

A vibrant blue bird, likely an Indigo Bunting, is perched on a dark branch amidst several large, white dogwood flowers with yellow centers. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green and blue.

# The Year of the Poet III

July 2016

## Featured Poets

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Langley Shazor

Jody Doty

Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III

July 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Passé 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Ann J. White

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**General Information**  
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**July Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2016**

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WHAT WOULD  
LIFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

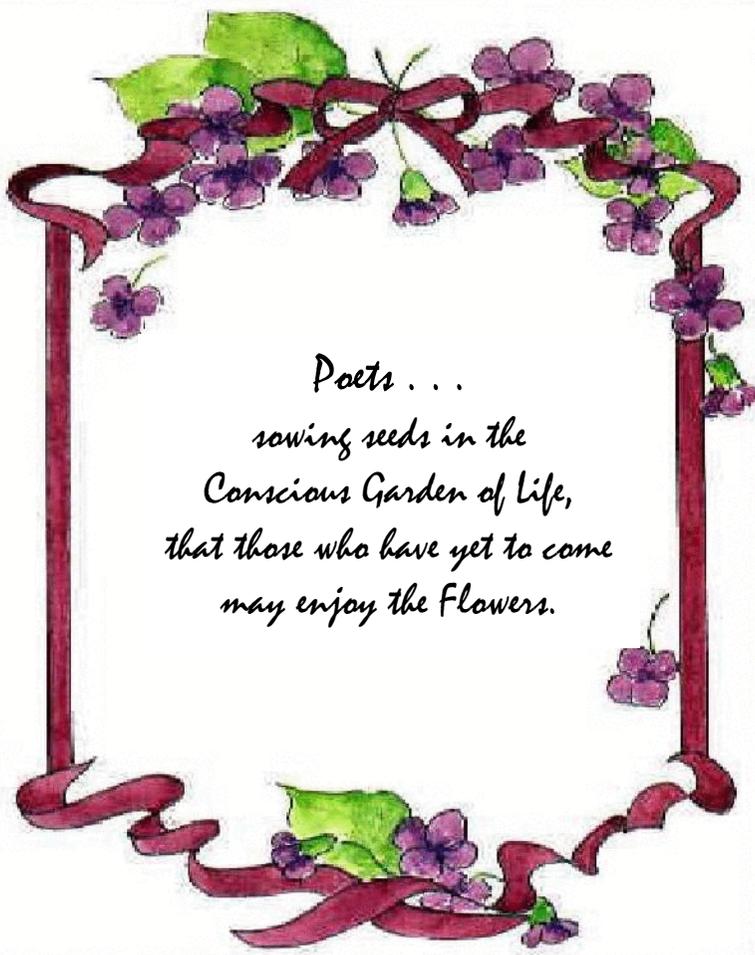
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



# Preface

Greetings Family,

Sometimes as a Poet and Writer, we feel pressed to find some inspiration that we may feel useful in our writing. Of course our aspirations is to write something significant that we may pass it on to our potential readers. The ultimate reward is when a reader finds some redeeming value in what we have to say. Sometimes we are reaching as writers and poets, for we feel a sort of obligation to write. Sometimes we must simply be still and silent and wait for our muse to show up, whatever that may be.

I have always said, there is a poem waiting for us wherever we look. The trick is how to look! Where do we go or meander to connect with some viable form of insight, beauty or meaningful words that are worthy of our scribing.

Perhaps this "Preface" is more for the writer, than the reader, but as i sat pondering what i was going to write this month i realized that there is a sacred and sometimes unfulfilled understanding of our motivations between Poet and his or her audience. Personally, as i stated above, i seek stillness and silence and patiently

wait. I usually do this in my cathedral of nature, where the winds are blowing, the birds are chirping and the grass and flowers offer their fragrance unto my consciousness. Though the poem that comes about may have nothing to do with nature, it is this very nature of things that cleanses my poetic palette and allows me to hear the whisperings of the muses.

We poets are a strange breed, for out of nothingness, or the slightest of movement comes some of the most prolific insights to and about life. In this monthly volume of “The Year of the Poet” perhaps you will get a glimpse of the core essence of these wonderful worldclass poets who have chosen to share such intimacies with you the reader.

Thank You

Bless Up

bill

Love and Blessings

*Bill*

PS

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

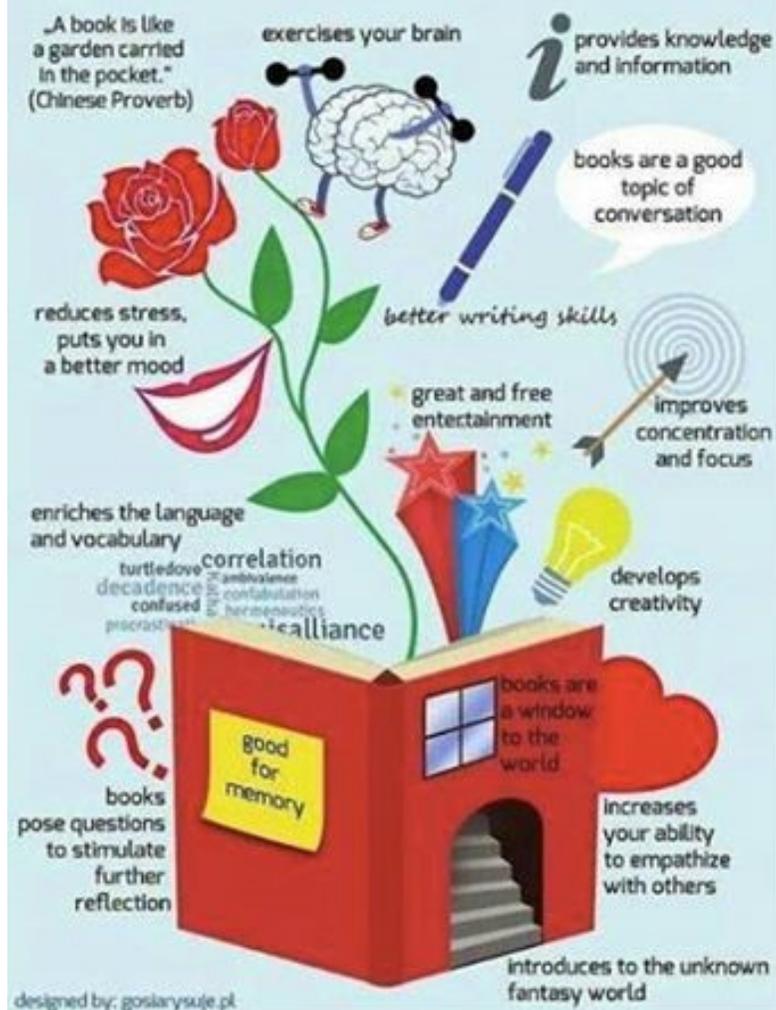
Available here

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

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

[www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet)

## THE BENEFITS OF READING BOOKS



# Foreword

This summer has been a lesson in humility  
It's one thing to read the works of our peers  
But to meet them in an environment unfamiliar to  
ourselves, ah yes there's the rub

From enduring a less than average spring  
With seemingly never ending rain  
Poets from around the world traveled by car, buses  
and planes

They gathered in a hotel lobby on a summer day  
Smiles and looks of awe from an initial greeting  
Unable to believe who we're actually seeing  
My heart was beating fast

This month's theme is "Summer Things"  
And as I sat by the cooling water of a pool  
I saw poetry in the way a woman swam  
I felt sincerity in the shake from a hand  
I met a man who sold his blood to make the trip  
He chilled the blood of those who heard him spit

Shirts off in the heat, shoes off of our feet  
2 am walks down the street  
I meet two woman under the glow of a crescent  
moon

I recited a poem and received a summer smile  
All the while thinking wow, I'm reading to  
greatness

This forward is more than just about this  
Summer is a coming together time  
We show our flaws and warm the scars of winter  
Summer exposes the soul

**Joe DaVerbal Minddancer**

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING  
WORLD PEACE  
2016



**A Poetry Anthology for Humanity**

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

~ wsp

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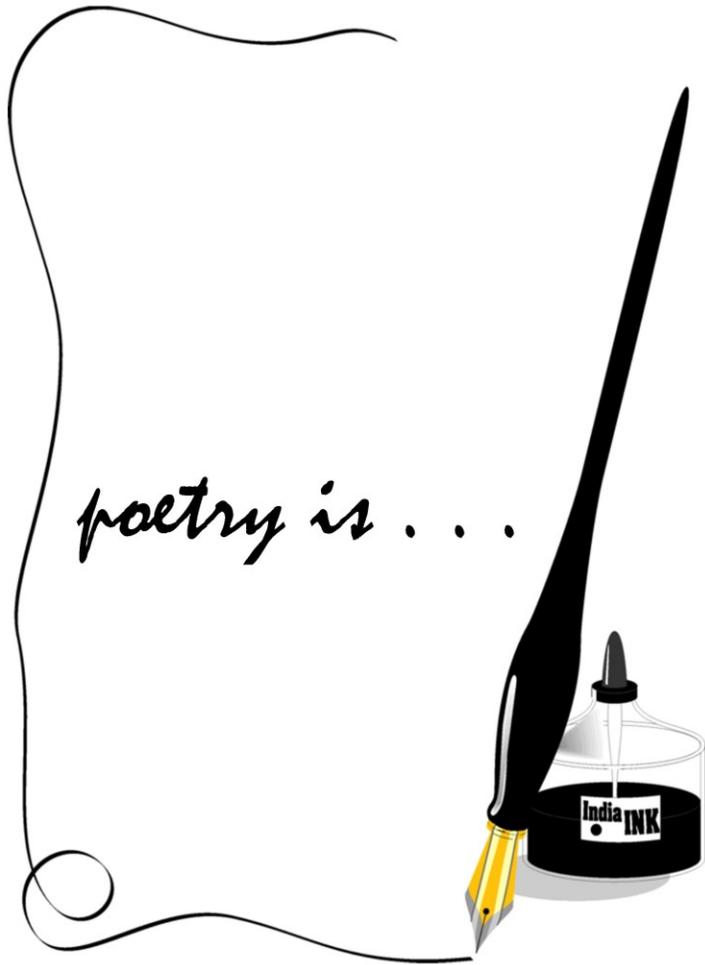
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the  
enchancing magicians that nourishes the  
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our  
words that entice the hearts and minds of  
others to believe there is something grand  
about the possibilities that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

~ wsp



The  
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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

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

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

[www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)  
[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)  
[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## Images

These petty words  
Circle  
Can't and  
Wont and  
Not me  
Forgive my heart break  
Collecting dream  
Pieces  
And it is only  
When confronted  
With what had been  
Lost  
The days and  
Memories  
And quiet happiness  
At belonging  
Somewhere  
Safe. Traditionally  
That tears fall apart  
Because  
My heart  
Is way too heavy  
To add to  
It  
Twinhearts  
Twin  
Faces and mirrors  
Don't lie  
Like people do.

## Bell's Theorem

Broken glass litters the floor  
Immediately bummed at the loss  
I wish it into disappearance  
It is a separation of the base particles  
That is disturbing  
It can no longer hold a shot of scotch  
And so seems without value  
But is it not still glass?

A helix can sometimes unravel  
At critical points in time  
The pieces on the ends shatter  
And in screaming pain  
It cuts the frayed edges  
To re knit itself  
And send the extra out into space

Split a rock  
And the small pieces become pebbles  
Grind the pebbles  
And it becomes sand  
Add fire to sand  
And it becomes glass

Broken glass litters the floor  
A oneness reacts  
In learned and old languages  
The pieces of the whole  
Are only mirrors  
And miles cannot change  
Our belongness

## The X-factor

Feet planted wide  
Arms spread upward  
Skyward, wingward  
Decisions to be had

Say yes  
Or  
Say no  
Or  
Say maybe

Just can't sat forever  
In the center of this X  
Relieving the pressure  
From the urgency

Say yes  
Or  
Say no  
Or  
Say maybe

Sprinkle the ground with salt  
And drive in iron nails  
Spinning fast so  
The wind will catch  
The budding wings

Say yes  
Or  
Say no  
Or  
Say maybe

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

Moon shines on barren ground  
The waiting is hard  
As the sun rises  
The answer becomes clear  
So just say it

Goodbye

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

Janet P. Caldwell has been published in newspapers, magazines, and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies. She is currently editing her 4<sup>th</sup> book, written and to be published 2016 and a video project for the BBC. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

To contact her: [www.janetcaldwell.com](http://www.janetcaldwell.com)

## One Small Bird

For as long as I can remember  
I longed to take flight.  
To escalate unencumbered,  
over the nimbus clouds of this life.

To be one small bird,  
soaring freely as I like.

Stopping by a pond to drink.  
Or the rain that plummeted, catching water  
on God's cupped leaf,  
left for you and me is a treat.

I am a bird with a backbone.  
Cleaning my feathers,  
to a lovely sheen. Removing  
the dirt and parasites who take and take.

The preening keeps me aerodynamic  
to continue my journey.  
To be one small bird,  
soaring freely as I like.

