



**European
Bureau for
Conscientious
Objection**



POEMS

from the PEACE POETRY event for Ukraine: "Make Poetry, Not War"

A free and open peace poetry online event, with conscientious objectors and activists reading peace poems for Ukraine and in solidarity with the [Ukrainian Pacifist Movement / Український Рух Паціфістів](#), was co-organised by the [European Bureau for Conscientious Objection \(EBCO\)](#) and [War Resisters' International \(WRI\)](#) on Thursday 18 August 2022.

Joint press release: <https://ebco-beoc.org/node/539>

Facebook event: <https://www.facebook.com/events/5254947524623855>

You can watch the video recording of the event here: <https://youtu.be/Fdoh8Sb-w84>

You can read the poems recited during the event here below.

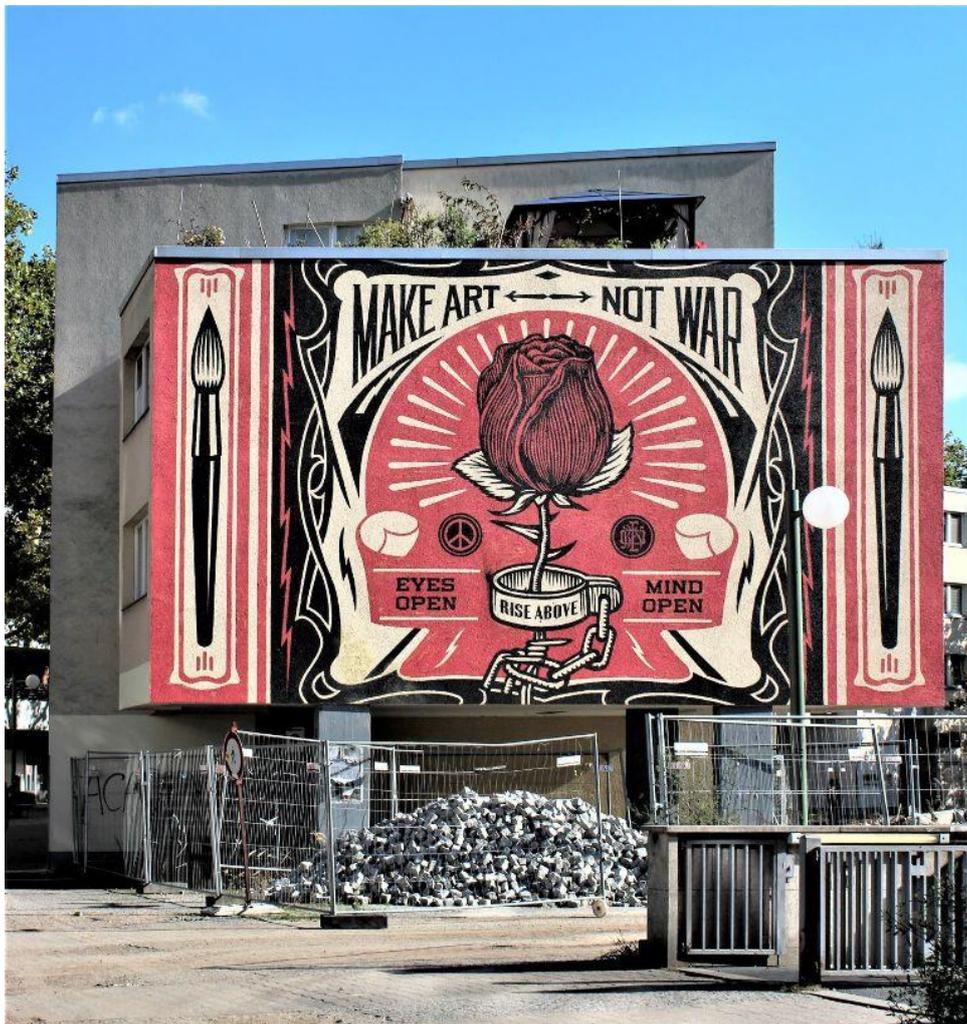


Photo by Friedhelm Schneider, Berlin, Germany, 2022.

