



COLLECTION OF POEMS
FROM ACTIVISTS

POETRY AND MENTAL HEALTH

THE PLACE ON EARTH THAT
HOLDS OUR SOUL

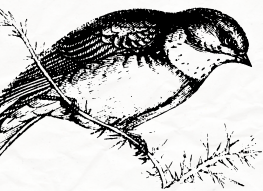


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POEMS

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INTRODUCTION

LET THIS COLLECTION BE A REMINDER THAT NO MATTER WHERE WE ARE IN THE WORLD, WE ALL HAVE A PLACE ON EARTH THAT HOLDS OUR SOUL.

Welcome to The Place on Earth That Holds Your Soul, a heartfelt collection of poems born from a shared exploration of the connection between mental health, self-expression, and our relationship with the natural world. Throughout this initiative, we invited people to reflect on the places that ground them, heal them, and offer solace to their spirit. The responses were profound, spanning various languages, cultures, and experiences, all woven together by the unifying theme of finding sanctuary in the world around us.

This e-book marks the culmination of a two-month journey where our community came together to express their deepest emotions through the art of poetry. From serene landscapes and oceans to quiet moments of reflection, each piece in this collection captures a unique interpretation of the soul's need for connection with the Earth. These poems remind us of the power of nature to heal, inspire, and ground us in the present, offering not only a window into the poet's soul, but also a shared reflection of our own.

As you read through these pages, we hope you feel the same sense of connection, peace, and inspiration that guided each poet. Let this collection be a reminder that no matter where we are in the world, we all have a place on Earth that holds our soul.



SANCTUARY OF THE SOUL: EMBRACING NATURE'S HEALING TOUCH

BY NIDAA HAMMOUD

On a planet around which the sun and moon revolve
There must exist a single spot within it,
That holds our soul, heals our essence
In the midst of chaos, a safe haven
Where the heart finds rest, and the spirit heals, and the mind dreams.

Go
where emotions dance and soar like a newborn bird, challenging himself to fly with
its small wings, soaring freely after continuous struggle

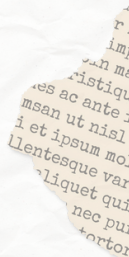
Go where thoughts intertwine, where colors exist, where black whitens and white
colors, where light meets darkness

Humans always need warm care,

Let's establish a connection between us and warm places,
Where we do not hear noise and do not see darkness
Let's embrace the trees for a few minutes - as therapists advise -
Let's listen to the birds chirping happily in the morning - as you are listening to
yourself

Let's share what's inside us with the soil, the sea and the mountains
Perhaps it will rain peace and joy
Your sky will thunder like a winter sky then clear like the clarity of spring

After every pale cloud, the sky opens up and clears
Just like the rose, blooming after winter storms
Just like us, after every hardship and trial, we return stronger, more beautiful,
confident, dreamers, brave and ambitious





SANCTUARY OF THE SOUL: EMBRACING NATURE'S HEALING TOUCH

BY NIDAA HAMMOUD

Humans, by instinct, are like a garden
Our mind needs care, and warm words
We need to be planted in the depths like trees to deepen our roots and rise high
into the sky with strength

Let's love ourselves
Let's paint a picture in our minds woven with hope
Let's acknowledge the difficulties we face, then learn how to confront them
Let's go where our souls belong and to the places that embrace our earthy spirit
Let's travel together hand in hand
Let's say what we love to hear in words that heals others and us
Let's be what this world needs for each individual
Let's help our wounds heal and recover
Let's ignite a luminous flame
Because mental health is worthy, in darkness and light.





SANCTUARY OF THE SOUL: EMBRACING NATURE'S HEALING TOUCH

BY NIDAA HAMMOUD

الإنسان بغريزته كحديقة
تحتاج عقولنا للعناية، وإلى كلمات دافئة، نحن بحاجة لأن نُعزز في القاع كالشجر لتشيق جذورنا ونصعد
عنان السَّمَاء بالقوَّة.

لنحبَّ أنفسنا، لنرسم صورة في مخيلتنا من نسج الأمل
لنعترف بالصعوبات التي نواجهها، حينها نتعلَّم كيف نواجهها، لنذهب حيث تنتمي أنفسنا وإلى الأماكن
التي تحتضن فيها روحنا الأرض.

لنسافر معًا يدًا بيد، لنقل ما نُحب نسمعه من كلمات تداوي الآخر والأنفس، لكن ما يحتاجه هذا العالم
لكل فرد، لنساعد جروحنا على الالتئام والشفاء.

