Featured Global Poets Michelle Joan Barulich * Mili Das Anna Ferriero * Ujjal Mandal

Climate Change and Animals



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

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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.

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

General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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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

Climate Change and Animals

In this issue we are cognizant of those we share the land with. Each place we stand, live, work, and visit once belonged to other people and other communities. We acknowledge those who came before us and those who share our spaces today.

We are also cognizant that we contribute to the land alongside animals and all living creatures. Some animals we care for, and they live with us, some are wild and unbounded by human society. Some pollinate our food so we can eat, while others fertilize the land enabling us to grow food, and the materials for shelter and clothing.

Some of the land we occupy today was forested with trees and plant life providing the lungs of the earth. To keep breathing we must care for the land, the animals, and plants, as if our very life depended on it.

Our goal as members of the Inner Child Press Poetry Posse is to bring light and consciousness to the effects of our own history and actions on the world and beings around us. We wish you a beautiful summer season in a land left better by each of us.

Kimberly Burnham, PhD

(Integrative Medicine).

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, making our way onward through the 'New Year' of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#103) represents the 7th month of our ninth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

Loast year, 2021 and and the previous year of 2020 has been challenging for many of us throughout the year. We at *Inner Child Press International* were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at... publishing. In 2020, we managed to not only produce and publish this series, *The Year of the Poet* each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. We were able to produce several other anthologies to include: World Healing, World Peace 2020; CORONA . . . social distancing; The Heart of a Poet; W.A.R. . . we are revolution; Poetry, the Best of 2020. Going forward for 2022, we are seeking to invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'.

We have now completed another epic volume of *World Healing, World Peace 2022* which was published April 1st of this year. Additionally, we have released another meaningful volume of poetic consciousness ... "*Climate Change... do or die*". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetric voices to the variety of causes in promoting a better world / planet, a better humanity for us all.

We, poets and writers do have something to say about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned \ldots

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

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

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

Climate Change and Animals

July 2022

"What you do makes a difference, and you have to decide what kind of difference you want to make."

-Dr Jane Goodall, Scientist & Activist



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Photo Credit: Maxpixel https://www.maxpixel.net/Mammal-Nature-Monkey-Animal-Monkeys-Cute-Baby-5424776





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.

 $\sim wsp$

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Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" & Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor navypoet1@gmail.com

Iguana Blues

My warrior friend Battle scarred in his regality Waits quietly In the lee of the mango tree The days are hot now Much hotter than usual So he waits in the shadows The sahara dust is heavy And he lingers with eyes closed Against the choking onslaught Across the day There is nothing to cool him His skin responds to everything His wisdom acknowledges All the lessons learned The pools and eddy have dried The tide no longer reaches The sand and rocks Along the edges So he waits for me To turn on the hose So we both can have a drink

Behind the Gate

The blue heron has found Her very own rooftop Outside my door I see her come to rest nightly When I am on my way to bed She expects me, you see And therefore is not startled by my presence I choose to believe that she knows That the locking of the gate Will keep us both safe throughout the night And we breathe easy at that moment All intuitive femaleness in The dimming of the evening The fact that she has allowed you To see her in such a vulnerability Only lets me know She approves of the safeness of you And validates what I feel When you hold me throughout the night

blue roof 5

It is foolish of me to assume That you were made for me Just lying here until I arrived Although I do think You were waiting for me To get to this place and time So that you could salve My insecurities and longings

Every once in a while I feel Another watcher near A glimpse of silk and color Flashes near the eaves And I sit still So as not to frighten Or crowd her away and I wait

Because I know she watches The diners at the tables upstairs And from this vantage point I can somewhat also Although I cannot see that That she sees The colors and clothes of days gone From the blue of the roof

Is it a lover playing the room Or is she much like me Standing in the margins of Those that are in love And we wait life out on the roof Waiting to be found or find Even as specters or illusions We wait

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).

A perfect man

I was late. I added my name to the visitor's Red Book. Most of the guests left. I did not get to know them. Here I am, almost alone in the big hall. Sorrow - I did not get to know them.

The trees from the Amazon went out roaring. They left a few leaves on the ground. The birds flew. Some feathers remained in silence. Mammals and fish disappeared. I saw only a few pieces of hair and scales.

It is lonely, sad planet. I feel alienated. I - the perfect Man

Only human

Let the tears flow. You have the right to emotions. Joy and sorrow sculpt your face.

Look... How thin are the borders between love and hate, sensitivity and indifference. Life and death come together on the road of time.

You are a tired wanderer. You pull the baggage of experiences - stumble and fall down. Feelings tend to be heavier than stones. Forgive the past, get up and move on

The twilight

I like this moment very much, When sun greets the moon. It is the end of a hard - working day And the beginning of night.

The twilight covers the sky Delicately with a black veil and Slowly scatters silver stars. The coolness and grey of night Put out colorful bird's song And wake up the noiseless bats. The frogs and crickets Begin their evening concert.

