

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.

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Passé 2016

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Shareef Abdur Rasheed

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General Information
The Year of the Poet III
July Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2016

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

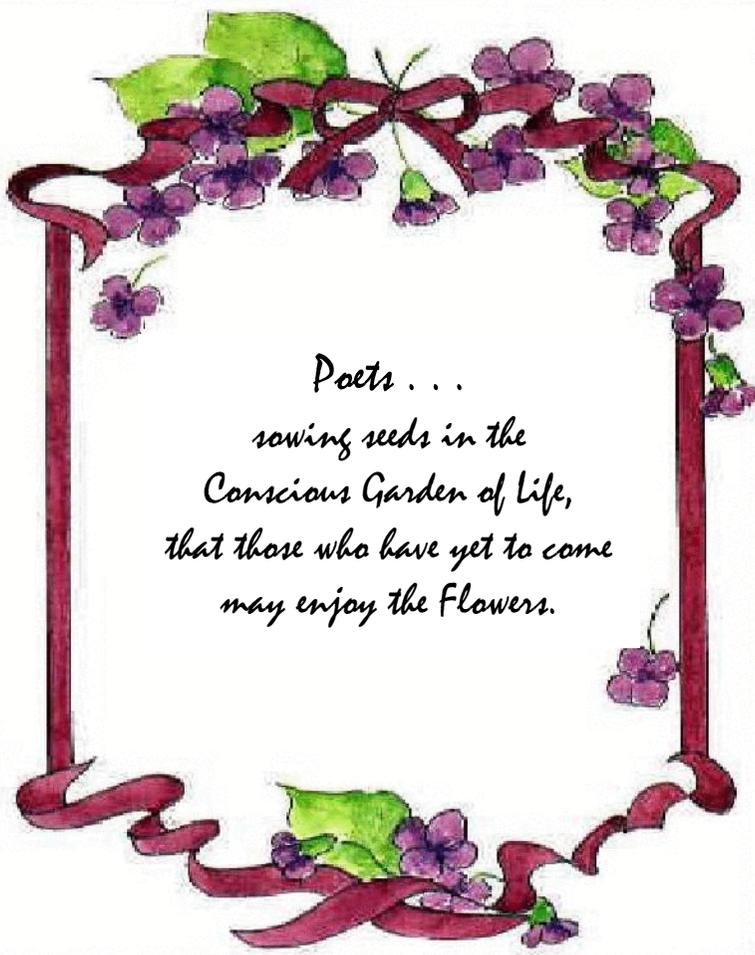
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

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

DS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

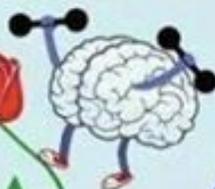
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The Year of the Poet**

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

THE BENEFITS OF READING BOOKS

„A book is like a garden carried in the pocket.“
(Chinese Proverb)

exercises your brain



provides knowledge and information



books are a good topic of conversation

reduces stress, puts you in a better mood



better writing skills



great and free entertainment



improves concentration and focus



enriches the language and vocabulary

correlation
ambivalence
confabulation
hermeneutics
alliance
turtledove
decadence
confused
procrastinate

develops creativity



books pose questions to stimulate further reflection

good for memory

books are a window to the world

increases your ability to empathize with others

introduces to the unknown fantasy world

designed by: goslarysuję.pl

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

Now Available at . . .

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

~ wsp

Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>vii</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>xi</i>

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Janet P. Caldwell	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Albert Carrasco	21
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	27
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	35
Kimberly Burnham	45
Ann J. White	53
Alfreda D. Ghee	59
Nizar Sartawi	67
Jen Walls	75

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Hülya N. Yılmaz	83
Teresa E. Gallion	93
Demetrios Trifiatis	99
Alan W. Jankowski	105
Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan.	113
Keith Alan Hamilton	119
William S. Peters, Sr.	127

July Features 139

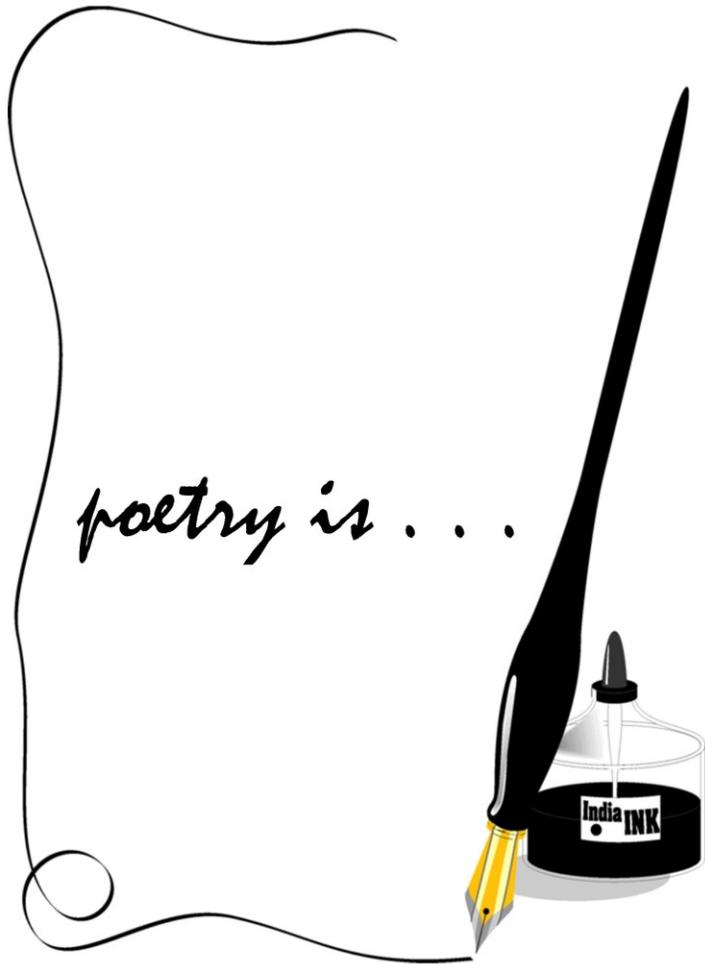
Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’	141
Langley Shazor	149
Jody Doty	155
Emilia T. Davis	161

Other Anthological Works 169

World Healing, World Peace	219
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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



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inner child press, ltd.

