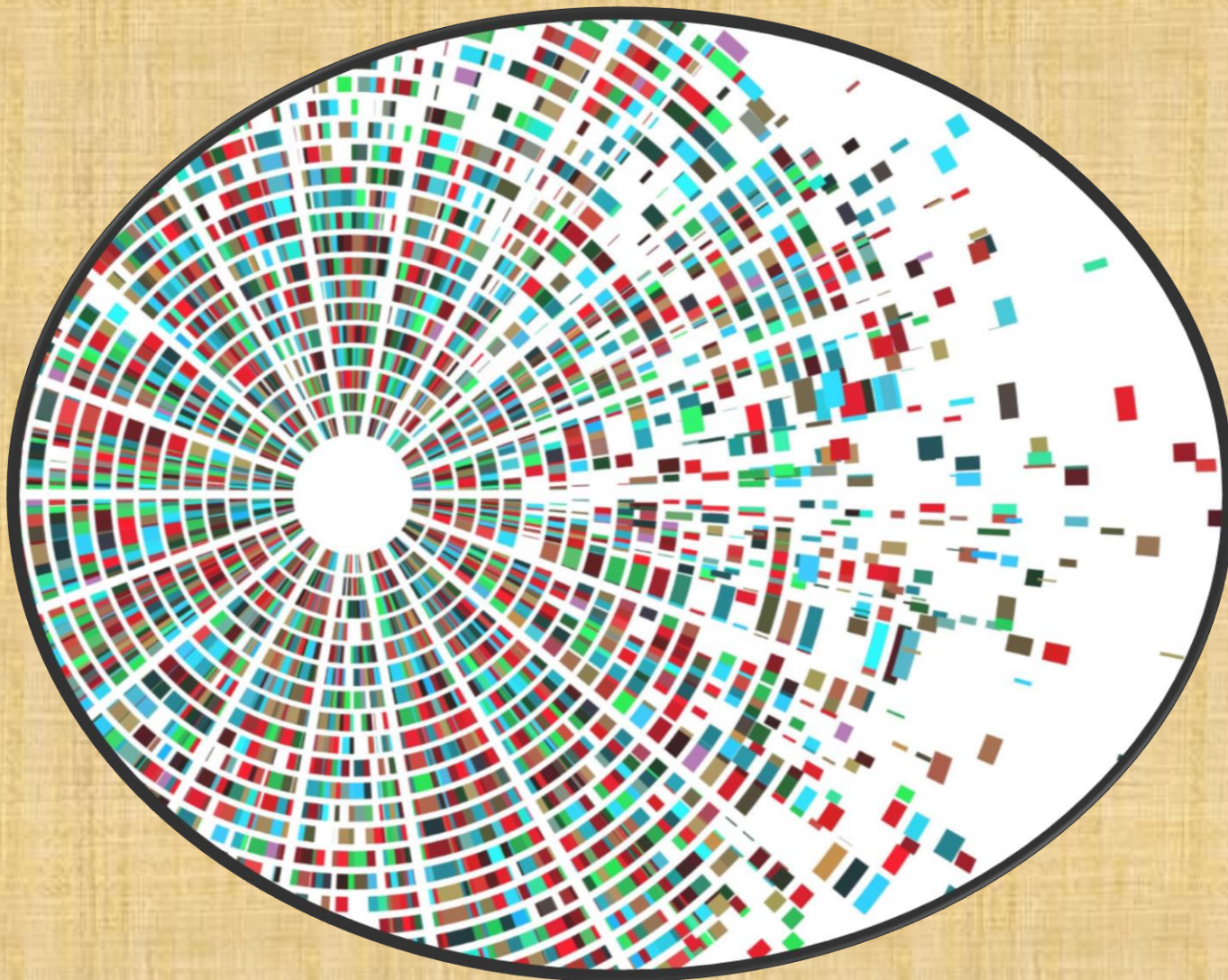




SPEAK A POEM TO POWER

LANGUAGE
A FUNDAMENTAL
HUMAN RIGHT



SPEAK A POEM TO POWER

As, a major focus of the IB program curriculum is the development of international-mindedness, which is the basis for understanding national culture and accepting the culture of others, and by taking advantage of the multicultural composition of the student community, we sought to find out what the common field is of all cultures, and we came up with the universal means of expression, the language. Through the activity “Speak a poem to power”, we proposed a revocation of “international madness” into “international-mindedness”. Our grade 9 and 10 students discovered the poets of their motherlands who defended Human Rights and introduced them to MYP students, using PowerPoint presentations.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Ana Blandiana Romania



- Ana Blandiana– Romania
- Γεννήθηκε στις 25 Μαρτίου 1942, στην Τιμισοάρα, Ρουμανία. Τώρα η Άνα είναι 77 ετών. Το πραγματικό της όνομα είναι Otilia Valeria Coman. Ήταν επηρεασμένη από τον πατέρα της που ήταν δάσκαλος και ιερέας. Έγραψε το πρώτο της ποίημα όταν ήταν 17 ετών, όταν ο πατέρας της πήγε στη φυλακή, όπου έμεινε για πέντε χρόνια. Η Άνα έγραψε δεκαεπτά τόμους ποίησης, έξι συλλογές δοκίμιου και τρία βιβλία φαντασίας. Ζούσε κατά τη διάρκεια του κομμουνισμού και αγωνίστηκε για τα ανθρώπινα δικαιώματα και την ελευθερία. Τα ποιήματά και τα άρθρα της απαγορεύτηκαν από όλες τις ρουμανικές εκδόσεις γύρω στη 1980-90.

