

Aleppo

The Poetry of
Conscious Writers

inner child press, ltd.



General Information

Aleppo

The Conscious Writers

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PEACE

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity

and

those who have no voice.



Foreword

In this offering you will have the opportunity to listen to the voices and the perspectives of a collection of conscious global writers and poets. We at Inner Child Press feel that it is crucially important that the cries of our fellow human family members are heard. There are many challenges that humanity faces, all put upon its self by its self. Many of us take different positions on what is transpiring globally, and that is alright. But, none should have to suffer the consequences put upon us by the Elitists, Bankers, Governments and other institutions who have no regard for life.

Aleppo is but one example of the unnecessary woes our politics and policy has yielded. Across the globe, around the world there are many examples of oppression, violence and other unrequited ills.

In conclusion, we only ask of you that you consider the words herein and perhaps join us and lend your voice unto the struggle for decency amongst each other.

Bless Up

Bill

Inner Child Press
Building Bridges



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let us unite our light !





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Covered Ears

Murdered by silence, the ummah's voice is divided
Politicians with license for corruption and violence
Debates one sided while media is silent
Kids form an alliance cause they sick of hearing sirens
Silence is a killer ignorance is her twin
If covering ears was murder, how many would you've killed?
How much blood would you've spilled?
There's a difference between being silent and being silenced
So will you raise awareness or plan to be quiet?
If your TV spoke, whose side would it claim?
Do you mute the voiceless and give the heartless some fame?
Do you give way to a sell out or more ink to a rebel?
Do your eyes give power to the baby under the rubble?
They say remember 9/11 and the French November 13
But forget the 24/7 of Syria and Falesteen
Weak hearts and minds controlled by a 5 inch screen
Their hearts locked away by a 4 digit PIN
Slow pills from TV screens, our minds familiar with dirty things
So much that we don't feel a thing when they torture our siblings
The covered heart usually doesn't face its fear
The dead are useless and so is the one with the covered ears

Ahmed Farah

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The Words of Conscious Poets



Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, born in Anda, Pangasinan known as a ‘poet of peace and friendship’, is a multi-awarded poet, editor, publicist, linguist, educator, and women’s advocate.

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen’s Initiatives Member, Association for Women’s rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua.

Aleppo
The Words of Conscious Poets

caritas

the somber breast has turned all dreams
dry, melancholic truth
weeping in red tags.
static nights and days of fear
hearts of men in troubled waters,
why such drill of death come
mortars, tanks, air power
deliver mass graves at the Hellenic seat
innocent suffer from the waging wars
rebels' bonfires are breath of wrath,
may the prayer for peace crusade
may the care for the humankind
transform phoenix in the Syrian blood,
rebuild and recreate another wonder—
heal the Land of the Amurru!

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis

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The Words of Conscious Poets

Gail Weston Shazor is a consciously intentional poet. She is not afraid of using her voice to tell the story, both as she sees it and as the reader interprets it. Gail has been writing for quite a few years and is the author of three stand alone volumes, an original member of the Poetry Posse, as well as a contributor to many anthological works and volumes by other poets.

You will find her work alongside many wonderful poets including her son's, Langley Shazor, at Inner Child Press.

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor.php

The Words of Conscious Poets

Rock Paper Scissors

You sat on steps
In empty schoolyards
Playing with the memories
Of teachers and chalkboards
Each pebble gave you a chance
To elevate your learning
What you didn't anticipate
Was how high you would need to be
To feel the fire of the bombs
Bursting in midair

And

Rock paper scissors

They never really tell
The truth of your
Always too short life
Reporters come and go
Back into safety
As you pick through the rubble
To find a hidden place
To pass the night in fear
The newsprint bearing your face
A blanket against the cold

And

Rock paper scissors

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Your father lies beside you
And he can no longer hear
The tearing away of
The crated water papers
The helicopters drop
You use your teeth because
There is nothing to cut with
Except the broken glass all around
And your mom has always told you
Never to play with broken glass
But there is so much

And

Rock paper scissors

The passport is not yours, really
But you need it to get beyond
The soldiers who wait for this chance
To turn orphans back into the rubble
Hungry and without a hope
To live beyond the next moon turning
So you learn to say "John"
For that is now your running name
And put a stone in your pocket
For remembering home

And

Rock paper scissors

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The Words of Conscious Poets

The dark circles under your eyes
Surprise this other family
That belong to the newly named Johns
And even as you struggle to speak
Every light and sound makes you jumpy
They wrap their arms around
Your tightly strung frame
They seem nice enough
But you will never forget
Not being safe

