Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunç * Julio Pavanetti Lidia Chiarelli * Lina Buividavičiūtė





~ Omar Khayyam ~

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.

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

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The Poetry Posse

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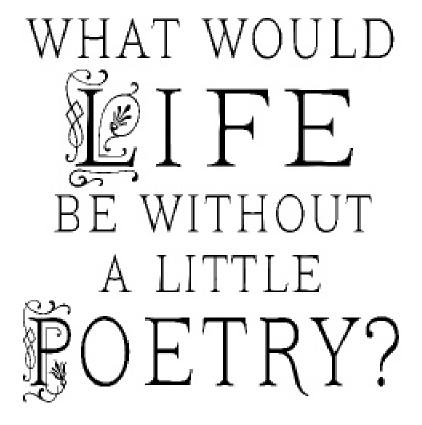
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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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

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Foreword

Renowned Poets

Omar Khayyam

Omar Khayyam (1048 - 1123) was a Persian poet, famous for his Rubaiyat form of poetry built upon quatrains. He was also a well-known philosopher, mathematician, astronomer, mystic and a freethinker, who wondered about the impermanence of life, and man's relationship to God. He lived in a time period when fanaticism, orthodoxy and military demagogues controlled and dictated people's daily life. Through his poems, Khayyam encouraged people to break free from the sociopolitical and religious tyranny. Unfortunately, his poems could not be circulated openly due to a callous an intolerant environment. As a result, only few of his contemporaries had the chance to read and benefit from it.

He doubted the existence of divine providence and the afterlife and chose to put his faith in a joyful appreciation of the fleeting and sensuous beauties of the material world to celebrate the idyllic nature and pleasures of living in a moment as below:

Set not thy heart on any good or gain, life means but pleasure, or means but pain; when Time lets slip a little perfect hour, O take it - for it will not come again.

Khayyam warned that if self-care is neglected and postponed to some obscure notion of 'tomorrow', the pleasure of living in the 'now' is irreversibly lost. He believed that each moment of life is complete in itself, by itself, and that the incompleteness manifests itself only in the 'mental state' of which we are not often aware. The natural world lives independently for itself, unattached to our feelings of pain and joy, and in Khayyam's view, acknowledging this liberating fact is the first step towards having a pleasant life. He said not to take things too seriously and to question existence of God and heaven:

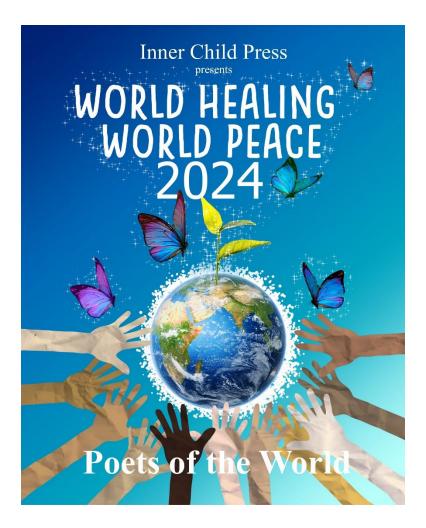
Grab life with both your hands, squeeze every bit it has to offer, cherish it every day. For what else is there?

Some scholars and critics argue that the name of Omar Khayyam should "be struck out from the history of Persian literature" due to the lack of any material that could confidently be attributed to him. While it is certain that Khayyam wrote many quatrains, it is hardly possible, save in a few exceptional cases, to assert positively that he wrote any of those ascribed to him. The modern-day popularity of Khayyam is mainly due to the English translations of Edward FitzGerald (1859) from the Bodleian manuscript.

Ashok K. Bhargava

President, Writers International Network Canada Vancouver, BC

Coming April 2024



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Preface

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

WOW... a decade. We are so 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 ... www.innerchildpress.com. 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 <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

Renowned Poets Omar Khayyam 1753 ~ 1784

February 2024

by hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.



Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the Wise To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies; One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies; The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (1048-1123), as translated with an adaptation in 1859 by Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883)

In this February, 2024 issue of *The Year of the Poet*, we focus on the Persian Omar Khayyam, a polymath, known for his contributions to mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, and poetry. During his lifetime, which he spent under the rule of the Seljuk Empire, he attained fame foremost as an astronomer and a mathematician. Only after his death, his poetry became widely known. His *Rubaiyat*, titled thus in translation, may be said to be his most famous work of poetry, a collection of 1,200 to 2,000 quatrains.

This Islamic scholar influenced the world with his work in geometric algebra, the Jalil calendar—a calendar reform, his philosophy—in line with traditional Islamic eschatological doctrine, his compilation of astronomical tables, and his poetry.

In the West, his poems were assumed to play on sensual delights. In stark contrast to this outsider view, a totally different understanding ruled over his poetry in the Islamic East; namely, as a sophisticated allegory of the soul's love for the Muslim God. The imagery Khayyam used in his poetic work was seen as mystical love, the love that consumed the Muslim mystic, Sufi, on his path to the Divine. Islamic mysticism, Sufism, is heavily soaked in his *Rubaiyat*. Wine, Saki—the wine bearer, and intoxication are repeated images Khayyam used in that voluminous collection of quatrains. The following excerpts translated by Edward Fitzgerald succinctly demonstrate his Sufi imagery, as comprehended accurately in the Islamic East:

$[\ldots]$

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears Today of past Regrets and future Fears; *Tomorrow!*—Why, Tomorrow I may be Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

[...]

Ah, make the most of what we may yet spend, Before we too into the Dust descend; Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie, Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and sans End!

The wine bearer ("my Beloved") Khayyam wrote about in the first quatrain quote represents the Islamic Divine, Allah. As for "the Cup", it is merely a bridge through which the Lover of the Divine attains Divine Love.

The second quatrain cited above might appear to Westerners to be about a worldy intoxication through sensual delights. It is, however, yet once again, an imagery through which Omar Khayyam situates himself into the path to Divine Love.

In the hope that we all understand that which is beyond the surface and whom that is under the cloak in actuality . . .

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita, 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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$

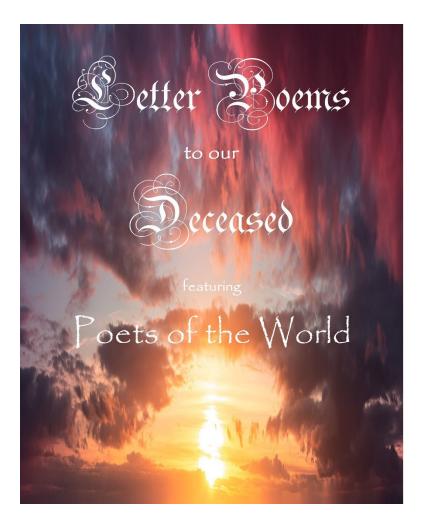




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

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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.

Sacredness Nonet

The

Spiral

Wounds its way

Into the core

Of our aching heart

And by no number known

We are seen in completion

Levels and stairs that each must trod

The soul must seek its own perfection

Stop

And just like that The words ceased The words unspoken and unwritten The movements of syllables Along the spines of books, unprinted The everyday busy crowding Writing I miss you I miss the languishing of participles And the dangling off the edges Of my memory Where did the stories go I have cleaned my space Made room for letters Dug out my notes And I await your voice While holding a pencil in my hand Eyes narrowed in search Of the quiet Tears coursing my cheeks Because I love you Bless my mind Please

Comma...Synchronicity

I am a comma in my bed, without a reason or purpose, I lay.

Having once lost separation, Between where your skin would meet mine, In bed.

Curved together in peaceful rest, Or jointedly in lustful dance, As one.

The melody reverberates, On the rib of Adam that made His Eve.

The list of whys grow way too long. My pause is better suited for, Reason

For a painful separation; Words relatively linked as one: In love

Our language could have been rested, And modified with new meaning: Today

Without the harsh finality, Of your use of a period, I sleep.

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).

Omar Khayaam

Nishapur, May 31, 1048 - the first day of life of a doctor, mathematician, astronomer, philosopher and poet. It did not end in December 1131.

Memory lasts and permeates eternity. Someone wrote his name on a moon crater and on an asteroid in the main asteroid belt. It appears on the spines of the volumes in many libraries and bookstores.

Wisdom does not pass away and says that life still goes on in between more cups of wine.

Rubaiyats whisper: It's not worth worrying about the past, look forward to days that may not come and today has a sweet-tart taste.

They teach that youth will fade and love will shrivel - they will be like a dried rose with sharp thorns. Time will take everything and turn it into dust.

Before the last petal falls to the ground you can see a piece of paradise on earth

Author's Evening

An old actress recites poems with emotion and sings old hits in a broken voice. Spectators, participants of the show, reward every number with loud applause.

Time turned the girl into a hunched woman. It wrote down her memories in a thick biography. There is little left of the artist's former beauty - a few photos preserved her youth.

Past events come back in stories, forgotten songs are resurrected, the memory of former lovers revives anecdotes whisper shameful secrets.

The old woman dances slowly on the stage. She performs in a provincial theatre - desperately looking for echoes of applause and money. The dead star has flashed sadly for the last time.

Woman In A Red Dress

She went out onto the balcony stood for a moment and lit a cigarette

The breeze ruffled her hair and a thin stream of blue smoke. The dress was fluttering like a banner carried to the barricades

She hugged the wind and they flew to meet the ground - a purple flower bloomed on the sidewalk

Someone screamed in terror, the sound of an ambulance cut through the silence. She was lying on a concrete shield

She had won battles but she lost the war. Life didn't stop. It went on. 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

Introspection

Dreaming of the heavens, The stars astronomically A million miles away,

My favorite pen, Attempting to dip Into the deep, incalculable dark-inks.

Inspired from reading The epic poetry of Omar Khayyam,

I realize I've far to go. Theorizing, I am, That such genius as his comes

Around infrequently. Actually, rarely, As best as I can, I'll seek to find my own way.

And from my heart-speaks, My voice will sing: May the spark that ignites passion, Fuel and elevate my wings.

A Night Filled with Choices

Brilliant city lights, splendiferous. Impassioned nights, precipitous, Filled with alluring excitement. Anticipating, considering possibilities.

Seductive, she pondered her response To the young man with flashing eyes. The one with the mysterious smile. And decided upon a plan

Like bees attracted to pollen. Indulgently, like bees to honey Innocently, she desired To offer her charms, exchanging them

For the chance to dance To the music and to the beat. She smiled at him. And he began to shuffle his feet.

Attracted by his mysterious smile, And by his shuffling feet, She caught his eye. He caught hers.

And the music faded into the night

Discovery

Inside

The club I went,

To search for my lover.

I motioned, he smiled.

They embraced.

I wept.

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.

Wilted Flower

In the forest, where once flowers were in bloom A flower that stands alone The petals are withered. The beauty is gone. The wind whispers and sighs at her Your beauty will be in my mind's eye, But your soul will fly away to a place far, far away

The flower nods, even though it is now content It still closes its eyes. It quietly accepts its fate. Even though its petals once bloomed It is lying, all alone, on the frosty ground of the forest. Petals flying in all directions, petals flying in all directions one by one

Like being abandoned, that feeling of sadness and loneliness The flower knows that this is not the end of it. After a gap of year, this spring has bloomed again. So the flower lie down and wait The arrival of spring, when the morning sun rises again To become beautiful once again

The Songstress In The Tavern

Lights in an inn have been dimmed, A songstress is singing her heart out. Her sound is like a bird in flight, Don't wait for a night to give up. The words in the song are like a poem, Filled with beauty and sophistication, Rather tell of loving and losing, I don't want to hold on to the burning pain in my heart.

Now you are far away,

Wandering around on my own makes me feel frustrated.

The memories come back to give me some comfort,

But I am longing to keep my sanity.

The heart that you once touched and ached, I have no nourishment.

