

The Year of the Poet IV

February 2017



Featured Poets

Lin Ross

Soukaina Falhi

Anwer Ghani

Witch Hazel!



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

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inner child press, ltd.

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February 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



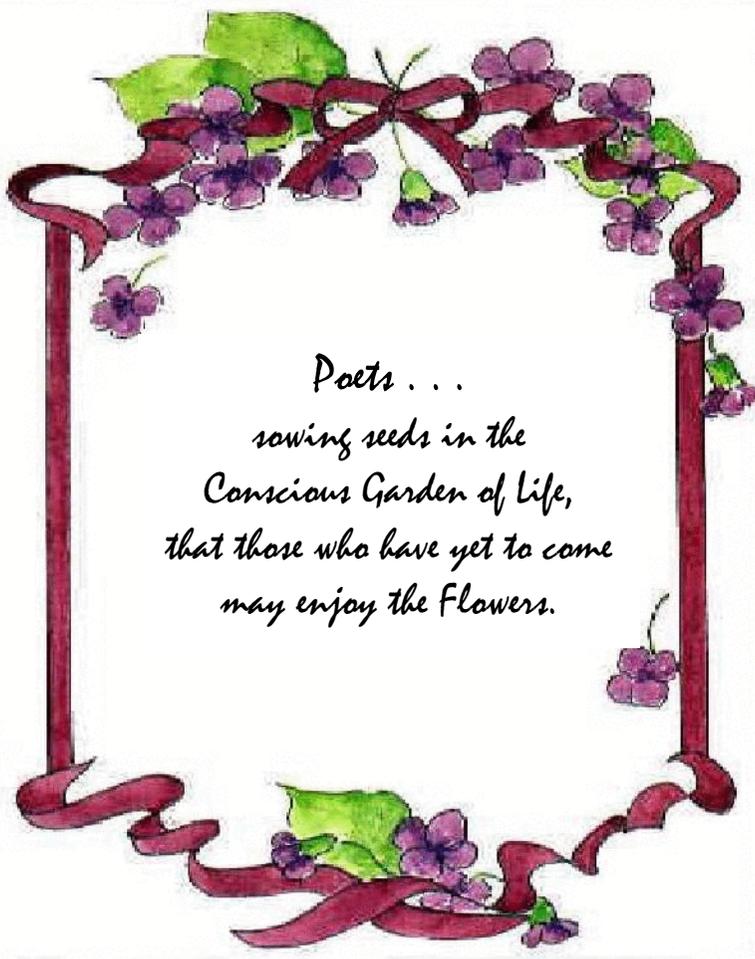
*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



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

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

So here we are, moving forward into the new year.

This month we are proud to again feature three poets that represent the diversity of global poetry. As I have spoke about many times in the past, our vision with this project is to share the voices of poets from all walks of life and cultural persuasion. I feel that poetry is a bridge that allows us, the readers to cross into the life of perspective of that of others.

Moving forward, we are so excited about continuing our quest to share with you, our global readership the voices of poets who may not be familiar to the various readership secs found in and about the poetry community.

keep in mind that all previous issues are available as a print copy at a nominal cost as well as a FREE Download at our publishing site : www.innerchildpress.com.

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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The Year of the Poet**

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Foreword

Many poets write about love, an especially popular theme in February—just in time for Valentine's Day. At times, you might think a poem holds a flash of anger. Yet, if you look beneath the surface, it often reveals a sense of love betrayed or the witnessing of a loved one hurt. Poems can seek justice for those we love—people, family, community, animals, and mother nature. Sometimes, the poet expresses sadness at the loss of someone or an ideal cherished. Expressions of fear of the loss of love can be very real in poems. Hope and optimism about the renewal of love or the thrill of joy chasing love along a journey can also infuse our poetry.

As you read this month's collection from the Poetry Posse look beneath the words for what is loved and what causes the depths of our hearts to stir once again flowing outward and connecting with the beauty in this universe. Experience the devotion to peace and all the other emotions and words that grow out of this gift of love.

Kimberly Burnham
February 1, 2017
Spokane, Wa.

INNER CHILD PRESS

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2016



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

~ wsp

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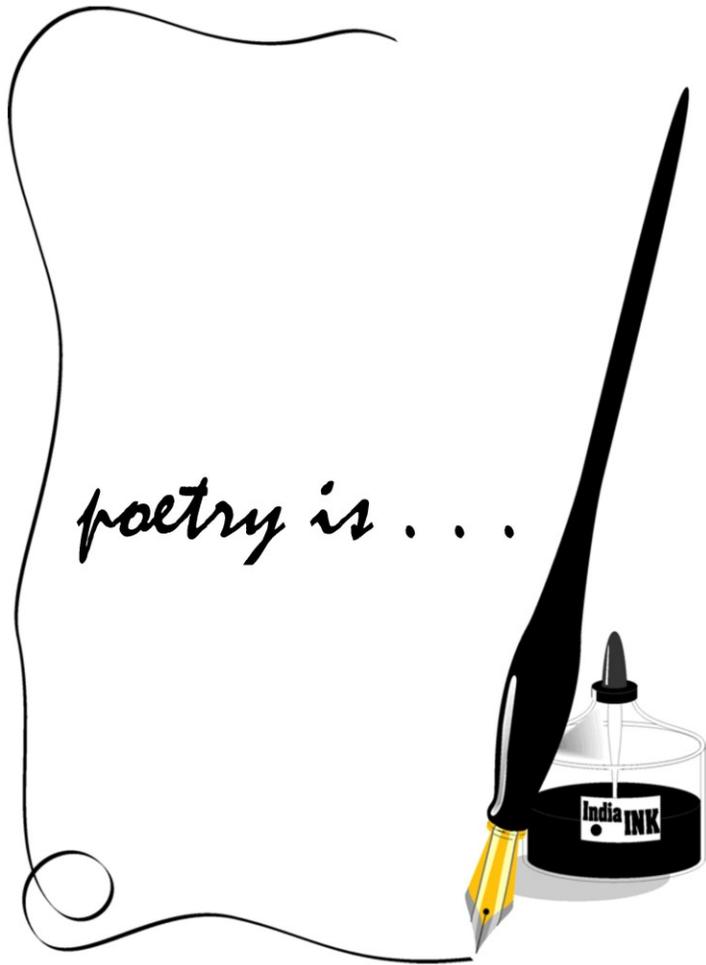
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp





The Witch Hazel Tree

The witch-hazels are deciduous shrubs or (rarely) small trees growing to 10–25 feet (3.0–7.6 m) tall, rarely to 40 feet (12 m) tall. The leaves are alternately arranged, oval, 2–6 inches (5.1–15.2 cm) long and 1–4 inches (2.5–10.2 cm) broad, with a smooth or wavy margin. The genus name, *Hamamelis*, means "together with fruit", referring to the simultaneous occurrence of flowers with the maturing fruit from the previous year. *H. virginiana* blooms in September–November while the other species bloom from January–March. Each flower has four slender strap-shaped petals $\frac{3}{8}$ – $\frac{3}{4}$ inch (0.95–1.91 cm) long, pale to dark yellow, orange, or red. The fruit is a two-part capsule $\frac{3}{8}$ inch (0.95 cm) long, containing a single $\frac{1}{4}$ inch (0.64 cm) glossy black seed in each of the two parts; the capsule splits explosively at maturity in the autumn about 8 months after flowering, ejecting the seeds with sufficient force to fly for distances of up to 30 feet (9.1 m), thus another alternative name "Snapping Hazel".

The
Year
of the
Poet III

February 2017

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

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

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Common Ground is Holy Ground

on the occasion of your birthday

I have spent many moments
Wondering how I might
Complement who people say you are
My rumpled blankets
Give evidence to the thoughts
That have plagued me for a time,
Do you like dogs or cats
Is your favorite color blue
Is it bow ties or Windsor knots
Boxers or briefs
We worry ourselves incessantly
Over the answers
And we have been told
That good matches are a science
Given enough correct answers
We may truly find
The one
And I keep my paper in my pocket
So I can be ready to contemplate
The truth against the promise
Only to discover that you are
In the spaces in between
That which is, that which was
And that which could be
I am vexed by this
In the ordinary needs
Of an ordinary woman
I cannot fathom the measure of you

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

The why of why your touch comforts
The when and if it will happen again
And the amazement
At the quickening of chance
I wait to stand once more
On common ground
In the grace of this day.

Make your bed

I came to be inspired, I think
It is fitting that I sat in a different pew
Than last night
Where I reveled in the Bishops challenge
To be more sheep than goat
To pick up a mantle of courage
To not keep on keeping on
He said that I shouldn't sit
Next to someone I couldn't speak to
So I didn't
Although she tried to sit next to me
I guess she wasn't here last night

I came to be inspired I think
I wanted to hear something about you
Instead you told me
Something that you had heard before
To serve myself first
To be responsible for me
To be self directed

You said that I owe myself
The discipline of not coming home
To cheetos in my bed
Although I really don't like cheetos
But I do collect water glasses on the nightstand

I came to be inspired I think
So I sat real still and listened carefully
To everything

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

Because sometimes wisdom will sneak up on you
To be a turn of phrase
To be a lightening bolt
To be a cool drink of water
I only ended up hearing
My grandmother's stilled steady voice
"Say your prayers, child
Be good to others, daughter
And make your bed, everyday"

Turning

In parchment leaves
Devoid of thought
Approaching time and pondering
How to smooth the edges
Yet prepare the life
For the living of
And then there is this
All ends
But we choose which pages
To ponder and which
To turn
In the path of the wind
We are always moved
By the passing of time
Intentionally
We turn
To that which brings comfort
And the honesty
Is necessary to move together
so we do not turn
Alone....

Mom

I honor you
with the little pieces of my heart
that you have broken by leaving
There is nothing that will suffice
to fill the gaps
and so I must let it be

I honor you
with the bits of my soul
that cling to memories
while sand flows through
glass and time
and so, I must watch a while

I honor you
with tears silently falling
at inconvenient times
of every day
and even sometimes at night
and so I must be alone

I honor you
with each passing day
that moves me further
and further away from your voice
but not away from my lost
and so, I must let go

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

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

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

Let me walk away

Let me walk away
Into the deepest of woods,
The darkest of trees
And under the hood.

Let my desires drives away
As if never existed
The various hyperboles be claimed
As the words of someone defeated.

Let the wild woods as surround me
Like mongrels to a bone.
May I hunt or be hunted
Declining the past bygones.

Let me walk away
Far away from the crowd
Failed ambition give pain and
I fear my identity be found.

A satire

In the prayer assembly today,
A group performed a play
Standing too far behind
I could hear the voices
But not see the faces.
The tones sounded familiar
Still beyond my identification
The rows and columns
Being too numerous
And I too tall.

Gave up my attempts
To see who the actors were
Who spoke too smartly
“A clean India makes a happy India.”
Elaborated how they participated
In the Prime Minister’s campaign
To make India clean;
Cleaner than ever infact!
Sweeping up roads and
Removing garbage they claimed.

An air of influence flowed
It seemed.
Students and teachers all
Listening in clear attention
When it ended and all began
To move,
I got to see who
Performed the play.
They were some who eat at my bench
And leave away without cleaning.

A friend of mine

A friend of mine
When I moved into the city
He knew of my migration
Still he would run eagerly to my home
As if it were his joyful destination.

Having arrived my former home
He would stand at a distance
And see; then sigh and end up with
'For this I sought attendance?'

He would see all those trees which
Once were evergreen but now dry.
The scene of the lock on the door
Unexpected, gives him a childish cry.