“A great poem
can move you,
shake you,
and remind you
what it is to
be human.”

- Un Cal Tanar
- N-am reușit niciodată să știu pe ce lume sunt.
- Încălecăm un cal tânăr și fericit ca și mine
- Și în galop îi simțeam între pulpe
- Inima zvâcnind
- Și inima mea zvâcnea în galop neobosită,
- Fără să observe că între timp
- Șeaua mea se sprijinea
- Doar pe scheletul unui cal
- Care în viteză se dezmembra risipindu-se
- Și eu continuam să călăresc
- Un cal tânăr de aer
- Într-un secol care nu mai era al meu.



- A Young Horse
I've never figured out what world I live in.
I rode on a horse as young and as happy as I.
When he galloped, I could feel his heartbeat
Against my thighs
And my heart pounded, unquenchable, with the speed.
Everything flashing by, I didn't even notice
That my saddle was resting
On the bones of a horse
That was rapidly falling to pieces on the trail
And that I was still riding
On a young horse made of air
In a century that wasn't my own anymore.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Charlotte Mew United Kingdom



- Maiden name: Charlotte Mary Mew
- November 15, 1869 (born), Blossomsbury, London, England (birthplace)
- March 24, 1928 aged 58 (died), London, England, United Kingdom (death place)

"A great poem can move you, shake you, and remind you what it is to be human."

- The Cenotaph
- Not yet will those measureless fields be green again
- Where only yesterday the wild sweet blood of wonderful youth was shed;
- There is a grave whose earth must hold too long, too deep a stain,
- Though for ever over it we may speak as proudly as we may tread.
- But here, where the watchers by lonely hearths from the thrust of an inward sword have more slowly bled,
- We shall build the Cenotaph: Victory, winged, with Peace, winged too, at the column's head.
- And over the stairway, at the foot—oh! here, leave desolate, passionate hands to spread
- Violets, roses, and laurel with the small sweet twinkling country things
- Speaking so wistfully of other Springs
- From the little gardens of little places where son or sweetheart was born and bred.
- In splendid sleep, with a thousand brothers
- To lovers—to mothers
- Here, too, lies he:
- Under the purple, the green, the red,
- It is all young life: it must break some women's hearts to see
- Such a brave, gay cavalier to such a bed!
- Only, when all is done and said,
- God is not mocked and neither are the dead.
- For this will stand in our Market-place—
- Who'll sell, who'll buy
- (Will you or I Lie each to each with the better grace)?
- While looking into every busy whore's and huckster's face
- As they drive their bargains, is the Face
- Of God: and some young, piteous, murdered face.



- Δεν θα έχουν ακόμη τα πράσινα πεδία πάλι πράσινα
- Εκεί που χύθηκε μόνο χθες το άγριο γλυκό αίμα της υπερόχης νεολαίας,
- Υπάρχει ένας τάφος του οποίου η γη πρέπει να κρατήσει πάρα πολύ μακριά, πολύ βαθύ λεκέ,
- Αν και για πάντα, μπορούμε να μιλήσουμε τόσο περήφανα όσο μπορούμε να περάσουμε.
- Άλλα εδώ, όπου οι παρατηρητές με μοναχικές εσπές από την αίσθηση ενός εσωτερικού σπασμού έχουν συμβάλει αργότερα, θα χύσουμε το Κόκκινο;
- Νίκη, φερυλάτο, με την Ειρήνη, φερυλάτο επίσης, στο κεφάλι της στήλης,
- Και πάνω από τη σκάλα, στο πόδι-oh! εδώ, αφήστε τα απελτισμένα, παθασμένα χέρια να εξοπλισθούν Violets,
- Τριαντάφυλλα και δάφνες με τα μικρά γλυκά αναβρασθίμη πράγματα στην ύπαρξη Μιλώντας
- τόσο μελαγχολικά από άλλες πηγές Από τους μικρούς κήτους μικρών τόπων όπου γεννήθηκε και
- γεννήθηκε γιος ή αγάπη
- Σε υπέροχο ύπνο, με χιλιάδες αδέρφια
- Για τους εραστές - για τις μητέρες
- Έδώ, επίσης, βρίσκεται: Κάτω από το μωβ, το πράσινο, το κόκκινο,
- Είναι όλη η νεανική ζωή!
- πρέπει να σπαστεί μερικές καρδιές των γυναικών για να δει
- Ένα τόσο γενναίο, ομορφολογικό κάλυμμα σε ένα
- τέτοιο κρεβάτι
- Μόνο, όταν όλα γίνονται και λέγονται,
- Ο Θεός δεν χλευάζεται και ούτε οι νεκροί.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Confucius China



- Ο Κομφούκιος ήταν Κινέζος φιλόσοφος και πολιτικός. Γεννήθηκε στο 551 π.Χ. και πέθανε στο 479 π.Χ. Η φιλοσοφία του Κομφούκιου, γνωστή και ως Κομφουκιανισμός, υπογράμμισε την προσωπική και κυβερνητική ηθική. Η ιδέα του επηρέασε πολλές σχολές εκείνη την εποχή. Ο Κομφούκιος είναι ακόμα δημοφιλής σε όλο τον κόσμο.

"A great poem
can move you,
shake you,
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- 在一個好男人在場的情況下，一直想著如何學習如何與他平等。在一個壞男人面前把你的目光轉向



- In the presence of a good man, think all the time about how you may learn to equal him. In the presence of a bad man turn your gaze within!

