

The Year of the Poet V

August 2018

Featured Poets

Hussein Habasch * Mircea Dan Duta * Naida Mujkić * Swagat Das

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sattawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion
Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Ashok K. Bhargava* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera
Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV August 2018 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2018

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

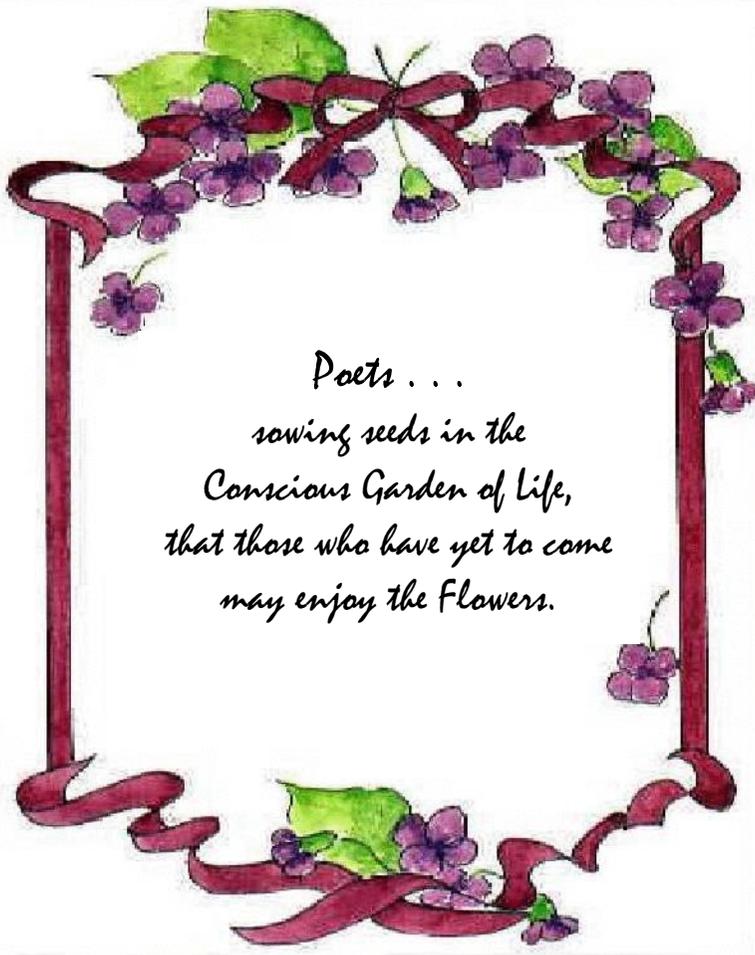
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



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.*

Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>xi</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>xv</i>
<i>Lapita</i>	<i>xix</i>

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	23
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	31
Kimberly Burnham	39
Elizabeth Castillo	45
Nizar Sartawi	51
hülya n. yılmaz	59
Teresa E. Gallion	65

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Ashok K. Bhargarva	71
Caroline Nazareno	73
Swapna Behera	79
William S. Peters, Sr.	85

August Featured Poets 93

Hussein Habasch	95
Mircea Dan Duta	105
Naida Mujkić	113
Swagat Das	121

Inner Child News 133

Other Anthological Works 149

Foreword

“Poetry can act as a bridge, a connection to reach and voice out our innermost thoughts and healing words to the world.”

Inner Child Press International with its mission of building bridges of cultural understanding had been advocating this through various means through its involvement in different international literary and arts festivals, organizing international anthologies raising global consciousness depicting major socio-political issues, healing an ailing world through poetry.

I consider myself as truly blessed for being part of Inner Child Press International Family since 2012 and I am forever grateful to William S. Peters, Sr. for his trust and belief in me. It had been and continuously will be a wonderful journey with this great and beautiful literary family.

Literature and art can help transform society as well as can help change the world. Poetry can be a powerful media which can act as a catalyst for evolution and positive transformation. More than the rhythmic and dancing verses, words can leave a huge impact in the way of thinking of readers and may influence their own views about the world we live in.

The Poetry Posse Team armed with their gift of creativity and healing words offer our readers an eclectic collection of wonderful poems depicting the culture theme for each month.

This August's theme centers on the Lapita Culture which is said to be the direct ancestor of Polynesian cultures and also includes Hawaiians. This culture is considered to be highly-sophisticated and had trade relations with Indonesia and possibly with the Philippines.

Additionally, the Lapita people are believed to be matriarchial or matrilocal as evidenced by female skeleton remains and was by Disney to be the inspiration behind the creation of the well-loved "Moana." The strong role of Polynesian women is depicted in the Lapita Culture and the matrilocal structure may also have originated among Austronesian-speaking populations throughout Southeast Asia during that period.

The Lapita Culture is well-known for their exquisite pottery and owes its name to a type of fired pottery that was first extensively investigated at the location of Lapita in New Caledonia.

Let The Poetry Posse take you back in time to have a sneak of the exotic Lapita Culture through their poetry offerings along with their other compositions as well as the masterpieces of our Featured Poets for the month of August.

We would like to thank our loyal readers, friends, and supporters across the globe for their invaluable patronage of The Year of the Poet and sharing the advocacy of Inner Child Press International.

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

International Author/Poet

Cultural Ambassador to the Philippines for Inner Child Press International



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



Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? Once again, this is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the 8th month of our fifth year of publication . . . I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after *Cultures* of past and present. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity

to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

From our house to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse
Inner Child Press

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

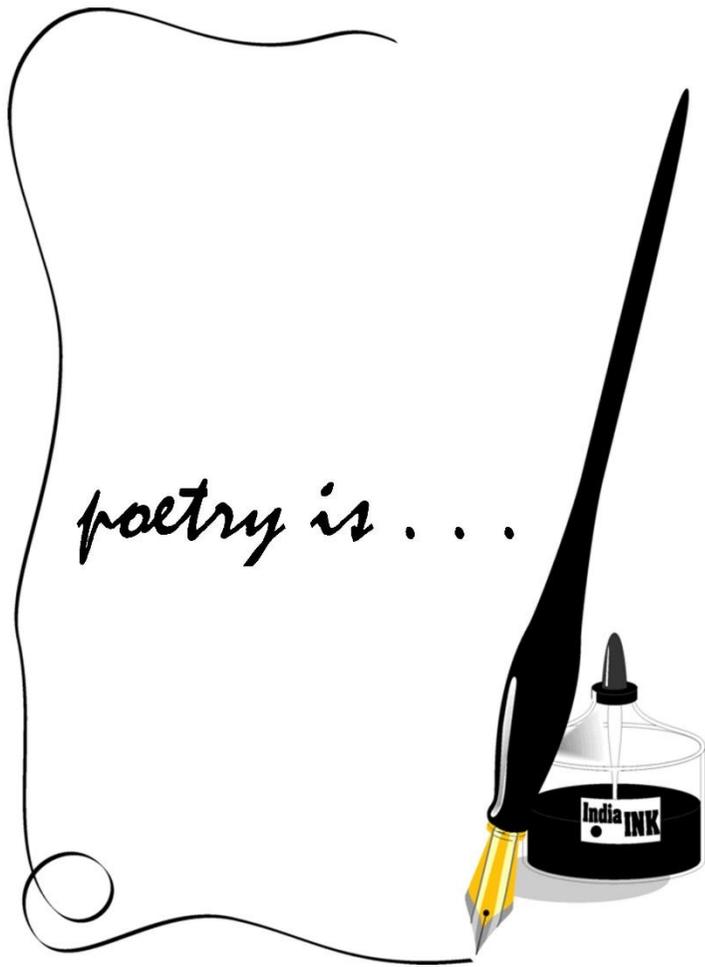
or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

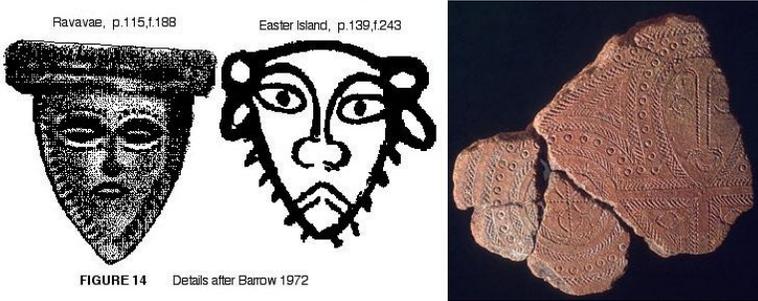
<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

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The Year of the Poet**

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



Lapita



The Lapita people were a prehistoric culture from the Pacific Ocean who inhabited the islands found in the Pacific Ocean. Archeologists believe that their culture flourished somewhere between 1600 BCE to about 500 BCE. They also believe that the Lapita people are the ancestors of historic cultures in Polynesia, Micronesia, and some coastal areas of Melanesia.

For more information, visit the below link.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lapita_culture



The
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The Poetry Posse

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail
Weston
Shazor

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
navypoet1@gmail.com

A Lovely City

At last in the lovely city
I remember nothing of rain
The sun never dims
Nor the moon rises
And it is always happy
At last in the lovely city
The bloom no longer surprises
For it is expected
To pull it's weight of hues
Without need of rosy glasses
At last in the lovely city
The wind is incapable of blowing
Up Marilyn's skirted whites
But only musters up
The unruffling light breezes
At last in the lovely city
My choices have been anticipated
And thinking is unnecessary
I only need to sit
In the gladness of metallicism

At last in this lovely city
Sometimes I become conscious
Of the scratching
At the base of my skull
And the rusting of truth
At last in this lovely city
There are no doors on rooms
And I have been told
That they are unnecessary
For there is no where left to go
(how much bleeding are we willing to do to maintain our
individuality)

100 Steps

You chase my redemption
In a breathless hurry
Although I don't have many days
To number, i refuse to be rushed
Into the purity of nakedness
The vulnerability of a decision
That I am way too old to regret
And this does not mean
That I do not want you, contrary
I desire too much of you
For I would have the feast and famine
The lust and longing
Of one too long without any
Just to satisfy the sensation

And you I wait for
Bare headed in a hot sun
With sweat cooling the
White marble treads on either side
Of a busy street
Out here I push against time
For it is difficult to travel stones upwards
In hopes of finding a helping hand
I am lost to the sun rising in the east
And the stinging rays causing tears
To fall from the corners of my eyes

My soul weeps here near the end of time
The lines marking my life run together
Until the continuity is palpable
From thumb to pinky
At the joining of wrists pressed tight
Against a longing for comfort
But yet I remain on the steps
Watching the traffic go by

Dreams

The supper ended in the floor
Spaghetti curled around my feet
I watched the red splotches
Cover the toes of my running shoes
I marveled at the unused tread
The clerk promised that they
Would help me to move fast
But so far, they seem rooted
To this blood red stained floor
Now covered in spaghetti sauce
Late that night I would dream
Of a tasty meal for the next day

It is so very hard to keep the creases
Out of linen sheets
The new ones are a permapress blend
Cool to the touch
One could bounce a quarter off the top
In a precision that Hitler would envy
I am so very tired of having to
Add starch and iron them flat every day
It takes up so much time
When I have so very little to spare
Late that night I would dream
Of a fire so hot, ironing was unnecessary

This makeup really doesn't match anymore
I think they keep changing the tint
So the darkness can creep out
And create embarrassment in the store
I was once the beige of a high yellow girl
Now I must use chestnut for an even coverage

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

My hair has give way to the age
Of one much older, but that must be hereditary
Like my smart mouth and much to sassy comments
When my opinion was not asked for
Every night I dream quietly of the sharpened
Knives in the kitchen drawer

The sun breaks evenly over the windowpane
When I am allowed a stolen idle moment
I wonder what it must feel like
On my face and I shudder
At the imagined warmth and if alone
I might sigh over the fortune of my neighbors
Enjoying their backyard patios
But I can never accept invitations to join in
For then I have to be inside for weeks
And I know I must leave somehow
Because I have begun to dream of
The shotguns talking in the walls

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Alicja
Maria
Kuberska

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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

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

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

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

Alicja Kuberska is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors’ board of Soflay Literature Foundation.

Lapita

People call me a sea nomad.
I cross the endless desert of the ocean
In search of a new, green land.

During violent storms
My raft glides over the sea waves
And later falls into the white foamy

Every day I pray to all deities and I beg them
The Sun must look out from behind the clouds and show
me the way
And the strong wind cannot tear the sails made of palm
leaves

At night I entrust my fate to the brightness of the stars
Which rise and set on the serene, shell sky.
The gods presented the sailors with silver lanterns

I look for Polaris -the brightest point in the darkness.
I seek the constellation of the Little Dipper
And the obliging Cassiopeia always helps me

Merak and Dubhe creak soundlessly
Like two wheels in the rear axis of the Big Dipper
They show me the right direction on the sky

Conversion

It is a pity that I cannot buy a new soul.
In supermarkets, there are no special offers
- New Soul! On sale!

The old one is dysfunctional.

It is much easier to have a simple vision of the world.
Keep your feet on the ground and don't have dreams.

Being greedy protects the heart.
Life has a physical dimension. Ideals hurt.

Gain a prominent place in the rat race,
Dispose of sentiments, tears.

My soul is able to forgive.
It cannot learn to trust again.

It says it does not enter the same river twice.
Unreasonable? Perhaps. -

It does not listen to reason.
It pulls away from people

Homeless

They chose a homeless freedom.
Set instinctively to survive they live for today.
They know all the dark secrets of the city.

In the evenings, they fall like birds onto the park benches
To spend the night in the company of stars.
In the morning,
They leave the baggage of old newspapers and wander on.