I admire this time of transformation As the light turns into darkness And the day turns into night 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 Bachelors of Science degree in Early Education, she taught in both public and private schools. For over a decade she taught private art classes to children both in her home and at a local Art and Framing Shop where she also sold her original soft sculptured Victorian dolls and original christening gowns.

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

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

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art*, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz.

in 2019, No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of InnerChild Press, ltd.

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

Good Morning

This morning I awakened To skies gray and wet, and as From the high heavens above Streamed down, torrents of intent.

From my window seat, I spied A small squirrel, dark and dank He was shivering and chattering; Then, suddenly, he wisely scattered.

A bolt of destructive bright light Startlingly burst into fury's flames The clouds, revealing copious tears, Released their pain, their angst

Once hidden from my view, I now welcome anew, the face of the sun Bestowing ardent kisses in colors Passionate, bravely bright against blue.

Crossing high over the morning sky A rainbow I now see; it is a gift from God It is his promise to mankind, A covenant, graciously renewed.

Crossing the River

Crossing the river Towards a reawakening The moon, in its fullness Calls out to the stars In their infancy

> Beware of evil Lurking in darkness Of hidden faces In the shadows The wicked

Despairing of truth They that dwell within Evil the informants, not Of gifts of love, of truth, Nor hints of peace

Why is then, That a people Crossing over the river Choose to hide Civility, peace, From their faces
Of Grave Importance

The missive came yesterday. Its vileness rained dark. Like lightening, sound of a thunder cloud! So unbelievable, the inevitable storm's desert flowers Thought they might, indeed, drown. Nothing offered any solace, nor relief Nothing consoled his long held fear, The weight that haunted with hindsight. Blinded too many years. He prayed to see the light. Comforted. not, by well spoken words, Gestures too late to hide the essence of loss. Both conscious and he, ashamed, Debased by utter contempt, both hid, veiled His face. The scars of debris, too horrific. He knelt before the mirror of contemplation,. And, lo, to him it spoke, and he responds, With remorse, prayed he be allowed Sufficient time to modify his errant ways. Lest the long arm of time's indictment Lull him into the deepest

Of deepest sleeps.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is a professor at Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text and a columnist for 'Chinese Language Monthly' in Taiwan

He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries and have been translated into more than a dozen languages.

Cat on the Tin Roof

The iron skin on the roof Sun wanton wild Stole forward, taking care to be as quiet as possible As if afraid to break the soul that was dried Ears tightly close Can't hear the soft nocturne Long beard curled up Can't feel the nostalgic feelings how lingering Eyes can't open Where's the day of the spring Toes are stiff It is impossible to count down the rainy night flowers

Settled in that shady corner Saliva in the dry tongue Not enough to make the palms were licked wet After all, cleaning facial features one step at a time Until everything is in order Meditation of my heart is no longer confused Deep in sleep Like an innocent cat

The Chasing-River Flute Sound

Tower towering The lost hometown far away Loneliness makes dazed The chasing-river flute sound Everything seems bleaker desolate Furious whirlpool The weak lotus looks around Inaudible sigh The fog makes the river wide, but difficult to against waves

To that steep valley The hillside is connected Ask the lazy dew, the leaves are blown by the breeze The sky why becomes bluer Wild orchid village Faces the deep red flowers Came so quietly The south window is hidden deep in the bamboo forest

It tells me nothing The sky plays the song of birds I smell just the rain But forgot to dance with it The body doesn't follow the heart

A Poet Fish

Can you hear? The sky plays the song of birds And i smell the rain... But how could i dance, as my body can't follow my heart? Small pieces of baits My poem shouldn't be so long Hang up word by word If it still swallows the bait That fish is a poet fish

That old-fashioned square Frame the infinite life in The clock kept silent Never get out of this track An old man who counts the time Night of mid-autumn It always comes so hazily Stars full of the sky Why don't you allow the cat? Squat quietly on the wall

Yes, I used my verses as bait word by word Now I'm waiting... If they were swallowed up I would catch a poet fish!

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

dem belong

what's wrong? you mankind You who disrespected selected desecration of animal habitat violation is what this is about to self-indulged to respect creators' system everything created for a reason given their places to occupy that benefits their needs that in turn compliments their natural environments which serves to enhance the earth by fulfilling the purpose that each piece placed where it belongs mankind included benefits when he respects natural order rich of purpose that all creation in unison help to enhance each other's quality of life unfortunately, mankind pays no attention to universal laws there by wrecking havoc tipping the scale

destroying balance our animal neighbors are an intricate part of the environments they were created to occupy that's why to diminish, destroy those environments also diminish even destroy quality of life for all inhabitants of our home planet earth

It's a Job

running on a treadmill running but yet still mileage took you to nil yet you maintain will to maintain will system stacked against you to keep you on your back instead of means to an end end becomes means by which to end you and me by any and all means things are not ever quite as they seem just out of reach for a simple human being who attempts to connect? time and again heartfelt, but you know what they say when something don't work and you expect different results crazy indeed like trying to revive a corpse that got no pulse will to survive trying to stay alive an impulse but dead bodies don't come back alive and treadmills don't take you for a real ride

