

The Year of the Poet IV

January 2017

Featured Poets

Jon Winell

Natalie Shields

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pose 2017

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV January 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2017

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



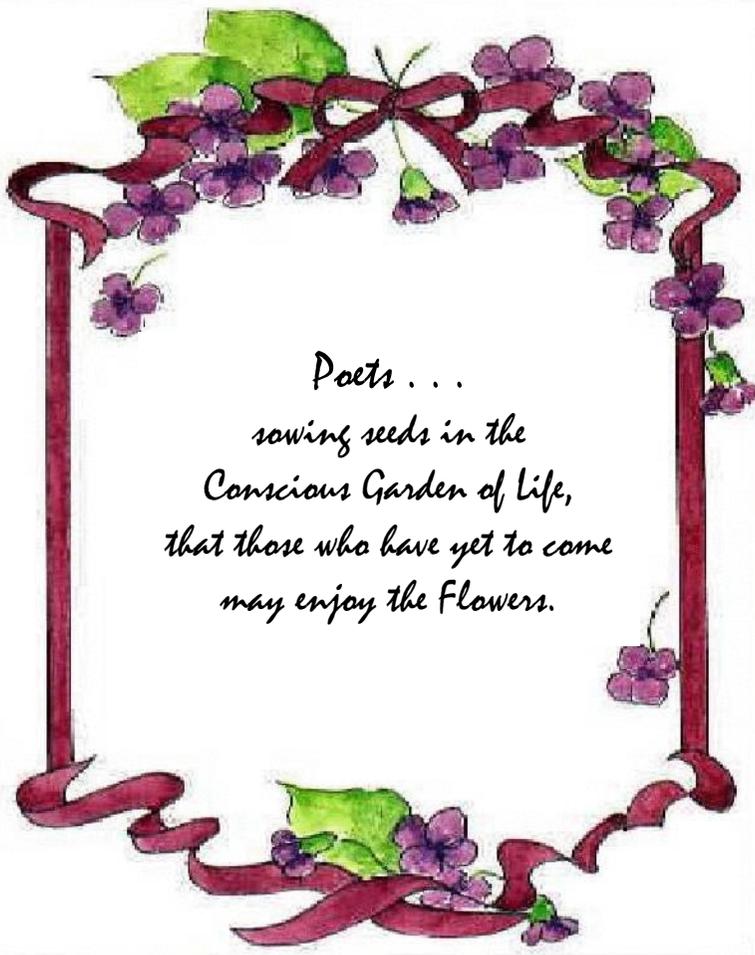
*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



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

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Reflecting for the New Year . . .

No, i am not Mr. Scrooge ! But as we now have “Socially Acceptable Permission” to reflect upon our Paths, Our Past Lives and where we would like to go, Personally, Economically, Spiritually, etc., Many of us are in a very Introspective and Reflective “State of Mind”. We are now attempting to gather our Personal Insights about our lives and make solemn affirmations, promises and commitments to a “New” way to conduct ourselves. It does not matter whether we wish to lose weight, Study More, Quit Smoking, or even be kinder to others. Personally i think this is a very personally empowering and positive time of the year. People are taking inventory of their lives and the interactions with Self, Social Structure and Others. WOW . . . what a really invigorating place to be . . .”BE”!

Now i promised i would not be Mr. Scrooge hhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm . . . but, my question i must ask myself in all Self Truth is “why do i have to wait until this time of year each year to examine myself for improvement?” Should not that be a Daily Occurrence at the very least ? Perhaps it should like every other single aspect of life be in the moment. Yes, i know, who has time for this. Perhaps reflection is not a hard or difficult as it seems. To me it starts with attitude. As i reflect, is my attitude about my life and my self in alignment with my true “Self-Projections”. Am i at all conscious of who i wish to be, or in a finite sense do i really at all know who i am? Funny thing is the more i buy into what is “Socially Acceptable” . . . it seems that i move farther and farther away from “Self”.

So, this is my resolution if there is such a thing . . . i like many of us Vow to BE ME but not in an agnostically Affrontive manner. Though i am not out per se to please the world, as you can tell with this expression but i aspire to get to be the “Best Me” i can possibly be for ME! If that is against the grain of Society, then so be it. I do not wish to live the lie or lies that Society comfortably creates for me to inhabit, nor the ones that make “ME” acceptable to myself because it allows me to fit in! Be damned the comfort zone! If i wish to strive . . . i will strive . . . if i wish to lie down . . . i will lie down and rest. I am vowing to love myself for all my frailties, shortcomings. mistakes and imperfections. This does not mean i will rest here at this station, but i do know as i reflect back on the past years of my life, i am Still a work in progress!

So, as i sit hear “Reflecting for the New Year” i can only say this to you may all that you wish for “BE” Real to you and may you be rewarded by recognizing that you are still on a Path called Life! May your Journey this year be rewarding and full of Discovery

God Bless You
Blessed Be
Namaste'
Maitri
Peace

and all the other aspects of Grace one could ever think of be with you.

Have a Nice Flight

The Greatest Discovery one can make have is the Gift they already possess Life !

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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

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

Foreword

January 2017 is upon us and it is nothing less than an honor to present this forward to the first book published this year of twelve, one every month to begin our fourth year of publication in this unique undertaking known as The Year Of The Poet/Poetry Posse. The first was January 2014. Each book published monthly features Poets from all over the globe. This collection of gifted artist representing North America, West Indies, Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa bring a variety of styles, creativity each a talented artist. Thus you get a banquet laid out before you in a variety of flavors to make your taste buds dance.

Contemporary issues are addressed covering a broad spectrum. Politricks, social/economic, institutional racism, police brutality, corruption, wars, genocide. The nuances of relationships, intimacy, trust, honesty, sincerity, commitment etc. It is a creative literary smorgasbord served buffet style. Take a little of this ,a little of that.

Each poet contributes three poems/pieces. Some of the months have a theme that each poet will cover in at least one of the three. Other months are open to whatever dish the writer brings to the table. This month being January the theme is " New Beginnings " A line from one of my poems included this month titled " Renew " asks the question " is a new year really new or the continue of the same 'ol ' same ' ol ' you? " perhaps food for thought?

I would be remiss if i didn't acknowledge the vehicle that brings this offering to the table, Inner Child Press

Publications headed up by its founder William Peter's Sr. himself a awarded poet laureate who has written many poetry books over a span of more than 50 years. Bill or " just Bill " as he's known has created a platform for poets to express and share their creative talents with the world. As Bill has expressed many times words are powerful and can effect change for the better. That being said it is actually an obligation for those who possess the ability to share their artful expression with the family of mankind.

The Inner Child Family took a major blow recently at the loss of Janet Caldwell who was very important to Inner Child and to all the artists she supported and encouraged including yours truly. Her contributions to poetry on several levels and humanity will live on. I dedicate this to her memory.

Well don't let me hold you grab a plate and help yourself, and oh HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

AKA

Zakir Flo

Author

Member of The Poetry Posse

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING
WORLD PEACE
2016



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

Now Available at . . .

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php

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

~ wsp

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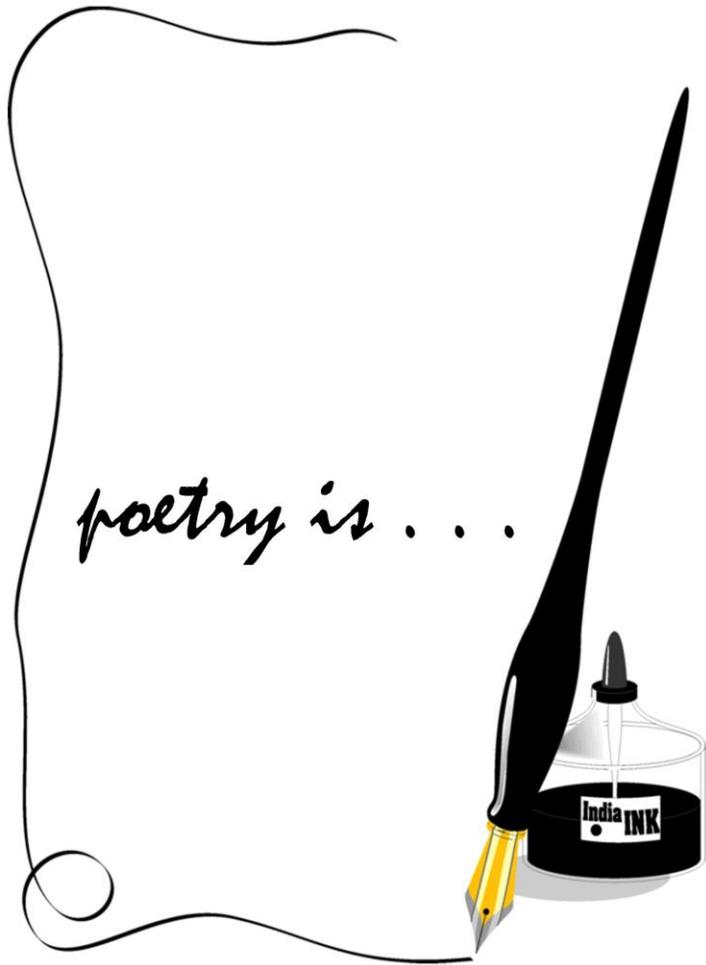
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp





The Quaking Aspen

If there were a Guinness Book of World Records for trees, the quaking aspen would be in it - several times. First, it has the widest natural range of any tree in North America, spanning 47 degrees of latitude (equal to half the distance from the equator to the North Pole), 110 degrees of longitude (nine time zones) and elevations from sea level to timberline. It is also the largest living organism, growing in clones that reproduce primarily by sending up sprouts from their roots. And as far as the oldest ... a clone in Minnesota has been estimated to be 8,000 years old!

It is not a tree for all places. But planted in the right location, the quaking aspen is a delight of color, movement and sound.

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

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

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

Watchnighting

I fell in love with my family
Every holiday passing
The turbulent feeling
Of hoping I had grown enough
Or learned enough
To be seen and heard

The women sat on the sofa plastic
Recounting the entire year
Of losses and gains
Triumphs and failures
Of those absent and
Those sitting across the room

I always felt sorry for those
Who were in between the
Old enough to join in
And still to childish to play
I wonder how they felt
Having their lives
Decided at family council

The boys gathered in the yard
Around the menfolk
Hearing mentalk and
Having their mettle tested
With mendrink and mensmoke
For the receiving of instructions

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

I would drift from door post
To lintel, listening
For the smallest
Shouldn't be heard thing
Marveling at their singsong
Way of laughing
Of praying
I could feel loved and safe
Knowing they watched the night
For more than the turning of the year.

Longings

I long for you
In the quietness of this moment
these days it seems
That that is my only accomplishment
this longing
The clock ticks in a cicada rhythm
Insistent and louder
Than my soul seems to be able to manage
Comparatively
The unfamiliarity of the sensation
Echoes hollow when unanswered
In kind by you
And yet, I have seen it
The fear of not knowing,
The reticent running away
And yet, I have been it
But this time
I choose the finding
I choose the work it takes
For you to trust that
I want you for you
And I offer all of me
As collateral
I long for you
And it's not the busyness
Or the weekends away
That is just circumstances
Or the weather
That is just happenings
I am waiting on you
To allow me to reflect myself
In you

Resolutions

I have never wanted more
Than to live good
To take this finite life
And find a purpose
I may never get to the moon
But I would be happy
To pick sunflowers
On the edge of a wandering lane
If only to give them away
I want to pass through this life
Living
For love to find me
Since I have stopped looking
Outside myself
Although I still wish to share it
Loudly
With someone that loves life also
No conditions, just wants
I will hold babies
Pressed against my face
And the hands of beautiful old women
Until they no longer need
The support of a good smile
And we will talk about beauty
As we pass our days together
Railing against injustices
And celebrating that which needs us to
I want to dance in the full moonlight
Lime away a lazy afternoon
Rest on cool pillows
With memories of the days
I will spend with you

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

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

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

Juvenile

The notoriety of some
Has changed the perception of people
That “*children are image of God*”
For those ‘some’ the majority suffer.
The lamb of childhood faces cripple.

Why won’t such filth arise in young minds?
The world we live is full of heinous crimes.
Where lies no varsity in style and seduction
Where science is made to dominate conscience.
And misuse of technology that empowered over times.

The country saw a *black December* once.
Where the mayhem involved a juvenile
The nation fumed, demanded death
And amend according to the legality of issue.
The last insisted more than a year’s time.
A child shook a country
Brought it to demise and debates.
Some said to leave him, he is just a kid
Others vowed to hang him and prevent
The issue that oblivion of time begets.

Ah! What to say more?
The labor in these early years
Is counted in the fate and future.
An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth
According to the karma, the soul endears.

Don’t be a juvenile
Life is vast as the Nile.....

The thing

When I was crowded with pessimism
The way the people warm around a celebrity
I know it all started once externally
But I too know the thing grew within.
Grew and grew,
Like a malignant tumor,
Wiped my image of being humor
The thing resisted to bid adieu.
I was knock down by people close
With “Why don’t you ignore them?
For as such you create mayhem”.
Narcissism crept in but I prohibited repose.
Someday then I met a legendary.
I was off my perception
The inner thing I assumed deception
Which was all a mere alibi.
I lost the sight of possibilities’
Made incomplete, biased judgement.
Ashamed with guilt, I turned prudent
Laming my admired abilities.
Cursed my felling, took the above.
The thing turned into a fiasco
Never to nourish it I took the vow.
Never again shall I blame the crowd.

Today I feel majestic

Today I feel majestic
With all stupendous splendor
The entire world is mine
Is what I wonder.

