

PEACE ARK

It's a story as old as the world,
So old that it slips away from us.
A story that gets altered,
Crumbles but leaves traces.

The story of a beautiful guitar with its four strings,
Four strings often stretched and very often out of tune.

In the story, the beautiful guitar will only understand too late
The importance of the four colors on black and white photos.
On clichés of the past which must be able to evolve towards a colourful future
Where blending creates unity

True unity,
which is not just a facade,
unity which is created, which is written,
which binds us and which we live.

A unity of hearts, a unity of lives,
A true unity which will put an end to the massacres.

But we
Like the black and white story of the misdeeds
Of the whites on blacks that gives us the license
To whitewash our black hearts

But where is the white flag?
It was said that it is the white that hid it,
Today the white is no longer there
The blacks themselves spit on it and stain it.

It is therefore the fault of blacks and whites
If the guitar is flawed, if the process of unity and tolerance is late.

Since it is by tearing our skins that we sewed flags,
And it is by bruising others that we make them show us their fangs.
History says that the guitar, which I call, human race,
Has four colored strings that must play on the same stage.

But it is no longer the guitar itself but the color that makes the race.
We no longer say human race, we say white race, yellow, red, black,
And that's a shame, a shame for the human race,
And it's a shame, my guitar goes out of tune on it's own.

MA PARK

STRAWACADEMY

It's a shame, a shame for the human race.
Four colored strings often stretched and very often out of tune

Jean Stephane Mebonde aka Myname

There is more wisdom in the Human body
Than in the deepest philosophy
2 hands work in synergy for balance
2 legs walk in synchrony, alliance

One body, different organs
Each with its mission, unique slogan
All working together in unison
Each at its pace from its place

We each wear different hats
But we are all in the same boat
Many hands but one mind
For none of us is as smart as all of us

But, identity could be a prison
If it is defined by the tragedy of our history
And not the glory of our destiny
For an eye for an eye will only make the whole world blind

How can we love to be feared
And fear to be loved

But to understand everything is to forgive everything
Together we will mend our broken hearts
Refuse to deem your light
And turn your scars into beauty marks

If the world were a school
Then service is your fees
The way is not up in the sky
The way is in your heart

Stand up for your rights
Stand even higher for others
Desire not to be liked
But to be true and truly heard

Your imperfections are perfect
And perfectly perfected by others
One social architecture, many cultures
We are all connected, all are needed

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The greatest weapons will always be
A kind gesture, a grateful heart,
A gentle spirit, a peaceful mind
And the ultimate vehicle of the awakened, love

No one is complete on their own
Everyone is only someone in relation to someone else
So embrace difference, enhance collaboration
Inspire interdependence and allow diversity of perspective

Experience peace by giving away peace
For peace is its own reward

Mac Alunge
September 2020

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Federal Republic of Germany
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