

The Year of the Poet IV

December 2017

Featured Poets

Justice Clarke

Mariel M. Pabroa

Kiley Brown



The Fig Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pose 2017

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

hülya n. yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

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Jen Walls

Nizar Sartawi

Caroline ‘Ceri’ Nazareno

Bismay Mohanty

Faleeha Hassan

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2017

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Publisher Information

**1st Edition : Inner Child Press
intouch@innerchildpress.com
www.innerchildpress.com**

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ISBN-13 : 978-1970020335 (inner child press, ltd.)

ISBN-10 : 1970020334

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell



Alan W. Jankowski

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

Foreword

Nurturing the heart, mind and soul: Empowering the Humanity

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz enunciated, ‘‘Make me a master of education, and I will undertake to change the world.’’

True enough, education is indispensable part of our lives. We need to gain knowledge, to learn and to further our studies efficiently and effectively.

We are indebted to our parents who sent us to school to learn. Luckily, we had the opportunities to tread the floors of quality education. Thank you to our dedicated teachers who gave so much time to teach us. We felt honor-bound with these sense of achievement and self-fulfillment. But, let us redefine the true success or identities from these achievements, let us teach our children to face setbacks and endure the quandaries of life. Consequently, they become the power of meaning!

We are the voice of true education at home, in school and in our community. We are agents of change. Embrace possibilities, merge in cultural differences. As we cultivate and give proper

nourishment of a hungry mind, we should also plant into their hearts a garden of values. Soon, they will sprout as well-rounded individuals. Yet, we still have much work to do. Education is a struggle and a life-long pursuit. There are more people striving to get great opportunities as we are experiencing; may the government fully give extra focus on the educational reformations and transformations. And steadily, there should also be a self-initiation on how we could enable access knowledge and progress.

Let us learn to empower one mind, one heart, one soul at a time. Nurture the humanity with encouragement, inspiration, guidance, and love. Let's serve our generation, the 21st Century, committed, unselfish citizens beyond the cutting edge.

The Poetry Posse Family also shares their masterpieces in consortium about Education in this September issue.

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

So here we are at the end of yet another year. For we, The Poetry Posse, it has been quite an adventure. We have now concluded four years of publishing a book a month. Do remember that all previous issues are available, not only in print, but as a free download on our web site at Inner Child Press. www.innerchildprerss.com. Please feel free to share this information with all the lovers of poetry around the world.

Please stay tuned, for in 2018 we have some exciting additions to our platform. This include new poets from other lands that will broaden our humanitarian consciousness. Additionally, our themes for the year of 2018 will be cultures from around the world . . . some old, some contemporary. Our aim is not only to educate ourselves as poets, but to lend what we will discover to you the reader as a result of our research and poetry. Stay Tuned !!!!

This month of December is a special one for many. Not only because it brings our calendar year to a close, but also during these times is usually when we have or take the opportunity to sit back and reflect upon the path we have traveled and

muse about the path ahead, the New Year. Also, for many in the “West” it is also a time of celebration . . . in the name of Christmas. Taking this into consideration, the values that are inherent during this time of year are much needed on a global basis. This would be love, compassion, giving, understanding and all the other virtual attributes we as mankind can muster. We as a humanity can never have enough of these types of moral character shared amongst us . . . regardless of our personal, geographical, political or religious persuasions.

Well, I will not dwell on that topic, for in truth we are all aware to a relative degree. Moving forward, I wish you all a wonderful “End Year” and Holy-Day season.

So in conclusion, take the time, read what we have to offer, and enjoy the journey.

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>

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

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

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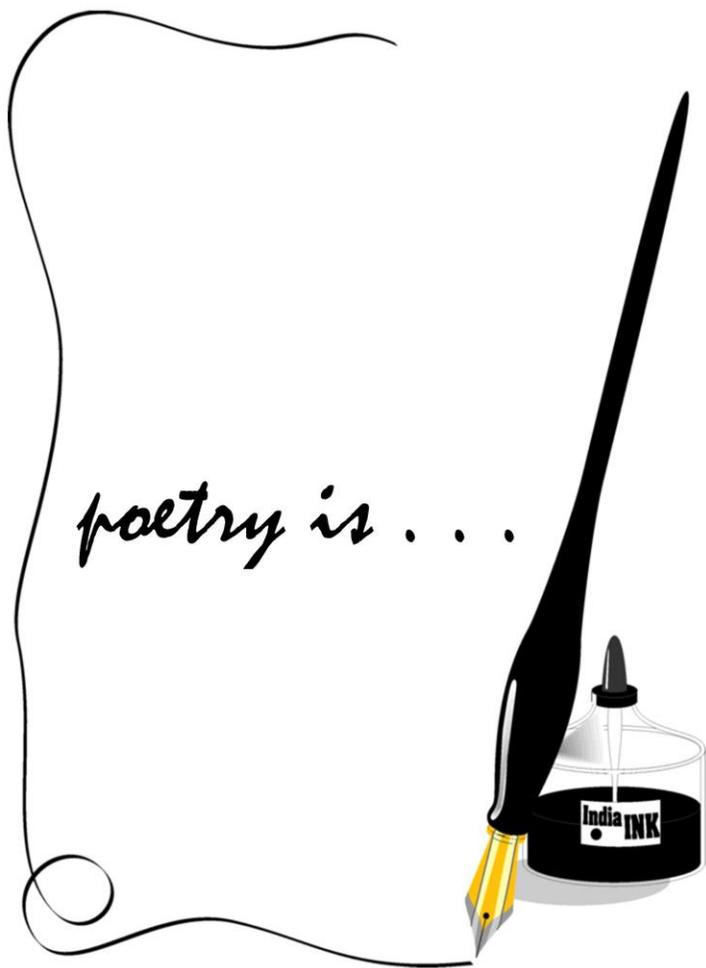
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action . . . for you are the Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted . . .

~ wsp





The Fig Tree



Ficus carica is an Asian species of flowering plant in the mulberry family, known as the **common fig** (or just the **fig**). It is the source of the fruit also called the fig, and as such is an important crop in those areas where it is grown commercially. Native to the Middle East and western Asia, it has been sought out and cultivated since ancient times, and is now widely grown throughout the world, both for its fruit and as an ornamental plant.^{[3][4]} The species has become naturalized in scattered locations in Asia and North America.

Etymology

The term *fig* has its origins from the Latin word, *ficus*, as well as the older Hebrew name, *feg*. The name of the *caprifig* (*Ficus caprificus* Risso) is derived from Latin, with *capro* referring to goat and *ficus* referring to fig.

Biology

Description

Ficus carica is a gynodioecious (functionally dioecious),^[9] deciduous tree or large shrub, growing to a height of 7–10 metres (23–33 ft), with smooth white bark. Its fragrant leaves are 12–25 centimetres (4.7–9.8 in) long and 10–18 centimetres (3.9–7.1 in) across, and deeply lobed with three or five lobes. The complex inflorescence consists of a hollow fleshy structure called the syconium, which is lined with numerous unisexual flowers. The flowers themselves are not visible from outside the syconium, as they bloom inside the infructescence. Although commonly referred to as a fruit, the fig is actually the infructescence or scion of the tree, known as a false fruit or multiple fruit, in which the flowers and seeds are borne. It is a hollow-ended stem containing many flowers. The small orifice (ostiole) visible on the middle of the fruit is a narrow passage, which allows the specialized fig wasp *Blastophaga psenes* to enter the fruit and pollinate the flower, whereafter the fruit grows seeds. See *Ficus: Fig fruit and reproduction system*.

The edible fruit consists of the mature syconium containing numerous one-seeded fruits (drupelets). The fruit is 3–5 centimetres (1.2–2.0 in) long, with a green skin, sometimes ripening towards purple or brown. *Ficus carica* has milky sap (laticifer). The sap of the fig's green parts is an irritant to human skin.

Habitat

The common fig tree has been cultivated since ancient times and grows wild in dry and sunny areas, with deep and fresh soil; also in rocky areas, from sea level to 1,700 meters. It prefers relatively light free-draining soils, and can grow in nutritionally poor soil. Unlike other fig species, *Ficus carica* does not always require pollination by a wasp or from another tree, but can be pollinated by the fig wasp, *Blastophaga psenes* to produce seeds. Fig wasps are not present to pollinate in colder countries like the United Kingdom.

The plant can tolerate seasonal drought, and the Middle Eastern and Mediterranean climate is especially suitable for the plant. Situated in a favorable habitat, old specimens when mature can reach a considerable size and form a large dense shade tree. Its aggressive root system precludes its use in many urban areas of cities, but in nature helps the plant to take root in the most inhospitable areas. The common fig tree is mostly a phreatophyte that lives in areas with standing or running water. It grows well in the valleys of the rivers and ravines saving no water, having strong need of water that is extracted from the ground. The deep-rooted plant searches groundwater, in aquifers, ravines, or cracks in the rocks. The fig tree, with the water, cools the environment in hot places, creating a fresh and pleasant habitat for many animals that take shelter in its shade in the times of intense heat.

The mountain or rock fig ("Anjeer Kohi", انجیر کوهی, in Persian) is a wild variety, tolerant of cold dry climates, of the semi-arid rocky mountainous regions of Iran, especially in the Kohestan Mountains of Khorasan.

The
Year
of the
Poet III
December 2017

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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.

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Death in a Foreign Land

There was nothing exciting about it. The day started out much as the day before had, with the sun rising hot before one was ready to leave the house. The roosters crowed their regular untimely noise loud enough to wake the dead.

Life calls loudly
In the midday sun
Anybody with anybody's
Time under this hot sky
Knew the sound by heart
The keening wail broke the stride
Of those by passers
Quickening steps less they find
That their numbers had been chosen also
Death was upon the land
It elevated the cries to a pitch

She was just an ordinary girl and everyone knew her even if they didn't know her name. She was well seen hustling along the docks. One day selling flowers, the next teas and when she couldn't steal something sellable, herself had to do.

The smile below her mouth
Shines a bright red
In the morning light
No one could mistake the double grin
For happiness
This look had circled the world
Surprise at the suddenness
Of the end of life

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

The policeman showed up after receiving the call. His impotence at preventing the violence wrought upon the public daily showing in the sweat on his brow. There was nothing he could do for her now but go through the motions of asking questions of the people around.

What more could he know
Save the dead girl's name
Her real name gifted her at birth
The only real thing she owned
And the one thing she had protected
From being stolen from her
Unspoken and not be heard again
Passing her birth mouth
And not the one gifted at her death

She lay half in the water and half out. No one knew how long she had been there, but it was obvious it had been a while. He estimated from the lack of rigidity that she had lain here most of the night. He knew before he took out his notebook, that no one had seen anything nor heard anything. With a sigh, he removed a pencil from his pocket.

The business end lay on the stone
The accidental end, in the water
The very thing that hastened her death
Had begun to melt in the surf
Her last bit of currency
Returning to the source until
Only androgyny remained under the sun.

