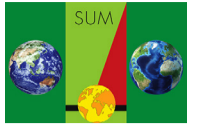




# OBSERVATORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD



Editorial: 80133 Naples - Via Depretis, 130

PERIODICAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD

Year 2025 - n.4 - February 2025

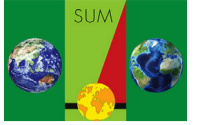
Italiano - **Inglese** - Francese - Tedesco - Spagnolo - Russo - Cinese - Arabo

## A COPY OF MANA SAEED AL OTAIBA'S "ODE TO PEACE" DONATED TO ITALIAN STUDENTS

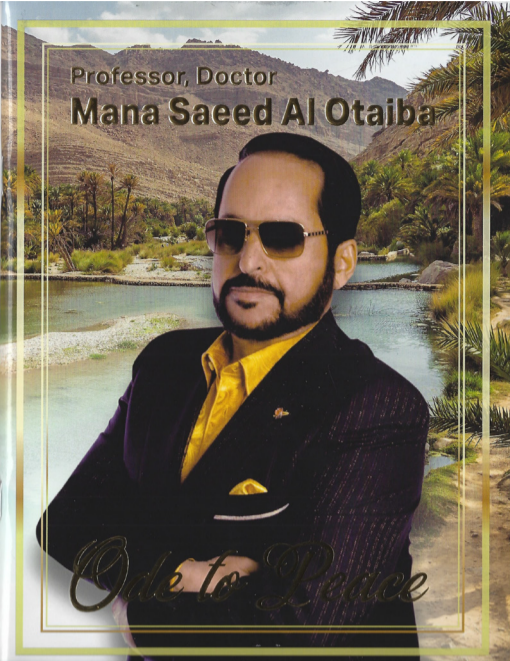
The "United States of the World" published ten thousand copies of the poet Prof. **Mana Saeed Al Otaiba's** "Ode to Peace" and donated it to Italian students. On this occasion, the poem was read by students from various schools.

