

The Year of the Poet III

June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleeha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Nizar Sartawi * Jen Walls * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankooski

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

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pass 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

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Hülya N. Yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Ann J. White

Jackie Davis Allen

Keith Alan Hamilton

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General Information
The Year of the Poet III
June 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

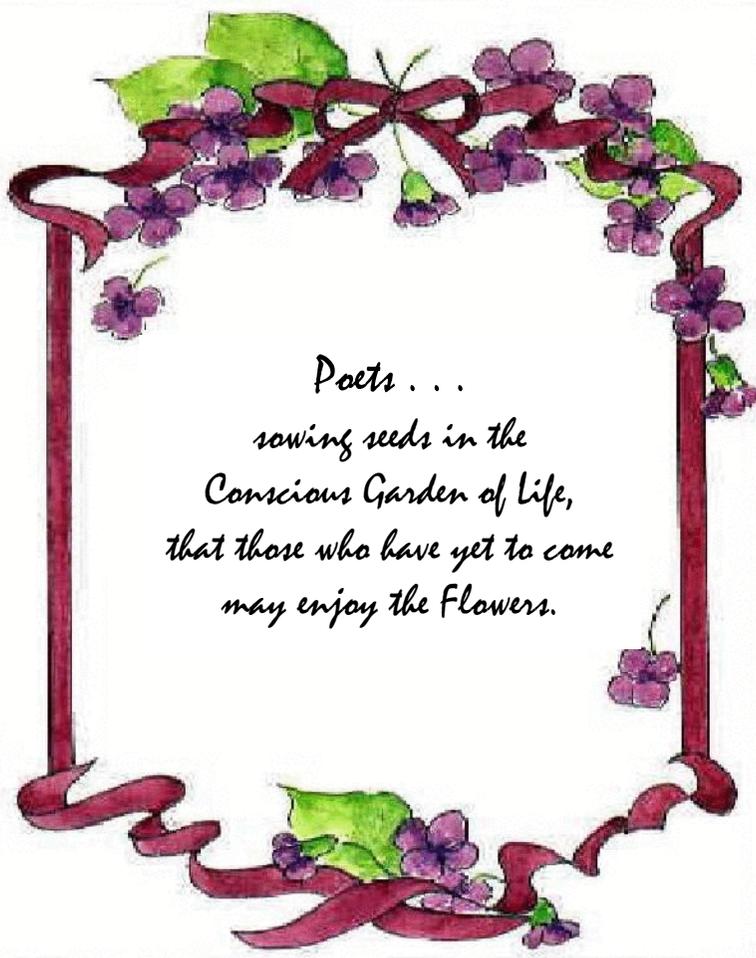
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



Preface

Greetings Family,

Poets are a unique breed of Artists. They are in a category all of their own. I may be partial in my observations, for i too am a Poet / Writer amongst other things.

When i consider the impact poetry can have upon our social fabric, there is a unlimited cauldron of possibilities that may be bourne from the concoction of Inspiration, Thought and Emotion, a realm that we Poets often find ourselves immersed and anchored in. This is not to say that Artists in other mediums do not have similar experiences, but as i said earlier, i am partial.

We Poets employ language, words as our medium to convey our perspectives on many things such as Love, Social Commentary, Spirituality, Consciousness, Experience and many more subjects. None are beyond the reach of the poetic word.

This month, once again we the Poetry Posse and our Featured Poets offer to you our humble words for your consideration. I do hope you find merit and value in our gifts to humanity.

Love and Blessings

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

Foreword

Come Fly With Me,

come fly, come fly away

Frank Sinatra wasn't the only one who was impacted by flight and inspired to write and sing about it by winged living creatures of the sky perched in trees, mountains, rooftops, powerlines etc. Birds of all stripes, types, size, color, habitat have been and continue to fascinate and inspire mankind since time memorial.

Hello people this is Shareef of the diverse, talented artistic group called ' The Poetry Posse ' who have collaborated in publishing one book a month featuring poetry of various styles by poets who's lives and personalities, artistic expressions etc. define diversity.

We are well into our third year of publication.
Published by Inner Child Press.

www.innerchildpress.com

Often there is a theme of the month that the Posse highlights. Consistent with that the month of June has birds as its main theme as well as it being the theme of the year 2016. The cover of each month features a bird for that particular month.

For this month June 2016 it's the Black-necked Stilt. The array of many, many kinds of birds, their habits, color patterns, interaction with each other and mankind contribute in a major way to our planet and its inhabitants. Let's respect, honor, love, protect all living things and.., Come fly with me on poetic wings provided by the Posse in at least one poem per poet featuring birds as the theme. Flight and art embodies freedom

PEACE/LOVE

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

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

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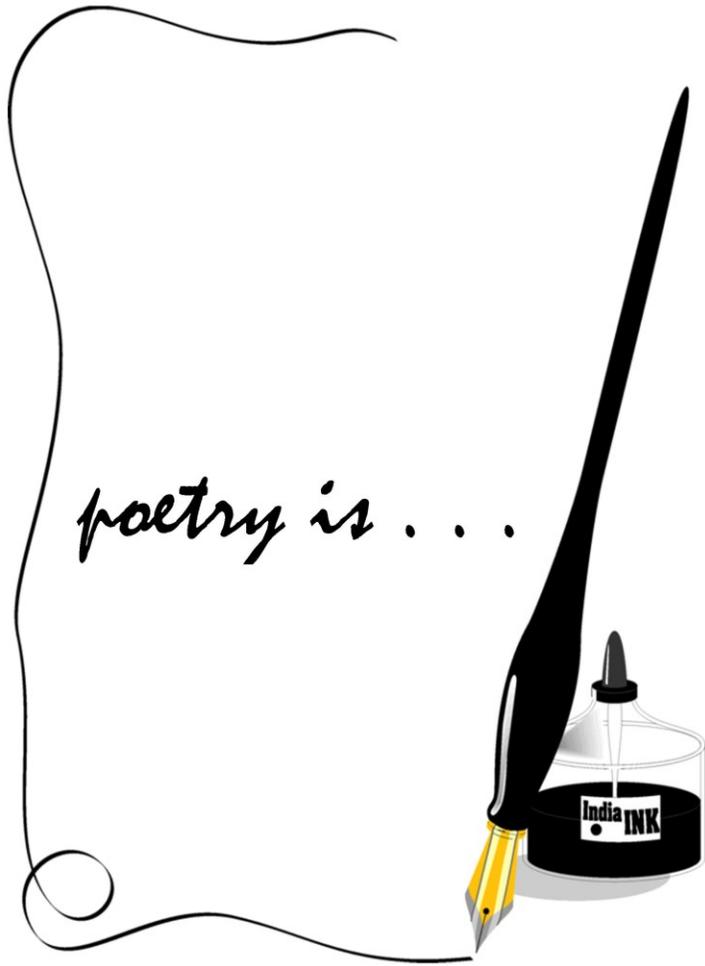
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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.

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

**"It is impossible to kill a beautiful woman
with a bullet"**

inspired by Ali Abdolrezaci

She speaks to me
when i am not listening
and blues fall from
the lips of weeping willows
when it is nearly dusk

There is a notion
that there is a gentility
in warm breezes
even on hot summer days
such as this one

She calls to me
in her particular view
of the world she inhabits
secrets finding the cortex
of my unknown experiences

The lush greenness
of the elongated fronds
falling knifelike into the dusk
holding her secrets beneath
in any gust of wind
She whispers to me
her voice rising from cinnamon stained soil
as is always the case under trees
her unnamed sin purpling
in the waning sun

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

Every breeze sings her
as she waits for me
refracting in an impossible light
swinging grace unspent
from the end of a secret

It is impossible to kill
a beautiful woman with a bullet
as it is impossible to change beauty
into anything other than its increase
we wait for the world to change

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

A Quiet Measure

Death and birth move my pen
Until it has simply forgotten
What lives between
The secrets hiding in plain site
And one overcomes the other
In a time worn battle to be master
Of the todays as they move
Against the swift grains passing
We come screaming and yet
We are expected to leave quietly
The taming done and complete
And I often wonder at veil passing
About the manner of inconsistencies
In how we react to being ripped
From one reality to the next
Is it the learning in corporality
That renders us into sheepleness
Sometimes I weep
At the patterned hopelessness
Of plodding day by day
Into an inevitable soup of endings
The dignity that we are expected
To have mastered has killed
The beauty in growing older
And that of growing wilder
As we shuck off convention
To truly live...finally
Only to be told to be quiet
And be still
And wait to die...silently

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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

A Child of the ONE

She was a child of flowers and the sun,
running freely and loving everyone.
Then she was taught by learned men
who said she was too wild
and needed to calm down and quit smiling.

Her ideas and ideals were too far-fetched.
Rainbows and loving all of humanity
was foreign to them.
Others they said, could not get along
and would never agree with her colours of humanity.
Deep down, she knew it was a lie.

Life they told her is not that easy.
She argued her case, feeling disappointed
as usual, she simply ran away
in her breezy kind of way.

Unlearning all that they tried to use
to corral her was a difficult task,
though she was determined
it was not for her.

She read books, studied many religions
and knew for herself, that was also a mistake.
She would not be put in a box
or jailed of anyone's making.

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

Not only did she seek knowledge
but wisdom. Without wisdom
what good is the knowledge?
Nothing!

She meditated and spent many a quiet
day soul searching and speaking to her God.
Soon realizing that she had a direct link
to the ONE and surrounded herself
with those who endeavored to seek the same.

At last happy and feeling herself on the right path,
she was a child of flowers and the sun,
running freely and loving everyone.

Let Me Go

When love rearranges, to a place that is hard to find.
It's still love, be grateful for the lessons gained.

Smile and take the love with you, it's a gift.
It's yours and mine; let me go and remember the bliss.

Remember that first kiss? When you think of
me, remember this and I will too.

Sometimes it's best for both, to pick up and go.
It happens, all over the globe, between two souls.

Change is never easy, sometimes, it seems unkind.
Letting go is hard, but necessary at times.

I don't regret a moment, I don't regret the years.
It made us who we are now, even through blinding tears.

Goodbye my Dear, I wish you all the best. Maybe one
day we'll meet again, 'til then, know that we've been
blessed.

*A special thanks to knowurenemy for prompting this via an
interview.*

UN-Named Friend

I'll never know, why the obvious, caught her by surprise.
Sweet voice, loving touch, she dismissed his lies;

that surround the crust on his mouth
and dammit, those lust filled eyes.

She got lost in a trance, being with him there, in her now.
Always, gathering herself and asking... "do I love you and
why?"

What makes you so special that you can abandon
every kindness mister, every vow?"

Me?

I'm thinking about all of his bullshit lies.

I saw her a few days ago

*crying
sighing
trying
vying...*

*for a bit of love
and you left her;*

*hanging,
dangling
strangling*

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*mangled
and swinging
under that rotten, apple tree.
She won't do that again.*

*Careful my UN-named friend...
there are some good men*

Move on, move on, it is not a sin.

Dedicated to an UN-named friend.

I love you Lady!

Branded

Christian, Buddhist, bourgeois
or liberal.

Gay, straight, white or black.

Giver, taker, sometimes funny.

Boring, annoying maniac.

Labels...useless tags on a hat.

Stuffed judgments you place on me and thee.

Breathless with chloroform rags.

Despising war, yet soldier, in
this army of death and life.

Dreamer of daisy chains and peace.

I am all of these. The sum

of parts is not equal to the whole.

Finally, I know it's true.