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Jose Protasio Rizal Mercado y Alonso Realonda

Philippines



• Γεννήθηκε στην Calamba στις Φιλιππίνες, στις 19 Ιουνίου, 1861. Πέθανε στην Manila, Φιλιππίνες, στις 19 Δεκεμβρίου 1896. Εκτελέστηκε από ένα σμήνος της πυροσβεστικής των ιθαγενών στρατιωτών με την κατηγορία της πολιτικής συνωμοσίας, παρακίνηση και εξέγερση εναντίον της Ισπανικής κυβέρνησης στις Φιλιππίνες. Ήταν ένας πολυμαθής, ποιητής, δοκιμιογράφος, μυθιστοριογράφος και εθνικιστής, ειδικευμένος στην επιστήμη και τις τέχνες. Ζωγράφιζε, έκανε γλυπτά, ξυλόγλυπτα κ.α. Ήταν σεβαστός ως εθνικός ήρωας του λαού των Φιλιππίνων, Rambansang Bayani.

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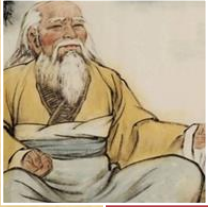
- A la Juventud Filipina
- Alza su tersa frente,
- Juventud Filipina, en este día!
- Luce resplandeciente
- Tu rica gallardía,
- Bella esperanza de la Patria Ma!
- Vuela, genio grandioso,
- Y les infunde noble pensamiento,
- Que lance vigoroso,
- Mas rápido que el viento,
- Su mente virgen al glorioso asiento.
- Baja con la luz grata
- De las artes y ciencias a la arena,
- Juventud, y desata
- La pesada cadena
- Que tu genio político encadena.
-
- Va que en la orfrente zona
- Do miraron las sombras, el hispano
- Esplendente corona.
- Con pia sabia mano,
- Ofrece al hijo de este suelo indiano.
- Tu, que buscando subes,
- En alas de tu rica fantasía,
- Del Olimpo en las nubes
- Tiernísima poesía
- Más sabrosa que néctar y ambrosia.
-
- Tu, de celeste acento,
- Melodioso rival Filomena,
- Que en variado concierto
- En la noche serena
- Disipas del mortal la amarga pena.
-
- Tu que la pena dura
- Animas al impulso de tu mente,
- Y la memoria pura
- Del genio refulgente
- Enmizas con genio prepotente.
- Y tu, que el vicio encasno
- De Febo, amado del divino Apeles,
- Y de natura el manto
- Con mágicos pinceles
- Traslada al sencillo lienzo suelos.
-
- Corred! que sacra llama
- Del genio el lauro coronar espera,
- Esperciendo la fama
- Con trompa prigionera
- El nombre del mortal por la ancha espera.
-
- Día, día felice,
- Filipinas gentil, para tu suelol
- Al Potente bendice
- Que con amante anhelo
- La ventura te envía y el consuelo.



- To the Philippine Youth
- Hold high the brow serene,
- O youth, where now you stand;
- Let the bright shien
- Of your grace be seen,
- Fair hope of my fatherland!
- Come now, thou genius grand,
- And bring down inspiration;
- With thy mighty hand,
- Swifter than the wind's violation,
- Raise the eager mind to higher station.
- Come down with pleasing light
- Of art and science to the fight,
- O youth, and there unite
- The chains that heavy lie,
- Your spirit free to blight.
- See how in flaming zone
- Amid the shadows thrown,
- The Spartan's holy hand
- A crown's resplendent band
- Proffers to this Indian land.
- Thou, who now wouldst rise
- On wings of rich emprise,
- Seeking from Olympian skies
- Songs of sweetest strain,
- Softer than ambrosial rain;
-
- Thou, whose voice divine
- Rivals Philomel's refrain
- And with varied line
- Through the night benign
- Frees mortality from pain;
-
- Thou, who by sharp strife
- Wakest thy mind to life;
- And the memory bright
- Of thy genius' light
- Makest immortal in its strength;
- Thou, who now wouldst rise
- On wings of rich emprise,
- Seeking from Olympian skies
- Songs of sweetest strain,
- Softer than ambrosial rain;
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- Thou, whose voice divine
- Rivals Philomel's refrain
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POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Laozi China



- (Laozi was an ancient Chinese philosopher and writer. He is the reputed author of the Tao Te Ching, the founder of philosophical Taoism, and a deity in religious Taoism and traditional Chinese religions. Li Yi studied under the commercial capacity of Yin Shang and Chen Chen, served as an official in the Zhou Shouyang in the late Zhou Dynasty and a thinker in the Spring and Autumn Period. Li Yongyou's works are widely regarded as the Tao Te Ching. It is one of the classics of Taoism and one of the world's most widely published texts.
- A semi-legendary figure, Laozi was usually portrayed as a 6th-century BC contemporary of Confucius, but some modern historians consider him to have lived during the Warring States period of the 4th century BC. A central figure in Chinese culture, Laozi is claimed by both the emperors of the Tang dynasty and modern people of the Li surname as a founder of their lineage. Laozi's work has been embraced by both various anti-authoritarian movements and Chinese Legalism.

"A great poem can move you, shake you, and remind you what it is to be human."

