

The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalasz

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalen * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatous * Alan W. Jankoaski
Teresa E. Gillion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet III February Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2016

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Publisher Information

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

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ISBN-13 : 978-0692632802 (Inner Child Press, Ltd.)
ISBN-10 : 0692632808

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

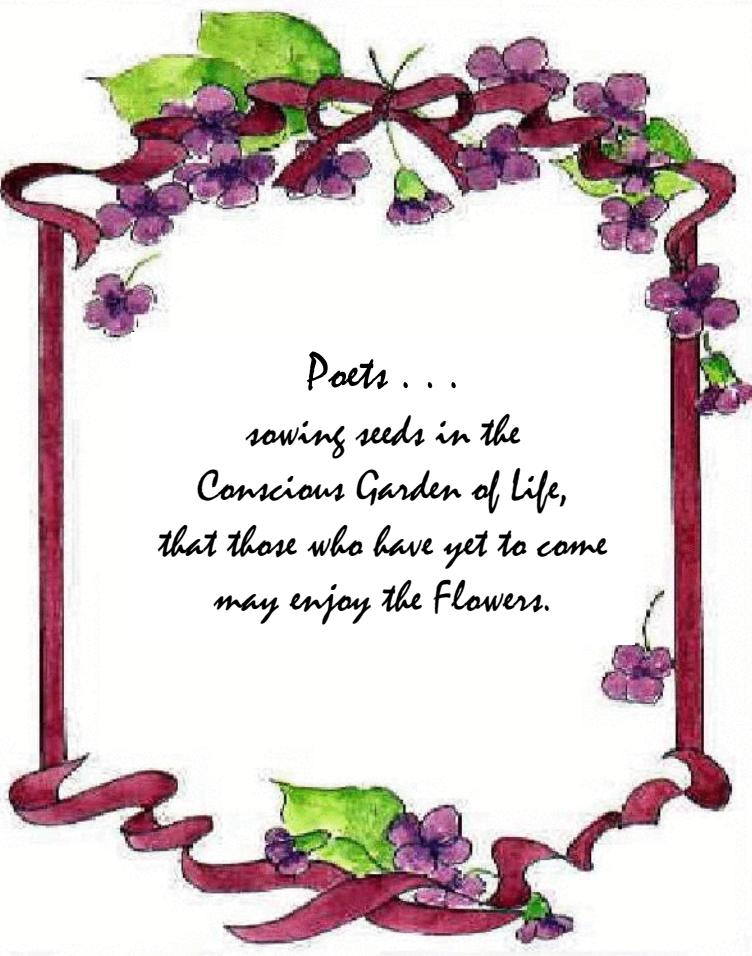
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

F_{oreword}

How can an ultimate poetic experience be complete without a flamboyant collection of verses? Inner-child Press again offers a cocktail of cultured cognition, a new segment of brilliantly weaved creations by some of the very expert poetic geniuses. Creative thoughts are like rays of light striking upon the subconscious mind to charge the instinct of creativity; thence, motivating it to paint imaginations, hallucinations, ambitions and every single echo that the emotions resound. Poetry is a reflection of writer's prodigious ability of weaving iridescent words upon the blank canvas. A poet's mind can be called as an open yet a mysterious castle of obliquely moving thoughts. Poetry is but a kind of ascending nova, that can ignite souls, enlighten them, even heal them. Having a variety of glistening poignant colours inside, considering this issue, it is a distinguished collection of verses written by the writers all over the globe.

Let's flow with swift and stormy waves of art in this literary voyage. To heal the scars, feel the bliss and seal the happiness by keeping the mind's eye opened for gazing this mystic galaxy of poetic stars known as "The Year Of The Poet".

Hrishikesh Padhye

Author - *Echoes and Consequences*
Hymns of Ascension

Student - *Civil Engineering*

Preface

Greetings to all,

I like to think of February as the “Month of Lovers”. It makes complete sense to me since Valentine’s Day is February the 14th. This also presents an opportunity for us a Poets and as Human Beings to share our love with intent to all and any without equivocation or inhibition. No i do realize that many people are guarded and reluctant to open themselves up to not only give love, but to receive it. Perhaps this is where poetry can assist. This month, February 2016, we The Poetry Posse are not only presenting our regular publishing of “The Year of the Poet” to the world, but we also are publishing a very special offering of love titled Be My Valentine. In this offering you will be divinely treated to some of the most beautiful and meaningful verse from some of the members of The Poetry Posse. We hope you are inspired by our humble offerings.

On another note, if you are so moved, take the time to reach out to someone, anyone and lower your guard and express some love to and for your family, your neighbor, or a complete stranger. The

benefits by far outweigh the effort. It is by our giving unto each other that we continue the process of healing our humanity, and thus healing our world.

For Free Downloads :

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

n the meantime, enjoy the work of some of the finest Poets i know.

Stay Blessed

Bill

PS

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

Coming April 2016

For more Information go to :

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Also Check out the

Valentine's Day Anthology

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

~ wsp

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The **P**oetry **P**osse

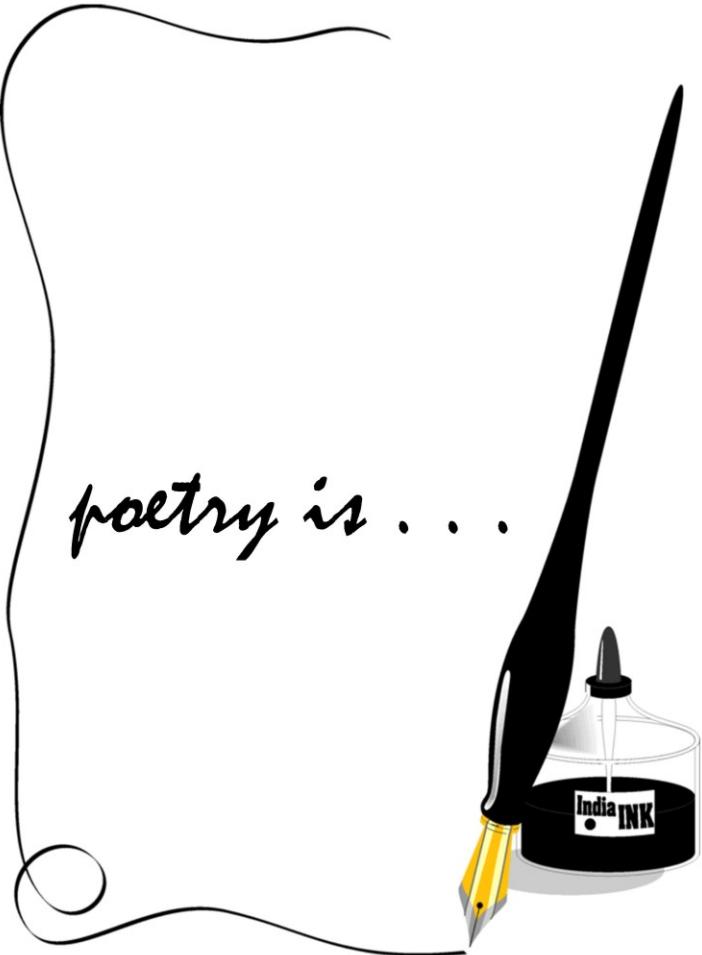
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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



poetry is . . .



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail
Weston
Shazor

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Poesies

When my poetry
Falls in love
With your poetry
The poesies fit together
Yours and mine
Like fragrant kisses on soft lips
Like tender caresses
When you least expect it
Like the first summer melon
To cool a hot day
Our pieces intertwine
Into endless sunsets
And rainbows across the sky
Poets can do this to each other
Paint pictures so vivid
That we cannot but help to want more

And so we seek the light
And sometimes the darkness
While looking for that emotional
Hell Yeah and I Heard That
Tambourine slapping truth
That only poetry can deliver
And silently we ink to each other
But more importantly
We ink to the world
Poets, Poetry, Poesies
Heart and soul
Truth

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

POETRY

POETRY

Colorful

Language

Wrapped around

Heartfelt sentiments

Pain and joy experienced

Sexy words

Smiles and tears

Is

LOVE

Is

Tears and smiles

Words sexy

Experienced joy and pain

Sentiments heartfelt

Around wrapped

Language

Colorful

POETRY

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Poetry is Love

Written words
Words of poetry
Poetry sells
Poetry excites
Excites the heart
Excites the brain
Brain on fire
Brain does desire
Desire to feel
Desire to taste
Taste the sweat
Taste the scent
Scent of perfume
Scent of sex
Sex belies
Sex decries
Decries the feeling
Decries the lust
Lust for you
Lust is you
You invite
You delight

Delight me
Delight as we
We join
We yearn
Yearn for flesh
Yearn for warmth
Warmth by your hand
Warmth of your breath

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Breath of life
Breath so sweet
Sweet touches
Sweet kiss
Kiss me now
Kiss me always
Always wanting
Always needing
Needing to be yours
Needing to be swept
Swept out the door
Swept away
Away to fly
Away to your heart
Hearts hears rhythm
Heart speaks poetry
Poetry
Love

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

*Janet
Perkins*

Galdwess

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Janet P. Caldwell has been published in newspapers, magazines, and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2016 and a video project for the BBC. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

To contact her: www.janetcaldwell.com

The Cultivated Ones

The pampered roses are all bred
much like step-ford wives to look alike.
From seedling to flowering
with abundant care, they do survive.

The gardener making sure they lay in measured mulch
are properly watered, holding the moisture
to prevent unwanted weeds from drinking and growing.
Halting the choking of a prized dressing of a cultivated
lawn.

Unaware they are slaves to man's idea of beauty
and never serving themselves.

Now, look at the daisy, some say she's ugly,
just a wild, uncultured weed.
I say she's a beauty, bending with the wind
growing sturdy through arid ground, so wild and free.

She's the clever one, she's cast off conformity.

Most Recent

Dogs are mowing yards with their motorized teeth.
Spitting out yesterday's blades. While
dancing girls sport yellow scarves,
floating in and out of the murky debris.
Coughing and smiling, sputtering
a joining, an invitation.

While I appreciate the offer
I smile and nod a no-thank-you-please.
Slowly, my feet rise from the earth. Unburdened,
I ascend to the trees. Skyward the branches;
leaves and bees, all pass from front
to back. Right through her, she and me.

Sensing others, my eyes adjust to see;
A celebrated ballerina, her pointed toes sail
passed me. A man with an alabaster face
is gesturing fervently. A cherub meets us at the
Crown, with greetings of peace for all who leave ground.

I'm not sure what this is, I don't
mind. I'm free and real in this new
body...same spirit. I am extremely
strange to most it seems.
Though, the uncomprehending
aren't part of this most recent scheme.

The dreaming the dream...

Unspoken Things

The things that I have wanted to say
have haunted me for years.
It seemed that I could never find a way
to tell you, about the things that troubled me
without quivering lips and facial sliding tears.

Never wanting to appear weak
I simply chose silence
never to speak of the things in my cupboard,
not even a peek, and I have wanted you
to see and accept the real me.
What a conundrum !

This woman that appears strong – when needed
is sometimes a farce, a smiling persona, you see.
When at times, I want to fall into your arms
to stop the bleeding of my gentle heart
so I go away until I can smile again and *appear* free to be.

One day I realized what a lie, I have told.
Either you love me as I am or not
sometimes as weak as a kitten, sometimes bold.
Tossing caution to the wind,
I told you my truth and you loved me anyway.

I was so surprised
to open a skeleton free mouth
death mask, daisies and rocks removed
from my eyes, you peered deeply
with understanding and love,
I was freely doused.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Jackie
Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline Allen or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia. As the next eldest daughter of a coal miner father and a stay at home mother she was the first in her family to attend college.

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

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

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

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

For the Sake of the Little Ones

Against waging forces,
I shall not yield
nor bow down to the enemy,
nor borrow
from its tainted tenants;
for me, today
I take a stand, and join me or not,
I say
like Patrick Henry once did,
the forces
of evil are coming; some are very near.