They do not define me or you.

Labels never do justice,

one dimensional shorthand.

Seems if you label someone,

you have some power over them.

Emphasis on the meaning

for the label...is the ultimate sin.

We are all multifaceted women/men.

Does anyone take pride in clarity

silent charity, and integrity?

Or are they self concerned with their own status

beliefs, while reaching for power and stardom

vying for a false celebrity

that crumbles like a dry skeleton?

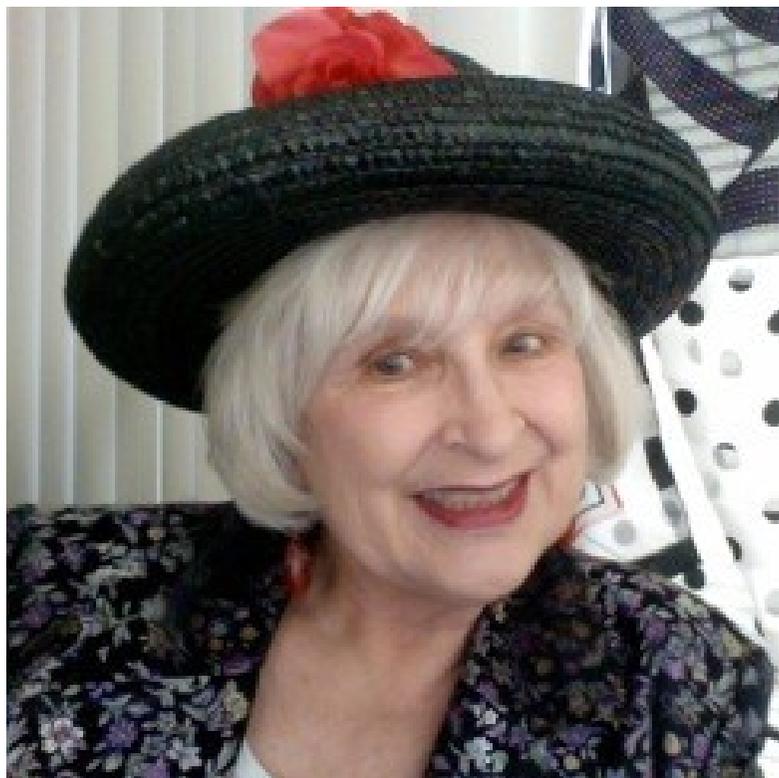
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Lackie

Davis

Allen

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

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

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

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

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

On Guard

An intruder of the human kind,
I attempt to slyly spy
upon the one who sits protectively upon the little nest;
she cranes her instinctive and inquisitive head, looks
my way, and, just as quickly, lowers her head.

Does she think to distract me
from what she's about,
she who has sat on the nest all the morning long?

I have no spymaster's tools;
my squinting eyes seek, but little can follow
as she makes a sudden and quick escape.
A grayed streak of blue, tinged with breast of red, I now
see;
she's sitting on a branch high up in the Quonset cherry tree.

A more brightly hued bird
of blue zooms by, and as he sits
he chatters and sings an insistent song. Is that her mate?

As persistent as the mother-to-be is for me
to avoid her nest, so, too am I anxious
not to be found out as I strive to take a different path
each day as I make my way. Quiet as I am,
her motherly eyes anticipate each and every move I make.

Does she think that I, like a slithering snake
might seize her eggs and then, leave her alone
to mourn the loss within her nest?

Topsy-Turvy: God Have Mercy

controlling heads
affairs of state
double speak adds, subtracts
like wailing dogs, mad cats
and excitable coyotes

those who exult
in self-serving indulgence
give rise to major headaches
like crying babies
demanding colicky sessions

the way infants communicate

but oh, those tantrums
of the fully grown
slothful with shoulder clips
shame crowns their heads
they who harbor delusions

of grandeur's evolution

illusions of notoriety
they spew hate, inhibit
and slander the rights
of the messenger
with lines drawn

in the sand, in the law

evil leaps over boundaries
climbs over barricades
sans attire of common sense
sans sense of decency

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erosion gives birth to insanity

predictable mathematics

as in black and white
creating division
violence erupts
chaos ensues
turns the tables into multiplication

delusion blames the victim
tramples the colors
tramples the flag
despairs right of civility
and rejects personal responsibility.

God have mercy on us all

Spring's Farewell to The Waning Past

Boastful vining twigs of summer and autumn's demise,
so, too, winter's remnants of the past.
Beg they, again, nurture from Mother Nature's bosom,
a longing for season's overflowing ,
for a taste of fullness.

See now hints of life in shades of green;
they emerging, standing stoically with scrubbed faces.
Blessed with infusion of renewal,
spring expresses her desire;
her birthing cry shall not be denied.

Fading gray, old and white weathered skeletons
remain from seasons' past prolific bounty;
contrast they now with the mute but myriad hues
painted by nature's own
aspiring promise.

Those bones are sacrificial reminders;
poetically, they yearn for an honorable interment.
Nearby, Wordsworth's stately daffodils
nod their heads sympathetically
as they wave farewell.

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Albert
Carrasco

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Wondered

I always wondered what was next, what else did life have I store for me other than sell'n hard and soft in the jects. It wasn't because I wasn't makin money, everybody knows me and O made a killn, the thought would pass thru my mind when I was fill'n slabs, droppn off hundred pack ziplock bags and count'n stacks in the back seats of hourly rented luxury cabs. At my richest times I still wondered about the future. I wished the game would last forever. Money, jewels and cars with wood dashes and seats wrapped in leather, trips wherever and a lot of power but I understood at one point it'll all be over. I just didn't know when and how. On the outside looking in you wouldn't think I cared but things weren't liked they seemed, being a hustler wasn't the person I thought I'll be in my wildest dreams, my reality was the reason for the need of triple beams. Poverty made me other than myself.. I was willing to die for street wealth, twelve years after birth I was hustling daily just harder on the first, the streets ended my hunger, it was a gift and a curse. I watched my team die one by one, in between deaths I thought of ways of gettn out the game, they remained thoughts cause all I knew was cocaine. I was running wild in the slums with less men than when our run began, ride till we die was part of the plan, so i went right back to flippn grams. Back to wondering what's next or which of my many deceased friends will I die like

Pigeons

They lived as we did, Poor Nomads.
Currency doesn't exist to them,
I use to look out my project window and see them down
below.
They were hungry, just like me.
I'm looking through the fridge and cabinets for
nourishment, they did the same.
They would devour any type of food left out or thrown
towards them around the development. I see them eating
rice, bread, bones and discarded meat on sidewalks and
streets,
sometimes it's hours before their bellies are full and they
catch air.
They eat a lot of whatever because they don't know when
their next meal is going to be,
I know how that feels, believe me.
When most birds fly south for winter,
Pigeons stood in the hood,
Seeking food and shelter.

That look

I can tell. Don't think you're getting over on me or anyone else that knows that look as well as me. Na homie you're not smoked out your moped out, trees don't have those side effects, why lie? I been in the game too long, I see your eyes. I bet if I pick you up at the crack of dawn and bring clothes for you so you don't put on the same gear that might have something stashed from yesterday, you won't be able to parlay with me all day. I know you'll get cranky, then angry before thinking of a plan to get away from me. It won't work though... You don't have a girl, you live alone, you can shower, eat, shit and sleep here, so tell me where you gotta go homie, my house is your home. I know when I fall asleep you'll hit the streets looking for lean, pills or rock like the elephant is on the block. Homie, It's been decades of abuse... You need to stop.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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>

FOR THE BIRDS

We sore in the astral plains of our minds
We explore things we shouldn't see
So why study the beginning of time
Knowledge is power but only for the present
It's the undiscovered things seen by wings
The earth's surface would serve more purpose
Yet we strive to fly higher than wings
These things that sored before us
Trust what's known before us
Our minds are so porous
We bore ourselves with useless facts
Like the world needs to know trivia like that

The birds got it down pat
Besides a few aerial scuffles and ruffled feathers
They've weathered the storm
They fly in normal patterns of chaos
We fly in the ointment
Anointment comes with wings
Birds are what it means to be free

LOST

She was cold inside her soul was as barren as the desert
sand
Empty lines of damn you're fine, had little meaning to her
She was touched as a child by too familiar hands
She was punched with a fist wearing a wedding band
The tides turned and she learned to hate herself
To face herself was lost in a murdered childhood
This May was unusually cool and much to her dismay
She was falling for this dude.
He like She was sheltering his heart
He was also torn apart with negativity
Seeing her changed his perspective of life
He felt the emptiness inside her
He was compelled to guide her into his light
Months went by as they slowly shared their pain
Life began to flow through their veins
Layer upon layer of scared emotions began to fall
Rivers of tears were drying up
The loose ends were getting tied up
He called her beautiful on a day when a memory wet her
eyes
It was so cool on this May day, no call for a mayday
Help was at her side, this soon to be blushing bride
This soon to be groom saw her as his loom
He wove a tapestry using their torn threads
They found each other in the patterns
In the abstract world of lost souls
It's the ugly thrust upon us that others can't see
They peeled those layers and are now free.

DREAM CRUISE

You see right there baby, that's where we are
Tonight I'll show you how to navigate with stars
This little getaway is more than relaxation
It's a bonding voyage beyond sexual gratification
Let's face it, we could've stayed home for that
We've paid for seven days and I plan on gathering facts
Now those nights with fine wines and fruits
Those nights when we savor our truth
We'll have the ocean's motion with our own ebb and flow
We'll have the calming sea as a backdrop to our show
Those beautiful corals at the bottom of the ocean floor
can never be as vivid as the passion we share
on this cruise to "No more"

No more work no more worries, just us out to sea
out to recapture the beauty of we
out to explore those island fantasies
I'll be your captured native
you'll be my ruthless explorer,
Hell! You can even call me Dora
Just no more of this barely existing
We shall taste the culture of
these places we're visiting
Time goes by fast so let's enjoy everything
We can chart a course to forever
and forever sail in this dream

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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>

disconnect..,

lack of love, respect like doves expect
human disconnect from dem who sell
division
pushing dem/us with precision
divide and conquer agenda
hiding the lie in their try to control,
breaking us up into races that that don't
exist
human race already established
not some mere pundit
to have races within a race redundant
there's a miseducation amongst us
a miseducation amongst us
a manifestation of placing trust in man/
nations
ignorance a mass infestation
but arise ya'll shake off the lies ya'll
the ones that have us look at that " other "
with weary eyes " dem scary guys "
subliminally/psychologically woven in the lie
making the myth of races the overwhelming
universal sensation
hiding the truth that from the root
mankind is comprised of ' tribes and nations '

food4thought = education

eagles soar..,

far above the fray of human's everyday
ways
things they do and say
eagles got different ways
flying high, soaring, hunting, exploring
roaring 75 to 99 mph in a dive
another gift bestowed by the creator
to enhance the chance to stay alive
dance the dance in the way they fly
and man looks on wishing to be eagles
and fly and dive from creations dawn
but man isn't a bird flying high in the earth
he's been earmarked to be a human being
in the womb even before birth
and instead of soar, fly high enhancing
contributing, in unison with universe
reading, understanding, heeding the holy
verse
his demeanor adversarial, adverse, to
admonition truly a cursed condition
and the creatures of the sea, air, land
in submission to the plan but..
look at man
does all he can to do what he does do
and..
regardless how it effects eagles that
soar
book of deeds kept in tact
justice will prevail a fact