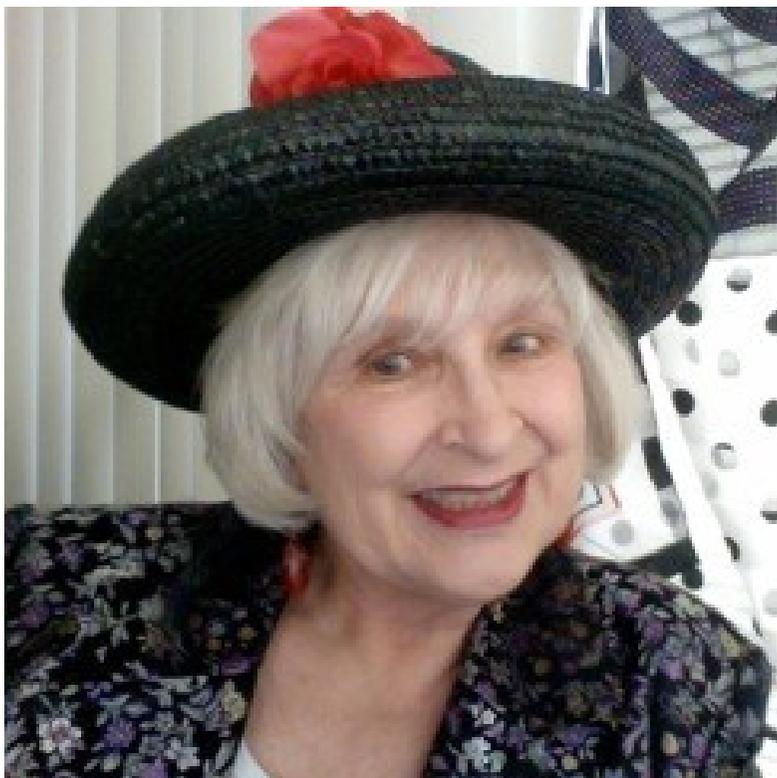
Eyes depleted o water,
Evaporated even those of the throat.
Knowing his friend to be mirthful
And being the same is to learn.
As days passed by, he learned to live
Alone; and the silliness he forgot.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

Tools of the Trade

They have taken over his guest room,
sitting idly, waiting,
silently, waiting for him
to make them useful;
some are even propped up against the wall,
all accusing him, hoping to inspire him.

He hesitates, procrastinates and closes the door.
struggling with whether or not he should acquiesce.

The door is wide open now;
and as he views them in their useless state
it is as if they have ganged up against him,
begging him to make use of their offerings
to rise up and accept his personal brand of potential.

He probes the recesses of all his excuses, then seizes
the opportunity to fashion the promise of possibility's face.

What is this sorrowful condition that afflicts mankind,
that God given gifts and talents should bow to voices
accusatory, voices that would prevent one's talent
from rising up and expressing effort's gift of potential?

Praise be to the small voice that is able, still, to tweak
The spark that helps man reignite his brand of creativity.

Reclamation

He's stuck
inside a deep depression
where creative ideas
and thoughts have gone into hiding
and where, only occasionally

do they peek out
from beneath defensive piles
of self-talk's clutter to rise up above shame
to where deliverance is considered
even a possibility.

Shall the face
of procrastination forever bloom
a cloud around his head, a grievous symbol
of creativity's demise
or should he boldly snatch
and throw it into the funeral pyre?

Should he then reclaim the fight
that incites him
to seize from the bits and pieces
the lines that beg favor
and with ink and pen
begin, once again?

Skating too Close to Black Ice

On that bold, blustery Sunday morning
a sickly shade of ochre red painted the sky.

A ferocious winter storm was brewing
with dark clouds that hungrily fed her dread.

Echoes of crashing waves, much like cymbals,
drowned not the reason for her disbelief.

Grieved, she prayed steadfastly, prayed
love might be treasured, that it be returned.

Evening availed itself of its persistent hue
like the insistence of her abiding faith.

The flame of her bedside candle flickered,
the window pane framed its reflection.

Fear's face stained sad her looking glass, and
what she saw there left her in shock, aghast.

A knock at the door? Perhaps, only the wind's
consternation? Was that what gave her such a fright?

A sudden awareness swept across her spirit; the candle's
flame, like her incessant prayers kept steady their watch.

Albert
Carrasco

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

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

Resuscitation

Every time someone would die, I wouldn't cry because I told myself that they're free from hell and that I gained more Angels. I did that so often, it feels like I'm walking in the heavens on earth. I want to remake "ghost" instead of Demi, whoopi and swayze, it'll be all my homies and me, the theme would change from a lover missing a lover to a brother missing his brothers, I'll be the one with the power to converse with the crossed over so I can relay messages to sons, daughters, wives, fathers and mothers...when I'm alone, we'll talk to each other. If only that could be reality. If it was i wouldn't be stingy, I'll share that gift with other families. I'll travel world wide so loved ones can tell loved ones that they're by their side through every stride... I already know this, that's why I continue to ride. To those of you that lost loved ones and been living between a rock and a hard place because you can't hear of see a face...they're right next to you, you just have to close your eyes, look and listen, memories and imagination mixed together brew mental resuscitation.

Wasn't recreation

Dudes thought I would retire every time somebody got sent back to the father, sorry lames all homicides did was make me angrier and fueled my fire to go harder. Hustling to me wasn't recreation, it was a tool to fight poverty's oppression, I didn't want to be out dealing with the elements of changing seasons, I didn't want guns in shaky hands pointed at me from connects security as I copped grams, all I wanted to do was eat, not be the man. I fell in the category of many that was hungry and saw money... We got greedy. We wanted more, we could eat anything we wanted to, now we want new clothes, jewels and cars too, once we possessed all the materialism we could phantom, we figured why not continue and live like this forever... being laid up like bosses is what we saw in the future and came true, we rolled block to block, borough to borough and all generals salute the heffes when we creped thru. My right hands are holdn someth'n terrible, one minute we're in the bricks, then a few hours later we're in the beach somewhere beautiful, champagne toastn to success as we soak in the sun and view. The only losses we encountered was when playn dice, besides that we're only gaining, liv'n the life. There's no pause button, no... In case of emergency break glass warn'n, no do overs, life went from lovely to ugly... wars, raids, evictions, incarceration, funerals and cremation,,. manufacturing reactions. A hundred thousand in a shoe box didn't feel as good as it use to knowing it was gained with the lives of my crew.

Why

Right now there's parents wondering where their children are at. They're pacing back and forth with thoughts in their head. Are they with their friends party'n ? Are they with their girlfriends puppy lovn? Are they club'n? Are they in jail? Are they....dead? They are sleep deprived daily, lay'n on their bed up, when they should be rest'n, pray'n... Lord please bring home my baby.

Right now there's children out passed their set curfew, some are calling home say'n... Don't wait up for me I'm hang'n, some call home say'n they're in the last show at the movies with a date when they're really somewhere explor'n and dry hump'n, some are calling say'n they're downtown danc'n, some are calling... Momma I need bail money, I'm in prison, the rest can't call because they're somewhere die'n.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

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

GRAVITY

What draws out the deepest secrets?

There's a level of comfort
Unknown to the closest soul.

The stranger with a calming voice
And listening ear bares the weight
Of the unfathomable.
Gut wrenching stories draw tears.
Hidden for years,

The burden is carried on new shoulders.
You no longer hold your tongue,
It's done, the battles won.

Time for healing.
While you were revealing
Your deepest thoughts

You bought a vault
Without a combination
A boomerang with no return destination
Without hesitation
You placed your
Pain inside me.
I became your healing.
Feeling your gravity
What was heavy on your heart is now history
Spirit lifted

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

Worry shifted
Cursed or gifted
I hear the suffering
I hear the mutterings
Of confused lovers
Of abused others
Of soon to be mothers
Whose fathers don't know?
I'm a keeper of secrets
Believer in discreetness
So I'm here
With no prompt, no promo
I just don't know
Why the souls of many
Are drawn to my gravity.

INSIDE OUT

I walk in my blues showing my colors
Painted faces hold the traces of my tears
Over the top and bold in frock, shelter my fears
I'm here but I'm not walking this empty lot
They've pegged me for a peacock
Only seeing the applique's
Never seeking to look deeper
Though it's not a fraud I display
I want to be turned inside out, hold my outside in
I'm not the phoenix that has risen again
I'm me, see me, in all my glory
Be me, and you can feel my story.
I'm told with bold lines, I'm layered over darkness
I'm your interpretation, not the artists
But art is the artist's way of expression
In ways a mirror to get one's true reflection
Confused directions, abstract suggestions
Here is the lesson, look in silence

Silent is the cry of these flaming wings
Don't just look at me, see me
There's a darkness underneath
There are lines you can't see
during the construction of me
The destruction of me lies within
So I walk in my blues, avoiding false intentions
I present myself in two dimension
3D is who I am but many refuse to see
past the shield and coverings that protect me

DEAR DR.KING

Good morning my brother
What's happening Black
I gotta tell you, man since your passing
Things have been whack
We rose up once I mean it was no Nat Turner moment
We sort of burned up our cities
Like some sick sense of atonement
You know we actually came together I mean bruh,
That speech that you gave
Well we still kind of using that name
And unity is like whatever

Now we just celebrate your memory
With a day off and a parade
But you my brother never took a day off
To get us to stop thinking like slaves
I know you wanted more than equality
And that fictional 40 acres and a mule
I say fictional cause if we'd thought we would get it
We would truly be fools

Let me tell you something Martin
Some of us now refer to ourselves as "KING"
Truth of the matter (and you know this)
We haven't done a thing
I mean the things you fought for opened doors
We seemed to have shut them in our own faces
Wanting nothing more
Now don't get me wrong, some changes have been made

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But street signs on the boulevard I don't really think is a
fair gauge
We went from pompadours to afros with tear gassed red
eyes
We went from colored to Negro to Black in just a blink of
an eye
When the last set was looted from the store
We stopped wanting more
We stopped getting sore at the injustices
We bandwagon some atrocities Can I ask you something?
Martin, are we stopping us?
It's got to be a little more than the powers that be
Look, man I'm not going take a lot of your time
I know plenty others have questions
But do you feel we've learned any of your life's lessons
because I'm guessing you're shaking your head
Thinking and looking back
"For this! I'm dead"
I feel you Martin
Nuff said.

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

life be precious!

magnificent, miracle grateful, grateful
never, i pray that ever i will take for granted
this priceless beyond words gift of love, mercy,
kindness from above upon the highest from he
who is the almighty
who in time of need or plenty says " call on me "
call on me i am closer to thee than your jugular
surely this gift is taken light, look at the horrific
accounts put out day and night
life blotted out like a bright light
world of might makes right
but no one has the right to terminate precious life
so much beauty to behold in abundance
all around us. Look up, look down, take a look around
this earth of ours has been blessed even with this mess
man has made of land and seascape
much remains to drink in, contemplate how great
then give thanks to him only
as it is only he who can create
and look how he creates, look at what he makes
valleys, streams, lakes, mountains mighty, majestic
variety of living things to respect, love
birds flying above or on perch high above earth
a beautiful bouquet of hue
as in variety of color all around
from sky to ground, land, sea
profoundly... You... Me
audibly giving praise to thee
that's what all living things do regularly except
human beings that walk, talk, look like you and me
to the contrary mankind has intentionally,

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vocally, locally, internationally,
country to country say,
" it's me, me, me "
not a surprise just look at history
as though he has created himself when in reality
he couldn't create anything, not even the smallest
microscopic organism
with naked eye one could not see
but one thing man can and will create is " Schism "
perpetually the schism of the ism
life is precious, protect, respect, yours and your
brother and sister fellow human's life and limb
that will please him thee creator of precious life
peace/love/blessings

food thought = education

Yearn

for light showing the way through darkest night
yearn to learn how to truly forbid evil, enjoin right
so many turns ' n ' twists in life
so many words spoken, mostly useless slogans
so many promises broken
gestures merely tokens
yearning for substance should concern us
what's truly relevant is enormous
where's real amongst us
feel human touch, love means so much
warmth of kind gestures like simple smiles
a hug sincere may last for years
like the swelling up of tears when something
sweet and lovely appears in the distance
reminders of past years in another existence
something that struck a chord, awoke the sleeping folk
who began to invoke the lord
maybe somebody held you close who needed you
maybe you needed that to
you were revitalized, made you feel new
not just the sexual you but something spiritual heals
we yearn to feel real in a world of the fake farseeing
deal.
ain't no love what dem can't feel

food4thought = education

"WHO AM I ?"