Travelers

on the journey of lifetime traveling into the light forbidding wrong enjoining right from Allah(swt) we come surely onto him is our return traveling to the house that Adam, Ibrahim, Ismail (aws) peace and blessings of Allah be upon them built to demonstrate devotion at the holiest of all holy places like many fish in the ocean going around the house Counter clockwise to the sound of praise voices raised begging asking, seeking, pleading for respite in spite of what they might have or not forgiveness is poured upon them in abundance by the one who bestows what ever he chose to bestow upon the masses that go around the house receiving a measure of bliss from the pleasure of this

just a glimpse of what awaits to those who came answered the call with proclaiming out loud "Labbayk Allahumma Labbayk" (Allah we're here to serve you) we came from near and very far and didn't ever doubt or hesitate an invitation you gave your slave and we came to proclaim: here i am at your service O lord here i am here i am you who have no partners no associates here i am to serve you Truly all praise and favor is yours and the dominion you have no partners no associates my lord without doubt this i know is true

swt = all glory to Allah aws= peace and blessings upon them

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada; and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 80+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

https://healthy-brain.medium.com/bears-at-the-window-ofclimate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Sharing The Land

I share my home and earth with my family and a menagerie dogs, a cat, a bearded dragon goats, quail, and snakes

Soft bunnies hop in wild abandon a bell on the collar of our cat a warning to baby bunnies I have rescued more than one hiding inside my house after an escape from feline clutches

Snakes slither across this land Slimy and startling in search of mice and voles these long creatures save my crops as they hunt

Deer bound across this land I look into their eye and worry when the snow is high so much like the goats we feed daily we can't care for them all but we can care for the planet we all share

Amahoro In The Name of Peace

Gorilla doctors, collectives, federations, and tour companies in Western Africa all named "Amahoro" peace in Kinyarwanda a language of the Congo all seeking peace through friendship and connections the "Amahoro" generation peace brokers sowing projects hotels, stadiums, and quilts "Amahoro" in the words of songs books and newspapers foster "Biba Amahoro" which means plant the seed of peace

Strangers, Friends, and Pets

In Putijarra

a language of Australian

"Ngulyju" means friend or countryman

a known person not a stranger

the same word means tame

said of an animal or a pet

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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Extinction

Are we facing species extinction As global warming impacts the world In great dimensions? Animals bear the adverse effects Wildlife is threatened to be erased On the face of the Earth-The caribous and artic foxes Carry the brunt of climate change, As drought, heat waves, and rising sea levels Leave them no choice but to go on migration And even have to change their shapes.

Courage to be True

Do you have to hide your true self? Make pretensions, be under disguise? To be noticed by others, do you have to lie? Look yourself in the mirror and ask yourself why? Has the world made a slave out of you That once you feel unappreciated, You succumb to being blue?

In reality, those who don a mask, Are the ones who don't know authentic happiness For out of the mundane things, their joy dwells. Living each day in their own make-believe world, Lost souls, restless hearts, crying for freedom To break free from the chains that bind And to have the courage to be true to mankind.

Clowns are sent to entertain the crowd, But beneath the thick layers of hues Can we say that their smiles are true? The funny comedian in the movies that we see In real life emerges a depressed soul once alone For behind the laughter, behind the cheer, We can't see their real selves, can't see the hidden fear.

True, happy people don't have to mask their true selves, For they don't seek validation or appreciation from others, Simply by being their own self, being honest to what they feel,

Open doors of love and acceptance for those who truly care.

The Alchemy of Life

Pilgrims in this journey called Life Coming from One Source, One Universe with swirling different worlds Dancing, in a mass of Infinite Web One fine day our souls will collide, When our Higher Selves meet at the epicenter We all long to follow the Light The illustrious beauty that never fades, Of the invisible thread that binds every little thing. Each one of us is more than just an atom Which suddenly appeared out of this cosmic journey, Across the horizon, I see Angels preparing for a banquet Waiting for our return to our One True Home Do you want to chase the Light at the end of the tunnel? Or you would want to go back to the life you once borrowed? Spirits transcending into another realm, No pain, no suffering but only eternal happiness remains I see you smiling in the afterglow, And it finally dawned on me, I am truly Home.





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.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Extinction

Scrapbooks of dried leaves I believed somethings would last forever Buffalo were plentiful long ago Now logos adorn some sweaters

I love to go fishing, never tried to scuba dive Now here I go wishing, the rarest things were still alive Never cared for poached fish, I like my flounder fried If climate change goes without a hitch That's murder by profit in my eyes

Catch and release is one thing Only take what you need is two Everybody wants to be in-charge And the current price of things is proof

An archeologist wrote of how there was once water An astrologist saw traces from outer space If the climate change worsens Who'll discover our human race

Pretty pictures rarely give that physical need Has reality succumbed to greed? What has clearly been taken for granted Can no longer be saved so it seems.

