WeStandWithU

Darkness won't last long,
The sun will bring the light soon,
Do not lose hope; live.

Look around you; see,
You are not alone.
Keep fighting, my dear soldier.

—*Lynè T.*

Ukraine Poem

My baby boy snuggles in my lap, while we sit on the front porch.

He hears bird songs and his own lips blowing raspberries.

He sees cats playing and green grass dancing.

He feels a cool breeze on his chubby cheeks and little wiggling toes.

And I'm so thankful we have this peaceful moment.

I do not take it for granted, instead I soak it up with gratitude.

Because in another part of our planet, a baby boy sits in a bomb shelter.

He hears explosions and screams.

He sees his mother crying.

He feels his heart pound in terror.

So here in the safety of my front yard, I breathe in a prayer. Breathe out a prayer.

That those bomb shelter babies know peace again,

Their senses soothed with all things beautiful:

Instead of smoke-filled skies, that baby boy looks up to see puffy white clouds shaped like bunnies.

He hears music and laughter.
He sees happiness in his mother's eyes.
He feels the sun kiss his little face.

And our two realities will no longer clash in warped
fun-house mirror reflections, but rather blend like
sunset colors on a placid lake.

And our worlds look alike.
And our senses are soothed with all things beautiful.

Amelia Lea from Louisiana, U.S.A.

Poem for Ukraine

Trust no wolf with bloody teeth
Speaking of peace and false guarantees
For he hides crooked smile under cracking mask
Only truth can stand time's test

I hope it made your day at least a little better.

Slava Ukrajinii!

Vlad Palička

Ukraine

Stay strong beloved people
you won't take a single,
step without God our Lord
your connected to him with an umbilical cord

Oh dear Ukrainians stay humble
don't stumble
Don't forget who your Sheppard is

No need to stress,
no need to impress
Let all your worries onto God
because he is our Lord

May God be with you

Kaduska DeWet

We Stand With U

Ангел з автоматом
Доню, подивися в небо:
зіронька зорує...
Це від тата -
Нас з тобою боронить
Янгол з автоматом.

Заспокоїлась нарешті?
Віченьки заплющи,
Всі побоювання лишні,
Не хвилюйся дужче.

Тато шле тобі вітання -
Сяєво заграло,
Щоб ти спала до світання
І міцною стала.

Щоб наснилося тобі
Синє чисте небо
шепотітиме слова:
"Доцю, спи, так треба.

Як прокинешся раненько,
Золоте серденько,
Поцілуй за мене, любя,
Братика і неньку.

А тобі я шепочу:
Люлі, донько, люлі,
Україну вбережу

Від російської кулі.

Будуть ранки ще у нас
Ясні, пурпурові,
І веселки в небесах
Різнокольорові.

І прогулянка у місті -
Все, що забажаєш,
Знову купим кошенья,
Хоч одне вже маєш..."

Нахилилася матуся,
Дочку цілувала...
Спить дитина
Ї не відчула,
як сльозина впала.

Марія Дем'янюк

Великий пост..

„Душа, что плачешь?
Чего тоскливо то тебе?
Где слёзы тела? Снова прячешь?“
Так спросят люди о тебе.
А что душа... Война идёт...
Она вся ранена, побита,
Грехами мира занята,
Словно земля кровью умыта,
И на руках невинное дитя.
Ей говорят “Молчи, молчи!
Забейся в угол, там кричи!“
Дрожа и плача от бессилья,
Она ушла, сложивши крылья.
Замолкла.. Тишина.. Как вдруг..
Услышала биенье сердца,
Вся встрепенулась, ожила.
На свет молитвы полетела,
Надежда, вера и любовь спасла!
Во тьме найти хоть лучик света,
Увидеть снова новый день.
„Пришла весна, дождаться б лета..“
Тихонько шепчет снова, та душа.
(А.Ждан)

Анастасия Петручук

A poem from Ukrainian girl

Invading our homes
And killing peaceful people,
You don't conquer our souls,
You won't be able to break our spirit.

The Russian devil is getting weak
And our army even stronger.
Fighting against us? you should be sick!
Please go away! We can't stand you no longer.

Rather we die than let you take the world.
We will avenge the children's death.
And you will pay for all dark lord.
Welcome to look how Russian devil fails.

Maria Konarska

Вірю!

Летальна тривога.
Осквернений Час!
Я вірую Богу.
Поможе й в цей раз.

Господь не покине.
Не вбити святинь!
Я вірую у Київ
І вірую в Ірпінь.

Палає офіра.
Країна горить!
У Вінницю вірую
І - у Бровари.

Летять птахи з вірію.
Всевишній, прости!
У Миргород вірую
І - в Яготин.

Нестерпна розмова,
Священний взірець.
Я вірую Львову,
Люблю Трускавець.

Країна - на скресах.
Себе не віддасть!
Я вірую Одесі
І вірую в Бердянськ.

Море болю і суму...
Ведмедю - потоп.
Я вірю - у Суми
І в наш Конотоп!

Безмежна безмірність...
Пекельний перон!
Я Харкову вірю
І вірю в Херсон.

Страшні опояси...
І кожен з нас - ціль.
Я вірю в Черкаси
І - у Чернівці.

Весна засміється.
Христос - біля нас!
Я вірю Донецьку
І вірю в Луганськ!

Поглянь на це Небо -
Бездня й бальзам.
Я вірю у себе,
Я вірю всім Вам!

Антоніна Листопад

ЛЕЛЕЧА ІСТОРІЯ

Казала бабуся: лелеки завжди повертаються на весні,
що би там не було, як би той світ не змінився, не знависнів,
вони знають дорогу і точно знають, де їхній батьківський дім,
навіть якщо пошкоджений, лагодять і залишаються в нім.

Я занадто мала. Цікаво. Питаю бабуся: а далі як? якщо дому немає і усе зруйнували, поганий знак? розкажи, що лелеки роблять, може вертаються всі назад,
і як після того всього живуть і виховують ще малят?

Каже бабуся: жоден лелека не верне від дому на чужину
покурличе, потужить й потому зведе домівку іще одну,
гілка до гілки, стебло до стебла - так будуватиме новий дім,
і щоразу вертатиметься до нього ще через багато зим.

Знай, не одне молоде покоління ще зростатиме в
тім гнізді,

і жодне із них не зречеться дому, бо істини в них
прості:

там, де ти народився, вперше побачив цей різний
доволі світ

Батьківщиною зветься.

Світ на цьому тримається і стоїть.

Я лягаю спати, закриваю очата, бачу лелечий дім
і небо безхмарне, сонце в zenіті і зграю птахів під
ним,

бабуся тихо співає пісню про Україну і про любов,
і про лелек, які щовесни повертають додому знов.

Автом IngiGerda

Поезія про війну

Станеться так, що війна розсікатиме навпіл...
Та літо народить маленькі рум'яні міста
Станеться так, що віддуння холодної правди
Вичавить сік на долоні чужинця. Свята
З вітру повстане і буде молитися людям
Тим, що дубами стояли, тримаючи світ
Небо розчиститься, небо усіх приголубить
Дрібно посіється саду широкого цвіт
На перериті дороги, надірвані душі
Спокою трохи вплететься в знебарвлені дні
Так, це війна, і коли вона раптом стається
В ріках із крові вмиваються як у вині
Кляті кати, але зло не сильніше любові
Поки що кулі свистять та співати птахам
Скільки би не довелось підійматися знову

Дому свого, я триклятий, тобі не віддам!

Julia Pavlivna

Вірш про війну в Україні

Таке неможливо пробачити. Знає лиш Бог,
Яке пошматоване серце у мого народу,
Скільки наслухались вже і сирен, і тривоги,
Скільки разів проклинали сусіда-урода.

Смертельні ракети порізали наш небозвід,
Ворожі тіла впали трупами на чорноземі.
Ми прагнем свободи настільки, що скоро весь світ
Про наші звитяги складатиме нові поеми.

За кожную сльозинку, за кожен зруйнований дім,
За кожне життя, яке нагло війна обірвала,
Ворог горітиме в пеклі аж сім поколінь,
І тої розплати за звірства їм ще буде мало!

Ми все відбудуємо, Ненько, тільки тримайся!

Ти в надійних руках твоїх кращих синів і до чок.
В руїнах від бомб, у смертях від боєприпасів
Ми не просто пишем історію – ми міняємо почерк.

Ольга Савчак

Heavy footsteps in the Ukraine

Why does war exist at all?
a world where people, communities fall

in distress and such despair
the world looks on, with empathy and prayer

a world united, seeking peace
wishing, demanding to withdraw and cease

those who wish to split this earth
their own needs, insecurity, self-worth

an attack on freedom, human rights
destruction to cities, explosive lights

yet proud they stand, with pride as one
powerful, strong, too fearless to run

those that flee, a tough journey ahead
uncertainty, seeking refuge instead

heavy footsteps in the Ukraine
what's left is hope, through all this pain

Loretta

Verses about war

We retreat. And for long. Shall we fit that coffin?
Say farewell to your books, their dusty covers.
We're to pass. When exactly? – all that me bothers.
Every day we rehearse the sweet nothing.

Brand new clothing is out of place.
Just a couple of coins for a ferryman,
private letters instead of a testament
so that everyone knows – life's a passing craze.

A step far from throat vowels stay mute.
Save yourself! Otherwise down you'll burn.
The abandoned abandon in turn.
No way back. We are nomads, we're free and crude.

We don't travel by train but on foot,
southern steppe is our home sweet home.
Our land is our bed and the sky is our dome.

Still blood runs deep. We stay proud for good.

Yet we're humble.

The gatecrashers, here they come
uninvited, unbidden, unwanted.
Hawk-eyed vultures peck eyes of a nomad
who once struggled to silence an enemy gun.

Antonio Viandante

#WeStandWithU

If my worst nightmare threatened to blow out the stars I would still find you.

Peel through layers of bricks and walk across elderly nations.

You are my place and I am yours, and we will not be separated how it counts, whatever they try.

I will wait for you, darling, no matter how slowly time passes for us.

My heart will still be full, my eyes will still be wide, and my arms will still be prepared for you, however you come to me.

I love you, and my will won't ever shake or bleed.