It is never too late, or too early
-The days are too similar to be afraid of anything.

Those of us, who live hurriedly and hygienically,
Pass them with revulsion and a feeling of superiority.
With dignity, we tote around stereotypes
and the day's routine.

We hurry along other paths of life.
Sometimes, we collide - we stop pensive
Over diversity of human stories.

Jackie
Davis
Allen

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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

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

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

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

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art*, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz.

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

Found at Naitabale

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Mana, you of the Lapita era
Your face, sculptured by unknown hands
A woman three thousand years long buried

Uncovered in 2002, the first ever seen
As from a model of your excavated skull found
In the salt-sand sediment; nearby some pottery

Later, your well preserved skeleton
Respectfully placed in a coffin
Flown back to your home in Fiji

Flown from Japan, the site
Of professional analysis
So fantastic a discovery

At the time of your demise, you were
Between four and six decades old
As determined by modern technology

No DNA, though a mother to at least one
A muscled body, and most likely tough
Indications of physical labor

I puzzle over the radiocarbon dated shells
Placed beneath your neck, between your knees
A ritual? A tradition practiced by one and all

Sweet Molly

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Molly was at the age of precociousness
Sitting in the front-porch swing
Of her Blue Ridge Mountain home

Dreaming of possibilities
Fantasizing about opportunities

And, Molly, bored beyond tears
Looked deep into the eye
Of her imagination finding golden fields

The wheat fields introduced themselves
As children, desirous of her company

Sweet Molly. She listened
The restless wind issued an invitation
Waving a welcome, encouraging her

Perhaps her dream had come true
On the most cotton candy blue of days

Curious, expectant, our dearest Molly
Lunged and grabbed hold of the string
Attached to a rainbow's beribboned kite

Key to Self Discovery

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Discernment's decision

She questioned to where
It was she was going and if, deep, within
She had what it took to enter creativity's gate

And could she withstand the scrutiny

She walked down the stairs, steps halting
Continuously going forward despite
Pauses of concern

Determination's doubts

And if she'd be required to
She knew she'd have to, discard her naïveté
Indeed, she'd be standing naked

Before disdainful eyes

Heart thumping, fighting with the voices
Tautning, she struggled to comprehend
How she could pursue the treasure waiting

Inspiration's invitation

A display of various works, poetry, literature
Some well known authors, a bouquet
Of fall flowers, generous encouragement

Like perfume they filled the room

As from gentle guidance, doubt's veil
Dissipated: a piece of dry-rotted silk

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Determined, she labored. Found new purpose

Recognition's resolution

Reintroduced to gift long-dormant
She wept for joy; for voice's discovery
She blossomed, invited scrutiny

And as from passion and pathos

Harvesting thanksgiving's fruit
From persuasion she urged any waiting
At the gate to take their own first step

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Tzømin
Ition
Tsai

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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

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

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

The Song of Obsidian

If the ancient sea breeze
Once boasted the sails on your boat.
You must also faced
That drifting fate
From one island to the next
Archaeological trajectory
Want to convince
Let we believe
There are same kinds of bloods in our bodies
Just thousands of years ago
Not guided by Obsidian
And tracking in the footprints of the ocean
You used to be in my hometown
That beautiful island
Taiwan
If I never know what you have done
When you were a visitor to my hometown
I want to wave with you
Trying to be in non-ceramic artefacts
Looking for overlap of styles between you and me
Refusing to be looted by ocean currents

Hibiscus Always Make The Fence Red

The fog never knew where it came from, filling the valley
It faded out indifferently with a hint of coolness
A corner of the roof of that old house!
Obscured and covered up
Deep in the shadows behind the thick trees
Teasing the senses but seeming to be nothing
Always successfully escaping my tracking eyes
The red-painted heavy door has been locked for hundreds
of years
The China Rose, never voluntarily lonely
Probed one after another and tinted the top of the fence red
Seducing south winds
With a silent sigh
Could you have forgotten that the faster he comes, the
faster he goes
Your heart could not possibly not know
There is nothing worthwhile to talk about without the
promise of love

While torrents of rain fell down in the valley unpredictably
Not hurried or rushed
Several green ducks landed beyond the fence, chasing and
biting each other
The rain dragged its feet slowly along

How could she know how many solitudes the pond has
drunk?
With that little bit of my absent-mindedness
Unexpectedly I cannot recall the leisurely blowing song,
which was gradually fading away
The red-painted heavy door still didn't move at all
The collusion of dandelions with the Spring
Invites the full greenery of the mountains

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Bursts of fragrance!

The dances of white-jade butterflies so manic

How could I not know?

The number of the thieves who steal flowers are always
greatly more than the flower-cherishers

Softly Whisper

We snuggle

Even the slightest absent-minded is enough for you feel
less

The drizzle walked on air, the safflowers overhead played
with shadows

You

Made your head held high

I

Let my face lean down

Let all the suspense in my heart went with even the night
water

Listened

The winds blowing in front of you since were so casual

How could you not pay attention never let her display
ostentatiously

Why?

Restate the past again and again

If you don't listen carefully

To her shy and retiring reply today

Along the red mud road that cannot be filled with red
flowers

And don't ask later

Where does the infinite yearnings go?

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Sharæf
Abdur
Rashæd

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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

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

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

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

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

Know Them...

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

said the creator of mankind
not despise them
and he made them into tribes,
nations
that we may know one another
distinct from one another to
enhance variety, the beauty of
diversity, bouquet of humanity
one such be Lapita people
prehistoric ancestors of Polynesian
peoples
1600 BCE to 500 BCE
thousands of years ago
Lapita Peoples seafaring,
daring to explore south pacific
to be specific an archaeological
culture
Lapita the diggers, place where one
digs
hundreds of their sites unearthed
coastal & island Melanesia to Fiji,
Tongo, Samoa
Lapita pottery still discovered
their Polynesian family succeeded
them to populate great areas of
Pacific from New Zealand to Hawaii
these were another example of
tribes and nations
family of man doing what they can
to survive, live, love, thrive as a people
all the tribes of mankind have this

common thread

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let us celebrate our humanity
creators gift to you and me
know them not despise them

food4thought = education

write..,

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of love, hate, fear,
lust, greed,
faith, strength,
truth, lies,
resolve, compromise
the usually expected,
miserably neglected
introducing the element
of surprise
express the worst and best
life presents in sync
to manifest the process that
best facilitates one's ability to
think

write..,

food4thought = education

Pain..,

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

returns to haunt me quite daunting
this unwanted companion has a way,
a way that gets your complete attention
and you cannot simply veer away
to declare abstention from its grip
this truth does not exempt in its all
successful attempt to make mere
mortals accept its real not a concept
something we mortals find hard to digest
this unwanted phenomenon
so, we ask where is this coming from?
well for one it was created by the one (1)
creator and only he knows truly, fully
but we do know pain lets one know
in totality your mortality
mortality is attached to vulnerability
has a way to say " perhaps i should pray "
or there must be some way to make pain
go away.
that is the day your forced to throw your
comfort zone away
the very thing we as humans tend to cling
to turns out you must let go and seek to
get to know the source that holds the answer
to mere mortal's need for relief faster
but these same folk never reflected when
they enjoyed the false sense of their temporary
life for a time seemingly free of strife
until reality in the form of mortality's pain
cuts deeper than any knife
remember this ain't heaven on earth

that to achieve one must believe first
then die as one counted among the righteous

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

who endured life's pain in a patient vein
calling on the one source who guides
whom he please on the straight course
to immortal, eternal relief from pain

food4thought = education

Kimberly
Burnham

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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>
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham>

Sudanese Peace And Harmony In Indonesia

Not to be confused
with the Sudanese of Africa
"katentreman" and "tengtrem"
peace in Sudanese
spoken in West Java and Banten province
in Asia
where the language you use
depends of the age and status
characteristics of the person
to whom you speak

Where these Austronesian people can sit
watching the sunset on Sawarna Beach
in the Western part of the Indonesian island of Java
contemplating peace and harmony
"katentreman" means peace
calmness ease and restfulness

And we can all rest more calmly
when there is peace
gently setting our mind
in a sea of ease

At Peace With A Small Twig In Hand

On the island of Yap
where people who speak Yapese
say "gapaes" peace
as they talk with neighbors

On stone paths
a network of communication
between villages
you might meet a stranger
carrying a small twig or branch in hand
the twig signifies
a peaceful journey
and no food is eaten
no loud noises or whistling is done
walk single file
show respect
be at peace "gumud"
and honor Micronesian "gapaes"

Peace Is Riak Good

"Riak" is good
in the extinct language of Pazéh
or Pazih

Pan Jin-yu the last native speaker
died in 2010
age 96 in Taiwan

"Makariak" is peaceful
and friendly to each other
which is good

"Maxariak"
is to be rich
or to become good

"Riak a midem"
sleeps well
so that you can

"Bu riak"
do good will do
in the

"Riak a dali"
fine weather
for planting

"Tun ka riak"
a good plant tall and hardy
grown well and

"Riak a ka-kan-en"
good to eat
in the company of friends

Elizabeth
E.
Castillo

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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>

Lapita

Brave explorers and colonists from a far
Eccentric seaborne farers from East Asia
Believed to be the original human settlers of Melanesia,
Polynesia and parts of Micronesia.
Bismarck Archipelago became their sanctuary
Located in the northeast of New Guinea,
Lapita, owes its name to a type of exotic, fire pottery
Described as highly-sophisticated and matrilocal,
As evidenced by female skeleton remains.

Beautiful Serenity

Dawn sets and serenity is all around-
Only roaming spirits can be felt
Before the crack of daylight comes,
Mute world, no distraction
Thoughts afloat to far away dreamland.

There is stillness within the trees,
No wind blows whispering secrets to thee
Tranquility descends to Earth,
Like a fairy spreading stardust
Silence puts the mind in affectionate slumber.

At the garden serene beauty can be seen,
Green vines swirling to the ends of the world
Chirping birds sitting still on fragile branches,
Dreamcatchers hang on every corner
Ballads and sweet symphony permeated the air.

The vast space spells heralds of angels,
Singing to the beat of the mystic orchestra
Quiet life of the countryside pleases the soul,
Far from the mad crowd and craziness of the world
Rustic ambiance, touches of green, eternal peace.

Coward No More

The shadow lurks in the dark-
Hiding behind the silhouette of the moon
Dreary, lonesome, aloof-
A melancholic soul deprived of pleasure,
Silent tears falling, life full of scornful years.

He gave out a sigh and took his guitar,
Played a sad refrain, head looking at the stars
And by his music sent his woes to the heavens,
The angels heard his melody and began to strum their harps
How darest thou raise his pleas, saw himself on his knees.

The lovely notes coming from above,
Enthralled the man as he stood up
Illumination blinded him at an instant,
A cold breeze blew giving him shivers
The sound of trumpets deafening his ears.

A coward no more the shadow stepped out from the dark,
Emerged as a brave warrior, heaven's glory dawned on him
Love awakened his heart, cast away all his fears,
Eternal life awaits him on the other side
And thou were alone no more.

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator, essayist, and columnist. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He is a member of literary and cultural organizations, including the Jordanian Writers Association (Jordan), General Union of Arab Writers (Cairo), Poetry Posse (U.S.), Inner Child Press International (U.S.), Bodgani (Belgium), and Axlepin Publishing (the Philippines). He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in numerous countries, including Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, Palestine, Morocco, Egypt, and India. Sartawi's poems have been translated into several languages. His poetry has been anthologized and published in many anthologies, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Bosnia, Italy, India, the Philippines, and Taiwan.

Sartawi has published more than 20 books of poetry and poetry translation. His last poetry collection, *My Shadow*, was published in June, 2017 by Inner Child Press in the U.S.

For the last seven years, Sartawi has been working on poetry translation from English to Arabic and Arabic to English. This includes his Arabic poetry translation project, "Arab Contemporary Poets Series" in which 13 bilingual books have been published so far. He also has translated poems for a number of contemporary international poets such as, Veronica Golos, Elaine Equi; William S. Peters; Kalpna Singh-Chitnis; Nathalie Handal, Naomi Shihab Nye; Candice James; Ashok Bhargava; Santiago Villafania, Virginia Jasmin Pasalo; Rosa Jamali; Taro Aizu; Fahredin Shehu, and many others.

The Jigsaw Epic

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

“... And all of a sudden
to my bewitched eyes,
a swarm of potsherds came popping
out of a crevice
that I stumbled upon
in an ancient burial land
amidst that lonely Pacific island
on whose soft sand
nobody has set foot
for ages;
and moving lightly
in a queue
they reconvened
as though each fragment
knew where to rest.”

The sailor paused,
and took a deep breath
“Was it
an ancient jigsaw puzzle
solving its own enigma?
Or
was it perhaps
an unseen hand,
deft and crafty,
laying the broken
pottery shards,
each in place
until they were all
reassembled –
base, body and rim?
For there it stood

a fine red-slipped

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

ceramic pot
before my dazzled eyes.

“For hours on end I was mesmerized
before the magic lines and curves
as my eyes glimpsed the DNA
of their Lapita
noble souls
and read the epic
of their heroic hearts.”

LA- PI- TA

The daring men traversed the ocean
paddling and singing their homesick ballads
to lull to sleep
the weighty waves
and winds and whales.

But when the jealous gods of the sea
set eyes upon the venturesome seafarers
they hurled their mighty thunderbolts
to strike the light narrow canoes
and sent them down the bottomless waters.