Poem recited by Ria Verjauw
by Els de Groen from her book
“naar beneden vallen”

Dutch:

Soldaten sterven niet
Ze sneuvelen als kopjes
vallen als een stilte of
lossen op in nevels
van vermiste mensen.

Soldaten sterven niet
ze ruimen onverwacht
en onbedoeld het veld dat
slagveld zal gaan heten.

Schuldig en geschrokken
vlecht de wereld kransen
schrijft hun naam in marmer
en bezingt hun moed
opdat kinderen doorgaan
soldaat te willen worden.

English translation:

Soldiers don't get killed
They get smashed like cups
fall like silence falls and
vanish in the haze of
numerous missing persons.

Incognito they leave
abandoning the field
to poets and historians
who name it battlefield.

Embarrassed and in shock
mankind is laying wreaths
writing names in marble
singing the praise of guts
so that kids keep saying
they will train as soldiers.

Poem chosen by Merve Arkun
General, Your Tank
Bertolt Brecht

General, your tank is a powerful vehicle.
It smashes down forest and crushes a hundred men.
But it has one defect:
It needs a driver.

General, your bomber is powerful.
It flies faster than a storm and carries more than an elephant.
But it has one defect:
It needs a mechanic.

General, man is very useful.
He can fly and he can kill.
But he has one defect:
He can think.

Poem by Halil Karapaşaođlu

Ex-Serviceman, CY 3297

***Argyros Louka'ya**

1* dudaklarımı
öpüşünden anlıyorum
öldüğümü"
ölüm ve uyku arasında
tenimdeki bu hoşgörü
kırlan bulutların ardına
gelincik çiçekleri yağar Mağusa limanına
ağır gelir yaprakları
tutamam!
elim toprakta kalır
toprak uyku kadar uzakta
bayrağın kutsallığına
göğsümde ölü erkeklerin
elleri sarkar aşağıya
büyür devlet
ölüler çoğaldıkça
1* Tuğçe Koroğlu

*Argyros Louka, İkinci Paylaşım Savaşı'nda Mağusa Limanı'nda Britanya askeri olarak görev yapmaktadır. 1941 yılında İtalyan savaş uçaklarının limanı bombalamasından dolayı birçok arkadaşı ölür. Kendisi elini kaybeder. 1960 yılında Richmond'da bulunan "Gelincik Çiçeği Fabrikası"nda işçi olarak çalışmaya başlar. Gelincik Çiçeği Fabrikası, Birinci Paylaşım Savaşı'ndan sonra savaş gazileri ile dayanışmak için İngiliz Kraliyeti tarafından kurulmuştur.

Ex-Serviceman, CY 3297

*** Argyros Louka'ya**

"I understand from your kiss
that I'm dead"
between death and sleep
this tolerance because of my skin
behind the breaking clouds
poppy flowers rain into the port of Famagusta
heavy leaves of poppy flowers
I can't hold!
my hand remains on the ground
the earth is as far away as sleep
to the sanctity of the flag
hands of dead men in my chest
hanging down
the state grows
as the dead body increases

Poem recited by Michalis Maragkakis

Greek:

Αργύρης Μαρινέρος

ΤΩΡΑ...

Τώρα τελείωσε ο πόλεμος μας είπαν
Σπείρτε μέσα στα κράνη σας λουλούδια
Και μεις τους πιστέψαμε
Τώρα τελείωσε ο πόλεμος μας είπαν
Τα κανόνια θα τα κάνουμε τρακτέρ
Και μεις τους πιστέψαμε
Τώρα τελείωσε ο πόλεμος μας είπαν
Χτίστε τα σπίτια σας κάντε οικογένειες
Και μεις τους πιστέψαμε
Τώρα τελείωσε ο πόλεμος τους είπαμε
Κι αφήστε μας ήσυχους δίπλα
Στα λουλούδια τα τρακτέρ και τα παιδιά μας
Μα αυτοί δεν μας πίστεψαν.

English translation:

Argyris Marneros

NOW...

Now the war is over we were told
Sow flowers in your helmets
And we believed them
Now the war is over we were told
We will turn cannons into tractors
And we believed them
Now the war is over we were told
Build your homes, make families
And we believed them
Now the war is over we told them
And leave us quiet next to
our flowers, our tractors and children
But they didn't believe us.

