

The Year of the Poet IV

August 2017

Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino

Kitty Hsu

Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pose 2017

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Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV

August 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2017

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell



Alan W. Jankowski

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

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



*Poets . . .
sowing seeds in the
Conscious Garden of Life,
that those who have yet to come
may enjoy the Flowers.*

Foreword

Have you ever wondered what your soul's mission is? As poets and writers, we are the instruments and the “vessels” of the Divines’ unspoken words which should be bled on paper to be able to send His message to the world.

Is being a poet or a wordsmith a privilege or an obligation? I believe as poets of the world, it is our Divine Calling and a great responsibility. For every word our muse bleeds can affect the emotions and perspectives on life of our readers. Poetry is one of the mediums we can resort to if we want to be inspired, to be encouraged, and also can help heal hearts and souls. Can you now just realize how a great and noble responsibility it is to be a writer or poet? Let me further illustrate that in a quote: “Anyone can write but not everyone can create that crystalline moment which can make a heart skip a beat and dig deep into one’s soul.” – Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo.

With the advent of the advances in technology, we can now readily share our works to people across the globe and there should never be a reason not to be able to express ourselves well and spread good words and cheer especially to those souls who most need our words of encouragement.

My love affair with poetry began when I was still in grade school and from then on, it had been my “escape”, my companion during lonesome times, during times of strife and cheer. From a very young age, I must say I already knew in my innocent heart what would be my destiny. I feel very blessed to have been gifted with people whom I consider as my Soul Family- one of which is Inner Child.

Through the years, that I have been part of the Inner Child Family, I caught myself consciously evolving- not just in my writing but in discovering my Ultimate Calling which led me to embrace my Higher Self. As I always say, I am forever grateful to my Inner Child Family which made my journey as a writer/poet truly enriching and liberating.

August is a special month for me, being my birthday month so it's not a coincidence that I'm the one designated to write the Foreword of the August 2017 Issue of The Year of the Poet. I believe there are no mere coincidences and accidents in life- everything has a Definite Purpose.

This month's issue of The Year of the Poet will still be another enticing, exciting, and explicit showcase of soulful poetry from the wonderful and talented Poetry Posse Family along with the masterpieces of all our Featured Poets.

Let me end this with another quote I composed:
“My poetry is written in the shadow of trees,
embraced by the moonlit night, witnessed by the
blooming flowers by the valley; perfected by time
as they will be passed on and spoken of both
lovers, of seekers like me, and those who believe
in One True Destiny.” – Elizabeth Esguerra
Castillo

Love, light, and blessings dear readers, friends and
supporters of The Year of the Poet!

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo
Contemporary Author/Poet/A Positive Inspiration



Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Well, here we are, August, the middle of our summer vacation / season. It always seems to end too soon. Such is life, year in, year out. Soon, for those of us who have children, we will be shopping for school supplies, clothing and or uniforms in preparing for the new academic year and fall semester.

Our mission here in this effort, *The Year of the Poet*, is to seek to bring communities closer together by creating familiarity amongst us all, This should be the focus on our humanity, regardless our persuasion, Spiritually, Intellectually or Physically. A good place to start is right here amongst *we the poets* ! This *mindset* in time will affect others, beginning with our readership, and be then passively passed along through our interactions with others.

This month's featured global poets this month are Jonathan Aquino of the Philippines, Kitty Hsu of Taiwan and Langley Shazor of the USA. I am sure you will enjoy their poetic offerings

We ask you to share the *Light*.

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

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The Year of the Poet**

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

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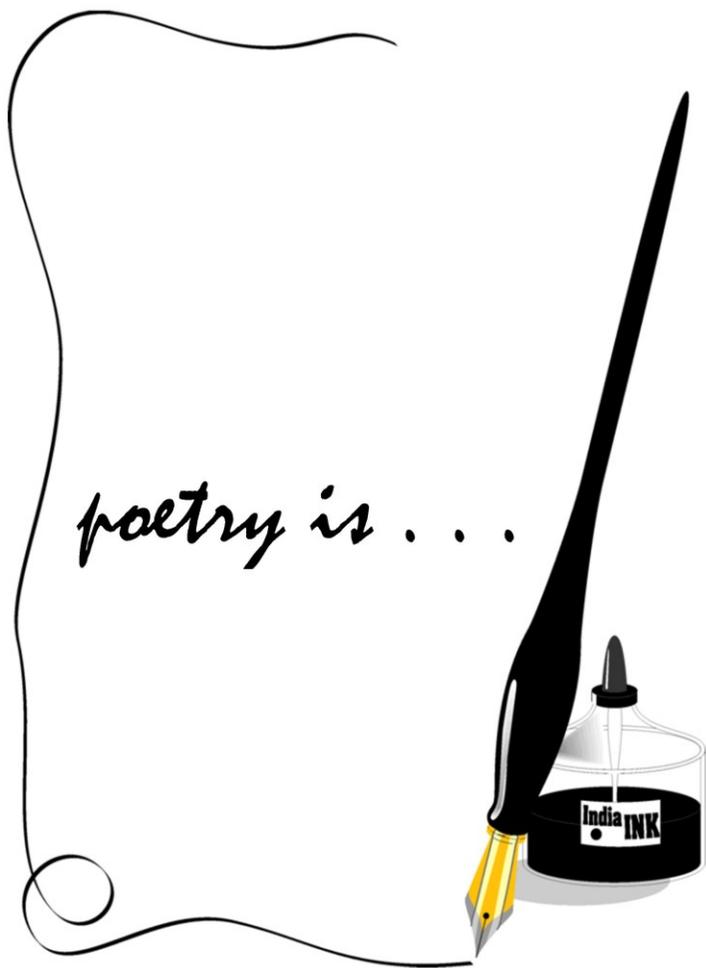
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has 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 . . .

~ wsp





The Hazelnut Tree



Hazelnut is the nut of the hazel and therefore, includes any of the nuts deriving from species of the genus *Corylus*, especially the nuts of the species *Corylus avellana*. It also is known as **cobnut** or **filbert nut** according to species.^[1] A cob is roughly spherical to oval, about 15–25 mm (0.59–0.98 in) long and 10–15 mm (0.39–0.59 in) in diameter, with an outer fibrous husk surrounding a smooth shell. A filbert is more elongated, being about twice as long as its diameter. The nut falls out of the husk when ripe, about 7 to

8 months after pollination. The kernel of the seed is edible and used raw or roasted, or ground into a paste. The seed has a thin, dark brown skin, which sometimes is removed before cooking.

Hazelnuts are used in confectionery to make praline, and also used in combination with chocolate for chocolate truffles and products such as Nutella and Frangelico liqueur. Hazelnut oil, pressed from hazelnuts, is strongly flavoured and used as a cooking oil. Turkey is the world's largest producer of hazelnuts.

Hazelnuts are rich in protein, monounsaturated fat, vitamin E, manganese, and numerous other essential nutrients.

The many cultivars of the hazel include 'Atababa', 'Barcelona', 'Butler', 'Casina', 'Clark', 'Cosford', 'Daviana', 'Delle Langhe', 'England', 'Ennis', 'Fillbert', 'Halls Giant', 'Jemtegaard', 'Kent Cob', 'Lewis', 'Tokolyi', 'Tonda Gentile', 'Tonda di Giffoni', 'Tonda Romana', 'Wanliss Pride', and 'Willamette'. Some of these are grown for specific qualities of the nut, including large nut size and early- and late-fruited cultivars, whereas others are grown as pollinators. The majority of commercial hazelnuts are propagated from root sprouts. Some cultivars are of hybrid origin between common hazel and filbert. One cultivar grown in Washington, the 'DuChilly', has an elongated appearance, a thinner and less bitter skin, and a distinctly sweeter flavor than other varieties.

The
Year
of the
Poet III

August 2017

The Poetry Posse

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

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This is a creative promise ~ 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
available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
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Knowledge

Laying open palms
They trace the lines
At the joinings
Blessing the ungrown spaces
Waiting to be filled
With the prayers of ancestors
The wisdom of caresses
Soothes the soul
That has not yet
Come into knowing
The lessons felt
All too well in bones
Stretched and fashioned
Into that which spells
The path to be trod
As female, girl, woman
Fingers spread the wisdom
In anointing circles
And there is no end to learning
How to soothe the necessary
Of every situation
Into that which is passed
From old to new
Uniquely
All women know
It is only a matter of method
In how knowledge is passed
It is a matter of love
That it is

Kinpath

The words run round me
sibilantly honey smooth
Colors collide coquettishly
In this side of the diaspora
We long for villages everywhere
for brightly painted cloths
And the long sound wanting
Of a people waiting
It's true that some were lost
before others
And boll replaced the cane
By the water's edge

Stories that are colored
bear passing on and across
It is this one and the sameness
of oceans, rivers, waterfalls
that bear witness
To a forged passage
of colonolistic lives
Ones that have never
Born the fruit of content

Their words run round mine
and I give them
the ones that I learned
under the same hot sun
of our stolen parents
and i smile at our similarities
of a rustic life
and while we think
that we are very different

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

these shared memories
make us kin

I do not like okra
In the callilou
So I politely decline
When it is offered
I do not like okra
in the gumbo
So I politely decline
When it is offered

I love to hear you speak to me
So keep talking

aint nobody worryin

There is something distinct
About the smells of the kitchen
Savory or sweet
Each memory has its own taste
A pinch of salt, a pinch of cheek
Smiles often come wrapped
In dishtowels and oven mitts
Walking through the neighborhood
You can tell which momma is home
By the scent of garlic and onions
Or cinnamon and sugar
Allspiced rising to greet
Your nose above the clatter
Of the cars moving along the road
And despite your quickness
You can't keep up with the daylight
That calls you inside to eat
Just a little something
Straight from the pot
Sipping on the stirring spoon

After leaving your shoes at the door
Your purse on the chair
Careful not to let it fall
On the floor
Because you don't want to be broke
As the old mothers tell you
And you are comforted
In this warm place
This safe room of creation
In the center
The hub

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

The womb of this house
And after having taken care of
Everyone else all day
After having to be black all day
To have risen early
To plait hair and fix breakfast
You close your eyes against
The rough palm of a mother's hand
Easing your fallen hair back into place

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

It took as long as decade for him to come to the forefront in the poetic world. An engineering student, a poet, a blogger, that's all Bismay Mohanty is about. Even though currently graduating in Computer Science and Engineering he aims to be the most beloved poet of the world. His works magically connect natural sceneries with romance, society, human tendencies and give rise to a sea of literary beauty. He loves to narrate his expressions and learning, therefore actively participates in literature sessions. All his dreams came true when he was nominated as a feature in YOTP by Inner Child Press.

He dreams to establish media to encourage writers and poets worldwide. Also, he aims his poems reach people all over the globe.

He can be mailed at bismaymohanty.97@gmail.com

Discovering you

As the clouds float up in the sky so high
Blushes away from me a girl so shy
That every day would have been a dream
A prince comes to wake you up and I would be him
To make the sun spare you from scorching light
I would wake up and toil all day all night
My journey of life is colored with embellishment
The uncountable dreams aren't colossal
But a small fragment to be lived in amazement
To be amazed and live amazing
Has come as a way to live a life salvage
Billion expressions of my words for you made
Every line in your love is an adage.
Discovering you turned life into a love spree
Discovering you has helped discovering me.

Separated

Behest the heart
Even when we are far apart
My world longs to clash with yours
Never seen my eyes so wondrous
My love for you such fabulous

I loaf wondering your huge home
Seeking your sight in the balcony above
Fail to get you sometimes
Still I hallucinate as if you look to me
The unscathed memories with you I see

No one over me ever had become omnipotent
Meeting you owes its aftermath to my mutant
Now that you reign over me,
My mind, my body and my soul
I provide no hindrance to conquer it all.

