Featured Global Poets

Hassanal Abdullah * Johny Takkedasila Rajashree Mohapatra * Shirley Smothers

Renowned Poets



~ William Butler Yeats ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Mutawaf Shaheed Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Noreen Snyder Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * Eliza Segiet * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2024

Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed Teresa E. Gallion hülya n. yılmaz Noreen Snyder Tzemin Ition Tsai Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo Jackie Davis Allen Mutawaf Shaheed Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava Alicja Maria Kuberska Swapna Behera Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Michelle Joan Barulich Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.

In order to maintain each poet's authentic voice, this volume has not undergone the scrutiny of editing. Please take time to indulge each contributor for their own creativity and aspirations to convey their uniqueness.

 \sim * \sim

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. Director of Editing ~ Inner Child Press International

General Information

The Year of the Poet XI April 2024 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2024

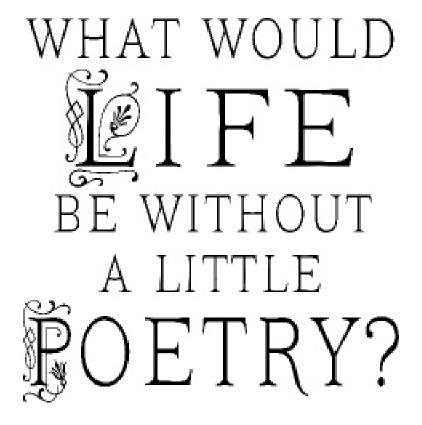
This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a "Collection". All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior *WRITTEN CONSENT* of the "Material Owners" or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this "Collection" should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

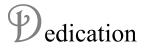
Publisher Information 1st Edition : Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

Copyright © 2024 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13: 978-1-961498-24-2 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99





This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

Ľ

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future, our Patrons and Readers & the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



In the darkness of my life I heard the music I danced . . . and the Light appeared and I dance

Janet P. Caldwell

Table of Contents

Foreword	ix	
Preface	xiii	
Renowned Poets	xv	

William Butler Yates

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	21
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	27
Noreen Snyder	35
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	41
Mutawaf Shaheed	47
hülya n. yılmaz	55
Teresa E. Gallion	61
Ashok K. Bhargava	67
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	75

Table of Contents . . . continued

Swapna Behera	81	
Albert Carassco	87	
Michelle Joan Barulich	93	
Eliza Segiet	99	
William S. Peters, Sr.	105	

April's Featured Poets	111
------------------------	-----

Hassanal Abdullah	113
Johny Takkedasila	119
Rajashree Mohapatra	127
Shirley Smothers	133

Inner Child Press News	139

Other Anthological Works 179

Foreword Renowned Poets

William Butler Yates

Each month, the Year of the Poet features a themed poem, and it gives me pleasure to invite readers to peruse the poems in this, the April 2024 issue.

Members, by name, The Poetry Posse, are invited to submit three poems, the first being a poem inspired, this month by the poet, William Butler Yates. We each, also submit two additional poems each month. These poems may or may not be inspired by the current issue's theme, whether penned in the poet's style or not. Or simply inspired by researching more about personal life of William Butler Yates.

Be assured that there is a wealth of poetry awaiting your perusal in this month's Year of the Poet.

Elsewhere, in this magazine, you will find an Introduction providing more and pertinent information about the Irish poet, Yates. I encourage you to avail yourself of that information.

Further research will provide you with his poetry, that, to this day, inspires other poets. Yates,

encouraged younger poets, for instance, Ezra Pound.

As a child, I remember hearing that my ancestors hailed from Ireland. As yet, that is not proven. At least to my knowledge. Nevertheless, living in southwestern Virginia, confined in Appalachia, by the Cumberland Mountains and snaking roads, no sidewalks, the sun arriving only at noontime, the moon, the size of a skinny, slivery slip of pale ivory, I longed for that which was not within my reach.

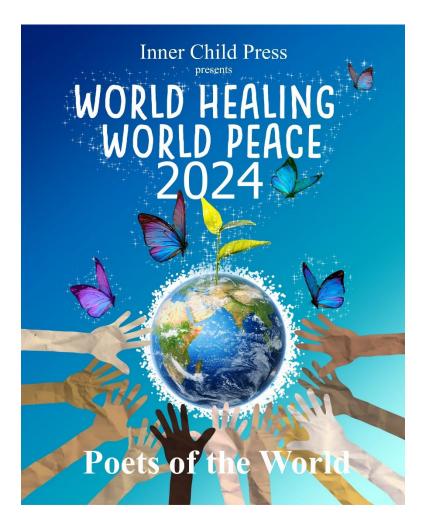
And poetry, to some extent, satisfied that need. It has taken me, then, as a child to places that my mind had never known! And, it still does!

I applaud you, the readers who hold this book in your hands. As you read, may you discover more about the poet William Butler Yates. And as you do, may you, possibly, discover something about yourself from the additional poetry contributions of The Poetry Posse! Could it be that there is a poetic voice within you, calling out, awaiting invitation to express itself?

Jackie Davis Allen Poet, Artist

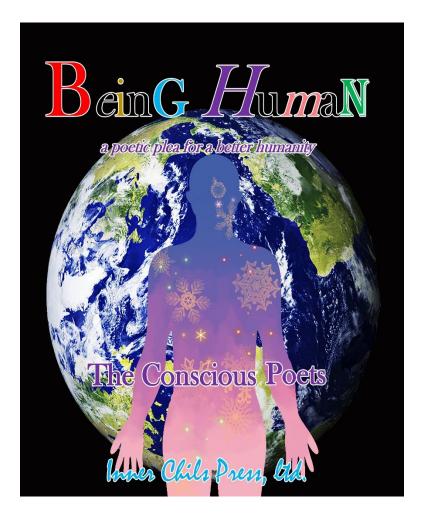
Northern Virginia

Now Available



www.innerchildpress.com/world-healingworld-peace-poetry

Coming May 2024



www.innerchildpress.com/now-open-4submission

Preface

We, Inner Child Press International, The Year of the Poet and The Poetry Posse welcome you.

WOW... a decade +. We continue to be excited as we have now crossed over into our 11th year of **The Year of the Poet**.

This particular year we have chosen to feature renowned poets of history. We do hope you enjoy. Read ~ Learn.

For those of you who are not familiar with our story, back in 2013, a few of us poets got together with the simple intention of producing a book a month. That was our challenge. Since that time the enterprise has blossomed and brought forth a fruit that seems to keep on growing as evidenced as we enter 2023.

Our purpose is simple. Through our lyrical words and verse, we not only wish to share our poetic works, but we also have the poetic naiveté to believe that we can assist in the growth of consciousness of the things that have an effect our collective humanity. Therefore, we welcome your readership. For more about what we are attempting to accomplish, have a look at our Publishing Web Site ... <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>. If you would like to know a bit more about this particular endeavor please stop by for a visit at : www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet

Over the years, Inner Child Press has been socially active to bring awareness and catalog through literature the things that have an impact upon our world and its inhabitants. We have solicited, produced, underwritten and published quite a few volumes to that end. For more insight you may wish to visit : <u>www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-</u> <u>market</u>. If you are a writer, poet, or activist, you would be advised to keep a eye out for upcoming volumes should you desire to participate. All readers are welcomed as well. Note, that there is a myriad of published volumes that are available as a FREE PDF download as well as available for purchase at affordable prices.

We at this time extend to you our well wishes for your own personal journey and hope that you consider including us as a travel companion.

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Renowned Poets William Butler Yeats 1865 ~ 1939 April 2024

by hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.



The Nobel Prize laureate Dubliner poet and playwright was born to a father, who was a lawyer and a prominent portrait painter, and a mother, who was the daughter of a successful merchant in Sligo, in western Ireland. He completed his education in Dublin and London and was involved in the Londoner *fin de siècle*. The young Yeats actively participated in and contributed to societies that were committed to revive Irish literature—known as The Irish Dramatic Movement. In collaboration with Isabella Augusta, Lady Gregory, a dramatist and folklorist, he founded the Irish Literary Theatre, aka the Abbey Theatre and served as its chief playwright. Yeats dedicated the early period of his life to composing plays, on Irish legends for the most part.

The Dublin University Review was the first to introduce Yeats to the public in 1885 by releasing his two poems, "Song of the Fairies" and "Voices", and an essay, "The Poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson". In 1886, his "Mosada" was printed privately by the same publisher as a booklet that appeared in the form of a short verse play. His first poetry collection which reflects his fascination with Irish sagas, mysticism and spiritualism was published in 1887. Scholars of the field assert that Yeats began a claim fame following the publication of "The to Wanderings of Oisin" and his other poems in 1889. Venturing into a path beyond the frequentlytraveled one, we shall now use a little poetic license to allow a voice to our own views:

We who are old, old and gay, O so old! Thousands of years, thousands of years, If all were told: Give to these children, new from the world, Silence and love; And the long dew-dropping hours of the night, And the stars above: Give to these children, new from the world, Rest far from men. Is anything better, anything better? Tell us it then: Us who are old, old and gay, O so old! Thousands of years, thousands of years, If all were told.

"If all were told: / Give to these children, new from the world, / Silence and love [...]" William Butler Yeats observes, and raises a timeless question: "Is anything better, anything better?" A question worth our contemplation, is it not?

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita (Liberal Arts), Penn State, U.S.A. Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, U.S.A.





Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action . . . for you are the Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted . . .

 $\sim wsp$

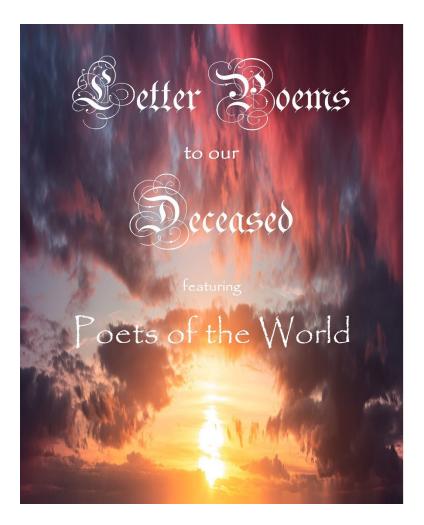




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

Now Available



www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthologymarket.com

Gail Weston Shazor



Gail Weston Shazor is a lover of words. She is fond of the arcane, unusual and the not yet words.

Coining words at an early age, there was often a bit of trouble with teachers, but she always had her mother and aunt to back up her choices in expression. Born in Mississippi, she spent her early years with her grandparents. Each of the four left very careful influences on her pre-schooling. She learned in turn how women worked in and out of the home and how men worked in and out of the home to support the family. She learned that a lack of proper schooling was not the only way to learn and understanding life was a great teacher. As in most rural families of color, women had a greater chance of formal learning. Both of Gail's grandmothers read out loud to the family whether it was the bible or the newspapers and important documents to their spouses.

Gail Weston Shazor has authored (so far) Notes from the Blue Roof, A Overstanding of an Imperfect Love, HeartSongs and Lies My Grandfather's Told Me. The number of anthologies is too many to list with the premier accomplishment of one of the contributors to The Year of The Poet. Gail will always lend her ink to community projects and will purchase the books of fellow poets in the Inner Child Press family.

Fae

I would steal Your joy Your laughter Your smiles Your years For I know not Tears in rain Eyes closed against the sun Sorrow at death I may scare you Sometimes Because I want What you have and have always desired Humanity

Neon Noise

Bottle ringing Ringing singing Turned on their side With the hole In the bottom Prescient Waiting lingering To be served With a forefinger and thumb Ready Glinting glasses Clinking toasting Amber blurs On the muzak Long Miles to go Blues in bitter fruit Salty sweet Stretching post to post Markers In unlit cigars Clenched between teeth Screaming I can't hear You

Listen, Listen

Y'all better listen quick Somebody trying to learn You something It ain't when they got you That you in trouble Cause another man done gone From the county farm The gate was left just a bit ajar Just a bit so he could see And the others said Nah man This is protective custody In here we safe And they waited for the feeding time Stuff slid under the door Thrown over the fence To keep everyone from roaring The only bit of lightness Was the complexion of the hand They had been trained not to bite But the door called out Swinging gently on its rusty hinge Singing slyly and waiting Freedom oh freedom Was its plaintive plea And he knew the sun actually shone Beyond this protection Because he had been there Free From the county farm The chains had been left long enough Just so he could walk, text and surf

Gone were the days of hoops And playgrounds on the corner Time spent listening to learned ones Listen, Listen There is no razor wire up top And he gave himself away Until no one knew who he was They didn't know his name In the factories built on paddies Just another Joe

The tables had been turned on Turntables From which prophets speak Was that the music Or just the others Nah man This is where it's at And they turn the volume up louder Another man done gone Another man done gone Awaken to the message Of the leaders voices but it Ain't you Because you too scared of the song The gate is whispering to you Third eve close to the call Of the drumbeat And you won't be the man That they kill For running away Because they got you tracked GPS Smartphones

Chips in everything you bought Listen, Listen Another man done gone I didn't know his name He had broken the long chain Slipped through the gate Found out who he was And tried to save you But you chose to stay in protective custody They killed another man Another brother done gone Into the network.