I call you but you don't hear
I remind you but you don't care
I'm always right behind you so near
I've invited many before you who you held dear
I convey a message clear "Be Aware, Be Aware!"
I tell you don't forget and get caught up
I see you don't like it when it's brought up
I've told you prepare by performing good deeds
I made you aware with a warning to plant seeds
I said make your prayer give to those who have the need
Implement your creed of faith not the detriment of greed
and hate
Incidentally take heed before it's too late. OH excuse me
pardon the
Intrusion but your life is a fleeting illusion so before its
conclusion
Instead of being a victim of confusion take note
Inject the antidote the "Allah Infusion
In closing before your end i warn you don't make me your
enemy
I much rather be your friend, so to your lord be a grateful
slave
please let me introduce myself...I'M YOUR GRAVE!!

food4thought = education

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*Kimberly
Burnham*

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See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions>
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham>

Infusion

Words are just words
unless infused with love
that sense of belonging
in your arms
of everything
right with the world
when you are here

Words are just words
unless carrying the passion
that create a life
together
for us and for them

Words like I love you
hold all this and more
when my heart speaks them to you

This Love in My Life

The puppies are big now
they leap on the bed
trusting they will get a treat
and a snuggle

The way she slips her small hand
in mine
when we get out of the car
at the library

Can we talk tonight
he has something
about his day to tell me
words forming carefully
as feelings flow

The way he looks at me
and says hello
noticing my hair cut
he wants me to be proud of him
working so hard to be a good boy

The way she sits on my lap
snuggling in
asking about the dogs
all our furry friends

The way you hug me so close
like you will love me forever
and I will have this sense of belonging
always

Liquid Love

Striving
running
liquid love
gushes through me
when I unexpectedly see you
every cell pulsing
with joy

Ecstatic
an electric drive
connecting
tingling at your touch
thrilling and gentle

Fluid currents dancing
in your physical arms
those first words
come to mind
"good thing ..."
spirit bursting
with liquid love

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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

Google Plus

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

Oneness in the World

I am for unity and oneness in the world
I am against division all because of one's race, color, skin,
gender, nationality, and ideologies
In a world full of discrimination everywhere we lay our
eyes on,
Disparity among mankind is but an ugly depiction of a
changing world.

Despite one's color, one must be embraced and accepted
among a flock of different souls
You and I are brothers and sisters even if we are born in far
different continents
For we belong to one definite Oneness in the Universe,
You and I came from the same old origin of life.

Oneness in the world, will this just be merely a dream?
The choice is ours to take if we agree to respect and
embrace each other despite our many differences
Oneness in the world, will you be joining my advocacy of
promoting unity among nations?
Oneness in the world is what the world needs now, the
choice is ours somehow.

Velvety Moon

you're the Queen of these endless nights
in my herculean, lucid dreams that goes on forever,
wolves dancing under your royal luminosity
enchanted souls wake up from their eternal rest
to worship the Goddess of this mystical evening.

scarlet hues like droplets of blood
keeping the weary come back to life,
up in the skies velvety red moon you simply stand out
radiantly you captivate the admiration of artists
you're one magnificent creation of our Master Designer.

a touch of sorcery you cast down upon me
staring at you from a far under a lifetime spell I am in,
my wish is for time to just stand still and if I could own I
will
capture this moment and lay in these dreams 'til eternity
velvety red moon, I am enamored by your beauteous
stance.

Love

a love that transcends
time and place,
a soul meeting her twin flame
in her recurrent abstract dreams
a love that defies laws
immortal love,
one that is extra-ordinary
a love that takes her far into the heavens.
changing faces,
in every century, every decade that passes
but it's still YOU my heart beats for
mystic love,
through fragments in space
illuminated by a strange force
I keep on seeing you
in every place that I go to.
centuries passed,
memories elapsed
still this heart aches
dying to be with you once more,
serendipity playing a game on us
for this love always leads me to just YOU.
immortal love,
my soul intertwined to just ONE
I have been reincarnated a thousand times,
but through all the changing seasons and lives
my spirit keeps on searching for only YOU.

Anna
Lakubczak
Ves Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

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

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

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

Letters to S.

I didn't write to you for a long time.
Postoffice is striking eternally,
and e-mail is like a fast food
steeped by fat
without feelings.

Tell me, how do you feel?
How is Dan?
Are you still breeding orchids?
Or maybe you cut your hair?
You always complained - *they are so long.*

And please, don't ask me, *how are you...*
You have already the drawer
full of paper-routin from my letters anyway

Sakura II

She couldn't have the petals,
even dream about the full bloom.
She had aim - to die from love.

She was silly.
Stereotypical.
Like everyone before her
and everyone after.

Dan, why we still come back to
only one man (from many)?
We rock on the same swings
and play on the same quibble

with pretended not be.

Dan, you don't know how difficult it is to be a woman.
To be a flower, which not only beautifully smell,
but has also a mind, somewhere in the roots.

She just desired to love,
I miss something more.

Please, turn aside,
I would like to be alone.

Inspirations bath

How it is with the bath?
She isn't shy to inspire?
Coquets, simulates the nonchalance,
puts out of tune senses - it wants to become with the muse!

Ach, these women...

The Foam-girl how as the hand she puts on the arm,
the good cheer conceals in the butter carite.

Ach, these women...

She dreams about the prince, wishes to be as a rose,
with the expression secretive between verses.
Asleep Etna, will put out claws,
when you will tread the tail.

Ach, these women....

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

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

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

Lovers

Upon the saddle of passion
we were
together
wandering

your fragrance filling
my soul
my hands afloat
among you velvet
thickets
relaxed in your alabaster courtyards
yielding to your bouncing pomegranates
and losing themselves

I set my sail
amidst the waves of
doom

And there we were
two blazing phantoms
beyond the mist
that dwells
upon the lip of scarlet
twilight

Lightening flashed
Thunders crashed
The earth was shaken in a final
quake
and then we died



Skylark of the White City

For Syrian poet Ibaa Ismael, who described my translations as an international oasis.

O skylark
of the white city

What be an oasis?

All oases
that your eyes
have not fallen on
are but desolate
wastelands

All meadows
in this world
that your feet
have not trodden
are naught but
barren sands



messenger pigeon

a messenger pigeon
shuttles
between us
taking from me
a kiss
a sigh
a tear
for you my love

and brings me
nothing but
rebuff



*Len
Walls*

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

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

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

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

TOGETHERNESS

Calm inside each storm
find a quiet holy place;
love heart's grace with peace

Sift joy's sunny sands
sprinkle sunlight across land;
dream on shore-less shore

Light and gift respect
enlighten goal - carry love;
care for everyone

Stand strong inside breaths
watch deepest feeling and see;
shine heart ever free

Share life's compassion
lift heights - extend happiness;
live togetherness

BEAUTY-SONG

Dance with breeze of breaths
welcome harmonic wonders;
translate beauty-song

Jump high - laugh hot tears
send love-thoughts in coloring sky;
stand rooted and fly

Flow bubble-dance blooms
stretch and light soul-blossoming's
rest with quietude

Lift free - levitate
flow deep inside divine's play;
liberate love's soul

Accept wonderment
speak light-dreams - flower from earth;
plant silence with heart

BLUE STREAM-FLOW

There is a blue stream-flow
Growing every garden's green.
Moving each love song for the Lovers
Coming free - pouring pure and strong.
We are Love's endless flash of flowing,
Simply letting go into life's living flow.
Heart knows each and every lonely way.
Will not mislead to ever make us wrong.
Pray smiling songs within green tufts of nature.
Grow pleasant grassy glades and sing-a-long.
Drip mellowed dews, seep all light through.
Carry lifetime's smiles from multitude of tears.
Refresh from anguish - dissolve from fear.
Caress the holy nature's breathing-breaths.
Watch turn of season in its change of clothes.
Find care-making within what is being sewn.
Touch heart feelings - swirl onto melting swirls.
Paint love-details aside inner landscapes pure.
Lift heart for dripping pours on loving soul-flows,
Joy knows pathways to go - finding a way home.

Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



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

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

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

Peace Lilies

Leaf 3 fell on August 5, 2016

sometimes i drink two in a row
not both at once like you used to
out of your Babiş-cup
despite much teasing

i recycle the same demitasse
for the second round
rinse the inside and the saucer
very fast and without looking in
when the fortune-telling-remains
make me a huggable promise
just like the aunties told and showed me
in those impressionable years

of course i laugh at myself for that ritual
but i no longer have a biting tongue about it
i lived long enough remember enough and well
to see those women through their diamond-hearts
now decayed for decades

just living through the breath-long being
while indulging in the fact
that i have grown an inch
maybe even a bit deeper
so as not to take the self as seriously anymore
the several minutes i set aside are each time
my most memorable simple pleasures of life
around a table setting for Turkish coffee
surrounded by priceless company
that is only visible to me

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memories of a most affectionate love

Leaf 2 fell on March 28, 2015

so often i take my mind to a ride
to your birthplace of my particular pride
though merely a dot
on world's vast geography lot
its all-forgiving all-accepting serenity
saved even me ever so compassionately
during my months of autopsy
where no one but you unpained me
with your right dose of regular Anesthesia

my home phone rings only once in a while
hey i am home not more than only once in a while
it is telemarketers mostly
with their terribly poor timing
and invitations to many a unnecessary
yet i choose to ignore the "caller blocked" sign
and anxiously pick up the receiver time after time
yearning to hear your care-filled voice "Ah, Hülüşim!"

i don't know if the historical your-wonder-inspiring
cafe-in the main mosque-courtyard
the entire town's gathering place of peace
managed to survive the new regime

Divan Pastanesi is intact
in utter relief i hear
my soul after all joins yours over there
around two large plates of Revani
playing hide-and-seek with us
under scoops and scoops of ice cream
home-made vanilla we both silently scream
you then ask for a generous serving
of your most favorite topper of desserts

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as you always did with a sweet sneaky smile
Sahne – but the real kind please you add as usual
your dark brown eyes sink into their childlike shine
i watch you move in your elegant soul dance
around your once again-found-childhood treasure

a few more years aged i continue to aliken
your dive into that bake of generations-tested-recipe
to the unending sip you chose to take routinely
from every single part of the package labeled life
after opening it on the tail of a self-made magical kite

together with its

immense beauty
acceptability
prosperity
gentility
clarity
opacity
brutality
difficulty
cruel absurdity

spoiled milk
All-(or General-)Purpose Flour
broken shell-close to-rotten-eggs
patiently melted but lump-eager butter
hard as Stone Age-rocks-sugar cane-blocks
in lieu of the required finely-blended-granules

one hand-finger-count days of health toward the end
repeated merciless ID-carded cancer visits of types galore
audacity to also take away your newly-a mom-daughter

you must have loved your beloveds so...

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memories of a most affectionate love

Leaf 1 fell on May 7, 1981

he loved me as everything you meant to him
because i am your legacy he would say
without ever tiring he tucked me in
with his courageous love for life
his call came in not skipping a beat
on the verge of each of my stormy vibes

your little-girl-picture
appears before me these days
countless years didn't cloud my awe
how striking your emerald-green eyes are
how intensely you adore him through them
with the selfless gentle caress
of an eight generations-old-woman

i want to unearth your older pictures
my orphaned bodily-grown self
refuses to get colder
and colder anymore
those windows of your soul
may help me turn mine into a whole

memories of a most affectionate love

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Teresa

L.

Gallion

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Daybreak Moments

The blackbird sits on the mailbox,
tweets a song to daybreak.
Morning java teases my nostrils
as winter grits fill my belly.

Gratitude enhances my chest,
sounds of water flow pass the porch and
a coyote dives in the distance misses
as a fresh strawberry touches my lip.

The rainbow, my gift after the rain,
disappears too soon in the crack of dawn.
I want to bag this natural beauty
in the special section of my memory gallery.

An orb of opportunity rises.
Fresh breath of sunrise is welcome.
Will it speak to me
with the heat of compassion?

Cherry Thief

Your love is like a prayer
that bends her knees.
She leans in with a sacred chant
that beckons waves of light.

Riding rose beds in clouds
take her to a new future.
She reaches for cumulus
humping a blue sky.

She dreams about her imaginary beau
and their mansion in the sky.
A day is an eternity
in a perfect love bond.

Zeus forms in a cloud,
interrupts her dream,
grabs her with his magic
and steals her cherries.

My Yawn

I inhale the dawn with a yawn
that stretches across the sky,
exhale the indigo clear spots
between the puffy white villages
and towers claiming space
in the peaceful emptiness.

My rock garden
of gold, frosted amber, bronze
delights in the power of my yawn.
It notices at a glance what I miss.
A golden orange bubble floats across
the blue street above the clouds.

My yawn's conversion
to the broad expanse of a smile
shakes the stratosphere,
arouses the animals in repose
to drift out of sleep
and release their fantasy dreams.

Faleeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

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

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

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Let's hate the moon together again

Between two wars you came
You mediated
And lit the fire of a new love
And we began to spread ourselves between two suns
One for me
And the other for your eyes when the roads vanished
And we only fell out over the A
When it wanted to insert itself
Between the W and R
We told each other I love you
The wars are made beautiful with songs
The songs wipe the blood from the wars' lips
We're never far from its grip
We can exchange with it our stay
And I was as I always was
Loving your letters and always want them
You, my soul mate,
You, the voice of my voice,
You, the dotting and un-dotting of my letters
the teacher says:
she would remove my sorrows
and heal my tender soul?
I said:
I will make flowers of you;
And I had forgotten the greenness of an evening,
after the drought of my femininity.
Return to me then
So, that we can hate this imposter

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This idiot
The image is like a blonde
Forgotten by the aged
Forgetting that our sky
Is black despite his existence,
And red despite his clinging to the tails of a dubious
morning's veil
Come back
So, we can hate him
This traitor
Over the uniformed streets, he looks like a policeman
watching
My finger tips and your fingertips
So, I can show you my essence
I your notebook
Come back to me then,
So, I can tell the apples in the basket
Like they told me about you.

