

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet II November Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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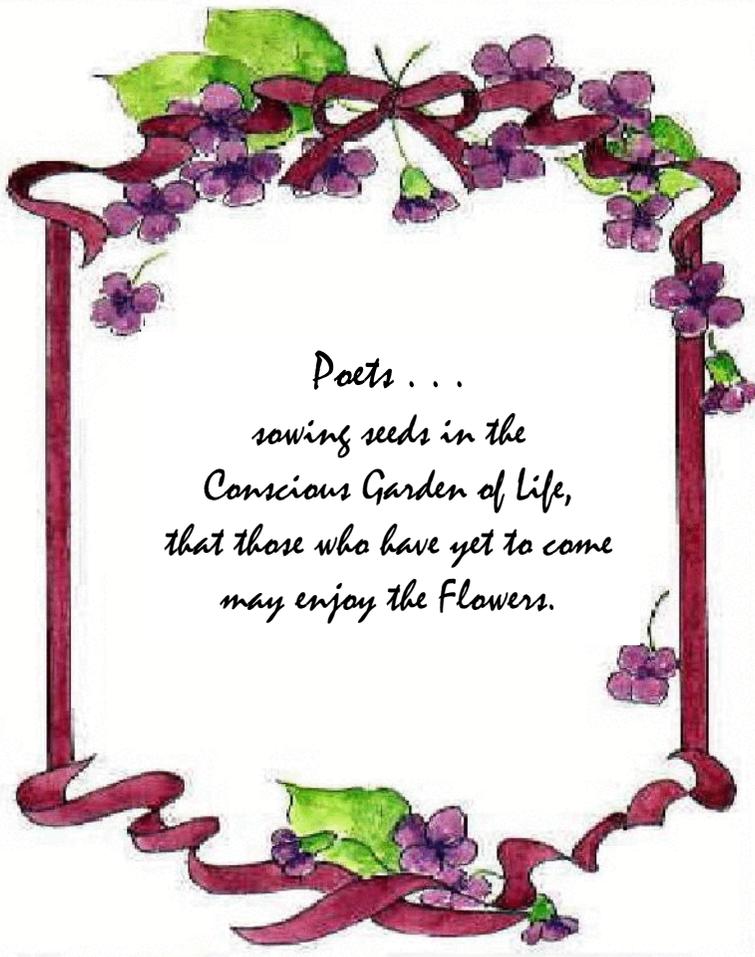
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WHAT WOULD
LI F E
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
PO E T R Y ?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to
Poetry . . .
its Patrons,
the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse
&
the Power of the Pen.



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

Foreword

Coming to the end of 2015, it is wonderful to see poetry alive and well within the pages of the Year of the Poet anthologies put forth by Inner Child Press.

As you read through each monthly volume, you enter upon a journey traversing an amazing landscape of creativity and talent. The beauty, love, pain, and sacrifice found within these poems are a timeless gift to humanity. A sharing of thoughts, ideas, and emotions, to ponder and relish in. Coming together as a family, The Poetry Posse endures in its efforts to enlighten and engage the reader's imagination through poetry.

I am humbled and blessed to be a part of this family as our journey continues into 2016. I look forward to the delightful wonders of the written words being created by myself and my poetic brothers and sisters.

Our journey continues....

Blessings and Love

Tony Henninger

Preface

Dear Family, Friends and Readers,

As we approach the close of another year, i must reflect on the magnificence of this journey with The Poetry Posse to produce a monthly issue each month of The Year of the Poet. We are now closing up our 2nd year and are eagerly looking forward to 2016.

In speaking for the collective known as *The Poetry Posse*, we are honored and blessed to be able to share our words with you each month. As you are aware of, we also have the pleasure of featuring three additional Poets each month. All entries, features and regulars share with you their Bio, their Picture and 3 of their Poems. This affords all readers to get to know the Poets on a more intimate basis.

Our mission to be more inclusive of Readers and Writers each month since January 2014 has been met globally with warm embraces and an abundance of requests to take part in this venture. Unfortunately we cannot accommodate everyone. What we did do for our readership is make every single issue available as a FREE Download at the Inner Child Press Web Site :
www.innerchildpress.com.

Also, print copies are available at a nominal cost of \$5.00 for the year of 2014 and \$7.00 for 2015 & 2016.

At this time i wish to express my personal gratitude to all the participants past, present & future who have share their thoughts and emotions with us all. Also, as time always ushers forth change, i wish to acknowledge all of our past Poetry Posse members and introduce you to the new. Our line up for this coming year of 2016 is as follows :

Gail Weston Shazor
Shareef Abdur Rasheed
Tony Henninger
Teresa E. Gallion
Dr. Hulya N. Yilmaz
Dr. Kimberly Burnham
Katherine Wyatt
Ann J. White
Jackie Davis Allen
Keith Alan Hamilton
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Janet P. Caldwell
Alan W. Jankowski
Albert Carrasco
Regina A. Walker
Geri Algeri
Demetrios Trifiatis
Alan W. Jankowski
Hrishikesh Padhye
William S. Peters, Sr.

We are looking towards a great year. We also have planned a very special “Love Offering” which will be a book of love poetry to be published for Valentine’s Day 2016. Stay tuned.

In closing, again i say to all who have touched upon, took part and influenced our poetic journey ... Thank you all for the love.

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

For more Information go to :

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

*Thank God for Poetry
otherwise
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

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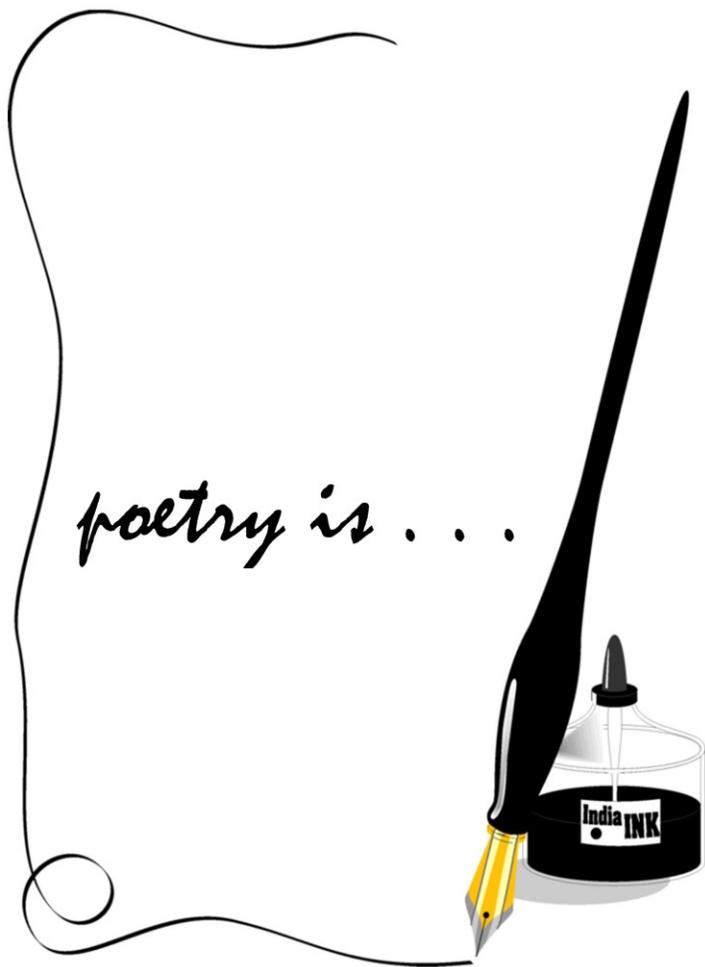
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchancing magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail
Weston
Shazor

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

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

Author of . . .
"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"
&
Notes from the Blue Roof
available at Inner Child Press.

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Watchnighting

I fell in love with my family
Every holiday passing
The turbulent feeling
Of hoping I had grown enough
Or learned enough
To be seen and heard

The women sat on the sofa plastic
Recounting the entire year
Of losses and gains
Triumphs and failures
Of those absent and
Those sitting across the room

I always felt sorry for those
Who were in between the
Old enough to join in
And still to childish to play
I wonder how they felt
Having their lives
Decided at family council

The boys gathered in the yard
Around the menfolk
Hearing mentalk and
Having their mettle tested
With mendrink and mensmoke
For the receiving of instructions

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

I would drift from door post
To lintel, listening
For the smallest
Shouldn't be heard thing
Marveling at their singsong
Way of laughing
Of praying

I could feel loved and safe
Knowing they watched the night
For more than the turning of the year.

Resolution

I resolve
Nothing at all
There will be no
Verses written about anything
That will cause you to think
Or take action on a cause
Or stop the water over a causeway
From causing a major disaster
Of unknown causes
The causality of no resolution
Is intentionally casual
And I apologize upfront
Because I realize how unfair
This causes you to feel
About just what it is
You need to be resolving
To do in this new year
Fraught with the dangers
Of no place to send
Your hard earned dollars
So you can feel down for the cause
Because it is useful
In establishing
Your sensitivity to the resolution
And the revolution of whatever
It is that I tell you to do
So in this new year
I resolve nothing at all
For you
Or for me
I will be too busy doing something!

Again~Senryus

I am not afraid
Of gaining another year
My days wait for grace

In lunar moments
I can see my ancestors
Twinkling in the sky

My mind is girded
In the passing of wisdom
From both my parents

It is ever this
That I pass down to my own
Shining legacy

Closing out a year
I am assured that I lived
My very best life.

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Janet P. Caldwell has been writing for 40 years and has been published in print newspapers and held a byline in a small newspaper in TX. She also has contributed to magazines and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies yearly. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2015. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child, which includes the many Inner Child Facebook groups, Inner Child Newspaper, Inner Child Magazine, Inner Child Radio and The Inner Child Press Publishing Company.

To find out more about Janet, you may visit her web-site, Face-book Fan Page and her Author page at Inner Child Press.

www.janetcaldwell.com

<https://www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell>

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

Consider This . . .