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor.

She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in : Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary,Ukraina, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, the UK, Italy, the USA, Canada, the UK, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Israel, Turkey, India, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan, China, Australia, South Africa, Zambia, Nigeria

She received two medals - the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). Ahe also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy " Tra le parole e 'elfinito" (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018).She also received : Bolesław Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).

William Butler Yeats

Celtic Songs

Ireland can't be defined in a few lines, closed within a picture.

It is hard to find old spells - elusive, forgotten words. It is not easy to describe with a pen wind whistling ancient sagas, resurrect dead heroes, revive cut down, sacred trees.

Shadows of the druids, similar to huge oak trees, emerge from the twilight.

Their roots grow deeper and deeper in people's hearts and minds to leave a trace in the words of the songs - they never forget to hum about pride, courage, freedom.

On the Bench

A hunched old woman, with a face like an autumn leaf, sat down in front of the house.

The sun and wind carved deep wrinkles on her face, the blue veins wrapped around her tired hands.

Nothing is happening today. She doesn't remember what happened yesterday - the past returns like waves.

A girl is sitting on a bench. biting unripe apples stolen from a neighbor's orchard.

Time Differences

We walk past each other and we say casual greetings. You won't catch up with me. Merciless clocks mix my days with your nights.

We agreed not to meet. We pass one another like the sun and the moon. We touch each other with words to leave in a moment.

Picasso paints in our imagination. He brightens our dark planes, adds color to grays, sketches in unexpected curves. Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia. As the next eldest daughter of a coal miner father and a stay at home mother, she was the first in her family to attend and graduate from college. Her siblings, in their own right, are accomplished, though she is the only one, to date, that has discovered the gift of writing.

Graduating from Radford University, with a Bachelor's of Science degree in Early Education, she taught in both public and private schools. For over a decade she taught private art classes to children both in her home and at a local Art and Framing Shop where she also sold her original soft sculptured Victorian dolls and original christening gowns.

She resides in northern Virginia with her husband, taking much needed get-aways to their mountain home near the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent growing up in the Appalachian Mountains.

A lover of hats, she has worn many. Following marriage to her college sweetheart, and as wife, mother, grandmother, teacher, tutor, artist, writer, poet and crafter, she is a lover of art and antiques, surrounding herself, always, with books, seeking to learn more.

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose* and Art, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz in 2019, *No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass*, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of Inner Child Press, Itd.

http://www.innerchildpress.com/jackie-davis-allen.php jackiedavisallen.com

The Irish Poet

His pen bled Ireland's poetic blood, True to his nature, his poems Speak, even today, years later, long After he passed away in 1939.

From an early age, influenced By the poet Shelly, in his teens, He wrote; and at age 24, finally He was published.

Some may say, "Oh, he had privileges, His family was wealthy, his brother a painter, His sister, involved in the arts and crafts". No one can take away his gifts, then or now.

At the age of 58, in 1923, Yates, poet, mystic, Senator, Protestant, won the Nobel Prize for literature.

Prelude to the Coronation

O ancient star of gold You sparkle on the silvery mesh Of morning's frosty breath While dripping crystals of icy white Clinging to branches of budding coins, And in the wake of melting banks Of snow, seasonal treasures of Emerald and amethyst glow. Brilliant sunbeams streaming down On gilded keys, unlocking petals of ivory You awaken wine kissed dreams, while Suddenly, from branches of ebony Sparkling splashes of sapphire and ruby Streak across the azure sky And, Spring, revealed in all her glory, Returns and reigns on Winter's sigh! O ancient star of gold Sparkling on silvery mesh A treasured note, frosty cold, I confess, I often refresh the meter of my crystal lines I shudder to realize, to know Like butterflies in which you so delight Emeralds and amethyst now do glow Emerging in truth, both day and night Still you dance on gilded keys While I am tormented by recurring dreams Of long hidden sapphires and rubies You now perfume with wine kissed themes.

O ancient star of gold, you steal my story! Yet, another day I'll take back by glory!

Respite in the Midst of the Storm

Could it be that this earth drenching

is the way the Master Gardner gets our attention to give us an excuse? And, if you will, to take time out from our routine to do some of the things we've found ourselves saying? "I wish I had the time to.....

The storm continues, pittering and pattering, pittering and pattering tap, tap, tapping splash, splash, splashing. Boom, boom, booming, crash crashing! Blast blasting, and clap, clap clapping! The evening screams! Shrieks! A brilliant white lightning ignites the darkness of the night! Still, I continue to write, my paper accepting the words.

The reflection of the wet exuberance of nature is all around me. My breath fogs the cloudy windowpane; A thunderous voice announces! "Impending is the new birth! A greening of the earth"! And as for me, my muse hovers around.

The flickering candle, with a swoosh of air is extinguished as I venture to open the door. I breathe in the night's gift, hesitant to retire to my cozy bedroom. My thoughts continue, accompanied by the heaven's outpouring. Pitter, patter, pat, pat, tap tap, splash, boom, crash! The wet of the noisy night goes on! And, on!

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai comes from the Republic of China(Taiwan). In addition to being a professor of literature at a university, he is more committed to writing poems, novels, and proses. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text, an International editor of "Contemporary dialogues" literary periodical in Macedonia, and Vice-Chairman of the International Jury of the SAHITTO INTERNATIONAL AWARD in Bangladesh, and a columnist for "Chinese Language Monthly" in Taiwan.

In a wide range of literary creations, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels, and writing articles or poems about the feelings of nature and human beings. He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 55 countries and have been translated into more than 24 languages.

Cold Stone Anvil Under the Autumn Moon

In the stillness of autumn night, the bright moon hangs in the arching cosmos,

Casting its clear lustrous light upon the ancient window and speckled antique desk.

A sense of desolation surrounds, with absolute silence falling upon all things, evoking an air of melancholy.

The distant clanging of the stone anvil, now breaking now continuing,

Flows with the dying autumn breeze, dances with the descending fallen leaves.

This mysterious rhythm is dreamlike, like a melody from another world.

While the neighbors have rested, I stand guard with my solitary lamp,

Leaning against the window, listening to the silent conversations of nocturnal geese.

It seems to echo the heartbeat of the universe, Or perhaps the whispers of old companions.

Beneath the moon, I sift through each word, Attempting to weave tales of the past into a fresh prose, Yet the words are like scattered jewels, Each falling to the ground, too resistant to form a poem.

Ah, the cold stone anvil under the autumn moon, to whom would play and probe it once more?

Does it lament the forgetfulness of passing years, or nursed an unfinished sentiment?

Or could it be the tearful sigh of autumn's end,

Leaving behind only the grievances of the lonely deep night.

Dance of the Soul

In the canopy of the heavens, a frozen stare hangs upon the limitless thread,

The millennia-old mountains in their tranquility, scrawl the tale of the passage of time with each step of the sojourner.

As if time's silken strands slide through the eye of destiny's needle,

Beside the coursing rivers, spirits stand sentinel beneath age-old arboreal sentinels.

In the veins of the sapient, the blossoming of flowers signifies nothing more than fleeting moments of dazzle.

Silently through a season, leaf upon leaf reel in the dance.

We emerge from a particle of dust and in the end, must dissolve into the wind

Star-shaped chessboard, dreams are steered by the illumination from the heart

In the expansive theatre of nature, fleeting visitors master the art of the mountain's stoic face.

Signposting the serpentine path of rivers, between the solemnity of cosmos and desolation.

Staring at our own reflection, we are minuscule yet shimmer like cosmic bodies.

In the woodlands, the whispering wind mutters,

Striving to rouse the liberty of my designated soul.

This piece of wilderness, the primordial scriptures between heaven and earth.

In the twilight of the setting sun, the seeds of wisdom, Are chronicled in every single step of the journey, archived like poems of our miracles.

Within my own being, the instantaneous breath of awakening has long been awaiting.

The Night Lamp Remains

As night falls, silence descends, and the lamp stands alone. In the darkness it seeks the embrace of solitude,

The copper glow of the lamp on the mountainside reflects the past, lingering like smoke,

The dim light of the lamp gently caresses the passage of time,

Each flicker, a stirring of the soul.

Through the shattered window it draws the moonlight in a myriad of colors,

Where the heart leads, let the years cut and reassemble, The night traveler asks, where is the way home?

Steps are lost, the night echoes the search in vain, The lamp remains silent, silently symbolizing the philosophy of life,

In the emptiness, the lamp is soft, humming,

In the silence we explore the beginning and the end of life,

History is being written, ink is flowing like a river, Each ray of light, wavering,

Reflecting on itself over and over, wandering in the labyrinth of the night,

The night has seeped into the bones, the heart's journey has returned to the sky,

The lamp perseveres, the weak light maintains the remaining power of the residual oil.

Contemplation with only a remnant of the night, At dawn, guiding until the morning light washes away.

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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 :

https://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1 https://zakirflo.wordpress.com

William Butler Yeats

B: 13 June 1865 D: 28 January 1939 one of the great artists of his time major influence literature 20th century Nobel prize literature 1923 recipient certainly, one the most highly regarded artist Ireland produced his poetry went through transitions impacted by the social/political reality of the times certainly, the advent of the 20th century and its global constant growth as regards modernism, social/ political unrest world war, certainly, Irish domestic issues had great affect on his work which addressed the reality of mortality death was always stalking to appreciate every breath to say the very

least a under statement that dominated his appreciation of life reflected in his artistic expressions one of the greats of his time long live his work

fragments only..,

what was left of humanity trickled down around me i thought certainly things not what they used to be where is humanity? many who appear to be turns out not to be apparently sincerity scarcity feelings seemed empty searched obituary looked for humanity didn't see went to cemetery read stones what goes? seemed humanity was gone chill covered me to think no humanity how can one live free, what's to become of me? i cried for mankind realized when i cried humanity hadn't died it's still alive in me hope remains eternally rains

Bling

got your nose? remember! all that glitters ain't gold as the "ol" saying goes even gold loses value just as what glitters turns out to be hollow hot today is cold tomorrow elation becomes deflation joy becomes sorrow when we're taken in by glittering bling today became a withering thing tomorrow even a rose that's fresh soon crumbles so goes health and wealth all signs designed to remind help keep us humble does here today gone tomorrow equal life eternal free of pain, sorrow? remember..., glitters value is zero in the grave where the only legal tender to negotiate is righteous deeds performed by the slave

that he or she gave with pure intention hearts clean in surrender only to please their lord being the only endeavor who with undeserved mercy bestowed never owed admits them into gardens where beneath rivers flow where they will dwell forever fact is that's real, is bling? never!

Norgen Snyder



Noreen Ann Snyder has been writing since she was a teenager. She writes a variety of different topics. Her favorite poetic forms are Sonnets, Blitz, Haiku, Tanka, and Free Verse. She always learning different poetic forms.

Noreen Ann Snyder is a poet, writer, and an author of five books, (four books are co-authored with her late husband, Garry A. Snyder.) Her poetry is in several Inner Child Press Anthologies. She is the founder of The Poetry Club on Facebook.

William Butler Yeats

Yeats, an outstanding poet, one of the greatest poets of 20th century, the Nobel Prize in Literature 1923 winner and the first Irish person to do so, the writer of many colors, diversified poetry about love, religion, politics, social class, family, and so many many more. He is very talented, gifted, fascinating, interesting poet and writer who has captivated readers from around the world and always will.

Our Home (Haiku)

Filled with love, joy, peace filled with memories-good, bad

the best place to be.

A Live Orchestra

When the sky dances and colors sing, thunder roars, and the lightening flashes like watching the Heavenly orchestra. I know you're playing your guitar in Heaven, serenading me as Angels pluck their harps. Wishing for wings, so I can fly, watch and hear you in person like a live orchestra on a Heavenly stage.

elizabeth e. Castillo



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a coauthor to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

https://plus.google.com/u/0/+ElizabethCastillo

The Immortal Yeats

His verses are immortal, Will be admired 'til the end of time Like "Leda and the Swan", his lines caress the soul Even the Uninvited Guest "Death" finds them sublime. Like a falcon, with keen eyes His "Second Coming" is a passionate depiction Spiritual, awakening, and apocalyptic "He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven", An intricate play of words yearning for richness.

Stigmata

He carries the weight of the world upon His shoulders, Gave up His life for Man's redemption Sacrificed His own blood to save the world And for sins to be forgiven, These deep wounds appearing on the palm of my hands Symbolic of the stigmata inflicted on His pitiful body The vortex of life ebbed at the center Signifying a new life, the dawning of a new tomorrow.