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
www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
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 4th 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

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.

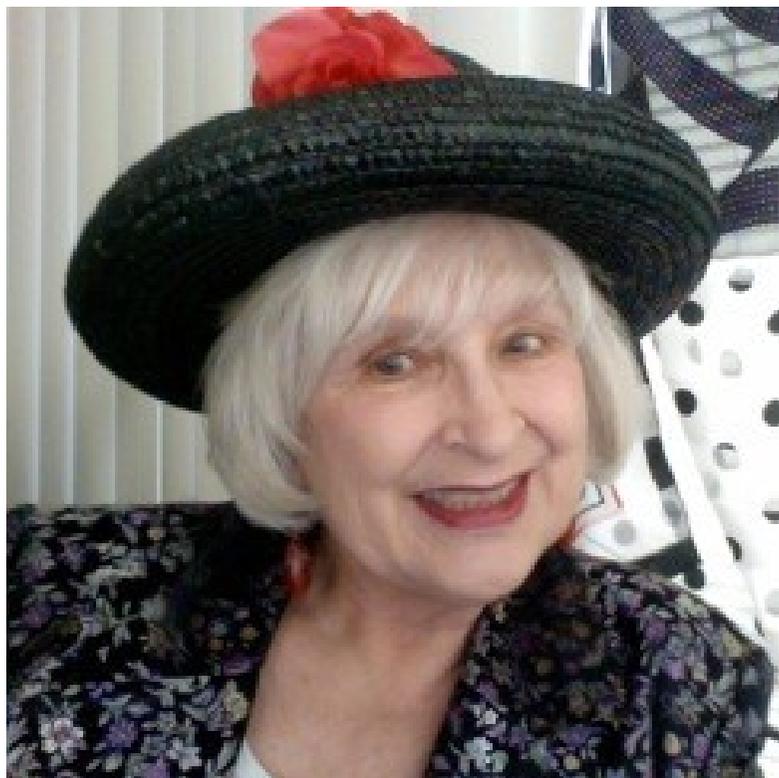
Be aware, Love; the master's
glaze cannot forever endure
the mishandling. Spider cracks,
scuffs and chips mark are evidence
we set aside respect, and placed
our reverence in some dark cabinet.

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 or from 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.

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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

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 goodwhat 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

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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 air
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,

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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;

<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

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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.

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

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

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

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 Stya 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