Sasha Madsen

ПЕРШИЙ ДЕНЬ ВІЙНИ

Це був важкий, але сміливий день,
Який почався вдосвіта брехнею.
Моя країна, як чиясь мішень,
Прокинулась з роздертою душею.

Летіли дуже низько літаки.
Гелікоптери пил з дахів здіймали.
Ранкова, ще не проспана блакить,
Останні сни бідою розірвала...

Яскравий спалах із відтінком штор,
І лязг вікна, прочитаного в лютий.
Хтось увімкнув ще сплячий монітор:
„Війна... З нас почалось... Як далі бути?..“

А поряд перелякана донька,
З питанням, що зависло: „Мамо, що це?..“
І знову гуркіт. Зблизька. Здалека.
Яскраве світло, наче вийшло сонце.

А потім знову темний гул небес,
І звуками спотворена реальність.
Закрила очі. Але фон не щез,
Лише в думках змінилася тональність.

Про себе я промовила: „Війна...“

І доню приголубила: „Нічого...“

А стукіт серця видав. І вона

Спитала: „Я не виросту з-за цього?“

Міцніше пригорнула: „Звісно ж ні.

Хіба нас можна ранком налякати?

Ми не дамо тут правити війні.

Ходімо борщ для тата готувати.“

Яна Малыга

Contrastes

Ha vuelto a salir el sol
Nubes blancas sobre cielo azul
Mozart en la radio
Calefacción encendida
Teletrabajo

De nuevo el cielo gris
Humo y destrucción
La guerra en la radio
Frío en la calle
Ni casa, ni trabajo

El mismo cielo
Las mismas nubes
El mismo mundo
Que ellos destruyen
impunes

Rocío Fariña Seoane

#WeStandWithU

I've never thought that my life could fit into
a backpack
And I'll be carrying it around for days.
What's left of me now? Is there anything else?
Show me a place where I can feel safe.

My home has been turned into a void.
I don't think you know what's it like,
How horrid in here is the night.
I'm afraid of every sound louder than a clap.

From now on
On every world map
My country is the heart.
It's bleeding every single day.
Along with me.

Anna Kovalyova from Ukraine

Costs

You pay a huge cost for souls.
For ideas,
for life under the sky,
which is also the Russian sky.

Fill the sky with a cry of love.
Let the world hear.
Let the world move heaven and earth.
Let the world shake the canopy and warm the cold
hearts of the invaders.

I am not a pacifist, but war is taking humanity back
at least two steps

Let's pay for being human. We will pay with
humanity. Glory to Ukraine

Krzysztof Dubajski

The Day That Peace Died

2.45pm Wednesday in the Home Counties

I was walking though the green fields with my legacy friend, Annabel,

My friend who had lost her husband the year before.

She was hollow

But still beautiful

In her tartan hat

Empty ring finger

Puckered lips

Perfect skin

2.50pm my cramps started

I could feel my period falling down, late

Notes on grief:

Grief's got sticky hands

Grief

Leaves marks

Like blisters

Oozing

Apprehension

Doubt

Guilt

Smallness

Nausea

Humiliation

Aching

Death had touched her, Annabel

And me, in a way
Left her behind
Left me a little more empty
Like some wild stallion
Neighing and bolting
Left behind
With my small grief
And her big bigger grief
Yes
And at just after 3pm, Annabel asks for more time
“Please, just a little more time,” she says
“Please”
So
So the light must be on again
Her radiance overcoming
The blisters temporary
Cat scratches
That will heal
In time

Chiara Hepburn

Chiara Hepburn 2022 2022kd
In green fields
With friends
And hot tea
And port
And prayers
And time

In time
And trust
3.30pm we got back to the cottage
I scraped the mud off my boots
Jumped in the car
4.15 pm swerving through motorway lanes
Trying to keep my eyes open
I pushed down the window
I checked the dog in the back seat
Concentrated on staying awake
Focused on not
Needing to urinate
Focused on not
Focusing on the pain
And the black blood
4.45pm I got home
Got into bed
Shut my eyes
The blood was redder now
6pm I woke up
Went downstairs
Ate a biscuit
Called my mum
She was working
She's always working
"Sorry" I said
"I hope you're not too disappointed"
6.45pm I text my in laws
Sorry... I typed

I hope you're not too disappointed
7pm I made some dinner
Used the pot that was a wedding gift from my brother
in
law, Jonny, the doctor
I wondered if there could be Teflon in it, the pot
I hoped not

Chiara Hepburn 2022 2022kd

7.45pm

And it was war

Cries

Cars backed up

Gunfire

Makeshift bunkers

Sirens in Europe

After so long

All that we took for granted

All that we might say or change or vote away if we
could

Apathy now turned to fear

For our sons our daughters

For our futures and for our neighbors and for our
friends

11pm and I hold my husband close

11pm and the tears sink down

11pm and my husband is 33

So we would need to hold

On

For two years
Two years and he'd be protected
From conscription
Or enlisting even
He has a hero's heart after all
So
Two years more
And we might be protected from our own not so small
grief
Unlike those in
Mariupol
Or Odesa
Or Kharkiv

Or-
Only a month ago

I was asked to travel to Kiev
For a job
"No thank you"
I declined
Unease
Building then
And I remember nights
Laughing with girlfriends
Dreaming up trips to Moldova
Or other not so far off places
So who'd have thought just a quintet of years later?
We'd be seeing folks

Regular folks

2022 2022kd

Lovely people

Or not so lovely people

People like you or I

Their smiling faces

Or

Like grieving Annabel

Or Jonny the doctor with the maybe not Teflon pot

Or my cousin Lucy

Or my uncle Dan

Or Oksana

The lady who made jokes with the reporter from
CNN

Because she didn't want her children to see,

Didn't want them to know,

That she was afraid.

These types of people

Kind

And bald

And fat

And tall

With tender hearts

Piling into cars

Packing their families

And picture frames

And Teflon pots

And transportable memories
And driving away from their lives
To boarders
Not so far from home
Not so far from here
In the end we all pray
In the end we all just ask for more time
And so I lay down my small grief

(3)

Thankful that today I do not have to hide
That I do not have to hide my fear from my children
That I do not have to hide from those that are carried
or
even, miscarried.

In the end we all ask for more time
More life
More love
Please
More time
More
Wednesday February 23rd 2022

The day that peace died.

Carmela Corbett

Silver Linings

if I was a dove
I would rise above
this world of hurt and hate
to where there are no states
no borders humans made
only silver linings

if I was a dove
I would spread my love
with every feather floating
to where they are devoting
their lives with others gloating
give them a silver lining

if I was a dove
I would get wind of
all the battlefields
no one yet revealed
where they need a shield
and a silver lining

if I was a dove
I would give a shove
for jets around the world
like a flock of birds
to let their contrails blur
and leave a silver lining

for once let us be doves
heaven's wide enough
to write it down above
that peace is made from love
so let us all take off
becoming silver linings

Juliane Vogler from Leipzig, Germany

SKRIJTE IH DO BOLJIH DANA

Ponovno zvijezde na noćnom nebu,
rakete, zračna opasnost i suze,
i djevojčica što u rukama nosi bebu,
i zao čovjek što im djetinjstvo uze.

I potreba sna i san o Tihoj noći,
kad su imali dom i psa i bili su sretni,
a sada bježe iz svog grada moraju poći,
kako su se radovali, a sad su tako sjetni.

Skrijte ih, skrijte ih do boljih dana,
skrijte ih i pričajte im samo lijepe priče,
skrijte ih daleko, daleko od ovih rana,
novi svjetski pokret mira iz srca zemlje niče.

Nikola Dominis

#WeStandWithU

Гордо я достаю из широких штанин
Длинный ствол и острейшую саблю
И украинский паспорт,ведь я гражданин
Иди нахуй,российский корабль!
Вы сброд и отребье,всего лишь рабы
Без башни ,без дула,как ваши танки
И застряли в болоте ещё до стрельбы
Ваши старые консервные банки
Ну шо ,позновато узнали чей крым
Хотели земли ,пидорасы
Землѐи вас накормим ,и ей отдадим
Удобрение пушечным мясом
Не нужно вам плакать ,бояться,просить
Москва слизням не верит,и вы ей отвратны.
Пора вам свинцом и землѐй закусить
В аду заждались вас и просят обратно.

Stefann Cebotaru

#WeStandWithU# Ukraine 

I hear their Screams ,
I Feel their Pain ,
From the Far across lands .

Soon...
The Bright Sun will arrive soon
And the Darkness would be gone .

Droplets of Happiness,
Would shower through The Skies
And
The Rays of Sunshine ,
Would bring you peace .

Your Dreams would Bloom Up soon .
And a better Future of Happiness ,
Would arrive soon .

We Stand with You
And
We Pray For You .
Hard Times will be vanished soon
And
Those Hopeful eyes ,
would be filled with Prolonged
Happiness soon ..!

Fathima Sameera from Sri Lanka

TO GENERATIONS

Ukrainian heroes are here and there!
Our brothers... and sisters... who help and take care!
With hands and with thoughts, with public and private,
by saying to world something bigger and higher,
then Oleg once said about Slavs in desire.
And once again hearing, sensing the truth
about our nation, so thriving and young,
we are ready to rock,
we are ready to strike,
defending ourselves from the Russian plague!
Our shouts sound bravely,
the victory's calling,
leading us forward, proud and thankful
for all we have got:
our country,
and people,
heavens,
brave hearts,
open souls
sacred blessing...

And if we say,
"Must!" -
we are struggling against
fictitious end.

Ukrainians are endless,
like water, earth, sun
and the young artist's pen.

Taras Riehl

#WeStandWithU

the lap of vertigo
the stroke is divine
the top is deep
the dome is a well
the air grainy like a wreck.
Stars in stars
shine
because far away
a look lights them up
and the heart floats
hanging from a balcony
without roots.
Does the rose know
the taste of water?
Full of intention be
our blooming
above and below us.

Sabrina De Canio

#WeStandWithU

In grembo alla vertigine
si addivina il tratto
alto è profondo
la cupola è pozzo
aria sgranata come un relitto.

Stelle nelle stelle
brillano
perché lontano
uno sguardo le accende
e il cuore fluttua
appeso ad un balcone
senza radici.
Conosce la rosa
il sapore dell'acqua?