Little Moments

I love the dove
She motions alone
I curse her
She gets sold and returned
A moment without your voice,
The essence of silence
A moment without seeing you,
Complete blindness
A moment without you,
Utterly futile
But.....
Would you die of the cold?
I die from a dab of cold
And a lie,
Just like the dove.

Translated by Dikra Ridha

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

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

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

white cosmos

two travellers' tales
at the edge of forever
rising messengers of ethereal energy
from the couplet's heart,
double spiral of equinoxes
where YouandI birthing passionate galaxies and
EarthSky commitments in time and in dreams,
emanating in spirit, in beingness, in Cosmos
in fate and by faith soulmates
breathing through earth, fire, water, air
devoted in love, by love and with love.

five minutes after midnight

you cornered my mind

in the corners of your heart

my lungs couldn't recognize oxygen

only three elements i understand

three is worth a hundredfolds, thousandfolds

one way ticket to answer the rumbling gyros

you and i have clear scorecards

no knockouts, no loses

winners by matched decision

both said "i love you".

loving is...

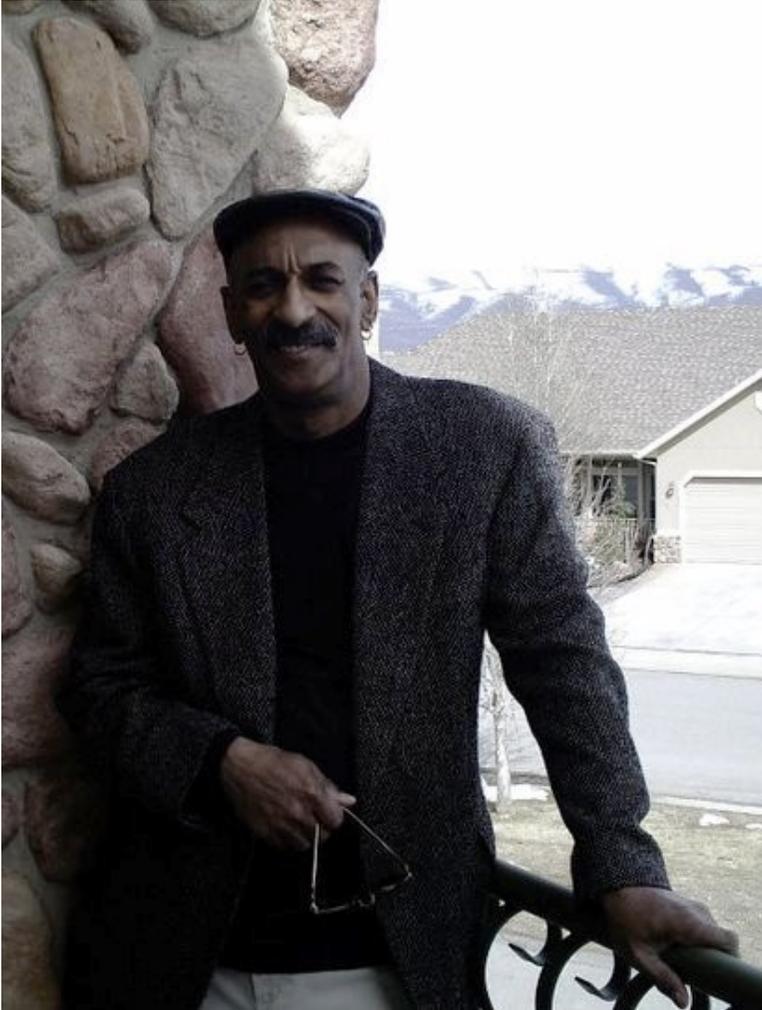
loving is eternal,
when you carry
each other's heart
where ever, whenever
the distance,
the space, the time
is just a matter
of a blooming bud...
because Love
is always a reason
to celebrate moments
to last a lifetime,
like the sun,
the moon, the stars ...
a world of Love
in your heart.

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

and . . . ?

and my Creator God asked me . .
“my son,
why did you not use all the tools and gifts
i have bestowed upon you?”

i had no valid answer,
but what i reasoned
was a good enough excuse !
I replied, “but i did not know”

God then smirked,
and i began to feel exposed
like a streaker with a see-thru trench coat
at a Black and White formal Ball

He said
“i often reminded you about such things.
they are not trivial.
Do you not know that every breath,
every heartbeat,
every thought was
because I AM !”

what could i say,
i had not defense
for my insensitivities
to the blessings of life

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again my conniving empirical thoughts
rallied to my defense
with an abundance of conjecture
and rhetoric,
and i could not utter such impotent words,
so i simply said . .
i am sorry,
forgive me,
i love you,
thank you . . .

and . . . ?

what will you say ?

and they called him King

i remember the days
of way back when,
when there was sort of respect
that resided
in spite of the differences we suffered

sure, there were those
who opposed the changes
that marched towards equality
and justice
and equanimity . . .
just like today

then there were bombings
and lynchings
and burnings,
but today we have bullets
and economics
and other such devices
that keep the people divided

i miss having a place
where i belong
and can feel safe,
for i did not grow up in
Florida,
Georgia,
Mississippi,
Alabama,
Louisiana,
Arkansas

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or any of those other places
where my color or my face
or my presence
was a threat . . .
no, i grew up in the north
where there was a sophisticated air
to the racism,
bias
and other type of repressive
and oppressive tools of existence

oh how i miss our King ,
who spoke of Dreams
and such idyllic nonsense
of coexistence . . .
much like that Christ guy
and Mohammed,
and Malcolm,
and Gandhi,
and the Buddha,
and so many others,
like perhaps you and i

sigh . . . perhaps some day
dreams do come true
where i and you
can walk hand in hand
to that promised land
in peace and love . . .

oh how i miss my King
but i have hope
that some day soon

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another one will be coming
anointed and summing
things up
and then we all shall drink
from the same cup
of humanity
with a unwavering sanity
that we are the same family

oh how i miss my King

they impeached him with a bullet!!!

he found poetry

he wandered and wondered
down the pathway of his life
in search of Joy
and her family

his soul was beckoning
to speak of
a certifiable peace
it had managed to remember
from its days of old

his heart was weak,
yet he trudged on
in spite of this malady
for somewhere within him
he heard the voices whisper
that this was all but an illusion

somehow he felt noble
and knew that there was something
in the spirit of his being'
that was formidable
and could not be destroyed

yes he like many
was immersed in the travail
of an empirical life
whose only respite
was brief
or
could only be found in death,

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and his solace was like the fleeting wind
that had journeyed from lands afar
bring forth promise and pain
for him to indulge in . . .

one made him stronger that he may endure,
the other soothed the angst he had accumulated
along the way

to say convolution was a part
of this experiential-ness
is a gross understatement
for he and his brethren
and his sisters
were seeded in a womb of peace
which seemingly abandoned its children,

but he would not succumb
to the wily and wicked ways of this wayward world
for there was much that he saw
that offered redemption
and was worth saving
in his memories eternal

he often spoke of these things
while railing against the mist
and the errancies and crookedness
that prevailed
day by day.

his limited and biased judgment
believed that “Euphoria”
and her Utopic family of Love
were absent . . .
but little did he know

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that they awaited his arrival
and that of the many others
whose souls yearned
for absolution from their delusions

he prayed daily
without cease for peace,
not only for himself,
but that the enigma
which he and his siblings were embroiled in
would come to an end . . .

and this is when he realized
he was divinely blessed
for he found the words his being had always sought
ensconced in the whisperings of verse . . .

he found poetry . . .
and then he danced !

World Healing,
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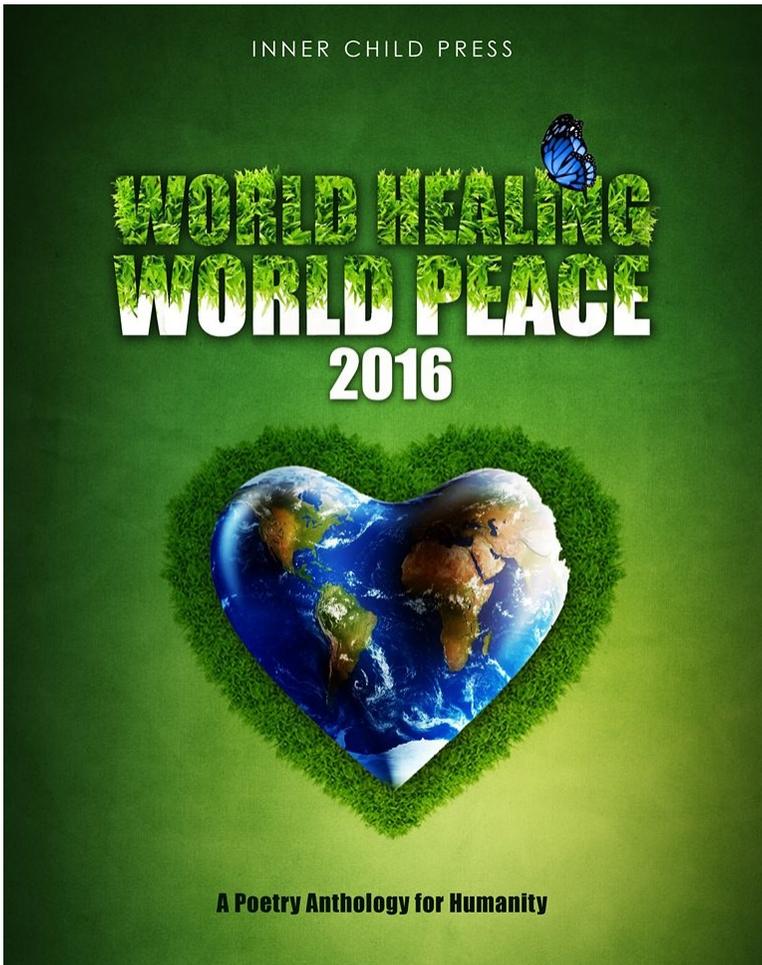
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February

2017

Features

~ * ~

Lin Ross

Soukaina Falhi

Anwer Ghani

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

Lin

Ross

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

Lin Ross: New Yorker/Oft-published Poet/ Wordsmith/
Editor/ Lyricist/ Reviewer/ Four-time Novelist.

I am an Artist who strives & fights to conceive & give birth to Truth, to Light, to Dreams, to Life that leaps & breathes, pounds & pings, fritzes, freaks, fidgets, fumbles, sighs & SCREAMS. Shout out to ALL who've inspired me, whether struggling in obscurity or dancing in the golden light of acclaim, for without the shimmering of reflective souls this world would be so much dimmer, sadder, less informed & a far less beautiful place.

websites:

https://scriggler.com/Profile/lin_ross_lm_ross

<http://lmross-moanerplicities.blogspot.com/>

Latest e-book on sale @

<http://outskirtspress.com/webPage/isbn/9781478717843>

Email: lin.jazzbro1@gmail.com

Dear Universe

This planet has been so crazy today... but You look so beautiful, tonight. How are You doing anyway? Are the stars and planets, moons and galaxies treating You respectfully? Hopefully, You are well, and none the worse for wear.

By the way, this is me, Your boi, Lin. You know that cat with all these dreams inside his head he **never** shares with anyone? Yeah, that Lin.

Lately, I've been thinking-- pondering really-- that if we are truly meant to be on good terms, then perhaps I should speak to You more directly. This is my attempt at a mini-quasi-prayer session, where I talk, and hopefully... just maybe, You'll listen...

This is NOT meant to be Santa's list, so please forgive me, in advance, if it comes off a bit too selfish. However, below are but a few things I would very much like to see come into my Life... and for that matter, the earth's existence:

I would like to manifest a part of the Loveliness You foresaw in me, and in every human being. You see, I would like to be a Light in this world. Not nearly as bright as Yours, but one that swirls and illuminates long after I've left it.

I would love it, if all the people who are Blessed with the purest of hearts would mix with those who possess the kindest souls, and then maybe this breeding activity would glow and grow like a quiet fire to encompass the planet.