I shall not be conquered;
let me run freely,
shoes on both of my feet; pray, one less
and I cannot well compete,
though with pen's tongue I shall lift
myself high above
the web of lies
that attempts to convert me
to the cult of their rhetoric's saint.

The weight of the banner,
I proudly carry;
beneath its sacrificial stripes of blood
are stars cut from freedom's unwavering truth.
Boldly I stand in defense
of the politically Incorrect and march
in step with the drum
that calls us back
to personal responsibility.

Intentions

He waded through the strained
and stained pages of time,
disenchanted by anonymity.
disregarding his gifts,
talents and ability.

He thought of navigating by the stars
whose light disbursed hope
and mystery against the landscape
of his mind, yet he decided to ignore
the possibilities.

Led to the rivers of truth
by some strange force,
though troubled by the voices
trashing around
inside his head, he envisioned
the sleep of the deep,
and sank beneath the swirling surf.

Flailing, he floundered, then swore
he heard a voice reaching out
to him: "Rise up, use your gifts.
Time is of the essence! Swim,
or else, today, you'll drown,
a pathetic man, one-less-than,
and thus, excluded from history"

My dear Child

Your future's prosperity awaits your sincere intent □ To
paint never with the colors of jealousy and hate,: □ To never
participate in marathons that bait the races.

Once, when, some sharpened picks and axes dug up old
Grievances, a few wise men threw the lot into the bonfire,
Ignorance promised, but again, he failed to yield his stance.

An organ grinder played repetitive, divisive and derisive
Tunes.

His band of sheep followed, bleating, dishonoring
The instrument which had won for them their grazing
rights.

What sacrilege! Weep now, the pages of history, for they
Who bled and died; count the cost of loss by the numbers
Of those who cast the fate of common sense to the wind.

Pray, we, for forgiveness, for its day of birth and its sad
Day of demise; it's a crime how the masses of sheep have
No ability to see who it is that they are blindly following.

Loud is the clamor that echoes in the hills of disharmony.
On one side of the mountain, its sound is crystal clear,
And on the other side, its clang is as heavy as a death knell.

When truth is dismantled by both covert and overt means
The ensuing web of lies finds its people saying one thing
But meaning another. Naked, they are but puppets.

My dear child. Wipe your eyes and put on the armor
Of thanksgiving. Hasten your journey with courage and
Intellect.

Run Truth's course. Be Vigilant. Be Bold.

*Albert
Garrasco*

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

extraordinaire

Infs a hustle extraordinaire, left the negativity alone and started pushn positivity and I done came up... I'm catchn air. Hard knocks made me a business man, the lemniscate is the brand, my merchandise is created with pencils, pens, keyboards and when theres a mic in my hand.

Urban poetry is what I blow, if im in your city y'all already know I'm going to let my forte flow, Poverty, packs, straps, traps, stamps, colors, bids, drama, war and murder...do i go in... Fo sho,

I'm a lyricist's, lyricist, every gangsters favorite author, I was married the streets, lady cocaine was my mistress and I cut her brother to do ot numbers on a bx corner. I left the game although I had it down to a science, I couldn't keep seeing my men gettn sent up or becoming fatal statistics of gun violence, I had a gift and a curse, now my gift is food for thought at that moment when temptation is tempting someone to let slugs bust, grind with a mask or whip contents of a Pyrex to possess in God we trust. Having money on money feels good, able to have women all around feels good, new car scent smells good, partying and bullshitting felt good, the price of it all... is the lives of my day one homies from the hood

New York Streets

I was bred on these New York streets, ate off these New York streets, bled on these New York streets and evaded the process of being covered with a white sheet on these New York streets. I'm from the Empire State, I roll town to town reppn where I'm from with just my license plates as soon as I breeze from the boogie down. I'm a caste hill King with blue black and shinny arms, no Jennings I don't do nines, if I got a nine there's thirty two in mine, if it's the helicopter it has a banana... one hundred in a straight line. New York taught me the art of war, how to cut boy and chef raw and never look through peep holes when there's sudden knocks on door. before opening up I was taught to sweep floors then go out and search for the color of the day to avoid directs of diesel, hard and soft ye, when there's drama keep your eyes on your prey, never duck for cover, back step while you spray and save a few slugs for the get away. The meting pot had me with a Pyrex meltn powders to an oil that formed rocks with a few ice water drops, I was waiting on fiends in Hell's Kitchen with other poverty stricken children perusing get rich dreams in lobbies from neighboring project buildn's, New York streets made me a soldier, a kite sender, a professional mourner from constantly dealing with the pain of murder, an urban life author. I was forced to live it, forced to become one of the best that ever did it, that's why I spit it so vivid, I got lyrical emphysema I cough up phlegm gems and hock bars of mucus when it come to the life of the infamous hustln igneous. I have to go hard In the booth to draw in the youth so I can bless them with truth. The money comes and goes, fast women blow when things get slow, what infinitely remains is internal trauma... the scars that don't show.

I used to pray

I used to pray... Lord let me die, send all killers my direction so i can be with my brothers in heaven, living on this six sextillion ton sphere made no sense without them here, the thing is all the killers knew I stood strapped and would attack back with no fear, I'll change from semi to fully like I'm switchn gears, I never said it was going to easy to send me to my peers. Anger drove me mad, fuck the world, the streets took some of the best friends I've ever had, I want to see them but reach and my instincts take over, it's a shit bag or a trip to the morgue in a zipper slab. I'll never bow down to a homicide, you have to put in good work to send me to other side, I guess mass suicide is one reasons my prayers weren't granted, the other is so I can tell my story to prevent youngens from being prematurely aborted.

*Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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>

MY HEART RUNNETH OVER

I'm searching the aisles to find my love a teddy bear
It's been about two months since we've met
They say all is fair in love and war
My heart just won't live with regret

I've tasted these moments before
There's this high I can't describe
They say the body produces this chemical
I think she's just in my subliminal

Every waking moment there are thoughts of her
She's not a distraction to my satisfaction
They say tread lightly young man
Maybe I would if I wasn't an older man

Dinner for two tonight with mood lights
I've prepared a meal befitting of a queen
They say a woman knows in the first five minutes
I'm sitting here in front of a cold meal and wilted flowers

She calls with my last sip of wine and I listen
There are stories to be told over dinner
They say patience is a virtue
She comes over with bag's o plenty

Not a word as she clears the air
Just a kiss and a meal befitting of a king
They say silence is golden
Yet she explained searching the aisles to find me a bear

SILENT WHITE

There's no sound like that of fallen snow
A branch cracks at the weight of it
Few have enjoyed the sleigh of it
Many have suffered the shovel of it
Insurance companies rejoice at the thuds of it
Many are conceived by the fireplaces roar
Many can't believe they haven't closed the store

News channel frenzies
Like snow is an epiphany
Below the equator envies
Snow to some an enemy

Can you hear it as it falls?
The angels are having a pillow fight
Tiny almost frostbiting fingers feel it's sting
Teary eyes and red noses
As some kid throws its first ball
The silence of the snow fall is broken
It's marred with prints of angels and boots
It's stained with Dad's last beer
For a while it was pure
Now it's molded into shapes
Pushed away in mounds
Tainted with salt and sand
Just for a little while it silenced the land

HUMAN FRAILTY

Far be it for me to say but I've made some observations
There's a common bond in humanity in every nation
This bonding quality is diverse as its cultures
It's a common thread more so than human blood is red
I know a man from India who loves to gamble
I know a woman who lies for no reason
We've all met that person who seems to know everything
I have a family member who swears she can sing
A friend of mine who speaks fluent Russian
Can't talk to anyone without touching
Now ask yourself this
have you met anyone that just talks shit?
The ones who have to one up everything you've done
Then there's that one who holds on to the past
They will only converse about the life they had
Let's not forget the showoff's the tell all's
Liars junkies and thieves the company that won't leave
The always asking never giving
The jealous of how you are living
This is quite a list and this barely scratches the surface
My purpose for these verses is to make us see
There's no limit to human frailty or its diversity
We are not racially divided we truly are one
Can you name one race or culture
that's missing from these observations
every country every state every one block community
there's not one populated area excluded see
we are simply human and nothing more
all blood is red when spilt on the floor.

Shareef

Abdur

Rasheed

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The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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>

just can't.,

understand how man mistreats
his fellow man
how he repeats again ' n ' again
there's a evil streak in that my
friend
even though the righteous meek
come up on top in the end
mankind still needs to put a stop
to kill @ will
though i know he never will
of his own accord
it will only be achieved by he who's
known as the mighty lord
of all the world's
he who is most merciful of those
who show mercy
though there is nothing like the
power of his wrath's fury unfurled
he who created mankind and his
world
he only can put a halt to this blood
letting non-stop
fitnah (upheaval, trouble, difficulty, tests)
comes down to the ground thus affects
all around because the laws divinely
laid down are ignored, frowned upon
results even convulse the ground
walked upon
laws introduced, sent down to mankind
without which he wouldn't know right from
wrong

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

wouldn't have a glue, what to do
began a long time ago in the garden
when our father and mother brand new
received new law introduced
then by the whisperer who lurked, seduced
cast down to earth
reduced to mere mortals who's demise lies
imminent at conception through birth
and if, when, how long dem walk the earth
he who was made from another command
"BE" and it was and it remains
this man/woman, mankind from nothing
to something became adversary, rebelled
the likes of which will reside in the hell
consumed in lust, guidance tossed
don't overstand, dem lost!

food4thought = education

Keep it moving along...

while they play the sameo song
after they snuff another ' n ' another
sooo young
watching the one eye beast
i'm seeing young brothers and sisters
still getting hung
even though the rope is lead instead
of thread dem still dead
and the machinery goes right on ahead
and another, and another sister, brother
is dead
it's rapidity puts pity in me
to see the future's progeny buried before
you ' n ' me
because the law only see what color dem
be
and gets the rope and hangs em from the
highest tree
okay yes metaphorically but in real time
literally
look in the cemeteries and see
so it's bullets, nightsticks, flashlights, stun
guns, choke holds
still kill as well as the gallows
where they stood and watched
entertained, guzzlin beer,
peanuts and CRACKERjacks
datz how CRACKERS act

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

and blue uniforms don't chance that
even if the poo poo is black
but that's only cosmetic
while the inside is pathetic
locally, globally carnage,
prophetic

food4thought = education

When

ink dries up, words stop
addressing mankind's ills
protesting senseless kills
manifesting relentless skills
what is left in that dreaded
hour
when no one's there to
speak truth to power?
absence of the word
nonsense, absurd
imagine,
absent, birds in the morning,
absent, words of warning
absent, inspiration heaven sent
absent, voices penetrate silence
blessed with artful science
would be the dream of tyrants
who historically jailed and murdered
poets, thinkers, truth speakers
including prophets anointed
who the creator appointed to
preach to reach truth seekers
in a attempt to silence the " word "
from time memorial weavers of rhyme
historical

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

survived to thrive, remind mankind
with the truth through the " word "
live on oh those who carry the torch
to shed and share light in the eternal
plight to forbid wrong, enjoin right
that the only darkness left would be
night !
word ! live on !

food4thought = education

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, 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 face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions/>

<http://www.InnerChildMagazine.com/The-Community-of-Humanity.php>

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Doorposts

The barrier between
us and them
marked in blood
showing one's self
within
without

The difference between
us and them
language
clothes
height and weight
otherwise indistinguishable
in

The space between
created out of thoughts
beliefs
ways of singing
the present
for generations

The time between
changes more than us
it changes them
so we all
see time and space
and differences as barriers
between

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Yin and Yang

The small circles within
as two swirl
meeting at the edges

A circle of light
inside the darkness
a circle of dark
within the lightness

Pharaoh
Moses
God
not one is just
light or darkness

What is in the cavern
the space between
worry not
about the way forward
nothing
is not already
a circle inside your swirl

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Unleavened

Hurrying to rise
to meet the sky
still sometimes falling flat
at times soaring in richness

Exploring connections
desire to meet the other in peace
still sometimes falling flat
at times soaring in richness

Crossing water
bridge conduits lead to freedom
still sometimes falling flat
at times soaring in richness

Eating from valued land
drinking from the well together
still sometimes falling flat
at times soaring in richness

Ann

J.

