

The Sound of Becoming

A Poetry Anthology

By

The Carpe Diem Society

Dedication

*To those who dare to feel,
to voices unheard.*

Acknowledgment

The Sound of Becoming is an anthology of raw emotions put to paper—of voices so powerful they must be heard; of truth, love, loss, joy, hope, and courage. Our gratitude is utterly shown to all who believed in this work: our esteemed school, our leadership, our colleagues, and our dear parents, who encouraged expression and paved the way for this humble vision to be brought to life. We, the community of Ihsan Schools, proudly celebrate the young voices of *The Carpe Diem Society* and their remarkable contribution to the making of this book.

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C o n f l i c t a n d R e a l i t y

Silenced

The sky so clear,
birds flying high and near,
kids playing all day,
the sun shining all the way.

“What happened?” “Did you hear it?”
It was a loud crash—
buildings demolished into ash,
no mercy shown, no limits.

Men, soldiers with guns—
“Run!” one kid screamed, “run!”

A tragedy arose in sight;
what they saw was nothing right.
Babies killed in front of our eyes,
and we, scrolling down, saying that’s alright.

The screen—glowing, clean, and bright,
while men and their grandchildren are covered in blood.
A swipe, a like, a muted sound—
how many bodies on the ground?

Mothers cry, mourn, and die of sorrow;
fathers bleed for an unknown tomorrow.
They search through the rubble, the smoke, and dust,
through shattered homes and broken trust.

We need to save what’s left of Gaza.
This isn’t a lie—this is a warning.
We will be asked who chose to stay blind,
where the truth will burn us, and silence is a crime.

This is Gaza—hear the voices and stolen lives.
What remains of Palestine? What survives?

Call it what it is, worldwide:
this is genocide.

By Leen Ömer

The Holy Land

They told me
in their lands they plant trees,
sugar cane, rice, and wheat.

And I said:
in my land, we plant neonates—
blessed souls only sent to be killed
by elites and served on metal plates,
hopes and dreams never fulfilled.

People, as an audience,
watch and call it fate.
Dear Palestine, for what reason were you built?

Just wait—
you will one day flourish and find a mate.
Even if it's at the end,
for your independence, we will celebrate.

By Abir Kaya

Dearest Land

Peace be upon you, dearest land,
decorated with olive trees and golden sand,
with a bright sky and deep blue sea—
a heavenly place for you and me.

On the sad children's faces, a smile is painted;
despite all the horror, they are forever patient.

Dearest land, where dreams silently grow
and white doves desperately fly slow.

Dearest land, where the future is so far away,
children can barely think of the present day.

One day, love and peace are all you will see.
Dearest Palestine, you will always be free.

By Elif Torpaş

The Looks of Death

(In loving memory of Sarafina Hossain)

Don't be an active suicide risk—
later, it'll make you feel blue.
Why would you die
when there are people who'd die for you?

Why jump,
or hang a rope,
when you can do both
and jump rope?

You say to remove the "f" in life,
and it would turn into a lie.
Turns out the "f"
always stood for the fun in life.

You have lots to live for—
I promise, it gets better.
Use the time to make it lighter,
make it brighter.

Life isn't always fun—I agree.
Fun isn't spelled L-I-F-E.
Fun is instead a part of life,
and you need to be there
to experience the glee.

Don't end yourself,
don't end your life.
Because there's more to everything,
with people wanting to see you thrive.

The looks of death may seem attractive,
yet the real thing is just as tragic.

By Sarafina Hossain

Little Soldier

(In loving memory of Sarafina Hossain)

Once a noble man,
he walked with his gear.
People from all walks of life
looked up to him,
feeling safe with him near.

O little soldier,
protecting the ones he cherished,
fighting off any harm,
killing what was worthy to perish.

He felt big and strong,
he felt great and mighty,
always did his job right—
obedient and praiseworthy.

Once, he was fighting.
AK-47.
Glanced at the corpse—
the love of his life, shot dead.

What have I done?
What will I do?
The little soldier
realized why he was little.