*Naples, 27 february 2025*





# ODE TO PEACE

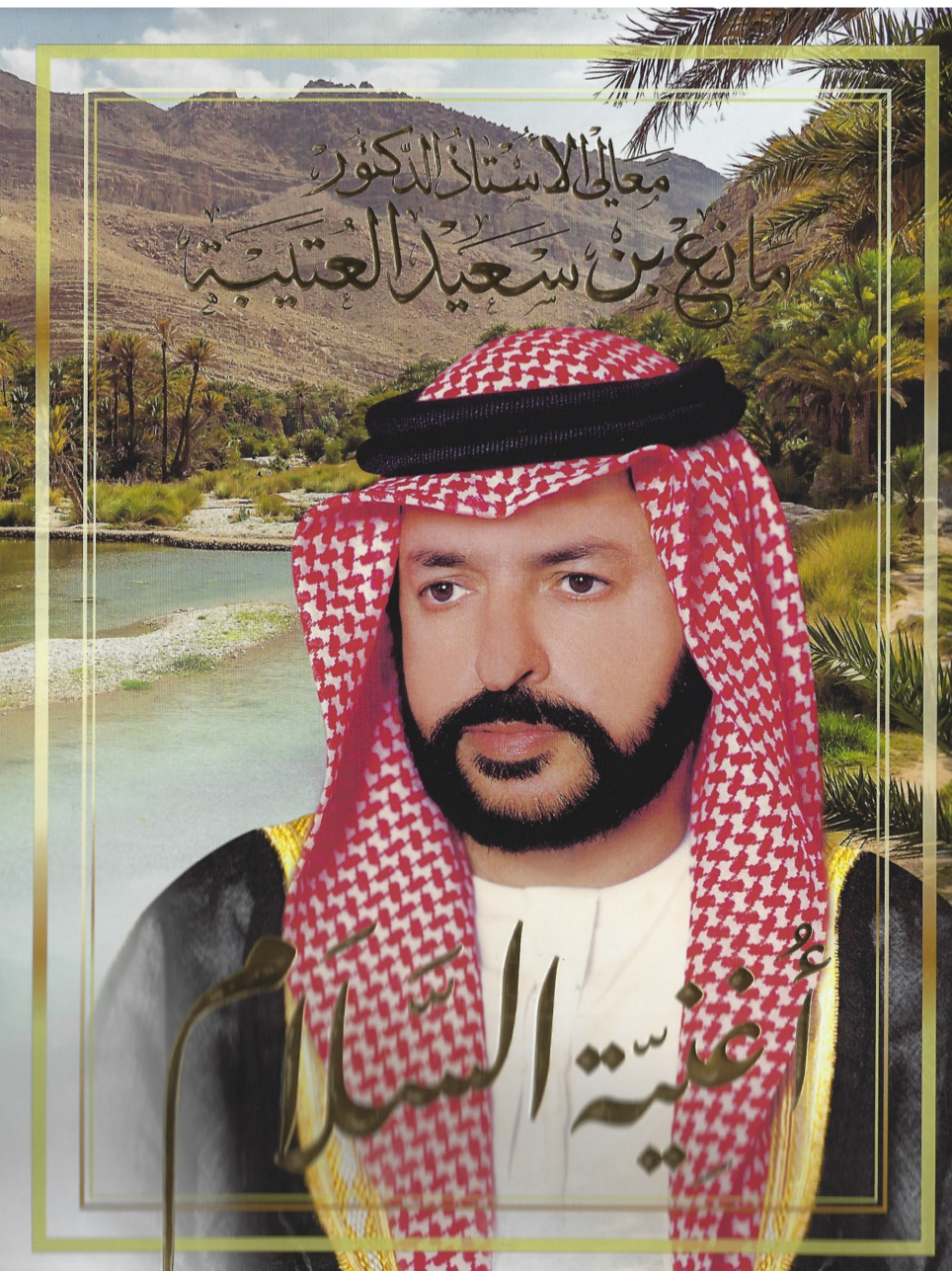


Dr. Mana Saeed Alotaiba dedicated two copies of his latest composition entitled "Ode to Peace" to Secretary-General Michele Capasso and Pia Molinari.

The poem translates the emotions of this difficult moment in human history, wishing that wars would end and that all peoples could finally live in peace and mutual respect.

The United States of the World has decided to spread this important poetic work among all young students in various countries.

Marrakech, 11 December 2024





أَرَى الْإِنْسَانَ يَمْشِي فِي الظَّلَامِ  
يُفْتَشُّ فِي الحُرُوبِ عَنِ السَّلَامِ  
وَهَلْ فِي الحَرْبِ غَيْرُ المَوْتِ حَتَّى  
لَمُنْتَصِرٍ فَوَجْهَهُ النَّصْرُ دَامِي  
حُرُوبِ العَالَمِ المَجْنُونِ أَضْحَى  
لَدَيْهَا النَّصْرُ مِثْلَ الإِنهْزَامِ  
وَهَلْ نَارُ الوَعْيِ أَنْهَتْ خِلَافًا  
وَحَلَّتْ مُشْكِلاتِ لِلْأَنَامِ  
مِنَ الشَّرْقِ اسْتَعْنَتْ بِرِفْدِ قَوْمِي  
لِرَأْبِ الصَّدْعِ فِي يَوْمِ الرِّحَامِ  
وَمَنْ بَلَدِ الكِرَامِ سَقِيَتْ عَشْقًا  
بِمَا يَشْفِي الفُؤَادَ مِنَ العِرَامِ  
مَلِيكَ المَغْرِبِ الأَقْصَى هَمَامٌ  
وَزَايِدُ رَامٍ كَالصَّنَوَالِ هَمَامِ  
ضِيَاءٌ مُسْتَبَدُّ بِالمَحْنَانِيَا  
يُدَارِيهَا وَيَسْكُنُ فِي العِظَامِ

