



**-Larry Jaffe, Poet, LA: USA**

"How do you explain the embodiment of beauty and peace. Are they equal in their powers to haunt and attract yet maintain serenity simultaneously? Or are they disparate concepts that uniquely come about once in such a great while? For me, Birgitta Jonsdottir embodies beauty and peace it stretches from her soul and embraces an entire planet in both word and deed. Such is the power of her words. Such is the power of her beauty. Such is the power of her."

**-Paul McDonald, Kentucky: USA**

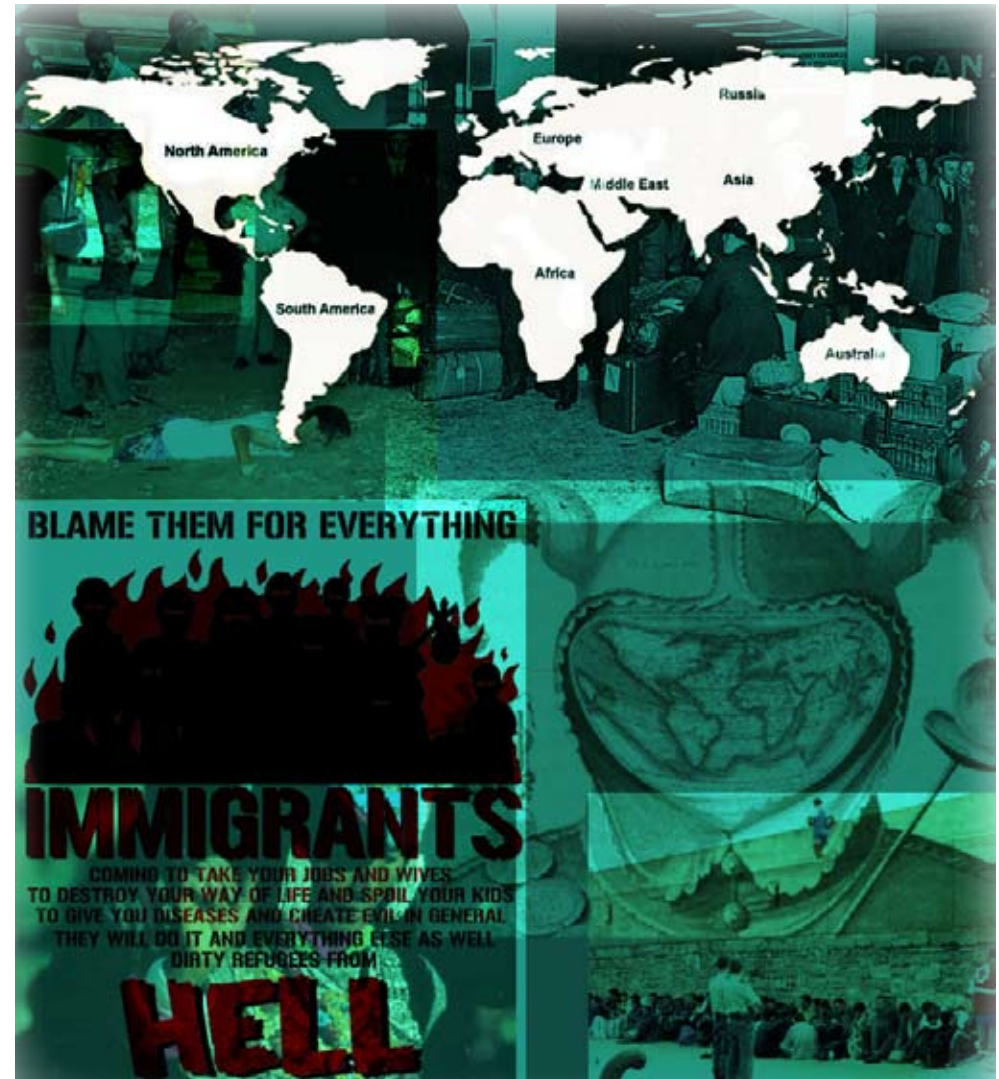
"...a soul that has been here for a long time, Birgitta Jonsdottir is an emerging voice of the Goddess calling us into the new millennium..."