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 ~

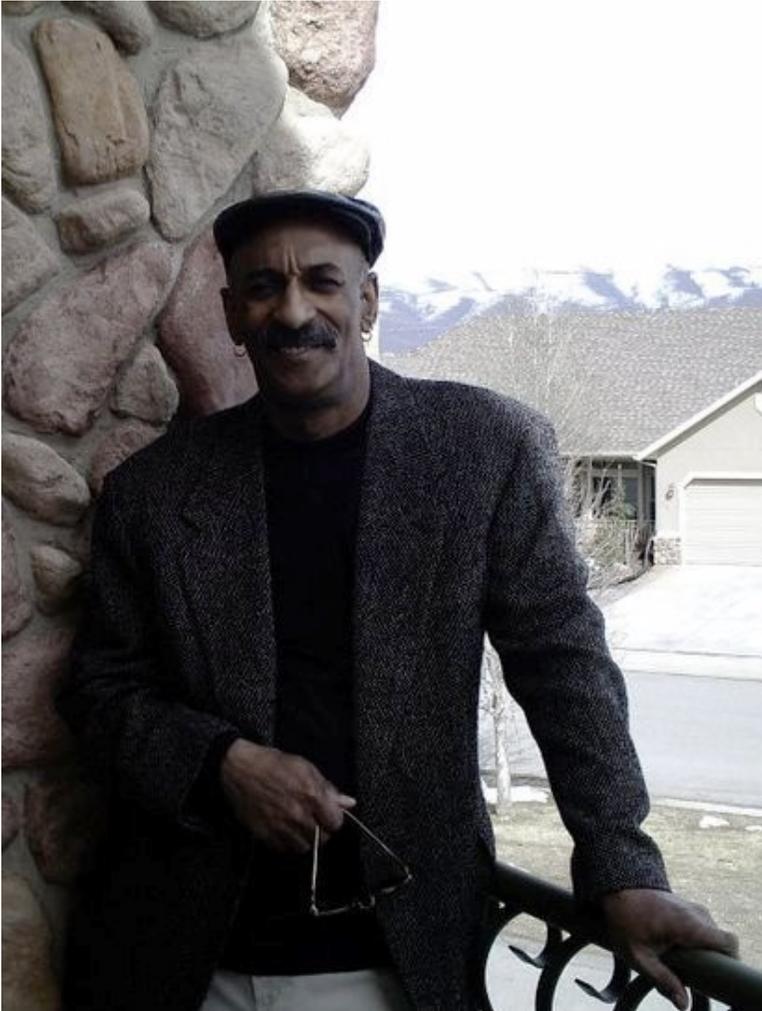
peace out

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

Personal Web Site
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

World Healing,
World Peace
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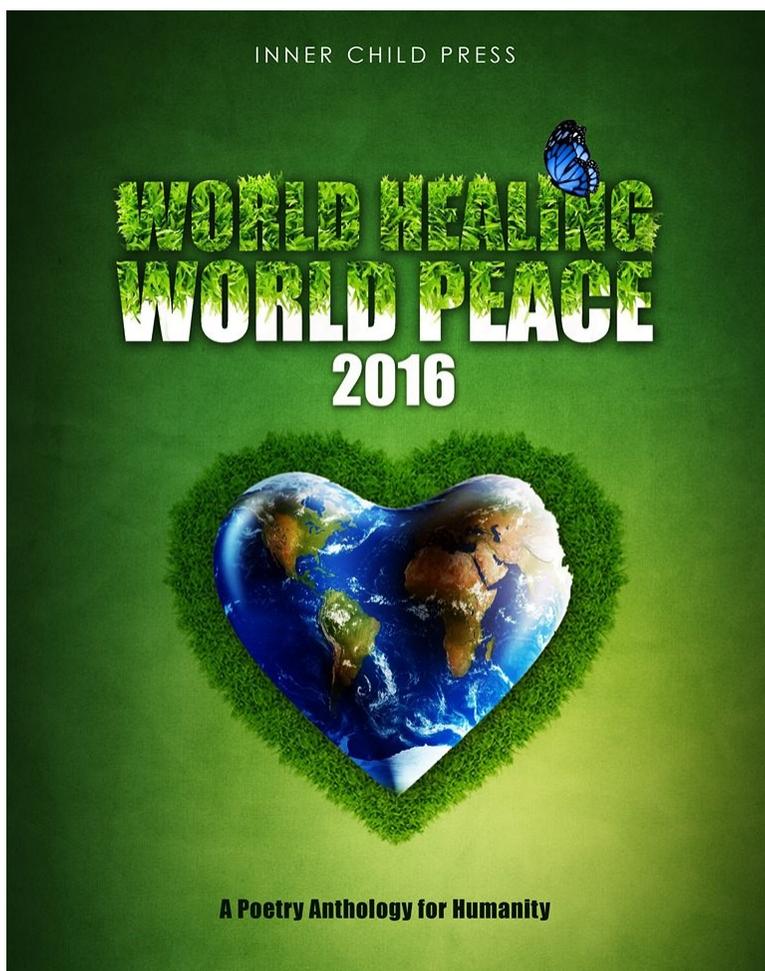
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July
2016

Features

~ * ~

Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’

Langley Shazor

Jody Doty

Emilia T. Davis

The Year of the Poet III ~ July 2016

Iram

Fatima

"Ashi"

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2016



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 – 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

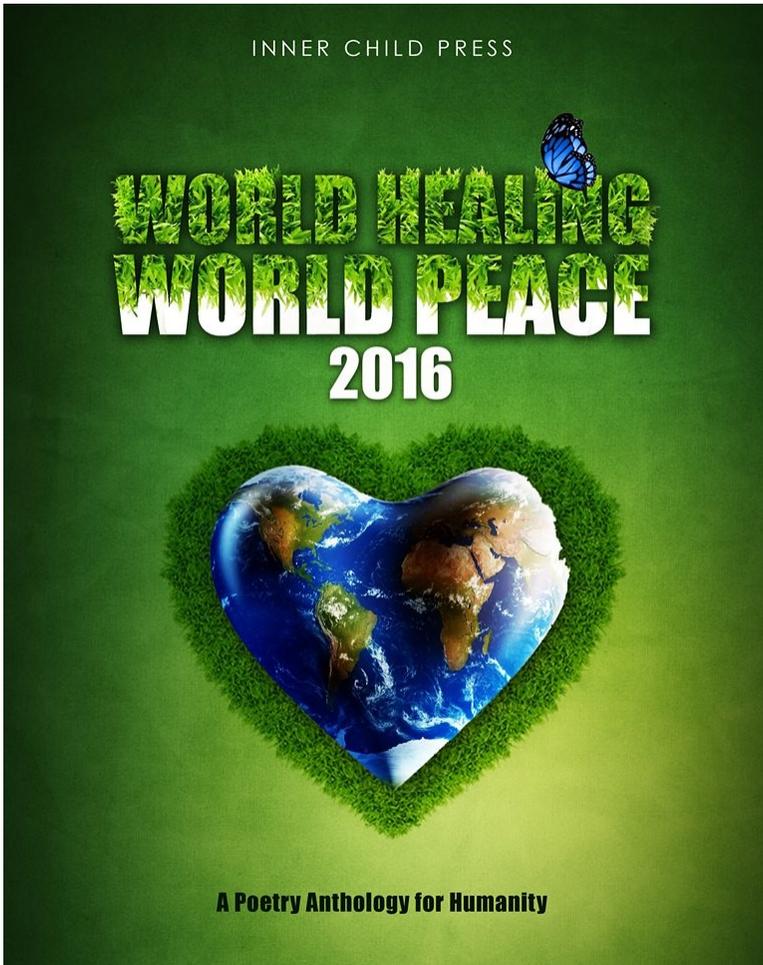
Yet, no matter how dire my life has been it has been much
improved because I'm free
I walk in truth now, not a million lies
My lord god freed me and I'm flying high amongst the
clouds daily
Birds singing brings happiness like never before, for the
lord watches after the sparrow
I know he has seen me 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