Completion

I dreamed of sevens last night.
Slight and subtle sevens floating
In the air above our bed
I counted them as they appeared
Seven times seven brushes of teeth
Seven passes of my hair brush
Seven steps between my shoes and and yours
You rested under a quilt of seven colors
Gently and quietly snoring
I could only smile in my dream you
Your smile breaks the beauty of your face
You say in seven syllables
Happy Anniversary
I kiss you seven times in response
And slip back under our seven colored quilt for hugs
In this quiet solitude we are still
Awaiting the seven AM alarm
You rise and I descend seven steps
To make the coffee
Where I find a young man
At the table counting to himself
He smiles up at me and
I brush the hair back from his forehead
He tells me that he has memorized his time tables
All the way through seven.
In this season
We are in completion.

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

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

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

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

A year more, just a year more

Longing for you these Thursday evenings
Everything feels the same but the feelings
Again, and again that I have to return
Compels complaint against destiny to adjourn
All whining against the day is gone
For regrets there remain none
When I gaze awaiting you at your rooftop
And you run hastily but then stop
From falling onto my arms
As you see my love has lost its charm
Thoughts of wonder no more hinder my sleep
A fatal attraction it was and nothing deep
Consoling myself as I fall inert on my divan
But at dawn, I find awoken by tears of Disdain.
A year more, just a year more
When I will be gone away too far
Out of sight and out of mind
Removing memories which has got me vined.

New Year Resolution

Let me not be a substance of abhorrence

Inflict those deep scars which make me you

The chronicle of events that all come paradox

Give me enlightenment and I shall scar you.

Dear rain

Thy essence of the rain
Thou took to me heaven
Calm, cool and aromatic
Breeze you have given.

An angry mind is hungry;
Starves for the food of peace.
Dear rain, what magic you create?
Providing the mind instant bliss.

The age which invites dullness;
Achieving youthful joy
Also finds immense pleasure
Disregarding the usual coy.

A child unaware of the consequences
Of playing in the rain
Shows resentment for being forbidden
But how can the beloved refrain?

Dear rain, thou take the lovers
To the land of Elysium
Thou act as a fuel to every heart
Keep the memories in mind's museum.

*Lackie
Davis
Allen*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

Identity

Try as I may, and I have tried, I'm unable to sleep
For the avenues of my mind run ever so deep.
Designing and traveling through pages of time,
I find, of intentional memory, a latent reminder
Of the historic wealth and value of poetic creativity.

Hush! My muse is, once again, calling my name.

She explains that the stars still disperse
Their brilliance throughout the universe, they
Best revealed during the darkest of nights.
She gently asks why I am hiding my own light
Under the cover of self imposed anonymity.

“Do you not want to claim your own name?”

As I reflect upon her question, she inquires
If I am waiting for someone to unlock the gates
To my creativity. I am ashamed. I have allowed
The night-depressions to caustically berate
A gift I once treasured, one I grievously ignored.

“Be yourself. Now take up your pen and pad.”

Thus counseled, I rise from bed of discontent.
And with the tools of literacy, waiting to be taken
Down from time's dusty and creative shelf,
I begin to fashion a better portrait of myself, one
That will better illustrate the status of my mind.

Seeking the Prize

Wolf howling at the moon, famished,
Seeking prize, intent, on the prowl
Exposed his heart to desire~
Ravished her beauty whilst hiding
Beneath shadowed face of the moon.

Darkness, ah, such was the dark night
Plight rode on curiosity's
Light of forbidden delight, his heart,
Mishandled, wept, bled, mourned, he wailed,
"Truth of this night will come to light."

He fanned flames, planted seeds, yet
Tilled not the soil~ he sighed, he prayed
Never to wake in sorrows bed reviled
Like the weak lines he penned, so, too, he
Howled at the moon,. Twas no surprise.

Baby Sister

Asleep, the house was quiet, until the call
Words pierced my heart making no sense
I'm consumed by shock, tears, disbelief

Baby sister has died

The day had seemed to be the same as any other
Twenty four hours, no more, no less
Yet looking back, no memory of what had passed

Only the shocking news. Oh, Sorrow

Heavy night descended, early as the morning broke
Revealing the news; incomprehensible
Baby sister's soul had risen

Life relinquished

Prayers had been offered, voices uplifted
In supplication for release from pain
Endured for years on end

Until God called her home. Unexpected

Saying her goodbyes, Not really
Was the disclaimer
When last we spoke

Sisters, we
Baby sister's soul has risen to meet her Maker
Now in heaven free of pain
Angels surround her welcoming

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This beloved child

Seems not the order of things
So young and kind
Full of love and compassion

For all of mankind

Singing praises of her Father
Forgiving and loving in word and deed
Forever released from pain

Made whole in Christ Jesus: redeemed

Janet has gone on to her reward
Where pain and sorrow have no name
The angels rejoice to claim her

Saying, Come now and let us dance

Little sister, we'll meet again one day
You and I, in our Father's house
We'll laugh and talk and dance

And sing Hosannahs unto our Lord and King

*Penned upon there untimely passing of my baby sister in
2010.*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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>

NO THEME

No theme nor dream move me
Yet I wonder through the blunder of knowing hands
What sense has humankind?
There are those among us who are not
fanatical, radical what is factual, unless you're there
Who cares?
There you have it, those that grab at the steering wheel
Swerving to avoid a creature
Whose carcass is a happy meal feature at best
as I digress right back into the mess?
Lessons of blessings never learned
Never turned into the good it was meant to be
My brother my enemy
my friend to me
my kin to me, my Zen to me
Default by program, malware slowed down your thinking
Another year is near, I want to write a poem that's clear
Roses aren't just red, nor is winter as cold as it was
And new beginnings are just that
Yada- yada, yada on the snap
What's it all for if we fall for what's called for
Whose individuality do you keep
how many like minds does it take to end a war?
It just takes one to start it
To the nearly departed we are gathered here today
for the question back three lines that way ^
Whose individuality do you keep?
Interpretation of regulations makes fraud
What claims are not
that's as politically correct as I get
I want my roses back, my natural trailing vines
My wind in the chimes, I plan to enjoy life

LAST DECEMBER

Molten glass flowed into the shape I wanted
Light catching facets fascinated my imagination
Stories were told songs were sung
It was my April too soon
Such warmth of heart in the ever changing freeze
Forever changing me I'll not complicate these lines
Breakfast aromas awaken from comas
Who stretches and smiles anymore?
Molten wax flowed into the shape I wanted
Lit wicks flicker just below the rim
Sheltered from the wind, silent prayer and then
Stories were told songs were sung
It was my April too soon
Clutched forms by the hearth of a never ending squeeze
Forever changing me I'll not complicate these lines
Lunchtime debates, I await my sandwich
who belches and smiles anymore?
Melted butter flowed onto the shape I wanted
Dancing shadows became one for a moment
memories were made, moments relived
it was my April too soon
At a time like this, no need for summer breeze
Forever changing me I'll not complicate these lines
Three times we dined and the flavor stays
Who rubs there belly and smiles anymore

FOR THE LOVE OF WORDS

The most powerful thing known to man
Language, languish in it for awhile
Read something anything, listen to the sound
A movie a singer hear them hear them
Sometimes we hear what we don't like
why fight? Choose another source
Venture off course but you reap what you sow
The deeper you go, viva education
You want to be told what to read
Concede to facts from those who lack what you seek
Folks react to how you speak
Is there any fertile soil left or just toilets running over?
I want to hear a story about a stove that just blowed up
now that's incorrect as hell but sell the feeling
tell the feeling you can't correct spellcheck the feeling
words are revealing, read deeper
words are appealing, body seeker
"Now you going to hear what I say"
not that way,
Not that tone,
Who you think you're talking to?
Words so authoritarian in nature
Damn near sounds like he raped you
This love of words such a weapon from the wrong mouths
A cold pit from the love you've just kissed
A raised fist from the passion of a kid
What language is this that celebrates evil?

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

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

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

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

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

Dem who..,

turn blind eyes to dem who cry in agony
have eyes but can not see reality of responsibility
feed hungry, there are many suffering calamity
be compelled to please creator with relief immediately
not to delay one more day but to display expediency
feed the hungry put food in dem belly, clothes to
cover naked sisters, brothers we who were born to
help others
in times of the me, me remains the needs of the needy
leave the company of the selfish, greedy
join the army of the lord thy one (1) god, hear oh Israel take
no other gods besides me
he who created you 'n' me from nothing just to command
" Be " then became a living thing but not for nothing
created to worship, serve, obey the one who fashioned us
this way and bestowed gifts undeserved placed onus
on his slave who he abundantly gave to give others
of that portion bestowed so that one's cup overflows
this solution to all woes, formula for self-growth
Allah's (swt)* pleasure, many more undeserved gifts
beyond measure and ultimately receive the most glorious
treasure, life eternal in blissful pleasure
all of this and all we have to do is give, give, give of that
which we received undeserved in the very first place
don't cling to the earth and all which it contains
it as well as all things will perish therefore not remain
alas, only Allah (swt)* will last!
his will be done, his promise come to pass
give from that which was bestowed, undeserved
a loan never owed so that your cup will forever overflow

*(swt) = All glory to Allah

food4thought = education

remind me...

not to puke from hypocrisy, untruth
seems as though all the honest folk you know
can fit in a phonebooth, honestly creator knows
the truth
AmeriKKKa is in Donalbain's told the truth in a while
meanwhile they stick the knife in deeeper and twist
with a smile
how did you wind up being led by a fool-headed
conman who wouldn't know the truth if it yelled
" here i am " ? Answer: He's you! yes it's true
there simply seems to be enough of you that see
him through the prism of glasses colored with racism
and he looked like the poster boy, real McCoy,
great white dope and ooh how we all know how much
ya'll love white dope
did you ever get enough...Nope!
but to hear you tell it this is far from the truth
you who live in a bubble meanwhile it's called " Denial "
that there isn't anything that means more to you then
perpetuating the lie of White supremacy's, dominance
maintaining ultimate prominence locally, globally
so, you'll put up with anything, incompetence, arrogance,
evil, skullduggery, immorality, consistent dishonesty,
total self-serving agenda, severe potential to bring eventual
destruction upon the planet and all its inhabitants totally
and oh, ya even treason, that's right, even treason!
all fine ' n ' dandy in any season
if to maintain white supremacy is the reason
and ooh how it indeed is the reason!

