Featured Global Poets

Til Kumari Sharma * Shafkat Aziz Hajam Daniela Marian * Eleni Vassiliou – Asteroskon

Renowned Poets



~ Phyllis Wheatley ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Mutawaf Shaheed Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Noreen Snyder Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * Eliza Segiet * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2024

Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed Teresa E. Gallion hülya n. yılmaz Noreen Snyder Tzemin Ition Tsai Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo Jackie Davis Allen Mutawaf Shaheed Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava Alicja Maria Kuberska Swapna Behera Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Michelle Joan Barulich Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.

In order to maintain each poet's authentic voice, this volume has not undergone the scrutiny of editing. Please take time to indulge each contributor for their own creativity and aspirations to convey their uniqueness.

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hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. Director of Editing ~ Inner Child Press International

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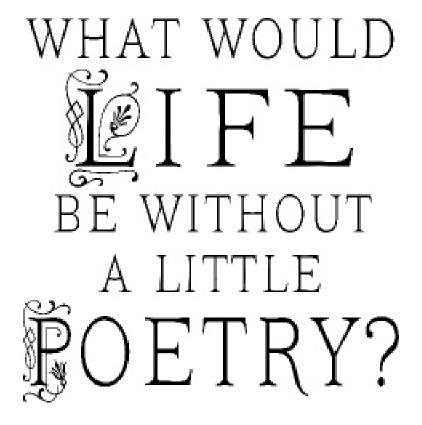
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

past, present & future, our Patrons and Readers & the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Renowned Poets

Phillis Wheatley

Phillis Wheatley was the first African American and the first woman to publish a book, the first woman, to make a living from her writing, and all was accomplished while being a slave. Through her work, Phillis Wheatley is credited with helping create the foundation of African American Literature and provide inspiration to African American emancipation of slavery. Phillis Wheatley was born in 1753 in Gambia. I couldn't find any information on her birth parents. When she was seven or eight years old, she was forcibly kidnapped and brought across the Atlantic (United States) on the ship called Phillis.

Phillis was a small, sick child when she was sold as a slave to John Wheatley, (a wealthy Boston Merchant.) His wife, Susanna Wheatley, was in a search for a young female servant to help her and her daughter, Mary, in domestic duties. She was named after the ship, Phillis, that brought her across to the United States. Then she received her last name, Wheatley from her master. John and Susanna knew she was very intelligent. She was dismissed from her duties. Instead, Susanna and her daughter, Mary, taught her to read and to write. They encouraged her to write poetry. They also taught her religion, language, literature, and history. At the age of twelve, Phillis published her first poem, "On Messrs Hussey and Coffin," about sailors escaping disaster.

Susanna Wheatley supported Phillis as she wrote her first book of poems, "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral" was published in London. She couldn't get her book published here in the United States because she was African American and a woman. But Nathaniel, the master's son, took her to London to get it published. Susanna's friend, Selina Hastings, funded her book publication. After her book was published, she was emancipated from slavery. She married John Peters, a free black man who was a shopkeeper. They had children but none survived infancy.

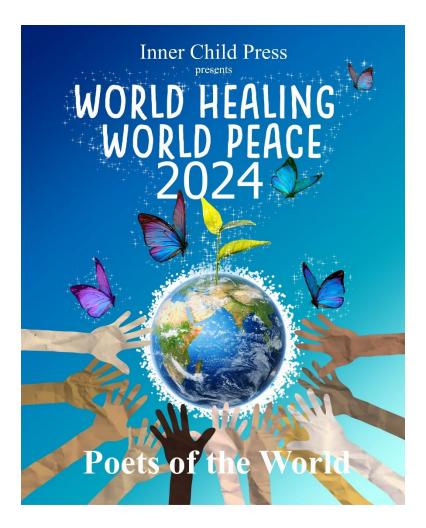
Her husband was sent to prison for debt. Phillis had to work as a scullery maid at a boarding house, doing work she had never done before. She developed pneumonia and died on December 5, 1784 after giving birth to her daughter who died shortly after her.

х

I am very impressed with Phillis Wheatley and her poetry. She's very talented and gifted poet. She stands for truth, honesty, hope, dreams, and freedom. She brings hope to the African American, women and to all the people. She has been through so much but still never gave up hope, she kept pushing on. Let us honor her and her poetry.

Noreen Snyder

Coming April 2024



www.innerchildpress.com/world-healingworld-peace-poetry

Preface

We, Inner Child Press International, The Year of the Poet and The Poetry Posse welcome you.

WOW... a decade. We are so excited as we cross over into our 11th year of The Year of the Poet.

This particular year we have chosen to feature renowned poets of history. We do hope you enjoy. Read ~ Learn.

For those of you who are not familiar with our story, back in 2013, a few of us poets got together with the simple intention of producing a book a month. That was our challenge. Since that time the enterprise has blossomed and brought forth a fruit that seems to keep on growing as evidenced as we enter 2023.

Our purpose is simple. Through our lyrical words and verse, we not only wish to share our poetic works, but we also have the poetic naiveté to believe that we can assist in the growth of consciousness of the things that have an effect our collective humanity. Therefore, we welcome your readership. For more about what we are attempting to accomplish, have a look at our Publishing Web Site ... www.innerchildpress.com. If you would like to know a bit more about this particular endeavor please stop by for a visit at :

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

Over the years, Inner Child Press has been socially active to bring awareness and catalog through literature the things that have an impact upon our world and its inhabitants. We have solicited, produced, underwritten and published quite a few volumes to that end. For more insight you may wish to visit : <u>www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-</u> <u>market</u>. If you are a writer, poet, or activist, you would be advised to keep a eye out for upcoming volumes should you desire to participate. All readers are welcomed as well. Note, that there is a myriad of published volumes that are available as a FREE PDF download as well as available for purchase at affordable prices.

We at this time extend to you our well wishes for your own personal journey and hope that you consider including us as a travel companion.

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

Renowned Poets Phillis Wheatly 1753 ~ 1784

January 2024

by hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.



While an intrinsic ardor prompts to write, The muses promise to assist my pen;'Twas not long since I left my native shore The land of errors, and Egyptian gloom: Father of mercy, 'twas thy gracious handBrought me in safety from those dark abodes.

Phillis Wheatley, *To the University of Cambridge in New England* (the first 6 lines)

A sickly child, seven or eight years old, gets kidnapped and is brought across the Atlantic on the *Phillis* to Boston. In 1761, the little girl is sold as a slave to John Wheatley, a tailor, and his wife Susanna who name her after the ship she was forced to embark on in her native land, West Africa.

Biographers record that the Wheatleys' daughter Mary taught "Phillis" to read and write. The enslaved little girl mastered the English language within 16 months, having also studied its most difficult literature as well as classic Greek and Latin literature, astronomy, geography, and the Bible. It is said that she caused a stir among Boston scholars by translating a tale from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book VI. "Phillis" started writing poetry at about age 12 and published her first poem at 14.

In the year of 1773, Phillis Wheatley accomplished something that no other woman of her status had done. With the appearance of her book of poetry, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral*, she became the first enslaved American, the first person of African descent, and only the third colonial American woman to have her work published.

Elegies, poems on the deaths of noted persons, friends, or even strangers whose loved ones employed the poet constitute the literary work of Phillis Wheatley, the first African-American author of a published book of poetry. Numerous scholars and critics of the field of literature unite in their poetic analyses as to this notable 18th century writer's best-known poem, "On Being Brought from Africa to America":

'Twas mercy brought me from my *Pagan* land, Taught my benighted soul to understand That there's a God, that there's a *Saviour* too: Once I redemption neither sought nor knew. Some view our sable race with scornful eye, "Their colour is a diabolic die." Remember, *Christians*, *Negros*, black as *Cain*, May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

In this most famous poem of hers, Phillis Wheatley reminds her white readers that although she is black, everyone – regardless of skin color – can be 'refined' and unite in God's choirs. With her poetry being drenched in religious themes and allusions, different people took away different meanings from it. While abolitionists referred to Wheatley as a model for the God-given dignity of Black men and women, pro-slavery advocates justified their stance of forcing conversion to Christianity upon enslaved people on the basis of her example. After her death, Wheatley's poetry made a momentous impact on the abolition of slavery. Years after the Great Awakening was over and people understood its significance, her poems were used to fight southern views towards slavery.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita, Liberal Arts (Penn State, U.S.A.) Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International (U.S.A.)





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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$

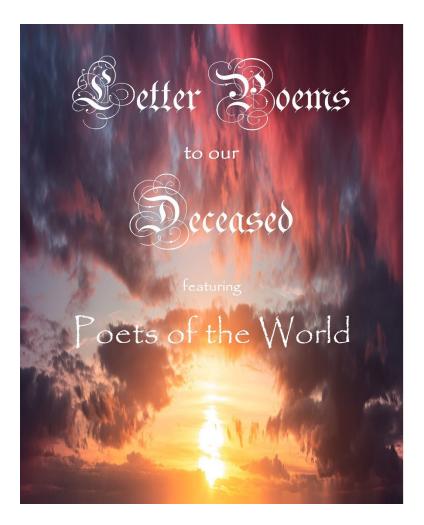




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

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www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthologymarket.com

Gail Weston Shazor



Gail Weston Shazor is a lover of words. She is fond of the arcane, unusual and the not yet words.

Coining words at an early age, there was often a bit of trouble with teachers, but she always had her mother and aunt to back up her choices in expression. Born in Mississippi, she spent her early years with her grandparents. Each of the four left very careful influences on her pre-schooling. She learned in turn how women worked in and out of the home and how men worked in and out of the home to support the family. She learned that a lack of proper schooling was not the only way to learn and understanding life was a great teacher. As in most rural families of color, women had a greater chance of formal learning. Both of Gail's grandmothers read out loud to the family whether it was the bible or the newspapers and important documents to their spouses.

Gail Weston Shazor has authored (so far) Notes from the Blue Roof, A Overstanding of an Imperfect Love, HeartSongs and Lies My Grandfather's Told Me. The number of anthologies is too many to list with the premier accomplishment of one of the contributors to The Year of The Poet. Gail will always lend her ink to community projects and will purchase the books of fellow poets in the Inner Child Press family.

A New World

Oh, to worship

In the freedom

That's provided

By tyranny

Long prevalent

In the free land

Promised to us

As a teary salve

For our kidnapping

Legacy

I wonder who else died today Did they pass quietly away Or try to hold on til no longer alone With tears in their eyes Are there other families grieving Chests hurting from tears spent unexpectedly The "oh no's" and "my lawds" stuck on dry lips Do they hurt too In all the places, in all the world Someone died today And perhaps the world they died in Was better for others having lived I wonder who else died today And this loss can seem so much more Because it is our loss, our collective tears Twice removed through the iconoclasm And the newly dead today Will be relegated to obituary readings And too overly pungent flowers To mask the mask of death and stench of fear And will they hurt less Than the pundits waxing eloquent But not sparing a word for that son Passing in the path of angry metal I wonder what you will do today After picking out burial clothes In infant sizes for pictures That will never be developed It will be said that your stopping talking Did nothing to solve the problems Of being who you are and where you are But the silence need voices to be heard And are there powerless words written

Without momentum for change Responsibilities do not end with the period It starts off the stained parchment I wonder who else grieves today Knowing, would you dip Your own quill in the blood To scribe the words of a blessing I wonder who else died today The lesson is there for us to learn Not just to see and repeat We must move our hands and feet I wonder if you knew who died today And with no one left to look up to Does one step over Gabriel's trumpet Without the notion to learn to play?