Now, the little soldier
wishes to crawl in a hole,
helplessly lying in the dark
with nothing to protect
but his own soul.

By Sarafina Hossain

I n n e r S t r u g g l e s a n d I d e n t i t y

The Weight of Silence

In a room full of people so loud,
there is always someone lost in the crowd.

You see them smile—you think they're fine,
but you don't see what's behind.

Some people laugh just to get by,
some hold it in so they won't cry.

And all the things they never say
just slowly build up day by day.

They all pretend, they all play strong,
like nothing is ever really wrong.

But deep inside, where no one sees,
they carry things that never leave.

So maybe stop and look around
at quiet faces in the crowd.

A little kindness, small but true,
could mean everything to someone like them.

By Abdulhakeem Suleyman

Modern Society

Nobody seems to understand—
to act, to connect,
to listen, to care.

They look at you,
but they don't see you.
And even when they see you,
it's always through their eyes,
not who you really are.

You break, and they get mad.
It is not your fault—it is theirs.
Don't blame yourself for it.

When you look in the mirror,
ponder upon that moment.
Embrace it. Cherish it.

By Mariam Ismail

Unfatherly Love

How would people describe a divorce?
For me, I would describe it as a father who fled—
like a wound never bled,
a message never read,
like a candle never lit,
something not worth a fit.

Although some people would be miserable,
for me, there is something unmissable.

I neither like nor dislike him,
like a glass's rim,
a bottle with no water,
Antarctica—but hotter.

So some people might say
it's pitying not having a dad,
but for me, I'm already content
with having a mother—and I'm glad.

By Rital Ali Meyad

It Still Hurt

(In loving memory of Sarafina Hossain)

Oh, they seem nice!
I should go talk to them more.
They match my energy,
they don't make me feel like the floor.

Something happened.
Maybe they'll understand?
It's not the way I wanted—
now, I can't even stand.

They're so nice!
I love spending time with them.
But that still doesn't erase
the memory sewn into my brain
at the hem.

I get it.
They have a lot on their plate.
Working hard every day,
only for minimum wage.

But that still doesn't erase
the memory sewn into the hem of my brain.
They were just words—
but it still hurt.

I'll forgive, I'll forget.
I promise—it's just dirt.
But that doesn't justify
how it still hurt.

By Sarafina Hossain

Never My Country

Never have I ever felt belonging
to my country or city.
People always said,
“What a shame, what a pity.”

But I never really felt sad—
I mean, I wasn’t really deprived,
while they keep acting
like I survived.

I never really had a country
that I belonged to,
and people acted
like it wasn’t true.

So I tried to avoid
the topic and the discussion—
not to mention
all the destruction.

But of course, they’ll ask,
like a forced task.

By Rital Ali Meyad

H u m a n i t y a n d R e f l e c t i o n

Slavery

Years ago today,
when things weren't fair,
the cruel racism that nobody could bear.

The unfair city,
and the problems we faced,
and people making comments over skin and race.

The long years it took
to free ourselves—
but now it's past,
a history book on a shelf.

By Maha Tola

Inevitably Living

The marching of time is something we all have to face.
Everyone is running, but nobody calls it a race.

Afraid of time, yet still stuck in between,
the past and the future already left the scene.

Everyone runs for nobody but themselves—
their past or future selves,
or those still stuck in a shell.

Sometimes you have to wait
and look in between the shelves.

People forget that they still have to live,
and forget that they can still take,
but still have to give.

Sometimes people are so blind, they're deaf—
but in the end, they're all just afraid
of an inevitable death.

By Rital Ali Meyad

Who Are We?

Why would a scared ostrich
stick its head in the ground?
A thought I have always enjoyed—
or rather, know its answer, but never found.

Time has passed by,
observing myself and others.
I have realized, ultimately,
that the best among us are ostriches.

We are fragile beings;
we rarely face our issues.
When life is unfair,
we cry, we scream, we blame—
all we feel is shame.

I am an ostrich—well, sometimes—
but I stand before you and say:

It's okay to be an ostrich.
Just get up, shake the dirt off your hair,
and move on.