It has been a part of my life for a very long time.

I'll keep it sealed with beeswax,

Until I know that someday we will be together again.

A Landscape Of Fine Sand

With whispers kissed by the tide and choirs of seagulls, My village nestles, a heart on the shore of the ocean. Salt stained cobblestones paving ancient stories, Where moonbeams dance and sun-kissed nets adore the sun.

Like brushstrokes on the blue, sun-bleached sails, Unfurl dreams on the whispering wind 's command. The strong backs of father and comrades, Etched maps of life and Earth.

Smell of salt air, fish drying on lines, Echoes of laughter mingled with the tide. Soft touches of the times on these weathered walls, Whispering of generations gone by.

All village children, Echoing the whispers of the future that will last forever. The dream belonging to the village, Like a symphony through the ages.

The waves sing hymns to the depths, My heart eternally bound. This jewel holds ancient secrets, My little village forever and ever.

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

Khayyam

genius master of numerous sciences aside from mathematics astronomy, philosophy, he was a prolific and until today world renowned poet Came: 05/18/1048 Went: 12/04/1131 in Persia known for his design of a solar calendar known as the Jalail calendar that became the basis for the Persian calendar to this day his collection known as ' Quatrains' though somewhat suspect as poetry instead scholars regarded it as quotations even so his stature demanded respect therefore his work is considered poetry Omar Khayyam genius

Birdland..,

NYC, Broadway near fifty deuce 1949 American original gem introduced a sound to listen to produced and bebop let loose into town Birdland flew with that jazz sound new for fifteen years jazz on the menu flavor made the venue where the best appeared there the giants of yesterday year, mostly gone but their contributions still here, live on named after the " yardbird " himself bird was there on the scene as was miles. here, live, count, here, live walked in to and these are just a few that blew at that venue where patrons of all social, economic strips hue where right there in full view mingled together with the Broadway, Hollywood types but the likes of Broadway, Hollywood Louis, the sugar man named Robinson weren't the hype it was that sound that ambience flavor unique one would think this should be bottled to drink my man Pee Wee the eminent MC barker ladies and gents welcome to the jazz corner of the world in the name of Charlie "Yardbird "Parker. groovin all night with ' Stella by starlight ' way beyond ' round bout midnight ' we only have eyes for you

deeep..,

in the bowels earth's caverns heaved something hard to believe scum covered blood lovers some believe never had mothers bottom feeders rose up to be leaders others eventually got to be in ships crossing seas raided motherland stole human beings human beings died who tried to escape brought to work land devils take treaties fake made to break earth soaked in blood of the people evil men steal use kidnapped souls to pick earth's yield those stole souls bound in steal some believe these were ' good ol days ' for real buying 'n 'selling human beings let's make a deal so, dam Amerikkka how would you feel if the script flipped 4 real and ya'll got to know how the whip feels? on your back in the killing fields maybe you become strange fruit when the pendulum swings back to you

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.

Omar Khayyam

Omar was intelligent and wise man. He wrote the Rubaiyat (Quatrains) and famous quotes such as "Be happy for this moment." Omar was also a mathematician and astronomer. He was known for his works in geometric algebra and Jalil Calendar. We can learn so much from him, a a well-rounded man.

Sonnet 29

Four years ago today, you have left this earth for Heaven, a better place to be pain-free, wheelchair free, and you are in bliss and I will always be your devotee. I have learned to live without you but I don't want to. Don't get me wrong, I'll always love you and I will never say good-bye and I do not want to. Let me rephrase. If I had another day, if I could, so much I want to do and want to say while you were alive and you understand. I wish I could love you, play, and pray. This sonnet is for you and I will not stop writing you, you're always in my thought.

We Wait

We wait patiently

until the storm blows over

the silence returns.

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 Rubaiyat

He awakens to a brand-new day Constellations above are at bay, The Rubaiyat dares to take flight Ceases to be a mere phantom of the night. His works changed the course of the world Kyayam's legacy has unfolded.

Meraki

Creating is my passion

Inspiring the world is my ultimate mission,

What is the essence of thyself?

Transcendent,

A divergent is a world full of imitations

The Source is my Master

The Great Artist of all time.

Crossroads

She is at the crossroads of her path A new frontier is within her grasp The way to bring her Enlightenment is dawning, As the promise of a bright tomorrow is approaching. The Muse waits for Divine Providence To find the answers her heart is seeking She now sees the Light Spreads her wings and vanished through the night.

Mutawaf Shahged



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

Omar or Umar

Words associated with windblown sands. What shall my quill demand? Thoughts that refresh oasis like an oasis. Thoughts that eloped in her presence. To the heart of mine that swells up like wells give up water. Someone predicted you'd be there in front of my stare. It has not been easy to forget you.

When I sleep, I secretly weep on the pillow you so readily abandoned. My mind drifts hoping I'll find you. I'd rather search that sulk. Inside me and all around me I still inhale your fragrances. Why could you have not waited maybe I could have blamed Satan?

I require your breath on my neck. Our hands entwined making a fist that we can shake at a world that tried to deny us. You ask why us? Your kiss is our refrain. My memory will not let you escape, unless I can escape with you.

Your nature was too rebellious to capture on my canvas. Too many steps to retrace that walked in our sandals, from dune to dune until high noon. Under the date palm we sat saying never ever always together. No need to go home, I'd be there alone only with you in my head.

Too Many So What's

Too many pieces to pick up, so what? Too many memories to unwind, only to become unwound. So many mistakes to unmake. Too many hearts to unbreak. Too many details not to be lying. Not enough time to rewind. Too many of my folks have been dying. Too many flickers not enough flames.

Too many sows running the pen, this an honor camp we're living in. Too many questions where there are no answers to rend. Too many wrongs to make right. Too many loop holes for it to be tight. So many lives lived in vain, so few ways to explain.

Every day the sun comes up, there is another demon that shows up. His purpose is just to lead you astray. When becoming conscience of such, there is too much vomit to throw up. Too many I's to dot, too many T's to cross, used to confuse your original thoughts.

Too many playing Russian roulette, with genetics to cover up some no name brand of cosmetics. Losing time playing tic- tack – toe. Too many, having dialogue with witches and devils, being convinced it is better to be on their level. Too many passwords have you disturbed.

Too many plotters planning plots with plotters to turn your sons into your daughter. Patting you on the back and saying to you, hey buddy, that's the way to go. You know what I'm telling is true. Too many sick bastards running the show. Not too many plans on how to make them go.

To all of them the people don't matter they are just cannon fodder. Some of them, the people, they had to spray along the way to keep them in line. Too many new magazines that are featuring new creatures, telling you the trend that's in, is you being like them. Freaks of nature leading the way for all those whose lives that are not safe.

Putting mink coats on frogs, shoes on dogs, doing lap dances with holy cows. Winding up in insane asylums and don't know how. Too many strange sounds all day long, making at least half of your decisions go all wrong. Mind twerks with jerks keeping your brain restrained.

Following trends with gender bends, so you can try to fit in. Too many creep thieves stealing your thoughts replacing them with theirs. Telling you that Santa Claus lives upstairs.

Locked in a chat box where you can't be found. I think what

you are dealing with is enough to be said . Still trying to wear

some-one else's shoes. Is that somebody under your bed?

Hey D, can you turn off the tape recorder aki? Ok, Thanks.

Try Passing By

All the people passing by ,faces graced with smiles and sorrow. Some with holding their dreams of tomorrow. Wearing disguises of who they really are. Rising , fading, wading through the crowded passage ways as the eyes say, they don't know. New footsteps take the place of the one before. Lying eyes take the spot where crying eyes once cried.

Stopping, window shopping. A chance glance might be the one that sticks. Sidewalks accommodate crutches and canes as traffic lights change. Always aware of the pickpockets who gaze upon the passer- by. In the midst of the crush someone tries to advertise, hoping somebody stops to listen, the others rush, saying to themselves, don't want to hear more lies.

The sounds

are indistinguishable. Inhaling different odors,

rubbing shoulders in passing, coming in contact

with complete strangers. Walking by those who

cuss, while waiting on the bus that never comes

on time. The old lady, just thought she saw great

Scott. Someone dropped a coffee cup, a homeless guy picked up, looked inside then raised his hands in praise. A faint sound of the blues, I seem to lose as my pace goes up tempo.

I just missed an old friend who was in a hurry passing the other way. Wow the familiar smell I smell is coming from the roasted peanut store. Hundreds of colors blend catching my attention now and then, all mixed in are the drunk, the deviants, demons and devils, pass by on the way to who the hell knows where. Some people slow down and stop, to open the door to the bar, some even say, excuse me.

A candy wrapper stuck on a dude's shoe, it really wrinkling his smooth. The weather is wet and fiftyfive outside. Cell phones raised eye high. Little kid's hand held by mommy dearest. She doesn't know where his daddy is. Heading to her lawyer so she will know what to do.

Buses, trucks and cars pass fast, faster that they should. You too slow to say slow down! Delivery truck blocking the cross walk, it starts moves when you try to walk around. The people are on time or early or late. A picturesque mess at best. Maybe I could walk in the street? All I'm trying to do is just pass right by. 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>

Fill the Cup

"Oh, Saki*, fill the Cup! Pour the Wine. I am to wed the Divine,"

Omar Khayyam, the Lover, utters in his intoxication with the Path*.

Drunk with the essence of the Beloved, he falls into ecstasy.

"Join me in my rejoice, for I was revived in Sama*. Onto my doorstep came Baka*."

In Dhikr*, Khayyam utters again: "Fill the cup. Fill the cup. Fana* has neared our gate. I am at last the dust at His feet."

Fill the Cup! Fill the Cup!

*Saki: Wine bearer The Path: the Sufis' much-quested way to Divine Love Sufi: Muslim mystic Sama: Listening Dhikr: An Islamic prayer in repetition of Allah's different names Baka: Life with, through, in, and for Allah Fana: Dying into Allah

The Cloak

Don't judge me by the rough cloak I wear, there is already much in this world for all of us to bear.

Fill your heart with eternal love instead. His dusty feet are where we return to bed.

On the Path to Divine Love, we are one for once and for all. Hear the chants of ecstasy nearing our hall. Let's dance and lose the self in Sama. Let's dissolve the self in Baka and conceive eternally Fana.

Don't judge me by the rough cloak I wear, there is already much in this world to bear.

Dust

All this dust I see

heeds the call of Divine Love.

Oh, Fana, come! Come!





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

The Genius of Omar

Mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, and poetry. Now that is poetry stew at its best rising from a genius and master of the word.

And the world only knows you, my friend, for your poetry quatrains in the Rubaiyat. Was that the influence of mathematics?

I wander, what impact philosophy did to stimulate your blank page while your Gemini twin gazed the stars?

No Matter Where

Everybody loves me. But I have no need to be loved by everybody. I have a burning inside me to be loved by you.

You cannot be pushed or pulled. The hope vessel is docked in the harbor. Some day you may come to me.

I will reserve a space in my love garden for you. Even if I am no longer able to respond, that love seat will wait with warmth for you.

I will slip on my joyful smile whenever I hear your voice no matter where I may be.

To the Awakened

Love floods all the boundaries protecting me and I am still blind. Love floods all the sideroads with light and I still cannot not see.

I shut down. Give my resignation to two legged creatures, stamped humankind I resign.

Earth Mother rolls in tears for me. I walk in her footprints never ending my plea for understanding.

She says, bend your knees 100 days, then stand up. I comply. Stand up and walk out of the forest.

I wear a sacred scarf, armed in grace, ready to offer love to all who are awake. 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.

Quatrains of Omar

there is something so tender about your tapestry of words, each one different like a clump of trees, large and small, each with its own life sustaining web of roots, intricate and essential, in harmony with the other shoots, yet separate and distinct.