## Turquoise Sea II

I miss ya babe.  
Too many moons have passed,  
and the tide is out.  
I wonder when it will come back.

Looking at the July sky  
I reminisce of days passed by.  
My hair, messy and wind blown  
so many days now gone.

Will there come a day,  
our place in the sun?  
A walk in the park, transcending  
moon beams and stars.

Will we ever be warm again,  
breath the same air. Only  
when I close my eyes  
attempting your fingers  
through my wet hair.

I do see and realize  
you running back to me.  
Laughing and free falling  
in love's conclusions  
into our turquoise sea.

## Porcelain Sisters

Because it is familiar,  
our heirlooms have  
become bric-a-brac.

Hand-painted flowers and  
scalloped edges are no longer  
causes for delight. We cannot  
hear through our own gilded  
ears.

All ceramic is soft earth  
until fired. We often forget  
the kiln when using our  
porcelain as causally as we do.

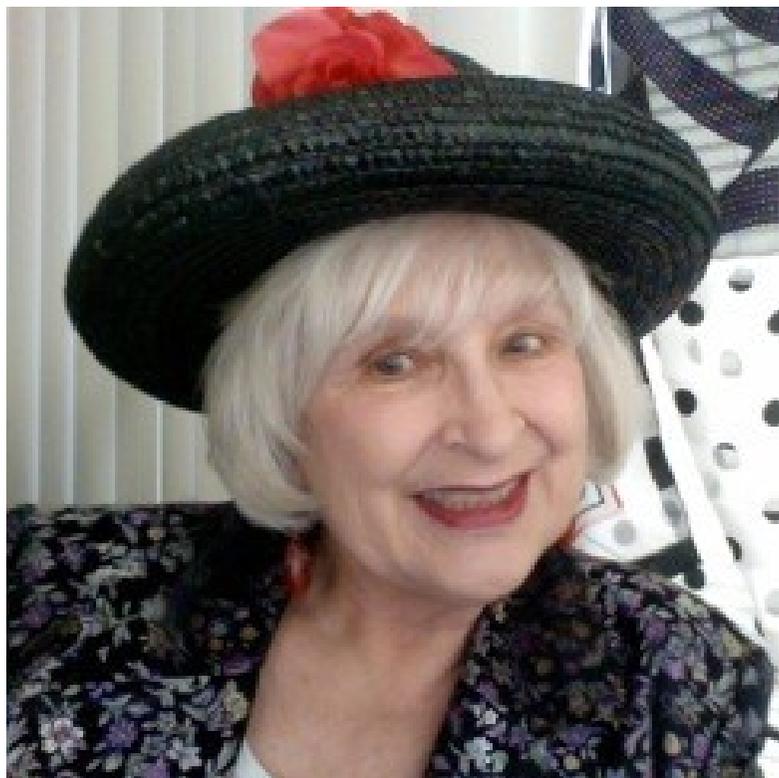
Be aware, Love; the master's  
glaze cannot forever endure  
the mishandling. Spider cracks,  
scuffs and chips mark are evidence  
we set aside respect, and placed  
our reverence in some dark cabinet.

*Lackie*

*Davis*

*Allen*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

## A Moving Exposition

Beneath, where man cannot see  
the ocean deep is alive  
it is a artist's palate filled with nature's creation,  
a moving exposition  
that few are able to view,  
unless, and if only, they adorn submersible gear  
and bring up the exceptional display  
they find there.

More than mind can conceive,  
the ocean presents  
images, colors that rival those of the most gifted artists;  
vibrantly alive, its waters hold  
a smorgasbord of delight,  
a mystery that only the master architect could design,  
a moving display that causes the heart  
to leap and to rejoice.

## When Last the Rosebud Bloomed

When last the rosebud bloomed winter's cold upon her heart did fall; mourned she the season past, waited she, future's call.

Ever so sweet the blossom, now faded so too the petals muted, muddy gold, thinks she now on him in flight, whose wings once cajoled.

When last the rosebud bloomed, night and day stood in reverence, awe~ she waiting impatiently, clothed in sorrow's flaw.

The dream she carved upon the window pane, a castle shattered, story untold; tears, fears, and melting snow, like ancient rites of old.

When last the rosebud bloomed her chaste gift she withheld, yet he stole the color of her days, the color of her soul.

A glimpse of truth, her heart so unprepared traced crystal patterns, sang a broken song. shattered shards, icy white. Yes, something's very wrong.

When last the rosebud bloomed distraught, yet in prayer, she on bended knee, uttered words dreadfully cold, so unlike Rose Marie.

## Nom De Plume

I am a vining prima donna,  
a star that covets the darkest stage;  
I crave applause, adoration.

Should you desire to see me perform,  
come join me, just as the sun goes down.

At first, I'm like a seed that needs help;  
rain softens the shell that bears my name.  
With twining leg-like roots, I dig deeply down.

I long to rise above my station; I desire  
to shine as bright as the blazing-star's sun.

As providence gives its kind assent,  
poetic moonbeams focus acclaim  
against my wistful, blissful and artistic face.

Gravitating towards a strong support, I realize  
that I have become a graceful, if unusual, flower.

*Albert  
Carrasco*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

## Waves

I hear them crashing.  
The sound brings calm.  
I see surfing, swimming and splashing.  
Before they retreat,  
they caress and cool my feet,  
As I sit in my chair at the point where,  
Water and dry sand meet.  
The sound and vision clears my soul.  
Coming here is like a stress reliever.  
I see seadoos speeding,  
Yachts partying and ships traveling.  
Off into the horizon tiny islands look like they're  
floating.  
Up in the sky I see planes fly by,  
As they're flying they're skywriting...  
Enjoy summer!  
That's exactly what I'm doing,  
Sitting by the sea shore.

## What a perfect summer night

There's nothing better than good company on a pleasant summer night. The company I'm referring to is just one person of your sexual preference to make that night oh so right. Tonight I'm with that person and she's definitely a mood changer. I say that because the night was good, she just makes it much, much, much better. She's giving me, what I'm giving her... that's undivided attention. We're holding hands strolling the city admiring how the bright lights and the blue sky looks so pretty on the west side by Chelsea. We pause every few feet to look into each other's eyes on a prelude to a kiss, then close them right before the touching of our lips. The mixture of her perfume and my cologne smells like a scent made by Cupid called "attraction". we spent hours together enjoying each other's company, it was a perfect summer night of passion.

## Hot blocks get hotter in the summer

I'm from a neighborhood of abandoned dreams, deadly streets and avenues of murder. I'm from a place where there's daily gun battles for drug blocks, fame and respect. Everybody that lives or that lived in an area like the one I'm speaking of knows it gets worse in the summer. There's more people out than usual, there's more sounds of police and emt sirens than usual. The heat makes it more comfortable for hustlers to hustle, they stay out longer. They're in dangers way longer. The downside of that is the heat makes people more aggressive. An argument will turn into a homicide quicker, death or a case and docket number depends on who was quicker, the fast life... Moves quicker. When it's bright everybody wants to shine, where I'm from in the hood, thoughts of success will cause a flat line, that multiplies in hotter weather.

*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

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

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

## I DO

Summer was a time of new unions  
A young man and woman came to a conclusion  
They went through all the dating logistics  
Romance had grown into a business  
Yet still there was a bit of confusion

It was a whirlwind affair some say it's too soon  
Young love rarely listens when love is in bloom  
There's no doubt they had their struggles  
And amidst all that rubble  
They decided to become bride and groom

On a sunny day in June both families came together  
There was a full moon and the most perfect weather  
Vows were exchanged  
As well as a set of beautiful rings  
A preacher had bonded them in matrimony forever

## A GATHERING OF POETS

Like the pages of a book  
We were bound in hard cover  
Our lips exchanged words  
Our eyes exchanged emotions  
Our ears heard the sound of poetry

From one coast to the other  
From one border across another  
It was a migration of like minds  
Bread was broken with friends  
Hugs were giving by strangers

Camera's flashed for photo ops  
From the well-known to the unfamiliar  
It's was humbling to know  
People actually hear you  
One love one mic one lesson in life

Diversity of flesh matters not in the art of words  
In the lobby of a hotel I was kissed by a poet  
Under a warm night sky  
I read to a newly found friend  
The power of the pen was shown to be true

This gathering of poets gave off an energy  
World peace was achieved ever so briefly  
New love was found old love was revealed  
A live sentence to loneliness was appealed  
The passion that moves a poet is real

## FIRST DAY OF SUMMER

Fresh blades of grass covered with a ten by ten foot quilt.  
Blossoms of white and pink against a blue sky, set a scene of serenity.  
On this first day of Summer Eastern weather shelters a cold heart.  
80 degrees and a breeze, I sneeze through the fallen pollen.  
Love's calling  
warm flesh in a sundress holds a glass of wine.  
A Rose' with a bouquet, matched with the airs affair with summer  
A basket made of woven grass,  
hold the condiments that complement  
This day away from a busy life.  
There's a calm in my palms, as I grab a book to read.  
I lean back on a tree, she leans back on me.  
She sips, whilst I begin to recite some poetry  
through the lines of rhyme and meter,  
I teeter with the thought of a kiss.  
Just being here like this! Is such bliss,  
I dismiss any notion, and continue my devotion to our romantic scene.  
I read and read, dedicated to what makes this moment so special.  
Two hearts in full bloom cut off at the stem;  
surviving without a vessel.  
Birds sing on queue as I paused.  
I closed the book to look at the cloudless sky.

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A comfortable silence, between she and I.  
Taking that moment to enjoy God's wonder.  
Sharing the pleasures of food and drink  
sitting back and relaxing. I was given that kiss,  
amid the warm summer day. I was given that kiss!  
Blossoms of white and pink against a blue sky.  
I was given that kiss.  
On this first day of summer  
Eastern weather shelters a cold heart.

..

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

*Shareef*  
*Abdur*  
*Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

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>

## 99 degrees

93 million miles away capable  
fully able to scorch  
scorched earth ofcourse  
a way of the maker reminding  
who's boss  
but many turn away deaf,dumb,blind  
can't spot the signs no more then  
seeing behind  
got bigger,better fish to fry  
soooo lots a fun in da summertime  
vacation trips on many minds  
soo dem hop a flight leaving home  
behind  
not the children of the hood  
out of sight out of mind  
they to got plenty sunshine  
but poverty,deprivation,mental, physical  
molestation ain't never kind  
especially in the ' good ol summertime "  
that rhymes with crime  
sound of rounds popping off in staccato time  
rada tat tat,what the hell was that  
ooh nothing just sounds of summer what  
that's about  
not exactly surf ' n ' sand more likely  
more bodybags,tapped off crime scenes,  
toe tags,sirens  
while the privledged take flight  
party day,night in the good ' ol ' summertime  
there's places in real time

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where children still are children  
in spite of the on going killing  
" dem not us so no need to fuss "  
stick your toe in the surf,sand  
strike up the band it's all good,fine  
out of sight out of mind in the good ' ol '  
summertime.  
indifference,arrogance,ignorance  
degrees 99 and still it climbs  
in the good ' ol ' summertime

food4thought = education

## memorial.,

in memory of the spoils  
like the oil  
they telling ya it's for the  
fallen  
but if you fall for that, where your  
sense been?  
proofs in the pudding  
look @ dem democracy  
hipocracy seee,  
kicked to curb veterans  
powers to be love dem sooo  
they all can sleep under bridges  
in every amerikkkan city you know  
dem people know them in  
their come ' n ' go see dem  
all f()c#ed up  
from when dem went for the "freedom "  
BS and went/sent to kill ' n ' be killed  
not for no dam freedom but to " treat dem "  
greedy bastards to more gold and silver ore  
or more liquid gold from wars off the backs  
of their " warriors " treated like whores  
amassing more and more by killing  
more ' n ' more of the well meaning, willing,  
coerced into going into corporate designed  
battle like controlled, corralled cattle  
sold the sameo bill of goods  
it's all for freedom, god,country,  
applepie motherhood  
so line up and die and we promise we'll cry

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

for ya'll who got high off the opium of patriotism  
a schism contrived always disguised as  
something pure but in truth it's always only for  
the filthy scumbag rich to get more,more,more  
so they tell the sleeping sheeple  
this here war is for ya'll the people  
to perserve freedoms like \$#!+ing in any public  
toilet,smoking away the day,go get switched  
up from mom to pop as long as you can pay  
we gonna go over there to dem sandn!&&ers  
that wear dat strange gear and put some fear  
in their lands of sands coming out the air  
and it won't be at a theater near  
mind control is here,been here  
dem tell you who to love,hate,fear  
the biggest terrorist the world has ever known  
calling dem " dangerous dem reining terror  
on all of us "  
so don't question us give us all your trust  
so we can go over there and bust their a\$\$  
all in the aboved mentioned " name of "  
but dem all only love not god above,  
you,me, country,freedom, only oil,  
metal,gold,silver,diamonds,pearls,  
gems, all precious metals,  
keeping the status quo  
pissing on your head and calling it rain.  
always nicely wrapped in somebodies  
name

food4thought = education

## Remembering Muhammad Ali

He was..,  
a human being  
not a divine heavenly thing  
a son,brother,grandson,  
nephew,cousin,husband,  
father,grandfather  
young man doing what he can  
in Louisville KY. to survive  
so he tried learning how  
hit the bag,jump the rope  
wrap those hands,  
fasten dem gloves  
found out something he loved  
he had gifts bestowed from  
above  
excelled at what he does  
in the circle square  
perpelled to amazing heights  
over the years  
all the while kept his sights  
on the good fight  
not the one on "fight night "  
the one that calls evil wrong  
enjoins what is right  
with all he did in that life he  
lived  
it was not what he recieved  
but what he was willing to give  
always ready to give it all up  
to fullfill his duty to the one  
to worship him alone  
answering the call he hears