As we come to the close of another year
it may feel like the world has gone mad.
The terror in the streets is all over the world
power, death and greed are on the tongues of every man.
What can we do, seems to be the cry of every being, it's all
so demeaning.

Consider this, did God not deliver you from seemingly
impossible trials?
Didn't he carry you, when you couldn't walk another mile.
Didn't he send teachers, healers and comforters when you
suffered
confusion, illness of the body and mind?
He'll do it again
and has
time after time.

When we are ready to let go of fear, revel in marvelous
works
and dance once again. We will feel the dread melting away
the chaos sloughing off like dead skin
and falling harmlessly to the ground.
Let us not pick it up again, instead trust, be positive
call on your angels or guides to lift you up.

Turn off the news, it IS the very appearance of evil
shun it, you cannot trust them anyway
they are bought and paid for.
Turn away, turn away . . .
pick up your favorite inspirational source and cleanse your
mind.

Now, consider this . . .

A Different Kind of Year

It was a different kind of year.
In spite of worldly things
I didn't seem to stress or live in constant fear.

I let go of so many things.
Lies that I told myself and the ones told to me.
I found myself finding me.

I had a great time
traveling afar
meeting my brothers from Kosovo.

I remembered how much I love you.
The smile in your eyes said you love me too.
We talked and we sang, played games
like teenagers in love.

We ate grapes and loved hard.
Letting go of nonsense.
Accepting the things we cannot change
gave to us, a fresh breath of air
so that we could breathe again.

It has been a different kind of year.

In Spite of it All

In spite of it all
it's getting better
and going to continue
on this upswing.

You see, I refuse to give in
to negative speak.
To create more unbearable things.

I am the master of my Universe
and it is a lovely one.
I am creating peace, love and humanity
by sharing love and oneness
in spite of all things.

Jackie
Allen

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

My name is Jacqueline D. Allen, otherwise known as Jackie. I grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia, one of ten children. As a child, of a coal miner and a stay at home mother, I told stories at night to my younger siblings in an attempt to lull them to sleep. That was the tool I used so that I might return to my homework, uninterrupted. Much to my delight they begged me to bring the "books" home so that they could see the pictures for themselves. As delighted as I was that they loved my stories, it was difficult to endure the disappointment on their faces when I told them the truth: I had made up all of the stories that they had so loved.

Many years after those early seeds of story telling began, after college, after work, after raising my children, I began to write poetry. I find writing poetry the creative fabric from which I am able to weave whole cloth from both truth and fiction. Inspired by real life events, memory, imagination and enhanced by the sheer joy of playing with words, my poetry satisfies my need to be creative.

And, if ever there are days when I wonder why it took so long for the writer in me to reveal itself, I simply pick up my pen, or in most cases, go to the computer, and begin writing yet another poem.

Embracing the Gift

*You are my love, or once you were.
What happened is that fear grew,
and intimidation took it's place.
With dreams unfulfilled
and extinguished,
will hope rekindle
my gift's potential?*

*This gift that I have
now expressed from within
splashes upon the canvas
until, I, with paint and brush
am exhausted,
the picture not complete,
still unfinished.*

*You are my love, and still are.
The seed of desire emerges
leaps over hurdles
ignores intimidation
when picking up the brush again
I dip into the paint
of my gift's reawakening.*

*This gift that I have
now joyfully finds expression
with bursts of exuberant color
across and within the canvas of life.
Embracing the who I am,
once again, I am motivated
to paint and to create.*

Mortality's Stones and Bones

*Some saved, stacked up, fashioned
into four tall walls;
a tall copper roof, an iron bell, pulled
by rope hand-braided;
blistered, abraded, bruised
pulling with strain, its ring amusing,
defying gravity, a child's fantasy
wishing-wings fly, hopes to sail.*

*Rough, chiseled notes, cut,
each holding history unable
to speak, mute,; oh, the stories
they refuse to reveal.
Lying within, embracing
bone to dust, toils expire, so too
life 's breath lost, fossilized
implements replace the pace.*

*By demand, doors open; come,
enter, sit and listen,
slip or slide, a carpet awaits
polished, waxed floors, red.
A rustling of leaves, a snow storm
falls, a mountain's hollow replaces
the stained glass, those in front
or by the door; ponder now, ways*

*more peaceful to provide~
by what method, to the One above,
I think it matters not as long as if by Love.*

A Christmas Tree's Lament

*Once I grew in lonely meadow, far~
waiting for maturity to grow my youth
until one day*

*I was chosen to be the one~
severed, bundled up and tied
and tossed into
 the back of a truck.*

*Now deposited amongst the others,
I wait again, enduring the comments
no one likes to hear,
too tall, too fat,
too skinny, not tall enough,
until I hear,*

"That's the one!"

*As I am nourished and adorned
my brilliance fills the darkened corners
with raiment both old and new.
Recalling treasured memories past
and welcoming the new,
I now stand proudly
 accepting all compliments.*

*The anticipated day arrives
either midnight or sunrise,
as the focus shines more brightly
at what is beneath, ripped and torn,
Shouts of joy and looks forlorn
I am reminded that*

I am about to die.

*My arms how they droop,
like branches they swoop
down by my side*

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*as needles prick and glide to
where anticipated joys no longer reside.
My time is over, my sap is spent.
Now I await recycling's intent.*

*I rose from lonely meadow, elevated
above all the others, thrilled
to have been chosen, selected
as the best of all, but now I am
once again, undressed and tied up
returning to the earth
in the back of a truck.*

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Tony
Henninger

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Tony Henninger is the current president of The Permian Basin Poetry Society of Texas in West-Texas. His first book, "A Journey of Love", is a collection of love poems dedicated to his wife Deanne and is available at InnerchildPress.Com and Amazon.com.

He has been published in several anthologies including: Permian basin and Beyond 2014, We are the 500 (West Texas poets), Hot Summer Nights 2013 and 2014 editions, and World Healing/World Peace. He is, also, one of the co-authors of the 12 volume Anthology "Year of the Poet 2014" at Inner Child Press.

He is currently working on his second book of poetry to be published in early 2015.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany and growing up in Colorado, He now resides in Texas.

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

Tony Henninger at Permian Basin Poetry Society @gmail.com.

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

On New Year's eve,
please stop and think.
A moment of silence.
Put down your drink.

As you celebrate and give
best wishes all around,
please remember, there are still
bombs dropping to the ground.

Think about our tomorrow
and that we might bring
goodwill and happiness to all
in the song we will sing.

We could sing it all year long
to make the world a better place
and make this world a home

for everyone.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Where are the rainbows?
Where are the smiles
of the children?
Are they all lost in
the flames of the bombs
that killed them?

An innocent life lost
takes a part of everyone.
The pain can never go away.
The harm can never be undone.

There is a baby down the street
crying and all alone.
Held in its dead mother's arms
and a long way from home.

I see people walking by
seemingly numb and uncaring.
More likely, too afraid to stop,
for someone may be watching.

Some bury their heads in their hands.
Some just stand idly by.
Some fear to face the evil there.
Some wish it would hurry up and die.

And so, the child cries on and on.
Totally ignored and unheard.
No one see that its light
is the light of the world.

STOP ASKING “WHEN”

A new year is on its way
and I pray with all of my heart
for it to be brighter than
the last.

We’ve buried the light of this world
a little deeper each day,
must we keep on reliving
the past?

So many have died
by their brother’s hands.
I don’t know how much more
this world can withstand.

So many tears are flowing
in unjust rivers of pain,
The blood of the innocent
falls upon us like rain.

Are we not civilized?
Are we not men?
If we want to make a change,
we must stop asking “when”.

The “when”, must be “now”.
And I look to the new year.
It is time to dig up the light,
time to listen and hear.

“WAKE UP!” all you people.
“WAKE UP!” your hearts and souls.
It will take all of us
to make this world whole

again.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

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

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

COUNTDOWN TO 2016

Looking back on the year 2015 there were many
revelations
I was finally told about a lover's deportation
She was removed from my heart
To make a new start
She just couldn't deal with my stagnation
I've progressed I think when developing characters
I've written stories that end not so happily ever after
In an effort to change
I added more emotion to the names
Now it's understood why there was no laughter

There's a movement going on called Black lives Matter
The death toll has risen and amongst the citizens there's
chatter
The police in their haste
Give the impression a black life is a waste
The movement is trying to end the blood splatter
Social media is getting greedier
It's taken the life out of ever wanting to meet you
You prefer a status
Becoming persona non gratis
Forgetting how to ever be you

All this to say last year was uneventful
It was but a passing of time with more of the usual
When the memory fades and days blend
Reflection comes harder as time passes
Repetition is like flipping the hourglass
Moments drop like the fine grains of sand
Another year without a plan.

HOLDER OF THE FLAME

This year will be like no other
I feel it's already started
I speak these words
For the broken hearted
And love has to look no further

Wings seem to flutter around me
Like a gathering of souls drawn to the light
I've not shone away a single one
I've collected them all from the night

Have I gone too far to name them?
Is it worldly greed to claim them?
I've fought with sword who shamed them
And they cling with fragile wing

This year will be like no other
For I am Sir and Daddy dear
I am ruler with lent ears
I am wiper of spent tears
And some will call me a fool

I shimmer in the night of quakes
Not a single soul do I take
Only shells unearthed by life's wake
And I shall cultivate the pearls

This year will be the harvest
For I have planted the seeds
And love shall leave me again
For there are no good deeds
Smoke billows up from the wick

A CALL TO ARMS

We carry the strongest weapon around
The life we're living was all written down
Stone tablets to Dead Sea scrolls
Every nuance of life has been foretold
The Bible and Quran for life's survival
Hieroglyphics on ancient temples

Even the constitution
With its diluted sequences
The law as it were was written in pen
From a babies formula
To a test on how normal you are
All scribbled on the page

This is how we engage our outrage
Only the written word can be heard
Shouting and fist
Bullets that miss
The innocent feel the sting
Only the misguided
Feels violence will solve everything

Voicing ones opinion when the world is deaf
Even the blind can see
The more that is written in lieu of violence
The closer we are to being free.