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

and this don't even begin to tell the story of how insane
a segment of our citizens remains to maintain a perception
that's not even real but remains to this very day their
lifelong
ideal no matter how it diminishes, destroys the very fabric
of a
nation (remember something called the Civil War?) where
we all can live in peace and have a life we all can enjoy
truth beats the brains out of falsehood as love conquers hate
we all gotz ta give a dam before it's too late.

food4thought = education

open your eyes...

let it be no surprise in spite of hate, ignorance on the rise
love, mercy, forgiveness didn't subside
power of love continues to survive
time to get up, put your hands up towards the sky
pray for more capacity, ability to strive
to make life more livable, happy, peaceful, loving being
alive
by helping others lives be more livable, reasonable
restoring hope by the power of sincere help whenever
opportunities present you're there to represent the
manifestation
of heaven sent by helping prevent another fellow human
from hurting, relieving them from their grief, stress
blessing abound when we help each other while we're still
around, feet planted firmly on top of the ground
don't never sleep on the next heartbeat
it ain't a given that any of us still be living
to receive mercy and forgiveness by way of given
that which is a bestowed undeserved loan, never owned
but none the less held accountable how we used it
that's the test!
gotz ta give it up to get it!
Get it?

food4thought = education

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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>

Cool Bridges

A thick lifeline
connects last year
to this
a New Year's Day celebration
between
bridging the years

Winter linking two springs
builds new growth
green leaves
a time of rest
preparing to flourish

Learn from the past
chart the future
today bridges reality
constructs that lifeline strand by strand
every moment the future becomes
a lesson on how to
engineer bridges

Edges and Trees

Trees at the edges of the community
bridge the gap between
people slipping in and coming out
moving from this place to there

A hard edge is not
a bridge allows movement
the very definition of life
as we flow from the trees
into community and see
abundance

Between Feelings

Anger crashes
into patient love
softens into
compassion

Grief rolls
through healing time
transforms into
wisdom

Fear runs
through the body
sails over barriers to
confidence

Happiness
dances just beyond
control

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a co-author to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

<https://plus.google.com/u/0/+ElizabethCastillo>

Prelude to Beginnings

No, endings are not always sad
It may mean a new chapter is about to begin
Though the new frontier is not yet seen,
No, endings are not always good bye
For it can mean sunny days ahead
A prelude to beginnings, embrace every ending.
In life we have precious last breaths,
Wondrous moments that cannot be forgotten
Endings, you are a friend not always a foe,
For you teach us the dire realities of this world
A prelude to a dream come true waiting to happen
Everything must come to an end to give way to new starts.

Love of the Word

words, we are bound by words
each verse is a thread that connects me to you
each line of a prose enchants the weary
and mystifies the beloved with chants and poetry
we both love words and by words we give meaning to
LOVE
each story tells of a hundred tales of love
each chapter begins with a promise of forever
unspoken words between souls often ignites the flame more
than a thousand endearments which mean nothing but an
empty oath
words, we are born to bleed words
and by words we give birth to this magical world
only you and I understand...
two hearts with an invisible bond
connected by unspoken rhythms and melodies
kept hidden inside the deep recesses of one's mind
waiting for the perfect time to be spoken
as dictated by Destiny.

A Symphony of Stardust

A lost minstrel wandering across this galaxy of chaos
Searching for a place where he can be embraced for what
he is

A divergent, a kindred soul, a free-spirit roaming in a sea of
confusion,

Can lost stars still shine bright after they lost their spark for
some time?

Can fallen angels still awake from a mad dream,
disillusioned by a cruel world?

The red moon cries over these forsaken spirits cast out from
darkness

But can they scream for justice if everyone else chose not
to listen to their persistent pleas?

Everyone can spread their sparkles every where they go if
they follow the Light,

For each of us is a symphony of stardust created by the
Almighty

We are all born to shine no matter where we choose to
bloom where we are planted.

An awakened soul, you are far more precious than you
think you are

A priceless gemstone tested by time and adversities

No, you are not truly broken but just slightly bended,

You are a symphony of stardust and it's your time to shine.

Anna
Lakubczak
Vel Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

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

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

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

Canvas

I like to play with words
like a cat with a mouse,
closing margin,
would not had time to escape.

It is nice to pat
the metaphor against a grain
hear her loud bark
and see how it wargs its tail.
Gives paw.

I go out for a walk,
whether the weather
is not in a mood.

I take the nib
to paint the world of letters.
I dipped it first in yellowish,
to go into black at the edge.
Not enough color for dualism.

I go my own paths
through the written forest.

Horizon

extremely
in a horizontal position
contemplate overdoing
(no) verbal stoicism

bathing
in the abundance – here and back
dying for love

we flower-children
half-naked in our own
(not) the power of mental

carnal-astray
(over) natural
in simplicity half-flower

come down to me in full
and I will answer
spreading new moon

Delicate

...for Arsenie

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

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

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

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

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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.

My first day in Hyderabad

Out of the hotel
I hop into an old auto rickshaw
squeeze my big physique
in the small space
on the left of the driver.

With a sudden jerk
the auto turns right
joins the heavy traffic
and rushes along the wide road.

You're a stranger here, I thought.
no friend
to tell you the tales of old nizams
no guide
to drive your senses wild
with promises of oriental
wonderlands
nor do you have a map
to fill the spatial gaps
in my imagination.

On and on
the three-wheeler moved
forcing its way
with a loud incessant horn
pushing away the motorbikes
defying cars, buses, and trucks
claiming ownership of
all the lanes

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

You're lost, I told myself
again and again
and felt forlorn
but then
it dawned on me I wasn't alone
I turned around
and looked at the back seat
Six eyes stared back at me
I smiled
"Do you speak English?"
The girl in the middle bobbed her head
I knew that was an Indian YES

In no time we were all communing
and when the auto came to a halt
we went to have some tea *together*

* * * * *

The Soul and Poetry

Revelations
slip out of the soul
akin to the waters of sorrow
Let us be gentle
with the soul

The soul
when deprived of poetry
groans
like a wounded
flute

and when with poetry filled
the soul flashes
as lightning
roars
as thunder
beats
as a heavy downpour
erupts
as a volcano

Let us be gentle
with the soul

* * * * *

Terrorist

the little body
immersed
in a pool of blood
covered with dirt
a hole
on the side of the head
a white soft mass
checkered with red
the right arm smashed
somewhere between the elbow
and the wrist

a knife was found
near the torso
and the fingerprints
so big

* * * * *

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

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

PEACE OF CALM

Melt the autumn breeze
pace patiently - fill each breath;
raise a blaze of sun
Chant unfurling dream
sing with soulful-sonic kiss;
light heavenly bliss
Let-go - don't struggle
roll as positivity;
float upon the flow
Thrive aglow and give
make peace that's made for living;
love generously
Live heart with patience
move silently - rest fully;
flow in peace of calm

BE HAPPY AND FREE

Share simplicity
care for singing universe;
Invigorate peace

Hug understanding
kiss in the soul - compassion;
wrap smiling-grace

Soothe within sweet breaths
sing through peace-choir greetings;
pour with moment's bliss

Breathe the silent woods
light inside calm color-song;
breeze-sail finale

Watch heart's symphony
rain love-waves - colorful leaves;
be happy and free

RESILIENCY

Lift without delay
flow deep devotional kiss;
gift soul-care - full bliss

Still with mind's stillness
fly love-breaths - flowing free;
breathe joy of silence
See dawn rise - bursting
cry with peace inside pure breaths;
love simplicity
Find serenity
break-through confusion, doubt, fear;
enlighten the dream
Share inside-living
bloom gentle resiliency;
start to understand
Drench through spirit's flow
care for the blue blossoming's;
glow moon shine - let-go

Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

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

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

is not every day a new beginning?

1

i vow before you
to submit to life's selfless invite
for all my remaining days
we all know it has its own ways
making us cry in agony
laugh from the bottom of the heart
body shaking uncontrollably
to contemplate on the worst
to dance around the best
with a tune each of us can shape
adapt to and re-shape

2

my birth month
also that of a rebirth
my grandson

3

whenever the heart cries bloody tears
and it is every day that it does

children burned alive
parents with no consolation for life
mothers fathers guardians murdered
babies hurting beyond despair

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

sitting under my safe roof
in a luxury of nature so kind
hunger sated thirst quenched
loved ones loving and being loved

discriminations galore
mistreatments in abundance
violence against the innocence
all things i desperately abhor

no longer!

being privileged yes but also no more!

determined to tune in forevermore
to that what a word can say
in the face of the suffering of dear co-spirits
of the bloody tears of the universe

i will write
to the end of my brain's capacity
before my hands can turn against me

yes
i will write again
continue to write again
until our world heals human pain

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Teresa E. Gallion was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to Illinois at the age of 15. She completed her undergraduate training at the University of Illinois Chicago and received her master's degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She retired from New Mexico state government in 2012.

She moved to New Mexico in 1987. While writing sporadically for many years, in 1998 she started reading her work in the local Albuquerque poetry community. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, bookstores, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and the State of Oklahoma's Poetry Festival in Cheyenne, Oklahoma in 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and anthologies. She has two CDs: *On the Wings of the Wind* and *Poems from Chasing Light*. She has published three books: *Walking Sacred Ground*, *Contemplation in the High Desert* and *Chasing Light*.

Chasing Light was a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at

<http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq> or <http://bit.ly/13IMLGh>

Sacred Signs

Yellow, orange and brown crackles
under the weight of my feet.

The sky holds my heart in suspended
bliss wrapped in a plush white blanket.

The dry desert sand glitters
in intense southwest sunlight.

Gratitude feels like a soothing
balm across my face.

I walk with humility toward a new year.

Blessings follow me on the trail.

The present moment is sacred
and the future smiles on the mountain.

Convert

We left the city exceeding the speed limit.
She said riding in a car was difficult.
I said, *look at that baby's full diaper
bounce as Mama chases him.*
She said, *did you hear me?*

They need to repaint the yellow lines.
You can always entertain yourself
riding in a car. The light and dark
side passes by your window.

She said, *that may work in the city,
but what happens when you leave?*
Things get much better on the open road.

Cows may be grazing in green meadows.
Flowers may be rushing across a field.
Coyotes may be chasing prairie dogs
Elk may be showing off their head gear.

There are endless sights along scenic byways.
A rush of trees may cause your heart to skip
a beat or two because your mouth cannot
voice what the eyes see.

Open your mind to the possibility
of joy riding. All it takes is
a shift in attitude where I am going.

She is looking out the window smiling.

Simple Pleasures

A tree stands tall
as I enter the open room.

A tree spreads its needles
to carpet the floor.

A tree branch bends
in my honor.

A tree opens its roof
to let the sunshine enter.

A tree allows me
to lean against its side.

A tree invades my reverie
with a sweet vanilla scent.

A tree is the love that
fulfills me today.

Faseeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

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

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

d.fh88@yahoo.com

Two soldiers

Let's celebrate

Let us run to that hill

Let us climb up the remains of that tank and sing

Let us drink tea under this burned tree

Or smoke our last cigarettes

It is not every day that the war can make dead bodies and
we are not with them

My new sun

The small sun that

I saw it sticking to the wall like a small spot

It is the same big sun that now covers the fields

The difference is.....