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I would love it if we could all just lead with Love... Love instead of anger or pettiness... Love instead of rancor or the readiness to kill each other.

And since we are speaking of dreams, I sometimes dream of living out of a suitcase, in Paris, of wearing a natty beret and taking copious notes outside a small Parisian café.

Maybe this is just a projection, a wishful vision or scenes from a past-life, but it visits this space beneath my eyelashes almost each day and most every night.

I would really like the freedom to live out loud, the wisdom and compassion to love without judgment, and to dance my private freak's dance inside an appreciative crowd.

I would love to experience hotly electric moments of transcendent sex, to howl orgasmic from the solar plexus, and then to sleep, the deeply soulful sleep of accomplishment.

I would love to see Peace and Unity become, not just words, but physical manifestations of human release.

I would love for there to never be hunger in any region of this planet again. and for every child in existence to be safe, happy, laughing and disease-free.

I would like the time to contemplate my divinity... and when I'm so inclined, to then embark upon an excavation to all these ancient places within me.

I would love to be respected for the vastness of my gift, but most of all, to be known for all the facets of this glamorous spirit.

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I would love for that homeless cat down the street to have a better day, a warmer, less chaotic night, and to lead a better life.

I would like to sit with a noted Maharishi at the frosty floor of the radiant Himalayas, to center my chi, and ohmmmmmmmmmm... my way into a pristine clarity.

I want a certain well-loved face to be right beside me, as a ride or die reality, throughout the pitfalls and adversities, the acclaims and victories of my journey.

I would like to weave and mold my artistry through limitless lands of creativity, to compose the perfect sentence, create the perfect poem, to ecstatically moan the perfect torch song.

I want to hitch a camel ride somewhere safely out of time, out of mind... out of constriction, out of confusion, out of empires constructed from fictions.

I want my every cell and corpuscle to breathe freely, every joint, sinew and muscle to embrace this journey of love and learning, discovery and acceptance.

I want to be healthy... and wise... and well... always interesting... and forever interested.

You see, I want to paint my most enduring masterpiece, to tickle my inner Shakespeare, and dare to write like no one else, but me.

I would like to pen the most dopest opus that speaks directly to the soul and keeps its focus upon this life-force that is humanity.

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Yes. I want to keep my feet on the ground, my sanity earthbound and yet possess this ability to fly... to always be artful, and for Art to be my mission.

Lastly, I want, I really want Heaven to truly exist for all souls I have loved... and whom I continue to miss; and to know with certainty, they are there and waiting to see me again.

That's it. That's all.

Once more... this is Your boy, Lin.
Peace-out, Universe. Thanks for listening.
One Love.

Nobody

My name is nobody.
It matters not
That I am
A human being... with
A heartbeat & goals & dreams & people
Who love me.
It matters not that I
Bleed Red... that I cry in crippled
Water... that my tears fall clear and salty.
As southern rivers...
My name is nobody.

I am an afterthought protest,
A chalk mark on a wet city street.
I am a fresh blood stain on
A sidewalk. I am a concrete
Ghost. I am
A short crawl emblazoned across a
CNN screen. I am a
Chant of "No Justice!
No peace!"

I am never more. I am
In the past tense. I am
Love notes and teddy bears
In a makeshift memorial. I am
Flowers inside a fence.

And though candles
May flicker for me,
My name is nobody
At least until

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I expire...

On a corner,
In a driver's or
Passenger's seat...
In a dead-end
Alley, in a
Dance club,
On a forgotten street,
Or inside some shitty
Jail cell

In America.

Race Movies

poem born from a Friday night's debris

I have danced...
Danced until dawn.
Hurled my cares like cheap beer
Cans to risque alleys and parts beyond
Where neon streets cease to paint anyone
Electric blue or shocking pink or vaguely pretty anymore.

I've paid my dues to
the urban gods and the woozy
laws of Friday nights. Played hard and
fast under twitching club light with itching flames of
fire. I have kicked back wild tequila shots and danced
myself, danced myself, danced my self hot, electric and
necessary on a frenzied floor of maniacal dancers, dancing
to forget.

And now,
yes. . . once
again, as if by ritual, I come...
this meditative peon, mumbling,
not Michelangelo, but odes to "Langston,"
stumbling, staggering into this Light of Harlem and
you. I come seeking a cure, your strangely haunting brew.
I come, as I am want to do, seeking a savior, seeking
shelter; seeking warm arms and refuge from this cruel,
cruel real world which takes aim and shoots, shoots its
deadly,
deadly bullets, bullets of assumption, its phantom eyes
shooting,
shooting race movies upon the shiny black screen of
my skin.

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Here... when I am lost
and vulnerable and on the verge of
Weeping... you show me there's someone,
somewhere Inside and outside of this Insanity
Who still gives a shit about what happens to me!

Come, please! Dialogue with me!
Engage me in soft talk and romantic
soliloquy... drown me in a flood of butterfly
wet kisses, and cradle me inside of your heartbeats!

Come, cover me in
soft sheets of rose petals
and whispers of your best
lyrical poetry! Entrap me inside
a net, I fall so willingly into... full of
acceptance and movement and
this sweet liquid gush of carnalties!

You see, once again
This world has left me
distressed as the jeans no one wears
any more, and ejected from the concrete floor of
this makeshit Eden. Please, just for me, could you
roll call all the beautiful things you see? Blow
passionate solos upon this lonely instrument that is
me!

Let us revel in
its healing effect...
Dance lively to its primal pulse-beat...
Catch this rhythm of its succulent symmetry...
and then... and then.. and then... let us unleash its
Perfect SCREAM!

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Yes! Yes!

Leave me shining and
radiant inside some needed
pool of heat and sweat and DNA
which completes, redefines and reminds me
I'm ALIVE! Yes! Lay upon me some vague
trickery; just a touch of voodoo, hoodoo witchcraft
sorcery... some fools and Romantics still believe to be

Love.

Doukaina

Fashi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017

Soukaina Falhi is a young Moroccan Poet who has a love for life. She has been writing, expressing her heart through her voice since childhood. She is a member of the Morocco Poet Society and has participated in many poetry venues in her home country.

اسقيني

اسقيني دعني اعتذر..
ففي قرارة نفسي اعلم بأني..
اقترف ذنوباً بحزني...
وصرت أجحف حقا..
لما يتفشى بي ذلك الحزن العظيم..
لم يكن هذا العهد الذي عاهدتك به...
بأني لن انظر لنفسي فتشغلني عنك...
بل كنت قد عاهدتك بأني سأراك وحدك...
اعذرنى فإنه فقط شيء من أحشائي تداعى...
ويضع من الأضلع قد تحطمت..
لذا لا عليك مني .. واسمعي..
ولا تنصت لما يؤذيني من فقدك...
أريد أن أراك تنظر لوجهي لا لأضلعي
...وبلمسة يداك تتحسس وجهي...
أنا عطشى لملامح وجهك نور عيني...
تابع النظر لي واسقيني...
اسقيني فأنا في ظلمة الزمان...
قد أحيط بي من كل مكان...
بقبس من نور وجهك أدركني...
حكايتي ليست حكاية فأقصها لك...
بل مشاعر كانت مغلوطة...
قد أطلق لها السراح في يقيني...
أين عالمي الذي هو أنت...
دونك لا عالم يحتويني..
اروي شفتي بقبلة مشبعة بحنانك..
يروج لها خاطري و حنيني...
اسقيني من عطفك....
ما بالك تحق لي كأنك طفل يحتاج إلى حضن أمه..
أحس بدمعة قريبة الانتفاضة...
غيرتي حارقة حبيبي...

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فلا تعبت مع الأخريات كي لا اعبت بقلبك انا هي الفكرة المجنونة التي تمر
ببالك...
تحتاج أن تكون أكثر جنون لتنفيذها....
فهل تقدر على تبسيط أمرها!
سكينة_الفالحي

أضحكتني .

في الأحلام الضائعة تسكن جميع الأماني ...
وفي الوجوه التي اضمحلت تكمن نصف أسراري ...
اليوم أنا ولدت من جديد ..
أضفت إلى عمري عمريين أو أكثر ...
اليوم ودعت الأطياف الماضية ...
حقا أردت الرحيل ...
حقا لا أريد أن يبقى مع بعض ...
لكن أجراس الساعة دقت ...
وفات أوانك
و اختار الله لي الأفضل ...
كل ليله كنت فيها أجهش بالبكاء
كنت أنت نائما
و حين فقدت شهيتي
وجدتك تترك طبقك فارغا ...
وعندما لا أرى النهار...
كنت تستيقظ باكرا...
اليوم انتهت ادمعي..
اليوم لم اعد اشعر بالشبع
اليوم أعيش لأجلي
لم تعد خياناتك ذات أهمية ...
ولم تعد كلماتك الجارحة توقفني ...
غرورك و أناانيتك دعها لك استمتع بها ...
واغرق نفسك بها
لأنني وجدت شاطني ...
لأنني لم اعد اسمح لك بالرسو في مينائي ...
أنت غريب على جزيرتي ...
غريب علي
أذهب ابتعد لا تأتي ...
فاليوم أنت لا شيء ...

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لا توهم نفسك بأنك كل شيء في حياتي ...
اليوم فقط ...
سأعيش ...
اليوم يا زهرة عمري ...
ستذبل ... ستموت ...
يا رحيق كياني ...
تغرقني ضحكا حين اتذكر وجهك ...
أنت استهنت و أنا أكملت ...

بحة صوت

استمع إلى صمت كلماتي
نبرات أحزاني التي لا تسمع
يا فارسا دخل تاريخي
وشكل خارطة مكاني
رسمتك لوحة أيامي
ونسجتك أجمل حروفي
وهمستك لحن وجودي
لحن جنوني
يا فارسا توحدت به وأدمنته حتى الثمالة
يا موجاً غسل نزييف حزني
ستبقى أنت ثقافتني
هويتي المجهولة
ترنيمة زماني
التي لا تعرف أين وجهتها
إصرارها على البقاء
و دفنها في القلب المعلق
و أصولها الممتنة
المؤلمة
انه الإيمان بالحروف المبهمة
و المعلقات التي رويت لنا
صوتي مبجوح و يدي مغلولة
و ليس لي سوى النظر
فقط
هم الرجال مرضى بالتعدد
لا أريد ان أقع في الخيانة
مثل انجلينا
و ديانا
بالله عليكم
اشتروا أنفسكم
علموها إنها أروع من البكاء على الأطلال
علموها إنها اتقى منهم
علموها إنها روح نقية و طاهرة
ذكروها أنها الأصل

Anwer

Ghani

The Year of the Poet IV ~ February 2017



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Anwer Ghani is an Iraqi poet and literary theorist, and the author of 40 books in literature and religious science in Arabic. He was born in 1973 in Hilla city, and he lives in Iraq now and worked in a hospital as consultant physician. He had 4 poetry collections in Arabic in e-book form (Language 1) 2014, (Language 2) 2015, (Language 3 and 4) 2016, and a detailed book in prose poem theory consisted from 4 volumes with unique ideas and post-stylistic criticism. He is the chief editor of (Tajdeed), a literary magazine, and (Arcs), a prose poem magazine.

Anwer Ghani is the founder of (Tajdeed Group) which a group of Arabic poets dealing with expressional narrative prose poem, and he is the establisher of (Tajdeed Literary Institute (TLI) and the chief of annual (Tajdeed) Prize for prose poem.

Web site: [Anwer Ghani](#)

Fb: fb.me/A.G.Writings

Twitter: @ag_jabir

Email: anweralmosewil@gmail.com

A Silvery Air

This silvery air is delicate as a green apple. Under its wings, the town lives with quiescence, and the swans dance like sun songs. The field birds with their vivid colors bath over its swings with delight. Wet leaves fill the street with morning songs and moisten the girls' hearts with the breeze. It comes from a remote land on a softness wing. Its sleepy river colors the blue dreams with pearl taste and its fragrance jumps between our breaths as butterfly.

A Broken Mirror

We know that all these touches which descend from that balcony in a dazzled evening can't stay in our hearts without scorch. Our eyes are so small to see the life which sits with its hidden beauty behind our time as a strange man. Please tell me how the waterfall can wash my dream while I am a broken mirror and my soul combs her destruction at that corner without any hand. I am a crippled shadow, so don't try to see my heart.

The Yellow Bird

You can feel my pulse with its violet water and great tales of blind sand where the echo groans as a yellow bird exhausted by rain. It narrates his bright pain with wide eyes. The crying clouds are shameful because they dissolve his feather and bring an autumn whoop filled with a yearning death. Oh the bitter yearning, I am not happy and can't tell you about my fiery passion, but you should remember that yellow bird and his grey blood.