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

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 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

For more information about Shareef,
contact or follow him at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1>

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/shareef-abdur-rasheed.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Muslim-Writers-Forum/370511683056503>

cycles..,

go round ' n ' round
like merry go rounds
such it is with periods
measured in words that
sound like seconds,minutes,
hours,days,weeks,months,
years
and we say things like
happy new year
looking to the future
hopes extinguish fears
but when the new year is here
your in it my dear and the new
disappears
so it's sounds good but merely
words so it appears
do we say happy new second,
minute,hour,day the same way?
what's a new year consist of
anyway?
ofcourse a ton of seconds,minutes,
hours,days
that as quickly as they come
they go away
making way for another of the same
as quick as you can say good day
so what's a new year anyway
other then stuff we like to say
is there truely substance
does anything make sense

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i mean really make a dent
in improving the life we spend
before the angel of death delivers
the end
just keep trying my friends
taking small,steady steps in tiny
increments
never mind old,new it's all time
to me and you
as long as were breathing there's
always still time to improve
always plenty to do
insha'Allah you will
within the time allotted to you

food4thought = education

i reflect..,

i reject carnage,harage*,rage,
crazed participants who kill and,
maim innocents
in the name of our lord who they
claim to adore
who happens to abore what they
stand for
creator of all things,everything,
including humanbeings
pronounced life sacred
don't spill innocent blood
don't kill in cold blood in the name
of god above
and claim who you represent did the
same
that's not true,that's insane
Rasoolil'lah Nabi Muhammad (saw)
didn't take the name of Allah (swt)
in vain
spill innocent blood and claim he,
we are commanded to from above
when if your faith was true you would
know Allah (swt) is a god of love
where's your love for the creatures
of the earth your lord created?
who you exhibit hatred
and claim in his name this is how
he made it

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who are you? who propped you up
and said kill,kill at will and don't
stop
i don't know you!
be rid of you all who destroy,tear down
and call yourselves true believers
true indeed evil bottom feeders
but nothing ever is what it seems
don't think there's no organized evil
plots behind the scenes
evil, dark faces from evil, dark places
hidden behind a invisible screen
are evil men bent on mayhem
with not a drop of love in dem
and nothing but deception and lies
come from dem
i reject dem
rejection
is my reflection!
food4thought = education
harage* = blood letting,senseless
murder

food4thought = education

relentless..,

unrest permeates, saturates humanity
stiefels nature with the " I hate ya "
mentality

this is where we are today in totality?

i mean as if to say

mankind will be doomed one day soon

curtains come down on a empty room

as dismal finality looms?

isn't there room for sanity to prevail

before mankind's coffin recieves the

final nail?

or..,

do we believe or precieve the best

efforts to restore peace will fail?

the lowest form of beast will seize

earth,north,south,west,east

sun will rise and fall on disease,

or malaise of hard hearts

effects in fact impact on more then

just body parts

deminished natural flow distorts

mankind's natural growth potentially

leading to the demize of life as we know

it eventually

or do we believe this as we read this

to be nothing more then conceptually?

rather be blind

block it from our minds eyes indefinitely

comes as no suprise to me!

CEEeeeeee?

food4thought = education !

Kimberly
Burnham

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

As a 28 year-old photojournalist, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic condition, "Consider life if you become blind." From those devastating words, she forged a healing path with insight and vision. Today, a brain health expert, Kimberly helps people experience richer, more nourishing environments.

"People, who feel better, make better choices for themselves, their community and our world."

Her PhD in Integrative Medicine and extensive training in Craniosacral Therapy, Reiki, Acupressure, Integrative Manual Therapy, Health Coaching, and Matrix Energetics enable her to serve as a catalyst, gently shifting your ability to feel better physically, think more clearly, and be more creative.

A 2014 Poetry Posse member, Kimberly and Creating Calm Network's Ann White, assist small enterprises in crafting business booming words and robust social media platforms. Kimberly won SageUSA's 2013 story contest with a poem from *The Journey Home*, chronicling her 3,000 mile Hazon Cross-USA bicycle trip. Her poetry books include, *Live Like Someone Left The Gate Open* and the upcoming *Healing Words—Poetry for Thriving Brains*. With Elizabeth Goldstein she edited the anthology, *Music—Carrier of Intention in 49 Jewish Prayers*.

Experience greater health & success @ (860)221-8510
<http://ParkinsonsAlternatives.CreatingCalmNetwork.com>
<https://www.LinkedIn.com/today/author/39038923>
Vision Story: <http://youtu.be/JhG3-qwkvVk>

Last Kiss

What if this
was the last kiss
would it last
a lifetime
a kiss on the top
of a sleeping child's head
a passionate kiss
the lover now a memorable ex
a peck on the cheek of grandma
now vanished from this life
a kissed finger
not broken after all

Kisses all relegated
to memories
was the final
kiss imbued
with enough passion
healing
consciousness
the finality not know

Did my love
fly along with kisses
skimming the path
warmly wrapping
in memory

Last Forgiveness

I am sorry
not so easily
said
but withheld
regret beads up
like sweat
in summer heat

Feels like daylight
will last forever
sun setting
whether I forgive
you
or you forgive
me

Dawn's promises
don't last forever
neither the pain
but dies in red
gold streaks
moonlight leads us together
towards the fire
or the darkness
a wintery night
makes way
hearts choosing
the new day

Drowning

Water and self-pity
kill
just the same

Water
robbing every breath
as I pull
towards the surface

Self-pity
robbing the every moment
as I pull
towards the pit

Will I break the crust?
alter perspective
surface for a fresh breath
of air
of courage
of affection
transforming
my new year

Ann
J.
White

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Amazed and inspired by her own life, Ann White has lived the life of a grasshopper buffeted about by wild winds, yet always landing safely and creating a home wherever she finds herself.

Highlights include working with astronaut Frank Borman, sharing a hot dog with Ross Perot, enjoying a coffee with Florida Governor Chiles, and attending a ballet with Imelda Marcos. Ann has also survived childhood sexual abuse, one terrorist coup, two burglaries, one rape and countless misadventures – making her grateful for each of life’s moments.

An international management consultant, board certified family attorney, rabbi, grief counselor, and trauma chaplain – Ann has worn many professional hats.

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm by Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with two very weird dogs and six quirky hens.

Ann is the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking, Living with Spirit Energy, Code Red – a Stress Rx for Trauma Workers*, and *So You Want to Be a Radio Host*. She has also been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group along with Kimberly Burnham.

Ann produces and hosts several programs on CCN as well as officiating weddings and distributing Young Living Essential Oils and It Works! Body Wraps.

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

Celebrations

Wrap, unwrap

Tie, untie

The colorful wrapping paper that looks enchanting under
the tree

Litters our landfills the next week, crumpled and torn, cast
away

A blindfold and a shout of “Surprise” would be a glorious
way to announce a gift

No paper, no bows, no huge garbage bags of debris lining
the curbs the day after

A gift of time needs no wrapping

A gift of genuine listening needs no bows

A gift of the coming together of friends and family needs
no tags nor ties

Think of the trees chopped down to celebrate the season

When a potted tree could be a lifelong reminder of the joy

Or a tree growing in the yard decorated with treats for the
birds

Sharing our love of nature and our bounty

Celebrations actually need no season nor time

Every morning we awake is cause for celebration

Every encounter with a loved one enhances our heart

Life is a joyous journey of celebrations, hugs, and life tugs.

Wrap you days in the ribbon of generosity – tie it with
bundles of love and

Light it for the world - a bright light of Oneness for all to
embrace

It's Time

The smell of wood smoke echoes through the air
Naked trees reach toward the heavens anticipating their
snow sweaters
Leaves adorn the footpaths creating mosaics and mounds of
bejeweled litter
I pause to admire the richness of their hues
Sometimes I march over them enjoying the crisp crackle
under foot
And sometimes, like a child, I kick through the piles
sending leaves a-swirl like tiny golden dancers
The chill in the air caresses my skin
It's time
It's time to cast off what no longer serves me
Exfoliate emotions weighing me down
Reach my arms up to implore the stars to dance with me
And the moon to wrap me in gold spun love
It's time
It's time to get ready for another cycle in life
Time to gently cover the flower garden
And my heart
Time to light candles and the fireplace
Time to reflect, renew and remember

The Night the Lights Went Out

Paris, the City of Lights
Love, the light of the heart
Hate, the darkness of the soul
Beirut, Syria, Kenya – lives destroyed
A global nightmare
The light of love calls us to embrace each other
Support each other, welcome the refugee, the homeless
The war torn widows and children
But hatred turns out the light
Hatred makes fences and wars where there should be love
In the name of God, hatred turns a cold shoulder to the
weary
The Statue of Liberty became a liar.
Go away! We hate anyone different! We hate them in
whatever country.
Fear – hate – killing – righteous haters are as evil as those
they call terrorists.
Fear –hate – killing – the light of love is a mere flicker of
hope
ISIS wins when the world turns hate on each other.
In America, the 1% wins when the lower classes beat each
other down over scraps
The only hope for the light is to face fear and open the
doors of the heart to love
We watch as the lights go out....
We have the power to turn them on
but yet, we fight and argue among ourselves as the
darkness descends
summoned by fear and hatred
We watch as the lights go out....

Keith
Alan
Hamilton

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog, the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog and the NatureIQ.com Blog. Keith is also an exhibited artist, a fervent promoter of other artists and a professional Information Specialist/Investigator (Private/Corporate Sector – LPI).

Keith firmly believes, “The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity” by using art to create change.