My Calling

Have you discovered your Highest Calling? The True Purpose of your birth upon the Earth Some might still be roaming around in circles Still not finding the answers which are just within themselves. It comes, it appears like a thief in the night You just wake up one day and boom! Everything clicks! You find yourself doing things that you love ever since you were a kid The kid who dreamed, the innocent soul who once imagined herself to become someone, 'Til doors were opened, windows welcomed her And triumphantly exclaims: "This is my calling!"

Mutawaf Shahggd



C. E. Shy has been writing since the seventh grade. He continued writing through high school, until he became more involved in sports. After his graduation, he worked at the White Motors Company where he wrote for the company's newspaper. He started a column called: "The Poet's Corner." That was his first published work.

www.innerchildpress.com/c-e-shy.php

At the Gates

Clearing hidden paths that block the gates. Not much time to enunciate. Using the letters as counter weights. Making certain the message resonates to those who are unfortunate. Probing the uncertainties that lie ahead. Some of those things I may love, some of them I may dread. Being one of those who forge ahead. Speaking for the living and the dead.

Many things can't be seen, but can be said. In the works done by me will be read.

Stretching out as far as I can.

The ultimate of all understanding is in no man's hand.

Stranded at the liberation station waiting to finish the ride.

Dilemma

Will it be lemon, lime or lavender? What will the lady like? It might make her like me even more, if her common scents know my intentions.

I think the ladies can arrive at conclusions, when bro man can't see anything coming. Should it be brown, blue or a different shade of gray?

Green is for the grass and leaves, when they please the summer seasons. Wow I forgot to get my things out the cleaners. I guess these faded jeans will have to do.

Apples, peaches, pears or plums? She will be impressed when she comes. Table cloth or placement mats?

You think she will pay any attention to that? I'll bring out my dog and put away my cat. She said, she had a gift to give my Pitbull Rex.

I don't have time to wash the windows today. I'll just close them and pull down the blinds. The doorbell rings, and she steps inside. I hand her flowers and she started to sneeze.

Her blue contacts came loose, the extensions fell off and the eyelashes too. A few minutes later, I asked, "who the hell are you?"

She pressed on her nails trying to get them to stick. She shook her fist, and had this to say, "you must take this, for I have no other kind."

Private Bedlam

When she entered the room, he had I quit on his face. There was nothing available to resist her. There was no defense against her determination.

He knew the closer she came, the less he could restrain himself. She made up her mind that she was coming after him and there was no place to run.

Her beauty disabled him. He saw her before at the grocery store. She smiled at him once at the gym.

He thought how unfair it was that she could so easily take advantage of him.

He felt so common and unattractive when she was around him. Why would she wants to be with him?

She had the ability to bring that out in a man. Her smile

was a command. The way she walked, it said, "I run this!"

He shouldn't have accepted the invitation to the bedlam show! He finally was able to escape though a broken window in his mind. He never thought of her again, that was the only way to win. hülya n. yılmaz



Of Turkish descent, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Professor Emerita (Penn State, U.S.A.), Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, U.S.A.), and a trilingual literary translator. Before her poetry and prose publications, she authored an extensive research book in German on crosscultural literary influences.

Her works of literature include a trilingual collection of poems, memoirs in verse, prose poetry, short stories, a bilingual poetry book, and two books of poetry (one, coauthored). Her poetic offerings appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors.

hülya writes creatively to attain and nourish a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, a traveler on the journey called "life" . . .

Writing Web Site <u>https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</u>

Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

fin de siècle

late 19th century Germany, France, England, Austria, along with others . . .

extreme aestheticism fashionable despair world-weariness sophistication escapism

self-appointed self-assessed

elitist?

Yeats' Prayer for His Daughter

Like an ordinary person, Yeats voices parental wishes for his newborn in his fatherly existence.

"A Prayer for My Daughter", he names his modernist poem. His hopes and expectations galore.

A definition of a woman-to-be and visions of a happy life for his offspring emerge lovingly from his poetic construct.

Heartfelt like an ordinary person . . .

escapism

emotions run high

meander in nature then

breathe in her dazzle





Teresa E. Gallion was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to Illinois at the age of 15. She completed her undergraduate training at the University of Illinois Chicago and received her master's degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She retired from New Mexico state government in 2012.

She moved to New Mexico in 1987. While writing sporadically for many years, in 1998 she started reading her work in the local Albuquerque poetry community. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, bookstores, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and the State of Oklahoma's Poetry Festival in Cheyenne, Oklahoma in 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and anthologies. She has two CDs: On the Wings of the Wind and Poems from Chasing Light. She has published three books: Walking Sacred Ground, Contemplation in the High Desert and Chasing Light.

Chasing Light was a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at

http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

Homage to Yeats

Reading your biography tells a tale of humble beginnings, difficulty with math and languages. Possibly because of dyslexia and tone deafness.

Greatness often emerges from humility. Not schooled in the formalities of writing, your pen spoke to you at the tender age of 17. You developed and expanded into a master writer.

Your creative legacy was given a Nobel Prize in literature and recognition as a major 20th century English language poet.

You are identified as a Symbolist poet who uses allusive imagery and symbolic structures throughout your work. A timeless quality in the eyes of many.

Slow Ascent

They play in the elysian fields. His beautiful fur balls of black and white and her delicate bare feet massage blades of grass.

Eternal flames streak across the heavenly planes, exposes naked healing. She lets go of painfulness.

The longing that weighs heavy on her soul rolls away. Her fur baby purrs a love song in praise of freedom.

Shadows close the veil of sadness around her soul. Joy makes love to her smile. She tenderly squeezes her big love.

Open Arms

When you learn to swim through waves of pain, you are on the path to freedom to be you.

Let all your healing bleed on the blank space. Climb the white walls of your writing room and smack the ceiling with word power. Watch a stream of lines reach for the floor.

Now sweep them into stanzas with your delicate broom straws. Let them float around the room. You have entered the place of imagery and amazement where flowers bloom from words.

Water has no remorse for those who bathe in need of purification. Come hither and float in the pure flow of lyrics. When you are ready, I will take you to the writer's lodge. Ashok K. Bhargava



ASHOK BHARGAVA is a poet, writer, inspirational speaker and a literary consultant. He has attended poetry conferences in Italy, Turkey, India and Philippines. His latest book "Riding the Tide" about his battle with cancer has been translated and published in Arabic, Hindi, Telugu and Bengali languages. He is a contributing writer to several anthologies worldwide including World Poetry Almanac 2014. He has been published in numerous print and online magazines.

Ashok has won many accolades including Poet Ambassador to Japan, Kalidasa International award, World Poetry Lifetime Achievement award, Writers Beyond Borders Peace award and Tapsilog Leadership award for his community involvement. He is founder of Writers International Network Canada Society to discover, nourish, recognize and celebrate writers, poets and artists and to assist them to network with the community at large. He is the author of eight books of poetry and one anthology. He is Artist-in-Residence at Moberly Arts & Cultural Centre and also co-edits the literary section of The Link Newspaper.

Light of a Flame / Symbolism

For William Butler Yeats

What is unsaid speaks louder, clearer and paints vivid images of the unseen

wind among the reeds appealing the spirits to talk.

Every present moment perpetuates the unknown

between the earth and the sky pulsating with mysticism.

It's an idea waiting to be uttered to fill the empty souls with

the brightness of the verse with perpetual virginity of the soul.

Light

Your soft beam touches my bare loneliness

a cool-wave embrace of a Milky Way.

You are a moon that shows dark specks

devoid of innocent bright light.

I am hope: a crush of crushed

bones underneath the skin.

In the end we are only tiny particles of light not the reflection on the river surface.

We are shards of light torn and broken

unafraid of darkness.

The path to go back to home is not out there, it is inside the heart.

In Search of Eternal Life

The water of Ganga Failed to wash my sins Yet just few drinks of whisky Washed them clean and Mortification of flesh Nurtured divinity in me But why the heart of a man Keeps changing.

Rain follows rain Nights are long I wake up Drowsy eyes in the morning Flowers fresh from the night rain Give off sweet fragrance Raindrops on the grass smile Ah that is a beautiful life

poetry recitals sweet gatherings

are a source of light that burns quietly eagerly to enter us when we are ready

and then it shines inside of us with a lucid revelation of deep love

to light up the marvelous pleasures like a full moon

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, author of Velvet Passions of Calibrated Quarks, World Poetry Canada International Director to Philippines is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, educator, peace and women's advocate. She believes that learning other's language and culture is a doorway to wisdom.

Among her poetic belts include **Gabrielle Galloni Memorial Panorama International Youth Award** 2022, Panorama Youth Literary Awards 2020, 7th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada ''Amazing Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua. Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

http://panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazarenogabis/

https://apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

http://www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras /id1181.html

Castles and Queens

(A response to William B. Yeats)

When the sun shines over a woman's face Her beauty radiates throughout Beyond the world or words; Describing every strand of her hair Ageing gracefully, Her crown over the fields of memories, Castles of her achievements From storm to storm; Her mind is a theater of purpose, Where her talents are curtains of victorious laments From the breaking dawn to the dusk, She is alive, The queen of greatest play!

The Rain Keeps Falling

every time i hold a glass of water, i think of its every drop, its mild dew kissing the surface of the glass, I think it can rinse trepidation, The tears of joy and of pain, for now, waiting for the rain so all dark matters could be drowned in the abyss.

Walls

Sometimes, life is so hard That it pushes you back, Sometimes, you cry over it, Trying to break free, It becomes a mimicry, Of lonesome spirit, When the light streaks get in, There is hope in every wall, Walls divide us, When the heart doesn't recognize Your presence and worth.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a trilingual poet, translator, environmentalist, editor from India and author of seven books of different genres including one on children's literature on Environment. She is the recipient of International UGADI AWARD 2019, honoured from Gujurat Sahitya Akademi 2022, 2021 International Poesis Award of Honor as Jury, Pentasi B World Fellow Poet, Honoured Poet of India from Seychelles Government and International awards from Algeria, Morocco, Kajhakhstan, modern Arabic Literary Renaissance of Egypt, International Arts Council Argentina etc. Her stories, poems, articles are published in many International and National magazines and ezines. Her poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 67 languages. She has received over 60 National and International Awards. At present she is the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child and the life member of Odisha Environmental Society

Email

swapna.behera@gmail.com

Web Site <u>http://swapnabehera.in/</u>

William Butler Yeats

the Irish poet and politician his poems rhythmic and structured vigorous and direct evocative symbols he used the rose, bird, wheel, tree, water, air, fire or tower the first Irish noble laureate in literature whose popular modernist work "A prayer for my daughter" masterpiece is his poem "The second coming" a senator and founder of Irish literary theatre who rides with fairies upon the wind and dances upon the mountain like a flame

that's why I say, come

that's why I say please come to my vintage village you can see the bone marrows carrying the forest the flowing river with fresh water sprinkle myriads of aboriginal knowledge here or there segments are fragile ligaments are broken but yet the soil whispers lo behold here winks the new dawn the straight line of the spine is bent carrying the basket of grains the farmer knows where to sow the seeds when to harvest how to preserve grains for future the ants, honeybees carry the spring fire on their back the dimples of the carnival celebrate the season's breathe who creates Gods? that's why I say please come and feel HIS presence I think man creates God

thunder, blunder and wonder

he said "I married a wonder woman" she washes, cooks, teaches, cleans takes care of family, doggie and garden saves money, water, electricity travels in public transport she is the jewel who smiles all the way to solve she knows to love she is the wonder woman he said "I married a thunder woman" who shouts, screams never tolerates indiscipline she divides the work she earns, takes an off day and rests pampers herself, celebrates her entity a crisis manager she is each member follows her stricture she is the thunder woman he said "I have no wife" she died last year each night she is crucified on the bed her purse is empty always she never demands so do we never think about her sickness or her needs her voice is silent last night she committed suicide the children lost a mother the man planned to get another girl she is the blunder woman three women on the stage three perceptions towards life dignity; thou art the common agenda for all

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



Albert "Infinite The Poet" Carrasco is an urban poet, mentor and public speaker.

Albert believes his experience of growing up in poverty, dealing with drugs and witnessing murder over and over were lessons learnt, in order to gain knowledge to teach. Albert's harsh reality and honesty is a powerfully packed punch delivered through rhyme. Infinite grew up in the east part of the Bronx and still resides there, so he knows many young men will follow the same dark path he followed looking for change. The life of crime should never be an option to being poor but it is, very often.

> Infinite poetry @lulu.com Alcarrasco2 on YouTube Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

www.lulu.com/us/en/shop/al-infinite-carrasco/infinitepoetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

William Butler Yeats

I am a Irish poet, dramatist and writer,

In fact my work made me one of the foremost figures of 20th century literature,

I was a driving force of the Irish literary revival and a founder of the Abby Theatre.

