Featured Poets

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

The Poetry Posse 2019

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



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

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The Poetry Posse

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 $\Psi_{\text{edication}}$

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . . The Poetry Posse past, present & future our Patrons and Readers the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse &

> the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

West and Central Africa

I wish to look at West Africa and Central Africa from the socioeconomic and political aspect.

West and Central Africa are vast regions . The countries within these two regions were majorly colonised by the French. So, for this reason French language is commonly used among the people of these region in addition to English and the various native languages. Most people from these two regions have very strong ties with the French.

Politically West and Central Africa regions have experienced political turmoil for many years. There has been instability in these two regions of Africa. Various governments within these two regions have had challenges as far as democracy and human rights are concerned. A lot needs to be done to strengthen democracy and respect for human rights within these two regions. Cases of political rebellion are rampant here. There is also increase in violations of human rights. These are regions where child soldiers are found and terrible violations of women rights.

The economic situation in West and Central Africa is no better. Due to political instability in these two regions, the economy here has also worsened. High inflation rate, unemployment among young people and poor infrastructural development can be observed in these regions. A lot must be done to help change the situation in these regions.

Hillary Mainga Director The Hillary Mainga Foundation Busia County, Kenya

 \sim * \sim

The Hillary Mainga Foundation was established in 2005 with the main objective of supporting education of needy children in Kenya and for socioeconomic support of women, youths and the poor elderly persons. This foundation has since helped many children's acquire their education and a number of women and youths have been economically supported through their community groups. However the foundation has had its own challenges majorly in funding its activities as it purely depends on individual well wishers whose donations cannot support many activities as its unreliable. Also the number of needy children who actually require educational support is very high and the foundation lack resources to support all those needy children. This foundation therefore appeals to well wishers ,groups and organizations to come forward for partnership with a view of helping it to achieve its objectives of supporting education of needy children and communities socioeconomically.





Comntact information :

hillarymaingafoundation@yahoo.com



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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$



\mathcal{D}_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As are on our way to hitting another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past Cultures. This year we have elected to continue the Cultural theme. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

In closing, we would like to thank you for being an integral part of our amazing journey.

Enjoy our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

Bless Up . . . From the home in our hearts to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational PS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry effort.

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

For Free Downloads of Previous Issues of The Year of the Poet

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



Central and West Africa



Central and West Africa has a history that predates that of the European continent coming of age. Since then, Africa, and specifically Centran and West Africa has ehe onslaght of Misionaries, Colonizers, Slave Traders and Resource Theievs. These invaders were primarily made up of the Dutch, English, French, Spanish, and whomever else that saw these regions of Africa as a opportunity to enrich themselves and their regimes. Much of the art and other cultural items were plundered and transported back to their native countries. One of the largest holocaust' occurred in the Congo and surrounding region at the hands of many despots to include King Leopold, Cecil B. Rhodes, Napolean and many more. The Germans invaded and colonized various regions which are now know as Cameroon, Tanzania, Uganda, and Namibia. Their reach also extended beyond the west to the Pacific ocean thereby

givining cause to and leaving uncountable casualties and suffering in their wake.







The Ygar of the Pogt VI April 2019

The Poetry Posse

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

Gail Weston Shazor



This is a creative promise \sim my pen will speak to and for the world. Enamored with letters and respectful of their power, I have been writing for most of my life. A mother, daughter, sister and grandmother I give what I have been given, greatfilledly.

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" & Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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Thunder and Lightening

Where just a sliver of light Finds its way into loam The depression created By thunder bounces Against the sky erratically And I reach for your hand Winding my breath around The forefinger and thumb Because I want my heart held We talk of sex With the honesty of expectations That occur naturally and with a Spontaneity in a lifetime Of familiarity Time has no hold on this Our kinetic friendship Because I knew you Long before I was meant For you to find in places unlooked It is here in the darkest moments With your back against The sturdy spine of trees I can fit inside the palms That rest against the bent hip Of my softness, gentleness The coaxing of calmness Against the temperance of a quickening And I am no longer alone Within this lightening storm I keep hidden those words Said in haste but always Measured against the moment

Of someone else's parting Of our enclosed solitude The pain of which has faded In learning what is important about My heart locked into the space Between thumb and forefinger And yours ever in my soul

A Senryu a Haiku, a Nonet, a Couplet and a dream

Greying dreams transmute Old memories into dust Across still water

Drums always will beat Requiring attention Of a calling sound

The Movement Make cadence Of the sounds Gathered on the wind The breath of whispering And the black soil of the earth The offering of new rainfalls Until it is now in completion

I threw the jagged edges of the broken pieces Into the rising sun

Two Continents

I weave you into my net Each knot a reminder Of why you are here In the creases of my fingers The dust that travels From my Sahara to yours Tightens the bond Of remembrances And I smile at the cuts Across the pads of my thumbs And I wish for the rains

And I wish for the rains To carry this bottle Containing all my love From this shore to that one You, verdant and lush Me, arid and dry Until we both get to the ocean Where my thirst is slacked And your flow stemmed There the flowers grow In the joining

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: "The Glass Reality". Her second volume "Analysis of Feelings", was published in 2012. The third collection "Moments" was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - "Virtual roses" and volume of poems "On the border of dream". Next year her volume entitled "Girl in the Mirror" was published in the UK and "Love me", " (Not)my poem" in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled "The Other Side of the Screen".

In 2016 she edited two volumes: "Taste of Love" (USA), "Thief of Dreams" (Poland) and international anthology entitled "Love is like Air" (USA). In 2017 she published volume entitled "View from the window" (Poland). She also edits series of anthologies entitled "Metaphor of Contemporary" (Poland)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, the USA, the UK, Albania, Belgium, Chile, Spain, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, Czech Republic, South Korea and Australia. She was a featured poet of New Mirage Journal (USA) in the summer of 2011.

Alicja Kuberska 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.