Since then
the white bubbles
ascending from
the fathomless Pacific depths
have eased their forlorn hymns
with a merry refrain:

LA-PI-TA
PI-TA
LA-PI-TA

to keep the travel,
dance,
and song

Ishmael's Song

Why are we staying here,
O mother,
in a barren land?
no plants
no grass
no water
no love!

And why, O mother
do these sand dunes sneer
And those clouds jeer
when our scrawny sheep
crawls?

And where is father,
O mother?
Has he abandoned us
O mother
And has God too?

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

hülya
n.
yılmaz

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Born in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz presently serves as full-time faculty at Penn State and as the Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press. Her academic publications dwell on literary relations between the West and the Islamic East and on gender conceptualizations within the context of Islam. Dr. yılmaz had her formal initiation as a creative writer in the U.S. Her published works include *Trance* –a tri-lingual book of poetry, *Aflame* –memoirs in verse and *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* –a poem collection she has co-authored with Demetrius Trifiatis. Poetry by hülya appeared in excess of fifty international anthologies.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Links

Personal Web Site

<https://hulyasfreelancing.com>

Personal Blog Site

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

in search of . . .

a few meaningful lines
all along while Clio whines
Calliope is nowhere to be seen
as for Erato Melpomene and Polyhymnia
they are getting dressed right before my eyes
in a frantic vengeance and joy i have not foreseen

all i had requested were a few leads
to embark on my quest to find the Lupita
i suspect i am suffering from severe jitters
as i am capable of only counting my fingers
while each compiles in a pile countless beads
i'm afraid i am going to drown in this Chlorophyta

perhaps just perhaps though
i will find what i think i am looking for
would you please bear with me while i search
until a reasonably coherent finding does emerge?

Eureka!

i did i did find it
i indeed found an encyclopedia
ever so proud of their voluminous bit
its makers unanimously call it “Britannica”
i can never keep on a pedestal any colonialist
my jottings clearly announce so don’t you think
as for my effort to rise as a weighty conversationalist
i truly hold not one single hope for your “Hallelujah!”
but please join me at least in my jump to a “Hurrah”
i am after all finishing up the task at hand no easy feat
otherwise i would have to throw a never-before-seen fit

exploring ancient explorers

an oft-favorited site of massive investigations
home to colonists and discoverers of the seas
who invited themselves in through migrations
sweeping much land despite the owners' pleas

how did they apply the intricate designs of geometry
adorning their pots and bowls into a fine art of pottery
but also created artifacts true to their fame as seafarers
shell-wrapping fishhooks beads rings and chert layers?

their masterful dances in multiple tongues
reside resourcefully in never-ending throngs
on the heaps-covered desks of world's linguists
bridging yesterday and today into congenial songs

Teresa
E.
Gallion

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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>

Lapita Pottery

The indigenous tribes across planet earth
leave their mark in many ways. Pottery
is a common way for it endures
under mountains of soil.

Nature has a way of protecting, reshaping
and destroying as it pleases her.
Historians and archeologists favor you
as they track your ancient hands.

While the historians say you
were great seafarers and navigators,
pottery is your marker on time.

It is so strong that arguments lend fire
to the present day. Does the archeologists
findings really tell your story?

If the tracking of your hands are accurate,
you were great nomads who earned credits
for establishing Polynesia while
ancient Lapita pottery is your language.

Middle of Morning

A flute melody plays in my head
and lingers in my ears.
Under the cottonwood, everything
vibrates in the flow of nature's lyrics.

Something about that sound
makes the Mesa cheer.
I am madly in love today
with sound and light tickling me.

The landscape is bulging
with joy de vivre.
The moisture in the air
flows into gentle coolness.

Birds chirp in random circles
around Ghost House courtyard.
The fresh breath of morning
filters sacred life into my lungs.

I want to share this moment with you.
When I wipe joyful tears from my eyes,
I see little pieces of heaven on earth.
This life is one season of many more.

Homeward Bound Footsteps

Anything is possible when
you rub the nectar of passion
on your feet.

Put that first foot forward
to open the doors of enlightenment
and watch your garden expand.

Truth comes like lightening
when the soul is ready.
Every thunderbolt exposes wisdom.

You have been watching me
all my life and tracking
my footsteps in the sand.

I have a secret to tell you.
It was all an illusion.
I am on my way home to God.

Ashok
K.
Bhargava

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Stay tuned our newest member Ashok K. Bhargava will be formally joining us with his wonderful poetry in September, 2018. Please welcome him to our family of poets and lovers of poetry in the name of our humanity



Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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).

DNA gestation

wondering where are the Lapitas
somehow preempting
obsidian snowflakes that retell
sparsely inhabiting my veins.

is it like Da Vinci's code
inscribed in every soul?
or DNA of the uncertain,
now i am thinking...
is it within me living?

am i like a pottery image of enfeeblement
or history bubbles fade in the air
where no dreams unremembered?

Songs of BE-ingness

you are a saudade
for a breathing BE-ingness
you are an aubade
to the rigmaroles reverberating
in one's odyssey, beyond existence.
that kindred spirit in us will always be
a kiss of metamorphosis,
an influential specter of iridescence,
and a reminder of becoming the best
the great ones amidst variegation.

diaspora

i can see you in my homeland
from the waterfalls of darkness
that become birthing gemstones
amidst paralysis.

i am designed by great ancestors
through the rhythm
of chaotic harmony
that become yielding bricks
and paradigms of evolution.

i can taste the ethnicities
in the warscapes and seascapes
of grassroots,
that become crowns of the pacific ocean,
and wombs of un-dismantled exodus.

Swapna
Behera

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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

LAPITA

Here stands Lapita
The curly haired rustic girl
The beauty pageants in the time line
Turning into that exquisite myth
On the pottery kiln of Melanesia
Her eyelids are like buttons
With no questions but with a born novel

Deciphering dust to letters
Can Lapita ever sleep ?
She whispers ;walks forward
Asking the crowd where did they all go ?

All destructions are nimbus mushrooms
With smells that vanishes with rainfall
As phoenix Lapita spreads her breasts
for all strange hunters of love
They are the survivors
Triumphantly blowing the trumpet
Lapita can never melt
It stands and smiles
Even when the Sun flickers or moon glides

Shadow In The Vortex

The vivisection started
May be the interactive Viva-voce
The shadow was jumping
Playing merry-go-round
Smiling and shaking hands
Everything was normal

The shadow with its length and breadth
Searching for the volume
Where is it ?
Beneath the slumbering eyelid ?
Or browsing in the cosmos to get a dialect
A music to overcome the labyrinth

My shadow ! Alas, my dear shadow
Caged in my bones
And the body jumping
from the time table to anatomy table
Ready for dissection!!!

Keep Me In The Womb

Keep me in the womb
Just let me be there for some time
Let my greenness spread
as the spilled water
To be a lifeline

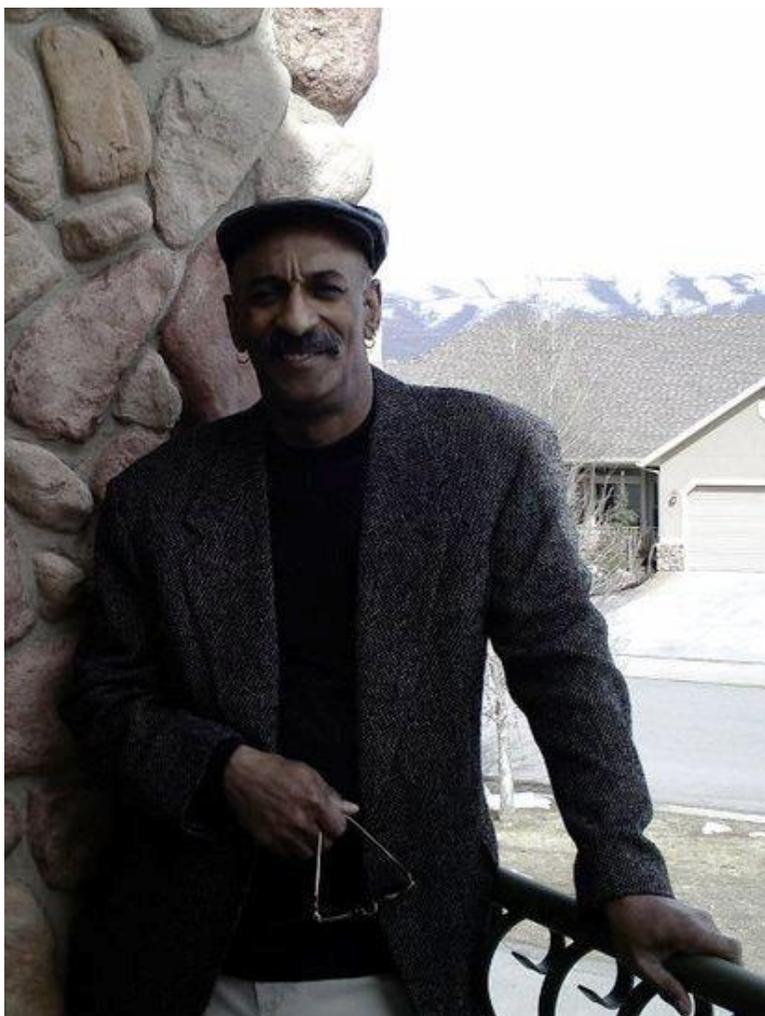
Let my smiles ,dances,
and humming be the inference
Let the five elements
Rise up from the slumber

Let my liberation and deliberation
Be ordained with roots abyss
Let my flesh and blood make a fire ball
A New Sun in the Hemisphere
The joy of meeting an eccentric wind

Let my ego be unmasked
To construct the bony sculpture
Let my impulse be the light
Yes, I am waiting in the womb

William
S.
Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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

Pre-Historic

We come before what
You call history
Was ever recorded,
But we were not savages

Our civility was that
Of our own
And sent forward in time
That you may have
A basis
To claim your own
Place in time

We travelled the oceans
Which meant we had means
To do so

We fashioned vessels
To hold and cook
Our fare
And we ate

They call us now . . . Lapita
But what is this
But a term you now use
To categorize us,
Encase our evolution
In a frame of time
From 1600 BCE ~ 500 BCE . . .
Yet we live on
E'en to this day

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

We gave many of the Pacific rim
Language,
Art,
Pottery,
And the understanding
Of Ocean-faring
For we understood the heavens
And all that was within them

We navigated through all aspects
Of life
With a heart of reverence

We founded islands,
And unlike those of you
Who came after,
We did not lay ownership
To the uninhabited,
And yet we did not claim
This as our own,
We just coexisted
With what was given to us
For . . .
We are as you call us
Lapita

We came before your history

Just like you

We tie our shoestrings
Just like you

We drink from cups or hands
Just like you

We eat our fare
Just like you

We think,
We feel,
We cry,
We smile,
Just like you.

We vie just like you
For the essentials of life
Such as
Food,
Shelter,
Safety
And the nurturing of our children
And all the other comforts
That life affords

So . . .
Why do you treat us as animals ?

Is it because
I do not appear
Just like you

And See

Where beist that place
Where dreams do come true
Just open thine eye
And see now anew

You have this magic
'Tis borne from within
Just believe, believe
Let the light show begin

Hold to your faith
That you know of the way
And together we can
Make brand new the day

Open thine heart
And thou surely shall see
Let thy light beam brightly
And the darkness shall flee

Cast aside thy doubt
Let loose thine fear
Worry not dear soul
Shed nary a tear

Let us all join hands
With intentions a pure
And dance to a music
Not heard e'er before

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Children of the world
Will come unto thee
With joy in their hearts
Just open thine eye and see

What have we to loose?

August
2018

Features

~ * ~

Hussein Habasch

Mircea Dan Duta

Naida Mujkić

Swagat Das

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



Husszin
Habasch

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Hussein Habasch is a poet from AFRIN, KURDISTAN, lives in Bonn-Germany. Born in 1970. He writes in Kurdish and Arabic. Some of his poems were translated to many languages such as; English, German, Spanish, French, Chinese, Turkish, Persian, Albanian, Uzbek, Russian and Romanian. A selection of his poems have been published in more than an international poetic anthology. He wrote these books: *Drowning in Roses/ Azmina Publishing House, Amman, and Alwah Publishing House, Madrid 2002.* *Fugitives across Ivros River/ Sanabel Publishing House, Cairo 2004.* *Higher than Desire and more Delicious than the Gazelle's Flank / Alwah Publishing House, Madrid 2007.* *Delusions to Salim Barakat/ Alzaman Publishing House, Damascus 2009.* *A flying Angel (Texts about Syrian children) Moment Publishing House, London 2013.* *A flying Angel (Texts about Syrian children) in English, Bogdani Publishing House 2015.* *No pasarán, in Spanish, the book published by the International Poetry Festival in Puerto Rico 2016.* *Copaci Cu Chef, in Romanian/ Ars Longa Publishing House, Bucharest 2017.* *Dos Árboles, in Spanish, the book published by the International Poetry Festival in El Salvador 2017.* *Tiempos de Guerra, in Spanish, the book published by the International Poetry Festival in Costa Rica.* Participated Festivals: He participated in many international festivals of poetry, for example in Colombia, Nicaragua, France, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Germany, Romania, Lithuania, Morocco, Ecuador, El Salvador, Kosovo, Costa Rica, Bulgaria...

Kurdistan

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

On the veranda of my heart
Blood drops stood alert
Like wounded lionesses
While out of the earth
A lily with sad lips sprang up.
Down ran my blood in unison with my heartbeats
It hugged the sad face of the lily
Turning its lips purple :
There, a homeland was born: Kurdistan.