- 将欲取天下而为之，吾见其不得已。天下神器，不可为也，不可执也。为者败之，执者失之。是以圣人无为，故无败，故无失。夫物或行或随；或觑或吹；或强或羸；或载或隳。是以圣人去甚、去奢、去泰。
- 想要治理天下，却又要用强制的办法，我看他不能够达到目的。天下的人民是神圣的，不能够违背他们的意愿和本性而加以强力统治，否则用强力统治天下，不能够违背他们的意愿和本性而加以强力统治，否则用强力统治天下，就一定失败；强力把持天下，就一定会失去天下。因此，圣人无为，所以不会失败；不把持，所以不会被抛弃。世人秉性不一，有前行有后随，有轻嘘有急吹，有的刚强，有的羸弱；有的安居，有的危殆。因此，圣人要除去那种极端、奢侈的、过度的措施法度。



- He wants to govern the world, but he also has to use coercive methods. I don't think he can achieve his goal. The people of the world are sacred and cannot be ruled by force against their will and nature. Otherwise, they cannot be ruled by force. They cannot be ruled by force against their will and nature. ; Strongly hold the world, you will certainly lose the world. Therefore, the sage does not act deliberately, so he will not fail; he does not hold, so he will not be abandoned. People in the world have different natures, there are advances and followers, there are light boasts and rushes, some are strong, some are weak and weak; some are settled and some are in peril. Therefore, the sage should remove the extreme, extravagant and excessive measures.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

TASOS LIVADITIS GREECE



- Livaditis was born in 15 April 1922 in Athens, Greece. His family originated from the region of Kontovazaina, in Peloponnese. He grew up in Metaxourgeio. He had four older siblings, three brothers and one sister. His father was a merchant and he lived a happy childhood. He enrolled in the University of Athens' Law school in 1940, but at the onset of the German occupation of Greece, in 1941, abandoned his studies and joined the Resistance and the National Liberation Front's youth organisation EPON. After the liberation, in 1944, he continued to be politically active in the Left, which led to his arrest. He was released in February 1945, after the Varkiza Agreement between the national government and the Left. Livaditis died on 30 October 1988.

"A great poem can move you, shake you, and remind you what it is to be human."

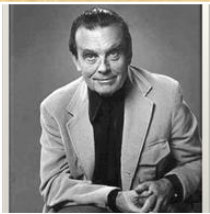
- Αν θέλεις να λέγεσαι άνθρωπος
- δεν θα πάψεις ούτε στιγμή ν' αγωνίζεσαι για την ειρήνη και για το δίκιο.
- Θα βγεις στους δρόμους, θα φωνάξεις, τα χείλια σου θα ματώσουν απ' τις φωνές
- το πρόσωπό σου θα ματώσει από τις σφαίρες — μα ούτε βήμα πίσω.
- Κάθε κραυγή σου μια πετριά στα τζάμια των πολεμοκάπηλων
- Κάθε χειρονομία σου σα να γκρεμίζεις την αδικία.
- Και πρόσεξε: μη ξεχαστείς ούτε στιγμή.
- Έτσι λίγο να θυμηθείς τα παιδικά σου χρόνια
- αφίνεις χιλιάδες παιδιά να κομματιάζονται την ώρα που παίζουν ανύποπτα στις πολιτείες
- μια στιγμή αν κοιτάξεις το ηλιοβασίλεμα
- αύριο οι άνθρωποι θα χάνονται στη νύχτα του πολέμου
- έτσι και σταματήσεις μια στιγμή να ονειρευτείς
- εκατομμύρια ανθρώπινα όνειρα θα γίνουν στάχτη κάτω απ' τις οβίδες.
- Δεν έχεις καιρό
- Δεν έχεις καιρό για τον εαυτό σου
- αν θέλεις να λέγεσαι άνθρωπος.



- If you want to be called a man you'll never stop even for a single moment to fight for peace and justice.
- You get out on the street, you scream, your lips will get bloody from yelling, your face will get bloody from bullets, but not a step behind. Every scream of yours is a rock thrown on the windows of war mongers.
- Every gesture of yours is like ruining injustice. And make no mistake:
- Don't let yourself been carried away not for a single moment.
- By just relaxing awhile and recalling your childhood years, you left thousands of kids slaughtered, when playing harmlessly in the cities.
- If you perish just a moment looking at sunset, tomorrow people will be dying at the night of war.
- If you stop for a moment to dream, then millions of human dreams will turn to dust under the bombshells.
- You don't have time, no time for yourself, if you want to be called a man.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Czesław Miłosz Poland



- 30.06.1911—14.08.2004)
- He was a Polish poet, prose writer and translator of Lithuanian origin and subsequent American citizenship. His World War II-era sequence *The World* is a collection of 20 "naive" poems. He defected to the West in 1951, and his nonfiction book *"The Captive Mind"* (1953) is a classic of anti-Stalinism. From 1961 to 1998 he was a professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of California, Berkeley. In 1980 he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

"A great poem
can move you,
shake you,
and remind you
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- Konto
- Historia mojej głupoty wypełniłaby wiele tomów.
- Niektórzy poświęciliby się działaniom przeciwko świadomości,
- Jak lot ómy, która, gdyby wiedziała,
- Niemniej jednak dążyłby do płomienia świecy.
- Inni zajęliby się sposobami uciszenia lęku,
- Mały szepc, który, choć jest ostrzeżeniem, jest ignorowany.
- Osobno poradziłbym sobie z satysfakcją i dumą,
- Czas, kiedy byłem wśród ich zwolenników
- Kto zwyciężył, niczego nie podejrzewając.
- Ale wszyscy mieliby jeden przedmiot, pragnienie,
- Gdybym tylko moja - ale nie, wcale nie; Niestety,
- Byłem napędzany, ponieważ chciałem być jak inni.
- Bałam się tego, co we mnie było dzikie i nieprzyzwoite.
- Historia mojej głupoty nie zostanie napisana.
- Po pierwsze jest późno. A prawda jest pracochłonna.