Nigeria

Where are the speakers proclaiming fiery words of indignation? Where are politicians issuing moving condolences? Where are the journalists howling genocide? Where are priests of all religions praying for the dead? Where are you humans? Where? The contemporary world resembles a cup Filled itself to the brim Hypocrisy, duplicity and mendacity, I accuse you of the sin of mute indifference. Nigeria is crying with tears of blood. Soaking in the mass graves Of her children.

It is she

We pass each other nearly every day, Distance of fear between us. Life forces us to mutual disregard and acceptance. At times, like an unruly child, she will spoil something, To garner attention, to arrest with a gesture.

I see her in the wind, which carelessly Turns over the withering leaves And standing proudly erect in stalks stiffened by frost. She paints shriveled trees gray, breaks limbs with a crack. She is mute in the clenched throats of birds, She stares with glassy eyes.

She is all-around and she reminds us of her presence. She patiently explains the meaning of certainty. I know she does not allow us to take anything, When she plays the requiem and invites eternal sleep
Autumn love

You kissed me. I felt a bittersweet taste in my mouth. I closed my eyes. In my imagination I saw the park. Do you remember? You said we were like two trees in autumn.

Look, naive, youthful thoughts flew off -frivolous, migratory birds. The first chill chased them. Their joyous trill, glorifying a perfect love, rang out. Delusions fell to the ground like leaves, rotting and turning to dust. We are firmly rooted in the soil of everyday life. 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 Bachelors 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.

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

African Trees

I am me, More than your eyes can see.

In shades of black, brown, Chocolate, mocha and everything In between. I'm a God given-gift!

I may have even descended From a King! Or a Queen!

Maybe, perchance If you would but open your eyes,

You'd be surprised To find my skin color is found All around the world.

> That my roots reach all the way back To the continent of Africa.

> > My unknown ancestors Hid from soul-less monsters.

Yet, like animals they were tossed Into the stinking belly of a ship. Beaten, starved, many died. All enslaved, sailing far away from home. From Africa. Eventually, sold at the market.

> DNA say's I've family ties Both in Central and Western Africa.

One day, God willing, I'll go back there, see for my self. But, have you heard of Henry Gates? With the tools of technology, He's discovering African Trees!

Heart of the Poet

There is no question That the seasons are changing. And that time still marches on, Regardless of whether or not I use my gifts and talent.

Yet, can you comprehend how amazing It was for me to discover my dusty, dormant gifts, Lying unopened behind the prideful door?

> And can you imagine How surprised I was To discover the key. To unlocking them, was to use them More and more?

Today, O Lord, humbly and gratefully I celebrate! For it is in the investment of my creativity That they have been multiplied!

It all seems quite amazing That I am living with no regrets! For it is in the tasting and savoring of my gifts That the newest portrait Of my life is being painted.

O Lord, I humbly and gratefully thank you: My days are filled with purpose and passion. May others find the key that unlocks their identity!

What is Joy?

Come with me

And we will hike through the mountains. And escaping into our daydreams, We will pluck wildflowers for our hair! We will leap over boulders and peek Into days gone by.

Do you remember when we were young? We roamed through the ancient mountains Where caves and waterfalls fueled our Childhood dreams and fantasies Of days soon to be long gone by, One of us losing a shoe.

Do you remember a day in the mountains, The two of us, hands clutching thickened vines, Our entwined legs wrapped around? And how We attempted to make those Tarzan yells? And how the vine broke and the two of us Tumbled down the side of the mountain?

Let us relive these childhood moments When we hiked through the mountains And escaped into our daydreams. With wildflowers tucked into our hair, Let us leap, once again Into unadulterated joy!

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is a professor at Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries and have been translated into more than a dozen languages.

That Pink Clouds Always Like to Follow Us

Sunset leads dusk. In the small alley All turned into long oblique shadows We get rely on so close Do not try to eavesdrop on, the road with the pink clouds Fireflies seem so mysterious under the shade Bypassing the backyard, Magnoli higher than the wall Aroma of the flowers hastily proclaim the advent of night Our two-hand more tightly Let the little yellow mud road, only suit to walk slowly

The memories still fresh laughs loudly and scared Maniac informal bouncing and vivacious still in sight Watching you, Awoke This winding road, with over thirty years of effort Day by day, Step by step Was printed on yellow mud, how many pebbles Near the thin soil, Oxalis flower still sneaking around What happened? When your hair black and white mixed but so clear? Gently stroking, hanging forehead hair Both distressed and pleased Fortunately, your eyebrows did not follow into white

Small ditches less than half a foot At the bottom of the path Missed my footing, how you get giggled so mischievous Just Like you were in youth Implying, Pink clouds deliberately teasing the memory box In the past, Maniac uninhibited dance Now you and I both need a hand gently hold

Return on, The Magnolia also sneaking around waiting Silence like a fairy Pick them off one, hanging on your hair You finally shy in silence But more than this floral scent To be able to stop the night To take you away from quietly Please moon to illuminate the path home But I can't find the slightest drowsiness

Yellow Butterflies visit Michelia

Into the front of the yellow dirt road Vaguely, appear a corner of the old home Under the red cream tile When the old man' figure in our family less one again In a spirit of fear back home With joy and miss Playing barefoot, yellow soil is so sticky Mother's call even in the ears with the slightest reverberation Like the dream before wake up

Butterflies still visit the Michelia in our courtyard Blankly memories, that year the Michelia celebrate with bearing a red fruit for my for my birth The only one red fruit Mother always said that's my baby I could not help but giggle and giggle laugh Until today, finally know that the original sinking fruit actually is my mother Michelia no longer bears fruits Just like That yellow butterflies are still visiting the Michelia Always silently, Facing at each other with me

Window

Should be said so Voyeuristic desires Strongly occupied my mind from childhood Maybe I am a born bad Cotyledons Always know how to One step ahead Board the newly built wall And then never leave

Gradually dark each day That little lonely lamp full house yellow At the moment, be moved by that scene of mother feeds baby Suddenly, Respect for the novice father cover the baby with a quilt Did not notice, the sun and the moon turns hurried footsteps outside When my little master learned Secretly riding on my shoulder to respond The call of childhood from the downstairs

