

Name: Billene Seyoum Woldeyes
Origin: Ethiopia
Citizenship: Canada
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'I' is Peace

Travelled roads and paths explored
Through deserts, hills and greener pastures
Witnessed stories, and heard the tales lions roared
In catchers, lies and truths she captures
While the wise woman's heart has implored
Yet she journeys on in raptures

Not Of history drenched in bloodshed
And precious lives laid to rest
While greedy kings kissed and wed
Then battled for the crest
Colluding in the enemy's bed
And emptying their peoples nest

Not Of bureaucracies
And theocracies
And clueless aristocracies
Perpetuating historical fallacies
And promoting nonsensical democracies

Not of Kalashnikovs
And spreading a hate you, love me myth
And dropping bombs
Searching for a nonexistent pith

But Of wiping tears
Cleaning bloodied stains
And deconstructing fears
And helping cope with pains

Of having Dr. King's dream
Reflecting on Ghandi's vision
Of reciting Rumi's poems
And chanting Buddha's preachings
But Of the need to include the WOMAN's teachings

Of the Rasta man's I and I

And singing loud songs of freedom
Fighting hard, fighting strong till we die
And emancipating the self from mental slavery is wisdom

Of moving away from 'he', 'she', 'me' to 'we'
Yet embracing the beauty of individuality
So someday we can together see
The crowning of Pacificity

Of honouring the place within
That sacred spot where it all begins
And preparing the field for sowing
The seeds of patience and compassion
To harvest and live a life of non-violent passion

Of looking at you and seeing me
And supporting each other's greatness
Moving towards being more present and to just 'be'
Leading each other into consciousness

Holding hands in solidarity
And fostering our humanity
knowing that I is peace
and in you, I see me.

~ Billene
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