Poem recited by Friedhelm Schneider

Bertolt Brecht

(1951)

German:

Bitten der Kinder

Die Häuser sollen nicht brennen.
Bomber sollt man nicht kennen.
Die Nacht soll für den Schlaf sein.
Leben soll keine Straf sein.

Die Mütter sollen nicht weinen.
Keiner soll müssen töten einen.
Alle sollen was bauen.
Da kann man allen trauen.
Die Jungen sollen's erreichen.
Die Alten desgleichen.

English version by Riccardo Venturi (2006):

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS

The houses should not burn.
We should not know what bombers are.
The night should be made for sleep.
Life should not be pain and punishment.
The mothers should not weep.
Nobody should kill anybody.
Everybody should build something
That everybody can trust.
The young must reach it.
The old, they must too.

**Poem by Stephan Brües about Nash Dom in April, originally in German, translated in english with deepL.
Stephan Brües is co-chair of Federation for Social Defence (BSV) and council member of WRI, member of
DFG-VK (and worked for it from 1996-2003 with special reference to CO).**

Nash Dom - Our house

Our house has many rooms
for tenants who suffer under the arbitrariness of the administration,
for mothers whose sons are tortured and locked away for alleged drug possession,
for people who are persecuted by the police,
for people who want to solve conflicts with others without violence,
for pupils who want to settle disputes

Our house has many doors
Real and virtual.
The first ones protect the persecuted.
The second show the arbitrariness of the henchmen.
All lead to more freedom
All lead to more knowledge about civil rights.
All lead to more action for civil rights.

Our House calls "No means No" - No to the war on Ukraine!
It calls for opposing the lies of war with the truth.
It calls for the withdrawal of men from the Belarusian army.
It calls for no participation in Putin's war.
It calls on the young conscripts,
to flee to the Owls, the resistant women.

The Owls are calling mothers en masse,
to stop them from sending their sons to Ukraine.
And the sons refuse to go to Ukraine.
The general of the armed forces resigned from his post in frustration.
His pleading with the soldiers had led to no result.

No remained No.
Imagine it's war,
and where no one* thought it would happen - in Belarus -
nobody goes into it.

(Stephan Brües, 12.04.2022) * in Western countries

Poem recited by Yota Arvaniti

SCI Hellas

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

Poem by Maya Angelou

The free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wings
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with fearful trill
of the things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill for the caged bird
sings of freedom

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

Poem recited by Derek Brett
The Universal Soldier
by Buffy Sainte-Marie

He's five foot-two, and he's six feet-four,
He fights with missiles and with spears.
He's all of thirty-one, and he's only seventeen,
He's been a soldier for a thousand years.

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an Atheist, a Jain,
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew.
And he knows he shouldn't kill,
And he knows he always will,
Kill you for me my friend and me for you.

And he's fighting for Canada,
He's fighting for France,
He's fighting for the USA,
And he's fighting for the Russians,
And he's fighting for Japan,
And he thinks we'll put an end to war this way.

And he's fighting for Democracy,
He's fighting for the Reds,
He says it's for the peace of all.
He's the one who must decide,
Who's to live and who's to die,
And he never sees the writing on the wall.

But without him,
How would Hitler have condemned him at Labau?
Without him Caesar would have stood alone,
He's the one who gives his body
As a weapon of the war,
And without him all this killing can't go on.

He's the Universal Soldier and he really is to blame,
His orders come from far away no more,
They come from here and there and you and me,
And brothers can't you see,
This is not the way we put an end to war.

Bob Dylan - Masters of War

Come you masters of war
You that build the big guns
You that build the death planes
You that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know

I can see through your masks
You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly
Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain
You fasten all the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you sit back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
While the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud
You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins
How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
That even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do
Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could?
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul
And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket
By the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand over your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

[Greeting and poem recited by Ruslan Kotsaba](#)

President of the Ukrainian Pacifist Movement

Poem "A Dream" by Kobzar of Ukraine, Taras Shevchenko

Taras Shevchenko

THE DREAM

A COMEDY

"Son" (Komedija) / "U vsiakoho svoia dolia"

The spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive,
because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him...

John xiv. 17.

