SAUTI

Poems of Hope

Foreword

on our mental health and well-being. What began as an effort to foster connection and healing through

Through these poems we continue to find strength in one another. Hope emerges as a powerful force

optimism that define us, even in the face of challenges. Here is to hope as we continue to build

Martha Helena Lopez

Dear reader,

Sauti Poems of Hope - a collection of poems that reflect our suffering, love and loss. It allows us to connect, to heal and to hope. In these tumultuous and uncertain times, poetry continues to offer hope as we navigate through adversity.

Acknowledgements

Thank you to Danijela Milić, Human Resources O f ce

P I V S a W] \ W , I S S ` Z w

Content Warning

Some poems in this volume may explore challenging emotions and experiences that may be di f cult

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Horizon

Ephemeral fesh

Visions comfort

Too Innocent to Explore

Like fefdoms of carnage, yet grotesquely disconnected and far.

AfriAmerican

but in some ways artifcial

TOTAL FREEDOM

Why Must I Play?

Vertigo balance unbalances me,

Is there a fnishing line to this marathon race?

Words carpet the foor, their edges are fray,

One more statist(ḫ Hˇ ъ H ʁ a U̇ H Ţ ᵀ H ɜ Hیٔ H я ,

Don't go away
Don't go anywhere without me.

I'll go with you this timee

Dew Drops

Where olives and wheat fields

She was a wildflower like a princess

At the fireplace
One after the other, knights are appealing for her
She was capturing the hearts like a flower

Saffron and roses

On a henna tree she keeps the key

And that is the difficult part

Alaa Al-Hilf

After Corona

And walk the streets and go for coffee

In the Darkest of Hours

I see greed and desire, and the world is on fire.

I Walk with Purpose

where I see my deathbed, fulfllment,

I remind myself it's not failure if I get back up, and the points where my handprints accompany my

those memories will indefnitely be the only thing that makes walking the path worth it,

Aurora

I Tell You…Hope Allures!

I tell you… the fame of cosmic love.

We find again the innocent honesty.

I honor redemption, Oh! the liberation it brings
Of experienced suffering, my soul now sings

I tell you…in Venus' arms, hope allures!

Remember Me

Amongst the suffocated voices, shattered dreams, and covered faces I am still who I am: The sacred

One Footprint at a Time

-to our inner child

Vulnerable or majestic,
I connect this infnite space to that ultimate grace.

in fimsies of chaos,

Új Nap Felé

Ott rejlik szívünk mélyén titkon,

Nézzünk előre hát bátran, bízzunk a folyamatban,

Towards a New Day

The fame of hope, light blue candlelight.

We might fnd hope in every kind word.

The fame of hope is always fickering in us.

La Magie du Pardon

Aucune nuit n'est visible sans lumière éclatante,
Dans l'obscurité, le pardon est notre famme rassurante.

S'ouvre pour accueillir la paix dans son espace.

Rêver d'un havre de paix, où l'âme respire,
C'est trouver refuge dans les bras du pardon qui inspire.

L'animosité se dissipe et laisse place à l'espoir.

Les échaufourées s'estompent, laissant l'harmonie régner.

Et aucun amour ne peut s'épanouir sans le pardon vaillant.

Tends-moi la main, dans un geste de confance et d'amitié,

Que les blessures cicatrisent, que la paix soit notre émoi.

Avouons nos erreurs pour qu'elles soient pardonnées en fusion.
Pardonner, c'est réparer les liens blessés avec bienveillance,
Ce n'est en aucun cas un signe de faiblesse, mais de renaissance.

C'est là que réside la magie, une transformation en abandon.

Dark skinned Catholics: You are a whole different race.

The reality is, although some would snear, we are more alike than different

Espoir

Chaque aurore qui s'éveille, un sou f e à chérir,

N'abandonne pas, même quand tout va mal!
Quand l'ombre s'installe,
Quand tout autour de toi semble s'e friter,

Qui te redonnera la force de croire que tout est encore possible

La faim, les con fits et toutes sortes de calamités ont assombri ta mémoire et voilé tes sourires d'antan,
Autour de toi, tant d'atrocités, tant de vies écourtées par les pandémies, les bruits de canons,
Le mal est devenu la norme au point où tu t'es résigné à ne plus lutter pour ta survie

Même devant ce champ de ruines, surtout, n'abandonne pas!