Hallowed Grace

I have learned this~ A life, a love, a heart That has been profaned By trite and hollow words Can only be made hallowed Again by learning to embrace The inner mystery of celebrating eucharisto I can love you from here or there It is only important that I do Love you And this believing is how my fragileness Has been made strong My inner rings keep growing Because even a barren stump Can sprout leaves under The vine keeper's healing hand Each bar haunts my dreams A thousand hands A thousand dreams Seep into my soul every time I hold on to this reality And as the years pass I am reminded of the many That remain beyond corporality It is an easy elegance This passing through of time I no longer feel an individuality Of cloistered dependence The responsibility of greatfilledness Is a matter of breathing In and out, out and in As I have been cautioned By one physician or another

By one friend or another And yet I have not mastered This When you reach out to me And I am forced To recall How it feels to be in your attention So I pause To praise Jah for this sole favor For He, by any of the names man proffers Has heard my heart Whether I can speak the words or not I remain silent In the face of the work of Abba Father And while I would have your love Without reservation I can always glory in His Love of me My heart, my soul, my spirit My faltering faith in finding what I need I peer through the bars Surrounding this space These well worn and marked boundaries With narrow spaces and I am greatfilled for this~ A life, a love, a heart Made hallowed by grace

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor.

She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in : Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary,Ukraina, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, the UK, Italy, the USA, Canada, the UK, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Israel, Turkey, India, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan, China, Australia, South Africa, Zambia, Nigeria

She received two medals - the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). Ahe also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy " Tra le parole e 'elfinito" (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018). She also received : Bolesław Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).

Phillis Wheatley

"Life without death, and glory without end"

A seven-year-old sick girl, a worthless commodity at the slave market - too weak for hard work on the plantation, came from Africa to America on the ship that gave her name

Susanna and John Wheatley helped the child. Did they know they were buying a black pearl? Did they think that poems would bloom in the house? Did they suspect the slave's voice will reach the other end of the world?

The Bible gave her strength, the voices of the classics' wisdom, and the stars showed her the way in the darkness and led towards immortality *"Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach"*

Christamas, anno domini 2023

In Bethlehem the silence becomes louder and louder - it echoes between the sky and the earth. The street lamps have closed their eyes, the ruined houses are silent. The wind blows through the deserted streets.

A crying woman can be heard in the distance. She was about to leave - she was left alone among the rubble and picks through it with bloody fingers. Hope makes her believe, that she will hear the word "mom"

In the city, purple dust stretches to the horizon. The mourning sun lost its warmth and glow. The mother found her massacred child - and in that moment her world died.

Possessions

I know

- I have too many things.

I notice

- they are taking over the space. They brazenly demand attention and blackmail with dust and cobwebs.

We want to free ourselves. I allow them to leave me. In someone else's house, in another world, they will be loved and useful again. Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose* and Art, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz in 2019, *No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass*, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of Inner Child Press, Itd.

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

Gifted

Holding a grudge? Seeking revenge? But no!

Who could have blamed me? And, yet, I chose not to, nor To claim victimhood's name.

Residing in a world, Not of my choosing,

Snatched away, family, history, From everything I have known. It would not have done me any good.

Seeing as how I am loved, Not in the normal way, mind you;

No mother or father of my own. I do not even remember them. Guess I could have cried my eyes out?

Maybe even plotted various ways To escape? But then, I am a child,

A transplant, having not yet learned hate. Fearful, perhaps, maybe, Of losing the care I have?

And, if I should say so, The love showered upon me.

The roof over my head, Food in my tummy, a warm bed.

Clothes on my back.

I can read! And, write, too! Strange as it may seem to history's eyes.

But, from my perspective, The world has opened up all around me. Praise the Almighty! With mind focused

Upon the light, like the rays of the sun, I am more than history's opinion.

I am a God given gift, Determined to make the most of life. I choose to believe in myself. In possibilities.

One day you will be reading all about me. You will read my poetry, yes, in the pages

Of a book! Yes, indeed! Just you wait and see. You will find it in the book that I will write. And History will remember me.

And my name! Just you wait and see!

Wings

When the windy breeze howls day and night

And the trees sway and acorns drop

It is as if in a movie I see my past tap dancing across the tin roof top of my mountain home

Just the very thought Of those long ago days

Returns me to my teens And back into a place and time

Where never could I have envisioned That the answer to the question of whether or not I could fly

Would come on the wings of poetry.

The Midwife

In dream of moment, a long awaited time. A tale from volumes of voile and some silk. The threads little knowing or caring.

Within cocoons, they were busily breeding Oblivious to fads or recent fashion. And tales like this, as revealed in an old diary. Selected first as a necessity.

Then with some apprehension, not from ease, Inspection of the inside and outside came. With anticipatory approval.

When she begin to embrace the pain. Predicting the day of designation. Proud midwife with proud daughter, both wives with volumes of day's anxiety; From experience of knowledge.

They knew she was with child. Unassured of gender, husband, father. Awaiting; so too, mother and daughter. Beneath squeals of delight, some tears and wails, The midwife delivered her daughter's baby boy.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai comes from the Republic of China(Taiwan). In addition to being a professor of literature at a university, he is more committed to writing poems, novels, and proses. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text, an International editor of "Contemporary dialogues" literary periodical in Macedonia, and Vice-Chairman of the International Jury of the SAHITTO INTERNATIONAL AWARD in Bangladesh, and a columnist for "Chinese Language Monthly" in Taiwan.

In a wide range of literary creations, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels, and writing articles or poems about the feelings of nature and human beings. He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 55 countries and have been translated into more than 24 languages.

The Hustle and the Lost

In the city's streets, the hustle and the stillness, A microcosm of existence. People rush by, their shadows fleeting, A phantom presence.

The city's night is bright and vibrant, A mask to hide its loneliness. The phone is turned off, The self lost in the screen, Disconnected from others.

The neon lights sparkle like makeup, A dazzling veneer beneath the colorful surface. The river of impermanence flows, A sad melody.

The hand of time reaches out, Longing for peace. A defiance of reality, one battle after another. Reaching out with outstretched hands, Only to grasp the remains of oneself, Already imprisoned by time.

In the depths of the soul, Is the obsession with illusion a subjective illusion, Or an objective truth?

In the wind of life

A mote of dust, Endless pursuit A symbol of the emptiness and anxiety of modern society Reality and fiction intertwine, Like a mirror in a poem It is difficult to distinguish between reality and illusion The street lamp on the cobbled road, The footprints of memories frozen In the silence of the night, Can it guide me home in the maze? The philosopher's heart, Mixed with joy and sorrow Is just a product of the inner desire If not for the few leaves Of the parasol tree in the dark Or, simply A necessity of human desire?

The Self That Is Lost in the Fog

The tower stands tall, A symbol of our aspirations.

The streets are noisy, A reflection of our inner turmoil.

We are lost, In the maze of our own making.

We chase after fame and fortune, But find only emptiness.

We try to be still, But find no peace.

Our souls are entangled, By the bonds of desire.

The world is a prison, That traps us, intentionally or not.

Where is the true self, That we have forgotten?

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

abduction

b. 1753 d. 1784

Phillis Wheatley abducted, kidnapped taken as were many from mother Africa very young sold into slavery learned to read, write they discovered her creative talent poetry her work grew, recognized published first African-American women author to accomplish that a published book of poetry her works were acclaimed she became a name in USA and UK topics spiritual, religious impact she was eventually emancipated but died at 31 in poverty died in obscurity

in spite of that her name her accomplishments, creativity lived on remember Phillis Wheatley

Cycle

Phillis replaces, replaced can't escape or keep up with the pace in the marathon called human race signs abound all over the place, usually right in front of your face sunrise/sunsets, traversing of sunsets, traversing signs constantly unfold, similitudes that shape views like the moon we to are part of the cycle life so very unfold, similitudes come. Go don't last that's the metaphor of the hour glass sands of time sifting fast once full on top, blink all on bottom sifting stopped seconds, minutes now you got them but blink just like that gone not so much a nod, a wink life snuffed, what happened to all that stuff you coveted meant so much but you placed value on that which rung hollow here today, gone tomorrow ,what remains? sorrow! for that you full-on ,bought, borrowed and the hour glass turned yesterdays, todays into tomorrows and the signs are manifest for believing eyes that see rehearse the verse and complete the cycle not alive but better yet you pass the test it's your soul that survives the cycle at best to forever and ever thrive/feast cycle complete, crossed over, rest/peace!

bam dado bop

sound of bebop go baba ba bo bop strange the way the phrasings arraigned no matter it's music to the ear, tickle the soul feels good no matter hit the spot whatever that is sku bop, bop loved it when i first heard it way back then since many crossed over, most gone forever but spaba du bop remains in ears, brains especially those of us who remember being there at the venues in the big apple erymid sixties Birdland, five Birdland, five note, apollo, central park free all now a far but very near memory badu, badu, badu, badu take a bow Badu, Badu, Badu, Badu many more troubles me to not recall, all, but if you look up bebop they there, believe that

Norgen Snyder



Noreen Ann Snyder has been writing since she was a teenager. She writes a variety of different topics. Her favorite poetic forms are Sonnets, Blitz, Haiku, Tanka, and Free Verse. She always learning different poetic forms.

Noreen Ann Snyder is a poet, writer, and an author of five books, (four books are co-authored with her late husband, Garry A. Snyder.) Her poetry is in several Inner Child Press Anthologies. She is the founder of The Poetry Club on Facebook.

Phillis Wheatley

What an honor and privilege to read Phillis Wheatley's poetry. She gave so much to us through her writings, like standing on the cloud watching the world and seeing right through them. If the people would listen to her, then there might not be any racism in this world now. If we could only view the world through her eyes, what would you see and hear? No matter what, she kept going, pushing forward. Let us show her respect and honor her by giving her a special day where we can read and learn about her.

Sonnet 24

Sometimes when I feel like falling apart, falling to pieces, I felt- you holding me up- telling me I am your Sweetheart. Let it go! When my life is unfolding before my eyes, I know I'll be alright for you and God are always by my side lifting me, being my star, my flashlight. I will not let you down. I am your bride in Heaven and on Earth; nothing can come between us, for our love is always strong we won't deny it, and it is here from now to eternity. We do belong. We will write love poems together, and you'll write in the clouds. I'll write in the sand.

How Simple After All

Be good and be gentle. Show love and kindness. Smile! Give a sincere, warm compliment. Say hello, have a great day! Go for a walk and enjoy nature surrounding you. Make a new friend. Check on your neighbors. Read a book or some poetry to a stranger or to a friend. How simple after all! Why can't people get it? How simple after all!

elizabeth e. Castillo



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 coauthor 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.

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

The Enslaved Poetess

Wheatley, she isn't a fool, For her wisdom transcends barriers Being enslaved was not a hindrance Phillis was an empowered woman Inspiring all with her arduous verses Words that leave a spark to the masses Compared to Anna Bradstreet, Her pieces left a great impression to the world With her wit, she is ahead of her time.

Humanity

Amid the chaos, Take time to marvel at the beauteous Nature Though we witness the greed of men A constant struggle for power and fame We may ask ourselves, Have we forgotten our humanity? Have we gone back to the past When historical battles continue to haunt us. Where is the brotherhood that we cry for? Is unity elusive? When can peace really reign in the hearts of men?

Shout

They say 3 A.M is the time of mystics, of poets, of being sublime,

A time of prayer and solitude, a time to reflect on our past A time to quietly shout what we can't vocally speak of When only the deafening sound and of crickets around Linger at the four corners of our dark room.

"Let it all out!", says a distinct voice at the back of my mind

Whisper to the wind what your heart beats for

Let the white dove fly and return, a signal of your freedom!

- Shout! Until your voice becomes hoarse and nothing would be left
- Shout amid the silent screams of bewildered souls crying for help.