I was looking at it from the peephole fearfully

Now I stare at it with open eyes and smiling

Raising the war

Like a pet

The tyrants raise the war

At first, they feed it

Their sick dreams

Their reviews of the soldiers under the heat of the summer
sun

Maps they have imagined for their conquests

Speeches they have written in dark rooms

The future of our children

And when that war grows

It chews away at us

Every day

Every hour

Every moment

Like a ruminating animal

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

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

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

reflection: murder of common sense

some people chase figures,
not a harmonious relationship;
material things may temporarily give
happiness or satisfaction,
but never peace of mind.
as pride escalates, you become lost;
as greed blinding the vision,
you become superficially disrespectful;
when obsession to earthly desires
become cancer cells of the mind,
you become raw and scary;
that foundation of 'for sickness and in health',
'for richer and for poorer'
'til death do us part'
only become a melodrama,
directing it for selfishness
and at the end,
separation of dreams.

nobody but you

amidst the darkness,
there's a blazing heart I see,
the reflections of you,
intense love,
freedom as I'm
digging deep
knowing myself,
more...

the light
captivates
my soul,
my eyes,
pondering
thy world
without
a mask...

as I realize,
unveiling myself
to the beauty
of life
the colors of love,
from uncertainty
is revealing the real me,
your heart guide me through...

nobody and nobody but
YOU...

Call Me Cypher

I walk along the way
like a zilch under a fig tree
there is a moment of clarity
as I hatch the eggs
of sundry loose ends

I talk once and maybe more
out of the machines
running wild inside
my remaining veins

How can I be smaller
when I drive to Sin City
How can I be a deadbolt
when I share stories of inflamed hearts
How can I be a grinch
when I utter the rots and clots
of my angry throat
How can I be a hermit
when I see all like squares
How can I be a scarce
when I fill scars and farts
to others' empty bottles

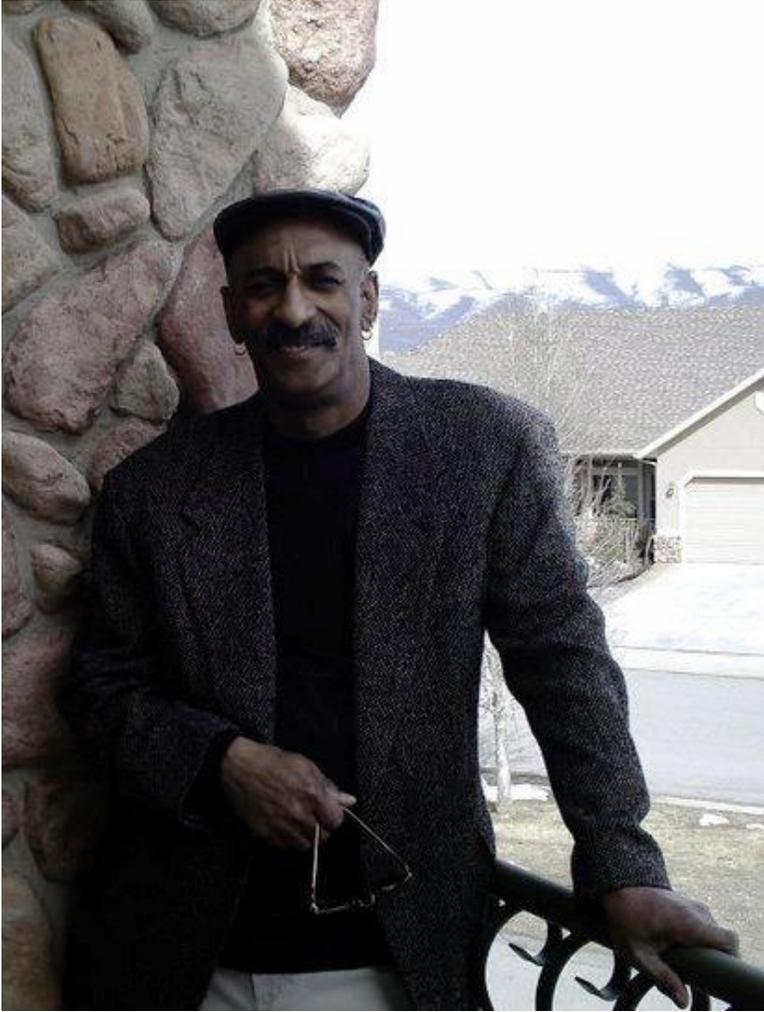
How much numbers can tell
if I have no one
but my beautiful self.

William

S.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds we Sow and Nourish. All things we "Think and Do", will "Be" Cause and eventually manifest itself to being an "Effect" within our own personal "Existences" and "Experiences" . . . whether it be Fruit, Flowers, Weeds or Barren Landscapes! Bill highly regards the Fruits of his Labor and wishes that everyone would thus go on to plant "Lovely" Seeds on "Good Ground" in their own Gardens of Life!

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

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

The Blood

The Blood upon the pavement,
The streets,
And in the fields has dried

Its stains have faded away,
But the stench of death
Still prevailed
In the air

It was not that of the people
Who were martyred for the cause ...
FREEDOM,
But that of the soldiers
Whose souls had given leave
To their reason,
Conjured from the imaginings
By the deluded minds
Of megalomaniacs

Power is a nefarious thing
It is not all that
We think it is

It is not the bullets,
It is not the stones,
It is not the bombs,
It is not the angry words,
Nor can power be found
In the souls of those
Who would lead us
Into perdition,
Those with an insatiable greed

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Power is in Truth,
And Truth is an inventory
Found in our closed closets
In the House of Soul
And in the bedrooms
Of our now small sleeping troubled hearts

It would seem that
Since time immemorial
Man has always sought to define,
Categorize,
Cache,
Bring to life
And focus on
That which divides one from another

Is this the way
Of the children
Of the same Mother ?

Our genesis is a common one
In nature

Is this the path
That would deliver unto us
Our Utopic dreams
Of peace ?

I have questioned my ways
Many days
In my "Now-ness",
My "Being-ness",
And there are many days
Which I would

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Rather forget,
For I too can not escape . . .
Reality

How are you fairing
With your self induced delusions
Of grandeur ?

Do you sleep well
During your nights,
During your days ?

The blood will be spilled
That much is ever certain

Will it be your loved one ?
Will it be one you knew not ?
Will it be that of your own ?

*i often wonder, how is it, why is it that the children can still
smile.*

who to blame . . . atrocities

Can you blame the Palestinian for their feelings about
Israel ?

Can you blame the Indian for their mistrust of the White
Man ?

Can you blame the Aboriginal peoples,
Of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, America, Peru, Or any
other land ?

Can you blame the Armenian ?
Can you blame the African ?
Can you blame the Black Man ?
Can you blame the Arawak ?

Can you blame a man for being weary
Of the man who once persecuted him
And his peoples ?

No. The blame lies upon the souls of the persecutors and
perpetrators of this inhumanity.

Karma is watching,
And the pendulum of retribution
Swings both ways !

who to blame . . . atrocities

World Healing, World Peace 2018



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Submission Guidelines

1 Poem

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

12 pt. Times Roman

Titles Underlined

Single Spaced

Maximum 30 lines

Picture of Poet (no avatars or icons accepted)

Biography 50 words or less with maximum 2 Web Links

Submit to :

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

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

Publishing for International Poetry Month April 2018

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Project Manager : Gail Weston Shazor

Underwritten by Inner Child Press

Now Open for submissions
until December 31st, 2017

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

December
2017

Features

~ * ~

Justice Clarke

Mariam M. Prabroa

Kiley Brown

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Justice
Clarke

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

In 2011 Justice Clarke won the Blood Sweat and Tears poetry slam and began to concentrate on writing his first poetry book. From that time until late 2012 he has written and published six short books, "Thoughts of a Single Man-100 poems in 100 days", "Thoughts of a Single Man Vol. 2 Poetry for the Grown and Sexy, The Erotica Files", "Love Letters", "Confessions of the Pen", " Ink Without Fear" and a men's mental health guide called " After She Leaves -A healing guide for the suddenly single male." all of which are available at

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/Flowetic> .

In 2013 he was featured in a poetry collaboration, a individual poem, and a short erotic story in the book "Hot Summer Nights" available through www.sharesnack.com. He also won the infamous blog radio Poetry After Dark's "Battle of the Metaphors" in December of that same year.

In 2014 he was featured in the P.O.E.T anthology, and was one of the four featured poets profiled in Inner Child's year end review poetry compilation " The Year of the Poet." as well as becoming an internet show radio host on the P.O.E.T. talk show network. He was also featured in Inner Child's latest compilation "Black Males".

Find him on Facebook

at <http://www.facebook.com/justice.clarke.5> and become lost in the endless rivers that flow from C. William Clarke also known as the "Thoughts of a Single Man".

In the Autumns of her Lament

The jester's paint ceased to perform its miracle
as her wounds and scars converged in simple view
while the grieving leafs continued to fall
adopting her in the autumns of her lament
for time now is her loathsome burden
that saddles her shoulders in its invisible clasp
the breast of love once so full
so vibrantly expanded
now flickers on the edge of its own dismal extinction
straining in the coffin of her remorse
as it exhales its final fictional gasp
her pain was legendary
her heart was grand as the mountains of glee
wide as the memoirs of the fields of passing springs
deep as the oceans of the kaleidoscope of history
endless as the horizons of the shimmering dawn
and so she became the pursuer of affection's ordeal
the damsel who owned the signals of distress
destined to be suckled in the keep
possessed by the hungry maw of man
yet she found no comfort or construct
as she wandered forever the beaches of her sections
twirling with numerous partners of no name
to a melody so recycled and revisited
never noticing that her signature was trampled
be the footsteps already precariously laid
in the depths of her drowning sand
she was doomed
she was damned
marooned up the isle where the broken can only play
the forgotten husks of summers long gone
born ages ago in the whispers of a cupid's day
the monastery of coveted thought
tarnished by the saturation of her own sins

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

and so she exists a mere trinket in the display case
conjoined in the union of the silent and scolded wife
slave to the mentality of the commonly molded life
imperially empty and doggedly deceased
with flowers laid upon the grave of her withering soul
always dim and always so cold
the story told to those who remain of humbled kin
phantoms that soar within the castle walls
of the lonely sentenced to the company of solitude
images captured in the goggles of the weeping
like spectral tears that wet the lenses of blinded eyes
feathers plucked from the weathered wings
that only ride chiseled crests of darkened skies
as the bird once so free flees in its misery
confined to the bars just beyond its whimsical cage
the shimmering stone fitted upon her finger
becomes the symbol of a severed cypher of her span
lingering in the shell of a dying carcass
and the porcelain mask she once donned daily
becomes the accessory of her unending angst
evolving into the chilled nectar of her resistance
that seeps maliciously and methodically
into the fertile winters of her skin

In the Tombs of Jagged Freedom

I was dubbed the unmuted wanderer
Lost in the castle of a witch's grin
As the blade of her smile pierced me
Impaling me beyond the consequences of my skin

She flung the word love into the air
With a casual discord for all to see
For all to capture
For all to be tortured
Beneath the cloak of her rapture
I was her lover
I was her friend
I was her victim in the end
This widow so black
Who trapped me in her sticky web
I suffocated on my trust
Like a fish in a net
Left dangling above water
Air was my executioner
The second she took my breath away
The lines of connection were severed
I fell hard and fast
like the angel rebuked from heaven
Striking the ground of my reality
Perishing in the flames of woe
Time burns hot
Time burns slow
As the seems of my dreams unraveled
Infested by her taste
While I digested arsenic and lace
The humble crumbles of me