لنُشعَّ بشعلة مضيئة،
لأن الصحة العقليَّة مهمَّة، في الظلام والنور.

أكتب ما يراود عقلي من أفكار تتصلَّ مع أناملي، من خلال تجربتي: الذهاب إلى الطبيعة، الاسترخاء،
القيام بالأشياء التي ترضي النفس وتحفيز نفسي وتشجيعها في كل مرة أتجاوز بها محنة ما.

نداء حمّود





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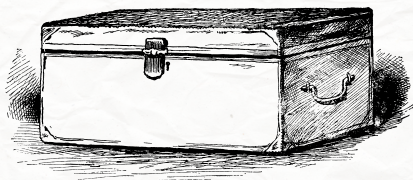
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THE END OF A BEGINNING

BY ABONYO

"When I grow up!"

Sounds cliché.

This world takes.

It has not a minute to give.

When death is wished it runs and crawls its way to a land unseen.

I have seen men, watched women

Try to cradle the heads of those they think hurt than them.

Lone traveler.

When I see the end.

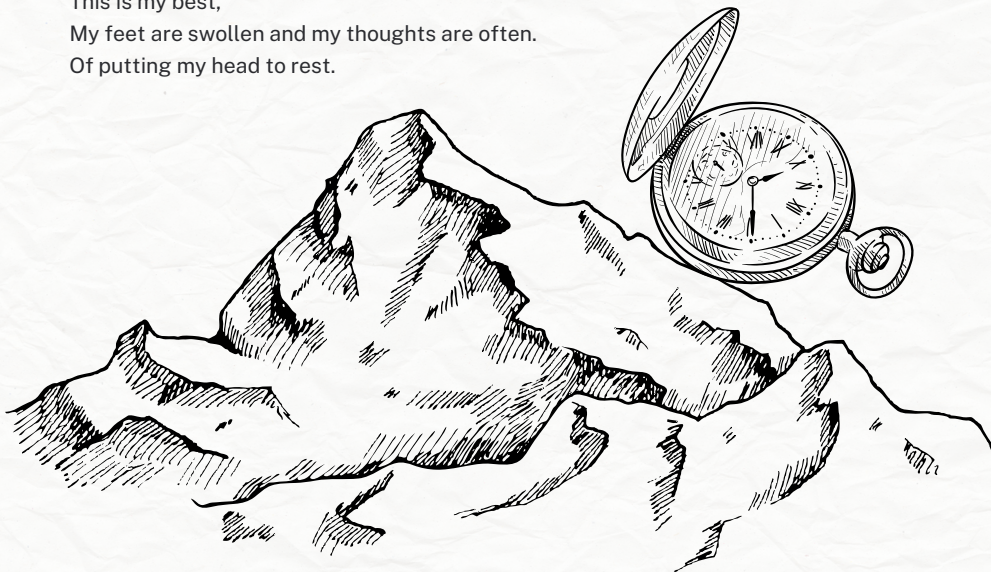
Then like Moses I won't mind a rest .

But until then life has to know,

This is my best,

My feet are swollen and my thoughts are often.

Of putting my head to rest.





THE END OF A BEGINNING

BY ABONYO

Blame me you.
Your spec isn't as heavy as mine .
You think?
I turn joy to burden by a snap.
My feet is too heavy to step on the past.
That I look for life in the edges of archives.
You say?

All you don't know.
You won't .
My enigmatic pen
On its feet
Begging for days to put down it's last words.
Or wipe its tears of resilience
If life is for the living.
Then the future.
Is for them that are brave.
I will be in my next!



The page features several watercolor-style leaves in shades of grey and green, scattered around the edges. There are large leaves in the top-left and top-right corners, and smaller ones along the right side and bottom corners. The background is a light, textured paper.

‘SAFESPACE’

BY YANSON HILAIRE

The air furls through my lungs
Every gust brings a beat of relief until I am overflowing
Every petal on the wind
Count them all myself
Unlike the sorrows that ache
They don't pin me down
They don't threaten to tear me apart
Every ray of sun that catches my skin
Feels like a promise
Every echo I hear reminds me
That the vines coiling around you are polite
They want to reach your head
To form a crown of azaleas
To replace the mangled weeds
I don't want to open my eyes
If I do, you won't be that breath of fresh air
You won't be that reminder
You won't be next to me
So, I'll stay blinded
Oblivious to who I was
There,
In my safe space I shall remain.