**-Aleksi Aaltonen, Helsinki: Finland**

"I'm proud to say that Birgitta must be the most outstanding multimedia artist of our time. The immense depth, strength and at the same time sensitivity in her poetry, music and art work is a joyful, powerful, and very personal, intimate experience time after time. "

# The World

Birgitta Jónsdóttir



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# The World

*I wish to dedicate this book to all the people in the world  
who are suffering from the horror of war*

## B i o g r a p h y

Birgitta Jonsdottir was born in Reykjavik, Iceland 1967. She has lived in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, USA, Australia, New Zealand and The Netherlands. She is currently living in Iceland

Birgitta has been active in the Icelandic literature, music, and art scenes for 20 years and is considered one of the pioneers in bringing The Arts to the Internet. Her first book of poetry, Frostinglar (Icicles), was published when she was twenty by one of Iceland's leading publishers. Her art has been exhibited in the USA, Asia and Europe. She has performed and lectured at festivals around the world. Her work has been published in anthologies, TV, Radio, Magazines, Newspapers and on the Internet.

Her work has been translated to 12 languages.

In 2002 she edited the Book of Hope & the World Healing Book, global anthologies of poetry, prose and art. Birgitta is a member of United Poets & the Icelandic Writers Union. Birgitta is the founder of Beyond Borders Press and Radical Creations.

She is currently working with the Italian comic artist Maruzio di Bona on various projects, such as experiments with poetry comics. Birgitta is currently translating two books of poetry, one by Diane di Prima and other by Michael Lohr. Her first novel The Chameleon's Diary was published in November 2005. In 2006 she translated the Four Agreements, a Toltek wisdom book by don Miguel Ruiz and Moral lessons of the Twentieth century, conversations between Ikeda and Gorbachev.

Birgitta has devoted her time in the last few years to the struggle to save the pristine Icelandic highlands from destruction for heavy industry for aluminium smelters from the USA and to radical movements for peace and tolerance. She organised Poets against the War, Artists against the War and various other creative demonstrations before and after the war against Iraq.



**Beyond Borders Chapbook Series #7**

Somewhere on Planet Earth 2006

poems@this.is

# Enough!

enough blood  
has been spilled

enough hatred  
has been bred

enough weapons  
have been created

enough children  
have died

enough, enough

the womb of the mother  
is bleeding  
her breasts dry

time  
now  
for the peoples of this world  
to unite  
our world on the verge of collapse  
into darkness

time to unite  
for real changes  
for us all  
not just the chosen few

time  
for us  
to choose for us all  
for we are all chosen  
to lead our world into another reality

# The World



We are reflections  
of our mother Gaia  
It radiates through  
    our creation  
crafted with care  
    crafted with love

We are reflections  
of our father Sky  
it radiates through  
    our spirit  
crafted with care  
    crafted with love

A kind act  
a selfless smile  
    -catalyst  
Integrated invisible  
chain of cause and effect



You have gazed within the world beyond  
    into the bright eyes of death  
    Brought with you a new story to tell  
in the ever evolving tapestry of life and death

You have looked into the world beyond  
    and have brought back  
    you

# Heroes

Giving up the roots  
the land of their ancestors  
the soil that keeps their history.

Choosing peace  
over blood stained future.  
Choosing new soil  
for a future for their children.

Not because of greed,  
but courage.

It takes courage to leave  
all that is known.

It takes courage  
to set foot on boats,  
so ancient,  
that most of them sink  
into the cold, deep sea.

It takes courage beyond words  
to settle in a new land,  
where all that was is no more  
but a distant memory.

The true heroes of our world,  
leave behind their small fortunes,  
their education,  
their family,  
their culture.

—They choose peace.

The true heroes of our world  
choose to flee,  
instead of pushing  
automatic rifles  
into the hands  
of their sons.

## II

Big waves wash over them,  
salt of the oceans  
into the wounds,  
the grief,  
the fear.

They don't give up,  
they move on,  
grow roots  
in foreign soil.

The West blinded by its  
own reality.  
Reality lacking empathy  
towards other cultures.  
Where other values rule  
with no less moral values  
or integrity.

In our Western world  
the true heroes of our world,  
wash dishes,  
clean toilets,  
work the fish,  
with doctor degrees.

The true heroes of our world  
are kept in camps as they wait  
for our mercy.  
Treated as parasites  
trying to steal the riches  
of our West.

And the West has long forgotten  
how it became so rich.  
Where their blood money  
comes from.