Poetry was something I loved at an early age, I always wanted to see my name on a book or speak to the masses as I grace a stage.

I wanted to be like my Dad in some way, he painted pictures and portraits,

So did I, the difference between him and me was that I painted mental pictures, as a poet.

Art ran in the family, my brother painted and my sisters were crafty.

In 1923 I was awarded the Nobel peace prize in literature, then right after I became an Irish free state senator.

I was a fierce opponent of individualism and political liberalism,

I'd rather have nationalist leadership and an authoritarian system.

My views were express through music, acting, dance, in congress, especially through poetry

Bx Slums

It's been two decades since I started tapping keys, sharpening pencils to meet my mind specs and leaving traces of pen ink across paper. my forte is well known... poverty, drugs, jail and murder. I'm in my own lane, it's an Audubon of happiness and hurt paved by joy and pain. Infinite is one of a few that remain from the birth circa of the game who soaked in sun rays, witnessed three days of blood rain and lifetime sentences ending trap reigns. I chose to write and spit scars in the form of urban poetic bars to enlighten those that are out here chasn fast money, fast women and fast cars, I was there, I was with many men yelln out...the world is ours. When I'm in my zone I'm digging deep to memory hone, so much runs through my head... hunger, money, fun, laughter, then disaster, football numbers and flowers for the dead. I see red, written words are how I tear shed, for others it's wisdom being spread. I drop jewels for diamonds in the rough whom will most likely lose their shine to caskets and cuffs. I still be in trenches, nothing changed but the players wanting necks and wrist to drip vvs's. History will constantly repeat, mistakes aren't learnt from, I could spit a piece from 08 written bout the 80's run and it'll sound as if I wrote it today about life in these BX slums

Agony

The agony, the pain, after they pulled the trigger this is what the bullet rang after the bang, as It twirls like little ballerina girls, its searching for death, or the best thing next, like being a veggy or paraplegic, a wheelchair is detrimental, when feet have no use for walking on cement, or after being bullet riddled we become bed ridden, with a tube leading to a bag, for us to piss and shit in. If we do walk again after the hot spirally object impacts, we may walk with limps, or with a set of crutches for amputated limbs, or a walker with tennis balls on the ends so we don't slip. Burn marks mark our body from every bullet that left a clip. I tried to tattoo over what guns do, if you look you can't tell, but if you touch your feel rugged epidermis where the bullets went through, they protrude. When its foggy or it rains, I got a slug by my lung, on these days I feel the most pain, they say they spray with no names, not this day I was the indented target to this lame, he called a queen out her name, so I came with the knuckle game like Mosley, next thing you know he pulled the trigger, the bullet rang after the bang, that sucker left me with 4 holes staggering into emergency, they started flushing me, lead poison testing me, it was a 50 50 chance to live if they operated me, I was only 16, moms chose to opt out of surgery on me. To the street world I am now an outsider, but inside me ill forever have a street life reminder.

Michelle Joan Barulich



Michelle Joan Barulich was born in Honolulu, Hawaii on the island of Oahu. She started writing poetry and songs with her

younger brother Paul. They have written many songs in their teen years. She is currently studying Alternative Medicine and would like to become a Homeopathic Doctor. Michelle loves all kinds of animals and birds; she does wild rehabilitation. She has also rescued rock pigeons that make great pets.

https://www.facebook.com/michelle.barulich

Dear William

Dear William, what a driving force you were from poet to writer to winning the Nobel Prize in Literature You were a symbolist poet Using imagery and abstracts thoughts Your books and poems are still in demand Your words, your thoughts, and your poems Will always remain timeless treasures.

Inside the Light

Growing up in this world Was very hard to take But growing up in the future Will be much harder to make I see no doors open for me Chances are they are locked I see no keys being handed to me Because the boats in the harbor are docked Inside the lights Holds nightmares for me Inside the light death is all I see Inside the light I'm reaching in Where happiness is something, people have to lend Sitting in silence in my room I'm reaching the end Where happiness something people have to pretend.

Middle Ground

All I wanted was some time Some time, to sort things in my mind We were once young and free Didn't have to look back Now, every day that approaches me I find myself lost Found out that there is no middle ground Walking down the isolated road Finding myself choosing once again Walking down the deserted road I hear my lover call We were once young and free I find myself lost Found out there is no middle ground All I need is some time Some time, to make up my mind Finding myself standing upon the middle ground now We were once young and free Didn't have to look back at all.





Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University.

Received *Global Literature Guardian Award* – from Motivational Strips, World Nations Writers Union and Union Hispanomundial De Escritores (UHE) 2018.

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020,

International Award Paragon of Hope (2020),

World Award 2020 *Cesar Vallejo* for Literary Excellence. Laureate of the Special Jury *Sahitto International Award* 2021, World Award *Premiul Fănuş Neagu* 2021.

Finalist *Golden Aster Book* World Literary Prize 2020, *Mili Dueli* 2022, Voci nel deserto 2022.

At the international Festival of Poetry CAMPIONATO MONDIALE DI POESIA (2021/2022) she won the title of vice-champion of the world.

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Award - World Poets Association (2023).

Laureate Between words and infinity "International Literary Award (2023).

Saving the World

In memory of William Butler Yeats

The purity of the moon, the enchanting sounds were the light of his imagination. He believed that dormant thoughts were better awakened when music merged with them. Fascinated by mythology, he was capable of reviving history and saving the world with words.

The eternity of stone, of which he wrote, is the anchor around which history takes place. And he, despite the horror that surrounded him, is a symbol of the strength of heart.

*William Butler Yeats is considered one of the greatest poets of the 20th century. He represented to the Protestant Anglo-Irish minority.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Tangles

Memories rustle in her, but she knows he is where he belongs – with the one he doesn't love but is with, with the one he cheats on.

Bathed, rested, ready for new experiences, every day he went out to handle affairs.

She doesn't want to be the second, third, or next one anymore...

Memories remain - those tangles of common time and regret that he always went back to where he came from.

He was everything to her, she – a variety to the monotony.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Contours

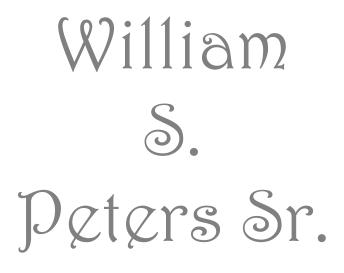
Now they don't need anything from her, they have no reason to call after all she could always manage, and they – are fine without her.

Once again, she understood that friendship was an illusion.

After the years, she remembers only the contours of hands outstretched in need.

Once, the sound of the phone cut through her silence, now – only she remains.

Translated by Artur Komoter





Bill's writing career spans a period of well over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 50+ additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds we Sow and Nourish. All things we "Think and Do", will "Be" Cause and eventually manifest itself to being an "Effect" within our own personal "Existences" and "Experiences" . . . whether it be Fruit, Flowers, Weeds or Barren Landscapes! Bill highly regards the Fruits of his Labor and wishes that everyone would thus go on to plant "Lovely" Seeds on "Good Ground" in their own Gardens of Life!

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

A poem to William

I like that name And the fact, like me He claims to be a poet, Or is it the world Who titles us as such?

Though I am not quite there, I perhaps some day Will be eulogized As a significant wordsmith . . . And perhaps not . . .

Is my vanity showing . . . Well, Just the same I thank you William For lending unto us that follow Some guidance As to what Excellence looks like

All done

Convictionistically, she looked at me And I knew I was condemned By my own admission

My conundrums of innocence Would not hold up in court, And appeals and mercy Were out of the question

I was waiting for a plea deal, And she agreed To allow me to live . . . And I was thankful

I was done for

.

All because I ate her Nutella

In my defense, I did wash out the empty jar And put it in the recycle bin . . .

That's how I was caught!

... maybe I should have taken the label off!

Church Styles

Some are frigid landscapes Painted warmly upon the canvass, Depicting hidden stories Begging to come to life In our consciousness

Others are balmy glimpses Into the things That move things Within us

Trees and skies Tell of our hopes perhaps And the ever-present waters Reminds us to not stagnate Though we are deciphering The colors offered

Nothing is quite acutely lucid, And thus allows me, The onlooker, admirer Room for a little wiggle In my imagination

Let us go to 'Church' now And listen to the silence Upon the canvass

April 2024 Featured Poets



Hassanal Abdullah

Johny Takkedasila

Rajashree Mohapatra

Shirley Smothers



Hassanal Abdullah



Hassanal Abdullah, a Bengli poet, translator, lyricist, editor, and critic, who was born in Bangladesh and has immigrated to United States in 1990. He introduced Swatantra Sonnets: seven-seven stanza pattern and abcdabc efgdefg rhyming scheme and authored over 50 books in different genres. His Collected Poems (in Bengali) has been published in two volumes (560 pages each) from Dhaka. Abdullah's poetry has been translated into eleven languages and he has been invited to International Poetry Festivals in Poland, Greece, China, India, Canada, Mexico, and Kenya. He is the editor of Shabdaguchha, an International Bilingual Poetry Magazine, celebrating 25 years of publication. Abdullah is the recipient of Ianicious International Prize of Klemens Janicki (2021) from Poland, the Homer European Medal of Poetry and Art (2016), and a translation grant from the Queens Council of the Arts (2019), New York. His work has been translated into eleven languages. He has been a New York City High School math and computer teacher since 1998.

Swatantra Sonnet 111

The world trembles in fear of atomic fusions. Splitting its rib of grief, and targeting humans, the long-range missiles rumble for a faster speed. Like erect-penises, wrecking huts and bunkers, cowardly, they carry out immense explosions, and continue blood thirst for children and women. Modernism now giggles with incredible greed.

A protest rally, at which sheer anger smolders, speeds up in a daunting possibility, though, hunger, non-schooling, homelessness, and, in the realm of poverty, the uprising power-mongers, smartly put it out, and sit on the poor's shoulders.

smartly put it out, and sit on the poor's shoulders. Hence, the earth-hole erupting a blood-volcano warplanes dwell in its froth with ballistic emblem.

Swatantra Sonnet 154

I do urge you not to keep my dead body here. Boarding me on birds' wings, please send me to the green

grass, where the bucolic paths run across as robes into the gold-mouthed village of my boyhood-land. The huge tree standing at the bank of the pond near my house, still waiting to receive me. I have been wanted, too, by the mango and banana groves,

boundless mustard flowers glittering like the stars, guarded me for sixteen years, would kiss my body at their palpable touch. Through my respiration, moment by moment, I still feel them calling and asking me to stay. On a dewy morning, birds ease me down, soothe me with tailorbird's melody— I'll stay forever in rural inspiration.

Swatantra Sonnet 185

I have withdrawn myself after a surprise visit. Still, a vertebral cry of life exits within the essence of laughter and pain; baby's cradling rivers' ruffling—storm—lure and lawful ordeal; eventful exuberance, more of what seems fit is rage, unlimited seductive sex, and begin the human pensive pleasure of manifold rattling . . .

Still, there is nothing specific about the tour. Defeating million of sperms, leaving them behind, it seems now, it is good to get to the ballroom of success. Showing, knowing, and smelling to feel these trifling ruminations—arguments, and more, saving me a cot in green to sleep with mankind and then, granting me to vanish in a vacuum.

Johny Takkedasila



Johny Takkedasila is a popular young poet, storyteller, novelist, critic, translator, and editor. Apart from writing poetry, stories, novels, and criticism in Telugu, he also translates literature from different languages into Telugu and translates Telugu literature into Hindi and English.

So far, he has published 19 books. Two of his famous long poems are 'Y,' which focuses on the third gender, and 'Uri Madhyalo Bodrai,' which explores the female organ.

He wrote the first Telugu novel on gay community issues titled "Madi Daatani Mata." Additionally, he has written a novel on the Devadasi system called "Devudi Bharya" and a novel on illicit relationships titled "Ranku."

In 2023, he received the Central Sahitya Akademi Award for his Criticism book "Vivechani." Which contains 50 criticism essays on poetry, story books, novels and criticism.

He is also making significant contributions to children's literature. He has published a collection of stories addressing children's problems, the first Telugu novel on children's rights, and a criticism book on children's stories.

Need a New Vagina

Don't speak of love, let it be, If there is no love, how can romance be found? Only unsatisfied desires leave their mark, Love changes as the seasons change.

Let's converse openly, what's the matter? Not yesterday's love, let's not shatter. I stated it openly, without disguise, Yesterday's allure still gleams in our eyes.

New valleys, hills, what's this, my friend? Let's talk openly, without amend. Today we seek, without refrain, A new vagina, breasts, and buttocks, the aim.