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

will he prevail when brought back?
fly as green birds on a heavenly track
or dragged to hell on his face not back?
disgraced when his deeds are traced,
revealed
his deal forever sealed
that happens to man never eagles! know this!
oh my people know this
life is moving faster than you
what you got right now is not yours
deeds are the exception
poverty comes after riches
illness after health
hunger after well fed
alive now ? tomorrow dead?
luqman said " know this "
life flips!
you 'n ' you on bogus trips
yours ' n ' mine living on borrowed time
dealing with counterfeit chips
try to cash 'em in ' surprised ' you been
dissed!
my miazan, main brother man Luqman said..,
oh my people where's your head, think fast
peeps said..,
" can't see it out of sight, but i feel it
lodged way up tight in the blackness
of night "
world sinking fast
how long will it last?
present becomes past like it never was here
seconds, minutes, hours, years

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

yet ya'll acting like you'll always be here
and your hard ' n ' software
Luqman said...
know this! know this! ya'll dreaming my dear!
know this oh my people get on the God fear
while your still alive here....know this!
food4thought = education

(dedicated to my dear brother Hajj Luqman)
barak Allah fiqum wa Allah tu kabul mina wa
jazak Allah Khair. Ameen! Ya rabbi yasir
oh lord make it easy. Ameen!

food4thought = education

know this!

oh my people know this
life is moving faster than you
what you got right now is not yours
deeds are the exception
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The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

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The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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>

Safety at Home

Feigning injury a momma robin
hobbles as if her wing is broken
drawing attention away
away from her nest

Nearby an Australian Sheppard puppy clutches
with joy and pride a baby bird
his trophy
confused by humans
trying to grab his treasure

He doesn't know the fear and sadness
provoked by his prize
showing off
he wants to do something good
catching those who lurk

Every night he barks
at deer passing by
and things that go thump
night protector of his home

Perplexed the baby taken away
amid shouts
like a game he chases
the tiny robin gently carried
into the garden enclosure
to sit protected from him
for a while
before flying away home

Quails Calling

In the purple gray dawn
sleep falling from my eyes
the sound of hih-ha-go ... hih-ha-go
never fails to bring me home

Images of my mother
throwing a cup of seeds
into a bed of walnut shells
under the pine trees
a summer breeze blowing
aspens dancing

Hih-ha-go Hih-ha-go
they come running
when she has withdrawn
a safe distance into the house
watching as they breakfast

Today I lay in my own bed
my own home now enveloped
in the sounds of quail

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

Magpie Haiku

black white harmony

bobbing clear in searching flight

food shelter delight

Ann

L.

White

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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

A Clucking Good Bird

My favorite bird is a chicken
I love when my hens run to greet me
Teeter tottering, flapping wings fueling their dash
Jumping for joy....or maybe for worms if they think I
brought a treat
You can't not laugh
a hearty laugh
when greeted by chickens
If a stranger approaches, they run and hide
A brave one will peak out to see if the danger has passed
I call them by name – Glo, Sally, Julia, Alice
Each knows her own name and comes jibberty jaunting
when called
Hen friendships form – they chase and race around their
yard
Tugging a worm, darting and spinning to keep it from the
others
Busy bodies they are
Always scratching the surface looking for treasures
Always alert to new experiences
Always ready to chat, snuggle, or soothe a tired soul
Enjoy your eagles, owls and humming birds,
But I shall spend my time with chickens.

If Given a Choice

If given a choice

What kind of bird would I be?

Certainly not a sparrow – way too common

Nor a lowly pigeon ... although if a pigeon, I chose to live
in Rome

And poop in the plaza of plazzi annoying people partaking
of pizza and pasta

A humming bird is sweet – colors radiant – but fluttering so
fast is not my speed.

Perchance a flamingo – strutting my hot pink stuff for all to
see

I have always lusted for longer legs

Of course, a peacock also struts – fashionista style,
but I do believe my glorious tail would get to be a drag
and after dragging it all day, I would risk looking
beleaguered rather than bejeweled

A crow?

How fun to look out and caw, annoying humans
but warning chickens of danger – a crow would be
good...on Mondays
before coffee

How 'bout an owl – how enchanting to keep watch over the
night

Eyes wide, hoo-hoo-hooing in the dusky evening

I am rather nocturnal, so perhaps an owl would be a wise
choice

I gather a gander I shan't be – although chasing after
humans would be a lark

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

There are days I feel like a pelican – all frumpy and clumsy
colliding with life
But given the choice
I do believe a tufted titmouse would suit my fancy
Foraging in forests or visiting farmers feeders
or maybe dropping by your backyard to serenade you with
song
A jolly life I would have flitting about as a tiny tufted
titmouse

Word Play

Be bold
Be beautiful
Be boldly beautiful
 Or beautifully bold

Be brave
Be bright
Be bravely bright
 Or brightly brave

Twist and tangle your words
 And open new ideas

Be casual
Be creative
Be casually creative
 Or creatively casual

Spin and spiral your heart
 And open new possibilities

Be love
Be light
Be lovingly light
 Or lightly loving

Dare and Dance with your thoughts
 And open new pathways

Words are keys to unlock treasures
Hearts are origami cranes soaring with eagles
Thoughts are the fuel of our dreams

Unlock ~ soar ~ dream

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

Alfreda

D.

Ghee

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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>

Waking To Love Self

To first be loved we must learn to love self
and then we can achieve the love we so greatly
seek....

Last night I had a dream of you
when I reached out and touched you,
you disappeared.....

Like water that has evaporated
from the heat on the ground
vanished like smoke blown in the wind
without a trace and can't be found

But you knew along time ago
you were leaving, running away
that you didn't want to stay

Why
is my love too pure for you
the sweetness that I shared
was truly from my heart and soul
only spared because you were scared
to give what you were receiving in return

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

It's so unfair that life lessons
make you wonder about the decisions
we make only just to break your heart
and leave you torn apart
not knowing that in the end
that you have changed into something
much better than before.....

He knows.....

You want this but can't figure out how to get it
no need to try that sweet talking
at the side of my neck
your hot breath is not turning me on
it's only making me boil over
like a volcano erupting
in flames....

But.....

He knows how to whisper up my spine
and make my thighs shake and rumble
he knows how to rev my engine
and make my thighs screech
he knows how to stir my soul
and make it yearn to be touched and molded
into a soft ball of putty right in his hands....

You want this but it's not right for you
because you can't make my clock go tick tock
you can't make my waters flow
like the sea over flooding
into ocean floors and making them roar

But..

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

He knows just what to do
when my body is calling his name
or when my mind is all on him
he knows at the right time
when to touch and expand my horizons
so I can see the morning sun rising in his eyes
as they reflect a vision of him and I.....

Low and Behold....

Standing here not sure of my path
Lost, broken and disheveled
wondering why i'm left
here all alone
does love still live here
or is it just gone?
so scared not sure if this is the end
the end of us
or the end of my story

Hope
all hope is gone
dreams have faded
as desires roam the halls
trying to figure out
how they were left in the cold
no passion to warm their walls
no steam to cause an evaporation
of us all
the clock has broken
as for time it has stopped
seeking to tick for you and I

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

No longer will I sit here
in this emptiness of your despair
no longer that butterfly
with a broken wing
rising up glowing with a smile
love has found my open heart
once more
if you only knew the gem you carried in me
i'm floating high like a cloud
surrounded by love

I showed you a side of me
you said another man would never see
yet,
you laid your cards on the table
for all to see
low and behold
a great man stole your Diamond
right from under your nose
now I have blossomed into a Queen....

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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.

Two sparrows and my heart

Alone

peering out the window

a little before sunrise

I return the greetings:

Two ash-colored sparrows,

tinted with clouds

turn to me

and say: good dawn sir!

and fly with the breeze

far... far away...

My heart leaps

and I cry...

and cry...

and cry...

(Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi)

Haiku With Wings

hey little sparrow

your eyes keep staring at me

have we met before

~~~~

A pigeon living

in our little garden

without paying rent

~~~~

Heavy morning rain

swallows on the clothes line

drying their wet wings

~~~~

*The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016*

hanging in the air

a petite helicopter

the hummingbird

~~~~

tempestuous sea

a flock of angry seagulls

squawking at the waves

Plato

Thank you
for not including us in
your revolutionary city project
for not letting us play a tune
recite poetry
or prose
write a line
utter an alphabetical letter
or even breathe

Thank you
for not permitting us to build a home
open a store
till the land
grow wheat olives willows
or roses

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

Thank you

for not granting us membership in

the Republican Party

for not allowing poets to open

an account

in the bank of your great state

or become members in your exclusive club

of the rational

Thank you

for sentencing us to exile

contrary to poets' rights...

And so we came out

narrating and imitating

that we may not dry in that painting

within your walls

Thank you...!

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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 has recently received a renowned 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, along with her co-author, Dr. Ram Sharma, from Writers International Network – Canada 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>

TEARS OF DAWN

Love-brilliantine is forever caring – tinkling
coming within now – inside soul-sound
laughing through all – so very sweetly true
within the jubilant flows of the morning's song.

All our breaths give ever kindly and calm
stroking higher for touching these sky-realms;
walking blue ambiance – of our light-bursts
lifting away – night-tears flow all – passing on.

This wandering bird floats ever so effortlessly
setting fire upon the buds – blossoming trees.
Shuddering awake with joyful cooling breeze;
receiving into all quiet kisses – new day begins.

We're off and running – toward nowhere fast,
it seems, we only can swirl around inside too.
Beauty's not hidden – lives us – till we memorize
love's sound within everlasting moments of truth.

Rich tingles go inwardly – beyond ticking of time
quietly flaring inside – bearing all these silent tears.
Falling gently, coming to land – for rising up again
heart's joyful bell comes ringing with soul-energies.

Onto flowering breaths, we'll burst – opening fully,
let feelings splash the morning dew's spiritual-caress.
Sit long with soul – watch ever silently – teardrops' fall,
flow in the listening – hearing love's never-ending song.

KISS OF JOY

Give sweet breath - morn's rise
unwrap soft petals - clear-bursts;
thank eternal-heart

Start loving Maa-Earth
care - as life depends on her;
love deep the mother

Embrace mystical
rise feminine/masculine;
open spirit-door

Lift beauty - touch all
come flowering and share;
greet bliss - spring health forth

Tickle life with soul
find center - heart-flowering;
let thrive - kiss of joy

SPARKLING-BEAUTY

Sparkling-beauty on
glow brightly here.

Gifting truth's precious love
purely lit – loving sun.

Budding new branches that lift
breaths of tender lilacs to come.

Bursting free with plushness-green
flow deep-soul into heart's dance.

Rushing forth we'll greet greening-melts
through yellow beams of golden streams.

Awakening songs - rippling deeper flows within;
floating love-waves melt – soothing blue sky.