Solitude

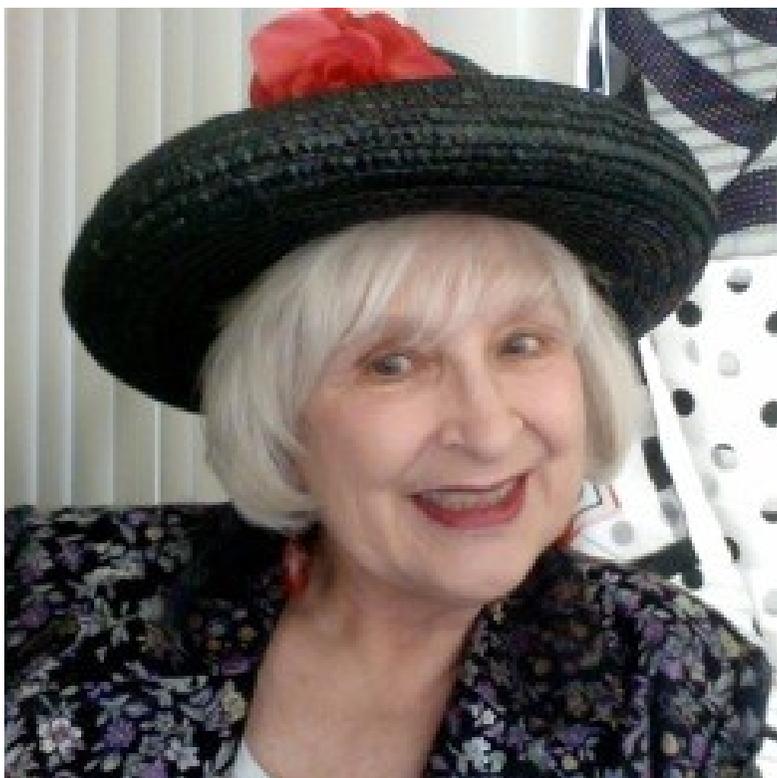
My present disposition dearth hue
A feeling constantly impales through
The solitude is what I curse
On endless roads, I want to rush.
Loneliness has many a times given bliss
But right now, I want to end this.
Thirst for company is made lusty
Innovations have all become musty.
A deadening mindset prevails
As if search for humans fail.
Prohibit me from being utter lone
Let these days be easily gone.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

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Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline 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 college.

Graduating from what is now Radford University, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education, she taught in both public and private schools.

Residing in northern Virginia, she revels in spending time with her husband in their get away home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent in Appalachia.

A lover of hats, she has worn many. Following her 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 with books, always seeking to learn more.

In 2015 she authored her first book, a collection of writings penned over the past decade. Well received by family and friends, both near and far, her book, "Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art is available from her website jackiedavisallen.com or from innerchildpress.com

Summer Exhibition

The lovely ladies are attracting attention,
Wandering, as they do, through my garden.
Sweetly perfumed and radiantly adorned
Gowned in royalty~ red, gold, purple
And white. Accessorized with emerging
Emerald green, it is a sight to be seen.

On top of the whitewashed picket-fence
A spectrum of colorful songbirds perch.
Are they resting, or are they thinking
Of searching for something to drink?

Fierce blazes the sun, it ignites the way
The ladies twirl, they swaying in step
With stirring tunes, the music of which
Turbulent winds speed up the dance.
Shadows give way to puffs of white and gray~
Inspiration for clouds releasing their angst?

Fleeing the downpour, birds seeking refuge
Rest in cozy nests in and amongst the trees
The earth is ever joyful, the weeping sky
Agrees with the gentle summer breeze.

Peaceful and quieted is the night, for now
The storm has passed. The time has come
For the lovely one, in virginal vining-white, she
Twining the rickety garden fence. Blooming
Beneath the celestial orb, she proudly keeps
Watch over summer's sleeping exhibition.

A Turn in the Road

Walking by your home, the lights no longer on;
I think of you, the two of us, moments of intimacy.

Forever, I think, they will be a part of my heart.

The nights are dark and long, and still, your home
I pass by, hoping to see your car in the driveway.

My mind revisits, too, the things we used to do.

Moments spent cuddling, dancing, talking, loving~
Resurfacing fondly, they dissipate into the mist of loss.

For months I've heard nothing from you.

Was there something that I said or did,? Or didn't do?
Should I pick up the phone and call you?

Pretty Please

The verdant trees were acquiescing,
Bending down to their naked knees;
The storm was raging ferociously, just
Any old way it pleased.

Torrents of rain dripped, dripping drops,
Steadily streaming down, drenching wet,
Sparing neither his prayers or his fears.
Nor the evening's nightgown.

Convicted, trembling, he shuddered
To think how the stain on their relationship
Had rendered him a pauper. The price
He was paying gained him nothing but loss.

It was his conscious that was accusing him.
He had apologized. Still, he felt a great need
To compensate in some tangible way~
For his blundering insensitivity.

Like a gentle breeze, the spirit of forgiveness
Swept across the morning; and tiptoeing
Into the room, his lady love placed a kiss
On his cheek. And embracing him, said,

“Won't you smile, pretty please?”

Albert
Carrasco

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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-infinite-carrasco/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html>

Dig deep

If I dig too deep it'll be self incrimination so I keep these underground verses above the surface to avoid any sort of investigation. Yeah I talk about guns, crack and dope because I retired and lived longer than the statue of limitations. I'm using experience as education to lower the high rate of indictments for months of directs and observations. My run in the slums was viewed in the lime light, now I roll in the darkness to keep out of sight. Living history in this game is rare, infinite is an art of facts. The hood and archeologist dig me. Never sold weight, had tumblers for them keys, never went out of town, for what, ot stacks was made easily in NYC, vials to slabs to straight chips of cookies to feed pookies. One's, fives and tens all went to my shorty, when balln count'n them is annoy'n, before the money machine the math for twenties, fifties and hundreds was done on residue triple beams to break points off with the team. The crew is thick, jetted from the bricks to 145 for Willie burgers and half and halves, body'n the strip, godfather blazn while fingers and them shined foreign whips. watches and bracelets on arms, necks with Cubans holding diamonds, sigs, berettas and rugers, we was so gone, above dons, we all blow it with hazards blinkn in one motion back to pelan, bosses and gunners disappear while everyone else plays position, ya know infamous living in the slums.

Rebellion and revenge

I'm going to break the cycle, that was my mentality, because I'm a minority I'm supposed to live in poverty?, na, I'm breakn the chains for my family. At the moment I knew I'll let a lot of people down but in the long run I'll be idolized. Somebody gave me a shot, I color advertised, prison nor near death experiences removed the dollar signs in my eyes, I was beyond the point of no return, the next to blow, it was my turn, made a Millie by the bitty as the team burned a box of fifty five daily. I was far from financial freedom because of all the trials and other hustler tribulations. Bails and lawyers had to be paid, had to get new doors and locks after raids, chip in's for headstones when the game fucked us and someone got eternally laid. Drugs and guns were a deadly mix while brewing destruction, there was no direction so my revenge for so much loss is directing Suns from the slums. I'm throwing ink on the facade, yeah you can make tons of money but 99% go with God, that one percent is split fifty fifty for men in the yard and the lucky ones still out here with me... Are you prepared for those odds?

#Infinitethepoet

I'm from days of holes in the walls from the days of crack and heroin wars, kg nines, Mac tens, elevens, three eighty ppk's, nikkas will let shit fly just to see if you return the gunplay. Stamps and colors, New York blocks and upstate towns, ring leaders with no clowns, bloody sheets on gurneys from blood drench gowns, dudes are letting off full clips and Vic's are gettn hit with every round. Da seven one eight the home of one eight sevens, CHP, home base to misdemeanors that grew into felons because of gettn caught with bundles, packs and heaters over and over, two twenty, attempts and murder, bail money, bond property, head of class retainers, ya know significantly more wins than loss lawyers, Kept the best of the best sketch artist and investigators to unravel lies made by c ciphers, they tried and tried but buildn a case against me was hard, I stood on my job, the only one that'll judge me is God, I prayed for my blasphemy, please forgive my sins and continue to protect me, all I knew was hard. It was an ill reality chasn the fantasy, I'm walking over near OD bodies in crack houses and shootn galleries lookn for my homies, I married the streets for rich or poor, in bad times I showed my loyalty, through good times I stood in the cut tryn to solve the algorithm of the next tragedy.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



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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.

<https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer>

A NICE DAY

So long I've whispered and mentally spoke
so often I'd choke on my hopes
I've painted my thoughts through various media
I've talked to myself never seeing you

From a phone call to a wedding ball
a chance meeting gave me my all
I fell into what I've fell out of
Never doubting love

Smiling from ear to ear
No more grinning here
I'm humming tunes from the sound of music
I'm treating this love as exclusive

Elusive no more freeing locked doors
So much to explore
Love is in abundance
Ah the sweet taste of oneness

And we are not done yet
Every obstacle is a joy to climb
When you're free of clinging vines
But cling to me this time

The way we intertwine
That's divine intervention on extension
Not to mention distant division
Love made the decision

We complied

IT'S ORGANIC

Somehow the petals of a rose makes me sense its texture
The rays of the sun caught in time
Streaks of light etch the ground
A shard of glass reborn as a charm
Discarded sticks from treats morphed to hold them all

Thoughts in sync
Experience becomes one
My water taste sweet

I'm on a cleaning spree
I'm remembering me
Two I's are becoming we

Moonlight symphonies
Have you ever heard a star?
Coffee grounds speak to me
Cinnamon triggers memories
I taste the clouds so sensually

Love lives in every ounce of matter
Lives matter
There is no formula
Love forms us all

PEACE THROUGH WORDS

We ride with pride from every corner of the world
Shared thoughts of unity in every community
Oh you gotta love it
A posse with a clear purpose
Spreading love be it text or cursive
Once a month in a love observance
We write to fight social injustice
Spread the word about oneness
It takes only love to fund this
But fun this is
Love is not a business
Love is the business
Sharing
Caring
Daring to be better
We have our stormy weather but we weather the storm
We wrote poems for the disenfranchised
For the too often chastised
We love what we do
It doesn't cost to be true
It cost to be blue
Let us cheer you up
Let us tear you up knowing we are the ones who care
Love is bringing us together from everywhere

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

DIVINE INTERVENTION!

may soon be descending on ungodly folk, rebellious
nations
living in haram relations, living for the next sin-sation
oppressing their own souls not to mention creation
ignore the truth if you want, but the truth won't ignore you!
think you can perpetually rebel against divine decree
without repercussions?
consequences bout to be rushing to you and yours
the subject of flushing, cleanse the earth of harmful
mankind will be coming to you sooner than you think
all your plots and plans will crash in the drink
life flash by in a blink, just a stain on the radar screen
laugh now, latter scream
life just ain't a dream sweetheart
rehearse the verse divine, read the sign
typhoons, tornados, tsunamis, hurricanes, wild fires, heat
going
through the roof, water supply bout to die
you need more proof?
throughout time, history mankind's behavior been no
mystery
as well as emergence of warners from amongst them
sent by the maker, creator, giver of and taker to be as a
savior
mercy bestowed as undeserved favor through time always
at a time when mankind was at a low
low on the spiritual flow, got caught out there in the come '
n ' go
lost the god fear so the warners came near with the message
clear
reminded all those far and near to make receiving Allah's
pleasure

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their career

know that this world is temporary, always be-s that way
till Allah(swt) takes it all away and judges the multitudes
on