The most charming winds hug me with love
My eyes visualize the thundering sky
A passionate smile adores my face
Nothing to fear, nothing to shy.

The violent rain cannot make me feel afraid
Nor can I back off the immense lightning
I aim not to fight nature
But not to be afraid of anything.

I sway my hands in the dark
And then it thunders
The world sees me on roof
A king so tremendous.

A royal person in vest and pajama
Is a sight not worth superficialities
The hidden heart is the possession
Which made the unique Jesus.

Soon it will be pitch dark
And there will be none of my onlookers
Still I will feel majestic
For being the envy of billions.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

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

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

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

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

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

Starting Over

The earth, cold and brown ,
sleeps beneath a blanket of snow;
it is a spell blinding scene~
a snapshot of nature's awesome beauty.

On stark and peeling branches
a cardinal sweetly sings its song.

Mistakes and should-have's
haunt and rattle my repose;
painful are the regrettable acts
they serve to blight and stain my soul.

Conscious unmasked, an apology I offer
to everyone I've wronged.

A chance of renewal's opportunity
greet me with a blast of awareness.
On bended knee, I'm praying for forgiveness,
so onward I go, ready to begin again.

From this day forward, with God's help,
I shall begin to sing new and sweeter songs.

time after time

among my favorite things,
a steaming cup of black tea
a scone and a book of poetry

these I wouldn't want to do without,
neither the cozy space where I curl up
and think about that which brings me pleasure

that brings a smile to my face,
that brings the words to surface
that I jot down in ways to capture

a thought or a memory, in prose or poetry
some versatile verses, some lingering lines
the means with which to recapture moments

of bliss, time after time after time

In My Dreams

Waves ripple the lily pond; lemon-lime
vines caress, carelessly, a nearby fence;
sun soothingly strokes the landscape
that plays host to shadow's dark dance.
In this place I am one with nature.

Unexpectedly harsh, a haunting breeze
silhouettes itself against searing sun's heat;
a dog anxiously barks in the background
and disrupts my desired sense of calm.
Of necessity, I readjust my priorities.

Peace returns, invites courage to participate,
to join in meditation, to hear the bird's song,
to commune with one's self, to forgive
inventory's received, perceived wrongs.
I drink in the glory that is the morning.

Lacy patterns paint the grove of trees,
their branches snuggle up against day's blues;
like a stalwart sentry, serendipity
spreads its canopy of place just for me.
Barren are the uplifted arms of the maple tree

Climbing winter roses mingle
with memories of pinks and reds while
the sleeping St. John's Wort nods its head.
The butterfly bush, too, awaits the season
of t butterflies, bees and hummingbirds.

In the garden of my dreams I am perfectly at home.

Albert
Carrasco

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

A new start

No one will ever be sacrificed again, him her all of them will eat off my pen, you'll never have to bust your gun, because of my urban tongue. no more bids due to my poetry and ad libs, no more of not seeing our children grow because of Coke, we'll all blow. Sit back and let me do me, witness me rearrange future history. There's only a tight circle I have to look out for, a lot of men died like the genocide in dafur, others distant themselves, I've been doing this for tens years and some haven't bought my books or never saw me recite/perform before, I'm not mad just disappointed that they never saw the reaction of a crowd when the mics anointed, they saw me move like a Leo but never there when the lion roars. From the streets to stages to isbns for urban pages, from dirty to clean, they can no longer cage us. I'm going to be a best seller, play writer and director one day, hopefully sooner than later because we're not getting younger and I want for myself as I do for my kin and that's to shine bright as if everyday for the rest of our lives are summer, I am a product, push me like we pushed product and we all will prosper, tell a friend to tell a friend that Infinite got bars forever, that could be one or two orders or one or two features, one or two door openers, it'll be guaranteed dinner for old meal skippers, old road to riches felon repeaters, it's a new way of life for us hustlers. Using rhyme schemes when I non fiction yippitty yap is how I'm rebuilding a trap, hustle and flow to an empire just like that. my roadies I see you, when I'm spittn I see you spittn word for word too, I can see, they can see my visions too. I won't settle for less, I'm destined for greatness, the four Devils can't cause stagnation, I still have goals and dreams and I choose to put them in motion.

Save the children

I'm hustln fam, writing is an everyday part of me, stages are places where I explain ourstory, advertising and networking on the book, Twitter, snap and the gram are the ways I have spots lookn like cross Brizzy I-95 traffic jams, it's a marketing strategy. I'm no social media gangster or lover, I'm fully indie, I do me, infs his own promoter. I took the number 8 and made it a brand, it's quite simple, like prince I can drop the name and be known as the lemniscate... A symbol. If there's an open mic in the slums I'm there, if there's an open mic in the city I'm there, I took shows where I paid more in gas to get there than I got paid to feature, I wouldn't take it as a loss, it's a cost to build clientele, to me... The more I travel, the more I'm booked and get more book sales, you have to give to get, I correlate that with the result of giving samp from weight on scales. Where I spit once I spit twice, there's always a second invite cause when it comes to the streets I'm nice... Am I conceited?...na, I really lived the life of hell on earth so its only right that I spit fiya. I travel abroad speakn about that white broad to applauds, infinite is the trappers and rappers bar blower, when they want lyricism they indulge in my third eye scriptorium, emails come in from members of the board of education that really want to save the children by filling auditoriums, so seventh grade and up can listen to my harsh reality narration.

Unity

Imagine if there was only one set, what hood you're from wouldn't matter, you wouldn't get swarmed for being or wearing different colors, homies from da bx, bk, qboro, shaolin, Manhattan, strong-island and jersey would all be family. We'll be unstoppable, a fist symbolizing strength Will be our symbol like the pyramid eye symbolizes the illuminati. We'll have so much power, they be less manslaughter and murder convictions and there reaction... Manslaughter and murder victims. we can put our heads together and own corporations. We all want the same thing. Tranquility. We can live it, all we have to do is legally organize then walla... Magic. The only thing that stops us is us, we get hungry and see a come up, guns bust returning what could've been a partner back to dust, two men have drama, one becomes a killer the other earth worm and maggot food after souls hover over with wings covered in beautiful feathers, pitching randomly on owned blocks earn marble rocks... with unity, it'll all stop.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

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

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

I WISH YOU KNEW

I wish you knew how many times
I've held back my sensitive side
I'm really quite emotional
But I've never told you.
I'm really getting tired of hiding who I am
I wish you knew I don't give a damn about sports
All those statistics and news reports
Who's the greatest what's the latest on some player's injury
Those things don't interest me
But society says that's the life for me
Baby
Baby
I'm not your stereotypical male
I wish you knew my individuality is not for sale
And I have sold out betting money on a game, I care
nothing about
That's time and money I would've spent on you
But not many woman like a soft dude
It's as if it's expected so we jockey for position
Fronting and stunting vying for attention
I wish you knew but now I'll mention
If being an alpha male is the single route to your affection
I have no problem looking in another direction
I have no problem with rejection either
I've never had an issue with booty fever
Now I used to be a deceiver trying to get my way
I wish you knew how many hearts got hurt that way
I'm presenting you the real me
The going out or staying home romantic me
And yes I'm a freak, but I prefer the term eclectic
I'm into some wild things, but not a wanderer if I don't get
it

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Those things are fantasies, and not the whole of me
I do have one true love, and that's the Christ in me
I wish you knew I see more than your body
I want to know what you think
Your daily life and how you go about it
See, now there you go texting
How can I express to you, when you're losing concentration
This conversation is over I'm done I'm through
I'm back to square one saying
I WISH YOU KNEW.

HOLDING ON

We walk together with the knowledge of the end
My friend is dying, there's no crying or wondering why
It's trying, it's tiring. There's no buying extra days

We're looking at things in a new light, savoring moments
We held a cube of ice and watched the transformation
We walk together with the knowledge of the end

With each passing day, new dreams new things to see
The world sees us smile, the world doesn't know
It's trying, it's tiring. There's no buying extra days

The necessity of sleep will not cheat the days
The reality of rest won't deprive an unfulfilled dream
We walk together with the knowledge of the end

There's nothing they can do, they've tried every avenue
The pain is gone but for so long it wasn't
It's trying, it's tiring. There's no buying extra days

Today we took pictures of birds, even argued about the
composition
It was at that very moment life showed its balance
It's trying, it's tiring. There's no buying extra days
We walk together with the knowledge of the end

A NEW SPACE

It's time for a fresh start
Dare I part from my comfort zone?
Shall I travel to a place unknown?

Love awaits me there
A life of shared dreams
A life of new things

Will I be missed or flipped good-bye?
Will there be hearts drenched in tears and wondering why?

A change of habitat and I too wonder if that will make a
difference
I have love to share will I deliver it?

Some may say it's frivolous
Some may question my seriousness
I've experienced the deliciousness
Something tells me, compels to go through with this

Change is the word of today
This is not a gamble or come what may
This is my life, I can worry about what some might say
Babygirl I'm on my way

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

Renew...

with a new you
or the continue of the
same ' ol ' same ' ol ' you ,
is it or not up to you?
remember!
read, heed, rehearse the verse
think it through
maybe or maybe not true
though the calendar flips a page
reflecting new year awaiting new age
expecting things to come your way
remember time isn't yours or mine
it's a loan that's spent each and every
second come ' n ' gone could be the last one
reflect my friends, reflect
respect my friends respect
remember!
read, heed, rehearse the verse
your limited portion of which you don't know
what's left from second by second spent
man is at a lost by the measure of time
read, heed, rehearse the verse sometime
by the measure of time (Asr) man is at loss
except for those who believe in Allah(swt)
perform righteous deeds
(that is by permission ordained by the one
who just says be and sustains all needs,
everything loaned, never owed to you
or me)
and come together in the mutual teaching of
truth, patience and constancy (Qur'an 103)

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

that my friends is the exception to the rule
in a world full of fools, act as though they have
more time than they know what to do
and the next second life as they think is through
so rehearse the verse think it through
is a new year really new or the continue of the
same 'ol ' same ' ol ' you?
remember!
read the verse, rehearse think it through
then maybe then the year will truly be new for you,
my friends

food4thought = education

ya'll stand by world

they just look, standing there
as assault, molestation,
rape, theft, murder,
BOMBING, GENOCIDE, STARVATION!!
nations imposing their will
to destroy, maim, kill
embargos, sanctions, invasions
goes on 'n ' on 'n ' on
just standing there as
mass mayhem appears
where's the help, who cares?
seems practically nowhere
the souls are sucked out, hollow
indifference came to town and what once
were human beings now seem like
zombified machines, what's it all mean
for tomorrow?
sorrow, sorrow, sorrow?
questions arise as indifference blackens the sky
raining down on yours and my town
poison rain if not purple effecting the brains of the people
are you alone will someone respond if calamity
happened upon your doorstep
would your neighbors just stand there impotent, not
erect, inept as evil oozed, crept?
what can we expect in the event?
better look to what heaven sent
now that's a real friend, never let you down
whereas man, mankind nowhere around
as they just stand there and look but your invisible

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

your problems trivial we got bigger fish to fry
as your robbed, raped, starved, beaten you die
and as the world just stands by inhumanity, injustice,
genocide flourish
they just look and see nothing
what's the rush?
can't be important " they're not one of us "

food4thought = education

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

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

The New Year

A start
huge dreams
schemes goals a new
anything is possible
a clean slate to start again
trains of wisdom
each car an experience
the previous year
very different
looking back on the track
the old year still looming large
threatens to crash the new year's party
experiences building insight
the light growing
now I know
I hope
for the best of all possible years

A New Relationship

A start
the best foot forward
excitement
dreams like a waterfall
a turn it takes
everyday light sparkling
a diamond on her hand
delight in the way forward
through the boulders
stones of friendship
children and love
raining down on me
potential
there is in a new year
a new day
begun a new

The End in The Beginning

The happy ending is in the beginning

growing there to

challenge

the trick is seeing

what is here

at the beginning

today

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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

Google Plus

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

A New Life

A new beginning –
Greets me while the Royal Sun
Beams brightly –
Over immaculate white, cottony clouds
And sky-blue heavens above –
I spotted a shy, red robin with a deep orange tail perched –
On a fragile, thin branch
Of a beautiful, pink Cherry Blossom tree –
Humming a rhythmic melody from my distant revelry –
Of memories forever embedded on my mind,
Carried in my heart when I think of you.

Butterflies –
They eagerly flock to where fragrant flowers abound –
With colorful hues –
Captivating strangers roaming around the prairie –
Yes, a new beginning is at a glance
Gives the air a sweet smell of a blooming romance
Is it ok to take your hand and ask you to dance,
Among sunflowers that surround the green fields,
Orange and yellow tulips, dainty daffodils.
A new ray of Hope –
Is at the horizon with the onset of Spring
A new life ahead –
Of a once dull and meaningless existence,
Embrace the calming effect of a lovely Spring day –
Bringing Hope, Faith and Peace
Breathing new life, a fresh start!

Written In the Stars

Inspired by the movie Winter's Tale

They say for each person
There is a certain Miracle from within
And you are meant to be just for one person
As time draws to a close to meeting the One,
The Universe and your Spirit Guides are on your side
To help you fulfill your One True Destiny.

It's written in the stars
And before you know it, I am coming to hold your hand
You may not know now but soon you'll get it somehow
I may have bumped into you along life's journey,
But you were too preoccupied with your own story
That you didn't notice me passing you by.

If in this life, we have to say goodbye
As my soul reincarnates, I'll meet you again in the next,
When our eyes lock as we cross our paths once more
You will know in your heart that it was me – your Destiny,
Just look at the stars on a beautiful night such as this
And know that the time is near to feel eternal bliss.

