

**SGI PRESIDENT IKEDA'S POEM  
THE ROAD TO WORLD PEACE, A GARDEN FOR ALL HUMANITY**

What is the ultimate conclusion reached  
By the common wisdom of humanity?  
It is  
That we must eliminate  
Misery  
From the world.

We have freedom,  
And so we are happy.  
We have peace,  
And so we are safe.

Peace and freedom are  
The blessed  
Treasure trove  
That humanity has sought  
With all its being.

In rich and stately  
Cities around the globe,  
Untold people are busy  
    living their lives.  
But once war breaks out,  
All of those cities  
Are transformed into  
    giant prisons.

O the spirit of sagacity!  
The spirit that strives to  
    create a new age,  
A new stage for the  
    21st century,  
As many people unite  
    together,  
Producing the dynamic sound  
Of vibrant life-to-life  
    interaction.

And a single gunshot  
Brings to these people  
Trying to live their lives  
In peace and happiness  
A pain that would stop all breath,

Plunging them into a hellish world  
Of suffering, darkness and agonized screams.

Frightening is the human heart  
And so, too, are human deeds.  
Deep inside  
Ever lurks  
A vicious precipice  
Of jealousy,  
Of cruelty and arrogance.

Year after year  
Has gone by,  
With countless predictions  
Of humanity's imminent destruction  
Causing a commotion  
and stir  
And driving fear into  
people's hearts.

Longing for a sure and  
certain path  
They could walk without error,  
The people, the human race,  
Have faithfully watched  
The reverberations of those portends.

Can we not find  
A new creative solution,  
Broad and profound?

Violence  
Is absolutely evil.  
War  
Is absolutely the vilest  
of evils.

In the face of those forces  
That would make us lose faith  
In our dreams,  
In our wishes for happiness  
And for peace,  
We must have an  
unconquerable spirit,  
And summon it to put  
a stop  
To the scornful and

contemptuous.

“Do what thou dost, be strong, be brave;  
And, like the Star, nor rest nor haste.”  
These are the words  
Of the great English  
explorer  
And Orientalist  
Sir Richard Burton.

He is renowned  
For his English translation  
Of The Arabian Nights.  
He was a master of many languages  
And an outstanding scholar.

He crisscrossed the globe  
On an odyssey of  
exploration,  
Leaving us many tomes  
of his learning  
That open the doors to  
unknown worlds.

He did not live a  
luxurious life  
And wished for neither comfort nor fame.  
He was unafraid of jealous attacks.  
Searching always for  
the future of humanity,  
He raised many a victory banner aloft.

Once, in Africa,  
He risked his life  
In search of the source  
Of the great River Nile.

Another time  
He probed into the deepest depths  
Of South America,  
Beholding new and  
exciting vistas.  
His rigorous questing spirit  
Is widely renowned and truly praiseworthy.

Yet another time  
He walked the treacherous highlands

Of India.  
Battling the harshest  
conditions,  
Surviving the fiercest blows that Nature would deal,  
He shared with us  
His countless precious  
experiences.

And once  
He raised his voice  
Against imperialist  
domination  
And attacked the clergy  
Who were a party to the slave trade.

It is an undeniable fact  
Of human history  
That those who fight for what is right  
Are frequently treated like criminals  
And imprisoned.

How terrible the  
contradiction  
Of human affairs!  
Right is defeated by wrong,  
Injustice triumphs  
over justice.  
Evil, vicious individuals  
Try to bring down those who are decent and good.  
Such phenomena are  
evident in every age.

This unchanging principle  
Reveals to us the truth  
As if reflected in the bright surface of a mirror.

Today, too, in the darkness,  
Unknown parties  
Are secretly scheming.  
There are harbingers  
That tomorrow, too,  
In the bushes,  
Plotters  
Will be at work.

Their secret intrigues  
behind closed doors,

Always under cover of darkness,  
No entry permitted,  
Are a dreadful,  
Bottomless abyss  
Of poison.

How deplorable the  
    violence of words,  
The perversion and abuse  
Of the noble ideal of  
    free speech!  
How lowly the culture  
Of a nation of envy,  
Of a pathetic island country  
That violates human rights,  
Whose people are cleverly manipulated  
By journalistic hacks  
Who will write anything  
    for money,  
Caught in the thrall of profit  
And ever greater sales.

An eminent thinker has  
    argued  
Our fundamental barbarity as a species  
Lives on, unchanged, from primitive times,  
In today's world.

The countless attempts to bring us down,  
The concocted accusations of impropriety  
None had a mote of truth.  
These devious designs  
All failed  
To hit their mark.

Only their black-hearted, fraudulent  
Words remain.  
The truth of justice  
Has triumphed with ease.

This has also been the  
    common history,  
The experience  
Of all great people,  
Past and present,  
    East and West,  
All around the world.

My mentor said:  
“The achievements of the first three presidents  
Will form the eternal  
foundation for our  
movement.”

The first, second and third presidents  
All three  
Were imprisoned,  
And all three  
Endured persecutions  
Based on false charges.

We experienced great  
persecution  
Just like the Daishonin  
predicted,  
And I firmly believe we have laid  
A solid foundation that will grow and endure  
For all time.

Do not build your own  
happiness  
On the misfortune  
of others!  
Build a self  
That will not be swayed  
By external circumstances!

The criticism,  
The jealousy and slander  
of the world  
Are just volleys launched  
Out of envy of the target's greatness.

Keep your mind to  
the high road  
As you live your life.  
How foolish it is  
To pay heed  
To the mean and baseless,  
The low attacks  
Of the narrow-minded.

