

Jewish
Chronicle

PEACE POEMS

War? Out!

The chatting ceases
The talking stops,
Discussing leases, houses, shops.
The occasional song withers, dies
And all is not tongue, but ears
and eyes.

And on the platform appears
Golda

Under her arm a great big folder,
And then declares Mrs Meir

"The war is over, peace is here!"
And now the crowd begins to
shout

And cheer, and dance all about
The spacious hall—
for war is OUT!

by Ezri Carlebach (aged 11)

Peace

Peace is here at long last,
The killing has stopped
But the sorrow has not,
For many young men
Have lost their lives
In the fight for freedom.
But Israel is free
Like the birds and the bees
To live a life of peace
No more war—for God's sake
no more

by Joseph Carlebach
(aged 12)