Poetry

Children are Stars of Peace

Dear children, you were born with loving hearts
And in them star seeds of peace.
You are the future, you are life
You do not want to die in wars
Like some of your fathers and mothers

Smart children, you will send your star beams of peace
Through your smart phones and computers
All over the battling Middle East
And all over our global village

Your rapid lasers will bring us
What we failed to bring you -
A world where not one gun is fired
To kill fathers, mothers and children -
A world where each child is a star of peace
Well-fed and smiling at life!

The Pen is Mightier than the Sword

Our uncommon common enemy
Has a multitude of faces
Whose virility is upset by exacerbated power.
He is a ruthless demonic terrorist
Who is convinced it is better to exist
In his destruction and that of other human beings
Instead of building his own free nest
In the blossoming tree of life.
Yet, the Pen is mightier that the sword!

With devastating lying power our enemy has succeeded
To alchemize innocent people's brains
Turning them into viral sponges
That attack the very seeds of our freedom.
This brutal enemy has created a black flag
To collect all his dark frustrations
In the deep ocean of his ignorance.
Yet, the Pen is mightier that the sword!

Our destructive enemy is nihilistic
He will not be satisfied with the annihilation
Of lives and democratic free humanity.
Like a famished ogre he wants to devour all of us,
Like a hungry wolf who smells blood,
He hunts us all over Europe,
All over the Middle East,
All over our dormant Global Village.
Yet, the Pen is mightier that the sword!

Our enemy has chosen the Culture of Death.
He hates art, poetry, music.
He invented a new horrendous version of
George Orwell's book- 1884.
He reduces to rubble masterpieces
Of statutes and art a millennia years old,
That remind him that beauty exists.
He abhors anything that could be
Suspected of intelligence, originality or creativity.
Yet, the Pen is surely mightier that the sword!

Our enemy is becoming weaker and he will fall!
He does not fully realize yet that human nature will
Always generate fresh wills that refuse to be ruled by fear.
His barbarous march of sword destruction
Has brought him closer to his end,
He is in the twilight of his horrifying being.
For the Pen is surely mightier that the sword!
All conscientious people, writers, poets and artists
Will smartly raise their smart-phones, open their computers
And join the triumphant dance of victory over evil.
Together we will overcome our common enemy
All together we will fully prove that
The Pen is indeed Mightier than the Sword!

– Ada Aharoni*

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