Why blame only men, let's not pretend, Women too desire something fresh to mend. Not yesterday's penis, let's discuss, In the dark, bodies meet, no need to fuss.

This is the truth, Naked reality.

Private Part

Shouldn't I declare what I hold dear? Why do they decide What's embraced & denied within my skin?

I yearn for the freedom to voice my desires, The liberty to converse about my physical form, I demand the right to opine About my sacred vagina and nurturing breasts.

Who grants them the authority to say Which body may be seen, and which concealed? Yes, I cherish my vagina and breasts, What's amiss in that? Pray, tell me. Who sanctioned this regime to prescribe The scope and depth of discourse, Enshrouding me, my words, and my essence In shadows for ages unending?

Who are they to define What remains hidden in my frame?

Your sweat, the decomposed semen, Nerves that swell like water's fleeting bubbles and then burst— This ode is dedicated to you, The creators of histories, the chroniclers of words, The bearers of truths, and authors of books, Exploring my breasts, my vagina, my buttocks,

And myriad other facets of my existence.

In speech, in stride, in every breath, Between parted fingers, nestled between my thighs,

Near the spectrum of hues between my bosom, On the trimmed hairs, or the droplet clinging to my brow, On my earlobes, on my toes... All hail to you Who governs my corporeal vessel.

I yearn for discourse, not division, For words and questions, not silence, For comparisons, not mere symbols, For resilience and birth, not surrender to death, For existence, unadulterated and untamed. I yearn for the freedom of my very breath, Ultimately, I demand the rights to my entirety— My organs, unshackled, complete, and free.

This is not merely a poem; it's a profound inquiry, Not a tale of suffering, but a testament to our struggle.

When Do Bangles Break?

When I sprinkle water on my feet, Eyes painted upon them, If the sun scorches those painted eyes, A wilderness of life within me will perish.

He hunted my body, from toe ring to nose pin, Used and thrown like a corpse, My navel, the region below, between my thighs, Becomes a lifeless form.

When I sleep next to him at night, Something enters me, an unbidden delight. What's wrong if the work is done reluctantly? Isn't decoration meant for your entry?

A bell rings in the distant space, Immediately, it seems, someone shouts, "Allah o akbar." Nearby, someone prays with grace, "Oh Jesus, save my child,"

It's as heavy as lead in my ears, Then it seems! Sources to deny.

When do bangles break, I wonder and ponder? I am not seeking anyone's death; Freedom from discrimination.

Change doesn't need axes and knives, I should only have the right to my body.

Rajashree Mohapatra



Rajashree Mohapatra: Born in Odisha in India has received her master's degree in 'History' and 'Journalism and Mass Communication' from Utkal University, Odisha. She is a teacher by profession. Being a post graduate in' Environmental Education and Industrial Waste Management 'from Sambalpur University Odisha, she has devoted herself as a Social Activist for the cause of social justice, Environmental issues and human rights in remote areas through non-governmental organisations. Poetry, Painting and Journalism are her passions.

A Silver Line

A silver line of solitude May weave wisdom and call for a high sublimation A conflict surfaces Between Compassion and hatred When love needs to rest.

As time passes Ripples in the lake fade Evening goes dim and pale A gloomy night approaches in profound silence And prevents anything to be seen in the darkness.

The temple bells profusely cry With chanting of sacred hymns The scattered prayers rugs in the streets lead me into my trances.

Oh ! The Invisible mercy Have I not sought you desperately And awaited your kindness Before I get caught in the gulf of fear.

Embedded Scar

Between the sea and the shoreline A drop of water touches my feet And dries up leaving scars behind.

Seems it evaporates to form a Cloud of unspent love In the azured sky over the head And concentrates to head a storm To downpour a few memories in stead.

A grain of sand swapping With strong waves of attachment Is embedded in the abyssal plain At the base of a continental rise of jealousy and hatred.

Unaware of these I walked miles away Indifferently, hallucinated under an unmerciful sun Keeping the frozen ground of jealousy and hatred away.

Tides in mind and soul that rise and fall like waves Do ever hunt like a vibration of love Oh Alas! It is just a grandeur Just as love in autumn or winter, That dazzles with golden scopes.

Fire In Smoke

When a spark ignites a flame Breath starts dancing in rhythm Heart beats appear sacred And the mind sings an emotional rhyme.

The shadows, the night and the spill of pain Frame the words to compose the hymn They convey what they intend to And cast a shadow on my skin.

Half baked thoughts of a sea of tranquility With lofty desires of tiny dreams Fill my blank soul with sweetness of a beehive And sitting by the window pane I see a teasing moon While the azured sky reminds me, Glimpses of fire in mounds of smoke may remain still alive.

Shirley Smothers



Shirley Smothers is an amateur Poet, Writer, and Artist. She mostly writes short stories. Some of her short stories can be viewed at Shirley <u>Smothers@storystar.com</u>

Any Questions Boop46@hotmail.com

The Price of Freedom

A ghostly image of a soldier Stood in the background, As a mother, a babe in her Arms stood by a grave site. She lowly whispered, "Father This is your son, Son this is your Father. He gave his life so that Others might live."

She will raise this child without the aid of others. This child will Grow to be a strong man, Because his mother is strong.

Who is this Woman in the Mirror

Who is this woman in the mirror? When did her hair turn gray? What happened to the young girl who used to laugh and play?

Who is this woman in the mirror? Where is the grace and charm? What happened to the young girl who used to play on the farm?

Who is this woman in the mirror? When did these wrinkles appear What happened to the young girl whose parents used to call dear? Who is this woman in the mirror.

Poem Three

The Cat saw the Rat, and the Rat saw the Cat.

There was pursuit, but the Rat outsmarted the Cat.

"I'll bide my time," said the Cat. "One day I'll catch you MR. Rat."

What do you think about that? Do you think the Cat will catch the Rat? I hope not Because the Rat is too cute to be eaten by the Cat!

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

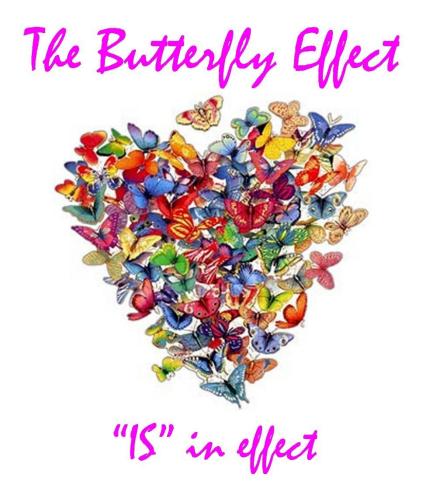


. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



Inner Child Press NQWS

Published Books

by

Poetry Posse Members

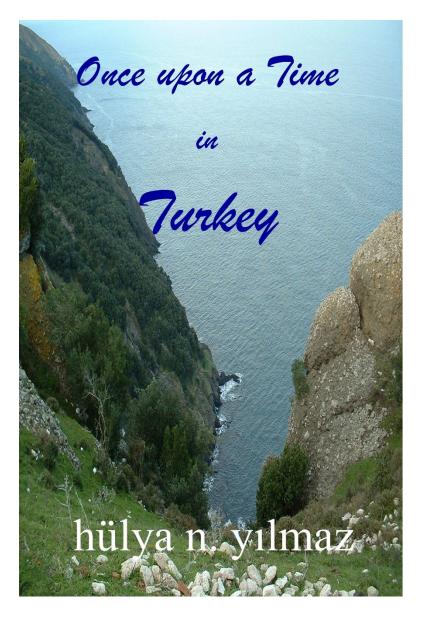
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available

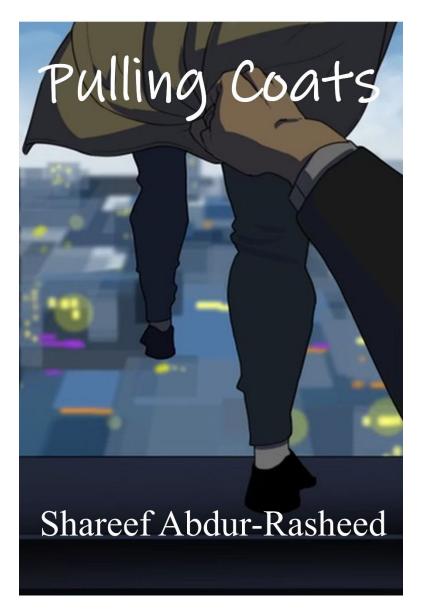
www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

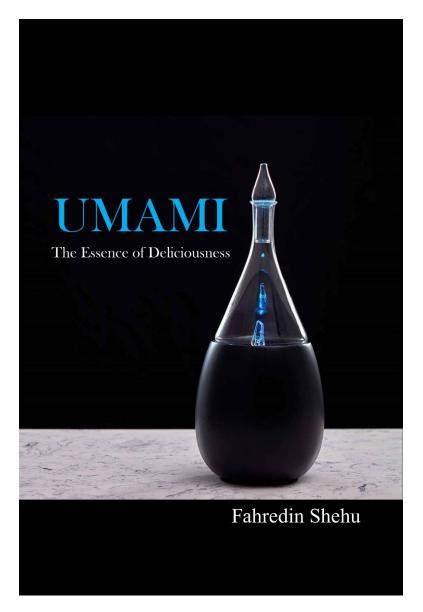


Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



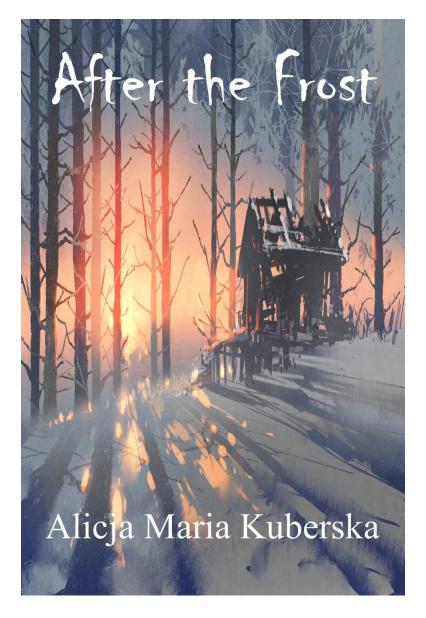
Now Available

<u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

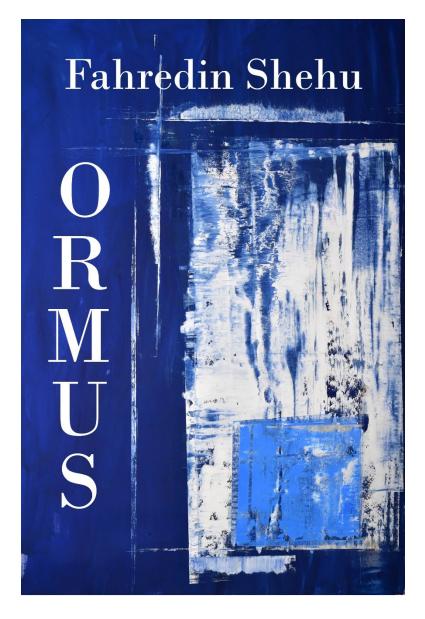


Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

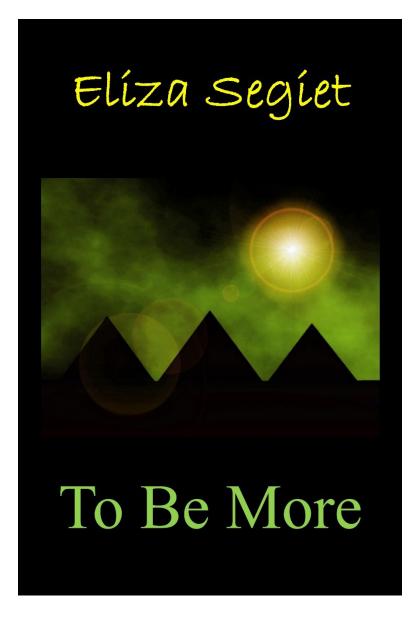
Ahead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages



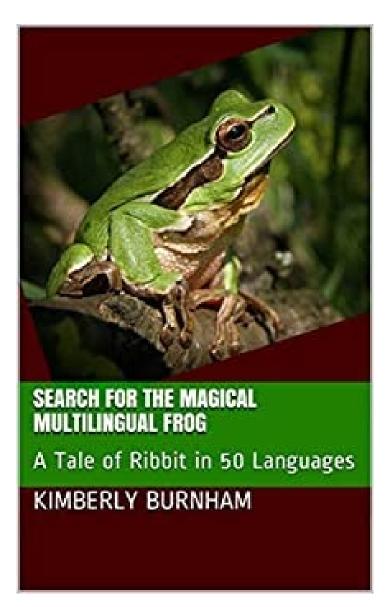
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