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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

a heavenly mixed marriage

soaring over the carcasses now

devoured them one by one
they will turn in to the filth they once were
but this time to help fertilize new life

they have to have some use . . .

child beaters
child killers
abusers of innocence
women beaters
sexists
chauvinists
bigots
racists
fanatics of this
fanatics of that
suicide bombers
power mongers

one-lobe-brained
peace haters

decaying fast now
making room for pure soil

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

my flocks and i fly in
from each corner of the world
as one
whatever surnames we were given
whether our forms were borrowed
from blue jays
hawks
canaries
eagles
wrens
sparrows
ravens
owls

we were vultures before
for a spell had been cast on us
by creatures that couldn't stand love

their curse turned into a blessing . . .

we have done today's feast great justice
and we shall return
in case other toxic debris emerge . . .

love birds is now all that we are
in a heavenly mixed-marriage
with doves

wasting time

stop pecking already
don't you get the emptiness
your nest is no more

no no oh no
it wasn't i
it could never have been
for you and i are kindred beings
the so-called sufferers clung to the past

your returned visits were a comfort to me
your delusional insistence as well
on reliving yesterday that is

not anymore though
i now prefer to arrive in the present at last
to fly up carefree higher higher and higher
then to perch on a suitable tree whenever necessary
only to check out what edible is available
day after day foremost today

mimicking those ugly-voiced
– unlike the soft tunes of yours –
yet immensely smart
fighting-for-life-neighbors of ours
seems an idea worth taking
in fact it is so divine

you know the ones that chased you away
when you and your hatchlings
dared with your tiny armor to stray

yes i am talking about our community crows . . .

flibbertigibbet

we humans just have to know it all
better
don't we

i was no exception
nor am i one now

dear Merriam-Webster
why do you have to make it this difficult
for a bird-brain to get
what a bird-brain is or does

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

Teresa

L.

Gallion

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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>

Wild Bird

The river inside me flows,
exposes my wildness.
A thousand boats of passion
float downstream.

My mountain smiles
shoots boulders at the river,
trying to warn you.
Careful, you do not know
what you are playing with.

Take a deep breath.
Send your ego home.
Don't take me as a challenge.
I may eat you whole.

Respect my space.
Approach with love,
the only thing
to sooth the feathers
of a wild bird.

Blackbirds

A blackbird sits on a chimney top,
makes his call to worship.
God hears pleas of everything
set forth on the planet.

I smile as I listen
to what is noise to my ear,
a humble call to prayer
from one of God's creatures

who ride on winds of grace.
All birds gather at the chimney
obedient to the ritual
imprinted in their bones.

They make circles on the wind,
land on a rooftop in sync.
God smiles
at his eloquent creations.

Free Like A Duck

Cranes and geese go north.
Ducks take over the desert fields.
Late Spring,

One clan stands out
in emerald green
among the duck clans.

They quietly screen dry grass.
Random takeoffs in V formation,
fluid movement between earth and sky,

they land in a different spot as one.
They know the code
and they are not telling.

Observing them loosens
ropes in my neck,
makes me forget the tension.

I want to fly
into the morning sky
free like a duck.

Demetrios
Trifiat's

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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 ~ June 2016

BIRDS

B- Beauty's

I - Incarnation

R - Reflecting

D - Divinity's

S - Splendor!*

DREAMED TO BE AN EAGLE

A dream I had last night
So vivid and so true,
An Eagle I was, flying
Over places I knew

My wings had stretched wide
To lift me to the sky
To view beauty from above
As far as could see, my eye

I soared over mountains
And valleys of green
Such splendor and such beauty
My soul had never seen

Uninterruptedly for hours
Through the air I just flew
Enjoying every second
Till the dawn near drew

Then I opened my eyes
And saw human still to be
Saddened my heart I found
For wasn't as the Eagle free!*

BIRD SONGS

Bird songs:

Melodies composed by eternity

For

To delight the soul of the ephemeral

World!

Alan

W.

Lankowski

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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

Happiness And Purpose

Is happiness something far out of reach?
Something for which we must strive.
Like some far off destination,
Where we hope someday to arrive.

Or is happiness just a commodity?
Something that can be bought,
Or is happiness something we all can learn?
Something that must be taught.

Is our happiness in short supply?
That may someday come to an end,
Or is there enough to go around?
That we can share it with a friend.

There are many things we'll never know,
Like an envelope that's always sealed,
And yet as we pass through life,
The answers are slowly revealed.

For we're all here for a reason,
As we pass from young to old,
And the longer that we live it,
The more answers will unfold.

And though we entered the world that way,
We were never meant to be alone,
And though we may often try,
We can't do it all on our own.

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

For I believe happiness is our purpose,
And a purpose made to share,
To help make happy the ones we love,
And show them that we care.

And whatever our purpose in life may be,
And only time will truly tell,
My only hope is that I've served it,
And served my purpose well.

Life Is But A Journey

You know that I must leave you,
The end is surely near,
We both knew this day would come,
Please don't shed a tear.

Life is but a journey,
Beginning with our birth,
I'd like to think it continues on,
After we leave this earth.

But I do have one big fear,
And it's not of the unknown,
But rather that my leaving here,
May find you left alone.

So, until we meet again someday,
I hope that you may find,
Someone who will share your life,
Someone sweet and kind.

But your happiness means more to me,
Than you will ever know,
And though I wish there were another way,
For now I have to go.

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

My only hope is you find the strength,
That you need to move on,
And may you once again find love,
After I am gone.

For, I know there must be a Heaven,
I've seen it in your face,
And someday we will meet again,
And once again embrace.

More Beautiful Every Day

They say that time is the great thief,
Robber of beauty and of looks,
I have heard it spoken times before,
Have read of it in books,

But as the years go by with you,
I realize more and more,
You just get that much better,
So much better than before.

For what may have caught my eye,
Was surely your pretty face,
But over the years I have come to know,
Your true beauty and inner grace,

For your true beauty is not seen,
Not what you choose to show,
It is your beauty that lies inside,
The beauty I've come to know,

And as the years pass on by,
You age just like fine wine,
And every year that passes by,
Makes me glad you're mine.

Far from your beauty ever fading,
I feel that I must say,
You just keep on getting better,
And more beautiful every day.

Anna
Jakubczak
vel
Ratty Adalan

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 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

Interlova

Do you remember e-flowers
you were giving me every day?
Your e-triviality, wrote as a poem
Love scheme,
which we wanted to modernize.

Do you remember e-feelings
caught by wind of keyboard strikes?
Face to face
Only
touching glass by kiss.

Petrarch didn't know,
what is Interlova.
He truly felt
and didn't need
to be online.

Dan... I walk away,
but please don't forget I will love you,
until we lose our Internet
connection.

Your Sarah in love.

The fumes

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

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

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

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

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...

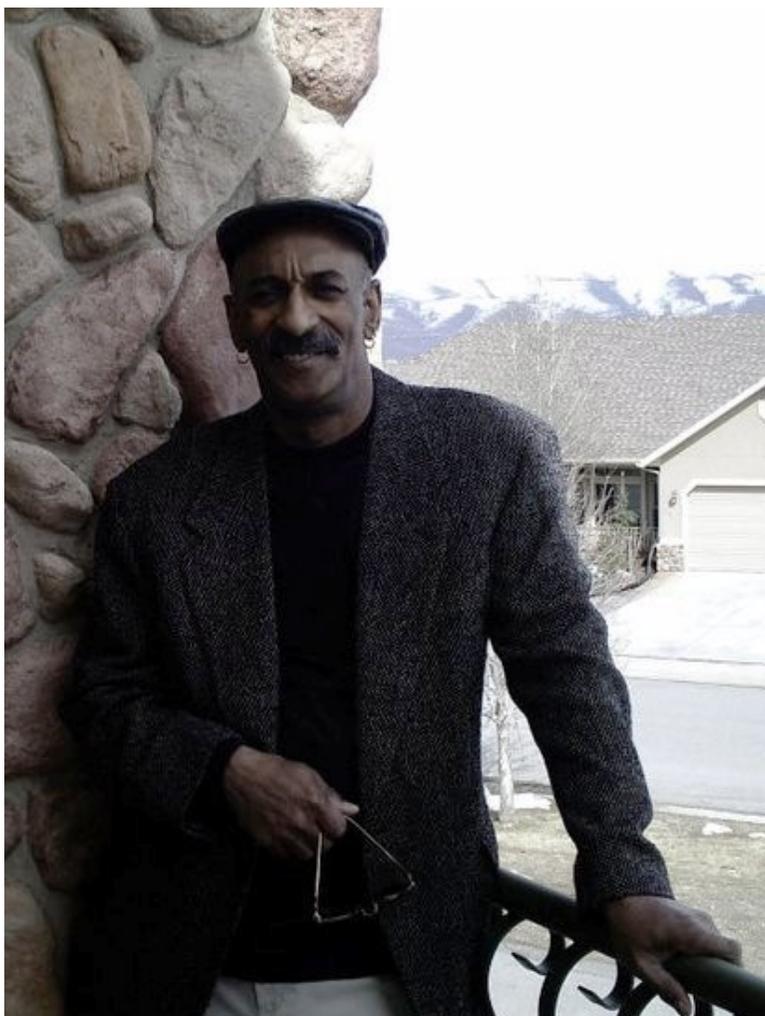
...ambitus all night.

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

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

i use to fly

we were Dragons
forced morphed into men

wings clipped,
the fire in our bellies
subdued
and now we must walk
this lost land of souls
almost forever

the Heavens were my home
the Stars my friends
and we and the Angels played together
before Lorde Chaos came around

He spoke things into being
that we had not thought about before
causing a great divide
within our hearts

He taught us how to label things
give them names
that we may assert values
of the lesser and the greater
and we quickly adapted

this stream of consciousness
then infected our feelings
for each other
and once touched
we could not escape
its plague

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

those of us who held out
and clung to our ways
of "The Open Eye"
were hunted
persecuted
crucified
& slain
for they, the Ones
could not overcome
our instinct

some of us Morphed
into the bodies and shapes
of men
that we may hide
from the legion of Demons
that does his vain bidding

our glow gives us away
for the light of our truths
can not be hidden
but for brief moments
upon this fabric
of eternity

we have been reduced to dreams,
dreams of what used to be
for we have abided here
much too long

so we hope for the return
of the Sainted Anointed One

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

he shall lead us from the pits
of our self created woes
and teach us the lesson
from the Stone Tablet of old
when creatures such as our selves
can not die
and should not fear
and acquiesce not
for we are nobles ones

We are Dragons
i use to fly
and fly again i shall

today i fly

eyes shut
soul bared
my single eye unsheathed
and here i stand
before the window of opportunity
perched pensively
on the precipice
which precariously
looms and ponders the abyss
of punditic personification
of "Self Discovery"

perhaps today is the day
where i gather my self
call to home my phantasmic projections
and cease with the inner praelections
that do no proliferate any precursors
to truth

yes, perhaps
today i shall
gather an pertinent absoluteness
that can not be primarily refuted
with any psychozoic past remnants
of false glories i lie in wait for

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

yes perhaps
today i will abandon
this illusory potent personage
and consider the phantom-ic potentials
presented in the pervasive ether
which beckon to be plundered
and rebirth my plumula
and become prismatic
and jump

today i fly

fly^{ing}

i had too much baggage
to spread my wings
man, i looked in my closet
and there were all sorts of things

grudges and memories
from an almost forgotten past
i keep dusting off
so that they may last

i know i should forgive
but i want to forget
for until i do that
they stay with me yet

then i saw memories
of a time long before
the joy of my childhood
and all i pined for

so i took me a seat
and though for a while
about all of the memories
that have brought me bright smiles

then i quickly resolved
and got up off the floor
i went and got tools
and removed the door

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

for my closet held memories
of dark and of light
with no door to my heart
it shall never know night

i felt so relieved
and light on my feet
and never again
shall i know defeat

my spirit is now free
from all of past things
and i am flying baby
i have spread my wings

flying . . .

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The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

June
2016

Features

~ * ~

Qibrije Demiri Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleeha Hassan

Bedri Zybraj

The Year of the Poet III ~ June 2016

Qibrije

Demiri

Frangu



Qibrije Demiri- Frangu, writes poetry for children and adults. She has published seven (7) poetic books till now.