In fact, always more than just Even obediently close the curtains Spring love to set off a corner at midnight Prick up ears Eavesdropping the love songs lingering all night

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

Drum cries

lament millions died drum roll cries " so many souls, so many died " so many raped, violate, subjugate, humiliate,

drum cries

" dam you want me to tell you? you want to know about motherland cradle of all humanity yet historically drenched in humility exploited constantly you hear West Africa you hear Slavery

drum cries

Mfers you hear me, kidnapped me, separated my people from me till dem not know dem from me stripped identity stripped resources from my body your Europeans armed, harmed me

drum cries

" our blackness demonized taken by surprise packed in slave ships many not to survive the trip of those that did many wished they too didn't arrive greeted by the whip dehumanized, bought, sold a people they stole drum tells story not his-story this land home of all humanity enriched naturally diamonds, gold, silver, iron ore, only scratch the surface great civilizations, centers of scientific knowledge Mali empire, Mansa Musa they performed eye surgery while Europe languished in poverty, relative obscurity, irrelevantly yet they came English, Dutch, French, Portuguese, Germans raped me, uprooted my family

drum cries

" You want a story, history of what happened to me a land of beauty, majesty, birthplace of humanity? "

it would take many sunrises, sunsets yet the story would only begin so much the history of Africa and Africans "

listen to the drum

it still cries

food4thought = education

hitting..,

the path walked long before you were born narrow filled complete with thistles, thorns broken glass, body remains turned ashes blood stains splashed on the narrow but straight path all signs point, righteous was here carrying great weight to bare kept eye on prize overcame fear even though the prize often seemed far hardly near they knew the promise of Allah(swt) is true worth the wait what's waiting for you faithful slaves who were willing and gave the world away for a better place that never goes away feared their lord and judgement day to enjoy gardens beneath which rivers flow with milk and honey time don't go nobody grows old unlike the plight of the crooked path looks good wide and smooth says " come on we got something for you to adore, it will adore you, you'll keep wanting more it keeps wanting you" sounds profound, too good to be true that's why this path is made to look, sound to accommodate you hem you in sin hypnotize, misguide

the glitter takes you by surprise blinds spiritual eyes on this path seemingly a smooth ride is deception, element of surprise waiting to lay waste to misguide mankind who hurried in haste left the prize behind, lost the race never to taste heavenly wine, silk pillows recline, dine with those who wisely took the path free of wrath divine bliss bestowed on those who chose and pursued this ultimate, eternal, merciful gift and ultimately enjoy the last laugh that comes with it.

food4thought = education

as flowers..,

wither, leaves fall, birds make their winter sojourn seeking relief everything's brief things we seek words we speak thoughts we think as is youth dem flee truth remains steady illusion brings plenty false conclusions especially if it leads to delusions because humans don't like reality though true words can survive to stay alive in hearts and minds as those put to pen may collect dust can but once again thrust into relevance when situations emerge life has a way with words impact retention fact of the matter is, life's reality has a way of getting one's attention yo..word!

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, 33 years later, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham

Yorùbá Concept of Peace

Language evolves the Yorùbá word for peace is "àlàáfíà" all is well in all aspects of life peace at both individual and social levels with a handful of "ìrépò" harmony and a dollop of "ìsòkan" unity

components all of "àlàáfià ìlú" peace in society

Language evolves "àlàáfià" some say borrowed from the Hausa "lafiya" good health borrowed from Arabic "afiyah" health while other words continue to explore a way of thinking and being "örê" peace and calm "itelorun" contentment "ifokanbale" lack of worry "sùúrù" peace and patience

Languages evolves some focused more on wellbeing and balance others health and peace seeing the individual an integral part of the cosmic forces elements and nature balanced "àlàáfíà" and with "zaman lafiya" in Hausa comes a sense of inner peace

Peace Baskets

In a bright blue and white dress with dark and light shades of blue she smiles out at me through the camera across the miles behinds her a mountain of baskets intense red and white black with green juxtaposed and I wonder at her smile the text next to her picture tells me she from the Huye district of Rwanda a survivor of genocide a member of the "Agaseke k'Amahoro" Cooperative "amahoro" the peace she works toward with split bamboo and raffia the leaves of a palm tree native to tropical Africa and Madagascar she creates one basket at a time broken lines of black wind round and round through the white woven strands of "Agaseke k'Amahoro" peace baskets that hold flowers, clothing and blankets side by side with hopes and dreams of "amahoro"

An Ancient Peace

In the Oldupai Gorge seat of an ancient civilization the Maasai of Kenya and Tanzania say "eseriani" not only for peace but togetherness communication, health and ultimately the peace of mind that characterize this birthplace of humans this "place of peace" "eseriani"

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

Nomads of Sahel

Blessed are you -With your rugged terrain Nestled in the Sahara Desert, In the long forgotten land of Mali.

In a brief sojourn, one can see-The eclectic life of the Fulani, "Blue men of the desert" they are called Clothed in mystic, indigo robes and turbans.

Children of Sahel -Born in a semi-arid steppe country, Running on dry soil, famished Victims of civil war, drought, and large-scale migration.

Indigo Child

I am not of this world i came from an abysmal chaosbut from this beautiful chaos, Desiderata was borna child of the Universe, precious and golden a lovely old soul beyond time and spaceoften misunderstood by mediocre mindsbut applauded by great free thinkers i long for a world enveloped in serenityinhabited by empaths with great sensitivity a loner I may be but this is who I ambut i've got this deep connection with things around me an indigo girl at birthmy temporary sanctuary is the Earth lonewolves gather at my feetfor i am their Goddess in human form.
Cosmogonic Love

If your star and my star accidentally aligned in their intertwining paths,
It's not their fault that you and I suddenly collide
Collide in these cosmic hues of forbidden territory,
A million of eons away, we were two kindred souls who were destined to meet
In a world of oblivion where imperfection is dreaded,
Though we must love one another's imperfections to recognize it is really True Love...
Beyond time and space, beyond universes, beyond the limit of light years
You and I were destined to cross each other's galaxies
A billions constellations will guide you on your way to me For the King and Queen of this Cosmogonic Love to finally meet.





Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike a cord with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Are You Just Another Land Motherland

will I know you from memory motherland? My early drawings are reminiscent of yours Sidewalks and brick walls tell of me Carved stones and empty tombs tell of you

Am I missing from your history? I'm center stage to your misery Can I go to a place not known as home? Can I feel a sense of security? Who are you Africa?

Center of the world center of debate Topical tropical deserted and abandoned Expected to go back land Is this all the resources you got man? There is a beauty to you Africa

Dark blues follow fallen skies And there's a star to the east Is your land under my feet? The bridge of my nose seemed posed Like stones to braided chin Pyramids of life from the death of men

Statues here tell me a different tale Can I get away from my mental state? Can I truly be free of hate if I go there? Africa

Are you just another land motherland?

House Tiger

She flicks her tail and lies in wait Honey mustard yellow and cream The Serengeti connection is clear in her chi Sage and high energy ground rosehips She nudges my hand away purring

Purring a yawn with beautiful fangs Stretching out her claws to swipe a treat Fuzzy little teardrop lay by my side to sleep I dare not move as I lay like prey

Feeding time has no schedule She plays when she wants you A gaze like who are you? Finicky little she is my pet

Desert sand in a litter box Jungle trees in my closet Leaping creeping as she fast attacks It seems a plastic bag entered her terrain

Exploratory creature in nature of square footage Let me brush my hoodie free my furniture burnisher and turn pieces My inhouse beasty Sucking trough my teeth speech and she comes

She made the case to try slides My shoe laces have bye Nocturnal eyes glow in darkness Her legion roves through darkness House Tiger purrs

Ocean To Ocean

My east is your west Africa Atlantic waters of common souls I can't speak of known treasures Your butterflies cause my weather And the beaches erode on both plains We were joined at the hip long ago city country city and we split Rejoined by sailing ships West of my east and we can't sleep So many babies born in poverty I see your flies do you see my casualties Ocean to ocean come and talk to me I'll walk on vacation sands and white beaches Taste the fruit fresh plucked from greed I'd love to talk a little bit more About your riches and history Your culture your diversity Climate change aside they tell me you're hot While I slumber in the summer of shared dreams Ocean to ocean follow me east

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in TelePoem Booth, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülya has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper of self and writes creatively to attain a sense comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

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The Igbu Landing

Denial came as it still tends to do. "It's only a legend", shouted the well-to-do. In his time or now, he was no legend however, Roswell King, the white overseer. His ink had mastered a horrifying account; Not far away, but from a plantation nearby. Pierce Butler was the name of the God-forsaken place Where the white overseer once again put history to shame. Those died in mass suicide were given not one single name.

Dunbar Creek

It is etched in history's fair ink, So, let their freedom-speech be our link: Their high chief led the fatal march.

The marshy waters of Dunbar Creek May have never even imagined to seek Such suffering, such pain, such a sacrifice.

Many drowned bodies were later found. Though it fails us, an actual account There is no reason for us to doubt . . .

75 Igbu slaves had committed themselves To a mass suicide on that dark day in 1803. Each of them only wanted to be free, Nothing unlike you and me.

The Gullah Folklore

As a story of resistance, unlike many others Comes to us the still-bleeding Igbu-slave-struggles. They were held captive by the white men. In sum, his bloody story was at it again!

Death over slavery, therein lies the Igbu-strength. African folklore lends room to such courage at length. White His-tory tried to put all valid accounts on trial. Yet, post-1980-research laid out the facts with breadth.

The site of their passing onto their freedom through death Has in September, 2002 finally been pronounced "holy". It was the same St. Simons African American community That asked attendees to honor their ancestors' eternal rest.

As a story of resistance, unlike many others Comes to us the still-bleeding Igbu-slave-struggles. They were held captive by the white men. In sum, his bloody story was at it again!





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

Cameroon

The history of your geography and culture tells us the diversity of your cultures, beliefs, languages and lifestyles embrace stability and conflict blended with affluence and poverty. Your country has the nickname, Mini Africa.

Looking from the outside you appear resilient in spite of wars and conflicts surrounding you and upheavals within your own boundaries. You survive under the pressure of horrific violence, poverty, hunger, disease and sickness. One wonders what karmic burdens you inherited to showcase you as a small version of an entire Continent.

You still fight and kill each other in the 21st century. It seems to be the nature of Africa to resolve differences with violence just as all humans do across planet earth. Will humanity ever come to terms with the concept of living in harmony?

Bitter Memory

Hush hush bitter memory clutching my sleeveless jacket. Your salty tongue reaches

into the canyons of my body balanced on the high wire of my heart. Your saintly robes brush hard

against my skin. I want to face the day without you. Go back to your worm hole.

Wait until I am ready to sit next to you for my history lesson.

Continental Breakfast

Two boiled eggs, a bowl of cereal, yoplait yogurt and a cup of coffee. Breakfast on my private balcony.

The sweet melody of the river, the best dessert on the planet beats all the competition.

It is hard to focus on anything except the sound and light flowing in the river.

Reflecting on the moment as the stomach swells with food and gratitude.

At a loss for descriptive words to capture this moment. Notice the grin on my face.





Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

Africa

Mother Africa you are birthplace of humanity.

Mediterranean and Red Sea, Atlantic and Indian Ocean wash your feet and body.

Mighty rivers Nile, Congo, Niger, Zambezi and many more play in your lap.

Kilimanjaro stands guard to you. Lakes Victoria, quenches your thirst.

From your womb came Europe, Americas, Asia, Australia and far flung islands.

The selfishness enslaved you, chained your sons and daughters, and traded them.

There you are flourishing and blossoming again

after having forgiven everyone.

After all you're a kind mother of humanity

Thank you, Mother Africa.

Dolce Vita

Sometimes we just aren't given a choice.