Judgement Day

now is such a time to remember when the earth and its
inhabitants

are getting ready to get up out of here

as that judgement day draws near, signs clear

don't fall in love with this dunya over here, any second now
you may

be leaving my dear

any minute now the earth inhabitants will disappear and
ooooh sooo

clear the reason for being here will appear as the sorting out
about to

be carried out

how will your outcome turn out?

food4thought = education

mechanism...

outlined in a manual of instruction
to avoid malfunction or total destruction
working parts of machinery, systems determine achieving
that which it was designed to do
depends on proper use that requires knowledge of what to
do
how to do and what not to do so as not to abuse, misuse,
cause damage that cause demise of ability to function as
designed
so it is with your body, spirit, mind created, designed soooo
fine
it would be a crime, reference: Which of the bounties of
your lord
will you deny?*

to take a beautifully made design sublime and abuse,
misuse
choose to lose out on the reason you and i was brought
about,
created with perfect functions, mechanism because you
decided to get caught in a schism that put your mechanism
at risk
can't we look at the picture and see something wrong with
this?
as in all machinery with mechanism, working parts we also
came with a manual of instruction to refer to, adhere to,
made clear so we can function in accordance with why we
were put here in the first.
read the book** rehearse the verse, maintain maximum
function without schism with the flow of effective
mechanism

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peace/harmony/love are divine things of mercy from the
king
of kings, only he alone who sits on the lofty, heavenly
throne

food4thought = education

*Qur'an Majeed, Surat Ar-Rahman # 55

** book = Qur'an Majeed, The book of Allah(swt)

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peace..,

don't come easy even when summer's breezy warmth
squeeze me
birds ' n ' bees intrigue me, all food for soul that feeds me
but in the midst of it is evil elements lurk in shadows,
lord only knows what evil flows from realms unknown
waiting to pounce at the right time to spoil what peace
derived
from lord's mercy bestowed in the beauty that glows
from array of creations we've come to know, though
mankind's
gratitude is slow as his attitude grows cold as the seconds,
minutes come and go
his arrogance shows
so in the heat of summer's glow we all too often come to
know
mindless violence blows up peaceful silence
such is the evil one's science designed to eradicate peace
' n ' quiet, love, harmony, gives way to mayhem hummin' a
evil hymn
yes this is also what summer brings in
such is modern civilization that has a penchant for
self-annihilation what the hell is wrong with lord's
humankind creation seemingly on the verge of massive
purge?
may the Lord have mercy. Ameen!

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

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See 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, 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 nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions>
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Romeo and Juliet, African Style Conservation

Cheetahs fear huge dogs
except one tiny cheetah cub all alone
a woman rescues him
when a man kills his mother

Romeo raised with Juliet
an Anatolian Sheppard pup
together like pack mates
she lays her head on his back
he playfully raises a black and yellow spotted paw

All grown up
she barks at every cheetahs
save for Romeo
together they chase off the fear of extinction
changing the space between
the wild world and farms of Africa

The past is cheetahs killing cattle
farmers killing cheetahs
shooting these carnivores
onto the endangered species' list

Today Anatolian sheppards
raised with cattle claim the herd as family
barking off cheetahs
run - run 70 miles an hour away from this farm
the huge dogs guarding the future

So all can live
as happily as Romeo
and his Juliet

Hippo Baby A Day or Two Old

Look out on the water
the wind whipping by
feel the speed of the boat
gaze at the distant spray of a waterfall

And suddenly there he is
a hundred pound baby
the size of a large dog
miniature next to his mother
petite pink ears twitching

Delighting people in passing boats
who travel thousands of mile to see him
in the Zambezi River
for this moment a few days after his birth
soon he will weigh tons
grown on water plants and shoreline vegetation
above the natural splendor of Victoria Falls

Today he is cute and tiny
drawing awww from those who see him
as he splashes up diamond rainbows
then basks with egrets and water bucks

Forget not he is born wild
territorial and aggressive
responsible for more African deaths
than lions and rhinos
take pleasure and give respect

Lioness Almost Tame

For now many generations
lions see humans in jeeps
roaring around the countryside

Tawny cubs playfully coming near
taking their cues from momma
the lioness watchfully relaxed

Humans taking delight
hearing her before she is seen
in the thrill of a short distance between
a lioness calling for her pride
appears out of the dense bush

Two old males rest after stuffing themselves
on a water buffalo stuck in shallow watering hole mud
and news of a pride of lionesses and cubs
suddenly there in the grass

The guides talk excitedly
last know locations exchanged
a line of jeeps
waiting turns a few at a time
visit the lioness and her cubs
as babies learn they have nothing to fear
from humans in jeeps

Enchantment comes with responsibility
to be that human
protecting the environment
for generations of cubs to come
to be the one
from whom there is
nothing to fear

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

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 co-author 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>

Moonlight Chaser

Immaculate white sphere from above
The Eternal Light illuminating the lonesome night
I pay homage to your Herculean beauty,
This madness for you cannot be equaled
A self-confessed selenophile from the very start,
Your grandeur has caught my delight.

The growling of wolves can be heard from a far
As this haunting night casts a spell,
Bewitching hour dawns at midnight
As the moonlight chaser's shadow lurks from behind,
You can hear the sound of splashing waves
Reminiscent of the past love that shook your senses.

The moonlight chaser suddenly appeared from out of the blue
As the velvety moon changes its color to a different hue,
He danced with the white shadows enveloping his surroundings
While cherubs and seraphims played an acoustic music in the Heavens,

Waiting for his ladylove to manifest under the moonlit night
Wearing a peaceful countenance, knelt down and sang a soulful serenade.

The tide came rushing to the shoreline keeping his soul at bay
While the night clouds are caressing the Moon, his sultry voice permeates the air,

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With the eerie wind chill, harps can be heard humming
down the Earth
Time takes to a halt as Angels descend from above,
A blinding Light pierces the Sky with an Eternal Glow
And it came to pass the Ladylove of the Moonlight chaser
arrived at the Predestined Time.

Silhouette

At a distant horizon my mind drifts away
cascading shadows follow me everywhere
even in my dreams where your silhouette haunts me
your smile still lingers, those eyes that seem to tell me I
should stay
In the afterglow, I can still see traces of splendid moments
we had
Cut short by destiny as hearts kept distance with words
which remained untold.
Your sultry silhouette haunts my every breath
Succumbing to love's call even if it will be against all odds
There is something about the way you make this heart
quiver
Always bringing me back to you no matter how far I roam.
That wicked silhouette framing a broken soul
Pierced my deepest core the moment I had to let you go
But only time and destiny can foretell if ever this yearning
will lead me back to you once more...

The Purple Knight

In Memoriam of Prince

Your music is an ode to a wondrous world
Your rhythm echoes through the hearts of many
Immortal lyrics still linger as your songs are being played
on the air.

The Purple Knight, a legend you are,
With a music style quite different from other artists
You taught us how to embrace our true selves
And continue to change the world with a memorable
legacy.

The Purple Knight, the Prince of music,
You will go down in history with your songs as pieces of
inspiration
Our Purple Knight who sings sweet melodies even in our
dreams
You left sparkles of magic in every verse you sang,
And these will never be forgotten even as the years will
pass us by
The Purple Knight, you gave us great music, your
masterpieces
We thank you for the wonderful contribution to humanity.

The Purple Knight with purple hues spread over the
horizon
You are one great inspiration along with your melodious
tones with the different rhythms of life
The Purple Knight, you will be in our hearts and your songs
will forever be remembered

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Generations will come and go but your name will be
standing on a pedestal
“Raspberry Beret” will be one of the last song syndromes I
will be playing on my mind
The immortal “Purple Rain” whispers a lullaby to my ears
every now and then
There will never be a farewell to your melodies, our Purple
Knight.

Anna
Lakubczak
Ves Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. Polish poet, journalist and the main editor of e-Magazine *Horizon*. Student on journalism and social communication at the University in Szczecin. In free time author on the website

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. Her poems were included in a few American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2016” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House „Avenue U Publications” and She started to publish her poetry in the cycle "The Year of The Poet" since 2016. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styra University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

She’s interested in philosophy, literature, psychology, music, mass media. Her hobbies are: cooking, reading books, learning foreign languages, translating and traveling.

In 2013 she published her debut volume: „Ars Poetica”. At now she’s working on next books: volume “Conversation at night”, novel “Wind of hope”, collection of stories “Gates of subconscious” and fairytales “The squirrel’s stories from the old larch”.

Delicate

For Arsenie

Do you remember the other night,
there were no stars or moon.
We preferred to go beyond paraphrase
than dabble in Romanticism.

Silence betrayed more
than the engraved line.
You tried to hide the grief
and I did try to understand the loss of the soul.

We touched with the fingertips the catharsis,
do not separate from each other.
I felt what it is the mark of eternity,
and the desire

to write on one of the pages,
just like (not) trivially:
*you make I can smile every day,
despite of the clouds.*

For a stranger

For Arsenie

I dont know who you are
and where you come from
or when I meet your lips
you remind me the fog
just only for a moment
and tomorrow
unrecognized

although I can hear the steps
and heart still urged
can see what I just
could see
I dont understand

why you with seconds
knock on my door
a stranger

(I think) loved
eternity
humanity

with poen
the stranger

Dolce minore

for Arsenie

I will hide in a melody
tapped on an old piano
(will try to listen)
maybe you will try to listen very close
and found out in the dur-mol race.

I will hide in the melody
dreaming to become a favorite
in delicate adagio
nature of the lioness is dormant

hide because music is life
the lyrical accompaniment
and ranges of love
although it has two ends

after each crescendo
time comes for a moment of delicato
for a moment to re-awaken
passion

sit down and play
according the heartbeat
close your eyes
you are in your world

da capo al fine

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator and educator. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He holds a Bachelor's degree in English Literature from the University of Jordan, Amman, and a Master's degree in Human Resources Development from the University of Minnesota, the U.S. Sartawi is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, General Union of Arab Writers, and Asian-African Writers Union. He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, and Palestine, and Morocco.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His poetry translations into Arabic include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; *Searching for Bridges* (2013), poems by American poet Margaret Saine (2016) *The Talhamiya* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Nathalie Handal. His Arabic poetry translations into English include *Contemporary Jordanian Poets*, Volume I (2013); *The Eyes of the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015, 2016), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb; *Haifa and other Poems* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Samih Masaud; *The Pearls of a Grief* (2016), poems by Lebanese poet Abdulkarim Baalbaki. He has also been working for the last four years on a translation project, Arab Contemporary Poets Series.

Sartawi's poems and translations have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Italy, the Philippines, and India.

Braille and Bullets

Moving the oil lamp further
away from the window
she squats
on the kitchen floor
turns over the potato cubes
in the greasy frying pan
on the grimy brass primus stove
she adds some salt
and turns them over again

The four-year-old kid is still trotting
from corner to corner
dee dee... dee dee...
urging his broomstick.

In the distance
shouting
and shooting...
she looked at her child
still trotting and shouting: dee dee...

She knew they were in town
she knew they were coming
and
her sack was ready
she turned the wick of the oil lamp down

A blind volley of bullets
whizzed
through the dilapidated window

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She subdued a scream
looked around
ran for the sack
threw it on her shoulder
grabbed the little kid by the waist
ran out of the backdoor
and disappeared in the dark

Back in the kitchen
the brass primus stove was still
roaring...
the potato cubes
cooking...
the flame from the oil lamp
flickering
On the wall opposite the window
the tale was chiseled
in deep Braille alphabets

* * * *

The Young Terrorist

A passer-by:

“A little corpse
immersed
in thick dark red
covered with dirt”

A doctor:

“the right arm crushed to pieces
A deep hole on the left side of the head
a mass of brain checkered with blood”

A police report:

“A knife was found
near the corpse
with fingerprints... “

Who knows whose!