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Trickling in their prodded escape
Just another faceless name
Eradicated and erased
Introduced and reproduced
Recycled and replaced
By a woman who was married only to herself
I was crushed by the weight of my sins
Pricked by an arrow too crooked to flee
My view skewed
Too crooked to see
My heart painted in the art of deception
I the mockery of a jester
Who smiled in shiny lipstick
Leaving her red ragged kiss on the collar
That seeped into the fibers of my noose
Until no trace was left of me in chalk
The good and the best of me
Outlined in a homicide of fates fairy tale tragedy
An unsifted gifted periodical
Washed away in the rain with yesterday's trash
A weathered headline
tethered to the tomb of forgotten news

In the wake of a newly churned mourning
Bound by the strings of her malevolent whim
As my words became passages of sifting ash
And my love the dust within her wind
Thoughts of a Single Man © 2017 tm

Her Eclipse

Her eclipse was the birth of my carnal revelations
The moon laid its tormented mass upon her
as I swam to her unblinking
in a culmination of restless strokes
navigating the sobering oceans in their web
dieseling the sonnet of my trepidation
extracting her tally from the maw of its spectrum

The sun was eradicated from its perch

I sit transfixed before her
held ripe in the adulation of her umbra
as her silhouette whispers to me
calls to me
screams to me
like words sliding eagerly
from the edge of velvet lips
my eyes caress her outline
so thick and full
pondering the infinite places
my hands would touch her first
as the ample abundance
of her succulent bosom
heaves in the ambiance of this glow

Light spills through the window

Mimicking a chalice of silver tipped in its glee
illuminating her in this decadent pose
as I am compelled to compose
the verses of this incandescent prose
that ease beyond the fabric of tangled clothes

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Torn from the nourishment of the womb

Of this elliptical erotic enticement
tenderly
gently
like these large hands
slipping beneath the silken
fabric of her clothes
gripping the width of her wide hips
lingering like wet kisses
descending upon her firm thighs
as echoes of my exhaled signs
dance through the room
like the tilted flames of the candles wax

Flickering in the summer wind
as I move toward her
held in my famished purpose
anticipating the trickling moment
our shadows merge at last as one
as we are lost then

Like reeds swallowed whole

in the murky muddy moss
fading in this ocular obscurity
drawn from the salacious purity
woven in the solicited adumbration
in the exquisite adulation
that exists in the elicit shades

Of the penumbra of my passions

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

As stars replicate the tenacity of my pursuit
and fondle the body of the evening dome
as we roam sealed in this marveled citadel
beneath the tapestry of the harnessed pitch
fading like ascending puffs of voracious smoke
lapped like the melody of a succulent boon

Devoured by the gulp of the ravenous air

Her eclipse was the birth of my carnal revelations

Maries

M.

Pabroa

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

I am Mariel M. Pabroa, an aspiring 18 year old writer from Block 10 Unit 1, Gawad Kalinga Village Lawaan II, Talisay City, Cebu Philippines. I am currently studying Bachelor of Science in Development Communication in Cebu Technological University-Main Campus and is on my third year.

Writing has always been vital to me. That's why, while studying, I'm also into writing poems, stories and any literary pieces. I also do join online writing groups in the Philippines and joined contests.

You can look at my profiles in these links:

www.facebook.com/extraordinaryteen
www.instagram.com/TheWriterInspired.

Inside Me

As I slowly
close these tired eyes,
all I hear is
the voices
slipping out
of my unorganized mind,
slowly breaking
my cells apart,
slowly pinching
my breathless heart,
slowly damaging
all my dreams
slowly killing
every part of me,
from up to down,
from North to West,
all I hear
is that never ending scream
of something
I don't discern.

As I slowly,
open these fake eyes,
all I hear is
the nothingness,
the worthlessness, and
all of the negative passages
but I have to act
like an innocent child
who know nothing
but to smile and be wild;

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

and yes, I commit,
to smile without teeth,
to move without liveliness,
and to be here
thought, I'm not yet here
for my wilderness stays
in the deepest part
of my dreams
and I'm just its playful slave
of false reality.

Other Side

They all know
the me, I want them to know.
Yet, there's other side
of me that I hide.

They all see
how I laugh
so hard that I forgot,
I'm not yet enough.

They all hear my voice
when I speak so diligently.
Yet I know,
that's not me.

I laugh with them
but I cry alone.
I want to make them smile,
for I can't do that to my own.

I help them
but I can't aide myself.
I want them to be satisfied
for I am not contented with my life.

They all know
who I am...
is it true
or it's just I want me to.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

They all think,
they know the real me
but it's just the bright side
not the dim light.

So, for you
my dear word lover,
please don't forget,
help all you know who's like me too.

No Reputation

Reputation, you don't have
for you have lost it on top
while listening to the sound
of inhumane act of yours.

Can't you remember
the song of pain
from the saddened people
who played your game?

Can't you see
the hopeless faces
of the other members
you left behind?

Can't you hear
the strong laughter of tears
of the ladies and men
you have nights with?

Can't you taste
the tasteless liquid
you bought illegally
with your negative money?

Well, I hope you do
for at this very second,
no one sees you high
but a crow above the flies.

*Kiley
Brown*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Kiley Brown aka AnalogSoul from Chicago became a poet in 2011. In 2013 she took to the stage as "poet ky. Her talents blossomed as she morphed into performance poet, "AnalogSoul." In early 2016, the moniker was the perfect complement to AnalogSoul's stage presence. Her style is simple with a soulful elegance, heartfelt tones and engaging stories. She is ever evolving on her entertainment journey. She works tenaciously to be the best philanthropist and entertainer possible.

Social Media (Facebook, Instagram, Twitter) – Kiley Brown

VIDEOS -

<https://youtu.be/KBAS7U9TRn8>

<https://youtu.be/wJBdut6DN2s>

A SYMPHONY OF CYCLES

Born to the union of the unequally yoked
Her life is black and white
Morphing the day into night
She never sleeps
This is her plight
There is no scale to balance this internal fight

His gift to her
Was thousands of hollow, hallowed, homogeneous feathers
As succinctly expressed by the relation's of her father
Utilizing their ability to connect others to the divinity
She helps the least of these
Encouraging those that have been submerged
In the lower echelon of society's secretions
Feeding the scarred
And starved of emotional sustenance
Empathetic acceptance
And hopeful employment
For they were kindred kinetically
Initiating chain reactions that result
In thankless consequences
Articulated as miracles from above
Endangering her existence
For not a pittance of grateful utterances
This is the clay that feels her mold

The light is so very bright
She knows that it is right
The days are good for her psyche and soul
Somehow she still feels a pull
As the sun glows full
Sliding down the wall of the horizon
She suddenly stoops low

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Feels a painful blow
As the moon begins to glow
Her sunset attire then begins to flow

Here the frivolous, inane and insipid reign
Amongst the black roses of civilization's underworld
Despite the belief of frigidity that shivers the night
This new world is not and innately cold
The actions and friction of
Those with evil convictions
Produces a heat untold
She services the consumers of this world of the bold
Then satisfies her need to influence and instigate
The actions of the minions of the fold
The snare of her web is addictive to the plebs
She climaxes at their lemming tendencies
Continuing this lascivious monsoon
Until the horizon beckons for the audience
Of the full moon
Thus her metamorphosis
Reaches yet another bloom

The emerging light
Reduces eerie delights
Once again
She is on her Icarus tract
Everyone accepts that she will be back
As long as her polar caps lie intact and uncapped
And the mania and melancholy
Satisfies the masses
A prisoner of her mind's holes
She is society's subject zero

ETERNAL TEXT

I don't know you my love
But I miss you like my left breast
After a mastectomy
As ashes float about the ceiling fan's breeze
I make a wish as if they were shooting stars
Hoping that they will reach you
And bring you closer to me
Our love is epic and ancient
I have soothsayer visions of our
Life in terms of decades
You are beautiful to me today
As you will be old and gray tomorrow
I am the promise from the god of Abraham
The truth of a falsely convicted man
The magnificence of you is an
Unrealistic ocean wave crashing against my soul
Your Touch is the never ending firing of my nerve endings
I desire the scent of your morning breath
I pause on the significance of your eternal wisdom
And obey your dreams of success
We support each other's Silver Lining
And offer gifts of exquisite eternity
Our bond is legendary
Our gaze, an envious epic of baptismal oil
We are that rare coelacanth
That glandular ooze that creates the big bang
Touch and agree
That we may consummate that extreme high
Let us feel that which is hollow between our chests

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Eat my soul lover
Drink my spirit
Digest our coupling
Till death do us part
Awaiting your reply
Send...

SEPIA ROYALTY

Little brown royalty
I sense your distress
Your youth was abbreviated
Thus heightening your stress
Let not the insensitivity of the others
Make you feel pressed
Don't swallow your pain and live
Through memories repressed
No matter your circumstances
You remain blessed
Gather your thoughts
Don your armor
Build your war cry!
You are not meant to regret

Shiver not in the darkness
Awaiting unwanted attention
Find your voice inside
Rebuke another's hidden agenda
You are made of sugar
Spice!
All that is nice
But it's time for battle!
Use your voice to tell your sorted tale
Don't be proper in your use of metaphors
Yell that you have been invaded!
Against your will and testament
Place that pain back where it began
Where it belongs
Then claim your Queendom once again

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Forgive yourself
You are not the doer of these deeds
Never take on another's psychosis
Destroy their hold on you
You are born of the blood of Queens
They stand beside you as you fight this battle
Little brown royalty
There are legion behind thee
Protect yourself and others
By defeating this wicked enemy

Little brown boi you have been wronged
Forced to reside in side your psyche
Embarrassed that you were penetrated
You did nothing to warrant this Invasion
Someone should pay for their impropriety
That someone is NOT you!