It's written in the stars
For even when True Love is lost,
Your soul will bleed for a meaning in your life
But though the inevitable happens, searching for your One
True Destiny remains
If we are yet to discover our One True Miracle,
Even time may defeat itself in order for you to see me in
another lifetime.

My Addictive Kryptonite

YOU are like my kryptonite,

making me weak in the knees

each time our eyes meet...

YOUR smile is a dangerous poison,

making me lose myself for a while...

YOU are an addiction I keep coming back to

getting into my system, intoxicating me...

Anna
Jakubczak
Vel Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

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

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

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

First Christmas Eve

I remember flavors of holidays,
which tasted with freshly roasted biscuits
and the icing mess in the kitchen.

When the left plate,
hadn't to be empty doubly.

In this year wrest pins hang uncertainly,
balls fear to go out from the box.
And the wafer broke prematurely.

In this year it is otherwise.
The blue fairy lights won't be shine on the window,
carolers will pass indifferently,
and instead of the first star,
are tears

secretive behind gifts.

And though long since
I stopped to write a letters,
please Nicholas,
so that it leave you under Christmas tree,

I would be able to cuddle.

The fumes

we are the chocolates
bonding the space time with a matter
embraced with mutual sucrose
we were born from doubts
like shadows

we are milky
drinking in the secret
experiences
and corporeality
with every bar of mount

we are bitter
filled up with an instinct
stuffing between thighs
and prayer
for every second

we are frivolous
in torn apart tinsels
we are dying from love

Impression

Yesterday track were there,
Grass – a little other plants.
There was a pond which became alive
touching by the stone.
Today there is a shop,
a few houses in neighborhood...
There aren't the track, grass,
and any plants or \$\$ was

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

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

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

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

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

new year haiku

end of december

happy new year messages

flashing in the rain



Crepuscular Moments

Do you remember
those late afternoons
when you and I
sat
on the edge of the cliff?

We kept our eyes fixed
on the west horizon
as the sun
tired of the day's toil
pulled himself loose
from the tenacious tentacles of the
clouds.

You held my fingers tight
as we both watched him
bathe
in the purple red blue orange mass of mist
then slowly sink
In the deep
hidden behind the hazy hills.



Words

Words words words

Here and there

I walk

They walk

I hop

They hop

I run

They run

I slow

They slow

I stop

They stop

I almost catch them

they flap their wings

and fly away

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

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

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

HEAVEN AND NATURE - SING

Kiss soft fall of snows
tend restfulness - beauty-realm;
glow with angel's glow

Whisper breeze of breaths
come guided - directionless;
center into soul

Flow beauty-being
share pour - heart-awakening;
gift spirit-pouring's

Gaze within love-eyes
travel beyond the nature;
reach bliss-purity

Wake blossoming joy
raise heaven - unfolding wings;
embrace divine – sing

COMPLETE HAPPINESS

Serve life within peace
shelter all and set love free;
glorify giving

Sail smoothly with ease
mellow with divine calmness;
melt love's river-stream

Open breaths of heart
care for conscious renewal;
bless infinite love

Synchronize wholeness
harmonize bliss-resonance;
shine heart's moon-flowers

Blend free as water
run calmly - patiently smooth;
caress - soothe with soul

Surrender love's calm
flow soul-meditation deep;
breathe color's caring

Join beauty's calm grace
gift blessings with love-being;
transcend loving heart

Heed inside love's plea
give care-compassion -
mercy; complete happiness

LOVE EMERGENCE

Tiny heart-rays dance
becoming blissful soul

Celestial sun and stars
Expect nothing inside of all

Giving exactly who we are
Every joy flows amidst the pain

Balance of stillness and motion
Nothing is lost nor is it gained

Life does hold true promises
More than rosebuds and thorns

Bursting forth love-seeds
Onto thoughts - living deeds

We reach galaxies within
Shooting starlight trails

Illuminating inside of roots
Bearing cool dark soils

Emerge with love-buds
Kissing new day's dew

Bright blue-sky mornings
Coming through every age

Grow past ticking's of time
Gathering experience

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

Immortal cycles of dust
Pollinating the life force

Begin within
flashing soul's center

Sing chords of heart-breaths
Lifting into higher blooms

Return and ring inside-light
Perfecting soft radiance

Raining with cosmic lightning
Love-emergence

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

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

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

*Two most precious beginnings – my grandchildren, Ali
Eymen and Azra Erva on my mind:*

Boncuk Prensim

i watched you
staring at your fragile but determined neck
while you losing no time began to wean yourself
with one after one tiny but steady move at a time
from your mommy's safe-up-to-that-moment-shelter

your inside bond had to be no more . . .

frozen in trance by your reddened beautiful face
thankful to your shared doctor for her clear head
swiftly strategically moving wisely-trained fingers
for the delicately tuneful hi-there-sweet-baby-coos
she sent on a trip to your perky ears to heed for good

my solo-born's first-born
i watched you journey into my heart
from there no force can ever take us apart

Biblo Prensessim

when normal breath granted her a quiet sniff
under a dear volunteer's too large for you-gift blanket
you escaped my exhausted attention span's final boo-boo
and became invisible
only to me

or . . .

then again . . .

maybe you knew
all along you knew
how my two chambers would break
at the sound of my only child's pain

so you hid
not only once
but at least once again

until you flew
right into my soul
the second i spotted
the fidgety bunch of hair
inside the fabric shield somewhere

she later on told me
in the bathroom mom
in our very own bathroom
she was about to . . .

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

my solo-born's second-born
when your gazelle-eyes first found me
they hinted at an adult-like melancholy
mistrust then hurried to conjoin them
with your baby-puff-scented lips
your mommy's lips' carbon copy

her aunties witnessed the same . . .

my angelic precious
i now am well aware
you just are high above
my silly goo goo ga ga game

keep your inner child alive

your toy cars are to you a rare find
like objects we the polluted race behind
yet with your merely-a few-years-aged-wisdom
you teach me what we the tainted value the least
in life we turned into a meaningless kingdom

your appetite is as petite as you are
there are some goodies however you truly like
if taken away glitter-tears you would shed behind
in the middle of nibbling on those same treats though
you would shower me with your bright whole face-smile
a piece or two between your wee see-through fingers
a most huggable tray of life's actual delectables

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

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

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

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

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

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

Recycling

Every season contributes to
the next revolution of beauty.
Dear Autumn opens her eyes

to the universe, squeezes heartstrings
of people with color. Fragmented
leaves fall from trees and vines,

sing beside puddles, rivers and streams.
The ancient dance to merge with
earth soil showcases the power of Nature's

soft purr that says *come to me* your work
is done. Your magic is needed to blanket
the soil to protect sleeping seedlings.

Winter rituals take the renewal flag
forward through the snow melt,
gives spring necessary moisture.

Nature presents herself in every stage
with purpose and determination.
Each phase dies to prepare the way for the next.

The culture of humanity changes its makeup
with the sacred entry of each season.
The journey begins anew as we

stumble over the same stones.
Memory lapses from one cycle to the next.
New beginnings merge with old scars.

Healing Zone

A wild woman feels overburdened
in the landscape of humanity.
A Spiritual train stops every day
at the tree of life, picks up passengers
ready to ride to the far country.

Today is the day she decides
to catch a ride to the deep blue sky.
She feels the lyrics of healing call.
A branch lifts her into the tree. She hugs
the trunk and a light glows around her.

A signal sings in her head and
giggles turn to a praise song
as the train stops to pick her up.
It is time to join the Spiritual choir
singing wild in the sky.

Going to the far country
is where wild things go to expand,
blossom and heal broken spirits.
Souls play in ecstatic bliss, rest
and rejuvenate before their return to earth.

Tease Me

The old year does laundry,
washes the blankets and sheets,
makes up the bed for the new year.

Come lie down with me in fresh softness
where new beginnings are enchanted.
No promises made,

just waves of warmth
to enfold the spirit in love
and rub adventure into your thighs.

Faleeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States. Faleeha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

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

d.fh88@yahoo.com

Lament *

My city is the violated

Streets torn by desires
of the kingdom,
Despite our numbers
That surmount gold bullions
In the prince's room,
We fall as we walk
While our sheikh*
-God save his soul-
Thrived on our blood,
He spread the skins
To perform his prayers.

.....
*Sheikh: is a revered old man, an Islamic scholar, an elder
or the Wiseman of a tribe .
Translated by Dikra Ridha

Not Maryam

Father, I am not Maryam.
Not Maryam.

Despite that
The one you see
Utter between you,
I am not his mother
And he is not borne from me
Yet the one called Jesus
belongs to me.

...
I am not Maryam, father
Not Maryam.

I buy my bread with my own tears
Every time
You don't feed me.

Your sky is grapes
And I have not a prophet's uncle
and My mother didn't sell me
For the Qibla* of her prayers.

Why then do I see the deaf
And blind
Fight me at my doorstep?

...
Not Maryam, father.
I am not Maryam.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

I was not a sister to Harun *
My hands are my witnesses
They tire of shaking
the root of your palms

And I did not dream
of flour falling into my hands

The drink I brought
Is tasteful only to myself.

What's with these horses
Bleeding and whining
At my sight?

...

I am not Maryam, father.
I am not her.

Your women seek
me for the onset of labour.
And this face
Its features moulded
by the palm of the wind
is ruined by exile.

For the first dawn
I do not rise to deceit,
I am not hanged -
and have no fear.

I am not Maryam, father
I am not Maryam.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

But I present myself
As a temple
Lest you claim
that I am Maryam.

* Qibla: the direction that a Muslim faces when performing their daily prayers.

* Harun: (Harun Al Rashid 766-809) His date of birth is debatable. *The Thousand and One Nights* tales were based on him and his imagination.
Translated by Dikra Ridha

Three who cannot smile today

The Mother waves farewell to her son now who is getting
ready to go to the war,

And the soldier is running down toward the gate of the war,

And I a little girl watching from my window my

grandmother sheds tears when she waves farewell to my

father and I sigh for them.

Alan

W.

Lankowski

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx

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

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

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

The Conning Of America

A con man rolled into town,
With a funny looking wig.
Made a lot of promises,
Everything will be really big.

He claims he doesn't like immigrants,
Says they cause a lot of strife,
But you certainly would never know,
By looking at his imported wife.

And he doesn't like Muslims,
And forget it if you're black.
And as for those pesky Mexicans,
He's sending them all back.

He says he has a really big plan,
To cure America's ills,
But you got to wonder about a guy,
Who can't even pay his own bills.

He has experience in business,
His bankruptcies total four,
And with a temperament like his,
We'll soon be in another war.

Spews a whole lot of hot air,
That he can improve the current state,
Never says anything definite,
But don't worry it'll all be great.

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He wants to close the internet,
And the border to the South,
But if he's going to close anything,
Please let it be his mouth.

Oh he makes a lot of promises,
And they're all as fake as his hair,
And the saddest part about it,
Is his followers just don't care.

07-31-16.

When A Child Dies, The Whole World Cries

Two young brothers are left at home,
All by their lonesome selves,
The older one notices a new toy,
Sitting high up on a shelf.

He climbs up and brings on down,
What he believes is a toy gun,
He thinks about the games they'll play,
Boy this sure will be fun.

He aims the 'toy' at his little brother,
And shoots him in the head,
But that gun was not a toy at all,
And soon the three-year-old is dead.

When a child dies,
All the stuffed animals cry,
Alone on a shelf,
They sit by themselves,
In a cold lonely room,
Like a final tomb.

Johnny's tired of being bullied at school,
But every dog has its day,
Though all his classmates seem so mean,
Johnny will make sure they all pay.

The next day at school will be different,
From a knapsack he pulls out a gun,
Suddenly he starts shooting his classmates,

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Shoots them in the back as they run.

Soon most of the class has been shot,
And their young bodies are lying there dead,
With one bullet left in the chamber,
Johnny puts the gun to his own head.

When a child dies,
All the angels cry,
The tears flowing down,
On the sad little town,
It's a cold, cold rain,
But it won't numb the pain.

For Jose this is the biggest day in his life,
It's his gang initiation in the 'hood,
He must seek out a rival gang member,
With a couple of shots he'll be good.

Jose packs his piece and extra clips,
And his driver takes him to the spot,
He takes aim at his helpless victim,
And another is dead with just one shot.

But that one bullet it ricocheted,
You hear a young mother scream and cry,
As she realizes her young son is hit,
On a cold dark street he is left to die.

When a child dies,
The whole world cries,
All lives matter, big and small,
I ask you people, heed the call,
Please stop the hate, before it's too late,
For the future of us all.

10-27-15.