Pieno di intenzione sia
il nostro fiorire
sopra e sotto di noi.

Sabrina De Canio from Italy

Вірш

Я вже багато років не бачив синього неба,
Давно не чув тиші у полі,
Коли чутно лише листя шелест.
Спроба.
Долі.
Протест.
В мені горить вогонь найгарячіший:
Язики полум'я лоскочуть вуста.
А лиш хочеться спокою, тиші і миру.
Хижа.
Помста.
Звіра.
Принесе лише більше болю.
Тому треба йти з гордо піднятим носом,
На путь альтруїзму, гуманності і поваги.
Волю.
Духом.
Змоги.

Константин Веретинский

No Excuse!

So you think it's okay...to carry on this way?

WHAT?

To torment and taunt. . . to terrorize and haunt?

WAIT!

While the whole world watches . . . in horror, your launches?

WHY?

Your unjust war . . . your unfounded attacks . . . this is so out of whack!

WHAT FOR?

THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR WHAT YOU ARE DOING!

Causing families to flee from their homes. . . now in ruins. . .

IT'S NOT RIGHT! IT'S NOT RIGHT!

Stop it now! I do say!

How can you sleep at night? How can you wake each day?

STOP THIS INSANITY!

SUCH DAMN INHUMANITY!

Unforgivable acts

You must stop these attacks!

Sandi Jean Gajewski

Po lidech

Po lidech přišla tráva
skelety zavražděných domů
pavoučí píseň
namotává
vzpomínky v jizvách stromů
a země napila se krví
nad čelem závoj vlčích máků
nasládlé ticho
bezesloví
jen křídla vyplašených ptáků
rozvíří prach
kde hvězdám došel dech
prázdno a strach
tu zbyly
po lidech ...

Michal

My a naše (U)krajina

Hoří nebe v Ukrajině
a pásy tanků žerou zem
to se pase ruská svině
než ji v neckách vyvezem

Ano, hrozí atomovky
a pláč se dere do očí
ale přesto stříhnem krovky
té putinské svoloči

Bojujeme za Evropu
za svět v dnešní podobě
a ne za plyn nebo ropu
tak stůjme hrdě - při sobě ...

Michal

A poem for Ukraine

Seule à braver la tempête, seule oui,
la nation écope dans un bain
amer de sang et de pleurs, un flot si
violent et subit qu'il dépose tout là,
au bout du chemin, dans le flou et le noir,
un et opaque ; et nul ne sait si Donetsk,
Kiev ou Odessa frissonneront à nouveau
rapidement au rire sonore et aux hurra
allègres des enfants en liesse. À Kharkiv,
il faut sans cesse se relever. Déjà,
notre monde s'effondre ; le bal
inéluable de la guerre, lui, ne faiblit pas.

Jordan Esteve from France

#WeStandWithUkraine

The rainbows gone, the sky is empty
Only rockets in the air
Does it seem to be better?
Armless birds
And the enemy taking lives over
The night and stars are looking dumb
While the sirens still go on
Does it seem any better?
A newly born having no future
An old man cannot be honoured in a grave

God is upset, mad at us
Who let you kill people, shoot everywhere?
We must touch everything sweetly God says
Does it really look any better?
Conscience is covered in dust
The land is no more yours till the death

Etleva Kupsi

Pour un poème européen

Comme d'une eau tant soit peu bouillante,
Un sabre qui chuchote à la boue -
Des paroles de Marioupol
Une halenée de savon froid
Un timbre s'en décolle,
Qu'un élan se lève et brame
Sous les dents métalliques qui progressent
implacablement...
Un sabre qui chuchote à la boue
Des paroles de Marioupol
Un avis ? Sur la perspective résistante
Un élan se lève et brame pour un poème européen.

Victor Cabras

NATION

On the day the war ends,
Let's set the tables for the whole country,
Let's rake the horrors and ruins,
And remove the tape from each window.
On the day the war ends,
Every family will meet the warrior
And the child laughs happily,
And the world will know what a terrible price.

The day the cellars run out,
We will not launch loud salutes,
Feeling what it means in real Kruty,
We will not hold pompous carnivals.
Having cut a wheat palyanitsa,
Mentioning both the soldier and the general,
We will remember those who died
Weeping mournfully from every bell tower.

And then the whole country will go to bed,
No duty over the crib,
As long as everyone is writing books,
We will rest and not be disturbed.
On the day when all the fatigue is over,

Let's disassemble the delayed suitcases,
And we'll laugh as much as we can,
And we will understand, now consciously,
We are Ukrainians, Glory to Ukraine!
On the day the war ends,
Everyone will say: he, they, she:
We are a nation, We are strong We are one!

Ольга Халена

Ukraine: I sing for you...

You lie on the other side of the world
Confused and Dazed with the vision you see

A sight of horror
Instead of glee

A country so beautiful
Yet terror finds it
The misery, the chaos
The fear that it feels

Cold and stranded
Left as a battlefield
Will it ever bloom again?
Into its earlier glory

There can be hate
There will be bloodshed
Of people and families
It cannot be forgiven
It cannot be forgotten

The world does not deserve war
Yet here it is
The word love that
You speak of

Where is it?

People are fighting

One by one everyone is involved

There is no love

There is no empathy

There is no humanity

Alas the future is dead

Was it simply

as we could not be

Better humans

Or was it

Simply that we have forgotten

Who we are?

You are scared

I am scared too

Everyone is scared

One too many

A battle of unknown virus

A battle of unknown conflicts

A battle of sadness

Are we to the world?

Or the world to us?

The end is up to us
The battle is not over
The end is near

But our chances still count
If there is no hope
We shall feel it once more
If love is not found
We shall speak of it
Not in the moments taken
But the moments cherished

In the songs that we sing
In the memories that it bring
Because we never do forget it
We simply become blind to it

I sing for you
For the love that
Has not faded
For the people
Who still believe

Who has not given up
Who has not forgotten how to love
And especially
For the ones
Who still have HOPE

I wish to send every bit
Of my rainbow
So that you get to see

The beauty of every shade in life
The war will end
People will smile again
And in the end
That is ours
You shall regain your beauty

I shall sing for you
Ukraine

Sangay Loday from Bhutan

Inferno is on Earth

In middle age - even if you remain on inferno
you have handful of nostalgia, some wrinkled memories
that crawls like your weary feet.

But the children of war have their memories on toys,
to the last pages of books full of adventures.
When they open the window, they see smoke,
smoke, and sadness. This new chapter of their life is being
written
through the rubble and the roar of arms.

Dante – inferno is on earth each time there is no freedom
and the cold power of weapons extends over human
destinies.

It's March, the beautiful season.
Winter is in its last throes.
But there is no open sky in Ukraine.

The smoke of war has darkened the horizons
and the earth is covered with fear.

A child in the Kyiv hospital expects to disappear to a new
place
which is called Security.
This place on earth seems not to exist today, Dante.
There is the poison of hate and sorrow on earth.
There is darkness and the veins of hatred want to burst.

It is darkness and soul darkness are more horrific than that
of hell.

Everything is written and said:
War is terrible.

„No - he cannot do that,“ - said the sick girl's mother
and closed her eyes to see a little light,
but there are ruins ahead her,
where the dreams of the innocent are dissolved.

(1)

The girl cries. Is in pain. Oxygen in the hospital is at risk of
spending
Food is limited. Only news
and political statements are abundant.
No one knows the pain of a child leaving nightclothes,
bags of toys, and disappear away. Escape is ice-cold as
death.

And war is a harsh continent where the unfortunate
beings dwell
them that forget their names, tear down dreams
and turn into fear.

Dante, how to get together children's tears -
and with it to create a great river
where all sinners can enter and bathe in it.

Dante, today I cried with the voice of the little girl in a
hospital in our earth.
She takes cure to heal her sickness
while hearing the alerts of war and said: I want to escape.
Her cries have entered my room, like the spear.
She needs one who leads her out of the inferno.

You know how it goes,
Therefore, you ought to appear
and bring humans out of the fiery hell of suffering.

Dante, you know that one day the weapons will cease,
shameless leaders, will sit at tables
and will sign a peace document which they tear up
whenever they want.
But their madness pays from innocent and the generations
to come.

Therefore, we need to make the earth better,
to decrease the amount of fear
and increase the amount of goodness.
Then undo the word war
and with it, to burn all cursed borders
and in their place to plant magnificent flowers and trees.

(Night dialog with Dante Alighieri)

Ndue Ukaj

The scent of flowers

It must have been the scent of blooming flowers,
Their splendor
Sprinkling blood
In my nostrils:
Amputated limbs
Dying line -waiting
Citizens
Orphaned toys
Left In the deceased furrows of past life.

I asked to enroll in a pain management program
But the only class available was
How to be
A positive,
Happy
Refugee.

Edna Aphek

A haiku

sunflowers waiting
for peace to reign again
a history of healing

Katherine E Winnick

#WeStandWithU

You stand alone.
We re freezed to stone.
To scared, to be with You.
Horrified we re watching.
We see what war can do
Famillys are seperated.
Putin is so very hated.
The men are locked in fatherland.
Putin ,s evil, we understand.
But Zelenskiy what are you ?
The men are civilians too .

Europe is taking you as our shield.
So we put weapons in the field.
I don't want war with russia.
But I can barely watch ya.
They take and destroy your land.
And you strongely stand.

Your back against the wall.
Ukraine i pray for you all.

M. Schmitz

STRONG AGAIN

Though the flood may destroy the golden crops
of today

Blues skies and sunshine will return
and zoloto kernels shall grow strong again

Christine Servant

Poetry. War. Ukraine

На вулиці війна...
І ця весна...
Ще довго нам болітиме
Пізніше...
Все закінчиться,знаю
Мир...і перемога
Без сумнівів ,я вірю
Буде наша.
Всі рани залікує...
Вірний час...
Нехай все тільки закінчиться ...
Хаос..
Я вірю, що все буде ще у нас
І світ нам допоможе
Вчасно. Враз.
І наші воїни поборять
Темну силу...
І ми... Такі єдині і прекрасні
Повернемось в життя щоденне,
Вірю!
Що знову ж ,
Мир прибуде неодмінно!