- Account
- The history of my stupidity would fill many volumes.
- Some would be devoted to acting against consciousness,
- Like the flight of a moth which, had it known,
- Would have tended nevertheless toward the candle's flame.
- Others would deal with ways to silence anxiety,
- The little whisper which, though it is a warning, is ignored.
- I would deal separately with satisfaction and pride,
- The time when I was among their adherents
- Who strut victoriously, unsuspecting.
- But all of them would have one subject, desire,
- If only my own—but no, not at all; alas,
- I was driven because I wanted to be like others.
- I was afraid of what was wild and indecent in me.
- The history of my stupidity will not be written.
- For one thing, it's late. And the truth is laborious.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

KOSTIS PALAMAS GREECE



"A great poem can move you, shake you, and remind you what it is to be human."

- He is a Greek poet who wrote the lyrics to the Olympic Hymn. He was a central figure of the Greek literary generation of the 1880s and one of the cofounders of the so-called New Athenian School .
- Born in Patras, he received his primary and secondary education in Mesolonghi. In 1877 he enrolled at the School of Law, Economics and Political Sciences of the University of Athens, but he soon abandoned his studies. In 1880s, he worked as a journalist. He published his first collection of verses, the "Songs of My Fatherland", in 1886. He held an administrative post at the University of Athens between 1897 and 1926, and died during the German occupation of Greece during World War II. His funeral was a major event of the Greek resistance: the funerary poem composed and recited by fellow poet Angelos Sikelianos roused the mourners and culminated in an angry demonstration of a 100,000 people against Nazi occupation.

- Παιδί, το περιβόλι μου που θα κληρονομήσεις, όπως το βρεις κι όπως το δεις να μην το παρατήσεις.
- Σκάψε το ακόμα πιο βαθιά και φράξε το πιο στέρεα και πλούτισε τη γλώρη του και πλάτυνε τη γη του, κι ακλάδευτο όπου μπλέκεται να το βεργολογήσεις, και να του φέρνεις το νερό το αγνό της βρυσσομάνας,
- κι αν αγαπάς τ' ανθρωπινά κι όσα άρρωστα δεν είναι, ρίξε αγιασμό και ξόρκισε τα ζωτικά, να φύγουν, και τη ζωντανιά σπείρε του μ' όσα γερά, δροσάτα. Γίνε οργωτόμος, φυτευτής, διαφεντευτής. Κι αν είναι κι έρθουνε χρόνια δίσεχτα, πέσουν καιροί οργισμένοι, κι όσα πουλιά μισέψουνε σκιασμένα, κι όσα δέντρα για τίποτ' άλλο δε φελάν παρά για μετερίζια, μη φοβηθείς το χαλασμό. Φωτιά! Τσεκούρι! Τράβα, ξεσπέρμεψέ το, χέρσωσε το περιβόλι, κόψ' το, και χτίσε κάστρο απάνου του και ταμπουρώσου μέσα, για πάλεμα, για μάτωμα, για την καινούρια γέννα π' όλο την περιμένουμε κι όλο κινάει για νά 'ρθει, κι όλο συντριμμι χάνεται στο γύρισμα των κύκλων. Φτάνει μια ιδέα να σ' το πει, μια ιδέα να σ' το προστάξει, κορόνα ιδέα, ιδέα σπαθί, που θα είν' απάνου απ' όλα.



- Child the orchard passed to you that you will inherit
- the way you found and saw it, do not like that abandon
- Deeper and better plough it, give it a fence more solid
- enrich the flora and extend its soil and territory
- and where untrimmed, where branches tangle, you have to trim those branches
- and water you must bring to it, the pure, of mother fountain
- and if you accept human beliefs for things that are not sickly
- blessed water pour on top of them and exorcize the ghostly
- liveliness sow into it, with what is strong and freshly
- Become a ploughman, a planter of life, a lord commander!
- And if leap years come upon us, times of rage befall us
- and those birds that disappear frightened and any trees too
- they're not worth for nothing else but to become war trenches
- Don't fear destruction.
- Fire, ax!
- Pull and uproot it, mow down the orchard, cut it all down
- And castle build on top of it and trench yourself inside it.
- For struggle, and for bloodying up, all for the coming day,
- which we forever await and forever starts approaching
- and like a wreck it's always lost in the turning of cycles
- Suffice an idea to tell you of it
- An idea to command you
- A crown idea, an idea sword, that will stand above every and all!

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Ivan Vazov Bulgaria



- Ivan Vazov, (born June 27, 1850, Sopot, Bulg.—died Sept. 22, 1921, Sofia). His poems, short stories, novels, and plays are inspired by patriotism and love of the Bulgarian countryside and reflect the main events in his country's history.

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be human."