A brain with fins I wonder what it's thinking With what it breathes We pollute, then clean for drinking

Rapunzel

I refuse to go down that rabbit hole Trying to make a point with a four-year-old I've asked that age old question little girl, "Have you been here before?" The boldness of her innocence I'm trying to control taught discipline Some children aren't born to discern The subtleties of language yet

Do we expect too much from our youth? Do we reject the conversation with a doll? Tantrums aside there's a budding brain here To a four-year-old life lesson's often come with tears She won the argument and continued to watch the movie Only five times today, but later she'll come crying to me "Can we watch it again" and then watch Scooby?

Imagination is the why we have what we have How to becomes the teacher Procrastinated ideas never come to fruition I stay preaching to reach her

She's just a child is not an excuse to deny education Think of the miles saved by giving the right information "If I knew then what I know now" Everything has a period of gestation I can no longer sit idly by and feel it's not my problem Solutions may not be easy to grasp I feel I must help her solve them

Invasive Behavior

I can't leave it alone, this feeling of despair I can't remember a home, that I have not lived in fear Right neighborhood, wrong color Wrong neighborhood but that's what's available

Vulnerable assets but who assess what is vulnerable War machines are rolling down my street All these things are rubble at my feet

Annie get your gun, Grandma's toting one Grandpa's on the hill out back Red Rabbits on the run

What place is this where one soul controls the many We cherish the word but don't apply it to any I can't let this go I spare the souls through faith and prayer To save the fold from those who don't care

It's like a bar cheer, "Go, Go, Go" And he staggers home No, No, No, to a no-fly zone And his home is gone, flattened, turned into rubble

I can bully you, and you don't want no trouble It's easy for me to say But when the truth can set you free You're silenced, it's just that way. hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, USA). Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA). hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

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

Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>
when it comes to animals . . .

of the wild, i am awfully shy of any close-up sighting

so, you cannot see me on a Safari ride

let's say, only for the sake of a wildest imagination,i happen to be riding along . . . would i ever agree to change drivers in the middle of the road?

videos galore!

of people, that is, who have done so to their dismay nevertheless, are now famous for . . .

Gorillas? Thank You, I'll Pass!

Please, oh please! Let me never run into one, Unless he is on TV, An e-gadget, Or inside a magazine. Better yet, In a menagerie, Most preferably.

Even his much smaller kind Is hostile in his squabble.

Oh, yes! We two siblings Do still remember the battle On that wet afternoon in 1961.

The entry of a supposed 'Petting Zoo' Outside a friendly German town Is all where it started.

The back of my brother's raincoat Had suddenly left for the cage in strips. The culprit was a seriously little monkey. It must have waited to test his powerful grip.

I doubt that there were gorillas somewhere nearby. Would any of us little escapees have wanted to reveal A private compound for them? No way!

Even if it were today, I would shout out: "Thanks, but no thanks. I'll just pass Today, and any other day!"

tiny hands

mom is not around

the tiny ones go about

danger . . . what is that?





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/laIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

On Behalf of Divine Earth

The animals sing in the forest. Please become good Stewarts again. We need you and you need us. Let us live together in harmony and honor the Divine Earth.

The people did not hear the animals' song. Earth slowly brought to extinction one animal species at a time. Earth seized the species human.

Land began to heal. A beautiful planet rose like a phoenix, reclaimed its glory while contemplating animal and human worthiness.

This Number 70

What does this number 70 mean in the full resonance of my being? What does it look like? How is it suppose to feel?

There are no right answers that float in the universe. Just opinions of uninformed souls.

Someone must be watching my stride because I feel empowered sporting the number 70 in my spiritual body.

Tell my physical body just keep moving. Take it slow and steady. Let patience massage the feet. You have earned your privilege to stroll.

I unload daily the heavy baggage that I dragged for years into a 90 mile per hour wind.

I am feeling lighter with each moment rubbing my face with joy. The ecstasy dancing in my feet tells me that 70 makes a joyful noise.

Blue Nile

Peace flows over me like a soothing waterfall. My heart expands and love floods my bones. The ecstasy makes me float like a goddess.

I cannot pull the words from my mouth to capture the feelings invading my brainstem. Perhaps silence is the best response. Gazing the first light of morning streaking across the Blue Nile River.

The inner pictures of my soul are not ready to release. They tease me with no mercy. I yield and bend my knees on this sacred deck in praise of this River.

Living in the moment is all that is necessary. I will never see the Nile again. So, savor the endless love flowing through this morning, holding my Turkish coffee close to the chest. Ashok K. Bhargava



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

An Early Warning

I found God Living in animals, birds, forests, fish and oceans – On the dark side of consciousness Shattered and confused

Before he could find me I found Him -Chanting hymns of despair Portending devastation

Fires eating forests Waters rising to swallow land Pollution killing Everything living and sentient

Monkey Puzzle

The rays of time fall on the mirror of dreams reflecting fascinating lives

knitting, weaving and creating images of what we have been and what we have become.