Валентина Капшук

Цей пекельний титанік розтрощиться об нас

Перша літера «в», п'ять літер, остання «а».
Я його на ім'я не назву не тому, що боюсь —
Щоб і маковим зерням не вкласти силу свою.

Ця пекельна, непотопельна бездушна іржа
Цей утілений розтиражований чорний жах,
Нерозбірливо поглинає, ковтає, жере
Але їй не переплисти це синє мо-ре,

Не зорати чорнозем, не винищити суті
Білий айсберг невідворотно назустріч сунеться,
І — адреса одна — титанік сягає дна
Й розверзається дно, і в товщі тоне луна.

Julia Maksimeyko

Poems for the People of Ukraine

The Ukrainian soul blows the horn,
calls for help
but
no one called.
The Ukrainian soul is trumpeting again and again
but
silence only exclaims.
Where is the help?
Where is the friend who promises to "be there
for you?
There is no one.
There is no one.
But my soul is not alone.
My people stand by,
My family
My soldiers.
We are fighting the enemy
for our freedom,
for our land.

I get up in arms
I'm not afraid
I'm trying to find myself
I free rein to courage and strength
I keep an invisible sword with me
My spirit is unconquerable in me
I'm ready for the battle
I will bring glory to Ukraine
I will glorify the whole Ukrainian

Karina Jackson

HOSTOMEL

Everywhere
Song of sirens
Sounds of war
All around
Rolling thunder
Fills the night
Terror in the dark
Rockets blast
The earth is shaking
Shells they plow the ground

Long awaited
Still surprising
Dread fills every heart
Is this the end
Is freedom dead
Will tyrants rule form now?

Uncounted numbers
Unmatched weapons
Overwhelming force
Panic growing
Chaos rules

Fear in every heart
The Russians are
At Hostomel town

Ukrainian heroes storm the fields
They fear not pain nor death
Invader troops are out of breath
At Hostomel town

The dust has cleared
The screams have stopped
The guns they sing no more
The heroes stand
The Russians lie
Amidst the dreadful gore
At Hostomel town

All doubts are gone
The war is won
At Hostomel town

Dennis Graemer

Poem about hope

So, we have sunny,
windless days.
spring.
hazel
blossoms prematurely.
other birds,
their habits have not changed
the jays played songs of freedom and rebellion
and their feathers rose over the dry orchard,
they flew unaware that people might be in trouble
they were preparing for hatching as every year.

the stork returned to Kiyv
the church blossomed iconically
the stork did not understand the bloody glow,
the splendor of the eastern cities.
He endured branches on the socket. He
was looking for frogs and snails like
a soldier at the front
looking information from the capital. Hungry.
The stork was still alive.
A symbol of a life that can come back.

Kinga Matalowska from Poland

ΔΟΞΑ ΕΝ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ!

Πᾶς τύπος ὅς καταπίπτει πᾶρ Κιέβω θανατώδης
Εὐρώπης κατὰ μάζου πένθος βαλλόμενον περ.
Πᾶς Ουκρανός ὅς ἐχθρῶ σούν ὕβρει καταπίπτει
Εὐρωπαϊός ὅς ἔργω θνήσκει βαρβαρικῶ νῦν.

Michele Sacco from Italy

AD PACEM

Dūlcis Eūrōpē, spātīōsā vīsum,
spūmēās sūpēr Tŷriās ārēnās
lētā tēxēbās crōcīnās cōrōnās
īnsciā fūcī:

Gēntiūm rēgīnā pācīsquē māter,
ūnūm āttōllūnt cīthāræ sōnāntēs
cāntūm ālātūm sīmūl ūsquē tētē
clārīficāntēm.

Hicē sōlēm sēpōsitōsquē frātrēs
ādvēnīt sēmēl cēlēr aūrēūsquē,
stēllām ōmnēm cārūlēūmquē cælum
trānsgrēdiēdo.

Sīt nēc iām rūssūs nēquē ūcrāīnūs
sīc nēc ūrbānūs nēquē bārbārūs sit,
sēd pārēs sōlūmmōdō sīnt hēmōnēs
sūb gēnus ūnum.

Nōsmēt ōmnēs nām cōmītēs lēvāmus
cāntā dāmnāntēs hēmōnīs hōstēs:
vōcībūs nūnc ūnānimīs rēnēmus
vērbūlūm hōc: „pāx“.

Michele Sacco from Italy

Poems about Ukraine

Amanece porque vuestros abrazos
son más fuertes que la sed del tirano.
Jamás podrá ser hecho pedazos
vuestro corazón por el odio insano.

Con vosotros no podrán los zarpazos
del horror, obra del frío gusano.
Ante el mal no hay banderas, sino lazos
solidarios con el pueblo ucraniano.

Que el amor acalle todo disparo.
Que el coraje derribe los misiles.
Que la locura arda en el infierno.

Ucrania, conmueve tu clamor claro:
la verdad enterrará los fusiles,
dará al asesino silencio eterno.

*Alejandro Pérez Moreno
from Talavera de la Reina, Spain*

Голоси війни

кому розказати? зима і війна...
і залізо... кому розказати?
серце на нитці, й горюча земля
виростає з кривавої вати.
ці завзяті пісні, що повітря шкребує,
і тремтіння замерзлої гривні
по пивницях сирих оповідки гудуть—
всі трагічні, але позитивні
общипали для супу лаврові вінки,
всі оголені правди й неправди
розхиталися, наче в зеленій воді
русалок облізлі принади.
понапхали каміння в клітину грудну,
і скаліченим містом ходили...
ці історії чесні про звичну війну -
і чому ми їх завжди любили?
тільки янголи-сироти між пустирів
у безжальному небі блукають...
але наші рукописи давні й сумні
не горять, хоч і зараз палають.

Элина Свенцицкая

Ukraine

muffled fears
distant cries
unexpected attack
lit the skies

broken trust
plot to scare
silent greed
unaware

republic divided
by a single man
chasing sovereignty
secret plan

soldiers ordered
regime to rise
civilian lives
to jeopardize

run for shelter
spread the word
cries for help
the world... has heard

strength of people
lives within
distant heroes
coming in

damaged leader
sit and tremble
countries unite
Avengers!!!
... assemble.

And here's another I'd like to contribute.. for hope.

Grace Domingo

Survive

tides are rough.. we hold tight
fog blur vision.. unclear sight

waves crash down.. catching air
scream for help.. no one there

fear within.. takes over us
mentally crippled.. conscience distrust

unsure the outcome.. we are vigilant
ship may plunge.. we are resilient

test our strength.. as we drown
tenacious together.. bravely bound

far in distance.. we see light
a glimpse of hope.. continue to fight

reaching up.. to stay afloat
as water rise up to our throat

that gasp for air.. keep us alive
we'll never sink... we will survive.

Grace Domingo

They killed peace

We died the same exact day
when bombs suddenly killed peace.
Shadows of confused ghosts
on the streets of the world,
tore off the masks washed out with time.
The words can no longer convince anyone.
Mothers curses fly up in the sky
to strike the blindness
before colliding
over the heads of innocent sons.
Delirious speeches on TV screens
they can not ease the pain of wounds.
Lips should never utter
the poison of betrayal.
Spring is the season of life.
The sweetness of freedom does not accept chains
of infidelity.

Arjan Kallco from Albania

#WeStandWithU

Де гори єднаються з небом блакитним
Де річки вмивають п'яний чорнозем
Де запах солодкий від сосен та жита
Розноситься вітром і літнім дощем
Де зорі палають як вогнища бога
Де квіти встеляють мандрівникам путь
Під затишком пісень з тендітної мови
Під небом просторим Незламні живуть.
Незламні плетуть свою силу з любові
До рідного краю і близьких людей
І мальви душисті що кольору крові
Вони прикладають до сильних грудей
Таких не зламаєш, вони не вмирають
Таких не злякаєш, їх криє любов
Вони за свободу священного краю
Життя віддадуть і народяться знов
Вертайся додому проклятий загарбник
На нашій землі ти згниєш в чорнозем
Ми сила, ми єдність, нас не подолати

Незламні пильнують з вогнем і мечем!
Незламні і Вільні

Iryna Li

RESTORE
'Ode to Sunflower Seeds'

The seeds will grow
Although small
Although scattered
Although isolated
Although pressed
The seeds will grow
Across the ground
Through the darkness
Through chaos
Through bone
They will take root
Transform scorched earth
Into lush green
Foliar stalks
Who stretch and reach
They will produce
Golden petals
Follow the sun
Claim heaven and
Restore paradise

Catherine Grace

To Ukraine

How can I tell you from
thousands of miles afar
that the pain of Ukraine
can be felt like the weight
of a falling star
Cascading through the universe
destruction and torment in its path
rectified by faith and glory
counteracting its wrath
So, hold on to the vision
of all the love in our hearts
that the suffering of this
senseless war
will one day depart
Remembering freedom
will always hold true
and your country cannot be taken
by a dictator of the attempted coup
And if I were Hercules
I would hold the falling star
so high in the sky
that its brightness
could be seen from
thousands of miles afar
knowing that the weight
of the pain of Ukraine
had been lifted by the
palm of my hand
without a scar.

Cheryl Doyle

We are people

massacre
nightmare gone haywire
dark scenario dug
from the deepest mortal hate
down the barrel of the gun
no path is straight
hold your children
and confine in fate

we are people
not numbers in a great scheme
not specks of dust on a war painting
loving and breathing
fighting and living
we are people

shake down artists of a peaceful life
running around with bloodstains and knives
open history books
nothing but money, blind power and crooks
flesh and bones self proclaimed gods
rolling the dice, changing the odds
deaths counting blood and skins

by their rules there are no sins
who survives
who wins

we are people
not pawns in a great game
not sacrifices with sick aim

disgusting, psychotic injunction
trading lives in tranzactions
battles, screams, scared nations
yelding fear, no one surrenders
liberty will rise from flaming embers
hearts never forgets
history forever remembers

we are people
we are people
we are people
we love
let us breathe
we'll fight
until you'll let us live

we are people

Thea L

«Все буде Україна»

Був зимовий, сонячний ранок,
За п'ять днів вже квітуча весна.
Телефонний дзвінок - лиш три слова:
«Прокидайся, настала війна!»

Гради, бомби, ракети...
Справжнє пекло для мирних людей,
Окупанти стріляють в цивільних,
Нешкодуючи навіть дітей!