Neon Sign

I guess I really can't blame them.
How could they be expected to know the truth,
When all they see is some well-rehearsed smile,
That I have been putting on in the morning,
Like a clean shirt.
I think I have it down to a science,
I've been doing it for so long.
I've polished my act to where I almost fool myself
sometimes,
Yet at times the sadness slips through to the world.
My mother asked me the other day if I was doing drugs
again,
As if that ever really worked,
Things should really be that easy for just once,
I think to myself, 'How could they not know?'
And yet at times I think maybe I should just tell them.
But, how do you express the hurt that goes deep inside?
How do you express how you really feel?
When you don't know how you really feel yourself.
Sometimes I just feel so numb to the world,
Or maybe, it's just the fear of the unknown,
As if it could really get any worse.
Maybe I'm just afraid of giving up my hurt,
When at times it seems that hurting is all I've got.
Perhaps the only thing I do well.
Yet at times I'd really like to tell someone,
But how could I make them understand?
Sometimes I think I should just hold up a big neon sign,
That says 'Hurting' in big, bright letters.
All electric blue with just a tinge of blood red,

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And then maybe someone will notice,
And then maybe someone will care,
But then again, why should they?
Why should they care?
After all, it's not their job,
They don't get paid to care.
But wait...I know what I'll do.
As the storms begin to build inside my head,
Like a thief robbing me of any peace I might have had,
And as the thunder starts to clamor in my mind,
It's very dissonance drowning my every thought,
I'll walk boldly into those very storms,
With my neon sign held high above my head,
And as the thunder bursts around me,
And the pouring rain soaks me to the skin,
And when the lightning bolts brighten up the sky,
I will no longer fear a thing,
For as the lightning strikes my neon sign,
And the electric shocks surge through my rain soaked body,
And the pain overtakes me from head to toe,
It will be the first time I've really felt anything in years,
Perhaps for the first time ever.
And as the last bit of life drains from my wet body,
I will be free at last.
And as my soul leaves my lifeless form,
To venture forth into the unknown,
And the unknown will welcome me with open arms,
Taking me in like a true friend,
And the unknown will provide me with shelter and
comfort,
Perhaps for the first time ever.
And as the rains continue to pour down upon me,
All the hurt shall be washed away,

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And all the pain shall be felt no more,
For all my struggles shall cease in an instant,
And every unrequited love shall remain so,
And every broken promise shall remain broken,
And all the hatred directed towards me shall miss its mark,
And every resentment harbored shall be set aside,
And every tear shall be forced to find a new home,
And as I look down upon my dead body,
I can watch all my so-called friends gather round,
They'll probably rummage through my pockets,
And fight over who gets my new sneakers,
Then again, why should they care?
After all, it's not their job.

12-13-10.

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

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

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

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

Pandora in my hands

time exists in my hands
as dreams escalate to wilderness
new beginnings unfold
born from the ages of prodigy
where wordsmith come
in the breathing dawn
to the free cycles
of wind
of water
of fire
saving the hourglass of all-giving
on the day
i become
a reality.

sunrise within the sunset

it is love
to find you
in the sunrise
within your sunset
it is life
when i breathe
your air in mine
every dawn
of becoming
life of love
and love of life.

Ardent Safari

You are
The pyrotechnic
Spiraling,
In my being.
You are
The language
Of metamorphosis
Speaking,
To my unknown traverse.
You are
The quantum oscillator
Prompting,
In my infinite quest
To the epic
Of new multiverses.

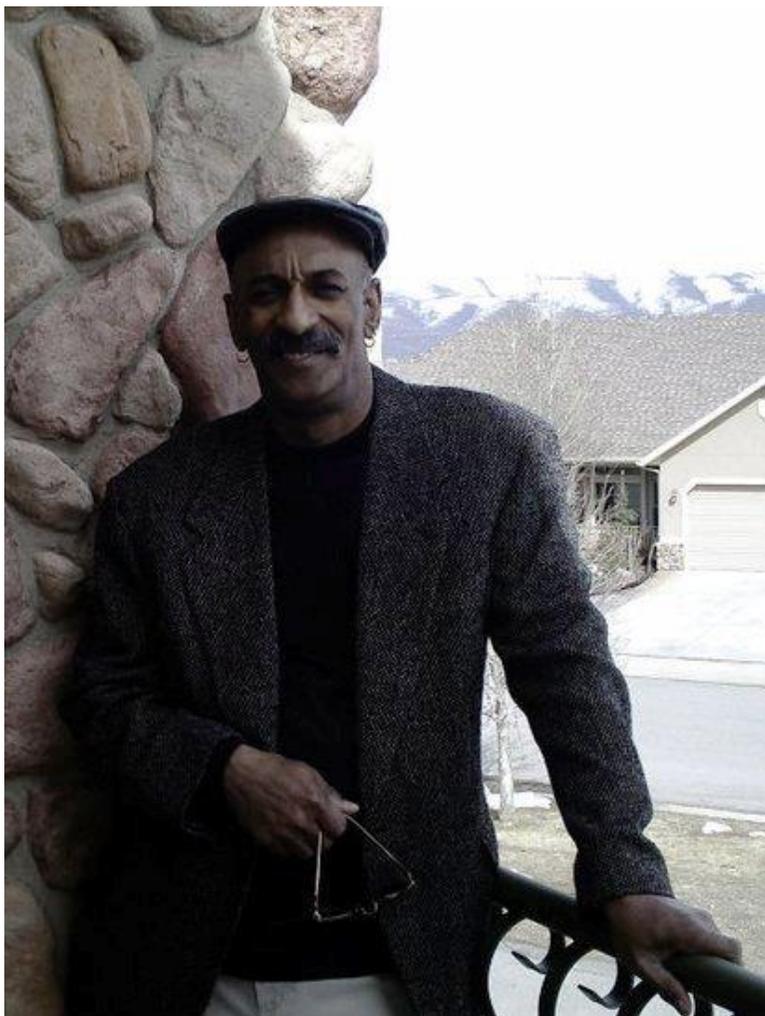
Of virtues
Of dawning hopes
For all the years
And years of years
Of ours.

William

S.

Peters Sr.

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

a new beginning

not a Fly was buzzing
not a Bird was singing
there was a great stillness
finally upon the Earth
which has been abiding
since the Great Fire came

Men and Women
were no more
nor were the Old Growth
of the Wood and Forests

the Face of all Mother
had been relegated
to one continuous
Black Sand Beach
looking for pools of Water

the Oceans were vaporized
and the Lakes were Voids
the Mountains had melted in to the Planes

Death ruled that eternal day
ushering forth a new beginning

the Souls were in the Guff
waiting to be reassigned
to other Star Systems

there was a celebration
for they had come
and done
what they had to do

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. . . destroy !~

the Light Workers of delusion
did not understand this
for they were but pawns
in the design
constructed
by a Malevolent God
who gave permission
for such things as
Hate
Indifference
War
Famine
Greed
and many other
“Other Worldly” expressions
of the Dark

we fight back with Sunshine
daily
failing to see the light
of the schematic
Chaos spawns

let us clear cut the life
from life
kill the Mother
if you can
suck Her Teats Dry children
and laugh your inebriated way
to Death
a new beginning

Happy New Year, Happy New Day

i reflectively consider the road now traveled
and the times i have passed through
the memories are mine to keep
of all the things i still pursue

the year has come, the year has gone
and all that remains is its ether
there is but thoughts that wander about
and my memories as a seeker

many things i did not find, and that is ok
for the task before me still prevails
i am not that rudderless ship wandering
upon life's seas with empty sails

there is hope in the winds of my heart
and it is the power i hold to transcend
for each year, each moment is but a part
of this journey that has no end

there are many fruits and flowers along this road
for each soul to eat their own fill
it is not by chance that goodness comes to us
it is by our love for the journey by our will

so going forward i must without exception
and may we all be focused on life's task
and what may fail us in understanding
just go to that God within and ask

Happy New Year, Happy New Day

*May You New Year be utterly abundant and prosperous
beyond understanding.*

new beginnings

i remember many times as a child,
i used to tell my Mother
that i wanted to die before she did,
for i could not imagine a life without her

that may have been a noble thought
to a child
but a very harrowing one
to a Mother,
for no Mother wants to bury
her child,
just like no child
wants to lose their Mother

so we cling to the tenants of our religion,
whatever that may be,
whether it be a heaven,
reincarnation,
of the thought of eternity.
this abates the fears within
our lack of reason

i too believe,
because i must !

as a man,
with faults and foibles,
it is necessary for me
to believe in something greater than me,
be it what you may . . .
God, Creator, Allah, Buddha, Krishna or . . .
Intelligent Design

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If there is none,
it would be necessary to create one,
for who truly wants to live
with the knowledge that some day
this joyous hell
will come to an end

in truth,
all endings
are new beginnings

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www.iamjustbill.com

World Healing,
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2016

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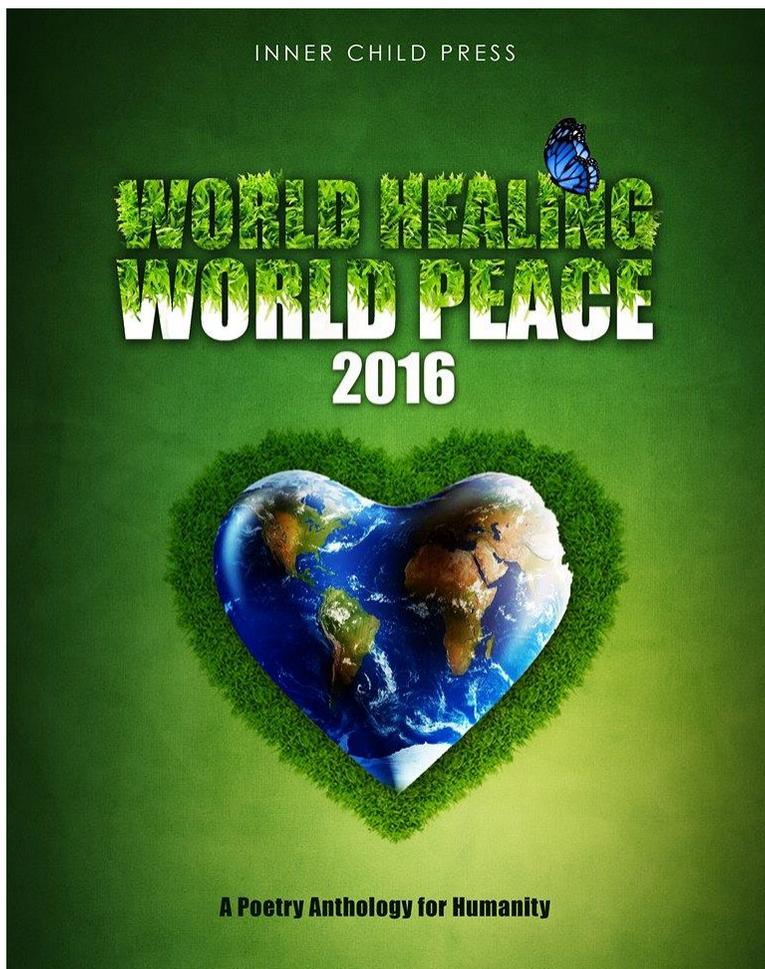
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January
2017
Features

~ * ~

Jon Winell

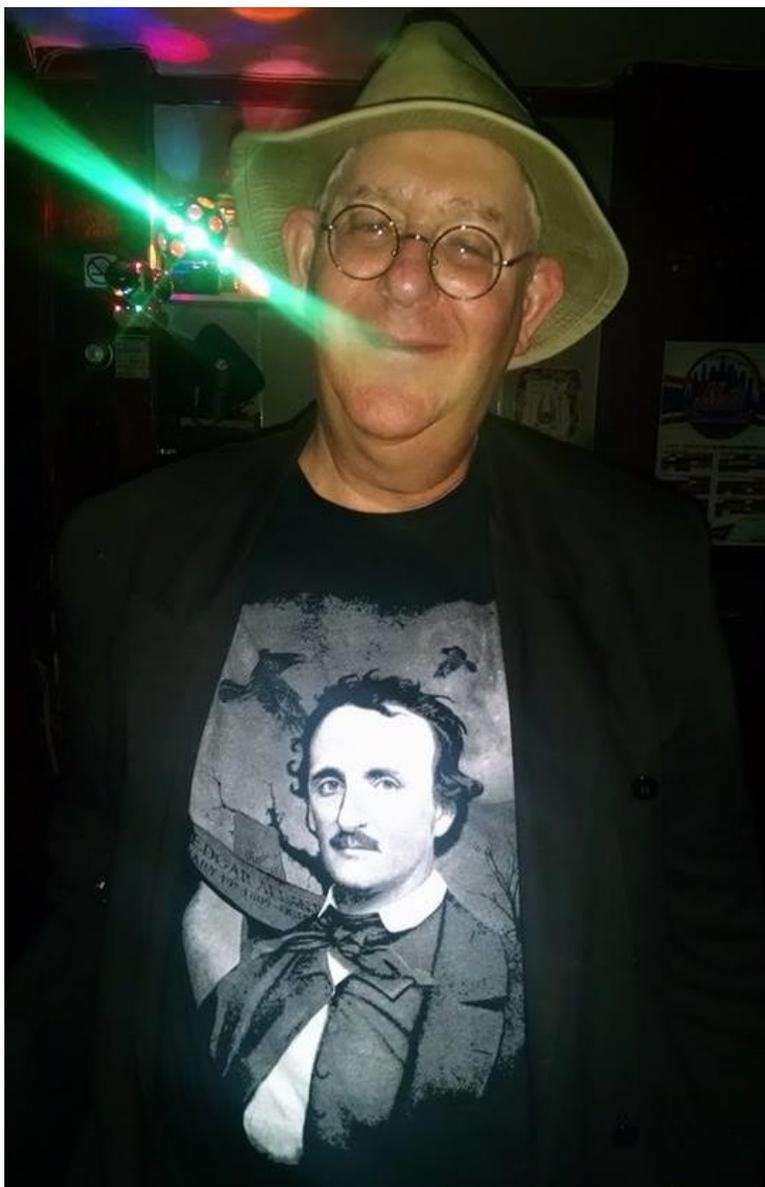
Natalie Shields

Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’

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*Lon
Winess*

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For as long as I can remember I've been either writing poems or thinking of the world as poetry.

I continue to reside in New York City where I'm never without some thought or idea. My work is both visual and rhythmic which promotes sitting in with musicians of different moods and genres on various occasions. Over the years I've performed in different locations throughout the city including co-hosting on Legends TV a weekly live arts and entertainment show.

Jon Winell @ Facebook

Endless Spiral

Follow the length of the spiral, the magical swirl,
evolution of the stars. Patterns collected in
color and form. The oozing platitudes of
loneliness impregnating the universe with
sorrow.

