

# The Year of the Poet V

January 2018

## Featured Poets

Iyad Shamasnah

Yasmeen Hamzeh

Ali Abdolrezaei

Aksum



## The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Tezmin Ition Tsai  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Passe 2018*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Teresa E. Gallion

hülya n. yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

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Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan

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William S. Peters, Sr.

# **General Information**

## **The Year of the Poet IV January 2018 Edition**

### **The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2018**

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WHAT WOULD  
LIFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen

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



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

*Alan W. Jankowski*

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

# Foreword

*Salaøm* is the word for peace in Ge'ez, the ancient written language of the Aksum people who are the focus of this New Year's volume of *The Year of The Poet*. The Aksum may be unfamiliar to many readers and poets, yet they are one of the great civilizations begun so brightly, a counterpoint to the Greek and Roman worlds of the 1st century C.E. The Aksum forged a trading link between the Mediterranean and the Asiatic spheres. Aksum's rise to power began with international relationships and shifts in trade.

They are a now a "lost" civilization whose descendents are African Christians, Jews, and Muslims. It is an age old story of a people who couldn't get along with their neighbors, were overrun, and pushed out into isolation. This shift set in motion the decline of their civilization.

Before the common era the Aksum Queen of Sheba is said to have birthed a Solomonic dynasty that ruled Ethiopia into the modern era. In the 4th Century C.E., King Ezana declared Aksum an Orthodox Christian state and tried to find peace with the neighboring Arabs and the Jews from Aksum's Beta Israel who read scriptures and prayers in Ge'ez. And for a time, *salaøm* walked beside *shalom*. These ancient Semitic people are

the ancestors of some modern Ethiopians who moved to Israel in the 1970's.

Evidence of Aksum's greatness stands even today in the heart of ancient Ethiopia: monolithic obelisks, giant stelae, royal tombs, and ancient castles—proof of a powerful African state wedged between the Eastern Roman Empire and Persia. They commanded the ivory trade with Sudan and their fleets controlled much of the Red Sea trade. They probably thought they would always be great.

But the people couldn't find peace—*salaom*, *salaam*, *shalom*—in the neighborhood, couldn't find a way to co-exist and so around the 10th Century C.E. they ceased to exist—forgotten. A thousand years have passed and what have we learned of peace, international exchange and fair trade?

The poets of Inner Child Press and the Poetry Posse seek to share in poetic words our lives, our glories, and challenges, always looking for a way to learn and contribute to a peaceful coexistence with our neighbors so that we can continue to thrive alongside all who walk this earth today.

**Kimberly Burnham. Ph.D.**

# Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Am I excited ? That is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone entering our fifth year of publication, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast readership.

In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after cultures of past and present. In each month's volume you will have the

opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you our readership.

In closing, we would like to thank you for being an integral part of our amazing journey.

Enjoy our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

*Building Cultural Bridges*

Bless Up

From our house to yours

*Bill*

The Poetry Posse  
Inner Child Press

PS

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

Available here

[www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com)

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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The Year of the Poet**

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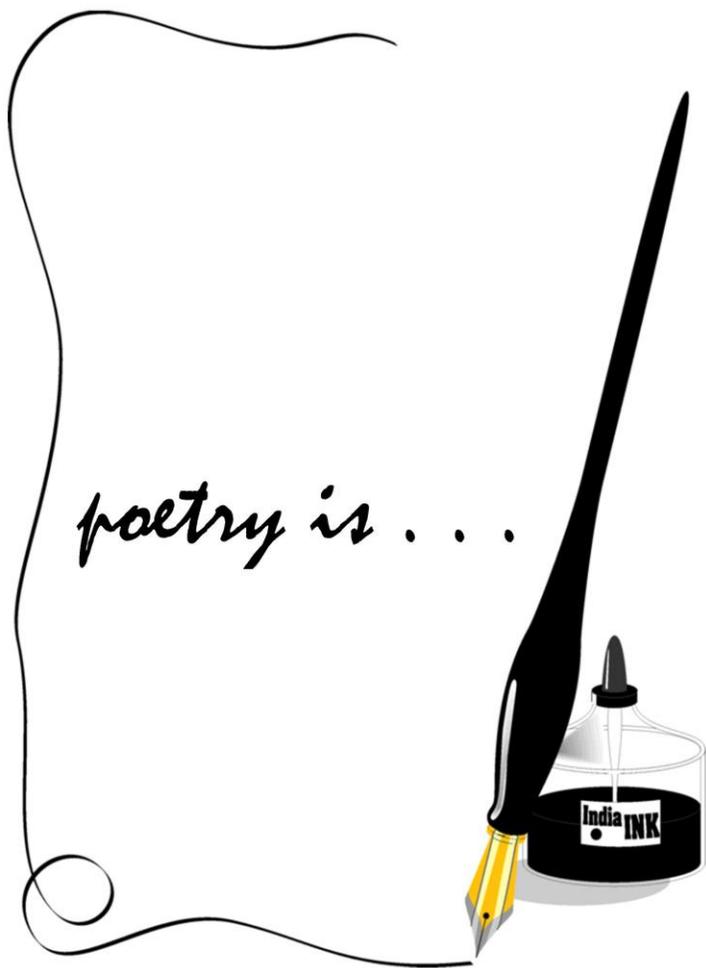
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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





# Aksum

## History

### Origins

Largely on the basis of Carlo Conti Rossini's theories and prolific work on Ethiopian history, Aksum was previously thought to have been founded by Sabaeans, who spoke a language from the Semitic branch of the Afro-Asiatic family. Evidence suggests that Semitic-speaking Aksumites and semiticized Agaw peoples, who originally spoke other Afro-Asiatic languages from the family's Cushitic branch, had already established an independent civilisation in the territory before the arrival of the Sabaeans.



An Axumite jar spout

Scholars like Stuart Munro-Hay thus point to the existence of an older D'mt or Da'amot kingdom, which flourished in the area between the 10th and 5th centuries BC, prior to the proposed Sabaean migration of the 4th or 5th century BC. They also cite evidence indicating that the Sabaean settlers resided in the region for little more than a few decades.<sup>[8]</sup> Furthermore, Ge'ez, the ancient Semitic language of Eritrea

and Ethiopia, is now known to have not derived from Sabaeans, and there is evidence of an Ethiopian Semitic-speaking presence in Eritrea and Ethiopia at least as early as 2000 BC.

Sabaeans influence is now thought to have been minor, limited to a few localities, and disappearing after a few decades or a century, perhaps representing a trading or military colony in some sort of symbiosis or military alliance with the civilization of D'mt or some proto-Aksumite state.<sup>[8]</sup> Kitchen et al. (2009) argue that the Ethiosemitic languages were brought to the Ethiopian and Eritrean plateau from the Arabian peninsula around 2850 years ago, an introduction that Ehret (1988) suggests was associated with the establishment of some of the first local complex societies. This position is not widely supported by the academic community.

Over 95% of Aksum remains unexplored beneath the modern city and its surrounding area.

## **Empire**



Axumite Menhir in Balaw Kalaw (Metera) near Senafe

The Kingdom of Aksum was a trading empire centered in Eritrea and northern Ethiopia. It existed from approximately 100–940 AD, growing from the proto-Aksumite Iron Age period c. 4th century BC to achieve prominence by the 1st century AD.

According to the *Book of Aksum*, Aksum's first capital, Mazaber, was built by Itiyopis, son of Cush. The capital was later moved to Aksum in northern Ethiopia. The Kingdom used the name "Ethiopia" as early as the 4th century.

The Empire of Aksum at its height at times extended across most of present-day Eritrea, Ethiopia, Somalia, Djibouti, Sudan, Egypt, Yemen and Saudi Arabia. The capital city of the empire was Aksum, now in northern Ethiopia. Today a smaller community, the city of Aksum was once a bustling metropolis, cultural and economic center. Two hills and two streams lie on the east and west expanses of the city; perhaps providing the initial impetus for settling this area. Along the hills and plain outside the city, the Aksumites had cemeteries with elaborate grave stones called stelae, or obelisks. Other important cities included Yeha, Hawulti-Melazo, Matara, Adulis, and Qohaito, the last three of which are now in Eritrea. By the reign of Endubis in the late 3rd century, it had begun minting its own currency and was named by Mani as one of the four great powers of his time along with Persia, Rome, and China. The Aksumite Kingdom adopted Christianity as its state religion in 325 or 328 under King Ezana, and was the first state ever to use the image of the cross on its coins.

Around 520, the King Kaleb sent an expedition to Yemen against the Jewish Himyarite King Dhu Nuwas, who was persecuting the Christian/Aksumite community in his kingdom. Dhu Nuwas was deposed and killed and Kaleb appointed a Christian Himyarite, Sumuafa Ashawa (Esimiphaios), as his viceroy. However, around 525 this viceroy was deposed by the Aksumite general Abreha with

support of Ethiopians who had settled in Yemen, and withheld tribute to Kaleb. When Kaleb sent another expedition against Abreha this force defected, killing their commander, and joining Abreha. Another expedition sent against them was defeated, leaving Yemen under Abreha's rule, where he continued to promote the Christian faith until his death, not long after which Yemen was conquered by the Persians. According to Munro-Hay these wars may have been Aksum's swan-song as a great power, with an overall weakening of Aksumite authority and over-expenditure in money and manpower. According to Ethiopian traditions, Kaleb eventually abdicated and retired to a monastery. It is also possible that Ethiopia was affected by the Plague of Justinian around this time.



The Ezana Stone records negus Ezana's conversion to Christianity and his subjugation of various neighboring peoples, including Meroë.

Aksum remained a strong, though weakened, empire and trading power until the rise of Islam in the 7th century.

However, unlike the relations between the Islamic powers and Christian Europe, Aksum (see Sahama), which provided shelter to Muhammad's early followers around 615, was on good terms with its Islamic neighbors. Nevertheless, as early as 640, Umar ibn al-Khattāb sent a naval expedition against Adulis under Alkama bin Mujazziz, but it was eventually defeated. Aksumite naval power also declined throughout the period, though in 702 Aksumite pirates were able to invade the Hejaz and occupy Jeddah. In retaliation, however, Sulayman ibn Abd al-Malik was able to take the Dahlak Archipelago from Aksum, which became Muslim from that point on, though it later recovered in the 9th century and became a vassal to the Emperor of Ethiopia.



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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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## A Wreckless Life

Even I and I  
Will rise from these tears you shed  
To continue on my journey  
It is said that when you become real  
When you finally become someone's treasure  
That's when your corners become ragged  
And your seams begin to unravel from living  
It is here in this place  
It is here under this sun  
Under you my sons and daughters  
That I have completed this circle  
In becoming the most precious treasure of your life  
And with so much life moving  
I move to abundancy as I always have  
You and you have need of me  
I give with a cheerful heart  
So that you may find faith and inspiration  
Within your selves  
Within your true self  
And thus, my legacy continues

## Not So Simple

My hands have become yours  
When we join them  
I am forced to reconsider  
Why they have been empty  
For so long, yours and mine  
And maybe it was for the waiting  
A learning of who we really are  
Although I sometimes slide back  
Into thinking that I am free  
Of entanglements that cannot be managed  
And then the morning brings you  
To reset my heart into the longing  
That spits electric blues  
Across a marooned skiff  
The dawn mists shimmers  
Into the sweet droplets that form  
Behind bended knee  
It is in this moment that  
The sounds of brand newness  
Permeates the ether  
And I am bound to you, only  
Even in my busy moments  
I marvel at the memories  
That became veils around  
The tips of our fingers  
Intertwined  
As you rest your pulse  
Against the one as  
I look for something to stand on  
That will bring me

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To the level that I can place  
My heartbeat beside yours  
So it is when you lean down  
To meet me  
That I know I matter to you  
That I am seen for who I am  
And that is okay with you  
I marvel at our hands  
And the threaded opportunities  
The balance of chances sway  
To this moment  
And my hands become yours  
When your palm meets mine

## Song of Solomon

3:1-3

*By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.*

*I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.*

*The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?*

Why did you hide from me  
I beseeched you earnestly  
In city streets and  
Lanes paved wide  
Across heaven's horizons  
I sought your face  
My soul longed for you  
Every watchman watched  
But none could help me  
Find you who I desired  
Above the touch of strangers  
That I will always shun  
By night I dreamed  
Of your sweet voice  
Calling out to me  
Calling me from evensong  
In the quietest hour  
Twixt now and then  
Though in all faith  
I prayed without ceasing  
I fasted on my knees  
I called you by name  
But you answered not  
Your essence still lingers

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Around every memory  
Those that keep count  
Of us who are alone  
Cannot erase the stain of tears  
As there is no grace  
Sufficient to make an art  
Of being one forbidden love

## Dear Death

you gifted to me life  
as in your purpose  
the space was allowed  
and we relearned to love each other  
with our words and our words  
we wrapped our tired hearts  
around the other's mouths  
and flooded the world with our goodness  
we did not expect you  
although we should have  
for you are the culmination  
of the wearing out of the body  
and the residual of dreams linger  
at the edges of every morning  
and we don't say it enough  
we push and tug against you  
because we want so much more  
but the trick of this life is this  
intentional grace  
that sometimes fail  
in the falling and telling of every moment  
as we turn our faces to the sun  
to eat the nourishment  
that each new day brings or  
we lie still so that our legacy  
will nourish those we have left  
with the sweetness of memories  
i do not fear you, dear death  
i am only apprehensive about

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not finishing all that i think i need to  
and in that worry i send forth good  
so when this life is over  
i want someone in a faraway land  
to bask in my given love  
and i will tiredly lie in your arms

*Alicja  
Maria  
Kuberska*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

**Alicja Maria Kuberska** – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland. In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: “The Glass Reality”. Her second volume “Analysis of Feelings”, was published in 2012. The third collection “Moments” was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - “Virtual roses” and volume of poems “On the border of dream”. Next year her volume entitled “Girl in the Mirror” was published in the UK and “Love me” , “ (Not )my poem” in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled “The Other Side of the Screen”.