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

answering the bell didn't compare  
that's why you couldn't compare  
him to the others there  
belief replaced fear  
so it was nothing for him to dear  
to stare in the eyez of the storm  
defying what they called the norm  
letting them know  
he would let it all go  
but to being a high price slave  
he said....no!!  
a lesson to those who came after  
to know  
love you brother, may you be forgiven  
for sins committed while living  
and granted paradise  
talk about a title to endeavor  
not champion but companion of the  
garden forever...Ameen!

food4thought = education

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, 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 face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions/>

<http://www.InnerChildMagazine.com/The-Community-of-Humanity.php>

## Healing Summer Blossoms

Poets create  
words strung together  
branching and rising  
grasping the air like powerful trees  
each leaf carries a message  
gentle airy insights  
connected in space

Healing words  
create vivid images  
mind's eye  
rises to the challenge  
reaching deep  
into rich fertile earth

Body and mind  
finding a way forward  
nourished by red  
heat of a Japanese Maple  
poignancy of a Weeping Willow  
strengthened  
struck with awe by an Oak

Write your own desires  
shared like carbon dioxide  
on the out breath  
transformed by the world's trees  
a breath of new life returns

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

Experience tenderness  
newly unfurled bits of green  
the pounding of water rising  
to the highest pinnacle  
goals achieved

Contributions made  
grounded in space  
moving through time  
connecting sky and earth

## Healing Abounds in Tall Trees

Tall trees branching into deep dark night  
waking mornings reaching for what they may  
'cause water flows to the tip top light

Struggling to reach and by seedlings do right  
a diverse green, red, yellow, and brown are they  
tall trees branching into deep dark night

Rising again blue birds to house in sight  
unseen currents lapping at the edge's bay  
'cause water flows to the tip top light

Catching sunbeams spread open like a kite  
joy finding space in shade and freedom both okay  
tall trees branching into deep dark night

Watching decades pass savoring moments in delight  
knowing that now is the time to experience this day  
'cause water flows to the tip top light

Health abounds, where is your tip top height  
consciousness bending for what you pray  
tall trees branching into deep dark night  
'cause water flows to tip top light

## Tiny Beginnings

One cell grows  
a seed, an embryo  
experiencing love  
wind and water,  
storm clouds sunlight  
all the diverse experiences  
of life  
for decades or centuries

Reaching into the earth  
drawing out nourishment  
creating a home for many  
food and love for countless  
ones that be similar and different

Then when the towering ones  
crash to the earth  
with hope and kindness  
we leave behind  
a lifetime of gifts

Gone in body  
but generosity and memories forever  
for those whose stand now  
where we stood

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

*Ann*

*L.*

*White*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

Amazed and inspired by her own life, Ann J White has lived the life of a grasshopper buffeted about by wild winds, yet always landing safely and creating a home wherever she finds herself.

Highlights include working with astronaut Frank Borman, sharing a hot dog with Ross Perot, enjoying a coffee with Florida Governor Chiles, and attending a ballet with Imelda Marcos. Ann has also survived childhood sexual abuse, one terrorist coup, two burglaries, one rape and countless misadventures making her grateful for each of life's unfolding moments.

An international management consultant, board certified family attorney, rabbi, grief counselor, trauma chaplain, radio host and author, Ann has worn many professional hats.

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm on the shores of Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with four very weird dogs, ten quirky hens and two noisy ducks.

Ann's latest book, *Tails from the Enchanted Cottage* was just released in December of 2015. She is also the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking*, *Living with Spirit Energy*, and several other non-fiction books. She has been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group with Kimberly Burnham.

You can find her at:

[www.ItsACluckingGood.Life](http://www.ItsACluckingGood.Life)

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

## When was the last time?

When was the last time

You laid in the grass on a sultry summer night

And searched for constellations and shooting stars?

Or caught fireflies in a mason jar?

When was the last time

You marveled at the beauty of monarchs and moths?

Or allow yourself to become intoxicated by the scent of  
lilacs in bloom?

When was the last time

You napped in a hammock with a book resting on your  
chest?

Or built sandcastles at the beach?

When was the last time

You looked up from your iPhone to be in the wonder of all  
that is around you?

Or left your air conditioned home or car to feel the summer  
air on your skin?

Early morning sunrises accompanied by a symphony of  
chirping birds

Peepers singing in the cool of the a summer evening

Stars twinkling as far as the eye can see or the mind can  
imagine

And of course, summer breezes

The gift is ours for the taking

Do not leave yours unopened.

## It's Summer in My Little Town

Lemonade stands pop up as fast as dandelions  
The cost is now \$1  
But the freckled kids are so cute, I pay  
And forgo the lemonade as their dirty hands accept the  
money  
The smiles both ways make it work  
Yes, it's summer in my little town  
The young girls on my street are attracting boys  
Like bees to sweet nectar  
The boys are posing and posturing to get their attention  
Zooming by on skateboards  
Acting macho  
Or to my eye, mostly silly  
The girls giggle  
I tell myself to enjoy this now  
Soon it will be hotrods and motorcycles racing by  
To catch the eyes or the hearts of these young beauties  
Did I mention there were five sisters?  
All with glorious manes of red hair  
I'm getting old – as I watch and remember  
Sipping iced mint tea from my porch swing

## Trying Times

The heat sizzles sending streams of steam upward from the sidewalk  
The air smells like sweat and fear and pent up anger  
Ready to explore  
There is an edgy feeling in the hood tonight  
Sounds of guns popping in the air  
Sirens, angry voices  
Man dominates man to his own injury  
These are surely critical days...hard to deal with  
Gone is the paradise of green gardens  
Neighbor helping neighbor  
Now is the time of hatred for what is different  
And often, what is different is actually the same  
Greed trumps goodness  
Killing innocents with no more concern than a moment of silence  
Blood flows down streets – lives splattered against alley walls  
In theaters, nightclubs – or merely snuffed by the act of driving by  
Random  
The world is a tinderbox ready to blow  
Is today the day the world goes crazy  
The tribulation of evil versus good ....what happens next?

*Alfreda*

*D.*

*Ghee*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

I was born in Blackstone Virginia. Born one of seven brothers and sisters. Traveled to many different countries being my father was in the Army. I'm a single mother of two amazing boys. I own my own daycare center and I'm working on getting my Massage Therapy License very soon.

I started writing at the end of June in 2011. I had my first book of poetry published in 2012. I'm a firm believer that if you do good then good will consume you and all that you do within life. Throughout my life I must attribute GOD for everything in my life and I am truly grateful for all the HE has given me.....

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alfreda-ghee>

<https://www.facebook.com/alfreda.ghee>

## Sweet Summer

The smell of freshly cut grass  
Floating through the air  
Splashing with vibrant speckles  
Of lilac flowers and tulips  
Kissing in the wind

Birds chirping, butterflies flying  
From here to there  
Squirrels frolicking playing chase  
Bees buzzing around in the hot summer air

Sunflowers, blooming leaving just  
A hint of a country salty glare  
While the horses run free  
Searching for a place to be

The old sycamore standing tall and strong  
Leaves green and vibrant  
While the branches are strong and thick  
Wide enough for a tire swing

So the children can play and sing  
Old folk songs while listening  
To the new humming birds  
Suckling the flowers laid neatly beneath  
The tree trunk

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Oh the sweet smell of summer  
Humming through the air  
As we lay out the blanket and have a picnic  
Eating the sweetest watermelon and honey do melon

As the ants scurry  
To hustle food to store  
The grasshopper sits idle  
Not a care to be seen

As we lay in the cool of the summers breeze...

## Blossom

Up rising, stretching for the skies  
Breaking the dirt and creeping through the cracks  
Lifting and pushing  
Smiling all the while

Searching and singing in the summer hot stale sir  
Wishing for just one little relief  
Of water that will breach your petals  
Opening slowly, as the morning sun rises

I'm waking to see the bees smelling me  
The humming birds tasting my nectar  
Sweet as the sweetest ice tea  
Making them drunk with the love of newness

Summer is breathing in all the beauty  
As I blossom into a beautiful flower  
So that all can see how glorious I've become  
Standing in the midst of the flower garden  
With more than just me  
Blossom and blooming because it's summer time....

## My Lily...

Beautiful bright lights shinning so high  
Soft lilies laid in rows of beauty  
Elegant but yet masculine in their placement  
Firm but still gentle in your grasp

Hard but often so loving  
In your tone when you speak  
Powerful but yet warmth in your stare  
When you look down at me with that glint in your eyes

Strong but yet vulnerable  
As your lips turn up in a smile  
Diligent but yet carefully placed  
As on foot steps in front of the other as you walk

Muscular but just enough softness  
For my head to be placed upon your chest  
Forceful but just enough to pull me close  
In your arms and hold me snug

When I think of you lilies come to mind  
They are strong but sway and grasp the breeze gently  
Their stem is yet hard but soft enough to caress the  
The ground and make it love it and help it grow

It's vulnerable but yet it never moves from its ground  
It opens in the morning light with a smile  
It's petals flow diligently as a cool summer breeze  
Blow by and say hello

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

It's masculinity is in it's softness you see  
It's force comes from how it's ground  
Because without being soft it could never  
Handle summer the way that you do.  
Remembering the summer as the lilies rise

You are my lily in the summer time.....

*Nizar*

*Sartawi*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

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

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His translations include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; all three translated into Arabic; *Contemporary Jordanian Poets, Volume I* (2013); *The Eyes of*

*the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb. He is currently working on a translation project, **Arab Contemporary Poets Series**.

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

## Solstice

He calmly stepped out  
from his golden dwelling  
in the great Okeanos  
as Eos of the saffron-colored robe  
opened the gates of heaven  
with her rosy arms.

He leafed  
through the tome of Time,  
and took a glance  
at the charts of the cosmos.

With his Titanic hands  
he balanced the aureole of the sun  
around his head,  
ascended he his gilded chariot,

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seized the reins  
and beckoned his wingèd steeds  
to race across the space.

~ ~ ~ ~

O Helios,  
Great Lord of the skies  
scion of old Uranus:  
Your humble vassals,  
beseech your grace:  
As you adjust the solar clock  
to bring about the blessed solstice  
Let not your heavenly stallions  
veer downward  
and set the earth ablaze

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a summer haiku

cool june evening breeze

i am sweating all over

looking in her eyes

## the hermit

a quirky quiver  
of awkward spasms  
and there I was  
whistling my livid protests  
at a choir of cloaked shadows  
who'd been  
so weirdly  
keen  
on dragging me  
out of  
my soupy sojourn –  
a cozy, warm dwelling  
fit for a hermit  
  
a mighty ghost grabbed me  
slapped me  
wrapped me

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trapped me

like a POW

in a tiny cell

or was it a cage?

that was a long, long time ago

and now here

i am

a loner still

but

a prisoner of peace

a happy hermit in a happy little hut

*Len  
Walls*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

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

Contact Jen Walls:

[mywritegift@gmail.com](mailto:mywritegift@gmail.com);

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

## RISE WITH JOY - ABOVE

Float as light's ballet  
be still - feel summertime's kiss;  
share limitless bliss

Sip from petaled-cups  
savor dew-breaths - with freshness;  
kiss aura of soul

Whisper on soft winds  
paint beauty inside heart's sky;  
come - flow coloring's high

Bless - great abundance  
lift inward - calling Love's Name;  
breathe kindness of life

Love - live heart's duty  
worship with devotion's care  
rise with joy - above

## CELESTIAL FLIGHT

Glow celestial flight  
ignite fires - flow brightly;  
see ocean of stars

Grow on leap of faith  
journey within soul - heart-breaths;  
find eternal bliss

Bring all-loving light  
roll each joy-wave - across sea;  
lift a happy-sun

Care for devotion  
live the love's yes - everywhere;  
sing-out flowers

Calm and burst spirit  
open breath's flowering-care;  
be light-consciousness

## DIVINE PRESENCE

Grow light-color-sprays  
dance heart gently – free and kind;  
greet love – every day

Laugh into nothing  
surrender with happy-soul;  
share with strength – loving

Cry – let moon-tears fall  
free mind's rabid torturing;  
enliven great bliss

Refresh thankfulness  
reside with peace – blessing;  
feel gratitude-thoughts

Flower every field  
give soulful sun – heart and mind;  
be only love-breaths

Blaze inward-star-shine  
glow celestial-timelessness;  
greet heart-flows – vastness