To every man his destiny,
His path before him lies,
One man builds, one pulls to ruins,
One, with greedy eyes,
Looks far out, past the horizon,
Whether there remains
Some country he can seize and bear
With him to his grave;
That one his own kinsman robs
By card-play in his home,
One, crouching in the corner, whets
His knife against his own
Brother, and that one, quiet and sober,
Pious and God-fearing,
Would creep up like a kitten, wait
Until the time you're having
Some trouble, and then drive his claws
Deep into your liver —
Useless to implore—for neither
Wife nor babes will move him.
One, generous and opulent,
Builds churches everywhere,
And so much loves "the Fatherland",
So deeply for it cares,
And with such skill he draws away
The poor thing's blood like water!
And the brethren, looking on,
Their eyes wide with wonder...

...

My soul! My soul!
Why are you not joyful?
Why, my poor soul, are you sad ?
Why so vainly weeping?
What are you so sorry for? "But do you not see it?
Do you not hear how the people are weeping?
Look, then, and see! Meanwhile, I shall fly, speeding
High, high above, through the blue-clouded heavens,
Where there are no rulers, where there is no vengeance,
Where comes no sound of man's laughter or tears.

See there—in that paradise you are now quitting,
They tear off the patched ragged coat of a cripple,
Tear it off with the skin, for they lack, it appears,
Shoes for young princelings. And there a poor widow
For poll-tax is crucified, and her one dear
Son, her one child, her one hope, must be seized,
Handcuffed, and put in the army—he's missing,
You see, from the total they need... And there, under
The fence (while its serf-mother reaps for her master),
A child, starved and swollen, is dying of hunger.
And yonder—do you see—Eyes, eyes!
What are you good for? Why
Have you not shrivelled up from childhood,
All your tears run dry?
Here by the fence, a ruined girl
Limps footsore with her bastard,
Father and mother both renounced her,
To strangers she's an outcast,
Old beggars shun her...
The young lord Knows naught; still under age,
Squanders away his serfs on drink
With his twentieth flame."
Does God see from behind His cloud
Our tears and suffering?
Maybe He does see it, too —
But the help He brings —
Like that of ancient mountains, watered
With the blood of men!...
O my poor, unhappy soul,
How you cause me pain!
Let us drink poison, and lie down
In the ice to sleep,
Let us even unto God
Send thought, and answer seek:
How long will hangmen in this world
Their dominion keep?

Poem recited by Mado Baboula

SCI Hellas

Peace

Poem by Yannis Ritsos

Translated by Kimon Friar

The dreams of a child are peace
The dreams of a mother are peace
The words of love under the trees are peace
The father who returns at dusk with a wide smile in his eyes
with a basket in his hands full of fruit
and the drops of sweat on his brow
which are like drops on a jug as it cools its water on the windowsill,
are peace

When wounds heal on the world's face
and in the pits dug by shellfire we have planted trees
and in hearts scorched by conflagration hope sprouts its first buds
and the dead can turn over on their side and sleep without complaining
knowing their blood was not spilled in vain,
this is peace.

Peace is the odour of food at evening
When an automobile stopping in the street does not mean fear
When a knock on the door means a friend
And the opening of a window every hour means sky
Feasting our eyes with the distant bells of its colours,
this is peace.

Peace is a glass of warm milk and a book before the awakening child
When wheat stalks lean toward one another saying: the light, the light
And the horizon's wreath overbrims with light,
This is peace.

...

When death takes up but little room in the heart
And chimneys point with firm fingers at happiness
When the large carnation of sunset
can be smelled equally by poet and proletariat,
this is peace.

Peace is the clenched fist of men
it is warm bread on the world's table
it is a mother's smile.

Only this.

Peace is nothing else
And that ploughs that cut deep furrows in all earth
Write one name only:
Peace. Nothing else. Peace.

On the backbone of my verses
The train advancing toward the future
Laden with wheat and roses
Is peace.

My brothers
all the world with all its dreams
breathes deeply in peace.
Give us your hands, brothers,
This is peace.

Poem recited by Daniele Taurino

By Aldo Capitini, Colloquio corale, Pisa, Pacini Mariotti, 1956.