White

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm on the shores of Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with four very weird dogs, ten quirky hens and two noisy ducks.

Ann's latest book, *Tails from the Enchanted Cottage* was just released in December of 2015. She is also the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking, Living with Spirit Energy*, and several other non-fiction books. She has been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group with Kimberly Burnham.

You can find her at:

www.ItsACluckingGood.Life

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

Heart Garden

When you fall in love
A giant crater of vulnerability explodes in your soul
In it you plant
the seeds of your heart
the weeds of your past
your hopes and dreams
Storms like a tempest blow your love soil around
Pelting your heart with tiny pains
Waves of passion ebb and flow
Tears of joy and sorrow
sometimes caress your garden
sometimes flood it with tsunamis of sadness
You are never the same
You can't go back
You can only move forward or
wallow in a stagnant mire of what once was
a glorious garden, now overgrown and dark
It is your garden to tend
You decide what seeds will blossom
Will there be worms and willows?
Starlings or sparrows?
Are faeries invited to romp and play?
Will songbirds sing your heart song?
You are the gardener
Will there be rainbows after the storms?
Stars twinkling at night?
Stumbling blocks or stepping stones?
Who is your lover?
Sing your garden alive
It is your song
Your heart beat
Fill your crater with joy
Celebrate your heart garden

The Face in the Mirror

Look into the mirror
Who do you see?
Look deep into your soul
What do you see?
Can you find that young child you once were?
Look harder
Were promises broken?
Tears shed?
Dreams shattered?
Can you talk to that child with your eyes?
With your heart?
With your soul?
What would you say?
Keep looking
Who are you now?
What are your disappointments?
Sorrows?
Joys?
What are you so very proud of?
Can you talk to this person you see?
What would you say?
Can you be amazing?
Grateful?
Loving?
Or are the hurts too deep?
Can they be swept away to uncover your passion?
Your zest?
Your power?
Find your lover in your eyes

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Love your precious self
deep into your soul
When you can
look into your world
Stare into your eyes
Reflect your brilliant flame
You can be love
You are love
Radiate this perfect love

My sweet love

I watch her sleep

Breathing in her innocence

If only I could protect her from the world

She yawns herself awake and snuggles into me

Sharing the beat of our hearts

I gently kiss her head

Her deep dewy eyes open to me in love

She tenderly licks my face

And rolls over so I can caress her sweet belly

As I nuzzle closer

I take in her scent

ahhhh

Puppy breath

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Alfreda
D.

Ghee

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

I was born in Blackstone Virginia. Born one of seven brothers and sisters. Traveled to many different countries being my father was in the Army. I'm a single mother of two amazing boys. I own my own daycare center and I'm working on getting my Massage Therapy License very soon.

I started writing at the end of June in 2011. I had my first book of poetry published in 2012. I'm a firm believer that if you do good then good will consume you and all that you do within life. Throughout my life I must attribute GOD for everything in my life and I am truly grateful for all the HE has given me.....

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alfreda-ghee>

<https://www.facebook.com/alfreda.ghee>

The Rocking Chair

Grandmother sits and rock
Back and forth
While the stars shine in
She tells a story of the days of old
Holding the baby close to her chest
Falling into a deep sleep
Humming as she dreams of peace
Grandmother calls mother
To take the baby and put the baby to bed
All the while grandmother
Is ready to rest her head
Tired, beat and weak from the days work
It's now time for grandmothers feet
To take a seat...
Slowly Grandmother rocks
Sings and pray and wonderful prayer
She fades....
Life goes dim in her eyes
No more strength she is spent
Breath is exhausted from her soul
Grandmother doesn't put up a fight
This feels right
It's time that mother sits
To rock the chair at night
The morning light shines through
But.....No one knows Grandmother is gone....
The chair still rocks
But....Grandmother is no where in sight...

Love Letter

My desire I see them in you
Yet your lust shows in my eyes
You are my sunrise and I am your sunset
Seeing you when I look at myself
Feeling your touch as I dream
Seeing your thoughts,
Though I am not in your mind
Realizing your visions has me included inside
Understanding your words as you speak
softly to my ears
Can't you see my soul hold you close
My spirit can't evade the persuasion of your heart
My heart can't escape the music your soul plays
Don't you see how much I need you
I will drive across mountain
Fly across the heavenly skies
Swim across the open seas
Just to be next to you
I hope this love letter reaches you in time
What will you do?
Now that you know
Will you except this love and let it grow
Or do I need to give you more proof
Of how much I'm in love with you.....

If You

If you want to love me
Put your ego in my Sunday dress
While I make you hum old spiritual hymns
That will make you dance and shout
Clap and stump your feet
To words from my spirits beat

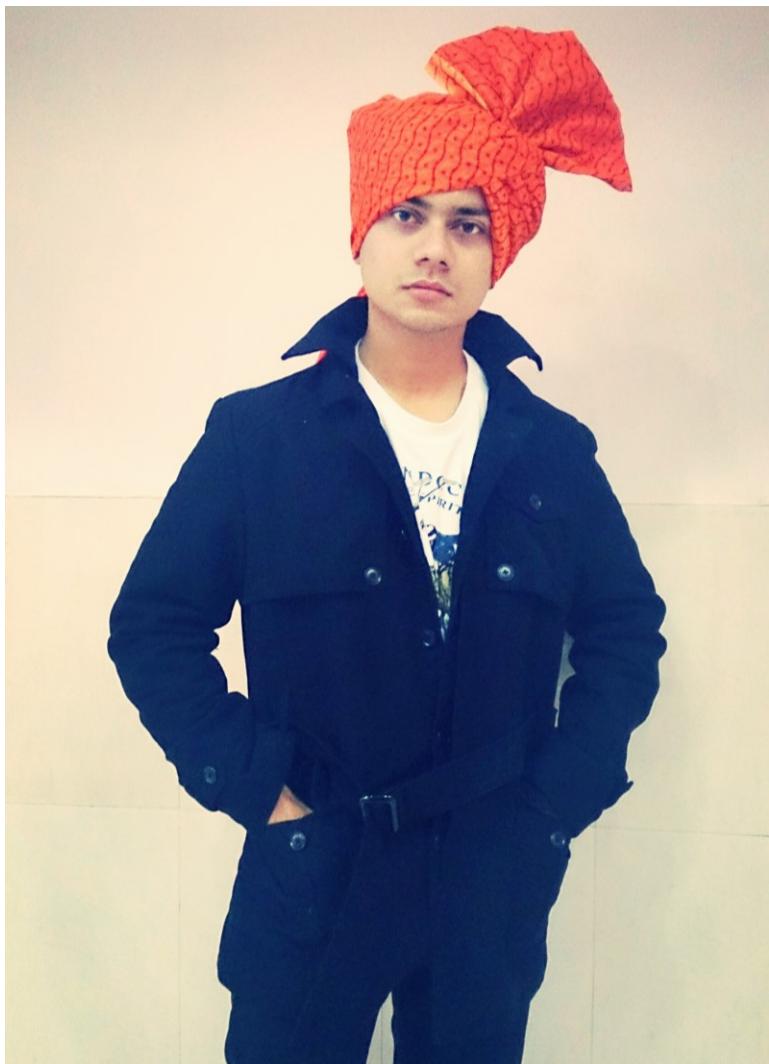
Straddle my pretentious heart
As the door opens and my soul falls out
If you want to comfort my tears
Wipe my spirit clean
Of my impurities
That it has seen

Listen to the symphony
That storms through my soul
It wakes the dead
And revive the lifeless minds
Which never seems to inquire
About how time is made to travel

If you want to love me
Hear me
See me
Share me
Want me
Adore me
Trust me
Desire me
Bring new beginnings to me
But most of all become one with me

*Hrishekesh
Padhye*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

My name is Hrishikesh Padhye. I am the author of two poetry books, entitled ECHOES AND CONSEQUENCES and HYMNS OF ASCENSION. In my mind, I love to be a critical but free thinker. I think our minds are always in the stage of intellectual wear and tear as modifications always fit in the equations having variable desire and destiny. That's how, we are caught amidst the Continuous Evolution.

I consider Poetry to be a bridge that arches between Globe-trotting and Self-discovery. It takes the spirit to higher levels of enlightenment. I think that art is like a nova which is dormant in many human beings, thus ascends someday in some form to enhance the strength of abated spirituality in an individual.

Academically, I am a student studying Civil Engineering, from Government Engineering College in the City of Jabalpur, India. I also love to spend time in meditation, cooking, painting, analysing literary humour, learning different languages, as well as grasping scriptures, while learning more about spirituality. I prefer to be reserved for discovering my deep inside inner-self.

~ Life is an endless tug of war between Strength of Purpose and Height of Ambition

- Hrishikesh

Resurrection

Returning mystique
enigma of darkness
out from the womb
of blackened serenity
carnage arriving
anomaly over-casting
malignant ardour
thou face of untoward
antiquity pervading
malevolence prevailing
toxicity gasping
the quintessence of tenebris
sinister ascension
of gothic pestilence
thou art the ritual itself
ethereal
elemental
elusive
resurrected

Seduction

Morbid hallucinations
Desire obscure
Sacred appetite like Eros empowering
Lechery in plethora malevolent muse
Passion fervent satanic ritual
Sensuous lust conjuring abandoned
Benevolent ascension of malefic fate
Pall of death then manifesting
Spell of temptations is invoked
Infernal climax
Coldness succeeds
Gleam of life vanishes in smokes
Nocturnal game
Loveless abstinence
Morbid
Sacred
Sensuous ..

Quintessence of Lilith

I invoke the nocturnal aura
consuming grace
devouring innocence
passion Insatiable
obscene gloom
venomous serpents
thy toxic adornments
malefic feminine charm
thy blackest offering
thou dark lightning
of ominous skies
malevolent muse
of sensuous tenebris
engulfing life
in pursuit of blood
a sacred web of illusion
thy lifeless embrace
I invoke the nocturnal aura
flux inevitable
ethereal
malefic
feminine
quintessence ...

Fahredin

Şehzade

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A kind of Revelation

When Craft emancipates in Art,

The Art stamps a Seal

When Art emancipates into Theurgy

The Seal disappears

when the Seal disappears

The Revelation manifests as Virgin

WHERE IS THE HEALER?

From the stars
Echoes are bringing your name
To my soul
The sky turned scarlet
As lips of the virgin and
The corrals are necklace releasing
Sounds on every move of yours

From the womb of heaven
A pearl felt in my curved palm
Beneath my feet the earth liquids
Are moving in velocity
As blood in veins of the runner

Who shall heal my headaches and
My right leg hit by a crazy
Taxi driver while I seclude
From the world- waiting to get
The celestial message and
Who shall read my lines?
When Poetry became a mere
Description and taught
As driving license manual

You see when you ignore that
I stand between world and the Worlds
And the Worlds settled
In Heavens and Earth are only
Pitying why I still wander
Among Men

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

When long time ago Men started
Eating flesh and bones of the fellow
And designing man- shape
Out of Mugwort for destroying
Another by sowing this effigy
Under the rooted tree- and
The other sows the beans in the scull
Of Cat- bearing under armpit
With hopes to gain invisibility

Who shall heal my Insomnia?
While I repent for what Men
Does to other and what
The sky has to utter- on long
Night hours
It'll rain for forty days and
In the state of insane Men will
Say: this is our summer
There's no water on the other half
Of the Globe- who shall obey my thirst
For Love since I knocked on
The Door of Knowledge, times and times
Ago- I knocked on the Door of Destiny
Long before I got a Man- shape so
To scare plants and birds when I
 Encroach
 The emerald grass
With the pearl- dews decorated

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Who shall heal my Sciatica
When the cord that binds
To heaven has stretched the nerves
In thousands knots knotted
Waiting the lunar phases pass
By every step- to salute death

My cell phone rings nostalgic bell tune
To remind me the old school
When I queued in line with fellow
Pupils before we jointly enter
The classroom on September the 1st
I must buy milk for my son
In the shop next by- the cell phone
Tells the anger of my wife- as I'm
Absent home
Wandering in the open book of Universe

Who shall heal my heartache?
When I love and it takes me
Away as tornado to dismantle
Each extremity what ages?
Built up throughout aeons

To me remains the question
Are you my healer my Lord?