They call me a wanderer, silent watchman,
seer of infinite and base wonders. The polluted
membranes of the street and sky, the filter through
which water flows. The valley is deep yet I continue
to walk, climb. I read messages scrawled onto rocks,
who was there, who slept with who, whose number
to call for pleasure.

As I approach the silent libraries of the suffering, I'm
nearing hope, the dreams of your soft breath as it
tickles my ears, filling me with discourse. The plummet
of a starry night where moon petals collapse and fireflies
collide with the wind.

The honesty of time

Great afternoon heat moves as a sloth. Sweat like a river flows. The irony of decades, passing lonesome, twisted isolation, what was idyllic has become haunted with ghosts. The brush of a hand over a shoulder, once innocent, now belongs to the ages. Furtive looks, veiled, breath stolen, she captivates. Black eyes as a leopard, prowling in a rain swept jungle, she keeps a dagger hidden beneath her blouse. I sit and contemplate the wind, and everything after the passing of this storm.

What was yesterday but a passing of dreams. To hide in a prison, bloodied with solitude, waiting for a knock of gunshot blast. The purpose for being, to contain tragedy from filtering beyond these shores.

Oh my love, with your breath upon my breath conjoined in this illusion of paradise, succumbed to madness, breeding spiders sucking marrow, we slake hatred from each other's thoughts.

For this too is passing, as a shadow of a raven crossing a field of fallen soldiers.

Blues of yesterdays

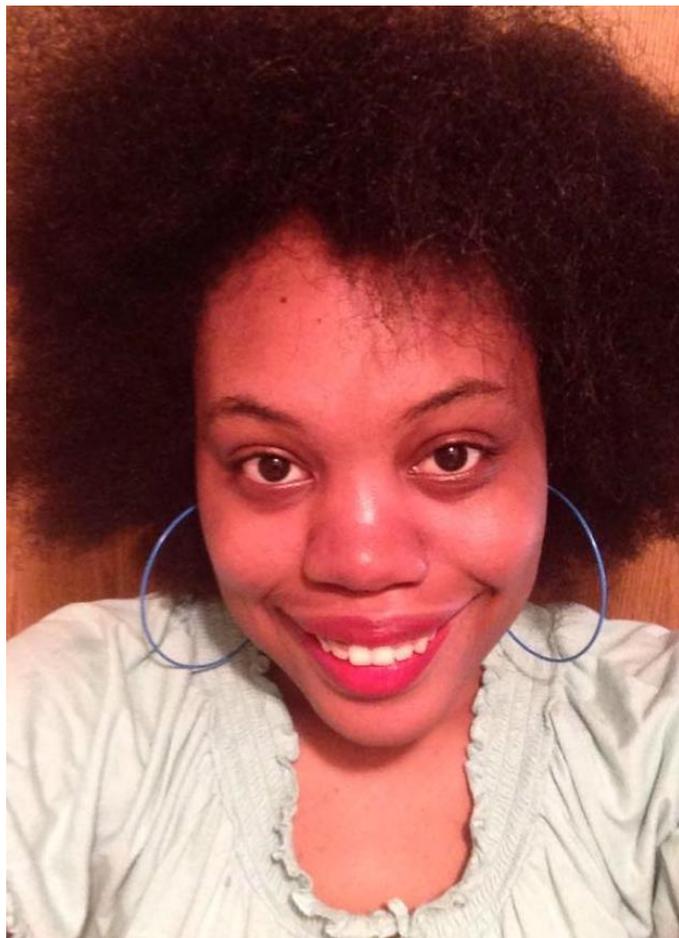
Time that unstoppable creature, ticks and gnaws
away hours and centuries. Light quivers and clicks
above the horizon. I'm lost in the silence of a dream.
Fangs of yesterdays' blues reveal themselves.
The mantle above the bookcase is filled with relics.
Dust grows comfortable, covering memories, dulling
sensations as a morphine drip.

Bells chime in local towers, the clanging of metal upon
metal, scares nesting birds who flurry and wheel.
Waves of light locked in an endless loop, revealing
blemishes; broken windows and stone.

The blood of the ages, unshed skin, haunted dialogues
forever repeated, as we try to decipher meaning in the
damage of our inflicted patterns, words, silences and
the chaos of time.

*Natalie
Shields*

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Natalie Shields was born September 28th, 1990 in Chicago IL. She started writing poems and stories when she was twelve years old, and educated in the Catholic School System. It wasn't again until 2015 that she took out the old dusty notebooks, and started writing again. She joined the P.O.E.T Organization in 2016, and was radio show hosts of two shows, Mondays "Voices Behind The Pens", and Wednesdays "Simply For The Listeners!" It was also in 2016 that she coined "Sage" as her stage name, because it means "wisdom, and teacher of wise philosophers."

Currently, Ms. Shields is working on short stories and poems that will be featured in the P.O.E.T Anthology Book by founder Blaq Ice. She is also working on a project with film directors Howe Compton and Will Adams.

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/nstruebluey39>

<https://www.facebook.com/natalie.shields>

A Survivor Is She

She's living to hope, but praying to die,
Her heart is simple, yet there's nothing there,
In her heart boy does it rain, and it makes her cry,
Consumed by doctors, who are monsters in her world,
surrounded by IV's and needle sticks make her toes curl,
She lost her teeth at an early age; rage, isn't she beautiful?
What does the mirror say about her?
Does it tell her to leave and come back, or does it give her
the acknowledgement that she's still alive?
What do people say when they leave her? Or does their
countenance say a lot?
Do the children remember her, is her face painted deeply in
their memory?
God bless the children; their Mother's not home,
She lives in the white room, living to hope but praying to
die,
Why do the innocent suffer God? Do they suffer to
survive?
Survival is for the brave, and the brave truly thrive,
She told me that the unit does not visit her, so she's all
alone,
Poetry keeps her company, the world of words make her
belong,
They make her true, they make her exist, they get rid of the
blues.
Seeing her I see no illness, because I see people for who
they are, not what took over,
You were born sick, because you were brought here to
survive,
It's a lesson for humanity, so humanity can thrive,
What do these words mean, what am I writing down?
I'm writing her story, because her story I found,
No one else would tell it, but that don't make me any better,
It just means that I have a relationship with them,

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to write this two page letter,
When you open your eyes, what do you see?
Do you see pain, or do you see beauty?
How are you feelin'? Is it the physical pain that's got you?
The surrealistic knives that's got you feelin' blue?
What is it, tell me so I can hold you,
Does it tell you that you can't be happy, happy enough to
feel hope?
Don't listen to that, it's only a feeling, something you feel to
notice,
but also something you forget to understand the other,
What matters most? Because your opinion matters,
Does he tell you you're beautiful; does he say it enough?
If he does, then why don't you believe it; that's tough,
I want you to remember something, and don't ever forget,
Live to hope, but don't pray to die,
Death does not have an open door for you, He says she's
too strong right now,
a survivor, with a mission to do,
She was brought here to survive, and her lesson makes
humanity thrive,
It's a lesson that I pay tribute to,
She's in the hospital over and over again, but
she's in there to make you notice; that's the lesson for you,
God knew that only she could do it, someone else would
have gave up,
But that's their loss, their loss of luck,
Can you do it again? Go in another time, Time is a
reminder,
telling you that you did it many a visit, that gave me a
confirmation,
that you'll be fine.

BORN

Born are the words I could never say, the feelings I would not allow myself to feel, and the voice that refused to speak up,

This is my garden, Welcome to Eden, where all unspoken words rise as smoke from the bottomless pit and rise to the heavens,

One thing that I never told myself was---was that it's okay, I know what I'm talking about, it's OK that I have made mistakes, focusing too strongly on so called failures. .

For years I have been my strongest critic, so much so that I refused to see the challenges I trumped, and the battle paint I was wearing which proved that I was one of them, people like Andy Dufresne who made it through 12 football fields of shit and made it clean to the other side,

Born is the child that I'm just now giving a name to, it's neither male or female, but it's Yin and Yang, a little bit of this and a little bit of that,

How dare I become like a slave-master supressing a people of their race, culture and religion? How dare I have held my true feelings captive and keep them in bondage?

My hands have been empty, because there was nothing to release. . how does it feel to keep shit inside? It's like the child you miscarried that's back inside of you and banging on your walls; just screaming to come out, wanting to get away, far from you. . that's how it feels. .

God gave me blood to run through my veins and make this caramel complexion glow, not cancer. .

Born are the feelings that I didn't want to see. Is she just a crazy bitch? Or a lost child, just searching for the meaning of love and life, and how the two intersect? She's definitely not a crazy bitch, but she's like Avril Lavigne in the rain with runny makeup and loose hair. . knocking on car doors hoping someone would open giving her some sort of refuge, the girl in empty restaurant bathrooms, who is

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allowed to cry because no one else is there, and the girl who makes unpromising calls to loved ones in the middle of the night. . she doesn't want them to know it's her on the other end. . she has so much to say, but before she could even open her mouth to utter a sound, she hangs up. . That girl is like me. .

She is like a man who has been denied love so many times, and turned into an egotistical asshole, as a defense mechanism to protect himself from feeling the cold auras of females with sensual voices. . so she. . or he. . locks the real him out. . the part that wants to love and give his heart to someone. . but he doesn't because he wants to protect it. . so he keeps it on lock down. . She's like the iron man with a heart, cool demeanor on the outside, but capable of love. . Born are the things that I could not say. . the unknown has had it's day. . and wants to survive not inside of the girl. . but on the outside where it belongs. . with the other melodious tunes and words that create worlds and shape empires. .

The words want to survive out there. . so she has given them the pleasure of being born. . they first manifest as feelings. . burning sensations inside. . that come out as the voice that can quiet roaring waters. . to the power that shapes reality. .

You are born. . so live and serve. . like hands that create music, like voices that create songs, be born. . it's not true that you only live once, because I've lived twice. . the one time when I was born, and the second, when I made my words come alive. .

Black Privilege

I always thought it was a privilege to be black,
when I came into the world the doctors told my Mother,
congrats!
This one's not only a girl but another one of these the world
needs to lack!
So my Mother told me, tag you're it! Now it's time for you
to be black!
She always told me that growing up but I never saw it as a
bad thing, because
being black only meant it was my time to shine! Because
before me the constellation had many stars inside,
Everywhere I go and walking down the street I'm looked at
as an observation or critique, "Look at how strong she
looks, how black her skin is, maybe we could touch her
hair?"
I hate when people view me and my people like a project at
some school science fair, but the color of our skin is like a
question mark at the end of a mystery,
Their blackness was a so called curse, but they bless the
Earth and make the world look good, says history.
All of our lives we had to fight, because we were tired of
being second, and what's with all these statistics?
We the chosen ones are a joy to the world, and a joy to our
generations, the books are ballistic!
For we added extra pages to those history books that were
so blank,
Harriet, Malcolm, Angela, Martin, Sojourner and Ida, it's to
you that we give thanks!
Our skin is a prayer and our presence is meditation, We are
the puzzle to the piece, the final answer to the equation,
So to those who say we are something that the world
should lack,
I say to them that's not true, because it's such a privilege
being black!

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I am Iram Fatima 'Ashi'. I am nonresident Indian staying in Saudi Arabia. I have lived in different places and explored different people and their cultures. I am connected with my own country by soul and miss that.

Travelling has been an important part of my life. I have always felt as though borders are just the constructs of our feeble intellects, we have to look beyond them, only then will our hearts be free. *After spending so many years in different cultures and places, my quest is far from over. I have accepted whole world as my own and have a deep desire to be buried wherever I die.*

I like reading, writing, painting, listening to music and observing nature. I take inspiration from real life, nature and anything which touches me. I am a poetess, writer, painter and overall an artist by heart.

Happy Reading...

Love

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Letter of love

How can I write a letter to you my sweetheart?
I am at a loss of words when I pick my pen and start.

I can say that you are my dream, which I dared not to view,
My love, you are my North Star to show path for my pains
flew.

You are the beat of my heart which throbs inside me,
A hidden secret which I locked inside and threw its key.

My sentiments which I feel deep inside are a bliss,
You are the rhyme of my breaths and untold story that
world miss.

You are worth to think of in my cloudy days and dark
nights,
You always complete me and give me strength to move and
fight.

You are aware of all my flaws and yet guide and forgive
kindly,
I am blessed to have you in my life and love you blindly.

Is it necessary to write a love letter to express and to
confess?
You are my soul-mate and can feel that you are the person I
possess.

Souls Unites

A couple were sitting together and close,
Forgetting whole world, that moment went froze,
Sharing their sentiments for each other and passion,
Aware that after sometime they have to move on.

They hold each other, with affection and admire,
A deep desire to smooch suddenly overpowered,
Desirous to quench thirst by sip of love's wine,
Lost in each other with devotion to touch the divine.

Their eyes inspected all around, to feel fearless,
So that no one can see them, only nature could witness,
Their raised heartbeats and breaths could be count,
Warmth of their bodies were in same amount.

A physical way of lip to lip exchanging breaths,
Absorbing love for each other and connecting souls,
A treasured moment that would last till eternity,
They gratified to say goodbye in each other's eye.

They are aware that their stars would cross again,
Nothing would stop two souls in meeting this way,
They stamped their love with a tender immortal kiss,
A satisfaction floated and whole nature filled with bliss.

The moment we met

All emotions are at hold to try and be normal,
I am sitting next to you it is still unbelievable,
I hold your hand to feel and touch your presence,
You seem nervous and needed to be calmed.

We are still struggling to absorb our togetherness,
Both are aware that moment is short like a bubble,
We have so many things to say and express,
Both of us were silent and lost conventional words.

I hold your hands tight to pass my warmth,
Warmth of my body, sentiments and soul,
Want to give you confidence that I am still in your hold,
I am trying to convey my unexpressed love on being bold.