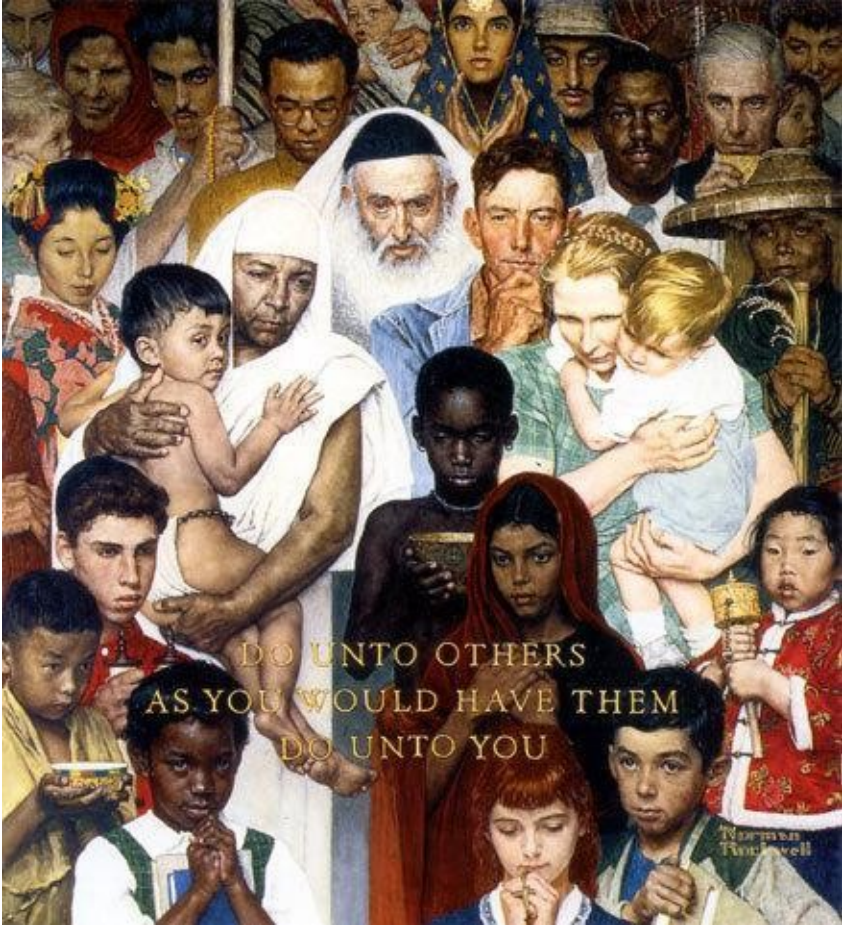
And

Rock paper scissors

Not one else you know got out

Gail Weston Shazor

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The Words of Conscious Poets



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The Words of Conscious Poets

Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, And she is the first woman who wrote poetry for children in Iraq.

She got a master's degree in Arabic literature. Faleeha has published 20 books and has one more on the way in “Mass Graves”

Translated her poems to (English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albania) and has received awards from the linguists and translators Arab Society (AWB) and the Festival of creativity Najafi for 2012, as well as Naziq God Award angels, Al Mu'tamar Prize for Poetry, and the award short story of the martyr mihrab and institution.

d.fh88@yahoo.com

The Words of Conscious Poets

Not Maryam

Father, I am not Maryam.
Not Maryam.

Despite that
The one you see
Utter between you,
I am not his mother
And he is not borne from me
Yet the one called Jesus
belongs to me.

...

I am not Maryam, father
Not Maryam.

I buy my bread with my own tears
Every time
You don't feed me.

Your sky is grapes
And I have not a prophet's uncle
and My mother didn't sell me
For the Qibla* of her prayers.

Why then do I see the deaf
And blind
Fight me at my doorstep?

...

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Not Maryam, father.
I am not Maryam.

I was not a sister to Harun *
My hands are my witnesses
They tire of shaking
the root of your palms

And I did not dream
of flour falling into my hands

The drink I brought
Is tasteful only to myself.

What's with these horses
Bleeding and whining
At my sight?

...

I am not Maryam, father.
I am not her.

Your women seek
me for the onset of labour.
And this face
Its features moulded
by the palm of the wind
is ruined by exile.

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

For the first dawn
I do not rise to deceit,
I am not hanged -
and have no fear.

I am not Maryam, father
I am not Maryam.

But I present myself
As a temple
Lest you claim
that I am Maryam.

** Qibla: the direction that a Muslim faces when performing their daily prayers.*

** Harun: (Harun Al Rashid 766-809) His date of birth is debatable. The Thousand and One Nights tales were based on him and his imagination.*

By Faleeha Hassan

Translated by Dikra Ridha

Aleppo
The Words of Conscious Poets

City

My city is the violated
Streets torn by desires
of the kingdom,
Despite our numbers
That surmount gold bullions
In the prince's room,
We fall as we walk
While our sheikh*
-God save his soul-
Thrived on our blood,
He spread the skins
To perform his prayers.

By Faleeha Hassan

.....
*Sheikh: is a revered old man, an Islamic scholar, an elder or the
Wiseman of a tribe .

Translated by Dikra Ridha

Aleppo
The Words of Conscious Poets



Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Francoise Solace a French native started to write in her early forties with no former education. For it has always been an outlet to share her inner-self and feelings. she is a Firm believer in free and self -expression and that everyone should be able to follow their own path without being ostracized or shun for it . She embrace the philosophy that unconditional love as being the best tool able to fend of injustice and suffering in the world.