### III

In the West our heroes  
are those that know  
how to swim with sharks.  
We believe in the survival of the fittest.

In our world our heroes  
are those that walk the path of war.  
The soldiers with the medals  
honoured for the bravery to kill,  
Ours is the science of violence.

We claim we are free,  
in our democratic illusion.  
We live in a world of war  
on poverty, drugs, terrorism.  
Such is the power of nightmares.

In our world we worship  
the fear generators.  
We have traded away our freedom.  
for a belief that change is dangerous.

In our free world  
fear is skilfully used to control us.  
In the shadow  
of the puppet masters  
we feel safe.  
We are loyal dogs.

True heroes are those  
that are willing to sacrifice everything  
because there is nothing left to lose.  
True heroes  
are the voices of hope.  
They are the voices of love  
among the fearful.  
Voices that build bridges  
between cultures  
Embrace our differences.

The true heroes of our world  
are the individuals,  
who dare to challenge  
values that are landmines in our hearts;  
patriotism, fear, hatred and greed.

The true heroes of our world  
choose peace

## Warriors of Words

Listen; poets of the world  
your words are mighty  
your vision is clear  
war IS war  
not peace

The voice of the oracle speaks  
through your words

Fight with your pen  
with your vision

Open the space between space  
the world between worlds  
between your words

The world is not simple  
It unfolds in layers of understanding  
and misunderstandings  
Create that empty space  
of understanding  
by being unbearably honest

Create that space for free thinking  
curling through your words  
To strike in the heart of hearts  
like a bolt of enlightenment

You are the carrier of the flame  
the favorite of the muse  
the warrior of words  
Truth is truth  
seek it  
speak it

The bush is on fire  
illusions run deep  
seek, speak, the truth  
Hope shall flourish  
peace shall flourish  
in the s p a c e

*This poem is dedicated to all the poets, writers, artists, thinkers & spiritual leaders that made  
the Book of Hope & the World Healing Book possible.*

# HORROR OF WAR

Headless bodies  
    burned flesh  
        smell of decay  
A wedding band  
on a slim delicate finger  
Shades of memories  
a future that can never be

A lonely head in a lush green field  
eyes wide open  
In the hollow a reflection of  
untold love

Mountains of starved children  
    shiny bones  
flesh torn off the bodies

Shocked and awed  
by the images of mothers  
miscarrying their unborn children

Shocked and awed  
by the silent fear  
countless civilians  
dead dead dead

These are images  
we should put in a frame  
Mount them in our homes  
so we never forget;  
the true horror of war

dragon  
lizard  
turtle  
bee

a single yellow flower

songs  
poems  
light  
love



I seek  
understanding  
of the catalyst nature

grief  
war  
apathy  
fear

I seek  
freedom  
from interesting times

# Tsunami

The silent ocean  
suddenly a wall of destruction

Sleeping in the soft sand  
                            mass grave  
1000 upon 1000's of souls  
brilliant flash of light  
spiraling in a world between worlds

Fragments of pain  
reach deep  
into the heart

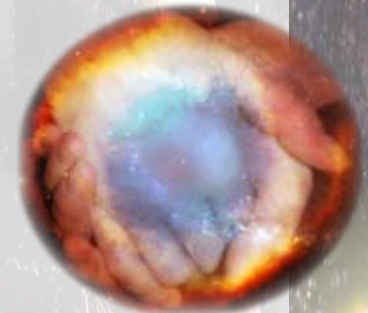
Mounting numbers  
of lifelessness

Empty shells

Larger than life  
proportions

All I have to offer is  
                            hope  
in those darkest of times

All I have to offer is  
                            oceans of joy  
as dawn breaks



*Dedicated to the people that survived  
the 2004 tsunami and to those that  
lost their lives*





# Oh grEAT Eagle

can you hear the voices of the dying children  
can you hear the scream of fear  
kill kill kill  
echoes in the cradle of civilisation  
ghost world

a sad evolution

kill kill kill  
I feel the bloody tears

rivers  
of countless bodies

carnage

oh great eagle  
sympolizing the spirit  
of infinite vision  
when did you grow blind  
when did you become deaf  
and dumb

3 monkeys  
appear in my mind

oh great eagle-monkey  
great ghost maker  
it is time for you to return to the bushes

leave the destiny of the world to peacemakers  
to spirit eagles



Poetry, photos & Art

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