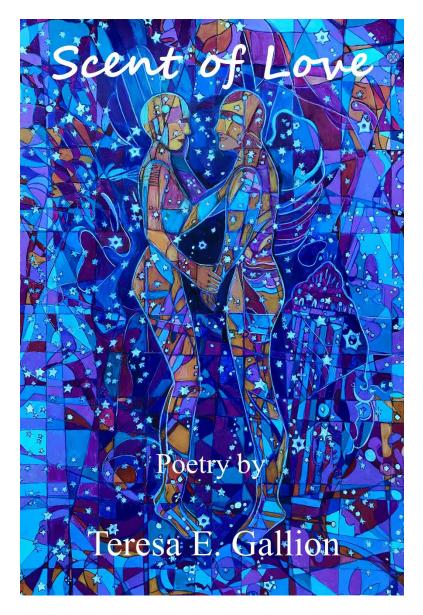


Now Available at

www.amazon.com/gp/product/B08MYL5B7S/ref= dbs_a_def_rwt_hsch_vapi_tkin_p1_i2

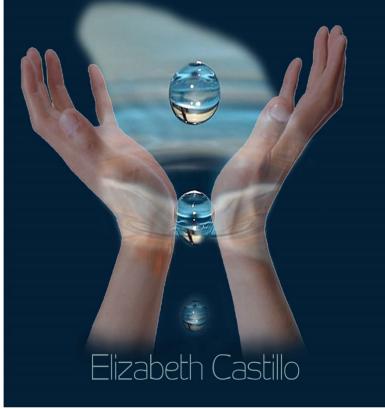


Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



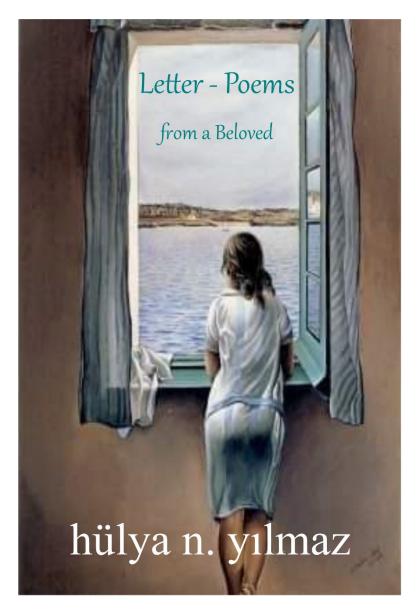
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

Inner Reflections of the Muse

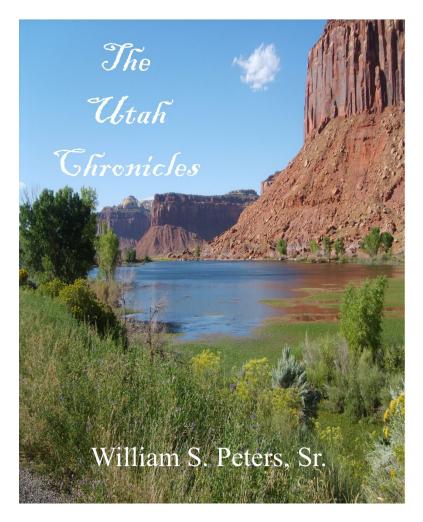


Now Available

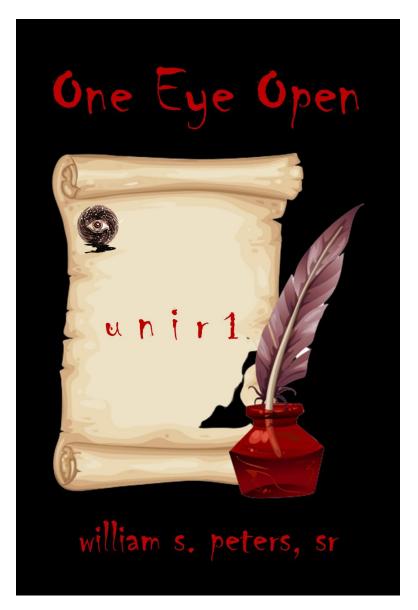
<u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

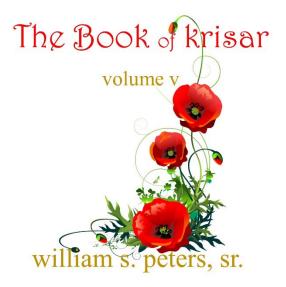


Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

The Book of krisar

Volume I



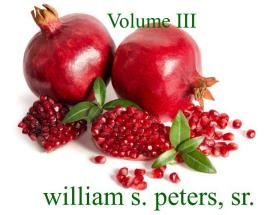
The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

The Book of krisar

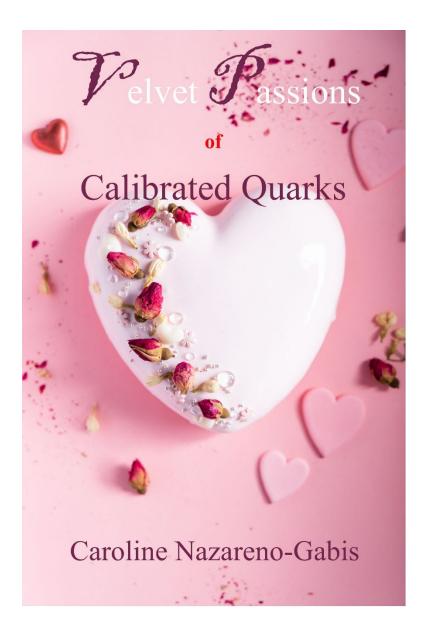


The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

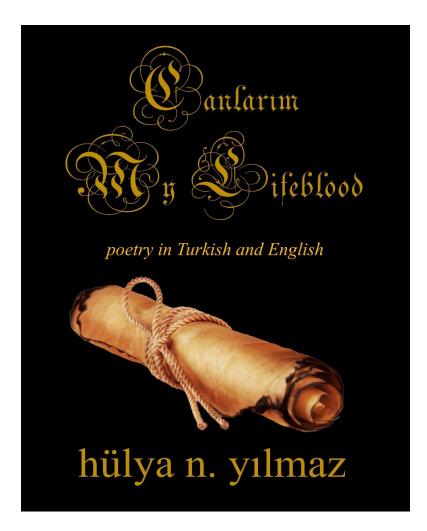
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



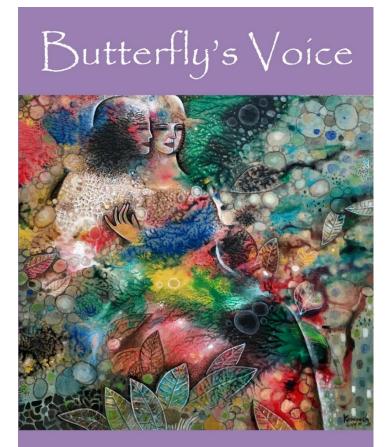
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Private Issue <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



Faleeha Hassan

Translated by William M. Hutchins

Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

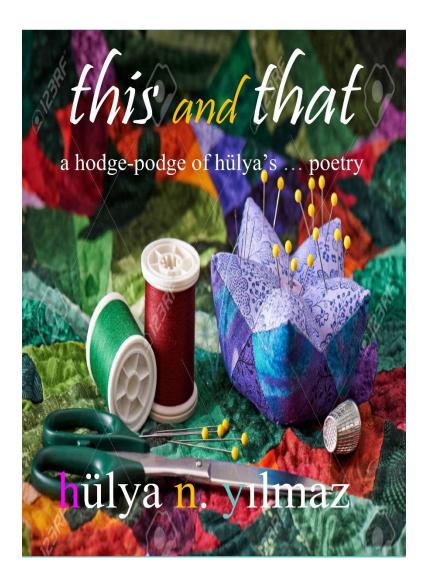
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass

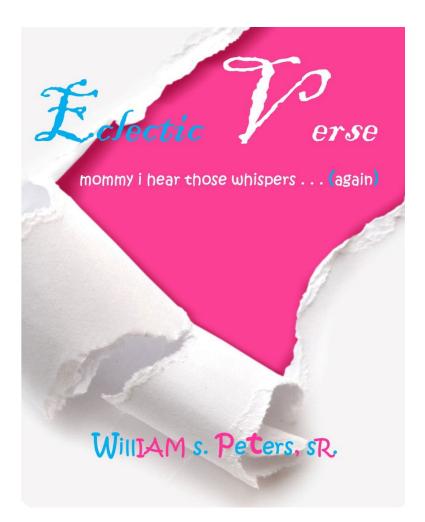


Jackie Davis Allen

Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



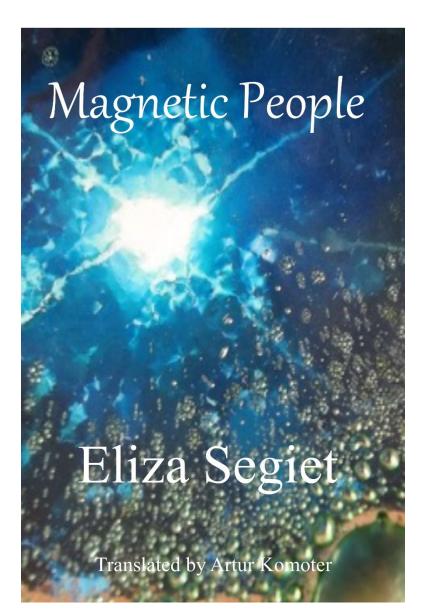
Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



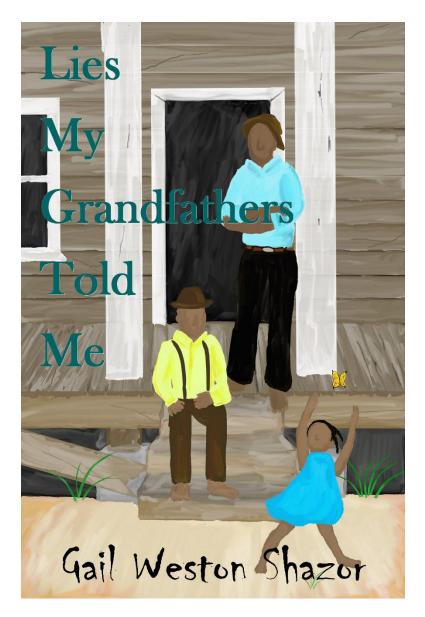
Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