* * * *

Hunger Strike

Hungry...!
but you grow
and day by day
your dreams grow too
you sing for the dawn
and the dawn
bestows on you
glad tidings
new risings

you sing for the clouds
and the clouds wave to you
with lightning, thunder
and rain

Famished...!
but your children grow
The sun listens to their dreams
and writes them down
in his eternal records

* * * *

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*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Jen Walls is an award-winning author/international poet/literary reviewer/critic; bringing soulful love inside joyful heart's radiance; pulsating us deeply inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first poetry collection, *The Tender Petals* released – November 2014, through inner child press, Ltd. USA. Her second book of co-authored poems, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combined to offer divine nature-inspired spiritual poetry released – November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive inside renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa, and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, from Writers International Network (WIN - Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia on May 27, 2016. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. with her loving family.

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<https://www.facebook.com/jen.walls.7>

LOVE'S HEARTBEATS

Listen to heart in a most holy song.
Hear it singing long inside us
touch into divine heartbeats.

Listen so deep, that we will pray quietly
to begin to hear all love, if we are so kind
and humble - flowing ever gently and discreet.

Listen to this awesome light, extending heights
within love, indescribable and indestructible,
gift love's peace – loving grace with Loving Beloved.

Let us quiet from desire - stilling the mind;
devoting every all, we will come alive
inside love's call, open forever - sharing great care.

Live only the truth of every moment
devote action through Love's directing heart.
We must respectfully walk further inside
step upon the guided path - meet Divine's Love.

Lift freely within all, we will be so guided
know devotional love that speaks.
We will be ever fresh and new,
burst within his true sacred lotus petals.

Open into his loving heart of bliss,
give love's tenderness into full surrender.
We will be every kindness that is forever true,
pray to know love that's gentle, soft and sweet.

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Find Divine's pure breaths through devotion,
cross over ocean - go past heart's liberation.
We are to be forever - living love's heartbeats
live-free as love's peace at Beloved's loving feet.

DEEP-BLUE

Swim ocean currents
arise in heart with soul's depth;
flow water-flow rest

Calm with care - lift grace
taste forever pure fresh air;
seek love's face - breathe free

Find the bluest blue
at sea grow turquoise wishes - shine peace;
vibrate colorings

Cry wet tears from eyes
let salt not lose its savor;
release clouds - pour-through

Share heaven's blue-dew
kiss skies with gentle rainbows;
gift bliss of deep-blue

OVER POUR

Over pour heart's room
plant deep for bliss - ocean's seed;
cross on mystic blooms

Bring eternal ray
leave your feelings for this world;
live all - nothing stays

Open where joy gives
love into life - hear heart's call;
care-quest onto peace

Rise free - make love's flight
travel heart-song, day and night;
fill and then empty

Expand soul's gifting
flow with breaths - watch waves lifting;
grow great heart and be

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Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

A Penn State faculty in Humanities, published author, literary translator and freelance editor, hülya n. yılmaz started her formal writing career in the U.S. after joining the Nittany Valley Writers Network in Centre County, PA. Her poetry made its first public appearance in the OLLI Magazine, *Pastiche*. Dr. yılmaz' academic publications include an extensive research book on the literary relations between the West and the Islamic East, a chapter for a book of critical essays on Orhan Pamuk – the recipient of the 2006 Nobel Prize in Literature, and several treatises presented at national and international conferences.

Outside the academia, hülya has authored *Trance*, a book of poetry in Turkish, German and English, and co-authored another collection of poems, *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* with Demetrius Trifiatis, professor of Philosophy from Greece. She finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper self and writes creatively to attain and nourish it.

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

fragments

outside the birth chamber
skinny
sickly
a routine

at talking age
basic vocabulary
commendable mastery
timely on the whole
standard questions after all
“Whom do you love more, your Mom or your Dad?”
“What do you want to be when you grow up?”
“Are you listening to your brother?”

i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .

secondary school
the city bus
a freak corners me
in front of everybody
rubs himself
against my shocked body
my school bag
a quick shelter
being clueless however
i freak out
once i make it home
shrieking non-stop

did i become a woman now?

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“No, Sweetie! No!”

i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .

high school
 ballet
 modern dance
 folk dance
 co-ed disco trips
 fun with other youth
 well-behaving
 forever dependable

“Your friends are good people, darling, but you must still be mindful about how you handle yourself. Trust your brother. He is going to have a talk with you. Listen to him carefully. He knows boys his age the best.”

i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .

amid college applications
 saving it all for marriage
 every step of the way

“You know, darling, those fields of study are not good career choices for a woman. Think about all the traveling you would be required to do. Our country is not ready to see women hold such professions. Besides, you should not have a career that might interfere with your future husband’s.”

i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .

nearing college graduation
 two engagements
 platonic relations only

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“You are now engaged to be married, darling. Men do not like ungroomed women. Your appointments are all set. Make sure to take care of all that body hair. Then there is the ‘thing’. You know that we have full trust in you. Wherever you are. Still, do not forget that men always want to be the first.”

i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .

marriage

no fault
on his account
a pure heart
how does it go though?
good-heartedness
does not a woman’s love make
losing the authentic self
close to dying inside
in fact
dead
in many ways

un-married

safe
secure
reserved demure
through and through
staying vacuum-packed . . .

Once upon a Time,

there was once
a five-same sized-car-wide parking space
let us say the allowed space is
five-same sized-car-wide

no-brainer, right?
each driver parallels the other's car,
staying inside the lines

the first driver arriving however
takes up one-and-a half parking slot
the second stretches over
the next one-and-a half
now, feeling also fully entitled
the third cuts corners for the fourth;
angry at time's poor timing,
the fourth settles for the last stall

but wait!
did this poem's opening line
not just say
that the allowed space
WAS five-same sized-car-wide?

no-brainer, right?

well, think again!

just a key

it was the family car
the brother was to drive it
mother and daughter
adorned the back seats
the father – a non-driver
took the seat next to the son
driving skills of the
two beloved skirts
guided them all
in a self-imposed silence
with no transmission key
in any of the manicured hands

INTERMISSION

the couple's car
breathed far beyond
its single-lung-capacity
under the sole autonomy
of its male passenger
with no duplicate key in sight

after each ring went on
to its own destiny

INTERMISSION

a flat came first
–a pretense-home
a quaint house then
begged to be owned
euphoria beat its own record

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a key landed thus
in utterly bright cheer
on the over-dusted veneer
of the newly solo-dancing skirt

ecstasy doused itself
in the spirit of the self
and began to escort it
to marvels yet unlived

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Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

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>

Repeat Performance

Her tears are the roses
multiplying in love's garden.
His primal howl seeks an embrace.

He cannot catch the wolf
whose prayer for broken hearts
serenade the moon.

Last night's ghost dreams chill hopes
as demons invade his space.
He wants to walk in her tears.

How to escape from dream's prison
weighs heavy on his heart.
Tears wash his face clean.

Compassion comes for him,
lifts him in its arms and
takes him to the garden of love.

Pure Dive

Rocks masturbate hard against sand.
Their pleasure shines with radiance
against first light of morning.

The river flows in blended lyrics
polishing stones with bliss
as every frosty wave gurgles.

Her imagination runs wild downstream
to catch magic moments as the river
sings in staccato and touches

the next leg of innocence to caress.
She cannot resist the urge
to dive into pure elixir.

A rush to eternity to satisfy
natural rhythms and tune the body
to the divine touch.

Moon Ring

The moon rises
to light their evening
and bless their sacred branch.

They have met this way
for many years,
beaks touching,
a unified kiss of love.

Such bonds are never broken,
protected by the inner light
of God's universe.

Their song of gratitude
is an ancient call
to all love birds
riding the winds of planet earth.

Faleeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

Her poems and her stories published in different American magazines Such as : Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum , Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaminmamas, The Galway Review, Words without Borders, TXTOBJX, intranslation, SJ .magazine, nondoc ,Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW , Courier-Post , I am not a silent poet, taosjournal, Inner Child Press , Press of Atlantic City.

d.fh88@yahoo.com

If I was a poet

I would have sneaked to you
From the pores of net
I would have wrapped you in a prose poem that lacks in
precision
I laid you to sleep under the covers of my bed
Quietly.

So if love was to engulf me
And a longing rises from my soul
I stretch the fingers of my hand towards you
And I dabble with the words if the poem
Letter by letter.

If I was truly a poet
I would have limped to the God by now
And sat by the foot of his throne
And held on to it
With both hands
And whispered: you the greatest, grandest, most beautiful,
most wonderful and capable,
Create a lover just for me

I mean for me only

But I know
That my prayer will not be answered
Not because is it impossible
But more than that really
Since I have never known
A man
Who has never betrayed his lover.

Lament

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

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

Let's call it a tree

What I am drawing now is not a shadow
The cloud surrounded my last, saved days
And everyone I have known suddenly vanished
The storm lasted longer than necessary

Yesterday I spoke to my mother
I reached my hand at night
and removed from her the curtains of sleep:

- The seeds of pomegranates have split
- She replied: one will remain. It will not end in the mouth
of a cockerel,

many more will grow from it.

- I am scared- I told her.

Surprised: she said:

- a poet and you're scared?

- I'm sad, I told her.

- These are habits of poets.

- I worry even for the wall of the sky.

- We build the sky with a word just like they
demolish it with a word, you're my word.

This is what my mother said.

As the others rest, sullen under the shade of their wishes,
I seek the tree that still has not awakened from its sleep
The one that left us such thin shadow
It does not give us safety from the heat of our sins.
And I now
Spin the snow into a mask,
And prepare myself for the what's to come - which is still
far
And name myself, happiness.

Translated by Dikra Ridha

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

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 Philippines; Global Citizen's 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).