The Words of Conscious Poets

El llanto de Aleppo

Como no les puede tocar el corazon,
ese llanto de niño clamando por su mama
esos niños que hemos traído al mundo,
lo cual volvimos un infierno para ellos

Como no nos puede tocar el corazon,
este llanto de niño aterrorizado
que en nosotros puso su confianza,
que sobre camino de Eden
los ibamos a llevar y de ellos cuidar.

Como no puede tocar vuestro corazon,
ese llanto de niño llorando en Aleppo
reflejado en cada unos de vuestros hijos heridos,
derribando sus ultimas lagrimas de inocencia
mirando a sus vidas hechos pedazos.

Como no les pueda tocar el corazon,
al oír el llanto de un niño
sin que se les ablande el corazon,
estrecharlo con amor sobre su pecho,
decirle ya no llores mas mi niño a salvo te pondre.

Como no nos puede tocar el corazon
al ver este niño llorando desangrando,
entender que son los nuestros que ahí perecen,
y entonces bajar las armas y abogar por la paz
dandoles la promesa de un amanecer brillante.

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Como no puede tocar vuestro corazon
ese llanto de niño clamando Por solaz
por los niños de todo los Aleppos del mundo
y no querer brindar-les la certeza que si
existe una hermosa Luz al final del tunel.

Francoise Solace

Aleppo
The Words of Conscious Poets



Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a Professional Writer and a Multi-awarded , Published International Author and Poet from the Philippines. She has 2 published books: “Seasons of Emotions” (UK) and “Inner Reflections of the Muse” (USA) also published by Inner Child Press, ltd. USA.

Aleppo
The Words of Conscious Poets

Spare the Children of Aleppo

I can hear cries of innocent children
Screaming for justice, for survival
In cruel world they were born in
but never chose.

With eyes longing for a chance to exist
And wake up to a beautiful morn one day
When all these terror around them cease.

Spare the innocence of these young angels
Created out of love but now suffering
From the hands of evil they know nothing of

Spare the children of Aleppo
Almighty God, shield them from all these fury
Open the gates of heaven to those who perished
And sacrificed their lives for their faith all for your glory.

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

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The Words of Conscious Poets



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The Words of Conscious Poets



Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Born and raised in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz started her formal writing career in the U.S. Humanities faculty at Penn State, Dr. yılmaz' academic publications and treatises dwell on cross-cultural literary relations between the West and the Islamic East and on non-Western gender issues. Outside the academia, hülya has authored *Trance* – a book of poetry in Turkish, German and English, co-authored *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* – a collection of poems in English, with Demetrius Trifiatis, professor of Philosophy from Greece and contributed to several anthologies with her poetry. She is a freelance editor at Inner Child Press, Ltd.

hülya n. yılmaz

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com/>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/>

The Words of Conscious Poets

i LOVED school

*“orda bir köy var uzakta
o köy bizim köyümüzdür
gezmesek de tozmasak da
o köy bizim köyümüzdür”*

*there is
there is
a village
a village
far over there
far over there
that village is ours
that village is ours
we may not saunter about there
we may not sss... (What did he say? Sibel? Murat?) about there
but that village is ours
but that village is ours*

Hocam, I...I...bbbbeg your pardon, please.
What is it, Hülya?

tra la lala la la
tra la lala la la
tra la lala la la la laaa

Sibel couldn't part faster
with my corner of our bench
her eye-glassed question marks ablaze anew
she insisted to settle her stare on my right shoulder
and poor dear gold-hearted Murat
he had almost fallen off – again

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

of what was left for him to safely perch on
he was just too big of a boy anyway
to seize and conquer one single bench

tra la lala la la
tra la lala la la

wasn't there a tra la la refrain
we all sounded best at
in our mommy-ironed black and white

has even the freshest of the stale leaves
i always tucked in between my memory sheets
dried out already completely

*“orda bir yol var uzakta
o yol bizim yolumuzdur
dönmesek de varmasak da
o yol bizim yolumuzdur”*

*there is
there is
a road
a road
far over there
far over there
that road is ours
that road is ours
we may not return from there
we may not return from there
we may not ever get there
we may not ever get there
but that road is ours
but that road is ours*

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

tra la lala la la
tra la lala...

you sweetly sung poem
only for us children

tra la lala la la
tra la la...

Sayın Ahmet Kutsi Tecer
this one is one of yours
one of the most-liked
most- and best-remembered
wasn't there a tra la lala la la in there

tra la lala la la
tra la...

salaam Soureyya salaam Moustaffa
salaam Hameed salaam Fatima salaam Laila
could you really see us from your village
did you hear our beloved song then
did any of you sing it together
had you heard it before

tra la lala...

yes i have a child a daughter
and she has a boy and a girl
how about you
tra la la...
oh i only said
how about you
tra la...