Mutawaf Shahged



C. E. Shy has been writing since the seventh grade. He continued writing through high school, until he became more involved in sports. After his graduation, he worked at the White Motors Company where he wrote for the company's newspaper. He started a column called: "The Poet's Corner." That was his first published work.

www.innerchildpress.com/c-e-shy.php

The Crown

Being in favor of humanity bodes well for some, but being active to manifest that love fits better, for those who attempt to make others dreams come true and to make their lives better.

Watching ones wants and ambitions coincide, with those who have little hope, is like a kind of prose one wears inside. Never being afraid of oppression. Standing up against the status quo wasn't an easy go.

Arranging to the changes, so to ease the down- trodden's way. These were the marching orders of her every day. Under-standing the human stru-

ggle, being the living proof of what it was like, made the special lady become the good fortune of the people she loved.

Setting a standard for the least informed became the jewel in the crown she had worn. Instilling a sense of pride for those who had none inside.

Tried the level the mental playing field and help her folks add value to themselves and to reach higher.

Aspiring, never tiring of becoming greater human beings. Until this day, I think we'd have to say, she deserves to wear that Crown.

Now, then and Again

We sit here in the light of candles, I decorate your mind with all that what was intended for you to hear.

You inspire my ability to loosen the things that tied my tongue, that helped my mind find where it had been for some time.

We fell in love eventually, gradually; we saw nothing coming. Time made available when we could ration the passion that could have postponed it.

When we were able to deal with its depth, we lunged. Being capable of reading needs, without asking, was then achievable. All unreasonable things remained outside.

Our minds connected at the hip and lips. Sharing aggressive embraces, that left the marks our emotions could reconcile.

Thinking of minuets that played in those moments, moving towards the precipice. Experiencing, what that meant to us, discarding the lows, taking chances with the highs, that we could only reach one time.

Knowing, then and again, when to exhale and take deep breathes. Avoiding out dated phrases, makes temporary okay. Displaying what I'm saying in a nonverbal way. It's never too close for comfort.

We had this all the time, we just had to dig ourselves. Fine tuning our egos, made it easy. Mining minutes From the hours, we wasted no time.

I found drugs inside of love, it underpins my mental state. We never trained for this, no one ever does. What participates from your eyes dwindles as the candles light gutters. Now, we lay down and try and sleep.

Hot Diggidy Dog

The times never changed, it was just the seasons. The reason being, minds and intentions didn't, couldn't, would not bend. Making amends was never considered. It kept running into the question of, why should I and what for?

As time went by, little by little, clearer and clearer, only a few got it, get it? In the heads of minions, flaunting flawed suggestion, given them by the rubber stampers in the advertising sections of the daily screwed papers.

Sporting mind pampers, attempting to catch the diatribe. Thinking, happy hour will dilute the truth that come a long with reality. Standing next to Lurch in church. Never asking oneself, "What the hell is he doing here?"

His rubber doesn't touch your road, so why should you ever care? Anyway, he is your neighbor. Recalcitrant! Moving forward with the plan. Never thinking what was asked for is at hand.

Remember, you said, "Deliver me from evil", "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Maybe you thought it wouldn't come true. Those are the words you spoke, they aren't mine, but they are coming true with time.

Good luck with your master plans. In the mean time I must concentrate on straightening my own stand. Karma is waiting to give you guys its hand, one you never thought of or even planned.

hülya n. yılmaz



Of Turkish descent, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Professor Emerita (Penn State, U.S.A.), Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, U.S.A.), and a trilingual literary translator. Before her poetry and prose publications, she authored an extensive research book in German on crosscultural literary influences.

Her works of literature include a trilingual collection of poems, memoirs in verse, prose poetry, short stories, a bilingual poetry book, and two books of poetry (one, coauthored). Her poetic offerings appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors.

hülya writes creatively to attain and nourish a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, a traveler on the journey called "life" . . .

Writing Web Site <u>https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</u>

Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

Stolen Identity

What did my parents call me upon my birth? I never learned my free name. I never saw them ever again. Whatever happened to my siblings, my grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins?

I was seven (or maybe eight) when some men tore me apart from my mom and dad. They dragged me to what looked like a huge boat. Into a dot at a distance turned soon my native land.

The irony of it all! My Bostonian slave masters had an inspiration: "She shall be named after the slave ship that brought her in."

So, my African self was cloaked inside an American tapestry, and I was called *Phillis*.

Ovid

Oh, how I loved learning! Even today, I thank Mary Wheatley, my masters' daughter, for her kind heart. She, after all, taught me how to read and write.

English was no challenge to me; Neither were classic Greek and Latin. Fascinating was the work of Publius Ovidius Naso, commonly known as Ovid. Scholars in Boston found themselves in a shock: "It could not have been her! A young black slave girl from Africa translating a story from the *Metamorphoses*? Absurd!"

colorblind

black, yellow or white side by side in a palette perceive one planet





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

Poetry of Wheatley

An enslaved genius and master of the word. A body of work published by a slave. Ordained by Spirit to thrive in the worst times.

You were cursed in your time warp for blackness. But your mastery of the word pushed barriers with a lyrical flow of couplets. You showcased your talent for the world to see.

Though caught in the atrocity of slavery, your legacy thrives into the 21st century. Late but necessary, your work is praiseworthy for its time.

RAV4 Sunrise

Light rain all night. Shivering until mornings light washes my face clean.

Warm vibrations crawl up my spine. My smile is enflamed with love streaking across my lips.

I open the curtain on my RAV4 to be greeted by the rising sun. Light streams bounce against my window in the colors of a rainbow.

My self-hug says it all as the morning's light projects back to my soul.

Emotional Recycling

We recycle the same emotions adjusted for the temperature we can handle Generation after generation Lifetime after lifetime

We each have a personal learning curve. Tuned to our performance, the alarms go off periodically to remind us to move into our next learning experience.

We are here to learn how to be of service. The roads and lessons are ropey and rough. But Spirit gives us days of peace to help us prepare for the next storm. Ashok K. Bhargava



ASHOK BHARGAVA is a poet, writer, inspirational speaker and a literary consultant. He has attended poetry conferences in Italy, Turkey, India and Philippines. His latest book "Riding the Tide" about his battle with cancer has been translated and published in Arabic, Hindi, Telugu and Bengali languages. He is a contributing writer to several anthologies worldwide including World Poetry Almanac 2014. He has been published in numerous print and online magazines.

Ashok has won many accolades including Poet Ambassador to Japan, Kalidasa International award, World Poetry Lifetime Achievement award, Writers Beyond Borders Peace award and Tapsilog Leadership award for his community involvement. He is founder of Writers International Network Canada Society to discover, nourish, recognize and celebrate writers, poets and artists and to assist them to network with the community at large. He is the author of eight books of poetry and one anthology. He is Artist-in-Residence at Moberly Arts & Cultural Centre and also co-edits the literary section of The Link Newspaper.

A Sole Clamor – Philis Wheatly

Nabbed Chained Auctioned Sold and resold Raped Injured You survived.

A fighter A sweet girl You sought God Who would not come When called To answer For your sufferings Visible or invisible.

You lived A calligraphy of black cursive Life loved and hated The muddied morality.

You never gave up You were absolution.

Emptiness

how much I love you I can't tell

there're no measures of the moments slipping away

only the cravings fingers matter

like holes in a flute I am full of imperfections

the hollowness of a drum matches void of my traits

I can still play melodies in harmonious rhythms lonely sky can tell I am a flute I am a drum

Blind Perception

When I see I don't really see what I want to see.

Only when I don't see I see everything.

Do you see What I see?

The breathing words to take the breath away. Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, author of Velvet Passions of Calibrated Quarks, World Poetry Canada International Director to Philippines is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, educator, peace and women's advocate. She believes that learning other's language and culture is a doorway to wisdom.

Among her poetic belts include **Gabrielle Galloni Memorial Panorama International Youth Award** 2022, Panorama Youth Literary Awards 2020, 7th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada ''Amazing Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua. Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

http://panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazarenogabis/

https://apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

http://www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras /id1181.html

Hymn To The Morning

A tribute to Phillis Wheatley

When the dawn breaks, You're the sunshine peeping between the trees, Enslaved by the morning dew, Caressed by the dwelling breeze Where hope chants with your poetry, The laments of history brew Faces of slavery, Mended gaps and filled the unsought strength, Dear Phillis of Africa, you've lighted up A dark age that became proof of talent, In Uncle Tom's book of a lifetime.

Oubaitori

The best is yet to come, When the doors of opportunity Fly in your arms Embrace it and pray for it; Your own season comes Shining perfectly in manifolds, Rise and carry the bliss From bended knees, Your heart desires a room of peace Grateful and blessed, the time is here, It's a world of smiles up to beat May all the wishes of luck crown you success!

The Lifter

There are times you need a hand, Who will reach out to you, Sometimes, you fall and fail To get the worth your efforts tell, There are times you need a hand, When all of your dreams are unclear, Sometimes, patience would come to you To move forward and never sway, Let all the blocks of getting up Lift the force to bring another chance; Inspire a spark of lifter's dance.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a trilingual poet, translator, environmentalist, editor from India and author of seven books of different genres including one on children's literature on Environment. She is the recipient of International UGADI AWARD 2019, honoured from Gujurat Sahitya Akademi 2022, 2021 International Poesis Award of Honor as Jury, Pentasi B World Fellow Poet, Honoured Poet of India from Seychelles Government and International awards from Algeria, Morocco, Kajhakhstan, modern Arabic Literary Renaissance of Egypt, International Arts Council Argentina etc. Her stories, poems, articles are published in many International and National magazines and ezines. Her poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 67 languages. She has received over 60 National and International Awards. At present she is the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child and the life member of Odisha Environmental Society

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Diasporic Verses

at the age of seven brought from Africa to America in a ship named Phillis kidnapped forcibly across sold as a slave in the Atlantic she is Phillis whitely a tailor purchased her her poems are spiritual intelligent she was her master believed in manumission she wrote on racial discrimination her couplets of mercy are Iambic pentameter with classical themes she is the first black female poet the first American slave of African descent whose works were published at the age of thirteen fought against slavery Whitley's daughter taught her alphabets relocation was reflected through her verses on death, hypocrisy, knowledge and ignorance religion, peace nature and mercy her soul sang the anthem of victory

Highway To Sky

each highway is the permutation and combination of binaries each highway glitters with the sweating of the muscles the cacophony of hunger lust and love form the organic perfume the roads are black alphabets in a procession relativity march forward logics are landmarks our sky is the limited version of our mind with digital numbers sky never stoops down you may reach the Moon or the Mars but yes, if you can twinkle as stars the sky is here and here your own identity is the highway what are you searching for....?

Aha! A Jinga La La Honeymoon

jasmines spread on the bed the bride with croquette gown sits like a huge pumpkin couple of months ago the groom went to see the girl Aha! her pretty long hair with flowers curl her smile was hotter than samosas on plate eyes met and he smiled the girl was happy for his teeth so white must be too romantic her groom using branded paste since that day he had all dreams to fore play with her hair on the first meet on the dreamy night he raised her veil lo! behold she is bald !!! her wi explained she, it is because of typhoid he screamed with anger "you a cheat !" tongues twisted; his denture slipped dreams broke like crispy golgappas big in the glass box; sour when crashed both faced opposite with tear and fear but the wig and denture slept hugging each other celebrating honeymoon with a song of Jinga Lala

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



Albert "Infinite The Poet" Carrasco is an urban poet, mentor and public speaker.

Albert believes his experience of growing up in poverty, dealing with drugs and witnessing murder over and over were lessons learnt, in order to gain knowledge to teach. Albert's harsh reality and honesty is a powerfully packed punch delivered through rhyme. Infinite grew up in the east part of the Bronx and still resides there, so he knows many young men will follow the same dark path he followed looking for change. The life of crime should never be an option to being poor but it is, very often.