I could almost hear you oh Khayyam reciting like a bird hidden deep in the leafy trees, spilling out rubaiyats.

they hum with a sound bees and birds, flowers and leaves as they wander around.

they thunder lightening clouds, torrential rains in amazing wonder.

they kiss lips on lips, silent notes and sweet rhymes.

they proclaim life is a gift unwrap it open it and use it.

Confused and Lost

you are no more lost than them if you want

to love others and be loved by them.

because something is always amiss.

prepare the soil. create the climate.

a seed must sprout a flower must bloom

before a butterfly will land to taste the nectar.

it is love that we need

a taste of nectar to nourish a seed.

* This poem verges on the spiritual dimension of human cravings to be loved by friends, relatives, lovers and strangers. Other than the physical experience of being loved, it is the mystic portals of the 'self-realization / felt reality' which is much more pleasurable than the mundane reality of the universe. It is the ephemerality of everything in life and beyond...

Metamorphosis

I am in the melody of every song sparkle of the sun rays twinkle of the stars.

I am in every smile you see every hug you receive every laugh you hear.

And I promise to be there to reach out and look out for you because I love you.

what a caterpillar may call the end of life I call it a colorful butterfly. 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

The Polymath's Equations

Under the map of stars He writes equations The binomial expansion Turns my mathematical solutions From cubic to astronomic calculations, His words dwell in the codes Of *Rubáiyát, a celebration of life! The litany of religious and political nuances, His quatrains are far immeasurable, Written for the humanity, Underneath the bough.*

Ode To The Family

I have myself, the simple scarlet on your vase I asked for nothing, but you gave me life and sunshine The smile, the hug, the cuddle, the care & the love I am happy to the little things I have You all give me light to complete my being I am truly deeply thankful for all the arms That make my wholeness back once more You are the dream I dreamt and dreaming To love, to cherish, to treasure I love you so no matter what, no matter when Until I know how to give up all, even my life.

When You Rise Up

If you trust you can do more today, Heal yourself like a courageous beaver And slowly, be the cheetah. You are meant to mend the future's prophesy From the ruins of palmistry, Go and create hopeful lines Of real foundations Of life's miracles, You are a rising ember Entering the heaven's doors Like a promise of renewal and resurgence.

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

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Omar Khayam ; The Astronomer Poet

Omar Khayyam a Persian polymath, mathematician ,philosopher born in Nishapur famous for his scientific achievements the astronomer scientist poet of Persia hundreds of quatrains he wrote rubaiyat the pithy observation on complex subjects such as love, death, God the existence of contribution after life "set not thy heart on any good or gain" sky is the inverted bowl Khayyam famous for classification solution of cubic equation by intersecting a parabola with a circle designed the Jalali calendar duration of solar year parallel axiom his writings are combination of nihilism, fatalism, agnosticism rubaiyat is a verse consisting of four line stanzas he taught the court as a jurisprudence the ultimate question of life and death rubaiyat imparting an epicurean style of philosophy the caravan of life is moving a book of verses, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread now that is divine thousand quatrains of rubaiyat "there was a door to which I found no key there was a veil past which I could not see " Indeed heaven and hell are inside ...

The Canvas Of Sand

sand is the big canvas you can draw a house ,a horse , a plastic ban message or world cup foot ball he is Sudarsan Pattanaik a sand artist from Odisha, India a visionary and world record holder recipient of Pdmashri ;India's fourth civilian Award his concepts so unique when he constructs huge statues his fingers worship the sand sand has multiple textures, soft or coarse polished or rough sand sings in sync with the anthem of the sea on the solitude of the sea shore he imagines the concept impish waves may wash away after a couple of minutes but can any one wash the creativity ? it is printed in the brain and heart sculptures are immortal the mystical thoughts dance in tandem with the portrait the artist sits and waits celebrates the creativity the world rejoices with him he is Sudarsan Pattanaik a global sand artist beyond boundaries.

Biryani vs Ragi Balls

His Highness ordered for the best biryani best rice with goat legs, lot of spices saffron, cardamom, cinnamon sticks. cashew and raisin rose water, mint and the list goes on and on of course fried onions added to the juicy rice the fragrance spread far and wide the chef arranged the table with colourful biryani the skill test of the chef the taste buds of the ministers sizzle affluent they all were just behind the palace a poor shepherd came back from the jungle with his sheep and goat sad he was as he lost a goat, the healthiest one his wife cooked ragi balls in the open air that they grew in that hillock the grand banquet was over with wine and music in the silent night tears of the shepherd merged with ragi balls for he lost a goat whose bleat echoed in his ear pieces of the goat in the biryani each piece crying for its master two drops of tears soaked the ragi balls in the thatched house his highness was amazed to taste the new dish so he rewarded the chef with the hillock that grew ragi and the sheep but was awake whole night as it was tough to digest the high voltage spices the chef was happy to get the reward of that hillock and all the sheep was his

for he needed meat to make the biryani frequently the shepherd lost ;the chef received salty ragi balls understand the language of animals that the biryani can never

(Biryani is a mixed rice dish with meat and spices that is originated from Iran ragi is commonly called finger millet and one type of staple diet in farming communities)

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

Omar Khayyam

I am Persian, born in Nishapur. mathematics, astronomy, philosophy and poetry are a few of my passions. My contributions to the above was made during the Seljuk dynasty during the first crusade. As a mathematician I'm notable for classification and solutions of cubic equations, I provided geometric solutions by the intersection of Conics and also contributed to the understanding of the parallel axiom. As an astronomer I also used math to calculate the duration of a solar year with precision. Doing so, I created a solar calendar called the Jalali calendar which provided the basis for the Persian calendar that is still in use after nearly a millennium. I am also a philosopher, a student of Ibn Sina, known in the west as Avicenna, when it came to early medicine, Avicenna was considered the father. To me there is no religious sect, I believe in Agnosticism and pessimism. My life's journey and visions can also be read through my works of poetry.

The clouds

those clouds followed me, it rained blood rain, each drop had a name, John dropped Jane dropped through the rain drops if you didn't know the name of those rain drops. I've seen the ones I ran and reigned with in the game names drop, i saw my fathers name for crying out loud, drop from a crying cloud up top. rain drop pain dropped from a cloud that ceased to clot, please stop the rain, I can't walk without stepping on a stain.through time the cloud got more dense, hence thicker blood drops to commence, thunder storms and lightning poured out phlebotomy, the cloud that killed the monotony, of forming a monopoly followed me continually dropping blood that leaked from my friends, foes and family.

Rain drops kept falling from the dead onto my head, I didn't wipe them, because then it would be like I got caught red handed, like I was the cause of a murder case, so instead, I let the murder drip down my face.

When I went indoors then cloud hovered over my residence, the blood drops fell on my awning sounding like a snare drum beat of ghetto pestilence, when I sleep it dissipates, But as soon as I wake in the morning, my first sight out the window is that damn cloud forming.

Don't go

Many men didn't want me to retire and raise my kids, that didn't suit em, that wasn't detrimental to their income, they wanted me to keep raising my children sauer along with smith and wesson for protection, it was beneficial to them if I stood in the hood buss'n mine and Chopin cookies to nickels and dimes. Avo Inf I need about a six month run, I need you to hold me down in these trapped up slums, take a block by swingn that shit like a sword, let me and my team live and we'll pay you rent like a landlord, ayo inf can I get a shift, they needed money drip and godfather spliffs. I let em all eat, I wasn't turning my back on anyone, if I win we all won, plus I knew how hard it was to come up in these BX streets. I put that time in, put that work in, in the hood and the kitchen, I went through it all, got caked up, hit up, locked up, fell and came back up, plus, I buried most of the men with whom I came up. There was nothing left to witness but my own death, so I left before soul theft.

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

Seize the Secret

Omar, thank you for your contributions. To mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, and poetry Leading the way as an astronomer With precision and accuracy You designed the jalai calendar Which is still in use to this day You were unequalled In scientic knowledge and many in your day Called you the epithet of the wise.

Obstacle

I need warmth and security I feel fire surrounding me The sky endless like my grief And clouds their weeping just like me Can anyone hear their scream So loud across the world An echo never to be heard Is this the world we have made? We walk among hells corridors Looking for any site of light We touch death so many times Again, once more we kill the crimes Can anyone hear their scream So loud across the world An echo never to be heard Is this the world we have made?

Song

Your song has lifted me up Up from the tunnel The spirit of the words has melted my heart All the lines you sing, I feel You touched my soul, in so many different ways Visions of you, I see blue And where there are shadows you are there The song, music of the night made my spirit soar And my soul began to take flight Help me make the music of the night,,,





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).

The Bitter Taste of Existence

In memory of Omar Khayyama*

His immortal words make mortal man realise that for centuries the world has been immersed in questions about the nature of existence.

From the sweetness of words to bitter conclusions, he has given insight into the past in relation to the present. The collected notes of life and the fear of death reveal the bitter taste of existence.

Will anything remain when the grave towers over the body?

He did not believe in the existence of invisible powers.

Confusion, anxiety, uncertainty formed a pillar of thought of his reality, his questioning of eternity and the certainty of the impermanence of everything.

* Omar Khayyam - Persian politician known for his contributions to mathematics, astronomy, philosophy and poetry.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

With the Siren

She still cannot believe it. that the world available to her now – is an open window and emptiness. She bares her experiences to herself.

The neighbor is not very interested in her fate, a bystander will not see imprisoned on the sixth floor solitude. Known and unknown, now it is like the air.

Only when they arrive for her with the siren, whispers are heard through the leaky door: – *She's still alive. She's so fatigued.*

It is a pity that when she needed bread, no one heard her hunger.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Normality

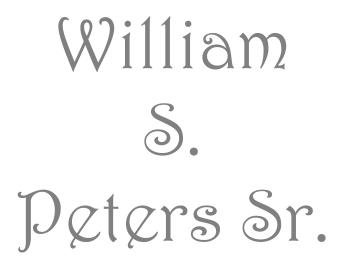
We become indifferent to the human next to us. We do not notice that someone only pretends to be strong.

With pockets full of unfinished business, desires and uncertainties, maybe we also often wear masks?

With hope we expect that we will not be alone,

we look out for – normality in abnormality.

Translated by Artur Komoter





Bill's writing career spans a period of 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

Khayyam

Oh how I love the sound of the name . . . I thought it to be poetic when I first Became aware, And 'lo and behold' My endearment became a stronghold In the lyrics of "Persian-ality"

Khayyam, Hafiz, Rumi . . . Quite the family

So I did as he said With my life Because of those immortalized words 'eat drink and be merry'

I thank you brother Omar For you lyricism . . .

Khayyam my personal Rubaiyat . . .

Life is for Living

We spend our entire lives dying, Lying to ourselves While vying for unattainable fruits

We dream of such things As legacy, memories and 'what ifs'

·····

Yet the journey into oblivion Continues

Shall you remember these acquired lessons Next lifetime? The fruitful and fruitless, The thoughts that have no seed.

Does the soul grow, Or is its compacity Already fulfilled

There is the infinite And the eternal, But .. What does that mean to me If I can not let go Of this small thing I imagined my 'self' To be ... Or not to be?

The words of Ovid Strike a resonant chord Somewhere in my seemingly Unexplored depths ...

"Vivam!" "I will live.", After all, Is not Life for Living?

Somewhere in the darkness I have contemplated this acute light And the dawning of its truth, And my soul yet still yearns To reconcile with its purpose.

Life is for Living so do so!