The moment of togetherness was slipping from our hand,
We know that our separation is universe's notified plan,
A pain over powered again by thinking that we have to
separate.
You look like drowning inside and strange pain generated.

My heart was sinking seeing you sadden,
I maintained a smile on my lips to keep you calm,
You moved deeply, and I mourned inside realizing that,
A tempest came and went, we are separated again.



Now Available

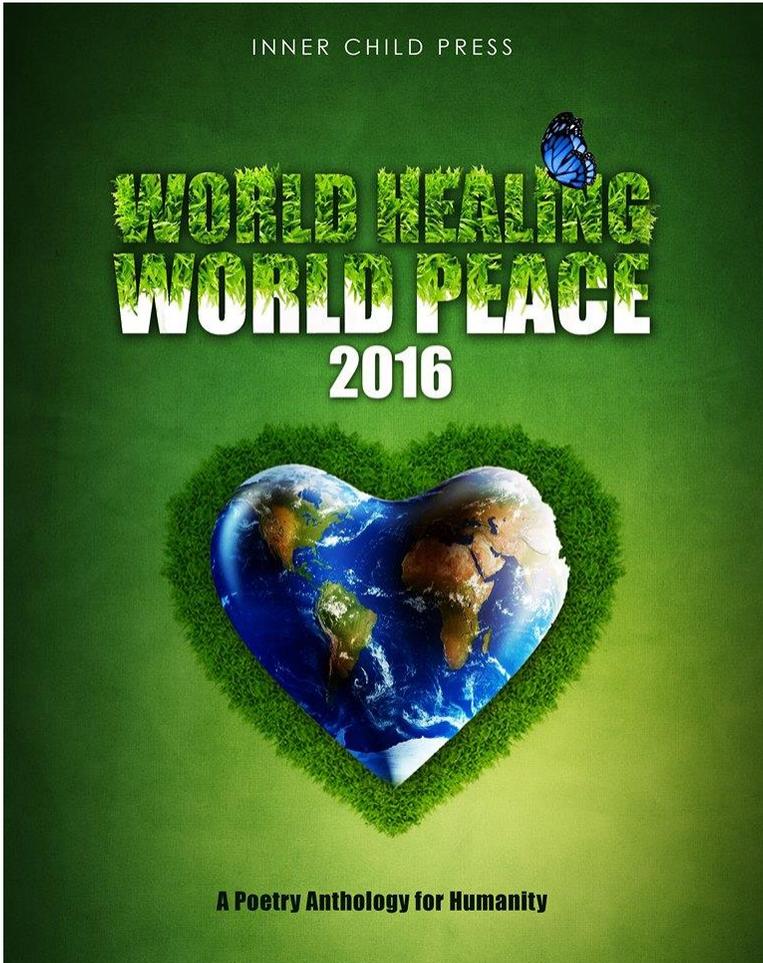
www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php

The Year of the Poet IV ~ January 2017

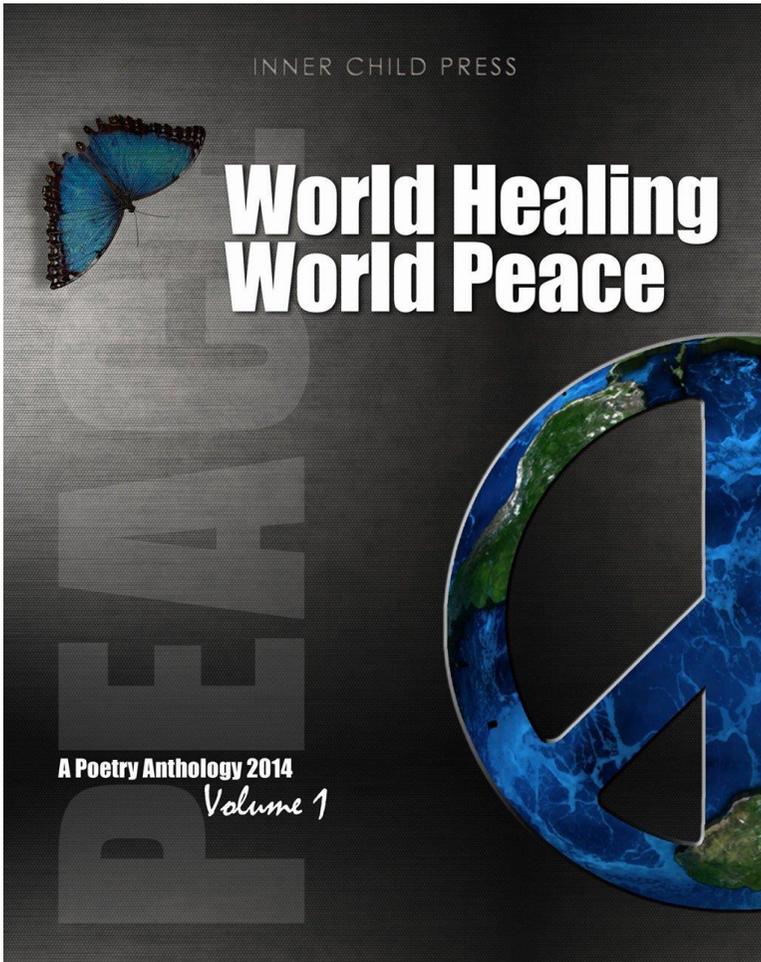
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Anthological
works from
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

www.innerchildpress.com

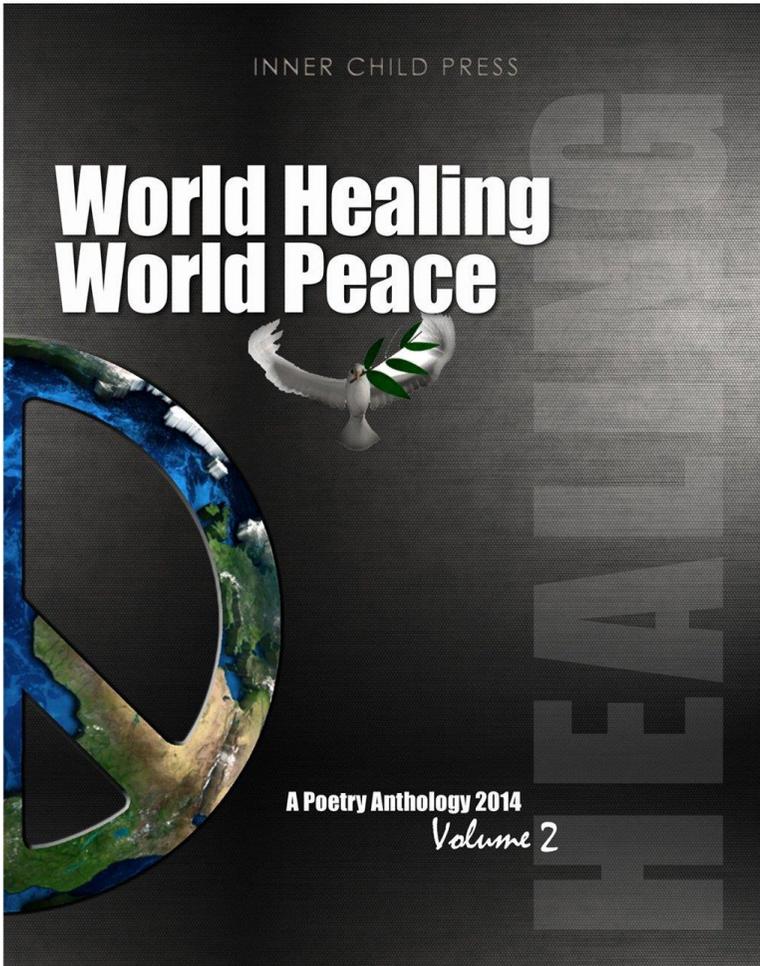
Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies

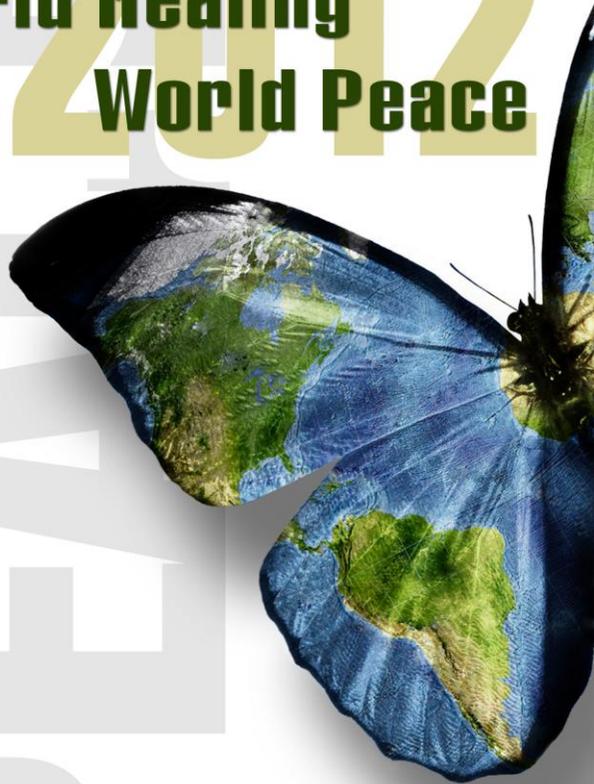


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Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