By Mira Sadik

Life

In the night, I walk with fragile light,
quiet hopes—a steady flame.
Path so long, the end unknown,
but a noble dream still whispers my name.

I fall, I stand, I try once more—
each step, each opportunity opens a new door.
Hands weary, but heart fearless,
love is my fuel, I confess.

Hopes, dreams, desires, expectations—
society waits, society watches.
“You could have been, you should have been” —
but I already am. I’m just not yet seen.

By Ubay Mohamed

The Worn-Out Roads

Under the sky and stars,
under the sun or the moon,
you will know soon
how worn-out the roads are.

I'm like the roads—
known but never appreciated.
Although I'm undifferentiated,
this is how I'm fated.

The more they say,
the more I realize that I've never been enough.
That mere thought ruins my day,
and I'm forced to hide myself and act tough.

By Mariam Kaya

Forgiveness

Forgiveness is like a baked good—
delightful, but not when there's too much of it.
For me, I keep eating, even when I'm misunderstood,
for this baked good is worth it.

Problems are like rollercoasters,
going and coming every minute,
but when you forgive, these problems become colored posters.
I always forgive—but others have a limit.

It's a weird feeling, really—
always forgiving, but never forgiven.
People might call me silly,
but in the end, it's all written.

By Mariam Kaya

A Strange Companion

Often lonesome are my days and nights—
a blessing or a curse, my conscience with me fights.

I have always felt serene, yet afraid sometimes,
strong, but empty at times—
accompanied, yet lonely.

What a strange companion!
It hurts my feelings,
yet decorates me beautifully.

By Mariam Ismail

Love, Memory and Human Connection

My One and Only, Twinnie

It's been so long since I've seen your lovely face.
I didn't have time to prepare myself, let alone brace.

I sit in my room as I look at those old videos and pictures—
it really hurt me because I felt like sisters.

Even teachers knew we were inseparable.
Now that you're gone, I ask myself if I'm even memorable.

Whenever I think about you, I start to tear up.
I'm sorry for all the times I acted up.

I'm happy you're making new friends, twin,
but I miss the times we would both play games together and win.

I miss when we used to laugh until we cried.
I miss when we were always side by side.
I miss when I used to see your smile, big and wide.

But now everyone forgot, as if you had died,
while I carry your memory with a big stride.

I will never forget you—how dare you think that?
I will never forget that you're my little rat.

By Rital Ali Meyad

Different

Different is such a dangerous word—
though you're different,
others are merely words,
while you, my love, are poetry.

I can drown in your dark eyes,
so deep I couldn't tell where the pupil ended—
starless but infinite skies.
I'm hypnotized, but not intended.

All that beauty from the outside,
but on the inside, there's way more.
Your heart blooms flowers like a bride,
and that mere thing throws me to the floor.

By Mariam Kaya

Gaze of Love

The color of your eyes—
oh, so deep, a color so beautiful
I see it in my drowse.

A fondness I have never felt before,
a quiet treasure that I keep.

I notice that color even in the light—
in the morning sun,
or even the stars at night,
in every leaf, in every rain.

A beautiful hue that I see,
that is appreciated by me.
I cherish the love that I see—
thank you for all this reverie.

By Rital Majdalani

One Day

For the people who yearn,
and for those long-distance,
for the love we shared—
it defies all resistance.

The miles between us are stretched and vast,
but love is a thread that was woven to last.

For the time we spent together,
before we went our separate ways,
we will see each other again
some sunny day.

By Maha Tola

Love

Love is like a bright balloon,
or the glowing yellow moon.

It's a hug when days are cold,
and a gentle hand to hold.

It's as sweet as apple pie,
like a rainbow in the sky.

To me, love is hope,
love is kind,
love is true—

what about you?

By Layan Alkamal

Pluck My Petals

All people do is pluck my petals,
never caring about my bruised heart.
I will stop and change my character like metals—
soon I'll become art and depart.

I'm not a bit appreciated,
even when I try to fit in;
I only end up being humiliated.