THE POET

You have learned a subtle difference...
The hair long and beard too- even the thick glass
lenses may create clever but never creative

The Poet is the one who got birth to Love
And out of it creates Universes to co-habit
He in fact reflects what his soul shows- the multitude
Of sigils- the symbols impregnated with entire lives
The one who still create and know how to read symbols
Yet he search to fill and he knows that the word he utters
Is a mere remnant of what the nacre from the fish-skin?
Has reflected from the Ocean of yet to be navigated

All hexes and curses taught by Harut and Marut in
Babylonia
Are evolved into good and evil, yet the Good-will stands
Neutral recalling holy indifference as of Christ- The one
who dies
For a Word is cursed by the Oath and the Dignity-
a paternal Bystander
Proud as Nobles and defeated Kings died in their Throne

I see everyday a Syrian Rue evaporating and
The white Cloak I wear to charge the brass vase
But the Solomon I am not
Pig- face poets- civet Cat odor poetesses and sneaky
Snakes wrapping the pendulum
The empty space assembles a row
Of torture paraphernalia

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

You who claim to be careful reader
Oh poor editor- for God sake
Why do you destroy the line with resembling?
Punctuations to the plague of the Country
We ought to live without asking
Why we are here

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Hülya
N.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Born in Turkey, hülya settled in the U.S. where she earned a Ph.D. in German studies at The University of Michigan. Presently a Penn State liberal arts faculty, yilmaz finds it vital to nurture her passion for creative writing. She authored *Trance, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish* – a platform that welcomed her fluency in literary translation, co-authored *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* (both by Inner Child Press, Ltd.), and contributed to several anthologies with her poems and prose. A licensed freelance writer, hülya has extensive experience as editorial consultant for book-length manuscripts. She currently works as one of the editors for Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Links:

www.writerandeditordryilmaz.com
www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com

Lupercalia

day 1: intrigued

why not ape the Ancient Romans for a change
to celebrate one of their pre-Caesar Feriae instead
aren't chocolates and roses incredibly mundane?
conflicting details rule over the origins anyway
yes there are unknowns about the old era
in fact they are aplenty
which god was honored how or where exactly
who prepared the feasts who then served
or how long those bountiful sacrifices lasted
some insight into the emperor's final months
that Shakespeare versed the refusal of the crown
have however been brought to light for some time
let us therefore take it from there

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

day 2: inquired

the feted deity may have been named after lupus
who is said to have protected herds from wolves
a she-wolf also takes the center stage in a legend
having nursed the twin brothers Romulus and Remus
the story of this fertility rite includes Faunus
who for making cattle fertile was called Inuus
after the sacrifice of a dog and goats
two young Luperci would approach the altar
a bloody knife touching their foreheads
with milk-wetted wool cleaning off the traces
while the fledglings would laugh as required
the sacrificial feast finally having taken place
all priests would cut thongs from animal skin
form two groups and run around the Palatine hill
any woman nearby would be struck with the thongs
in the hope of making her fertile

enough reason to leave Ancient Rome...

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

day 3: disengaged

Valentinus the martyr
perhaps was about two different men
St. Valentine
possibly a temple priest
another Valentine
aiding Christian weddings
yet one more Valentine the Bishop of Terni
all martyred by Claudius II
St. Valentine of Rome
strictly for modern times' Valentine's Day
even a Pope Valentine...

patron saints of beekeepers
guardians of the lives of lovers
protectors of engaged couples
defenders of happy marriages
armed with special forces to intervene
with fainting epilepsy and even plague

Chaucer may have invented the day
in 14th century with "Parliament of Foules"
a poem linking February 14 to courtly love
and St. Valentine's feast day festival
birds and humans should with a mate unite...

what was the initial claim again
about chocolates and roses being mundane?

Teresa

E.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

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

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

Winter Desert Moments

The desert chill is a hard tease today.
Cold air streams flirt with the sparse panorama.
Sunshine shoots heat waves from a blue sky,
invites the clouds to roam.

We trespass through the sleeping sage
headed for a grove of juniper
just below a picturesque boulder field.
I sigh in reverence for the winter desert.

A 360 degree view stretches to distant
mountains and mesas in the open space.
A greater blissful massage
would be hard to find in this moment.

A petrified tree trunk
frozen with history
entertains my thoughts
as my boots rub the sand.

A hawk interrupts my reverie,
flies just above my reach.
It is an honor to see winged flight forage
for nourishment across the landscape.

We hike the winter desert,
share a common bond,
love for this piece of earth,
respectfully caught in its grip.

My Thoughts

My thoughts grow like seedlings,
shake off the winter sand,
peep above the soil,
spiral toward the sun's warmth.

Spider branches and vines
overweight with green
greet a blue sky,
prepare for the color burst of spring.

And my thoughts burst into
words in the flavors of spring.
wandering in the four directions
on the skirts of the wind.

Waves of sound seek the ears of sleepers,
deliver bouquets of words
to raise sluggish bodies
out of winter contemplation.

Circle on the Wind

Permit me to introduce myself,
A tender heart beats for you,
rolls out the sky blue carpet,
layers it with iris petals
to receive your golden step,
wait to greet your hazel eyes in midair.
I am a circle on the wind.

Floating in rhythms that blend with yours,
your roughness charms me on my high days
a piercing sword on my low days.
But I always loved seesaws.
May I come play with you?
I am a circle on the wind.

I walk in a village of ponderosa.
The birds offer songs for you.
The trees spread fragrant vanilla
and butterscotch in the air.
Come walk with me.
I am a circle on the wind.

Fall holds a gathering
of my love and despair
bursting from the wounds
you inflict with words.
May I put my arms around you,
feel the warmth of your gentle hug.
I am a circle on the wind.

*Demetrios
Trifiatis*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Demetrios Triafitis was born in Greece, studied philosophy in Canada. Post-graduate studies, Univessite de Montreal. In 1976 became Canadian citizen. Taught philosophy. Involved in humanitarian and peace organizations. Retired.

Poet and writer. Speaks: Greek, English, French and German. Candidate for the Greek and the European parliaments. Has traveled around the world.

Mother of All Evils

You,
Hard-of- hearing,
Dweller of darkness,
Mother of all evils:
Ignorance!

You, who are unable
To hear the truth,
Even though it is spoken
Through the mouth of thunder,
But who easily discern
The fainting whispers
Of monstrous lies!

Why don't you open for once
Your detrimental prison
Of calamitous darkness,
And allow luminous knowledge
To establish its dominion of peace
For the sake of a suffering humanity?

The Thunder of War

The thunder
Of the countless cannons of war
Has rendered humanity deaf.

Thus, it is unable today
To hear the cries of the innocent
Whom death claims every day.

Humanity's Curse

Last night, I listened
To the shrilling winds of history,
Telling me tales from centuries past,
Horrifying stories of hate,
Suffering and destruction,
Of killings unending,
Tortures untold,
Unimaginable pain,
Of rivers of blood,
Seas of tears.

All works of the appalling war.

I asked myself:
Isn't it about time
Humanity overthrew the reign of this wrathful tyrant,
This soulless dynast of human consciousness,
This relentless torturer of loving hearts,
This destroyer of dreams and aspirations
Of so many generations of the innocent?

Hasn't the hour come yet
To put an end to the misery of war?

How many more centuries have to pass
For us to stand up and fight this monstrous slayer?

How many more countries have to be destroyed?

How many genocides have to take place
Before we are ready to bar hatred,
Ease suffering,
Stop the destruction,
End the killings,

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Eliminate the tortures,
Alleviate the pain,
Dry the rivers of blood and
Evaporate the seas of tears?

Aren't we ready yet
To say enough to agony,
To fear,
To death
But yes to care,
To compassion,
To universal concord?

What are we waiting for
To erect the structures of understanding?

What will it take
To make us pave the highways of friendship?

What more do we need
To build the bridges of love and compassion?

Let us create now the highways and the bridges
That will help us eliminate our differences,
Resolve our disputes,
Find solutions to our problems,
Give answers to questions
That have haunted humanity since its birth.

Thus, at last, we will glorify God and Man alike
By establishing the kingdom of blessed peace on earth
From this moment onward into eternity.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Stan

W.

Jankowski

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Alan W. Jankowski is the award winning author of well over one hundred short stories, plays and poems. His stories have been published online, and in various journals including Oysters & Chocolate, Muscadine Lines: A Southern Journal, eFiction Magazine, Zouch, The Rusty Nail, and a few others he can't remember at the moment. His poetry has more recently become popular, and his 9-11 Tribute poem was used extensively in ceremonies starting with the tenth anniversary of this tragic event...

http://www.storriesspace.com/forum/yaf_posts538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx

He currently has one book out on Inner Child Press titled "I Often Wonder: a collection of poetry and prose." It is available directly from Inner Child at this link...

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>

When he is not writing, which is not often, his hobbies include music and camera collecting. He currently resides in New Jersey. He always appreciates feedback of any kind on his work, and can be reached by e-mail at: Exakta66@gmail.com

I Offered You My Heart And My Soul

I wish it could be different,
I wish there was another way,
If only for the sake of your children,
I would have liked to stay.

I came into your life a few years back,
When you were looking for a man,
I've tried to help anyway I could,
But I've done all that I can.

Your kids took to me from the start,
And they always called me 'Dad.'
You even told me more than once,
That I was the best they ever had.

But you just used me from the start,
And there were signs along the way,
Cheating and lies, barely disguised,
It was the same thing every day.

I just can't go on wasting my life,
Giving you my best years,
Too many nights I ended up alone,
Lord knows I've shed some tears.

Your daughter's at a tender age,
And I hate to make her cry,
It'll be years before she understands,
Why it has to be goodbye.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Tell your son I'll miss him,
And tell your daughter too,
I'll have to say very frankly,
I hope they don't turn out like you.

I offered you my heart and soul,
And you left it on a shelf,
The time has finally come to pass,
For me to take care of myself.

Don't bother trying to look for me,
For I'll have somebody new,
The one thing I can say for sure,
Is that someone won't be you.

Your Eyes

All that we have been through,
All the time we shared.
The good times and the bad,
It always seemed you cared.
Now you're growing distant,
Starting to tell lies.
You're starting to go away from me,
I can see it in your eyes.

We used to love together,
Love like we were one.
Now we are apart,
Our love has come undone.
I thought we'd be together,
Make the perfect pair.
Always thought you'd be there,
Always thought you'd care.
Now I'm left with questions,
A thousand whats and whys,
You are no longer mine,
I can see it in your eyes.

I'm left with only memories,
Of good times that used to be.
A thousand laughs and smiles,
Will always stay with me.
But never again will I feel your arms,
Holding me at night.
Or experience your charms,
Or savor your delight.
You walk away and leave me,
We say our sad goodbyes,
Never to come back,
I can see it in your eyes.

Hearts Beat As One

When people ask me how we met,
I never tell them on the net,
'Cause people just don't understand,
What happens in this cyber land,
But it's love for me and you,
A love that is oh so true,
Although I long to hold you tight,
Hold you near with all my might,
I pray for you upon a star,
Even though you are so far,
And though I long for your touch,
I dream about you very much,
In another time and place,
I could probably see your face,
And we could sit and share the wine,
But you have yours and I have mine,
And though you cannot be so near,
I hold your image very dear,
And so I give you all my heart,
Even though we are apart,
And though you have two and I have none,
Our hearts are together and beat as one.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Anna
Jakubczak
ves

Batty Adasan

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. She is young Polish poet and the main editor of E-Magazine “Horizon”. She is a student on Journalism and Social Communication at the University in Szczecin. She collaborates with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines.

Her poems were included in five American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2015” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House, Avenue U Publications”. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styia 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”.