> Infinite poetry @lulu.com Alcarrasco2 on YouTube Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

www.lulu.com/us/en/shop/al-infinite-carrasco/infinitepoetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

Phillis Wheatley

They kidnapped me from Senegal/Gambia in west Africa when i was just seven years old, i was put on a ship and shipped to Boston mass with many refugees who will be sold.i was young and frail so i really wasn't suited for strenuous work the others were capable of, so i was purchased by Susana Wheatley, the wife of Boston tailor John Wheatley, for less money because they thought I was going to die because my skinny body looked sickly. The Wheatleys including their children Nathaniel and Mary grew fond of me, I still was enslaved but they saw my light, in between laboring for the family I was taught how to read and write. I read the bible and studied astronomy, history and British literature, along with Greek and Latin classics of virgil, ovid, terrance and homer. I wanted a higher learning in a more academic atmosphere. From that point on I started to write poetry. I wrote about my saga at sea. That poem was called "On Messrs. Hussey and Coffin," it was published in 1767.I Phillis Wheatly Peters became the first African American woman to have poetry in publication'

I wish

i wish i was able to walk out with them, i look back a few times as they are walking back in, i wouldn't of been here if i didn't have love for them, did i ever think of breaking them out? no question, i just had to control emotion and wait for release dates so i could drive upstate to bring em back home to freedom. a lot of homies spent years in prison due to our poverty rebellion, they missed out on spending precious time with their children, why? because those children are now the same age as my kin was when they went in, some parents were older men and women who are now fragile senior citizens. of course ill be by their side to help them, they went in with lion hearts and warriors blood, theres no chill in them, it was easy for some and hard for others to adapt to evolution. Almost everyone made it out eventually, I say almost because I have one running mate that will sadly die in the penitentiary.

why

Why couldn't I have been there? Why couldn't I breathe for them when they were gasping for air? Why don't I have the power to revive? if i did i wouldnt have to view them with glued lips and eyes. I have seen too many of my men in caskets with we dont die we multiply arrangements along with flowers for the dead on the floor in baskets. moms and pops are in the front row weeping devastated, wives are on their knees with their hands on hubbys rosary beads wishing on a miracle, "God wake him up please". Children are on her side. they're shaking, their eyes are teary and their nose is snotty trying to gather up enough courage to say final byes to daddy. the burial ritual is the worst, i'm surrounding a hole early in the mourning, with all those mourning, knowing today would be the last time we all will see the face of my homie and that in a few minutes to see that face we will all have to dig into memories.

Michelle Joan Barulich



Michelle Joan Barulich was born in Honolulu, Hawaii on the island of Oahu. She started writing poetry and songs with her younger brother Paul. They have written many songs in their teen years. She is currently studying Alternative Medicine and would like to become a Homeopathic Doctor. Michelle loves all kinds of animals and birds; she does wild rehabilitation. She has also rescued rock pigeons that make great pets.

https://www.facebook.com/michelle.barulich

Dear Phillis Wheatley

What extraordinary person you were With your creative writings From poems, hymns and tales Your contemplative elegies And your use of poetic imagination made you soar From slave girl to a great publish poet At 14 years of age Your hardships didn't stand in the way What a talent and inspiration you are to the world.

The Emeralds

The liquid of life Leaves you to bleed Like a violin There are four strings to the melody The emerald of life is here and now Do the best that you can do Take a part in the circle You will be counted for Life is a gift And a mystery too Hold it in your hands Try to solve the riddle of time It takes us all for a ride.

My Way of Saying Thanks

My way of saying thanks to you My Lord is to praise your name forever My heart overflows with thanks When I am in doubt He answers me When I am scared, he takes me by my hand And takes all my fears away When I cannot see, He shows me the light When I am wrong, He forgives me again and again Through the thick and thin He is always by my side Guiding my footsteps, seeing me through Lord, every night and day I will praise your name forever And be true, for this is my way Of saying thanks to you.





Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University.

Received *Global Literature Guardian Award* – from Motivational Strips, World Nations Writers Union and Union Hispanomundial De Escritores (UHE) 2018.

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020,

International Award Paragon of Hope (2020),

World Award 2020 *Cesar Vallejo* for Literary Excellence. Laureate of the Special Jury *Sahitto International Award* 2021, World Award *Premiul Fănuş Neagu* 2021.

Finalist *Golden Aster Book* World Literary Prize 2020, *Mili Dueli* 2022, Voci nel deserto 2022.

At the international Festival of Poetry CAMPIONATO MONDIALE DI POESIA (2021/2022) she won the title of vice-champion of the world.

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Award - World Poets Association (2023).

Laureate Between words and infinity "International Literary Award (2023).

The Power to Create

In the memory of Phillis Wheatly*

Her life was not an easy one, enslaved, not by illness, but the then accepted system. Despite this, she was able to find a vent for her unenslaved mind.

Owing to her owners who allowed her to grow intellectually, the enslaved person learned to read and write, studied foreign languages. These skills gave her opportunities to have – a different vision – a greater understanding – and, above all, to resonate with words.

The un-silent mind gave light to a trailing veil of contemplations, which filtered through to the world for ever. Her mind gave birth to life after life.

It endures, and it will like the minds of others whose existential considerations give power to create.

*Phillis Wheatly is considered to be the first African-American poet to be published in a poetry volume.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Understanding

Ever since I can remember I've been most comfortable just with myself. I didn't like when someone hugged, kissed, touched me. I stepped away, I defended myself, I didn't want to be caressed.

I don't have to, I don't want to, I can't.... I can't, I can't, I can't.... More and more I'm aware of this. It's just hit me!

To be like everyone else? But I'm not, I'm not, I'm not....

This is how I was born. They think I'm sick, it's not a disease, not a disease....

It's just being me - myness. Myness, myness, my very self....

It's a state in a closed world, where there's no need for pity, or kisses – only for understanding.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

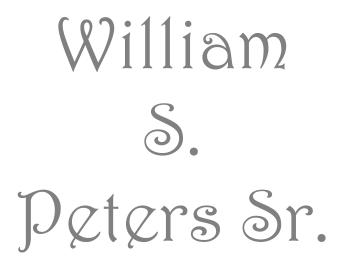
Notes

To Editor Kinga Młynarska

Notes need a staff, not silence. - It doesn't expect order - it is a time for reflection, astonishment, closing your eyes - hailing the world to experience it in peace.

Poetry is most beautiful without an orchestra of whispers, rustles – swathed in thoughtfulness.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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 50 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

Significance

Dedicated to Phillis Wheatley

Significance . . . Just tell me What exactly does that mean?

Profound ... maybe. Meaningful, for sure! Unique ... YES!!!

Is it the words . . . Or the wonder?

Maybe the thoughts That dance in one's imagination That spawns a creation That moves others In ways Yet to be defined

A pioneer Her own ship Hers to steer And she moved forward Without a fear Of who she was told That she was!

Significance . . . Lightly and mildly put HELL YEAH!!!!

Heart Throbs

I have an affinity For those Whose hearts Are bigger than their thoughts

Though, some hearts Are filled with shadows And darkness, But there is hope, For as long as that heart beats There is an inextinguishable light That fights To be seen

I have learned To trust more In the possibilities Than this illusory Malleable reality That changes More than the weather

Speaking of change ...

I may not be here, But I refuse to Let go of this Rope of hope That binds and ties My dreams for My children, Your children,

Humanity To the future.

My heart throbs As it has been For many a year Filling my universe, Your universe With an immutable love For what may be Maybe some day All of our hearts Will give way to the day When we shed the veils That obscure Our best selves Yes, My 'Heart Throbs' With a belief That this will

Come to be.

108

And You Still Do!

I thought about you today.... Again, And again, And again.

Needless to say I miss you, And that warm tender look of love I have always found In your eyes

You were and still are My solace, My comfort, My peace, And my lament That you are no longer here

You are also my strength, For you taught me How to endure, And somehow I still do

The epitome of gratefulness Can be found Simply in the quiet moments I spent with you The embraces and kisses And your kind words That always moved My heart ... And you still do

This poem is dedicated to all of my loved ones who await me on the other side of that 'Rainbow Bridge'.





Til Kumari Sharma Shafkat Aziz Hajam Daniela Marian Eleni Vassiliou – Asteroskon



Til Kumari Sharma



Ms. Til Kumari Sharma as Multi Award Winner in writing from international sector is from Bhorle- Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, West Nepal. Her parents are Mr. Hari Prasad Bashyal who was mayor of Village Assembly in time of Kingdom and mother is Mrs Liladevi Bhusal / Bashyal. Her PhD is in English Literature from Singhania University Pacheri Bari, Jhunjhunu in Rajasthan (India). She has published many thousands of poems, some essays, and stories and other literary writings in Nepal. She has published poems, stories and essays in magazines anthologies from Russia, America, England, and Hungary, Scotland, Indonesia, Bangladesh, South Africa, Kenva, Nigeria, North Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Spain, India and many other countries. She is feathered poet in world. She is involved in different groups of poetry from Kenva, European countries, Hong Kong, Hungary and others. She is co- author in best -selling books. She is world renowned poet now. She is found many where in amazon and google.

Eternal Tomb

The life begins to have journey to tomb. It is certain to face death. The dramatic performance is in earth. We take birth to have death. Tears and laughter are merged. The hidden pain is dancing in life. The failure is thought as success. Struggle assists us to make stand point. Painful life is travelling to take journey to death. Some people are active to reach in tomb early. Some people lose the way of journey to death. So its late. There is competition in playground to reach in tomb. Wonderful the life is. Tomb is ready to accept us. The truth is to travel to death home or tomb. Death as supreme power waits to accept us. It is amazing life to laugh with unconsciousness. All people are mad to reach in tomb. Life verses tomb. It is amazing journey to reach in eternal tomb.

Super Agony

The risk of pain and suffering To face with tears and mirth. The unconscious laughter Brings tears and anxiety. The life of harshness often; The tear coaxes us to hide worries. The life survival is existed in huge agony. Journey of super agony is climbing ladder of pain.

Like cloud of sky to cover the life. Happiness is lacked. Pond of wisdom is merged. Agony is prevalent. Agony plays the huge role. Then it is in the biggest race. Agony is in failure of life. Race of agony is painful enough.

Artistic Beauty

The eternal beauty is evergreen. It is flowering with immortal task. Words are making home of mine. They are eternal in the dusk of time.

Shining and brightening even in tomb. Death is failure in front of art. The young and fresh always the art is. Eternal and undead ever the art is.

Sublimity is there in art. Shining sunshine is in painful memories. River of artistic life seems undried. Undead is the beauty of art. Mountains in art of glory Snowy Himalayas live in sunshine. Life is eternal and young always in art of glory.

Art begets the history of reality. The destiny designer is the art of glory. Shining glory of art walks around globe with dignity and identity.

That is real life aliveness in super beauty.

Shafkat Aziz

Hajam



Shafkat Aziz Hajam is a children's Poet from India kashmir, District Kupwara, Handwara village kashmir. He is the author of two children poetry books that mostly give a religious touch. The Books are titled as The cuckoo's voice and the canary's voice. He is also a private school teacher.

Working in a secondary school, Hill Park International Secondary school located in his native town, Handwara.

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Know Me

Know Me

I am an ocean that bear all bitter experiences,

I am a brook that keep flowing forward in spite of all hindrances.

I am a candle that burn to light the surroundings,

I am a cuckoo that on seeing summer in everyone's garden sing.

I am a vernal breeze that at dawn wake up flowers,

I am a star that until extinction brighten the dark hours.

In all men such traits must be,

In them are the realities of life and humanity.

What shall I call you?

What shall I call you my dears?