Love is crucial,
even when you're vulnerable.
I realized that I don't need their approval—
soon I will be loved by multiple.

By Mariam Kaya

N a t u r e a n d B e a u t y

Nostalgia

You see me sitting by the sea
where anyone could be.

I put my hands into the sand,
I look up—
a magnificent view.

The sea is dancing with the sky
to the music of the ebb and tide.

I think about those lost years,
those special memories,
and hope

that one day,
beyond the sea,
beyond those boats,
farther away—beyond those waves—

a message, a calling
from my homeland
that says delicately:

“It’s okay.
You are okay.”

By Rudaynah Alibraheem & Maria Shakfa

Clinging on to Spring

Laying in a field of vibrant flowers,
watching dirt flirt
with the golden dust of pollen,
petals endlessly dancing through the breeze,
with nature embracing me with its trees.

Ladybugs all over the place like an infection—
like happiness, or a disease of bees.
Squirrels spreading them all over the greens,
so flabbergasted I was by the beautiful scene.

Groups of birds fly across the clouds,
like a bond that can't be fouled.
The sun shining over us like a dream,
making me drown in its beam,
not wanting to leave.

By Mariam Kaya

The Warm Smell of Then

The familiar scent—it's spicy and sweet,
the scent of a new season.

It's not the autumn leaves, though golden and deep,
but it brings me so much longing for a reason.

The smell of cinnamon, through its orange hue—
sometimes I hear it whisper: *"I remember you."*

Cinnamon—the cure for the cold,
the scent that never gets old,
or so we were told.

Where were you when I was five years old?
At home, in the kitchen,
with the smell of delight—
and Grandma baking
on a cold autumn night.

By Maha Tola

The Falling Leaf

A leaf fell down from a tree
in a magical place that no one can see—
a place full of colorful flowers and gigantic trees.

Why can't anyone see?

I thought to be special is to be seen,
to be appreciated, to be embraced,
to be glorified, to be in hearts engraved.

But special is not an image—
it's a feeling,
it's a perception,
it's a belief.

People would never bother to tell you,
but do you feel it?
Do you believe it?
Are you special?

It's up to you.

By Rudaynah Alibraheem & Maria Shakfa

Blue

Blue—the color of the ocean,
of endless waves
and mesmerizing whales.

The only color to reflect glorious ships
and brave sailors and pirates.

Blue—the color of the sky,
where birds fly high,

where clouds dance with sunbeams,
at which everyone looks and dreams.

By Layan Alkamal

What Is Pink?

Pink is the voice of flowers,
a voice that sings happiness.

Pink is a cloud on a sunny day,
showing itself to be special.

Pink is a cherry blossom drink—
it's magic, don't you think?

Pink is the smile of all mothers;
it's the dreamy companion in lonely hours.

Pink is the touch of a raindrop
after months of merciless drought.

By Sara Yıldız

The Snow

The snow falls down,
like angels from heaven,
or a mesmerizing white gown—
the perfect weather to hold a pen.

The snow covers the green,
making the colors disappear,
wiping the streets clean,
assuring me like a fading fear.

The snow is such a nice view,
especially when you're warm inside,
obliviously catching the flu,
with my pen and paper as a guide.

By Mariam Kaya

Crazy for My Daisy

When the sun shines above a field of a million roses,
I can spot you easily—my white daisy.
The scent of hundreds blooming cannot confuse
that gentle fragrance that only you diffuse.

Savoring their unique scents,
I pause when I smell yours—
a rich, wild fragrance that makes me a fool for you,
crazy just for my daisy.

I love how you're different from others,
a daisy between roses.
I love how they accept you in their field
and embrace you in their shield.

By Mariam Kaya

A r t a n d P e r s p e c t i v e

Life From a Fading Camera Lens

The glass is old and blurred with gray,
the bright green leaves all dry and fall.
The summer sun feels far away,
with shadows moving on the wall.

It's easy now to feel quite sad,
to see the world lose all its glow,
to miss the colors that we had
and watch the garden cease to grow.