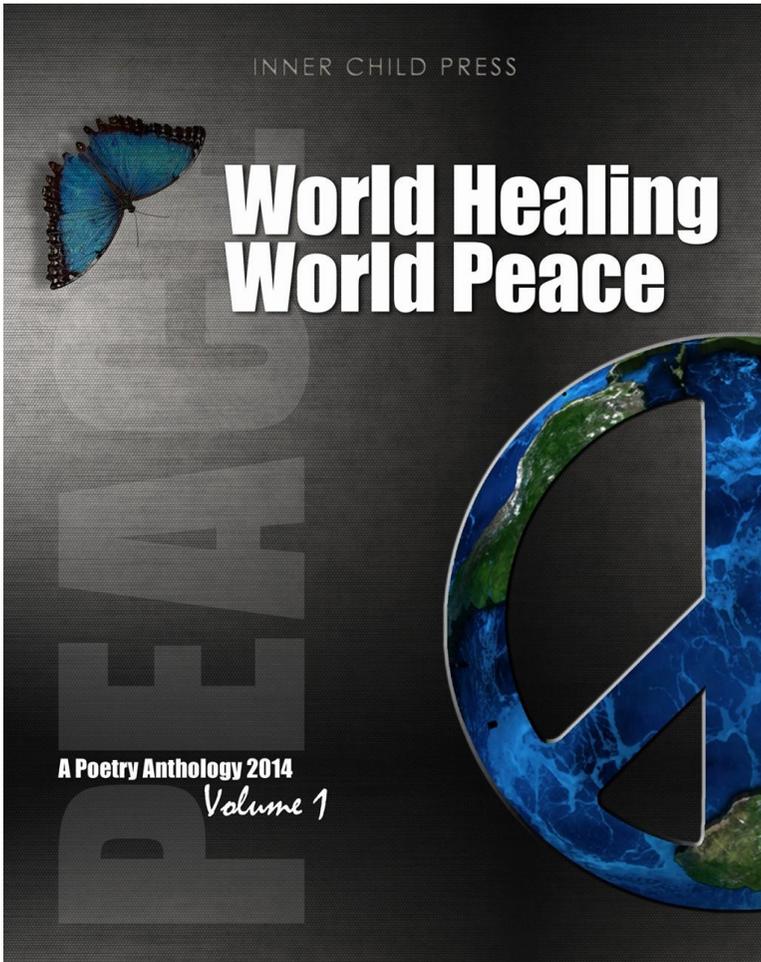
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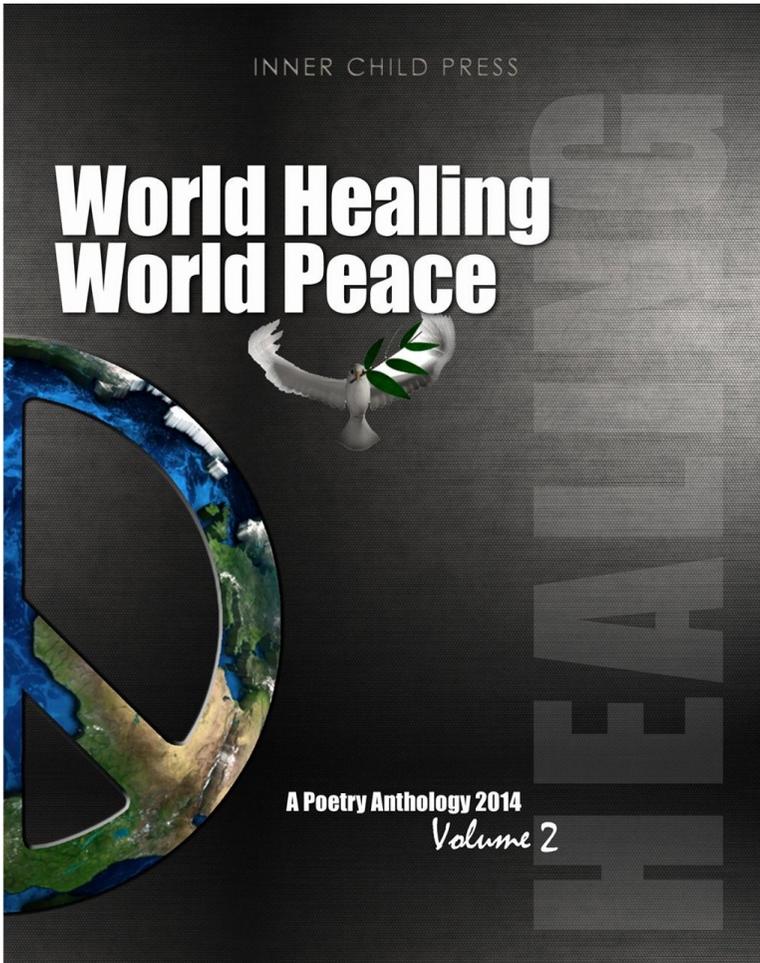
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Inner Child Press Anthologies

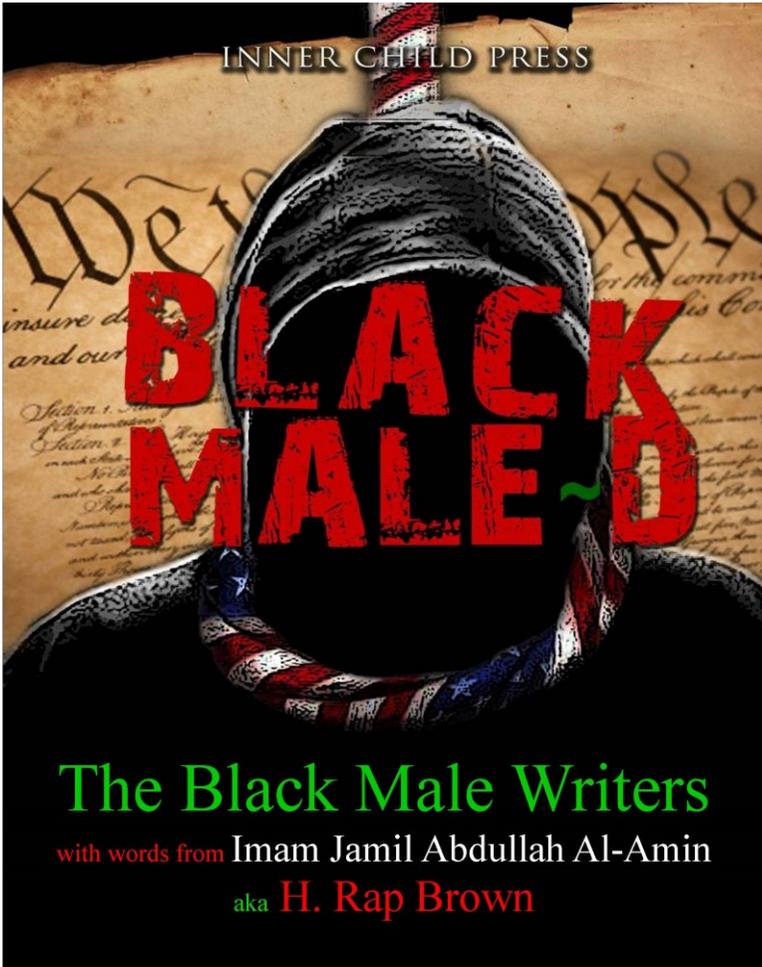


Inner Child Press Anthologies





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. Janowski
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 Chalasiz