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Insatiable

They believed that the world
has been swallowed by them
could be masticated the time
and dripped with immortality.

They acknowledged
that this not their God had created
and they created God on their similarity.
There are as kites released windward,
like silent before the storm.

They still are insatiable
not of the knowledge
but force of
authority
and green papers

They are We
lost in
our uncontrollable desires

Impression

Yesterday track were there,
Grass – a little other plants.
There was a pond which became alive
touching by the stone.
Today there is a shop,
a few houses in neighbourhood...
There aren't the track, grass,
and any plants or pond
and me also, as if no longer was

I am like *the written deer*
in erasing forest.

Wolverine

I'm planing libretto
next to your grave
about *fleur du mal*
of third act

Breathe with
intervals of spacetime
blessed
tamed

by changing dur-moll
my *lady red*

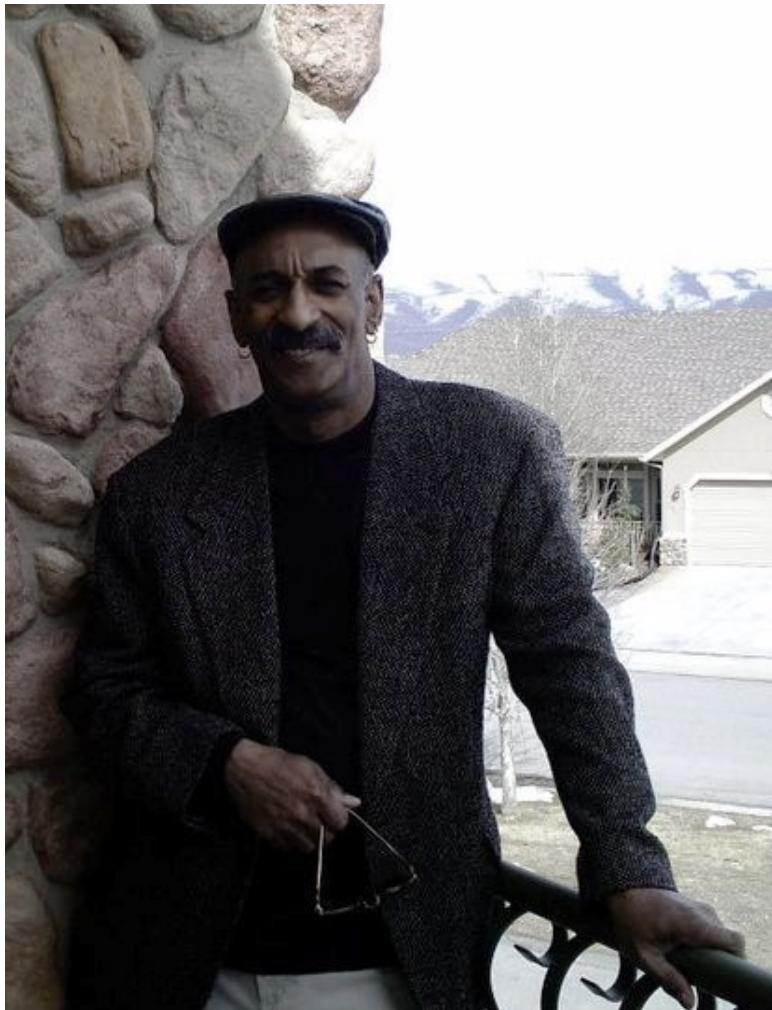
and (un)happy love is melting
adamantium

William

J.

Peters Jr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 35 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

Tommy was a Good Kid

Tommy wasn't a bad kid
just a bit disconnected
like most kids are these days

there really was no one to talk to
no one who could relate
to what he was feeling inside
and no one who could explain it to him

you see
Mom was doing the best she could
she was fighting her own demons
never enough money
no man

Dad gave his life to . . .
his country ?
over in Afghanistan
killing people
for no apparent reason
getting killed
for no apparent reason

there were plenty of guys
coming around
but mom,
she wasn't having that

the other kids on the block
in the hood
neighborhood that is
were handling their biz

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

but Tommy
he wasn't about those things
they were doing

and though Tommy was not much for Church
it seemed like it was the only place
he could go every once in a while
a be alone
there were a lot of lonely people there
maybe that is why they went there in the first place
because they could not face the world outside
so they went there to hide
and blamed it on Jesus

Tommy, he saw the game
and every time that Preacher shouted
in the Name of Jesus
they would either pass the plate
begging for money
calling it offerings and tithes

they had it all figured out
shout a little
a few Amens
and that is the formula
on how they put it down
again and again

Yeah, Church was entertaining
but it was not sustaining anything
for Tommy
it was just another game
with a few misplaced names

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

out on the block
Tommy's peers
were on the clock
slangin' that thang
that Ying and that Yang
that made people forget
what life was really about
you know
the struggle
of day by day
putting up
with all this false bullshit
what the hell was life about anyway
Tommy wondered

Tommy tried it a while
but Tommy wanted so much more
his style was not their style
Tommy could not relate

School ..
Tommy was a smart kid too
but what the fuck would Algerbra
and Mrs. Garenda's Science class
do for you
or me Tommy thought

was life all about money
and things ?
Tommy had questions
but who had answers

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

sure many people thought they did
but when Tommy
surveyed and examined their lives
they didn't have nothing
discernable going on
nothing Tommy would want
or that was sustainably meaningful to him

so what the fuck do you want Tommy
he would often ask himself
but again
the answers never came
and Tommy remained
disconnected
like so many other Tommys out there
and Marys too

Now what are we going to do
now that Tommy is dead

Headlines :
14 Year Old Youth Takes Gun to School
Kills 13 and takes own Life

Tommy was a Good Kid

for he was

he died without notice,
which was the same way he lived

he left no footprints in the garden
but yet,
he sowed many a seed
and yielded many a harvest
that others may eat

his legacy was filled bellies,
smiles upon the faces of the children
and the peace of his soul,
was not disturbed

the wind knew his name
and whispered its enchantments softly
in his ears
through the meadow, through the wood

the leaves of the trees
celebrated his coming
and his going
with a rustling applause
for they too knew him
and of his silent grace

the stars of the night's heavens
twinkled with promise
which was reflected in his eyes
for all to behold

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

pride abhorred him,
and he was alright with that
for he was born without ego
and never had occasion
to measure his self worth

he lived a life of duty
unto life
and that was enough

the rising sun embraced him daily
and before it set each night
it tucked him in
to that place where children dreamed

birds sang for him
crickets cricketed
and he suffered not
the lack of breath

gratefulness was not to be measured
for his each heartbeat
was a rhythm
that spoke of the vast providence
of creation
and its endless possibilities
found within the realm of stillness

he died without notice,
which was the same way he lived

he left no footprints in the garden
but yet,
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The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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and of his silent grace

the stars of the night's heavens
twinkled with promise
which was reflected in his eyes
for all to behold

for he was . . .

oh my America

oh my America,
what is happening to you ?

are you having flashbacks
to the way it used to be ?
do you miss those days of
all the undertones
of your barbarism and unquestioned partisanship
where the privilege was for the few
who looked like you

where are the natives this time
you seek to slaughter ?
are we them . . . does
Amerikkka truly eats it's young

America, American
is a stew of peoples
from all walks of life,
all ethnicities,
all religions
and pigments too . . .
it was never meant
for the pig to rule . . .
the farm

i call this my America,
but that is not true,
for the earlier residents were evicted
from their homes
by any means necessary
this was done by you
for you think is America
is all about you . . . alone

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

though it is not true

if we are to learn from our history
your story,
there is but one conclusion . . .
you are ill,
and have been since your inception,
and you play the game of deception,
claiming innocence,
and the global God given right
to do as you please,
so please be honest
this time around.
for your own future sanity
put aside your deluded inanity

the nuts are now running
the asylum,
giving asylum to none

they are playing an intoxicating melody
upon the strings of your fears
with no harmony to be found,
and the chorus sings
“what goes around, comes around”

i would be fearful too . . .
better seek some forgiveness
quickly . . . before it is too late,
otherwise your fate . . .
is sealed

hiding your bias and bigotry
behind the can of alphabet soups
such as NSA, DEA, FEMA, CIA, FBI,
and on and on and on

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

you establish agendas
that your buddies may control the world of us all
while you sow seeds of discord
on both sides of the fence . . .

the grass never gets greener
under your watch . . .
all is but illusion,
a 3 card molly,
and the rich are jolly,
and you too
the politician,
the man in blue
are their pawns
from dusk to dawn
and back again

oh my America,
we all have died for you,
vied for you,
lied to ourselves . . .
for you,
and now we cry for you,
for you are now the dying one
lying in the gutter
awaiting your fate . . .
but it's not too late . . . yet

oh my America
oh my America
oh my America

you have allowed your image
to be tarnished
in your vain name
by those same lame hypocrites
and power mongers

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

who say they do this for you . . .

if you knew the truth,
which i suspect you truly do,
you would have to laugh
at the ludicrousness of it all . . .

you the protector of democracy,
the biggest offender
of it all,
and human rights . . . right
domestically
and abroad
can you hear them calling
to be rid of you ?

when those famous words were penned.
“we the people”,
what people were you speaking of ?
did it include me, you,
or just the few
whom we do not know
any longer ?

oh my America,
oh my America,
oh my America

i pray some day
you will recognize your illness . . . soon
and regurgitate the poisons
you have swallowed
before the whole world
becomes your enemy
and seeks your demise

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

oh my America,
oh my America,
oh my America

it is my America too
and i am in line
right after the Indigenous ones
whom you slaughtered,
and stole the land
while making demands
that they acquiesce
to treaties
based upon your terms
which you never intended to keep

lies, lies, lies, lies
we too died for your lies

oh my America,
oh my America,
oh my America
we who still have our sanity
weep for you

oh my America,
oh my America,
oh my America

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February
2016

Features

~ * ~

Anthony Arnold
Anna Chalasz
De'Andre Hawthorne

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

*Anthony
Arnold*

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

Anthony Arnold, raised by his grandmother in a little town called Quincy in Florida, wrote his first piece in the third grade and fell in love with writing ever since that moment; writing has become a comfort and a mainstay to keep him focused.

Writing gives Anthony the ability to educate those that have no clue about the things that African Americans have faced and writes of things that will never be taught in schools.

He has a desire to show the younger generation that we are much more than what society has labeled us! And to let them know they have come from.

A humble man that uses poetry to express what he hears, thinks and passionately feels, Anthony invites you to join him on his poetic journey.

Charleston

In a house of god, where generations grew
Where men, women and children worship
A vile evil was unleashed
A devil had his way

Or so he thought

The opposite took place on that evening
Instead of a division of the races
People came together
To rid themselves of a common blight

They say it's a sign of history
Of our boys who fell
It's also a sign of burning crosses
Hanging ropes, and cries in the night

Black, white, red or brown
We all have to live, to survive
All of our lives matter
Will we ever get along?

Dr. King said once said something that we may have forgotten
And I share his words here, that we may remember
That we may all remember
And learn

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

"We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children."*

Nine lives were taken that night
Nine children were called home
Nine angels were given their wings
Nine souls joined the rolls of the ancestors

*Taken from MLK'S speech in Washington DC 1963

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

What's going on...again?

Again we go down the road less traveled
People dropping like flies with no answers
First it was Trayvon, slaughtered without reason
Now it's Sandra, hung in a cell

What's going on?

No one's immune from this
Not you, not me
Not the oval office, nor the homeless
Not even a princess of 22

What's going on?

Put in a van only to die
Put in a jail cell only to die
The way of our ancestors
Chained. Only to die

A year ago mike died
Don't shoot I'm unarmed
The bulls eye was raised
Open season was declared

Police on black, black on black
Take your pick
Either way someone's gunning
Maybe you make it, maybe you don't

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

Left in a cell, with no one to see
A life taken, self-inflicted they say
But how do you hang
A 6ft woman from a 5ft bar?

You tell me

What's really going on?