Батьківщина для нас - Україна!
І найкращий у нас отаман!
У нас гасло козацького роду:
«Слава нації! Смерть ворогам!»

ЗСУ - пишаємось Вами,
Ви наш Янгол, Ви наш Охоронець!
Перемога буде за нами!
Гордий тим, що - Я УКРАЇНЕЦЬ!

Слава Україні! Героям Слава!
І в кожного мрія одна!
Телефонний дзвінок - лиш три слова...
«Прокидайся - скінчилась війна!»

Крик душі про трагічні події на рідній землі
Скирда Вікторія

Хто побачить світлий ранок
крізь криваві шати куль...
Розбудила кожен ґанок
пісня смерті вранішніх зозуль...

Плаче мати...плаче тато...
Засинає їх малюк...
Захищає їх від кулі
той старенький...ржавий люк...

Піде дощ...засвітить сонце...
Проженуть страшних примар...
Чи забуде малий хлопчик
смерть батьків під пилом хмар...

Євгеній Третяк

The Breakfast of Russian Soldier in his Youth

come on,
open your mouth, sonny
the plane is coming
the plane is coming
from little spoon
black viscous
liquid
pours onto the tongue,
it lubricates the throat,
drains down
the palate,
settles
between the ribs,
seeps
into the bloodstream
come on,
open your mouth, sonny
the plane is coming
the plane is coming
black viscous liquid
licks a strand of
dirty blonde hair,
runs down to the forehead,
eats the eyes out,
leaks from the nose
and ears
hurry up to the plane, sonny
hurry up to the plane

in the world of black viscous
liquid
gravitation was cancelled
by the decision of international
everything and everyone
in the black world
one only
flies
down
close your mouth tight
the plane has arrived
the plane has arrived

*Written by Anastasia Berezhetska
Translated by Victoria Pushyna*

20.03.2022

The War is rain of tears and blood,
Whose? there is among ... of child.
At once that will be quite enough,
To awake in the soul of empathy's guide.

Yellow and blue - the flag of life,
Under mortal fire of Russian lies,
Bullets and bombs, which define the line,

Our conscience is a hare or a lion.

Doc

b r e e z e

When poppies fly around us
We stand barefoot on the ground (warm)
Bloodied flowers, flustered us
alive - pending on spring
hearts beat at the pace of ethno

what'll take, what'll bring this wind of change
inspired by hundreds of voices?

we nurture in loved ones and ourselves
these grapes of wrath/love
to grow free
like drunken, unbreakable flowers
and to not drink wine for freedom

can you hear notes of buds, storm
drowned in minutes?

someone is blooming in calm
in stranger's eyes - dry wind
falls apart into petals
but every soul - is a thorn
of burning, raging hope

may winter hold own breath
while we - exhale this breeze

kissing, valuing our freedom

Stephen Tkachuk

#WeStandWithU

Venture further until you reach the boundaries of mind
Block the voice of the people who seem false
Let them be a part of the white noise
When you feel as if something needs you back
Don't fear, it's only you and your conscience.
Keep your dreams high and your visions higher
Don't stop even if you stumble
This is a race you cannot win
Neither can you lose if you bend it to your will
It is not about who comes first
And who came the last
It's about who persisted and who faulted hard.
Even if you feel as if you're a failure
It's just in the world's eyes
You cannot change it
But what you can - has already morphed
Into a new horizon awaiting your presence.
Very few have the courage to see their fractures and cracks
And still get up to touch the light,

Even if they feel the intoxicating pull of the darkness,
beckoning;
They feel the world's sight on their wounds
Their probing fingers and dark smile
Yet they reach up and up until they could see no more
The world left staring at their shadow.

Nandini Bihani

Vladimir Poopin'

S So much pain has been inflicted in the last few weeks

T Too many lives have been lost in Ukraine

O Others too, from Russia and many other countries, including mine, Ireland

P Putin, should be called Poopin', for that is what he is, SHIT with power and control

W War is never the answer, not when the innocent people are hurt

A Awaiting an end, to this blood battle, the

R Russian Invasion of Ukraine

Grace O'Reilly from Ireland

„Today“.

„Today I was meant to die.
Neither for any reason,
Nor for a tear to cry.
Thus humanity’s treasoned.

Today I was meant to die.
That’s because he decided.
They never ask him why,
They just agree beside him.

Today I was meant to die.
Yes, I’m a disappointment
For those, whose collar is white,
While ours are red and soiled.

We live so we fight today.
We cry so then will be laughter.
Tomorrow our great dismay
Will end. Only freedom after“.

Oleksandr Batkhin

Post-truth Society

May this be a war
and if we fight
we fight with words
No guns or deaths
but breathing hate
losing its air
while you taste the smell
of some faded flowers
as they play, last dramatis personae
survivors of this revolutionary game

Carola Varano from Italy

OUT.RAGED

Fear to forget.
I fear to erase all these fights.

Fear to forget.
You fear to allow that fire at night.

Fear to forget.
We fear to embrace those phantoms worldwide.

Fear to forget.
You fear the omission,
Your face turning acceptance.
Your conscience becoming a common place.

Fate is not written.
Fate is not written.
Never forget.
Forgetting. For.get.ting.
Never.

@art_crossed_hermind

#WeStandWithU

Not burned by fire.
Not subdued by the sword.
War rage
Plowed around.
It was completely bombed
„Brotherly love“
Moscow Mongolian,
Horde of Katsap.
Elected under the sky.
From Heaven endowed.
So not oppressed -
No one is inclined,
My favorite land -
Tears drop.
I cling to you,
Your little blood.

*Atasov Dmitry
from Alexandria Kirovograd, Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

Me, not you! And that's right!
You are a slave.
I am a Cossack.
You are blind blind,
Vertigo is a dog.
The dog is your head.
Don't fraternize with you.
You live near sr @ ki
Putin, the dogs.
I live in my own house.
We do not know you.
You came to my house,
To help the dog
On the Dnieper cliffs
Pile up piles?
I'm a blind blackbird to you
I'll point to my door
Kopnyak under the enemy with @ d,
Russian valiant soldier!)

*Atasov Dmitry
from Alexandria Kirovograd, Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

I will fish with the camouflage net,
in a helmet I will cook soup on a wild fire.
Before we learned to fly,
we for a long time have been taught to fall.
My eyes view differently
and while one of them is asleep,
I will make wishes for every star,
there are many of them falling from the sky now:
in the yard my tank lulls to sleep
geese and chickens in the moonlight.
Victory came to my gate, smelling the soup.
The summer night cricket sings a gentle siren
about how blue sailors expel evil spirits from the land.
Its calm for the water and land to graze in the field
and collect in the bosom eternity,
and fall asleep without fear of fire
under peaceful sheep shaped clouds.
Only a dog has restless dreams, he has
memory
and a heart full of love.

When I fall asleep, I'm postponing my own
and hide it from flies and from torments.

Trees bend from every wind
and keep in their shadow
the groan of war, with this language now speak
the landscapes of all cities.
The written language comes from their foreheads,
and in the feeble rustle of grass
I can already feel that soup and that fish,
and the dream of geese and tanks.

Rybonka and Olya Mykhaylyshyn

Я — не воин, просто — Мать!

Режет сердце нож войны,
Слышу — чья-то мать зовёт:
«Ох, любимый сын, ты где?
Кто тебя на бой ведёт?

Где окажется душа,
Если ты погибнешь... вдруг?!
“Истина” — твой меч и щит?
Иль опутал мерзкий спрут

Тебя ложью, подавив
Волю? выбор — исключив?..»

О, проклятая война,
Как же Мир тебя впустил
В наши семьи, в города?
Почему не защитил
От бомбёжек и блокад,
Кровь, убийства допустил?..

Я — не воин, просто — Мать
Сыновьям — своим, чужим;
Кто там прав? — не мне решать,
Яро против я войны!

Боль несчастных матерей
«Наших», «ваших» — душу рвёт!
Что за жизнь без сыновей? —
Мрачный холод, ступор, топь...

Поднимайся, Мир, с колен,
Хватит страхам потакать!
Заступись за Матерей,
Сколько нам ещё рыдать?!

Ты сторонисься?! Ещё
Не коснулась боль тебя?
И боишься сделать шаг,
Чтобы кончилась война?..
Что ж, тогда ты — «РАБ спрута»,
Одурманен, Мир, ты им!
Злу — содействует твой страх,
Добавляет ему сил!

Или, думаешь, Земля
Не способна жить без войн?
Зря боролись сообща
Против них столько веков?!

Нет, не верю! Близок Свет
Жизни мирной — без войны!..

Матери со всей Земли,

Пробил гонг сплотиться!.. МЫ —

Можем вместе отстоять
Право жить без слёз войны!
Помните, что в смертный час
Нет «своих» или «чужих»!

Перед смертью — все равны;
Не дадим ей сыновей,
Также братьев и мужей,
Дочерей, сестёр, детей!..

«Смерть от войн», приказ: «стоять!»,
Всех оставь нас, — вон с Земли!
Или прекратим рожать!
Матери, услышьте клич!

Вместе — сила мы и мощь,
ЖИЗНЬ чрез нас — ростки даёт!

Сбросим робость и спасём
Человеческий весь род!

Будем крепко мы дружить;
«Доброте», «Любви» клянясь —
Верой, правдою служить!..
ЖИЗНИ Свет, храни всех нас!

В. Белан, Киев, Украина

Мир, Жизнь, Любовь!