There is profound sadness in full moon's blue cast.

It brings me joy I never thought possible.

I seek from that joy a direction to follow.

Unspoken

I wake up in my body and it wasn't that body anymore.

There are days I give up on my body. I think the life I want was the life I have had.

I want to be the water clinging to your roots.

With both hands in the soil I feel modesty of a new beginning splendour of a tiny sprout kneeling to the glory of God.

I hold it and wander into the surge of forever the unbroken time of infinity.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno



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

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Global Citizen's Philippines: Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

Dissent

I heard the languages of the poor, The slaves and the black men Tilling the soil, Burnt lips, thick eyebrows and kinky hair, Unfortunate hearts they seem. It may take a hundred of face towels To wipe their tears, But not the injustice planted Not the imprisoned fears That left them hanging on their own Grounds: hopeless, homeless moons.

Running The Race

the tiny lamp is the torch when south meets north with black and white horses on the green mountains running the race of downfall and heyday

the same hermano from near and distant far when left tells right he was reborn pleading on his bended knees founder of truth and great poetry he walks with barefoot vows nothing, for he sees no one but his true self.

yesterday

what's gone is not the ash of yesterday's impulses call it once, twice or even thrice of repeated mysteries the frequency of unexpected highs and lows in the premises of unmistakable truths, complete the existence in this four topsy turvy walls wanting winner's wands to get inside fortune gates there are prompt approvals, sometimes set to wait listen to the sound of emptiness, how it flows to the chants of tasteless chords, how it burns the unwanted words, how it goes to the channels of adversities here now, spread the wings to the wind of strength.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India .She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015 . Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017.. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award ,the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018, and The LIfe time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018 .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups ,the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.
I Am Only Seven Mama!!!

These two months Dear mama You and me in the force -fed tent You cooking couscous Boiling camel's milk And chicken soup Adding calories to my body of seven Thirty cheese purges Those gargantuan calories Your shouting to eat and drink continuously Only at half an hour break !! My belly swells up like a balloon To enhance my BMI; my curves Or maybe you give some drugs which I don't know Beaten by sticks No play to grow my breasts For man loves bumpy cheeks and fleshy body

Mama I feel sick I vomit ,I cry Am I a bulging puppet I get diabetes ,heart disease My kidney fails Enough is enough mama No more swallowing of food Give them to my starving brothers I want to live and play I love life mama My life is mine and not for the man I kiss you to have pity on me

I am only seven mama I love my life Allow me to live my life

This poem is dedicated to the tiny girls those who suffer for Leblouh which is a practice of force feeding in Mauritania, Western Sahara and Southern Morocco. It is a taboo. Couscous is a staple pasta dish an important food of Africa

Dumb Sequences Of A Sunday

sleepy morning ,cup of tea a smile, a news paper an amorous look hug in the kitchen hot Paratha and tomato sauce changing the calendar pages incessant sizzling of dimpled love dumb sequences marching forward on the ramp blowing the trumpet silently yet with glory aha! dumb sequences tickle, fickle, mingle, and zingle...... on a Sunday....

Paratha is a morning breakfast of India made up of wheat

The Zone Of My Sky

The zone of my feet Is the melody of the globe

The zone of my eyes Is not the map Or the shape It is my dream

The zone of my hands Is a[plate of rice to a refugee

The zone of my ears Is the voice of tears On the grin faces

The zone of my anthem Is the heart beat of a butterfly On the mast of a submarine

The zone of my sky Is as luminous as You and me

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong < > right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men < > life.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

http://www.lulu.com/us/en/shop/al-infinitecarrasco/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

Central Africa

Bonjour Como ce va Nzoni gango Bara mo Balaô Greetings in French and Sango. Hungry? You can enjoy rice, Cassava, Squash, pumpkin plantains, Okra and Gombo Melanin full skin glows with beauty, Ears, necks noses and wrist accented with jewelry. Traditional clothing include Pagne, agbada and Dashiki, Tops and bottoms are cut from the same cloth to match perfectly. The Congo river, Sahara, Lake Chad and the Zambezi, are a few of many places to go sightsee.

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. Ayo 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.

On point

If I didn't have gloves I used socks or rags to load my mags, had to make sure there was no prints on shells when protecting myself, kin, the trap and secured bags. Didn't wear fitted's, kept the darkies and my hoodie pulled tight, opp's couldn't give a descript they'll be like ... all I saw was his nose and lips... I got to peek while he changed clips. It was ill times, had to live that way, you could thank god for waking you up then get blown away an hour later that day. As soon as you opened your eyes you had to live as if someone wanted you dead and any second they're going to try, I got hit, that shit hurts I can't lie, nikkas tried to leave me stiff as if I stared into Medusa's eyes, I was leaking watchn momma cry, told myself, inf you cant slip again, as soon as shit pops, let shit fly. Thru the years dudes sent in their hit men, I sent back aviation, they never came back, that's message confirmation. The streets made me a beast, skills got better but my anger got worse, couldn't be everywhere at the same time, I could've prevented flatlines instead of following hearse after hearse.





After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

With specific regard to her creative writings, the author describes herself as being torn in her passion for engaging in two literary genres: Poetry and Drama. A similar dichotomy from within is reflected on Segiet's own words about her true nature: She likes to look at the clouds, but she keeps both of her feet set firmly on the ground.

The author describes her worldview as being in harmony with that of Arthur Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".

To Have Less

In the evening through the alleys seeps the music, Cesária Évora's voice

delights and calms.

Joy is painted on the faces.

Here everything is: - *no problem*, - *no stress*.

Sunk in delight, nowhere do they see evil, they do not share time

- it is theirs.

Tangled problems become nothing.

Here they understood that to have less means to be more.

Locals

In the sun, flicker the golden sands of the beaches. Around the earth scorched from the heat – patches of color, evoking the name of the islands.

Fields and hotel plazas turning green, bodies of the newcomers turning brown.

Smiling locals point out how little you need to enjoy the moment.