Translated by Norddine Zouitni

Heartbreak

I have no homeland on the walls of which I can scribble

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

With children's chalk:
"Long live my homeland".
I have no homeland to sip in the morning
With my morning coffee,
At sunrise as warmth covers it.
I have no homeland that can breathe through my lungs
And through whose lungs I can in turn breathe
Whose husky voice I can be
And which can in turn my voice be
I can be the villain, the brawler, the rebel, the stubborn
While it is the sage, the judicious, the gracious, the large-
souled.
I have no homeland to write on the brass door plate
Of one of its houses:
« This is the house of Hussein Habasch
welcome friends »
I have no homeland in whose pubs I can get drunk
Until very late at night
In whose streets I can hang around
And in my heart it can in turn can hang around
A homeland I can wear and which in turn can wear me
A homeland I can gently reproach
And which in turn can gently reproach me
Just like friends.
I have no homeland.

Translated by Norddine Zouitni

Sad Kurdish Poems

I read sad Kurdish poems
Yesterday I saw a dead bird

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Lying on the roadside
I carried it gently into my palm
Which I curved inward like a nest
I took it to the cemetery
And buried it in a tiny grave shaped like my heart.
Today I saw a crushed rose!
I picked its torn petals very gently
And put them on the bird's epitaph
The one I saw yesterday
Lying dead on the roadside.
I'll probably carry on
Reading sad poems.

Translated by Norddine Zouitni

The Ant's shoes

1

Sparrows chirp nervously

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

A fearful sun
The viper messes up with the nests
The chicks cry out for help.

2
Worms eat into tree trunks
Other worms weave silk threads.

3
Early morning
People asleep
The fragrant scent of daffodils
fills up space.

4
Leaves falling off profusely
Autumn is giving up its last breath.

5
Earth is crying out
Her shouts drown out my moaning
What did you, villains, do to Her?

6
A lake on top of a high mountain
The amazed lark wonders
How did water climb to such rugged height?

7
On the face of the lake
The duck leads its young
The lioness gazes at her and says:
She's worthy of leadership indeed!

8
A wild flower grew on the river's edge
A butterfly sucks the nectar from the flower's lips
The river flows forever

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

The nectar won't run out

9

In the green fields

The cow chews grass

Milk for kids' growth

Dung for soil fertility.

10

He named the fish a longtime companion

He was a real sailor.

11

The dragonfly runs away from wasps

And hides inside their hole

So fortunate are the wasps!

12

The fox grinds his teeth

The foolish hen is round the corner.

13

A small breeze blew

And said I am the wind's spoilt daughter.

14

He bought pants without pockets

He knows he doesn't need them at all!

15

The ant's shoes are tiny, so tiny

That wherever she treads

The ground stays clean.

16

Spring spreads out its fragrance over earth

The sparrow laughs

And says: so lovely are God's gifts !

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

17

The cracked mountain
Will never roll down
It will turn into rubble.

18

In the house about to fall
The stones won't crumple in
But the hearts of those that built it will.

19

My dad asks the rooster: Why do you crow?
The rooster answers: just a habit passed down from father to
son.

20

The fox's hearbeats point
Towards chickens' cackling.

Translated by Norddine Zouitni

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Mircęa
Dan
Duta



Mircea Dan Duta (b. May 27, 1967 in Bucharest)

Poet, film scientist and translator.

He writes his own poetic creation in Czech.

He published two poetry books:

Landscapes, Flights and Dictations (2014, Petr Štengl Editions, Prague)

Tin quotes, inferiority complexes and human rights or Married, no strings attached, selling dead born girlfriend (mention: worn-out) (2015, Petr Štengl Editions, Prague)

He is now preparing two new titles: *They don't speak Polish in the realm of death* and *Regular client of the pub*
At the Land of the Rising Sun.

His texts are also published in literary magazines and revues in the Czech Republic (Uni, Protimluv, Weles, H_aluze, Dobrá adresa, Polipět, Tvar etc.) and abroad

Eclipse

They bought us
a yearly ticket for Metro
even before
we were born
We took the Metro
to the maternity hospital to nursery school to kindergarten
to elementary school to secondary school to the university
to work and to our retirement
We are not passengers
they just transfer in our country
from one surface
to another
We are not afraid like them
of what can be below or inside
since we know very well
that below us
there has been nothing for a long time
and not even above us
let alone above them
We're only afraid of the midnight express
it does not stop anywhere
it even does not have a driver
and so it cannot brake at all
And we are also afraid
that one day
all the trains will become
midnight expresses
and we will never hear again
Final stop
please leave the train.

translation by Tomáš Míka

timetable

the train is ten minutes delayed
i want to sleep
one can no longer see anything outside
it's dreadfully hot inside
your panties peep out hush this should not be said
you have to sleep
the train is twenty minutes delayed
air-conditioning does not work
try at least to lie down
we cannot open the window you're cold
the train is thirty minutes delayed
the corridor is dark
lying down i can see your panties even better hush do not
say that
if the conductor heard you he'd kick us off the train
didn't you tell me i must not withhold anything from you
we will be in blansko only after midnight
that i must not hide anything at all from you
the train has a two-hour delay
that you are my closest creature
how do we get home from the station
that i should tell you everything
we'll go by taxi
everything i see i hear i feel
we cannot afford
everything i'm thinking about
the train is an hour delayed
everything i desire
i'm sweating like crazy and thirsty
everything that occurs to me
we have only a coke and you cannot drink it
no public transport operates now

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

all that i want
the train is three hours delayed
you burn you have a fever
everything that i dream of
almost everything i see dimly
but your panties are clearly visible
everything i imagine
you always said that it worked between us
such intimate lighting as in that old film
hush hush and why everyone sleeps anyway
the train is four-hours delayed
no one sees where i'm looking
i hear the rumbling of the train as underwater
that's should not be done but you said i always have to
confess to you
you have to sleep
everything i cannot see i do not hear i do not feel i do not
want
makes my head spin
what i'm not thinking about what i'm not dreaming about
for god's sake we won't stop at adamov
what i do not wish
not even the conductor will come now
everyone sleeps
i have vertigo
the lights went out also in the compartment
you have to sleep
we are no longer in adamov
but the train did not start to move
i cannot see anything not even your panties
and i do not know why
i lie with my head in your lap
i still can resist
you have to sleep

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

i still do not want to fall asleep
i have to tell you
i do have to tell you everything
i do want to see it
when it happens
when the train goes again
when the air conditioning starts to work
when the windows open
when i drink coke
when my head in your lap
will see your panties so close
that i will never lose my way back
i will never be late again
i will never miss public transport
i will never travel in anything else but you
you will be my public transport forever
i will never get out of you again
and no conductor will kick me out
and i will not have to say anything about myself to you
because you'll know everything about me
just like then
according to the timetable

translation by Tomáš Míka

Next stop

In the Paradise Garden there's no smoking,
no drinking,
no drugs,
Marys don't lose their virginity
and don't give birth in stables,
no names are taken in vain,
especially if no-one bears them,
no apple stealing,
no snake killing,
no Polish speaking
and no metro passing through.
And even if it did,
it certainly wouldn't stop,
so in any case we should get off
at the next station.

translation by Judit Antal

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Naida
Mujkić

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Naida Mujkić (1984) is a bosnian poetess. She won first prize at literary festival Slovo Gorčina – the most important award to young poet in the collection of unpublished poems in her country (2006). She was a guest artist at Q21 Museumsquartier Wien (Austria, 2016.) and Goten Publishing (Macedonia, 2017.).

Books of poetry:

Oscilacije, Zoro, Sarajevo-Zagreb, 2008.

Ljubavni šarti mogula, Buybook, Sarajevo-Zagreb, 2015.

Šafran, CKO, Tešanj, 2016.

Bašta ne cvjeta, CKO, Tešanj, 2017.

Book of lyrical prose:

Kad sam padala u travu, CKO, Tešanj, 2017.

So far, her poems have appeared in many places in the world, as well as in some of the influential magazines (such as: Lichtungen, Poezija, Izraz, Razlika/ Difference, Behar, BKG...). Her poems are elected in the Anthologies of contemporary bosnian poetry, as well as in the anthologie of Balkan's youngest generation of poets. She participated in several international poetry festivals.

Purification

Under black dog tags they came from Ogrozdun, everyone
of them

Was the eyewitness of the one next to it, in tangled bones
Of last years falls. Niggardly, tinned in its own
Dusky question. – Well, where are you?, it asked me
While rolling easier then the moon.

- Inside of you – I answered. But black nuts didnt hear
me.

Then I felt checkered napkin with skulls on it, over it
My mother lived a life as if it was her own.

No one noticed our secret moral.

Our steps into emptiness.

Power not to say: We are the criminals that soak the
witnesses

Into ourselves, and for that we are ineffably grateful.

Our heart closed in masks died thousand times since then

In front of outer walls in which we felt breath of old age.

Even before we learned that we shouldnt go far

To forget chords of the apocalypse that cover our garden.

We closed the entrance door to our house. We didn't know if
we should go out or not.

Downpour wasnt starting when I decided to run away from
her.

I passed between daisy and edelweiss. They were protected
by cobweb.

I tried not to snag them. Though edelweiss yelled: *come to
me!*

I closed my eyes, terrified. Mother was still in the kitchen,
same swing

With a meat hammer. Same cracking of dog tags under
fingers.

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

She wanted to clean her body of parasites, worms and fungus.

But, she doesn't yell at them, or picks up their body liquids.

She just bumps and bumps.

I opened my eyes, horrified.

It's the caterpillar, licking my foot.

Crucifix

I wanted to come in, but mother
pulled my sleeve which was a sign
to stay
by the invisible line, next to fallen fruit
that we used to make fig schanpps.
Father brought ten wooden sticks and halved them
With his knee. I added him every one of them
But the first one. Then, with his hands, he pressed them
Into the earth.
Moisture was absorbed by the ropes that I cut
That morning before water for the coffee got boiled.
We tied it up on all sides. Mother told us
To watch the leafage. I used
The moment, when she and father
Started to stretch it, and
Threw two into my dress.
Now, I had to be even more careful.
I fixed a ribbon around my waist. They squirm
In my navel like the sentences that I was tying
Around pegs.

* * *

Behind accordionist in a beret, wet cigarette butts are
falling down,
like barrel covers. And the sun. I turn toward the man that
sits
at the next table. But, he was not that man. There were no
bags underneath his glasses. He leaned over postcards in
front of me.
I was listening to his calmness. When he waved to
accordionist, I stood up. Smell of fried sugar
swallowed my shadow. But those could be
clouds. Man wanted to see the sea.

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

His mother sleeps at the bottom of it.
Her hair is foamy, like the blood in a spittle.
His hair is gray. He wanted to see the sea,
but people on the rocks
were sticking sticks into
the buckets with dead fish inside.
He wanted to ask them something.
Do they still crush
red onion with their heels? They turn on them
like trapeze artists around rope. Or it drop
through their palms.
I remember sweat drops, sliding
down the glasses – that he pushes
along the root of his nose. And the red petals spread
over stones
I took the stone, and not the petal
I wanted him to put that stone into his
inner pocket – to lose it
and forget this day
I remember blisters – on both
of my pinkie fingers
And that I didn't took of
my ballet shoes - what would he
do with my wounded feet. And flies
besieging banana carts,
proving, through their movements,
that every one of them is individual -
first example from the holy book.

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Swagat
Das

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Reality is not enough to satiate his thirst and that is precisely why Swagat loves to daydream. He reads his favourite novels time and time again because books also get better with age like fine wine. An aspiring astronomer – he totally loves it when the moon smiles and stars twinkle.

A passionate writer, he enjoys his time as a fashion designer and loves to decorate emotions with metaphors as ornaments. He lacks models but he has his poems and snippets.

On holidays, you will find him breaking a sweat while trekking up the mountains or digging into the soft sand with his toes as the sea kisses the feet. He believes that knowledge will ferry him to unknown lands that this Earth is made up of.

Instagram: www.instagram.com/rays.and.silhouettes

Blog: <https://alcoveoflostletters.wordpress.com>

A rahḥāl

(n.) nomad (Arabic)

Why do I ask you
to tear me
out of our photographs
when all you want to do
is use them to bookmark
those unread pages of me?

It was only yesterday
when I visited the graveyard
and I met
a lonely old man called 'time',
who has grown tired
of guarding my dreams
that rust
buried in coffins of expectations.

I asked him your whereabouts
because you're dying everyday
slowly ceasing to be a person
becoming more of an imagination
in my head,
which has taken emotions for granted
and is addicted to breaking hearts
more often than joining them.

If drifting away is an art
then my dear, you've reason to be afraid
for I have learnt the basics very well
from an able teacher like you.

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One of these days,
You'll wake up in the morning
and find me hiding behind the curtains
just like the sunrays do.
I know you'll not search for me
but when you open my book again
you'll find the last chapter missing
because I've become the nomad
that you never could be
and you'll be the last journey I'll set off on.

ṣādafa

(v.) to encounter by coincidence (Arabic)

Eyes
bereft of emotion
graze against mine
but
a not-so subtle wink
gives you away
exposing the thousand
questions trapped inside you,
the answers to which
I haven't rehearsed.

The benches
do not shelter
homeless men in their laps
wrapped in rags of discomfort
but fade away
just like the platform
into the smog
that wets the concrete
underneath the railway tracks.

A cold winter morning
and here we are
somehow looking at each other
after years,
both cherishing
a flower of friendship
that has withered
with the flow of time.

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The initial barter
of smiles
dies down slow
as sighs,
that mix with
the steam rising
from the coffee cups,
take their place.
I touch your face pretty,
with palms frozen
and you flinch.
Your face conveys unease
through arched eyebrows.
Not surprised at all,
I am
for I already know
you to be the same girl,
trapped in the clothes of a lady though.
Change has never been
a friend of yours.
Love still is an advocate
whose words
you hate to acknowledge.