Охвачен пламенем наш разум
И пишем по утрам: "Кто жив?
Все целы?".. вопреки стараньям -
Врагов, ворвавшихся в наш мир?
Родные, близкие, соседи,
Вы живы?! Как же рады вам!
За семь ночей и дней военных
Мы оценили - Жизни дар!
Всё остальное - отвалилось
И больше не терзает нас!
Под свист ракет - объединились,
Под звук сирен - смирились: прав
Конечно, прав был наш Создатель,
Учивший в прошлом чрез Христа:
Искать пути, чтоб мир наладить -
В себе(!), Любовь объяв сполна!
Какие б ни были искусства
Вокруг, - не верьте, - ерунда!
Одной Любви дана лишь Сила -
Мирить сердца, когда война!
Любовь - прощает, исцеляет,
Спасает разум ото зла,
Цветные лоскутки сшивает
Различных судеб, как игла,
Сшивая - в Целое, к Единству
Нас побуждая всех идти,
Не поддаваясь мерзким, слизким

Словам - «Добру - не победить»!
И не такие были «ночи»;
На брэнной Матушке Земле,
Но всякий раз Священный Подвиг
Их разгонял, впуская Свет!
И Свет господствовал сияя,
Так хватит мрачно унывать!
Земляне, братья, призываем
Пора в защиту нашу стать!
Одним - не справиться нам! время,
Увы, не повернуть уж вспять...
Спасайте Украину смело,
Если хотите мирно спать!
Зло слишком долго издевалось,
Бомбило страны, города...
Коль не спасёте нас, то завтра
Встречайте - дома вы Врага!
Его амбиции - безмерны,
И аппетит - не утолить!..
Земляне! Мыслимо ль «военный»;
Режим повсюду нам вводить?!
Пора нам зло загнать в берлогу,
Предав его - Суду Небес!
И с чувством радостной Свободы
Провозгласить Мир на Земле!..
Мы ж - не сдаёмся, свято верим:
Наш дух - не сжечь, не разбомбить;
Народ украинский примером
Всем станет - как Добру служить!

Как песни петь в любые годы,
Как сеять хлеб и побеждать
Удары зла - бесповоротно,
Как - Жизнь любить и прославлять!
To Ukraine
Cheryl Doyle

How can I tell you from
thousands of miles afar
that the pain of Ukraine
can be felt like the weight
of a falling star

Cascading through the universe
destruction and torment in its path
rectified by faith and glory
counteracting its wrath

So, hold on to the vision
of all the love in our hearts
that the suffering of this
senseless war
will one day depart

Remembering freedom
will always hold true
and your country cannot be taken
by a dictator of the attempted coup

Sending strength from within us
to help lead the way
towards a steadfast victory
which will never sway

And if I were Hercules
I would hold the falling star
so high in the sky
that its brightness
could be seen from
thousands of miles afar
knowing that the weight
of the pain of Ukraine
had been lifted by the
palm of my hand
without a scar.

Namaste!
I stand with Ukraine!

В. Белан, Киев, Украина

- Rocket Rain -

In world Russian madness
Who stand with Ukraine?
Are you still in silence?
We have rocket rain!

If you don't believe -
Just see in the picture
It's not a fake given
It's Russian cruel witcher

Ukrainian people -
Most brave in the world
But we still be thankful
If you give us sword

Now, please, no indifference
In world, in Ukraine
Let's save our Earth-Land
Let's stop rocket rain!

Lidia Anischenko from Ukraine

#WeStandWithU

She had to hurry,
they were out of time.
She knew it was in her closet somewhere
behind her everyday clothes.

She finally found it,
the dress she wore on the day they met.
He always said it was his favorite
and it still fit.

She carefully applies her makeup and perfume
and dances into the living room.
Twirling around and laughing,
a tender smile spreading across his face.

She put on her coat,
the baby snuggled inside.
Slipping her arms through the straps of the knapsack,
holding mementos and food.
Closing the door to her world,
ready for the journey ahead.

They arrive at the station
and hold each other close.
He looks into her eyes

and whispers she looks beautiful in her dress.
Arms wrapping around each other,
a family in an eternal embrace.

He gently kisses her and his baby,
loading them onto the train.
Not knowing if he would see them again,
smiling at each other amid their tears.
As the train leaves the station,
they slowly wave goodbye.

He thinks of her every minute of every day
as he fights valiantly for his country.
Despite unspeakable carnage strewn everywhere,
he is comforted knowing she is always right beside
him,
wearing his favorite dress.

Janet

#WeStandWithU

Falls, falls
Hurricane of blood
Bleeds, bleeds
The city walls
They cry, they cry
Eyes of frost
Snow eyes
Girls of ice and fire
Men of iron and desert
Flashes of lead and uranium
Nails of stone and salt
Tongues of sand and flames
Death without peace everywhere
The banquet of the dead in the streets
Orgy of the living in the squares
The crapula of the soldiers in the pillory
The sky that breaks like glass
The veins crashing on the pavement
Hearts bitten by vultures
The satrap who dominates the fire
Sits in the throne sleepless mummy.

*Francesca Farina
from Rome, Italy*

ASK THE CHILDREN

The youngest know.
They know boot crunch from tank whir, missile
whistle from rocket whine.
They can count seconds to boom and brazen light
bursts, the broken nights.
They can nod off to anthems, echoed tunnel cries, or
blast-bitten lullabies.
They can draw it all.
There's the house as it stood where it stood when it
stood. There's the tree.
There's grandpa's face in the house window and papa's
face in the bus window.
There's the dog that didn't come out of the rubble.
There's his empty leash.
They know the colors of blood on flags and
sunflowers,
just the right blue, the right yellow, the right red.

Hollis Kurman

#WeStandWithU

The ignored warnings

Have made our world a war.

The narrow politicians' mind

Has shrunk my life into bleak survival.

Stab a European liberal

To get a bleeding coward.

Stab a Russian literati

To bleed a cryptofascist.

Julie Levine from Ukraine

Smoke

There is a forest
Near my house,
Down to the city border.
Just for one night
Wicked firebug made it red.

I saw a beast,
Tongues of its flame
From the window.
Grass grew on the ash,
Force of monster is tamed,
Everything is forgotten.

Now I wake up
And see every morning
Smoke from the window.

NATO close the sky!
I see iron in the air,
I can feel it in my veins.
NATO close the sky!
To avoid the void
In destroyed surroundings
Of a window frame.
NATO close the sky!

Dangers closer than you think.
NATO close the sky!
Help to catch the beast.

10 million people
Left their homeland.
Is it a good choice
To stay here, in Kyiv?
I can't imagine myself
Without native tongue,
Sounds of war,
Empty shelves,
Broken tiles
On the road.

Katherine Baranovska
from Ukraine

Shrovetide

Pancakes are easy to make
From minimum ingredients:

Soda, sugar, eggs, flour and yoghurt,
But we are not so lucky.

We had been looking for them all day,
Stood in lines to several stores.

Today is Shrovetide,
So, we knead the dough
Fried on leftover oil,
Before the nightfall.

Dinner by candlelight...
At least today we are happy
And proud of ourselves.

*Katherine Baranovska
from Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

written on an anxious valise
the poem has no status of limitation
lies like a child's head
on the mother's knees
in the basement of the adjacent house

listens to the silent darkness
smelling of dust
cobweb
fear
tears
crackers
dog fur
learning to distinguish between sonic halftones and
black shades
to recognize the stars in camouflage
to the sound of a siren and the jet roar
the poem becomes a hamster in a child's hand
lollipop under the tongue
earring in the ear
ring on the finger
comb

combing dusty child's hair
that smells of war

*Ganna Syniok
from Ukraine*

Sunflowers

When the sun sets
and the darkness comes,
the cold that will embrace the moon, will freeze you,
and the dark darkness, friends and enemies will not
let you see, but like small hopes the stars will hang
from the sky.

And your moon looks like hope,
but it is a horrible creation,
the clouds elaborate hide it ,
along with the little light.

And shadows as if they come at night,
and loved ones if they take with deceit,
and weeds if they spoil the ears of corn,
do not be afraid,
it will not be forever.

The smile you look to find,
illuminates your sweet world, like,
under the blue sky,
the sun the sunflowers.

Panagiotis Baxebanis

Only you know the pain

Only you know what you have lost with time
Only you know that you have lost your life
Do not be sad as this is just a phase
Do not feel sad as life is like a maze
You lose something and have to move on
You have to be more strong
This test may be difficult for you
But you have to move on through new So, keep your
hope alive
This too shall pass!

Khyati Kukreja

#WeStandWithU

God, I wish you could hear me
They kill us, burn our homes
We want to live, we're scared
They drop on us their bombs

My God, I'm far away,
I've never been that close
Please, save my brother, sisters!
It hurts

My Lord, I know you're listening
You're cherishing my hopes
Give us your holy power
Please, stop this War

Polina Staritsyna

#WeStandWithU

A roof is there to protect you.
But what if it isn't
Anymore?
Home is where you're supposed to feel safe.
But what if you can't
Anymore?
It's supposed to be peace,
But what if it isn't
Anymore?
So you pack your stuff
And you leave,
Your house,
Your friends,
Your home.
And you don't feel safe,
Nowhere,
Not anymore,
Even when you find a new roof,
Because it's not home.

But remember
You are not alone.
There is help everywhere
And soon
You will feel safe
Under that new roof.

Alicia Kohl

War Lullaby

Do wolves howl in the dark, mom? How scary they
howl...

You told me, wolves live in fairy tales and don't dare
to get out of there.

Today I hear they have come here, they have come
and they are howling terribly...

Sleep, sleep, baby, it's war now, the sirens are howling
a lullaby...

The black story has happened and our dog is growling
with the wolves.

The dog whimpers, howls, looks at us guiltily –
the wolves have been his brothers once, it's not a lie...

Sleep, sleep, baby, it's war now, the sirens are howling
a lullaby...

The yard, the bed, the wall is wounded, the evil
wizard broke the door...

Wolves have eaten a hole in the dark,
wolves kill the day and wait for us...oh, do they wait
for us to die...

Sleep, sleep, baby, it's war now, the sirens are howling
a lullaby...

Laura Dimitrova

Sweetie-sweetie (lullaby)

Sweetie-sweetie, get asleep
Let the dreams in your head seep
All the worries you forget
When in warm bed you will get

Sweetie-sweetie, get asleep
And in soul wonder keep
Like an angel with his wing
Shields the warrior your spring

Sweetie-sweetie, get asleep
Pray that your eyes never weep
Memories will go with wind
Time will lead to calmness hint

Sweetie-sweetie, get asleep
Let the dreams in your head seep

*Alice Zelenko,
a student from Ukraine*

#WeStandWithU

Де тебе цілував під березами,
де зливались тіла і сліди –
вже ламає сусід нетверезий
наші долі і наші світи.

Де віночок тобі із калини
я сплітав, -
він терновий вінець
одягав на чоло України
і на кожне із наших сердець.