The legendary athlete Abebe Bikila,  
Who shook the world with his victory

In the marathon in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics,  
Said: "I am not competing against the other sixty-seven runners.  
I am competing  
    against myself."

These words  
Truly  
Rang out like a wake-up call,  
Showing us the key to a wonderful life  
Of the most profound  
    triumph.  
I was one of many  
Who was impressed by  
    his words.

My friends!  
Rouse your righteous anger  
To harshly censure those who spread evil and lies,  
And beat the drum of truth and justice  
With all your strength!

Making justice resound  
Through your heart-and-soul efforts,  
Beat the drum  
Until the drum's skin breaks!  
Beat the drum,  
Laughing loudly at  
The black-hearted ones!

I cry out these words,  
And may you cry them out, too!  
"Do not be deceived by the corrupt and evil,  
The mangy alley cats  
    and mice,  
Whose lies would lead you to the bitterest regrets!"

You must never fear  
Those pitiful skeletons,  
Whose lives echo  
    unceasingly with the gunfire of demons.  
They are always creeping and crawling  
In the darkness,  
And can never look up  
    to see  
The breathtaking  
    constellations high above.

My friends,  
Become strong,  
Astonishingly so!  
My friends,  
Live your lives  
As people of towering  
character!

Refuse to become victims  
Of the detestable torment  
Our attackers seek to inflict upon us.  
They are destined to walk  
A pitiful path,  
A miserable road  
Of sighs and lamentation.

O humankind!  
O humanity!  
Do not be taken in  
By hypocrites!

Never forget  
That the road to  
certain peace  
Lies in the hearts of  
the people.

Tyrants are demonic,  
Possessing weapons  
With which to strike fear  
in people's hearts  
And mete out cruel  
treatment.

But  
No human being is better than anyone else;  
We are all equal.

We mustn't merely sigh  
And allow ourselves to be driven  
To exhaustion and despair  
By this stifling authority  
That is but an illusion.

We must stand up!  
Ever courageous,  
We must advance!  
With righteous anger,

We must begin the battle!

We must be aware  
Of the inner reality  
Of these dark,  
    despotic “heroes,”  
Recognizing that the  
    pleasure they derive from  
Laughing scornfully at  
    the people  
Is characteristic  
Of their fundamental evil.

The crown of happiness  
Is not something bestowed upon us by those above;  
We must win it for  
    ourselves!

O humanity!  
Rise up  
With joy!

Adorning your lives  
With glorious ideals  
To which you can dedicate your whole being,  
Resolutely  
Speak out and refute  
    spurious accusations!  
Fight back, and triumph!

When confronted with  
The tremendous, organized  
Power of the people,  
The tyrants  
Will never again be able  
To look down disparagingly on others.

O humanity!  
Live each day  
With passion and joy!  
For we possess the right  
To live true to ourselves!  
We are all equal.

My friends!  
Charge ahead  
Toward lofty aspirations!

Holding high the banners  
of righteous anger and victory,  
Charge ahead  
With passion and joy!

We must not be defeated  
By crazed,  
Grandiose power!  
We must not be taken in by  
That deceptive,  
Dazzling illusion of  
superficial popularity.

Despots are incapable of understanding  
That people are suffering.  
Though you may offer them  
The best and truest  
Way in life,  
They can only sneer  
With arrogance and coldness.

We know  
That the only thing worse  
Than the existence of such lowly beings  
Is allowing ourselves to  
be influenced by their lowly likes.

Though a dark, gusty storm  
May blow,  
Though a whirlwind of dust  
May fill the air,  
Nothing can sever the ties  
Of our brightly shining spirits.

Our foes  
Are foolishly walking  
A road of destruction,  
slander and lies.  
They have no beliefs;  
Their sole creed  
Criticism and persecution.  
They do not know  
That they are destined  
to drown  
In a life of pitiful folly.

As they obstinately lock themselves

In their own inner darkness,  
Their woefully cold hearts  
Will be consumed by fear and uncertainty.

Advance,  
My friends!

Our march to fulfill our mission  
Of unimaginable meaning  
In this troubled world  
Of constant conflict  
Will carry us over savage mountain peaks;  
It will take us to the citadel of justice  
And of victory,  
Enfolded forever in the embrace of the bluest skies,  
Where we will live and dance in joy.

The lives of our foes,  
And their citadel, too,  
Will crumble into oblivion in the twilight.  
The reality of their ruin  
And their sad loss  
Is that,  
In destroying and bringing an end  
To everything by their  
    own hands,  
They have cast  
    themselves out  
Into the wilderness.

Whatever melancholy event might occur,  
We are invincible creators, pioneers,  
And we must never forget, under any circumstance,  
To walk the great path  
To perpetual triumph.

Whether the road underfoot is hard,  
Whether it is gentle,  
We will advance  
With the highest spiritual belief,  
Making our way  
Through this ever-changing world,  
Holding fast to the spirit,  
To the lofty ideals,  
We have cherished throughout our lives.

We will walk, uncowed by anything!

We will walk, dismissing fear!  
We will walk, not dwelling on our life's end!  
And we will run!

We possess  
Everlasting hope.  
Our proud citadel  
Knows no fear, regret,  
or end.  
It is a citadel forged by an alliance  
Of people rejoicing  
together  
And helping each other  
In a spirit of true humanity!

And from that citadel  
We must build  
A road to world peace!  
We must create  
A garden for all humanity!

This  
Is the kosen-rufu of  
Jambudvipa  
The widespread  
propagation  
Of Buddhist ideals  
throughout the globe  
That the Daishonin foresaw  
And predicted.

“The Buddhist Law will spread for  
Ten thousand years and more, for all eternity”  
This profound teaching of the Daishonin  
Is one we must never forget.  
For it is our mission.

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