STILL SOLACE

BY SAVIOUR IWEZUE

Confinement was only a dream,
My body was never my greatest limit.
My boundless thoughts confound my desire to roam free;
The limitations of my body were but a deceit.
For a soul confounded to the sounds of my late beloved's oak tree!
My soul undistracted from the solace at the tree,
Found it profound how the winds intertwined with leaves.
What a magical ambience it leaves,
When it whispered her name in my dreams.
Watered is the longings of my soul, as I connect with her earth and the trees.





OUR BLUE HOME

BY TANIA ROA

Researchers say we know more about space than we do about the ocean.

Yet,

the ocean is our home.

It is life,

and abundance.

Oceans wrap our planet in oxygen,

the same way they hold me.

When I dive, I am one with the ocean.

I'm free,

no longer bound by gravity.

I'm immersed in an alternate universe

that feels familiar.

I'm surrounded by shades of blue -

the color of serenity

and calm.

The ocean is our blue home,

and it always welcomes us back -

where we belong.





ECO POETRY

BY CHRISTINE SAMWAROO

In our most authentic forms, we mirror the trees,
However humans need trees, yet we often destroy,
Ignoring their pain, treating them as commodity.

Do trees feel a shadow, a melancholic sigh?
Not as we do, but beneath the sky,
Do they tire of the sun's unending gaze,
And long for respite from their endless numbered days?

Shiny green leaves reaching for light,
Standing tall though the day and night,
Providing shelter, life's oxygen store,
To the smallest life forms, they give and never ask.

Yet in their roots, is there a hidden strain?
An ache of exhaustion, a quiet refrain?
Do they feel the sting of being used,
Stripped and cut, their essence abused?





ECO POETRY

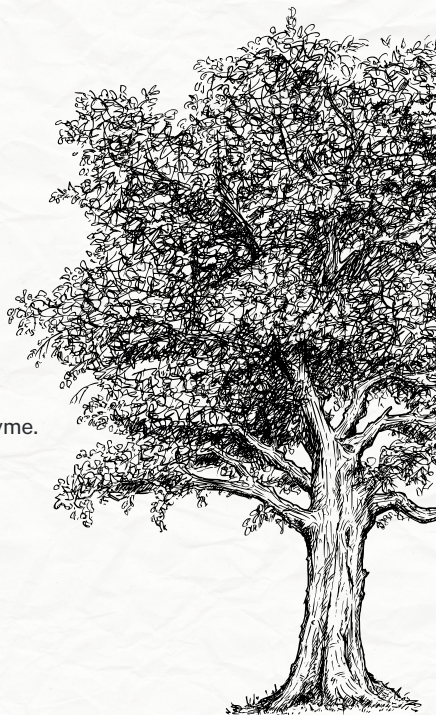
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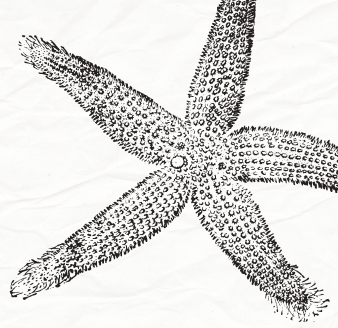
In their silent grace, do they cry out in vain,
Mourning their own loss,
Autumn's chill strips them bare,
Leaves falling down in silent prayer.

Leaving them barebones, skeleton-like.
Do they feel the weight of seasons gone by,
The pain of loss as their colors fade?
But life persists through the frosty breath,
In the silence, there's no death.

Spring will return with color brighter than before
The sky's creatures will flock once more.
If trees knew sorrow in a way akin to ours,
It would be a lesson to cherish their powers.
Rest is essential, and letting go is key,
To bloom anew, to continue this cycle.

For in the end, we share the same dance,
Of enduring and evolving, given the chance.
Strength and renewal in earth's grand design,
Both trees and humans have the same cosmic rhyme.