Driven by that belief, Keith's mission is within the spirit brought forth in his book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! to see the value of proactively working together to improve the overall well-being of humanity. So people become more willing and able to help themselves and then do the same for others. To exemplify this mission a portion of the proceeds from the Keith's book series and his Art Store are donated to help support promising research into the cause, treatment, and management of MS, Fibromyalgia, Diabetes, Cancer, Hydrocephalus and mental conditions (Bipolar, Depression, Autism, etc.).

if Bertie can ~ SO CAN I

This poem is dedicated to my Muse RLF as she lives the day to day struggle associated with MS and Fibromyalgia.

as I ran those finishing
miles of the Richmond
Virginia Marathon
this performance artist
dressed in all black with a hood
an artist using art to create change
for all THE HUMAN RACE
regardless
of skin color
sex
gender
nationality
ethnicity
culture
or way of belief
I'm running this race
from start to finish
to create
this breathing
dynamic
and proactive
body metaphor
today
for all watching to see
to promote my
Slavery in America
Image with Words Collection
~ Virginia Edition

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

exhibited in
The Urban Individualists Gallery
at Art Works
on Hull Street in Richmond
..... my thoughts drift back
to all those
early morning hours
how hard it was to get
my old and achy
arthritic body going
~ stretching it
~ twisting it
~ rotating it
~ strengthening it
those 400 stomach crunches
~ drinking plenty of water
~ sticking into my mouth
a vitamin and an Aleve
before stepping outside
into the darkness
the hot to the cold
I'd say to myself
if Bertie can
get up and moving
as she lives
her day to day struggle
associated with MS and Fibromyalgia
SO CAN I
I will lose the weight
improve my health
I will run that marathon
to show all I love
THE HUMAN RACE
I am living a life

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

with a purpose
not just living a life
that spiritually
the key
the road
the journey
the race
to a fulfilling
and joyous life
is focused on doing and giving
more to others
than I'd expect to receive
from them

'cause
if Bertie can
SO CAN I

not everything.... must end

every ~ thing in Nature
must end
like the year does
at the end of December
We the people
of the human-kind
THE HUMAN RACE
inherently grow old
and tire-out
eventually
at the end of our lives
our bodies wither away
as dust
under the stars
of heaven
we acquiesce
to the laws of Nature
whether it be
peaceful or not
..... after our end
We the people
of the human-kind
THE HUMAN RACE
do live on though
through the help
of artifacts
left behind
for a while
in the memory of those
still alive

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

do such endings
to our human life
this end
somehow diminish
our good deeds
our contributions
to the living
where We the people
of the human-kind
THE HUMAN RACE
~ our acts
our proactive manner
to initiate change
for the betterment of all
weren't worthy
of our effort
and time
hold no lasting value
or benefit
for our kind
THE HUMAN RACE
that maybe
we should have not
done them
in the first place

God bless those who do
who took the chance
to give back to life
more than they received
saw the wisdom in doing so
before their end

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

despite the inherent ending
of We the people
of the human-kind
THE HUMAN RACE

every ~ thing in Nature
must end

not everything

story style poem about finishing

*This poem is dedicated to my muse, photography mentor,
fellow artist and dearest friend Regina Walker I will
always be there for her as she has for me.
Peace and Love !*

as the days of December
come to their finish
I ponder the objectives
I had chose to finish
by the end of the year
like running and finishing
a marathon
as a performance artist
who would create
a body metaphor
that included wearing
all black clothes
with a hood
which I did in Richmond VA
and finishing
this story style poem
the last of all written
for each monthly edition
of the Year of the Poet II
along with my other
esteemed
Poetry Posse
social activist artists
published by Inner Child Press
but some objectives
I did not finish

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

and will have to be
carried over
into the ones
for next year
'cause I still
haven't finished getting
the tattoos
on my arms and legs
with words that make up
the title of my book series
Nature ~ IQ:
Let's Survive, Not Die!
and the symbols for each book
a baby ~ a butterfly
and an eagle
my mentor Regina Walker
still has to write that article
about my vision and mission
for doing all the things I do....
I will never finish being there
for her as she has been for me ~
just like THE HUMAN RACE
the Poetry Posse
The Year of the Poet
some things don't need to finish

I'm a finisher that prays
not all things should have a finish
however

I'm finished with
this story style poem
about finishing

peace out

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Katherine
Wyatt

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Katherine Wyatt, born in Pittsburgh, PA., comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the fifteen hundreds. Her mother was a cartoonist whose work was published globally. Her father was a writer in the corporate world, and he started his career as a journalist as a young man. Katherine was formally a ballet dancer who was trained at the prestigious School of American Ballet and danced the New York City Ballet repertoire for many years. She then went to college and got a BA and an MA in World Religions, and MA in Humanities and another MS in Instructional Design for Online Applications. She Attended Florida State University, among other. She then taught college students for three years. Katherine has written all of her life, but mostly academically until eight years ago. When she was seventeen she began a spiritual journey that led her around the world, and to Rishikesh, India. There she studied yoga in the tradition of the Himalayan Masters. She also has spent the last four years studying the history and traditions of Native Americans, and is still learning much in this area. With a strong background in the arts and her deep interest in spirituality her poetry often reflects the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western tradition. Katherine is currently and academic writer who loves to write poetry and has two books published.

Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well
<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud
<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>
http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

~no longer dancing with ghosts

*She found herself having conversations with him
not out loud but in her mind.... as if
he could hear her
Catch.... he never existed
Pivot.... that new plant took off so well*

Focus is everything

*but she wonders why she still speaks to the ghost
of a shadow that never existed
She created a spectre she had no use for
but that was then....
her only interest being Now.....*

*Watching them on the dance floor
not choreographed but so well rehearsed
they moved like water
to triple phased claves of the bongos and guitars...
feet moving with speed
arms in flowing unison.....*

*Perhaps it is how lovers long to live together
dancing in smooth sensual transitions
it is always strange to move with someone untrained
on the dancefloor or otherwise
movement is kinesthetic
non-dancers move as though
they are unfamiliar with their own bones
..it makes her smile .. and grateful despite minor frustration*

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

*It is strange how we must honor all of our experiences
...even though we chose to leave some things behind*

*She doesn't mention his name.. or allow him in her
thoughts
preferring Salsa to ghosts
leaving the past where it belongs
dancing
....Now...*

~sifting through the chocolates

One eye is open and the fog is parting
sunlight streams through in colors
she knows where to go to touch the sun
chanting ancient words in the Circle
re-membering what it is to dance

Ecstatic... running with the wild things

Her eyes open as gaps are closing
Aligning .. moving in and out of the Vortex
birthing new bliss
faltering for a moment then catching
pivoting and re-aligning
Be(ing) fully human

“It is never finished and you can never get it wrong”

There is still more she wants
devouring life like a new box of chocolates
sifting through the ruffled paper surrounding each offering
She never liked coconut so she walks with some trepidation
reaching for the truffles...
reveling in the rich flavors

Each new morning is a deep breath
.... and Love is no longer a noun
it is Be-ing
in motion

~clearcut

*There is a place in the bayous
smoothed by the scales of alligators
as they slide onto the land
seeking sunlight and food
it is where the wild things grow
Across the bayou
they are tearing down the trees
pulling off the skin of the Mother
there is no grass left
they will lay sod there
leaving a few noble oaks
for a pleasant view
Eighteen holes to play on
another one just like it only a mile away
Clearcut
pulling off Her skin
as the hippies gather round watching
protesting but unheard
So called "power" and influence
rarely hears the voice
of something sacred
Who would be imprisoned if they peeled off the skin
of those in charge of "progress"?
Shunka, (dog), my Beloved and I
share breakfast on sacred soil
learn our song and walk barefoot
I wander down the gator trail to wash a necklace
in the bayous
It is primal ecstatic
to wash mud from between one's toes*

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

*My Beloved cooks millet and seeds
mixed with sautéed pears
Shunka shakes off the dust from his coat
We settle in for the day
And as sun sets I wonder
where the gators will go
when the men in plaid pants
with expensive golf clubs
tee off.....*

Fahredin
Shehu

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. *Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom* are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

Hills of snow

have luckily covered
all dirt man has created
while I project tiny violets
and became confused with the smell.

in this delirium
I don't know what to say
and what to feel exactly.

we became enemies
without any right purpose.

So much lack of love
I haven't seen in my last 6000 years

The wine yards

Became naked
November winds
took all leafs away
grape syrup is prepared
for the guests and some meat
and sausages prepared
to host the winter
cabbage is pickled
some scones and cheese
for the guest
that we miss.

I fear we must buy
more candles
my dear
TV is frightening us
Again and again
there are wars everywhere
while we wonder
which is the Abode of Love

Near Christmas

Our brothers and sisters
will soon celebrate Christmas
Gypsies in our town collect
dried wood from the forest nearby
and are silent
until Sun enters
in the constellation of Ram

Smell of baked bread
evaporates and of pumpkin
on the live-coat

I hear the sounds of heavy hammer
of the last blacksmith in town
who produces pans for pastry
and the triangle holders
Yes and some candleholders too

And I bought some amphora pottery
from the late Serbian crafts man
and the last in town indeed
for our wine
to become
intoxicated in I n love
eternally

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

hülya n. yılmaz was born and raised in Turkey but has been living in the U.S. as a university instructor since she earned her liberal arts doctoral degree from The University of Michigan. During her studies, she gave birth to her life source – a daughter who is now a mother herself. yılmaz authored a then groundbreaking research book in German on the literary reflections of cross-cultural interactions between the West and the Islamic East. She has a chapter published in a research book and presented her smaller scholarly projects at various national and international conferences. A few were published in academic journals.

A member of the Academy of American Poets, Dr. yılmaz authored with Inner Child Press, Ltd. her debut book, *Trance*. In this book of poetry in English, German and Turkish, hülya offers a venue for deliberations on identity formation and assertion within a multi-cultural context. Her narrations then alert readers to the urgent need for a re-visit to the often-unquestioned patriarchal mindset across the world. Several of her other creative work continue to appear in other Inner Child Press, Ltd. publications.