Italian:

Da alta torre ho guardato ai quattro punti dell'orizzonte.
Andrò a raccogliere i morti sui campi di battaglia.
Distenderò le braccia e le gambe rattratte.
Chiuderò le palpebre fredde sui fissi occhi.
Non posso vedere uno sguardo se non odo la parola.
Invisibile la vita affida compiti tristi.
Riassumo i miei anni, non bastano i dolori sofferti.

Tra poco urti di uomini e spaventosi fragori.
E le persone sospinte insegue strappate.
Dentro le mille pazzie della guerra anch'io mi troverò.
Aprirò parole pure, ordine di pensieri, atti fraterni.
Intanto prenderanno il condannato, gli diranno di scavare una fossa.
Poi egli guarderà intorno i colli immobili, il cielo.
Qualche rumore lontano di vita gli giungerà.
Non avrà più il tempo di ripensare a tante giornate.
Alle voci di persone care, ai tu ricevuti.
Nemmeno di prevedere, di venire a un accordo con i fatti.
E resterà così, in una strana obbedienza.
E quando spareranno i fucili, in una vampa salirà un grido.
Il grido umano che è tardi, e si perde.
Liberare, liberare al più presto.
Mi diranno: perché non vieni a combattere con noi ?
Non mi comprenderanno, eseguiranno la guerra.
Ho amato essere con altri, quanto la luce degli occhi.
Così bello è il lavoro unito, la fiducia, l'aiuto!
Mescolarsi agli altri modestamente vestito.
Nel cerchio di uguali ascoltare e parlare.
Ed ora nessuno vuol ascoltare, e pur sono tutte persone.
Son divenuto estraneo, gli altri non sentono che ci sono
Le risposte secche, e l'amico che guarda dall'altra parte
Sarebbe facile che mi unissi attivissimo a loro.
Obliando l'unità aperta, il di là dalla guerra?
Resto qui diviso da tutti, per la più profonda unità.
Tutto finora era una prova, la realtà deve ancora incominciare.
Ogni essere era anche altro, e non lo sapeva.
Ma ora viene questo altro, e importa ciò che si apre.

English translation:

From high tower I looked to the four horizon points.
I will go to gather the battlefield dead.
I will stretch out my saddened arms and legs.
I will close the cold eyelids on the fixed eyes.
I cannot see a look unless I hear the word.
Invisible life entrusts sad tasks.
I summarize my years, the pains suffered are not enough.
In a little while bumps of men and frightful clangs.
And people pushed chased torn.
I will be also inside the thousand madnesses of war.
I will open pure words, order of thoughts, fraternal acts.
Meanwhile they will take the condemned man, tell him to dig a grave.
Then he will look around at the motionless hills, the sky.
Some distant sound of life will reach him.
He will no longer have time to think back to so many days.
To the voices of loved ones, to the thou received.
Not even to foresee, to come to an agreement with facts.
And he will stay like that, in a weird obedience.
And when the rifles are fired, in a blaze a cry will go up.
The human cry that it is late, and it is lost.
Free, Free as soon as possible.
They will say to me: why don't you come and fight with us?
They will not understand me, they will execute the war.
I loved to be with others, as much as the light of the eyes.
So beautiful is united work, trust, help!

To mingle with others modestly dressed.
In the circle of equals listening and talking.
And now no one wants to listen, and yet they are all people.
I have become a stranger, others do not feel that I'm here.
The dry answers, and the friend who looks the other way.
It would be easy for me to join active with them.
Obliging open unity, the beyond war?
I remain here divided from all, for the deepest unity.
Everything so far was a rehearsal, the reality has yet to begin.
Each being was also other, and did not know it.
But now comes this other, and it matters what opens.

Poem recited by Evangelos Vlachakis

Poem by Halil Karapaşaoğlu

***Traces of Travel**

it's the shyness of a woman who dines
with a western traveller
which appetizes the feast
she is elegant, well-mannered, and literate
the requisitions of being an "englishwoman"

our generous hospitality
makes us destitute to all nations
from east across to west
at the dining table

as if civilization drinks the beauty of power
the biggest betrayal wraps itself around our tongue
and this island with the pride of being host to civilizations
each occupation turns into honour
in texts that we will write in the future

*Book of Alexander William Kinglake
Translated by Gürgeç Korkmazel

Ridiculous War, a poem by Yurii Sheliuzhenko

Too many fairy tales of war
For killers' glory told.
This story of another sort:
How laughter made war stop.

