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Printed in the United States of America

Nurturing our mental health and well-being is more important than ever. United Nations personnel are committed to endlessly making a positive impact in our world. While this can be rewarding, it can take a toll on our mental health and well-being.

As the Chair of the UN System Workplace Mental Health and Well-Being Strategy Implementation Board, I am proud of the work undertaken across the UN System to raise awareness about workplace mental health and well-being and the efforts to implement the Workplace Mental Health and Well-Being Strategy. These actions are making a real difference for our workforce.

The poems featured in this book are a testament to how many of our personnel are feeling. I am grateful to each of them for expressing themselves through poetry and sharing their work. I hope these poems can help nurture the mental health and well-being of others.

Upholding our goals and values strongly depends on the mental and physical well-being of our Organization, colleagues, loved ones, and ourselves.

Let's continue to take care of each other. Let's continue to work together to ensure a healthy workplace for a better world.

These poems feature a wide range of topics, and some may be difficult to read. Select poems inhabit topics related to mental illness, trauma, self-harm, and violence. If you or a loved one needs help, please reach out for support. A list of resources for UN personnel is available at: https://www.un.org/en/coronavirus/mental-health-and-well-being. For more information about the UN System's Workplace Mental Health and Well-Being Strategy, and how to support someone you are concerned about, please visit: https://www.un.org/en/healthy-workforce/.

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Slowly fall the snow
Peaceful as the silence
Protective as a coat
Soft as a pillow
Bright and shiny as a sword
Happy when it plays with the sun
Melancholic when the clouds cover the sky
Noises away
All temporarily frozen for a new, coming soon, rebirth.

Chaque fois que le ciel et la terre
annoncent un nouveau jour,
je découvre et redécouvre mon parcours.
La nuit est là.
N'importe,
tant qu'il y a l'Amour.
J'y plante mes souvenirs.
J'y sème des chagrins,
qui ne sont pas les miens.
Pour fleurir.
J'appelle mon cœur,
Mon esprit.
Si le corps ne veut pas guérir.
J'évoque mon peu de vouloir,
Mon petit pouvoir,
mais aussi mon grand devenir.
J'allume des cœurs sans lumière.
Je balaie des scènes de guerre.
Je cours vers la mer.
Sois douce pour lui dire:
Fais passer sur les vagues,
mon navire.
J'arrose les jardins de haine,
que des fleurs,
puissent grandir.
Je réchauffe les cités de glaces,
que demain puissent
S'ouvrir.
Je me confie à mes souffrances.
Elles se font écrire,
sur les pages de l'humanité,
des récits de beauté sans début.
Et, à non plus finir.

Translation on next page

Discovery
Every new day,
I discover my renewed journey.
Dark is the night,
But never mind,
As long as love will make it
bright.
I plant memories of mine.
I sow sorrows that are not mine.
All is brought in line.
I call my heart,
my spirit to heal,
a body that sinks in real.
With little power,
a will that is lower,
my dream is higher.
I bring together hearts from afar,
I sweep away seeds of war.
I run to the see:
be softer and let me sea.
Your gentle waves.
Don't lead astray the boat that I have.
I water the gardens of terror.
Flowers can thus grow.
I warm the cities of ice.
Tomorrow will blow.
I take refuge in suffering,
to voice itself and sing,
melodies of light and beauty,
turning the page,
and opening for humanity,
a new path for light.

ϔ ̈Ϙ

Translation on next page

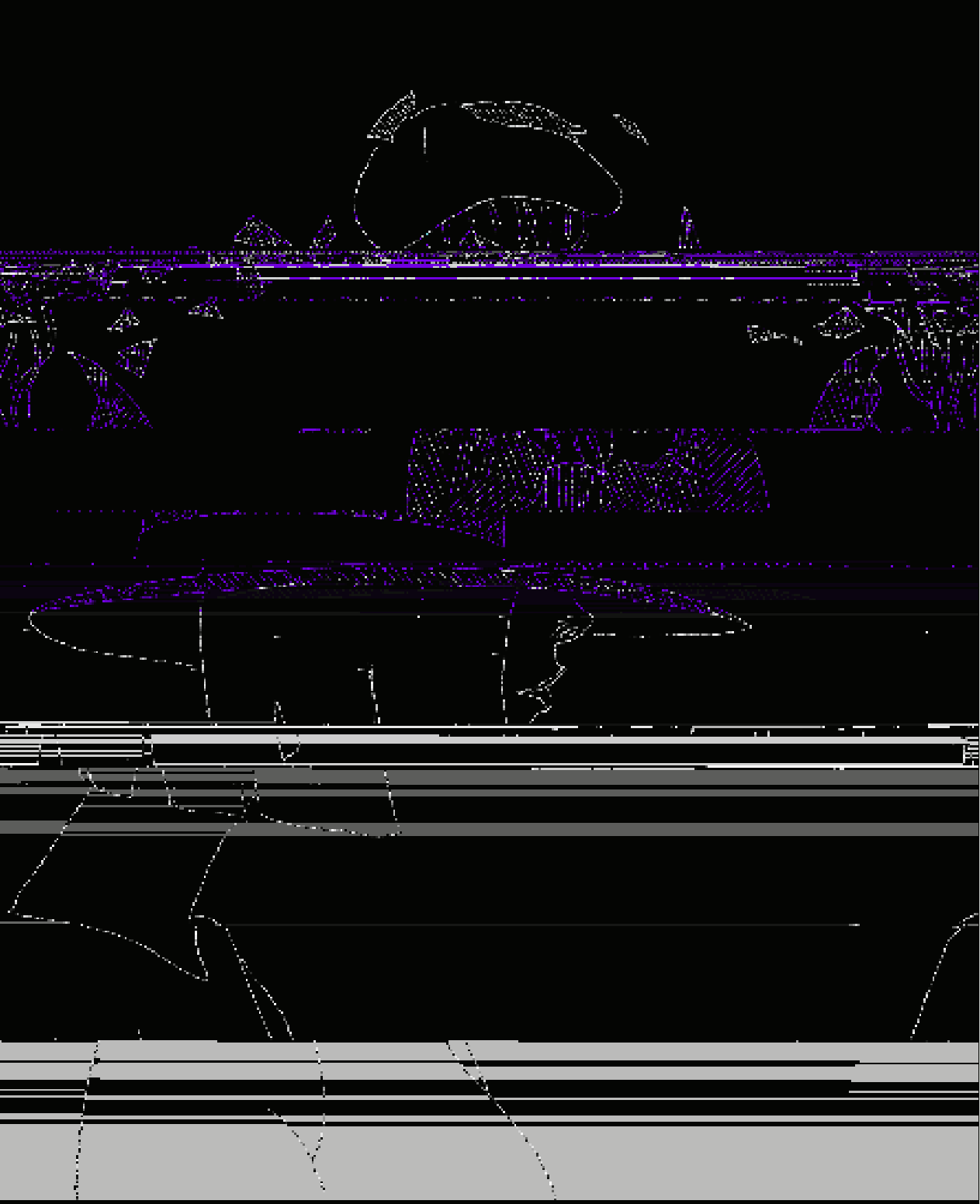
Sunrise,
On the beach,
A child, an umbrella,
Facing the broad and calm sea,
Mom and Dad are by my side.

Not long after,
The sun rises overhead,
The wind is blowing, the umbrella is fying, and the sea is moving,
The child gets a tan.

Afternoon,
The sun shines on the spray,
Look at the return of the fshing boat, bustling and lively,
The sand on my hand is a little hot,
Mom and dad are asleep.

The horizon in the distance is getting red,
The sea kisses my feet,
It's cold and cool, but it has the body temperature of a child,
Mom and dad are gone.

I'm home,
Will take my kids tomorrow,
Come to the seaside and watch the sunrise together,
The sea breeze blows my face, the sound of the waves is still the same.



Deep sad feelings
Sometimes part of life we take them,
Being undercover with curtains closed
Get heaviness, put on hug clothes and lay in bed
No eating or eating too much
Stuck in this place of rejection
Where no matter how good you are:
How much you offer
It feels like it's not enough
You cry for hours
And.

Sometimes you don't know why you are crying
It's just a heaviness tha

Titanic lizards tall and small
Set-up for cata-clysmic fall,
Mothers protect when offspring call.
Useless ‘n plight.

Chance be fne.

Target a power-ful beacon

Some souls to mine.

Two Strong silent sentinel's surprise,
When scurvy rats plan a demise,
Scatter, scurry, shouts an' cries

Sirens Wailing.