How little, - to discover joy in yourself.

Totem

The builder and the destroyer, the thinking and the thoughtless leaves behind a trace of plastic a totem of the present.





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 40 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

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Personal Web Site

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Africa

I have walked the sand of my ancestors That were once flooded With the blood and tears Of conquest

The foreigner came upon us With bibles And strange tongue And ideas That we had no use of

They vied, Coveted That which our Creator Provided, And we had no concerns, For greed was not Of our way, So we gave, And we gave And we became the slave To their avarice

From North to South, East to West Our souls were tested And to this day The way of these men Has not changed

For why did our Creator

Make us so trusting, Unsuspecting And forgiving . . .

Is there not enough For every one In . . . Africa ?

How Long?

How long is 1/2 of forever?

My people have suffered, Endured and tolerated Via fronts of slavery and racism Far too long. Though we are not the only ones Throughout humanity's history, I must admit my conscious diaspora Is cuttinlgy acute, To the white meat of my soul . . . And it ain't cute!

How long is 1/2 of forever?

We have been praying To this God you gave us That you stole from the Jews To manipulate, mold and shape, To implement and use as you choose Which includes the White Jesus from Africa But he ain't hearing this Black Slave's pleas Even though I reverently fold my hands And fall to my knees, Begging "please, help me" As I make my decrees For myself, My children, My family, My people, Humanity.

I wonder . . .

Have you made God In your own image? . . . Has God, too, now become A misogynist, Homo-phobic, Secular, Exclusionary, Racist?

How long is 1/2 of forever?

I/we

Have been holding on For how long now? When will I/we get served? Please call my number Let me/we walk through the front doors Of equality, Justice, Opportunity, Humanity.

How long is 1/2 of forever?

I/we Are tired of sneaking in the back door To receive what little crumbs You choose to afford us.

How long is 1/2 of forever?

We will no longer apply for the ration Of the fruit From the Garden of Creation That we deserve.

Are we not all Children of The same Creator?

How long is 1/2 of forever?

Lord, Lord, Lord Jesus, I'm holding on, Still singing that same old Soul-worn song, "We Shall Overcome".

How long?

How long is 1/2 of forever? 'Cause I'm tired of this shit!

Critique

The pool where tears were spawned from Was beginning to empty And the eyes which shed them Was beginning to grow weary Of all that they have witnessed In this life-time

It seemed as if There was a virus abound Infecting the reason of men And women too

Children no longer had a dependable path Available to them That led to a balanced adulthood For the ones who were responsible For their charge Were maligned by The discordantly skewed ways Of the world

Oh Lorde, what are we to do?

People of color Being attacked For being colorful, For standing out Because of their melanin Which is proudly on display

Yes, Black is beautiful, But many see it as a threat, A blight on humanity

A nuisance That disturbs their False solace

BTW, you are beautiful too Regardless of your hued-ness Or lack thereof

Some would rather embrace And project their ugliness On our world That could be so much more Than what it is we see, Or tend to focus on

When will reason assail Where reason fails ?

I have hopes, As do my children, My people And my ancestors

Can we not some day express Our divinity Beyond the errant trinity You have indoctrinated us with . . . Superiority, Privilege & Prejudice

I have looked to your God, Prayed to your God, Cried to your God, And there is no intervention That brings a cease To the demise

Or brings rise To the deceased Who have died needlessly By your hand . . . And continue to do so

And I must say . . . It is not only I and we But many across the globe Who suffer your indulgence Of GREED

There is of course . . . Palestine, Afghanistan, Syria, Iraq, Libya, Darfur, Yemen, Sudan, And all of Africa And soon to be Iran And all of man And those who have yet to stand And rebuke your avarice

This is not much of a movement in verse But a terse critique . . .

I hope you read this And reason Like a phoenix

Is resurrected From its grave

Not every poem needs to be about Flowers and Butterflies . . . This poem was written about Love and the lack thereof.

April 2019 Features



D L Davis Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri Fakleeha Hassan



D L Davis



D.L. began his poetic journey in 1987. D.L. ranked 3rd Place in the 2010 San Diego Poetry Slam competition & co-hosted the internet poetry radio show, Xpressions Radio - Bad Boys Kitchen (2010 National Poetry Award Winner).

D.L.'s favorite artist is Prince and he enjoys listening to smooth jazz music.

D.L.'s first book release, "My Soul Told Me To" is available @ www.amazon.com/author/dldavisthepoet

D.L. believes, "life itself is an immeasurable source of inspiration, just KEEP AN OPEN MIND AND INSPIRATION WILL COME TO YOU"

In The Name Of Poetry, Amen

Connect with D.L. - dldavisthepoet on FB, IG & Twitter

BLACK TAX

When I was young, my life was worth \$5 I raised my hand when I needed to be excused Due to inflation, my life is worth \$10 I raise both hands falsely accused Kill that nigger! No excuses! Somehow my surrender stand resembles a b-boy battle stance Will the war on black boys ever end?

Freeze! Don't move! I was standing still, hands up On the ground! I was kneeling, fingers laced behind my head I was spread eagle and face down No matter what position I assumed, I was presumed guilty and my innocence, never had chance

Why? Is the battle cry that echoes across cold toes in the middle of hot streets; just another tar baby from the cradle to the grave

We catch bullets in the streets and our backyards like, we catch footballs and baseballs in the streets and our backyards Brown bodies found on street corners are common like,

brown paper bags found on street corners;

just trash waiting for a cool breeze to blow them into hashtags

There's a name that goes with this face I'm a book whose story has yet been told I'm God's grace, under your fire I've seen this move. I know how it unfolds. This does not end well for me

Let's change the narrative. That's what we can do I won't move. You don't shoot

I just want to get home, alive and in one piece just like you

GOOD LOVE

To me, GOOD LOVE is honesty Saying "J'adore Toi" with conviction Being looked at with the sincerest eyes Being doc or nurse when your partner is ill

Being held in the warmest and most caring arms Being spoken to in the softest voice