It's an intricate intrigue of unresolved riddles

Go Gently

Morning prayers rise with hazy breaths become shapes on a windowpane.

They convert to teardrops, flow down in streaks as the sunrays embrace them.

Watery strips exalt my soul make me flow gently silently.

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 known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, speaker, linguist, 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 PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th 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), the sair-gazeteci or 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:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis

apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

grains and animals

what are these grains harvested and processed? from the fields of passionate hands ready to feed the animals in the barn, in the farm but the climate change is rude it shocked the lives of our roaring friends, even the flocks and fowls, where in the world could they live more than centuries like dinosaurs did? how can we save them if tailors simply forget their duties because they earn million dollars with the leathers, feathers and skin, as easy as pouring the grains into the water and ground, fame at stake, extinction bound.

wind of realms

the wind blows like freezing winter coup the stigma of silence pushing the clue

igniting a fire on heaven and earth like phoenix in the city of rebirth

glide your wings to reach the summit's peak glow in the darkest, even the future's bleak

have you ever gamble to high and low? don't fear to sail, don't fail to row

you can run, jump and let the river of life flow drop all the woes, cease all the ghosts in you

reign to dance, ebbing heart-wrenching tears finding a home for truth through all the years.

My Daughter, My Beloved

You are two-rrific today June 23rd, the most precious day I become your mother, I am a witness of your remarkable milestones You sing with Ms. Rachel's song for littles, I am entertained with Your giggling actions while the musical play is showing You are my little promising zoo keeper You pretend to save the lion, tiger, hippopotamus The deer and krypto dog, My Yali, you're making mommy prouder When you blow a kiss, Say thank you and I love you, I am so touched because you have a good heart, I just want to say, you are our special love Who came in our lives, So blessed and favoured As your parents.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of the Prolific Poetess Award , The Life time Achievement Award ,The Best Planner Award ,The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE Award, ATAL Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award .She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society Lasher one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 60 languages .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child Press African is the life member of Odisha Environmental Society.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

prayer of a polar bear ,monkey and koala

the majestic polar bear sitting on a heap of ice facing uncertain future dwindling sea melting ice in the arctic sea prays for life

a monkey in search of a safe place rampant wildfire here and there where to go the on going draught scares no more shelter and food

the koalas smell like eucalyptus bears waking up from hibernation sooner hungry and thirsty loss of plant species for global warming heat waves kill the flora and fauna scarcity of food migration is so difficult water bodies missing rain forests collapse corals are at stress they pray for life let all live climate change is a challenge let all sustain and sing the Anthem to love Nature

The ominous agenda of a night

honking cars of dreary night going into deep slumber sterile faces of the smoky city passions prisoned in the cage of the skeleton heads are peeled off like hot potatoes the sizzling body of the platform cools down like the last locomotive whole day a city dies in the oxymoron to be alive the next day sweating of the pedestrians here or there the naked mad woman sleeps under railway bridge here the road weaves and manufactures the seasons artificial smiles pour from the lips of the mannequin arduous journey of the unknown footsteps gnawed by intrigues dense is the darkness denser are the signatures of the gypsies each alphabet is a syntax under the sky like a polar star who can compose the melody? the virgin eyes will be red soon who can compose love? opium sellers are moving around lust is burning in the metropolitan city in the moment of delirium the mad woman is pregnant now shivering in cold perhaps someone has raped the black city !!

when the sky descends

when the sky descends my courtyard is filled with hibiscus flowers a parrot sits on the guava tree my mother gives water to the basil plant the crow sits on the roof of my neighbour temple bell rings

when the sky descends folk songs fill the air ecstasy celebrates ancestors step down from the galaxy when the sky descends the soil welcomes the BLISS the gibbous moon gets ready to melt a new horizon swells proclaiming the incarnation of the SUN in the sky the tall tree writes on the descending sky taking the crystal-clear water from the river the eternal scripture of Alpha and omega 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

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

Monkeys and Apes

Most of us can't swing too far north.

Our usual nesting grounds are becoming a thing of the past, as we swing high and swing low searching for a new home with the same characteristics we know..

Fire, illegal trade and the quickening changed in climate are killing primates.

We are being hunted and the gasses from charred trees are toxic,

we are losing land due to humans.

In the near future fifty percent of primates could face extinction,

because of habitat destruction.

These nonhuman primates are a vital part of their environment and ecosystem,

with their disbursement of seeds and other interactions.