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

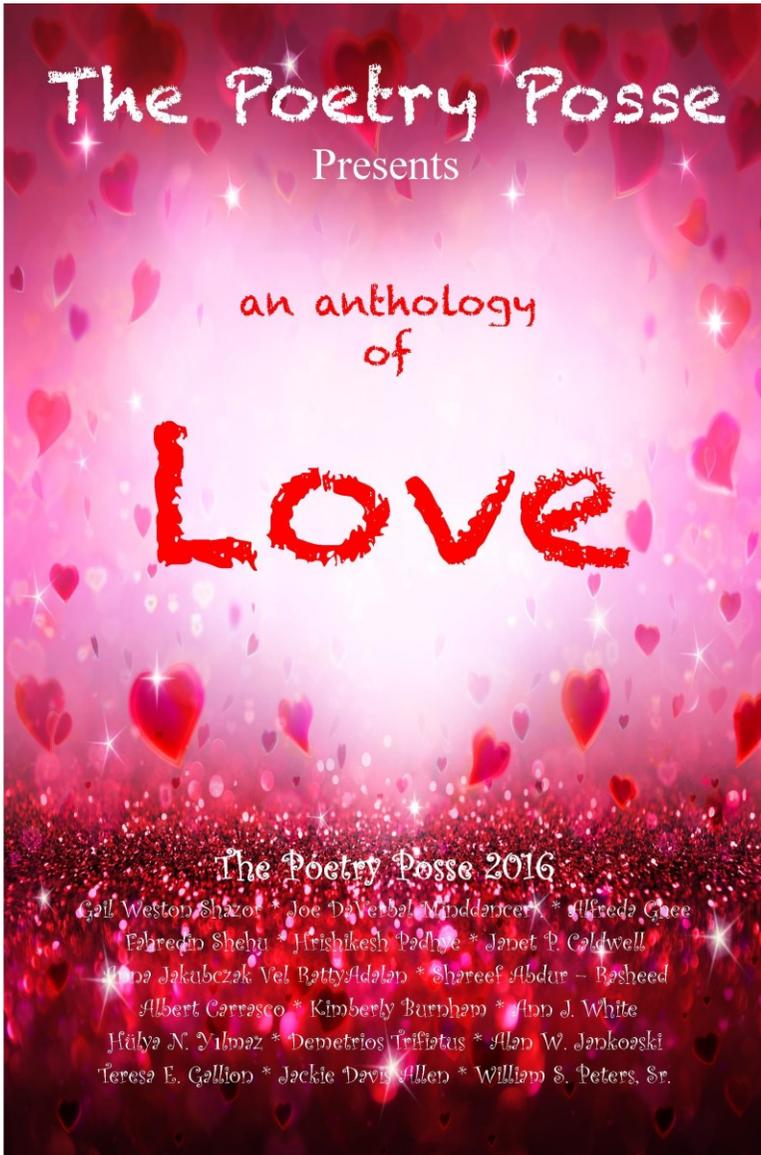
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

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 Trifiatos * 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

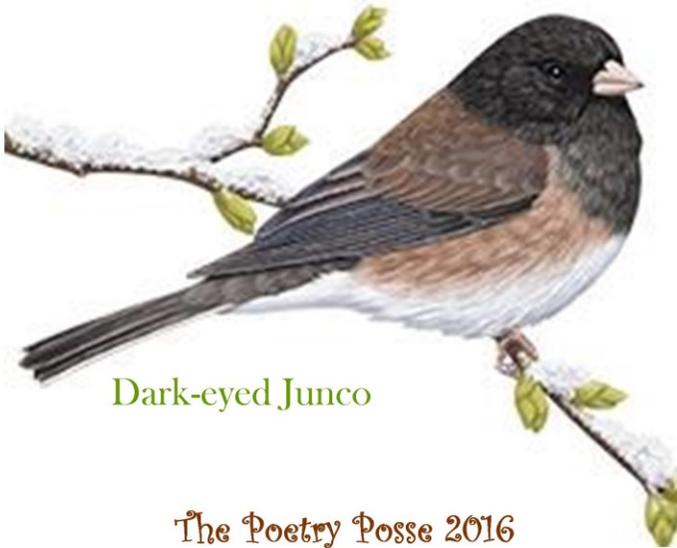
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfred Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adala * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Triffatus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion *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

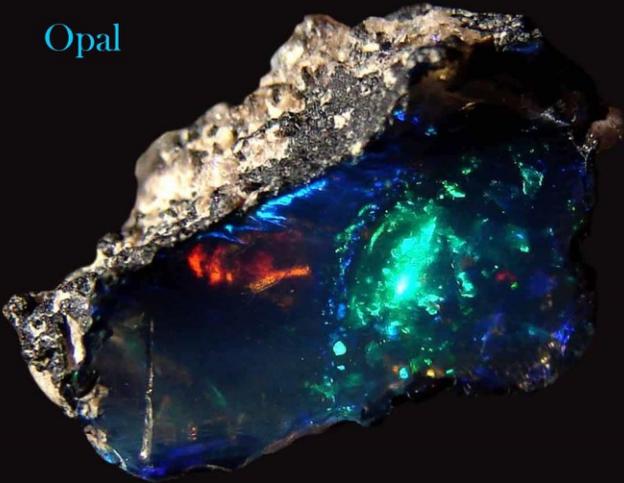
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin 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 Behl 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