The Short Nap

If one were to consider The concept of eternity, We would have to admit That this existence we call life Is but a blink of the 'Cosmic Eye'

We spend most of our lives Attempting to define ourselves Making futile attempts To affirm the baseless imaginings Of our divine grandeur

In this thick soup of this quasi-reality, We over-season the weak affirmations Of our adopted and borrowed realities

Sometimes the meal is palatable, Some times bitter, Most times non-descript

Theere is a prevailing vagueness That we rail against In our supposed 'wakening', But truth be told We are mostly Sleeping our way through This brief journey

We connect the moments And store them in the deep recesses Of memories To be visited From time to time

Worry not, For the time for sleep Pales in the face of The eternal and the infinite... How do I know? ... Simple, This is not the first time I took a short nap



Caroline Laurent Turunç Julio Pavanetti Lidia Chiarelli Lina Buividavičiūtė



Caroling Laurent

Turunç



Caroline LAURENT Turunç is from Antakya, Turkey, from Arab origin, she is the daughter of a family of nine children. She has a sociology degree and has written over 1500 poems since 2013, received many certificates from abroad, and participated in nearly 60 local and foreign anthologies. Her poems are still published in many international journals and websites. She is writing a novel that she is about to finish. She published two collections of poems, "Between the Orient and the North" and "Desert Lily". He came second among 2575 poets from each country at the world literature championship held in Romania. She won an award at the eighth spring poetry festival held in the town of Yan, China, causing it to be selected for the "World Poet Literary Museum" commissioned by the Silk Road Cultural Center of Northwest University of China.

The Earth Has Split!

The earth has split and I saw myself falling into the pensive waters of the rivers.

The fresh waters of the rebel river swept the tired walls of an unfortunate city, frayed fate and memories flowed into deep scarred rivers.

Between the cries of the crowd, my heart was crushed by the pure and cold smell of the sun I ascended to ancient times.

I wish my ears were deafened by the harshness of the east and the cries of the north wind.

Maybe I wouldn't have felt the acrid smell of my red soil in Damas.

In the rage of the deep blue sea of the Mediterranean, I wouldn't hear the hum of the seashells drifting to the beach with the sands, the cries of pain.

O creator of the bluebirds of Babylon, give me more than a pure, unused gift.

The tower of silence ascended to the seven heavens My roots are the oldest soil. I want to go back to where I am I want to go back to the deepest scarred parts of the mind.

I want to return to the arms of existence.

I really don't know if I can live or not I promise not to be angry with you and my destiny, if I fail I will bury myself in the stars, the moon, the sun, the flowing rocks or the transparent pebbles.

Pancasila

It is the national ideology of Indonesia. Pancasila means five principles. These five principles, which cannot be considered independently of each other, are as follows:

- 1. Monotheism.
- 2. A just and modern society.
- 3. Indonesia's unity.
- 4. Democracy.
- 5. Social justice

This Indonesia-based reform movement has become a reference for the Indonesian people to fight against the conservatives, and they have achieved successful results thanks to this reform.

pancasila

- Kamer, the black diamond that illuminates the darkness of the night, the silver that illuminates the morning

When slapped, it doesn't just fall to the ground -

Its beauty, grace and richness are endless.

Don't think you can knock him down and never get up again.

Of course he gets up, of course he comes back, gets up and does whatever he says.

The figure of that morning " The warm heat of that cold air The blood value of that land Don't call him pale, don't call him pale. root of that banyan tree

Remember, the right word is much heavier than a slap and a gun.

Don't make me open my mouth, don't ask me that, I know he's bad and what his intentions are.

- Don't tell me what half a million saplings are. You are the ignorant of the ignorant, if every flower was a flower, the world would be a flower

No to moral cruelty, no to tolerance of the ignorantdon't try to surprise me

So it looks like you're firing me

Pancasila - I'm not firing you, you'll go yourself. Privacy, darkness, dimness, uncertainty will never be an obstacle for those who want to step into the light.

Dreams Have Turned Brown!

O verses of wounds, ashes and silence, The ditches overflow, the trees where the birds are placed in the gardens of the century hang down, The pride of the world darkens like shabby stones.

from North to south, fragile thorns of grass spread around The fold of the earth is slowly shaking ! Heavy clouds gather towards the mountains, the slopes begin to slip reluctantly. And you sit there like an arrogant sultan

Tell me, tell me how spring will come with this arrogance How will souls dance if everything changes? A long vibrating frenzy will mourn the discord of the worlds

We don't know who beat who, who loves who. Desert migration from everywhere instills its naked conquest,

Those who have nothing to give kisses a stained glass window with a herd of transmitted miracles.

oh if my eyes were blind oh if my eyes were blind If I sit forever under the root of an old tree like a cathedral And then if I rot like a worthless leaf out of my rib cage My heart longs for victory, if it destroys everything like a flood and starts again

Now my broken veins are dripping from my eye socket my starry skin can't even bear the fruit of alchemy insect law in my chest,

It creates a burning sensation in the hands, and slowly kill the thorns on me.

Ah, the stars in the resin of my race, a brutality in my bones As if trying to break the harpsichord of the ages, a pain in my chest prevents me from being reborn.

Julio Pavanetti



Julio Pavanetti (Montevideo, Uruguay, 1954)

He is a poet living in Benidorm, Spain. Director of the International Poet's Association "Liceo Poético de Benidorm". Associate Academic and Honorary Member of the North American Academy of Modern Literature. Director of the poetry collection "Azul" of Enkuadres Publishers, Spain. Director of the Benidorm International Poetry Festival. Member of the Association of Spanish Writers and Artists. Member of the Spanish Collegiate Association of Writers. Titular member of the Tomitana Academy (Romania). He has published twelve poetry books, one of them, "The spiral of time" in Romanian/Spanish bilingual edition, published in Bucarest, Romania in 2012. His book "At the touch of a silent flesh", won the first prize in the contest of Aspe, Spain, in 2015, and was published in 2018 in English/Spanish bilingual edition. His book "Mërgimi Dhemb" (Exile hurts) was published in 2021 in Albania and Kosovo in Albanian language. His book "Battute d'arresto" was published in Italy in Italian language in 2022 and the book won the prize of excellence for the book written in Italian by a foreign author, Rome, Italy, 2023. He had received many awards and recognitions, both for his poetry as for his cultural work. In 2021 he received the Award of Excellence for his Career in Rome, Italy, and won the 1st prize for foreign poets of the VIII Edition of the "Città del Galateo - Antonio De Ferraris" International Excellence Award, Rome, Italy. In February 2023 he received the Honorary Prize for the poet of the year 2023 awarded by the International Writers Association "Pjetër Bogdani" based in Brussels (Belgium) and Prishtina (Kosovo). He has participated in several poetry festivals and took part in more than 100 international anthologies. Many of his poems have been translated into 27 languages and have been published on innumerable international literary magazines.

The Embrace

We all wandered without knowing the right path, motionless in the midst of death and of ourselves, without coming to recognize their cards, apart from the infinite breath. Until a cold and sad June arrived. They trampled on our illusions, murdered our rebelliousness and our references, those that they -alienated from their black povertyturned into immortals.

With our hair shorter, we still sprout like the moss that is born between the cobblestones. We went entwining like ivy clings to the peeling walls, until we felt the heartbeat of a strong and long embrace that was sealed marenmedio (*)

* Marenmedio, that means "in the middle of the sea", is a word used by Juan Ramón Jiménez in the third fragment of his poem "Space" (Espacio)

Marenmedio

Or the inevitable influence of the waves

"What I have is in the middle of the waves..." ~ Pablo Neruda

"...And then, marenmedio, sea, more sea, eternal sea, with its eternal moon and sun for naked, as I, for naked, eternal..."

~ Juan Ramón Jiménez

In the middle of the waves two oscillating tongues, different, equal, petals of a nocturnal rose that end up folding, to mate in the belly of a bound sea.

In the middle of the waves, between distant and distinct beaches but moist with salt, my two voices navigate: sprightly, the one from the 20th century; musty, the one from this century. Exposed to the sun, they dry out... Both are mine.

In the middle of the waves I observe the journey, permanent transit to nowhere. I leave that shore to bleed to death in sunsets and enter the here and vice versa.

An ineffective cry that the intestines of the sea ooze of mortal invalidity.

We cannot run away from what we are. Evolution or involution?

In the middle of the waves I pass from twilight to dawn, I see the fish jump that mock every tear of yesterday, however, they walk like imps foaming my resistance, and leaving me with the embers that remain in my dreams on the other side of the docks, reviving me among the verses, after the rain, but before oblivion.

In the middle of the waves, subject to the whims of their ups and downs, I wait like an absent one, supporting my solitude. I dive in the dark between exiles and homecoming, I migrate to the warmth of memories, and again, I return migration, when the sun freezes in the silence of the ocean.

In the middle of the waves and sedimented in its sediment, everything that I have is found and everything that I lost, they took in my troubles and they took in my verses. There remained my youth,

my father, my friends, my mother, my memories, my story that could not be, this present and the future, my heart full of horizons long, unattainable, shared among suns and among a thousand warm moons, there are my free dreams, and my song, and my accent.

To what incomplete and indifferent shore, to what mysterious stone altars, to what piece of death do I belong?

The world still unsolved, with bridges destroyed by the inevitable influence that the waves exert. In the middle of the current the cards fell, but I remain on the road even if everything remained *marenmedio*... (*)

* Marenmedio, that means "in the middle of the sea", is a word used by Juan Ramón Jiménez in the third fragment of his poem "Space" (Espacio)

Sadness

Sadness is... that dead time without the spiral drawings that smoke produces in the air; it is dreams of the future of a sleeping past floating behind the screen of worn-out memory.

Sadness is... the sense of guilt as heavy as a slab. It is the knife that is stuck of falsehood, betrayal and deceit.

Sadness is... that feeling of silent monologue surrounded by loneliness.

It is the cauldron where they boil chimeras and illusions; it is an inventory of names and lost memories on the distant horizon, it is a longing for childhood and faded adolescence.

Sadness is... unmade sheets but without smells or traces. It is to feel always a stranger, even in our own land when returning from exile.

It is the shadow that our loves and memories left us, nights with eyes open linking the discomforts, and inventing some futures

that will never come.

Sadness is... lack of projects, and gradual aging.

It is a warehouse of silent screams, powerlessness in the face of distance, incomprehension and forgetfulness.

Sadness is... loneliness that remain completely alone.

We swim across the seas and climb the mountains Though it is unbearably hot or cold or it heavily rains . We don't return back, ahead we go Though the strong winds blow.

Though we are hungry and thirsty , We move forward patiently. We move on thorns that come in our way We never step back but move forward night and day.

It's the Passion that helps us to win our race Though many difficulties we face. So ,until Passion in us plays its role We can't achieve our desired goal.

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Lidia Chiarg11i



Lidia Chiarelli is one of the Charter Members of Immagine & Poesia, the art literary Movement founded in Torino (Italy) in 2007 with Aeronwy Thomas. Installation artist and collagist. Coordinator of #DylanDay in Italy. She has become an award-winning poet since 2011 and she was awarded a Certificate of Appreciation from The First International Poetry Festival of Swansea (U.K.) for her broadside poetry and art contribution. Awarded with the Literary Arts Medal - New York 2020. Six Pushcart Prize (USA) nominations. Grand Jury Prize at Sahitto International Award 2021. In 2014 she started an intercultural project with Canadian writer and editor Huguette Bertrand publishing E Books of Poetry and Art online. Poetry Star, China 2022. Winner of KEL 2022. Her writing has been translated into30 languages and published in more than 150 Poetry magazines, and on web-sites in many countries.

https://lidiachiarelli.jimdofree.com/ https://lidiachiarelliart.jimdofree.com/ https://immaginepoesia.jimdofree.com/

Water Prayer

to Dylan, Son of the Sea

Seagulls and restless rooks challenge the wind on this winter morning.

Under a pearl sky the waves sing the rising sun the first glimpse of light on the horizon fades too soon.

Here and now Dylan's words resound: The waters of the heart push in their tides...*

And from the ancient cliff I pause and listen to the voice of the sea:

a water prayer

that softly evaporates among the fleeing clouds.