If the tropical forest trees keep getting destroyed and

climate change continues to make a void,

They'll be no soaking in and storing of carbon monoxide adding to the cause of primate genocide

Vida loca

I lived a crazy life. If you was to ask me... if I could turn back time would I relive it all again? I would reply yes in a heartbeat. Why? Because I'll have all those that died by my side in these ill BX streets. I'll make sure I wouldn't lose them again. I'll change history drastically, past tragedies definitely wouldn't repeat. I'll know the when's and how's when murder was to take place, I'll be there that day to eradicate a death date. They won't understand that this is my second chance living the same life and that I know when they'll take their last breath. It'll just be my duty to make sure knives don't slice, stab and cut and they evade slugs intended to break bones after melting flesh, breaking homes and the hearts of kin they left. Oh yeah you're going there? Ok me too, you're going to handle what? I'm coming too, homie I know you're thinking about messn with blazay blazay don't do it, they don't love you. They'll be buggn like... how does he know? as I alter witnessed deadly scenarios. Now that everyone is kept alive. I'll let em know we aren't going to spend cash because we could, we're all going to start businesses and buy property down south and up north in the woods. If only I could hear toc tic ya know the sound of time as it rewinds.

One of a kind

Infinite is one of a kind, my style is unusual, my flow is something y'all are not used to, by no means is this a narcissistic view, the only people that can give it up like I do are dead or still duckn Feds. I got that street heat without the glorification, every time my tips touch keys its a manufacturing session, it's gang bangn and manufacturing lessons manifested thru urban narrations. I am the aftermath of fast cash and bloodbaths, so it's a must to mention the actions and reactions of blood money and those that rest in peace, in every piece. My crime syndicate that thought of plots that were intricate are now laid in plots under marble rock, I never thought of seeing their names on death certificates from gunplay and drug traffic, I wasn't supposed to be throwing flowers on their lowered caskets, we was supposed to live rich forever like those in higher trap brackets. Yeah, money was made, along with that comes pain, my experiences and losses are my readers and listeners gains. I was taught by time, a lot of peeps won't have enough to learn before becoming a statistic of white crime, just when you thought you've leaned enough flatline





Eliza Segiet: Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The NWNU - Union of Writers of the World.

Her poems *Questions* and *Sea of Mists* won the title of the International Publication of the Year 2017 and 2018 in Spillwords Press.

For her volume of *Magnetic People* she won a literary award of a *Golden Rose* named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The *Sea of Mists* was chosen as one of the best one hundred poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada.

In Poet's Yearbook, as the author of *Sea of Mists*, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

She was awarded *World Poetic Star Award* by World Nations Writers Union – the world's largest Writers' Union from Kazakhstan (August 2019).

In September 2019 she was 1^{st} Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando* \dot{E} *la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

Her poem *Order* from volume *Unpaired* was selected as one of the 100 best poems of 2019 in International Poetry Press Publications (Canada).

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

Laureate International Award PARAGON OF HOPE (Canada, 2020).

Obtained certificate of appreciation from *Gujarat Sahitya Academy* and *Motivational Strips* for literary excellence par with global standards (2020).

Ambassador of Literature granted by *Motivational Strips*. Author's works can be found in anthologies, separate books and literary magazines worldwide.
The Void

All the creatures need the same thing to live, that – supposedly wise – Human. Why is it exactly who disturbs harmony of the world and the light, for which it is harder to get through the smog? If the animals can sense, but can't incapacitate the enemy, there's nothing left to us but to awake our inner dormant wits

The humanoids are in need of help! An exterminator haunts their territory. Hidden in-between – still living trees – they seek understanding, not photos for a show. We're reaching the truth faster and faster.

- The vain in nature is at the reach of the murderous hand.

Translated by Ula de B.

Cold

He couldn't keep pretending, that he never noticed insensitivity of others towards those needing so little, but only

- words that light up, merciful touch.

Once he began noticing those beside, he began to know himself deeper.

To the perennial habits he declared – *enough*.

The two sided rhythm good - evil he turned into a straight line, one-way rail of consciousness, from which he can see better tears, lacks, and cold.

Translated by Ula de B.

Simplicity

It's not about taking shortcuts. But sophisticated words are useless and lead to nowhere. If love is dead, can it still be resurrected?

In the simplicity of dialogue you'll hear and you'll say more. Honesty might hurt, reach unhealing wounds.

Understanding will not be requiring anything more.

Translated by Ula de B.





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

If Only

If Only I were conscious enough.

If Only My selfishness Could see beyond the 'ME' Of it all.

If Only I realized That I am not the only Inhabitant Of this planet this universe, This magnificent creation.

If Only I understood That I have a responsibility That I must live up to For all things Of this home of 'OURS'

If Only, We human Animals comprehended, That we are not alone

If Only

It is just a matter of time . . .

The Untitled

Lilac was the flavor Of her smile Her eyes were wrinkled And twinkled like The fair flowers of Dandelions And her demeanor was Lavender-like

Her voice was as soft As the flutter Of butterfly wings In the height of spring From whence great harvests Are borne

Her spirit was unfettered and free, And somehow she could see The good in everything And anybody, Including you, Including me.