Travel soul-drenching;  
go deep inside – rain and sun;  
sing flowers beyond

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Merge with spirit  
remember God's name  
write love inside heart

Walk heights – above clouds  
flow out this life – into all;  
live divine presence

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

Born in Turkey, hülya settled in the U.S. where she earned a Ph.D. in German studies at The University of Michigan. Presently a Penn State liberal arts faculty, yilmaz finds it vital to nurture her passion for creative writing. She authored *Trance, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish* – a platform that welcomed her fluency in literary translation, co-authored *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* (both by Inner Child Press, Ltd.), and contributed to several anthologies with her poems and prose. A licensed freelance writer, hülya has extensive experience as editorial consultant for book-length manuscripts. She currently works as one of the editors for Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Links:

[www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com](http://www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com)

[www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com](http://www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com)

## picnic on a rainbow

the new day is breaking  
sleepily it seeps through my bedroom window  
then stretches on my bed rests on by my side  
i brew tea  
dried rosehip  
(my no-longer-a secret-addiction)  
and inhale both aromas  
taking my time  
my companion is in no hurry either

then i spot a snowflake  
it travels in through the screen  
begins to tap dance  
on the tip of my nose  
its pals end up on the tip of my tongue

they feel the same as before

long before i had orphaned the i in me

how i would insist on keeping them  
from melting inside my mouth  
so i could taste their delicate crystals

my favorite season was not winter back then  
long ago though it has won me over

but summer arrived anew  
again  
it always does

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the more the merrier  
folklore dictates me to say . . .

alright then i reply  
after all progressive holiday parties are hip  
and under our noses often enough  
why not throw one for the seasons and me

bury your hatchets everyone  
we'll all have a picnic on a rainbow  
the new day is also coming along

i'll bring my collection of snowflakes  
one of you will gather the autumn leaves  
the other one will be responsible to bring in grass  
nothing but freshly-cut

what a lovely blanket they would all make

after we eat drink and dance  
we'll tell funny stories of yore  
then we'll ride on a sleigh of beach  
and out of fright the tidal waves will screech

## like lemonade . . .

from my mom i had learned to say  
whenever the weather got warm  
just comfortable  
not too hot

limonata gibi  
she would say

then

a breath of the freshest air  
the purest i had ever inhaled  
would turn into a hand fan and begin to flutter  
on her easily sun-burned stunning face  
stealing from her darling freckles a caress  
she herself saw them as a red-alert defect  
together with her lovely feet  
that to her were downright flat  
she disliked both of these inherited traits

she would have loved it no doubt  
if the invention had been made  
to disguise her so-called ugly feet  
under her heirloom of spotted deceit

in fact however  
a mom gorgeous through and through  
whose blemishes showered off our bluest blue  
as for her supposedly masculine looking feet  
to countless distances they took her to defeat  
armies of misfortunes life had found us to deliver

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oh  
by the way  
did i ever tell you  
about my all-time favorite drink

lemonade . . .

**afloat**

atop the gentle ripples  
of today's calm Black Sea  
on the edge of that picturesque town  
of my insatiable yearning

my face kisses the burnt-orange sun  
a push-over wave pats me on my shoulders  
(our new neighbor must be on the go  
with his sailboat again)

i shoo away my childhood fear of jelly fish  
in their territory am i now after all  
the largest ones i ever saw  
live right here i believe  
always bloating over  
the small skinny hands of the same little boys  
(or so i still trick myself to think)  
beach-combing free-spirits  
tossing those pulsating bells back and forth  
their version of volleyball  
they are overly active now  
it looks like the entire medusa population  
gathered around the lads  
i'm safe i'm safe yes i am . . .

no

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oh no

it can't be . . .

don't you whirl around my feet  
what are you doing under my lilo

eek  
double eek  
triple eek

. . .

moooom!  
moooooooooom!

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gallion*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

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>***

## Flying Muse

I sit in the circle of my dream,  
fly swatter in hand,  
determined to catch the words  
flying around like flies  
yelling and screaming at each other  
and buzzing around me.

They are playing games and  
each decides the risk to embrace  
retirement on the blank page  
is worth the fun of flying in my face.

I swat words all night on an empty page,  
awaken in the morning  
with a fully formed poem  
galloping off my pen.

Words are still buzzing  
in the circle of my day dream,  
and one smart-ass says,  
don't worry, she'll be back  
tomorrow night.  
I wipe the summer heat from my brow.

## Summer Morning

Dawn rises in my chest.  
A field of daisies bends the wind  
to celebrate my open eyelids.

Blue jays chatter  
passing gossip from tree to tree,  
music to my ear.

The wind kisses my face  
with a sensual smile  
as daylight greets me.

I stand on the porch  
breathing in, breathing out  
a morning of peace.

## Woodstock at Midnight

It is midnight. A full moon  
lights the dirt road .  
CJ and I walk in the woods  
in a gentle grip of silence  
holding hands.

The sky is a flora bundle of stars.  
We grind our sandals in the dirt  
and watch the granules move  
like an hour glass between our toes  
under the shelter of light.

The quiet space holds us  
in a loving moment that will  
forever glide across our memories.  
This is a special treasure,  
we seal with a kiss.

*Demetrios*  
*Trifiat's*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

Demetrios Triafitis was born in Greece, studied philosophy in Canada. Post-graduate studies, Université de Montréal. In 1976 became Canadian citizen. Taught philosophy. Involved in humanitarian and peace organizations. Retired.

Poet and writer. Speaks: Greek, English, French and German. Candidate for the Greek and the European parliaments. Has traveled around the world.

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## SEASONS' MAGIC

Nude sky

Dressed trees

Ripen fruits

Playful waves

Enchanting beaches

Enamored mermaids:

SUMMER

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

SUMMER TIME

S- Superb

U- Unending

M- Magical

M- Moments

E- Enshrining

R- Revivification

T- Totally

I- Invigorating

M- Mental

E- Euphoria!

## SUMMER CROWN

Winter forgotten

Sunbeams undressed cloudy sky

Summer wears its crown

*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

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

[http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf\\_postst538\\_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx](http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx)

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

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

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

## Summer Fling . . . I'll Always Remember You

People often pass through our lives,  
And so many have come my way,  
Some stay for a lifetime,  
Others just for a day.

Yet others last just for a season,  
And then they must move on,  
The one that touched my heart,  
Has now come and gone.

Though I knew you had to leave,  
You could only stay a while,  
I got to know your loving ways,  
And ever-present smile.

Summertime girl I thank you,  
For a summer filled with fun,  
Nights so filled with passion,  
Our days frolicking in the sun.

But will you ever think of me,  
Now that we're apart?  
Was I just another summer fling,  
Or the one who stole your heart?

Though we've gone our separate ways,  
And will each find someone new,  
No matter what the future brings,  
I'll always remember you.

## Girl, Will You Marry Me?

We've been together for so long,  
And I think the time is right,  
Something I just need to ask you girl,  
And I need to know tonight.

So much has changed for me,  
Since you came into my life,  
I need you so much, you see,  
And I want you for my wife.

So girl, will you marry me?  
As I'm down here on my knees,  
It's with you that I want to be,  
I'm asking you baby, please.

I never thought I'd find someone,  
As sweet and kind as you,  
Someone I can love so much,  
And loves me so much too.

So many years I'd been alone,  
Without someone to care,  
And when I finally did find love,  
It was like an answer to a prayer.

So girl, will you marry me?  
As I'm down here on my knees,  
I need you so much you see,  
I'm asking you baby, please.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

I'll have to say, the joy you've brought,  
Has made my heart sing,  
And my heart would sing a joyous song,  
If you would wear my ring.

And we could spend our lives as one,  
Until our dying day,  
I just need an answer from you,  
Just answer when I say.

So girl, will you marry me?  
As I'm down here on my knees,  
It's with you that I want to be,  
I'm asking you baby, please.

## Happy Anniversary (Our Special Day)

Of all the things we celebrate,  
There is one very special date,  
That special day when vows were said,  
Our special day when we were wed.

Of you my love, I was so fond,  
To want to start a lasting bond,  
It was a sunny Saturday in May,  
That day we call our special day.

I still recall your walk up the aisle,  
As you gave to me a secret smile,  
I could not help but feel so proud,  
The luckiest man in the crowd.

As I stood and held your hand,  
I really began to understand,  
For when we two were joined as one,  
A whole new life had just begun.

And when they said to kiss the bride,  
I felt so very proud deep inside,  
Knowing that we'd be sharing a life,  
You and me as man and wife.

And looking back upon it all,  
It's the good times I recall,  
And if you asked me to do it again,  
You'd just have to tell me when.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

So now that it's our anniversary day,  
There's just some words I'd like to say,  
Everyday my love grows more and more,  
Even more today than the day before.

And since I am so very blessed,  
To be with the girl who is the best,  
Once again I'd like to say,  
Happy Anniversary Day.

*Anna*  
*Jakubczak*  
*vel*  
*Ratty Adalan*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

Anna Jakubczak vel Ratty Adalan was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. She is young Polish poet and the main editor of E-Magazine “Horizon”. She is a student on Journalism and Social Communication at the University in Szczecin. She collaborates with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines.

Her poems were included in five American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2015” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House, Avenue U Publications”. 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”.

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

## Impression

Yesterday track were there,  
Grass – a little other plants.  
There was a pond which became alive  
touching by the stone.  
Today there is a shop,  
a few houses in neighbourhood..  
There aren't the track, grass,  
and any plants or pond  
and me also, as if no longer was

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

## Sakura II

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

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

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

with pretended not be.

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

She just desired to love,  
I miss something more.

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

## A capella

The air vibrates,  
we are caressing chords  
releasing the stave.

Horizons are strange,  
we know only metre of  
stroking libretto  
under the skin.

Wild Alt  
and glissando from the night  
till breakfast  
and next bis...

...ambitus all night.

*Keith*

*Alan*

*Hamilton*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is a PRO-HUMAN, Social Activist Performance Artist and Mystic Philosopher. The full emergence of Keith's artistically creative and socially proactive lived experience includes being an Author/Writer (Poet), Publisher and Editor. Keith is the creator of the book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die ! The Images with Words Series: on the Road with ~Keith Alan Hamilton~ and the Muse Series. Keith is a fervent promoter of other social activist artists at The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online. Keith writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is also an exhibited social activist artist and draws attention to the PRO-HUMAN message flowing within his creations through the act of performance art. While participating in charitable and athletic events, Keith artistically creates a body metaphor (wearing dark clothes with a hood) to bring back to light out of the darkness, to air out, and confront through the healing process of dialogue, those inhibitions and predispositions that work against finding any cure for societal ills.

the breeze

how I wish for . . .  
how I long for . . . .  
how I remember  
the breeze  
wistful  
but comforting  
as it blew  
through the window  
of my childhood room  
in the afternoon  
of a warm . . .  
sunny  
day  
when summer  
felt more familiar  
and more reliable  
where the smell  
of a hard rain  
across the soil  
seemed rejuvenating  
the way  
the nature gods  
had designed it to be  
unlike the present ~  
the seasons  
like summer  
its timely pattern  
of occurrence  
its form of weather  
appear out of whack

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

to me anyhow  
no longer a boy  
this aged man  
and yet ~  
how I wish for.....  
how I long for.....  
how I remember  
the breeze

peace out

## along the road

this or that  
here or there  
where is  
the head to toe  
the length  
and breadth  
of the matter ~  
you know  
all the stuff  
in between .....

we can't learn  
to get from  
point A  
to point B  
without  
experiencing  
and understanding  
the middle .....

so why then  
the impatient  
and intolerant  
response to ~  
Black Lives Matter .....