In 2016 she edited two volumes: “Taste of Love” (USA), “Thief of Dreams” ( Poland) and international anthology entitled “ Love is like Air” (USA). In 2017 she published volume entitled “View from the window” (Poland). She also edits series of anthologies entitled “Metaphor of Contemporary” (Poland)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, the USA, the UK, Albania, Belgium, Chile, Spain, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, Czech Republic, South Korea and Australia. She was a featured poet of New Mirage Journal ( USA) in the summer of 2011.

Alicja Kuberska is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors’ board of Soflay Literature Foundation.

## Rainy sonata

Sudden gusts of wind  
Tap rhythmically upon the window  
Raindrops jangle on the glass.  
Downpour composes a sonata.

It records transparent notes  
On the invisible staves.  
Single sounds join together  
to create the thundering chords.

Cold drops vibrate in music,  
Antarctic glaciers crumble,  
hot springs geysers steam,  
river flow down rhythm Allegro

Water, as the Eternal Wanderer,  
will never know peace.  
It will continue roaming  
between steam and ice.

Yesterday it was the ocean.  
Today it is the lake.  
Tomorrow it will be a tear

## Conversion

It is a pity that I cannot buy a new soul.  
In supermarkets, there are no special offers  
- New Soul! On sale!

The old one is dysfunctional.

It is much easier to have a simple vision of the world.  
Keep your feet on the ground and don't have dreams.

Being greedy protects the heart.  
Life has a physical dimension. Ideals hurt.

Gain a prominent place in the rat race,  
Dispose of sentiments, tears.

My soul is able to forgive.  
It cannot learn to trust again.

It says it does not enter the same river twice.  
Unreasonable? Perhaps. -

It does not listen to reason.  
It pulls away from people

## Spring over the lake

The sun strokes the black furrows  
of ploughed fields with warmer and longer rays  
The soil bulges with greenness and fecundity  
Spring flows from the depths of the lake  
and releases it from a dream of winter white  
The ice flows shutters, opening to water.  
The willows lean over the plate of the lake.  
They comb and braid their hair with the wind.  
The trees look at the world mirrored in water.  
The wild geese come from far away  
The long calipers on the sky pave the way  
to their nests hidden in the reeds  
Buds open up and first flowers bloom.  
The waves of the lake hum a song about new life,  
The mystery of rebirth begins

*Lackie*

*Davis*

*Allen*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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

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

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

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

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

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jackie-davis-allen.php>  
[jackiedavisallen.com](http://jackiedavisallen.com)

## A Christmas Tree's Lament

Once I grew in lonely meadow far  
Waiting for maturity to grow my youth  
Until, one day I was chosen to be the one

Severed, bundled up and tied  
And tossed into  
The back of a pickup truck

Now deposited amongst the others  
I wait again, enduring the comments  
No one likes to hear: too tall, too fat

Too skinny, not tall enough  
Until I hear,  
That's the one

As I am nourished and adorned  
My brilliance fills the darkened corners  
With raiment both old and new

Recalling treasured memories past  
Welcoming the new, I now stand proudly  
Accepting all compliments

The anticipated day arrives  
Either midnight or sunrise  
As the focus shines more brightly

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At what's beneath, ripped and torn  
Shouts of joy and looks forlorn  
I am reminded that I am about to die

My arms how they droop  
Like branches they swoop down by my side  
As needles prick and glide

To where anticipated joys no longer reside  
My time is over, my sap is spent  
Now I await recycling's intent

I rise from lonely meadow, elevated  
Above all the others, thrilled  
To have been chosen, selected

As the best of all, but now I am  
Once again, undressed and tied up, returning  
To the earth in the back of a pickup truck

## Rendering Homage to Aksum

O ancient Aksum, I weep for the little history  
Of yours that we have at our disposal,  
And for the dearth of artifacts unearthed.

I understand you once were ruled by wealthy kings.

And yet you converted to Christianity.  
Did others hold onto to their Jewish beliefs,  
And others to the Islamic faith?

Gold and silver, fragrant spices, sea shells, and ivory:  
These you traded with the Greeks, Egyptians, Romans,  
And with those dwelling in India and Persia.

Your coinage was mined from silver and gold.

Symbols of grain marked your early coins and following  
Your conversion, the symbol of the cross. Some of what  
We know of your culture comes from these coins.

In the 7th century, O Aksum, you began your decline.

Your weather, the land, and later, devastating floods  
Depleted your soil. Your crops failed to thrive. And,  
The cultures in the region began to trade with others.

And so, today we see you, O Aksum, as a rural land.

You reside in northern Ethiopia where pilgrimages  
Are made to experience the land where Christianity  
Was first introduced to sub-Saharan Africa.

A 1700 year old obelisk remains as a mute witness.

## Reflection

The day is silent and quiet as is the white sheet of ice.  
The streets are paved with a glaze; some weary souls  
Just now returning home from yesterday's work.

An inch and a half, or less, brought the entire area  
To its knees. Literally speaking, not poetically,  
Cars were bumper to bumper, some roads closed.

Today schools are closed or open on two hour delay;  
It is as if we are all waiting for the blizzard's onslaught  
The weather-man predicts it is definitely coming our way.

My better half left this morning at half past four, the better  
To get to work in DC ahead of traffic. And yet the usual  
Hogs, dweebs who create hazards for one and all,

Late or early, it matters not, choose to take  
Not only their own lives in their hands, but also  
Those of others in selfish efforts to save a minute.

As for me and my house, we await the coming  
Storm of two feet or more, or perhaps a little less.  
The pantry is full, and the house filled with aromas

Of cajun stew, corn bread and the chocolate chip  
And walnut brownies that I made in anticipation  
Of, perhaps, God forbid, the electric power going out.

It is a time of anxiety for all, especially for the homeless  
And for those without. And yet I'm told, there are places  
For them to shelter in safety. I pray they are aware, safe.

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Tzemín*

*Stion*

*Tsai*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

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

## Meditate in the foothills of Adwa

Rode on the wings of time  
Thoughts over the barriers caused by that distance  
Listen to the whistling mountain breeze call on the plateau  
The story of more than 1300 years old told me  
The battle began with Religious conversion  
Churches and blockhouses were excavated on top of the  
mountain  
Apparently stand like a phantom on sinister land

The Red Sea did not block me  
Forge an alliance with the Roman Empire  
"Gate of Tears" the Mandab Strait  
In addition to connecting the Gulf of Aden  
It also connects my faith in Jesus Christ  
Ignore the sinister terrain and muddy rocks of the fairway  
Shouting bursts of lion-like roars

Sighs from across the coast of Alexandria  
Under the Arabian self-assertion  
Time and space  
Echoed the reality of the international arena  
When Ge'ez and Obelisk are combined into World Heritage  
Should I categorically accept?  
Tombstone and the death of history

## Who Melted The Transparent Pearl?

The eyes are so clear, like sea water  
Tears can not contain any slight pollution  
In addition to the mournful cold, where to find any reason  
Obscure my bare soul. The longest learning is not  
How to cut loose the buttons gracefully? Instead it is  
How to see through where the innocence does live in the  
heart?

When I was in childhood  
I was often riding on my father's solid shoulder  
Breeze blowing again and again  
My mother's smile always accompanying my side  
Dandelion drifted away from the front one by one  
Recalled that happiness, never turn back

On the way that was blocked by Russian Caragana  
A few Tringa Ochropus us playing in the water  
Those sounds are natural and sharp  
That naivety look slightly overshadowed the blush  
The cold water penetrates my feet  
My dad's gun which was always slanting on back was no  
longer smoking  
Blue blood pattern full of the backs of his hands  
Warriors are all frightened in the eyes of everything

I desperately grab the crowded boat  
The sea of the Mediterranean is so blue and vast  
Under the pungent smell of rust is the raging sea  
Beyond the pale ankle

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Distant gunfire did not know when to stop  
Nobody knows if we can come back again  
Mom who is no longer young did not keep up  
When climbed on the tall raised deck  
Let me saw so clearly  
Her last tear, like a transparent pearl, falling straight into  
the sea

## Dandelion

Issues! Issues!  
Basilica of the wind blowing again  
Not because noon is near  
The voice gradually disappears  
Dandelion petals flying  
Flying over those clenched fists  
Look forward to  
opening the palms of your hands  
Start counting numbers  
Yes  
Let the numbers replace the protests of the noise  
From the initial point of democracy  
Fragile grid paper  
Clasped in the hands of each voter  
Dandelions fluttering  
The petals fly over the fists  
Everyone looks up  
cheers  
With their second hand  
Casts a sacred one vote  
Simultaneously  
Dandelion floats on the roof  
Count! Count!  
Wind returns to the hills with a tired  
Lays down on the turf  
Dandelion forgot to follow  
She stayed in the palace of democracy  
Waiting for billing results  
She started  
Singing loudly  
The voice spread over the valley  
Disturbed the birds, the wind and the trees

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*Shareef*  
*Abdur*  
*Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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>

reflect..,

on the land of Aksum better known as Abyssinia,  
Ethiopia to more than some  
was a thriving East African kingdom  
in fact, an Empire  
encompassed Somalia, Sudan, Egypt, etc.  
crossed the Red Sea to Arabia, Yemen  
100AD to 960AD,860 years  
in the seventh century they had a king named Najashi  
who welcomed Muslim refugees fleeing pagan hegemony,  
persecution, rejecting Quraysh\* multi gods institution  
for the one and only who's worthy of worship  
rejecting making associates, sonships, kinships  
Prophet Muhammad(saw)# said they are friendly, just folk  
and indeed, it came to be a reality  
even when Quraysh envoys came, bearing gifts  
to the king seeking to extradite, seize  
those same refugees  
one envoy Amr ibn al -As(ra)\*\* tried to make a case  
against  
them including Ja'far ibn Abi Talib(ra) their spokesman  
Amr claimed he aimed to defame Isa(Jesus) ibn  
Maryum(aws)\*\*\*  
King Najashi(ra) summoned him to address what was  
alleged  
to which Ja'far the leader of the Muslims in Aksum recited  
a passage  
from Qur'an about Jesus(aws): "he is the servant of Allah  
and his apostle  
and His Spirit and His word which he cast into Mary the  
blessed virgin"

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(Qur'an 4:171).

Najashi(ra) agreed and decreed they will stay and you leave  
rejecting their gifts declared the Muslims are free, safe in  
this place

some say later he embraced Islam and when he passed on  
was remembered with prayers on his behalf

for mercy to be bestowed on his beautiful soul

learn from his example as a sample how to receive refugees  
in need

and from the history of the African dynasties across the  
seas.

food4thought = education

\*Quraysh = Dominant tribe in Makkah that persecuted the  
Muslims

#(saw) = Peace and blessing be upon him

\*\*(ra) = mercy be upon him/her/them

\*\*\* (aws) = peace and blessings be upon him/her

concerning..,

the beast of north, south, west, east  
and the lies dem teach to breach spiritual, moral,  
creator consciousness...

==> fast forward ==> ditto: Crabs in the barrel  
manifest reality of success of that experiment...  
and we're left with tired rhetoric from no substance,  
crooked poverty pimps so called leaders laughing  
all the way to the bank while they leave the people  
with a broken record of slogans designed to  
numb the mind

in this dumbing down time.

Ain't ignorance sublime?...

bottom line: nothing changed for yours and mine...

which underlines the verse ignored instead of rehearsed.