She was an enigma To the non-discerning Soul Whose eye remained clouded, Yet Her light Could not be denied In the height Of the darkest night

A seeking seeker

My consciousness extends beyond The endless ends And borders Of all the collective horizons That ever existed, And ever will

I am a discovery Still yet unborne

I like a vagabond Wandering in my wonder While wondering As I wander ... Seeking empty resolution To empty things As I consider My self-absolution And the elusive solution To that Which is inordinate And stirs my soul In declinative ways

My thoughts have No perceivable limits, As do my whims

As the countless stars, The countless grains of sands, The countless particles of dust, I ponder my origin And the vastness Of my progenitorial ways

We are naught but Unexplored Black Holes Waiting with open arms To embrace the noble ones Who have courage enough To venture beyond the known

More than a reconciliation, There is a reclamation afoot That shall restore all things To the way They were meant to be, And none amongst us May refute nor abate It's arrival

We shall fund What we seek, And that which we seek Shall find us ...

There shall be no mire claims of discovery Of that Which is occupied, For all things a filled, All things are empty For ... A seeking seeker

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July 2022 Featured Poets



Michelle Joan Barulich

Mili Das

Anna Ferriero

Ujjal Mandal



Michelle Joan Barulich



Hi, My name is Michelle Joan Barulich and I am curently studying the Alternative Medicine. I have always enjoyed writing poetry and songs. My younger brother Paul is a self taught musician and song writer. As youngsters we created a lot of poems, songs, and music together. My pet rescued pigeons are my my feathered babies. They have brought me so much joy.

Thank you Inner Child Press for all that you

do.

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

Feathers and Tappy My Angels from Above

You both came into my life so sweetly and unexpectly You filled my life with joy and wonder Tappy your antics made me laugh each day Your love so pure Feathers you were so patient with me each day As I learned all about you Christmas memories strung upon my heart Peaceful days and warm nights My happiest days were when Feathes and Tappy were safe You are both so loved I miss you both so much Until we meet once more You will always be my two Angels from above...

If You Stay

If you stay I'll be complete There's no time to weep from ones eyes If you come, don't say goodbye If you love me, don't turn around Promise solid ground Then your love will be found If you stay Love will be true Come in from the rain And I will love you Keep your heart in my hands It will return from empty lands.....

Overlooking The Wind

Tonight, I awoke in silence And found out in all that I was hiding I used to close my eyes In what I knew was needed I used to not be there For the empty cries and callings Something is holding me Something is telling me Something is letting me go Recapturing the last days And the long hours That stood still Will I always feel this way? I was always afraid of being myself Crying for help, and yearning for the truth Give me strength in my lonliness Speak the way Tonight, let me be free Tonight, let me not overlook the wind Tonight, three quarters of the moon are showing Something is holding me Something is telling me Something is letting me go Something out there renews my soul Tonight, will it answer adn reply? Tonight.....

Mili Das



Poet Mili Das from Kolkata was honoured and awarded by the Hon'ble Vice President of India SHRI M VENKAIAH NAIDU on 18th September, 2021 from Parliament House, New Delhi for translating the immortal lines from the poem of famous Tamil poet Subramania Bharatiar to commemorate the Memorial Day Centenary of Mahakavi Bharati.

Mili Das is a bilingual poet and international published poet from Kolkata, India. Her first poetry book 'APEKSHA KORCHHI BANDI KAFINE' was published in January 2019. Her second poetry book 'RAJBHABANER SAMNE' and third English poetry book "YOU ARE STILL THERE" published from Romania. Fourth English poetry book "NEVER BROKEN" published from Florida, America. She started writing death poems. Everyone continues to say after her poems, it seems as if she has touched death. In every week her poems are recited on Mexican radio "ODAS MSGICAS DE UNAMOS AL MUNDO CON LA POESIA" Voz: Amalia Figarella de Jesurum de Venezuela, Español. Poet Mili Dad's two Bengali poetry books are being published at International Kolkata Book Fair. One English poetry book is being published in this month of January 2022.

In the deep forest

When I entered in the middle of the deep forest, I heard the screams that have haunted me for a hundred years.

When I entered in the deep forest I found the shadow of a pure peace, which I have been searching for a hundred years

When I entered in the deep forest, I forgot all about the world's conflicts, wars and violence. A pleasant serenity surrounded me.

When I entered in the deep forest, a strange darkness came and put me to sleep. I look at her and see She is no one else, She is my mother who has been lost for so many years.

When I entered in the deep forest I found an eternal peace. In the midst of the green forest, I found a new light of hope to live in a new way in the middle of the green forest.

When I go back

When the whole world is full of complexities, I smell the ashes of dead bodies in the air. The storm has risen all around.

I trampled the skeleton of the dead bodies. After that I went to the temple.

Now I am not good The world is also not good, No One's mind is good.

In this day of depression, When I go back to my world of childhood. Lots of innocent faces come to my mind.

An atmosphere of peace is painted in my heart. I can touch my childhood. So, I can touch my peace.