N'oublie pas!
Que chaque sou f e de vie est un espoir qui renait,
Chaque aube, une nouvelle raison d'exister,
Ta résilience et ta force, les clés pour tracer les sillons d'un monde, au visage plus humain,
Un monde uni par l'amour et la tolérance, où nos di férences seront acceptées et célébrées.

Hope

Don't give up even when things go wrong,

Don't miss the turn,
Because in front of you, there's a friend called hope,

Hunger, con fict and all kinds of calamities have clouded your memory and veiled your smiles of

All around you, so many atrocities, so many lives cut short by pandemics and the sound of cannon fre,
Evil has become the norm, to the point that you've resigned yourself to no longer fghting for your

Even in front of this feld of ruins, above all, don't give up!

Don't forget,

A world united by love and tolerance, where our di ferences are accepted and celebrated.

Hope

Waiting to break free from the confne so snug,

Hope, flling the tender heart.

Oh! life is a game of fair chance,

Saudade Inescapável

Se o conceito de saudade não já existisse

Se assim não fosse como poderia descrever

Da Catedral de Uppsala até a foresta Karura

Das águas daqueles rios e lagos tão distantes
Onde naqueles tempos nos banhamos felizes
Quanto destas águas são lágrimas de expatriados?

Inescapable Saudade*

I'm going to surprise myself once again

Other lands, other rivers, other ingredients

Izingqi Zengomso

Okwentyatyambo zasendle,

Ze kutyhileke indlela eya ekukhanyeni.

The Whispers of Tomorrow

Where hope blooms like wild fowers,

For future generations to fnd,

Where dreams take fight in the night.

The Hope Smith

While it fnds its way home,

And even if the fre engulfs you

While it fnds its way home,

And even if the fre engulfs you

While it fnds its way home,

And even if the fre engulfs you

A Pomegranate of Hope

"The children, they don't laugh anymore" she says.

For a moment, they look towards the orange horizon, dotted with endless lines of quietly futtering

His fngers tease out the poppy-red jewels

return what has been lost, and fnd belonging even in exile. I hope they leave behind their ghosts but

Espoir

Les souffrances ne diminuent pas sa conviction.

Avec tolérance, endurance et affection.

Il s’avancera enfin vers la paix, la dignité, l’égalité,

Hope

suferings cannot diminish its conviction.

with tolerance, endurance, and afection.

S(h)immering*

past the mountain's crest
kissed by starlight's glow

Soothing fre fies
like foating cinders

ofering solace to the earthly darkness
comforting tear-flled eyes that plead to the sky.

souls fnd comfort in the waterfall's song

Danijela Milić

Abstraction

The frst part of the information from the situation

On a side, positive or negative deviations and social manipulation...

Or my imaginations and frustrations...

Darko Djorić

Guardians of Hope and Heralds of Peace in Blue

To the men and women adorned in blue reflective vests standing nearby.

Scattered all over the ground, where the flame of hope reignites and burns brightly.

Their unwavering presence breeds confidence, soothing the troubled soul.

Child of a War

Of a man-made disaster.

Wiped of generations so far

They come back and fight more,

The Fisherman’s Wife

Her feet firmly planted in the ground,

The fisherman’s wife will never lose hope to see him again

So, the fisherman’s wife will never lose hope to see him very soon,

Until he finds his way back to the coziness of her loving arms, even she doesn’t know when,

Her fists clenched in the pockets of her modest apron,

And the fisherman’s wife will never lose confidence that she sees him again soon

Hope is a Hug

Trovata Una Volta, Persa Mai

Speranza

Quali sono le risposte alle domande?

Non morirà invano, non finirà con te,

riflesso degli uomini che ti scelgono,

Ti sia più lieve la vita

Women Rising

and defance

HOPE endures

Quand le Sourire Enrobe la Douleur

Quand le sourire enrobe la douleur,

When the Smile Hides the Pain

Hope

It's a little word that we caress
And that soon takes fight

It's a smile, a little embarrassed

It's a word we welcome

It's a hurried look

It's a pleasure, never disappointed

It's a fabric that rises up

It's a scale that leans to the left

It's a tune that we sing

It's a path we embrace

It's a path we embrace

Message From the Forsaken

Hope of Living Waters

I took baby steps as the sun baked my skin. The path was narrow, flled with nothing but desert sand. I was fghting with the gravity of weakness as I journeyed.

eye lids fghting with death to open. I could not make out who had this fgure…I felt a liquid substance

him, yes, it was you the HOPE of living waters.