Retaliation, away it fies

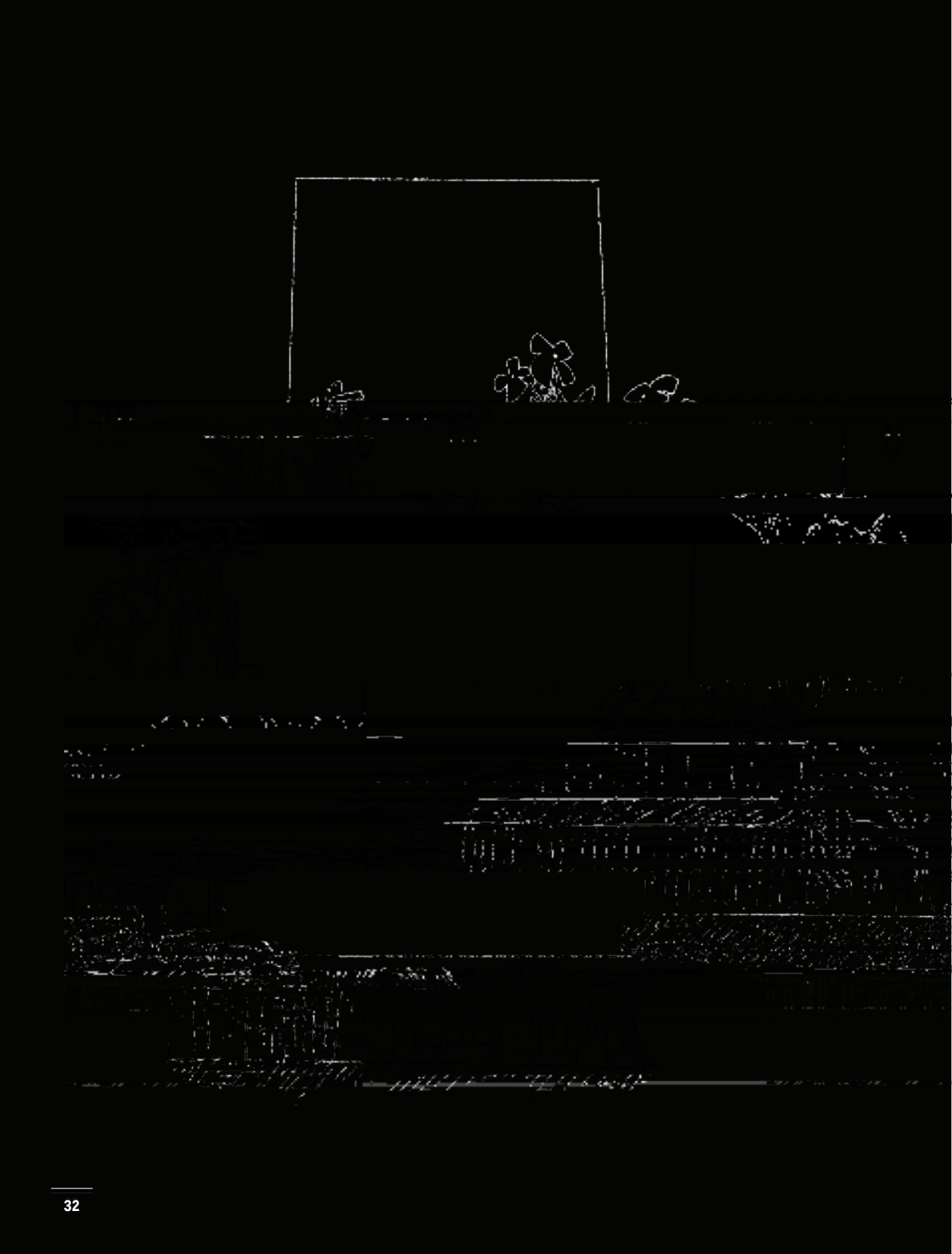
Trust is failing.

Ai! Devil! What's in thy next hand?
Play thy cards, nay we und'rstand,
But dare we, all be brother's band

You carry on.

For'ver we shall cry on land

Now where ye gone!



门前花

There is a flower in front of the steps,
Not knowing there is a family after the order.
Fortunately, the owner loves the flowers and grasses,
Morning watering and the twilight praise.

I watched them, frozen in trance,
The tiny flecks beyond the glass,
Gently trickle from the sky,
Floating through the frigid air,
Covering each thing that they brushed,
With soft, white dew, cold to the touch,

The winder was like,
Nothing I had ever seen,
Or felt,
Or heard

The snowflakes were like...
Drops of tropical rain,
The kind that fell loud and fast,
But frozen into icy dust,
And slowed down just enough,
That they sauntered,
Slowly
Through
The clouds.

The cold air felt like...
Heat,
Pouring from the island sun,
But lessened into frozen wind,
And tempered down just enough,
That it sent ripples,
Through my skin,
Forming goosebumps,
From within.

The bare trees looked like...
The West African Iroko,
With leafy branches stretching out,
But reduced to naked frames.
And stripped down just enough,
That when wind travelled,
Through their shells,
No sound of rustling leaves, were heard.

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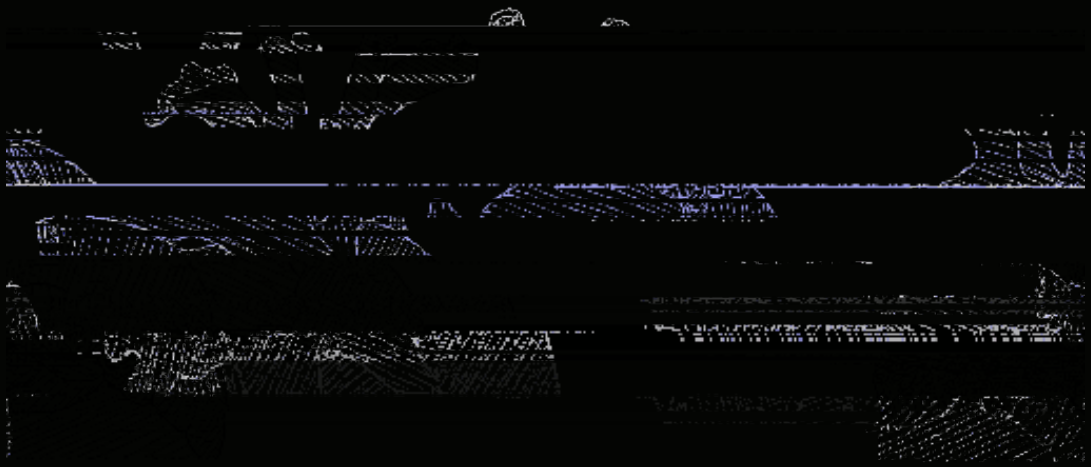
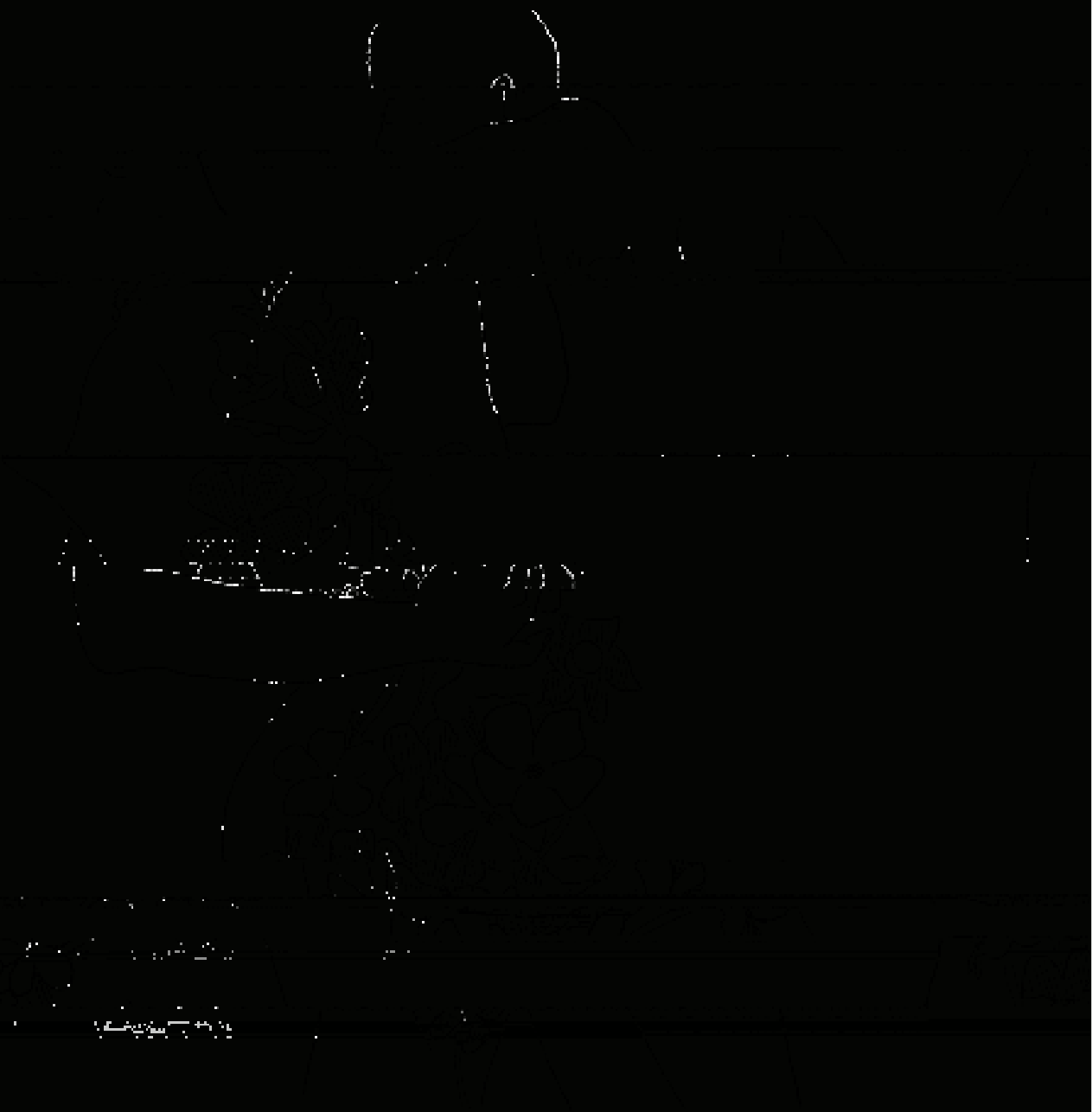
Modern medicine is unable to heal me.

The storm didn't sustain for days, nor the rain
The happiness is not forever, nor the pain
They are the visitors, will come and go
You are an ancient forest here, please know:
Sadness will dry you, your tear will bring the rain
Still, you will remain here, unmoved and same
Rain will grow foliage on your being
The storm will try to destroy everything

Still trust me, you are not a leaf
You are an ancient forest
Drought is seasoning you
Bush fre is cleaning you
Storm is sweeping you
Everyone is helping you the best.



And I know: “this is too mundane”
(a love confession neednt be so plain)
but still--
I love you
and you’re always in my heart
through times of pleasure
and of pain
I love you
to the breadth of the sun
the width of the earth
through its hills and its plains
I love you
though I’m just a star
(maybe a little dim star)
In your star-studded domain
I love you
So it is enough for me
To be near you
every now and again.
I love you
So it is enough
To have a glimpse
of your shining beauty
That will never wane
I love you
so I love God and his Universe,
the land and its grain
You are the color of the autumn,
the cleanness of the frst snow,
the sweetness of the spring
and the softness of a summer rain
In prose
You are the beginning to the end
In verse
a permanent refrain!
In music, you are the drowsy tinkling
Of a gently-rhyming quatrain
My pen drags on and on--
And one day it shall dry
but my heart will never drain.



J’ai pensé à toi,
Dans ces moments où la folie du monde le dépasse,
Je me demande quelle vérité ignorons-nous,
Qui de loin t’effraie et pour nous t’attriste.

J’ai pensé à toi hier,
Dans la panique contagieuse qui broie nos trippes,
J’essaie de me remémorer tes mots apaisants
Qu’avec force obstination tairaient mes angoisses.