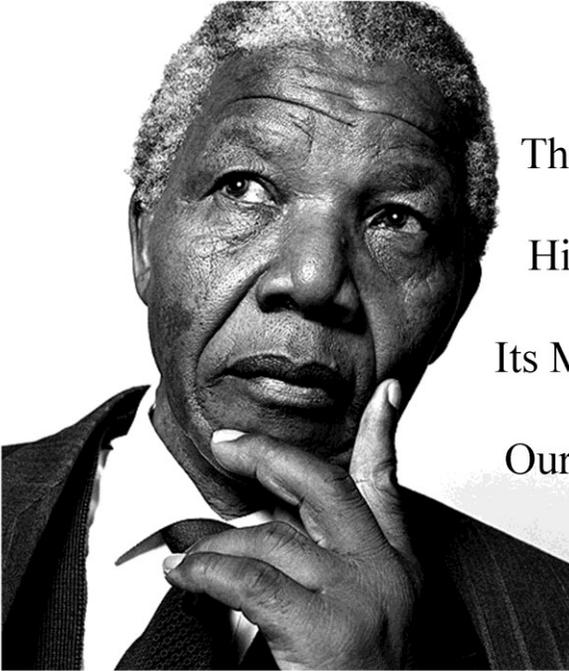
The Poetry Posse

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

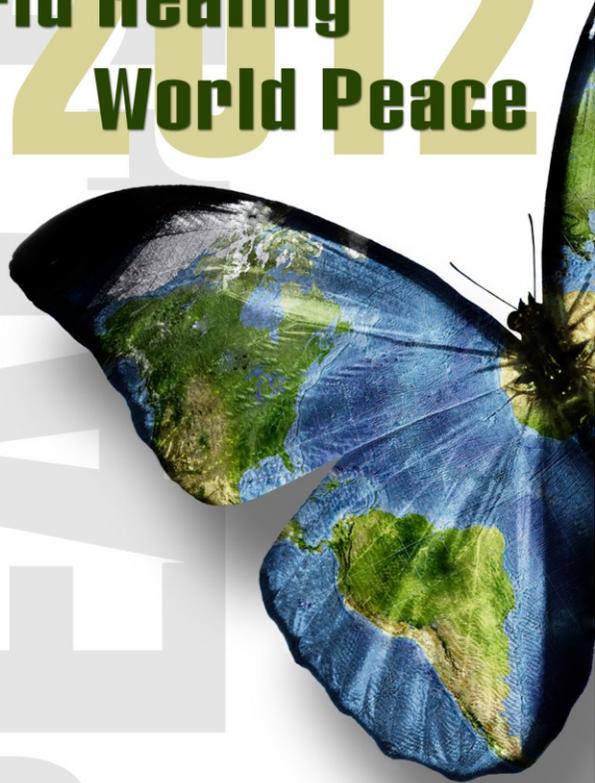


POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