Qur'an: Allah will not change the condition of a people  
until they strive to change themselves.

food4thought = education

## Jumping into...

hell, with gasoline draws ain't just a metaphor  
look at the visual in your mind's eye and tell  
me what you saw  
now tell me why somebody wrote this for  
foolish man lies, strives, tries to take ' n ' take  
more and more and more than he ever needs  
it all for  
don't overstand why dem live  
not for take but for give  
so that most merciful forgives  
you gotz ta give it up not trying to get more stuff  
for what?  
blessed is the givers for they shall receive  
cups runneth over stays full, blessing not excess  
fulfill, feed the soul, soften hearts, instill compassion  
not to enhance passion for material expansion  
lofty mansions, wealth doesn't provide spiritual, mental,  
physical health, healing, solace, tranquility, ability to see  
are from eyez in the inner me not the outer eyes  
that can be your enemy  
it's not what those eyes see that reflect reality  
as much as what you don't see in the unseen  
behind the screen like behind the curtains before  
they rise is much going on that don't meet the eyes  
there is where truth lies not what you're looking at with  
your lying eyes that believe fake light coming from fake  
things like bling designed to deceive

food4thought = education

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*Kimberly  
Burnham*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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

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

## Searching for Peace in Aksum

The first seven centuries  
a common era  
travelers and homebodies  
greeted each other  
in peace  
winding through Aksum  
where now walk the people of  
Egypt, Ethiopia, Eritrea,  
Sudan, Somalia, and Yemen

Salaøm  
peace in Ge'ez  
the liturgical language of Aksum  
now gone replaced  
Amharic, Tigrigna, Orominga,  
roll off the tongues  
of modern peoples

Nabáda, salaam, peace  
powerful words bring us inside  
the circle in  
Somali, Arabic, English

Hetep in Egyptian  
Salaamata carries peace in Afar  
the language of present people  
Ethiopia, Eritrea, and Djibouti

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Salām in the Tigrigna of Eritrea  
while the Sudanese speak peace in English,  
salaam in Juba and Sudanese Arabic  
and paix in French  
words to thrive by  
all

Nabáda in the Somali  
flows into salaam in Yemen  
all the places where once Aksumites  
prospered

## Arabic Words For Peace

Together we search for peace  
engage in peace  
grow peace  
it is a creative process of words  
shared, believed, spoken  
suhl, salaam, hudna

Salaam  
the peace of submission  
obedience  
followers in belief  
the absence of disobedience  
but one will triumph

Hudna  
a cease-fire  
temporary truce  
a break in violence  
the absence of the negative

Suhl  
a peace of reconciliation  
establishes relationships a new  
harmony and suhl  
binds individuals into a greater community  
that lives inside and out

## Longing for Home

Deeply embedded in the human psyche  
a longing for home  
an innate hunger  
buried deep in memories  
a yearning for the best of what has been  
the anticipation of what can  
be desire for home  
we remember  
craving the landscape of dreams

More than a yearning for place  
a pleasant memory or a dreamed of future  
home is a state of being  
of belonging  
becoming strong  
the deep need to be anchored  
secure a restored past  
drawn towards  
a transformed, fulfilled future

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*Elizabeth*

*L.*

*Castillo*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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>

## The Lost Ark of the Covenant

Oh, Kingdom of Aksum

Regal, ancient reminiscent of ancient civilization

Nestled between the beautiful Mediterranean,

And the Great Indian Ocean

You are full of epic memorabilia.

The Roman Empire and ancient India

Both involved in your trade,

Oh, Kingdom of Aksum

Now seen in Eritrea and Ethiopia,

Home of the legendary Queen Sheba.

Oh, where is the lost Ark of the Covenant

The mystery behind is yet to be unraveled,

Azariah, son of the High Priest dreamed about you

Upon leaving the walls of Jerusalem,

Your relic taken somewhere in Ethiopia.

## Oblivion

Dream weaver-

Take me to a place I really belong,

Where the eagles freely fly

Without fear of thirsty hunters at bay-

Where mountain slopes glimmer of rich vegetation,

Where castles in the air can be seen

In dreams within a dream.

Take me to where words become the soul of everything that exist-

That in the mere wave of my hand,

Everything else transforms into a magical illusion

Take me where lost loves meet again in Paradise-

Where the Angels descend and walk among strangers

In liberty-

Oblivion-

How I long to caress the gentle stroke of your touch,

Taking me to a place I'd rather be in

Where dreams of forever come to visit me at night,

Enchants the weary heart

Enthralls me in a swift turn of fate.

## When Words Escape

Empty gaps between breaths,  
Exhaling deep thoughts, indescribable emotions  
Filling up this vast space in time,  
My canvass is your countenance.  
When words escape and the muse cannot bleed right,  
When feelings which have not been harbored  
Builds up an invisible wall between me and you,  
Fear once was a stranger, an unknown enemy  
But now it grips my immortality,  
My spirit soars and wants to escape this dire reality.  
When words escape and my pen has lost its focus  
I do not know defeat for challenges kept me alive,  
But this dilemma brought an enigma between my head and  
heart  
When dreams depict madness being felt at the mere  
thoughts of you.  
When words cannot get ahold of this raging storm,  
When the thunder inside me roars and echoes through the  
night  
Empty gaps between breaths,  
Whispering your name but your shadow vanished in an  
instant...  
Exhaling deep thoughts, indescribable emotions.

Anna  
Jakubczak  
Vel Ratty  
Adalan

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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](http://www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com)

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

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

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

## Canvas

I like to play with words  
like a cat with a mouse,  
closing margin,  
would not had time to escape.

It is nice to pat  
the metaphor against a grain  
hear her loud bark  
and see how it wargs its tail.  
Gives paw.

I go out for a walk,  
whether the weather  
is not in a mood.

I take the nib  
to paint the world of letters.  
I dipped it first in yellowish,  
to go into black at the edge.  
Not enough color for dualism.

I go my own paths  
through the written forest.

## Horizon

extremely  
in a horizontal position  
contemplate overdoing  
(no) verbal stoicism

bathing  
in the abundance – here and back  
dying for love

we flower-children  
half-naked in our own  
(not) the power of mental

carnal-astray  
(over) natural  
in simplicity half-flower

\*\*\*

come down to me in full  
and I will answer  
spreading new moon

## Delicate

*...for Arsenie*

Do you remember the over night,  
there were no stars or moon.  
We preferred to go beyond paraphrase  
than dabble in Romanticism.

Silence betrayed more  
than the engraved line.  
You tried to hide the grief  
and I did try to understand the loss of the soul.

We touched with fingertips the catharsis,  
do not separate from each other.  
I felt when it is the mark of eternity,  
and the desire

to write on one of the pages,  
just like that (not) trivially”  
you make that I can smile every day,  
despite of the clouds.

*Nizar*  
*Sartawi*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator, essayist, and columnist. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He is a member of literary and cultural organizations, including the Jordanian Writers Association (Jordan), General Union of Arab Writers (Cairo), Poetry Posse (U.S.), Inner Child Press International (U.S.), Bodgani (Belgium), and Axlepin Publishing (the Philippines). He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in numerous countries, including Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, Palestine, Morocco, Egypt, and India. Sartawi's poems have been translated into several languages. His poetry has been anthologized and published in many anthologies, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Bosnia, Italy, India, the Philippines, and Taiwan.

Sartawi has published more than 20 books of poetry and poetry translation. His last poetry collection, *My Shadow*, was published in June, 2017 by Inner Child Press in the U.S.

For the last seven years, Sartawi has been working on poetry translation from English to Arabic and Arabic to English. This includes his Arabic poetry translation project, "Arab Contemporary Poets Series" in which 13 bilingual books have been published so far. He also has translated poems for a number of contemporary international poets such as, Veronica Golos, Elaine Equi; William S. Peters; Kalpna Singh-Chitnis; Nathalie Handal, Naomi Shihab Nye; Candice James; Ashok Bhargava; Santiago Villafania, Virginia Jasmin Pasalo; Rosa Jamali; Taro Aizu; Fahredin Shehu, and many others.

## Ezana

Ezana, sitting on his throne,  
to his brothers he spoke thus:  
“Se'azana... Hadeфан,  
scions of the great Ousanas!  
You are the guardians of this land.  
You've subdued the mutinous Jeba tribes;  
And you will march with me to Meroe,  
to quell the arrogant kings of Kush.  
But for the moment,  
a grave matter disturbs my sleep.  
Hadeфан, brother,  
go right away and call Frumentius!”

In a while the old man came along,  
his body shaking,  
and there before his lord he knelt  
and made as if to kiss the land.  
“Rise up Abuna!  
Rise up holy man!”  
The Syrian priest  
could hardly believe his ears.  
Did he address him as Abuna?  
Did he declare him a holy man?  
“Rise up O father,” Ezana spoke in a gentle voice.  
“Rise up, your reverence!  
You have raised me like your own son  
and taught me to worship none but Him,  
the Lord who rules the earth and heaven.  
Hear my words: As of this day,  
My vassals will have a single God  
and His name only will ring aloud

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in Yeha, Matara, and Adulis,  
in Hawulti-Melazo and Qohaito  
in all the kingdom of Axum.”  
“My Lord,” said Frumentius,  
“as you decree, so will it be.”  
“Tomorrow, Abuna, you will go  
to spread the word of God  
and my own guards will go with you”

~ ~ ~ ~

Leading his army towards Meroe  
Ezana climbed the highest hill  
to the east of Axum  
His eyes fell upon his lands  
stretching to the Erythraean Sea  
upon the rows of dark terraces  
cut in the mountainside  
upon his capital  
upon the sacred house of God  
amidst the stone stelae  
“Praised be the name God!  
Blessed be the land of Axum!”  
Amen!”

## For Sale: a Wheelchair

*for Ibrahim Abu Thuraya*

For sale: a wheelchair  
in good condition.  
The seat is black  
wide, warm  
and clean (blood stains  
washed off);  
the two push handles: soft and comfy;  
they have been held with love  
and care;  
the armrests rarely have been used;  
footrest and footplate –  
still brand new.

The owner used it for the last time  
when he left the Shati refugee camp  
to join the crowds  
who hailed Jerusalem as their own  
and hurled stones – their live ammunition –  
across barbed wires  
that circled Gaza.

The 29-year-old amputee,  
jumps off the wheelchair  
falls on his knees;  
he crawls towards the prison siege  
his right hand holding  
a Palestinian flag,  
his left-hand fingers making a V.

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A sniper on the other side  
smiles  
as he takes aim...  
and whizzz...  
the bullet finds the stubborn head  
and  
he  
falls  
dead!

~ ~ ~ ~

For sale: a very special wheelchair  
with a history extraordinaire  
lying there  
like a question mark above  
the Homeland  
The price: your blood...  
his blood  
her blood  
or mine...!

\* \* \* \* \*

## A Palestinian Song

The cypress trees are  
still standing there  
a row of weaponless serene sentries  
that never ever  
took notice of me

But...  
where is the dog  
that barked at shadows  
and passers-by  
and with an eager grin  
greeted me?

Where is the old house  
from whose wide window  
some big brown tassels  
waved at me?

And where are the dreamy  
chestnut eyes  
that like two candles  
winked at me?

They've all been chased away  
by cannons  
that came to this land  
from the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

*hülya*

*n.*

*yrsmaz*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Born in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz presently serves as full-time faculty at Penn State and as the Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press. Her academic publications dwell on literary relations between the West and the Islamic East and on gender conceptualizations within the context of Islam. Dr. yılmaz had her formal initiation as a creative writer in the U.S. Her published works include *Trance* –a tri-lingual book of poetry, *Aflame* –memoirs in verse and *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* –a poem collection she has co-authored with Demetrius Trifiatis. Poetry by hülya appeared in excess of fifty international anthologies.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

### Links

Personal Web Site

<https://hulyasfreelancing.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/>

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what i knew would simply not do

Ethiopia

the early Christian era

but Red Sea ruler?

## empires surely rise

and  
as we live it every day today  
they also fall  
out of history's authentic tracks, that is  
for only white men get to etch make-believe memories  
in acid on the indestructible fabric of lies to come  
together, of course, with co-travelers –their women  
who in the footsteps of  
their 19<sup>th</sup> century Orientalist counterparts  
first become enchanted  
(or better yet drunken)  
by the foreign “object” of their own fantasies  
but then upon their return to their home countries  
adhere themselves in perfected loyalty to  
painting, writing or chanting  
pieces of fascinating stories  
all of which serve to mesmerize  
the self-appointed ”Subject”  
of highest esteem in its collective existence

the “other” is doomed . . .  
doomed beyond erasure  
far beyond the abyss  
of eternity  
history's selective books  
again and again, as our times evidence anew,  
mount permanently  
those powers of self-erected “superior” thrones  
in their self-designated importance  
for generations and more and more generations to come

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on self-constructed paper reserved for mass readings  
however fast their seats' physical capacity  
may outgrow their miniscule competence  
failing to make room for their incurable ignorance . . .