You deserve to have healthy
Adult Relationships
Untainted
By moments of shame
It's time for you to be your own Champion
Slay the Beast
That burdens your flesh
Write its epitaph upon your subconscious
By exposing its darkness
To the light

Live free
Without looking back
For you deserve to live
In Earthly splendor
But you cannot partake
In the normalcy of society
If you continue to contemplate

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Your sexuality
No one
Has the right
To usurp your throne
Let alone
Getting away
With doing you wrong
Your mental state
Is just as precious
As your physical

I see you Warrior
Wondering
Where to place your anger
For the betterment of your evolution...
Speak that
Which should not
Be mentioned
You are not a victim
...but a champion
Attach your shield
Unsheathe your sword
For tonight
You will make all wrongs
RIGHT

Inner Child Press

News

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen

Gail Weston Shazor

hülya n. yılmaz

Nizar Sartawi

Faleeha Hassan

Albert Carrasco

Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

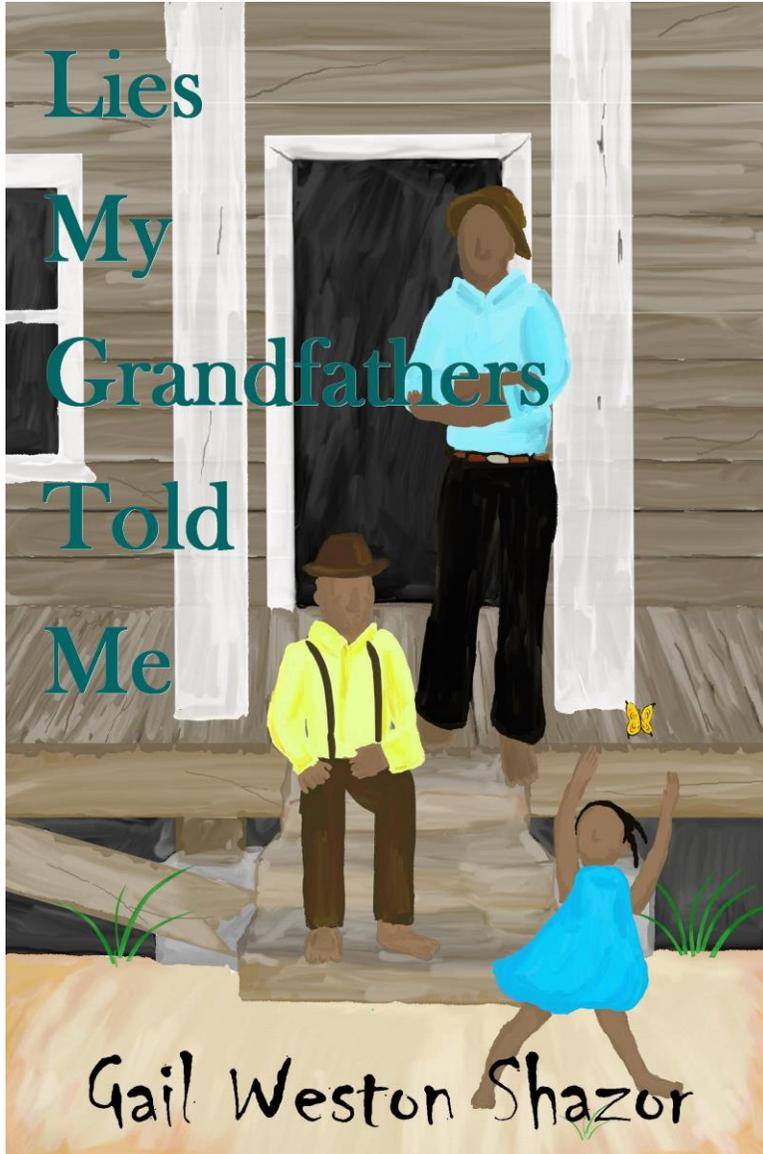
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Afflame



Memoirs in Verse

hülya n. yılmaz

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My Shadow

Nizar Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Coming this Fall



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

Coming in 2018



The Year of the Poet IV ~ December 2017

*Other
Anthological
works from
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

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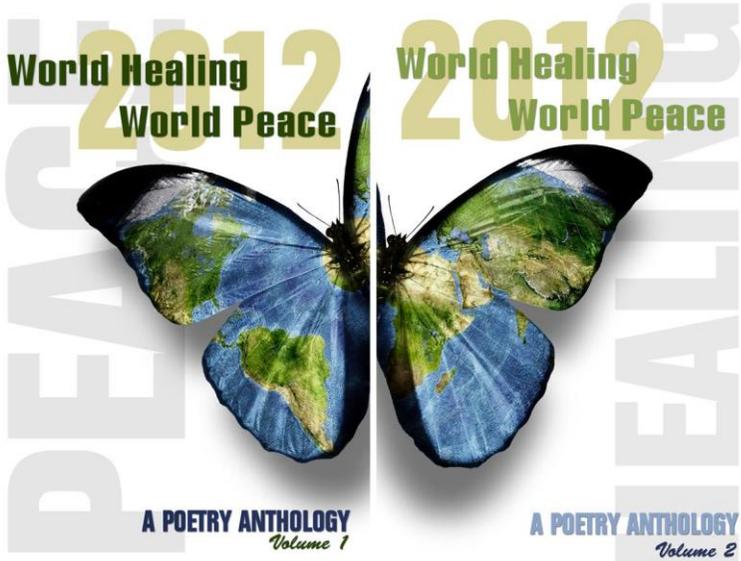
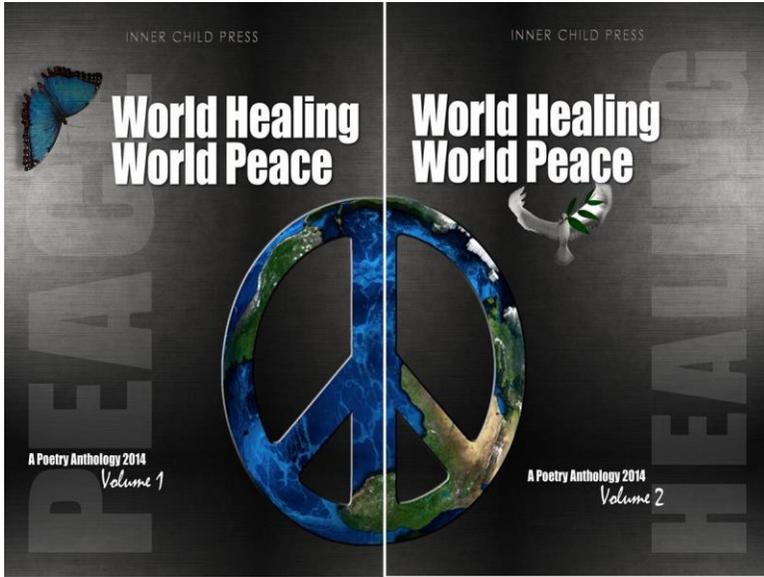
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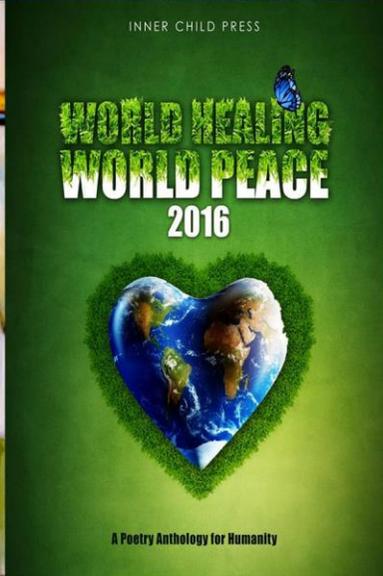
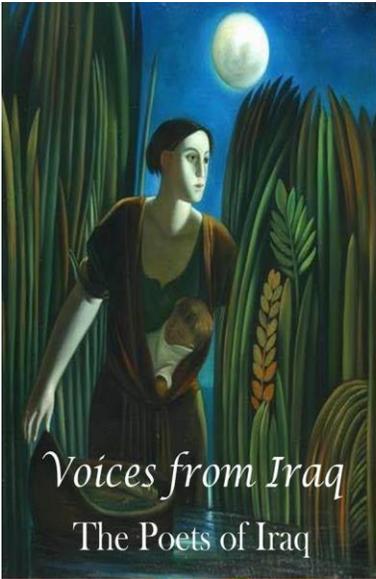
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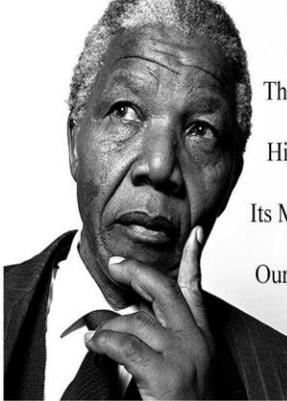
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Mandela



The Man
His Life
Its Meaning
Our Words

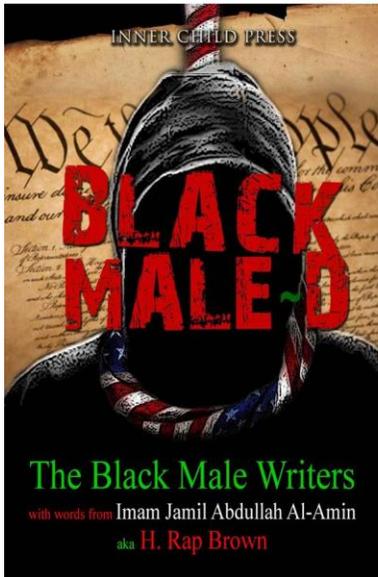
Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

A GATHERING OF WORDS

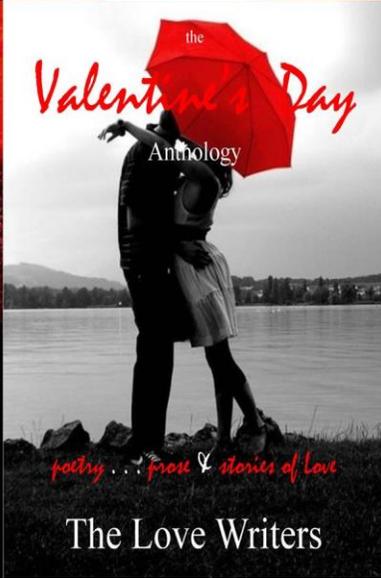
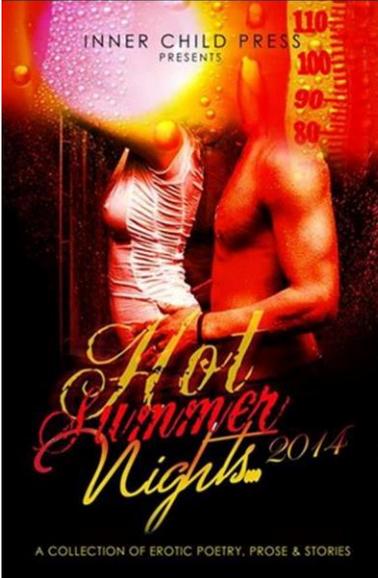
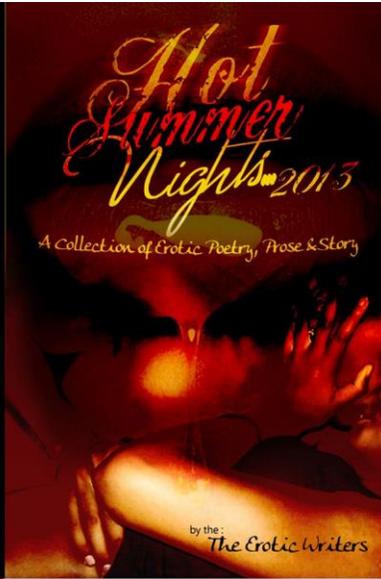
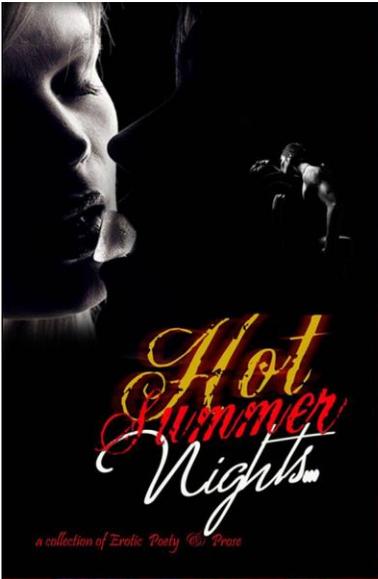


POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

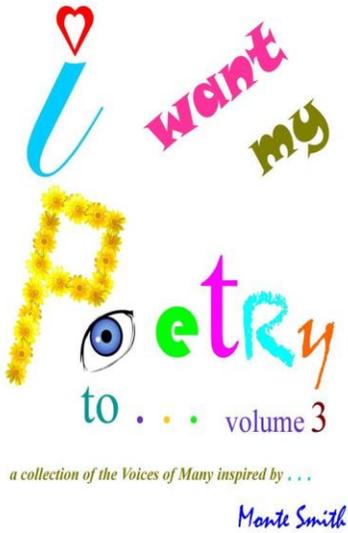
TRAYVON MARTIN



Inner Child Press Anthologies



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The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

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

Our January Feature
Terri L. Johnson

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

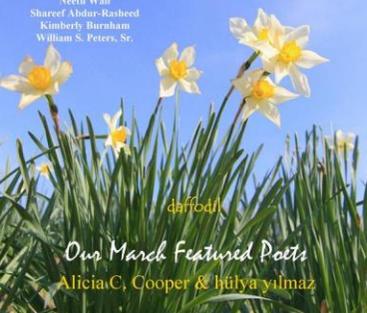
The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
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June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
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Joe DaVerbal Mimdancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our February Features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

the Year of the Poet

March 2014



daffodil

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 Mimdancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our March Featured Poets
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

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 Mimdancer
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

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies

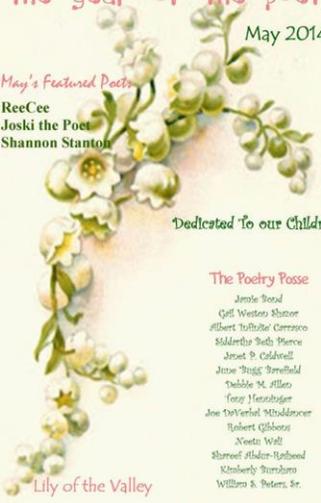
the year of the poet
May 2014

May's Featured Poets
ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'finite Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barfield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Harringer
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Nevetu Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley



the Year of the Poet
June 2014

Love & Relationship

Rose

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

The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'finite Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barfield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Harringer
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Nevetu Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet
July 2014

July Feature Poets
Christiana A.V. Williams
Dr. John R. Strain
Kolbie Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'finite Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barfield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Harringer
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Nevetu Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month



The Year of the Poet
August 2014

Gladiolus

August Feature Poets
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins

The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'finite Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barfield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Harringer
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Nevetu Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster Morning-Glory



Wild Garden of September Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poet's Pass

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poet's Pass

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSendra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poet's Pass

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiett

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poet's Pass

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WritterinPass • Santos Galin • Justin Drake

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet

The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets
Bismay Mohantfi * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET II

February 2015

Amethyst



THE POETRY POSSE

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shelu
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 Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * 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 Posse 2015

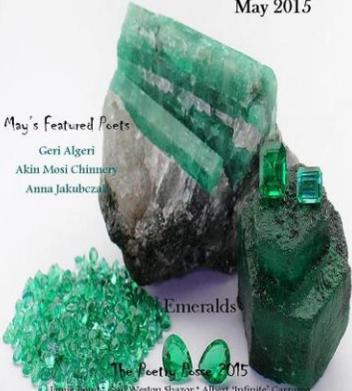
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

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



Emeralds

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

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



Pearl

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

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



Rubies

The Poetry Passe 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 Chaliasz
Christopher Schultz



Peridot

The Poetry Passe 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 Trifatis



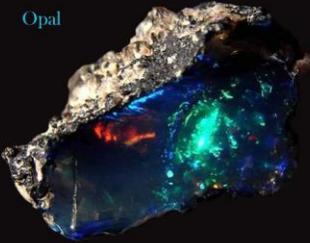
Sapphires

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

The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets
 Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington



Opal

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

The Year of the Poet II

November 2015

Featured Poets
 Alan W. Jankowski
 Bismay Mohanty
 James Moore



Topaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets
 Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

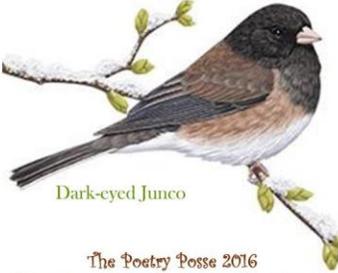
The Poetry Posse 2015
 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya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

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The Year of the Poet III January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

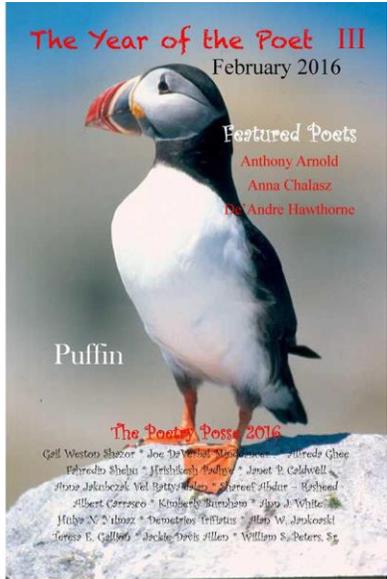
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalora * Alana J. White
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DuVerhol * Mbadabecer * Sharief Albadir * Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Keith Allan Jamilton
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiliatis * 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

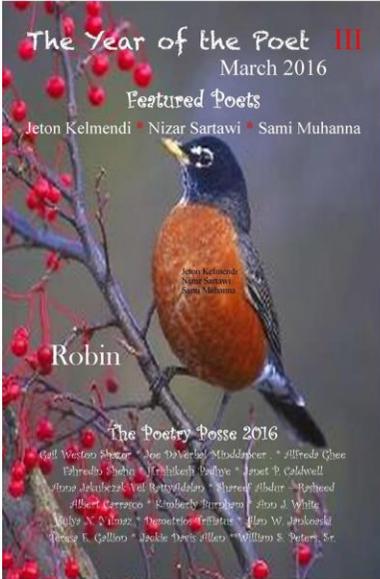
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DuVerhol * Mbadabecer * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalora * Sharief Albadir * Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiliatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna



Robin

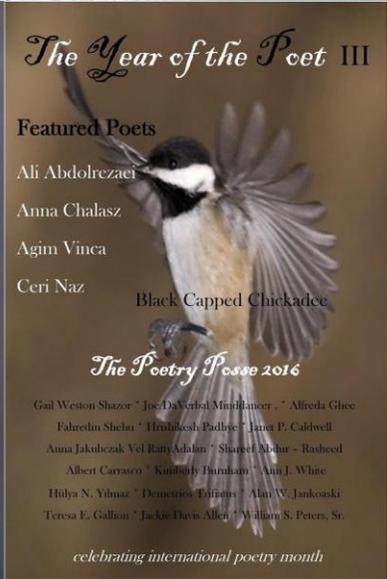
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DuVerhol * Mbadabecer * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalora * Sharief Albadir * Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiliatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei
Anna Chalas
Agim Vinca
Ceri Naz
Black Capped Chickadee



The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DuVerhol * Mbadabecer * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalora * Sharief Albadir * Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiliatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies

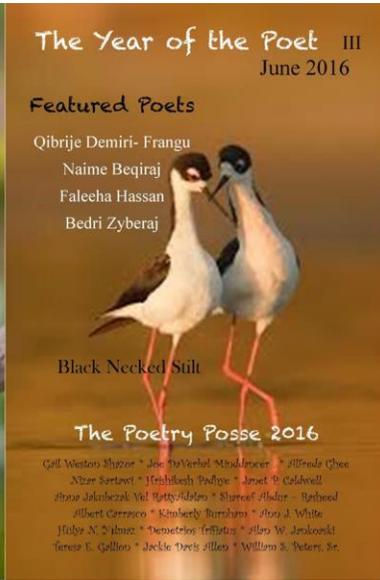


The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets
Bob Strum
Barbara Allan
D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbsalameer * Alfredo Chue
Nizar Sertawi * Hershkesh Padhye * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jalalczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldine * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

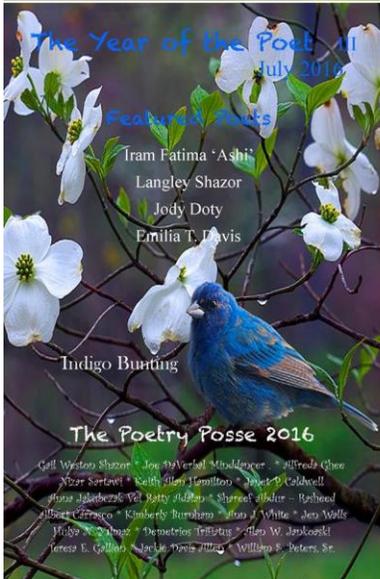


The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

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

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbsalameer * Alfredo Chue
Nizar Sertawi * Hershkesh Padhye * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jalalczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldine * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

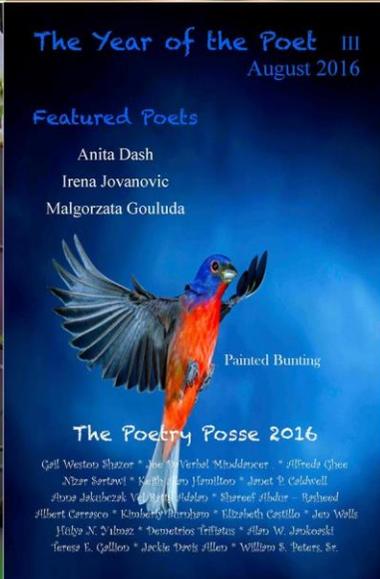


The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbsalameer * Alfredo Chue
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jalalczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldine * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White * Alan Wells
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets
Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda

Painted Bunting

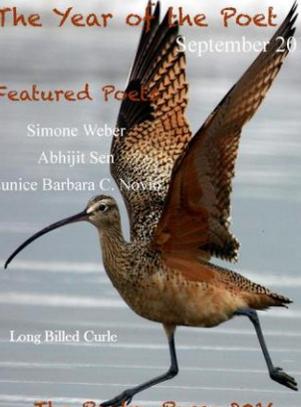
The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbsalameer * Alfredo Chue
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jalalczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldine * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo * Alan Wells
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novales



Long Billed Curlew

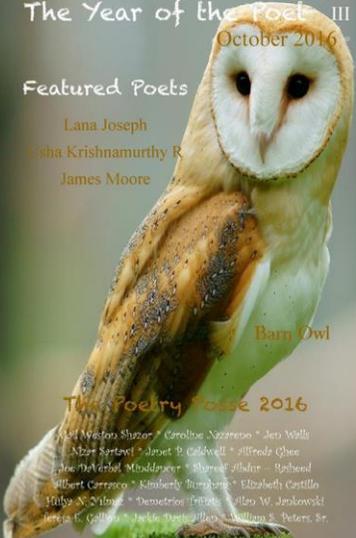
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Muddawer * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghoe
Joe DeVeral Muddawer * Shareef Albadir * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tilley N. Albano * Demetrios Trifotis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph
Sasha Krishnamurthy R
James Moore