*from: Light breaks where no sun shines

My liquid world

(amid winds of war) to Dylan Thomas

This ashen day in March opens with dancing shadows images carved in the air of the Spring still too far. An insidious mist enshrouds me in crescendo. Among echoes in subtle vibration teach me, Dylan, to take shelter in *my liquid world*

> teach me to feel the pulse of the tides that ceaselessly ebb and flow

And while time and space dissolve in the primordial roar of the ocean

teach me to fly away, with you, from the void ... of this bewilderment of that insanity*

* from: Although through my bewildered way

Where Beauty dwells

Beauty dwells in the splendor of a dawn fading too soon. Or in crimson and gold sunsets.

Beauty dwells in the sun rays that painters carry on canvas:

perfect pulses of energy rapid and fatal touches meant to stop the fleeting moment

in a glow of unutterable light.

Lina Buividavičiūtė



Lina Buividavičiūtė was born on May 14, 1986. She is a poet and literary critic. Lina is an author of two poetry books in Lithuanian language. Her poetry is published in "Matter", "Masters", "Proverse poetry prize" contest anthologies, "Drunk monkeys", "Beyond words", "The Dewdrop", "Sad girls club", "The limit experience", "Beyond queer words", "Maudlin House", "Cathexis northwest press", "Red noise collective", "Poetry online" magazines and "Versopolis" poetry platform. Upcoming publications will appear in "New millennium writings", "Cathexis northwest press", "Red noise collective", "Box", "Sad girls club" and "Beyond words" magazines. These poems are translated from Lithuanian to English by Irma Šlekytė.

A Letter to My Child of War

Oh child of mine, they say, when boys are born for the whole generation – the war is upon us. We birthed our sons around that time – we rejoiced, matriarchs of the family, but dark shapes loomed, there was no peace. My grandmother had already seen those shapes, before the Second World War, she saw the sign of the cross in the sky, women, solitudinous, hauling on their shoulders all the yokes of the world. On September 11 you'll turn eighteen, so I keep anxiously glancing at the sky, following the news from neighboring lands.

And yet I forgive you for being born, the child of war.

I can't begin to tell you, how much I wish never to mark in lamb's blood the door of our home upon your return. I fervently hope you'll never know, how much it weighs down my hands and heart, the chill of the steel, when sweat breaks out on sleepless nights as I count those fallen. Is this hope meant for you, or for me?

Still, what frightens the most aren't the stumps, the phantoms of limbs, or the hair that's gone white –

but to never escape

the barren wind ghosts, and that nothing will be as it was.

And yet I let you go, my child of war – my reins can't hold back the steeds any longer.

The Dark Ages

For my son, for all travelers' There's so much beauty it takes my breath away, but in the evenings I talk to myself in my mind, I say it's not too bad, it's all bearable, it'll all wash off in the salty water, I tell myself I'll climb atop one or two fortresses, I'll have a couple of glasses of Sardinian wine, I'll sail by some mysterious sea caves and be free; my dark ages will pass without having properly begun, that's what I tell myself at night, before the flamingos start singing, that's how I rage when my three-year-old son does not see the beauty, then the clouds of sadness gather – he wants home. back to his kittens, so I rise like a storm: why do you not want to see the vast world, why do you need that damn triad – safety, consistency and a calm mother? What do I need? What do I lack? We told everyone we travel together, we want our boy to see the world, Italian winds and mountains, and us, away from daily routines, washed

up on a new shore.

It's not you I wanted to show the world to, it's myself, so that

my dark ages would go by, but I never escaped them having realized –

when I give to you, I rob myself.

Apathy (the Weight of one's Hand)

I've never seen it raising a revolver, ready for

a slap of betrayal. I've never witnessed it tossing soil on a three-year old's coffin, caressing an unloved one, writing

the last letter, holding a hand of the one who's departing. So, they say,

I have no right to gather so much heaviness in my elbows and

forearms. I have no right, they say, to not move my wrist bones.

I know I have to move these arms for the sake of the bedridden,

for those marked with age spots, for those who've lost everything,

for those whose limbs were torn off by shrapnel.

Hanging off the edge of the bed, on a frayed bedsheet, despite

all the scolding, persuading, ultimatums, I cannot stroke my child's head –

my hand grows heavy, because, I believe, as soon as I touch him, the soil

will start pouring onto him.

I fight using different shapes of blackness, with no blood flowing to the ten little fingers, but if I'm called, if we once again need to stand hand in hand, I promise you world my hand, for a short respite from an unworldly heaviness.

Translated from Lithuanian by Irma Šlekytė

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

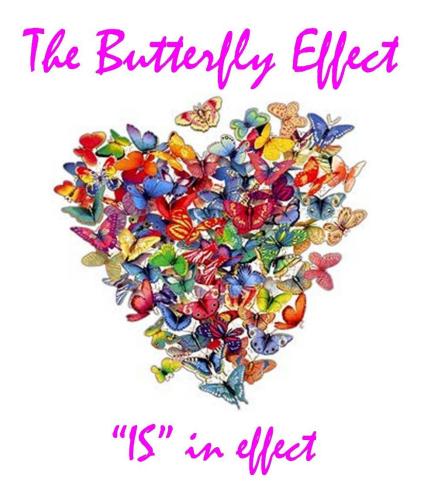


. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

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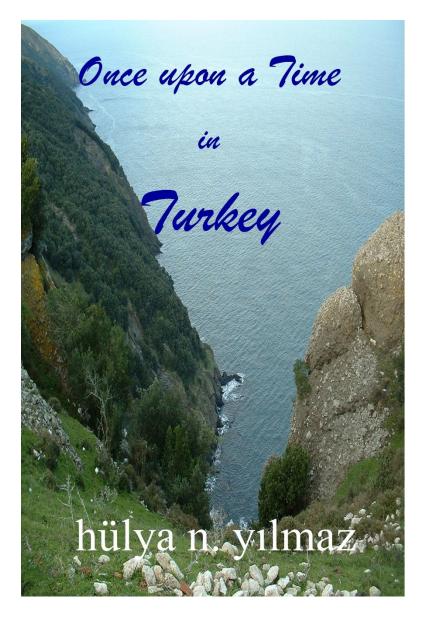
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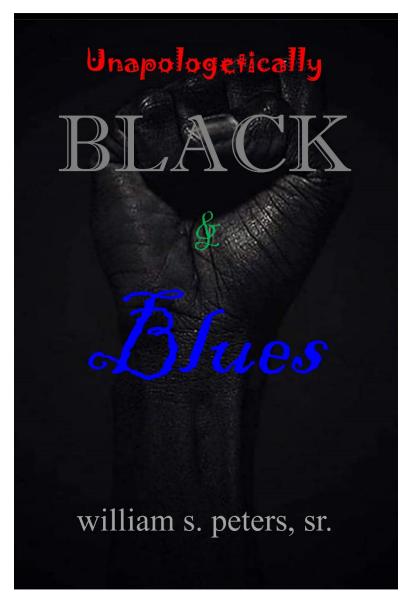
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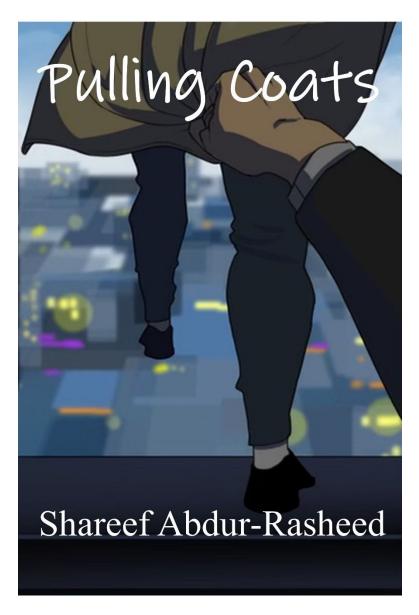


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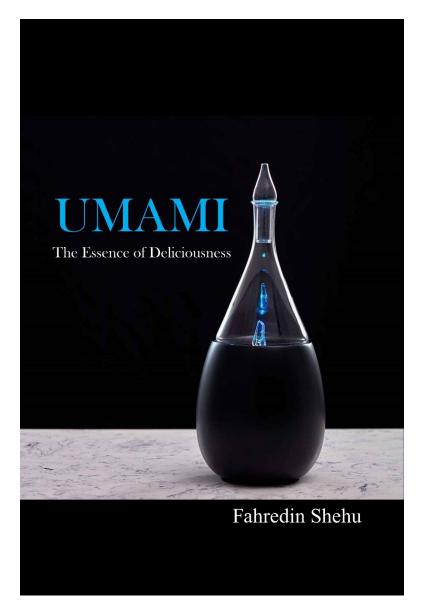


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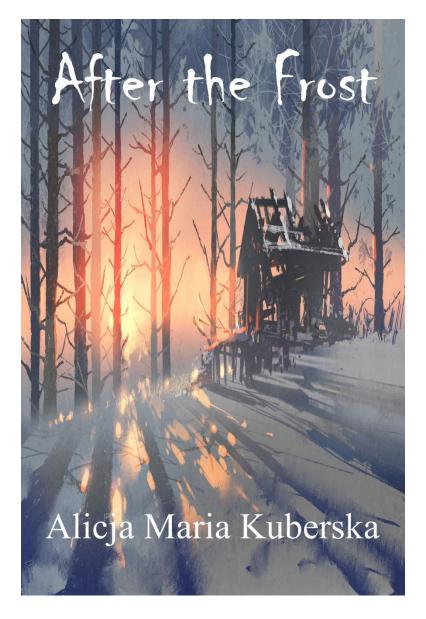
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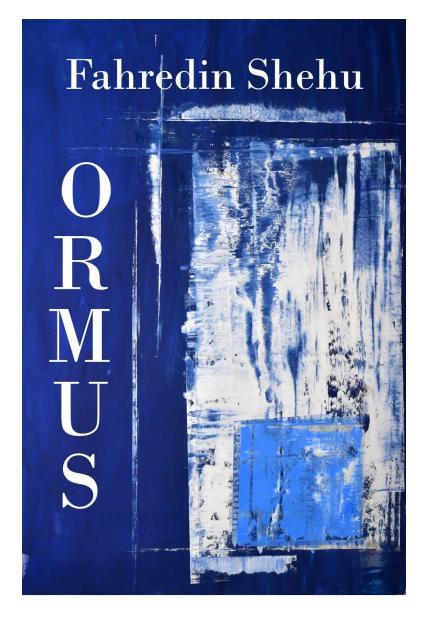
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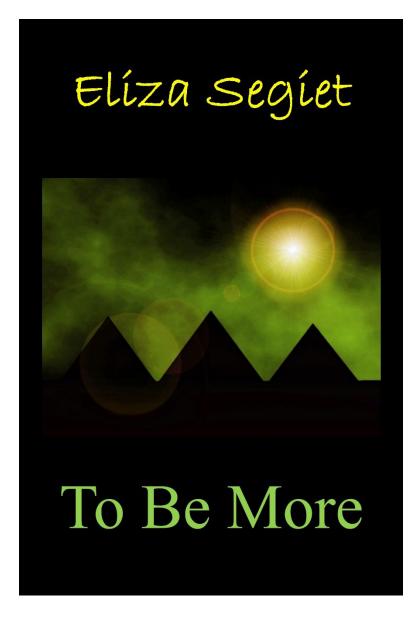
Ahead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages