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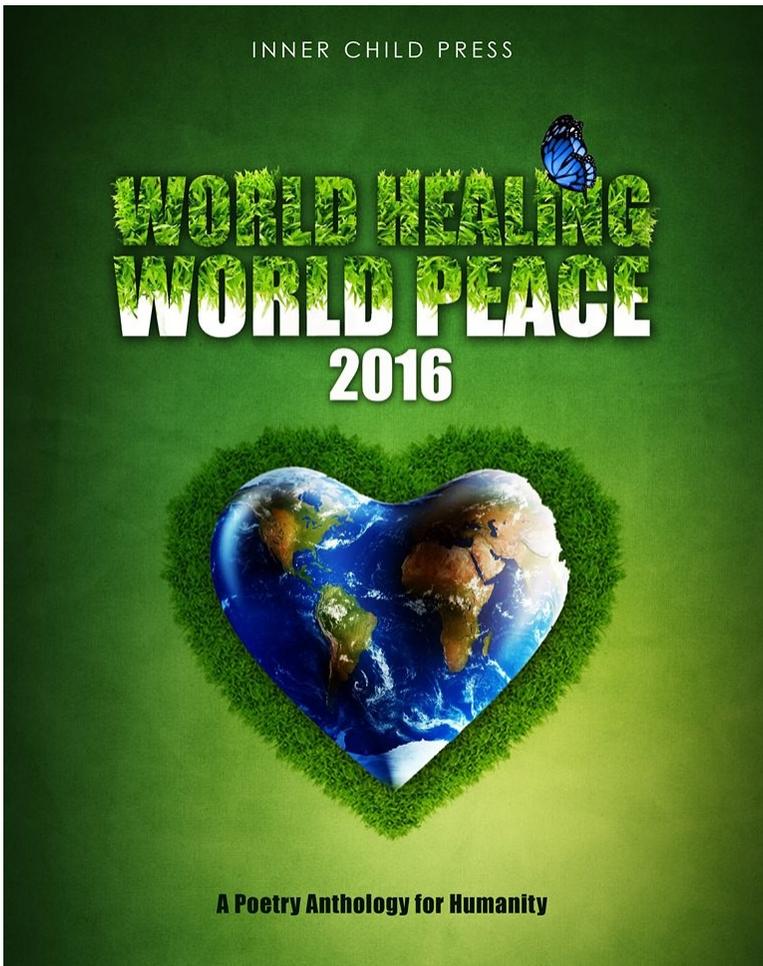
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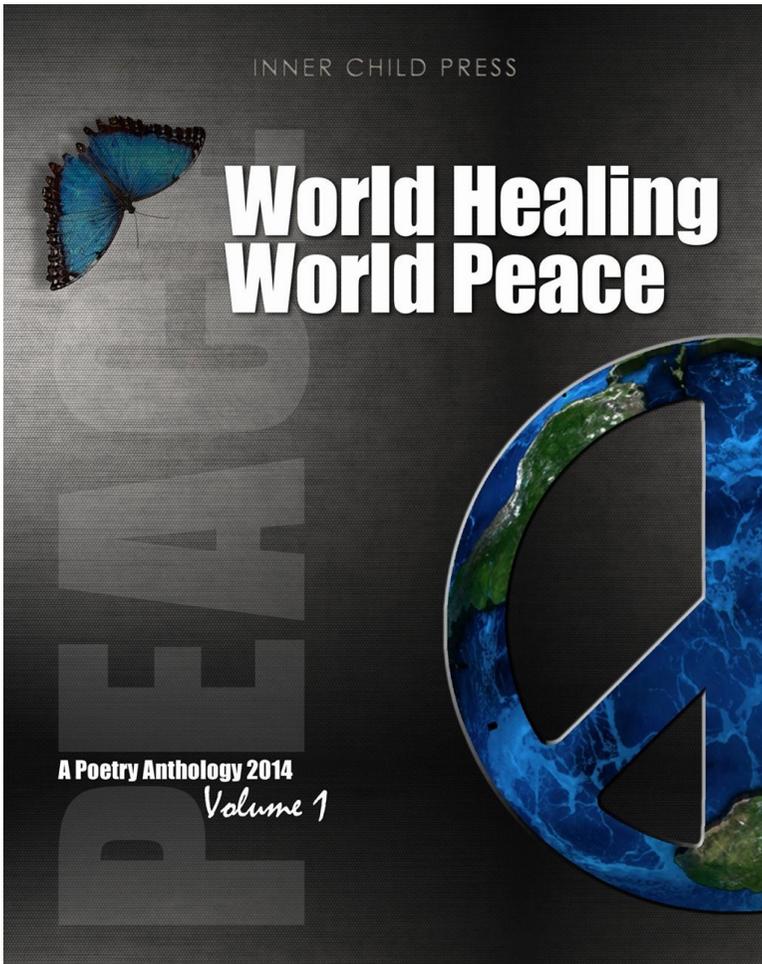
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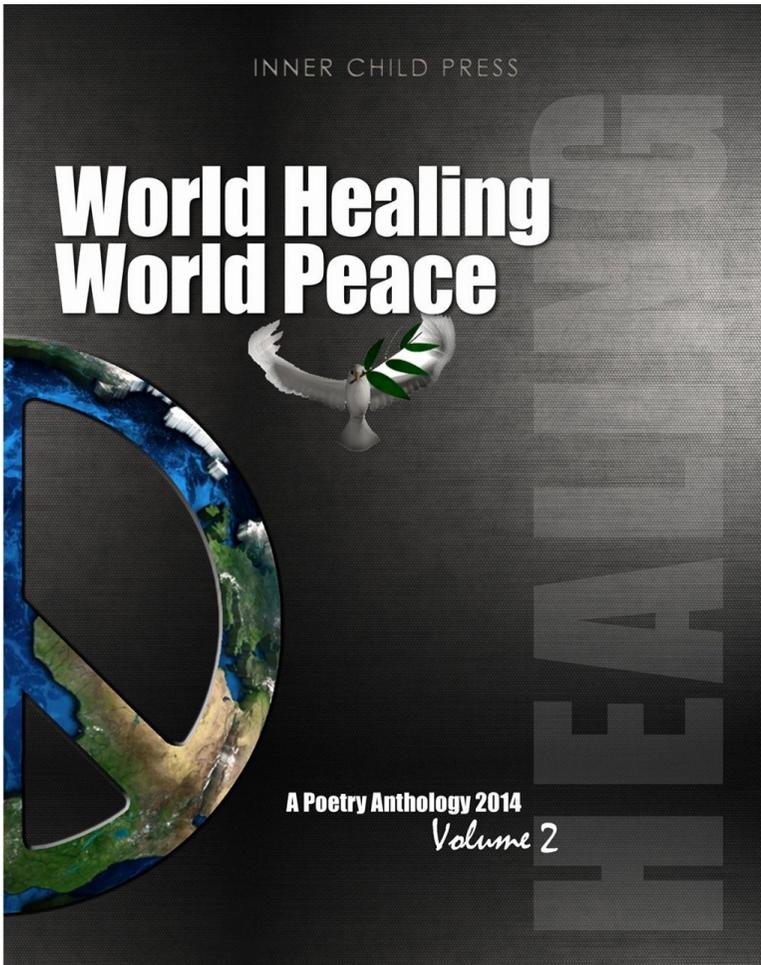
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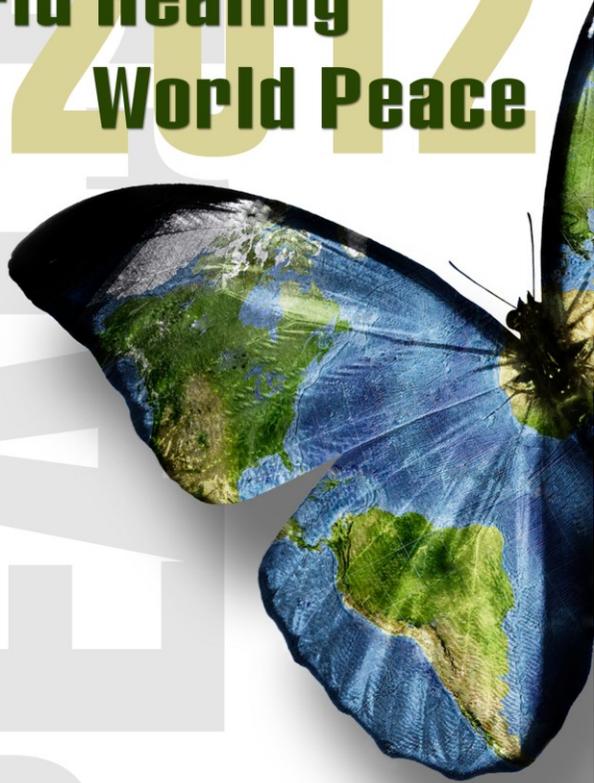


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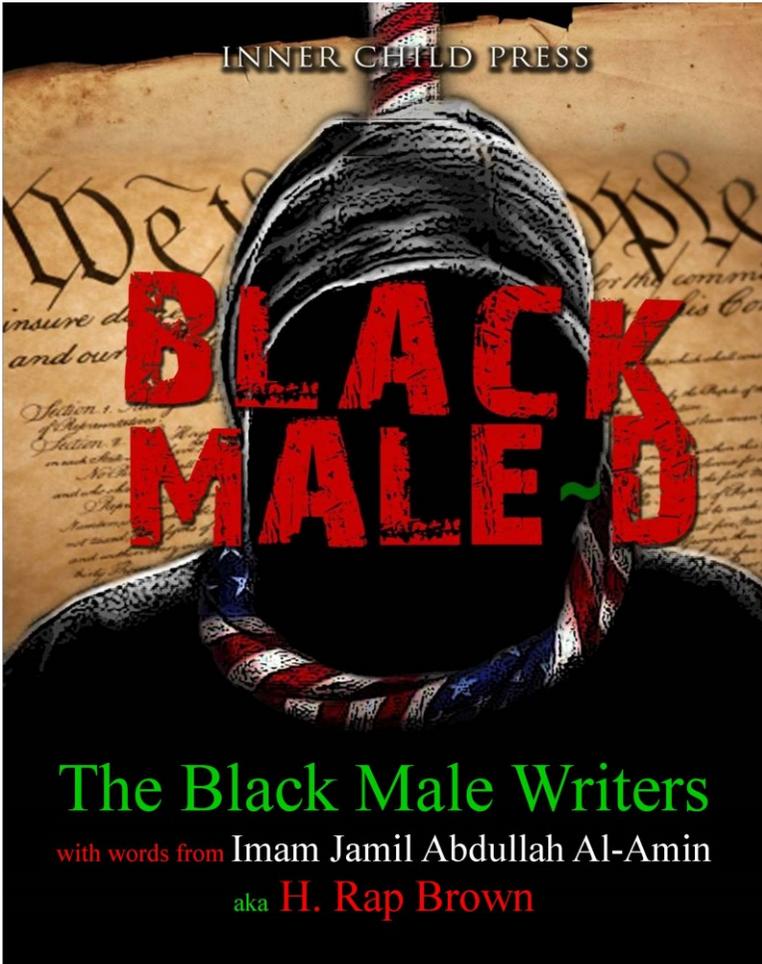
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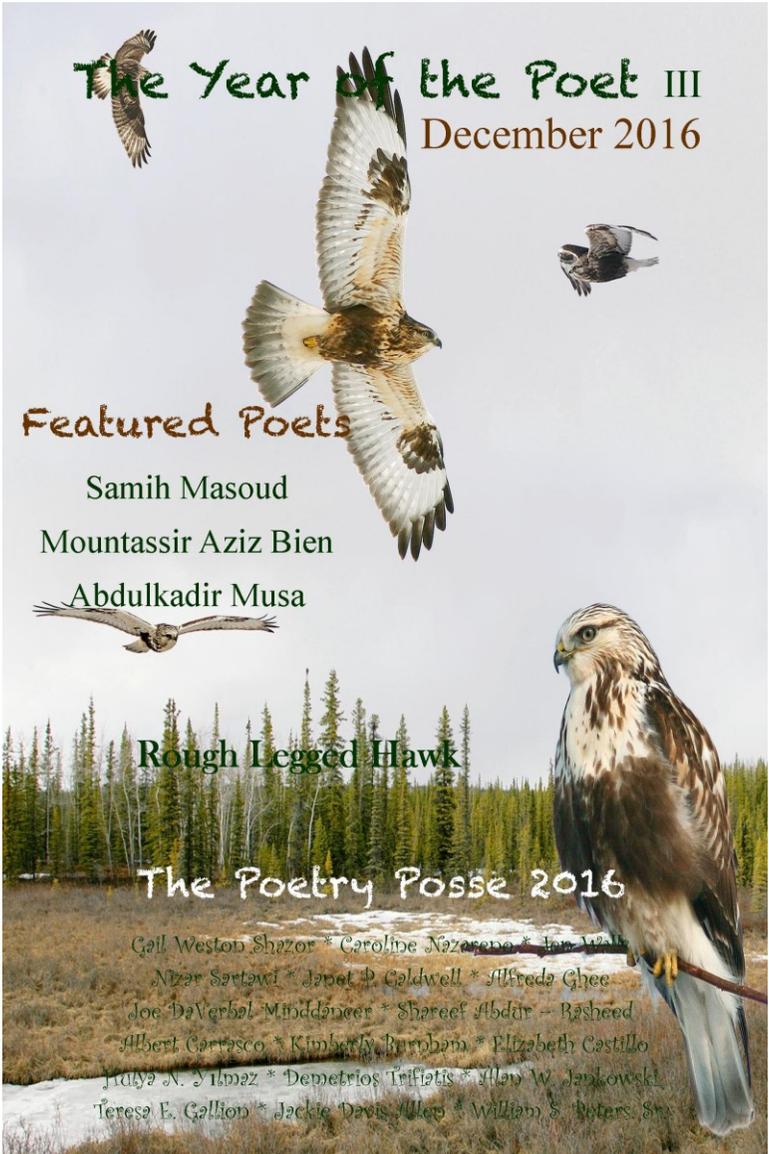
Featured Poets