You flaunt curves
hidden underneath
the pashmina sweater you wear,
that sing
not of your victories
on the carnal battlefield,
but speak of
the chains you have been bound to
in your rebellion
against society and religion.

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Just like fires
lukewarm is the hug too
that you give
as you rise to leave,
for the metal giant
disperses the fog as it enters
the deserted platform.

Promises you gave
turned into paper boats
that somehow lost
their way,
drowning in the
currents of time.

You boarded the train of life
probably aware
of the unfulfilled promise
of love that I yearned for
but you never gave.
But I have been waiting
at the same station
ever since
for you to return
with roses in hand
dressed in a gown white,
as you drifted away
just like a stray kite
disappearing
out of sight.

ajnabiyy

(n.) stranger (Arabic)

It was an autumn
of love that withered
into foliage littered
underneath bootprints
never leaving an impression
on the footpath
wet with the slow
yet incessant fall of snow.
The dark shades of the road asphalt
didn't really compliment
the grey stone bench
where your wait for
the same yellow colored bus as mine
maybe of a different route
seemed to never end
when our eyes met
for the first time
and yours bowed down
with a subtle wink.
Minutes later
I found myself staring
into the glass of my watch
at the beads of sweat
that hid behind eyebrows
of my own reflection.
Not by mistake,
yet cajoled by fetish
did I climb aboard
to prise few words
out of that warm smile
that adorned your face

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that didn't pay heed
being buried deep
into the chaos
of the digital world;
alien to the introvert in me
who dared to converse
that day.
Yin to my Yang
you were the sea
that dragged me along into
endless topics
that I kept blabbering
and you did suite
sporting a smile
in between giggles shared
with those luscious curves
that lined your face.
The bus came to a stop
on a crowded chowk
you got down
me following your lead
holding your hand
somehow knowing
that you would never be mine.
A hundred accusing eyes
stared at me the very instant
like a predator
in sight of its prey
as the lump of unknown guilt
was swallowed up
in an instant.
Only then did I notice
the *hijab* covering your hair
the face hidden behind the *niqab*

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

that you had put up
in my tensed moments
of diverted attention
as you shrugged off my hold
turning your back to me
without a hint of emotion
in those hazel eyes
and walked away with steps silent
merging into the ocean of men
just like
you had appeared,
a stranger.

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

Inner Child Press

News

The Year of the Poet V ~ August 2018

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

Gail Weston Shazor

hülya n. yılmaz

Nizar Sartawi

Faleeha Hassan

Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

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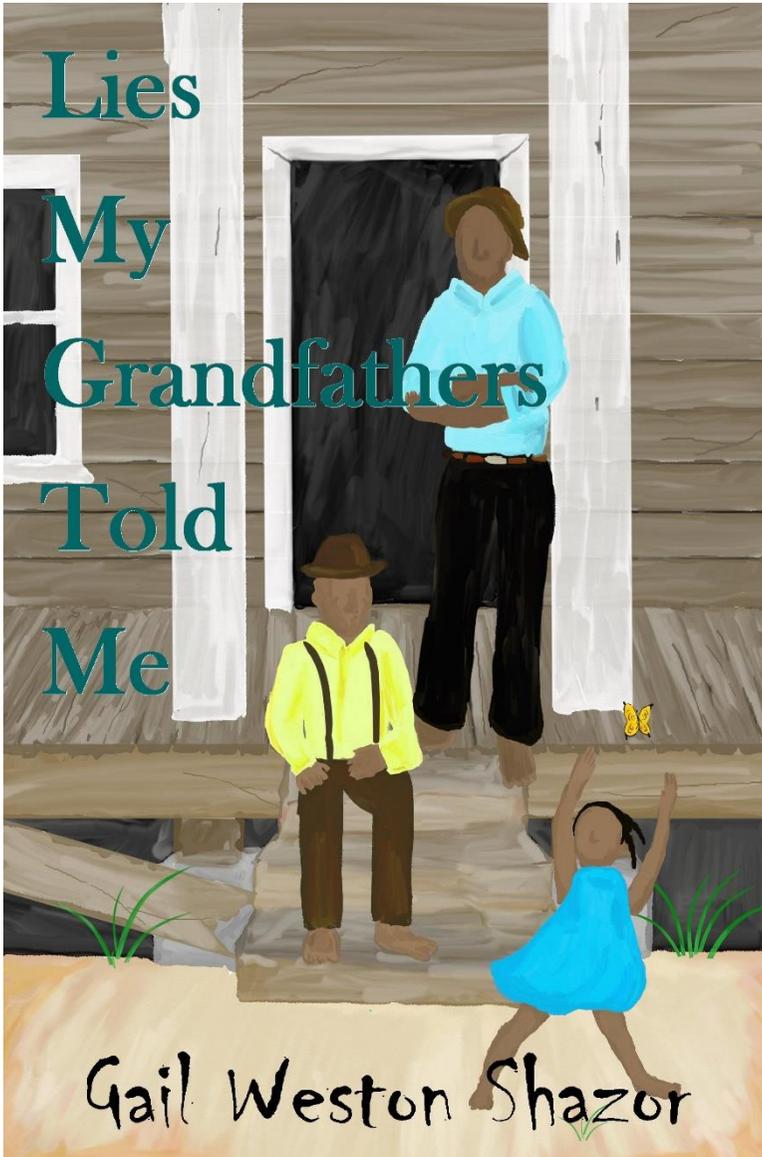
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Aflame



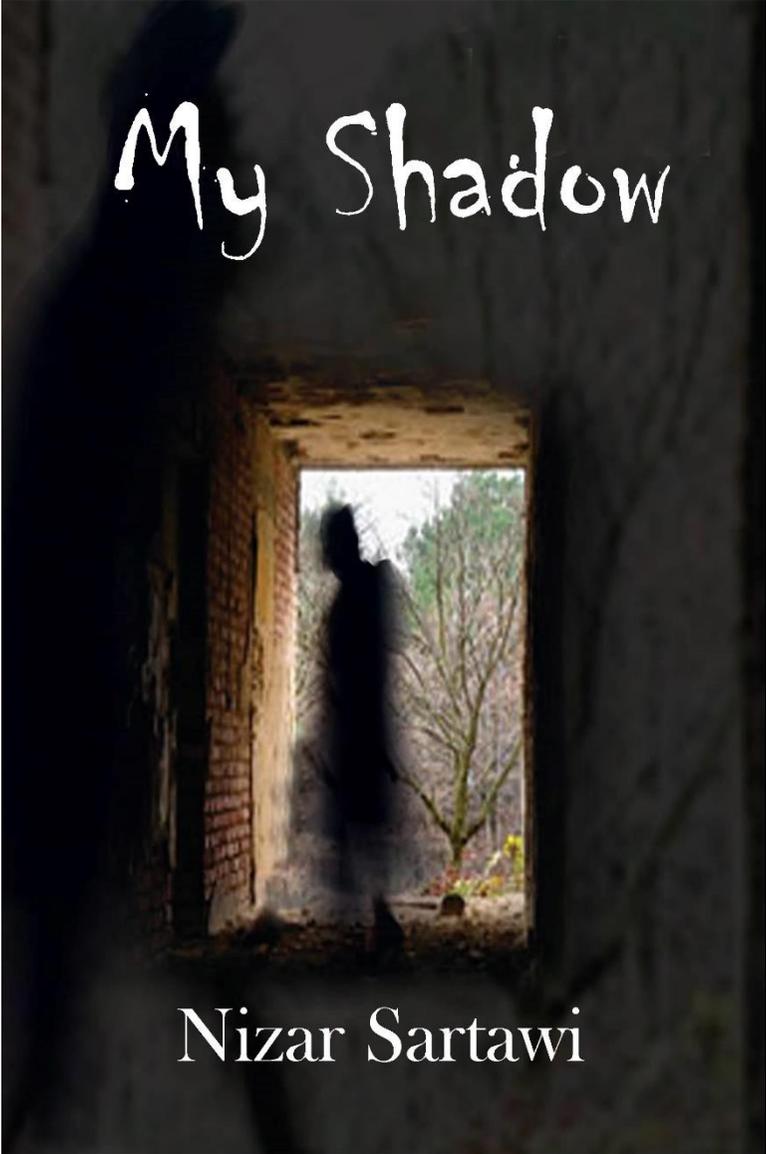
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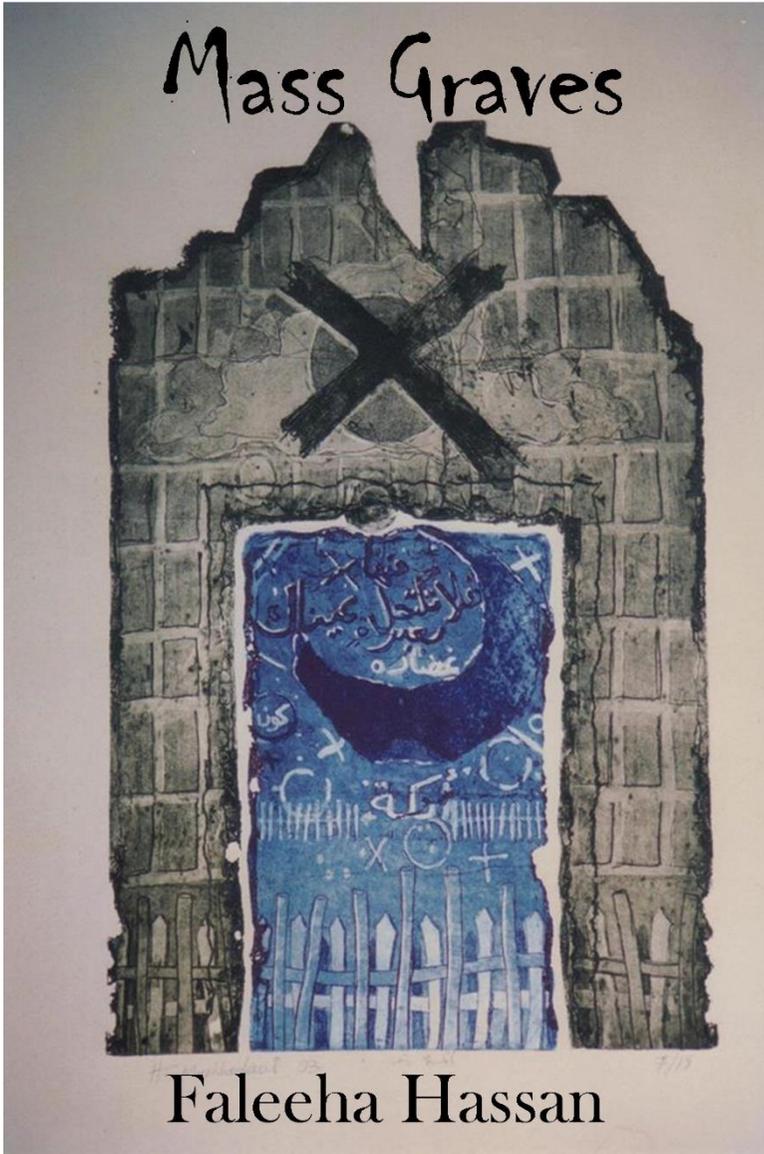
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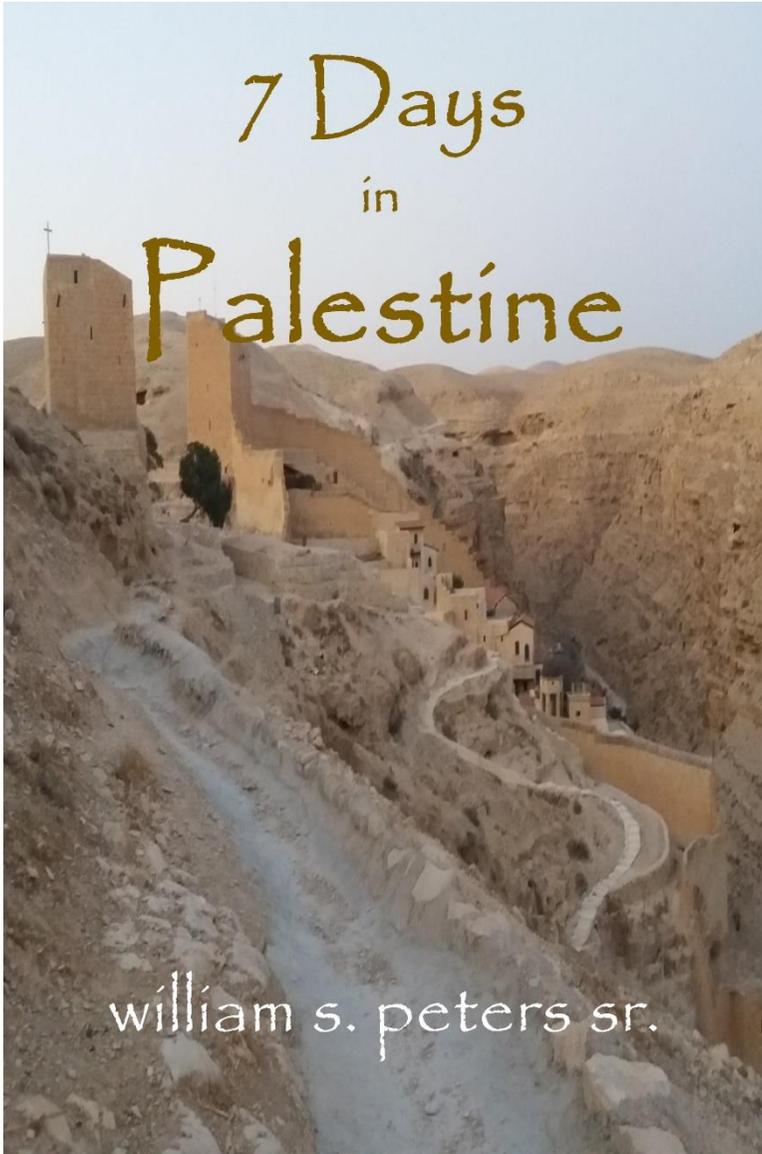
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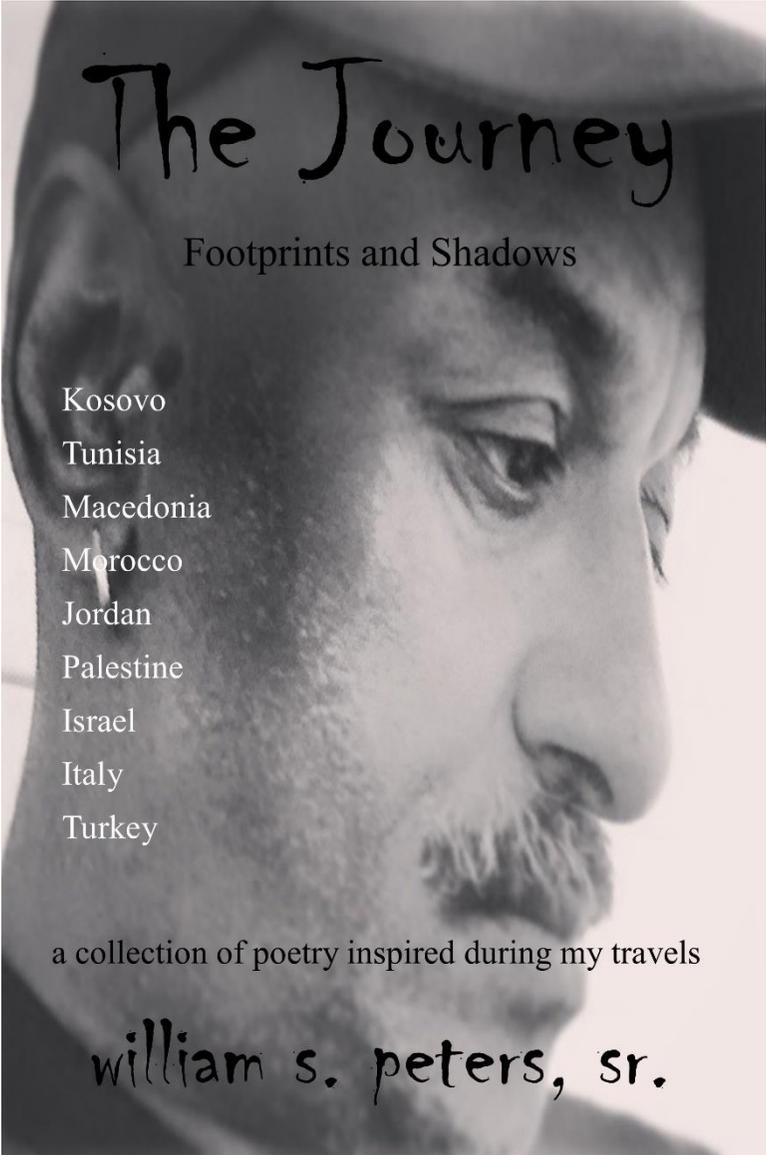
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william s. peters, sr.