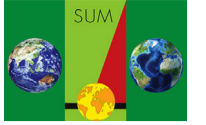
قصيدة  
أغنية السلام  
النسخة العربية



وَحِينَ يَسُودُ بَيْنَ النَّاسِ حُبٌّ  
تَكُونُ الحَرْبُ فِي حَالِ انْعِدَامِ  
أَحْبَبُوا بَعْضُكُمْ بَعْضًا تَعِيشُوا  
جَمِيعًا فِي سُرُورٍ وَأَنْسِجَامِ  
فَإِنْ حَلَّتْ خِلَافَاتٌ عَلَيْكُمْ  
فَلَا تَعْطُوا لَهَا أَيَّ اهْتِمَامِ  
وَوَظَلُّوا لِلسَّلَامِ جُنُودَ حُبِّ  
فَمَنْ طَبَعَ المَجْبِينِ التَّسَامِي  
أَنَا بِالشَّعْرِ صَبْرَتْ سَفِيرَ قَوْمِي  
إِلَى أَهْلِ السَّلَامِ عَلَى الدَّوَامِ  
أَغْنِي لِلسَّلَامِ بِكُلِّ حُبِّ  
وَأَهْدِي كُلَّ إِنْسَانٍ سَلَامِي



جُدُودٌ مَلَأَتْ ذِكْرَهُمْ عَبِيرٌ  
بِهِ فَاحَتْ حِجَارَاتُ الرِّجَامِ  
أَلَسْتُمْ خَيْرَ مَنْ صَنَعَ المَزَايَا  
وَأُولَى بِالمَلِيَمَاتِ الجِسَامِ  
لِمَاذَا لَا نَعُودُ إِلَى التَّلَاقِي  
وَنَنْأَى بِالمُحَوَّارِ عَنِ الخِصَامِ  
دَمُ الإِنْسَانِ لَيْسَ مِيَاهَ نَهْرٍ  
فَكَيْفَ يُرِيقُهُ حَادُ المِحْسَامِ  
إِمَارَاتُ السَّلَامِ تَقُودُ فِكْرًا  
يُنَادِي بِالمُحَبَّةِ وَالمُؤَامِ  
بِغَيْرِ الحُبِّ لَا تَعْفُو عَيْونِي  
وَلَا يَجْلُو شَرَابِي أَوْ طَعَامِي  
أَحِبُّ النَّاسَ كُلَّ النَّاسِ لَكِنْ  
سِوَى الفُرْسَانِ مَا حَازَ اِحْتِرَامِي  
وَفُرْسَانُ السَّلَامِ بِمِثْلِ سَيْوْفِ  
وَلَكِنْ أَقْوِيَاءُ بِالمُؤَامِ



# *Ode to Peace*

*English version*



*Amid the lashes of dark, we hear the roars  
Of nations claiming peace by waging wars!  
But wars breed naught but blood;  
The triumphant's hands are drenched with mud.  
In such a mad and gloomy planet,  
Success and loss are dressed in a single jacket.  
Never have wars put ends to struggles;  
If anything, they lead to muddles,  
I pursued succour from the lot of my batch  
To mend the rift of a full-bodied scratch;  
In the land of benevolence, I was fed with love  
from start,  
That would quench a craving heart:  
His Majesty of Morocco is a king of valour;  
And Zayed is an akin of rank and manner;  
Luminous in light, gentle in glare;  
Whose favours nurture my spirit with flare  
Forebears of glory of enduring fame,*



*Whose mention imbues the domain with  
perpetual flame;  
Monarchs of eminence, great esteem and qualities,  
Who would iron out grave calamities.  
Why don't we take the lease of life  
And sing of peace; stop all our strife!  
The blood of humans is no river water;  
Why make our swords clatter?  
Glorious Emirates of Peace has a scheme,  
A thought of intimacy and love, that's no dream.  
Away from love, my heart would break;  
No relish in life can I take!  
I love mankind, but would revere  
Only the knights, my most dear:  
Victors of Peace who strongly beam  
Their looks with smiles and gleam.  
When amity spreads its wings in glee,  
Grudge and war will haste to flee,*



*With love you'd live in restfulness;  
Achieve accord; avoid all mess.  
If notes of discord among you may rise,  
Pay no heed to; be silent, sagacious, and wise;  
And soldiers of peace, rivals of spite:  
love's nature breeds delight.  
I am an ambassador of poetry and verse,  
that's my line, with no diverse  
I sing for peace with love and amity  
And dispatch regards to all humanity.*