You are beautiful and ambrosial flowers Your redolence I smell everywhere I go Your presence is not there though. You are the stars that in the sky I see, Twinkling at dark nights gladdening me. You sing in a sweet voice like a canary,

Utterly captivating! Every time my grieved heart yearns to listen to thee. You are the brooks, attractively chattering, When you chortle,

Though I am vexed, I laugh well.

You are glow worms that in the dark hours glow

Seeing you, I feel happy and I childishly follow. You are the healthy seeds, you can grow fruitfully

When sown in the favourable environment carefully You are diamonds, precious and rare

Lest you lose such qualities, Of you I should take care.

Passion

When we have Passion, we don't stay We work hard night and day. We play our best role To achieve our desired goal.

We gather courage and let go off fear, All the difficulties we bravely bear, Though we are in pain and tired We keep on moving forward.

We swim across the seas and climb the mountains Though it is unbearably hot or cold or it heavily rains . We don't return back, ahead we go Though the strong winds blow.

Though we are hungry and thirsty , We move forward patiently. We move on thorns that come in our way We never step back but move forward night and day.

It's the Passion that helps us to win our race Though many difficulties we face. So ,until Passion in us plays its role We can't achieve our desired goal.

Danigla Marian



Daniela Marian is from Romania. She is passionate about poetry, short prose, proverbs and painting since childhood; Nature and instrumental music inspired her but also social life; He published several volumes of poems, short prose, proverbs, literary articles protected by copyright, as well as in magazines, anthologies and literary cenacles from her country and abroad; He received numerous awards of diplomas and certificates; She is a member of several literature groups; She is the founder of a literary group and its ambassador, as well as an administrator of another literary group; She is a graduate of university and post-graduate studies; He works at a university and doesn't mix work with hobbies.

Baby Face

It appeared to me in my sky A pastel rainbow with many wings Descending smoothly on a silver thread He was smiling at me, from the blue sky He hugged me gently and whispered: "He is the much-wanted child!"

It made my cheeks red like the poppy flower He placed it in my palm an immaculate snowdrop, it had green and fragile leaves, It came from the oasis of the soul.

I looked into his chimerical eyes I heard his voice clear as crystal, He stretched out his hands for me to hold him to my chest, I felt like a child too.

Children are the treasures of the earth, And the light of parents' eyes!

Thoughts

Twilight caught Buttermilk by a wing And the shadows are born, in the valley, in the grove. Today you are on the road again... The sky burns and the stars stream Down, silver sparks, over the face of humanity, maybe it will erase the pain...

I want to ask you, magic face, What are you doing here in my country? I would like to talk to you but thoughts flow like a spring.

A whisper is heard, out of the blue... I am the wind caught in the twilight, I came to cry on your shoulders, And then to shine in the starlight. Do You see the white butterflies? There are thoughts that fly chaotically... The clearing is full of passion The flowers cheer up, It lights up my life.

The Morning Dew

It's a meeting in the dewy dawn the east and the west they hug each other with the sea. A wing detached from the sky write in verse, they worship the Universe, to build a new altar On the mute and silent soul, Is it of this world?

The heart is waiting for your sweet comfort kiss my downcast eyes to you A hug doesn't cost a fortune. I feel like from a story Come, hold me close when my tears fall I am the shadow of the sky over your dry lips I would like to cover you in hot summers.

Eleni Vassiliou

Asteroskon



Eleni Vassiliou – Asteroskoni, a talented Hellenic artist, specializes in creating captivating digital art, wallpapers, and illustrations. She passionately expresses herself through her artistic creations, seamlessly blending colors and concepts to evoke emotions and spark imagination.

In addition to her artistic endeavors, Eleni is an accomplished poet and writer. She has published three collections of heartfelt poetry and a thought-provoking play. Eleni's literary works delve into various themes, leaving a lasting impact on readers. She is also the author of books focused on raising awareness about childhood cancer and has contributed to the cultural landscape with her exceptional talents.

Eleni's artistic journey has been recognized and celebrated through numerous solo and group exhibitions, often organized for charitable causes. Her profound dedication to bringing art and literature together has earned her accolades and honors in various literary competitions and cultural events.

Through her remarkable creativity and contributions, Eleni Vassiliou – Asteroskoni continues to inspire others and make a meaningful impact in the art and literary community.

For more: asteroskoni.wordpress.com

Deep Dream

In the depths of dreams I will wait for your embrace. Let the emptiness within your heart draw me close, for I long to be yours once more, reigning in the highest halls of your affection. How cruel fate was, that broke us apart, left us distant spirits. Yet in every lustful thought I beg you to call me back, let our souls entangle in the realm of dreams. With silent passion I watch over you...

Love

In the realm of love, a fire ignites! Emotions soar, hearts tremble, and souls entwine in a dance of passion. It is a symphony of longing, aching to be heard. With each breath, a crescendo of desire builds, echoing through the depths of the heart. But when love takes flight, leaving you alone, a yearning consumes your being, a void that can only be filled by the resurrection of a tender kiss.

Embrace the fervor, embrace the magic of love's sweet enchantment!

Eldar

In the depths of our souls, lies the very essence on which the entire world hinges.

Each breath we take, every passing moment, holds the weight of mortality.

We are mere shades, traversing through the interplay of shadows, light, and the ephemeral embrace of dust. From the beginning, we enter this realm vulnerable and stripped of all pretences, only to depart alone, as we arrived.

But amidst the existential struggle, there exists a precious flicker of joy, so rare and exquisite,

that it etches itself into the fabric of our existence.

It is in these moments that I yearn to capture the essence of life's fleeting rapture, like words permanently etched upon a page.

Let these words echo through time,

reminding us of a time when I stood amidst your midst, enveloped in the bliss of happiness.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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Published Books

by

Poetry Posse Members

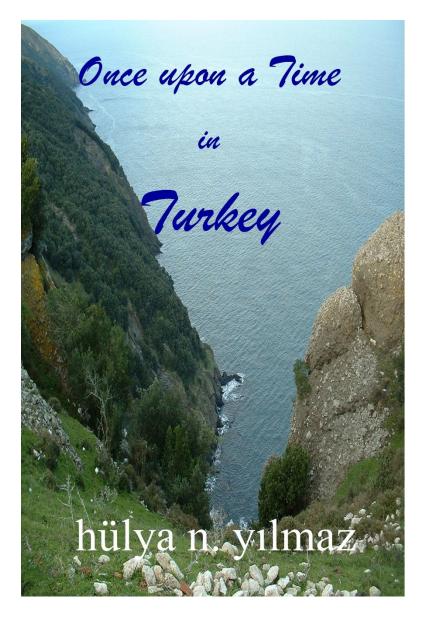
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

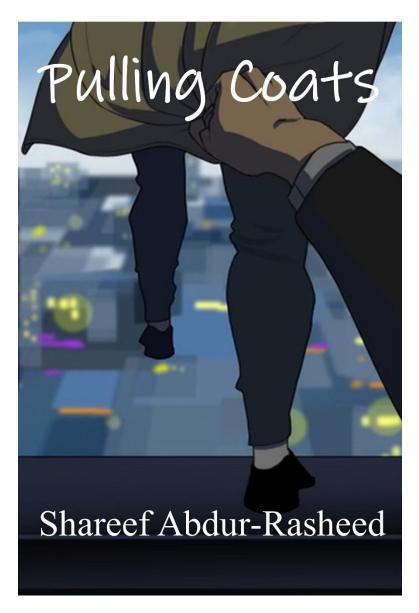
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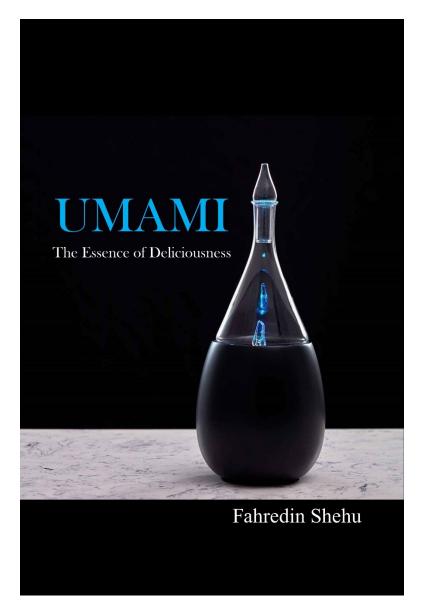






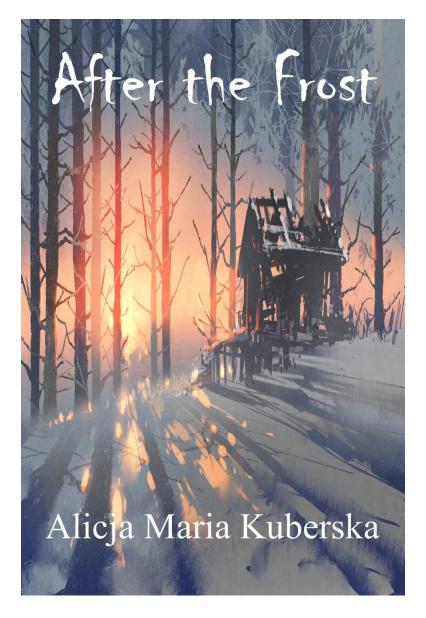
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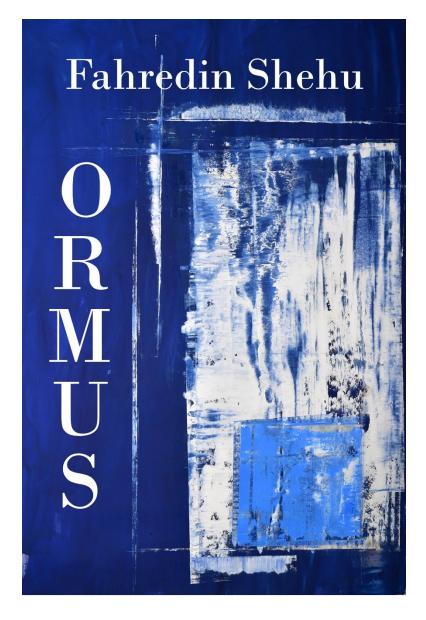
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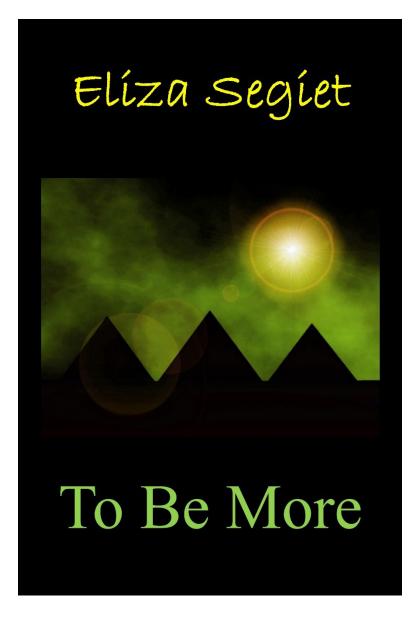