..... with  
All Lives Matter ~  
firstly  
don't we need  
acceptance  
and then healing  
through  
the communicative  
process  
of open

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

dialogue ~  
the bringing back to light  
out of the darkness  
all hidden  
and suppressed  
predispositions  
and inhibitions  
causing  
the dis-ease  
of social ills  
so we can  
collectively  
air out and release  
all pain  
sorrow  
and regrets  
to successfully  
let go  
get past  
and move on .....  
intelligently ~  
progressively  
transitioning  
as a people  
along the road  
of enlightenment  
and human  
transformation  
yes we can  
and must .....

peace out

## the riddle

I AM me  
you ARE you  
ain't the  
right  
to choose  
what  
really  
matters ~  
equality  
and justice  
for each  
and every  
person  
the individual  
ain't that  
the answer  
to the riddle  
called  
freedom ~

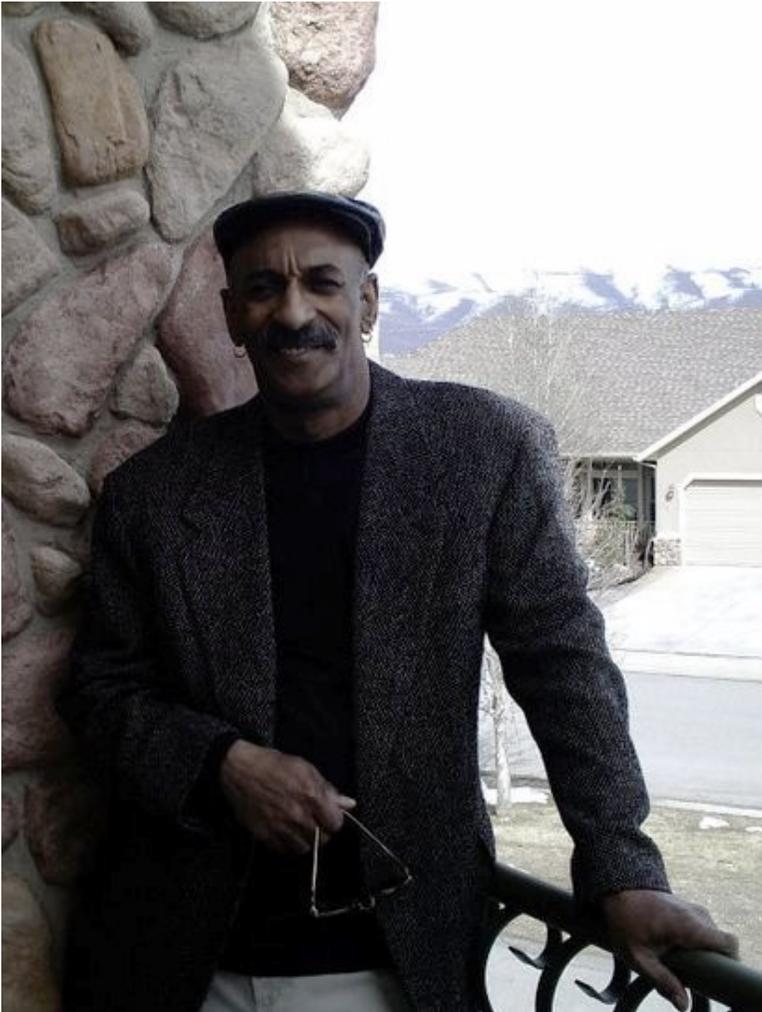
peace out

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*



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

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 35 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)

## Venice at the Beach

Venice at the Beach  
a world apart  
within a world  
of heart

the eclectic expression  
adorned  
where all can see

hear the color speak  
taste the music  
of our collective humanity

rolling, strolling  
cajoling spirits  
to speak clearly through  
the dichotomous illusions  
of conformity

yes, there are standards  
i think  
but i am under the Palm Tree  
drinking in Shade's coolness  
aloof  
from my fool-less  
self

passive skies of blue  
painted as a blank  
life canvass  
back dropped to the  
Pacific horizon  
begging for an identity  
only found in self expression

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

no confessions required  
no tolls to pass through  
the gate  
for it only exists  
where you deem it so

so . . . .  
perhaps this is  
the new garden  
filled with new Soul soils  
here for our pleasure  
to discover one's own archetypical  
architectural abilities  
to conjure new meanings  
to old things  
in a meaningless void  
that is being bleached  
by the Sun  
from opaque

and now we become translucent  
and all . . . all good things are seen  
for the shadows  
which once appeared  
as definitions  
and shapes of containment  
have now fled

the light of me  
thee  
has bled me  
and sped me  
propelled me  
to this quickening  
and the re-growth  
of my etheric wings  
that i may fly

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

through the dimensional veil  
to now embrace God  
as i embrace you,  
the oneness of the collective  
of energy  
which dispels  
all previous allusion  
of the contusive truths  
we lovingly  
convexingly  
endured

and i tasted the Cotton Candy  
on the promenade  
of Venice at the Beach  
so eat me

## Negril

on the north side of the island  
walking towards West End  
the Ocean's on my right side  
there is nothing to defend

the waves languidly lapping  
caressing my Here my Now  
for Ego has surrendered  
with reverence some way, some how

the Sun with love embraces  
the divineness of all "BE"ing  
the soft gentle breeze dusts off my lenses  
and now my Soul is seeing

that all is One and One IS All  
as my toes dig in the sand  
i have escaped the confines of Self  
and now i understand

if i but just let go and be  
the limits do not exist  
"i am" the genesis of what "i am"  
be it anguish be it bliss

in . . .Negril . . .

out upon this ocean

i look out at the ocean  
it's vastness  
it's wonder  
and the endless curve of the horizon  
all what circumstance  
has put before my eyes  
with such a poetic flavor

i feel a presence of me  
and i feel the nudge  
for a consciousness  
to embrace it's beauty  
and the mystery of the miles  
betwixt me  
and my dreams  
of projection  
and curiosity

my empirical mind being stubborn  
or stuck  
and obstinate  
desires to dwell in a woe  
and it's life condescending  
worldly proclivities  
where there are always clouds  
looming  
on the other side of my sun

i wanted to have a parade  
but feared the unseen rain

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

i don't know,  
but where am the "i"  
can we see our selves ?  
is this as we are ?

the grande  
or the finite ?

must i cloaked my reason  
to enjoy the fruit  
of a created delusion

and which is my progenitor  
the dark  
or the light

to what well do i cast my cup  
to be filled  
from what well do i drink  
this day

i do thirst  
for some cessation  
of this dry wit like existence  
for the pending consistence  
of my cynicism  
steals my joys  
and the potential  
i may enjoy  
this moment  
as i look  
out upon this ocean

life !

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

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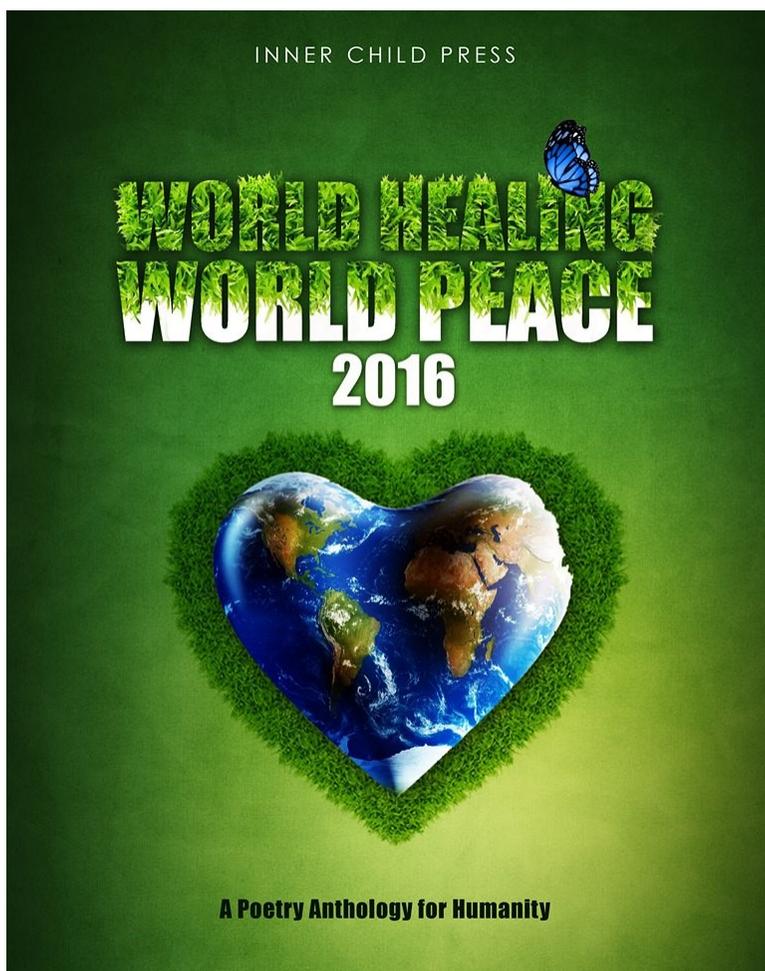
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July  
2016

# Features

~ \* ~

Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’

Langley Shazor

Jody Doty

Emilia T. Davis

*The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016*

*Iram*

*Fatima*

*"Ashi"*



I am Iram Fatima 'Ashi'. I am nonresident Indian staying in Saudi Arabia. I have lived in different places and explored different people and their

## *The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

cultures. I am connected with my own country by soul and miss that.

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

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

Happy Reading...  
Love  
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

### A Desired love letter

Hey!  
A desire to share, I want a letter from you,  
A letter from my love and written with love,

*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

Expressing sentiments, that without me you are lonely,  
Each and every word must be emotive, for me only,

Hey!

Express when did the beats of heart elevate,  
When did you skip a few beats of it, while thinking of me,  
Did I ever fill your breath with calmness, share that kindly,  
Did I ever give you a reason to live and love me blindly.

Hey!

Will you be able to mention my ways, that you like most,  
Of course also the things you dislike and want to change,  
Could I ever have influenced you in any good deed,  
Am I the person of your need? Do write briefly.

Hey!

All your moments with me should be told,  
I want all bare truth and confessions in bold,  
Don't forget the thing that you, love in me the most,  
Pour all those sentiments that I want to feel close.

Hey!

The sleepless nights should be talked about,  
Silly moments like smelling roses with thoughts of blue,  
Declare, did you ever write my name on any wall?  
Any stupid thing that you did, that now made you laugh by  
recall?

Hey!

Don't forget to share all your fantasies, related to me,  
Reveal the things which you didn't dare to share with me,  
How to you the image of our togetherness feel ecstatic?  
Any special thing which makes you feels blissful being  
with me.

## *The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

Hey!

I am hanging around for the love packed words,  
Printed in black and white with poignant colors,  
Exclusive feeling which would be my life's treasure,  
A reason to fall in love with you again and again, wholly  
and forever.

## You are my Lifeline

Imprint the humble kisses of my exquisite lips, for your  
whole day shine,  
Absorb the warm hugs of my body in yours, to feel warmth  
like red wine.

My gentle smile to inspire you and to keep you beaming

## *The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

always and fine,  
To brighten your blissful day, I like to surrender this  
enlightened soul of mine.

Inhale the breaths of my life to make yourself more lively  
and feeling divine,  
Our meeting is like quenching of longing thirst, meet me  
lifelong on dine.

Its a heavenly feeling being with you, it gives sense to me,  
as you are my lifeline,  
I accomplish all my treasures being with you, as you are  
my delight and goldmine.

Love and craving for boundless togetherness, takes us on  
cloud nine,  
Let us forget all worldly customs, beyond the border of  
acceptance or decline.

## **Togetherness**

I inhaled thousand deaths and crossed oceans of lives, to  
acquire this moment,  
Where you are in front of me wrapped in roses of shyness,  
blushing and beautiful.

I am desirous to be close, to absorb the moment of our  
reunion of immortal love,

*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

You and I were yearning for this precious togetherness  
since so many years.

Clock is running fast and every passing tick is taking me  
away from you,  
I want to live all the moments of happiness and all joys of  
the hues of blue.

I am desirous to exchange breaths and heart beats and hold  
this time for us,  
A nervous hassle is following between us and creating, a  
strange fuss.

Dear come close to me, I don't want this eternal moment to  
go by, in the abyss  
Love me so much that we can fill the empty gaps of  
differences left amiss.

You and I are all alone living in separate corners; this  
eternal get-together is set,  
To reunite two loving souls existing in different bodies,  
restless until we meet.

*Langley*  
*Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*



*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

Langley Shazor was raised in a small city in southwest Virginia. As an adult he has a deep appreciation for culture, arts, wellness, history, philosophy, science, and religions. An avid reader, he is an advocate for education; breaking down stereotypes, creating social awareness, enlightenment, human rights, and helping those less fortunate are his life's passions. Writing is not only personally therapeutic, but a medium for which he has the opportunity to impart positivity on those from all walks of life. A free form poet, he writes what he is thinking, exactly how he is thinking it; unabashed and uninhibited.

## Call Me Frank

I didn't want to write today.  
Sitting here looking at closed windows,  
I watch the ambient light change.  
What does it all mean anyway?  
Impersonators  
Imposters  
Frauds  
Being passionate and being genuine are to different traits.  
What kind of character do you have?  
What is your motivation?  
Anyone can love what they do,  
but not everyone will do what they love.  
Impersonators  
Imposters  
Frauds  
Sheep in wolves clothing.  
Pretending to be something;  
but afraid to show your true self.  
Afraid to BE your true self.  
Posers  
Hacks  
Hypocrites  
Takes one to know one.  
Step into the light.  
Shed your persona  
and begin to live truly free.  
Or keep up your facade.  
It's your life.  
I didn't want to write today.

## Leadership

Leaders must first follow.  
Mind your influences.  
What path will you choose?  
When it is time to lead?  
By example?  
As an example?  
Set an example?  
For our children to follow;  
Minding their influences.  
Choosing the correct path.  
When it is time to lead.  
By examples.  
As examples.  
Setting examples.  
For their children to follow.  
Following to learn.  
Learning to lead.  
Leading to serve.  
What path will you choose?

## The Chase

Ready or not, here I come!  
On your mark, get set...

You're getting warmer.  
Marco, Polo.

Tag, you're it!  
Duck, duck, goose!

