



POETRY FOR HUMANITY

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So Many Women...

I think on so many women
who have never known love
Their happiness is ice-covered
because of home - violence and war

I've learned to listen to a special sound
while moon gazes to the roaming lake
I've learned to discover their plight around
and also invite them to a new world

You need to help me in this endeavor
Giving your hand to who is at your side
Discovering their agony and fright
Alleviating the pain in their miserable life

Ode to Prudence

Never thoroughly praised is the prudence
Distilling in our veins, her joy
She knows how to keep behind the fence
Tongue, feet and fantasy, they all

She is nurtured by peace from patience
And the deep light that's our faithful guide
Amen from the portion of intelligence
That God gave us the day we're born

I beg you, Lord not to be irresponsible
So nobody could say that I am negligent
Unconcerned, implacable or drowsy

Make me prudent to keep an eye on my feet
To make my feelings obey my will
To stop my impulses while I live
To live like I would be a day time being!

Ode to Hope

It is not sapphire, topaz or lapis lazuli
It is not a ruby-throated hummingbird
doesn't hide in the Sahara neither an oasis
It is not the soft fur of a cute cub



Hope is mauve and pink colors at sunset
It is often an unambiguous pathway
sometimes eases a back pain
sometimes emerald grass under rain

Sometimes the green pines mutter its name
While soul feels the winds of joy to end
Hope is the future of life of all men

Certainly it is trust in tomorrow morning
a paradise of joyfulness come true
The most caressed dream blue
finally it is the sigh of a soul in love with the moon

Peace Doves

Like white ships we see the doves
Snowy birds imploring humans
To save their life missiles disarm
To open paths to human love

They know that peace is their gift
Perfumed essence they bring with joy
Mysterious strength they grant to us
Like humming birds that colors own

In the dark, doves are the light
Their wings immersed in fresh light dew
Sweet two eyes to see the pain at night

They're messengers of a pure mystery
Unique device to dissemble war
They will give end to cold and injury



. **Maria Cristina Azcona** is a bilingual poet, educational psychologist, and family counselor based in Buenos Aires, Argentina. A global peace advocate, she serves as President of WWPO, Co-founder of ICP Global, and Vice President of Peace, Art, and Culture. Azcona has contributed to UNESCO's EOLSS Encyclopedia and holds honorary roles at institutions such as Columbia University and the University of Oslo. She has authored or co-authored over 20 books in English and Spanish, and was honored with the 2022 Biju Patnaik International Peace Award in India.