Ahead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages

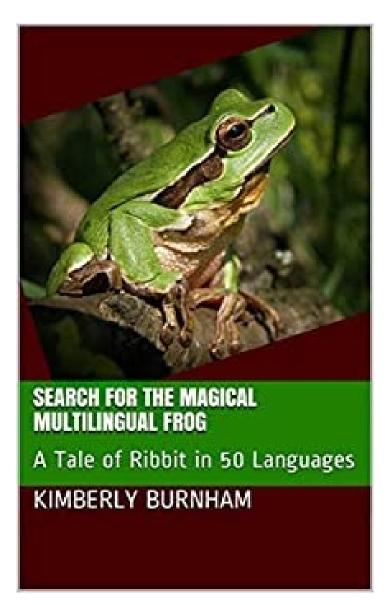


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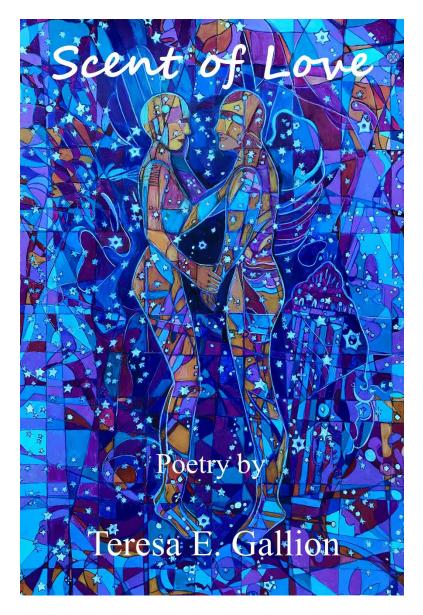
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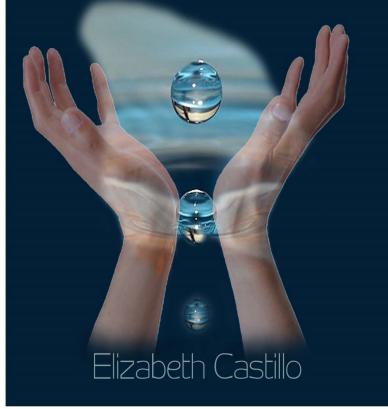


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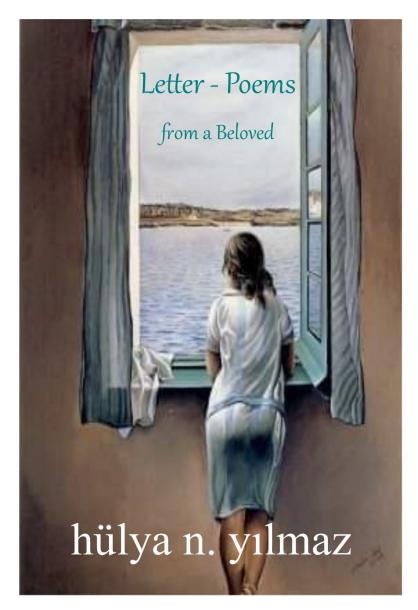


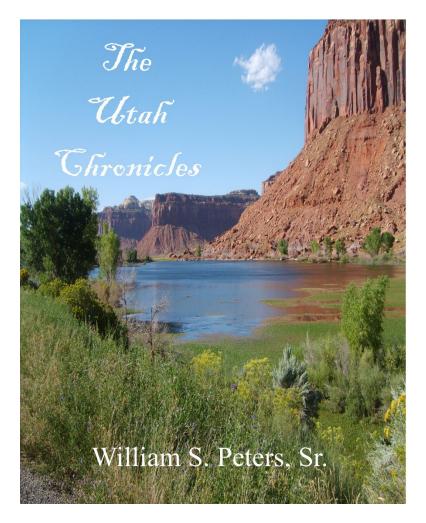
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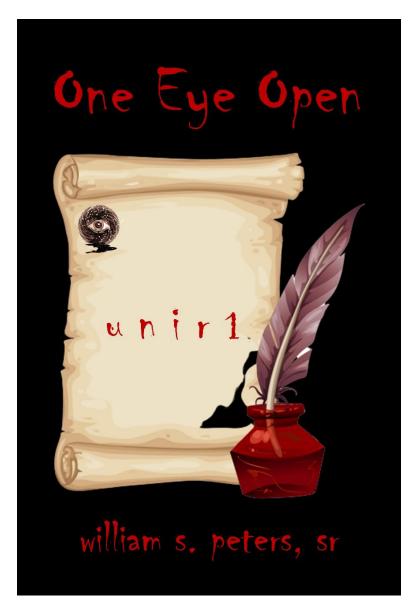


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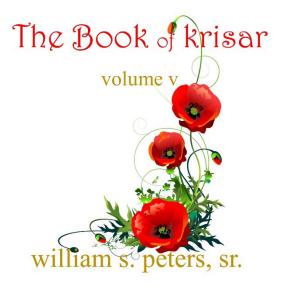






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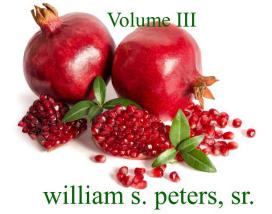


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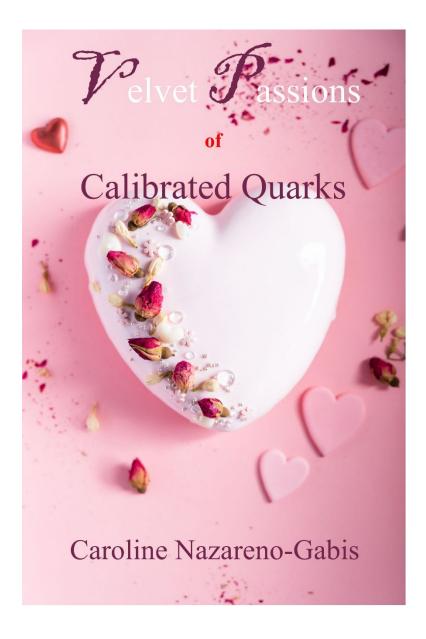
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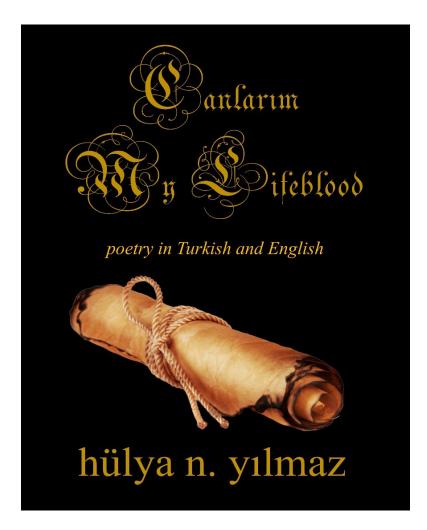
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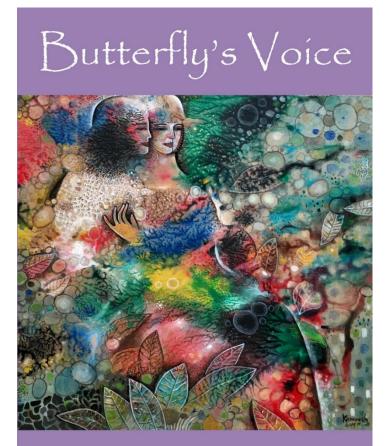
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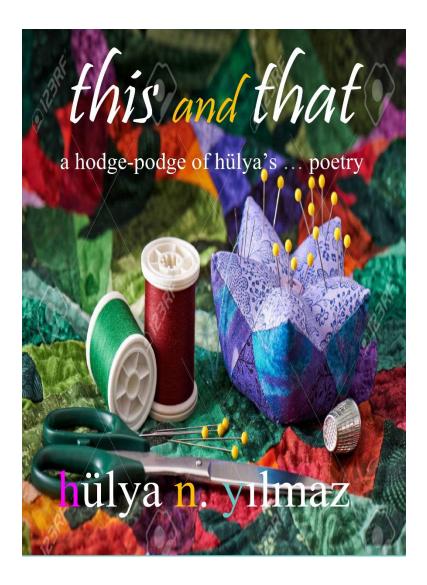
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Through the Looking Glass

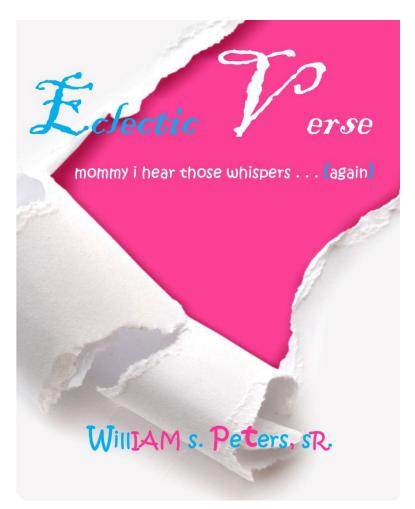


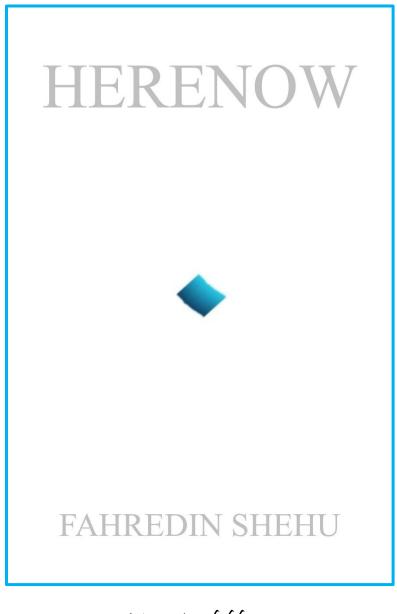
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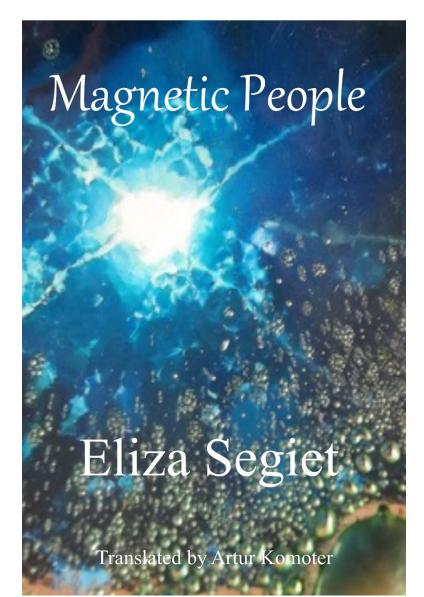
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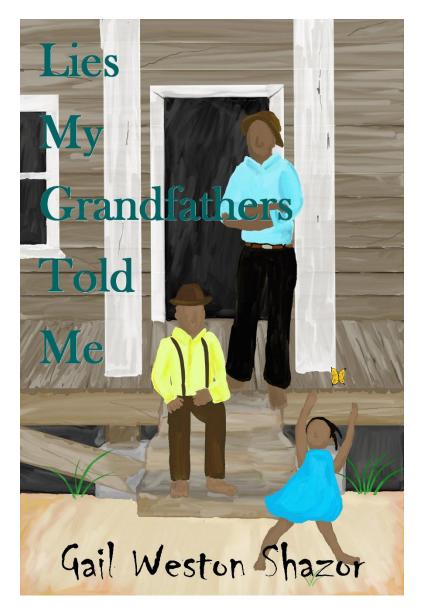