Buying flowers or cards just because

Writing sweet messages on a post-it then put it in a place you know your partner will find it

To me, GOOD LOVE is holding hands ever so gently and yet nothing can break that bind because the love that holds it together is 100x stronger than super-duper glue The soft, full-contact kisses that leave you breathless, weak in the knees and still yearning for more Laughing and crying together Bringing out the best in each other; a partnership

GOOD LOVE is more than using certain body parts to give and receive sexual pleasure GOOD LOVE is loving from your heart and loving your partner for what is in his or hers

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR GOOD LOVE TODAY?
TIME

If I had one wish I'd wish to go back in TIME, and this TIME I would not rush into a relationship I would use that TIME to become all that I can be And love me for me

I would not take TIME for granted I would take advantage of TIME and spend more TIME with the seeds I planted so they would grow strong roots and exude an undeniable sense of self and prosper

TIME, oh TIME, where Where art thou precious, TIME? You said you were on my side, but I look around and you're nowhere to be found Where have you gone, oh unforgiving, TIME?

In my dreams I hear you ticking away I run towards your call but I can't seem to catch up to you With bated breath and all my might, I run I run and run and run and...I'm running

...out of TIME

Michelle Joan Barulich



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Hi My name is Michelle Joan Barulich and I have enjoyed writing poetry and songs for many years. I am published in several poetry books by Watermark Press. I am currently studying the Alternative Medicine. I have 3 rescued pet pigeons that have brought me a lot of joy. Thank you Inner Child Press you have made a lot of people happy by letting people write and enjoy other people's poetry.

My Web link: www.facebook.com/michelle.barulich

Whispers of Eternity

...And you say were the radicals This world is filled with answers Open up your eyes Throw all your manmade lies I need no man to bring out the best in me My life is on the run Like a whisper from eternity I don't live by your rules Of the hand and mind And I see the tide of the change You made us to believe That their is no hope I'm not another victim to believe Their is still time to heed Your so damn predictable In everything that you do .. And I see the tide of the change I'm still here waiting for you For you, and I wait so long for you, for you....

Twelve-twelve is a number That I'm always seeing all around Help me so I can understand Sociology, Biology We're all complicated By the words we hear But in the truth its what lyes in the soul Physiology, Psychology If you love me, you will be here And if you don't, then you won't show Philosophy, Cryptography Lessons to be learned in this world Takes a lot of patience Caring for the solution, may sometime make it worse Mythology, Geology Does this strange Phantom exist? Light your cigarette and show me where the smoke rings go Stimulation, Revelation Prophet telling, go ahead I'm listening Books will make you wise Michelle dreamed that she was in a play I awoke suddenly, to see 12:12 staring at me Does the thinker always know And does question mark Understand why its asking? 12:12 help me so I can understand.....

Bittersweet

And now you're tellin' me That my love runs too deep And then you're tellin' me I'm coming on too strong Isn't life funny? And you spend all of my money And call it bittersweet .. And then your tellin' me I'm not paying enough attention to your needs And then you're tellin' me I can't be reached What do you want me to do? What are you looking for in me? I have a heart that needs to be filled With your kindness and love But you turn it all around on me .. And now you're tellin' me That I'm asking for too much And then you're tellin' me That you can't live without my touch Isn't life funny? How he calls it, so bittersweet....

Lulğzim Haziri



Lulëzim Haziri is a poet that lives in a city in the Republic of North Macedonia

He is also a Korespodent · 1992 to present · Gostivar

No further information submitted.

Please visit his FaceBook Page for more information www.facebook.com/lulzim.haziri

The one fish in the aquarium *prologue*

the flora from this side of the window makes you see long faces with bulging eyes staring ironically you ask yourself who brought it into this aquarium or did it enter by itself running away from the golden hook so much time has passed that it does not remember any longer

(this is called solitude)

you wander in the streets to meet somebody suddenly you catch your self talking to the windows with the leaves and the sun head down (love sinner) you find that you are running to the well known path with trousers wet from the morning dew while the blissful world is sipping coffee indolently you clutch onto your key in your pocket all rusty from perspiration that could not possibly open a single door or key holes or ears or lips all grown with moss times when doors are opened with bells

(and this is called solitude)

standing behind the bar he orders two glasses the barman finds it difficult to talk and drink at the same time having counted all drinks in the glass buffet while his paths intertwine beneath his feet he fixes his eyes at the door with a lost glance awaiting vigorous words to cure his head like an aspirin

(this is nothing else but solitude)

he leaves the entrance door wide open lingering hanging and counting gates like a jacket on a hanger waiting for a notice or inditement he has so much to say but to whom his tongue is numb from the juice of the words spiders have raptured his fingers on the keyboard windows are sealed

(this is solitude not creativity)

at the working table eaten up by worms he sits down to write about pain about evidence letters march like black ants eating up his paper like a cookie he throws paper at them over and over again treating them like late guests

Translated by Robert Alagjozoski

Hamburg 92

St. Pauli

can the impotence of moral be cured in flats full of chandeliers incest stinking girls exposing their young breasts to their fathers voyeur mothers peeping at their masturbating sons spreading adour St. Pauli all over the world this pornographic Mecca of frustrations sewages clogged with menstruation whores standing in the rain master performance under complex conditions of -10 degrees Celsius hanging about in knickers diligent workers imaging the all the flowers of Hamburg picked for their processions they earn with disgust and spend with hope prices are not high in St. Pauli you can haggle with only a smile and get it cheaper than in Amsterdam they pay confused fake sighs cannot stop them surface that the hens of St. Pauli do not lay eggs they enter with closed eyes through the same gates not to be seen by Hades pimps only when they come out they are dressed as turks hindus Albanians Vietnamese ermanians zanzibari Japanese with cameras around their necks...