But look instead at what is bright—
the golden glow that's still there.
Don't fear the lens—just love the light,
and keep the happy moments near.

By Mariam Kaya

Words Talk, Music Listens

I sit in my room, humming like someone ill.
Songs give me comfort—they make me feel still.
So I sit on the windowsill,
contemplating life as I put on my headphones.

Music blasts in, shaking my bones—
I'm finally in the zone.

Music means everything to me—I just can't explain,
something I can't comprehend, not even my brain.
But that's okay—I won't even complain.

Music is full of creativity and soul;
it makes me feel like I just scored a goal.
It gives me more energy than an engine gets from coal.

Music is something no one can judge you for—
lying in bed, doing a hobby, listening... nothing more.
Although some people might be bored,
for me, I can't really agree.

I never thought I'd be a stereotypical girl
obsessed with a band—
but music itself is something quite grand.

By Rital Ali Meyad

Photography

I rush to my camera and lens like doctors to the sick;
I want the camera to be my eyes—sharp and so quick.
Capturing the pretty moments with a snap so slick,
freezing bits of time before they slip too quick.

Oh, to be a photographer, chasing light wherever it lies,
framing memories before they flee and pass me by,
chasing golden sunsets spilling fire onto the sky,
holding onto sweet moments that keep saying goodbye.

A laugh in the park, a leaf in the air,
sunlight and shadows everywhere—
each photo I take can help me see
the simple beauty around me.

By Mariam Kaya

Medieval Times

Medieval times—
violent, cruel,
but also beautiful, an ancient jewel.

War and duels and long, long battles,
radiant gowns and big royal castles.

Severe injuries no medicine can cure—
or maybe there is; we can't know for sure.

The cruelty of it all—it has to be a crime.
But wouldn't it be nice
to be a princess at that time?

By Maha Tola

C u l t u r e a n d I m a g i n a t i o n

Arab Countries

Deserts wide and cities bright,
shared old words from day to night.

Borders drawn, but roots remain,
joy remembered, shared the pain.

Different paths, one human part—
many homes, a common heart.

By Arslan Rejeb

The Moon

If the moon were never surrounded by stars,
he would never have left the sun.
And you can ask Mars—
he'll explain just how it begun.

They were just globes in space, fallen in love—
one was a star and the other was nothing.
They were high above,
then the moon saw the other stars blushing.

They only met during sunset and sunrise,
but the moon always spent the night with the stars.
Then the sun found out and cried her eyes—
that's why every year there's a solar eclipse.

By Mariam Kaya

F a i t h a n d P u r p o s e

When I Stand Alone

O the holy book!
In the name of Allah, I read.

So holy—joyous I feel when I'm sad;
it washes my sinful being and all that's bad.

So holy—it reminds me of the day I stand alone
in front of the Almighty, by His throne.

So holy—my hands tremble and I cry,
thinking of the times I didn't try.

I shall wish I prayed and did what's right,
and held the Qur'an close every night.

So holy—I believe it will speak for me,
rejuvenate my soul, and make me free.

By Isaac Yemenite

The Righteous Path

Peace be upon him and his companions.

“A message,” he delivered—“lies,” they claimed.
Dragged and stoned by his own people—
what a disgrace, ashamed!

“Words! Not mine—they come from above.”
“We have great poets; they write about spirit and love.”

A man died—his message forever lives,
followed by billions,
loved by everyone who still lives.

By Abdullah Aysal

The Special One

Every year arrives with grace;
we open our hearts and embrace.

A month not like any other months—
a month where we take our oaths
to give and forgive,
to be generous as long as we live.

To bid farewell to eating,
to end the act of cheating.

Lights here, lights there,
laughter and joy everywhere.

The call for prayer, the smell of food,
families gathered—life so good.

Everything feels different, even the mood.

By Sara Yıldız

F a m i l y a n d G r a t i t u d e

Mother

Under the arms of your mother,
a place so special—
nothing like anybody has seen before.

Out of this world is her tenderness,
so heavenly you feel it deep inside you,
unconditionally blessing your soul.