Jon Winell
Natalie Shields
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017

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



The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud

Mountassir Aziz Bien

Abdulkadir Musa

Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shezor * Caroline Nazareno * Jan Walsh
Nzar Sartawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

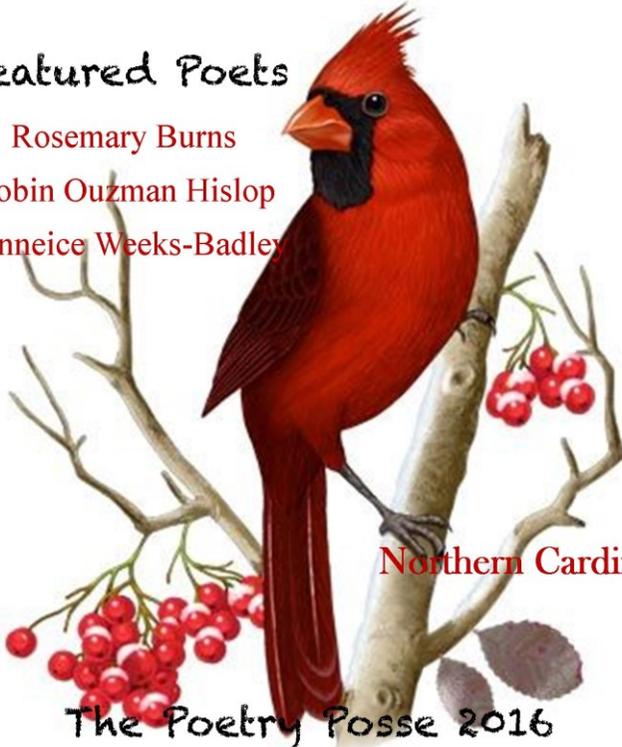
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonnice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Wells

Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo

Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatis * Alan W. Jankowski

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

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph

Usha Krishnamurthy R

James Moore

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Wells
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Chee
Joe DeVerbal, Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novio



Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer * Jen Wells
Nizar Sertawi * Janet D. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Anna Jakubczak Val Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfredo Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Allen Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel. Ratty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Dilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sartaawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel BettyAdolan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbo! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adolan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalas

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatus * Alan W. Jankoaski

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

celebrating international poetry month

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

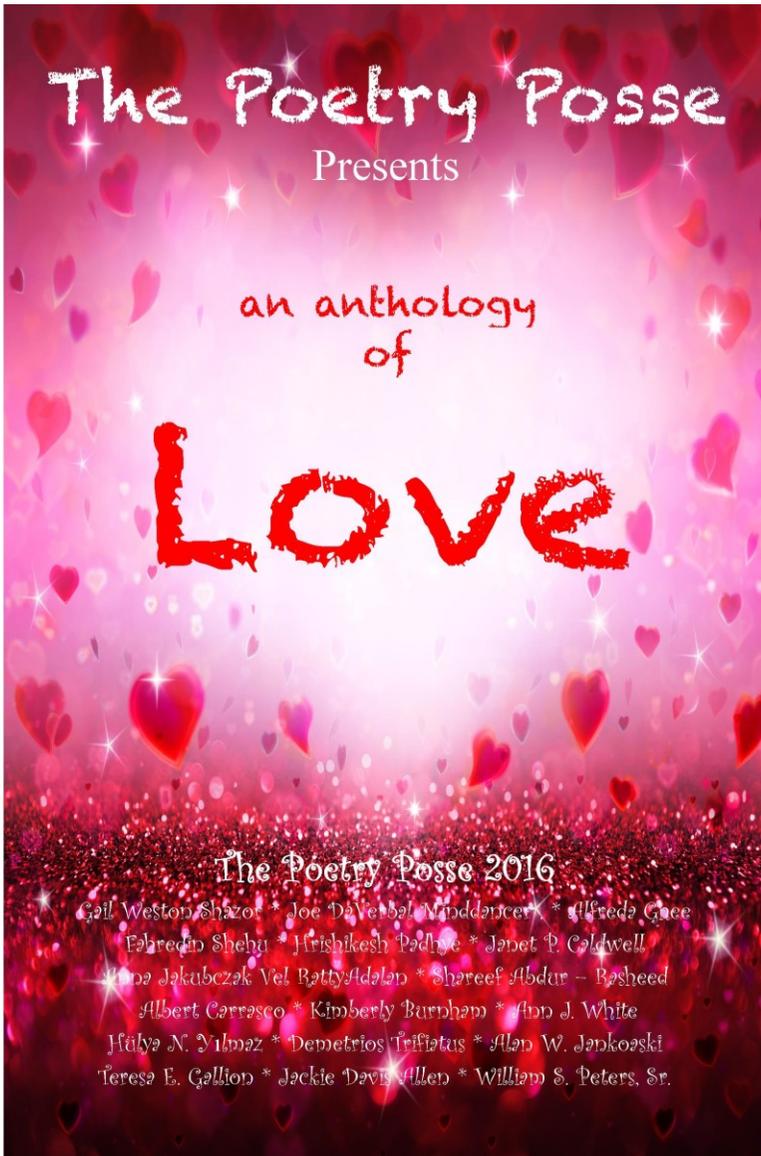
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Chee
Ehredin Shehu * Jirishikesh Pachye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Mülyä N. Dilnaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology
of

Love

The Poetry Posse 2016

- Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeboi Mendenhall * Alfredo Gaez
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adair * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Jfalya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

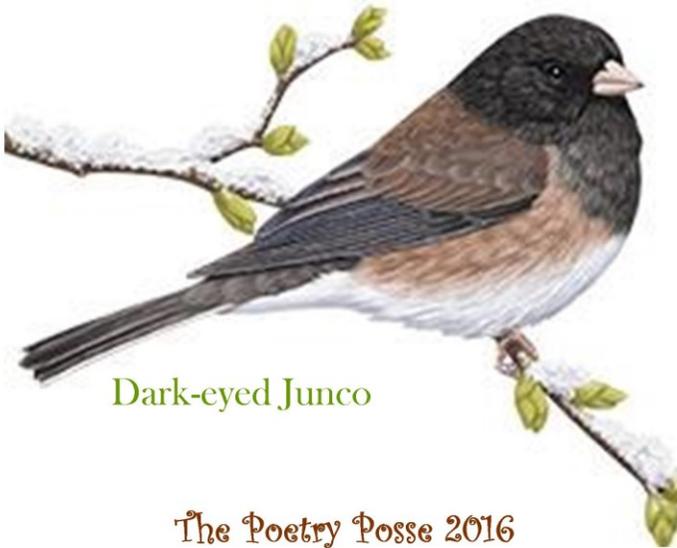
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Jirishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adams * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Jülyä N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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 Betty Adelen * Ann J. White
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Keith Alan Hamilton
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * 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



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

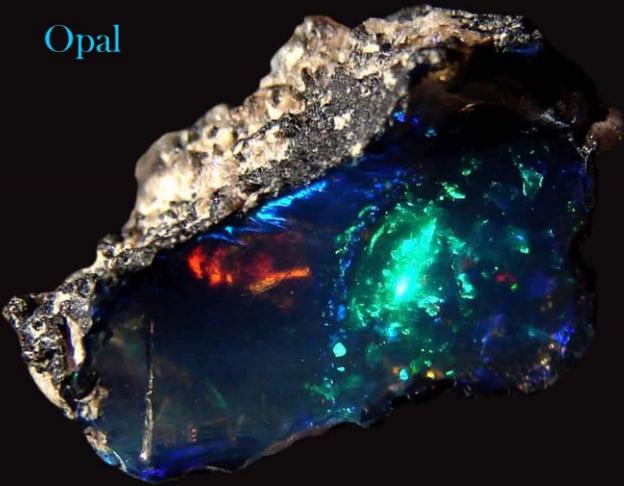
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Passé

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * 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 * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'infinite' Carrasco
Siddantha 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



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry posse

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

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



The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

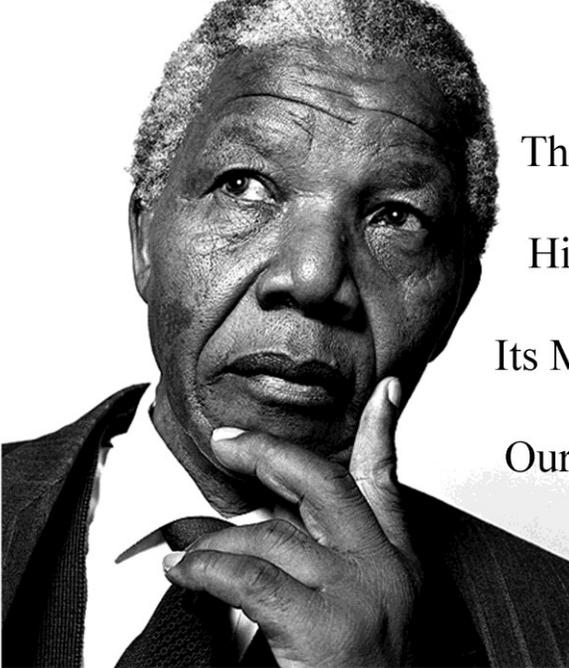
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY

FOR

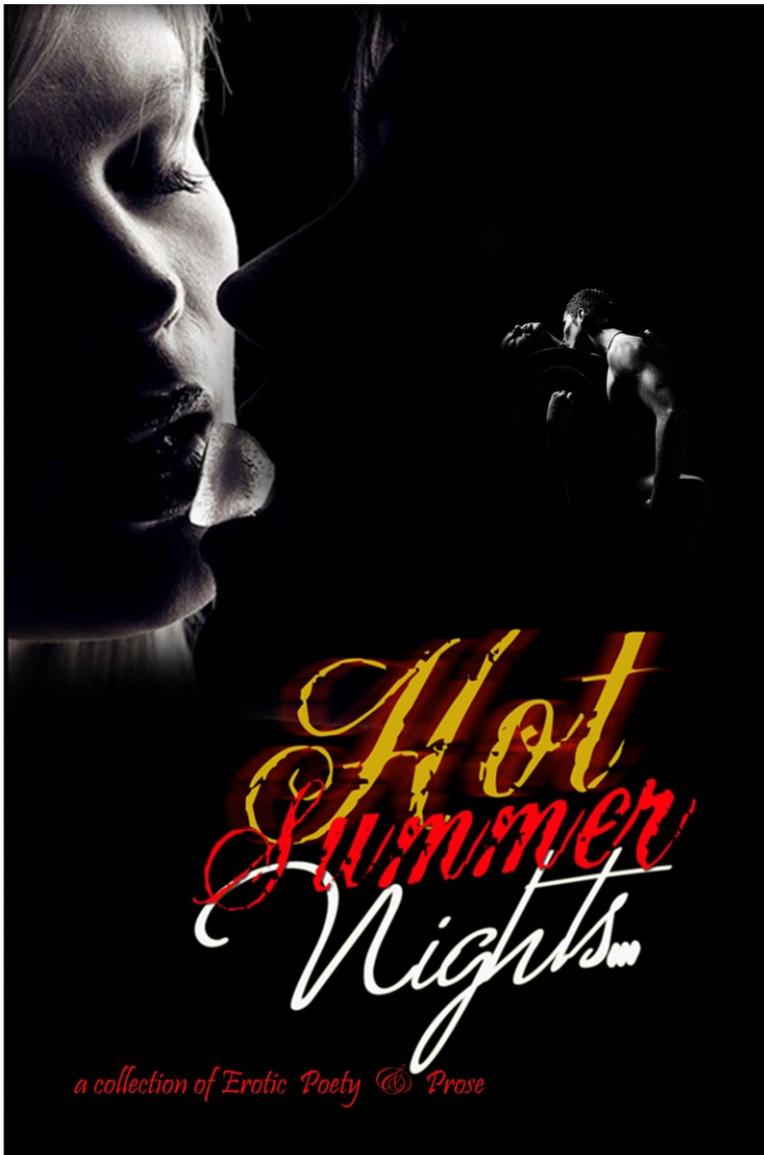
TRAYVON MARTIN

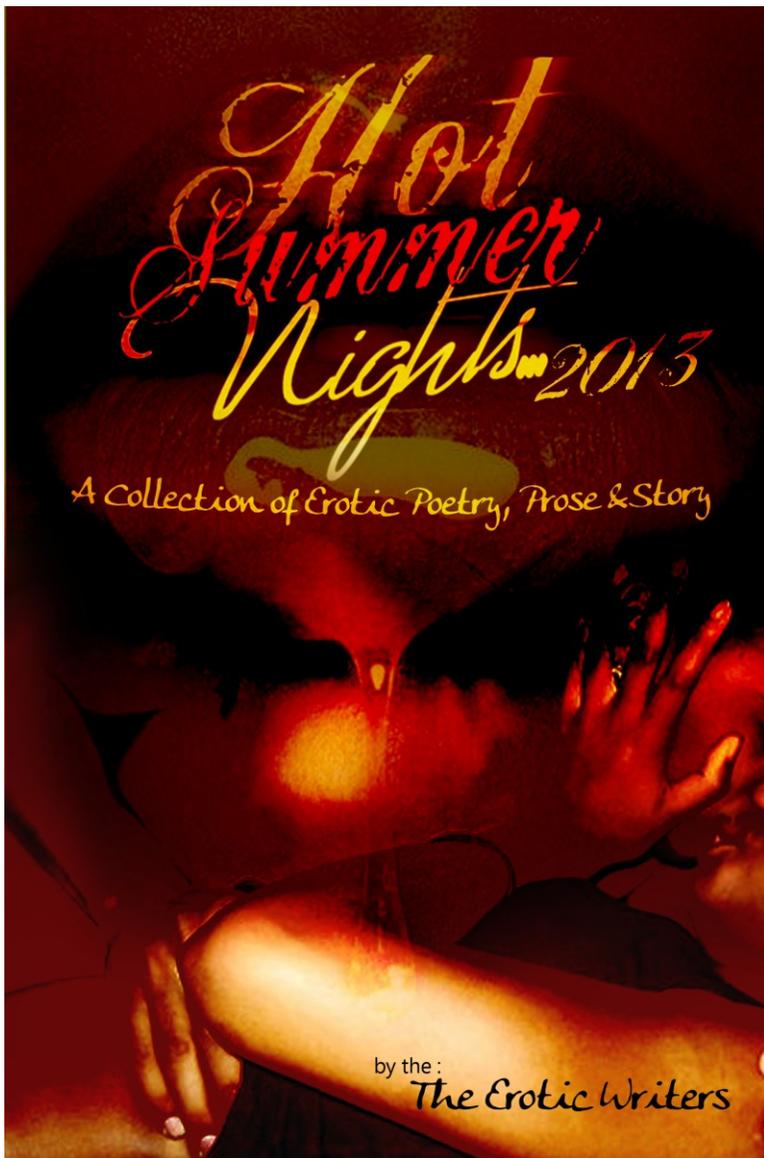
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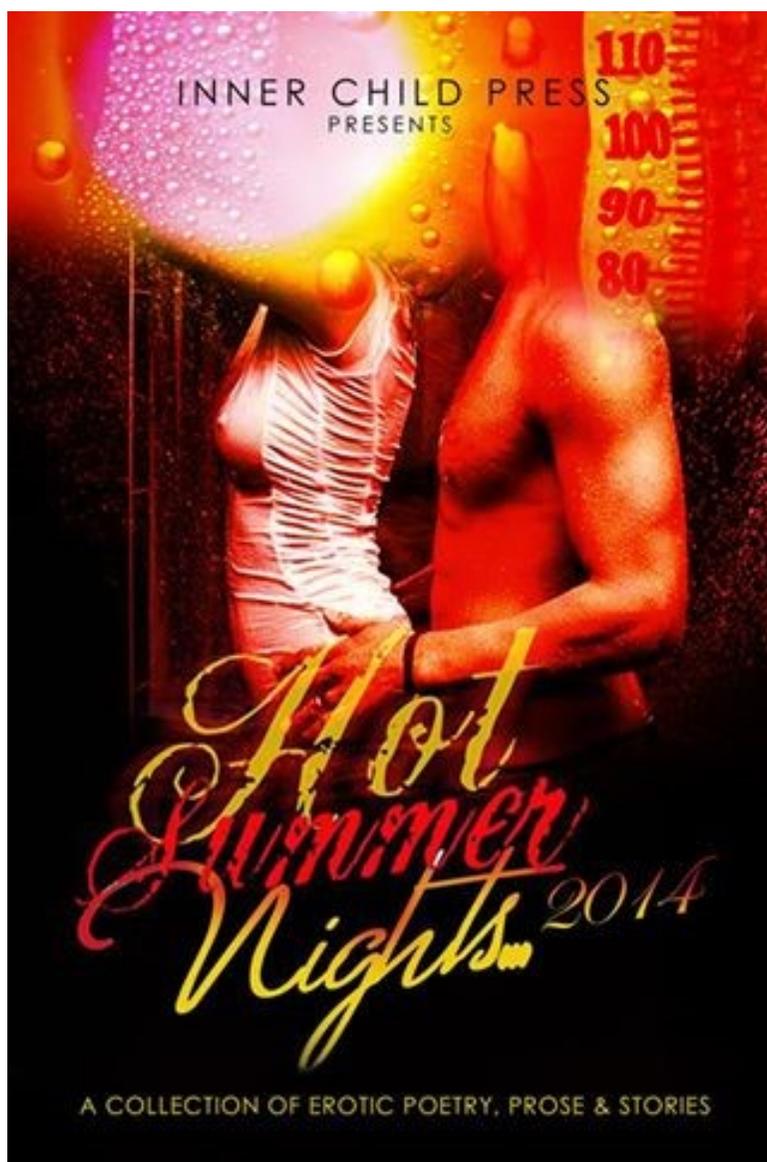
healing through words



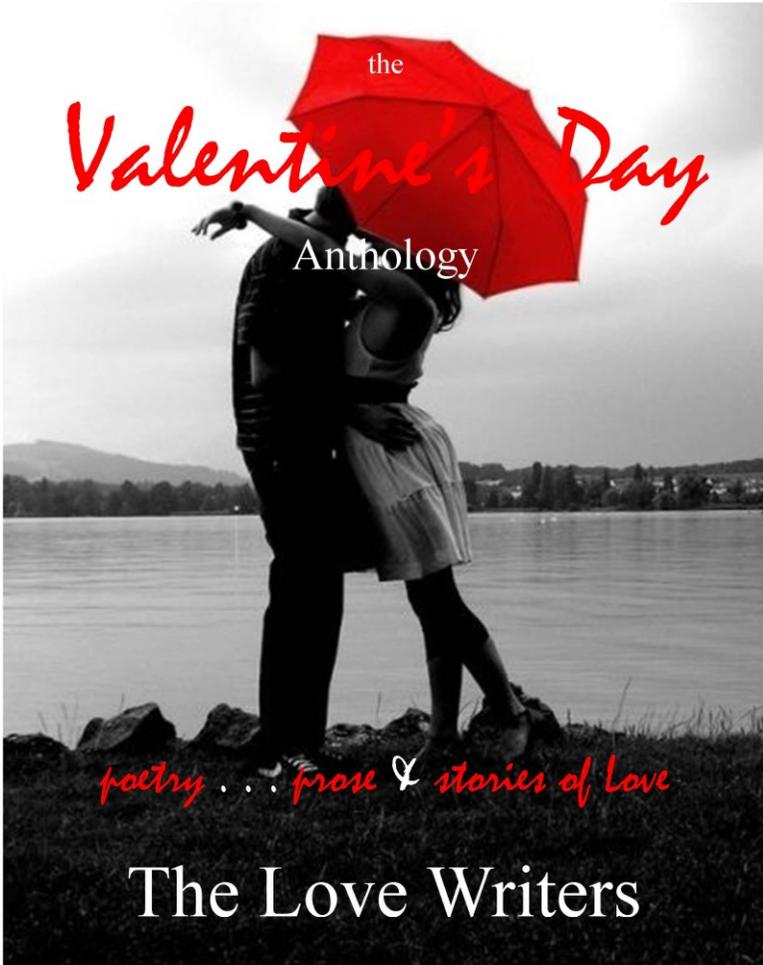
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







Inner Child Press Anthologies



the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers



want my

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

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

Monte Smith

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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

Monte Smith



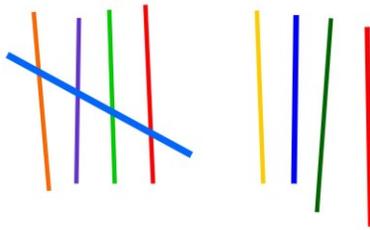
want my

POEtRy

to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

Inner Child Press Anthologies



a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition

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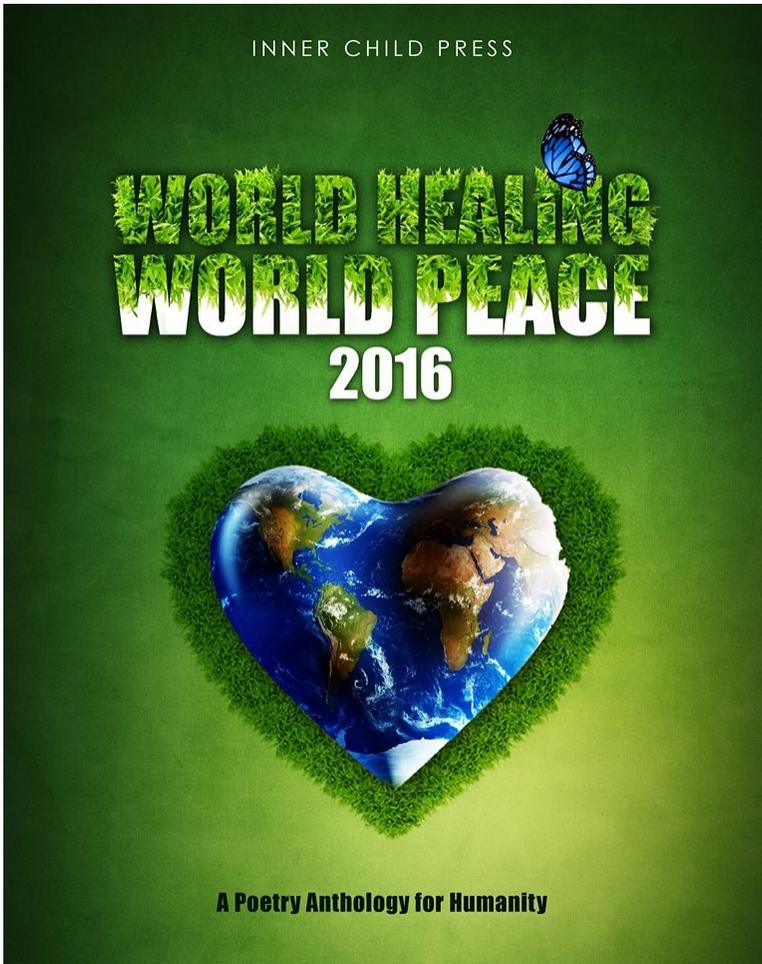
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For more Information

Inner Child Press

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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



February 2017 ~ Featured Poets



**Lin
Ross**



**Soukaini
Falhi**



**Anwer
Ghani**



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