Barn Owl

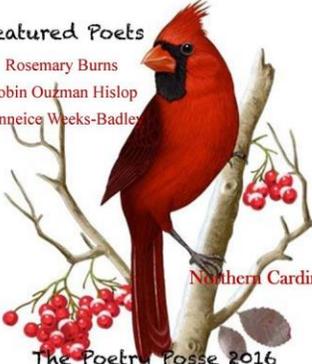
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghoe
Joe DeVeral Muddawer * Shareef Albadir * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tilley N. Albano * Demetrios Trifotis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns
Robin Ouzman Hislop
Lonnie Weeks-Badler



Northern Cardinal

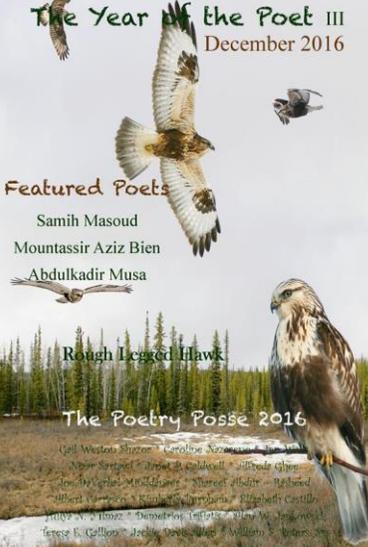
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghoe
Joe DeVeral Muddawer * Shareef Albadir * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tilley N. Albano * Demetrios Trifotis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud
Mountassir Aziz Bien
Abdulkadir Musa



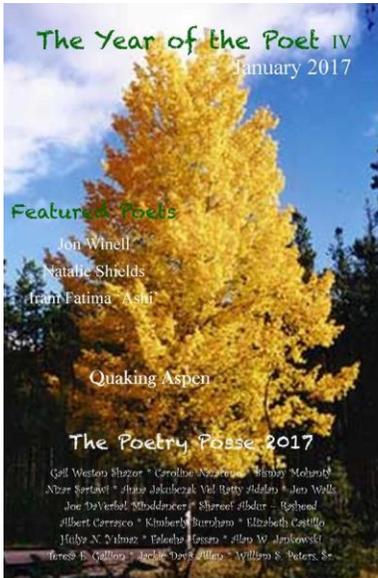
Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghoe
Joe DeVeral Muddawer * Shareef Albadir * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tilley N. Albano * Demetrios Trifotis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

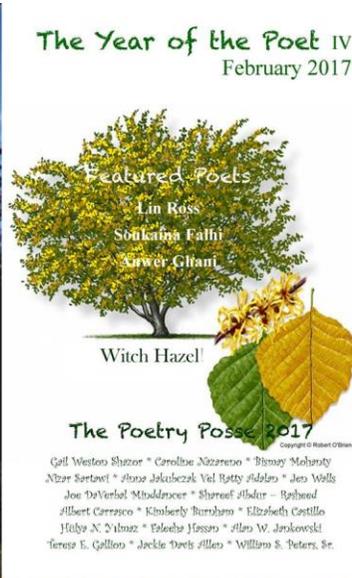


Featured Poets
Jon Winell
Stacie Shields
Iran Fatima Ashi

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizareso * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Afonso Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalao * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Miodanescu * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Valerio Jasso * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017

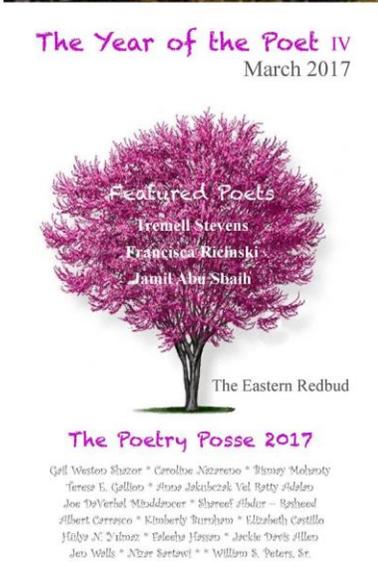


Featured Poets
Lin Ross
Soukaina Falhi
Arwer Ghani

Witch Hazel

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizareso * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Afonso Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalao * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Miodanescu * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Valerio Jasso * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
March 2017

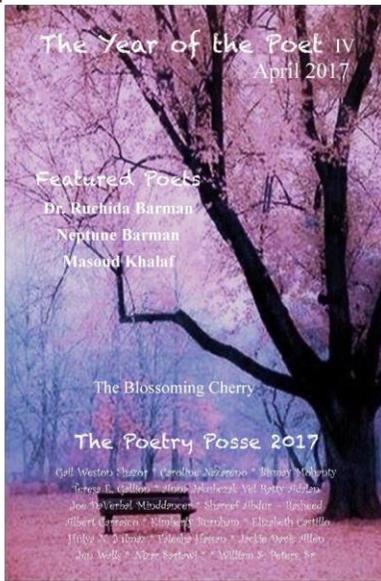


Featured Poets
Trenell Stevens
Francisca Ricinski
Jamil Abu Shah

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizareso * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallon * Afonso Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalao
Joe DeVerbal Miodanescu * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Valerio Jasso * Jackie Davis Allen
Jeni 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 Nizareso * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallon * Afonso Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalao
Joe DeVerbal Miodanescu * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Valerio Jasso * Jackie Davis Allen
Jeni Walls * Nizar Sertawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree

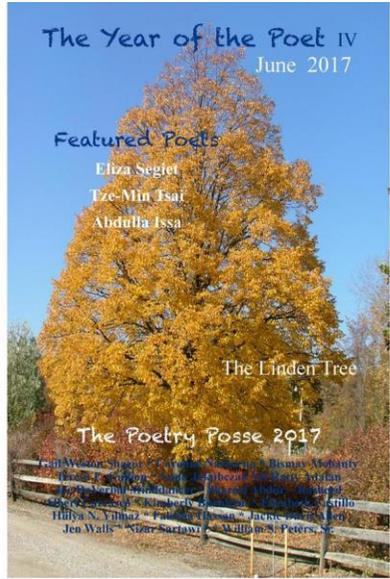


Featured Poets
Kallisa Powell
Alicja Maria Kuberska
Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Carollee Nazareno * Binoy Mahapaty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #dada
Joe DeVierbal #baddancer * Shereef #dadur - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'ibozz * Edecha Hossain * Jackie Davis #lila
Jen Walls * Nzar Sartawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV June 2017



Featured Poets

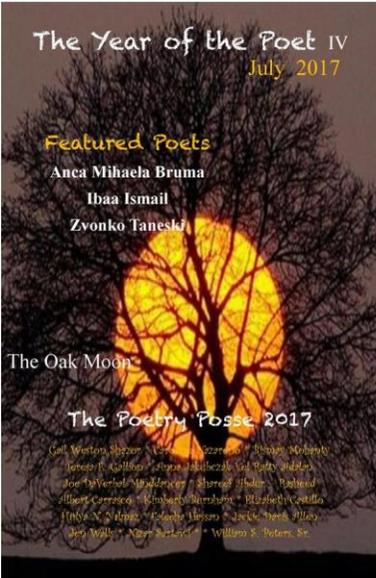
Eliza Segiet
Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Carollee Nazareno * Binoy Mahapaty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #dada
Joe DeVierbal #baddancer * Shereef #dadur - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'ibozz * Edecha Hossain * Jackie Davis #lila
Jen Walls * Nzar Sartawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV July 2017



Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma
Ibaa Ismail
Zvonko Taneski

The Oak Moon

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Carollee Nazareno * Binoy Mahapaty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #dada
Joe DeVierbal #baddancer * Shereef #dadur - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Bursham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'ibozz * Edecha Hossain * Jackie Davis #lila
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The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



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The Year of the Poet IV October 2017

Featured Poets

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Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shalim



The Black Walnut Tree

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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

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Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



The Tree of Life

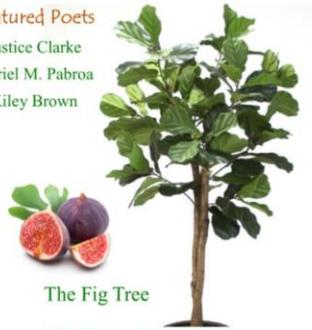
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The Year of the Poet IV December 2017

Featured Poets

Justice Clarke
Mariel M. Pabroa
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The Fig Tree

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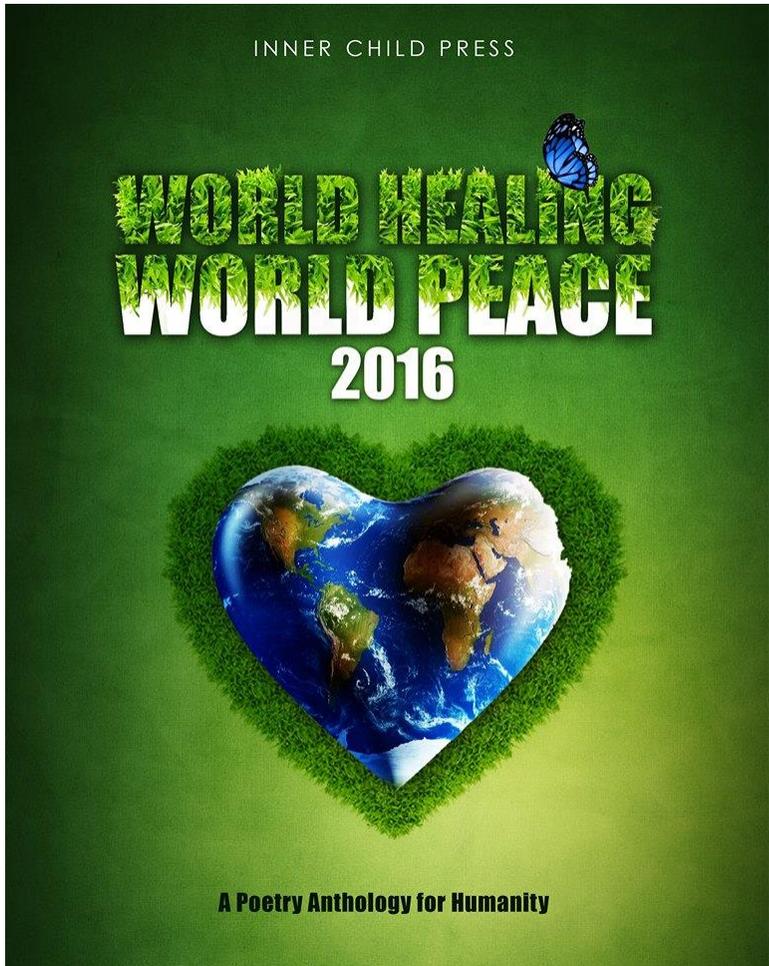
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



December 2017 ~ Featured Poets



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