

Writing and talking about war is tough. It feels like I'm in the middle of a battlefield, witnessing the painful suffering inflicted on innocent people. These words remind me of my mother's stories about her experiences during the Iran-Iraq war, and my friends affected by the war in Ukraine, Syria, and Rojava.

When will this never-ending nightmare of wars, caused by male world leaders, end? We've been hearing about the Israel-Palestine conflict for years that has cost thousands of precious human lives, but this time it hit us hard.

It all began on that fateful night when restlessness and homesickness kept me from sleeping. Stress has become a constant companion for those of us from the West Asian countries. In an attempt to distract myself, I reached for my phone, and when I saw the news of Hamas's attack on Israel I was shocked. I felt breathless, hoping that it was a bad dream. But it continued and this brutal war has now persisted for three weeks with enormous Israeli attacks on Gaza and massive death of innocent civilians on both sides.

Seeing the brutality of this war brings me to the brink of despair. Words alone cannot convey the depth of this suffering. How can one sum up the agony of saying goodbye to one's children and grandchildren in a single sentence?

In this world, rather than searching for words to describe the suffering of war, the concept of war would be erased from existence. I wish we could make this small, wounded planet into a safe place for all its inhabitants.

I often ask myself, who truly wins in wars that are founded on human blood? At the end of every conflict, the war leaders and politicians, with blood-stained hands, shake hands and return to tables that have been made of countless lives to negotiate their desires, all while smiling for the cameras. Capitalists who trade in human suffering continue to fill and empty their glasses in their secure palaces.

In the end, these are mothers and fathers who search for their loved ones among the fallen soldiers. People are displaced across borders, embassies, and oceans with nothing but the suitcases they've carried through their entire lives. And they are children wandering in the midst of bombs, blood, and ruins, searching for their mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and friends. It's us, the ordinary people, who bear the weight of war indefinitely.

One day, I nearly lost hope and fell into an abyss of hopelessness. That very day, a photo arrived from the child who brings light to my darkest moments. As I looked at the image, I laughed and cried. Thoughts of the little girl I love filled my mind. It was as if

she held my hand, pulling me from the depths of despair. I cannot give up, I am not allowed to give up, because of her and all children in the world. We must press on, working to create a world where our children can live, free from war, discrimination, inequality, and greed.

I ask myself what I can do as a human being. The answer is complex. But one belief stands strong: we must change the system that has often described humanity as bloodthirsty and warlike, making fundamental change seem unreachable. The earth has been watered by tons of blood and tears from wars across its corners. It is enough. We need to break the chains of this darkness and allow the sun of kindness to warm our hearts through mutual support and caring.

Regardless of language, culture, religion, skin color, or gender differences, every one of us deserves to experience a safe and happy life. War is war, life is life, love is love, and human is human. When war strikes, it doesn't differentiate; it claims the lives of our loved ones, no matter where and why.

Let's promise ourselves now as we gather to show our solidarity with the victims of war and ask to stop it. Let's Promise never to accept the death of any human being due to oppression, war, and conflicts. Let's commit ourselves to nurture a generation that never loses faith in the kindness of humanity and in building a world free from war and greed.

We won't stop and we believe in kindness, love, and freedom for everyone, everywhere and forever.