Küçük İşler

İki yanı keskin bıçaktır hayat.
Küçük bir emek, bir duyarlılık,
Ayrılan kısacık bir zaman bazen nelere kadirdir.
Akıl almaz güzellikler yaratabilir şu dünyada,
doğrudan ya da dolaylı.
Tüm dünyasını değiştirebilir bir insanın,
Zincirleme etkilerle pekçok insanın dünyasını da değiştirebilir.
Bir orman yeşerebilir bir tek tohumdan..

İki yanı keskin bıçaktır hayat.
Ufacık bir ihmal, bir boşverme, bir duyarsızlık.
Bir anlık tembellik, bir küçük bencillik, bir görmezden gelme,

Bir gönlü kırabilir,
Kırık bir gönülden kırık nesiller çoğalabilir.
Umarsız bir kıvılcım bir ormanı yakıp kavurabilir.
Bir küçük hata nice canları alabilir..
Kısaca insanoğlunun küçücük gibi görünen eylemleri

Bazen hemen görünür etkisi, bazen yıllar
Kimi de yüzyıllar sonra..
Böyledir işleyiş.

Küçük güzel şeyler yapmaktan sakınmayınız kendinizi..
Ve çok korkunuz hertür kötülükten, tembelliklerden,
küçük umursamazlıklardan, küçük gibi görünen ihmallerinizden.

İki yanı keskin bıçaktır hayat.
Ne kestiğinzi bilmeden keser
Neyin kestiğini bilmeden kesilirsiniz.

Small Deeds

A small effort,

It can alter a person's world,
or set of chain reactions that touch many lives.

A small negligence, a disregard, an indifference,
a moment of laziness, a hint of selfshness, a blind eye turned,

One careless spark can ignite and ravage a forest.

Seemingly insignificant human actions or inactions

You may cut without knowing what you're cutting or
You may be cut without knowing what's cutting you.

All Is Quiet

Unfulfilled Desires

desires fare up,
which, unfulfilled and thirsty,

unfulfilled and thirsty,

Ivan Goran Žunar

Цвет наде

Тамо далеко
изнад облака,
у сунчевим зрацима,
небеско цвеће
игра
валцер среће.

Ласте се гнезде
нудећи песму радости
зеницама
у небо загледаним,
сузама у очима
на ћутање заветованим.

Безнадежне душе
напаћене
животом суровим,
моле за милост Господа,
призивајући нежност
да оплемени усамљеност.

Чекајући љубав за све,
напајају душу
надом
за сутра
уместо овог
тужног јутра.

Ивана Кнежевић

Flower of Hope

Heavenly fowers

Ofering a song of joy

Vowed to silence.

Sufering from a cruel life,

Of the Lord,

Dusty Darfur

Dusty Darfur, what are you fghting for.

Your people sufer, while others watch.

Kintsugi

cracks fll in with green

Zinnia

Hope

Hope

When there's devastation, fear keeps you down
You can't let go of hope

Only Hope calls to the heart,
It's the only thing that can save your heart.

Only hope can help

Hope

Still foats

Or boats

Synchrony of Time and Space

that within each fat, a dictation, within each range, an octave,

nostalgic, as we fnd pieces, highlights of a city, for a measure on a board.

A reverberance of presence, the notes fnd passage,

The key signature is a baseline, for the sync of one's soul.

Vivid depictions, one's mind extends the illustrations, building the compass, leading the exploration, of

winds blow, trees rustle, songbirds cry, and crickets rejoice, from within a vessel, a life of sufering,

Over uncharted waters, Faith navigates over the night sky, remaining still and close to the void.
Imagine so deeply, whether it is life's design, or the application of our time.

A Mother’s Day

Of soul wrenching explosions galore

Her heaving sighs muf ed with fright

Sarah

Sadly Hopeful

Walking Through the Maze of Thorns

Hope Little Deer

Or something kind to beautify the world.

Delusion

I cried to you, O Sea, my longing deep,

By blame it's hurt, in conflict it was born.

Just sorrows' flow, the heart's sweet peace is calm.

A vision drawn, it paints my heart's tableau.

Nor can I find in forgetting, peace whole.

That bears the weight of separation's chain?