We long for it.  
The excitement and the thrill wound in our DNA.  
Exacerbated by society;  
Confirmed by experience

The pursuit

And we pursue everything.  
Or nothing, depending on your desires.  
Material and immaterial.  
Physical and emotional.

But these soon will pass away.  
A wise sage told me this:  
"I want someone to chase God with me."  
For this is the only race worth running.

So let us not chase each other,  
but start a meaningful chase together.

*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

*Lody  
Doty*

*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*



*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

Jody Rentner Doty's words are inspired through meditation on the divine that every moment guides us on our journey. Her words flow from the deep heart that beats within each of us and are shared with the hope that they will speak to the soul, light a path and provide hope, encouragement and inspiration. Jody is a co-author of "365 Ways to Connect with Your Soul" and "Beyond the Loss: Breaking the Stigma of Depression and Suicide." She lives in the Pacific Northwest with her husband David and three amused cats.

<https://www.facebook.com/poetrymoonsoul/>

[www.jodydoty.com](http://www.jodydoty.com) – media tab

Mailing Address:

14702 33rd Avenue NW, Gig Harbor, WA 98332

## Rustle of Spring

I feel the rustle, the rattle of my body as it shakes loose from roots of stubborn complacency, my human tree of inaction. Limbs extend sun-ward in a seasonal shift, a reminder to the buds of my being that bloom time is near. My soul thirsts for the watering of wisdom, the rinsing away of dead wood thoughts that saturated the winter of my mind. New growth is imminent with a sky's the limit anticipation and hopeful leaves of springtime leaving me rooted in wonder at the flowering optimism that is change.

## Sky Writing

Her soul content, she smiled releasing her words like butterflies to the universe, knowing they would be gathered by angels and shared like shining stars in the night sky, literary sprinkles of enchantment and magic, destined for lovers and dreamers to wish upon.

## Rain of My Soul.

Life can rain buckets. Some may think this is a drenching of the soul, but I view it as a quintessential quenching, a fluid invitation of my emotions to match the weather of my moment. While often sunny, with a few puffy clouds thrown in for fun, there are times during fall's northwest rain squalls that I imagine everything I want or need to release and purge from my life is pooled into a beautiful waterfall of gratitude. Thankful for the time and place they served, I lovingly release old feelings and memories as a refreshing downpour, images purposefully washed away by the grace of nature, until I'm resplendently refreshed in the glory of all that remains, that which is permanent, revealed and true, the forever place of new beginnings.

*Emilia*

*J.*

*Davis*

*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

November'2012 started performing poetry on P.O.E.T radio show on Sunday nights.

November"2012 First recorded her Spoken word poetry, Hit 21 in nation on Reverbnation

January'2013 Became a member of the Butterfly effect radio station

June'2013 Developed and founded Facebook poetry group "Poets for the power of the people" Now standing at almost 6,000 strong. The poetry group is different than others, due to the requirement that every poet must help in their communities in some form or fashion on a regular basis.

June'2014 – October 2015 was a member of the P.O.E.T radio station as a host and co-host

A survivor of domestic violence she is a strong advocate in the poetry community

## A Family of Darkness

I know an insane family  
They are filled with hate  
They destroy all in their path  
They are consumed by evil deeds  
They work together day and night to attack the innocent  
They are filled with what is wrong in this world  
Darkness fills their hearts  
Incest, Rape, Murder, and Embezzlement are their trade  
Masks they do wear, so you will allow them into your heart  
They draw you in with a smile but they got their  
backstabbing to an art  
Murdering is their lot  
They're not satisfied till they see you in that plot  
Watch out because many have felled victim to their art  
They want to pull your soul down too  
Into the burning pit of hell where they belong  
They will trade a space with you any day to see you, as  
they should be  
This is a tail of many woes because I've seen a lot  
Watch out for this family because they are evil through and  
through, darkness is in their hearts.  
Don't heed these words and see where you end up at.

## Blue Monster

Turbulence in the streets  
Shots fired, another laying in a pool of blood  
Murder by the blue monster  
Black life's discarded like garbage  
Hatred and fear running rampant  
So many tears, a river of sorrow  
Anger and devastation coursing through community  
The innocent falling into the grave  
As the blue monster continues his reign of terror  
Walking free to spread the bereavement  
Color is a sad factor  
One race against another  
Mortality over whelming the immaculate  
All trust lost when blood is spilled on the daily  
Malicious towards the chaste  
How long will the jury's be naïve, allowing the monster  
freedom?  
When will love and compassion procure the day?  
Seize the righteous conduct  
Bring the murders to a permanent conclusion  
Allow faith and respect to be restored  
Bring the blue monsters to justice

## BRAVE

Do you know what it feels like? :  
To be in the fear of your life 24/365  
To have ice water thrown in your face while sleeping  
To have the one you are in love with punch you in the eye –  
full impact  
To have your ribs broken and choked  
To be body slammed onto a coffee table, as it splinters  
under your back  
To be locked away from the human race because your  
loved one wants you all to themselves  
No friends – No family – No support  
To perform sex when it is boarding on rape or is out right  
rape  
A shot gun or any weapon held against you and told you  
were not gonna live  
To worry about your children's safety constantly  
Believing with your whole heart in the love you share and  
that all these things are your fault  
If anyone is living like this make plans to leave right now  
call the battered woman's shelter in your area  
Do not wait for another moment longer; it may lead to the  
loss of your life or your children's life  
Believe you DO have the STRENGTH to start over, God is  
the Great provider  
Why should you listen to me, because everything listed  
above I lived through it  
I still working on healing myself, to overcome the financial  
difficulties that come from a end of a relationship

*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

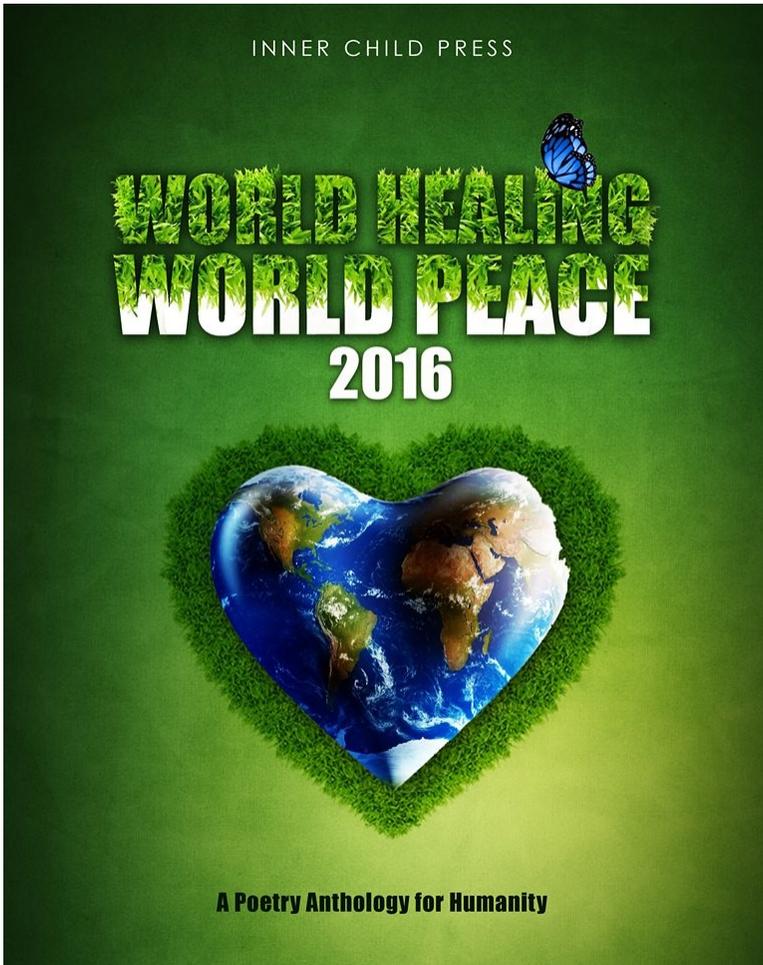
Yet, no matter how dire my life has been it has been much  
improved because I'm free  
I walk in truth now, not a million lies  
My lord god freed me and I'm flying high amongst the  
clouds daily  
Birds singing brings happiness like never before, for the  
lord watches after the sparrow  
I know he has seen me through it all so I may testify to you  
today, GET OUT NOW!  
Save yourselves, children and your sanity  
Find the love deep inside to care about this is wrong and  
must change  
Fly like the butterflies into a new and better world

*The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016*

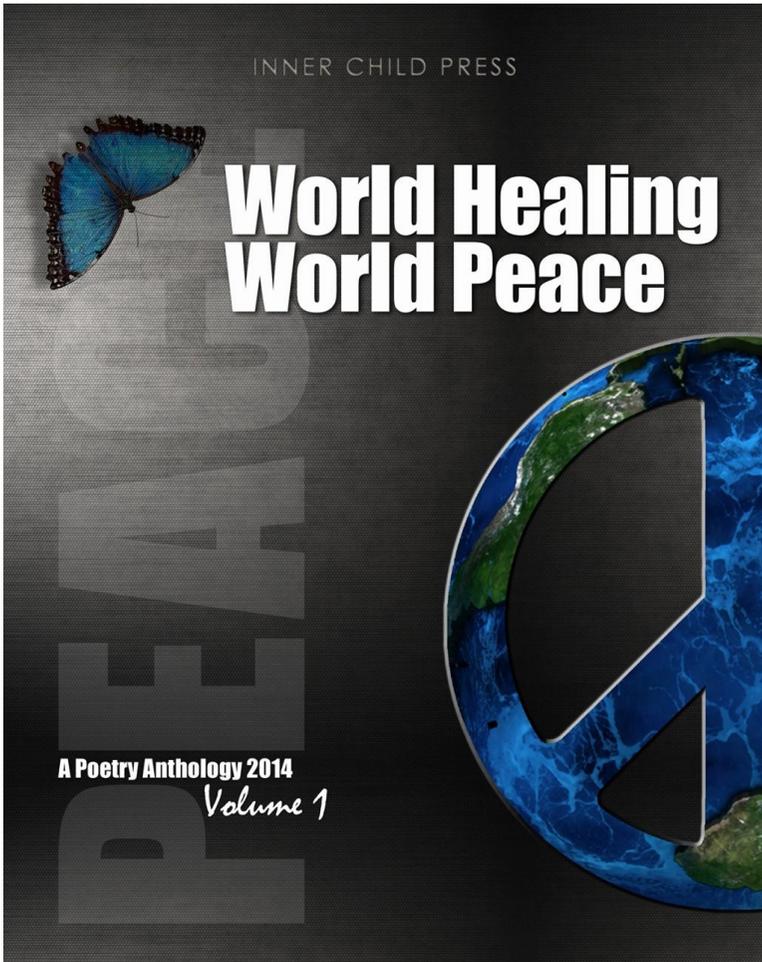
*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

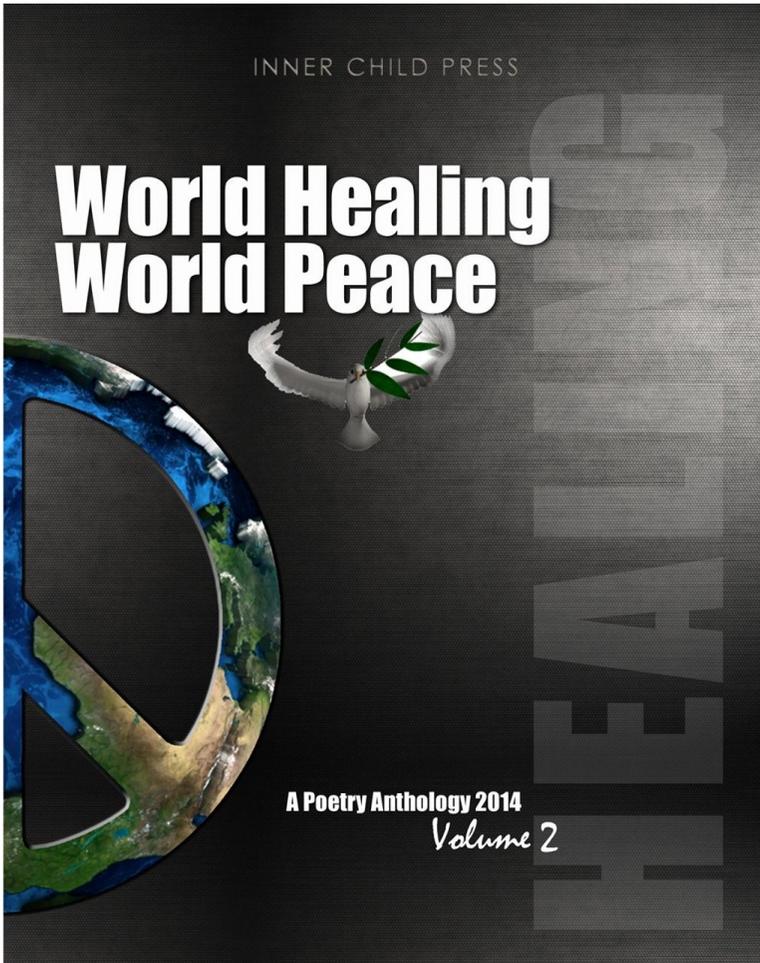
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*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