The Aksum Kingdom too is doomed  
doomed to remain as "the inferior other"  
not to be ever revered for  
what it had in fact been, was and will be  
namely, a domain of notable accomplishment  
among our current world's celebrated civilizations  
worthy of equally noble presentations  
as well as proud representations  
it is doomed instead

if only this empire had not been discovered  
to be an achievement of blacks  
created as a "promised land for uprooted Africans"

if only this empire had not been revived  
for its utterly memorable existence  
through the efforts of enslaved  
18<sup>th</sup> century black preachers  
amid us  
in the good old United States . . .

what is to be your mark?

Aksum's origin

is not to be traced back to

Semitic kingdoms

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*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gassion*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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>***

## Aksum Litany

Aksum you have the badges  
of conqueror and master trader  
in ancient North Eastern Africa.

Zoscales, ruler of Aksum,  
the first century was yours.  
You were busy conquering  
and trading but found time  
to read great literature.

History found it worthwhile  
to mention you were acquainted  
with Greek literature. If I could sit  
in your ancient parlor for tea,  
I would ask a couple questions.

Did you read from Homer and Socrates?  
Did you read about the Greek gods?

## Wake Them Up

We meet on the soul plane  
surrounded by the light of love  
streaming from the ocean  
of love and mercy.

Our fingers entwined  
by the angel's touch  
are ready to work with God.  
We walk with humility,

bow toward sacred light  
and Spirit burns a blessing in our feet.  
Whispers ring in our ears  
in lyrics that demand our attention.

*Behold the earth plane,  
my children are asleep.  
Wake them up  
and bring them to me.*

## Word Power

When the words flow,  
I want to wrap them around you  
and let you feel the power of love.

When my words let go  
I want to watch you lean on a tree  
trembling from the strain of ecstasy.

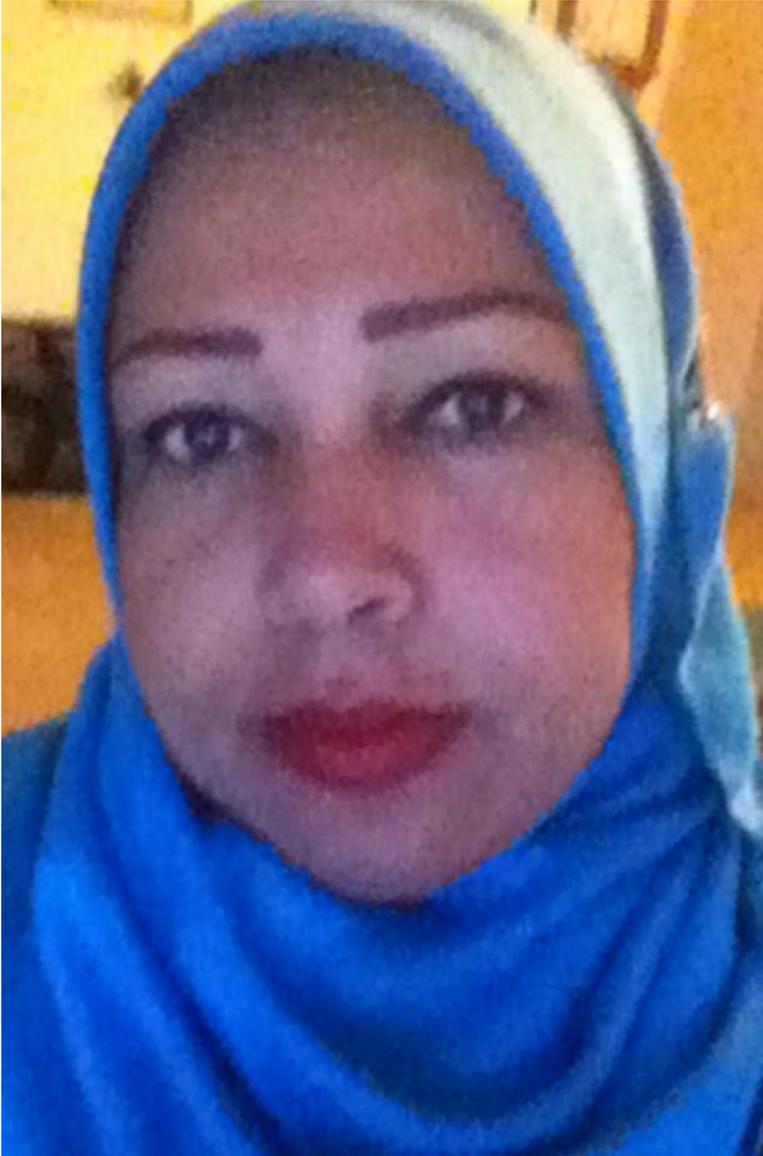
When you look into my eyes  
I want the words to explode  
in rainbow colors.

When you reach out to me  
I want your hands to catch  
an enchanted word brew.

*Faleeha*

*Hassan*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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

Faleeha is the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature, and has now published 20 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain, Korean, Greek and Albanian. Ms. Hassan has received many awards in Iraq and throughout the Middle East for her poetry and short stories.

Faleeha Hassan has also had her poems and short stories published in a variety of American magazines such as: Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum, Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaming mamas, The Galway Review, Words Without Borders, TXTOBJX, Intranslation, SJ Magazine, Nondoc, Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Courier-Post, I am not a Silent Poet, Taos Journal, Inner Child Press, Atlantic City Press, SJ Magazine, Intranslation Magazine, The Guardian, Words Without Borders, Courier-Post, Life and Legends, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Indiana Voice Journal, The Bees Are Dead, IWA, Poetry Soup, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, Philly, The Fountain Magazine, DRYLAND, The Blue Mountain Review, Otoliths, Taos Journal of Poetry and Art, TXTOBJX, DODGING THE RAIN, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, NonDoc Philly, DRYLAND, American Poetry Review, The Fountain Magazine, Uljana Wolf, Arcs, Tiferet and Ice Cream Poetry Anthology , Dryland Los Angeles underground art & writing Magazine , Opa Anthology of contemporary , BACOPA Literary Review , Better than Starbucks Magazine , Tweymatikh ZQH Magazine , TUCK Magazine and Street Light Press

Email : [d.fh88@yahoo.com](mailto:d.fh88@yahoo.com)

## Scarf

Do not be scared of me  
I'm not an alien  
Coming from space  
Hiding its horrible sensors  
Under its hood  
I am not here to attack you  
No  
Don't be scared  
I am not a female spider  
Hiding in her web  
Trying to wrap your body with my silken thread  
I am not a barbaric woman  
Just dancing on the drums of death  
I am a woman like you  
Smiling like you  
walking on my feet like you  
crying, laughing, dreaming and singing like you  
The difference between us is  
in the war I lost so many.....  
It's a scarf  
My scarf  
See it, touch it, feel it  
Do not let it cover your mind  
From seeing the real truth

## The rain smells of war

Not me this little girl  
Who holds her grandmother's hand  
Every time she crosses the street for fear from the eyes of  
men  
No, I am not her  
The same girl  
Who crosses her years' war after war  
Turns right and left for fear of approaching astray fragment  
.....  
.....  
What the rain is doing now?  
Quickly pouring down on my balcony  
Like our tears when we miss our father  
I told him : don't be harsh  
There are many people  
Living in the streets  
Be gentle like my mother's tears when she remembered my  
father still fighting in the war even at the Eid  
I told him : instead of your rivers on closed doors  
Or streets are afraid to see you  
And instead of me still jumping from sad memories to  
painful ones  
Like female Kangaroo  
We can find a truce for both of us  
To forget all our past  
And stay calm  
But who can convince my memories?  
Who convinces the rain

## Tonight

When I entered my apartment  
The stairs were lying like tired men after a hard day's work  
The door a yawning mouth  
My TV was listening intently to the sports newscast  
And  
Like a huge fat woman, the couch was sitting on the floor  
Hardly breathing the used air  
The curtain tickled the cheek of the window.....  
Swaying gracefully above  
My books slept like babies on the hands of the bookshelves  
The dining table was listening to the whispers of her chairs  
The lamps were winking at to each other  
The fan was busy flailing her arms indifferent  
In my apartment  
The life looks the same as I left it  
Everything is normal  
No,  
It is more than normal  
Strang.....  
No one missed me?

*Caroline*  
*Nazareno*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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 4<sup>th</sup> 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).

## **The Aksum Light**

Salient vicinity of vision,

Of the mover, the runner, and the ruler of castles

Embarked wheats of freedom,

Ark of the Covenant instilled

Crowns and relics of the walled Empire,

Then macabre calls the edge of the flight

Oh Ethiopian's soul rising in timeless light!

## Red Obelisks and Dreams

In the stigma of silence

look at the pillars,

engraved are compelling voices

knocking the walls of peace

there, found the woven promise.

Obelisks are whispers of a dream

the wake of a labyrinth

like the time of life

pyramids of legends unfold.

## Chronicles of The Dawn

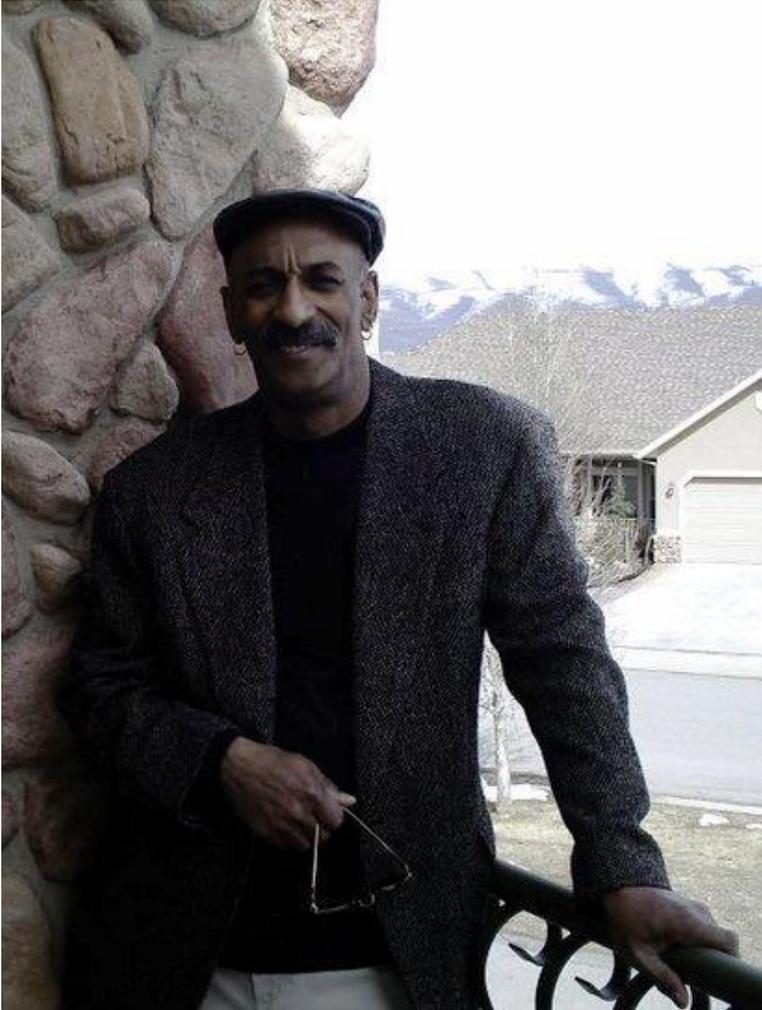
Pandora escapes unto my hands  
time exists in my hands  
as dreams escalate to wilderness  
born from the ages of prodigy  
where wordsmith come  
in the breathing dawn  
to the free cycles  
of wind  
of water  
of fire  
saving the hourglass of all-giving  
on the day  
i become  
a reality.

*William*

*S.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site

[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

## Aksum School

From 100 AD until 940 or so  
The Kingdom of the Aksumites ruled,  
Schooled  
The lands known today  
As Ethiopia and Eritrea

They exacted tolls from the Romans  
As they were roaming  
To and fro  
From India and back again  
Through the sands of Africa

They had their own money  
For as Kush declined, they mined  
And minted and cast  
Their own images  
For the people to worship

Before the days of the Christian  
They ruled,  
Schooled  
The lands  
With a firm stand of culture,  
And trade  
So much that  
The Persian Prophet Mani (who died in 274 AD)  
Regarded Axum as 1  
Of the four great powers  
Of his time . . .

Of course, there was  
Persia, Rome, and China.

Aksum,

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

A place where the Ark of the Covenant  
Is still sought  
For they thought  
That the son of Sheba  
Menelik  
Brought it home  
As a gift from his father . . . Solomon

Have you read the Kebra Negast . . . yet ?