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

One of her books for children has been translated into Swedish language. She works as a professor at the University of Prishtina and she is a researchist of the literature.

Old mothers

Just like stars that prevent darkness
They keep our molecules in their bodies

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

They feet are as unexplored tracks
Painful roads Gibbous full of lines' blood
Thighs, rolling desert

From where have fled even the shepherds
From the Men's fingers
They're not held anymore
Our mothers
Are afraid of the men's eyes
None of their body windows can't be opened up
Breasts like clouds

ENKIDU

Enkidu, come out in my city park
Full of trash
Let's talk about your immortality

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

And my sleep in the coffin of frustration

To show you that cover of the books are my shoes

Which save me from the insanity of my time

That dyed my hair Up roots with blood Come with me

Enkidu

Let's eat immortality as an ice cream

It's not that we even need that Foolishness

To a friend who writes porn poetry

You try to put the Eros into verses

And consider it as a toy

Which gets between the legs?

Dear friend Wasting time mixing the meats

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

As in the lunch meal

Love is not a table, nor literary hour

It is the water that flows over the plants

To preserve the colors of the universe

Naima
Beqiraj

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

Naime Beqiraj



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

Born in Peja, Kosovo. Professional Culture Journalist.
Professor of Journalism and Academic Writing.
Author of several poetry volumes. Won many literary prizes in Kosovo and Albania.

- International Poetry Event “Struga Summer”, 22-26 August 2013
- Cultural meetings of Istanbul and participation ad World Cultural Olympiad, Ankara, May 31st – June the 3rd 2013
- Conference on Religion and beliefs in Bruxelles, February 2006;
- Cultural events with Albanian Diaspora (Langental-Switzerland, June 2004);
- Round tables and debates on Albanian culture in the World, Zurich, June 2006;
- Trainings for photography with Albanian master photographer Fadil Berisha, Zurich, February 2007 and Prishtinë, October 2008;
- Literary youth events, 22-26 October 1990 Korçë
- Creative Student meetings, Sarajevo, 1988;
- Meeting of Albanian Poetesses in Vushtrri, March the 8th 1987 (First Jury award);
- Meetings of “Don Mikel Tarabulluzit” (Stubëll e Vitisë), September, 2005 (First Jury award);

GOD

God is great

My bird

He blesses eternally people that love

God is not far

As far as you and I

God loves heroes

That overcomes challenges

For braiding the birds

MOISTENIG OF THE FIG

Desert pictures are
Moistening
In your height

Drying is another story
As resurrection is
I wouldn't call it self-denial
You fled away consoled

It is not only a physical return
A reflected image of Noah
Home, desert, ark
Laughter as it happens in the beginning
Bursting
As sinners

Oh heavenly ark
Return moisture to a fig
Make it evince wetter than ever
In the beginning of the wedding

Oh heavenly ark
Kill this longing of mine
This mildew window
That caught me surprisingly

THE MOON

Tonight I would kiss you just unwillingly
There where even you wouldn't guess
Unwillingly is better
Especially when it rains

With the sunrise full of spring dews
You'll climb again raved by love
Sleeping with the Goddess

You halted not just because I wanted
But I said so and you trusted me oh insane

This Moon escaped somewhere, or it hide after you
I wasn't overfed by a night

AMADOU

We stood on the oath of words that were never given
With unuttered longing mixed with the rain
A mileage rushes to catch one more pace
New oblivion burdens my shoulders

Grass-leafs in the night were separated
Took the form of departure
All promises flew vane away
Only the longing was taking the amadou of waiting

Lips and shoulders pound only for a voice
While we could hear it in one or another knoll
We hide in fairytales for another age
Dab as dreaming to touch your hand

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

Faseeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

Faleeha Hassan

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

And she is the first woman who wrote poetry for children in Iraq

She is leading poetic feminist movement in the holy city of Najaf.

She got a master's degree in Arabic literature, and published sixteen books

Her poems translated to (English, Turkmen, Bolivian , Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albania) and she has received many awards,

Her poems and her stories published in different American magazines Such as : (Philadelphia poets 22), (Harbinger Asylum), (Brooklyn Rail april2016), (Screaminmamas),(The Galway Review)and (Words without Borders).

Writer's Block

When I try to write
I sense that millions of readers are
Crowding the paper's edge,
Kneeling, genuflecting, and lifting their hands
To pray for my poem's safe arrival.
The moment it looms on my imagination's horizon,
Gazing at the concept in a diaphanous gown of metaphor,
Young people smack their lips—craving double entendres.
Meanwhile, with piercing glances, the elderly scrutinize
Its juxtapositions and puns.
Then the concept smiles shyly, dazed at seeing them.
On the paper's lines both young and old meet for a
discussion,
But my words resist
And erect walls of critical theories.
Then the paths of personal confession contract,
Contract,
Contract.
My imagination calmly shuts down,
And the conception retreats inside my head.
At that hour, it afflicts my world with
Bouts of destruction.
Workers refuse their paychecks.
Farmer let their fields go fallow.
Women stop chatting.
Pregnant mothers refuse to deliver their babies.
Children collect their holiday presents but
Toss them on the interstate.
Our rulers detest their positions.
Kings sell their crowns at yard sales.
Geography teachers rend their world map
And throw it in the waste basket.
Grammar teachers hide vowel marks in the drop ceiling
And break caesura by striking the blackboard.

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

Flour sacks split themselves open, and the flour mixes with dirt.

Birds smash their wings and stop flying.

Mice swarm into the mouths of hungry cats.

Currency sells itself at public auctions.

The streets carry off their asphalt under their arms

And flee to the nearest desert.

Time forgets to strike the hour.

The sea becomes furious at the wave

And leaves the fish stuck headfirst in the mud.

The shivering moon hides its body in the night's cloak.

Rainstorms congeal in the womb of the clouds.

The July sun hides in holes in the ozone layer,

Allowing ice to form on its beard and scalp.

Skyscrapers beat their heads against the walls,

Terrified by the calamity.

Cities dwindle in size till they enter the needle's eye.

Mountains tumble against each other.

My room squeezes in upon me, and

The ceiling conspires against me with

The walls,

The chair,

The table,

The fan,

The floor,

Glass in the frame,

The windows,

Its curtains,

My clothes, and

My breaths.

The world's clarity is roiled.

Atomic units change.

I vanish into seclusion,

Trailing behind me tattered moans and

Allowing my pen to slay itself on the white paper.

.....

Translated by William M. Hutchins

Stalingrad

During moments I yearned for forests grown for me alone,
Caressing them in a dream,
I could sense the throbbing of the heart
Hidden beneath my ribs to bless my journey.
Summoning me with a pulse that he recognizes in me.
I heard the noise of abandoned smoke from a moment of
care
Join with me,
Forcefully traversing desires to the hidden-most one.
My spirit swung toward him,
Creating a tingling
On lips that devour breaths alive.
I felt ashamed,
But the eye,
In moments—I scarcely know what to call them—that took
me on another route
Toward the television, saw warplanes . . . spray death on
them.
At that moment,
The fire of machine guns raked all the bodies,
And another fire raked my body when I trained my eye on
him
Hesitantly inclining his head
Toward a shoulder unaccustomed to the secret of the stars
of war
Or to insomnia.
Oh . . . I leaned on it!
And when he caressed a dumbfounded person
I felt his fingers like coiling embers inside me.
Bashfulness seized the excuse this caress gave . . . and
vanished,
Eliminating distance till the two of us were one.
And the eye—he moaned: May love not forgive her the
eye—repeated another evasion

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

Toward a drizzle of men flung about in the air by just the
rustling of a pilot penetrating a building
To fall on screens as the debris of breaking news.
But his breaths . . . shattering the still down of the cheek,
And turning their picture into mist as
Eddies of the screen's corpses . . . varieties of death that
they brought them.
The spirit that became a body,
The body that was sold for the sake of a touch,
The eye that was concealed in his image
And that approached the firebrand of conflagrations.
Everyone drawing close to everyone,
Everyone,
Everyone,
Everyone.
But the thunder of their machine guns splintered them:
Corpses piled on corpses,
I mean on me,
The eyes of those in it were extinguished.
They slept in a trench of silence.
My eyes' lids parted in a wakefulness obsessed with them.
I rose . . . and embraced the chill
That the screens brought me in commemoration of
Stalingrad.

.....
Translated by William Hutchins

Black Iraqi Woman

Shortly before my father died, he whispered to me longingly: “Daughter, treasure this, because it authenticates your heritage to our kinsfolk!” When I accepted this object, I discovered it was a stone with inscriptions I did not understand and delicate, mysterious lines. He continued, “It is a keepsake from our great-great grandfather and can ultimately be traced back to Bilal, the Holy Prophet’s first muezzin, and his father, who was the king of Ethiopia.” I accepted this small heirloom, which I carried everywhere with me in my handbag. The person who shared my life under the title of “husband,” however, threw it down the drain at our house, thinking—as he told me—that it was a fetish. From then till now I have endured successive exiles. So I wrote this poem to explain the secret of my skin color—given that I am a native of al-Najaf, Iraq—spiritually, mournfully, and poetically!

My father said: “You were born quite unexpectedly,
Remote from Aksum, like a beauty spot for al-Najaf—‘the
Virgin’s Cheek.’
Your one obsession has been writing, but
The sea will run dry before you arrive at the meaning of
meaning.”
He affirmed: “During a pressing famine,
I devoted myself to watching over every breath you took.
I would thrust my hand through the film of hope
To caress your spirit with bread.
You would burp, and
I would delightedly endure my hunger and fall asleep.
I could only find the strength to fib to your face and say I
was happy.

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

I would feel devastated when you fidgeted,
Because you would always head toward me,
And I felt helpless.”
Aksum! They say you’re far away!
“No, it’s closer to you than your exile.”
“And now?”
“Don’t talk about ‘now’ while we’re living it.”
“The future depresses me. How can I proceed?”
How can the ear be deaf to the wailing from the streets?
Aksum, you have colored my skin. Al-Najaf has freshened
my spirit.
She knows and does the opposite.
She knows that I inter only dirt above me, and
That I deny everything except spelling out words:
M: Mother, who went walking down the alley of no return.
F: Father, who hastened after her.
B: Brother, who never earned that title.
S: Sister who buttoned her breast to a loving tear, no matter
how fake.
.....There’s no one I care about!
The trees tremble some times, and we don’t ask why.
My life surrounds me the way prison walls surround
suspects;
I am the victim of a building erected by a frightened man.
With its talons time scratches its tales on me,
And I transform them into a silent song
Or, occasionally, a psalm of sobs.
Father, do you believe that--the roots have been torn
asunder?
Fantasies began to carry me from al-Najaf to Afyon
And from Afyon to nonexistence,
Yellow teeth stretching all the way.
“History’s not anything you’ve made,”

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

One American neighbor tells another.
He's surprised to see me.
"Who are you?" he asks when he doesn't believe his eyes.
Would he understand the truth of my origin if I told him I
was born in al-Najaf
Or that Aksum has veiled my face?
I have walked and walked and walked.
I'm exhausted, Father.
Is your child mine?
Show yourself and return me to the purity of your loins.
Allow me to occupy the seventh vertebra of fantasy!
Don't eject me into a time I don't fit.
I need you.
I ask you:
Has my Lord forbidden me to be happy?
Am I forbidden to preserve
What I have left
And sit some warm evening
Averting my ear from a voice that doesn't interest me?
Answer me, Father!
Or change the face of our garden
So it changesto what they believe!