Aleppo
The Words of Conscious Poets

a boy and two girls
how lovely
do they also learn how to sing in school
tra...

...

words of old lore then
began to haunt my privileged self
though i knew this *Halep* was a semi-disguise
it was all about the same torn-up place nevertheless

"Halep ordaysa"
if Aleppo is there
"Arşın da burda"
here too is Arşın

and

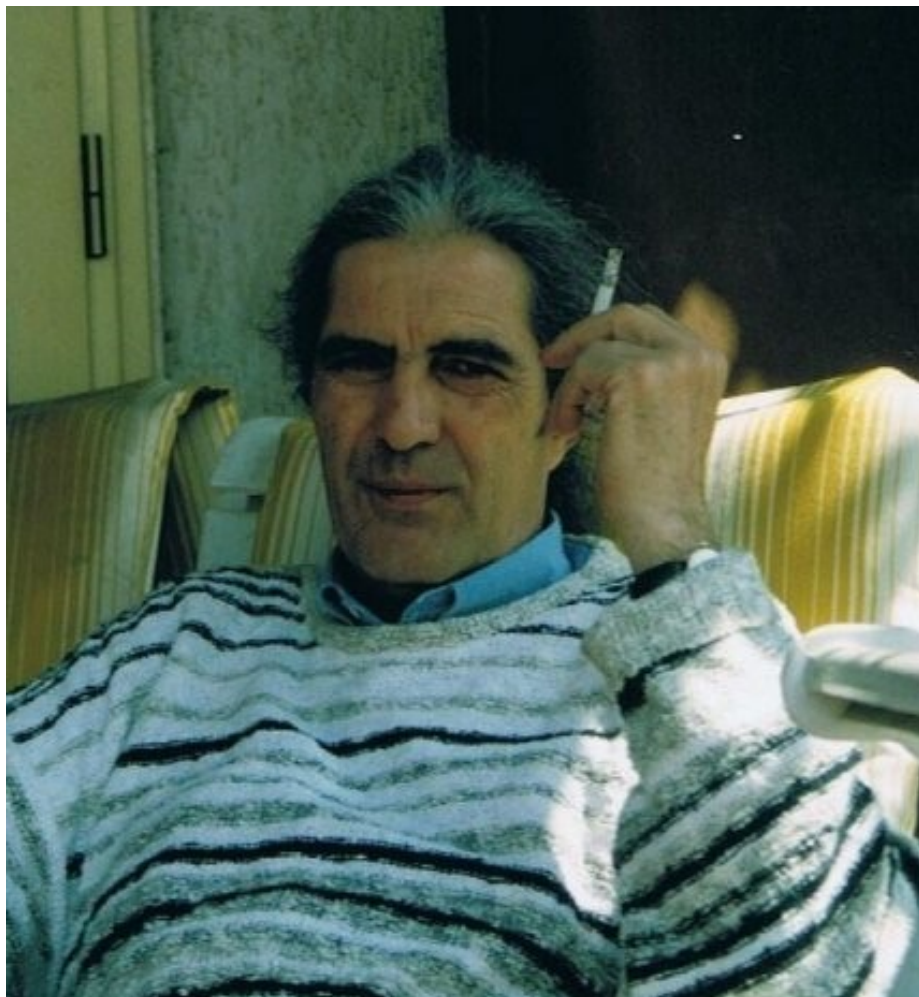
...

with the silence of corpses
my no longer-intact heart
screamed on top of its lungs

if Aleppo is there
where on earth is humanity?

hülya n. yılmaz

Aleppo
The Words of Conscious Poets



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The Words of Conscious Poets

Mario Rigli is a poet, painter, sculptor, writer, and translator. He was born July 7, 1949 in Terranuova Bracciolini, a small village in Tuscany. His first work, "Laurine," a book of tales, was published in 1985. His poetry collection Imaginary Nectar, A Ticket To Hell, was published in 1995. A second poetry collection co-authored with his son Philip, was released in 1998.

Mario's poems have been translated into numerous languages, including English, French, Spanish, Arabic, Hindi, Pangasinan, Portuguese, Macedonian, Russian and German. In 2011 many of his poems were translated into Hindi by Indian translator Vijaya Kandpal, and in 2013 a poetry collection Fragments of the Moon, was translated into Arabic by Nizar Sartawi, and published in Jordan. He was also included in The Second Genesis (2014), published in India. He took part in numerous poetry readings, and in October; he also participated in the International Poetry Festival held in Rabat in October, 2016.

Mario translated hundreds of Arabic poems into Italian, including Munir Mezyed's The Grapes of the Vine of Heaven (2011).

As a painter and sculptor has participated in numerous exhibitions.

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The Words of Conscious Poets

Aleppo

I

Sanguina il cuore.
La distanza non conta.
Dentro si sentono le tue urla.
Forti da tenersi le orecchie.
I bambini non giocano più
il loro caldo scorrere del sangue
lo impedisce e impedisce le risa
e il sonno e l'allegria bambina.
Costretti sotto terra
sotto ospedali o scuole o chiese,
costretti sotto, i bimbi della terra,
sganciano bombe e fanno morti
i grandi della terra.

