



POEMS ABOUT PEACE

**Translated by the students of A1 and A2 class
1st Senior High School of Corinth
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After the sad news of a war happening and all the devastating images of people suffering because of it , the students of A1 and A2 worked in groups to translate three poems about “Peace”.

We really hope that this war will come to an end as soon as possible, bringing back normality in the lives of these people.



VASILIS ROTAS

“PEACE”

**Come, Peace, joy of the nations, mothers' hope,
You ,who plant and build and make the earth a garden,
You, who raise youth with beautiful fights,
Come and your streets shine washed with tears and blood,
So many planted bodies brought out branches on the sides,
Come as the spring and open closed doors and castles,
Come to make flocks come out and graze on the desert
land,
To make flowers blossom and birds sing on the fences,
Come as a sweet mother, the youth is calling you,
To enter with a new song in front of their dance ,Peace.**

NIKIFOROS VRETTAKOS

“PEACE IS WHEN”



You have been separated by the world by an invisible gap.

You missed things. You haven't estimated well everything,
you haven't seen ,you haven't listened as well as you should have. That's why you find it strange that I close and open the window without saying anything else but :

Peace!

So, Peace,is what I grasped through the expression and the movement of life. And Peace is something deeper than the thing we mean when there is no war.

Peace is when human's soul becomes the sun out in the universe and the sun becomes the soul into the human.

GIANNIS RITSOS

“PEACE “ TO KOSTAS VARNALIS

Peace is the dream of the child.

Peace is the dream of the mother.

Peace is the words of love under the trees.

**Peace is the father who comes back at night with a wide smile on his eyes
with a basket of fruit in his hands and the drops of his sweat on his
forehead are like the drops of the pitcher which freezes water by the
window.**

**Peace is when the scars of the wounds heal in the face of the world and in
the pits of the bombs we plant trees and in the burnt by the fire hearts
hope brings its first buds and the dead can lie aside and sleep without
complain knowing that their blood was not spilled in vain.**

**Peace is the smell of the food at night,
When the stop of a car at the street is not a fear,
When the knock on the door is a friend,
And every time you open the window you see the sky**

**Celebrating our eyes with the distant bells of its colours.
Peace is a warm glass of milk and a book in front of a child who wakes up
When the straws lean to each other saying :the light ,the light, the light
And the ring of the horizon overwhelms light
That is peace.**

**When prisons are changed to become libraries
When a song travels from door to door at night
When the spring moon comes out of the cloud
Like the worker who comes out the barber shop of his neighbourhood on
Saturday night fresh -shaved, that is peace.**

**When the day that passed is not a lost day
But it's the root which heightens the joy leaves into the night
And it's a won day and a fair sleep
When you feel that the sun ties its laces in a hurry again
To chase sorrow from every corner of the time
That is peace.**

**Peace is the bunches of rays in the plains of the summer
The alphabet of kindness in the knees of the dawn.
When you say: my brother-when we say: tomorrow we are going to build
When we build and sing
That is peace.**

When death holds little space into the heart
And chimneys point happiness in certain fingers,
When the big carnation of the sunset
Can be smelt the same by the poet and the proletarian
That is peace.

Peace is the strong held hands of the people
The warm bread on the people's table
The mother's smile.
Just that.

This is all about peace.
And the plows which drill deeply in the land
Only one name they write:
Peace. Nothing else. Peace.

On the rails of my lines
Peace is the train towards the future
Loaded with wheat and roses.

My brothers,
In peace the whole world breathes deeply with all of their dreams.
Shake hands ,my brothers,
That is Peace.

**You may say I'm a dreamer
but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you 'll join us and the
world will live as one...**



**“Never think that a war ,
no matter how necessary,nor how
justified,
is not a crime.”**

Ernest Heminway

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