- Нека носим йоще срама по челото,
- синила от бича, следи от теглото;
- нека спомен люти от дни на позор
- да висне кат облак в нашия кръгзор;
- нека ни отрича историята, века,
- нека е трагично името ни; нека
- Беласица стара и новий Батак
- в миналото наше фърлят своя мрак;
- нека да ни сочат с присмехи обидни
- счуленте окови и дирите стидни
- по врата ни още от хомота стар;
- нека таз свобода да ни бъде дар!
- Нека. Но ний знаем, че в нашто недавно
- свети нещо ново, има нещо славно,
- що гордо разтупва нашите гърди
- и в нас чувства силни, големи плоди;
- защото там нейде на връх планината,
- що небето синьо крепи с рамената,
- издига се някой див, чутовен връх,
- покрит с бели кости и със кървав мъх
- на безсмъртен подвиг паметник огромен;
- защото в Балкана има един спомен,
- има едно име, що вечно живеи
- и в нашта история кат легенда греи,
- едно име ново, голямо антично,
- като Термопили[1] славно, безгранично,
- що отговор дава и смива срамът,
- и на клеветата строшава зъбът



- Shipka's militias
- Let's have more shame on our forehead,
- the ink of the scourge, the marks of the weight;
- let the memory of the days of shame be fierce
- to hang a cat cloud in our horizons;
- let us deny history, forever,
- let our name be tragic; let me
- Belasitsa old and new Batak
- in the past, ours has been flogging its darkness;
- let them make us offended with ridicule
- break the shackles and holes of shame
- down our neck from the yoke of old;
- let this freedom be our gift!
- Let's go. But we know that what is recent
- something new is lit, there is something glorious,
- that proudly throbs our breasts
- and in us feels strong, great fruits;
- because up there on the top of the mountain,
- that the sky is blue with the shoulders,
- rises some wild, sensual peak,
- covered with white bones and bloody moss
- the immortal feat of a huge monument;
- because there is one memory in the Balkans,
- there is one name that you live forever
- and why the story is a legend gray legend,
- a new name, great antique,
- such as Thermal Saws [1] glorious, endless
- that the shame is answered and washed away,
- and the slander breaks the tooth

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Mahmoud Darwish Palestine



- Mahmoud Darwish (1942-2008) γεννήθηκε στην al bidwa στην Γαλιλαία, που ήταν ένα χωριό στην Παλαιστίνη που κατακτήθηκε και καταστράφηκε από ισραηλινές δυνάμεις. Έζησε για πολλά χρόνια στην Παρίσι και τη Βηρυτό επειδή δεν του επιτράπηκε να μείνει στην Παλαιστίνη. Μίλησε πολύ για την κατάσταση στην Παλαιστίνη διαμέσου των ποιημάτων του. Ο Darwish έγραψε πάνω από 30 βιβλία για ποιήματα και πήρε πολλά βραβεία, όπως « Λαναν Κουλτούρα», «Ελευθερία» και το βραβείο ειρήνης «Λένιν».

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- بقلم محمود درويش
- على هذه الأرض ما يستحق الحياة: تردد إبريل، رائحة الخبز
- في الفجر، أراء امرأة في الرجال، كتابات أسخيلبيوس ، أول
- الحب، عشب على حجر، أمهات تقفن على خيط ناي، وخوف
- الغزاة من الذكريات.
- على هذه الأرض ما يستحق الحياة: نهاية أيلول، سيده تترك
- الأربعين بكامل مشمشها، ساعة الشمس في السجن، غيم يقد
- سرباً من الكائنات، هتافات شعب لمن يصعدون إلى حقفهم
- باسمين، وخوف الطغاة من الأغنياء.
- على هذه الأرض ما يستحق الحياة: على هذه الأرض سيده
- الأرض، أم البدايات أم النهايات. كانت تسمى فلسطين. صارت
- تسمى فلسطين. سيدتي: استحق، لأنك سيدتي، استحق الحياة



- by Mahmoud Darwish , (trnslated by Saher HasHem)
- On this earth is something worth living for,
- April's weather hesitates
- The smell of bread at dawn
- A woman's thoughts for men
- Eskhelio's writings
- Love's beginnings
- grass on a stone
- mothers standing on a thread of flute
- and invaders who are frightened of memories
- On this earth is something worth living for
- The end of September
- A lady leaving her forties with all its fruits
- The sun in a prison
- Clouds copying the shapes of creatures
- The screams of the public heading towards their end and smiling
- And the tyrants frightened of songs
- On this earth is something worth living for
- The land, mother of beginnings
- mother of ends
- It was called Palestine
- It became Palestine.
- My lady, I deserve you
- Because you are my lady
- I deserve to be alive.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

GALAL ELBEHAIRY Egypt



- Mr. El Bahairy wrote the lyrics to the song 'Balaha', performed by Ramy Essam, and released on 26 February 2018. The music video was posted on social media, drawing over 3.7 million views. On 3 March, Mr. El Bahairy was arrested by National Security Police and disappeared for a week before appearing to face charges of terrorist affiliation, disseminating false news, abusing social-media networks, blasphemy, contempt of religion, and insulting the military. At the time of his appearance, he showed signs of having been subjected to torture and beating. Mr. El Bahairy's detention takes place against a backdrop of restrictions to freedom of artistic and other forms of expression and to the right to take part in cultural life in the country.

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- خطاب من سجن طرة
- في قلب هذه الليلة
- انا لا املك شيئاً
- لكن ابسأمتي
- أخذ بلدي بين ذراعي
- والتحدث معها
- عن حياة جميع السجناء ... هناك
- خارج حدود السجن ،
- وراء فهم السجين ،
- وحول حاجة الرجل ... لأخيه رجل ،
- عن الحلم
- كان ذلك شرعياً
- و ممكن
- عن عيبه
- يمكن أن تتحملها
- إذا شارك الجميع في ذلك .



If more politicians knew poetry,
more poets knew politics, I
convinced the world would
be a little better place in which to
live.