J’ai pensé à toi encore,
Quand le silence autour de moi devenait encombrant,
Comme un coup d’état sans armes, ni grabuges,
Pourtant tellement pleins d’éclats !

Cetan Î H

Translation on next page

In the depth of the night
I thought of you.
In those moments when the madness of the world overwhelms it,
I wonder what truth we don't grasp,
Which from afar frightens you and for us saddens you.

I thought of you yesterday,
In the contagious panic that crushes our guts,
I try to remember your soothing words,
Which with great tenacity would silence my anxieties.

I thought of you again,
When the silence around me became cumbersome,
Like a coup with no weapons, no stir,
Yet so full of sparkle!

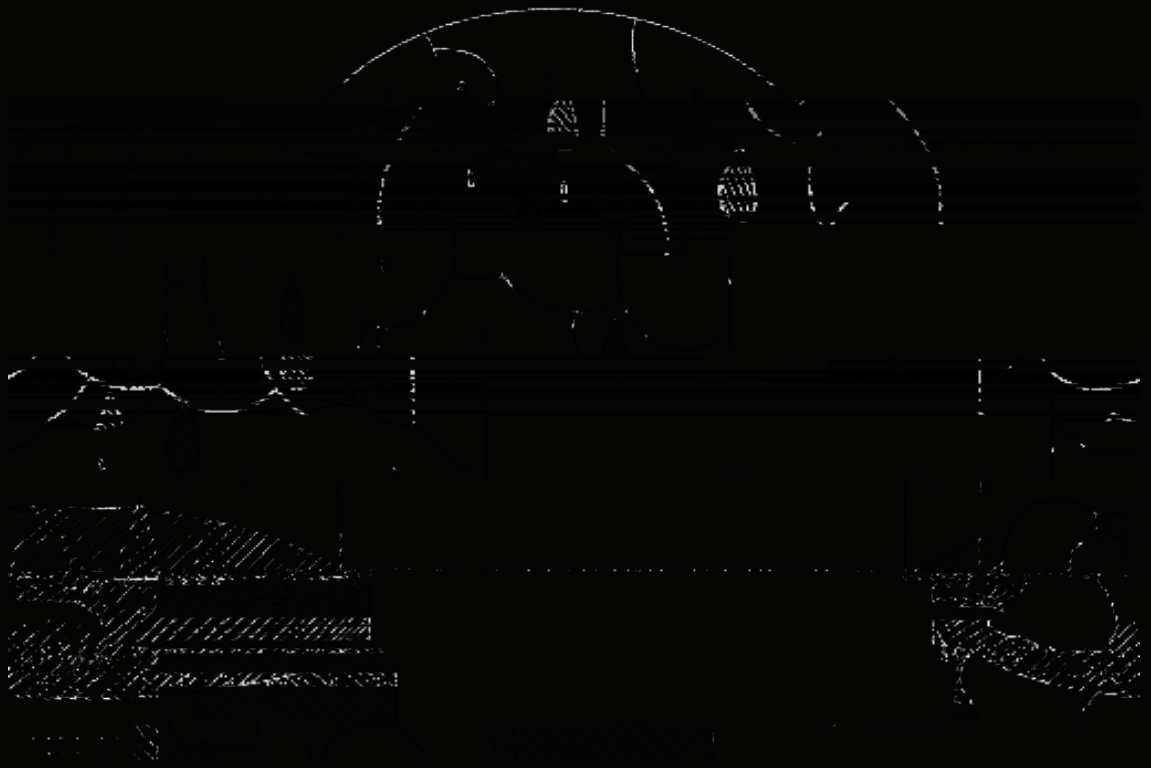
Tonight, I still think of you,
You, source of me,
I who feel you living in me,
You who gave me life,
I will always think of you!

And I now am thinking of you!

A poet noir famously whispered:
“My dark eyes are a gift of the dark night.
With these eyes I search for light.”

The number 2020 triggers a strange thought:
A Z-turn that ends in nought.
(Then it’s repeated,
In case you missed the plot) -
Black swans of fate and
Warts and warps of a common kind
Threatened to back the world
Into an alley, hopelessly blind.

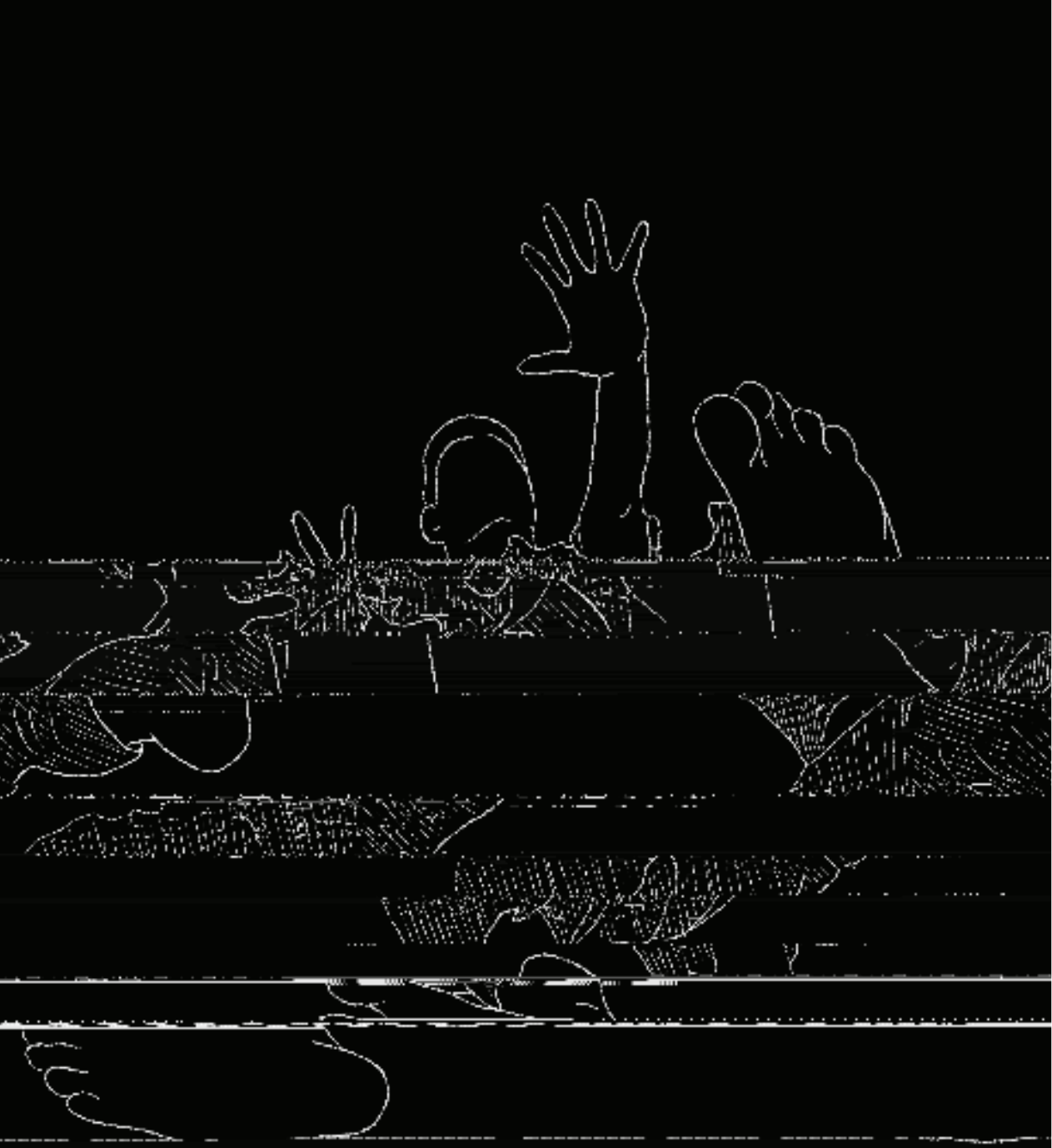
In the tunnel of panic, angst and desolation
Flickers a candle of consolation.
2021 betokens a fip,
A zigzag that halts the slip:
As nothing ends
So begins something, 10.3 (halts the slip:)TJETEMC /P tTEMC Bhe slip:

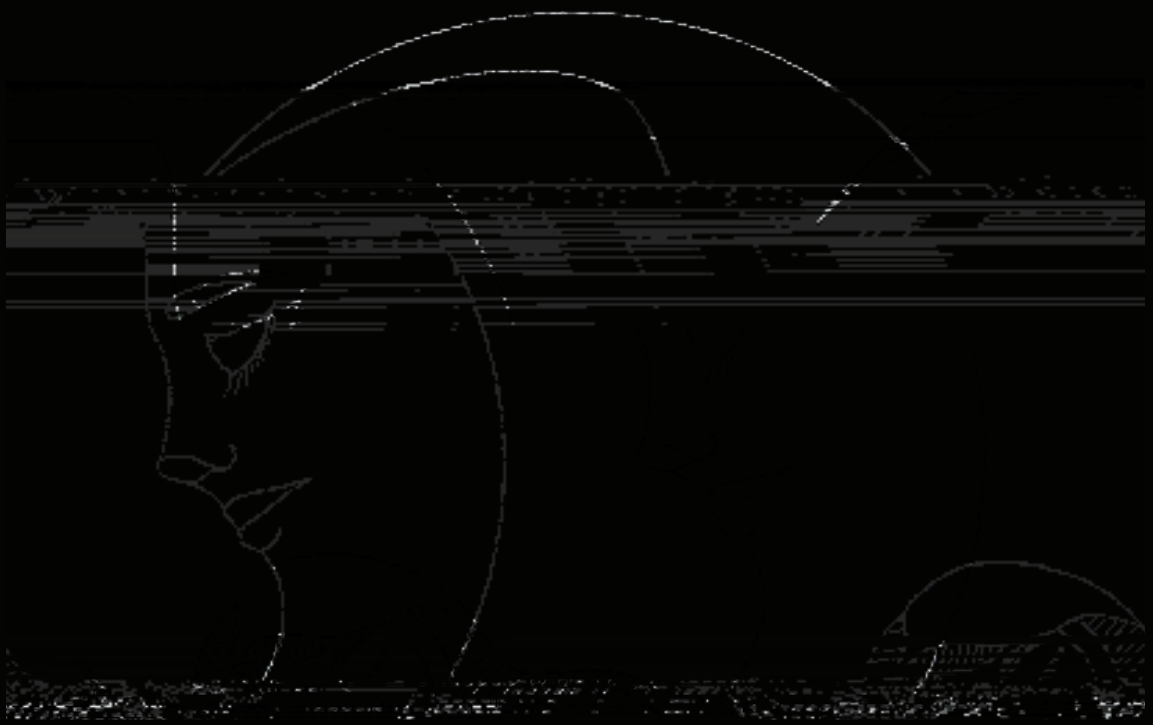


Hello little girl standing next to me,
you are growing every day, g every dayand your mamma wants you to knowg every dayhat she sees. g every dayShe sees all that

and the big heart flled with feelings
which shows how much you cares. g every daEven thoughy

Every day I am growing with you
as life unfolds ahead,
it is our journey my love
to be continued,
and lived without a regret.