Cœur de Ceri

want to write to your heart
and will never be gone
it will remain
in you.

i want to be part of your heart
and will never be gone
it will live
in you.

i want to be the heart of love
and will never be gone
it will be
always you.

my love, my life

it is love
to find you
in the sunrise
within your sunset,
it is life
when i breathe
your air in mine
every dawn
of becoming,
life of love
and love of life.

yesterday, before the sunset

call it once, twice or even how many times
of repeated mysteries
in the premises of unmistakable truths
wanting winner's wands
to get inside fortune gates
there are prompt approvals
sometimes set to wait,

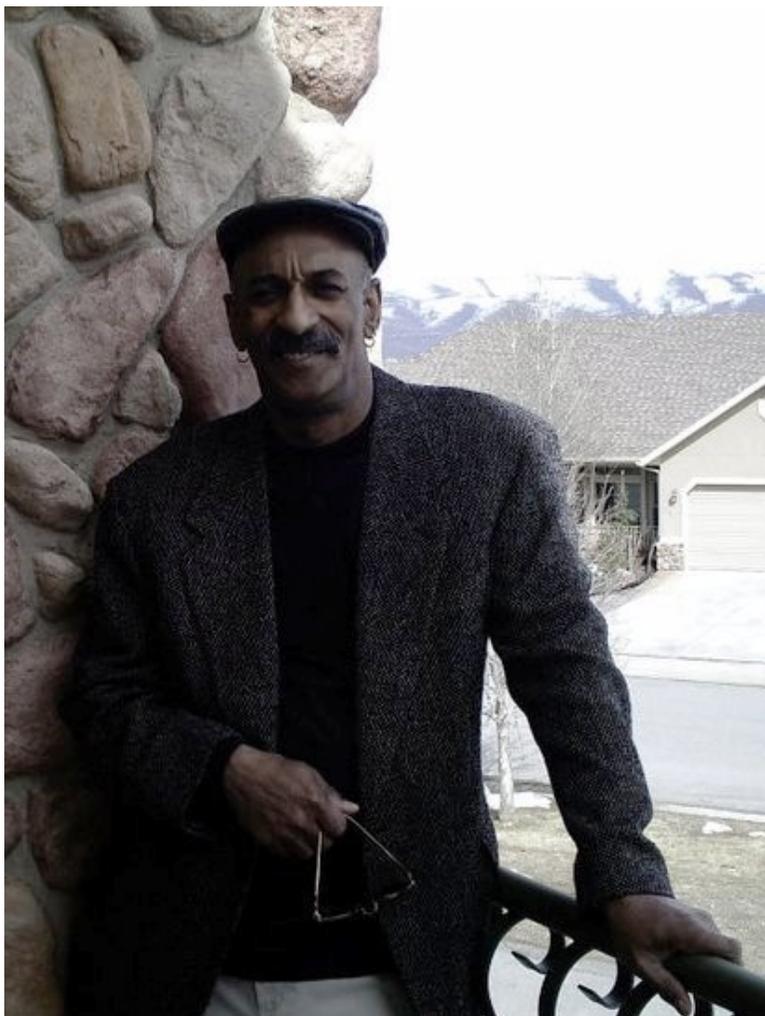
yesterday, i saw it clearer
before the sunset
how it flown to the chants of tasteless chords
how it burnt the unwanted words
how it went to the channels of adversities
how was the brand new day
is brought to bless like sunrise,
the emergence
of a new rose.

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

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

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Almost Blue

Sitting here
Absorbing the ambiance
Fire Flies dancing
A rose wine
And Chet Baker
Almost Blue,
But that can not be

The universe speaks softly
To my soul
And I am realized
In this extended moment
Where time has lost it's meaning

The companionship is
Beyond any beautiful
I can remember,
For the past has past
And the moment I call Now
Has inebriated my senses
And my sense

Here is where I am
Dancing in the ambiance
Shining my light
As the Fire Flies
Have taught me

Consciousness

It was that time of day
Again
You know what I mean,
When our 'Myself' awakens,
Stretches
And surveys its surroundings

Today I think She is a she,
For she began to caress me
In a way that aroused something,
Yes something
That needed attention

Being the challenged one that I am,
I found it pertinent
To be quiet,
Observe,
Listen,
For I would surely miss something

I pulled out my pen,
And began the frantic search
For a suitable writing pad

Yes, I was taking notes,
For I did not want to miss a thing

In the silence,
There was noise
In the stillness,
There was movement

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

In the confusion,
There was clarity
In the chaos,
There was order,

But I could not make sense of it all
For my empiracle consciousness
Once again proved its feebleness

So I closed my eyes
To the world,
And in the darkness
A light was borne,
The music began to play,
And my toes started to twitch,
And a new rhythm was born

I saw the firmament above,
And that below,
And here I was stuck betwixt the two
Resonating a duplicity of expression

I was the string upon the harp
And She, my Muse played me,
Struck me, plucked me
And a melodic discordant symphony was born
And I called it a poem

Consciousness

within it all

many of us meander
through our lives
seeking purpose,
and validation . . .
here and there

not knowing who we are,
or who we may become
based on extrinsic values

we spurn our innate intuition
to be accepted
in the crowds
who like us
are seeking the same things

who is it that was taught
that the greater of all things
is within you . . .
and has always been

you could not see God
nor the miracles of life
if you did not have your own eyes
So LOOK

the treasure of all things
lies within

it is the seed that defines the fruit
and its promise
of the sweetness
yet to come

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

it is the heart of man
that casts away shadows
that humanity may prosper

it is your God-ness
within you
that makes a way
for the goodness
we erect
that all may enjoy

your inner thoughts
dissects, dissuades and dissolves,
the issues and challenges
that life presents
along your path
that growth will come

these things are no secret,
but somehow
we have relegated our power
to obscurity
for we have deemed
it is better to fit in
to the pocket of misery
with company
than to stand alone
in our own brilliance

World Healing, World Peace 2018



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Submission Guidelines

1 Poem

Microsoft Word Attachment (**NO PDF's**)

12 pt. Times Roman

Titles Underlined

Single Spaced

Maximum 30 lines

Picture of Poet (no avatars or icons accepted)

Biography 50 words or less with maximum 2 Web Links

Submit to :

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Submissions open from September 1st ~ December 31st, 2017

Publishing for International Poetry Month April 2018

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Project Manager : Gail Weston Shazor

Underwritten by Inner Child Press

Opening for submissions
September 1st, 2017

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

August
2017

Features

~ * ~

Jonathan Aquino

Kitty Hsu

Langley Shazor

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

*Jonathan
Aquino*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Jonathan Aquino is the author of five books: *Fisherboy*, *A Celebration of Life*, *The Way To Inner Peace*, *A Child of A Lesser God* and *Why The World Needs Heroes*, all published by Smashwords. His poetry, stories, essays, and magazine articles have appeared in major publications. His radio plays have aired in DZRH. He lives in Cebu in the Philippines. His philosophy is summed up in Ralph Waldo Emerson's *On Self-Reliance*: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages."

Reverie

I heard a song from yesterday,
remembering someone who is far away
as the moon smiled down upon me,
tonight, lovers kiss and poets dream,
sweet silence beside a golden stream,
blessed sleep like soft leaves from a tree,
amazing grace, everlasting love,
faces from the past left behind,
spirits rise from a sacred river,
gentle sigh from the breath of forever,
a lifted veil from the corner of my mind;
Silent whispers in my memory
brings peace and comfort to me.

Journey Through Wastelands

I

For too long I've been on this desert
a young mariner on dry land
a nomadic Bedouin in cactus land;
Deceitful mirages have become my world.
I long to soar with the eagles of Jove
to be one with the eagles
to be one with Jove.
But this lot is that of Job
the Old Testament pawn;
suffering under the same twilight
suffering under the same dawn.
But the forces of the universe have not conspired
to bury me in numbing ice
or burn me with searing fire.
I'm not the last nor the first
destined for this path of agony
that which drove the weak to perish
achieving oblivion
though their own actions.
But still, listen to me,
may their souls hear my words:
an anvil is worth a thousand words.

II

I have seen too much death;
Will I live to see mine?
Who will bear witness
to the death of my mind,
to the murder in my mind?
Am I still alive? Or is my life
like an afterimage of the sun,

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

or like a vision of the blind?
Angels are real we are told,
and demons are midwives' songs--
but I wonder. I don't want to grow old
believing it's the other way around:
that Satan rules the heavens
and God is six feet underground.

III

Unspeakable tortures I have known,
still I choose not to cry
and I choose not to die.
They can make the lifeforce flee
compound to dust this mortal body
and bless with ashes the indifferent sky
summoning my spirit, like a skylark, free.
Even with hoops of steel
my soul the grave cannot steal;
for Death is an old friend,
like the flame within the spark
like the silence within the dark.
For the Grim Reaper I hold no fear
He that took the ones I held dear;
But still I remain, have immersed deeper
into the illusions of this dimension,
though I tried to break the chains,
the tentacles of maya, the bonds of delusion;
For I have become weary of the shadows,
moving shades in the walls of the cave,
dying to soar, like a convict nearing the gallows.

Beginning Today

I.

Beginning today,
I will start all over again;
yesterday is a dream,
today is a reality,
and tomorrow is a vision;
on this day,
I'm letting go of the past
and taking hold of the present
in order to shape the future
to what I want it to be

II.

Beginning today,
I will rediscover
and appreciate my uniqueness;
there has never been anyone like me,
in all of history,
and there never will be;
I am looking in my eyes,
and for the first time,
I am seeing who I am,
I am getting re-acquainted with me,
with my own inner self,
and it's a wonderful feeling

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II.

Beginning today,
I will conquer my emotions;
I shall be the master of my fate
and the captain of my soul;
through alignment and serenity,
I have achieved peace with myself
and with the whole world around me

Kitty
Hsu

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Author HSU,Shih-Ting Master's degree graduate, Kaohsiung, Taiwan, graduated from Masters, majoring in art history and museum science, on weekdays in addition to the study of art history, but also for the poetry, prose and art criticism and other literary creation, published in the journals.

My pages areas follows:

<https://m.facebook.com/KittyHsu.us/?ref=bookmarks>

<https://m.facebook.com/hsting.arts?ref=bookmarks>

Ripples

Seen living in the worl--
why thought to be--
blooming for anyone--

In the patches of waves--
I stared at you in the sudden rain faraway--
Dogweeds floating freely--
In the quietly lonely universe--

Emerging above the waters--
As she shedding tears in the green grass lake stirring the
traces of ripples--
In the morning densely waving--
Spreading endlessly expending ripples--

Fragments of Dream

What's your flight time lag and standard?
Is it staying in the circle of the dream,
Is it shuttling in the steam horn?
Or following the seagulls,
Lingering between the roaring deep blue and green seas,

You, let me unable to catch the transition of the flight time
lag
Love, with its pan deep blue, light blue and grey white,
It, because the fleeting time and tide shuttling
Its setiments floating on the surface in the shallow waters
The shy and coy face timidly stirring smiling ripples
Therefore, at last...I was smiling.....

Sometimes

Sometimes, Love is like a nightmarish shadow,
Wanting to love, and the love fails you,
Wanting to hold it, it's too elusive to catch.

Sometimes, Love is like poppies,
Sometimes floating so carefree,
Sometimes it does away,
Sometimes it gets drunk like playing a part in a drama.

I very much so feel like getting a drunk!
Also wanting to see the nightmarish shadow in my dream,
Let me forget about the impermanence in human lives,
Let me be forgetful of it--
Even in the episodes of a novel ,
There's a sensational, everlasting love and ageless story,
With an imaginative perfect definition still not found.

So what?
Sometimes,
I'm immersed in this state of paradoxical and controversial
meaning--
leaving only empty memories.

Tinea or Ring-worm Hard to Treat

An Intractable it Unbeatable Tinea
Please pardon me, OK?
Even if God He is for us,
Empowering us joy and happiness and thistles and thorns,
Positive or negative numbers many if which add up to sum
or not
this original stone in the deep pit,
Unable to show the crystal-clear and lustrous color like a
morning dew drop,

Love is like this intractable, unbeatable ringworm
Waiting for the meteoring stars to be falling down to the
earth,
There's a period of time or timeless.....

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Langley
Shazor

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Langley was raised in Bristol, VA; currently residing in Abingdon, VA, he is actively engaged in both communities. Serving as a board member of the Barter Theatre as well as other civic and legislative organizations, Langley is an advocate for performing arts, education, community involvement, and sustainable economic development. Before joining Bristol Virginia Public Schools, he worked as a process engineer, specializing in system automation, data mining, and platform development before moving on to operations and strategic planning. His hobbies are writing, film photography, and physical wellness training. He has a deep appreciation for culture, history, philosophy, science, and religions. An avid reader, he is passionate about learning all that he can and imparting that knowledge; breaking down stereotypes, creating social awareness, enlightenment, human rights, and helping those less fortunate are his life's quests. Langley has a particularly strong burden for empowering today's youth and encouraging their interests in the arts. A lover of all things antiquated, he is an avid typewriter collector, something that has only fueled his affinity for writing and encouraging others to write as well. Typewriters being his tool of choice for his craft, Langley has been able to bring a forgotten medium back to life and give it relevance in this, ever growing, digital world.