— John F. Kennedy —

AL QUDDES

- A Letter from Tora Prison
- In the heart of this night
- I own nothing
- but my smile.
- I take my country in my arms
- and talk to her
- about all the prisoners' lives... out there
- beyond the prison's borders,
- beyond the jailer's grasp,
- and about man's need... for his fellow man,
- about a dream
- that was licit
- and possible,
- about a burden
- that could be borne
- if everyone took part in it.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

lee Sang-hwa Shouth Korea



• Lee Sang-hwa was born May 22, 1901, in Daegu. He was a Korean nationalist poet active in the resistance to Japanese rule. Lee participated in the Samil (in Korean samil is 3,1) Independence Movement of March 1, 1919 in Daegu, which sought to restore Korean sovereignty. He then went to Japan, where he studied French literature. In 1923 he returned to Korea and taught English and French in a Daegu high school. In 1925, Lee made a sudden and decisive break with this poetic world about the reality of Japanese imperialism in Korea. Lee began to write poems of resistance against colonial rule. His reputation grew as a young promising poet after composing the poem entitled 'Does spring come to these stripped lands?' in 1926. In the early twenties he joined the White Tide (Baekjo) circle along with Hong Sayong, Park Jonghwa, and others, and began his career in poetry with the publication of the poems "Joy of the Corrupt Age" (Malseui huitan), "Double Death" (Ijungui samang), and "Toward my bedchamber" (Nau chimssillo) in the journal Torch (Geohwa). Yi died of cancer on April 25, 1943.

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- 빼앗긴 들에도 봄은 오는가 - 이상화
- 지금은 남의 땅 - 빼앗긴 들에도 봄은 오는가?
- 나는 온 몸에 햇살을 받고
- 푸른 하늘 푸른 들이 맞붙은 곳으로
- 가르마 같은 논길을 따라 꿈 속을 가듯 걸어만 간다.
- 입술을 다문 하늘아 돌아
- 내 맘에는 내 혼자 온 것 같지를 앓구나.
- 네가 끌었느냐 누가 부르더냐 답답위라 말을 해다오.
- 바람은 내 귀에 속삭이며
- 한자욱도 섰지 마라 옷자락을 흔들고
- 종다리는 울타리 너머 아가씨같이 구름 뒤에서 반갑다 웃네.
- 강가에 나온 아이와 같이
- 짬도 모르고 끝도 없이 담은 내 혼아
- 무엇을 찾느냐 어디로 가느냐, 웃어웁다, 답을 하려무나.
- 나는 온 몸에 풋내를 띠고
- 푸른 웃음 푸른 설움이 어우러진 사이로
- 다리를 절며 하루를 걷는다. 아마도 봄 신령이 지똥나 보다.
- 그러나 지금은 들을 빼앗겨 봄조차 빼앗기겠네.



- Does spring ever return to this land stolen?
- Does spring come to this land no more our own,
- to these forfeited fields?
- Bathed in the sun I go as if in a dream along a lane
- that cuts across paddy-fields like parted hair
- to where the blue sky and the green field meet.
- Your mute heaven and silent fields,
- I do not feel I have come here on my own;
- tell me if I am driven by you or by some hidden force.
-What am I looking for? Soul, my blind soul
- like children at play by the river,
- answer me: where am I going?
- Filled with the odor of grass, compounded
- of green laughter and green sorrow,
- limping along, I walk all day, as if possessed by the spring devil.
- for these are stolen fields, and our spring is stolen

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Martin Luther King jr. U.S.A.



- He was a leader in the Civil Rights Movement, a drive to get more equal treatment for all Americans, not just white Americans. This speech was important in several ways: It brought even greater attention to the Civil Rights Movement, which had been going on for many years.

"A great poem
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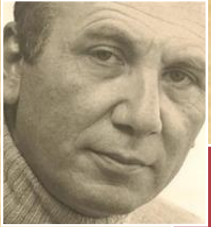
- I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. This is our hope.



- Έχω ένα όνειρο ότι μια μέρα κάθε κοιλάδα θα είναι ψηλά, κάθε λόφος και βουνό θα μειωθεί, οι ακατέργαστοι χώροι θα γίνουν φανεροί και οι στραβές θα γίνουν ευθεία και η δόξα του Κυρίου θα αποκαλυφθεί και όλα τα σάρκα θα τα δουν μαζί. Αυτή είναι η ελπίδα μας.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Nizar Qabbani Syria



- Nizar Qabbani was a Syrian diplomat, poet and publisher. He was born on March 21, 1923 in Damascus Syria. He died on April 30, 1998 in London, United Kingdom. He had lived in London since 1967 but the Syrian capital remained a powerful presence in his poems. Qabbani was a committed Arab nationalist and in recent years his poetry and other writings, including essays and journalism, had become more political. His writing also often fused themes of romantic and political despair.

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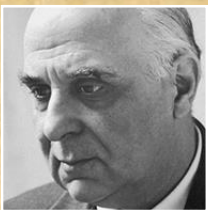
- بدون الوطنية ، التقيت بك بعد اليأس ، كما لو كنت قد التقيت بك أيها الشباب وكل مسافر سوف يتوب يوماً ما إذا كانت رزقه من الأمان والعودة وكل الأرواح سوف تطوي وإذا كان وقت طويل وطابا كما لو أن القلب بعدهم غريب إذا كانت ذكرى الوالدين الذين ذهبوا ولم تبنوا كما فقدوا المبدعين



- Without patriotism I met you after despair, as if I had met you young people and every traveler will be repent one day if the livelihood of safety and return and all the living will fold and if long time and Taba as if the heart after them strange if the memory of the parents who went away and does not build you as creators lost.