Imagine life in times of dove
When peace in minds prevails.
United Earth embraced by love
And everyone are friends.

A couple of friends had wish insane
Divide and rule all lands.
So Anti put on East his name,
And Super got her West.

They signed peace treaty with a pledge
To leave alone each other
On Anti-people's father-land
And Super-people's land-mother.

Those Anti, Super – chosen dudes.
To them, obey and pay!
Ask humbly from your own tributes
Some means to live today.

They promise, promise you a lot
In words, fine coins, on paper.
You found that your soul is sold,
All souls are sold together.

Trust blindly, you belong to us.
If not, you enemy, weep!
The Super-people kick people's asses
And Anti-people beat people.

Fellows tired of blood and gore
Instead of promised miracle.
They asked Anti what he's for.
They said Super, she's equal.

Facing good people, rulers went mad,
Called patriots be martyrs;
Super preemptively self-defended
From self-defense of Anti.

So Super-people and Anti-people
Turned armed and hating crowds:
Anti-heroes to kill and cripple,
Super-heroic liars.

Both armies marched to the war!
One soul on middle ground
Thought common sense need to return,
Set free enslaved crowds.

Both Super-crowd and Anti-crowd
Told to shoot, not stare...
A good joke made them all to laugh:
"War – super-anti-fair!"

People's laughter shaken sky and land.
Fake gods of war were gone.
All people on Earth were friends again
Enjoying peace at home.

Too many fairy tales of war
For killers' glory told.
But this one only have a worth:
How laughter made war stop.

Poem by Panagiotis Eleftherakis and Victoria Dallari

Greek:

Αυτό που θά 'πρεπε τους ανθρώπους να ενώνει
Είναι αυτό πού τους ανθρώπους τούς χωρίζει
Το Φύλο, η φυλή το έθνος καί η θρησκεία
Της εξουσίας του πολέμου εργαλεία
Στους τόπους που 'πρεπε λουλούδια να ανθίζουν
Οι ήχοι από τα όπλα πρέπει να σιγήσουν
Και η μυρωδιά της φωτιάς τους να εξαφανιστεί
Και από τα άνθη στον αιθέρα να διαδοθεί
του έρωτα Το Τριαντάφυλλο της Παναγίας
Μαζί με το γεράνι τραύμα της καρδιάς
Θα επουλώσει, τίς παλιές τίς μνήμες που σου λένε μη
Αν θα αφεθείς στη μέθη από το γιασεμί
Μανταρίνι και το πορτοκαλί της χαράς
Και το Νερολι από τα φύλλα της νερατζιάς
Φαντασία μια ζωή για να δημιουργήσεις
Και πόλεμο ποτέ να μην ξαναθελήσεις

English translation by Evangelos Vlachakis:

What should bring people together
Is what separates people
Gender, race, nation and religion
The tools of war power
In places where flowers should bloom
The sounds of guns must be silenced
And the smell of their fire must disappear
And from the flowers to the ether spread
the love of The Rose of Mary
Along with the geranium wound of the heart
It will heal the old memories that tell you not to
If you let yourself get drunk on jasmine
Mandarin and the orange of joy
And neroli from the leaves of the water lily
Imagine a life to create
And never want war again

Peace to You! Мир Вам! a poem by Yuri Sheliashenko

I wish all the better
All people in the world
To calm any hatred
Avoid any war
If leaders are jealous
Refuse to act good
Court in the Peace Palace
Will solve their dispute

Poem recited by Alexia Tsouni

Poem by Halil Karapaşaoğlu

Dream Eater; A Typical Murder Series I.

On an island, an imam and a priest had sex. Both were pregnant. Both gave birth to half freaks. The gods are enraged. They split the island in two. The freaks gathered in the buffer zone turned into Dream Eaters. The gods cursed the freak that the imam and priest raised in the buffer zone. A formless monster has grown and grown. It goes mad with hunger and escaped from the buffer zone!

