

# POEMS 4 PEACE

## WORKSHOP

Daphne Alexopoulou

Belinda Brazier

Lawrence Guntner

Damiri Knapheide

Hedwig Knapheide

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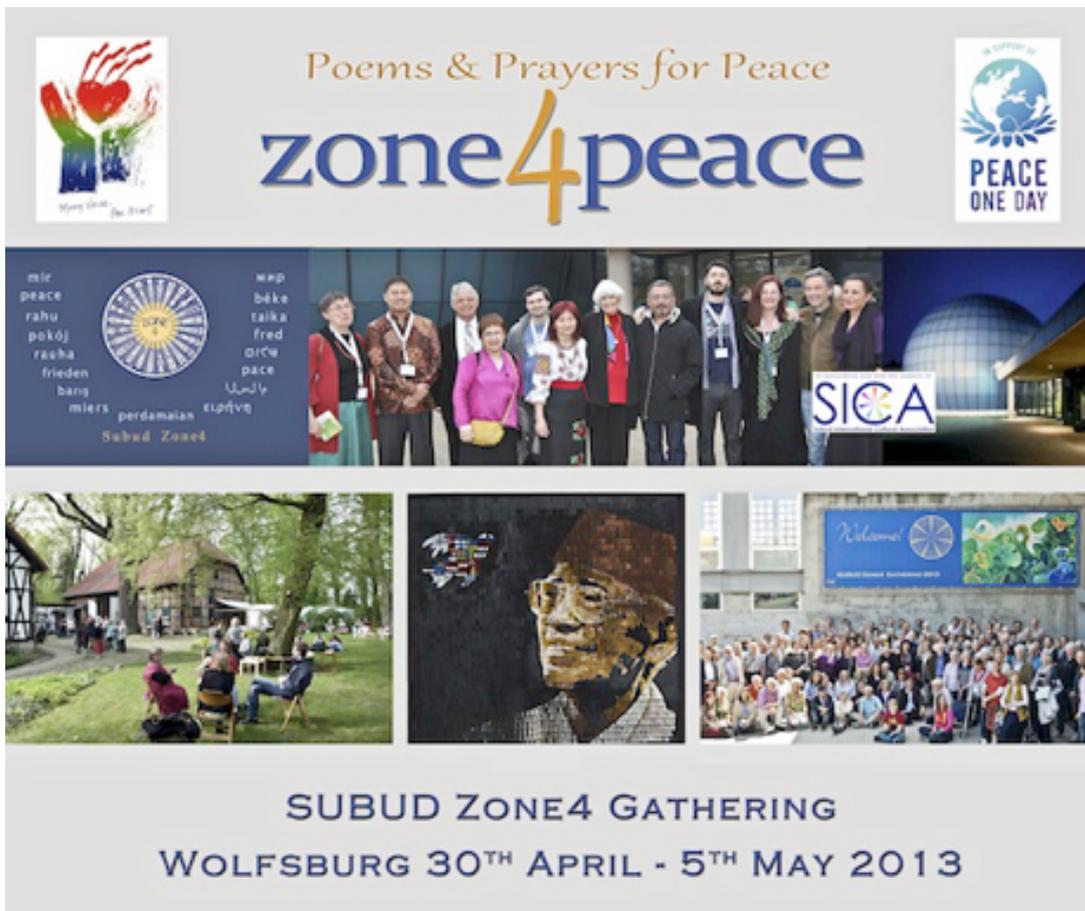
Lilian Noetzel

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