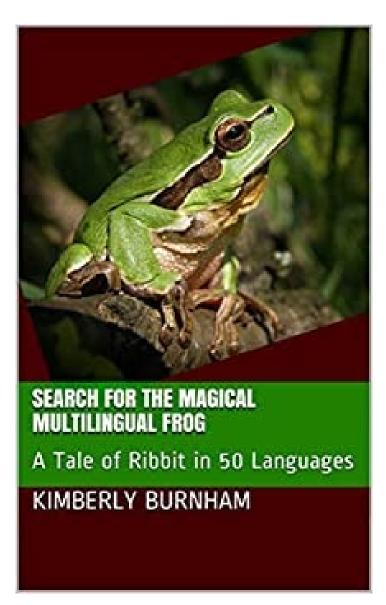
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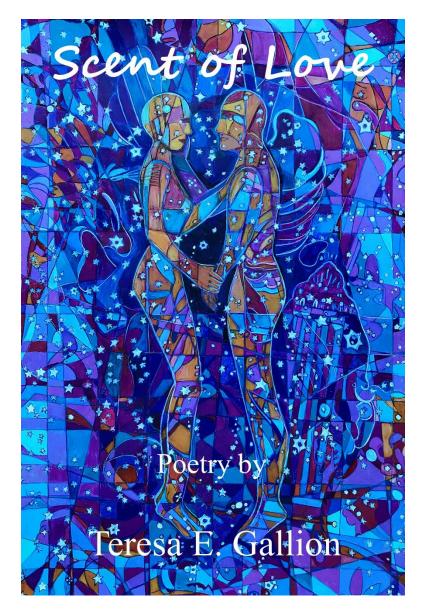
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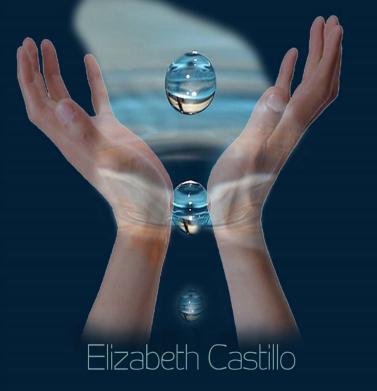
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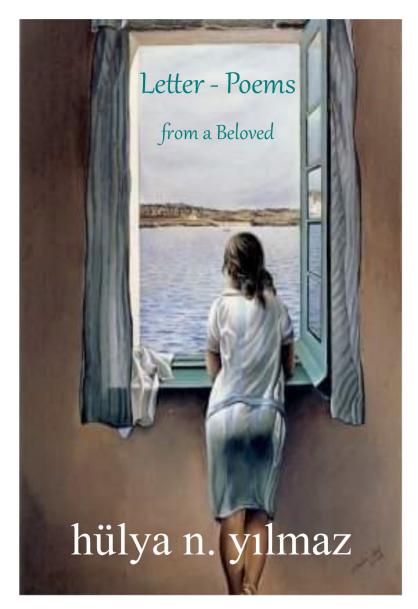
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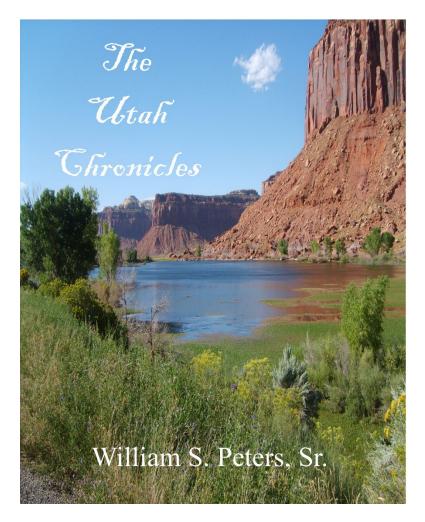


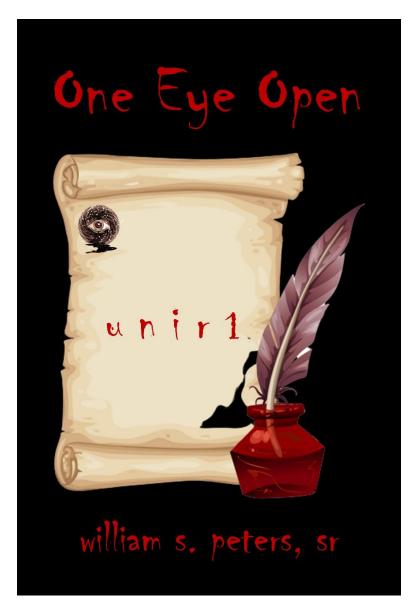


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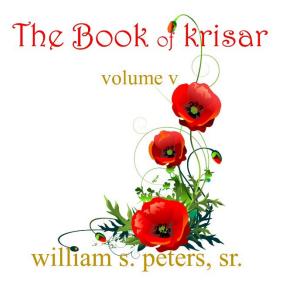






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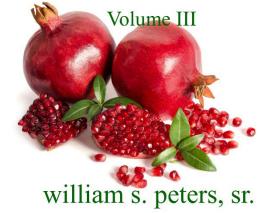
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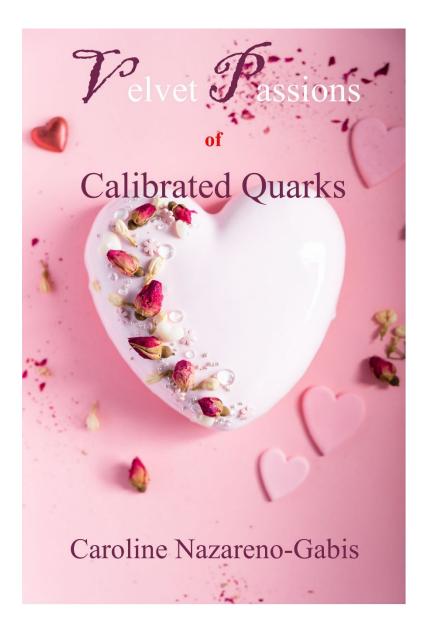
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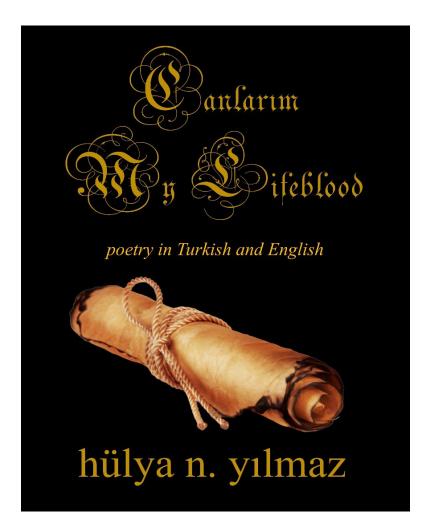
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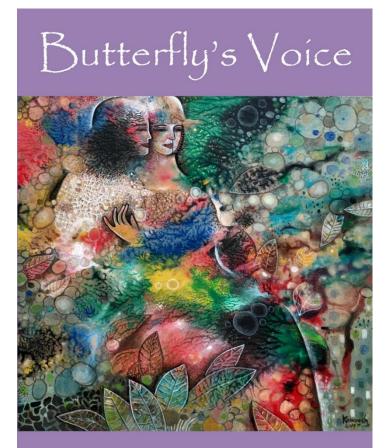
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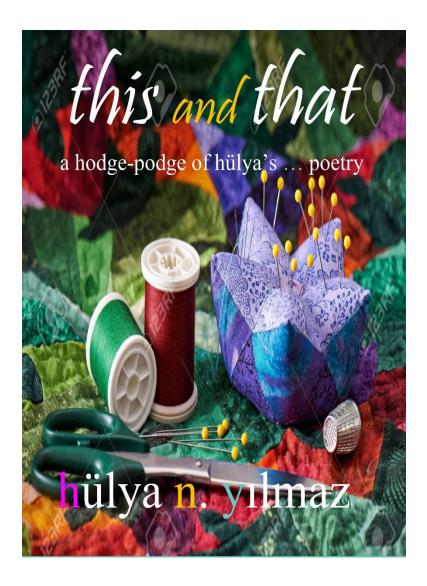
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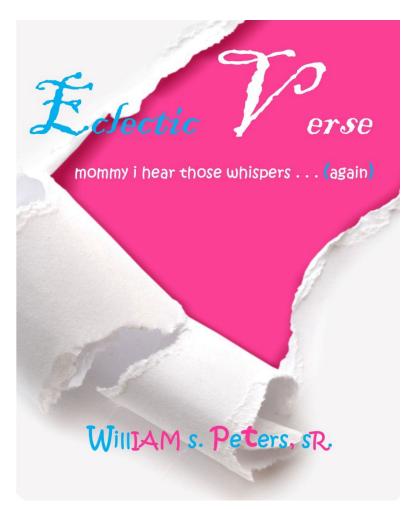


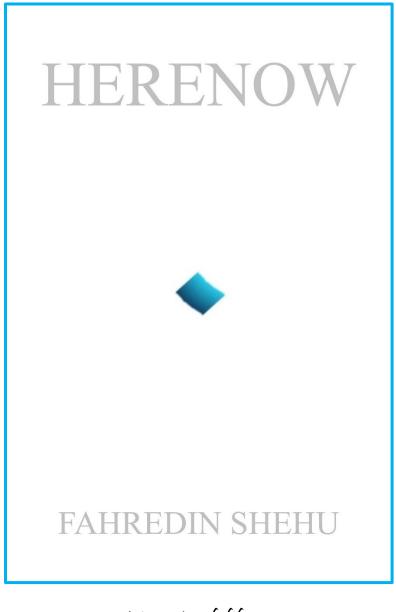
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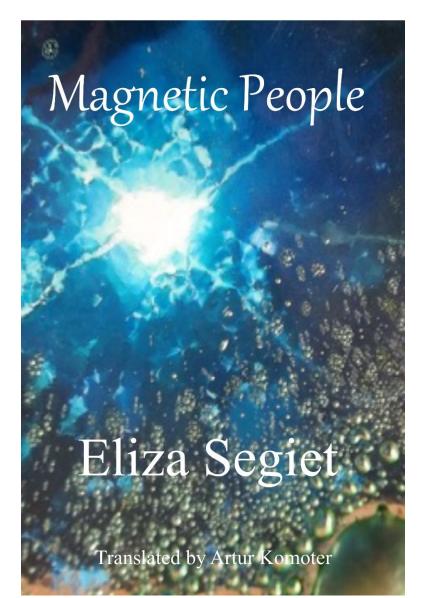
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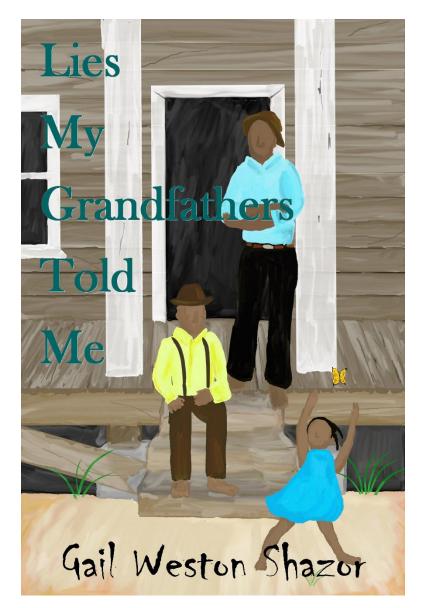