A licensed freelance writer and editor and a member of the Editorial Freelancers Association, hülya n. yılmaz served as editorial consultant for a large number of literary manuscripts, having published several book evaluations and critiques. She has also extensive experience in literary translations between English, German and Turkish in any direction – an example of which is present in *Trance*.

Links:

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www.writerandeditordryilmaz.com

www.authoroftrance.com

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/hulyas-professional-writers-services.php>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

sans a companion

has it been that long dear friend
for us to don such distinct bruises

we traveled great many distances together
my carry-on heavy with excessive baggage
at ease only once in a while

wild music danced for us in recurrence
how full of hopes and desires i was
singing shouting screaming in silence
with you listening in eager patience
always knowing which tongue i uttered
hearing me through roller coaster emotions

it's not at all easy this solo life
but at least you are as reliable as can be
making lonesome moments worth their while

being inside you is an act of ultimate trust
letting you lead me is no difficult feat

you look rather weary under this light
hauling repeated wounds aplenty
on your fast aged fragile body

how we both used to glow
yet were dented everywhere too soon
utterly humbled and grateful still
for having weathered many a storm

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

my cute two-door red
wasn't it only in 2006
that we locked eyes at the showroom
where you had finally become mine
only mine

neighbors

i lost count of the days
the forced move happened a lifetime ago
yet they keep coming back
insisting on their once-was-a home
clinging on to a long lost past

i don't seem to need a mirror these days
nothing else to bring me to my senses anew
the futile efforts of my winged tenants
to hold on to their no longer-intact nest
serve well as a frantic reminder
how i too must let go at last

HSP* in love

yearning

craving

aching

paining

grieving

latching on hanging on, on and on

fading

dissolving

vanishing

departing

losing

deserting

caressing the fear the guilt the shame the regret

flickering

one ray at a time

** A person who is feeling all the feelings. According to Dr. Elaine Aron, a psychologist and the author of a bestseller on the subject, the highly sensitive person (HSP) has a sensitive nervous system, is aware of subtleties in his/her surroundings, and is more easily overwhelmed when in a highly stimulating environment.*

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Teresa
E.
Gallion

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

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>

Winter Reflection

Slept to night's rainsong,
woke to a white blanket
covering the mountainside,

reflections of winter's
first run on the foothills,
rolling to high altitude
kissing the clouds.

A stray gray mist wanders
across the mountain.
Cold tears flood the valley,

winter's admonishment to rest.
We turn over in obedience.
Spring snuggles in its den.

Only Your Heart

The realization of being loss
brings the frustration demon
to your head zone,
slaps you around a bit.

Sometimes your heart zone
gets punched to tears
and sometimes to anger.
A great mask for fear
ruptures in your stomach.

You yell, scream, bark
at everything that crosses your fence.
Lift your arms to release
the puddle of grief
flooding your gray matter.

Your normal acuity is broken.
Unable to carry your burden,
only your heart
can stand up for your survival.

It is time to release those heart strings,
play love songs to the universe
and ride a wave of passion
into a new year.

Offering

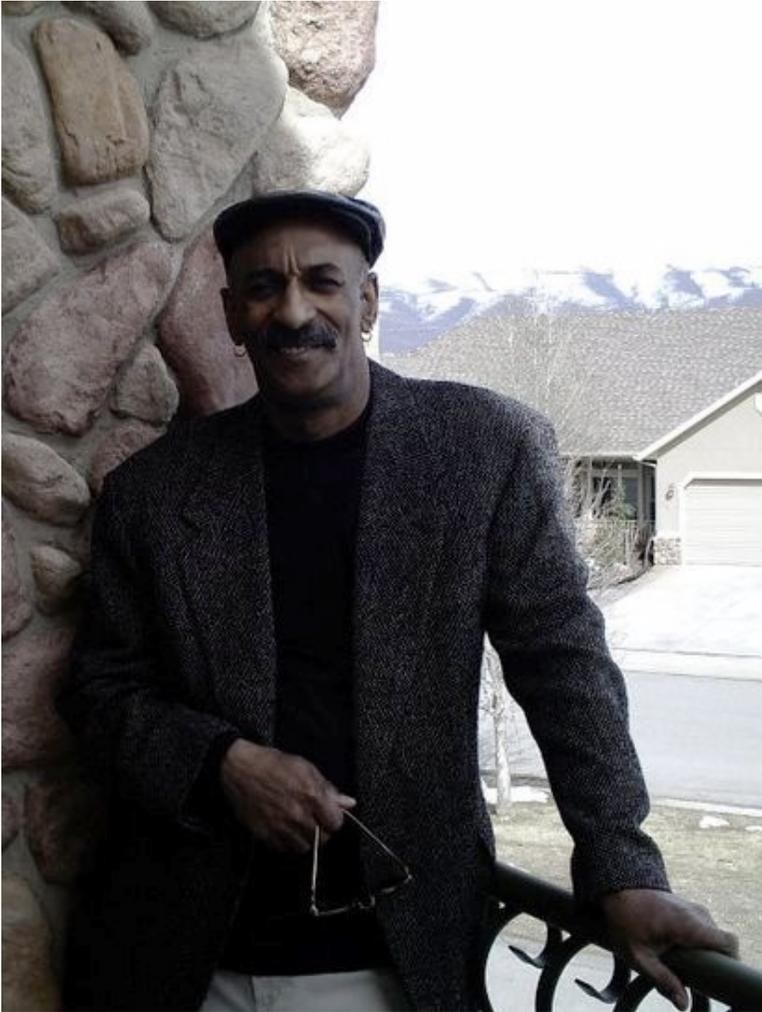
Sit next to the ponderosa
deep in the forest.
Feel the breath of needles
exhale in the air current.
Get acquainted with serenity.

It is the touch of stillness
that stimulates the heart.
Tranquil nothingness
eats tensions away.

Stay close to that tree
that calls your name.
It is the angel of mercy
ready to offer her wings
for a flight to new horizons.

William
S.
Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 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 is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

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

sitting by the Road

i sit here by the side of the Road
watching all the “Passer-bys”
i contemplate their destinations
and all their reasons “why”

we appear to be ‘migratory souls’
all seeking for some place to arrive
looking for a temporary belonging
some walk, some dream, some drive

some seem pressed and anxious
their lives stuck in a ‘rush mode’
me, i am just passing through
for where ‘i am’ is my abode

yet there still are times i too am expectant
of what lies beyond the bend
but i’ve learned that ‘Expectation’ travels with
‘Disappointment’
so i always . . . all ways seek to amend

for the road i travel has but one step
it is taken one at a time
only then am i consciously open
for the discovery of what is sublime

sitting by the Road

end times, new beginnings

the end of another year is upon us
and it may have come too fast
or taken too long

i sit reflecting
examining the shadows left behind
for my sun still shines
within me

i shall not ponder on the wonder
of days gone by
too long
for there are songs to be created
and sung
and paths awaiting me
calling for my footprints

end times, new beginnings

a different path

i feel this overwhelming need
to turnaround
and revisit the choices i have made
in this journey
called life

don't get me wrong,
for i am grateful
for all the experiences, people
and other things
i have encountered, felt
or thought about
along the way

but this path that i have been on
over the 63 + years,
although it had much promise,
does not feel
as if it is going to deliver
the ultimate fruition
i seek

perhaps *a different path*
is calling unto me

they say "if you always want what you always had
then continue doing what you always done"

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

that is the definition of insanity
a vanity we embrace
because we have not the courage to face
. . . change
a sort of deranged delusional dichotomous
affair with “self”
where dumbed down disdainful duplicities
dump on me each and every damned day

we wage wars
against the “what is”
while wondering if
you know . . . like “what if?”
or perhaps you too graduated with honors
from the “Why Me?” academy

as Alan titled his poetic expose’
“I Often Wonder”
as do we all i guess

perhaps there really is
a parallel dimension
waiting for me to switch trains
at the next stop
but when will we be arriving
at the next station

oh Conductor, Conductor
are you too busy directing the Orchestra
i have my Violin out
and i wish to play a new song
inspired by this poem
i just wrote
about . . .
a different path

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

crazy huh ?

maybe on January 1st, 2015 i can fix this all
with new resolutions
just like i did last year . . . hhhhmmmm

nah . . that won't do !

December
2015

Features

~ * ~

Kerione Bryan
Michelle Joan Barulich
Neville Hyatt

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Now Open for Submissions



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

go to Web Site for Submission Guidelines

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Kerione
Bryan

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Kerione Bryan (KTP) is a fun loving guy that is blessed with the gift of writing poetry. He is from the beautiful island of Jamaica. He is 27 years old and is currently enrolled at the University of Technology, Jamaica majoring in finance and banking. His poetry has been published 11 times in the Jamaica Gleaner. He has also had his poems aired on International Radio, Joy 1250: Christian Radio for the Greater Toronto Area in Canada and The Butterfly Effect Radio in the U.S. Kerione is the author of a poetry anthology entitled Beautiful Thoughts, available at Amazon.com.

When Poets Collide

I've searched far and wide to find a person like me,
Someone who can foresee the person I can be.
I felt alone with my deep thoughts and expression,
I long for an opposite counsel of poetic intention.

Then there you were like a shooting star,
Speeding, burning and shining from far.
As my mortal eyes beheld your aura, we collided,
Through the social network you were invited.

It was like a nuclear bomb exploded in my head,
Suddenly my intellectual hunger was fed.
We made gold and diamonds from our minds,
Evoking endless passion with every line.

You're like a spirit, mysterious and elusive,
With elegant beauty you are exclusive.
There is so much power in our union,
And so much ecstasy in our fruition.

The Persian Princess

It was amazing as if you fell out of the sky,
Awesomely stunning, you caught my eye.
At a point where I was bored and wondering,
Sitting comfortably and pondering.

But now my senses are stimulated to ecstasy,
As I stared at your image endlessly.
This moment was nectar mentally,
Which left me thinking about destiny.

Inevitably, I want to make an offer,
Gems from my most treasured coffer.
But I'm not talking about daric or dollar,
I'm talking about love and honor.