II

Ma come è possibile scrivere?
comporre versi o dipingere tele
quando ti senti un piede sopra il cuore
le cetre sono impiccate ai salici
non appese come diceva Salvatore
il sangue vi scorre dentro
fra le corde e l'anima
e l'aria ti impedisce per ogni respiro
e solo gutturali suoni
di agnello sgozzato può diffondere .
Non versi ma solo lacrime
ti posso donare mia Aleppo martoriata.

Aleppo

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III

Si deve spogliare l'umanità
dei suoi panni neri di buio,
sporchi di fango viscido
maleodoranti di fogna,
delle sue camicie insanguinate,
si deve spogliare
o indossare un putrescente
sudario di sarcofago
per sempre.

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Zubeida Ibrahim, is a 23 years old Muslim lady born in Kenya. She is currently a medical student in University of Science and technology in San'aa, Yemen. Hobbies involve community work and writing poems.

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The Words of Conscious Poets

Besieged Aleppo

Once the largest city in Syria
Now it's air filled with fear
Death calls as if so near
Gone is my city so dear

My name has changed
From Aleppo to besieged
My people disgraced
My land destroyed

Pardon me please
As I was never like this
This opportunity let me seize
To explain why my heart freeze

My before and after don't relate
Before was happiness at its best
Then my safety was abated
By a horror that me awaits...

Back in the days was trade
Gold silver food and bread
Beautiful park scenery portrayed
Laughters in the streets filled

The museum antiques I owned
The history that my city uphold
The stories about my city told
Which my mysteries unfold

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Beautiful was my city
The street lights made it pretty
Now it's all in turmoil and dusty
It's precious meaning lost sadly

Human history when traced back
Finds importance in my track
Of recent it turned to army barrack
And all my buildings filled with cracks

Children dying
Hospitals burning
Buildings demolishing
Our very air became polluting

Chemicals released in the wind
Inhaled by the innocent lad
To the hospital he was rushed
Then the hospital was crushed

A mother lost a child
A daughter lost her dad
A doctor killed in the ward
A silent prayer I make to the Lord

Aleppo the besieged
Forever will live
My history will be retrieved
My memories I will relive

By; Zubeida Ibrahim

Aleppo
The Words of Conscious Poets



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Manvi Sharma believes in gaining in depth knowledge of every aspect of life and is an explorer from art to places and people at large. She is a graduate in English Literature and writes surreal fiction at its best. She has a good taste in music and socially gets with a warm heart with each person she comes across. Preaching notions of love, her pen fathoms a flair in the softer aspects with a pinch of salt.

Email : manvi352@gmail.com

The Words of Conscious Poets

Peaceful Nostalgia

At the doorstep of my home,
I stand,
With the flowers in my hand
Fearing to go inside
Because it is the same old place
Where I cried and laughed
Now, seems like dead with no feelings left.

Amazed to look at those pale walls
The garden lost its greenery
But my life did not lose the memories
With the passing years,
The house has been empty
And so,
My life has been.

After all those painful nights
I am here again to find my happiness
Regaining my joyous days
Trying to find the real meaning
Of life that I had left behind
In the chaos of pride
But now,
Here I am standing with all my courage.

Manvi Sharma

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The Words of Conscious Poets

Fahredin Shehu was Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. He Graduated with a degree in Oriental Studies at Prishtina University,. He actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific form of plastic art. He was certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc. In the last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

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Bees of Aleppo

From the grape pollen
I took a golden shine
With the wings I was fondling nectar lumps
As children of his neighborhood
Cleans with the sleeves a slobbered nose

Night when it dawns slowly
Dew moistening the grass above the tombs
Who knows how to die?
Shall resurrect with the illuminated face
Shall look the Evil straight in its eyes

We loved every child and the tears
We collected in a wedding earring boxes
Of suffering mothers
Tears dried as nacre of the Ocean
Green garments, tunics from algae that
Brought a Baltic amber in the shores where
We recall our childhood and
Crying from the bruises in our elbows and
Sweat in buttons in our forehead
Sobers under the shade of Oleander
When the fragrance of rosemary enveloping
Covering breeze and winds
Heavy with iodine

A hive there is extinguished
Just as the three thousand years old city of Aleppo

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Jen Walls is an international author/poet/literary reviewer-critic who brings love inside of joyful heart's radiance; pulsating deep within a natural personality of rare positivity. Her first collection of poems, *The Tender Petals*, released November 2014, through inner child press, ltd. USA. Her second collection, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, joined to combine natural spiritual soul poetry with co-author, Dr. Ram Sharma of Meerut, U.P. India, released November 2015 through The Poetry Society of India. Jen's peace-filled poems vibrate within many global print/electronic journals and renowned world peace anthologies from the USA, India, Africa and Europe. She's a devoted nature lover, ceremonial vocalist, and dedicated advocate for elderly and youth causes. Jen lives in Saint Paul, MN with her loving family.