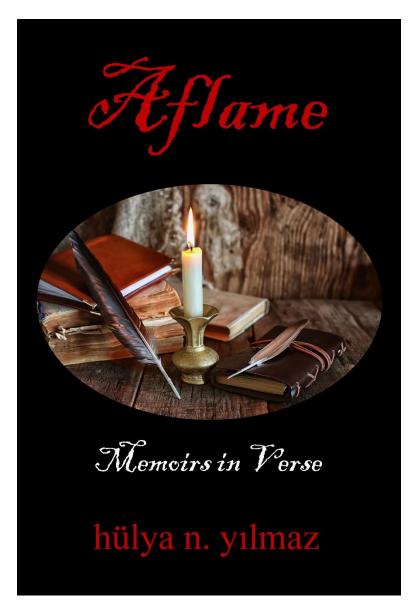


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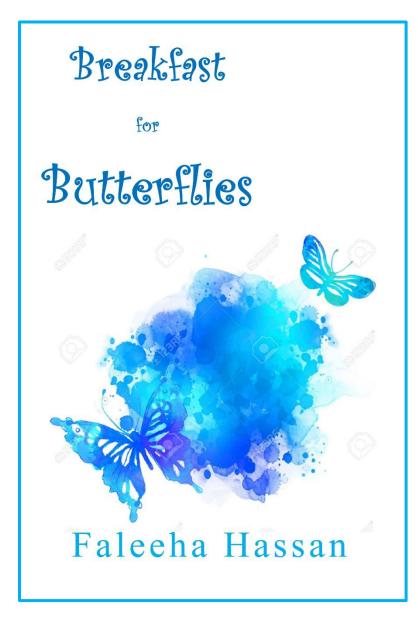
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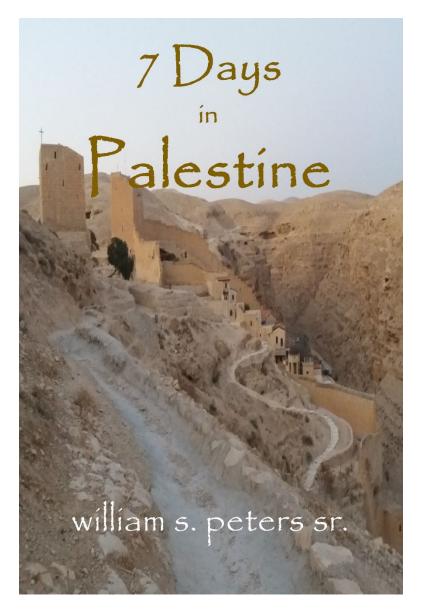








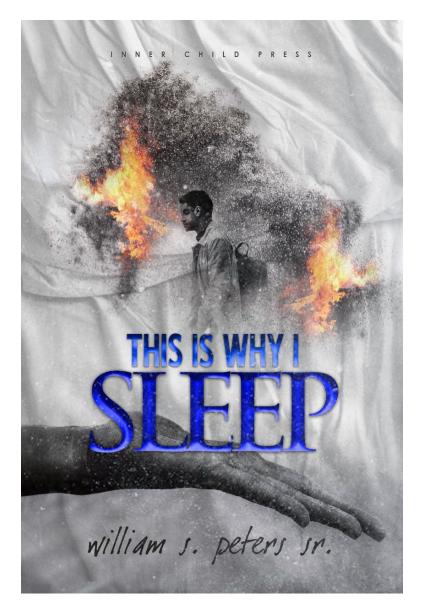
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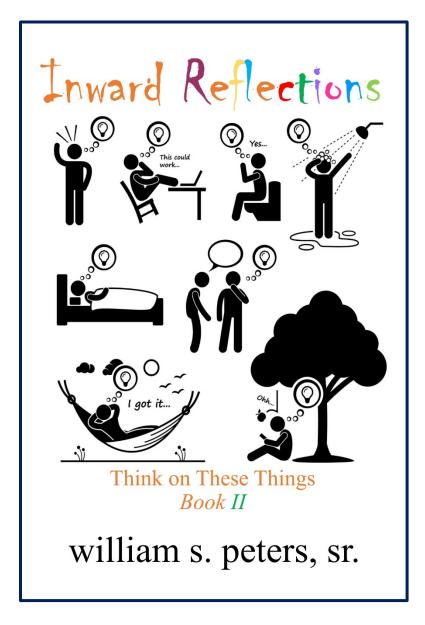




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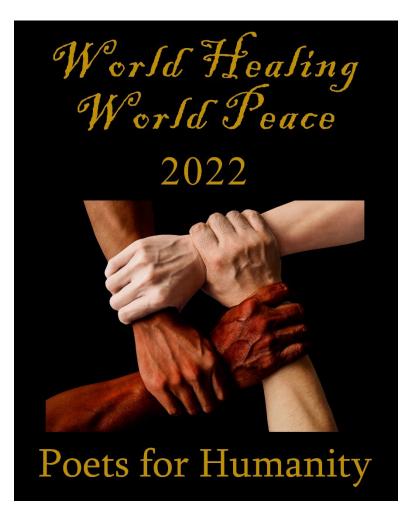
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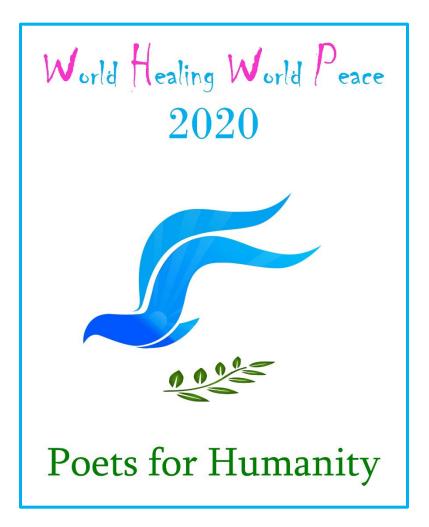
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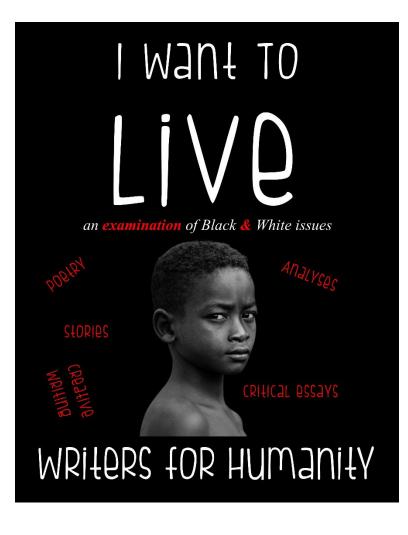


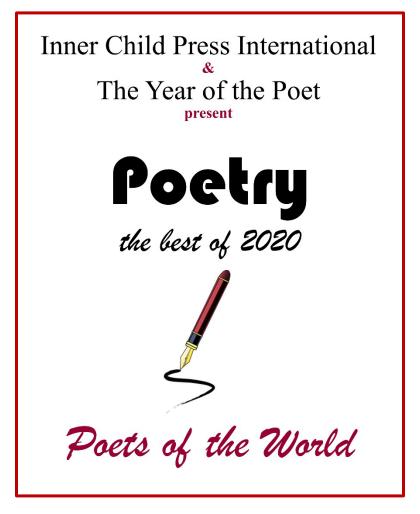
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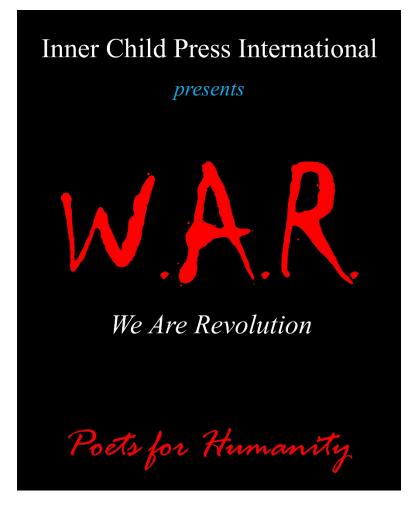


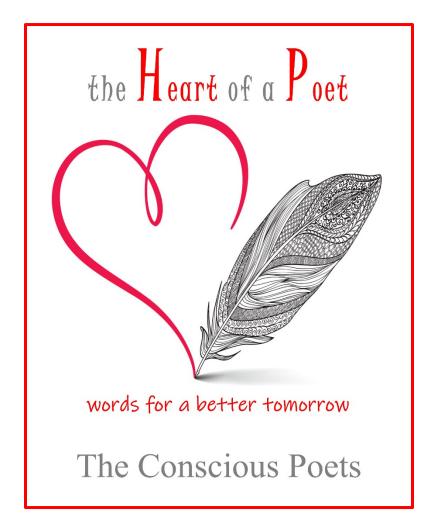
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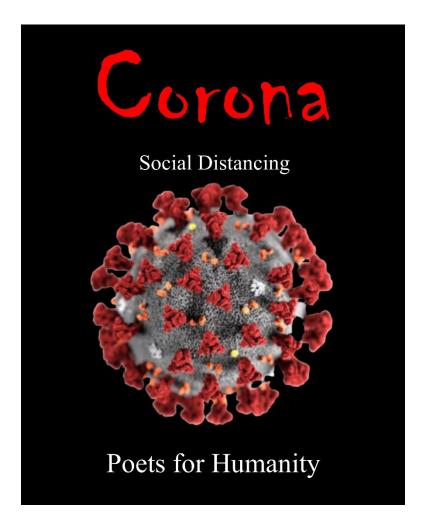
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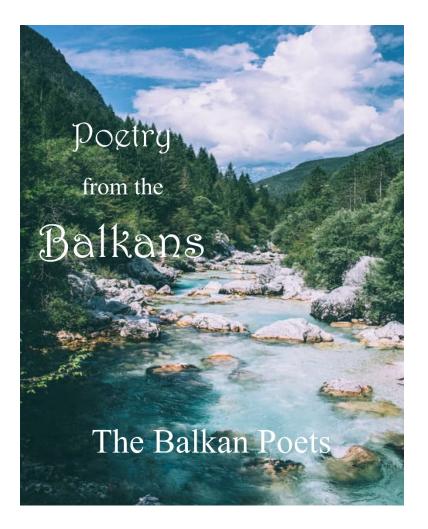