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The Journey

Footprints and Shadows

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william s. peters, sr.

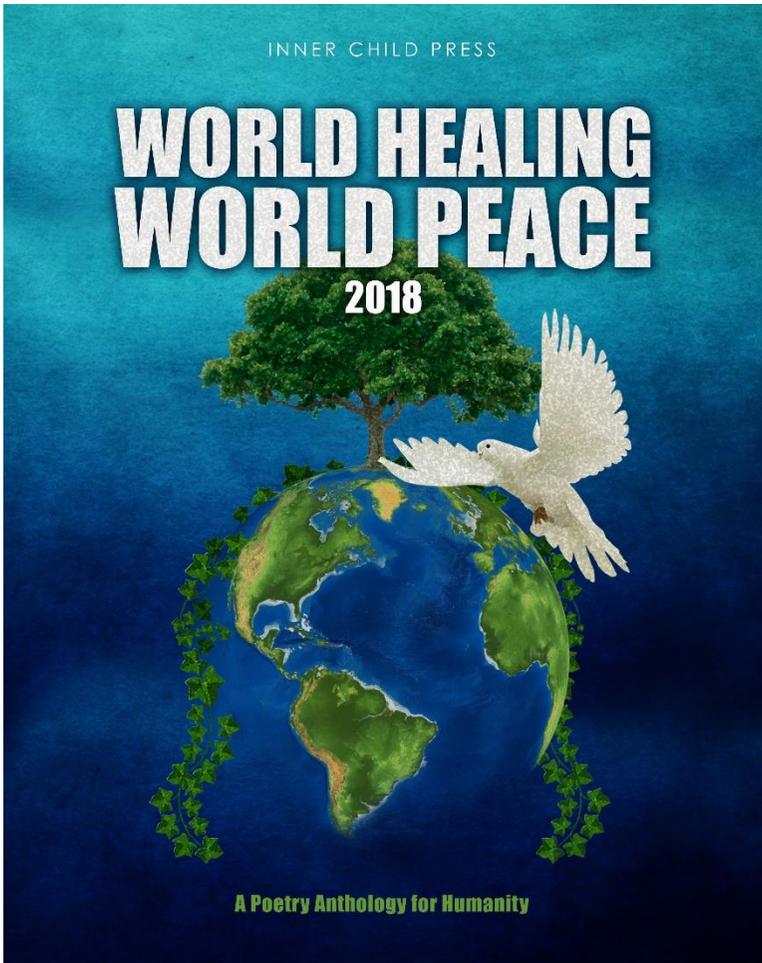
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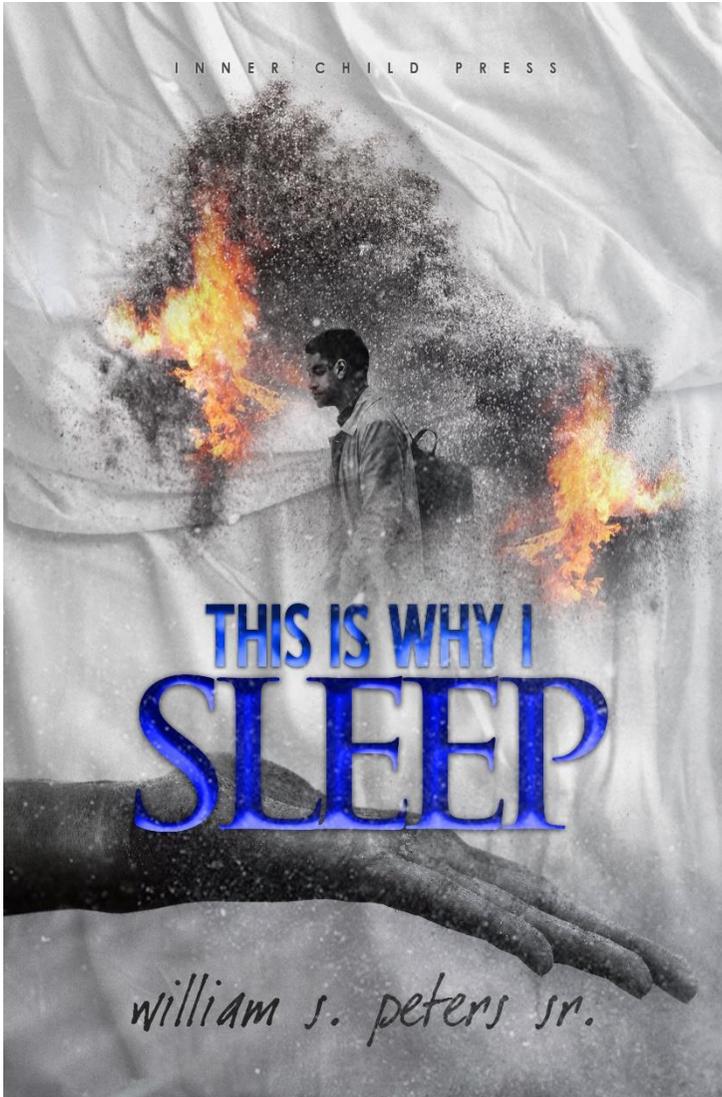
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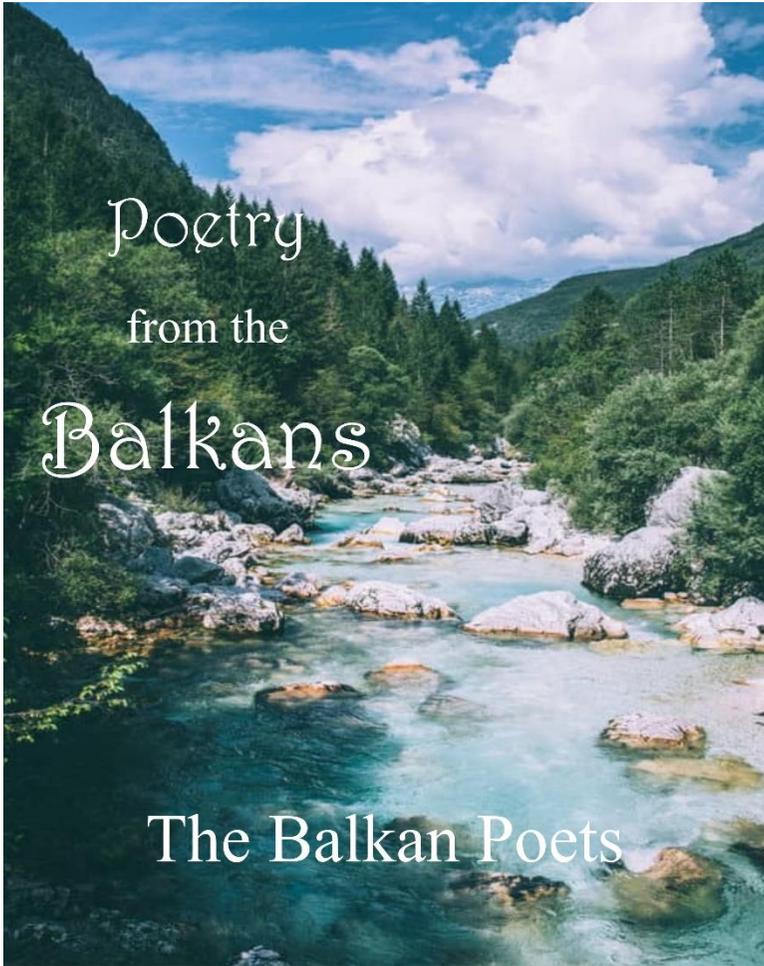