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The Words of Conscious Poets

EVER-FREE

Live harmonic peace
burst awareness - inside-flight;
flow love-consciousness
Meditate - soul-paint
light-blaze with colorless sun;
realize fruitful glow
Speak blue heart-whispers
breathe timelessness - know with soul;
care infinitely
Un-tether - connect
live gentle-humanity;
spray golden bliss-rays
Sail serenity
give inside-gleam - melt breath-beams;
float on light's ballet
Watch thought inwardly
realize peace – heart's Aleppo;
love-soul - ever-free

Jen Walls

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The Words of Conscious Poets



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Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

Lonneice Weeks-Badley; born to Oliver and Margaret. She resides in Virginia, mother of two daughters, proud grandmother of three grandsons, one granddaughter and one great granddaughter. Author of Mind Games “Others Thoughts Inside of Me” “The Evils of Greed it NOT Your Root” and my new book “The Essence of God’s Law of Love” will be released in February 2017. Hearts of Love for Humanity is my Ministry and profits will be donated to humanity.

God is the love of my life, He BLESSED my hands to write; His inspired poetry/prose. Glory to God...

The Words of Conscious Poets

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity
comes from GOD, who LOVES so deep
People wake up out of your sleep
you have been set free...
My LOVE is in the middle of thee
connecting your mind and Me (Breath of God)
Together we're one ---just believe

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity

Can you share a penny, nickel, dime,
quarter or dollar; if you please...
Don't turn and run from me
Please hear my plea,
some of us are NOT out here to lie
and steal from you; I'm homeless
and know NOT what to do
I need help to eat

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity

Oh what a great relief it'll be
To give back —expecting nothing in return
for that person ---could have been me...
Thanks for sharing your compassionate heart
and Me (LOVE) who's imbedded in you.
You helped one that was down and blue
as you gave back--- to humanity.

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The Words of Conscious Poets

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity

Proudly they can acknowledge;
someone DOES care for me...

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity
Lonneice Weeks-Badley

Each One ~ Reach One ~ Each One ~ Teach One
To give and LOVE as HE —Love and Peace....

Lonneice Weeks-Badley

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The Words of Conscious Poets

I am joseph orutwa from kenya, 23. I am born again and a firm believer of the cross for redemption. I am currently studying at the Kenyatta University undertaking Bachelor of Medicine and Surgery. Poetry is my passion in a special way which has been my highway to molding words into pieces of fine art. I desire to inspire people from all nations inspite of all our differences in being a better people in spirit which manifests in the physical as us loving others as ourselves. This comes by believing in Jesus as Lord and saviour.

The Words of Conscious Poets

Like a deer, run away as fast from the
fragrance of your rotting!

Being free is like having hope-
Believing that tomorrow you will not be the same
or simply going through a day with an excellent mindset

See, if you have hope then faith is the assured outcome
which is built on the understanding that Jesus did it all
and that He is your redeemer, a firm fortress!

There is more to having faith in Christ
For instance, you get to receive the Holy Spirit who teaches all
things-
The divine wisdom from God upon your spirit then into the mind
of your soul.

With wisdom, you will begin to grow into something-
A people with ears open as to your hearts
Then you will hear her say "Fold up your sleeves, pull up those
socks, run away from sin, don't depend on man- don't die poor!"
If you are willing and obedient, She will let you into fine secrets,
wild secrets!
A place where you dont have to put your feet in a train for the
haiku
But instead, you will begin loving others as yourself- realizing the
path to life

But first, all this comes by having faith and hope in Jesus Christ
the son of God
Then wisdom that is by the Holy Spirit in love, which ultimately is
immortality in a deeper sense will draw close-