Вавилонської вежі уламки
він на місці любові лишав...
Та не знав – з без'язикової ранки
українською ллється душа.

Володимир Віхляєв

#WeStandWithU

Мої батьки, ви – дві долоні,
що внесли мене в цей світ, як в храм любові
і добра...

Мої батьки, – вечірні зорі
на землі, – світить мені, хай навіть все навколо
догоря!

Мої батьки, я все б віддав
за ті хвилини, де жили разом ми у казках!
Мої батьки, це не біда,
що ваші душі сиві вже засипають смутком снігу мій
шлях.

Мої батьки, я вам не вірив,
що колись так шкодуватиму про мить, коли вас
ображав...
Мої батьки, ще спущені вітрила
і ще безсилий вітер дороги в Вічність перед бурею
бажань.

Мої батьки, які ж ми схожі
з вами, як в безкінечнім морі всі далекі кораблі!
Мої батьки, на цій землі немає, може,
крім вас, нікого, хто умів би так любити.

Мої батьки, це ви – моя Вітчизна –
усі місця, де ми разом бували, навіть в снах...
Мої батьки, хоч я – дитина пізня,
але я рано визрів у ваших мріях і піснях.

Мої батьки, іде війна навколо –
для чого ж дали добре ви серце, що тепер
безжалісно щемить?..

Мої батьки, я хочу, щоб ніколи
не розвела долоні на трьох єдина доля – ні на мить!

Володимир Віхляєв

It has begun on 24th February...

Bleeding ash marches in black
through innocent streets, through innocent souls,
screaming, deafening, tearing,
in a thousand pieces, hearts massacred
by devilishly warlike barbarian hand.
The wretched grimace of the murderer's spirit laughs
just as black as the silence of the mute with eyes
turned away.
Deep red the guilt on all their hands.
Slaughtered children's laughter, bombed-out dreams,
shredded human rights,
shattered bodies in willfully destroyed cities.
Black, blood-filled tears running down from innocent
eyes –
perfidiously extinguished lives, senseless killing.
The sunny days are now black,
breathing grief, pain, burned skin – screaming
injustice,
the echo of which will reverberate forever in the
conscience of all offenders,
where there is no conscience,
but the shame dripping with pitch will stick to them
forever.
Souls stand up bravely against it,
surrounded by the bleeding dust of blasted lives,
defend their stolen homeland with greatness and
unity.

At their side, courageously, the sighted people, letting
not silencing themselves, standing up for freedom,
equality, fraternity,
for peace and the right of human dignity.
Through the course of the day corrodes black
bleeding ash,
like a gorging abysm,
but the spirit of freedom shines brighter than all black
of destruction,
than all black of killing by a barbarian hand –
the spirit of freedom remains the shining guiding star,
uncapturable, invincible –
the white radiance can no longer be subjugated!

Dominique Dethier

#WeStandWithU

I woke up today to war

I woke up to my country, being invaded

By soldiers of a madman

I woke up to democracy, being ripped out

From underneath me

I woke up to families, being killed and fleeing the
country they love

I woke up to missiles striking all around

Like rain hitting the ground

Now I fight, for my family's freedom

And the freedom of my country

I will fight through the day, and through the night

Bombs bursting, and bullets screaming through the

air

Praying while taking cover

With god by my side

I will fight the good fight

No matter what the cost

The bells of freedom, will ring once again

For the country of Ukraine

Bobby Hardy

Летіла Зозуля

Зозуля летіла, білощока, сльзоока,
далеко на Україну
В пташини справ багато,
Літа всім рахувати.
Комусь ще років сотня: життя все проживати
Комусь ще день чи місяць,
Як дасть Бог, може, й два.

Тепер не злічиш точно, кому й скільки лишилось,
Бо ж щось занадто сильно
Російське зло сплодилось.

Рахуй, моя зозуле, ты кожен день-деньочок,
Бо пройде час злиденний,
І всі ті дні крадені чи діей, чи мовчанням,
російський чорний море,
Повернеш нам встократ!

Анастасія

#WeStandWithU

ось я: шибки навиліт, небо кришиться й кришиться
стеля

вирвами вкрита моя постеля

ось я: розбита кав'ярня у центрі, ребра салтівських
жилмасивів

сиві будинки і діти сиві

ось я: потрощене, рване тіло

ось я: цегляна цукрова пудра

рвані судини, артерії, жили

ось я: Харків, який хотіли асвабадіть та „схилити
до миру“

ось ви: ламаєте наші долі.

ось ми: ламаємо ваші шиї.

Leriya

When I Think of Ukraine

When I think of Ukraine, I think of strength.
The kind of strength you rarely hear about in present times. The kind of strength that a word barely defines.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of heart.
The kind of heart that despite all odds prevents their country from coming apart. The kind of heart that is conveyed in the most compelling works of art.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of courage. The kind of courage the world can't help but to acknowledge. The kind of courage that we've only read about in story books. The kind of courage that runs much deeper than it even looks.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of determination. The kind of determination that can conquer any situation. The kind of determination that fights for their country without hesitation and will surely be their salvation.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of kindness. The sort of kindness that instills hope inside us. The sort of kindness that compassionately cares for not only its own, but every human and animal that called their country home.

When I think of Ukraine, I think of a force that is impenetrable, unmovable, and filled to the brim with purpose. A country that's built upon a foundation of love, integrity and service.

Chelsey Armfield

BAMBINI CHE TI GUARDANO

„Un dolore lancinante,
bambini che ti guardano,
sembrano foglie in mano all'avversità.
Ho visto emozioni spiazzarmi,
a causa di questa 'strana' diversità".
Un giorno hanno preso in mano il monopolio.
E volendo controllare l'umanità, non sapendo che
farcì.
Trattavano l'anima come scambio merci.
Ora dietro al viso, so che scorre un fiume,
una storia fragile come piume.
E non basta, lo sai, tutto l'oro del mondo,
non basta a richiudere ferite, per cambiarne lo sfondo.
Qua son scelte di cattiveria voluta,
non come quando lanci una moneta. Per sceglierne il
destino.
Qua gli occhi diventano bagnati.

E dalle immagini dei cuori sfregiati,
il grido del mondo, gli occhi del mondo,
hanno ancora sete di amore!
Fermatele queste bombe!
Dite che le parole risolvono.
Intanto il fiato del dolore,
purtroppo incombe!.,

Enrico Salvagno

12/03/2022

favorite street became the warfare place
others are rapidly turning into anti-tank fields
from bags with the sand, defensive walls are raised
friends take weapons in their hands, wear bulletproof
vests
necessarily bind yellow ribbon on their arms
none of us wanted this

special operation for destroying nazi babies
relaxed schedule of air raids from 6:00 am till 6:00 pm
sounds almost like an office job
do they pay the same?

friends carry threatened to death but enormously
strong Ukrainian people on their backs
friends are defending our freedom
friends are dying in trenches

someone brings death
someone stands aside
someone will never stand again

Uliana Oliinyk

Slava Ukraini

When the tanks come after us like
Back in Tienanmen Square - we
Stood solitary in the protest of the
Power we didn't fear. But what's a man
Against a chunk of metal manufactured
Just to kill?

In Donbas we see the man in charge,
With fearless eyes and words to put
The world to shame. What's the modern
Age? Another war for nations states to
Congregate?

And they're stuck in freezing winters in
A chunk of metal to protect them while
They kill - does not the irony of life feel
Like a thrill? Never mind, we'll hate each
Other longer than we'll learn to get along -
Or is that wrong?

But that's the pessimism of an immature
Critique - the kind that writes a poem on the
Suffering, the bleak - of those whose wrinkles
Come before their time - the stress, the agony, the
The will that lets them fight - A spirit somewhere
Left alive.

I can picture in their eyes a glimpse of all they
Left behind - painted walls, a house behind those
Ocean eyes. Always fearful - is there coming back?
Tears and silent thoughts, with tight-lipped smiles
they sat;
And here we stand for you.

Slava Ukraini.

Jyotirmaya

Are being written...

Now, balades are being written
As the Holy pergament of Ukraine—
The land broken by cruel days —
Is being painted with the brave soldiers' blood.

Fairytales with heroes are being written
In which the sword of rightness is triumphal.
With tears, on cheeks as white papers,
The poetry of broken hearts is being written.

And in the women 's ears, with an echo,
His last words keep being written for infinity:
'Don't cry, my darling, I'll be a hero!
And I'll love you even in grave! '

And mothers are diving deep into the eyes
Of their little babies : there seems to be the heaven
In which they escape for a second
From the burning hell of the war.

And the wife's tear, fallen on the ground,
Will kiss his blood.
Snowdrops will raise in that place then,
Proclaiming the beginning of a new spring!

Novels are being written on the souls
Of all the Ukrainians.
But the Crucified Ukraine
Will be resurrected, undefeated!

Slava Ukraine!

Roșca Lucian-Andrei
from Romania

#WeStandWithU

Shoot a bullet for Mykolaiv,
For Odessa, Kharkiv, Kheroson.
Shoot a bullet for every life line
Young or old that they have destroyed

They are lying and lying on purpose
And keep claiming that „We never knew!“
Never knew that they were and are bombing
Peaceful, cheerful, alive avenues.

Never knew that they were attacking
Our hospitals and our homes
Never knew that people were dying
From russians' awful bombs.

They are telling that blame is on Putin
And keep pretending that war is a lie
„You are bombing yourself, cause you're stupid“
Can you fucking please open your eyes?

russian people, can you just fucking listen
To the truth that is spoken worldwide
Can you try and see your damn missiles

That destroyed thousands people and lifes

Can you stop freaking tell us you're sorry
And just do things to fight the regime
That's pretending you're dying in glory
When you're just getting deeper in shit.

How can you be so easy to trust them
When they say there's no casualties here
When your people are dying and dying
In the battles they thought they can win.

There's no „special peace operation“
That fights „nazis from the Ukraine“
russia's trying to conquer a country
That will never give up. Not a chance.

Cause we value our freedom and honor
Because we are protecting our lands
And forever and always we're loyal
To a country, who's name is Ukraine

Anastasia Bat from Ukraine

З Україною В серці

Our Motherland is in danger.
We know the power of resistance.
Our forces are wonderful angels,
But the enemies don't afraid distance.