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

ΓΙΩΡΓΟΣ ΣΕΦΕΡΗΣ Greece



- Γεννήθηκε στη Σμύρνη το 1900 και επιβίωσε το 1971 - πήγε γυμνάσιο στην Αθήνα - από το 1918 ως το 1924 έζησε στο Παρίσι - το 1931 κυκλοφόρησε η πρώτη ποιητική συλλογή του με τίτλο Στροφή - βραβεύτηκε με Νόμπελ λογοτεχνίας.

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- "Αυτός ο άνθρωπος ήταν αγράμματος· είχε μάθει να γράφει στα τριάντα πέντε χρόνια της ηλικίας του. Αλλά στην Ελλάδα των ημερών μας, η προφορική παράδοση πηγαίνει μακριά στα περασμένα όσο και η γραπτή. Το ίδιο και η ποίηση. Είναι για μένα σημαντικό το γεγονός ότι η Σουηδία θέλησε να τιμήσει και τούτη την ποίηση και όλη την ποίηση γενικά, ακόμη και όταν αναβρύζει ανάμεσα σ' ένα λαό περιορισμένο. Γιατί πιστεύω πως τούτος ο σύγχρονος κόσμος όπου ζούμε, ο τυρανισμένος από το φόβο και την ανησυχία, τη χρειάζεται την ποίηση"



- "This man was illiterate; he had learned to write at the age of thirty-five. But in today's Greece, oral tradition goes as far as written. So is poetry. It is important to me that Sweden wanted to honor both this poetry and all poetry in general, even when it sprang up among a limited people. Because I believe that this modern world we live in, tired of fear and anxiety, needs poetry."

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Ibrahim Tuqan Palestine



• Ο Ibrahim Abd al-Fattah Tuqan ήταν ένας Παλαιστίνιος εθνικιστής ποιητής του οποίου το έργο συσπείρωσε τους Άραβες κατά τη διάρκεια της εξέγερσής τους ενάντια στη βρετανική επιβολή. Μετά την αποφοίτησή του με πτυχίο στη λογοτεχνία, ο Tuqan εργάστηκε ως καθηγητής αραβικής λογοτεχνίας στο Εθνικό Πανεπιστήμιο An-Najah στο Nablus. Το 1937 παντρεύτηκε τη Σαμιά Abd al-Hadi και είχαν έναν γιο, τον Ja'afar και μια κόρη, τον Ureib . Ο Tuqan υπέφερε από προβλήματα στομάχου καθ' όλη τη διάρκεια της ζωής του και το 1941 πέθανε στην ηλικία των 36 ετών από πεπτικό έλκος στο γαλλικό νοσοκομείο της Ιερουσαλήμ.

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- موطني
- السيف والقلم
- لا نتحدث ولا يتشاجر
- هي رموزنا
- لدينا المجد والعهد
- وواجب الوفاء به
- هزنا
- شرفنا
- هو سيب الشرفاء
- علم مرفوع
- يا جمالك
- في سيادتك
- منتصرا على أعدائك
- موطني | مسقط رأسي
- موطني | مسقط رأسي



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live.

— John F. Kennedy —

AL QUOTEE

- Mawtini
- The sword and the pen
- Not talking nor quarreling
- Are our symbols
- Our glory and covenant
- And a duty to fulfill it
- Shake us
- Our honor
- Is an honorable cause
- A raised flag
- O, your beauty
- In your eminence
- Victorious over your enemies
- My homeland
- My homeland

POETS DEFENDERS OF HUMAN RIGHTS

YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO Russia



• Full name: Yevgeny Aleksandrovich Yevtushenko • born July 18, 1933, Zima, Irkutsk oblast, Russia, U.S.S.R.— died April 1, 2017, Tulsa, Oklahoma, U.S. • A Soviet and Russian poet • Poet and spokesperson for the younger post-Stalin generation of Russian poets whose internationally publicized demands for greater artistic freedom and literature focused on esthetic rather than political standards indicated an easing of Soviet influence over artists in the late 1950s and 1960s. • He was born into a family of Siberian peasants and had written his first poem by the time he was ten years old. • He was also a novelist, essayist, dramatist, screenwriter, publisher, actor, editor and director of several films. • He was married four times, to Bella Akhmadulina, Galina Sokol-Lukonina, Jan Butler, and Maria Novikova, and he fathered five sons

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- Не только за свою страну солдаты гибнут в этой войне, а чтобы люди всей земли спокойно видеть сны могли. Под шелест листьев и афиш ты спишь, Нью-Йорк, ты спишь, Париж. Пусть вам ответят ваши сны, хотя лирические войны. Да, мы умеем воевать, но не хотим, чтобы опять солдаты падали в бою на землю грустную. Спросите вы у матерей, спросите у жены моей, и вы тогда понять должны, хотя лирические войны.
- Хотят ли русские войны? Спросите вы у тишины над ширью пашен и поле и у берез и тополей. Спросите вы у тех солдат, что под березами лежат, и пусть вам скажут их сыны, хотя лирические войны.



- Say, do the Russians want a war? -Go ask our land, then ask once more That silence lingering in the air Above the birch and poplar there. Beneath those trees lie soldier lads Whose sons will answer for their dads. To add to what you learned before, Say --Do the Russians want a war?
- Those soldiers died on every hand Not only for their own dear land, But so the world at night could sleep And never have to wake and weep. New York and Paris spend their nights Asleep beneath the leaves and lights. The answer's in their dreams, be sure. Say --Do the Russians want a war?
- Sure, we know how to fight a war, But we don't want to see once more The soldiers falling all around, Their countryside a battleground. Ask those who give the soldiers life Go ask my mother, ask my wife, Then you will have to ask no more, Say --Do the Russians want a war