

The Europe that we want to be

Together working,
Together participating,
Together united
To follow the same path,
To have the same objective.

For the Europe we want,
But which Europe do we want?
We want a green Europe
A multifaceted Europe,
Where we can live, laugh, play.

To achieve a united Europe
Where we can get a better future
For our community.

All equal.
But with different ideas
all resolved
For a better Europe.

Now that is a really united Europe.

Carla Bisbal Belenguer, Spain, 11

Dusty map

Me, in my shorts, and you dressed in white
Heading on forth on a map old and light
Our two fingers leaving some marks in the dust,
Our wonder-filled eyes trailing after them just.

We won't speak of hunger, of war or of pain!
Of struggle and argument we must refrain.
We dream of one Europe, united and strong,
That must be our future, we've waited so long.

You smile! I can tell! Because you are still small
You fly your balloon to the place where we all
Dare to dream of such happiness, joy and great style
Where Europe is waiting, all dressed with a smile.

Once more she'll be covered in blankets of snow
Once more the hot summer sun brightly will glow
The flowers they will blossom and rain it will fall
And rainbows will colour us kids, large and small.

A caring community, rid of all woes!
I send you with love a bouquet of primrose!
Please take it and tuck it away in your heart!
Let's dream of a future, where all play a part.

The balloon starts to fall as the fire flickers out
But tomorrow we'll try once again, without doubt.
We'll carry on dreaming! We'll never give in.
We shall have our Europe, we know we must win!

Stelian Iliev, Bulgaria. 10

My Europe

My Europe
It is inside a cup
full of love, peace
and serenity

I want one flag
so at night
we will remember that Europe is not only a continent
but the house of so many people,
living in peace
and this much, we like

because union and harmony
They are perfectly suited to the word Europe

Eleonora Cau, 11, Italy

I hope in the future

Europe
a big unknown to me
I hope in the future
to have a place in it.
Europe
on the way to unity
I hope in the future
that this may be true.
Europe
had an ambitious project
I hope in the future
that this is victorious
Europe
you unified currency
I hope in the future
that they are not rare to some.
Europe
a continent with talent
I hope in the future
you will preserve these people.
Europe
we have our common history
I hope in the future
the memory will last.
Europe
you do good for nature
I hope in the future
you continue taking care of it.
Europe
different and divided
I hope in the future
it is more united.
Europe
globalizing its market
I hope in the future
we can move without worries.
Europe
complaining about many problems
I hope in the future
there will be solutions for all issues.
Europe
takes everything manages to compete
I hope in the future
help us and make pineapple.
Europe
many camps full of refugees
I hope in the future
they all have a house.

Europe
we have plenty of space
I hope in the future
the poorest also have it.
Europe
many people demonstrating in the streets
I hope in the future
the ones above pay attention.
Europe
the political parties are not everything
I hope in the future
you hear our cries.
Europe
depriving us of freedom
I hope in the future
everything can be expressed.
Europe
extremely full of police
I hope in the future
we do not see it every day.
Europe
we are afraid of difference
I hope in the future
we will not blame religion.
Europe
very concerned about economy
I hope in the future
it focus on everyday life.
Europe
Prioritizing some countries
I hope in the future
equality and some specificity.
Europe
We are all in one
I hope in the future
to respect everyone.
Europe
Concerned about the ones that are inside
I hope in the future
it cares also about the neighbors.
Europe
I only see misfortune
I hope in the future
I can be thankful to you.
Europe
we do not rely on you
I hope in the future
everything is hope.

Martí Pelfort, 14, Spain

Poetry14-20

My future

Agreements and warranties
What collect thoughts
Ethnic groups that are dispersed
In multifaceted unison

Hopes of civilization
Fortune that tangible
Corrupt the desires
Of the future choir

A chopped story
It brings together its pieces
Europe is

Giuseppina Puliga, Italy

Europe, our future

They say we are the future
but bad future without break down a wall,
a wall that separates us from reality
only for our small age

We want to be a different Europe
without war and not deserted,
where love conquers all
for our world to be not bad.

Racism must end
it's time to act!
For a world without diversity
because we have so many similarities.

Ilaria Firincieli, 14, Italy

Poetry14-20

Allà no

Here I have a school,
Here I have an education,
Here I am a teacher
Not there.

Here I am a doctor,
Here I have a doctor,
Here I have a vaccine,
Not there.

Here I have a train
Here I have a road,
Here I have a schedule,
Not there.

Here I have water,
Here I have a truck,
Here I have fire,
not there.

Here I have sidewalks,
Here I have lights,
Here I have police,
Not there.