At the gates of night
Waiting still for dawn
Dreams and words
Suspended in time
High in the sky
Draped in blues
Colorless rainbows
Star sparks swept by the wind…

At the gates of night
Waiting still for dawn
Nothing but silence
Drowning in sorrow
Rays of emptiness
Tracing your shadow

At the gates of night
Until the midday sun
Words stand still
Broken, shattered, half buried,
Gray like your ashes
Scattered in the wind
Tired of existing
At the edge of silence...

Translation on next page

Saved in my voicemail
his words, I love you, goodbye
I didn’t pick up

He calls Me

Who Is He?
Lord God Almighty
He's Strong in battle
Powerful and fully capable

I call to Him from where I am
Sometimes strong
Sometimes weaker even in despair

Speak, they enquired
But the voices within
Were overwhelming
In deafening silence
Limiting beliefs
Automatic negative thoughts
Generalisations
Deletions
Creating an alternative
Reality

How are you
Really
They asked
Paused
Leaned in expectant
Partly posed to fight
The silence rose sharply
Then settled
Between us

尘寰处珍惜情缘 （摸鱼儿词牌）

Ma cosa mi spinge a tutto questo?

Translation on next page

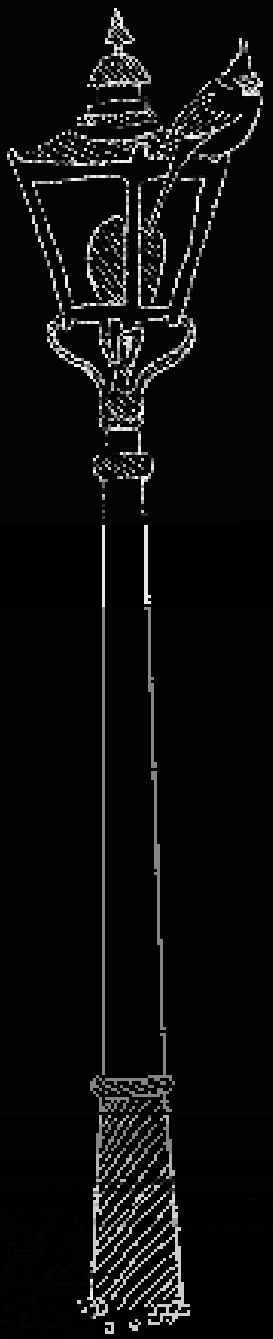
In my mind the face of a child
its eyes lost to the horizon
a life without future.
A woman with no way of feeding
her child that she holds close to her
but without hope.
The hands of a man asking for bread
and the pain of a hunger that gives no rest.

I feel the misery, the suffering
and the cry for help
which perturbs my nights and gives me no peace
Peace, the world still needs Peace.

I feel the indifference of people,
w008k onve abandoned these people

The smile of a child who plays thoughtlessly
The joy of a mother who can nurse her little one
The happiness of a father who can work and still believe in a future.
Happiness, thanks to my action
This is the reward that one can have I am happy and proud

I have chosen to face reality,
although uncomfortable, and to react
I am proud to be a Volunteer



Parole sciolte, come cani randagi.
Devi stare attento alla recinzione.
C'è scritto: Stai alla larga, in questo momento! Per la precisione.
Un ammonimento.

Sono le parole di un mendicante di attenzioni, alla ricerca,
sempre alla ricerca di quiete e di serena ispirazione.

Parole a briglia sciolta, che passano veloci,
che possono mordere e ferire e avere gli occhi persi di solitudine.

Richiedono cura, come le ferite che lecchi sulla tua zampa sinistra,
le escoriazioni brucianti, quel che ti rimane del sinistro.

Curami, ma non avvicinarti troppo, mi dici.
Non allontanarti per abbandonarmi. Salvami.

Le tue parole, come i pensieri, vagano sciolti, come cani sciolti.
Pensieri randagi.

Randagio e fragile, colui che sopravvive a se stesso.
Pericoloso, può darsi, se ci si avvicina mancando di cautela.

Randagio è di strada ed è come ti sento.
Come chi sopravvive agli eventi che hanno avuto il sopravvento

Translation on next page

Loose words like stray dogs.
You've to be careful out of the fence.
It says: St(r)ay away, right now!
It's a warning, to be precise.

These are the words of a beggar of attention,
seeking, always looking for quiet and peaceful inspiration.

Words in free rein, they pass quickly.
They can bite in this moment and hurt
and their eyes are lost for the loneliness.

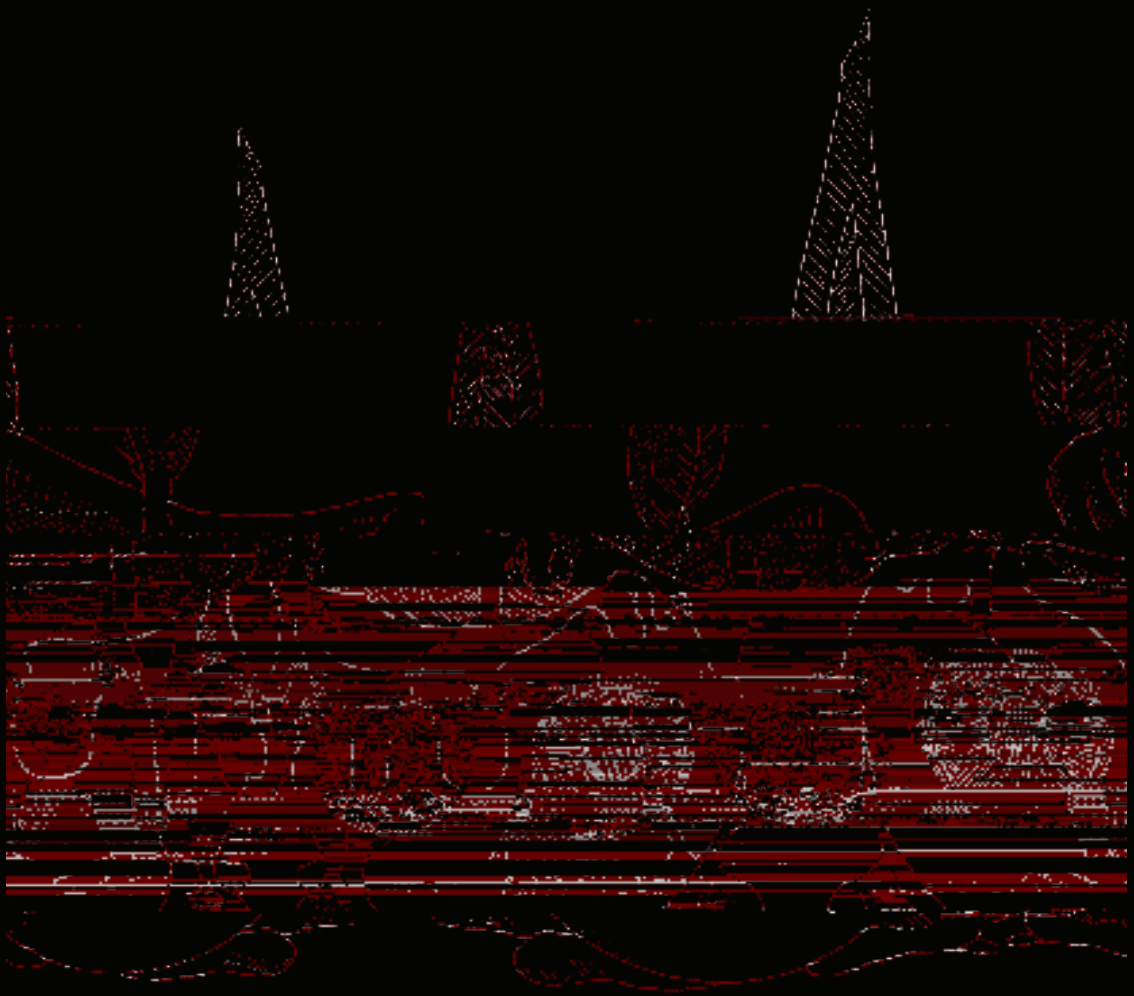
They require care, like the wounds you lick on your left paw,
the burning bruises, what's left from the accident.

Heal me! But don't get too close, you tell me.
Don't walk away! Do not abandon me. Save me!

Your words, like thoughts, roam loose, like tramp dogs.
Stray thoughts.

Stray and frail, is how one outlives to himself.
Dangerous, perhaps, if you approach towards without caution!

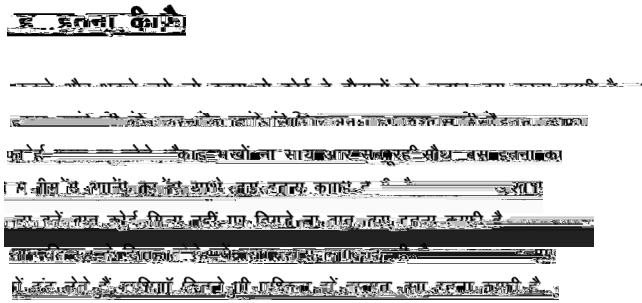
A-Stray is like living roaming by streets and that's how I feel you.
Like those who survive to Tm[hose (a/eft t2d tha]10.5haonvpuir



As I lye here slowly, drifting to sleep.
My brain is starting, to lower its beat.
My eyes are heavy, I'm hearing less.
I'm slowly drifting, out of consciousness.
I hope my dreams, are exciting and pure.
No doubt when I wake, it'll all be a blur.
As I begin to awaken, my brain becomes more alive.
And all I can think of, is to stay in my hive.
As I slowly arise, to start the day.
I take comfort in knowing, again sleep will come my way.