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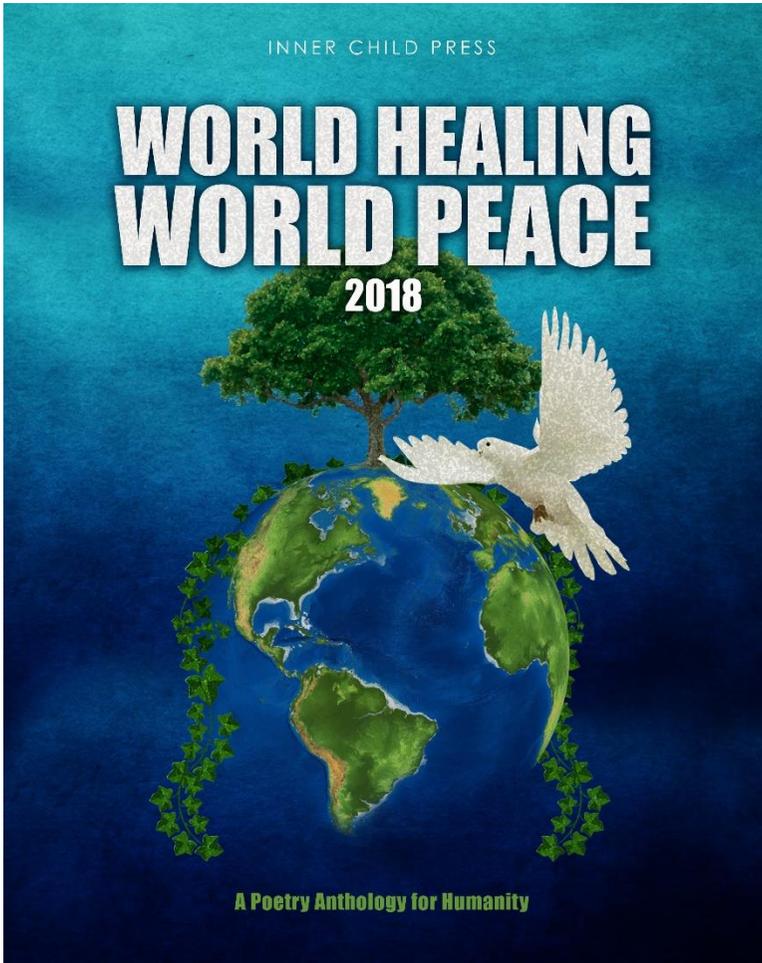
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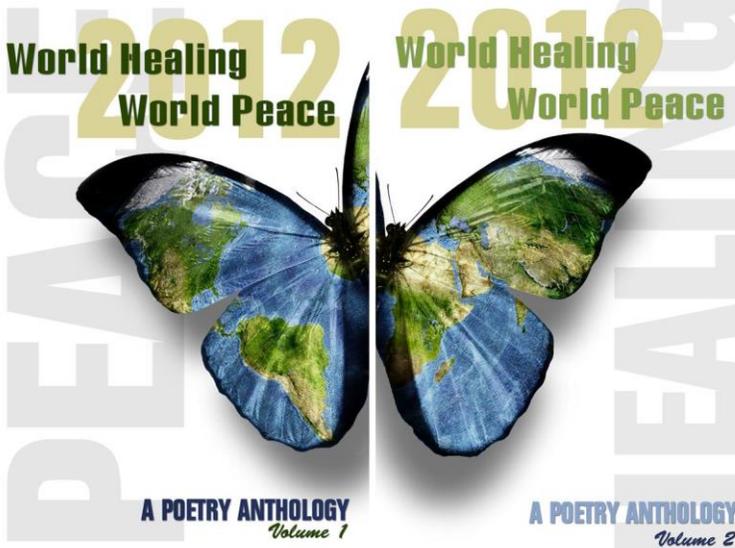
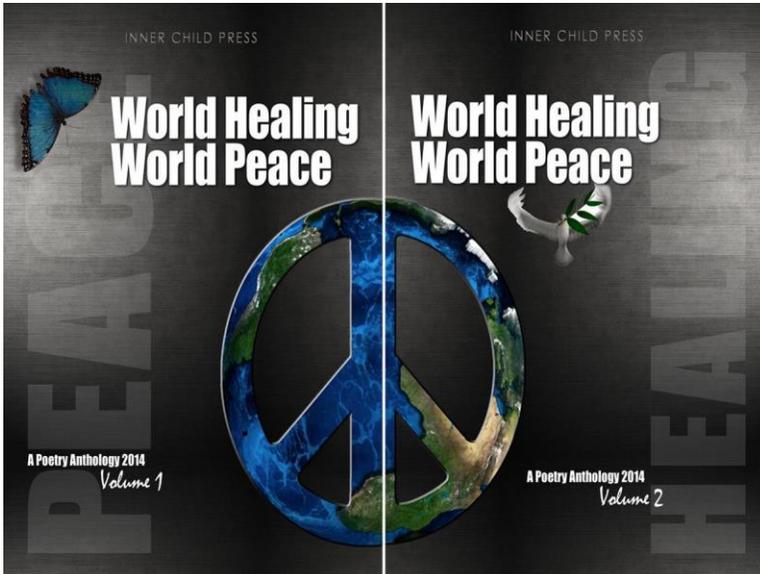
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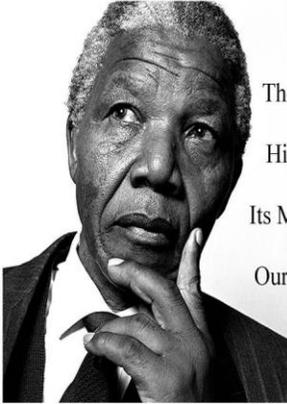
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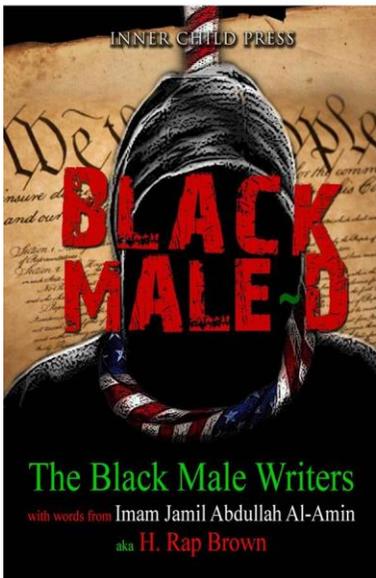
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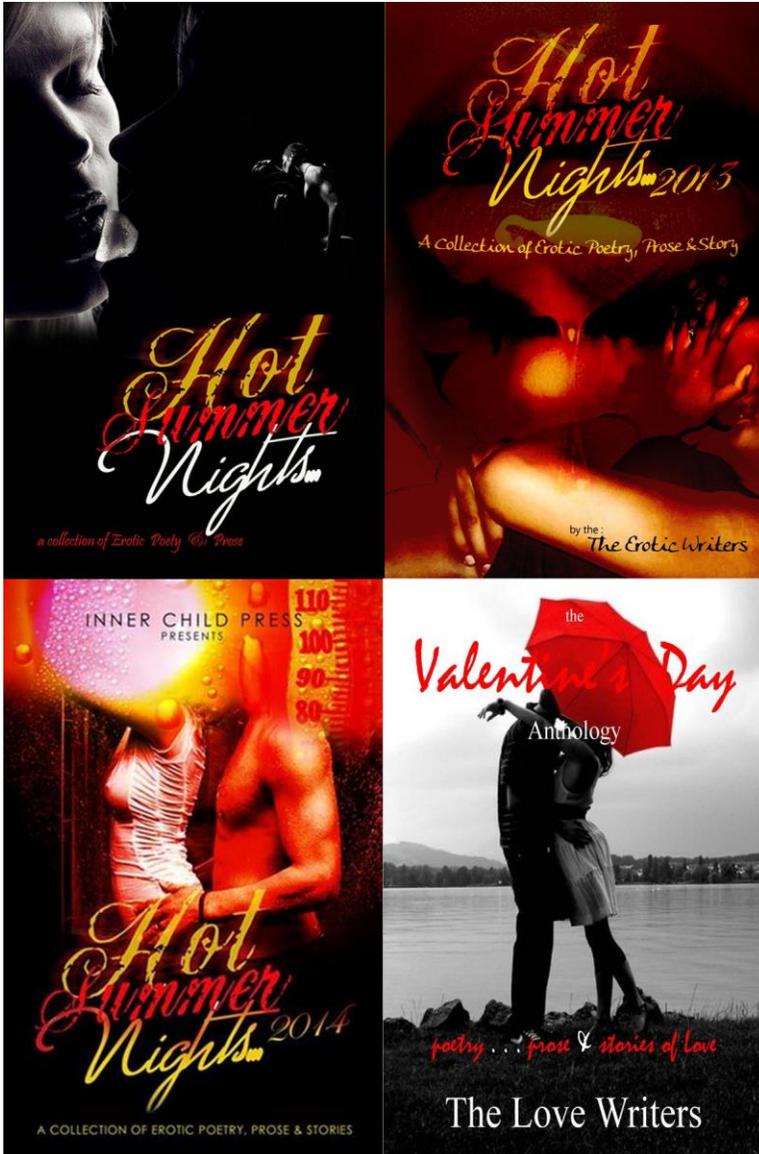
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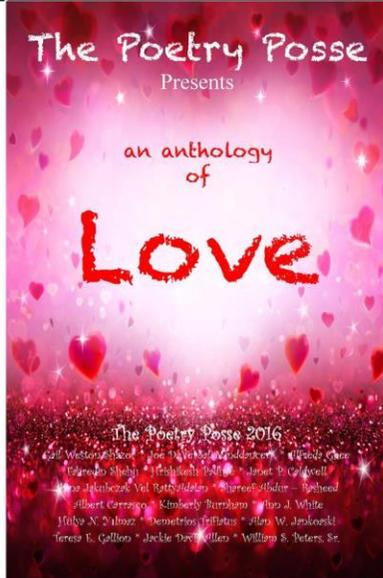
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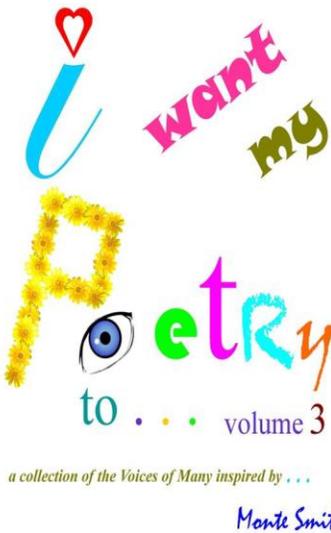
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Our January Feature
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the Year of the Poet

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violets

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Our February Features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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daffodil

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Our March Featured Poets
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

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Sweet Pea

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Neetu Wali
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Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

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The Year of the Poet
May 2014

May's Featured Poets
ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton



Dedicated To our Children

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Albert Infrink Carrasco
Siddantha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
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Tony Haminger
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Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet
June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

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

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Jamie Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert Infrink Carrasco
Siddantha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
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Tony Haminger
Joe DalVerbal Mindlancer
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Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet
July 2014

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



The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert Infrink Carrasco
Siddantha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haminger
Joe DalVerbal Mindlancer
Robert Gibbons
Nesta Wolf
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
Jamie Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert Infrink Carrasco
Siddantha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haminger
Joe DalVerbal Mindlancer
Robert Gibbons
Nesta Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
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August Feature Poets
Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

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The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster Morning-Glory



Wild Garden of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

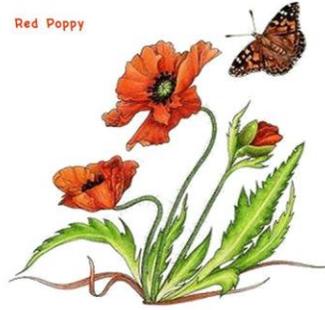
The Poetly Pass

Jamie Bond • Call Weston Shazor • Albert In'Writte Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
 Janet P. Caldwell • June Rugg Bonfield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Heninger
 Joe DiVerbal Winddancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shantel Abdu-Rasheed
 Kimberly Burham • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetly Pass

Jamie Bond • Call Weston Shazor • Albert In'Writte Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
 Janet P. Caldwell • June Rugg Bonfield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Heninger
 Joe DiVerbal Winddancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shantel Abdu-Rasheed
 Kimberly Burham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaJendra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetly Pass

Jamie Bond • Call Weston Shazor • Albert In'Writte Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
 Janet P. Caldwell • June Rugg Bonfield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Heninger
 Joe DiVerbal Winddancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shantel Abdu-Rasheed
 Kimberly Burham • William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Roseman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poetly Pass

Jamie Bond
 Call Weston Shazor
 Albert In'Writte Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce
 Janet P. Caldwell
 June Rugg Bonfield
 Debbie M. Allen
 Tony Heninger
 Joe DiVerbal Winddancer
 Robert Gibbons
 Neetu Wolf
 Shantel Abdu-Rasheed
 Kimberly Burham
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December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WhittenPae • Santosairo • JustinPae

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THE YEAR OF THE POET III
January 2015



Garnet

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

January Feature Poets
Bismay Mohantri • Jen Walls • Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET II
February 2015



Amethyst

THE POETRY PESSE
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Heminger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibson
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shehu
Hilya 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 Pesse 2015
Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce • Janet P. Caldwell • Tony Heminger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer • Neetu Wali • Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • Ann White • Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt • Fahredin Shehu • Hilya 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 Pesse 2015
Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce • Janet P. Caldwell • Tony Heminger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer • Neetu Wali • Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • Ann White • Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt • Fahredin Shehu • Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion • Jackie Allen • William S. Peters, Sr.

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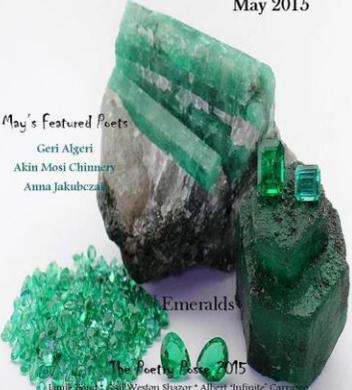
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The Year of the Poet II

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



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



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



Featured Poets
Gayle Howell
Ann Chalasiz
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



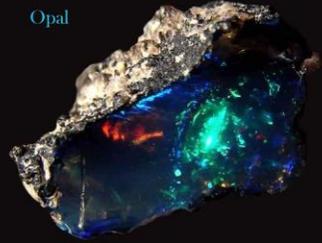
Sapphires

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
 Bisimoy 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.

