POEMS 4 PEACE
WORKSHOP

Daphne Alexopoulou
Belinda Brazier
Lawrence Guntner
Damiri Knapheide
Hedwig Knapheide
Leonard Knapheide
Lilian Noetzel
Erica Sapir
Gregor Schultz
Latifah Taormina
Osanna Vaughn
My home is my garden

My house is where I eat and sleep;
My home is my garden;
My garden is where I live and breathe.
The first glance at morning
Is to the slender birches
Filtering early morning sunlight onto May
    green leaves.
Finches and robin red breasts flutter as they vie
for seeds
While morning ground fog blankets my meadow.

— Lawrence Guntner
I am walking down the streets of my town

I am walking down the streets of my town;
I see many people suffering.
They hunger for interaction, for peace among themselves;
They have become isolated beings.
I suffer with them;
I want to reach out,
Want to open a space
Where we can meet
Where we can be whole again.
But I don’t know how.
I observe the birds.
They are singing.
I follow them.

— Damiri Knapheide
To Hold

Her hand,  
Old, speckled  
Holds  
The small  
Plump  
Hand  
Of the child

To once again  
Hold  
The wonder  
Of love.

— Latifah Taormina
One night God held me in his lap

One night God held me
In His lap
And showed me
His infinite love –
Since then –
How can I be upset with
Anyone?

— Erica Sapir
When I don’t feel love within myself

When I don’t feel love within myself, it must be that God breathes in – and then He breathes out - and all the galaxies and stars happen, and the neuron and protons, and the dust and water and flowers and birds and babies and trees and spring and autumn and colours and people.

— Erica Sapir
Clustering

Clustering is a technique,
Clustering is love,
Clustering is love,
But --- is love
Clustering too?

— Gregor Schultz
We all have a fountain

We all have a fountain where we nourish ourselves
Our garden – our world – our earth.
Form our inner world
Where the water spreads out
Into the light – the sun
Which lights up our world.
Where the birds are singing
Like on hot summer day.
Our fountains there – always
Inside each of us
To water the plants, the world again and again,
Full of hope for more blooming
Deep into the earth
Where the flowers spread out
Like the flower of our inner.
We are all connected
With love
In our watered garden,
Our blooming world.

— Belinda Brazier
Mein liebes Kind

Mein liebes Kind,
Wo kamst Du her –
Leicht wie ein Löwenzahnsamen –
Oder zart und lebendig
Wie Musik von Gott und Mensch?
War da erst
Eine Rose, stachlig und schön
Ein Erbarmen mit unseren Schwäche?
Die Hilfe, die Du uns gabst
Schon als Kind, so brav, so weich,
So freundlich –
Ja, zerbrochen wären wir
Ohne Dich, Frieden zu schaffen
War nur so möglich – Liebe, Vergebung
Und langes Lernen.

— Hedwig Knapheide
If you want to know ‘bout love

If you want to know ‘bout love,
You have to travel faster,
Fast as you can,
To see yourself travel through
This ancient stuff, called family,
The next generation – one, two, three,
Is on their way, their way, they want to have
Their own hot summer,
Like your parents, when they started
Their business – with you.

— Gregor Schultz
Love Cluster

BIG love, small love
Tiny love,
All-consuming love
Love in small phrases
Small places, in public.
Love first, love last.
Love shred
Love in moderation
Love
Eros
Agape

— Daphne Alexopoulou