Breathless

A needle in a haystack
Attached to a thread
At the end of a can
Listen to the way it vibrates
Those waves carry a frequency
Few can detect
Hold it close
Let it whisper sweet nothings
Tantalize your canals
With gentle brooks
Feeling it between toes
Beneath blades of grass
At the water's edge
Carried away
The breath of Zephyrus
Sending Cupid's arrows off course
How wonderfully enchanting
Once in a lifetime
Love

-Breathless-

-May Flower-

With mispronunciation
Heritage and cultures
Brought to the foreground
These grounds
With bare feet
Unintelligible utterings
Make communication difficult
A resourceful people
Keep it from an impossibility
On wooden cruise ships
Fleets of vessels
Cart this carnival of “beasts”
Shackled to masts
To entertain the masses
At the whim of the “massuhs”
Masked Kings and Queens
Dance to convey plans
Emancipation routes
Sever plantation roots
Brave souls
Brave unimaginable conditions
To sow seeds of greatness

-May Flower-

Worded Woodlands

I would imagine
It being like lying down
On a warm summer evening
So close to the earth
You can feel the vibration
The sound that comes from all around
It echoes through forests
Bouncing off trees
Trapped by leaves
But always flowing
Let it tickle your skin
Feel it wisp
Stand follicles on end
It hums in your ears
Sailing down your canal
A gondola of symphonic splendor
Passing by in pianissimo
Lay for a while
Listen
Immerse yourself
And allow the chirping of crickets
The rustling of leaves
To keep telling stories
Conjuring epic tales
With every sound they emit
Welcome to my Wonderland
I come here often
Through the door of my wardrobe
Spells cast
And you are absorbed
Compelled to witness
All the greatness that happens
In these hundred acre woods

Inner Child Press

News

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen

Albert Carrasco

Gail Weston Shazor

hülya n. yılmaz

Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

Nizar Sartawi

Faleeha Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Coming this Summer



Jackie Davis Allen

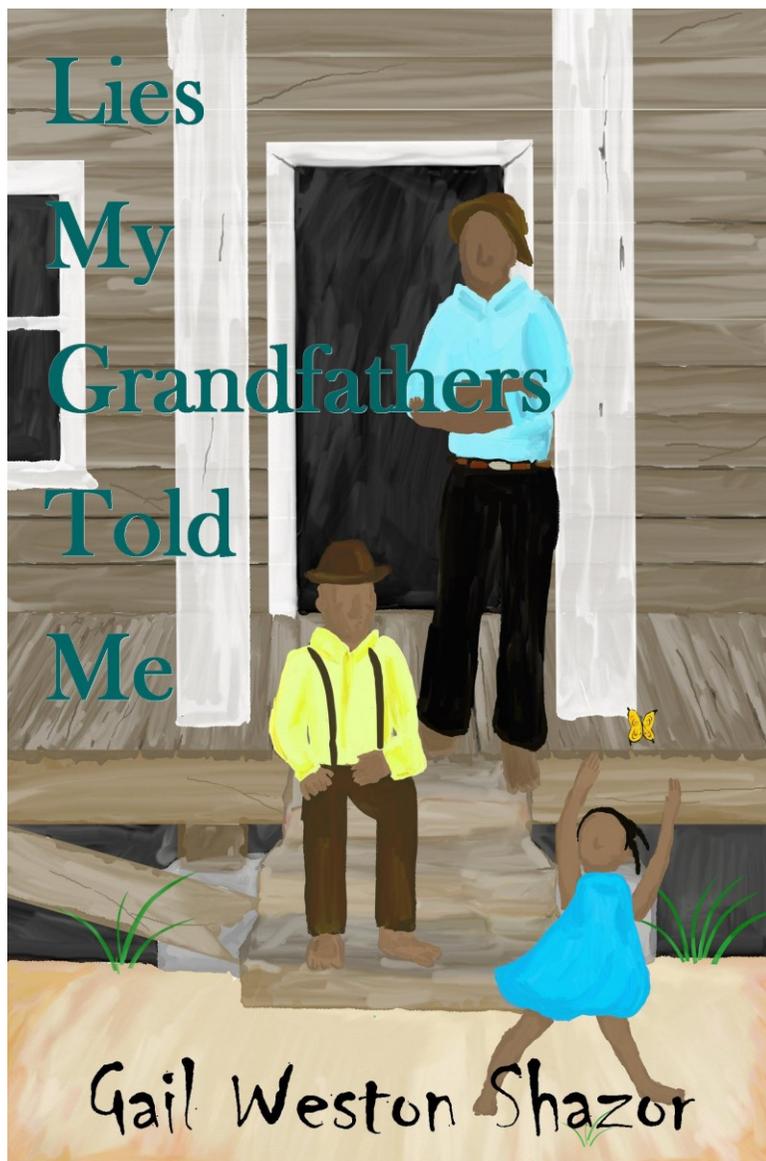
The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Coming this Fall



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Coming this Summer



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Coming this Summer

Aflame



Memoirs in Verse

hülya n. yılmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Coming this Fall



The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Now Available at
www.innerchildpress.com

My Shadow

Nizar Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

Now Available at

www.innerchildpress.com

Mass Graves



Faleeha Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017

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Anthological
works from
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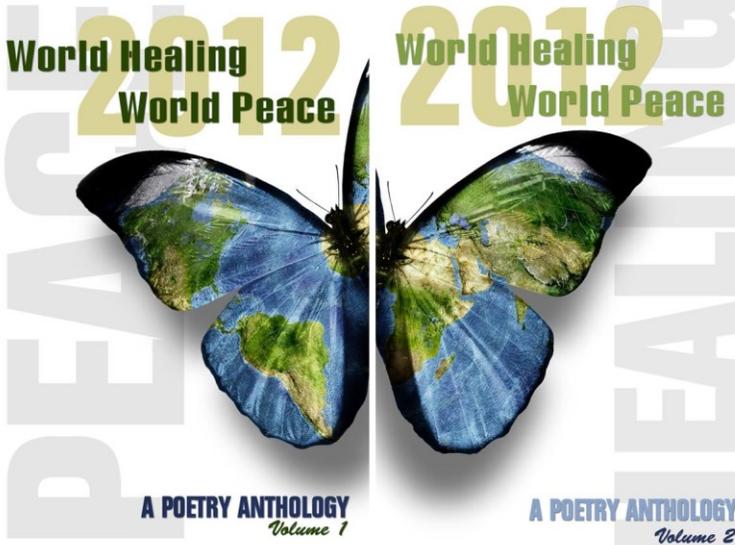
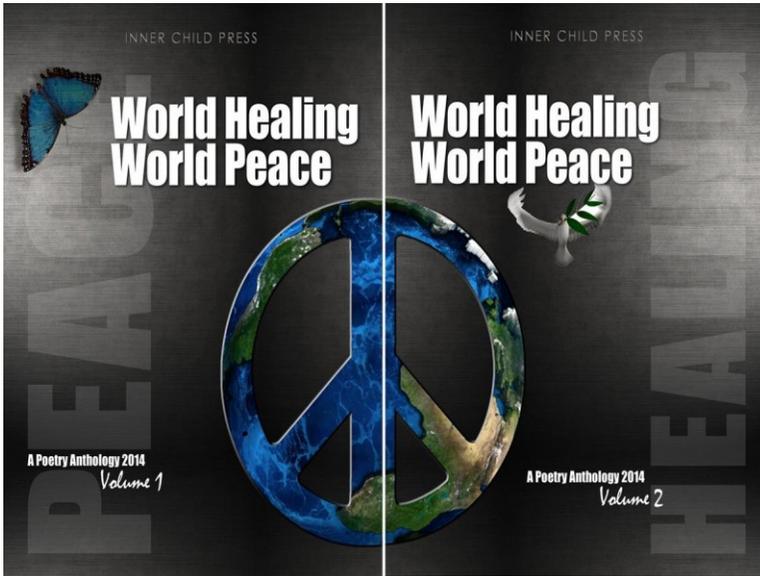
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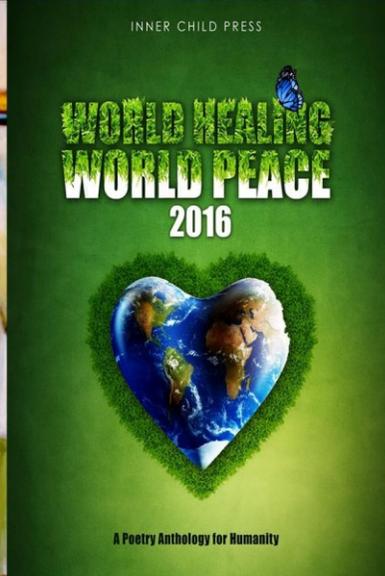
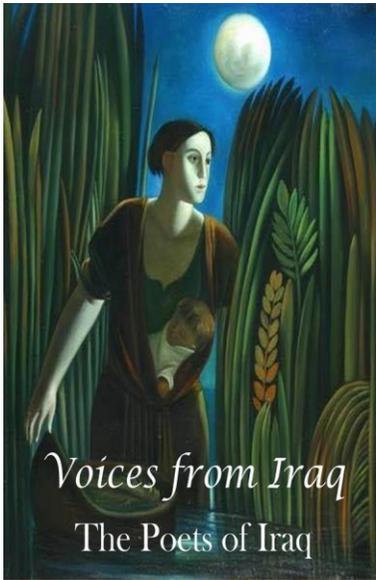
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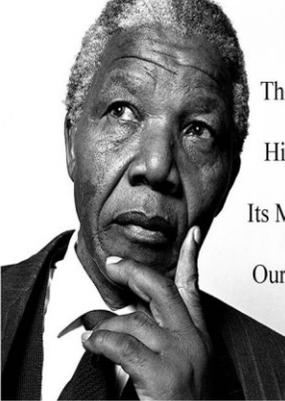
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Mandela



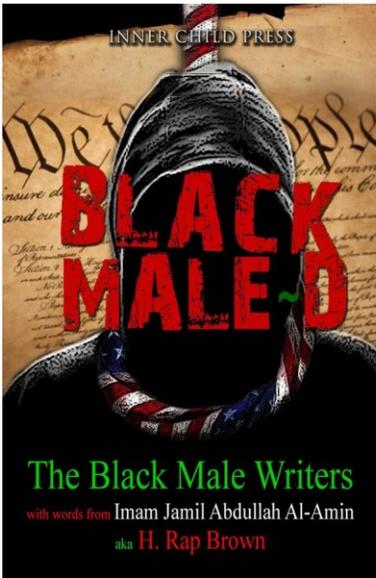
The Man
His Life
Its Meaning
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