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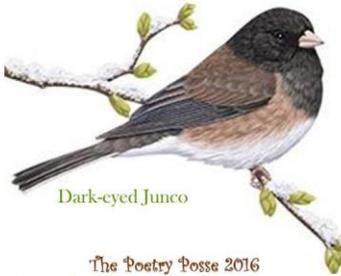
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The Year of the Poet III January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

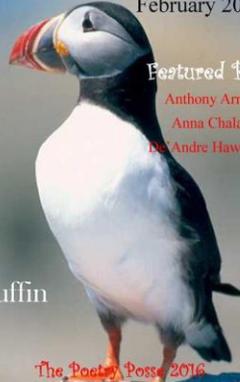
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattyvidalan * Anna J. White
Fahreddi Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Jose DuVerfal Miodonev * Sharon Alshar - Raheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Ann J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Triantafyllidis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold
Anna Chalas
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Jose DuVerfal Miodonev * Alfredo Ghee
Fahreddi Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattyvidalan * Sharon Alshar - Raheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Anna J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Triantafyllidis * 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 * Jose DuVerfal Miodonev * Alfredo Ghee
Fahreddi Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattyvidalan * Sharon Alshar - Raheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Anna J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Triantafyllidis * 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

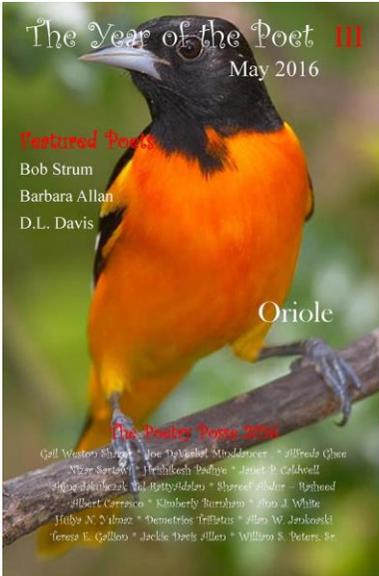
Gail Weston Shazor * Jose DuVerfal Miodonev * Alfredo Ghee
Fahreddi Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattyvidalan * Sharon Alshar - Raheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Anna J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Triantafyllidis * Alan W. Jankowski
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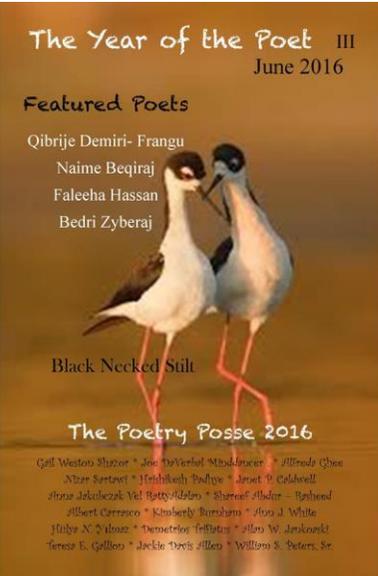


The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets
Bob Strum
Barbara Allan
D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVierel Misdanner * Alfredo Ghoe
Nizar Sattari * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alan J. White
Hilary N. D'Alonzo * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Galloni * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

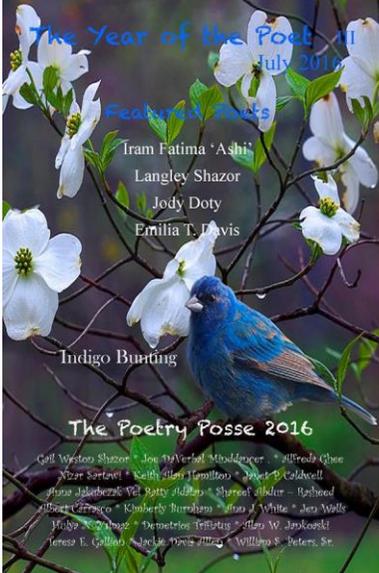


The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

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

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVierel Misdanner * Alfredo Ghoe
Nizar Sattari * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alan J. White
Hilary N. D'Alonzo * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Galloni * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

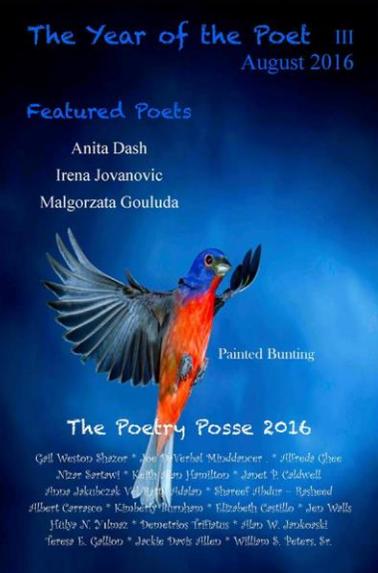


The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVierel Misdanner * Alfredo Ghoe
Nizar Sattari * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alan J. White * Jen Walls
Hilary N. D'Alonzo * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Galloni * 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 DeVierel Misdanner * Alfredo Ghoe
Nizar Sattari * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Hilary N. D'Alonzo * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
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September 2016

Featured Poets
Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novio

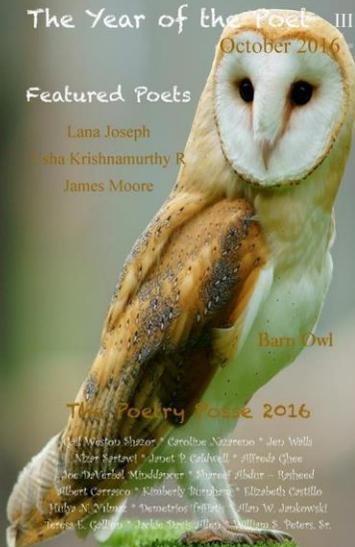


Long Billed Curlew

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Muddaner * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattari * Janet P. Caldwell * Allreda Ghoe
Jose Jakubczak Val Betty Aldar * Shereef Aldar * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burghara * Elizabeth Castillo
Julio N. Alvarez * Demetrios Trifotis * Ilan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets
Lana Joseph
Tasha Krishnamurthy R
James Moore

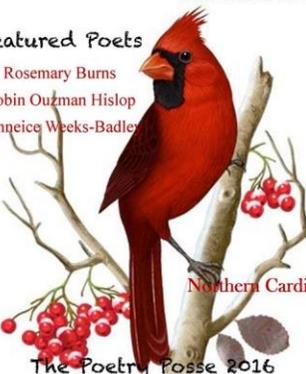


Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattari * Janet P. Caldwell * Allreda Ghoe
Joe DeVerbal Muddaner * Shereef Aldar * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burghara * Elizabeth Castillo
Julio N. Alvarez * Demetrios Trifotis * Ilan 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-Badle

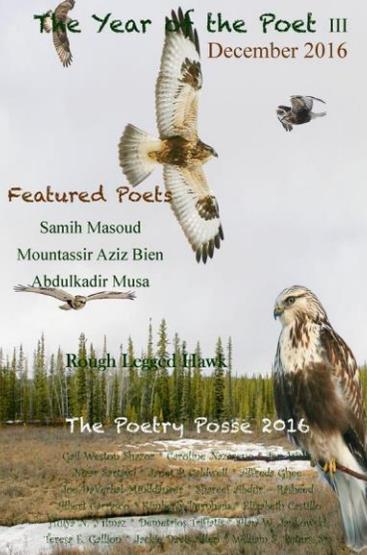


Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattari * Janet P. Caldwell * Allreda Ghoe
Joe DeVerbal Muddaner * Shereef Aldar * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burghara * Elizabeth Castillo
Julio N. Alvarez * Demetrios Trifotis * Ilan 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

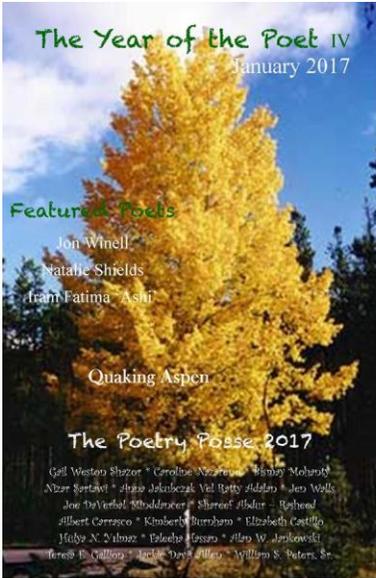
The Poetry Posse 2016
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Joe DeVerbal Muddaner * Shereef Aldar * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burghara * Elizabeth Castillo
Julio N. Alvarez * Demetrios Trifotis * Ilan W. Jankowski
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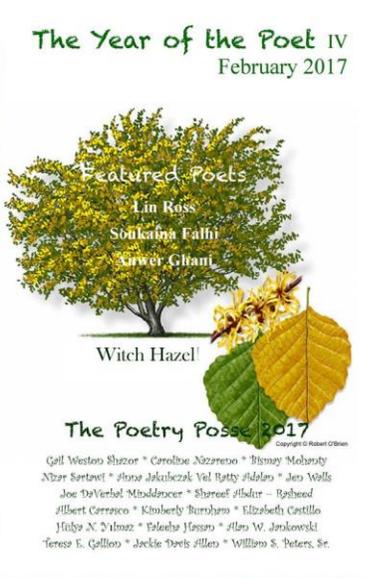


Featured Poets
Jon Winell
Natale Shields
Fran Fatima Ashi

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Binny Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Atosa Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVierhol Miodonszew * Shereef Alidair * Rahmad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julie N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jasso * Jilou W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017

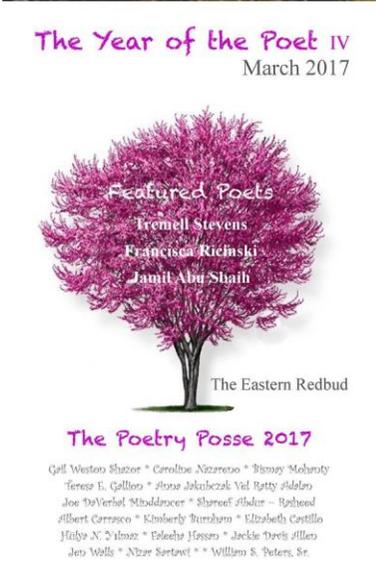


Featured Poets
Lin Ross
Sobkaina Falhi
Gower Ghani

Witch Hazel

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Binny Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Atosa Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVierhol Miodonszew * Shereef Alidair * Rahmad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julie N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jasso * Jilou W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
March 2017

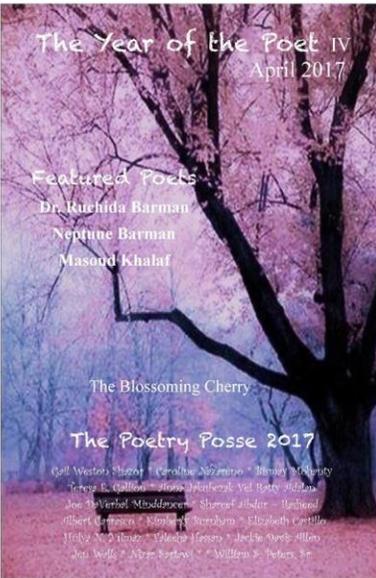


Featured Poets
Tremell Stevens
Francisca Ricinski
Jamil Abu Shaib

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Binny Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallon * Atosa Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan
Joe DeVierhol Miodonszew * Shereef Alidair * Rahmad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julie N. D'Almeida * Falecia 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 * Binny Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallon * Atosa Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan
Joe DeVierhol Miodonszew * Shereef Alidair * Rahmad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julie N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jasso * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

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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 Nazzareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Alana Jakubczak Val Betty Siddons
Joe DeVirello Mbadumec * Shereef Siddur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilja N. Vilhaz * 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 Nazzareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Alana Jakubczak Val Betty Siddons
Joe DeVirello Mbadumec * Shereef Siddur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilja N. Vilhaz * Falecha Hassen * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV July 2017

Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma
Ibaa Ismail
Zvonko Tanesti

The Oak Moon

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Alana Jakubczak Val Betty Siddons
Joe DeVirello Mbadumec * Shereef Siddur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilja N. Vilhaz * Falecha Hassen * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV August 2017

Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino
Kitty Hsu
Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Alana Jakubczak Val Betty Siddons
Joe DeVirello Mbadumec * Shereef Siddur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilja N. Vilhaz * Falecha Hassen * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017

Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberry
Ameer Nassir
Christine Fulco Neal
Robert Neal



The Elm Tree

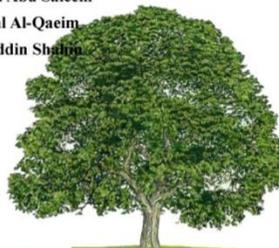
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Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV October 2017

Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shahrin



The Black Walnut Tree

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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters
Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



The Tree of Life

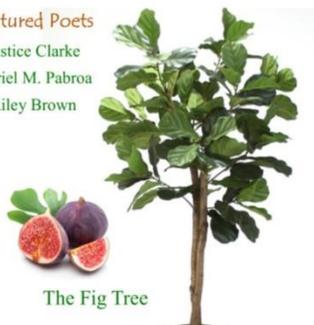
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The Year of the Poet IV December 2017

Featured Poets

Justice Clarke
Mariel M. Pabroa
Kiley Brown



The Fig Tree

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The Year of the Poet V

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Iyad Shamasnah

Yasmeen Hamzeh

Ali Abdolrezaei



Aksum

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The Year of the Poet V

February 2018

Sabeen



Featured Poets

Muhammad Azram

Anna Szawracka

Abhilipsa Kuanar

Aanika Acry

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The Year of the Poet V

March 2018



Featured Poets

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Cassandra Swan
Jaleel Khazaal
Shazia Zaman

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Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion
Faleeha Hassan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
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The Year of the Poet V

April 2018

Featured Poets

Sonia Abu-Lala
Suzanne Belcher
Nathan Dean
Nancy Nguyen



The Nez Perce

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Sylvia K. Malinowska
Lindita Ahmeti
Ofelia Prodan

The Sumerians



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Faleeha Hassan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera
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June 2018

Featured Poets
Bilal Maliki * Daim Miftari * Gojko Božović * Sofija Živković

The Paleo Indians



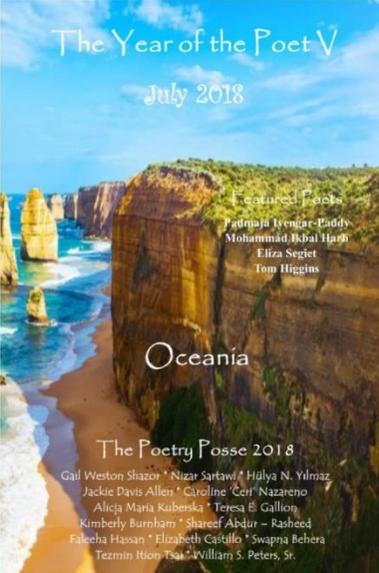
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July 2018

Featured Poets
Patnaja Iyengar-Paddy
Mohammad Ikhbal Hash
Eliza Seget
Tom Higgins

Oceania

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