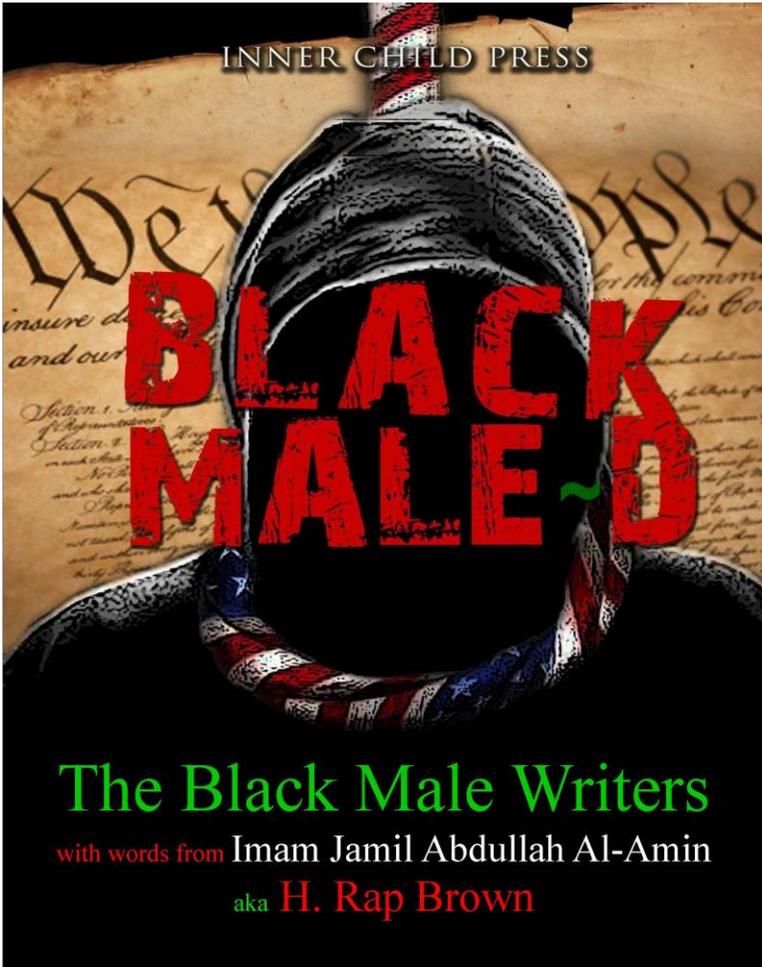
2012 World Healing World Peace

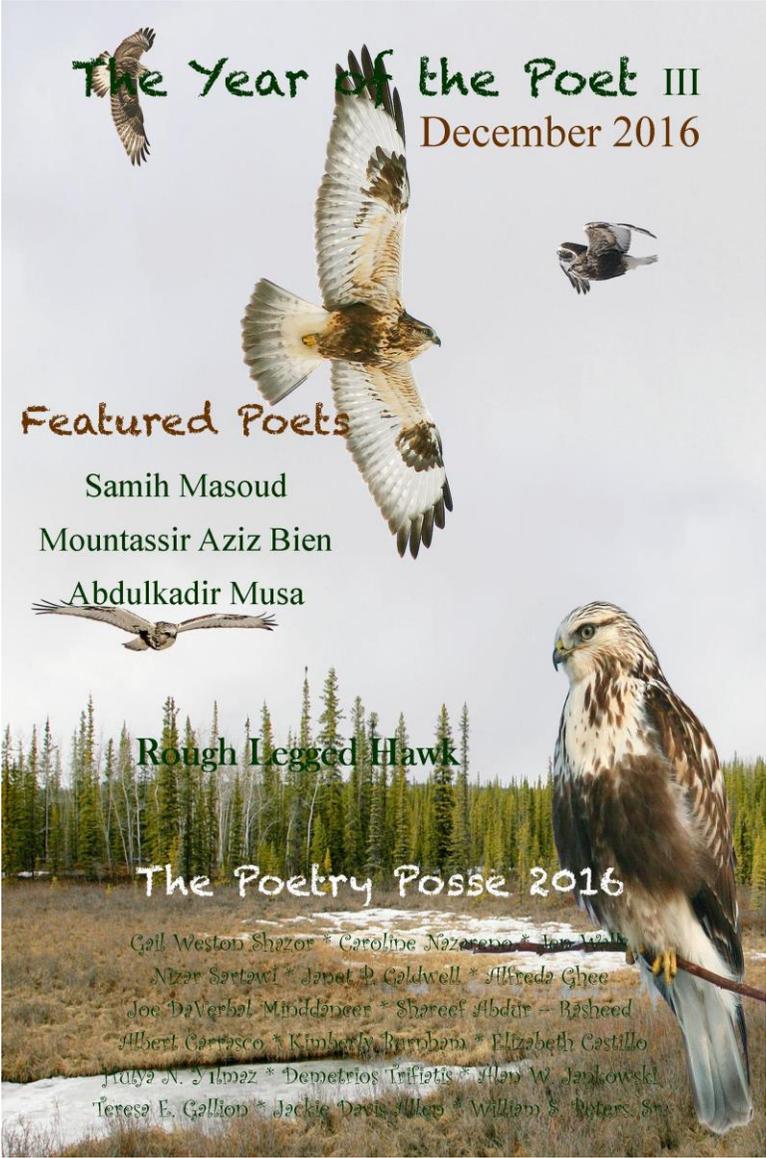


A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Volume 2

Inner Child Press Anthologies





The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud

Mountassir Aziz Bien

Abdulkadir Musa

Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III

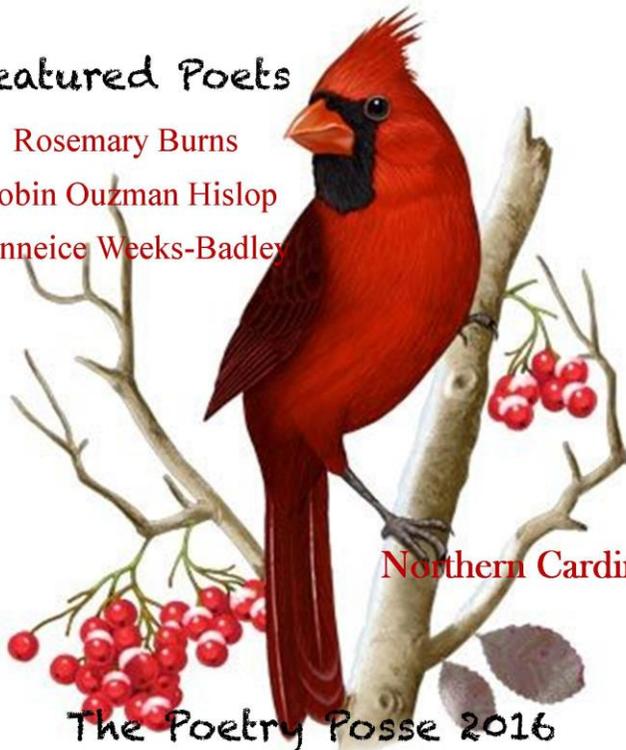
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonneice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Wells

Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo

Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Triffatis * Alan W. Jankowski

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

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph

Usha Krishnamurthy R

James Moore

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III

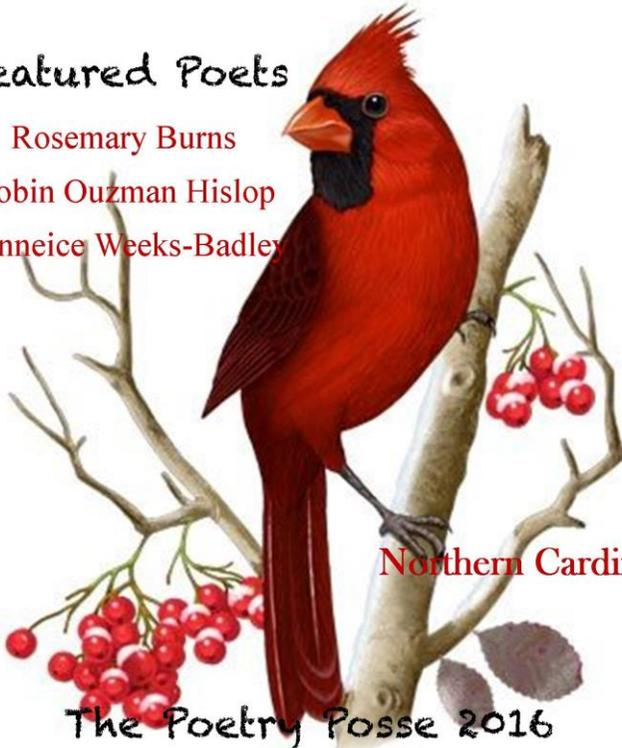
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonnice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Wells

Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo

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

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

The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novio



Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash

Irena Jovanovic

Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

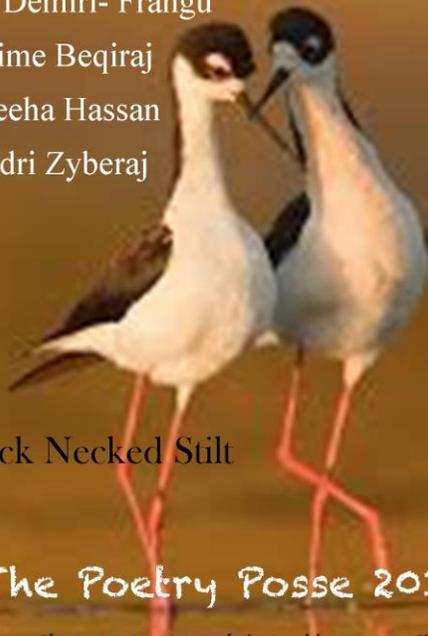
Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleeha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalas

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

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

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

celebrating international poetry month

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

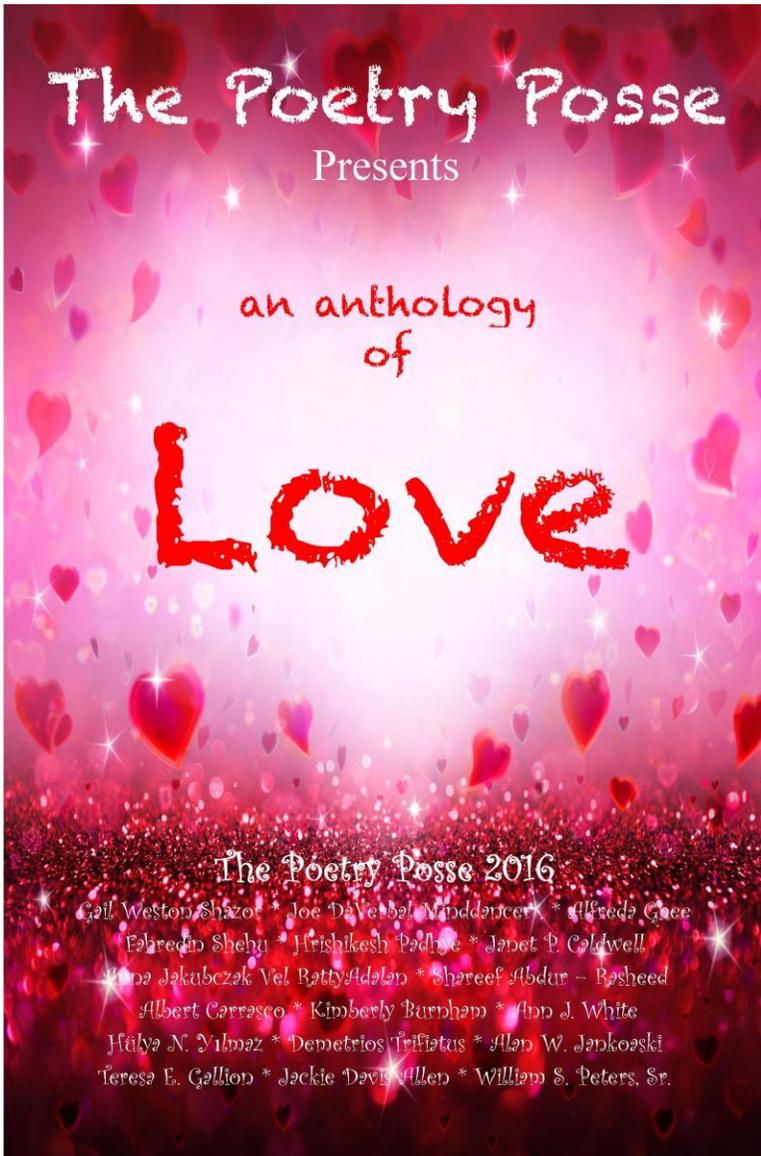
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology
of

Love

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazo * Joe DeVeboi Mendenhall * Alfredo Gaez
Eshredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Pachole * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalar * Shareef Abdur - Basheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Jfalya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifistos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

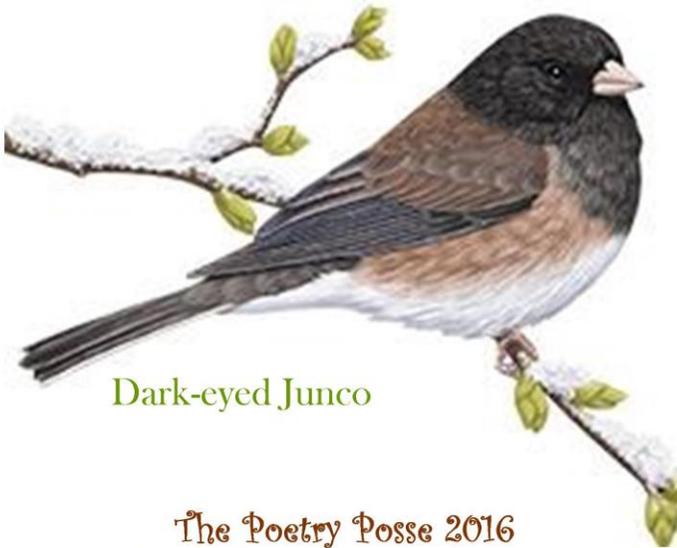
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adams * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Dilmaç * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion *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

The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelen * Ann J. White
Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Keith Alan Hamilton
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

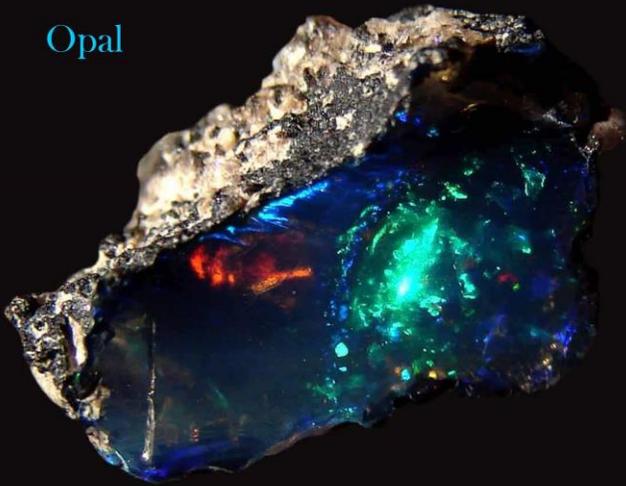
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

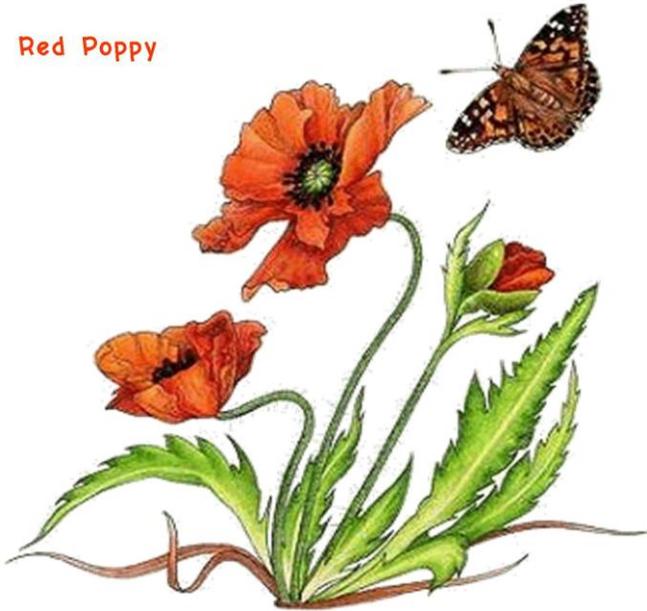
November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Passe

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Passé

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hÜlya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

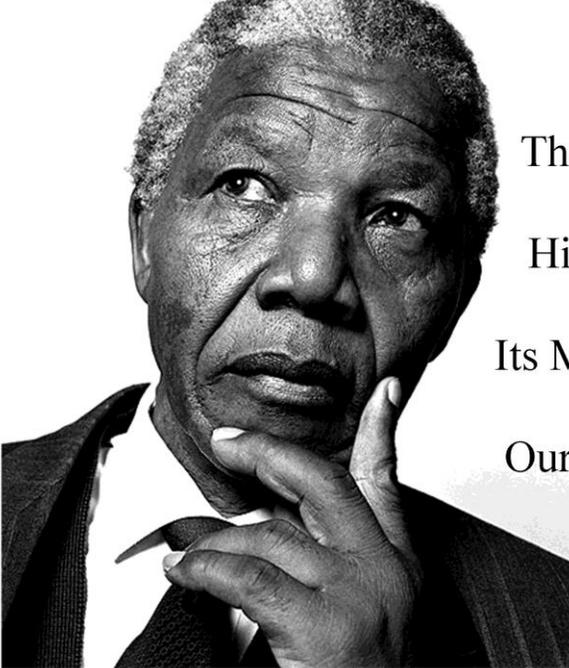
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY