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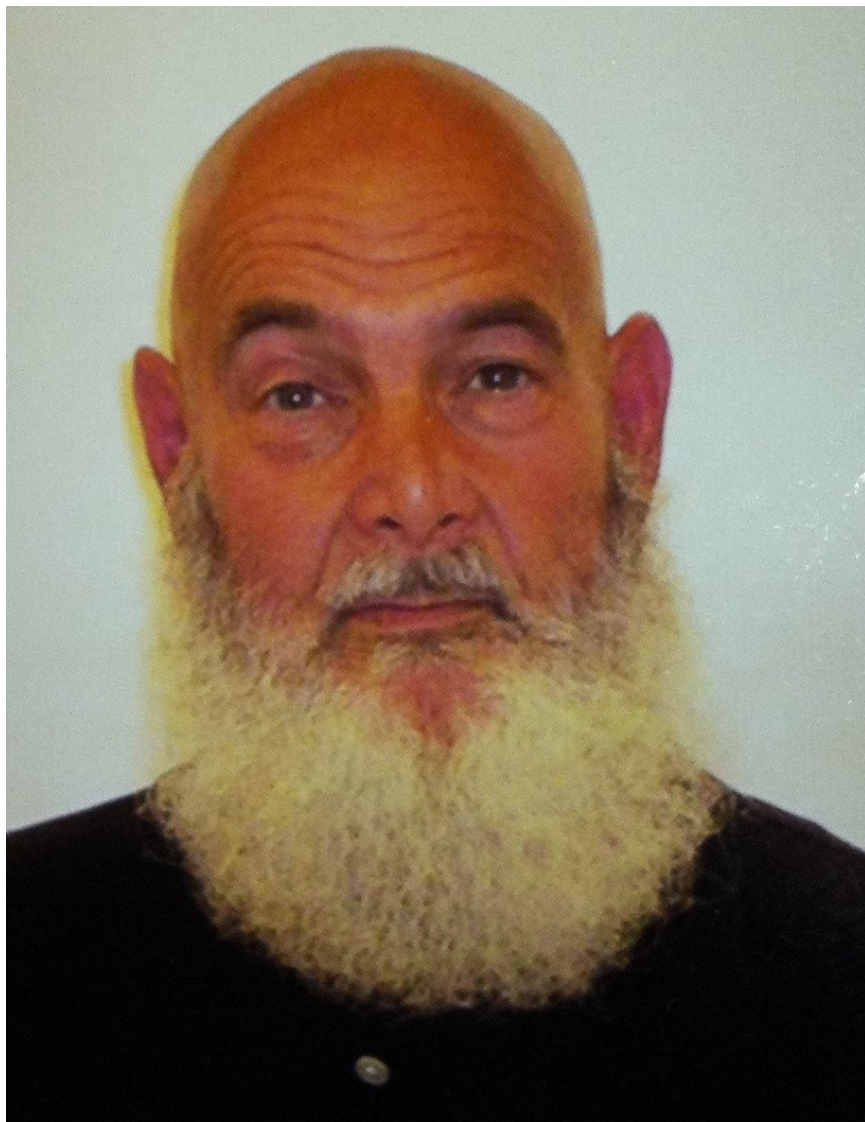
The Words of Conscious Poets

This way, you would have woken up into a life filled with much
peace that surpasses

So lighten up you broken-hearted with all the others
Put your eyes on the blood of the cross
and like a deer, run away as fast from the fragrance of your rotting!

By Joseph Orutwa.

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The Words of Conscious Poets



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The Words of Conscious Poets

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, AKA Zakir Flo was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. His education includes Brooklyn College, Suffolk County Community College and Makkah, Saudi Arabia. He is a Veteran of the Viet Nam era, where in 1969 he reverted to his now reverently embraced Islamic Faith. He is very active in the Islamic community and beyond with his teachings, activism and his humanity.

Shareef's spiritual expression comes through the persona of "Zakir Flo" . Zakir is Arabic for "To remind". Never silent, Shareef Abdur-Rasheed is always dropping science, love, consciousness and signs of the time in rhyme.

Shareef is the Patriarch of the Abdur-Rasheed Family with 9 Children (6 Sons and 3 Daughters) and 41 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 17 Girls).

For more information about Shareef, visit his personal FaceBook Page at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

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The Words of Conscious Poets

flowers..,

didn't bloom this morning since the sirens blast announced
the real blast succeeded to scorch maker's earth
same from hence we came to return as seasons rotate
yielding forth blessings abundant but this was a different
abundance, abundance of destruction, death, blackened
sky, earth, babies, ladies your child, mine, our families gone
up in smoke in a stroke, erased
curse dem bastards they will pay, condemn dem to fiery
abode, let them drink puss from poison tree devil heads adorn
dem who seem to have been \$#!+ out of Shaitans @\$
or sniffed his putrid fumes when he passed gas and loved it
went on spree to destroy humanity
all dem you, all dem me part of same tree, Adam (aws)
wa Howa(aws) Eve
ALEPPO, OOooh ALEPPO you have been assaulted, bloodied,
beaten down to death but yet you rise to live another day
your made of good stuff that way
embodied in your people's resilience surviving the silence of
world's indifference
as though you never existed or if you did what's the difference
you wasn't them, you and your kind are different
out of sight, out of mind whole dam world out their minds
void of feelings, human sorrow
as though they couldn't be bombed today or tomorrow or
burned alive or watch their children starve and die
ALEPPO,ALEPPO why, why nobody gives a dam as evil

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The Words of Conscious Poets

descends on the people, on the land
yes Allah(swt) has a plan but do all you can afford to end
oppression that is worst then slaughter saith the lord
keep them all in your prayers

food4thought = education

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed,
AKA Zakir Flo

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The Words of Conscious Poets



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Bill is an avid Writer / Poet who has been committed to this path since 1966. He currently has to his credit over 70 Published Books including anthologies, as well as a myriad of Newspaper and Magazine Articles. Bill supports the venue of Creative Expression regardless of form. He also is an activist for the progression and evolution of Humanity and its Love of each other.