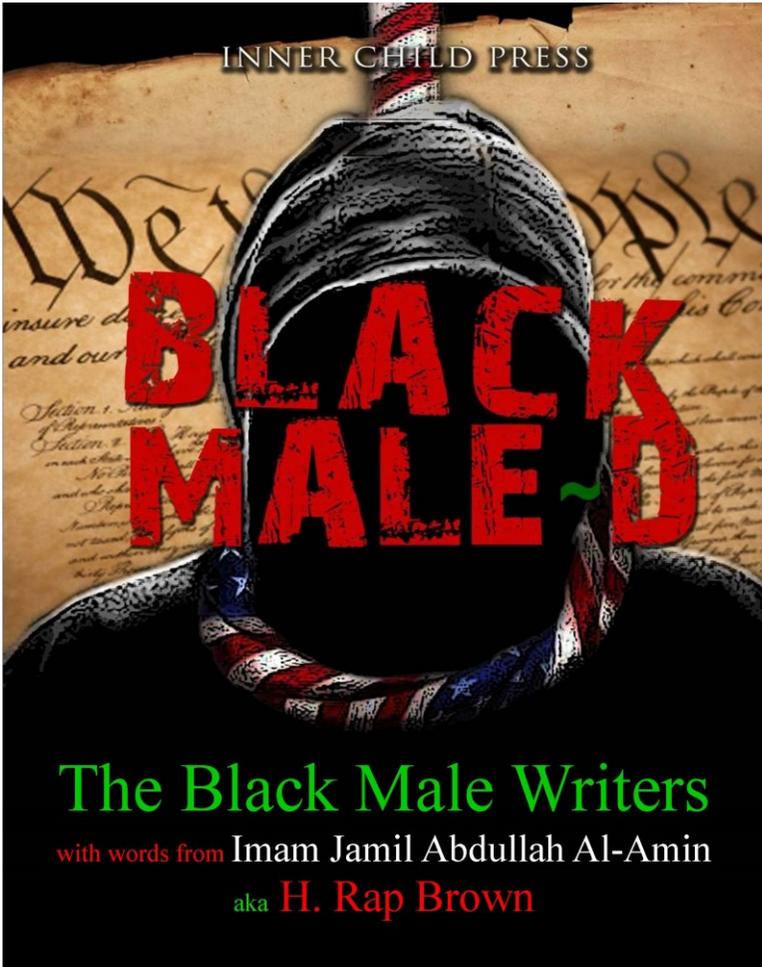


*Inner Child Press Anthologies*





Inner Child Press Anthologies



The Year of the Poet III  
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III  
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

# *The Year of the Poet III*

## **Featured Poets**

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalaszc

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White

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

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

*celebrating international poetry month*

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

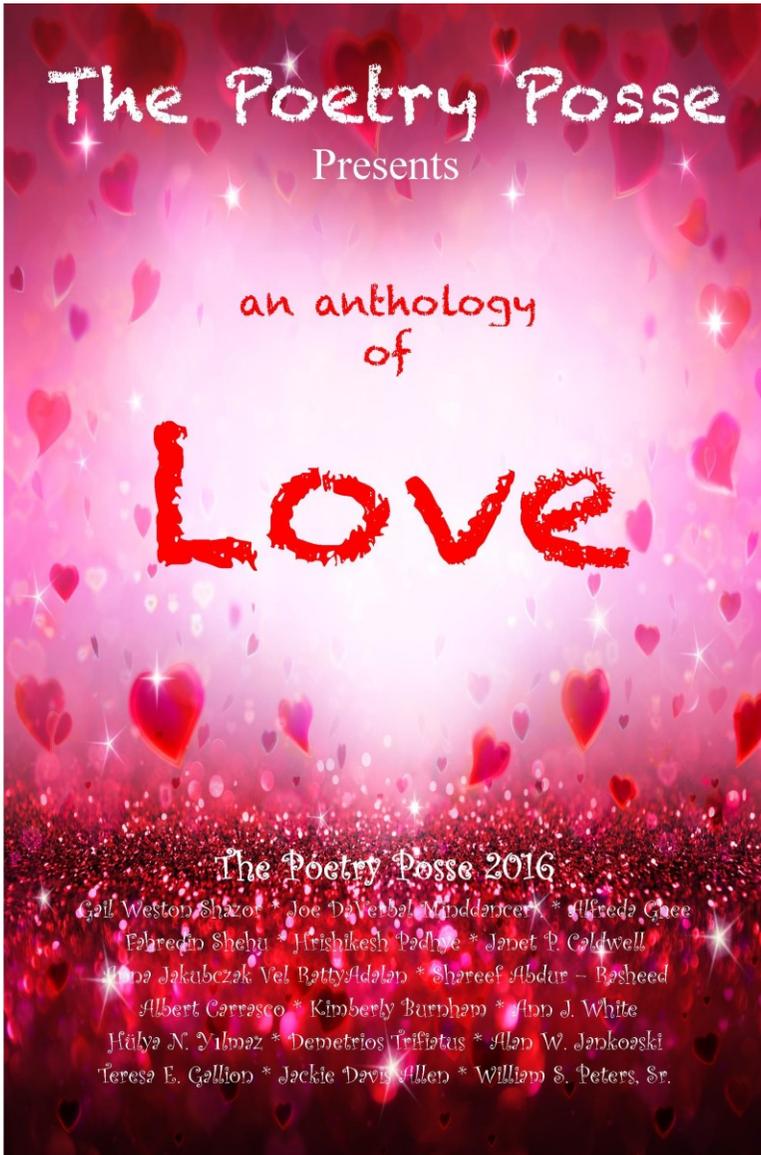
Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

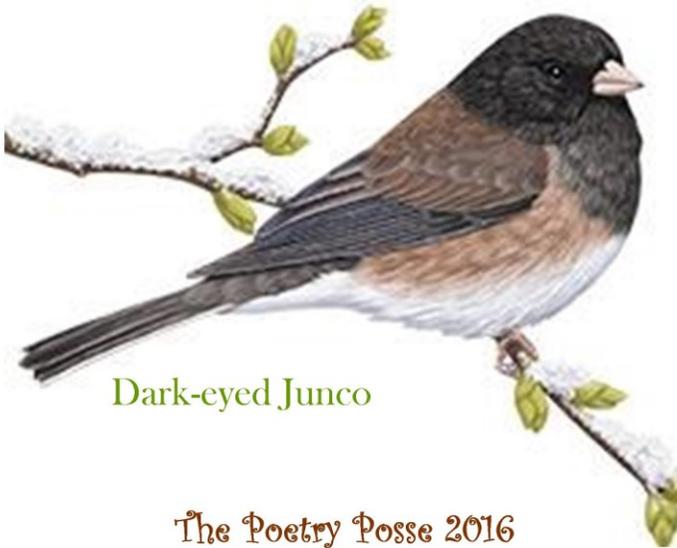
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . . \* Alfred Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Triffatus \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

## Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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

## The Year of the Poet II December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II  
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

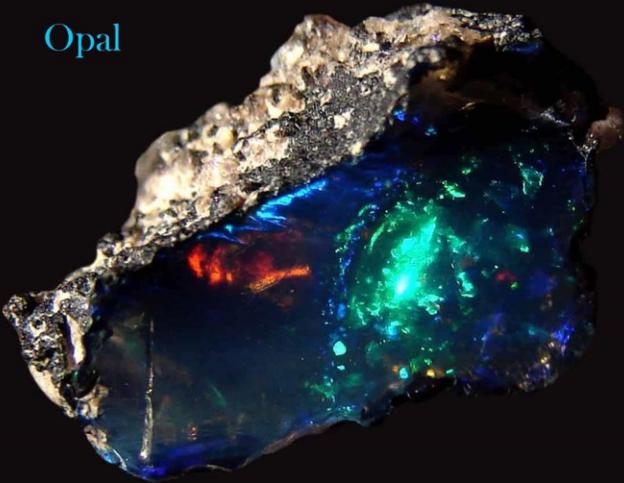
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

Monte Smith \* Laura J. Wolfe \* William Washington

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonnice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

## Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chinnery  
Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



*The Poetry Posse*

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

*January Feature Poets*

Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

*The Poetry posse*

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt \* WrittenInPain \* Santos Taino \* Justice Clarke

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond \* 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.

## November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman \* Jackie Allen \* James Moore \* Neville Hiatt

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raşendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## The Poetry Posse

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

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passé*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Infinite Carrasco  
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.



Lotus  
Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



## June's Featured Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

March 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hulya yilmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony 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

## January 2014



Carnation

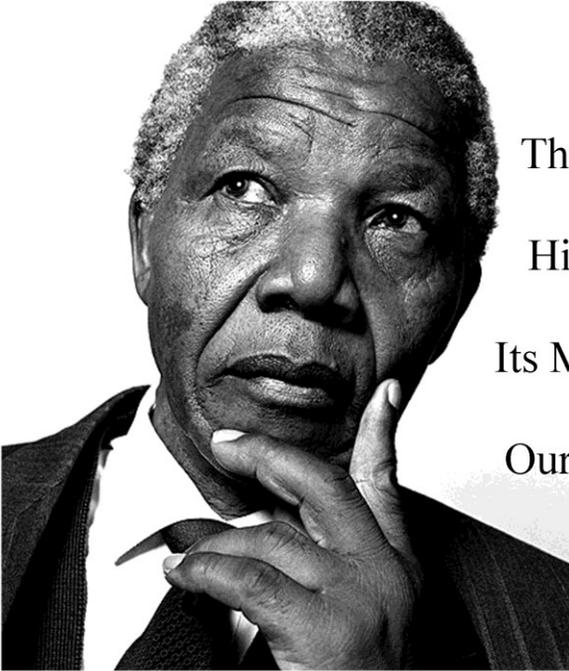
### The Poetry Posse

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

### Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# **A GATHERING OF WORDS**