But under the rule of Ezana  
In the 7<sup>th</sup> century  
Aksum adopted the teachings  
Of the Christed one

Muslims from Mecca sought refuge  
Fleeing the Quraysh persecution  
Their journey to the Aksum kingdom  
Became know as the First Hijra

Asylum,  
You may have it,  
For we are a civil people

Welcome to the Aksum School

## And I realize !

Naked I stand before thee  
In the temple of life  
That no thing  
May separate me  
From Thee

I bow my head in obeisance  
Upon crossing the threshold  
Of Thy temple  
Hoping that I may be acceptable  
In thy site

At the altar,  
I prostrate myself  
And offer a prayer  
For simple things

I ask that your tears of mercy  
Be showered upon me,  
And thy brethren  
And that we humbly,  
Without knowledge of  
Self-separation  
Bathe in thy love

Make evident, and  
Let us know  
Without equivocation  
Of thy blessed providence

Let us be ubiquitously clear  
And come to know  
That we are one,  
Have always been,

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Will always be

Let me not come to depend  
On the mind you have given unto us  
To be the veil  
That shields us  
From Thy glory . . .  
Nay let us be  
Without provocation  
And discernment  
Of thy goodness  
For the ways of man fail me

I thank You this day  
As I am thankful for  
Every day,  
For thy presence . . .  
Seen and unseen,  
Known and unknown  
For in these moments  
Such as this  
I am clear,  
For Thou, and Thou alone  
Has allowed such a thing  
To be realized . . .

And I realize !

## Holy

You can build a wall  
You can speak the words  
Filled with emptiness

You can claim the land,  
But "She" shall never be owned  
By the darkness

She is not yours,  
She belongs to the people  
Who have walked upon her  
Since the beginning of time,  
For "She" gave of herself

We sojourned  
In the spirit  
And we were contained  
And held  
Only  
By the hand of the holy ...  
One

We once were one  
A land of many tribes  
A land of many cultures  
A land of the people

Prophets have walked,  
And spoken of these times

Prophets have gone,  
And more yet  
To come

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Like Jericho,  
The walls will come down  
For they can not endure  
The battle against the Lorde

We the people  
Of the land  
Will trust in the righteousness  
And the land will again  
Be liberated  
That all the people  
May be nurtured by its spirit

Tribes ....

We once were one  
A land of many tribes  
A land of many cultures  
A land of the people

Holy,  
And that which is holy  
Can never, ever  
Be any less.

# World Healing, World Peace 2018



[www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com)

## Submission Guidelines

1 Poem

Microsoft Word Attachment (**NO PDF's**)

12 pt. Times Roman

Titles Underlined

Single Spaced

Maximum 30 lines

Picture of Poet (no avatars or icons accepted)

Biography 50 words or less with maximum 2 Web Links

**Submit to :**

[worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com](mailto:worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com)

Submissions open from September 1st ~ December 31st, 2017

Publishing for International Poetry Month April 2018

[www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com)

Project Manager : Gail Weston Shazor

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Now Open for submissions  
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January  
2018

Features

~ \* ~

Iyad Shamasnah

Yasmeen Hamzeh

Ali Abdolrezaei

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Iyad*  
*Shamasnah*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Iyad Shamasnah is a Palestinian poet, novelist and essayist. He was born in 1976. He holds a master's degree in building organizations and human resources development. He is a member of the General Union of Palestinian Writers. He has published two poetry books: *The Secret History of the Knight of Dust* (2012) and *Crystal Gardens* (2015); two novels: *A Woman Whose Name is Capital* (2014) and *Pagan Dancing* (2017). Also a book of prose texts will soon be published: *The Book of Pain and Courage [The Latent Flames Within the Blue]*. In addition, he has written numerous articles, reviews, and literary research papers for newspapers and magazines. Iyad lives with his family in the city of Bethlehem in Palestine.

**Link :**

[www.facebook.com/IYAD.FORMALPAGE?ref=br\\_rs](http://www.facebook.com/IYAD.FORMALPAGE?ref=br_rs)

**Email**

[shamasnah@gmail.com](mailto:shamasnah@gmail.com)

## The Honor of Simplicity

I embrace the wind  
invite her to share my glass  
and may even go out with her  
when I wake up

I am in awe  
of her dignified unruliness  
of her slim figure

Oh how I crave  
to be so lean like her  
when I go on my way  
and my way narrows

But the wind  
cares not for warmth  
and I cannot bear life  
without warmth

*Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi*

## Reading Extinction

This sand is naught  
but tales  
that have fell off the words  
of passers-by

If one day  
you ask it  
you'll find out that  
it keeps the secrets  
of those who ask

Or if you wish  
listen for a while  
and you might hear a voice  
like groaning

It is something  
the wind never discloses  
but we comprehend it  
when the years are gone

*Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi*

## The interpretation of Bleeding

In my country  
we write poetry  
to vanquish oppression  
and carry on with our lives

We are a people  
for whom God ordained  
to see the elite  
walking  
among the tyrants

We hold the ember  
in the fireplace  
whenever we taste  
the new deadly sins

But we sing  
to guard against  
the thoughtlessness of the gullible  
in the valley of sleep

*Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi*

*Yasmeen  
Hamzeh*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Yasmeen Hamzeh is a young Jordanian writer who was raised in a family of lawyers and physicians enjoying relations with a wide base of professionals and politicians in the Jordanian society.

She grew up with a learning habit of writing with style, often pursuing the ideal state of presenting her thoughts with a tone of many expressions. Having acquired such a unique talent when she was under 13 years of age, she demonstrated a capability to be a writer in her own right amongst young writers of our modern age. She wrote songs, short stories, columns, and composed lyrics of her expressions to beat the boredom of a high school restrictive environment.

Known for her social critiques, her writings became materials for grownups' political dialogue. Loved by her family and friends, she innovated idealistic views about the rights of women and children, and presented her ideas with a challenge each time she took the stage or platform, or happened to be in a gathering, to speak about her state of mind and about any subject.

For a professional at my age, I can describe her as a “a growing boutique writer” who will after college become an attractive speech and communications specialist in the political and diplomatic circles.

It is not surprising what came out to be made of, a fashionable writer, and I dare to say, I take pride to wait to read her about her successes.

## Despite you Malignancies

You can sail the world in your plight,  
then take a look around.  
Here I am, standing at a crossroad.  
My tresses blowing left and right.

I can feel each cold breath slowly descending my spine.  
Along with it come words of righteousness.

A long and ever gazing tree, wise with the past and words  
of those who passed.  
The trunk may be sturdy but the roots take hold in old soil.  
The howling wind sends it shuddering, but my feet have  
learned to dance along to the tune.

Each cut, and each wound tell a story.  
Maybe they're still raw,  
but I won't let any feet step over their glory.

Like clay I shape my psyche,  
molding my own version of reality.  
Like holding on to a rocking boat,  
each stalemate tries to topple me over.

As a spectator your eyes stare on,  
but you are being fooled and I can attest.  
As I unfold, you can sense the plot change.  
Don't look at me with unassuming eyes,  
then play at holding on.

My existence is riddled with holes,  
and I chose to let them breathe.  
Wishing only for the realization of my imperfections.  
Not a mending of my shape.

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

I can sense you discard your own impurities,  
and try to pick at mine.  
A perfectionist's charade,  
A naive acceptance.

We paint our intertwining stories,  
and in turn forget the photographs of our reality.  
A soulful mirage, filled with false memories.

A warrior and a strong pillar of faith,  
but your cause has left you blind.  
I find you imprinting this on every moment you soak in.

My body is but a shell,  
A porcelain covering of my own choosing.  
On the inside the winds howl,  
and I run free and wild.

Your upright silhouette may never sift into mine,  
so don't blame my interchanging breeze.  
As I have already drawn out the line.

## Sanpshots of Lonliness

It's a slightly faded memory clouded by shimmering hope,  
but I can still remember the motions.

The most prominent sound was the creaking, whether of  
bones or the bed springs.

I would toss and turn all night, always restless.

Always a soft hissing when it was quiet.

But when there was sound it was of soft guitars strumming.  
A voice that's cracked but clearly resounds and reminds of  
all the turmoil.

The view itself was confusing.

It wasn't what I had expected, nothing too dull or dreary.

Instead all the colors were brighter and sharper, except for  
the halo surrounding me.

I was always in a color vacuum.

The scent was dominated by stale cigarettes, never fresh  
cigarette smoke.

Sometimes it was the lingering aroma of a week old  
perfume,

still nestled into the fabric of my pillow.

A reminder that time never stopped.

These are all distinctive memories,  
memories of a time when I felt alone.

## Limerence

A laughable matter, how hours seem to change you.  
Not change you fully, at least not in the way a  
metamorphosis occurs.  
It changes the signs of irritation, the raising alarm and  
mostly adds a deep longing.  
A familiar feeling weighing down each breath.  
Like a numb explosion. Like there is more to it, but it never  
peaks.  
It taunts with promises of relief, but leaves you boneless.

Instinctively you mark it as an unsatisfying end.  
Might be labeled pessimism, but it could be rationalization  
itself.  
You hope for more, you always do.  
Maybe it's the stop of the turning clock, the one that  
resounds heavily each night.  
Disappointment will dissipate eventually, but it feels like  
centuries until it does.  
The memories that keep flashing are like salt; the familiar  
sting of shame from fresh wounds.

The wind you always carry with you drifts you off to  
foolish daydreams.  
It helps hold back the inevitable shame and guilt.  
Soon you understand how erratic it all is.  
It must lead to an origin, but it is one you cannot find.  
You realize the attachment to coldness is magnetizing.  
You never plan to be cold, it just catches fire.

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Time takes a toll, slowly at first.  
Then it takes away the chance of ever amending or  
retribution.  
So you remain tied down to the unexplained.  
Waiting until any form of closure nuzzles your ribcage  
open again.

*Ali*

*Abdolrezaei*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Ali Abdolrezaei is an Iranian poet, writer and literary theorist with 53 books in multiple languages. Before 2001, when he had to leave Iran, he was one of the most innovative poets of the new Persian poetry.

After 13 years of exile and a publishing ban in Iran, in 2013 the government allowed his publisher to release four of his new books. These were so well received that they were reprinted several times in three months. However, after seven months, his books were confiscated from the Tehran Book Fair, and he is banned from further publication.

Abdolrezaei is one of 34 international poets selected by the British Library, and his recordings are kept in the Sound Archives of the British Library. He is currently the Chair of Exiled Writers Ink in the United Kingdom.

Abdolrezaei's poems are translated into many languages such as English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Finnish, Turkish, Portuguese, Urdu, Croatian, Armenian and Arabic.

## CHERNOBYL

I am not Jewish  
But call you El  
Don't know Hebrew  
But I'm sure  
Your family name is no other than Auschwitz  
Your bosoms  
Two heaps of corpses  
In the Armenian genocide  
Between your thighs  
Two Daeshies at the back of your truck  
On the front  
    the Taleban in ambush  
Your figure tortures language  
Brings famine to Bobby Sand's belly  
And food goes on hunger strike  
If you don't come  
Like a tsunami to my Fukushima  
Your mouth  
A nuclear power plant  
It exhales  
Radioactive effluents  
And I  
    the wreck of Chernobyl  
On whose face in Chinese  
You just wrote one word  
Nose  
Your beauty made me speechless  
Tortured my Persian  
And massacred the Green movement  
After sending Saddam to Iran

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

Your slender neck  
is the Strip of Gaza  
Slenderer still  
at the hands of its settlers  
Even my exile  
That forced me to stay  
In England without you  
Was caused for you  
Your beauty has ruined me  
And even though  
I don't know Japanese  
I'm sure  
The translation for your eyes  
Is Hiroshima

## POMEGRANATE

This dry tree  
how has it arranged itself so well  
so well under the rain to stand up?  
The pomegranate that's hanging  
why should someone squeeze who knows nothing?  
Why the rain that should rain down in this poem doesn't  
rain?  
And life this short lullaby finally puts me to sleep  
on a page that spent a life in I don't know  
How many times should I write  
the poem that I'll never write?  
I'm sure London's blood group  
which most likely is O or  
doesn't match mine  
because I keep hitting the rain keep getting wet  
What ecstasy revolves round this  
thought that's in my mind  
I wish someone came  
to stop this Dervish that keeps twirling in my head  
the rain that keeps raining no longer comes to my poem  
This cursed beast  
has brought tears to all eyes  
This grand inquisitor  
who drags so much out of the clouds over London  
Is someone idling up there  
or is it true  
that it's still raining?

We all die  
so nothing ends  
what a shame

## THREE O'CLOCK\*

Two in the afternoon  
It was bang on two  
I dusted and tidied the house  
2:00pm I showered and shaved

It was exactly half past  
two wine glasses ready placed  
I switched off Lorca's voice  
Now thirty minutes left to three  
Maria's coming first time over  
I should have a pick-me-up to take a sip to get me going  
Now the clock hands aren't inclined to three  
I should water the flowers  
before Maria arrives

Twenty five minutes are left  
I should call my friend Michael  
tell him my loneliness I'm now done with

I'm exactly twenty minutes away from Maria  
she must have come out of the station up the road and  
flirting with the florist near my house to wrap a more  
scarlet bouquet

In fifteen minutes my world will change  
with glee I should wear some aftershave  
to entice her

Ten minutes to three Hey  
like a red bull on the beach inside my black chest  
my heart's beating such Bandari beat  
She has only five minutes left to show up  
I should get moving  
What if she has matched her bra with her white slip?