Eis-Schloss

(based on the novel by Tarjej Vesaas, translated from the Norwegian into German by Hinrich

Verschwommene Gelegenheiten, bekannte Gedanken

Ice Palace

Forging Hope in the Furnace

Our Mother's Pain and Hope

Our mother's prayer and dream in the night,

Our mother's heart is like a vessel deep,

Our mother sees our agony with her tender eyes,

Our mother's promise love will vow to make,

Our mother's hope remains in her heart- the genuine sage.

Our mother's dreams are laughter, joy, and peace,

Our mother's appeal is always near.

Our mother shows strength in times of strike,

Our mother's dream is merged, thread by thread,

Our mother's hug and kiss,

Our mother's legacy of dreams grows,
She always believes that will forever fow.

Our mother's hope is bright and bold,

Our mother's love is our driving blaze.

Our mothers' hearts and her faith will staer Ō ƕ ɋ

Tiempo

He diluido mil veces la angustia hamacándome en los brazos eternos del forido mangal

Vi tu refejo, en mi sombra callada, y pensaba que no creía, lo que en aquel segundo surgía,
Así produjo, mil períodos de lluvias; crecieron racimos, azahares, un arcoíris, y fores

Eventually

De Meilleurs Lendemains

Espoir d'un monde équitable

Espoir d'une guérison
D'un autre horizon

Espoir d'un vibrant amour
D'un amour toujours

Oui, on continue de croire

On a des rêves enfouis
D'autres qui s'enfuient

Désir d'un monde sans guerre
D'une vie moins chère

¡Ojalá que mañana...

Open the windows!

For Better Tomorrows

We must fght hunger

Le Livre du Temps

Dans le livre du temps, notre histoire s'écrit
parfois en lettres d'or

Certains mots scintillent plus que d'autres
et viennent s'entremêler dans les mots du quotidien

Janji Angin Kepada Debu

The Wind’s Promise to the Dust

The pouring sweat can't last long

Sometimes the current overbearing wrilSometimeuuuuuuuuuh ḑ ɹ ᵀ˙ H ƀ ḑ ɹ ᴪ uH ; r v

The Journey of God Through Man

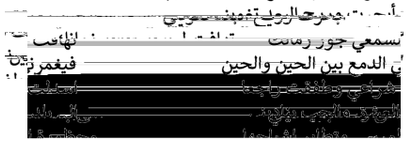
Too Young

Is There Hope?

who feels their pain and fght for peace

عودة غريب

مخرت عباب الشوق لعينيك هاربا



Voices in the Flames

Will they fnally see us?

Outside narrow views.

When the fames lick at their doors?

Of marching peacefully,
Of lying face down in imaginary handcufs,
Of slogans and chanting,
Of crying out, pleading,
Our voices hoarse with refrain:

No longer confned to whispers of change.

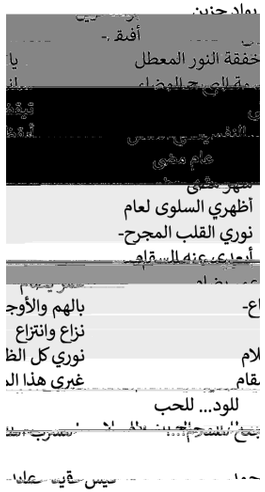
Our faces marked with the stories of struggle.

But to ignite the fames of awareness.

Plato’s Play

The fre, the fre on earth

Of a grand life in its own realm



For Shadows and Lights

Oh the fickering of the broken light

The Rhythm of Hope

through dark fields

knowing we cannot stop our fght for justice and equality

Reflections of Bentiu ‘The Paradise’

So of she went with her luggage once again to contribute to making the world a better place.
So, she set of to the foreign land.

Very excited about the prospect of making a difference in the new environment,

Then she was told she was going to the Paradise, OMG the Paradise?

The police officers patrolling the area,

The dust, the flies, the crocodiles, the snakes,
Villages overrun, homes destroyed, family and friends killed or maimed,

Oh, the stories in the Paradise were just too many.

People’s shelters were submerged in floods waters,

She fixed her mosquito net, wore her gun boots, and went to work.

She had the pride and joy of a mother, seeking to bring joy to suffering children,
She had the pride of a woman, wanting to alleviate the suffering of humanity,
Yes, a woman of peace, a woman of courage and a woman of warm affection.

Peacekeeper

To sacrifce for people, you have never known of,
It is a calling you cannot put of.