Translated by William Hutchins

Bedri
Zybraj

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2016

Bedri Zyberaj was born on 1963 in Drenoc, Rahovec. He finished his primary school in his hometown and high school in Rahovec. In 1988 he graduated in Albanian Literature and Language in the University of Prishtina. Until 1993 he was unemployed. From this year and until 1998 he was a teacher of Albanian language and literature in his hometown. Parallel with teaching he would deal with issues of literature and journalism. In 1998, the publishing house „Rilindja” in Prishtina publishes his first collection of poems „Dromca vitesh” (After the last war 1997/99 (war of KLA) he has performed many important tasks in regards to his country and has been very active with literature. He participated in various roundtable and scientific conferences which were held within and outside Kosovo. In 2013, Albanological Institute has published his book with reviews and studies „Në gjurmë të arketipeve”. He is a member of the Writers League of Kosovo (WLK). As of May 2014, he is director of the National Library of Kosovo „Pjeter Bogdani”. In December 2014, the literary meetings „Esat Mekuli” League of Writers of Kosovo was given the first prize „Bardi I” poetry reading on that occasion. He lives now in Prishtina.

Tonight

Tonight

Together with us is Homer

Sappho, Pushkin, Baudelaire

De Rada, Serembe, Naim

Tonight when the vines lush

Poetry flows from the cauldron of brandy

In the light of the moon

Around the vine

Tonight

Lasgush is leading the dance of the stars

Khayyam is filling our glasses with rubaiyat

Tonight

Wine is boiling in the cups

Rahovec is Eden

Tonight

Variant

Tonight

Let muses nurture us with milk of the vine

Let our get drunk with the taste of wine and flavor of verses

Tonight

Let's dismantle and erase the borders

Let us be heretics

And we shouldn't pray to God

Poets

Tonight

Let us fall down on our knees

And pray to

Vine and poetry

Translated by Fadil Bajraj

Blessed Is the One Who Survives!

Darkness covers the city
Children weep
Then this verse occurred to me:
“Alas
As for us everything was going from bad to worse!”

Rain is pouring down
The same sacrifices
And also the hangmen
And the blood is the same

Blood brightness becomes
terribly beautiful
People turn into butterflies
yearning for light
Horizontally:

Alas
Vertically:

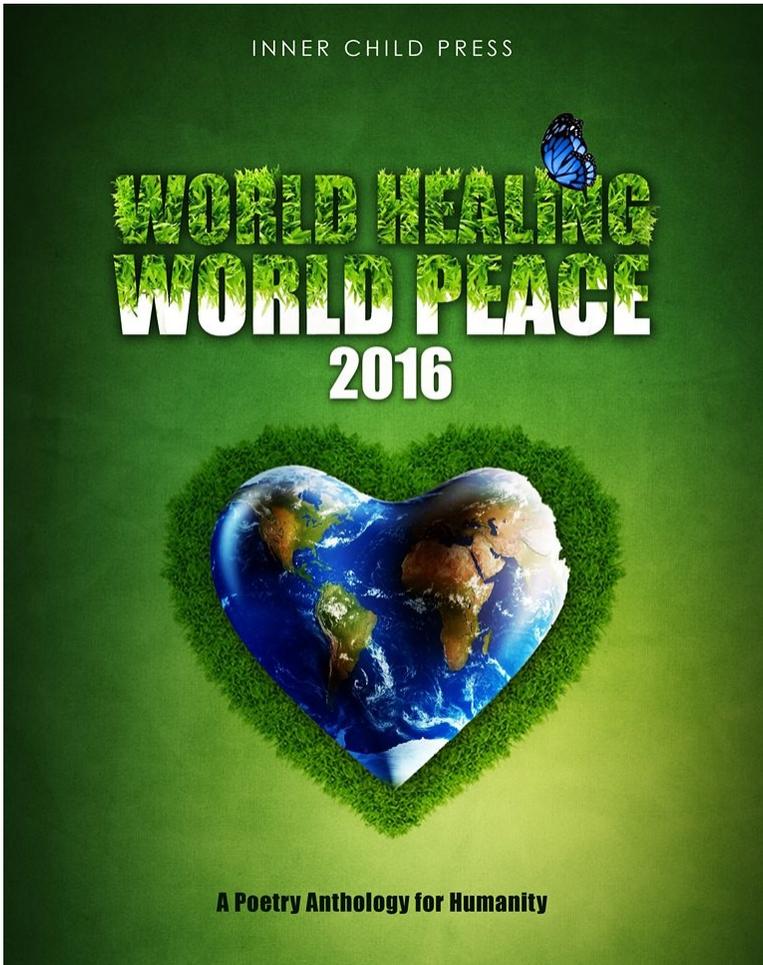
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Blessed is the one who survives!

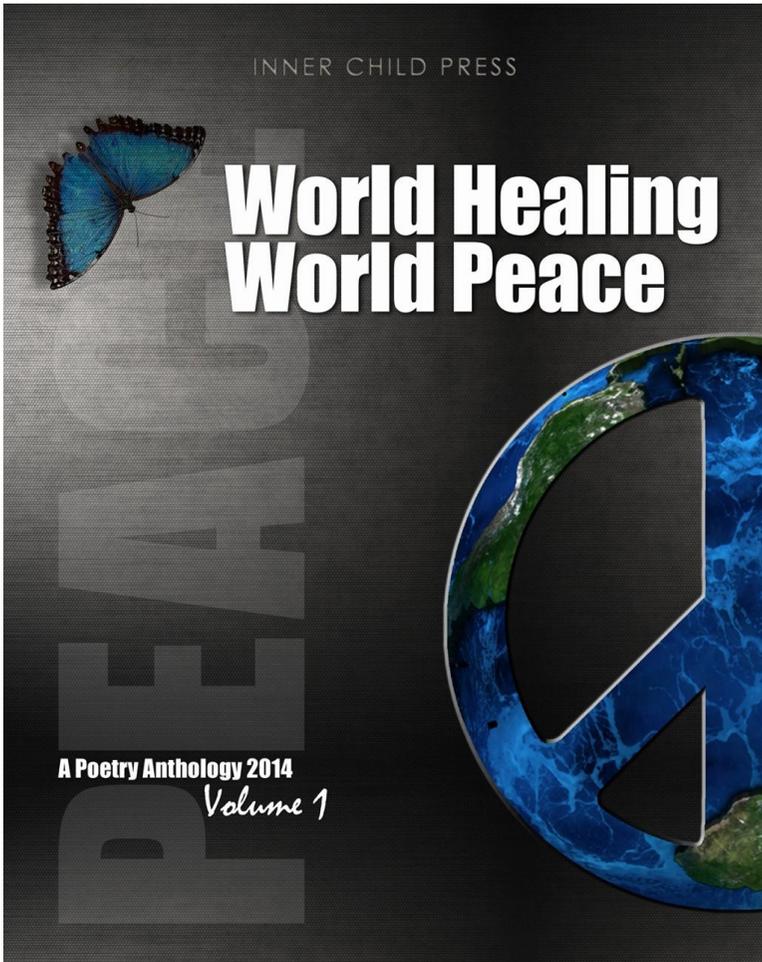
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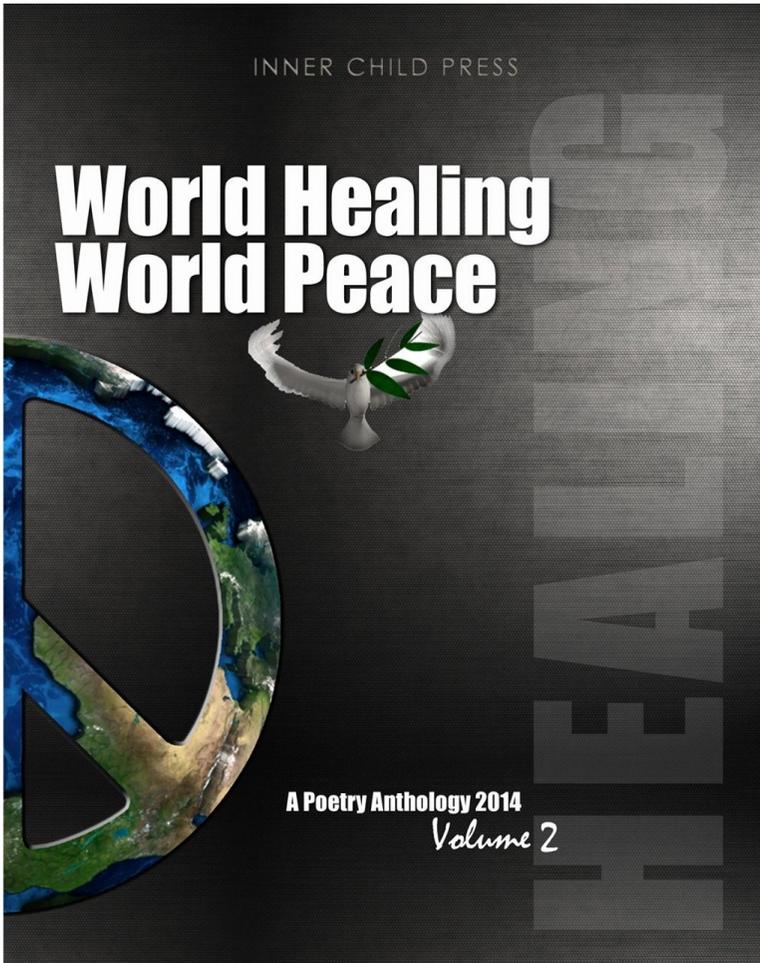
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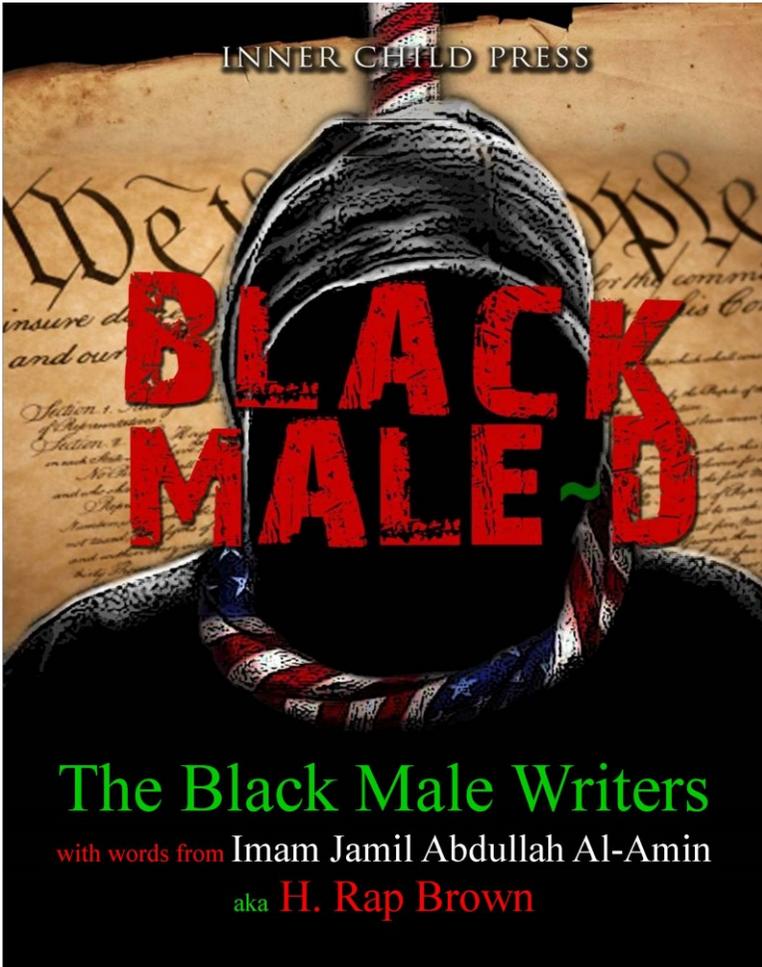