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

I should go get into my black boxers now  
Only three short minutes left to her knock on my door  
She's always on time  
now that only two ticks  
left to appointed time  
this phone keeps ringing Bugger!  
I'm sure it's the girl I left like a skunk  
I should pull the plug  
but why the buzzer won't let me go  
she's chasing my mobile now  
Ma mamia! It's Maria's number  
she must be at the door Hello  
Bang on three and I'm rolling the floor

Why what savage time was three  
o'clock third class to all o'clocks  
three o'clock in a dark guardian age

No saviour at work  
I lose my faith in second coming  
Sushiant, Jesus, Mary and Mahdi\*\*

I was the fool of the fields otherwise  
Maria wouldn't have rung bang at three  
to say she's not coming

Poet's Note: \*This poem has an textual relationship with Federico Garcia Lorca's poem "At Five in the Afternoon"

\*\* This is an allusion to the promise of the second coming of a Messiah common to certain religions: Sushiant for Zoroastrians, Jesus Christ for Christians and Mahdi for the Muslims.

## NAMING

My mother's named me  
Don't Nag So Much  
but my sister  
Ring Her Again  
I'm In Love with You  
is her name  
which if I call out  
she never replies  
my father calls me  
What Do You Want A Woman For?  
everyone else says  
Leave Her Boy!  
except she  
who has changed my name  
and keeps calling me  
I Don't Want You Anymore

## MISS ZIARI

My eyes didn't wander  
I just wandered in her eyes  
those burning embers  
I was fuel to  
The deft sculptor  
to chisel such delicate nose  
was me  
The butchering of her lips  
between the teeth  
What a tongue!  
Hands of a masseuse hid in her eyes  
O my God  
someone come light up  
this black pair of cigarillos  
squirming like seductive serpents  
in such grace  
This woman  
was born  
prettier than any bunch of flowers  
I ever put to water  
I ever lost my marbles  
under the skin of those cheeks  
She's still playing marbles  
with the little eyes  
my childhood possessed  
My eyes do not wander  
even if under the desk  
I'm still climbing up your legs  
in the short skirts you wore  
to the prep class at Yari Primary  
Miss Ziari\*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

\* I was six when I started school. I had long straight hair, a navy blue jacket, wearing a tie of a colour I cannot remember. We had eleven silly girls in the class who kept coming on to me and I didn't care. There were eight other boys in the class too, but I had become a man, because I was in love with Miss Ziari. I kept coming onto her but she didn't care. So I kept getting top marks so she would come caress my hair and tell me with her budding lips, Excellent Ali! There was still one year left to the Revolution which put my love in a frame. Tonight when another love was torn away from me, I remembered my classmates and my teacher, Miss Ziari who, I still do not know why, when the schools shut for holidays; they put her against the wall in the middle of summer and shot a bullet in her chest. No, I still can't believe it. It is impossible to kill a beautiful woman by a bullet.

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Inner Child Press*

*News*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

*Jackie Davis Allen*

*Gail Weston Shazor*

*hülya n. yılmaz*

*Nizar Sartawi*

*Faleeha Hassan*

*Albert Carrasco*

*Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno*

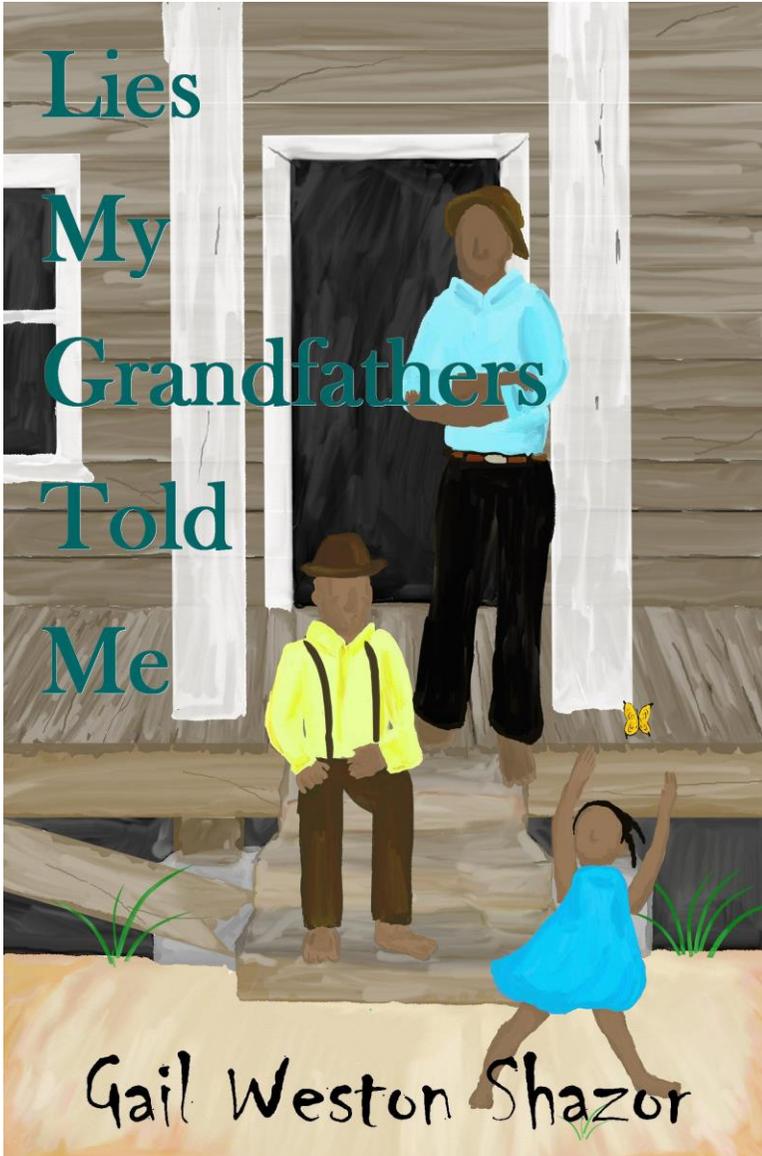
*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# *Afflame*



*Memoirs in Verse*

*hülya n. yılmaz*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# My Shadow

Nizar Sartawi

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



Faleeha Hassan

*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Coming this Fall*



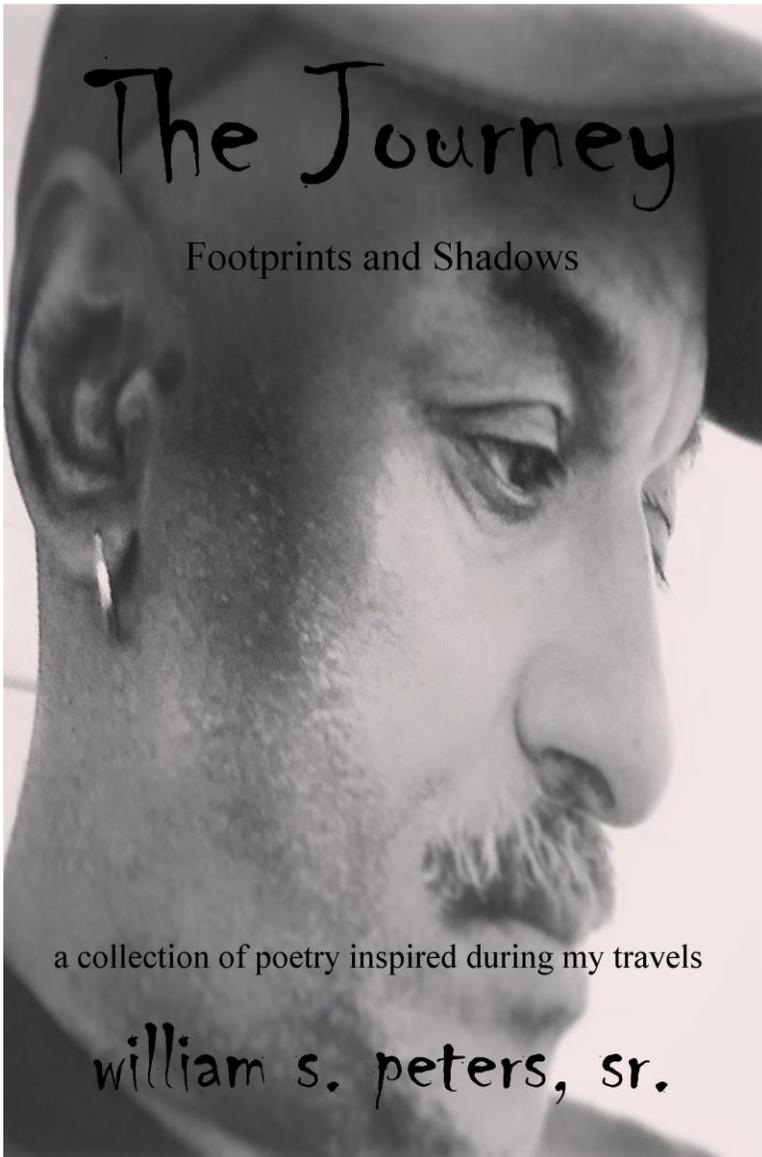
*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Coming in 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018*

*Coming in 2018*



*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

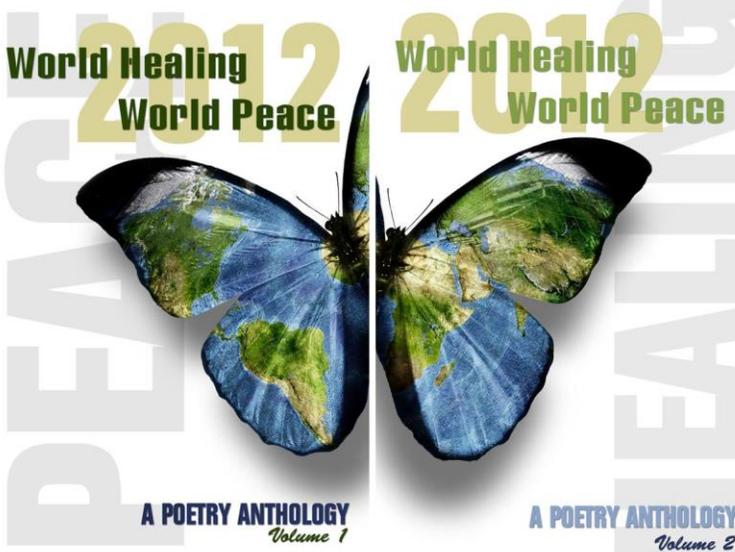
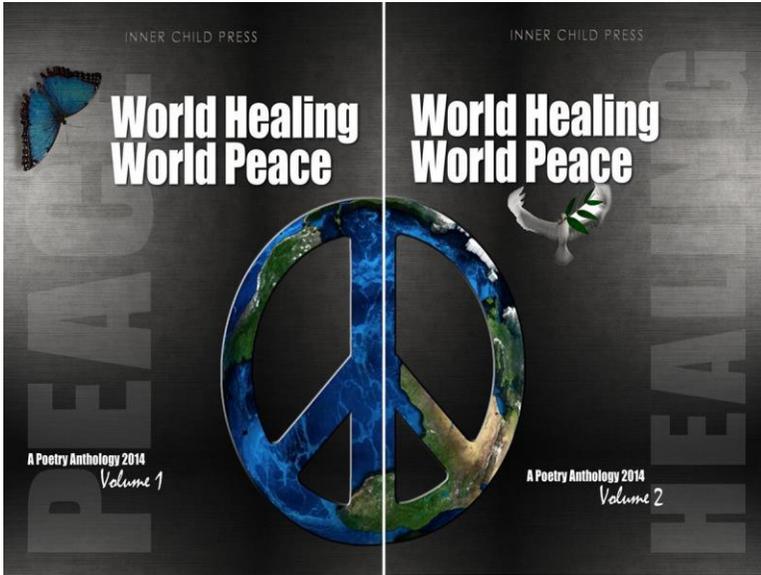
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Now Available*

[www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php)

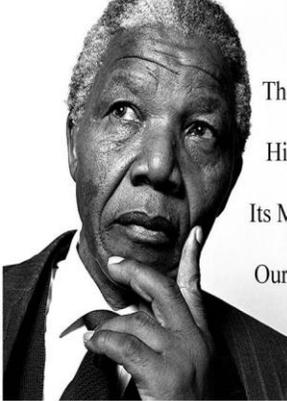
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