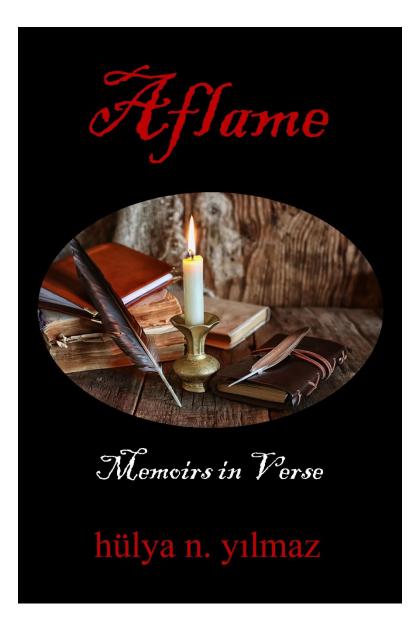


Now Available at

www.innerchildpress.com

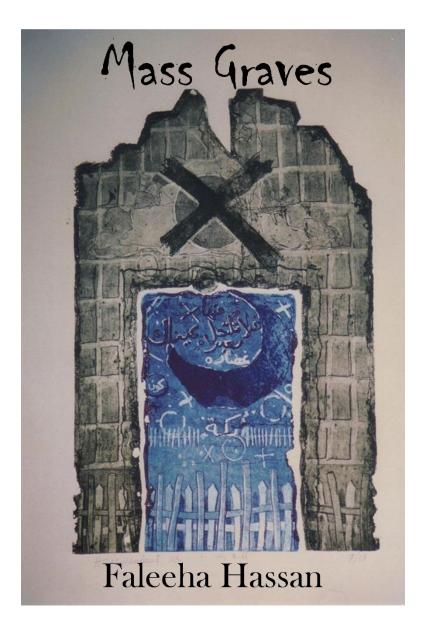




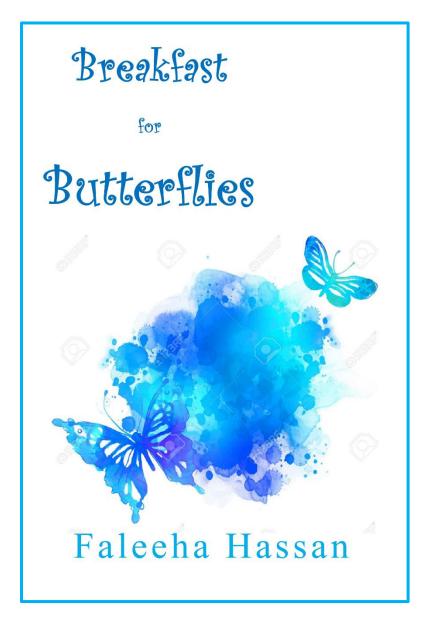


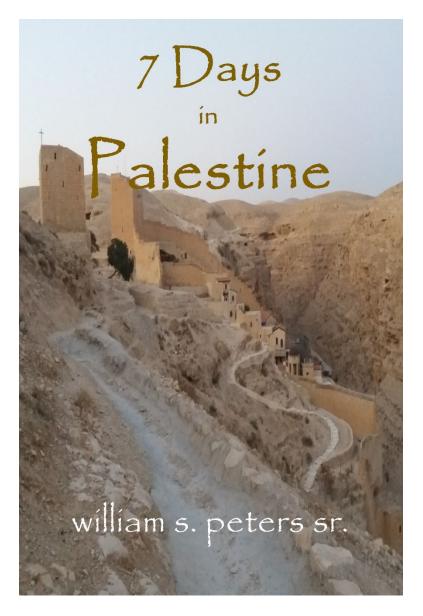
Now Available at

www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>





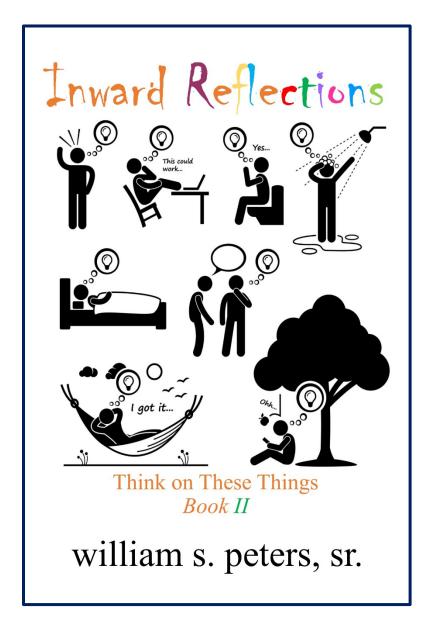


Now Available at

www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



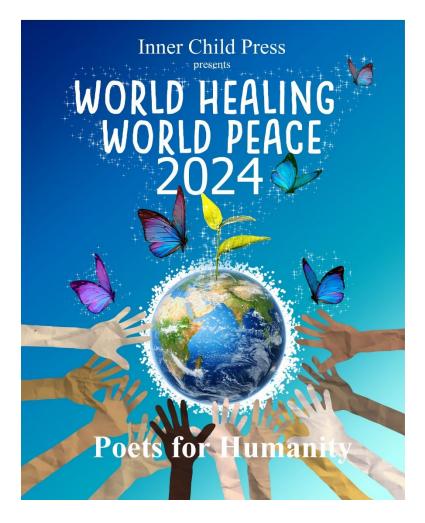
Other

Anthological

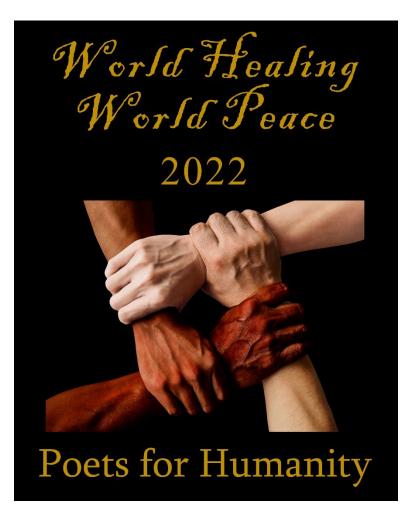
works from

Inner Child Press International

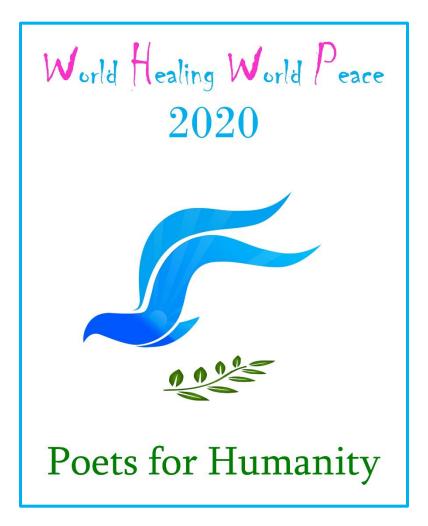
www.innerchildpress.com



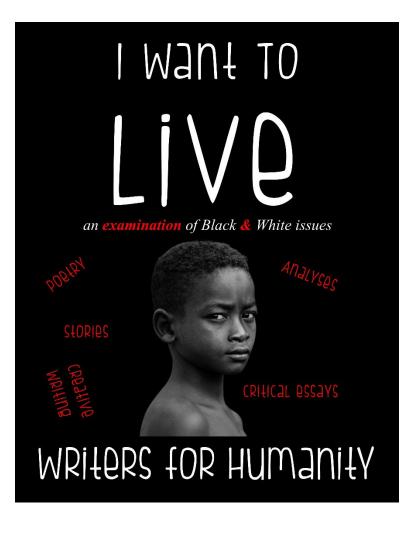
Now Available www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

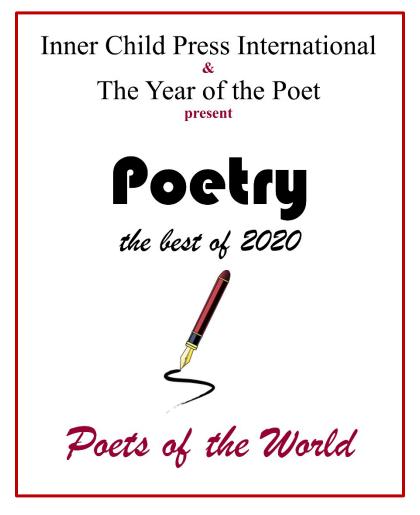


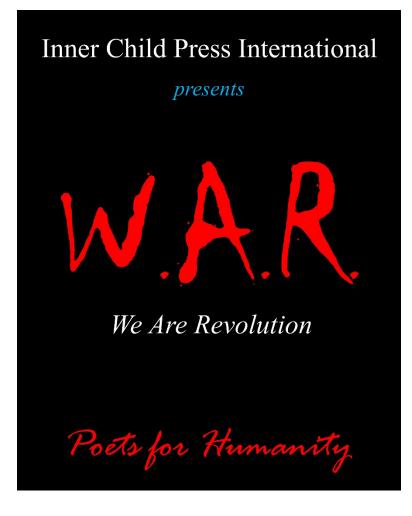
Now Available

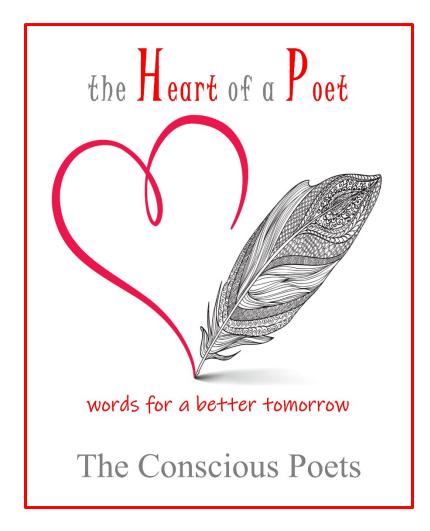


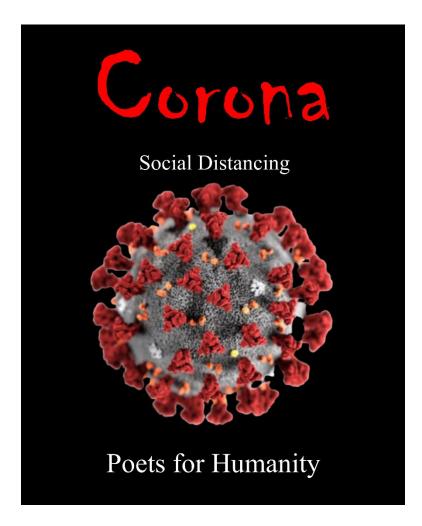
Now Available

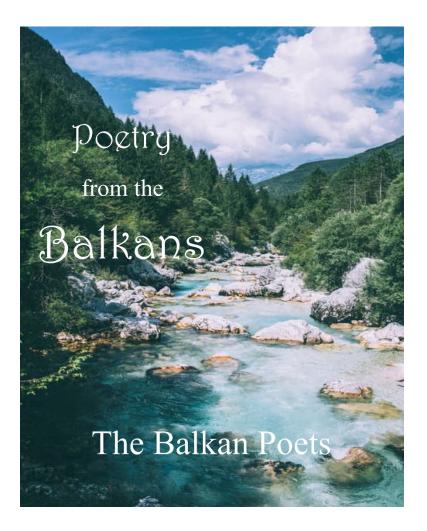




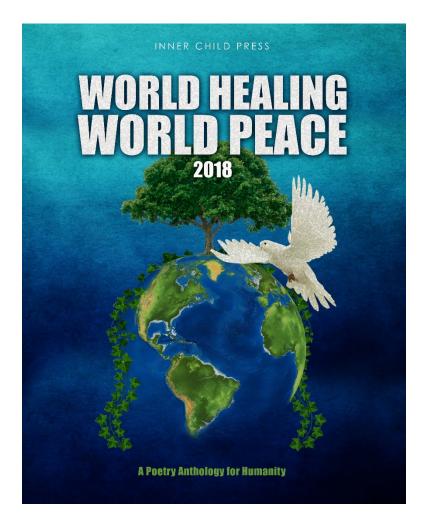


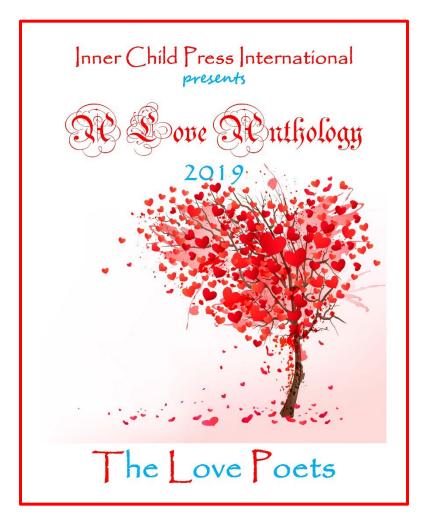




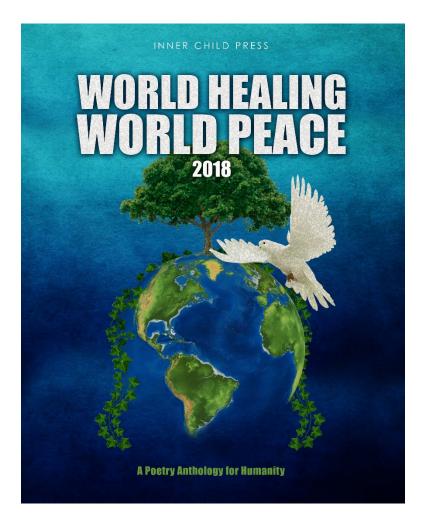




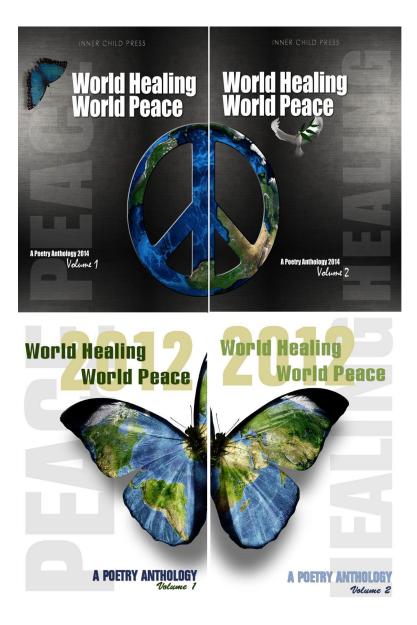




Now Available



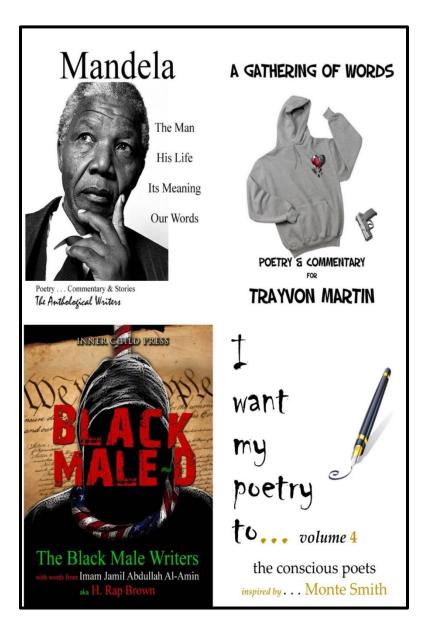
Now Available



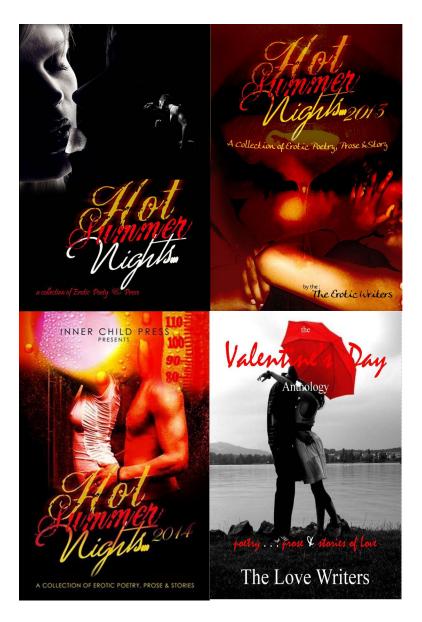
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