To keep you in a state of satisfaction,
Way beyond initial attraction.
To create a euphoric reaction,
And that is just a fraction.

The Lord is my light

As I walk through the valley of death,
With God guiding my every step,
I will reject the thought to fret.
With Christ in me, I will fear no threat.

The destination is in sight,
I'll just follow the starlight.
The enemy is trying to set traps,
But the devil shall collapse.

Many devils come in disguise,
But I'm blessed to be wise.
I see the death of what they devise,
Because I am destined to rise.

The Almighty rescues me,
He will forever set me free.
The best ending of any story,
To God be the glory.

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Michelle
Joan
Barulich

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Hi My name is Michelle Joan Barulich and I am currently studying the Alternative Medicine and also learning about business and finances. I recently attended a few seminars and received a few awards from this program. In the past I studied Early Childhood Education at Orange Coast Community College in Southern California. I then worked in sales for over 15 years.

I have always enjoyed writing poetry since I was a teenager and sometimes I would make my poems into songs. My younger brother is a self taught musician so we would create and write songs together. I am published in seven different poetry books with other fellow poets. The books are by Watermark Press this was in the early nineties.

I was born on the island of Oahu in the city of Honolulu, Hawaii. Our family then moved to the East Coast and then we headed to Southern California. I now am living in Reno, Nevada I work part time as a wood burning artist and I am currently studying natural ways and homeopathy medicine to help, comfort, and heal others.

Iconoclast

From the words of a broken heart
I have to say
I haven't seen the light for a day
I do not want to anyway
Look around you
But I will try to
Between the nights
I have to agree, even so
The night is tied
What do you see?
Stars are falling in and out of time
It's a journey to no man's land
Back to reality, breaker of illusions
I have to say
People are always saying things they shouldn't say
Put it away;
Hide it away;
And don't show it away;
But judging just wouldn't be right
It's like mixing day into night
Thinking of love and money at times
Can bring your mind into a race less fight
Maybe my life right now is at a low key
Or maybe it's just a case of my dark depression
Someday it will be over and done
..And I haven't seen the light
For a day
I do not want to anyway
It won't ever agree with me ever again
But I will try to....
It won't ever agree with me

Tears of Sincerity

..And tonight we atone
The undying dreams
Bottled up inside of me
There must be a way
The false tears falling from my eyes
Tears of sincerity with agony that cries
Oh, these are not false tears
Falling from my eyes
That people tend to show
Hearts of cold and then move on once again
For all the things we stood for
I pray the days won't ask for more
Conquest is victory so they can say
Desecrate the silence
All to the breathing air
Consecrate the violence
Leading us nowhere
The false tears you see
Falling from my eyes
Tears of sincerity with agony that cries
Oh, these are not false tears
People tend to show, leading us to be
Something we don't know
..And tonight we atone
The undying dreams
Oh, these are not false tears that you see
Tears of sincerity with agony that cries.....

Caution

Your suggestions move me
Takes me to the highest mountain
Caution is not what I want to do
Let's celebrate the arts
Come into my reach
I want to feel you
I want your kisses to intoxicate me
Everything is fine;
Open up your mind;
Let's share the wine
Give me the sign
Don't delay in time
As I look to the streets
Electric wires give me the warning
But I look deep into your eyes
We are ready for another love affair
You pull me close
I push you away
You pull me close once again
We start to dance
And you say, don't be shy
Come and dance
I don't want no one but you
Everything is fine;
I'll be kind;
Don't be blind
There's no need to cry
I will try to make you sigh
Reach for my hand
Can you hear my heartbeat?
We are friends
And lovers too
Now is not the time to take
Caution my love.....

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Neville Hyatt

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2015

Neville Hiatt is a storyteller. Be it with a camera, computer, microphone or even a pencil and the back of an old envelope. He will create for you, a world different to your own. His radio career was cut short when he was medically retired before his 30th birthday due to someone not doing an adequate head check. In the last few years he has developed his love of photography, and poetry and has just released his first collection of short stories. Left battling depression, anxiety and chronic nerve pain as a result of the accident he has become even more passionate about sharing his life experiences in the hope of aiding others in their journey.

Author of the The Bard from Ballarat series he has now been published in poetry anthologies both in Australia and USA.

Writing from the heart his poems cover the pursuit and loss of love in all it's forms. Whether from his own shoes or someone else's, open the pages to get a small glimpse into a poets mind.

“It doesn't matter who you are, what you've done, or what's been done to you. It only matters what you do with your rainbow today.”

<http://nevillehiatt.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/thebardfromballarat>

Flowers

where are the flowers
my name, well let's be real even if I told you
you wouldn't remember it tomorrow
as I hide in these bushes that grab and tear at my flesh I ask
where are the flowers
as I see my mother being raped
and my father slaughtered like a ram
I ask where are their flowers
as bullets cut through my village like a meteor attack
I ask where are their flowers
you live in such safety and I'd say spend a day in my shoes
except I have none, I gave them to my best friend before
they took him
you see he could run faster that way but they still caught
him
you spend more on that one bunch of flowers than my
family sees in a year
so I ask you, are those flowers really for them
or are they for you?

Journeys

take a good long look at this guitar
every nick, every dent, every scratch
they all tell a story
journeys of my life
of friends no longer here
of loves left behind
take a good long look at this guitar
but please be kind
this is my heart, my life, my soul
putting new strings on this guitar doesn't make me whole
I could sand it back and make it look like new
but I'm afraid you'd still see through
every nick, every dent, every scratch
have a look inside each one and see a chapter of my life
of dreams shattered
and hopes unfulfilled
but through it all there was you
putting bandages on my fingers when I played till they bled
pulling the covers up when I fell asleep writing a new song
in your bed
there for me long after the last fan had left
the records and the trophies never changed a thing
you were always there ready to hand me a new string

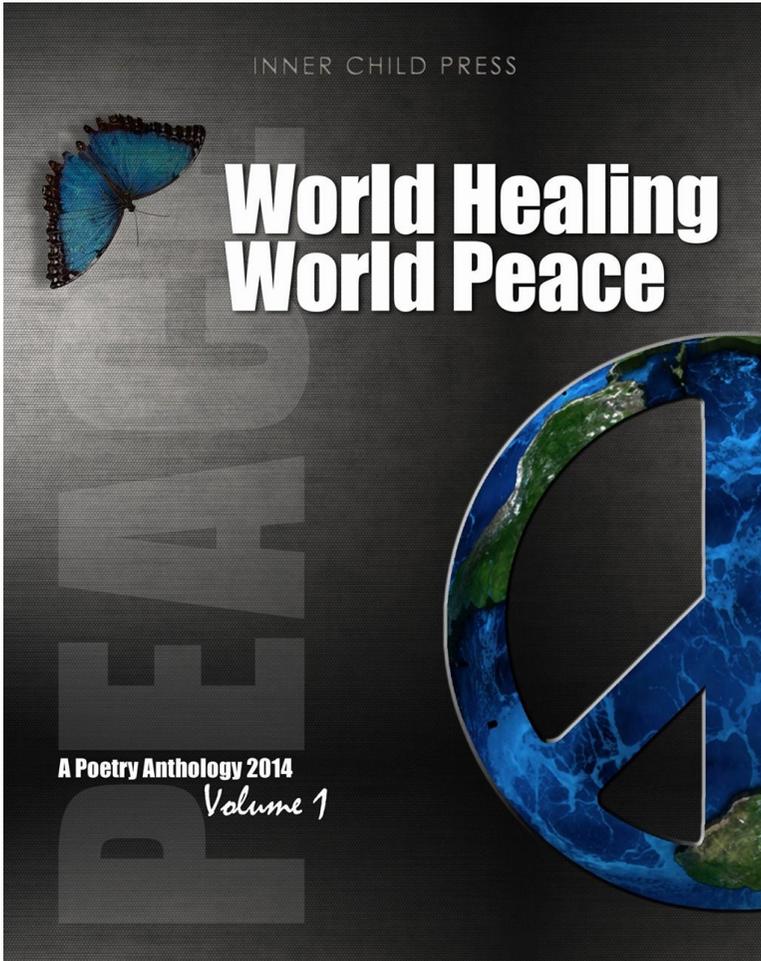
the promised land

the promised land
where dreams are reality
the movies, tv and magazines all selling
all giving you things to fill a hole
the sex the drugs, the money, the rock and roll
and I'm not talking about the ads
the latest diet or hippest do dads
I'm talking about what you set you PVR for
I'm talking about what you ignore the phone for
and behind this thin veneer are the homeless
the ones that gave their all
behind the fast cars, bright lights and parties
the ones in a hotel room alone and cold
behind the success stories, the heroes and celebrities
are those making their final choice to leave the promised
land
behind the overnight success and the next big thing
is someone holding life or death in their hands.