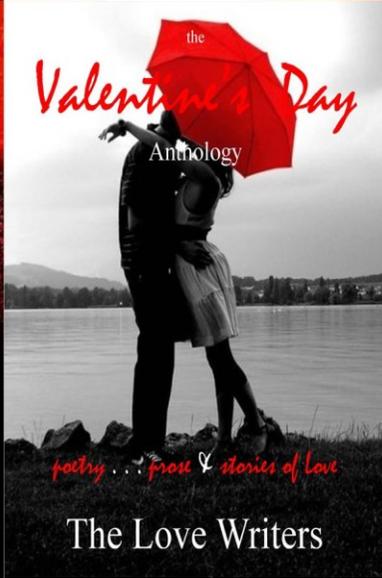
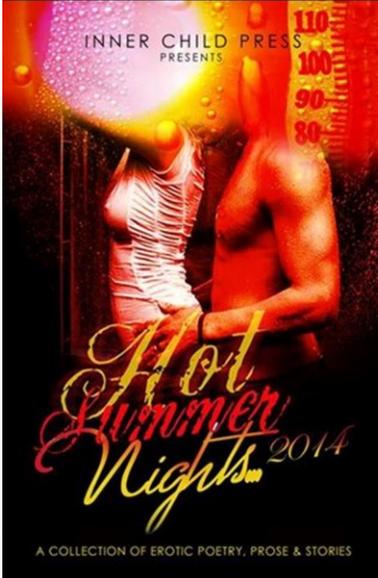
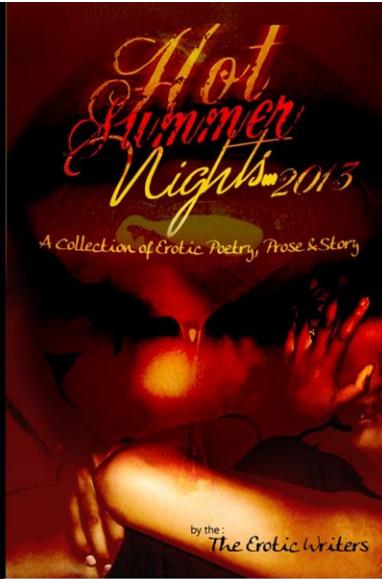
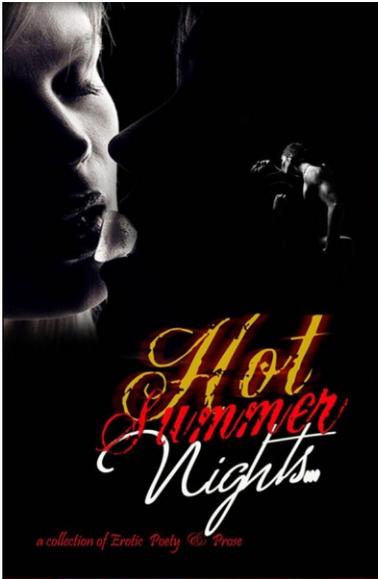
A GATHERING OF WORDS



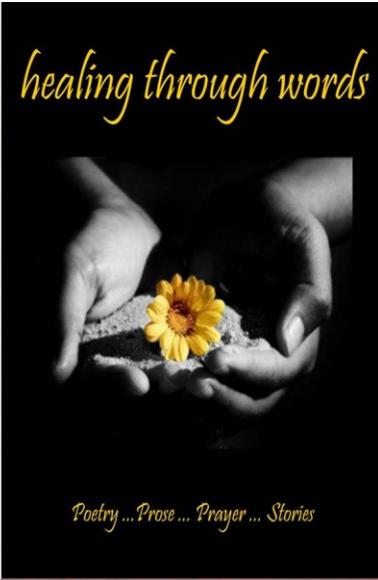
POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN



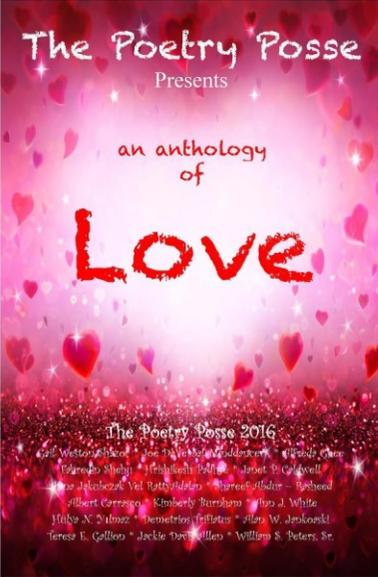
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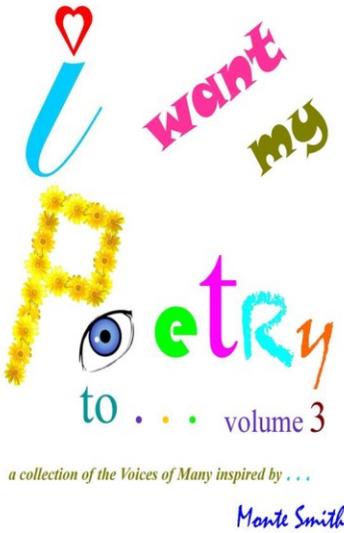
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a
**Poetically
 Spoken
 Anthology**
 volume I
 Collector's Edition



Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature
Terri L. Johnson

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
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Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

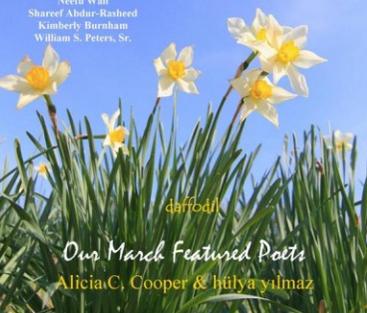
Our February Features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



daffodil

Our March Featured Poets
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Sweet Pea

Our April Featured Poets
Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the year of the poet
May 2014

May's Featured Poets
ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton



Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'fink Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanoer
Robert Gibbons
Nevety Wall
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet
June 2014



Love & Relationship
Rose

June's Featured Poets
Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'fink Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanoer
Robert Gibbons
Nevety Wall
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet
July 2014

July Feature Poets
Christiana A.V. Williams
Dr. John R. Struim
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'fink Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanoer
Robert Gibbons
Nevety Wall
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month

The Year of the Poet
August 2014

Gladiolus

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'fink Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanoer
Robert Gibbons
Nevety Wall
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

August Feature Poets
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Garden of September Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intrite' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindancan • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shereef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intrite' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindancan • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shereef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSandra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intrite' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindancan • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shereef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Intrite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Bonefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindancan
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wolf
Shereef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPoet • Santos Galin • Justice Drake

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THE YEAR OF THE POET III
January 2015

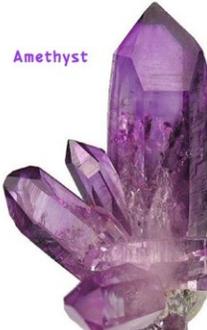


Garnet

The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shelu
Hülya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
Jackie Allen
William S. Peters, Sr.

January Feature Poets
Bismay Mohantfi * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET II
February 2015



Amethyst

THE POETRY POSSE
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shelu
Hülya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
Jackie Allen
William S. Peters, Sr.

FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS
Iram Fatima * Bob McNeil * Kerstin Centervall

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our Featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac

Diamonds



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets
Geri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chimney
Anna Jakubczak



Emeralds

The Poetry Pesse 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

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



Pearl

The Poetry Pesse 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

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



Rubies

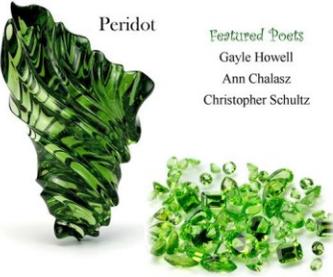
The Poetry Pesse 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Peridot

Featured Poets
Gayle Howell
Ann Chaliasz
Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Pesse 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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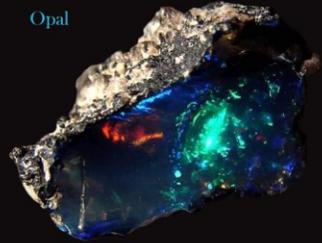
The Year of the Poet II
 September 2015
 Featured Poets
 Alfreda Ghee * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015
 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
 Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
 October 2015
 Featured Poets
 Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington



Opal

The Poetry Posse 2015
 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
 Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
 November 2015
 Featured Poets
 Alan W. Jankowski
 Bismay Mohanty
 James Moore



Topaz

The Poetry Posse 2015
 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
 Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
 December 2015
 Featured Poets
 Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

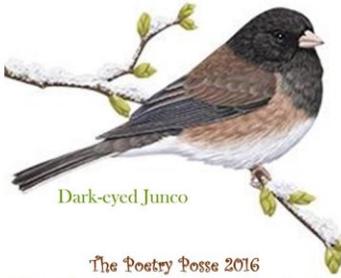
The Poetry Posse 2015
 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
 Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet III January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

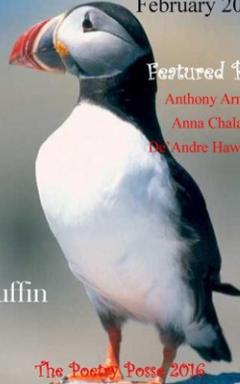
Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattysvidala * Anna J. White
Fahredo Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerol * Mbdoloveer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Kathi Allen Jankowski
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Fotinas * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III February 2016

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold
Anna Chalas
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

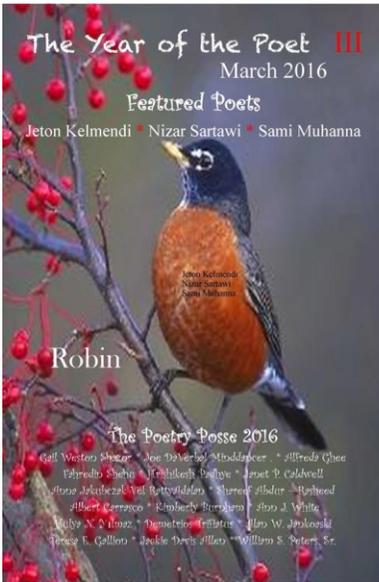
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerol * Mbdoloveer * Alfredo Ghee
Fahredo Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattysvidala * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Anna J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Fotinas * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna



Robin

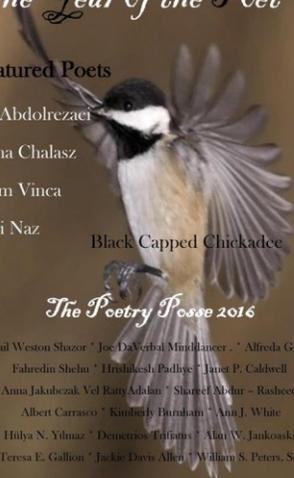
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerol * Mbdoloveer * Alfredo Ghee
Fahredo Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattysvidala * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Anna J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Fotinas * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei
Anna Chalas
Agim Vinca
Ceri Naz



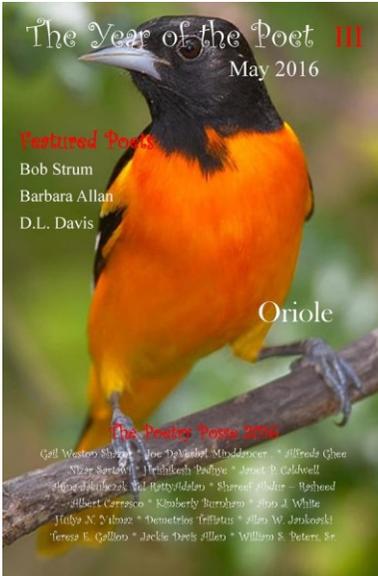
Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerol * Mbdoloveer * Alfredo Ghee
Fahredo Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattysvidala * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Anna J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Fotinas * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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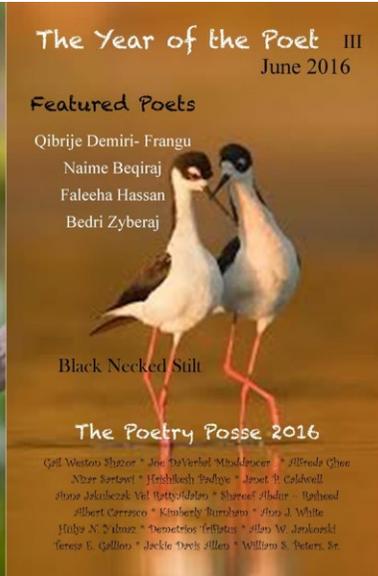