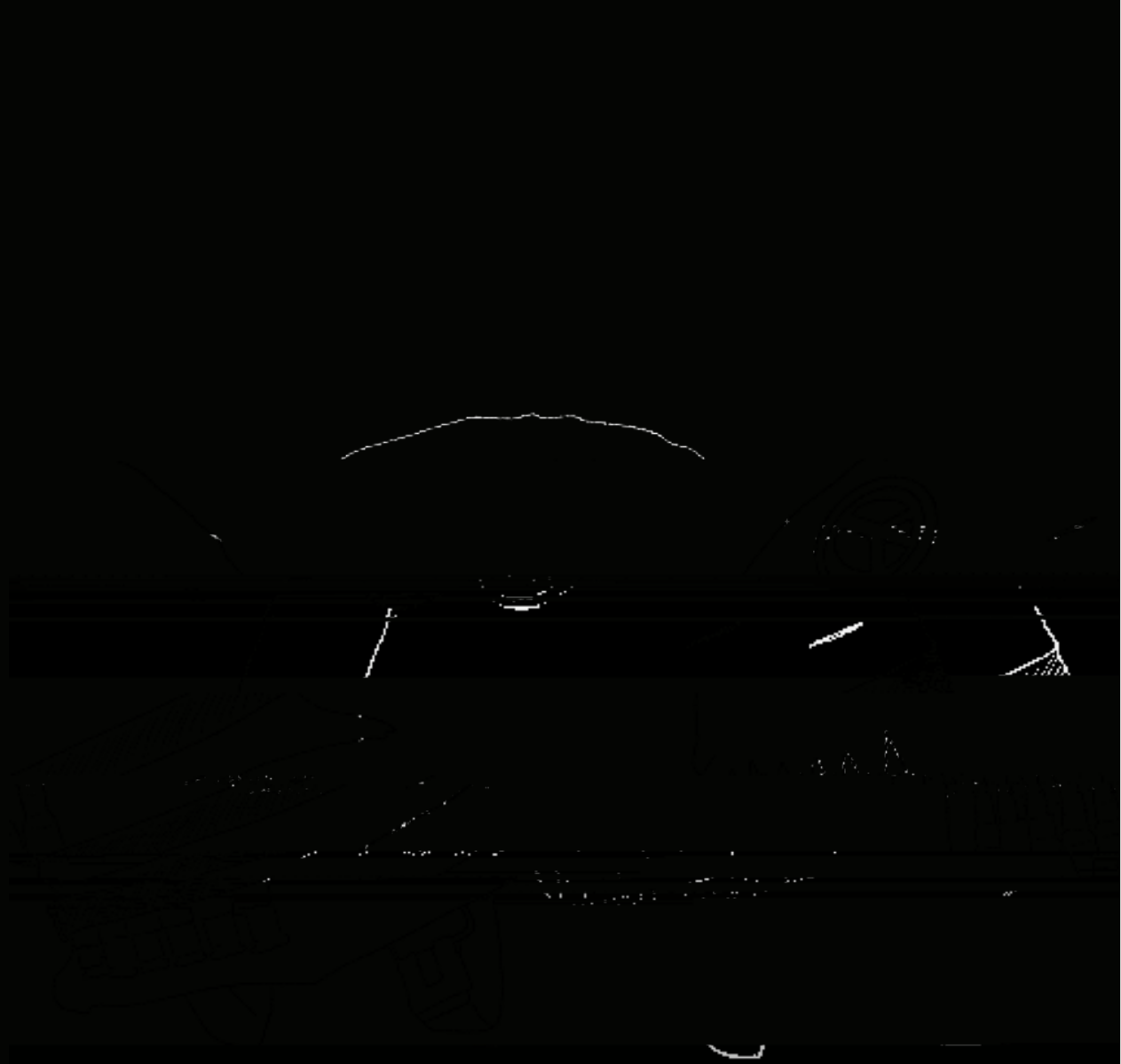
My heart is so lonely
My eyes just stare
At a landscape of wasteland
And an ocean of despair
Encaged and imprisoned, ironically through choice
I scream at full volume, at the top of my voice

The silence is deafening
Where can I go?
Drowning in wretchedness
Sorrow and woe
My heart is so lonely
My eyes just stare
At a future of darkness
In the depths of despair.



Translation on next page

On the verge of giving up, someone gives wings to hopes, that's enough
Want to do something and have faith in your mind, that's enough
Nobody sleeps starving and all remains together, that's enough
In happiness or in sorrow, you are with your people, that's enough
No worries if things don't get sorted but it should not get distorted, that's enough
Humanity remain alive and this effort continues, that's enough
Find out happiness in trivial things, no matter how difficult the situation is, that's enough



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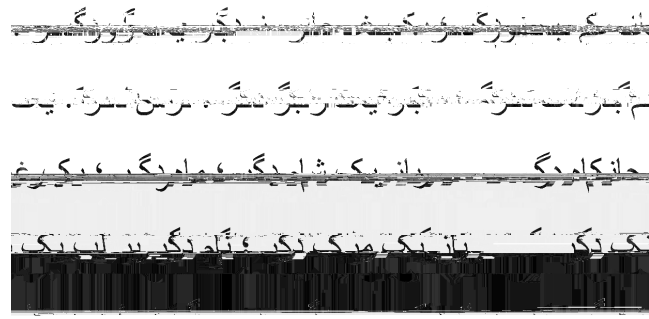

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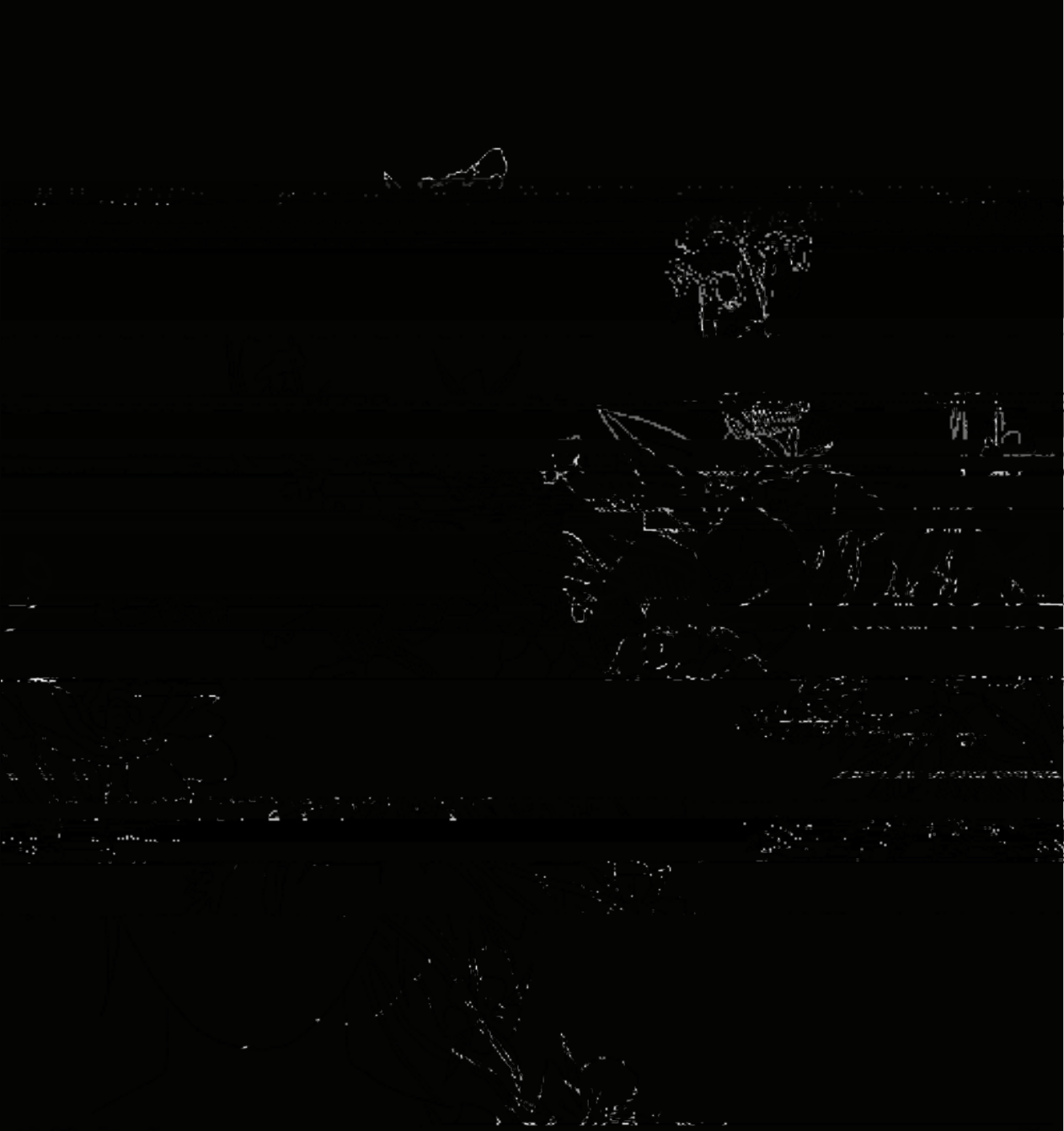


I write believing it has healing properties
Thanks to language for the poetic liberties
Trying to fnd their way through the window from the heap
below my pillow,
my jumbled thoughts tell me take it slow...

Since March we have come a long way
but work from home, virtual meetings and webinars are here to stay
On my mind are deadlines, reporting, meetings and workfow
But my jumbled thoughts tell me take it slow...

The house is a mess, the plants need water,
my balcony longs to meet me where the concern is evident in
the way the birdies chatter
Informs them the peepal tree looking at me through my window
She doesn't smule as much, moves less and looks low
Diving into the ocean of competing timelines, I realize I am
staring at my green friend when suddenly squawks the crow
And my jumbled thoughts tell me take it slow...