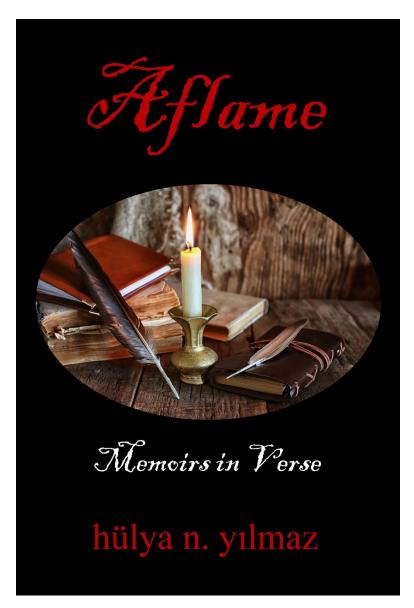


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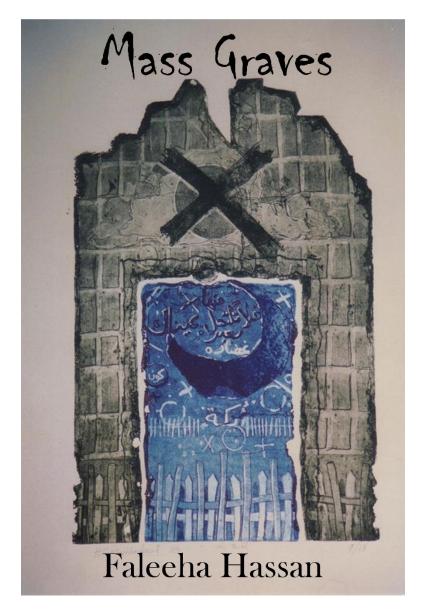
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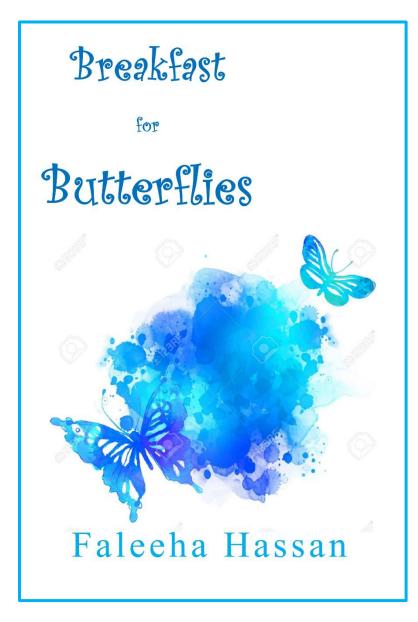




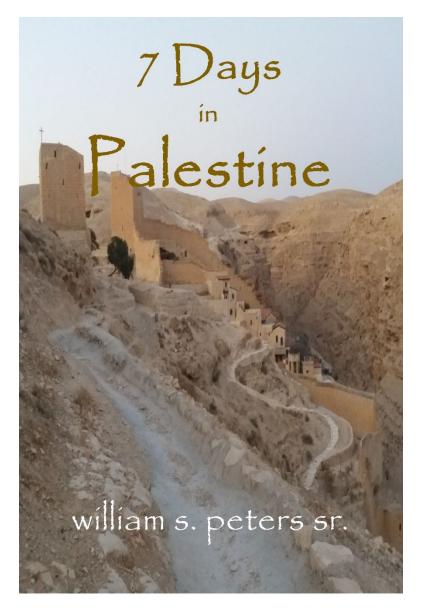


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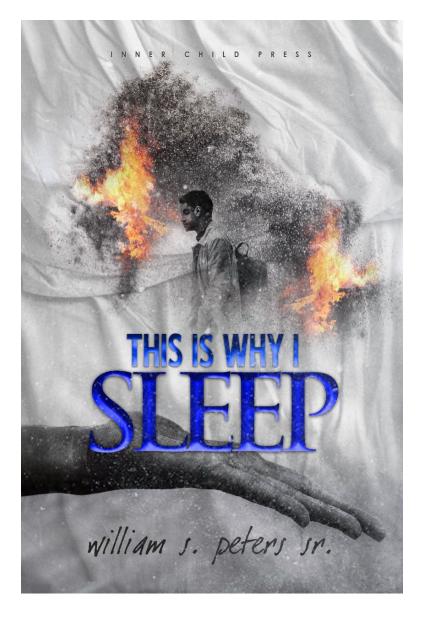
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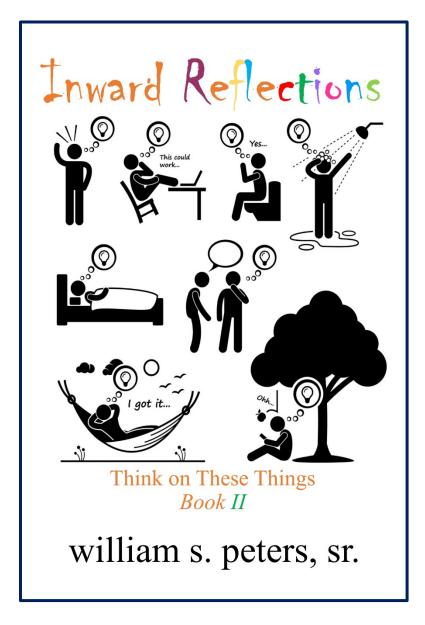




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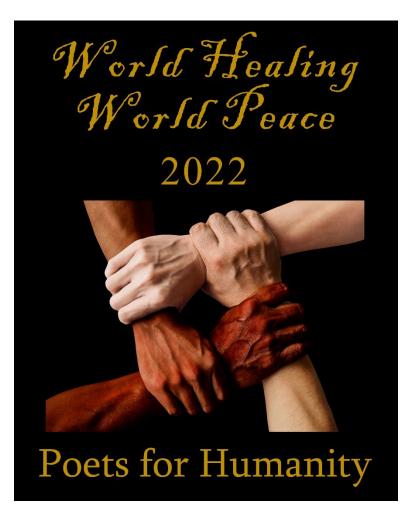
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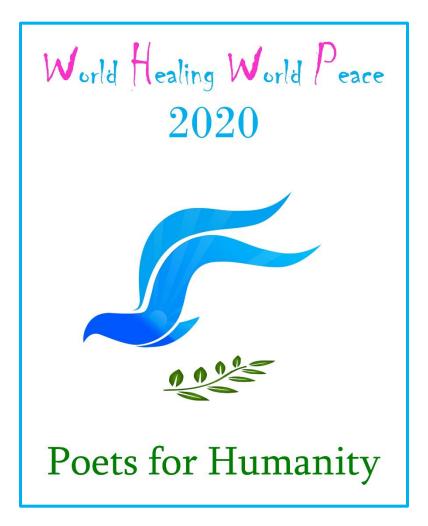
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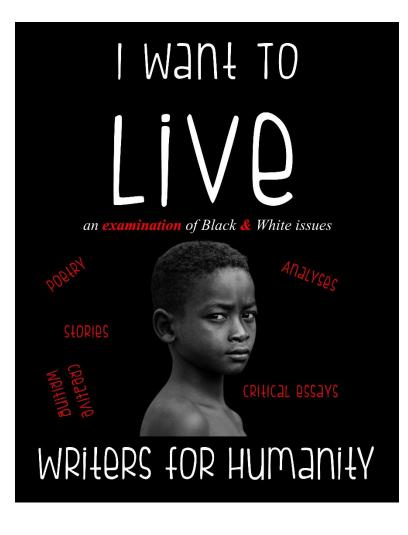
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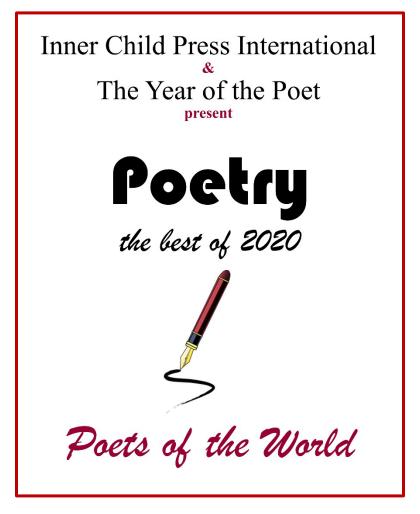


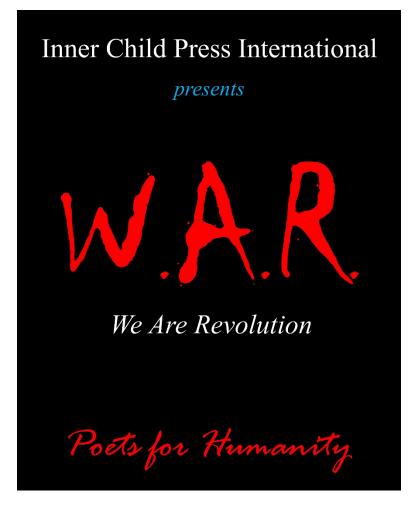


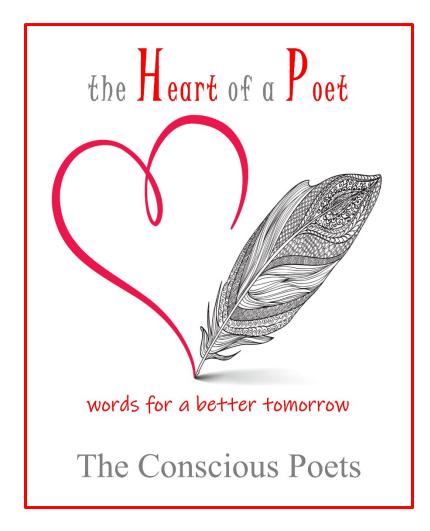


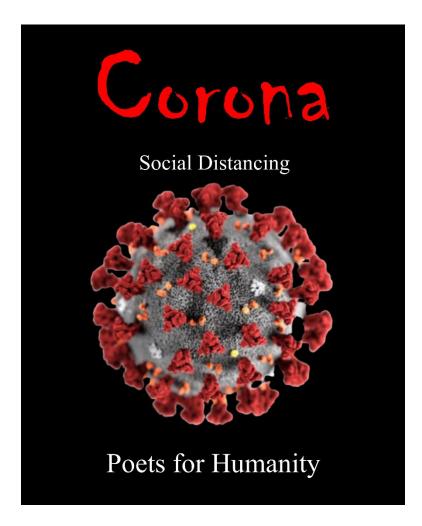
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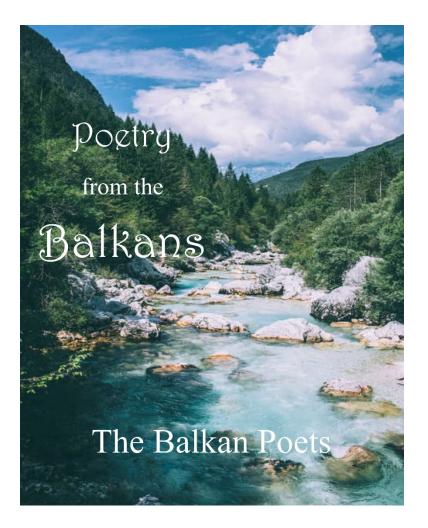