Our cities're ruined and ghosted.
We can't count on our tears.
They do not admit guilt, but just boasted
Of uncountable losts and fears.

But we will never surrender.
There's a trace of ancestors in blood.
Everyone there now is defender
And Ukraine'll never fall apart!

Maslenkova Darya

Schwarz

Schwarz ist nun die Erde
Und rot des Blutes Fluss,
Laut hinten noch ein Schuss,
Nichts zu sehen von Russlands Herde,
Die hier gewütet hat.

Wo im Kopf oder in der Seele
Findet einer all die Worte,
Dass er ja nicht fehle,
Wenn er das Grauen an diesem Orte
Zu beschreiben hat?
Kopf und auch die Seele
Bluten wie das Land.

Es blutet jedes Wort
Für den Bauern, der nichts mehr wiederfand,
Was für ihn sein Lebensort,

Die Familie auf der Flucht,
Der Bauer noch die Gründe sucht
Für russische Befehle,

Folgen eines Größenwahns
Haben hier das Leben ganz zerstört.
Alles, was dem Bauern gestern noch gehört,
Ist nun im Panzermatsch zermahlen.

Was habt ihr dem armen Bauern bloß getan,
Soldaten dieses Wahns.
In seinem Gesichte seht ihr seine Qualen.

Er weiß nicht, wie ihm geschah,
Nichts ist mehr, wie er es kannte,
Keine Hoffnung mehr, die er einst sah,
Alles nun verbrannte.

Sagt bloß nichts, Soldaten der Verwüstung,
Das Elend versteht die Sprache nicht,
Die aus euren Panzern spricht
Und lauter ist als jedes Wort.
Leid und Tod sind das Ergebnis eurer Rüstung,
Damit an jedem Ort

Schwarz die Erde, rot das Blut,
Wahnsinn werde, schwer der Mut!

Kröten des Nichts, haltet euren Zug!
Es ist sehr spät,
Der Wind der Freiheit weht,
Der jeden noch zum Frieden trug.
Hört auf mit eurem Krieg!
Mit Waffen gibt es keinen Sieg!

Frank Brokmann

SCHOOL

bombed school
is the triumph of the russian weapons

it is good that students were taken away
even before the shelling
otherwise no one
would survive

there's map of the world
is hanging torn in pieces
the room for geography

helpless textbooks
scattered on the floor:
ancient literature with charred covers
is a recent story with a torn core

Dmytro Lazutkin from Ukraine

LABORATORY WORK

a pleasure to welcome you dear guests
unfortunately we don't have oil
so whatever you need
we can give in blood
blood harvest is lavish here

blood is our national currency
for what else can we use for payment
blood is our national idea
for it clots fast and leaks into the ground

our buses are made from blood
our work tools are made from blood
our women – from milk and blood
you can suck it with a needle
or pump it with a blower
dedicatedly like a vampire
self-confidently like a bull

blood is strong like morning coffee
blood is cheaper than ever
blood is salty blood is sweet
comes in a handy package
of a ukrainian army man

on blood is our faith
on blood is our hope
on blood is our guilt
and our devotion to bladed weapons

so dear visitors
feel free to sit down
drink from plastic cups
turn the music on
ukraine is a golden fish
in black venous water

Dmytro Lazutkin from Ukraine

Закрийте нам небо

Мое сонечко, моя квітонька,
Моя радість, моє зайченятко,
Чом всміхаєшся, моя донечко,
Мабуть знову наснився татко?

Моя зіронька, моє серденько
Уві сні шепотіла тихенько:
Я чекаю на тебе татечку
І молюся щодня, як і ненька.

Моя мужня та сильна дівчинка
Говорила: сирен не боюсь,
Бо я знаю, що нас берегтиме
Добрий Боженька й любий татусь.

Трудівниця. Натруджені рученьки.
А сьогодні так крепко стомилась,
Помічницею стала матусеньці:
Плести сітки вже добре навчилась.

А на вечір горнулась до матінки,
Поцілунок вмостила на щічку:
Снів солодких, моя мамусенько,
Дай нам Боже спокійної нічки...

Моя люба маленька дівчинко,
Моя рідна кровинонька мила,
Помолімося в бомбосховищі
ППО щоб ракети збила.

Марія Демянюк м.Хмельницький

О птичках

Голуби смело живут в моей хате
И на столе они , и на кровати
Запах чудесный теперь на портъере
Дом не разрушен- есть рамы и двери.
Волны взрывные... и птички у ложа
Пусть обосрут они мне его тоже.
Я убежала и некому больше
Окна прикрыть мне после бомбежек.
Снег и морозы, воды и ветер-
Спряталась птичка – я радуюсь этим.
Как уезжала, то хлебчик остался-
Кушайте, голуби, и поправляйтесь.
Я как приеду, -проголодаюсь
Супчик сварю с вас – не обижайтесь!

Модно сейчас говорить о тех птичках,
Что принесут врагам много больничных.
Ах, если б правду они Вам сказали,
Что поведали, чем нахлебались.
Где им пришлось ночевать и что видеть...
Окон нет- мелочь. Нам выжить ... и жить бы!

Котик с Харькова

Воздушная тревога

Опять, опять, опять.
А я б и не подумала,
как страшно засыпать.
Вот вспомнила, что раньше любила я играть
В «Мафию» с друзьями и типа «засыпать».
«Город засыпает». Мафия не спит.
«Город просыпается». Кто у нас убит?
Было так нам весело. Шутя играли мы.
Сейчас же ждешь-надеешься.
«Все ль выжили жильцы?»
Я знаю, всё закончится.
Хоть выживут не все.
Но нужно всё отстроить нам.
Забывать бы о беде.
Не будут дети вздрагивать
От звука «бах.. бах.. бах»
Салюты не нужны уж нам...
Нам просто ...ТИШИНЫ!

Котик с Харькова

Poem about war in Ukraine

I'm Okhtyrka.

No more power and heat. Ruined yards.

I'm scared, cold, aching, and it's getting darker.

But darkness is nothing against the fire in hearts.

I'm Chernihiv.

Yes, I am wounded, but I ensure

that with no exception, Russian invaders leave

nowhere. Our soil could use organic manure.

I'm Kharkiv.

Can't recall how to sleep in a bed at night.

Out of guided missiles, my sky is weaved.

But someday you will learn from me how to fight.

I'm Zhytomyr.

Shattered hospitals here, one of them a maternity

home.

But a bearded man at the checkpoint adjusts his gear.

He fought the enemy at Svitlodarka, and will miss at

none.

I am Lviv.

I live, smell like coffee, take in refugees, and make
sure

they have lighter dreams and feel some relief.

I'm open. I try to smile. I care.

I'm Ternopil.

I'm fine. Helping out whoever I can is my part,

so that people keep calm, have faith in the Army, and

pray.

I'm in awe to witness the courage and beauty they've got.

I'm Mariupol.

The horde attacks. But the world's bravest warriors hold their ground.

Father's hands lie upon a teenager, killed at Putin's call.

See to it, oh Lord, that our enemies burn in hell for all they've done!

I am Kyiv.

I volunteer, marvel at empty streets, hide in the subway.

Several times a day, the siren howls and chokes here, aggrieved.

But I stand, and I will stand. As ever, the Dnieper will flow its way.

I'm Dnipro.

I bring in the wounded, docs at Mechnikova keep their watch.

And I know good defeats evil at all times, it is the law. So I go on collecting medicine, blood, warm clothes, and such.

I'm Odesa.

I have kosher Czech hedgehogs, be aware.

Truth be told, I wouldn't advise you, Russia, to come. But together my people stock cocktails in case you dare.

I'm Mykolaiv.

The enemy squirms hissing at me, his soldiers are dying to capture.

But I laugh in their faces. I'm holding the line ever still.

While they „train“ in Kulbakin and learn their lesson, for sure.

I'm Enerhodar.

Out of their minds, they fight a nuclear power plant, irate.

Admit, oh Lord, when you placed these monsters onto your land,

you were tired, bitter and not thinking straight.

I am Kruty.

Carved in my memory is the violent clash, the Red Army won then.

A century after in the same place, Russians met my rage.

This time Ukrainians got their revenge with all might and main.

I'm Kherson.

The enemy seized me. Well, even so, I'm holding the base.

It's scary, and my heart is racing, but in unison with a man holding the flag of Ukraine right in the occupant's face.

I am Ukraine.

They crushed my airports, houses, and the giant Mriya I made.

I am that man who stops the tanks, and that granny eager to grow those seeds for grain.

I am that woman in labour hearing her son's first cry in a shelter during the air raid.

It hurts so much to lose Heroes. On my knees, I'll
bury every one of them and wail.
But the empire's in agony. The empire will fall and
will rot in sores.
And my people are solid. It is they who know how to
love. And they win the wars.

*Nastka Fedchenko,
translated by Olena Boltushkina*

Vain

„She’s far from you“
You didn’t mind
This thought returning
All the time

She’s far away
She and her eyes
There’s war going, thanks
That she’s alive

But how long will it be, this war
Who caused it, and what does this for?
You bombed baby hospital, and well
Russian soldier, you will burn in hell

We will stand instead of all the pain
There will be scars, and they’ll remain
Those you have killed, you think they’re vain
Our brothers and sisters? Think again

Андрій Усенко

Empire of Humanity

The air of terror will vanish soon, Perplexed situations
will sweep through the difficult strains,

Gates of joy and peace will open on souls who are
covering the toughest journeys with stern hope,

Havoc of humanity will topple the hollow cages of
power,

There will come a day when the darkest hours no
longer will shatter the peace of mind,

And no longer will the injustice rule its cracked tower.

Nazish Sabir

A new journey

Bright days will knock hello soon,
Sun will sing again those beautiful tunes,
The air will send soothing vibes once more,
Again their will be places open to humanity,
Filled with harmony and hope,

Solace and solidarity will rule these lands,
Souls will embrace the beauty of longevity for land,
A chapter on hatred will wind up soon,
A journey of happiness will begin soon,

Oh the mothers will smile again,
For their children will get to play again,
Running around the streets with joy,
Such an amazing scene would it be soon,

What an encounter would it be,
Meeting the land and dreaming of good days,

Looking forward with utmost hope,
And working for the better future while rejecting
chaos.

Nazish Sabir