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

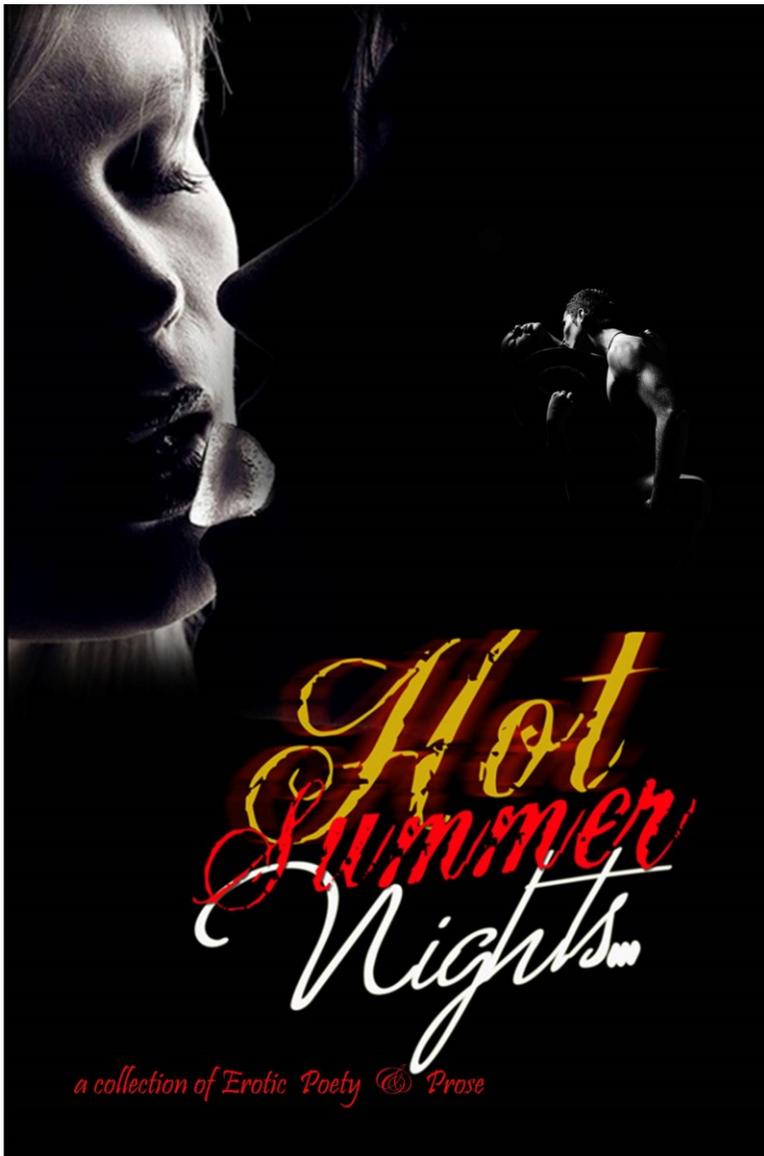
Volume 2

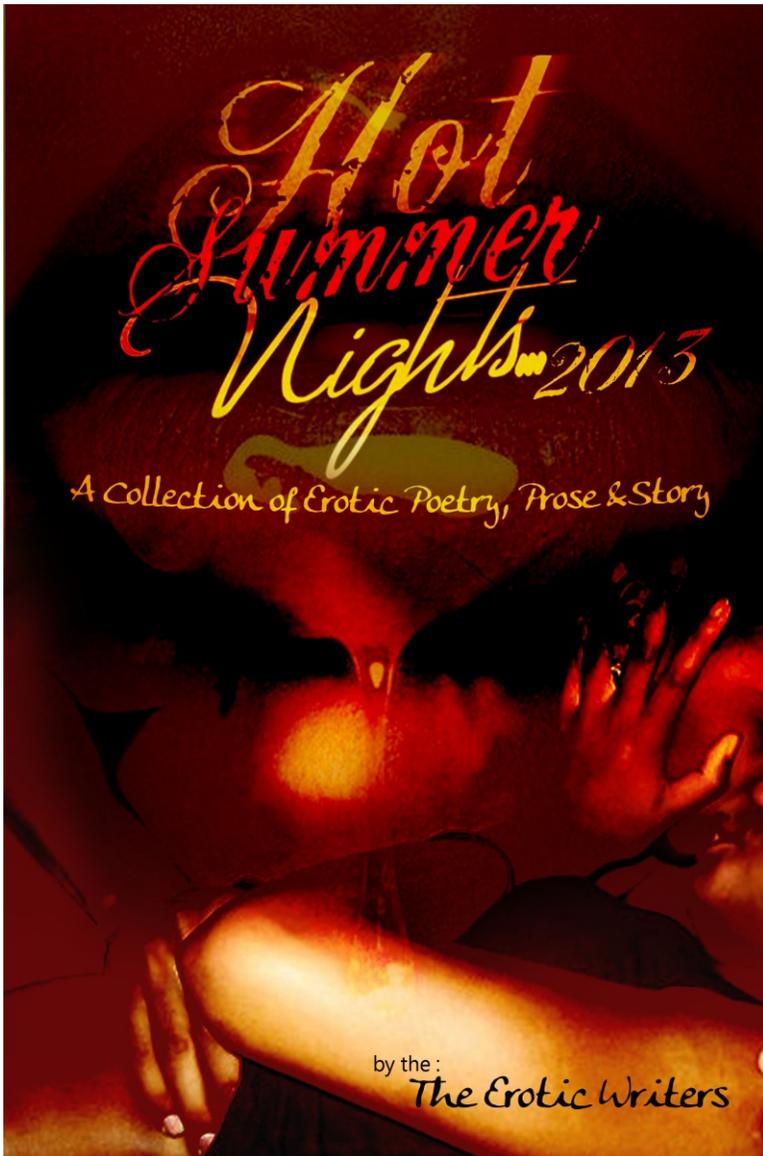
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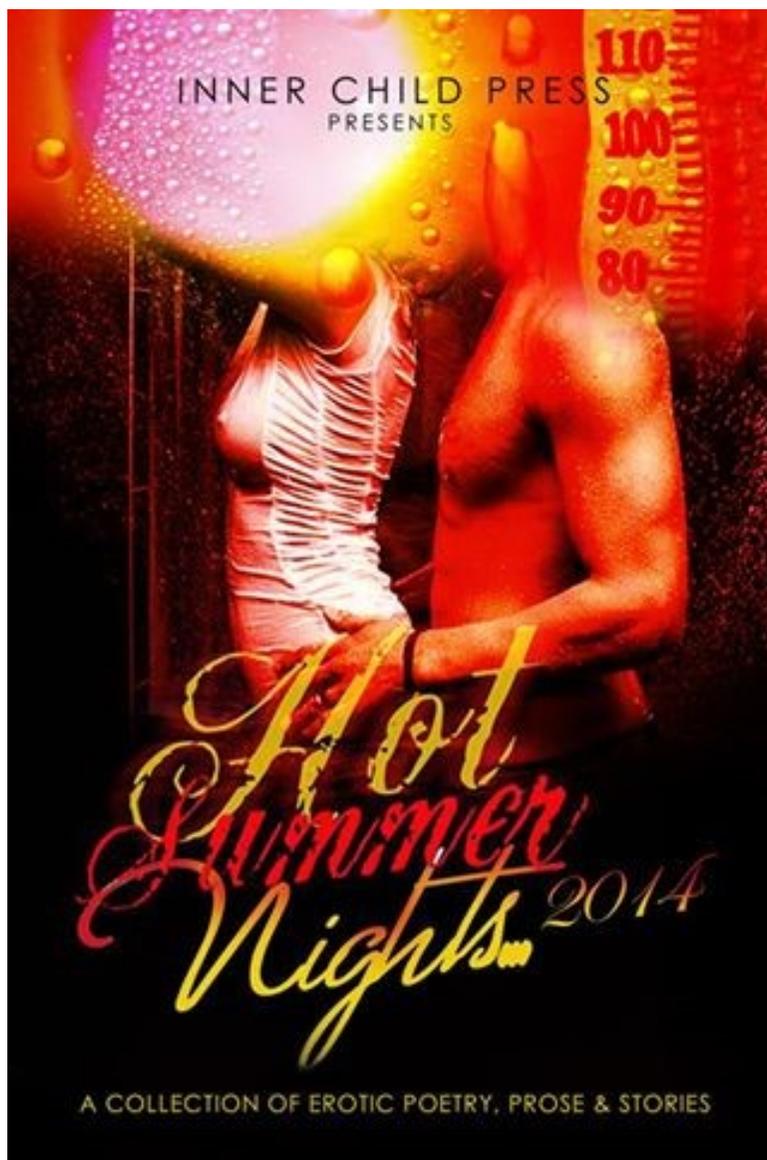
healing through words