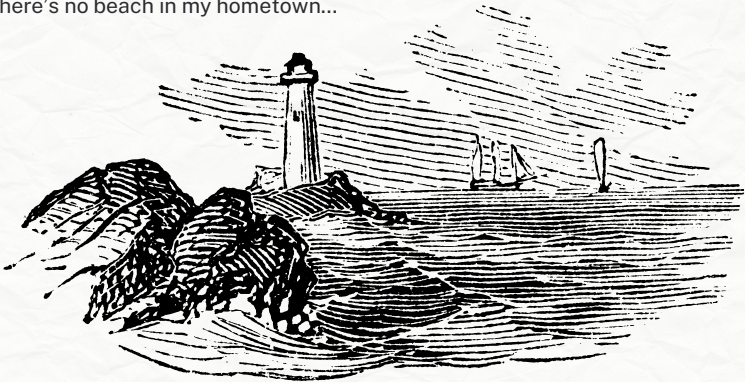


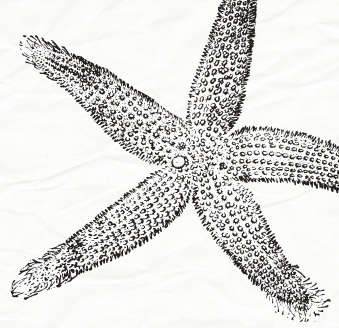


ORIGIN AND PATHWAY

BY SAÚL VEGA DE ITA

When I get back to the sea
Origin and pathway
of life
the first one
I float
I throw my body forward
like you don't do in the air
show my face to the sky
close my eyes
And float...
I take a trusted hand
I feel like
I've evolved to experience water
I throw myself to the entire Earth
feeling how it goes into me
It drives me up
I understand it as my birth bed
Even if
I haven't learnt to swim
And there's no beach in my hometown...

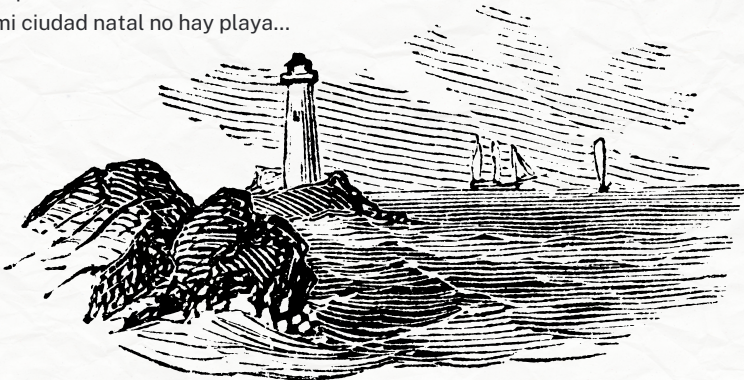




ORIGEN Y VÍA

BY SAÚL VEGA DE ITA

Cuando regreso al mar
origen y vía
de la vida
primera
Floto
Lanzo mi cuerpo hacia adelante
como no se hace en el aire
muestro la cara al cielo
Cierro mis ojos
y floto...
Tomo una mano en la que confío
Siento como
Evolucioné para vivir el agua
Me lanzo a la Tierra entera
Siento como entra en mí
Me impulsa hacia arriba
Le entiendo mi lecho de nacimiento
Incluso si
no he aprendido a nadar
Y en mi ciudad natal no hay playa...

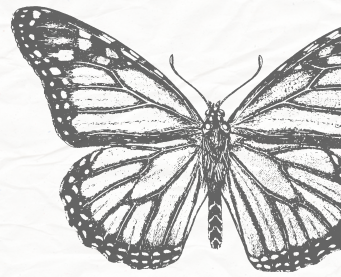


IT WOULD BE THE PLACE

BY JENNIFER LAURA FLORES LIZARAZU

I lie on the bare earth, this without the fragrance of rain.
My father says let's serve, we share the same glass of water,
because the rest, the industries turned into soda.
The wind lacks the pleasant sound, the one coming from the dune.
Now it's not even a placebo to see the traveling plastic.
This place with them is of sincere love.
If it weren't for the human race with its nefarious actions,
this would be the place that holds my body
because their love holds my soul.
This love keeps me alive, the pollution destroyed.





CLOSING

WE THANK ALL OF THE AUTHORS WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THIS POETRY COLLECTION.

As we close *The Place on Earth That Holds Your Soul*, we want to thank every participant who shared their words, their emotions, and their unique connection to the world. This collection is a testament to the power of poetry and self-expression in fostering healing and connection, both with ourselves and with nature.

But this is just the beginning. As we continue exploring the intersections of mental health, creativity, and the environment, we invite you to stay connected with us. Follow our social media channels to discover more workshops, events, and opportunities to express yourself and engage with our growing community. Thank you for being part of this journey.