I hung the tension of the sky
At stillborn children park

I dressed up the cemetery and came like that
to the table set up for the solution

I left my bitchness to freaks who can't dream
from a typical murder series
I pulled it carefully, I have no clothes to hang
Let me tell you which politician will enter my bed

putting my breath through the eye of a needle
I sew the shattered night
if they blow
stars will fall from my dreams

My lips stay on the Dream Eater I kissed
it takes my cry
it folds my cry
I can't shout

Poem chosen by Jordi Tolrà

Joana Raspall

Catalan:

Si el món fos...

Si el món fos escrit en llapis,
podria esborrar la lletra
que vol ferir;
podria esborrar mentides
que no cal dir;
n'esborraria l'enveja
que porta mals;
n'esborraria grandeses
de mèrit fals...
Però és escrit amb tinta
de mal color:
del dolor brut de la guerra
i del dolor.
Qui voldrà escriure un nou món més just i net?
Potser que tu i jo ho provéssim,
ben valentes, lletra per lletra,
des del nostre raconet...

English translation:

If the world was...

If the world was written in pencil,
I could delete the letter that wants to hurt;
I could erase lies which goes without saying;
I would erase the envy that brings harm;
I would erase greatness of false merit...
But it is written in ink of bad color:
of the raw pain of war and pain
Who will want to write a new, fairer and cleaner world?
Maybe you and I will try it, very brave, letter by letter, from our corner...

Militarization of kids in Ukraine, introduced by Yuri Sheliashenko

I Didn't Raise My Son to Be a Soldier

Once when a mother
Was asked would she send
Her darling boy to fight,
She just answered – “No;”
And I think you’ll admit she was right.

I didn’t raise my son to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy.
Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder,
To kill some other mother’s darling boy?
The nations ought to arbitrate their quarrels –
It’s time to put the sword and gun away :
There’d be no war to-day,
If mothers all would say –
“I didn’t raise my son to be a soldier.”

All men are brothers ;
Our Country – One World ;
Glories of War are a lie :
If they ask us why –
We can tell them that mother’s reply.

I didn’t raise my son to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy.
Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder,
To kill some other mother’s darling boy?
The nations ought to arbitrate their quarrels –
It’s time to put the sword and gun away :
There’d be no war to-day,
If mothers all would say –
“I didn’t raise my son to be a soldier.”

No, I didn’t raise my son to be a soldier.

Hope, a poem by Yuri Sheliuzhenko
which he wrote on the day of the Russian invasion to Ukraine

Unhappy land,
where songs of birds in spring
are interrupted
by a roar of flying death.
Poor heart, stay calm
and chirp with love and truth.
Your tears and prayers
make new life to blossom.



Peace on Earth, a poem by Yuri Sheliuzhenko

Sirens silent. Stars are quiet.
Moonlight night, dreams are bright.
No war. Peace on Earth.
Future of dreams we are building together,
Simply refusing to kill,
Loving each other, sisters and brothers,
That's what we are and we will.
Let's drive away any fear, any hatred,
Building the peace in our hearts.
Future of dreams we creating together,
Stopping the war just to start.
Sirens silent. Stars are quiet.
Moonlight night, dreams are bright.
No war. Peace on Earth.

Pat Boone - What If They Gave A War And No One Came?

Can you imagine how surprised we'd be
If all the guns and cannons ceased to fire?
And can you visualize the world,
In which we all were moved by love and not desire?

Think above the world a minute
And of all the people in it,
And what if they gave a war and no one came?

I hear the sound of soldiers marching
And their footsteps lead us closer to the war.
But when they get to where they're marching,
What if war just doesn't live there any more?

Think above the world a minute
And of all the people in it,
And what if they gave a war and no one came?

You and I
Might arrange it,
If we try!

What if someone pushed the button,
But the missiles all just fizzled on the ground?
And if the generals barked the orders
But the privates all just laughed and stood around?

Think above the world a minute
And of all the people in it,
And what if they gave a war and no one came?

You and I
Might arrange it,
If we try!

What if hate became old-fashioned
And the prisons turned into Holiday Inns?
And if the sunlight was so blinding
That we couldn't see the color of our skins?

Think above the world a minute
And of all the people in it,
And what if they gave a war and no one came?

And what if they gave a war, and no one came!