A place so special and tender,
but also so strong.
Do you remember the hardships?
What she went through for you?

When in pain, she never complained;
when sorrowful, she never showed.
Her endless love was sometimes unexplained—
all that was hard for you, she made it plain.

She blessed you with care and love,
just like summer rain on a meadow from above.

O mother, I love you—
but how can I ever repay you?

By Sondos Al Afandi

The Real Wonder Woman

Who holds my hand throughout the night,
laughs, and darkness becomes light?

With everything I want to share,
who listens, understands, and cares?

A haven where I feel safe,
the one who is forever brave.

Outside or at home,
I never feel alone.

Her presence is the embodiment of light,
with her lovely smile so bright.

So kind and sweet—
paradise is under her feet.

A heart of gold and a spirit so strong,
Mom, in your heart is where I'll always belong.

By Leen Ömer

Spring

Spring—
the season of warmth,
the season of joy,

of gentle breezes and colors,
of hope and new beginnings,
of dancing trees
and singing animals.

Spring is my haven,
my sidekick, my savior.

Mom, Dad—
you are my spring.

By Mariam Ismail

Words

The gentle touch of falling snowflakes,
of those wondrous pearls deep in the ocean,

or the peace felt in those winter nights,
where flames sing warmth and stars are hidden,

or the delightful melodies of canary birds,
or the Asian kites dancing with the wind—

but Mom, what is anything's beauty
compared to your precious words?

By Mella Derviş

Y o u t h V o i c e a n d M o d e r n L i f e

Respawn Through the Lag

They told me, “It’s just a game—chill,”
but man, it hits harder than a Netflix spill.

Late-night grinds and one more try,
chasing wins that pass me by.

Then comes the lag right when it’s tight—
screen freezes mid-fight.

I click, I move, but nothing is there,
just watching loss hang in the air.

Yeah, it’s frustrating—it makes me mad,
losing fights I should have had.

But every fail, every delay
still pulls me back the next day.

Because it’s more than scores or rank,
more than wins I wish to bank.

It’s every moment, every play,
every time I choose to stay.

So I reset, queue up again—
through every loss, through every lag-spike pain.

’Cause even when the game won’t play fair,
I’m still here—I’m still there.

By Abdulhakeem Suleyman

We're Never Going to Space

(In loving memory of Sarafina Hossain)

Space—
the space of galaxies,
black holes and constellations,
planets full of mysteries.

Most of humanity
decided what's unworthy:
“We have more problems at hand—
traveling space is unnecessary!”

Because of the many,
some of us suffer.
We, who dream of space travel,
are forced to throw our dreams
in the gutter.

Embarking in a spaceship
leads to space exploration.
Space exploration
leads to problem-solving discoveries.

Let us go to space—
it's beneficial for discovery.
The worldwide problems you speak of
could be solved through inventions
born from space itself—
a true luxury.

By Sarafina Hossain

Making the World Anew

I wake up in a blocky world,
trees nearby, dirt underfoot.
I cut a tree and craft a table,
make some tools the way I should.

I dig in stone, I dig down low,
I find some ores deep below.
When mining's done, I head back home.

When night arrives, the mobs all roam,
so I run quickly to my home.

When the sun comes up, the danger is gone—
I build and mine and carry on.

With every block I place just right,
I make my world, day and night.

By Arslan Rejeb

Distinct Realms

In Minecraft realms where SMPs never sleep
and UHC runs where stakes run deep,

you spawn with nothing but hands and will
in a world where silence can suddenly kill.

You grind for gear, for diamonds, for hope,
stacking up gaps just so you can cope.

Each golden bite—a second to live
in fights where no one is to forgive.

A mace in hand or a sword held tight,
you jump and crit in the heat of the fight.

Your aim, your strafe, your timing clean—
every move sharp, every click unseen.

Some fight with crystals, some with mace,
some with sword, bow, or shield in place.

Different PvP styles in the fray,
everyone trying to win their way.

But not all players play it fair—
some land hits from nowhere.

Too fast, too far—you start to see:
not every win is honesty.