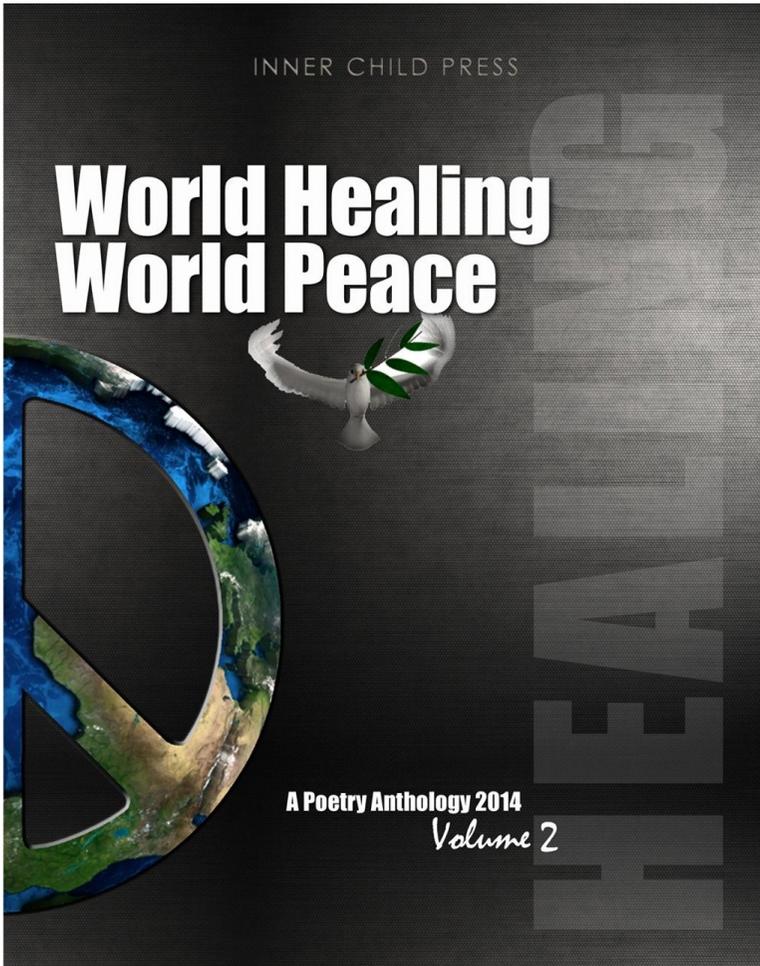
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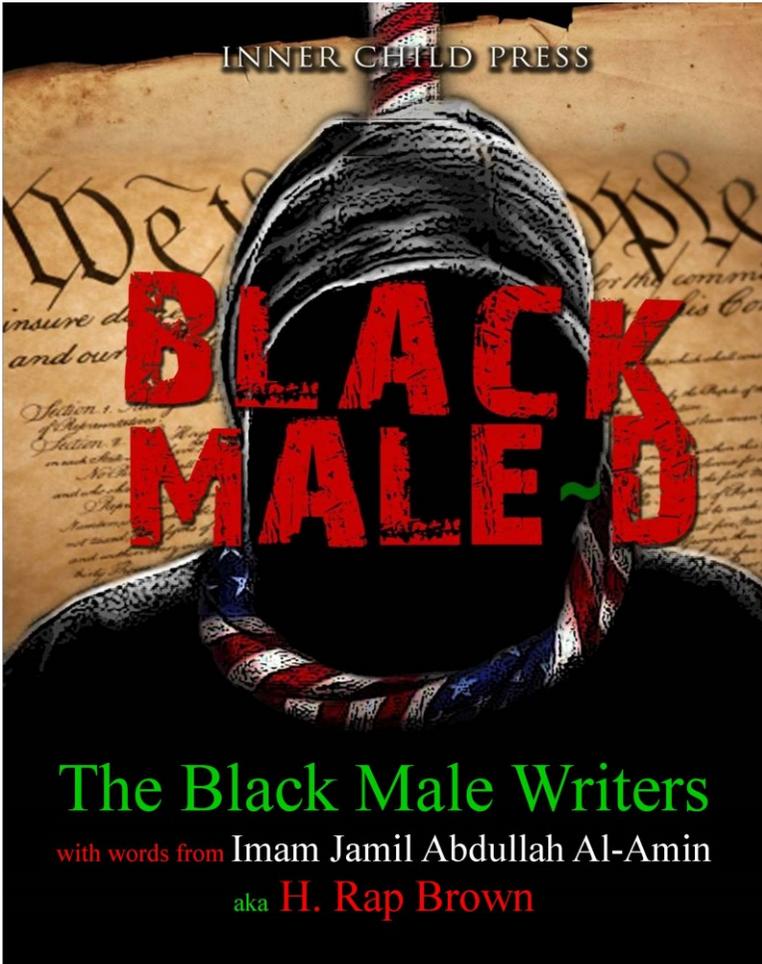
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The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha 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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha 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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

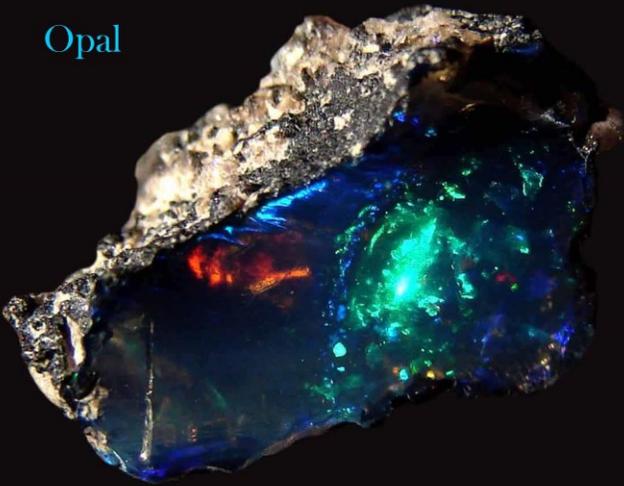
The Year of the Poet II

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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha 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. Yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha 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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

Anahit Arustamyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha 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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Belfi 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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha 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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha 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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion • Jackie Allen • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe Davis et Miralancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shehu
Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
Jackie Allen
William S. Peters, Sr.

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passé

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams
Dr. John R. Strum
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



June's Featured Poets

Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Passe

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hulya yilmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

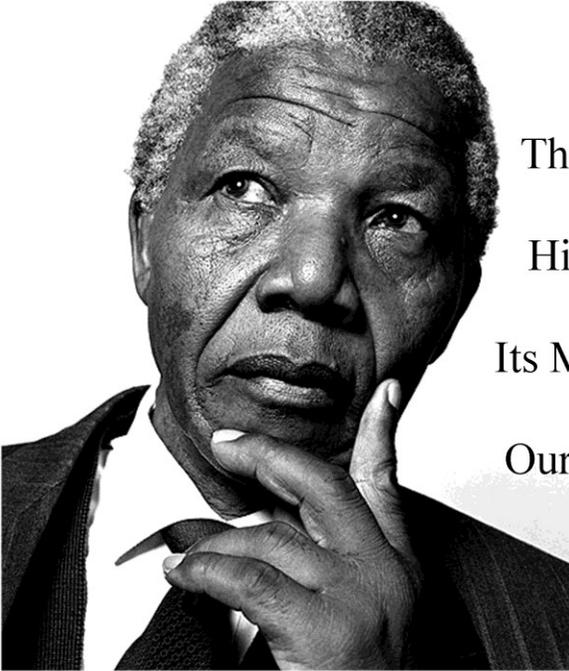
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Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS

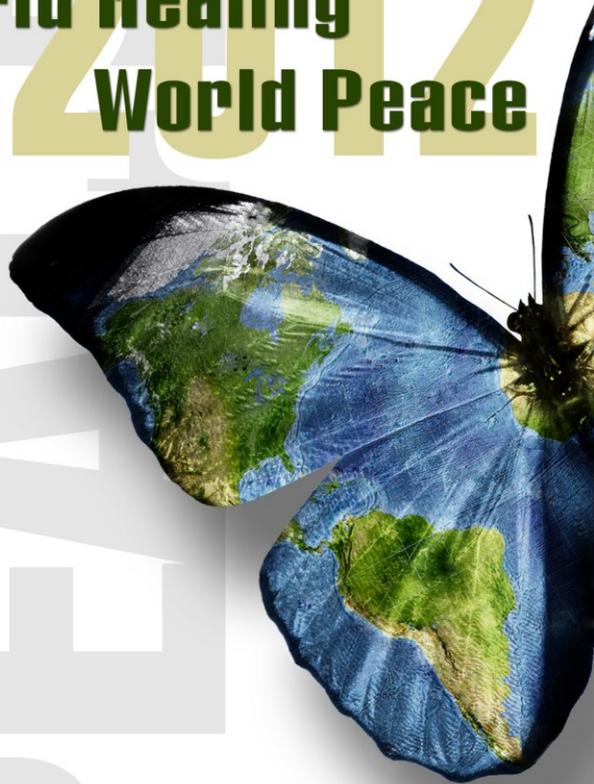


POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

2012 World Healing World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

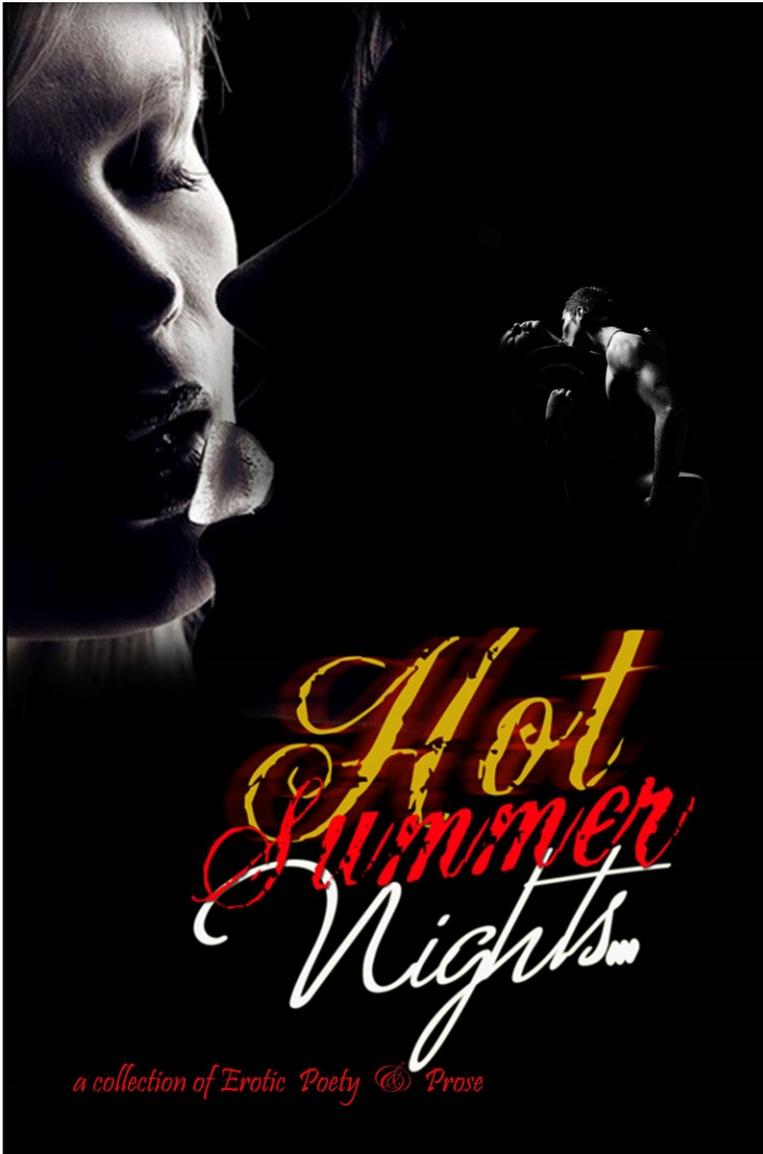
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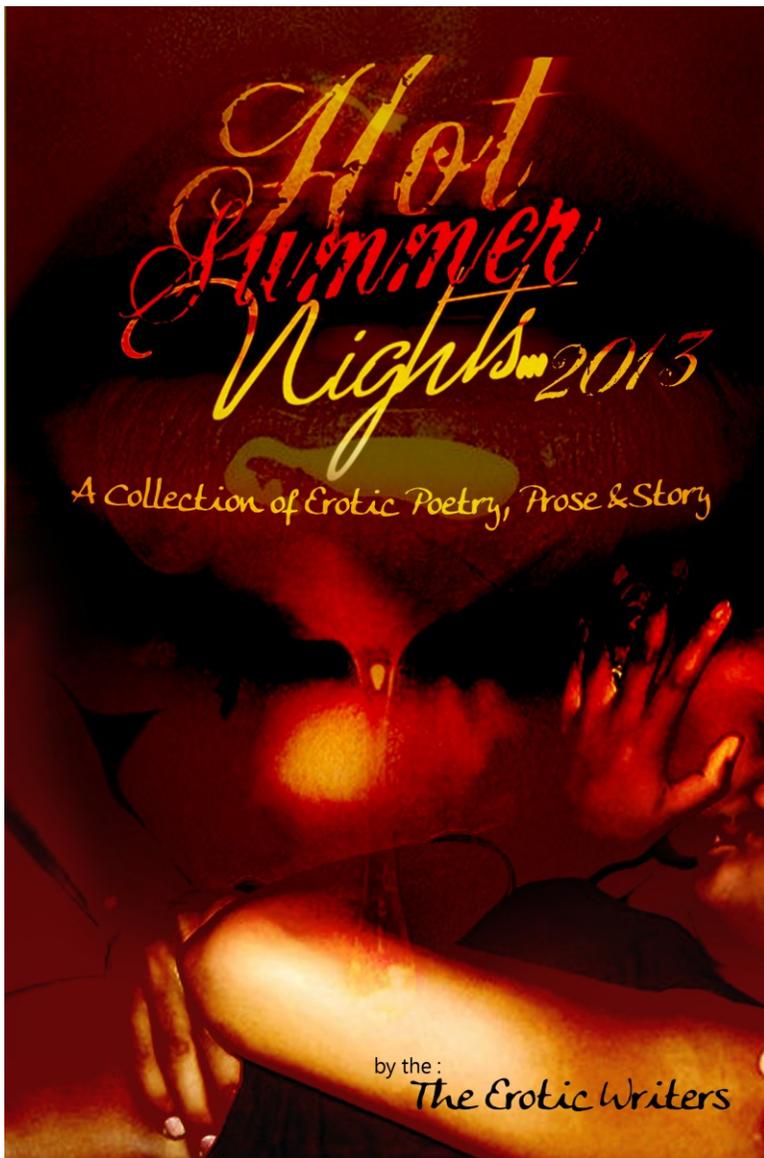
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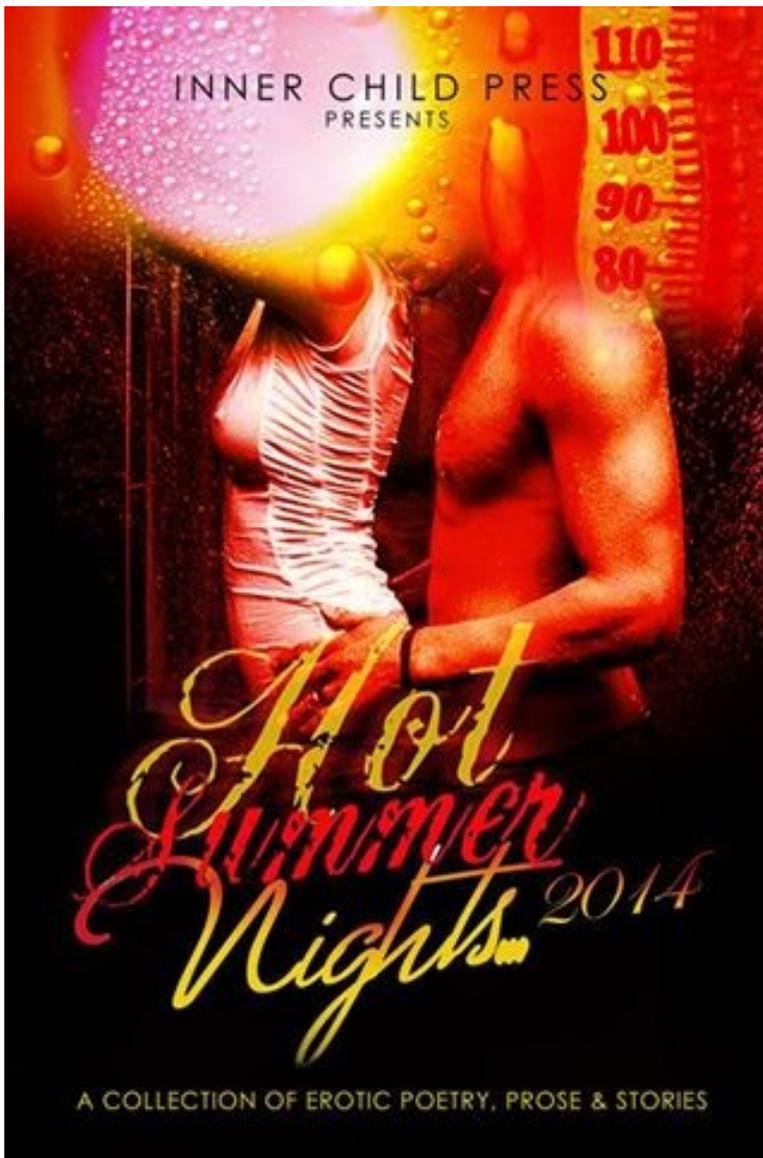
healing through words



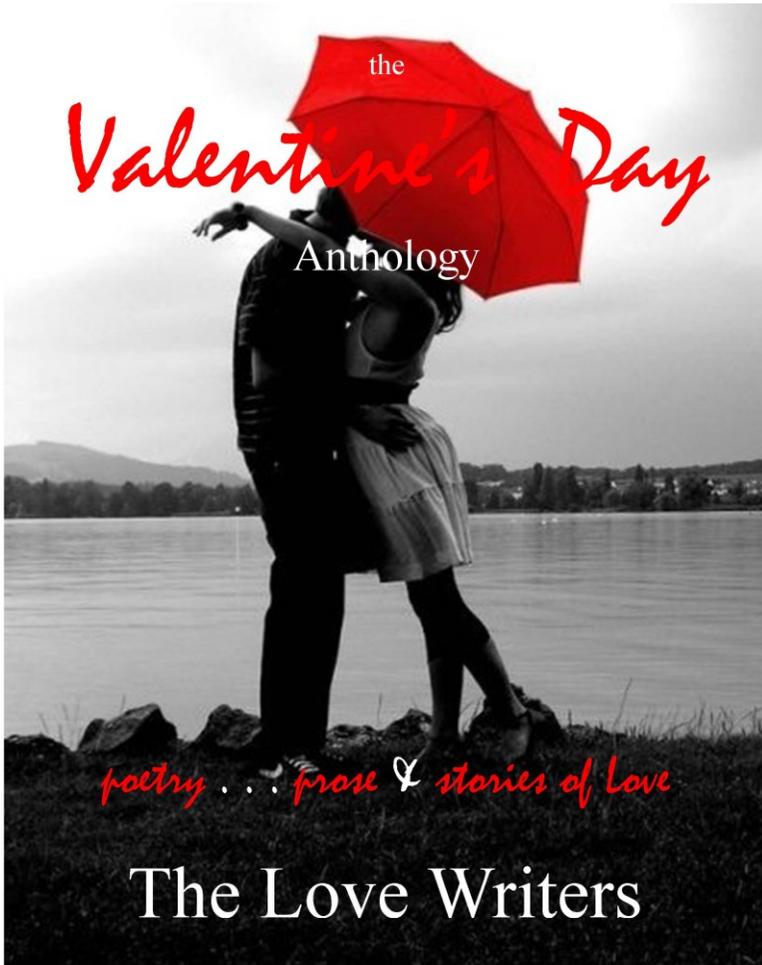
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**
to . . .

a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

Monte Smith

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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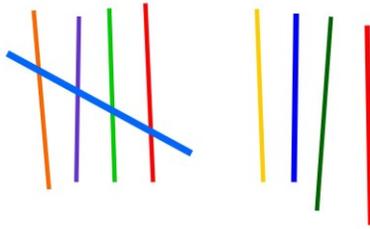
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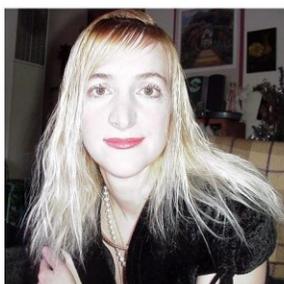
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