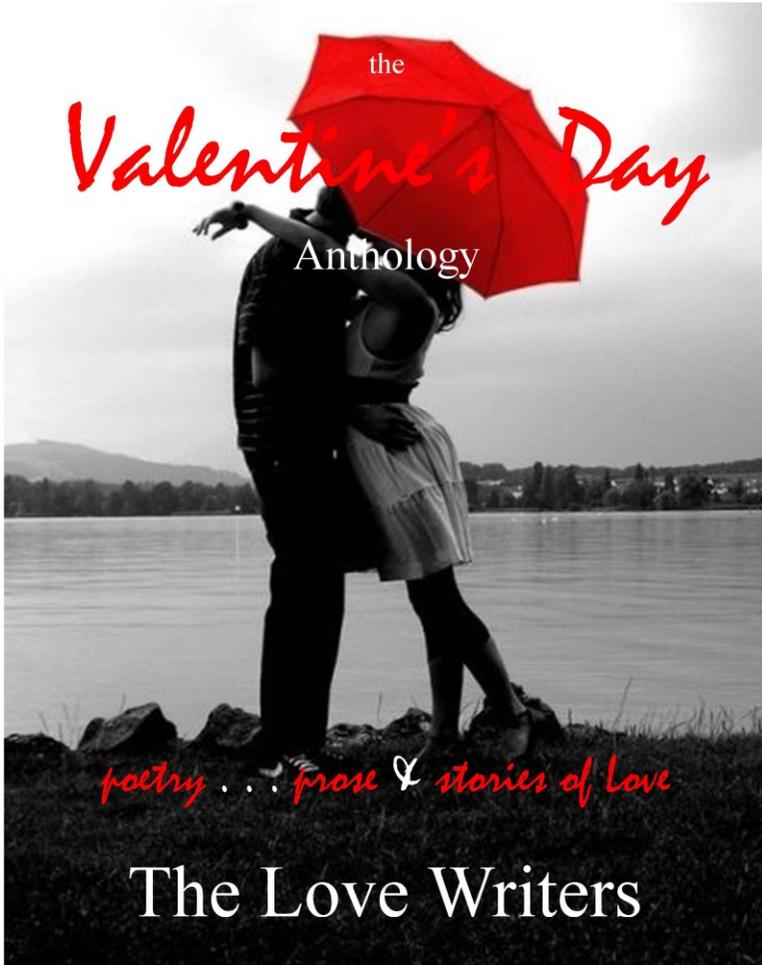
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







Inner Child Press Anthologies



the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies



want my
POEtRy
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



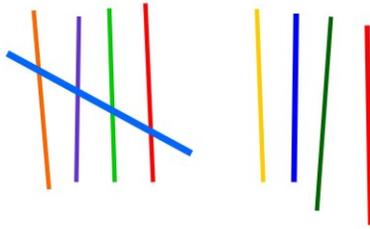
want my

POEtRy

to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition

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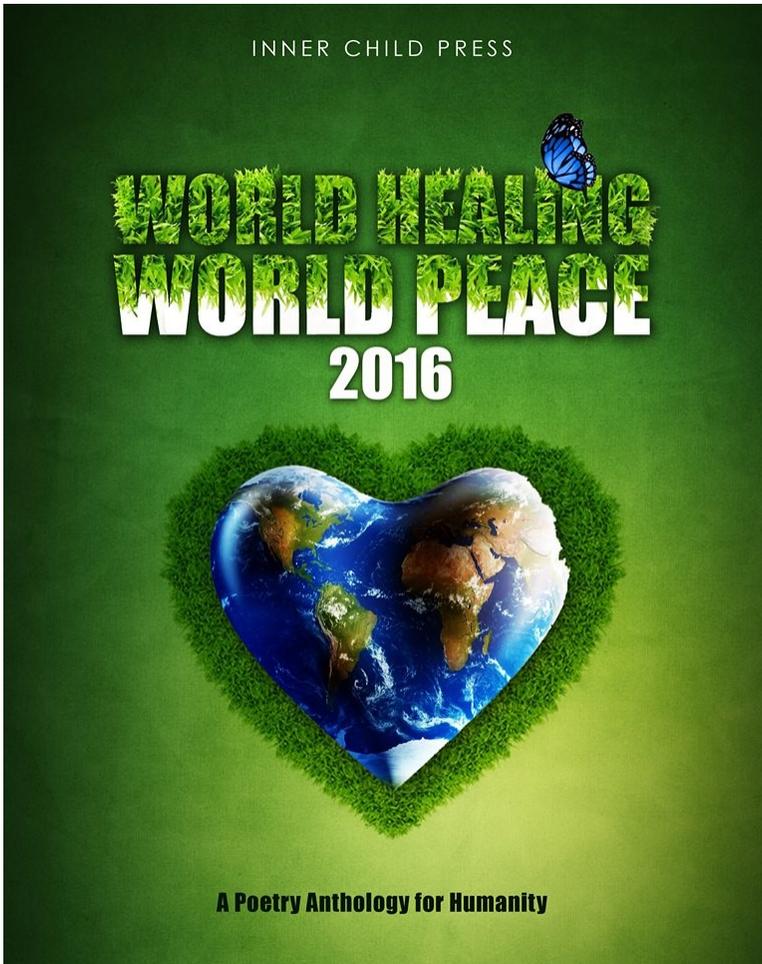
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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



July 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Iram
Fatima
"Ashi"



Langley
Shazor



Jody
Doty



Emilia
T.
Davis