Still in the chaos of multiplayer,
through lag, through rage, through silent despair,

you queue again, you stand your ground—
in every loss, your skill is found.

Because PvP is not just the kill—
it is learning, adapting, bending your will.

In SMP wars, in the end,
it is who you are that you defend.

By Abdulhakeem Suleyman

Not Just a Screen

Scroll, tap, swipe—day goes by,
eyes on screens, time slips by.

Buzzing phones and glowing light
fill our days and steal our nights.

Messages sent, but words feel thin—
we're all online, where have we been?

The world is here, just out of sight,
while screens scream loud from morning to night.

It all can help—it's true,
but life is more than what we view.

So tap "log out," just once in a while,
and find real moments worth a smile.

By Arslan Rejeb

Blocks

Blocks and blocks—an unusual sight,
trees and stone, day and night.
Creepers hiss—you run or fight.

You dig down deep, you climb up high,
mountains reach the open sky.

With a pick in hand, you explore some more,
caves and ores worth being adored.

You make a house, small but neat,
farms and paths beneath your feet.

Mobs spawn during the night,
so you use a sword to fight.

Every biome feels new
in a world made just for you.
Minecraft lets your creativity shine through—
that's why Minecraft should be cheaper too!

By Arslan Rejeb

H o p e , J o y a n d N e w B e g i n n i n g s

A Beautiful Dream

I have a dream—
a dream engraved in my heart,
with hundreds of hopes and prayers,
to one day have the will

to explore the world and fulfill
the quest for freedom and knowledge.

New places I long to see;
I believe traveling will set me free.

The quest for new friendships,
for laughter, dancing, and unknown trips—
people say dreams do come true.

Deep down, I believe mine will.
Do you?

By Elif Torpaş

A Simple Smile

A smile can make someone's day bright;
it can turn someone's darkness into light.

A spark, just like the moonlight
in the emptiness of a starless night.

Smile with all your might,
and be as sweet as a delight.

By Sondos Al Afandi

10

Ten years of love,
ten years of grace—
you light up the world
with your smiling face.

Happy day, precious star.
You're loved so deeply,
just the way you are.

By Layan Alkamal

Good Point!

Maybe books are boring to you,
but I've been traveling
to thousands of different worlds—
none of that even exists.

You just don't understand,
you don't get the gist.

Books are better than shows—
argue with a wall.

You're trapped here in this world,
while I visit them all.

By Maha Tola

Daisy's Day

I am a pretty little thing,
always coming with the spring.

I could be a little daisy,
one that makes you crazy.

You can see me in the spring;
my color is bright as the wind.

It seems to be funny
because people's noses
are allergic to me.

By Rudaynah Alibraheem & Maria Shakfa

Hurricane Hideout

"This one might be the worst!"
says the weather broadcaster.

"Category 3," she says worriedly.
She mumbles random words—
storm surge, flood watch,
winds, eyewall, low pressure,
cyclone, large heat engine.

All I'm thinking of
is the safest part of our house:
the tub.

I'm going in there
with the stuff I love—
radio, pillows, candy,
light, and my favorite book.

Watch the news, but won't look.

What? Mom! You filled the tub to the top
in case our water gets shut off?

No problem—I can deal with this.
You'll find me in the hall closet!

By Mira Sadik

A Day at School

Blue sat alone, feeling unbothered.
Out of nowhere came Red.

"You look like a rat," he said.
Blue was angry: "Say that again and you're dead!"
"Relax! Why so serious?" replied Red.

"What's wrong with these people?" Yellow thought in the background.
"Where is everybody?" Nowhere to be found!

Red hit Blue in the face.
"Fight!" Green shouted. "First round!"

Blue started crying—black, no sound.

Along came the Giant: "Everybody disappeared."
Punishment is what Blue always feared.

All colors claimed to be innocent and cheered.
Disappointed, the Giant left, scratching his beard.

Blue and Red looked at each other.

Both laughed: "Why didn't we fight harder?"

By Amro Ismail

T h e C a r p e D i e m S o c i e t y

Where words prevail,

where voices echo for eternity