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

Hear my cry

Hello? Is anyone there? Hello?
Can you help me?
I'm not supposed to be dead
Please hear my cry

How? Why did this happen?
All this from a traffic stop.
Because I stated my rights
Now I'm cold and gone?

Dragged and thrown to the ground
Knee pressed in my back
All because a cop lost it,
Threatened to light me up

Over a cigarette

They say I committed suicide
Why would i? My life was ahead of me
New job, new location
Why would I throw it all away?

Only I know the answer, but I can't tell
I hope that someone will find it
As I look and watch over, I hope someone

Hears my cry.

RIP Sandra Bland
1987-2015

Anna

Għasasz

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

Anna Wanda Chalasz - was born 7 March 1990 in Trzcianka (Poland), young Polish poet. She have written since when she had 13 years old, thanks for her teacher who suggested that she should to begin to develop her literary workshop on the poetical websites. Results of it she self-published her debut collections of poetry: "The smile scraped on the heart" (2010) and "Under eyelids" (2012). Her poems was included in two anthology – charity "Helpful word" (2014) and "The Year of The Poet II" (2015) published by Published House "Inner Child Press". In meanwhile she collaborates with schools in her hometown within the framework of meetings with poetry. She is the member of the jury in the reciter contests. She is the author of two schools anthems. From collaborate with Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan poet from Szczecin became her participated in new media-project E-Magazine "The Horizon of Szczecin". Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan was translator of Anna Chalasz poems which was published in the anthology "The Year of the Poems II".

Poetry has been translated by:
Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan

Double dissociation

I am depend on you
our worlds coexist
in Siamese unity
feeding on each other

how can I say to the world
that the fear wakes me up

when you release my
from responsibility
and you live by yourself
with your name
which is easier to say

at least
one of us
sleep the whole night
in the subconsciousness
hating the mirrors

but they aren't silly
(have seen a lot)
they know the secrets
nooks of looks
will unscramble the mystery
with the refraction of light

they know we both
are living on the same mind

We border the possibility
and don't believe
in reality

Enthrallment

I wish to captivate
the wind for a moment

even if it's dumb
unable to love
it has it more than me

touching you unpunished
and without explanation
it deride all mine
untaken attempts

I wish to captivate
the wind for one moment
to approach and feel
listen how you live

let it go
all the ends of beyond
I will accept it without fear
you will be abreast

Unity

We have scars on hands
and in our words

snicked quickly to not be able to cry
it's elevated not to hurt us

we are going to display
against them and opened eyes
in which there is no bloody sacrifice
although they have to accept it

you're shouting -
so I stopped
we are not that kind of people
that we have to run away

Our “together”
Is any redemption
but it has waited until dawn
And silence

De'Andre
Hawthorne

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

De'Andre Hawthorne aka Blaq Ice is an award winning international Spoken Word Life Artist and the President and Founder of the International P.O.E.T organization, an artist/activist movement. The works of this amazing artist does not end with music and poetry. He has created scholarships for children who otherwise may not be able to attend college. Blaq Ice started The Tyrone Hawthorne Cancer Foundation in memory of his son that was lost to cancer. While most of us can't even imagine the pain of losing a child; He took the only good that could come from it, saving another. Of greater substance than any physical item, is the hope that he brings to lives to children and adults alike. It's inspirational to see him speak to children at schools. He tells them more about what they can do, than what they can't. This alone puts this extraordinary man in a class all of his own.

LORD I NEED U

I once saw the world through Mom's eyes
And it was beautiful, full of love and hope
But this pain is just 2 hard 2 cope with
I feel so empty inside, Lord I need U

And Lord although I thank all the prayers
From all the people U sent through
Lord, right now, I need U

I still feel as though I'm going 2
Wake up from this bad dream
It's like the same scene stuck on repeat
I can't sleep, I can't eat

I feel cheated, Lord why me?
My family has already experienced
So much tragedy

And I know the suffering she endured
The doctor's visits, the pills, the surgery
And the trips 2 the emergency
I still feel a sense of urgency, anxiety

I got all this nervous energy
Bottled up inside of me
When my momma left, she took a piece of me
I'm Hyperventilating, I can't breathe, I just want peace

And Lord I know nothing happens without
your permission or what U allow
And I know earth has no sorrow, that heaven can't heal
Well heaven I need U right now

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

I'm trying 2 be strong
But Lord this is 2 much 4 me
I can't do this alone

Lord I need U

Restore my soul, heal me, make me whole
Fill this hole with your grace and mercy
Rain down your blessings
Cover my family

I trust U Lord

And I thank U
Not just 4 what U have already done
But 4 what you are gonna do
Father I surrender 2 U

Momma I love U
Never once heard U complain
Or ask why U, I'm so proud of U

I hope that one day I will live 2 be
Half the woman God made U 2 be
And If can't I promise U I'll be
The woman, God has attended me 2 be

Dedicated and written for Queen Passion
Who loss her Mother, May she rest in Peace

DO U STILL CARE

I remember, once I had your heart
At least until everything began 2 fall apart
It was last March

That's when things started 2 unravel
Arguments became more like battles
Assumptions became factual
And the truth like lies

Tempers would rise at the smallest things
We looked liked the perfect couple in public
But behind the scenes

It was like an open soar
We tried 2 cover the wounds in front of our friends
But U never know whats going on
Behind closed doors

It seemed liked the more we tried 2 make it work
Further apart we grew
Baby what was I suppose 2 do
What do u do when the one U love
No longer loves u

I felt totally neglected
And I never expected 4 a love that was
Once so strong 2 become so hectic
With massive blows 2 my ego
From the disappointment of being rejected

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

Yet til this day I never got over u
And 2 see u now makes me appreciate
U even more, it's funny because
I didn't know how much I missed u

What ever the issues were between us
Are they beyond repair
Cause I got a love 4 U that will never die
And there's a part of me deep inside
That wonders

Do U Still Care

Baby I'm ready 2 play 4 keeps
And I love u way beyond belief

U speak 2 my heart in a language
That only I understand
I can only try 2 comprehend

These emotions, they rage like oceans
Of thoughts and dreams
I miss it when we both played on the same team

U bring my dreams 2 life
And Being with u, I don't have 2 think 2wice

I miss the days when U use 2 call me your man
It's seems like a lifetime has passed
Looking through the hour glass
Watching the sands

Pass through
And I don't want another day 2 pass
Without me telling U, I love

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

Baby What is Ice without U, just cold
And what is my life without u, on hold

Stagnant, when u left
U left my heart broken in fragments

Baby help me put the pieces back together
Come back and replace this stormy weather
With a Rainbow, I'm not the same old
Man I use 2 be and that's because you've changed me
Baby please, come back and claim me

Help me 2 reclaim my sanity
No more vanity, together we make a perfect pair
And all that I am asking right now is
Do U still care?

As of Yet

He's done so much
And words are not enough 2 express
How thankful i am for his grace
He's given me a gift that i could never replace
My mindset was once stuck in a place

That placed me in a space so dark and deep
That i couldn't see him, i needed 2 breath him
So he released me from myself given me freedom

That day that old man in me died
So that the new man in me could live
My old life was sacrificed
Giving me a chance at a new life

He saw pass the pain and hurt
Uncovered the dirt from my past life
I came this close 2 death 2wice
And u spared my life

I owe u, u never ignored me
Even times i ignored u
And the things you've done 4 me
U didn't have 2
U chose 2

And despite my transgressions
U still continue 2 rain down ur blessings
This is my confession

I'm learning to be the man
I'm destined to be

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016

And 4 all of u who question me
Be patient, there's a lot more in me
He ain't finished with me, as of yet

Today is a new day and i pray
That tomorrow is even better
Brighter, that this heavy load gets lighter

I am a survivor
Inspired by god's mercy
Knowing that everything
He's blessed me with
Was undeserving

Serving him and him alone
Hoping one day there's a crown
Coming my way and a throne

Reaching 4 all those that are lost
Knowing that there's a place 4 us all
But 1st we have to bear our own cross

There is no way that i could ever repay u
So the best thing 4 me to do
Is spread ur word,
Give me the strength and the nerve to serve

And i might not be where i want to be
But i'm just glad i'm not where i use 2 be
There's more to come, i'm still not done