Home is comforting, warm and serene,
Not the kind who would crib about being in quarantine
Days were supposed to be fourteen but as I face it frst hand,
they are updated to seventeen,
And such are the idiosyncrasies of novel corona virus COVID-19

I wish I was the host but once in contact, it touches most
Husband, househelp help and mother, we are sailing in this together
But what bothers is who will bake the toast

The gesture brough back my faith in compassion, kindness,
Humanity, love , solidarity, etcetera
The group of angels called themselves ‘Akshaypatra’
When we face days which are full of despair we must believe
That the angel would spot us & extend care
For the love spreads faster than the speed at which the evil virus can grow

When in doubt, just let yourself know
That Self-love is the most important & rest will follow
Mind is vagabond, the thoughts might aimlessly fow
But don’t forget to remember “Take it Slow...”

the sight of a living creature's walk
the sound of little kids play and talk
the feel of a frm hand to hold
the sense of heaven in your home

the air and land polluted
the hunger that goes unheeded
the look of strangers that scare

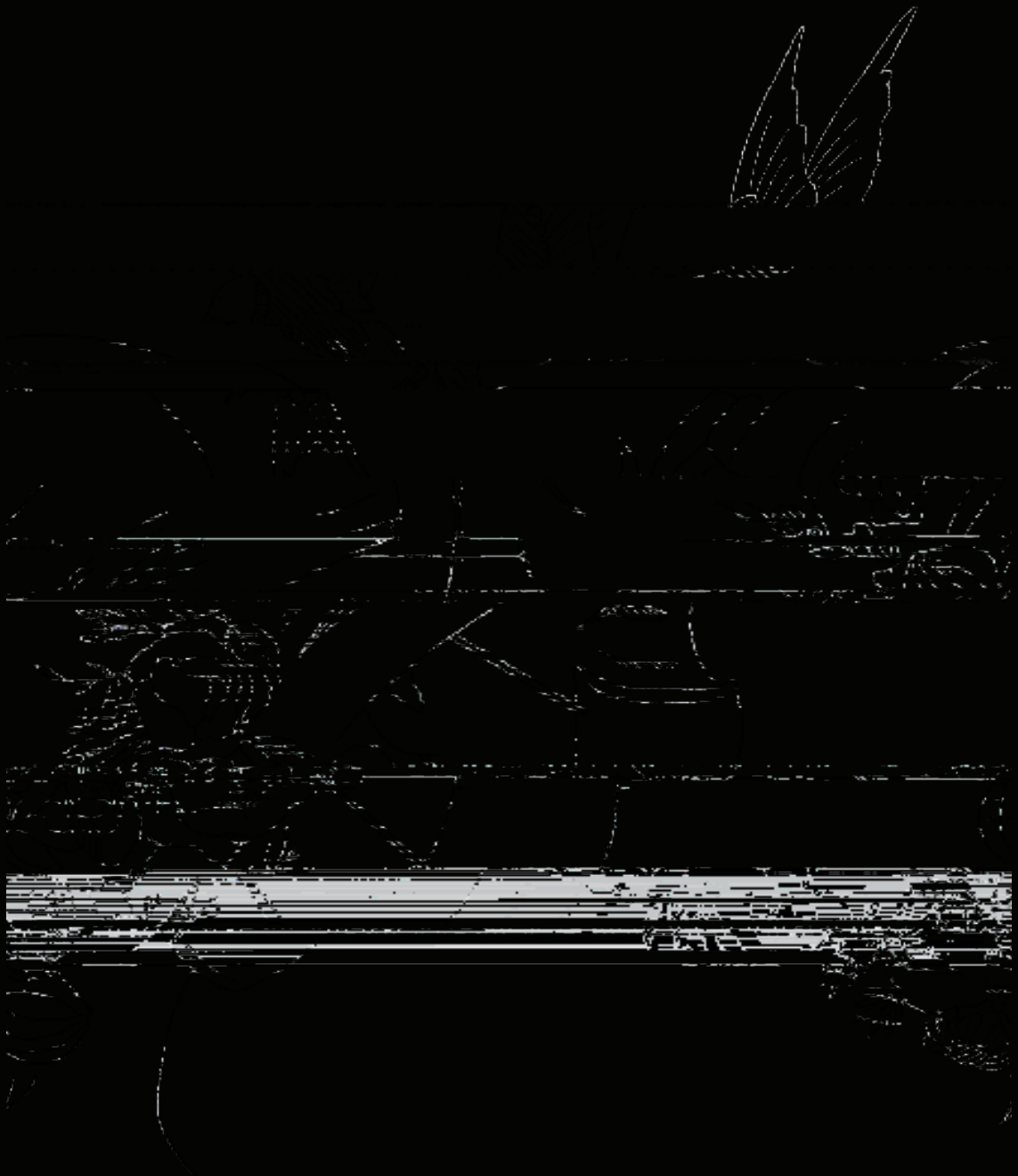
The Sun refuses to ascend today
What is the point, he asks,
Of rising only to set?
To what eternal end
is my Sisyphean task?
I stay silent, for I know
All that rise, must fall
All that drop, rebound
Neither cycles nor circles
Explain it
Only stock-prices, tree leaves
Contours of land
Human hopes and wind-swept
Grains of sand
Like a sonar buoy, I plumb
the depths of gravity
To retrieve from the abyss of grief
a cloud of levity…
I explain to the Sun
That he never sets at all
It's the Earth
That bows and rises
in the Sun's court
Each day.

Our spirits are troubled,
seems like we are in the dark
Pinned down, And our brains, fooded
A person with great fulfllment
Dreamed all, Had all, lost all,
Everything in the person crying out for aid

Take a trip down memory lane growing up

The frst time I saw you, I felt like a bird in the open sky
I started shaking, didn't know why
But kept looking into your eyes
Eyes, those beautiful eyes that most look like a full moon in the dark skies
Good bye beautiful bright eyes
Good bye

Her names enthrall
Impala in the Savannah
Dorcas in the Sahara
Springbok, down South
Gazelle in some settings
Please never plate her to make game her name
This breathtaking beauty belongs in the wild.



Three things, I am doing differently now,
Are things that came with COVID,
Amongst anxiety and fear,
I grasped for air - to seize every happy moment,

All of a sudden, there was time,
It was no longer lost in traffic,
And looking back on recent years,
I, for the first time, found the time to self-care

Investing time where it belongs,
As part of personal reflection,
With pen and paper under visibly bluer sky
I sat down and wrote myself a letter.

A letter promising myself, from now on
I self-care,
I am adding hours to my sleep,
I am eating clean, I dare

I dare to set up new routines
To change myself for better
To fail, give up and start again,
Mind over matter,

And if the world is at a standstill
As paradox, it is also ever changing,
Ignoring signs and putting things off is a peril,
If not now, then when?

Worries, anxiety and fear
Can eat one from within like dinner
And that's the hardest struggle,
To sleep well when the worries creeping in,
Or build and plan your life around a lockdown.

With ups and downs,
I am staying, trying to stay strong,
Repeatedly, I am losing motivation,
Now, realizing most important thing

To value process,
Not rush the goal,
Allowing myself to put the plan in motion

How are you feeling ?
Dear friend,
Are you all well and happy?
Or is there something on your mind
Making your mood at times grow sappy

Please do not ever feel alone,
There are so many of us feeling anxious,
And sharing worries with a friend
Has the potential to become recovery in making.

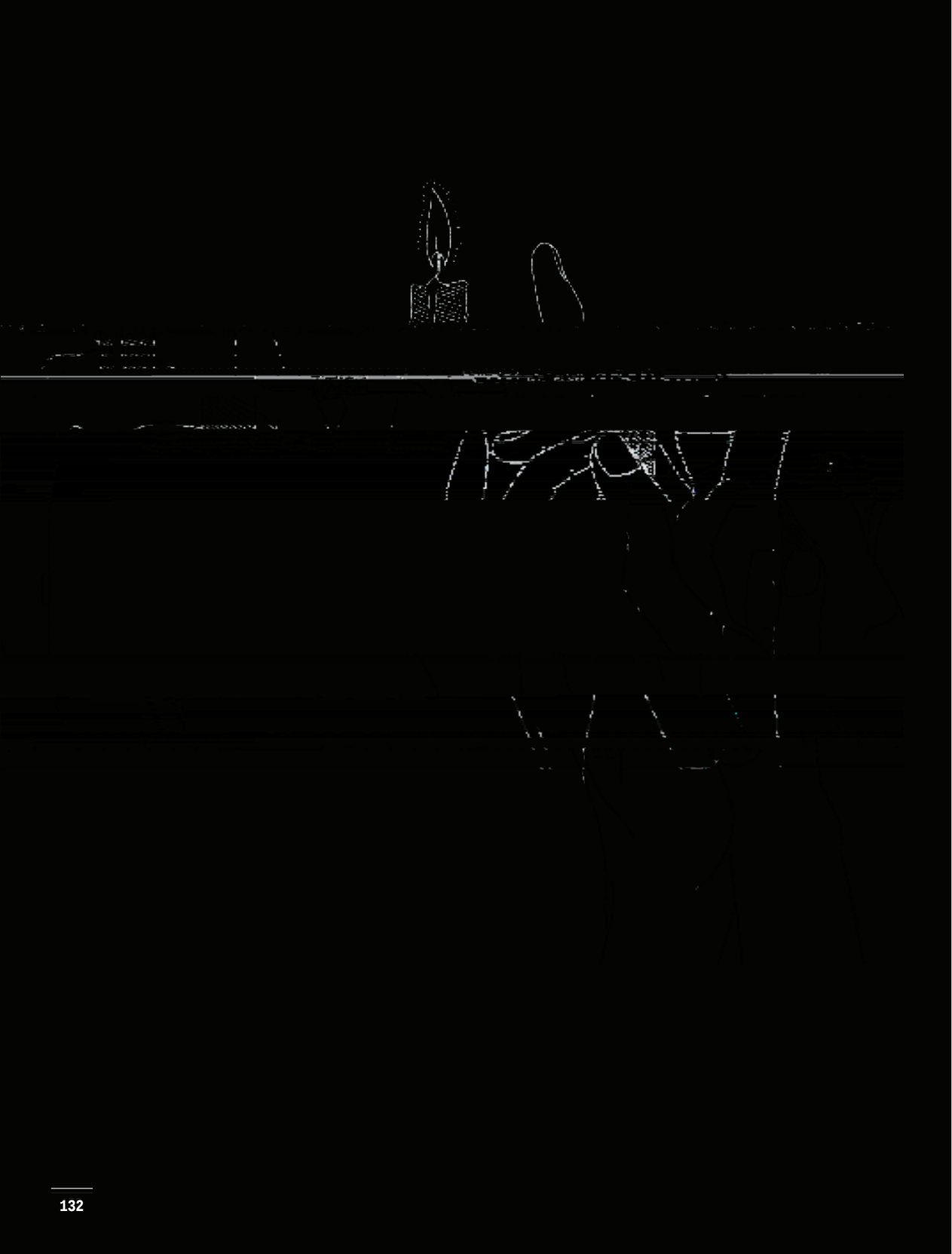
We'll meet again,
We'll hug and kiss,
And at some point restrictions will be lifted,

Now, don't occupy the mind
With things you can't control
And you will thank yourself for that later.