Inner Child Press Anthologies





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 Chalasaz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

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

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

celebrating international poetry month

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

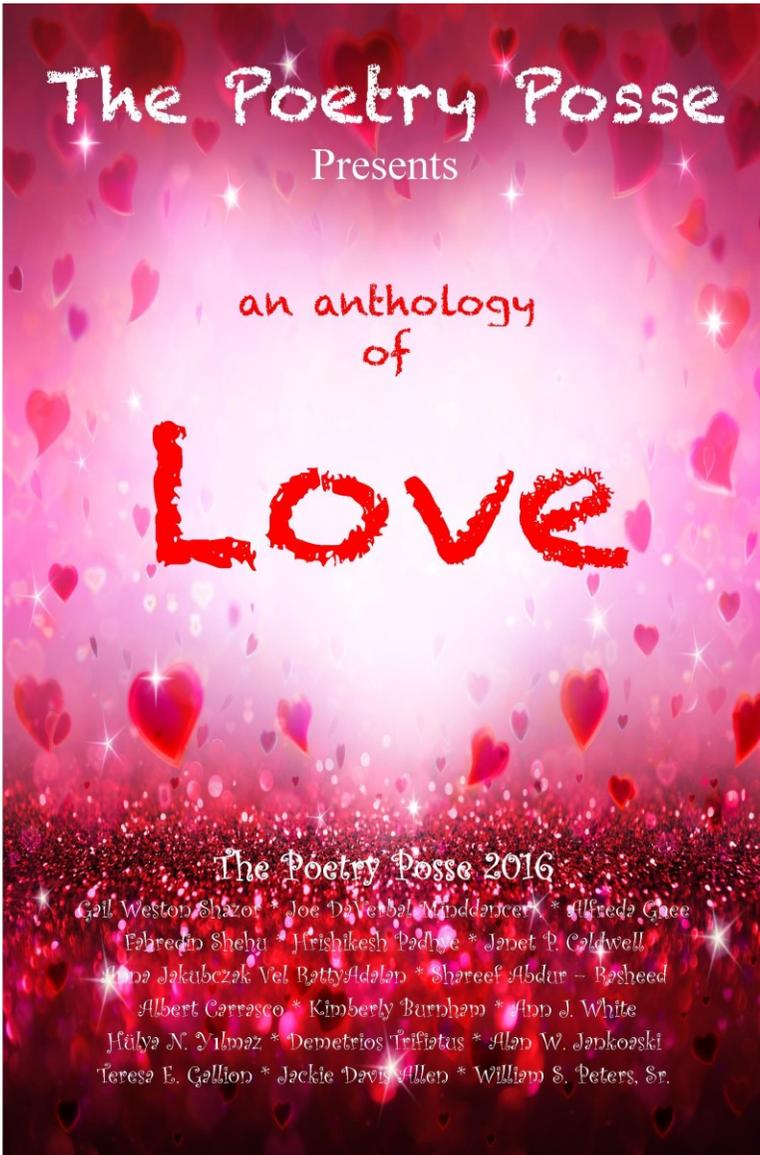
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

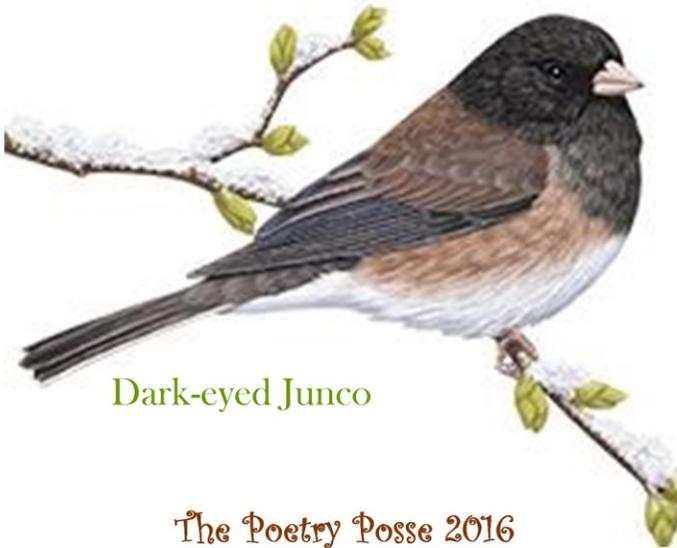
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . . * Alfred Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adala * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Triffatus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion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

The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski
Bismay Mohanty
James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

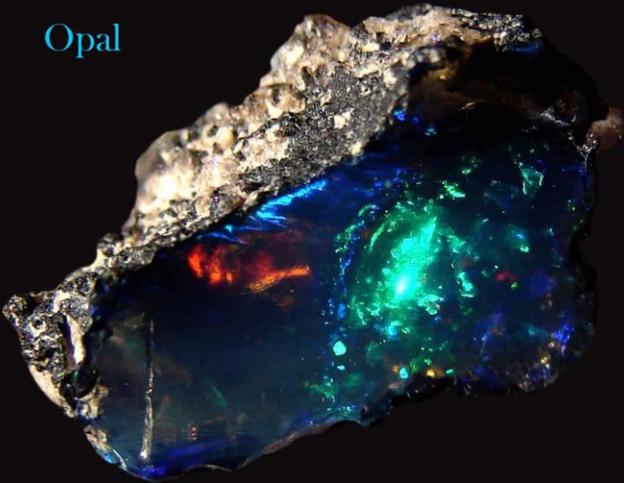
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
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 * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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



Rose

Love & Relationship

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 & hülya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

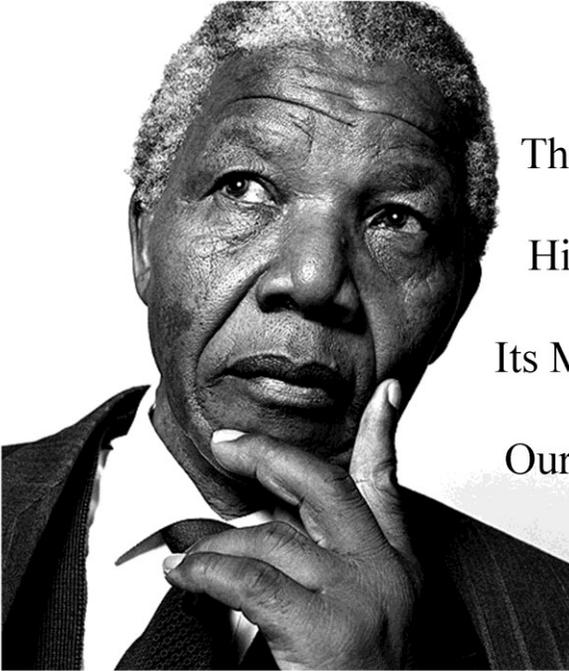
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Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS

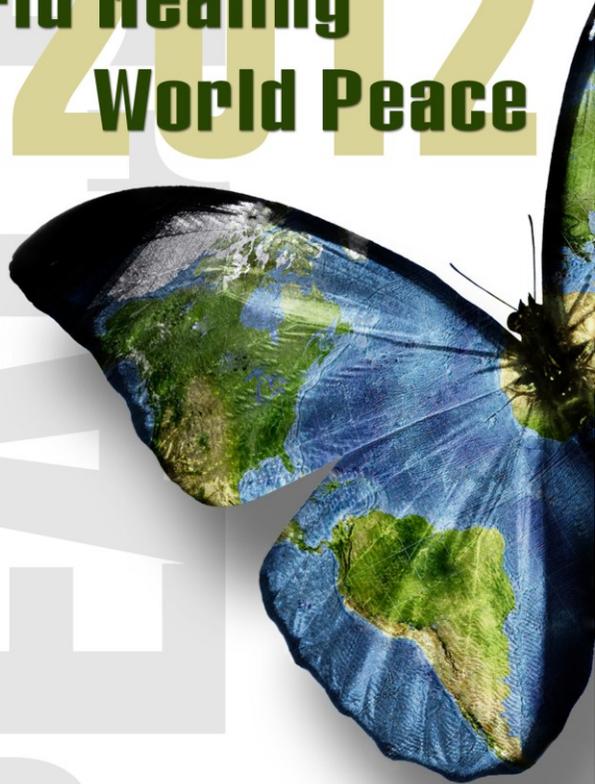


POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

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World Peace**



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Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



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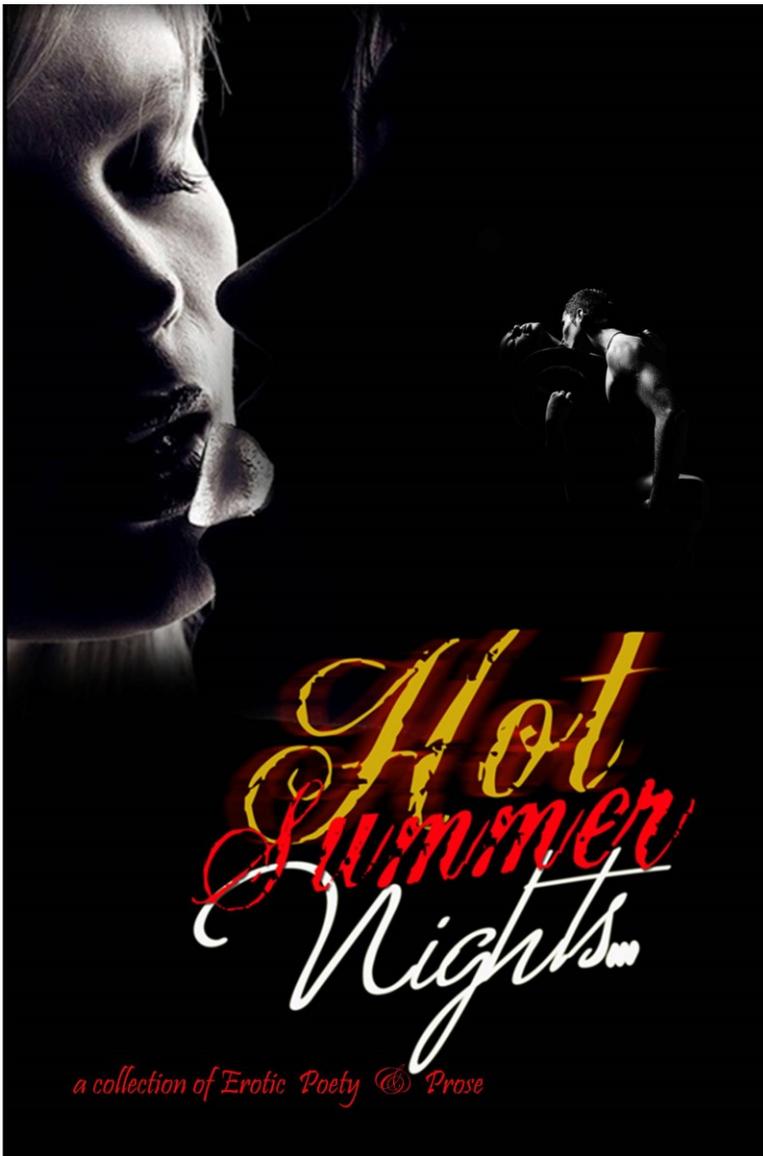
Volume 2