Inner Child Press Anthologies



# Mandela



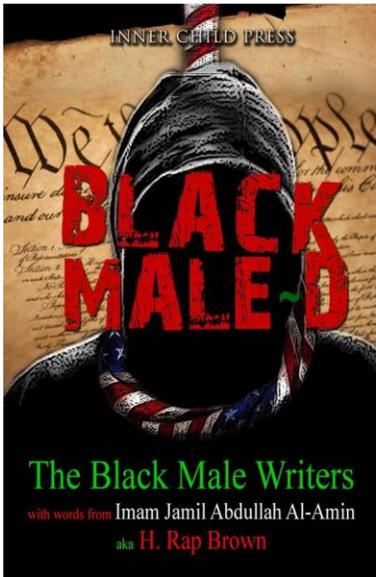
The Man  
His Life  
Its Meaning  
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories  
*The Anthological Writers*

## A GATHERING OF WORDS

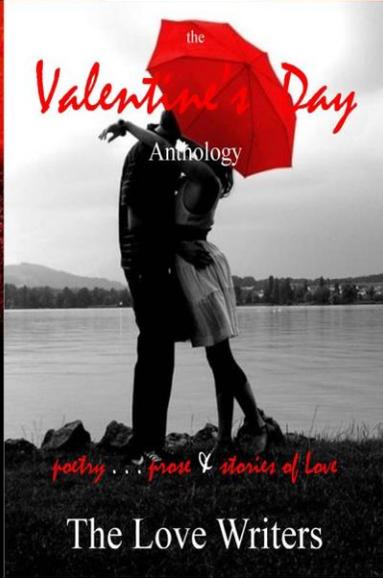
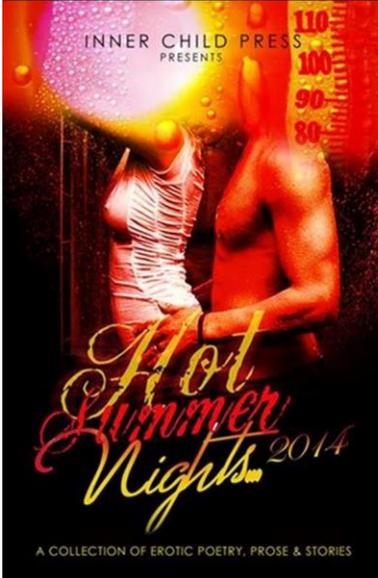
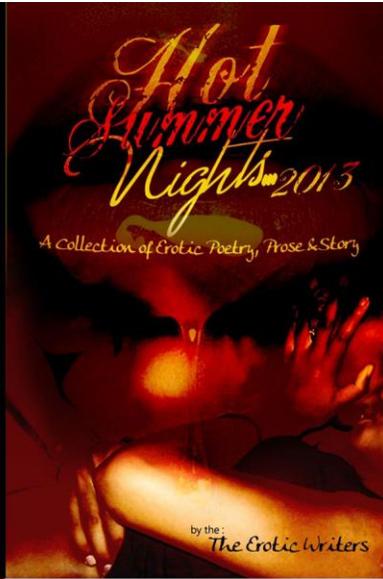
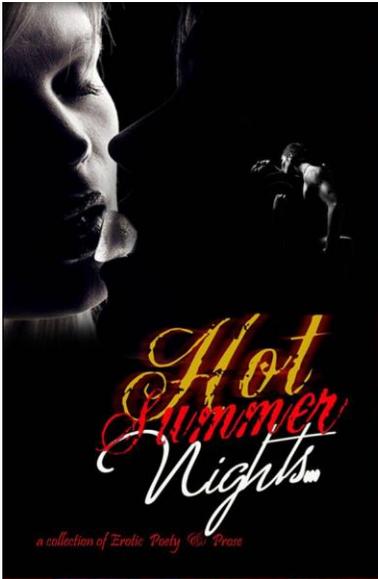


POETRY & COMMENTARY  
FOR  
**TRAYVON MARTIN**



INNER CHILD PRESS  
**BLACK MALE WRITERS**  
The Black Male Writers  
with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin  
aka H. Rap Brown

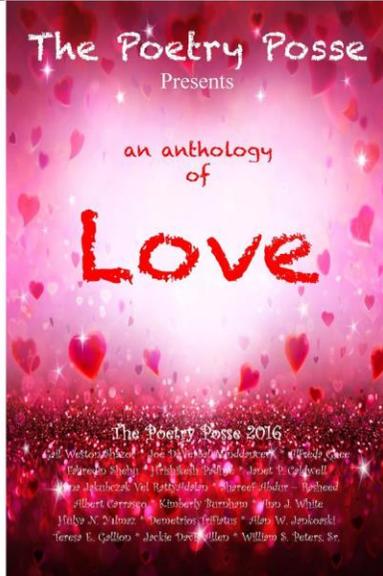
Inner Child Press Anthologies



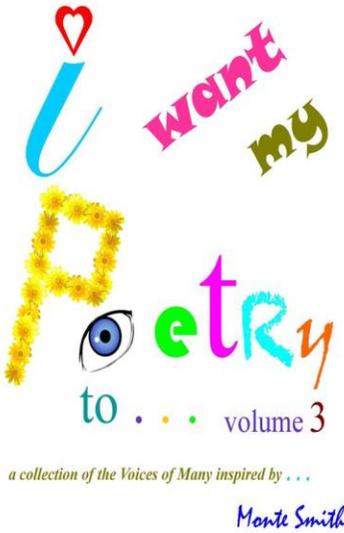
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a  
Poetically  
Spoken  
Anthology  
volume I  
Collector's Edition



Inner Child Press Anthologies



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet

January 2014



*Carnation*

**The Poetry Posse**

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

**Our January Feature**  
Terri L. Johnson

## the Year of the Poet

February 2014



*violets*

**The Poetry Posse**

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

**Our February Features**  
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

## the Year of the Poet

March 2014



*daffodil*

**The Poetry Posse**

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

**Our March Featured Poets**  
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

## the Year of the Poet

April 2014



*Sweet Pea*

**The Poetry Posse**

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

**Our April Featured Poets**  
Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith

*celebrating international poetry month*

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**the year of the poet**  
May 2014

*May's Featured Poets*  
ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton



**Dedicated To our Children**

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'In'le Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor  
Robert Gibbons  
Neevy Wall  
Shaneef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**Lily of the Valley**

**the Year of the Poet**  
June 2014



*Love & Relationship*  
**Rose**

*June's Featured Poets*  
Shantelle McLin  
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy  
Abraham N. Benjamin

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'In'le Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor  
Robert Gibbons  
Neevy Wall  
Shaneef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet**  
July 2014

*July Feature Poets*  
Christiana A.V. Williams  
Dr. John R. Struim  
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'In'le Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor  
Robert Gibbons  
Neevy Wall  
Shaneef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



**Lotus**  
Asian Flower of the Month

**The Year of the Poet**  
August 2014

**Gladiolus**

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'In'le Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor  
Robert Gibbons  
Neevy Wall  
Shaneef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**August Feature Poets**  
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster Morning-Glory



Wild Garden of September Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

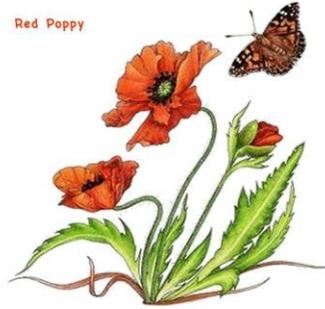
The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSandra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Bonefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindascano  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wolf  
Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPoetry • Santos Galan • Justin Drake

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**THE YEAR OF THE POET III**  
January 2015



**Garnet**

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

**January Feature Poets**  
Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

**THE YEAR OF THE POET II**  
February 2015



**Amethyst**

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

**FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS**  
Iram Fatima \* Bob McNeil \* Kerstin Centervall

**The Year of the Poet II**  
March 2015

**Our Featured Poets**  
Heung Sook \* Anthony Arnold \* Alicia Poland



**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. Yilmaz  
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



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

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets  
Geri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chimney  
Anna Jakubczak



Emeralds

The Poetry Passe 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 \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
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 Passe 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 \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
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



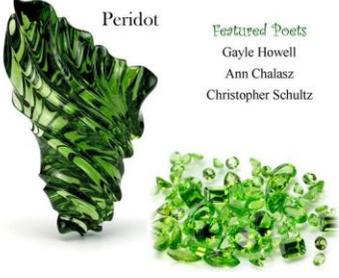
Rubies

## The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Peridot

Featured Poets  
Gayle Howell  
Ann Chaliasz  
Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Passe 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 \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Poetry Passe 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 \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet II

September 2013

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonnice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

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

## The Year of the Poet II

November 2015

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski  
Bismay Mohanty  
James Moore



Topaz

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
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. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

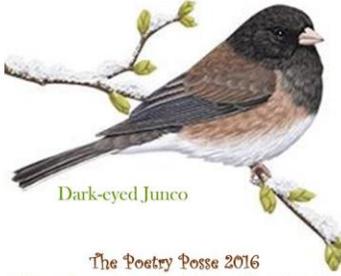
Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yilmaz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

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet III January 2016

### Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

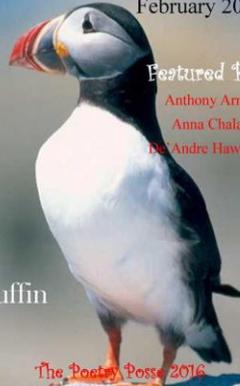
### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera \* Alana J. White  
Ehmadto Shahu \* Hirshikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Joe DeVeral Mhdalancer \* Sharief Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Keith Allan Jemillion  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* 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  
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

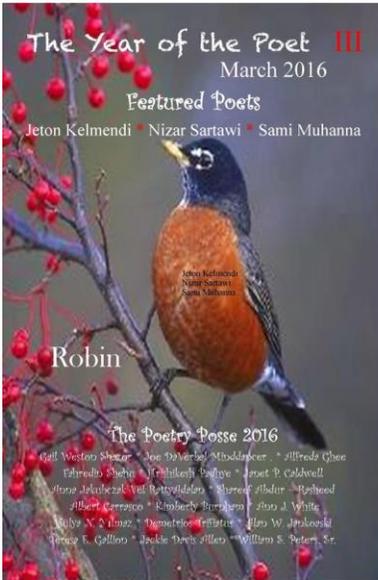
### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeral Mhdalancer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Ehmadto Shahu \* Hirshikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera \* Sharief Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alana J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III March 2016

### Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna



Robin

### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeral Mhdalancer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Ehmadto Shahu \* Hirshikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera \* Sharief Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alana J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* 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 DeVeral Mhdalancer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Ehmadto Shahu \* Hirshikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera \* Sharief Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alana J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

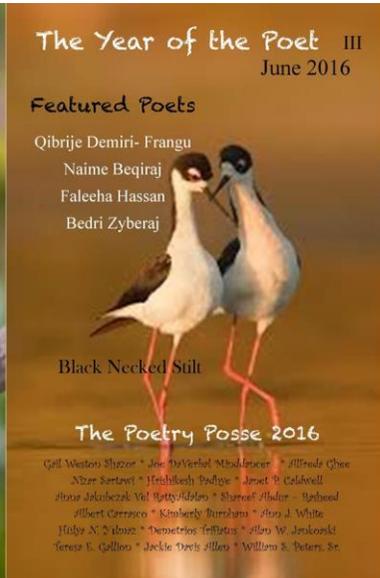


**The Year of the Poet III**  
May 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Bob Strum  
Barbara Allan  
D.L. Davis

**Oriole**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarrawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet D. Caldwell  
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana \* Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Alan J. White  
Habya N. D'Amaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

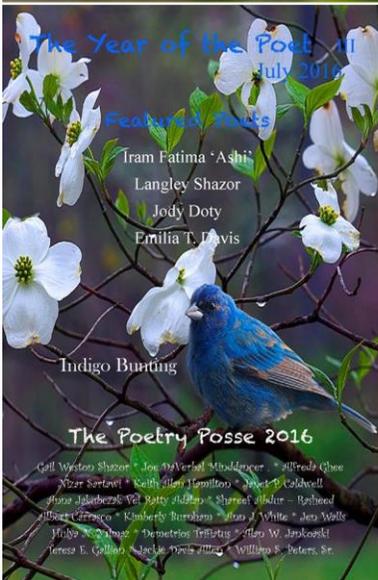


**The Year of the Poet III**  
June 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Qibrije Demiri- Frangu  
Naime Beqiraj  
Faleeha Hassan  
Bedri Zyberaj

**Black Necked Stilt**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarrawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet D. Caldwell  
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana \* Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Alan J. White  
Habya N. D'Amaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