FOR

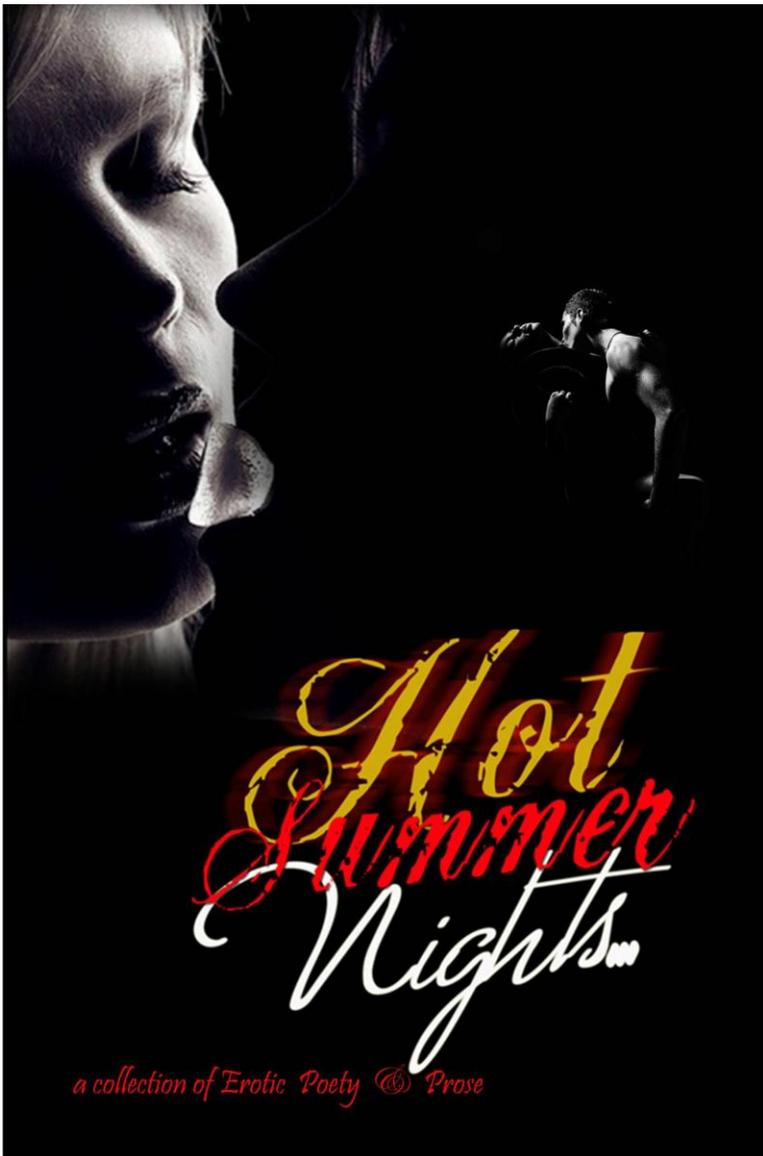
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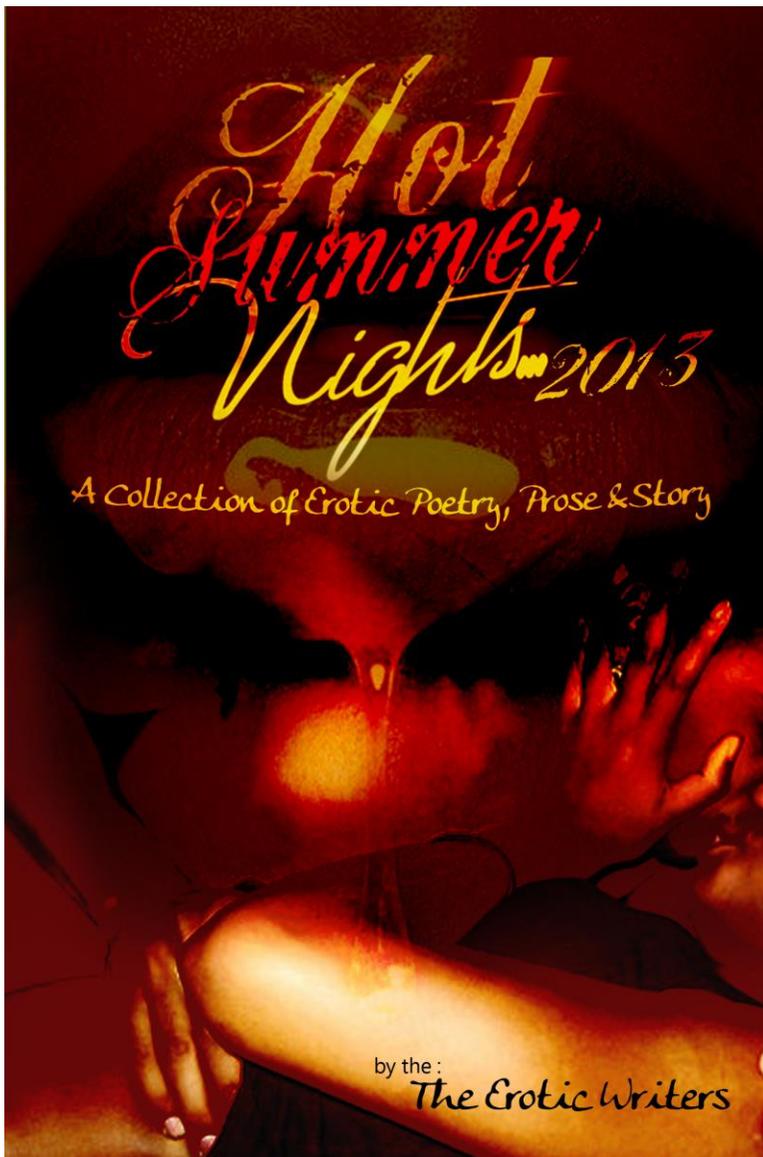
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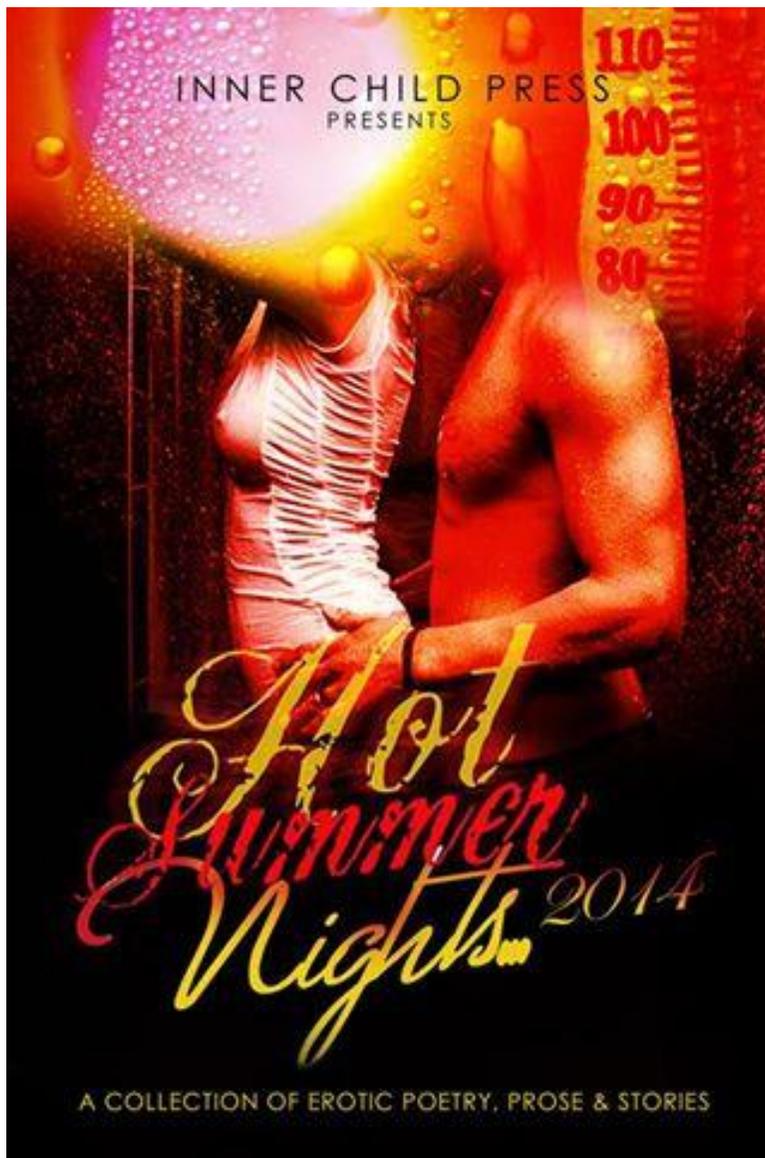




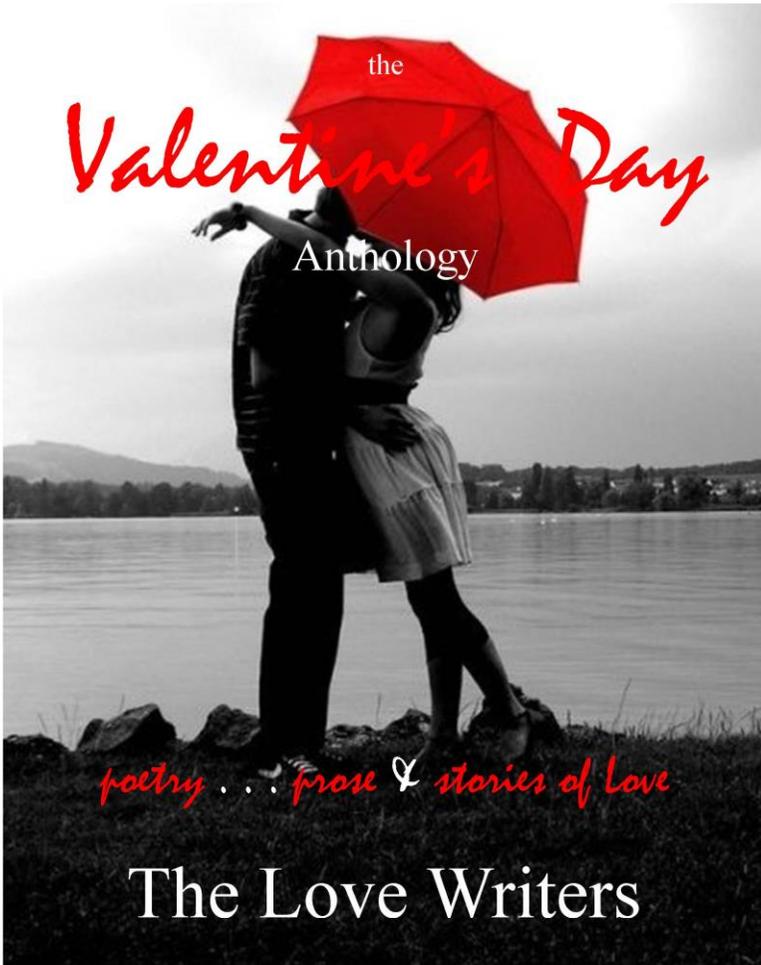
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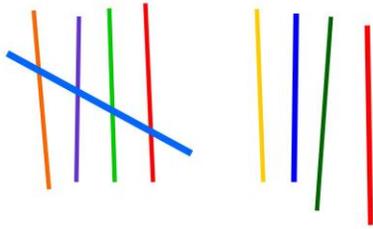
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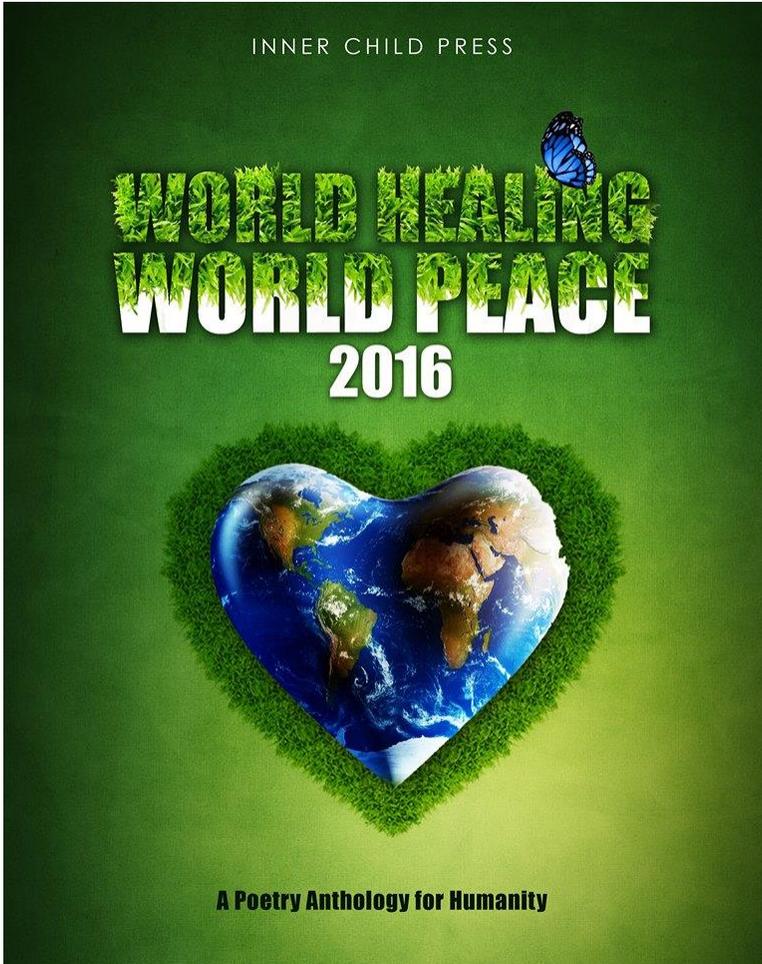
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