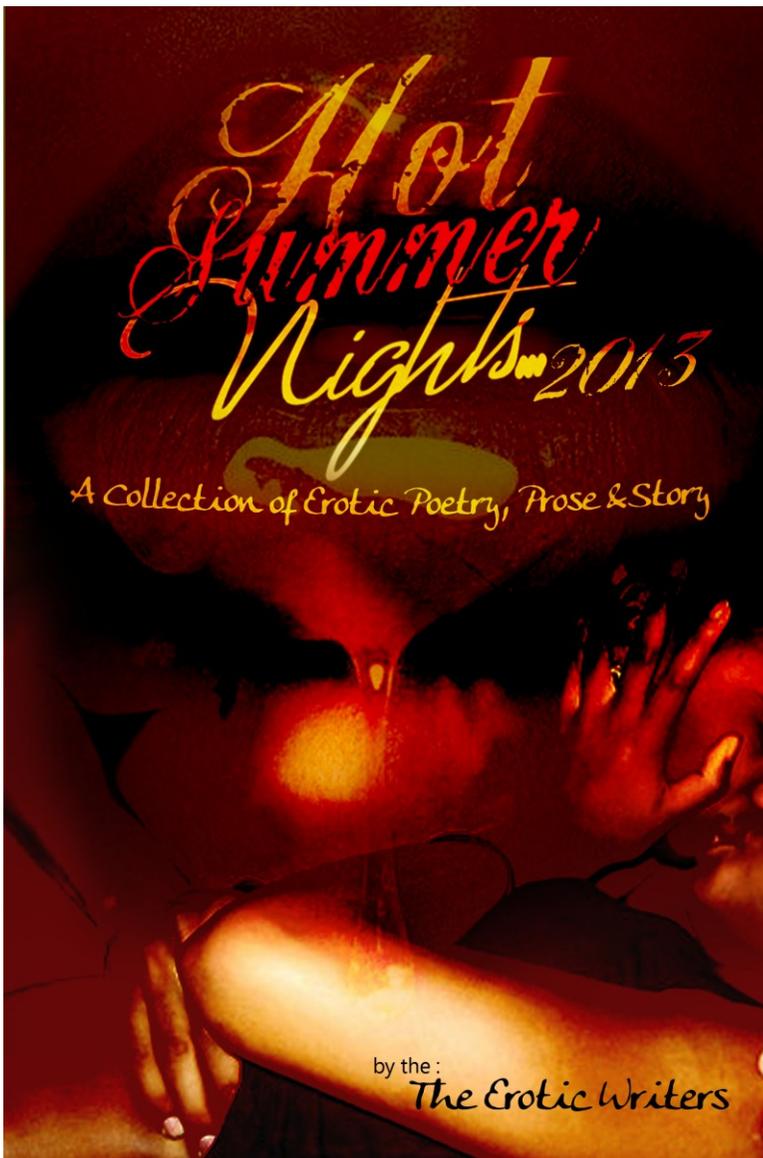
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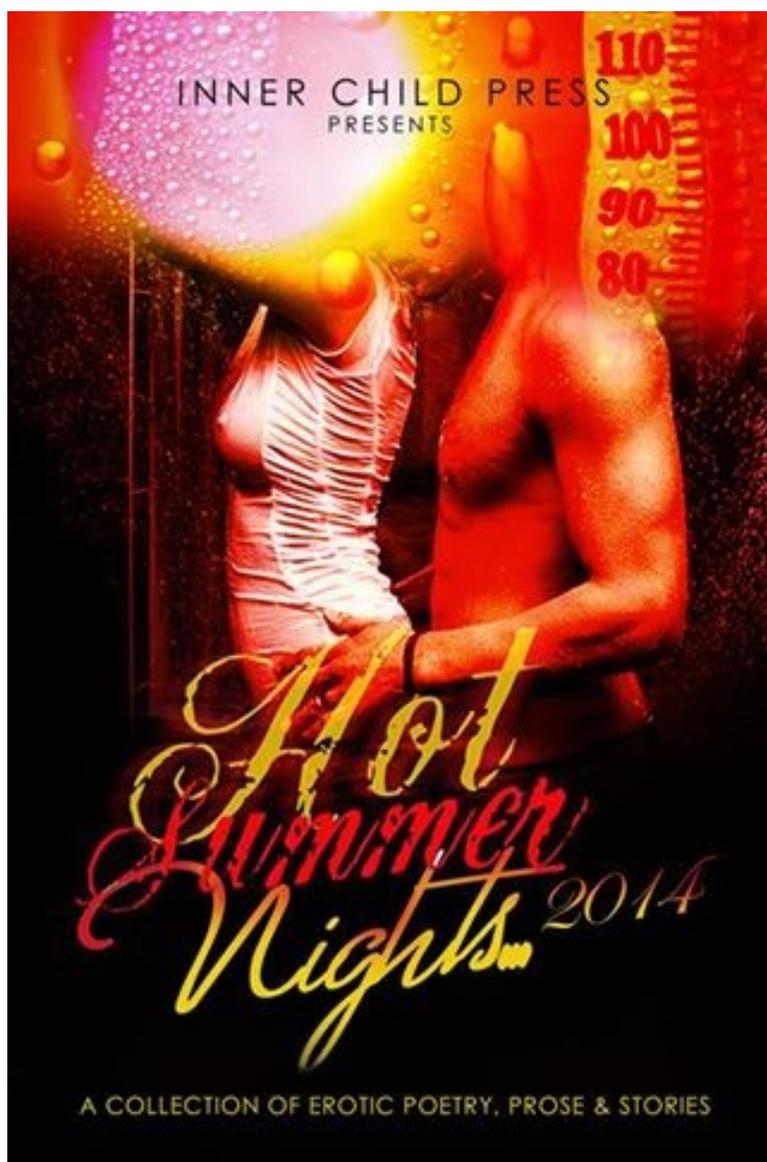
healing through words



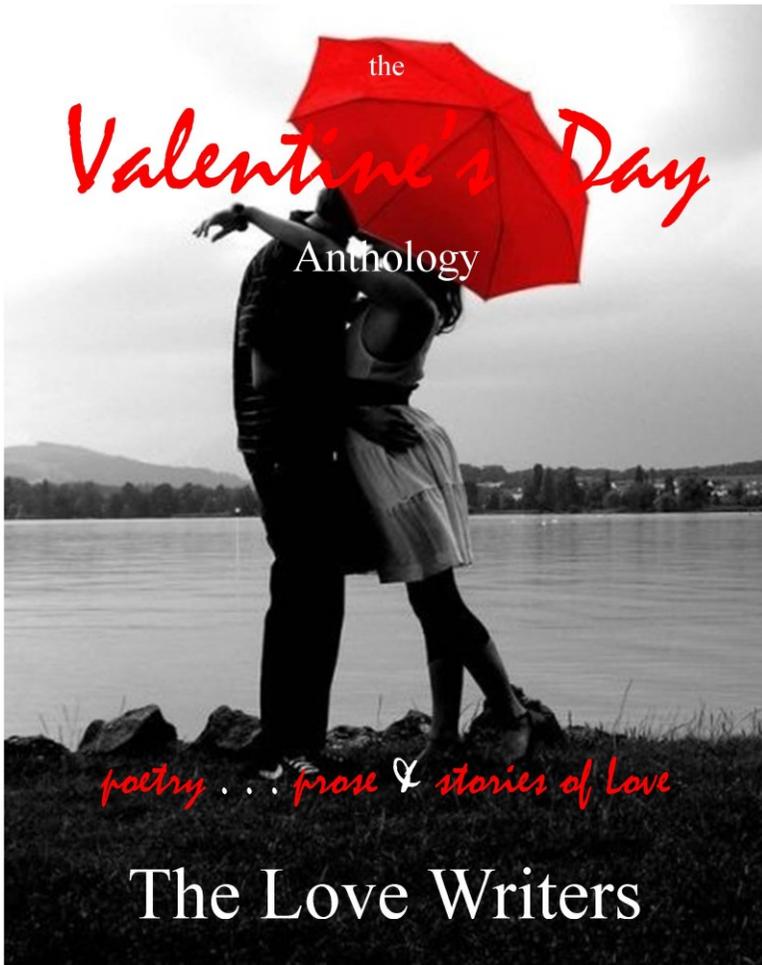
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







Inner Child Press Anthologies



the
Valentine's Day

Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies



want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**
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



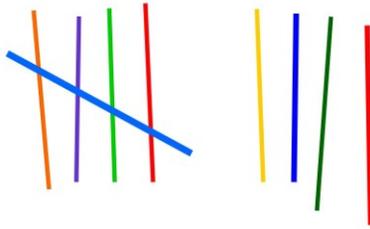
want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**

to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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Anthology
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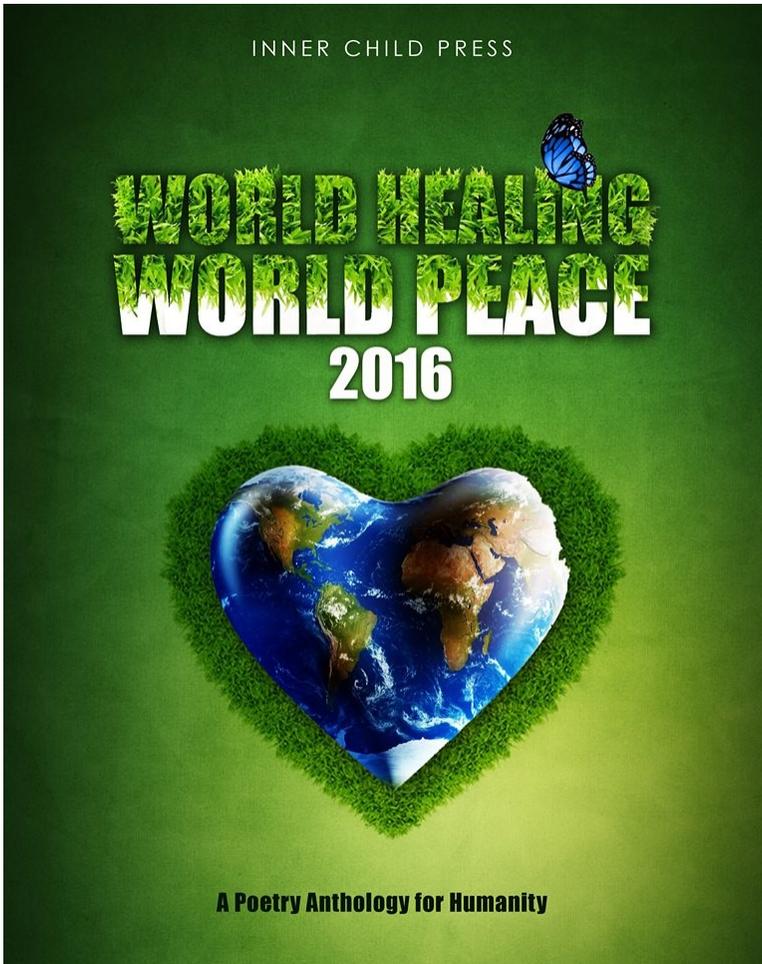
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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



June 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Qibrije
Demiri- Frangu



Naime
Beqiraj



Faleeha
Hassan



Bedri
Zyberaj



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