七律 – 劝友

Translation on next page

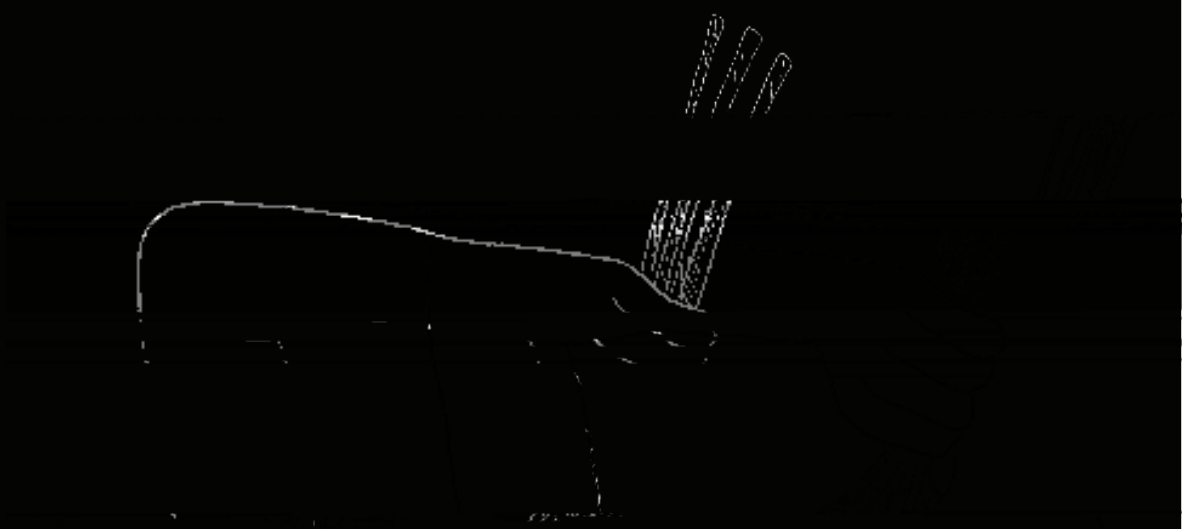
Do not regret the graying of your mane
For no flower keeps its bloom when time flies.
Of Xishi the ancient beauty now only bones remain
And Shihuang the great emperor in the ground he lies.
When young we toiled in the fields with plenty of sweat
But now is the season to taste the fruits so ripe.
Who says no joy is born in the glow of a sunset
Its splendor hardly different from the morning type!



And the fame went so high
It touched other fames up there
Tonight, I put a candle p-dFc (wWind8w]TJETEMC /P <Lang (en-US) MCID 14 BDC BT8 0 0 8.708015 2103 Tm[And all

I want to walk the museum of
what once almost killed me.
Look here: these fossils fastened in stone,
the pale light pouring over
the lurking kitchen knives.
When will we take them out —play with
the dull blades, braid the ropes
like hair? When will we string

through the pills, wear them
to parties like pearls?
Those infnite moments,
docking a boat, or cutting an apple,
when the choice of living
grips me so tightly.
The damp light
illuminating my rising chest.
No longer breathing in that dark air.



Sitting in a castle
made of skin
You watch a herd wrangle
trying to take your throne
The dark is defeated
light prevails
“You are dispelled.”
You say
Peace again.
Take your best soldiers
Win this one man’s war

I heard the birds tweeting at my window, so its another morning. These mornings are becoming shorter, I thought to myself. How can make the night longer than the day. I have suddenly begun to dread the daytime...As I muse to myself, I get jilted from my thought by the alarm clock, sending another wave of anxiety through my mind. I jumped out of bed, but lost my footing, and to the foor I fell.

Living alone by myself, there was no one to call too. I staggered to my feet, my hands made way to my eyes, only to touch my reading glasses...Goodness me! The last I remember; I was reviewing the SitRep that was due for submission the following morning. Why did I fall asleep? I fell asleep because it was only natural for me to sleep.

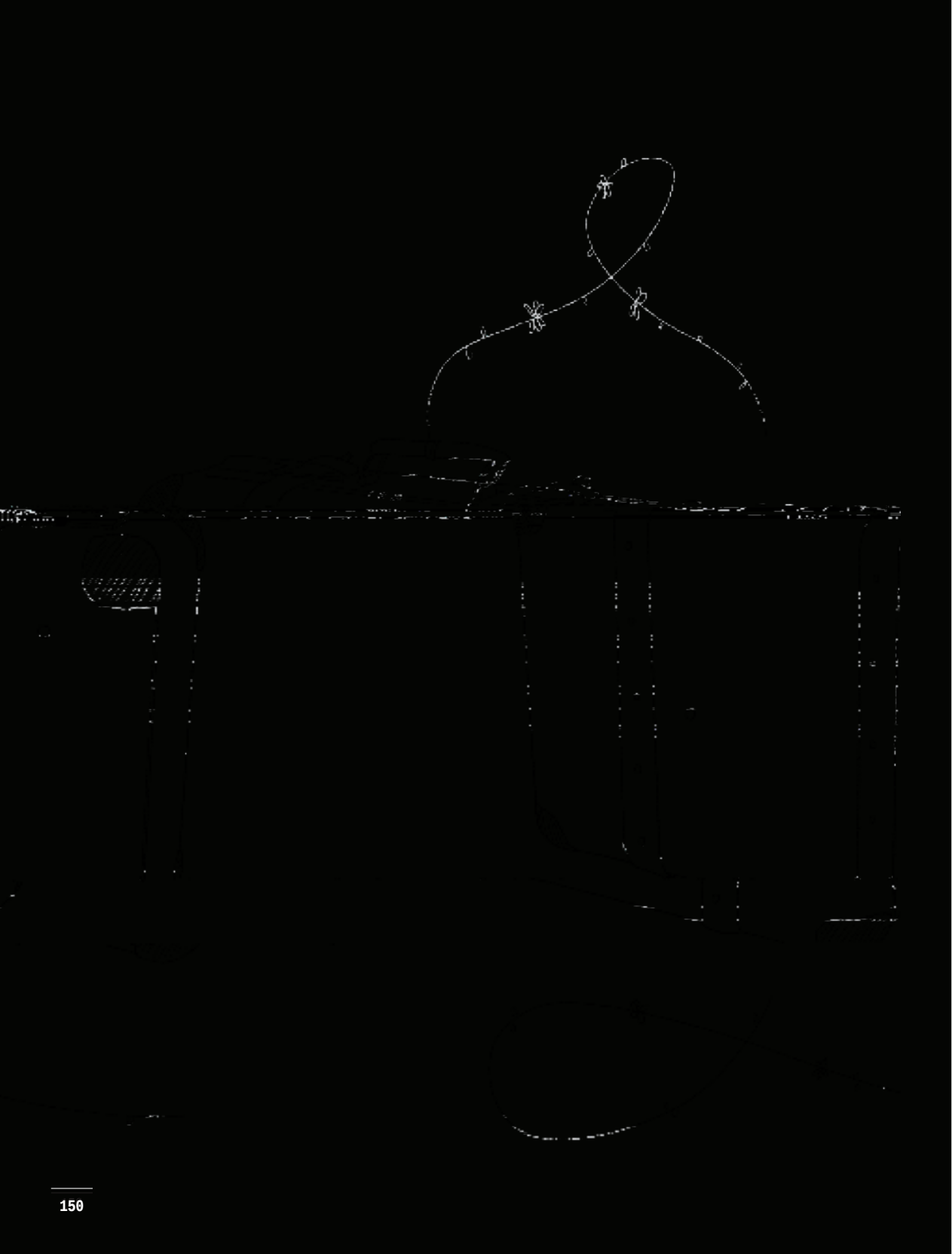
Mental health distress are you trying to have dress rehearsal on me? Yes, I am. What right do you have over me? I was having a conversation with my mental health. Hahahaha...It all started when you stopped having adequate nutrition, when you worried over everything, when you had analysis until paralysis set in... I see. Now I will not let you go ever, I have you now as my captive.

I felt my mind and body having a tug of war with my spirit being an umpire. Taking a deep breathe to free my body, I said my confessions to send energy to my mind and spirit. I felt alive again. My confessions were my morning pills to get me on my feet every morning. I had to win the war in my mind, and yes I did with my morning pills!

From the remote suburbs, the exquisite wood was excavated, rare, with a natural connection with humanity
The roots, grown for thousands of years, are cruelly cut of, (the wood was) transported all the way with the soil
The needles and knifes being applied on the wood, day and night, without stopping, (it's)getting used to the pain
"Now there is only one thought left in my mind, everything else is forgotten"
The stems are extremely tough, and the fbers stretch endlessly
The black sky is gradually illuminated by the morning light, and the afterglow of the evening is replaced by lights
(After processing,) the wood reveals a beautiful inner substance, with a copper-like luster, and as gentle as jasper, coming out from the cover of dust
(Its body is carved with,) a phoenix perching on the plane tree, the white strings passing through the black mountains
This is unique even among the nine dynasties and three generations (as great musical instrument)
(When playing) As soon as the fngers (of the player) are close to the strings, the sound seems to indicate a response, as if it (Zheng) has known all the thoughts of the player
As soon as the strings tremble, the player's eyes are flled with tears, as if the player also knows the emotion of the wood over the years
The scent of wood is circling up, the breath that has accumulated for many years wanders with the wind
Who says that carving is thorough, who says that rebuilding can change the inner quality?
The joyous movement played by the strings seems to be deep thoughts, and the core of the tragedy (played by the strings) seems to be the pleasure after accepting impermanence
The player and the wood seem to merge into one at this point, physically and metaphysically
However, helplessly, (said by the player)
It is not easy to meet inner-connected friends like that, fantasy and reality are always incompatible
Set of to the wild land full of thorns, wandering and migrating like a wild migratory goose
After searching thousands of miles, what can I fnd? There is only this haze looming in front of me
There are so many places outside, why am I thrown into the world?
A little thought stays for a long time, like the encounter with wood, deeply settled in the mind

Translation on next page

He: I love you
She: I love you more
He: No, I love you more than you
She: Prove this to me and shout to the world that you love me
He: approached her, hugged her, whispered to her, and said I love you
She: Why are you saying it in whispers
He: Because you are my whole world



Voice 1: “What a way to go. Christmas Eve.”
Voice 2: “If I’d been given the choice, this is exactly what I’d’ve chosen.”
Voice 1: “Really? On a holiday like this?”
Voice 2: “Sure. That way, my kids can’t be too sad. There’s so much to do, and so much else to celebrate.”
Voice 1: “They’ll forget you, is that what you mean?”
Voice 2: “No, not forget. It’s only that the sadness will get swamped by greater things.”