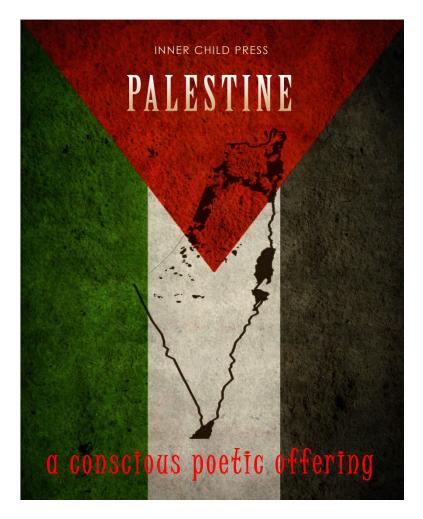


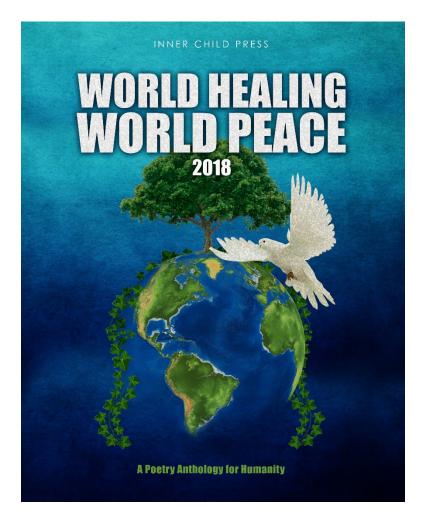


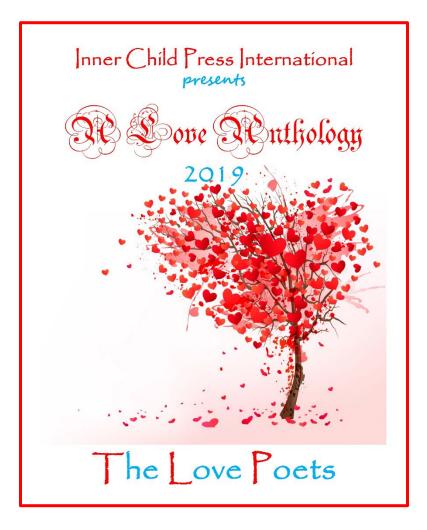




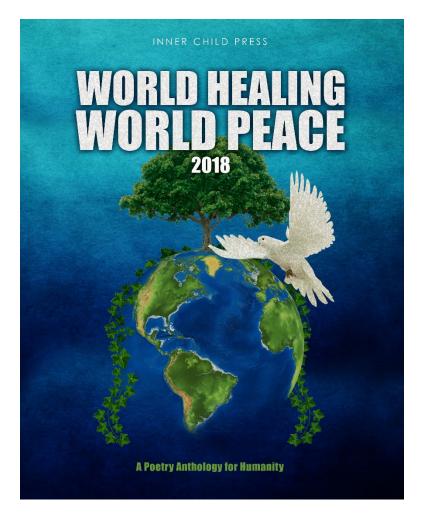




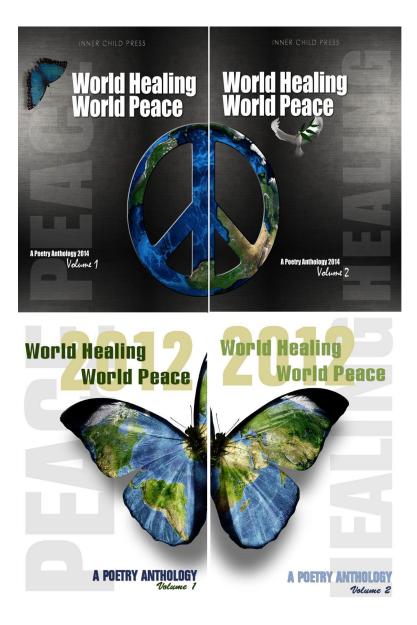




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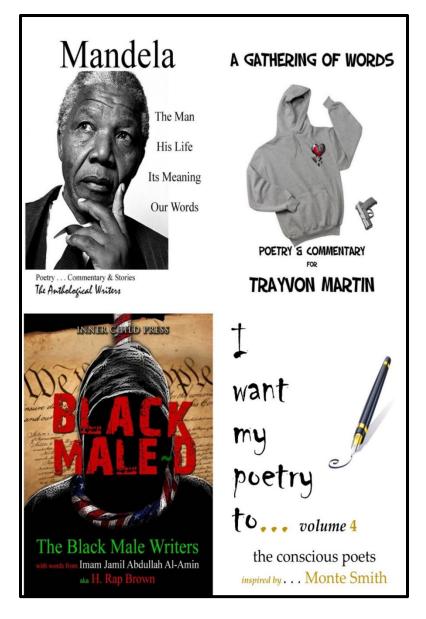


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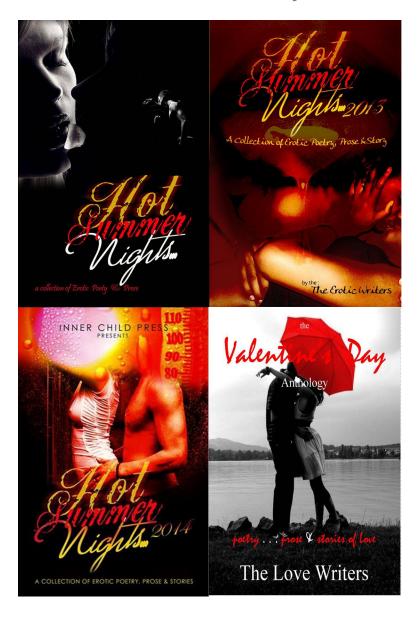
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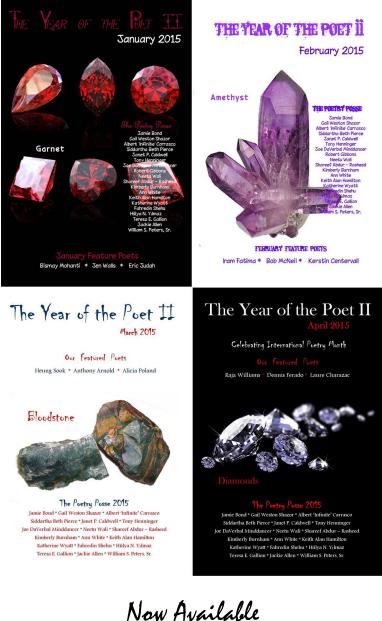
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The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



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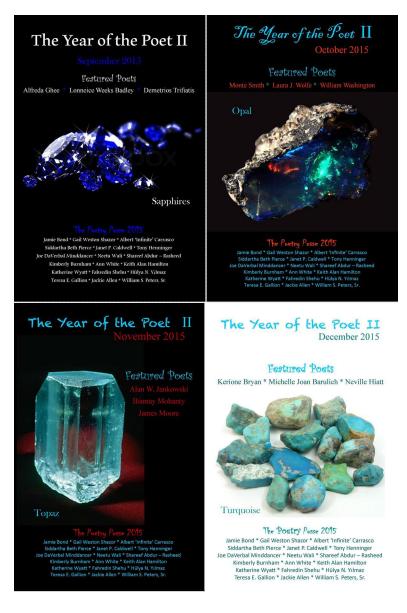
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Peridot Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz

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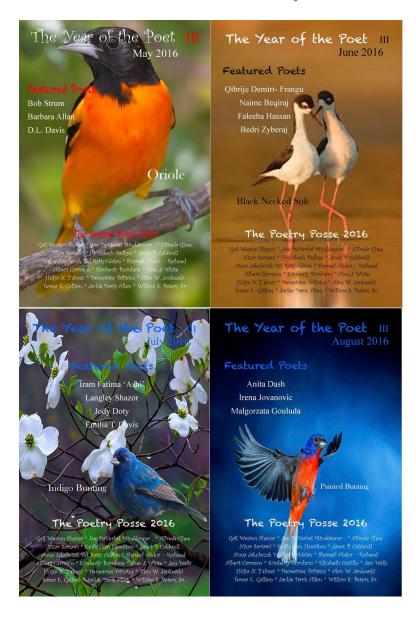
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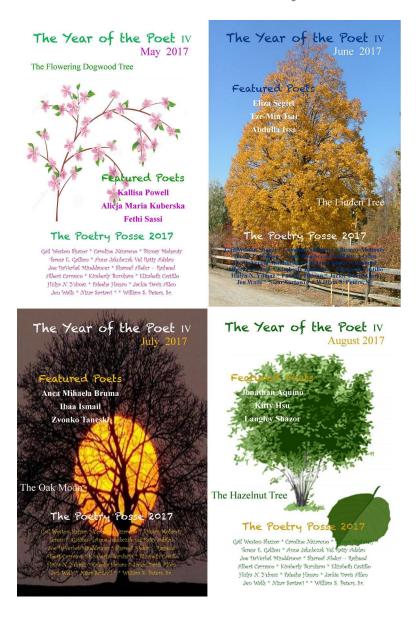
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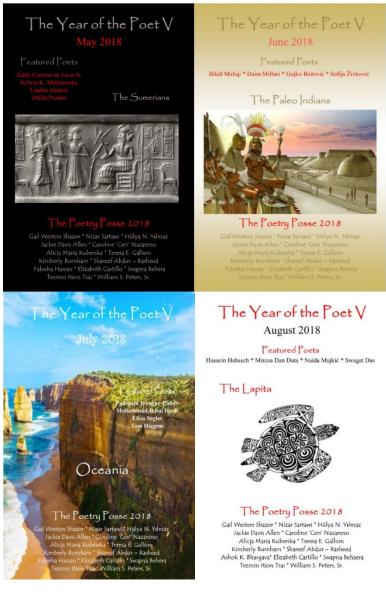
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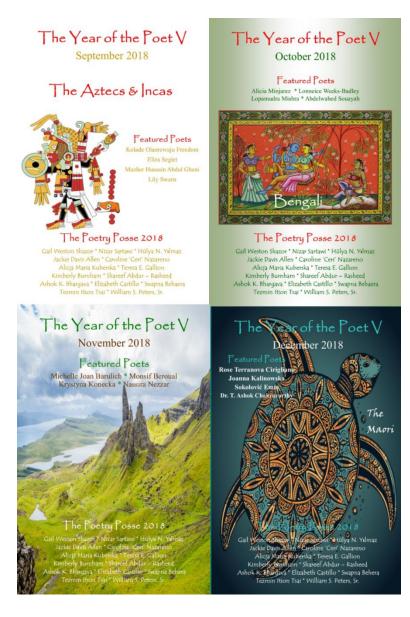
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The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

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Meso-America

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March 2019

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Poetry Posse 2019 Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

Dream Catcher

Enesa Mahmić * Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud * Anwer Ghani



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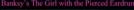


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January 2021

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Featured Global Poets

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Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



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July 2021

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Goncalao Mabunda



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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

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August 2021

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Mundara Koorang



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November 2021

Featured Global Poets Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

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October 2021

Featured Global Poets

C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



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December 2021

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Climate Change and Trees



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The Year of the Poet IX

Featured Global Poets Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



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Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

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The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets Clarena Martínez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children : Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma The Poetry Posse 2023

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The Year of the Poet X February 2023

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Ruby Bridges

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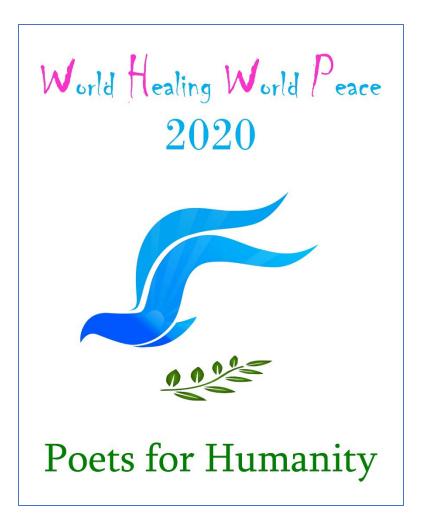
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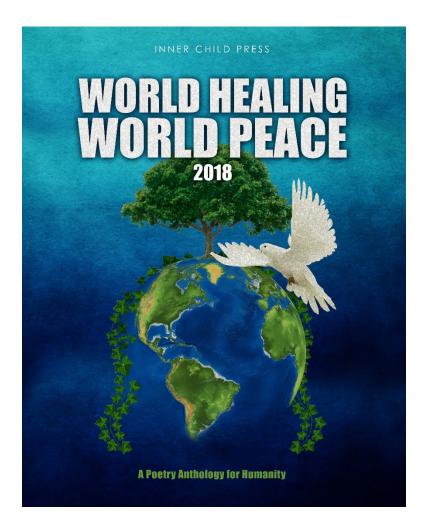
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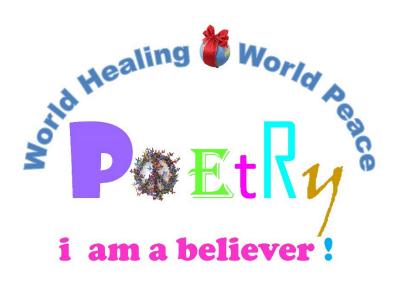


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January 2024 ~ Featured Poets



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