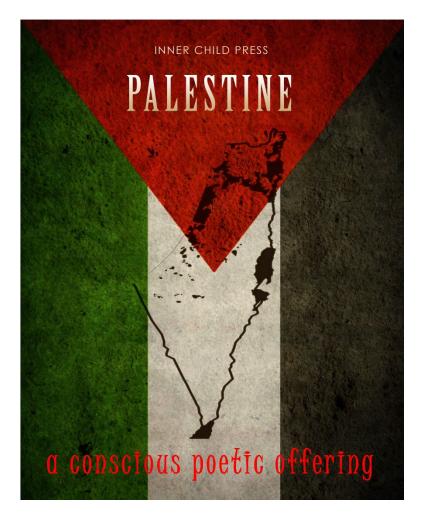


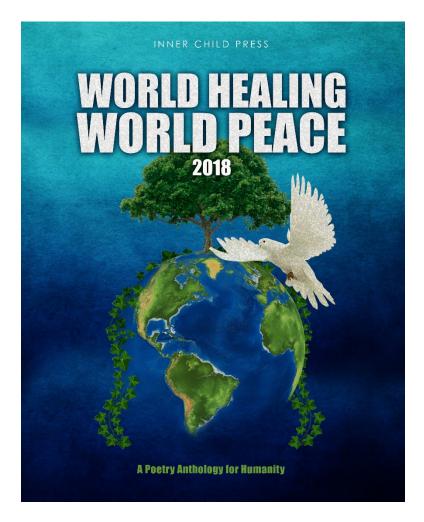


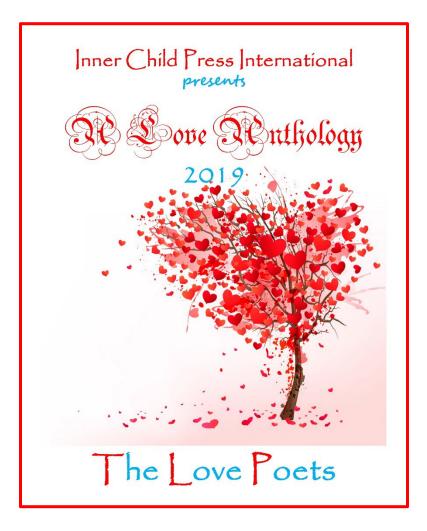






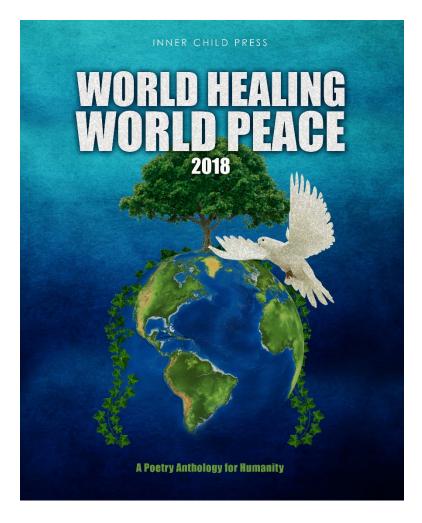






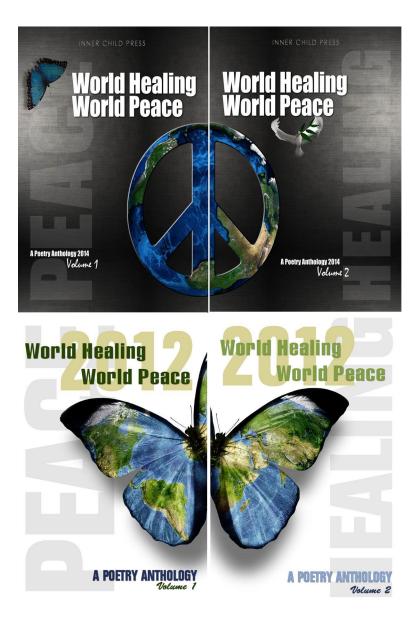
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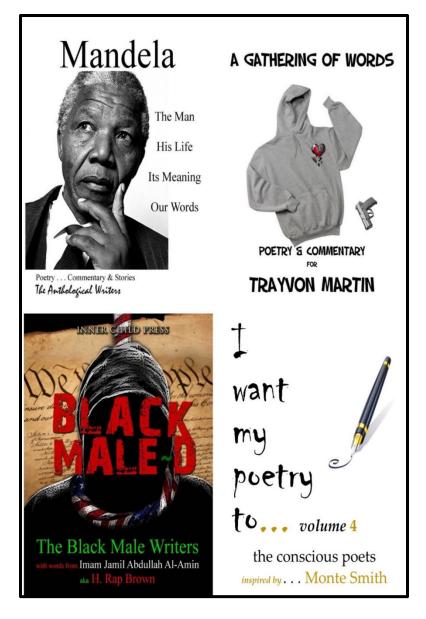


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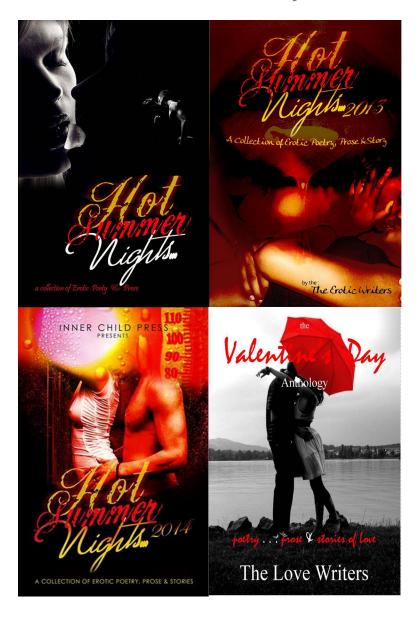
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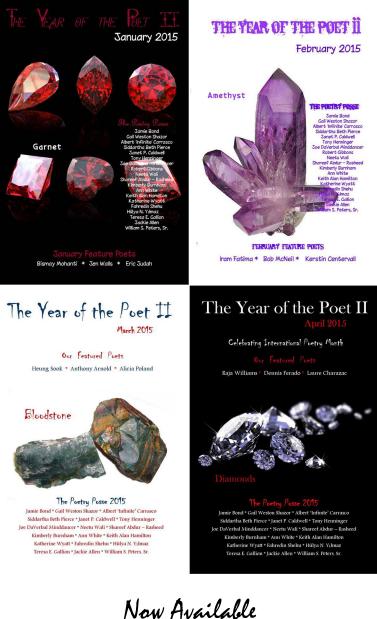
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The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



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The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert †Infinite' Carraco Siddartha Beth Fierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Herminger De Daverbal Mindancer * Nettu Waii * Shareet Abdum – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hilya N Yihmaz Teresa E. Callion * Jackie Allen * William S Peters Sr.

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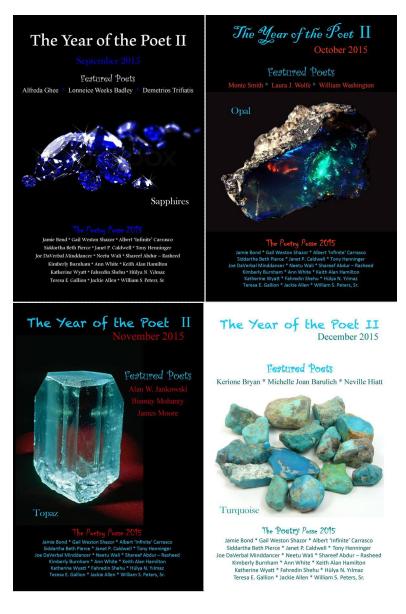
August 2015

Peridot Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz

The Poetry Posse 2015

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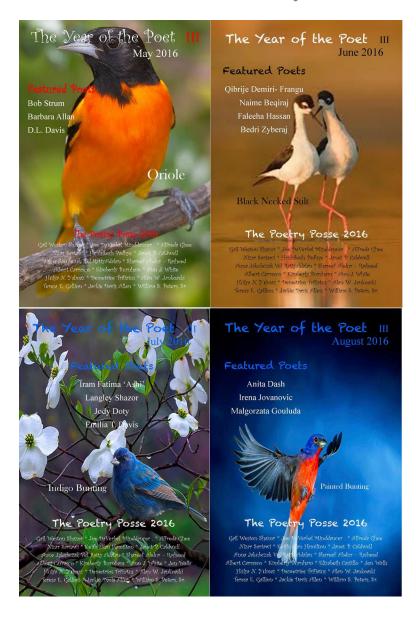
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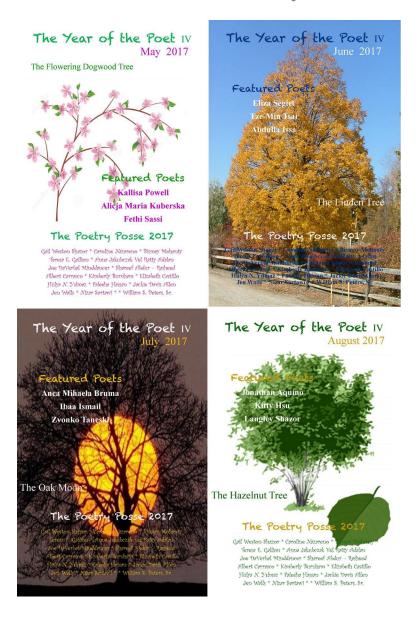
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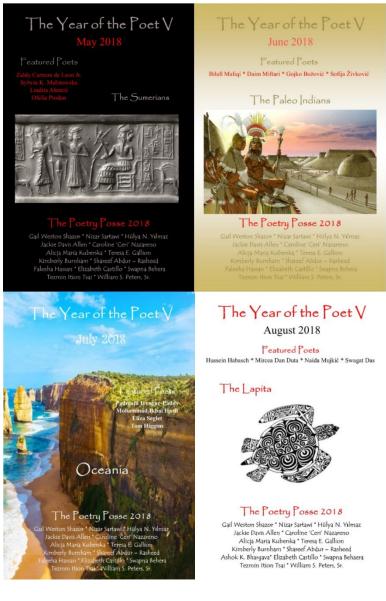
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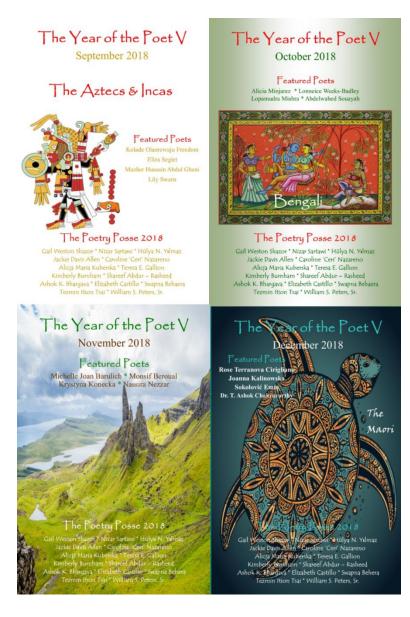
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Featured Poets

Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

Featured Poets Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

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March 2019

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Poetry Posse 2019 Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

Dream Catcher

Enesa Mahmić * Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud * Anwer Ghani



The Caribbean

Gail Weston Shapor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıcıa Maria Kuberska * Tenesa E. Gallon * Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Svapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the April 2019

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carasoo * Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayaya * Elizabet Castillo * Swanna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

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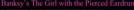


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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan





Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jab Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carasson Huliya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hon Tsai "William S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Falceha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



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The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



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May 2021

Featured Global Poets Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



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The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets Iram Jaan * Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Lan Qyqalla

Goncalao Mabunda



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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets Alonzo "zO" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Caroline Laurent Turune [®] Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha [®] Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



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September 2021

Featured Global Poets

Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



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November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



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October 2021

Featured Global Poets

C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



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The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



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Featured Global Poets Yuan Changming * Azeezat Okunlola Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

Featured Global Poets Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

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The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets Clarena Martínez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children : Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma The Poetry Posse 2023

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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

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The Year of the Poet X April 2023

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

Children : Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin The Poetry Posse 2023

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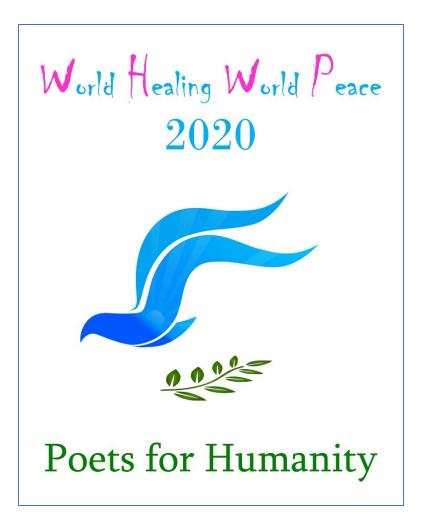
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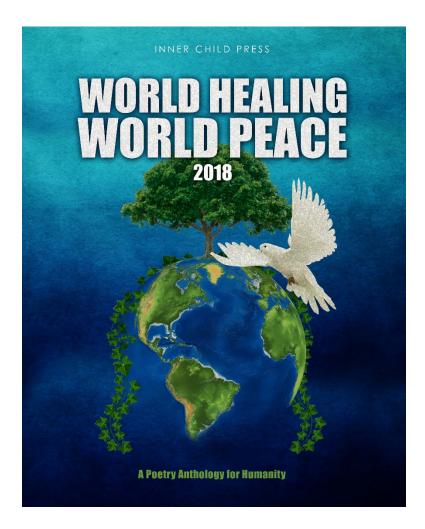
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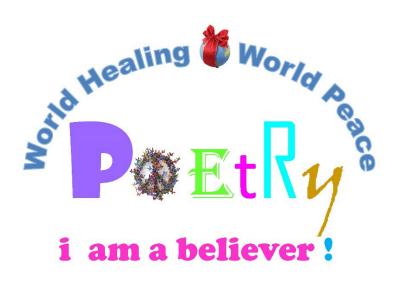


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2024



February 2024 ~ Featured Poets



Caroline Laurent Turunç



Julio Pavanetti



Lidia Chiarelli



Lina Buividavičiūtė



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