Acting selfessly, you carry the weight,

A Cry in Silence

Very thought of her absence

Joyful memories turn into a fading flash

Red Hook

Azul Infnito

mi país anftrión, tiene, en verdad,
un futuro de azul infnito

Infnite Blue

Of dignity and efort, the stone,

Of Europe, conscience, humanity

a future of infnite blue

A Better Tomorrow

The fowers to bloom

Being Us: Post Covid

OĘ K f ʒ ü D

Next Time….

And a fragrant summer fower

Or out of sheer valor

It is a humble sacrifce

Hope

Uncertainties are being intensifed.

No ending can fnd,

The damage is unidentifed,

a career

Rede, Meine Liebe

Zunächst alleine

Unsichtbar erst, wie Geräuscasser
Unerträghes nur gefüstert

La Steppe Pour Vous

I Hope You are Hopeful, My Son!

as One.

Only then, together, we can rise, hand in hand.

I hope you are hopeful my son that your life will make a difference day and night;

Hyacinth-girl

White butterfies

Of harpsichord and dandelions

Tanja Bakić

Mazwi (*words*)

it's only through the wound that we can let love in..and out..

it's coming..
hold on to me and I'll hold on to you and wait for the Light..
JOY! they say comes in the morning..

L ’art Vit

O Peine, misère

Nous défonçant comme des ﬂeurs des champs,

O Médaille d’or, chère espérance,
Vapeur qui parait pour un peu de temps,

O La vie, vit,

O Sou f e d’espoir,

Que l’on ponce pour transformer en ivoire.

O Espoir, arc-en-ciel du soir,

Art Lives

O Sorrow, misery

To All Refugees

Infnite sadness

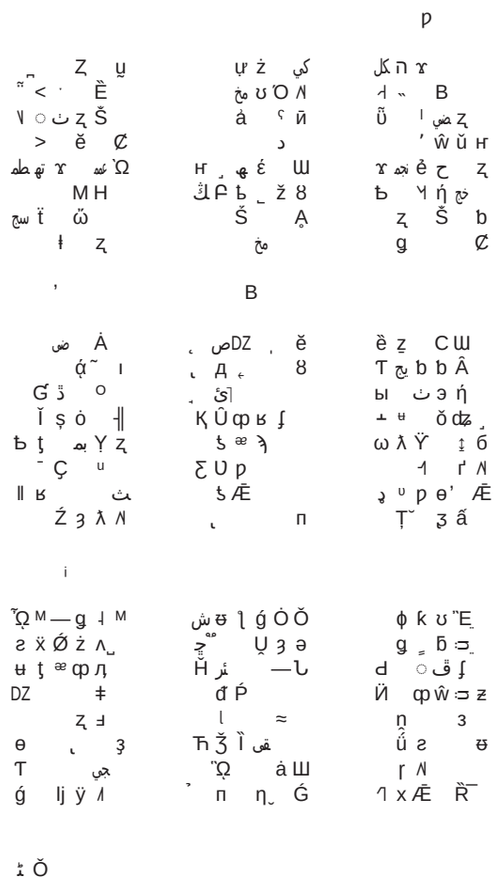
With the infnite pity

Tara

Forcing her weary body forward, she climbs the frst step of a solemn line

And If Tonight

powerful and selfsh, will guide our steps,



I Hope

Fields are full of fowers.

Butterfies dance lightly.
Skylarks fy freely.

Birds are singing and fowers are fragrant, everywhere.

The crow's cry is accompanied by the moonset.

Shallow fshes frolic with mandarin duck.

sunfowers love the sun.

Young Lu Xun cherishes fowers,

It's not worthwhile for neighbors to have confcts over a wall.
better is a neighbor that is near than a brother far of.

Cultivate one's morality in early years.
Everything is fne in later years.
Play with fowers and plants in leisure time.

Au Bout du Chemin

Chargés d'indifférence
Etouffait leur conscience…

Là où la vie sans mémoire

At the End of the Road

Loaded with indifference
Walked fiercely

Voices and conscience

Of the Son and the Father

Ghosts floating

To My Beloved David

Or breathed in the overwhelming smell of earth after the frst rain
Or experienced the ecstasy of a bird on its frst fight

Or followed the angels in their descend to the heavens

Or succumbed to gravity in a waterfall
All those cannot compare to the ecstasy of the frst kiss you gave me on that night….

Reminiscing