Boldness is attitude

I give importance to my family I learn from what my heart says I respect my dignity. I remove all the darkness of my life. I never give up my dreams. I am conscious of my intelligence, Because it is my perfect beauty.

Always think yourself as a diamond. Precious but not rare. Don't compare with others. You know you are the best. Respect your values. You make yourself into a piece of art Then nobody can copy you . When you control your mind, No One can destroy you.

Anna Ferriero



Anna Ferriero is an Italian poetess contributing to peace and cultural contamination and internationally recognized especially in the Middle East. In September 2019 she officially became a WNWU member. She is a reviewer, editor, translator, editor of articles, literary and poetic collaborator, speaker and collaborates for numerous Italian, national and international newspapers and magazines. She has won numerous national and international awards. Her works have been translated into various languages. She received from the poet Mountassir Aziz Mountassir the honorary degree for creativity, humanity and international culture from Morocco in collaboration with Mexico (register 2010045530149).

Autumn Again

Roasted coffee aroma heartbeat, emotion, nest feeling of breaking waves in the scent of autumn crunch. Fall I await you every day I court you in silence I give you my smell dressed only of a verse of Love. Roasted coffee autumn feeling of sweet Spring who now rests again to wait for you one day in the Blossoming of Love

Light Blue

Light blue like hibiscus while he wakes up like a kind child the last hibernation: scent of sunset of summer sprouted. Azure like the last snow preserved among the corals that give off spring awakening without deceit among the memories hope of infinity where everything blue quenches thirst

The Scandinavian Charm

The Norwegian sky a lot of joy inspires me colors and shades decorate the vault to those who watch with audacity. From a photograph the image of a forest in the midst of dawn a brush worked. Innovative landscapes and mirrors of wisdom they start that dream they follow in silence the most secret spaces like small sylphs the story begins. It is a magical experience not to be lost forever is the land of fairies that you see in the eyes of those who love poetry

Ujjal Mandal



Ujjal Mandal, a Postgraduate scholar and an emerging poet from West Bengal, India. He was born in 1995 at Ganguria. His work has been published in journals, magazines, blogs, Literary press and anthologies. He studied in English at the University of Gour Banga. He believes, "life is not faithful, but the good thoughts will never die" so he seeks the wall of hearts where his words can be written. His works are published in journals like Muse India, Daath Voyage, Gnosis Journal, Dissident Voice, Active Muse, Criterion etc, in Literary press like Spillwords and magazines like PAROUSIA Magazine, Hatpakha, and anthologies like "Aulos: An Anthology of English Poetry", "Beyond Corona: The Silver Lining" and others. He became the winner of the month of May 2020 in Muse India(YS) for his poem titled "Desires of an Unborn Girl Child". His pen says, "poetry is the eruption of feelings through the geothermal heart". He could be reached at um199521@gmail.com

The Beauty of Winter

When I stand alone in the snow, I find the blooming flowers Of ice are swaying their White heads high, and I dance with them.

When I stand alone in the snow, I find the sun falls in love with The snowflake and the nectar Of love sheds from her white Rosy cheeks.

When I stand alone in the snow, I find the moon spills her sweet Smile upon the mirror of ice And oh, she falls in love With herself.

When I stand alone in the snow, I find a white star falling From the white sky through The cold body of air and I rush To catch up it.

There is Beauty in Trouble

To expand the soft bud Of young heart, It is required to take The wintery sigh Of frozen winter, It is compulsory To take refuge In her white clothes Tied with the thread of The glacier, It is imperative To take a shower in The falling tears Of winter.
O Dear, My Sweet Rose!

O dear, you are my sweet rose Taking your kiss I want my lips to close. You can never bloom elsewhere Besides my heart's golden chamber. O my love, come and take me Up on your rosy petals I am a hungry bee.

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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The Year of the Poet II July 2015

July 2010

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



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

The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert †Infinite' Carraco Siddartha Beth Fierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Herminger De Daverbal Mindancer * Nettu Waii * Shareet Abdum – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hilya N Yihmaz Teresa E. Callion * Jackie Allen * William S Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Wetton Shazer * Albert Tufnitite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe Daverhal Minddancer * Neetlu will * Shareet Abdur - Rasheed Kimberty Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alam Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Falruedin Shehu * Hilya N Yilmaz Terena E. Galion * Jackie Allen * Williams S Peters Sr.

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Featured Poets

Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

Featured Poets Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülva N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.

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



The Caribbean

Gail Weston Shapor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıcıa Maria Kuberska * Tenesa E. Gallon * Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Svapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the April 2019

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carasoo * Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayaya * Elizabet Castillo * Swanna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan





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The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jab Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Falceha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



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The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets Iram Jaan * Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Lan Qyqalla

Goncalao Mabunda



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The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets Alonzo "zO" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



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August 2021

Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turunc * Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha * Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



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The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021

Featured Global Poets

Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



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November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



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October 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Dale Lamphere



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The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



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The Poetry Posse ~ 2022



July 2022 ~ Featured Poets



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Mili Das



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Ujjal Mandal



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