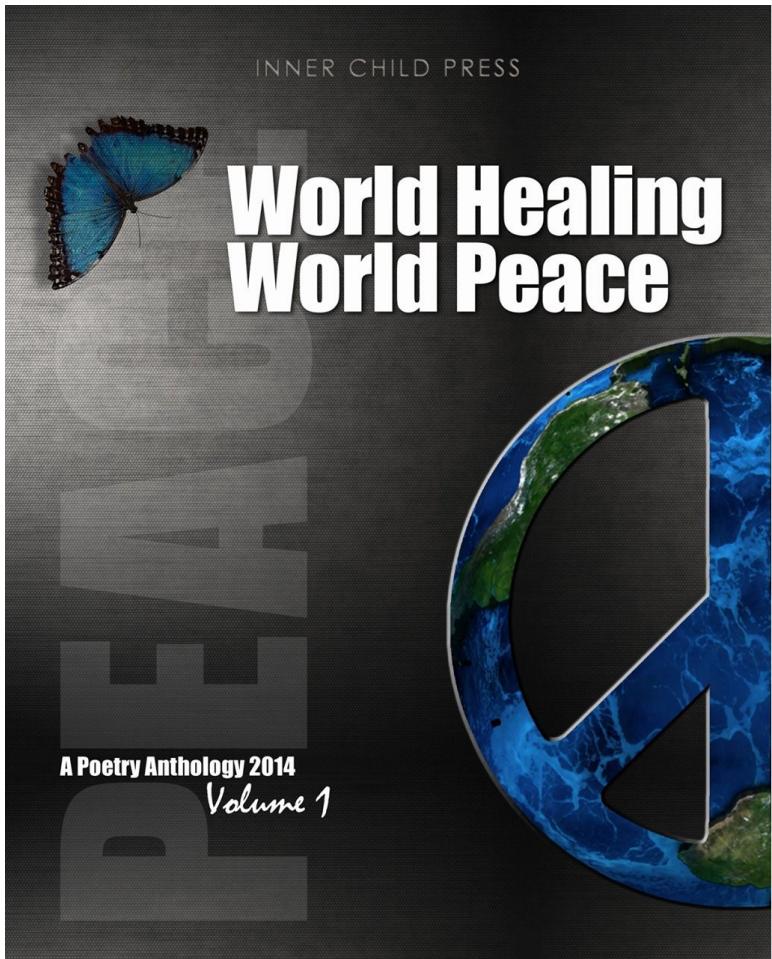
As of yet

*Other
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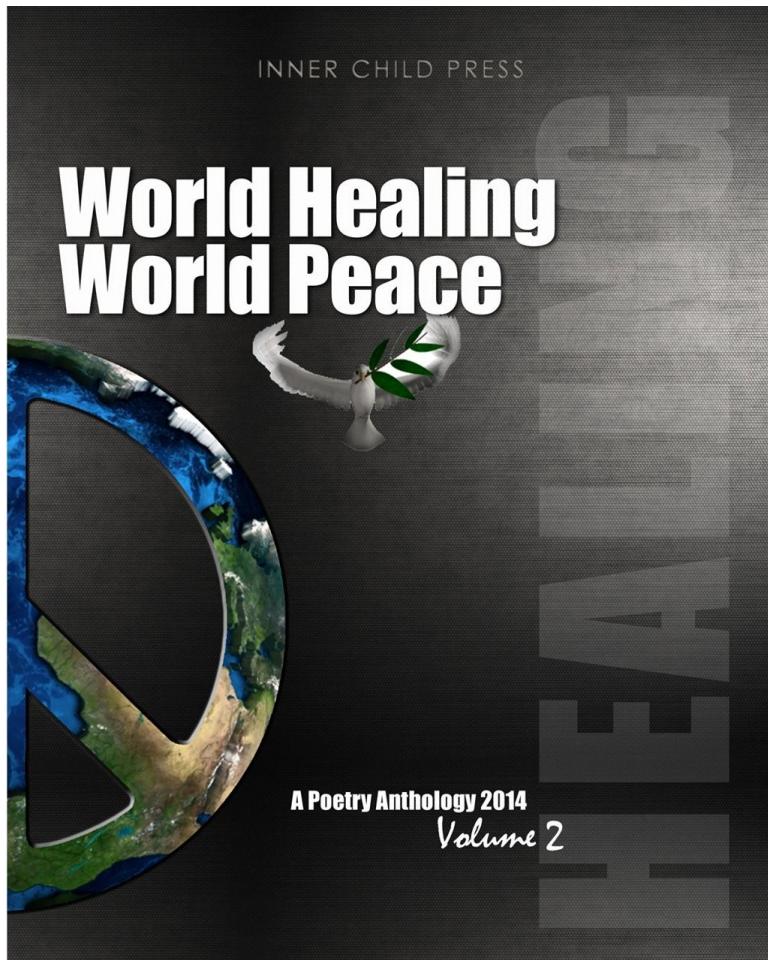
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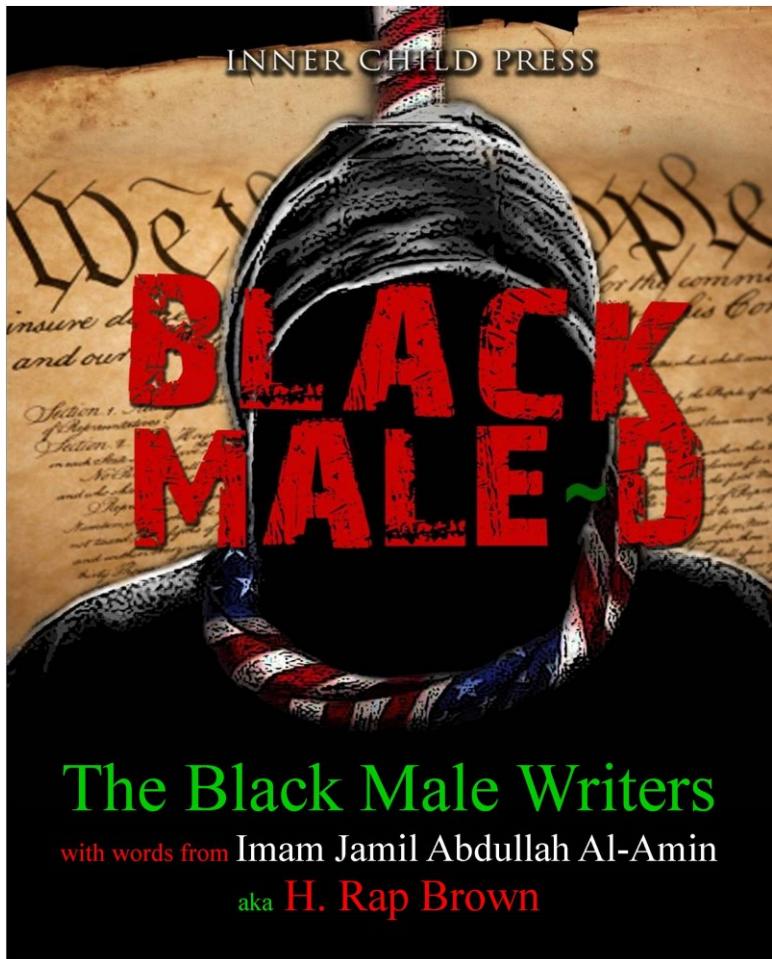
A Poetry Anthology 2014

Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalasz

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Krishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdzlan * Shareef Abdur-Rashheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ron J. White

Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifilatos * Alan W. Jankoaski

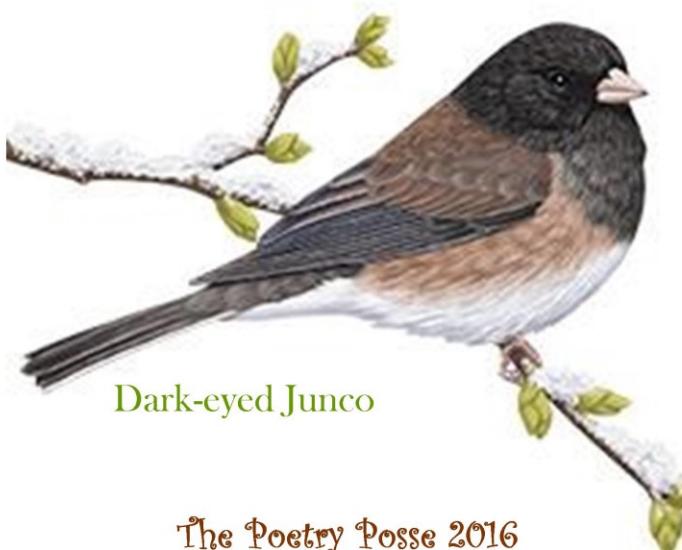
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The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalen * Ann J. White
Fahredin Shehu * Krishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Keith Alan Hamilton
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatous * Alan W. Jankowski
Teressa E. Gillion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

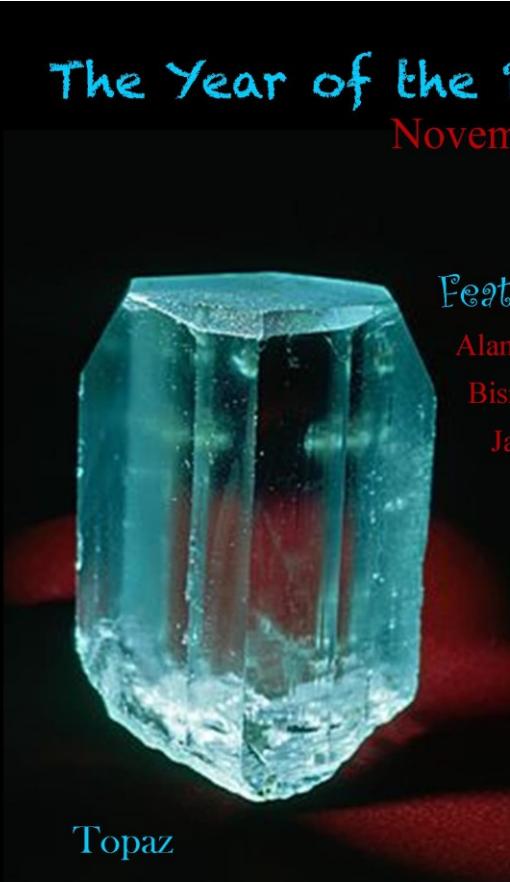
The Year of the Poet II
November 2015

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore



Topaz

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

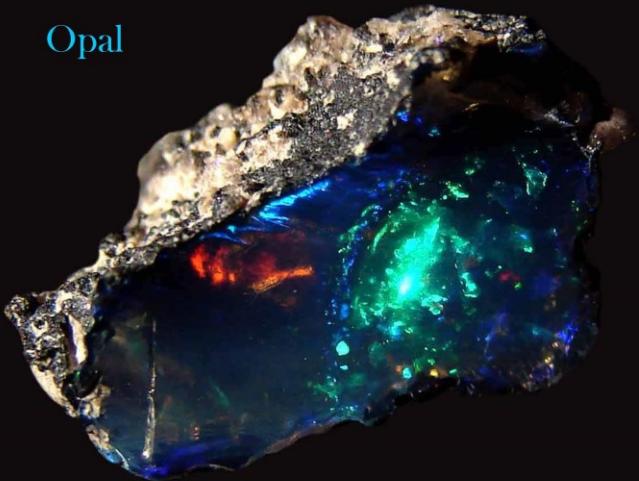
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

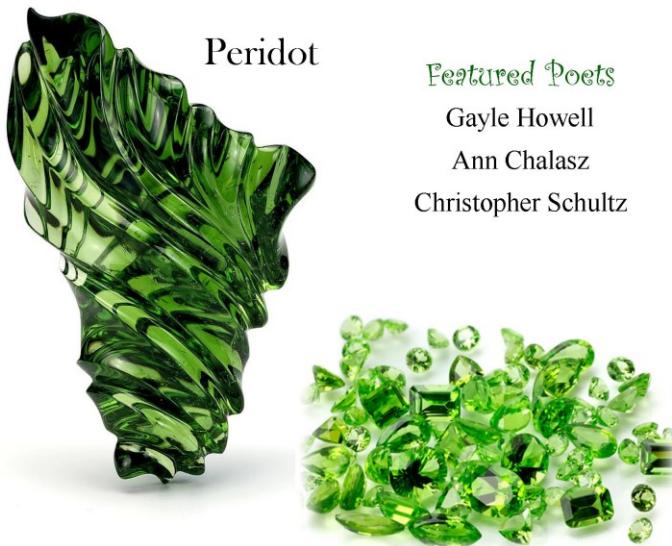
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Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalasz

Christopher Schultz

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Geri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams • Dennis Ferado • Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET II January 2015



Garnet

The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt* WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

The Year of the Poet

September 2014



September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Posse

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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

Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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

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

Gill Weston Shazor

Albert 'Infinite' Corrasco

Siddartha Beth Pierce

Janet P. Caldwell

Jane Bugg Barefield

Debbie M. Allen

Tony Henninger

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer

Robert Gibbons

Neetu Wall

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham

William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert Infinite Corrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wal
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

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

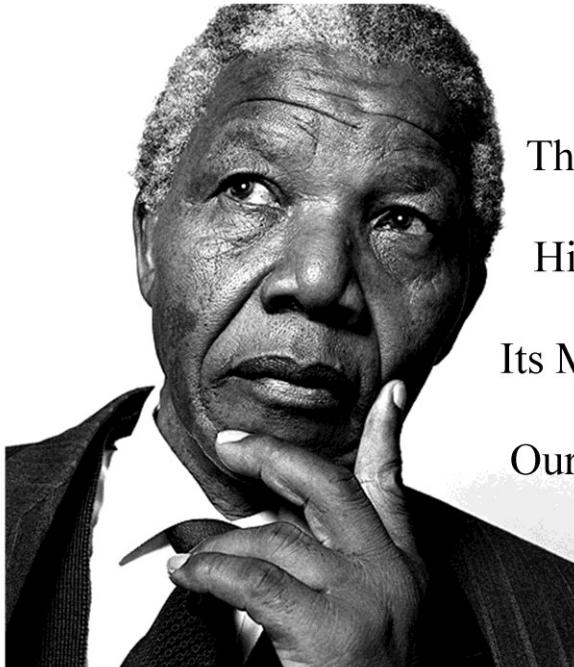
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

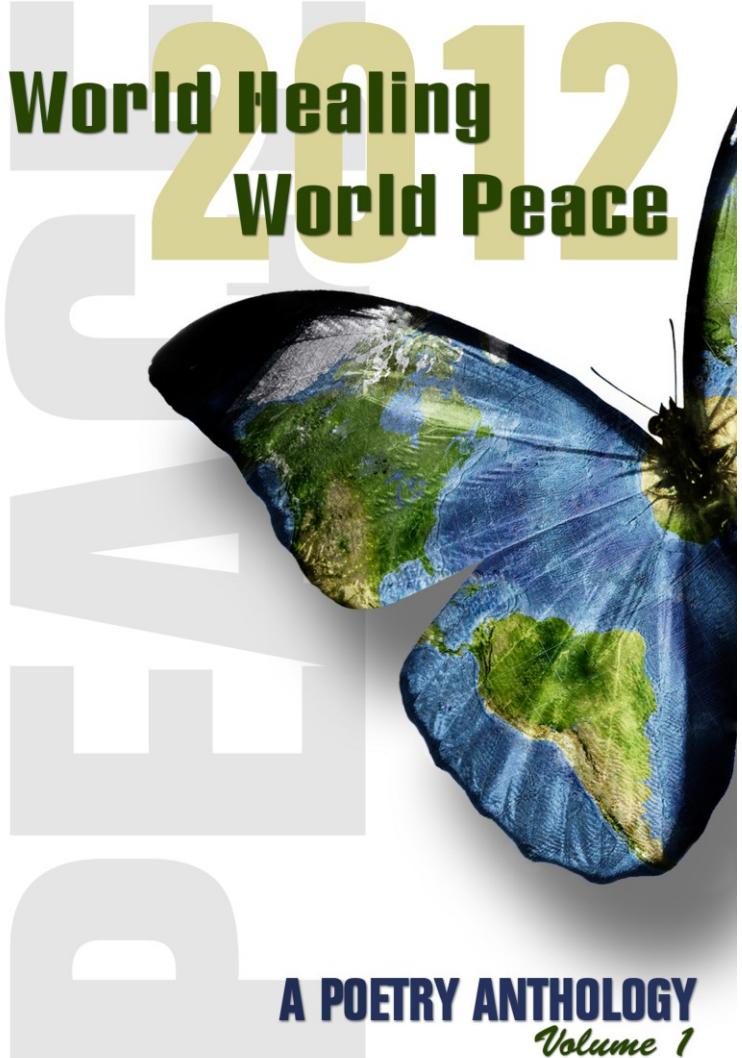
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A GATHERING OF WORDS