Voice 3: “Greater? How can you say that? No one will even take the time to remember properly.”
Voice 2: “They will, don’t worry.”
Voice 1: The real trouble is, you can’t control the types of stories they’ll tell. You want to imagine you fought

When do you let it go
Or employ it with a fourish
The past it shapes you, now and in times to come

When do you come to a stop
Or push beyond
The pain so recurrent, the suffering your choice

When do you follow it
Or take the alternate path
The beat a ever-guiding, or conventional too much

When do you eat it
Or wait for more and save
Marshmallow soft and tasty, sticky coloured stuf

When do you make a change
Or stubbornly stand your ground
Evolution constantly - or holding back the waves

Lying or a truthing
Each lroAit

Black or white or grey or colour
Song of palette, dance of brush

And smiling, frowning or mouth quite straight
Emotions felt, passion disloyal
Fear and hope they ring their bells
Rhyme and reason sometimes clang

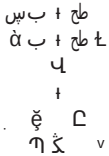
Experience teaches, innocence drives

Come each instant in our lives

When we draw upon the lesson
When we rise, and fall again
When the dawn quits every night
When we fght and reconcile
We simply move, in a complex world
Searching the meaning
When

where there is rage
there is always defeat
in the depths of fames
there is no soul that can see
and as time progresses
immersed in anger
where skin is torn
twisted and strangled
only those on the outside
can light a beacon

趣或禅



王慧明

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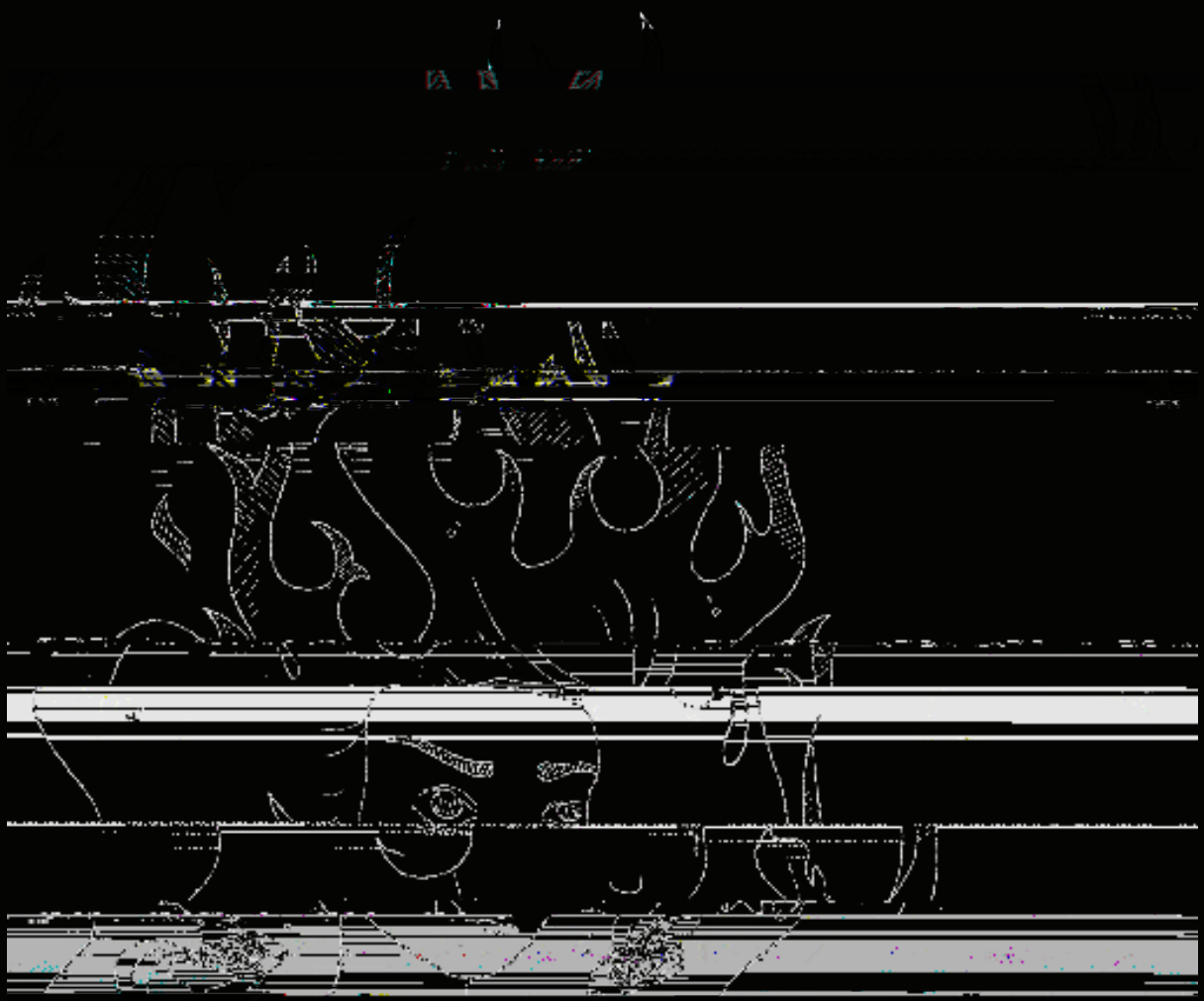


I burned an ice cube today

and watched it blaze into pieces.

The fame created

a puddle of ashes.

I burned a snowman today

and watched him fy towards heaven;

only two stone-eyes fell on the ground.

I set the ocean on fre

and it is still burning

like oil in an old lamp.

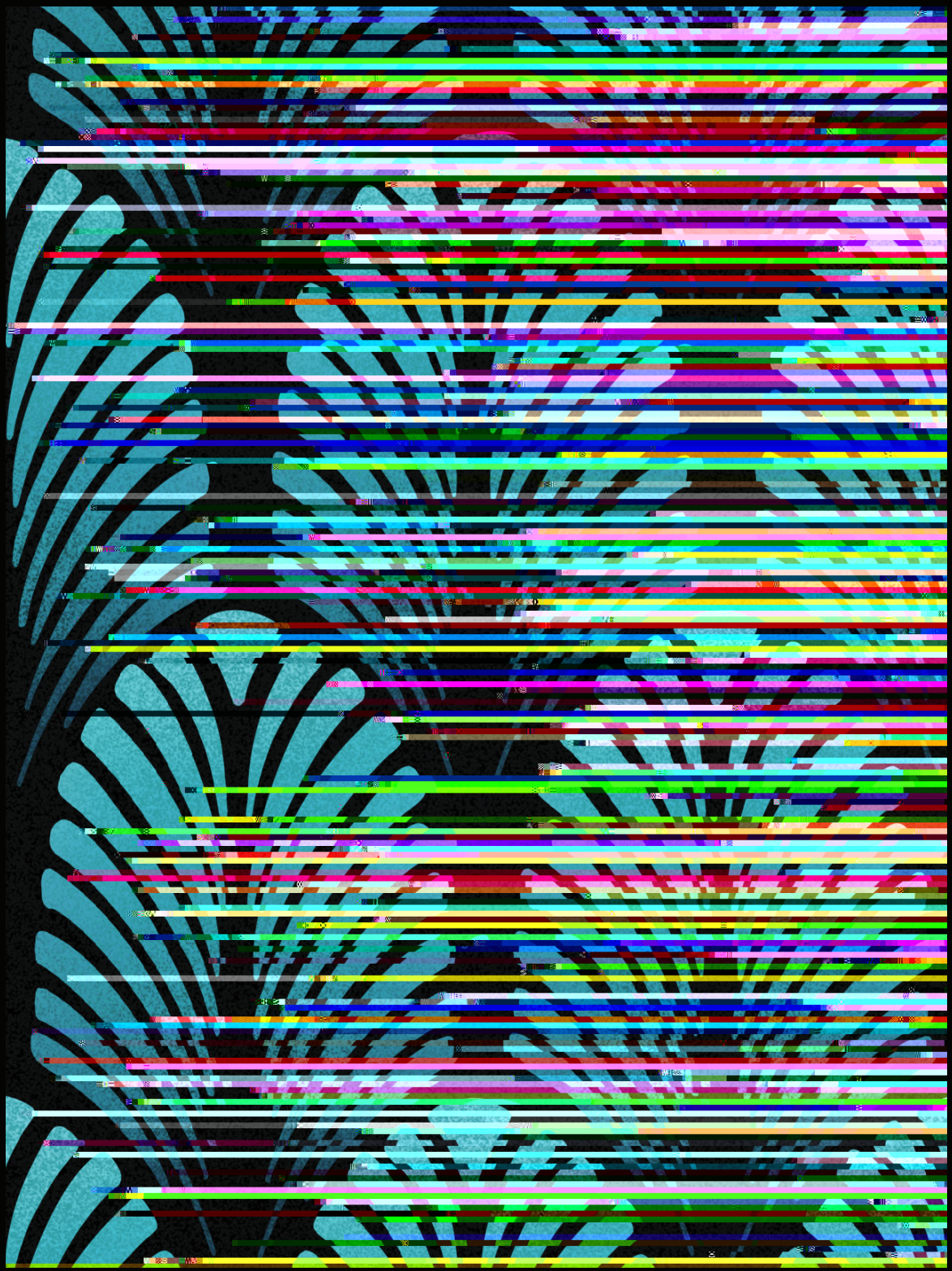
Who says you can’t burn water?

Who says water doesn’t burn?

How come I have burn marks

under my eyes?

Poetry Repair Shop: Every brick is a story
‘anxiety is about the future and depression the past’

Every brick has it’s own story. The bricks all form a place where we once came from:
some are weathered, and broken from a life well journeyed. That still forms a recognizable
place where poetry repairs all and brings us back to a place we once called home’

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