Here I have shoes,
here have blankets,
Here I have shops
not there.

Here I have parties,
Here I have lunch here,
Here I have concerts,
Not there.

Here I have human towers,
here I have Giants
Here I have Dragons
not there.

Here I have theater,
Here I have museums,
Here I have cinemas,
not there.

Here I have contests,
Here I have news,
Here I have radio,
not there.

Here I vegetables,
Here I fish,

Here I am Saturdays,
Here I have youth here,
here I have clubs,
not there.

Here I have monitors,
here I have leisure,
Here I have corals here,
not there.

Here I have experiences,
Here I camp,
Here I share,
not there.

Here I have violins,
Here I have flooring,
Here I directors,
not there.

Here I have cows
Here I have,
Here I have livestock
not there.

Here I ports,
here I have boats,
here I have sailors
not there.

Here I have future
Here I am together with the society,
here I have faith in humanity
not there.

This is Europe
and what is not.
This is to be a united community,
and what it is not.

Jordi Moreno, 14, Spain

Mother of a thousand faces

Beautiful and brunette you were born
mother of infinite treasures
flowers and olive fields
fertile land of a thousand ports.

Kissed by the water you lived
in a sea of honey and gold
Now murky trench
Today tomb of dead children.

Old and white they dress you
Deaf of history, empty of heart
those who do not know you
and preach fear.

Brave and bright we you know are
Europe of united children
happy peoples we put
the future in your fingers.

Carla Benet Duran, Spain, 29

Carla's Dream

There's a house in a village, somewhere far from town's noise,
Where a little girl is sleeping with a bunch of lovely toys.
"What? Why are these things important?", will you ask my dear friends,
Just slow down, get your popcorn and see how the story ends.

That night our little Carla had a pretty weird dream:
Twelve stars were slowly emerging around a colored beam;
Ode to Joy solemnly flowing; everything becoming blurred
And stars through the haze arising unified into one word.
"Europe? said breathless Carla, I wonder what does it mean?"
Suddenly all disappeared like it haven't ever been!
Sailing straight among the spaces, into a time lapse she dived
Thanks to EU's open borders, on Crete island she arrived.

"Who are you?" asked mighty Zeus, oddly caressing his beard.
"I just want to ask what's Europe, can you answer?" (Zeus leered)
"It's the beauty I've just stolen, daughter of Phoenician king."
"Daughter? King? What are you saying... Hey wait! Mister? Mister?!" *Bing!*

"...from the ceiling of the palace she has fallen on my bed.
Marcus! Send guards for a healer! Hopefully she is not dead..."
"Stop! No need, I'm fine, said Carla. Who you are and where I am?"
"Great Imperium Romanum! Caesar at your order, ma'am."
"I just want to ask a question, 'fore I'm vanishing again:
"Europe" what does this word mean? Can one reach it or attain?"
"Europa?! Non cognosco... Maybe something in the north."
"Okay, thank you. Ave Caesar! I continue my way forth."

The girl was confused a little: "Where my next stop will be?..."
Faster than you could say "future", down was already she:
A big room; near the window – someone painting some stuff.
"Is this Europe? asked Carla. (That guy's looking really gruff)"
"Who are you to ask me questions? Soviet spy? You little shriek!
Das ist no more Europa, it's the glory of Third Reich!"
We don't know who was that strange man, this is just a harmless dream,
But at least one thing is clear – Carla is too young to deem.

Even after all this wanders, our girl was doubtful still
Contemplating on a seashore, she felt desperate and ill.
Unexpectedly like brexit, some fellow apparaisait,
Claiming to be wise like Schuman and as cool as Jean Monnet:
"Aiii tranquila muchachita." Kidding, he was not from Spain
He approached, took off his tailcoat and started loudly and plain:
"Europe, my dear Carla, is not something we can see
Not a good which you can market or a thing to take and flee,
Not so strict as an ideal one can worship or betray,
But for sure not a gamble or a game they sometimes play.
It is not about the monarchs or lords who ruled long ago
We should honor them, it's true, but past's the bottom of the floe.
Europe, is common people who make this word sound nice,

All the great values they share, morals, things without price.
Europe, is like a flower – grows and shines under the sky
Humans have the sense of beauty, for bulls – food is food. Bye-bye!”

School bell ringing, happy children quickly moving to the class
“Hello kids, please take your places, get your works and start to pass.
Was it hard to write the essay on The Continent We Love?”
Carla slyly looked and smiled, for she knows things from above...

Mihai Cotorobai, 20, Romania