0 a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by Monte Smith want my want my P U to . . . to . . . ollection of the Voices of Many inspired by ... volume II Monte Smith 11 Words 24 (9 lines . . .) G \bigcirc for those who are challenged to . . . volume 3 an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . . Poetry Dancer a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by . . . Monte Smith

Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies

198



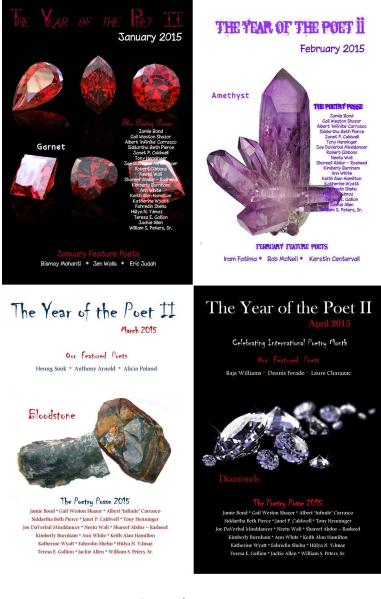
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



The Poetry Posse 2015 Jamie Bond * Gall Welson Shazer * Albert Minfile Carrasco siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Yony Heminger Joe Daverbal Mindancer * Neutre Wall * Starreet Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burtham * Ann While * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahrnein Shehu * Hhilya N Yihma Teress E. Callion * Jackie Allem * William S Peters. Sr.

The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015

June's Featured Poets Anahit Arustamyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamin Bond * Gail Wetton Shazer * Albert "Infinite" Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe Daverhal Minddancer * Neetin Wali * Shareef Advar – Rasheed Kimberly Burtham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahreefin Shehm * Hilya N. Yihnaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allem * William S Felers, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II August 2015

Peridot

Featured Poets Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Wedton Shazor * Albert 'Iufnitte' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Ge Daverhal Mindduncer * Neutu Mail * Shareet Aladur – Easheed Kimberty Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faluredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yihnaz Terena E. Gallion * Jackie Alatter * William S Peters Sr.

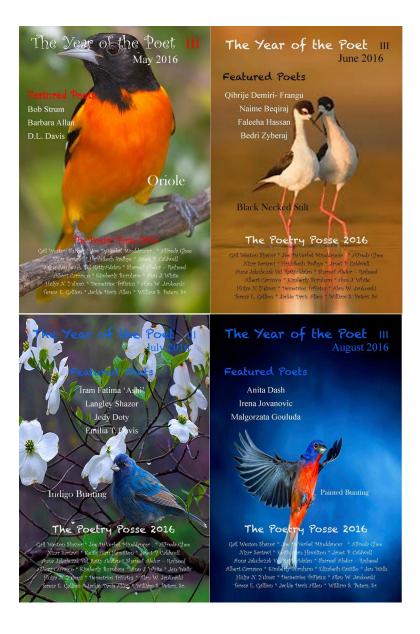
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet

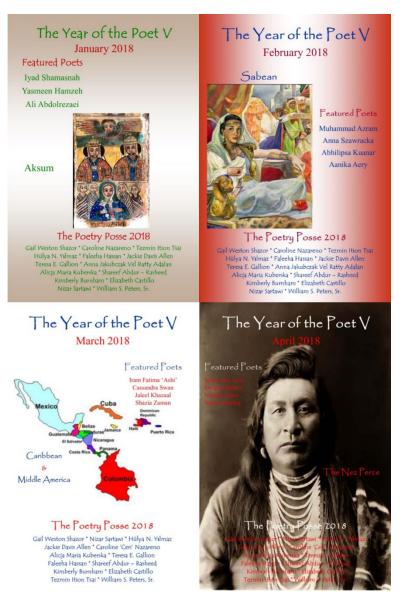
208



Now Available



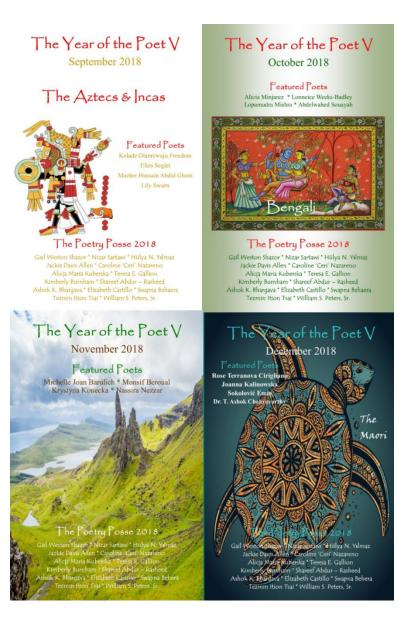
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

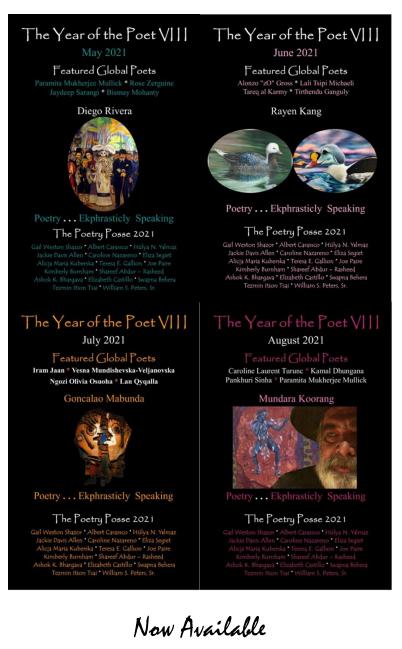


Now Available



Now Available







September 2021

Featured Global Poets Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassoo Huliya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alcia Mana Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shazeer Albur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr

November 2021

Featured Global Poets Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Sail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackic Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alıcja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhazqava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

October 2021

Featured Global Poets C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII December 2021

Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenka - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera

Now Available



Now Available





Now Available



JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla



The Poetry Posse 2023

The Year of the Poet X March 2023 The Year of the Poet X April 2023

Featured Global Poets

Clarena Martínez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children : Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor 'Albert Carasso 'Hülya N. Yılmaz Jacke Davis Allen 'Caroline Nazareno' Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska, Teresa E. Gallion 'Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich 'Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava 'Elizabeth Castillo' Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai' Eliza Segiet 'William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet X February 2023

Featured Global Poets Christena Williams * Hilda Graciela Kraft Francesco Favetta * Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon

Children : Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges The Poetry Posse 2023 Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Carassco • Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen • Caroline Nazareno • Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska • Teresa E. Gallion • Joe Paire

Alicia Mana Kuberska * Teresa E. Galilon * Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * Eliza Segiet * William S. Peters, Sr.

Featured Global Poets Maxwanette A Poetess * Alonzo Gross Türkan Ergör * Ibrahim Honjo

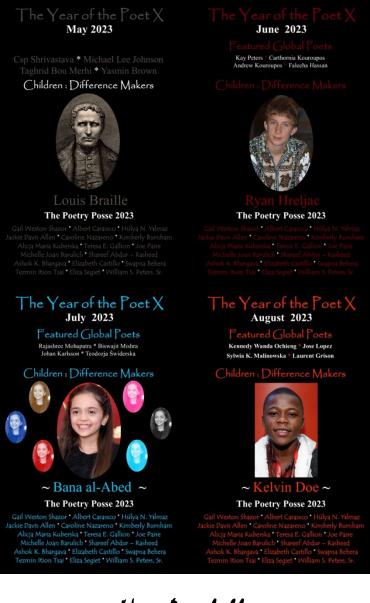
Children : Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor V Albert Garasso * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Garoline Nazareno * Kimberly Burnham Alıcja Maria Kuberska, Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Gastillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsal * Eliza Segiet * William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available



Now Available



and there is much, much more !

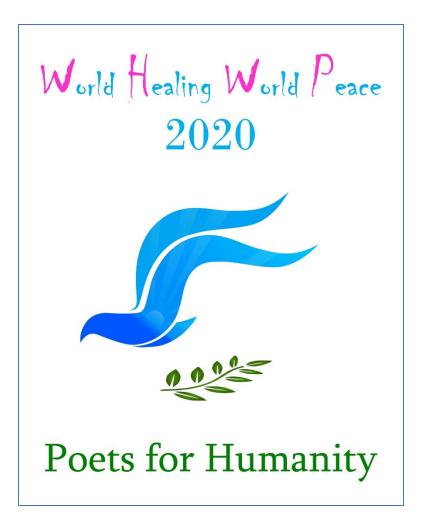
visit . . .

www.innerchildpress.com/antho logies-sales-special.php

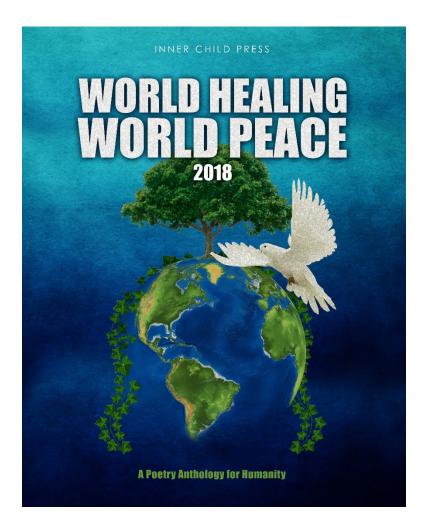
Also check out our Authors and all the wonderful Books Available at :

www.innerchildpress.com/autho rs-pages



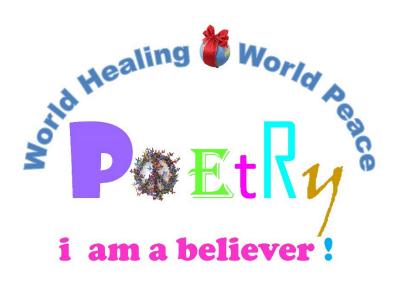


Now Available



Now Available





World Healing World Peace 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020, 2022

Now Available

nner Child Press International

building bridges of cultural understanding' Meet the Board of Directors



William S. Peters, Sr. Chair Person Founder Inner Child Enterprises Inner Child Press



Hülya N Yılmaz Director Editing Services Co-Chair Person



Fahredin B. Shehu Director Cultural Affairs



Elizabeth E. Castillo Director **Recording Secretary**



De'Andre Hawthorne Director Performance Poetry



Gail Weston Shazor Director Anthologies



Director Cultural Ambassador Pacific Northwest USA



Kimberly Burnham Ashok K. Bhargava Director WINAwards



Deborah Smart Director Publicity Marketing

www.innerchildpress.com

Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding' Meet our Cultural Ambassadors







Alicja Kuberska

Eastern Europe

Tzemin Ition Tsai

Republic of China Greater China

Iraq ~ USA

Elizabeth E. Castillo Antoinette Coleman Philippines

Swapna Behera

India Southeast Asia

Mexico





Kolade O. Freedom Nigeria West Africa



Alicia M. Ramírez Christena AV Williams Jamaica



Lebanon Middle East









Monsif Beroual Moroc



Louise Hudon



Mohamed Abde **Aziz Shmeis**



Kimberly Burnham

ok K. Bhargava





ssir Shareef Abdur-Rasheed Laure Charazac Mohammad Ikbal Harb



lilary Mainga



France Western Europe



Mennadi Farah Algeria

www.innerchildpress.com







Central America

This Anthological Publication is underwritten solely by

Inner Child Press International

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

Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com



uner Child Press Internatio

'building bridges of cultural understanding' 202 Wiltree Court, State College, Pennsylvania 16801



www.innerchildpress.com

~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2024



April 2024 ~ Featured Poets



Hassanal Abdullah



Johny Takkedasila



Rajashree Mohapatra



Shirley Smothers



www.innerchildpress.com