subway

how much money do you have in pocket will you steal our mother's wallet

how much money do you have in pocket on a trip to India can you set off how much money do you have in pocket soft joint or cocaine how much money do you have in pocket blood transfusion has become so expensive how much money do you have in pocket to a Turk would you sell your young body how much money do you have in pocket ... thousaaands staresssss...thousaaaands mirrooooors.... ...thousaaaands waaaaves I seeee.... how much money do you have in pocket red lipstick for astrological signs on the subway walls you waste for nothing how much money do you have in pocket the daylight dreams has become so expensive how much money do you have in pocket...

kings of lager

with darkness under the old jacket he clings on like a somnambulist following sleepless taxi lights trying to dissipate the night into dawn slumberous post lamps throw stones at him from above nothing makes him return to his bed with extinguished passion underneath like dirty laundry all forgotten streets seem endless without pavements while rolling down the steps of the underground his jacket protects him from harm where he falls he surrenders a bit to his sleep with one eye closed he thinks about his wife

watching over their children counting dream pearls with a faint voice and a pencil that does nor remember the numbers calculating the drinks for tomorrow darkness has conquered his eyes and covered the inside of all bars thus he talks to the sky

Translated by Robert Alagjozosk

Winter and Other Seasons

I. When I start on a long journey in spring
I forget you oh my quiet home
I travel from one foreign land to another
Like from one woman to another
I travel through lands that take me in from the front door
The way young brides take in their sweet-talking lovers
But you remain in the silence of a woman waiting for her
husband
Faithful and broken by his harshness
You are a wife who looks after her unborn children
A woman who takes love but gives nothing in return
I ask for one brittle kiss
One gentle look
Or one touch

II.

When I start on a long journey in summer I remember you first oh my sweating home You are slower than the turtle and the snail I know you meditate with your legs crossed I know your silence like a hermit Who's given up love's delight Nothing changes in you The same sky is above you, the same season Your walls are indifferent as usual Change for you is an trala-la-laaa

III.

When I depart from you in autumn You disappear from my sight, my colourful home You don't have the grey face of the European homes The ashen shade I see in the small cloud above the coffee cups

Wherever I drink one No one knows to buy you clothes They take wrong measures They don't care about your taste The fashion designers dress you in childish colours Your character differs from the clothes you wear Your stubbornness turns into a rebellious silence As never before you now need a new architect like Sinan Who'd make me return to your embrace

IV.

And in winter, in winter I can't escape from you You stick like slush on my trouser-legs Your whiteness is blinding but I don't wear sun glasses I am happy when you light up my body when your clarity blinds my eyes When I return to the room to warm my feet When the kettle steam excites my nostrils When I close the cracks of the windows and the feelings To prevent the entry of the cold When I tie my head to the body with a woollen scarf When I put my frozen hands into your warm pockets When I seek and find a planetary harmony in every detail When I throw away the cares like an empty cigarette box Winter is a heavenly season A season of the gods My season So please don't cast me out of your warm womb

Translated by Zoran Anceski

Falggha Hassan



She is a widely celebrated poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwriter born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha is the first woman to wrote poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature, and has now published 20 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain, Korean, Greek and Albanian. Ms. Hassan has received many awards in Iraq and throughout the Middle East for her poetry and short stories.

Faleeha Hassan has also had her poems and short stories published in a variety of American magazines such as: Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum, Brooklyn Rail April2016, Screaming mamas, The Galway Review, Words Without Borders, TXTOBJX, Intranslation, SJ Magazine, Nondoc, Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Courier-Post, I am not a Silent Poet, Taos Journal, Inner Child Press, Atlantic City Press, SJ Magazine, Intranslation Magazine, The Guardian, Words Without Borders, Courier-Post, Life and Legends, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Indiana Voice Journal, The Bees Are Dead, IWA, Poetry Soup, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, Philly, The Fountain Magazine, DRYLAND, The Blue Mountain Review, Otoliths, Taos Journal of Poetry and Art, TXTOBJX, DODGING THE RAIN, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, NonDoc Philly, DRYLAND, American Poetry Review, The Fountain Magazine, Uljana Wolf, Arcs, Tiferet and Ice Cream Poetry Anthology, Dryland Los Angeles underground art &writing Magazine, Opa Anthology of contemporary, BACOPA Literary Review, Better than Starbucks Magazine , Tweymatikh ZOH Magazine ,TUCK Magazine and Street Light Press

Email: d.fh88@yahoo.com

My Guest

There is nothing more important than you, my guest I will delay my sickness until you leave And I will cover my sadness with a big smile I will give my last bread to you and my hungry kids Don't worry--I will fill my stomach with water Come on in... My house is full of the incense of hospitality Its walls are made of peace I know one thing--You are not my guest You are my blessing from my God Don't tell me your name or Where you come from or Why you are here After three days When you leave my house We will shake hands with hope for the next visit.

Do you remember the watch you gave to me wrapped in a poem?

It is still bound to my soul's meaning

The more time passes

The more the letters jump into my heart artery

My heart is now pumping flirtation

How many times I have wished

That if my city were not surrounded by graves

Then like a little girl

I would wait for you in a secret garden

Come on!

Take off this thick absence

As thick as a New Jersey coat in the winter time

Melt off the snow that has stacked on the lines of your messages

Mow the grass that has grown on your tongue

Don't save a sea of tears for me

I am not a mermaid

Make yourself present with words

Woo me

Let me stop demanding my rights

And thrive by the touch of your fingers as they play with my hair

Let me fool myself again

And see you as center of my universe

When I drink tea in New Jersey

Like a girl who writes poetry about a boy she has never seen My day sits with all this disappointment Counting her fleeting moments I remember my mother using the smell of onions To shed her tears in the kitchen For the absence of my father Who climbed his life war by war Whenever he wore his military belt He wished that war was just an old shoe He could take it off whenever he liked And he didn't need to think of fixing it at the cobbler's shop I remember my brother Who asked in his letters--When will the war understand that we are not good at dealing with death? I remember us forty years ago We were kids, very much kids With colorful clothes and hearts It was enough for us to see a balloon To drown in big laughter I remember all this now When I drink my tea And I practice my loneliness.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

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The Poetry Posse ~ 2019



April 2019 ~ Featured Poets



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