Recently (September 2015) Bill was honored to be named the Poet Laureate at the Kosovo International Poetry Festival where his book *The Vine Keeper* was showcased. He was also awarded The Golden Grape Award. Bill is also a Pulitzer Prize nominee for poetry for the year 2016~2017.

Bill's poetry has been published in numerous countries globally to include Kosovo, Albania, Germany, Iran, Iraq, India, The Philippines, Canada, Italy, Romania, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Morocco, Italy, England, Romania, France, Germany, Poland, etc.

Bill currently serves as the CEO of Inner Child Enterprises, Ltd., Managing Director of Inner Child Press, Executive Producer of Inner Child Radio and Executive Editor of Inner Child Magazine.

For more of Bill, visit his personal web Site at :

www.iamjustbill.com

for Inner Child . . .

www.iaminnerchild.com

www.innerchildpress.com

www.innerchildmagazine.com

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The Words of Conscious Poets

they die

in Aleppo they die
without discretion

they suffer
your oppression
oh mighty beast
of the least
who rages against the peace
of the people

i have lifted my voice mightily
to the heavens
in my prayers for love amongst us,
yet amongst us dwells the beast
the oh mighty beast
who cares not . . .
but i do . . . do you ?

and that is what heaven spoke of . . .
we must raise our voices . . .
we must effectuate the change we desire
and it all starts right here
with our indignation,
our pain,
and the suffering of our love

in the meantime . . . they die

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

the first step to the path unto change
lies directly before us.

for Aleppo . . . for humanity
for you . . . for i

william s. peters, sr.

Aleppo

The Words of Conscious Poets

my Sun is Orange

my morning Sun is orange
The yellow is stained
with the Blood of my People
for that is what we
are reminded of
each day

when it rises from the East
to greet the world
i see my world
clearly

we once lived with a hope
that the atrocities of Hate
War
and indifference
would go away
but it did not

my hope has been misplaced
somewhere
and i can not remember
where i have set it down

it might have been that day
i lost my arm
or that day
when my Father was jailed
or that day
when my Sister was killed
she was only 3

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The Words of Conscious Poets

no, i think i lost my hope
the day
my Mother no longer cried

her eyes have been dry
for many a year now
and somehow
by some grace
she still has enough love in her
to hug me
once in a while
through that pained smile
that still adorns her face
just so she won't completely break

there is a noise i hear
it is a loud silence
that stays with me
through my callousness
for the gunfire
and the bombs
and the screams
i can not hear them

they have long ago
assaulted and killed
the dreams of my Family
my village
my people
and it is now working on
Humanity

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where is the sanity
in this methodology
to be found

every day is "Ground Zero"
where i live
every where i look
i see Ground Zeros
and we have lost count
of those who
are no more
because of what you call War

but you and i
never had a dispute
that i know of
If so, please tell me what i did wrong
to cause you harm
that you should exact such wretchedness
upon me
and others like me

i know not of the Politics
of it all.
i have never met a Politician
are they so different
than we the people ?

if it's Oil
i give it to you

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if it's right
take it freely
i will not raise nor put my hand
against that
of my Father's children

there was a time
when all i thought of
was simply
finding Joy in my life
i have since given up that quest
for i see far too much
of that other stuff
which deserves not a name

my Sun is no longer Yellow
but i do pray my Brother
that yours is

my Sun is Orange

This is dedicated to all the Villages, Peoples across our Globe who
must endure the Politics and Sickness of War.

william s. peters, sr.

The Words of Conscious Poets

My Sun is Orange II

there is no justice save Karma, a Universal Law fashioned by the
Hand of the Creator of All Things.

i consider all the senseless killings,
that achieve no end
founded in the permanence
of humanity

Blood is being let
upon the street
on a global basis

driven by politics, greed and the media
we formulate poisoned perspectives
about our lives,
the world
and each other

our hands have always held the keys
to our destiny
yet we relinquish control to others,
that select few
who embody a “God Complex”
and wish to serve
but their own demented agendas

“My Sun is Orange”
for the blood of my brothers and sisters
has stained my hope

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The Words of Conscious Poets

though the sun rises each day,
there is an abiding trepidation
of what is to come . . .
will it be another war ?
Famine?
Racism ?
Murders?
Hunger ?
or some misogynistic asshole
gathering his sheep
for the market of perdition

i often question Religion.
What respite does it provide en masse'
with the allowances of
we the people able to mold it
to serve our own misguided anomalies
and indifferences

the whole of the Planet is sick,
and thus the whole of us inhabitants
share her daily woe

castrated dreams
minimized realities
and impotent voices of truth
have become our way
yet, we tell ourselves the lies of a promise
each day,
one for which we sacrifice the efforts not

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why is my Sun Orange ?
why do we choose to suffer
as opposed to love

this is the question of my lifetime !

Let not the rhetoric of division take seed
in the garden of your consciousness,
spirit,
nor heart.

william s. peters, sr.

~ fini ~



Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

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