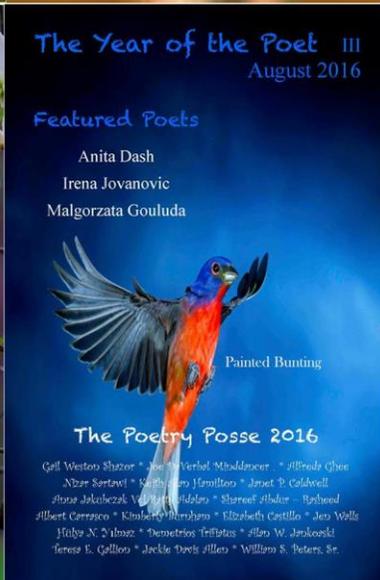


**The Year of the Poet III**  
July 2016

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

**Indigo Bunting**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarrawi \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet D. Caldwell  
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana \* Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Alan J. White \* Alan Walls  
Habya N. D'Amaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



**The Year of the Poet III**  
August 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Anita Dash  
Irena Jovanovic  
Malgorzata Gouluda

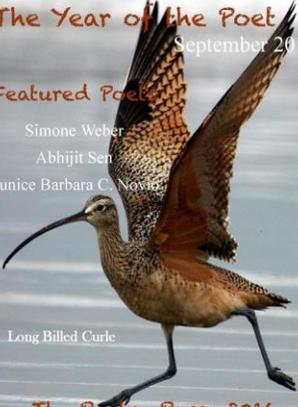
**Painted Bunting**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarrawi \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet D. Caldwell  
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana \* Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Alan Walls  
Habya N. D'Amaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**The Year of the Poet III**  
September 2016

**Featured Poet**  
Simone Weber  
Abhijit Sen  
Eunice Barbara C. Novice

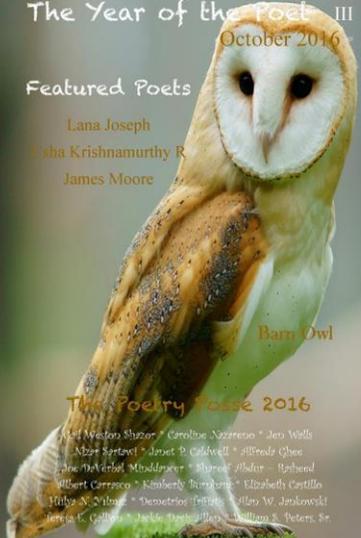


Long Billed Curlew

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Moore \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghese  
Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Moore \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tanya N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Miller \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
October 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Lana Joseph  
Sasha Krishnamurthy R  
James Moore

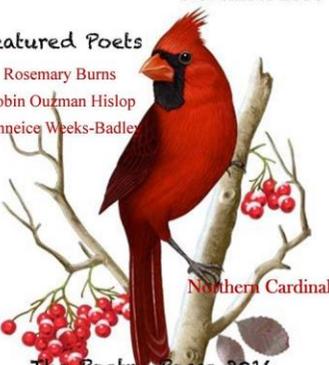


Barn Owl

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghese  
Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Moore \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tanya N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Miller \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
November 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Rosemary Burns  
Robin Ouzman Hislop  
Lonnie Weeks-Badler

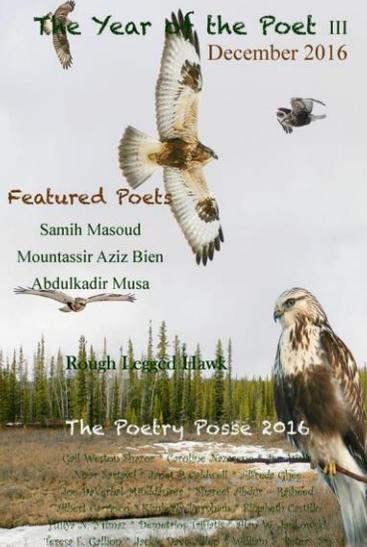


Northern Cardinal

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghese  
Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Moore \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tanya N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Miller \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
December 2016

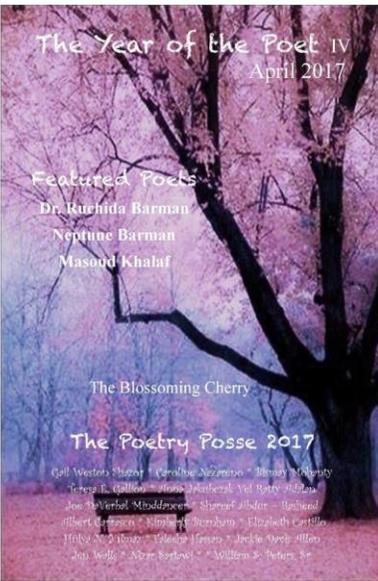
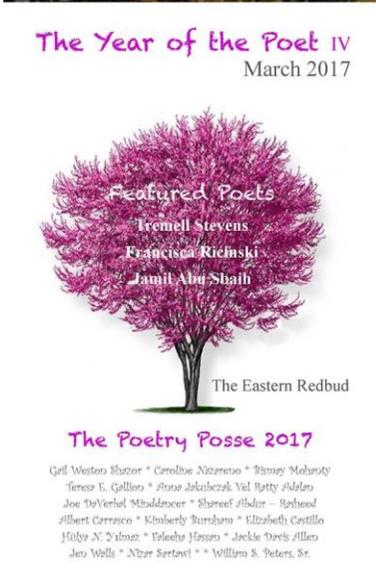
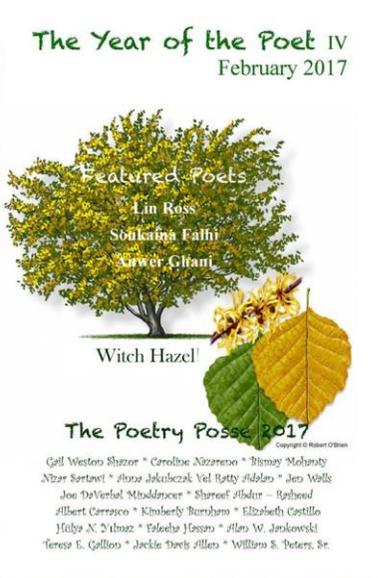
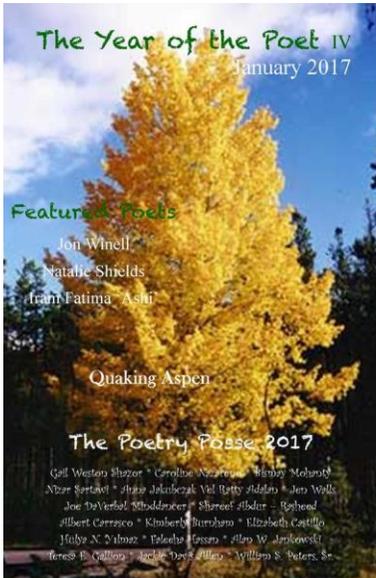
**Featured Poets**  
Samih Masoud  
Mountassir Aziz Bien  
Abdulkadir Musa



Rough Legged Hawk

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghese  
Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Moore \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tanya N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allen W. Jankowski  
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# Inner Child Press Anthologies



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



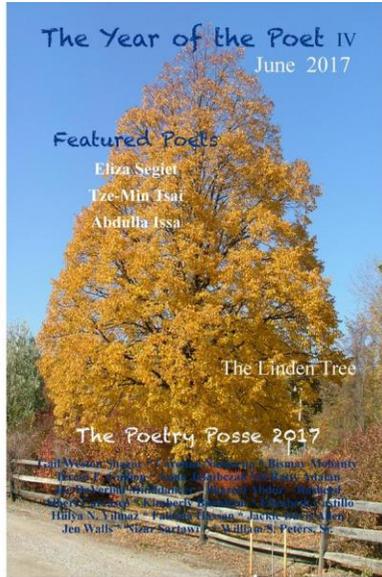
### Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell  
Alicja Maria Kuberska  
Fethi Sassi

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Binoy Mahapaty  
Teresa E. Gallison \* Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #dalar  
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer \* Shereef #bdair - Rashad  
#bert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. D'iboz \* Edecha Hussain \* Jackie Davis #llen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV June 2017



### Featured Poets

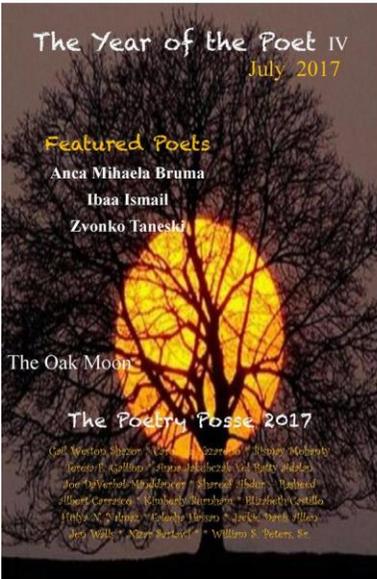
Eliza Segiet  
Tze-Min Tsai  
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Binoy Mahapaty  
Teresa E. Gallison \* Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #dalar  
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer \* Shereef #bdair - Rashad  
#bert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. D'iboz \* Edecha Hussain \* Jackie Davis #llen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV July 2017



### Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma  
Ibaa Ismail  
Zvonko Taneski

The Oak Moon

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Binoy Mahapaty  
Teresa E. Gallison \* Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #dalar  
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer \* Shereef #bdair - Rashad  
#bert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. D'iboz \* Edecha Hussain \* Jackie Davis #llen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



### Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino  
Kitty Hsu  
Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Binoy Mahapaty  
Teresa E. Gallison \* Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #dalar  
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer \* Shereef #bdair - Rashad  
#bert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. D'iboz \* Edecha Hussain \* Jackie Davis #llen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet IV

September 2017

### Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberns

Ameer Nassir

Christine Fulco Neal

Robert Neal

The Elm Tree



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartaoui \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017

### Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem

Nedal Al-Qaeim

Sadeddin Shaban

The Black Walnut Tree



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartaoui \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV

November 2017

### Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello

The Tree of Life



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartaoui \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV

December 2017

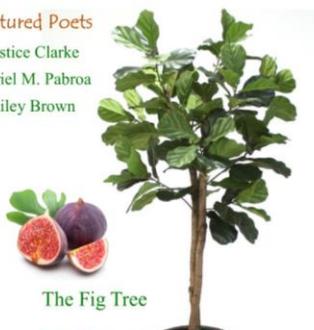
### Featured Poets

Justice Clarke

Mariel M. Pabroa

Kiley Brown

The Fig Tree



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
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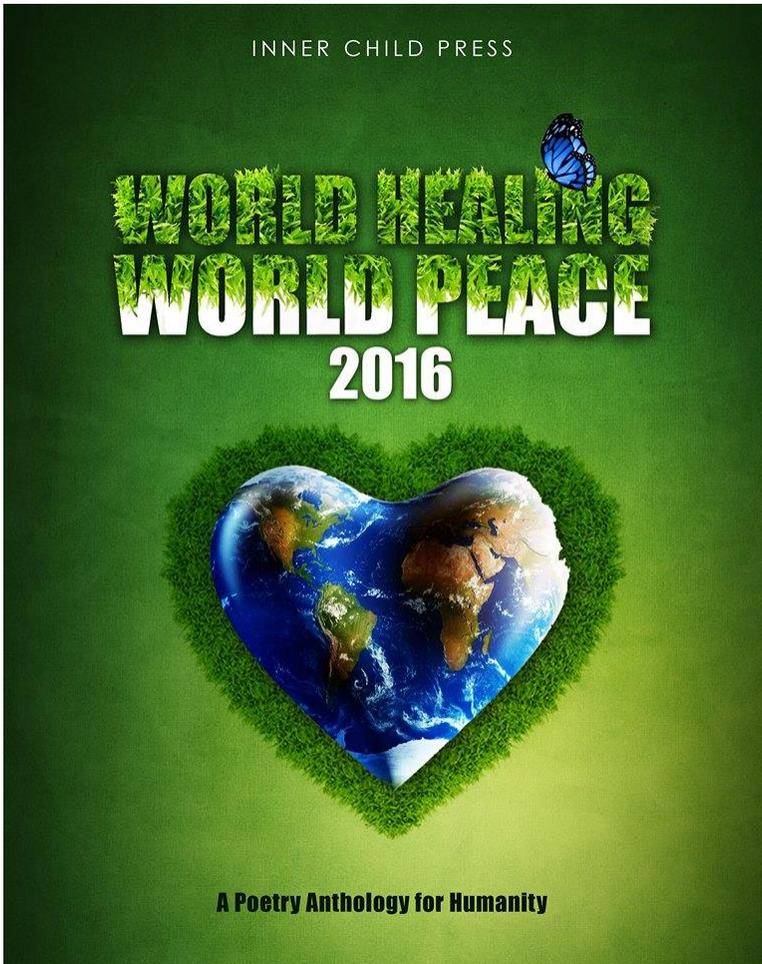
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~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



## January 2018 ~ Featured Poets



**Iyad  
Shamasnah**



**Yasmeen  
Hamzeh**



**Ali  
Abdolrezaei**



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