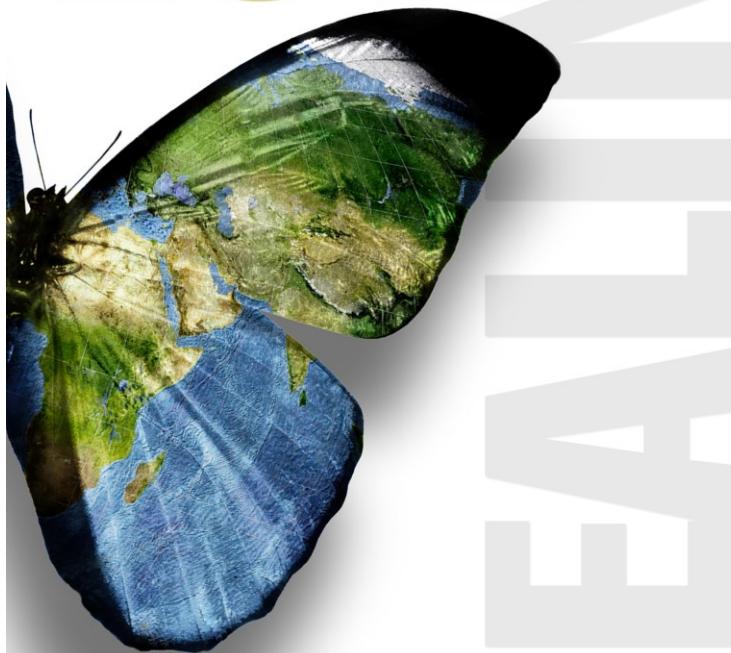
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FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN

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2012 World Healing World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

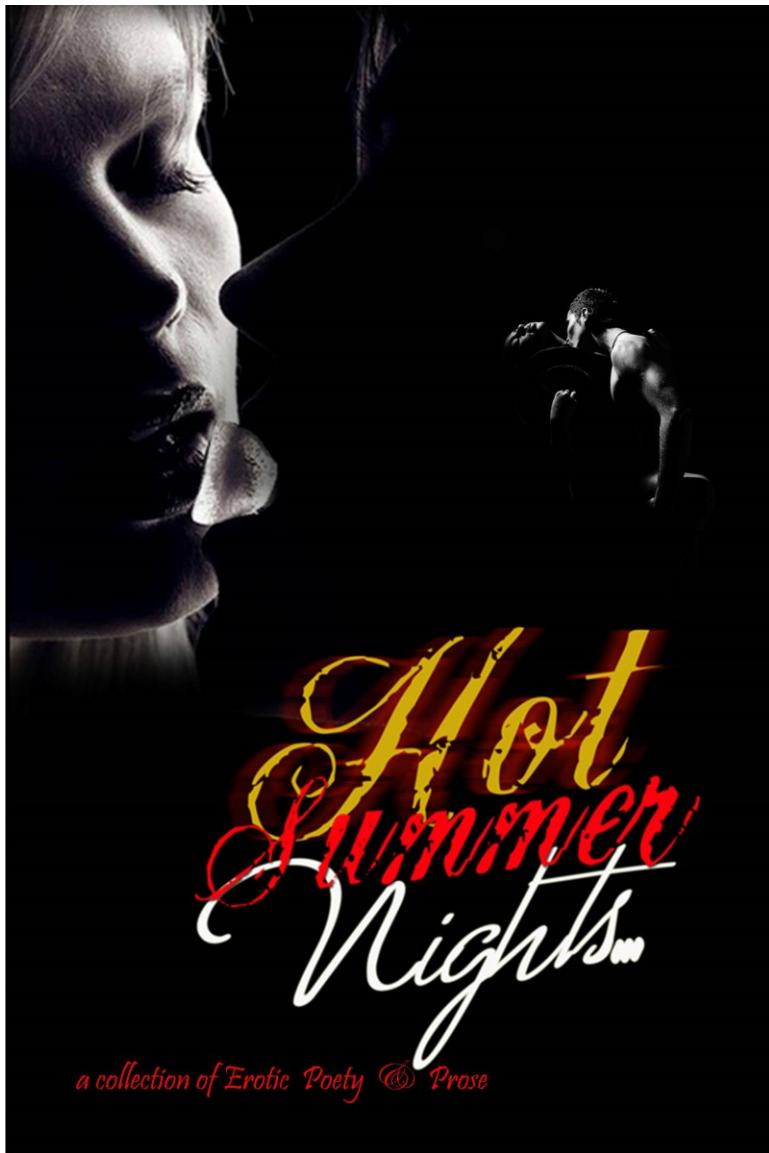
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healing through words

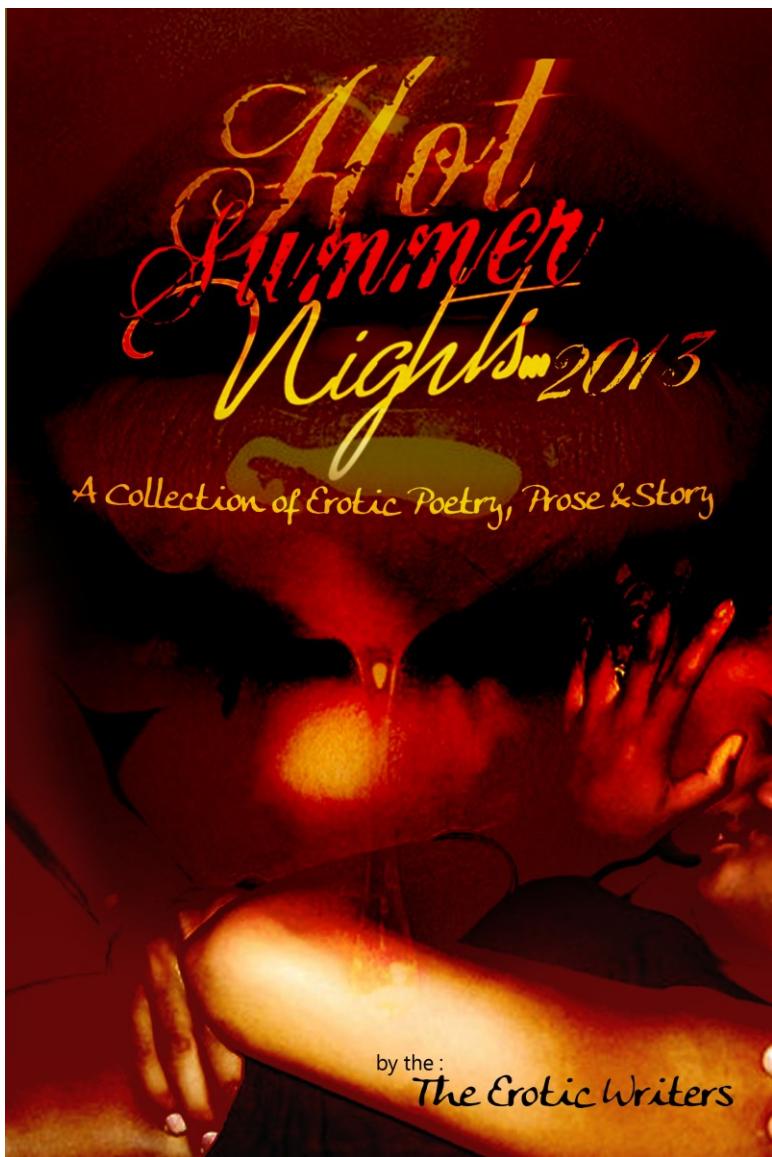


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

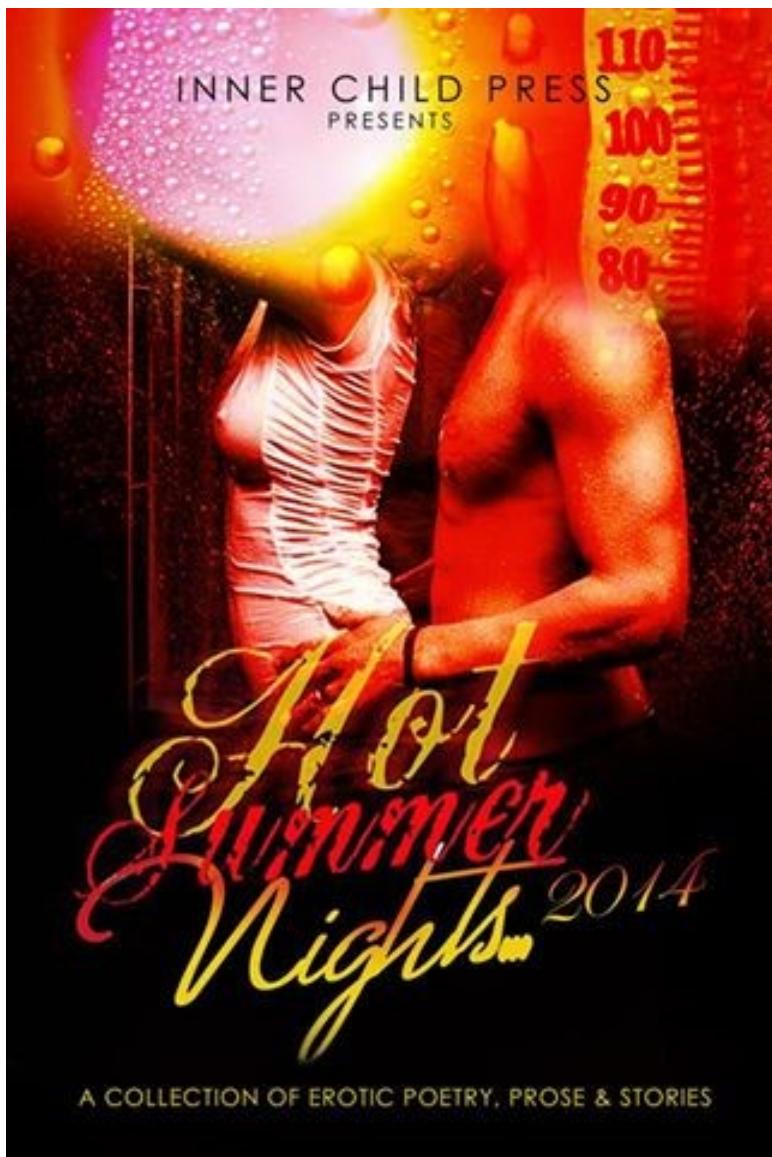
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the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

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

Monte Smith

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

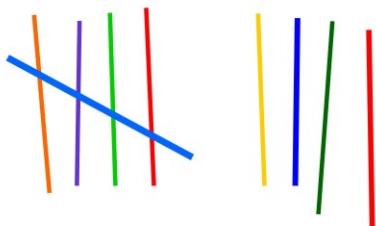
Monte Smith
I want my

Poetry
to . . .

volume II

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11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer



a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse 2016



February 2016 ~ Featured Poets



**Anthony
Arnold**



**Anna
Chalasz**



**De'Andre
Hawthorne**



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