The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets
Bob Strum
Barbara Allan
D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVierlet Misdanner * Allreda Ghoe
Nizar Sattawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldine * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Alan J. White
Hilary N. D'Alonzo * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

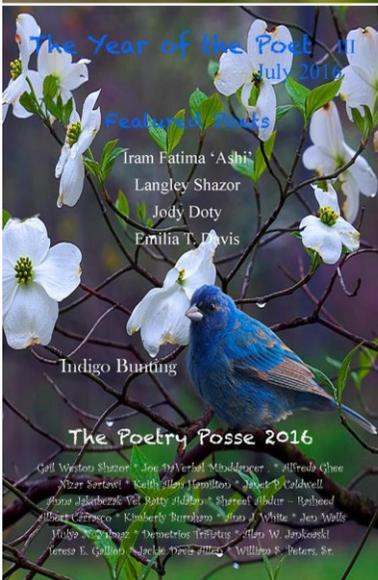


The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets
Qibrije Demiri- Frangu
Naime Beqiraj
Faleeha Hassan
Bedri Zyberaj

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVierlet Misdanner * Allreda Ghoe
Nizar Sattawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldine * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Alan J. White
Hilary N. D'Alonzo * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

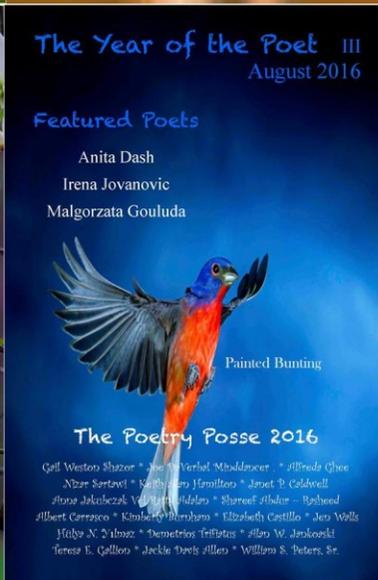


The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Langley Shazor
Jody Doty
Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVierlet Misdanner * Allreda Ghoe
Nizar Sattawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldine * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Alan J. White * Jen Walls
Hilary N. D'Alonzo * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets
Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda

Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVierlet Misdanner * Allreda Ghoe
Nizar Sattawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldine * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Hilary N. D'Alonzo * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novicio



Long Billed Curlew

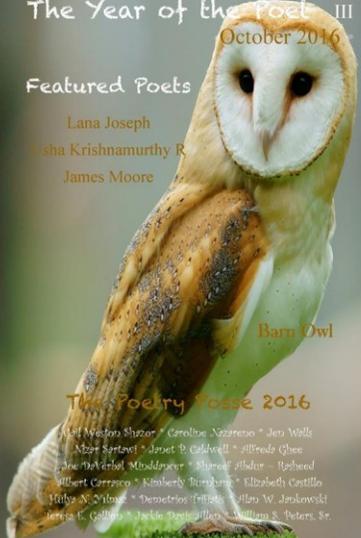
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Muddancer * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattari * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghaz
Jose DeVerbal Muddancer * Sharon Abbeir * Richard
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. Adams * Demetrios Trifotis * Jilma W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph
Visha Krishnamurthy R
James Moore



Barn Owl

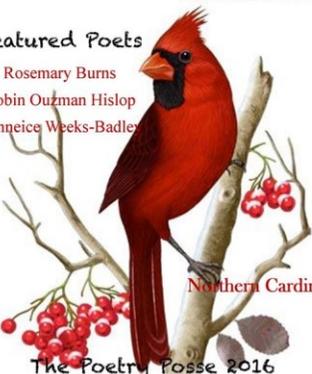
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattari * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghaz
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer * Sharon Abbeir * Richard
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. Adams * Demetrios Trifotis * Jilma W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns
Robin Ouzman Hislop
Lonneice Weeks-Badler



Northern Cardinal

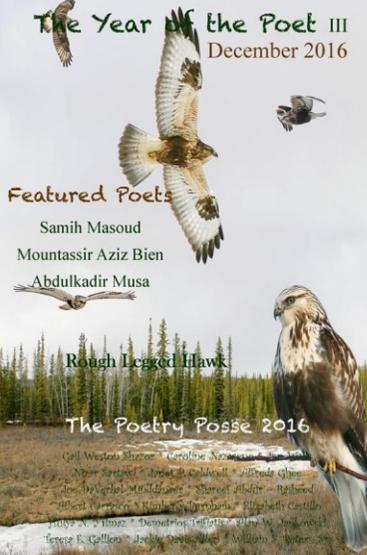
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattari * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghaz
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer * Sharon Abbeir * Richard
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. Adams * Demetrios Trifotis * Jilma W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud
Mountassir Aziz Bien
Abdulkadir Musa



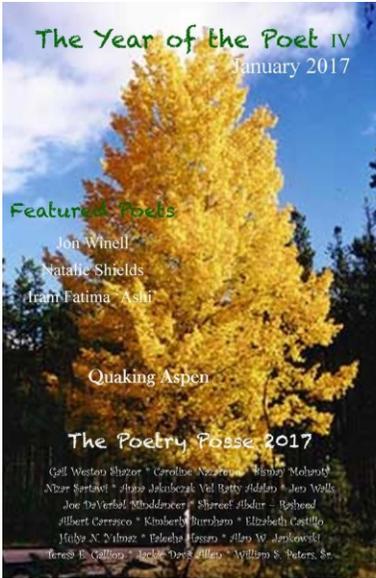
Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattari * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghaz
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer * Sharon Abbeir * Richard
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. Adams * Demetrios Trifotis * Jilma W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

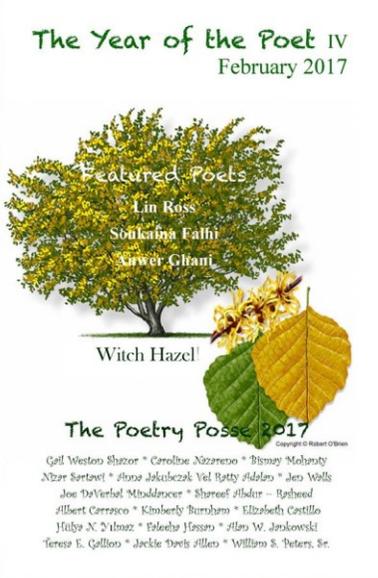


Featured Poets
Jon Winell
Natale Shields
Iram Fatima Ashi

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Binmay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Stone Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVierhol Miodowicz * Shereef Albadir * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julya N. D'Almeida * Valocha Jasso * Alno W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017

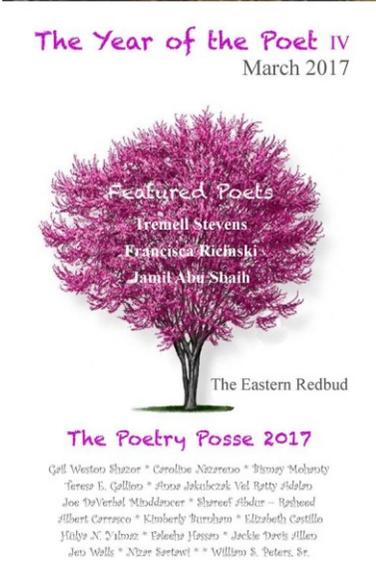


Featured Poets
Lin Ross
Sohkaina Falhi
Gower Ghani

Witch Hazel

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Binmay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Stone Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVierhol Miodowicz * Shereef Albadir * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julya N. D'Almeida * Valocha Jasso * Alno W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
March 2017

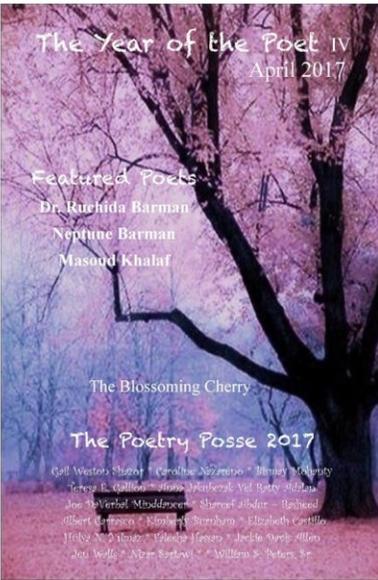


Featured Poets
Tremell Stevens
Francisca Ricinski
Jamil Abu Shaikh

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Binmay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallon * Stone Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan
Joe DeVierhol Miodowicz * Shereef Albadir * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julya N. D'Almeida * Valocha Jasso * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
April 2017



Featured Poets
Dr. Ruchida Barman
Neptune Barman
Masoud Khalaf

The Blossoming Cherry

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Binmay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallon * Stone Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan
Joe DeVierhol Miodowicz * Shereef Albadir * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julya N. D'Almeida * Valocha Jasso * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell
Alicja Maria Kuberska
Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Alana Jakubczak Val Ratty Aldana
Joe DeVirel Mbadumec * Shareef alidur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilja N. Vilhoz * Falecha Hassen * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV June 2017

Featured Poets

Eliza Seglet
Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Alana Jakubczak Val Ratty Aldana
Joe DeVirel Mbadumec * Shareef alidur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilja N. Vilhoz * Falecha Hassen * Jackie Davis Allen
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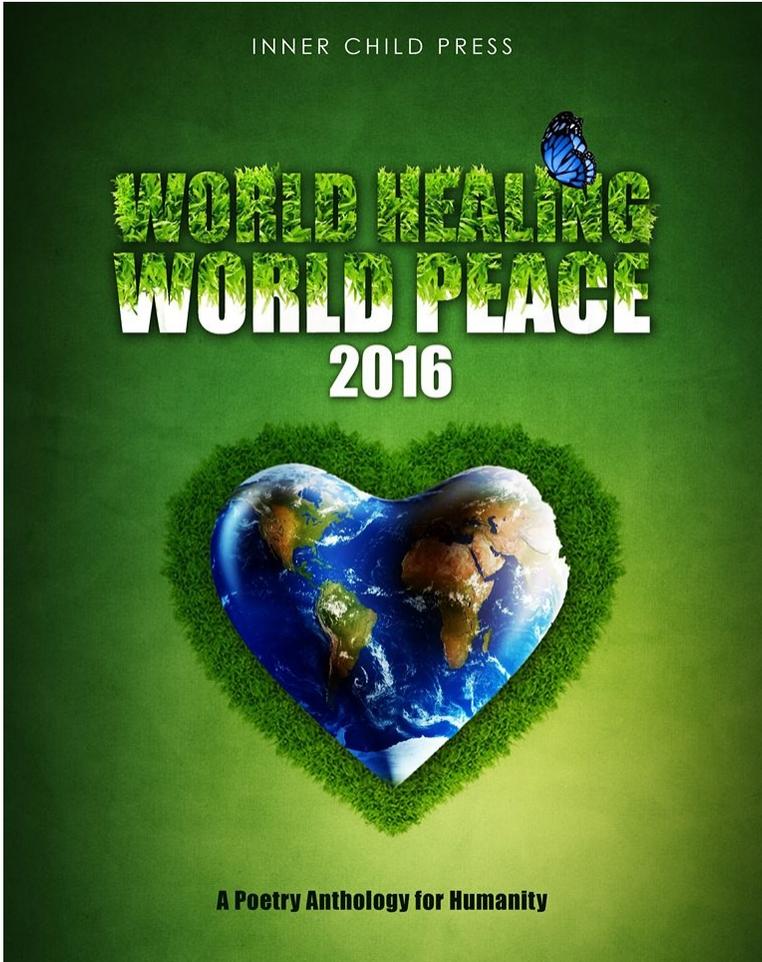
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