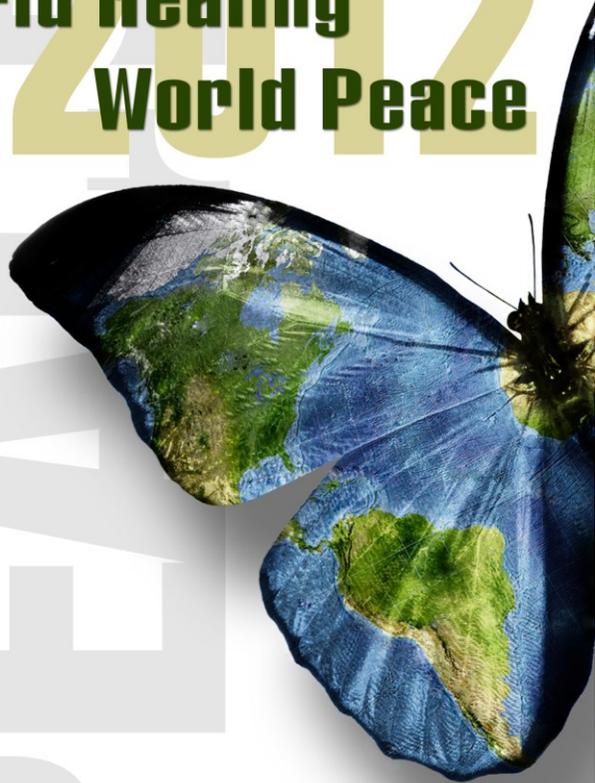


**POETRY & COMMENTARY**  
FOR

# **TRAYVON MARTIN**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# World Healing World Peace



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

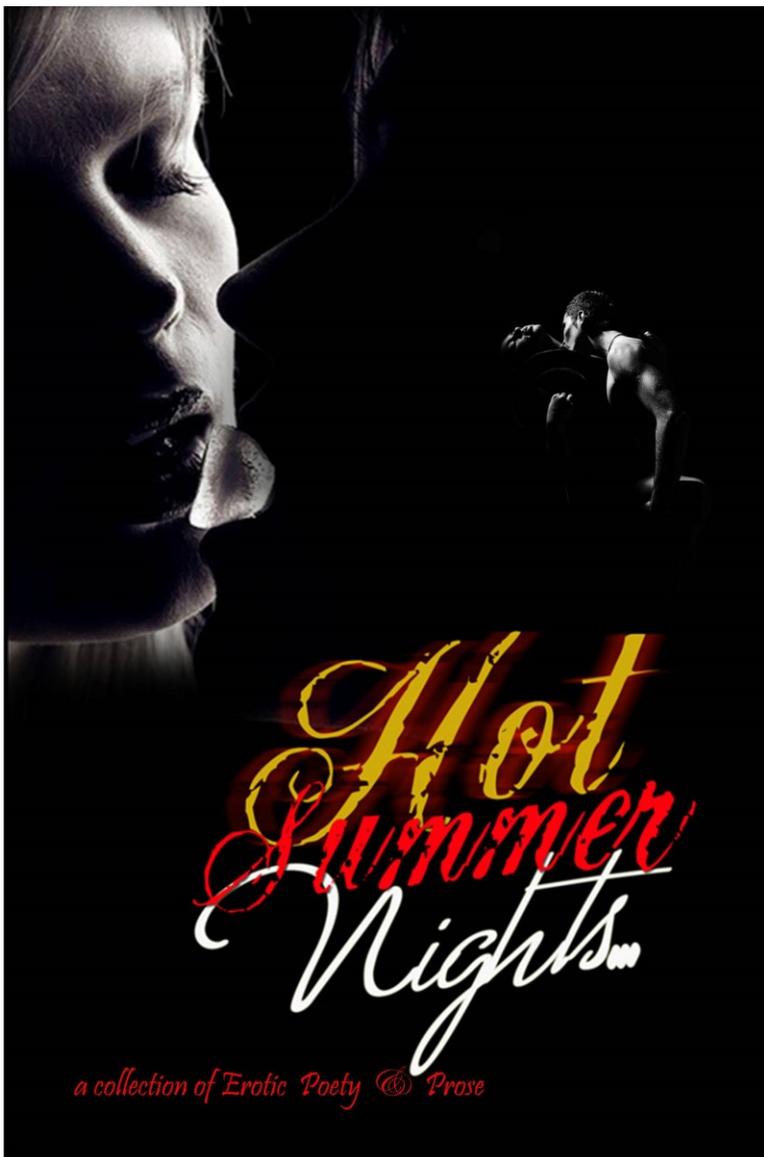
*Volume 2*

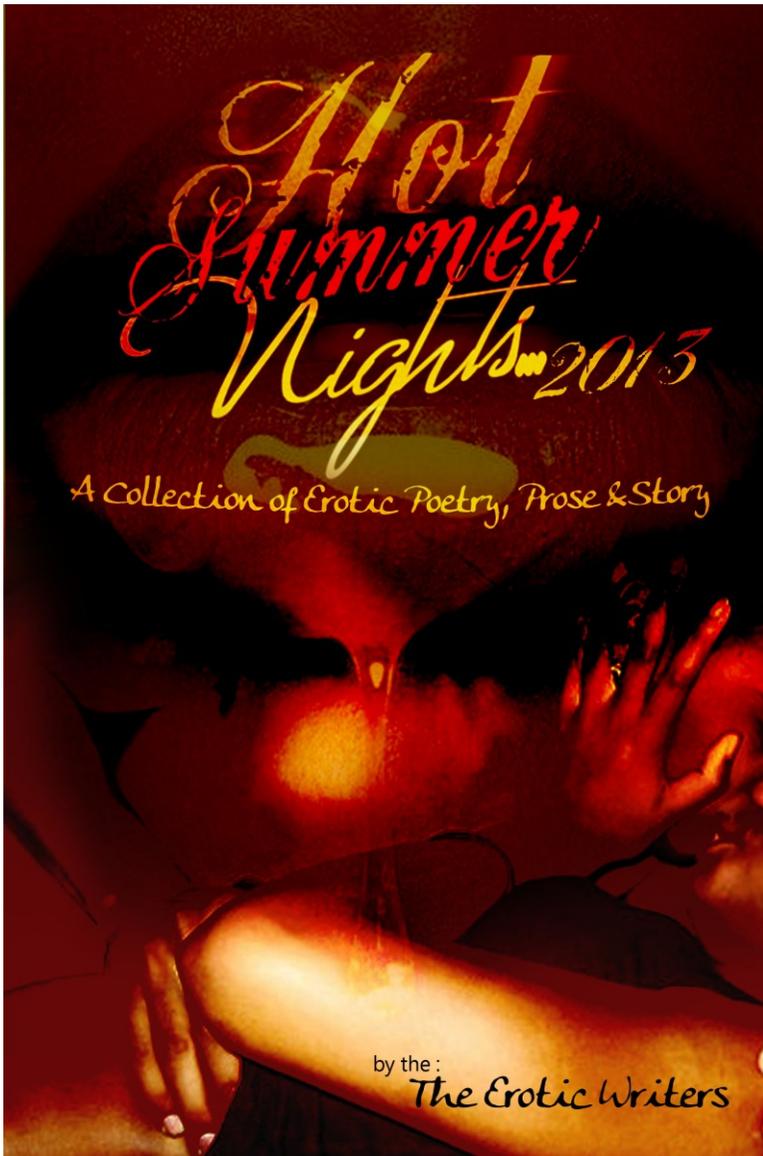
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

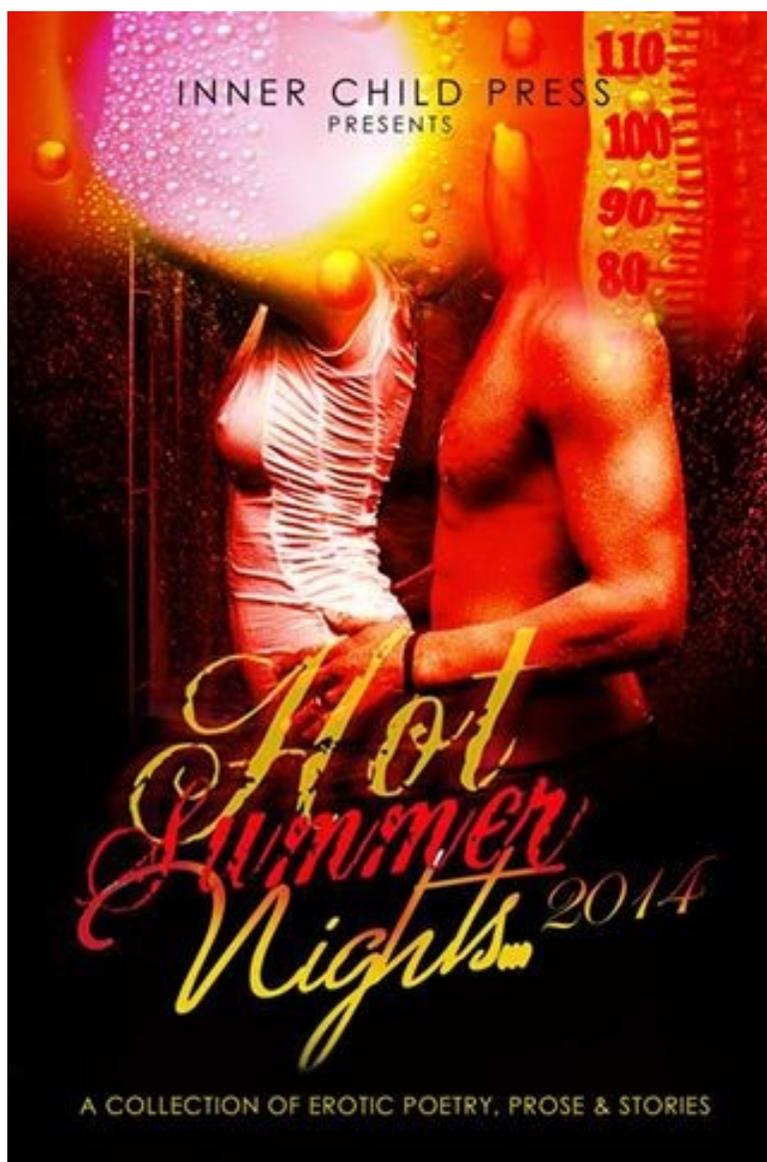
*healing through words*



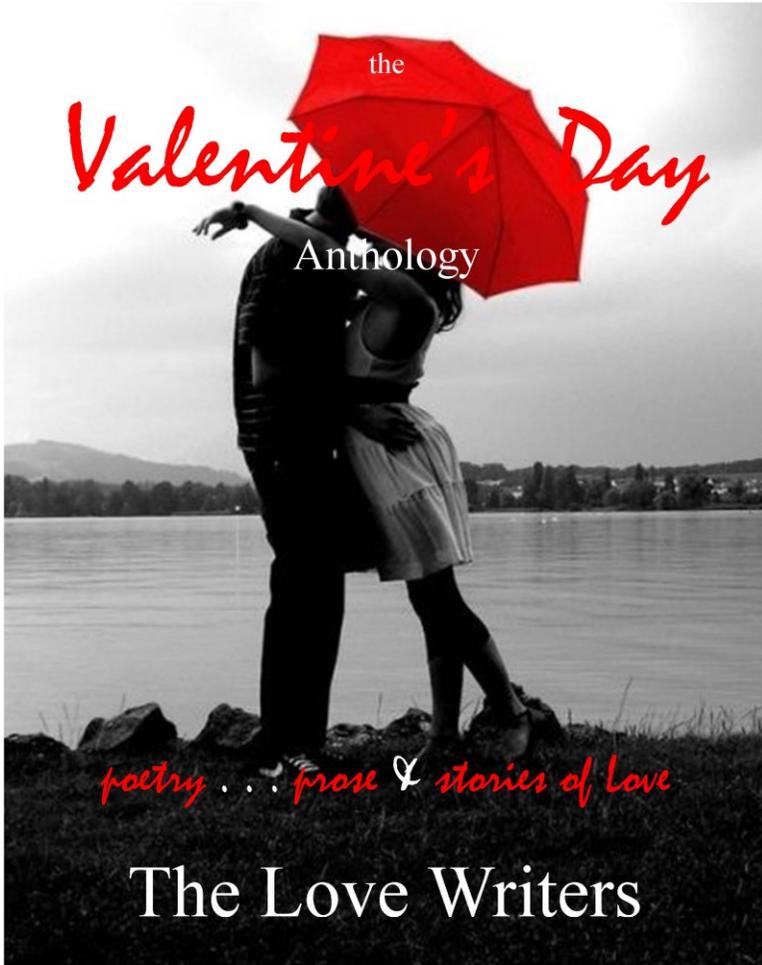
*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*







*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



want my  
**P**OEtRy  
to . . .

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

*Monte Smith*

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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

Monte Smith



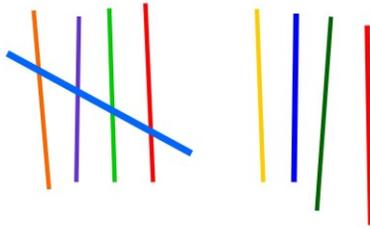
want my

POEtRy

to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



a  
Poetically  
Spoken  
Anthology  
volume I  
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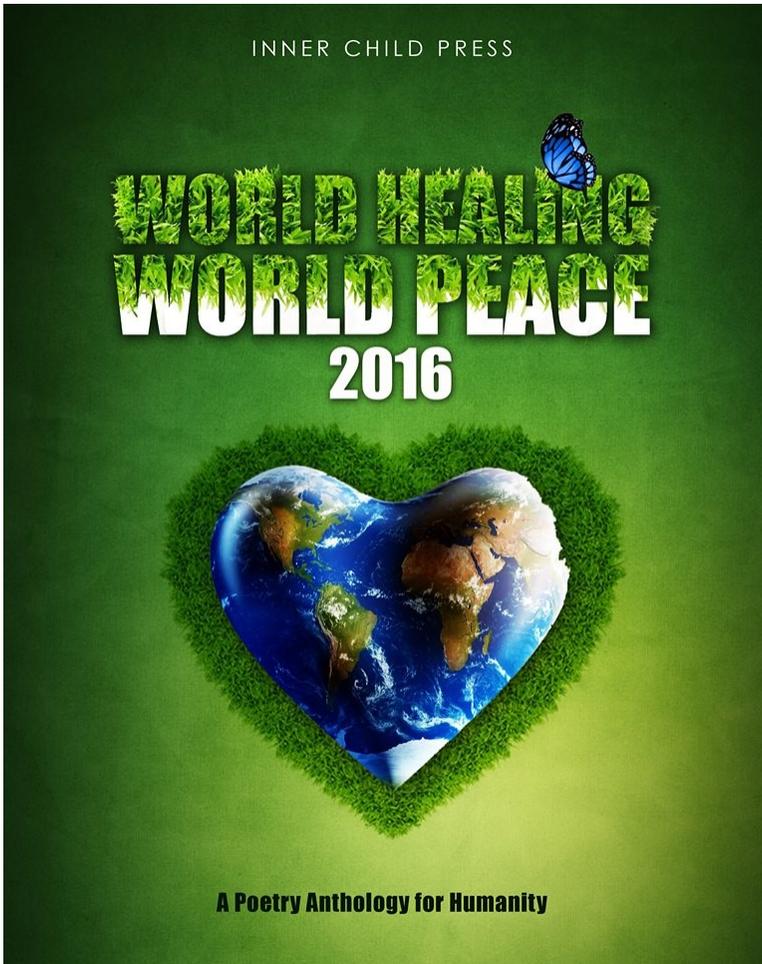
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# World Healing World Peace



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*Now Available*



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For more Information

*Inner Child Press*

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



~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



## July 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Iram  
Fatima  
"Ashi"



Langley  
Shazor



Jody  
Doty



Emilia  
T.  
Davis

