

The Year of the Poet IV

June 2017

Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet

Tze-Min Tsai

Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV June 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell



Alan W. Jankowski

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

Foreword

Some of us have green thumbs; others among us are capable of threatening the lives of even the most resilient blooms. Let's say we answer to the roll call for the latter group. At least from hear-say, we know about the joy of growing a garden or being in close proximity to one. The feasts such land offers to most of our basic senses have surely tempted us to take a peek or two at the marvel-worthy spread before us.

The art of poetry is not unlike a garden, as William S. Peters Sr. —our dear Bill accentuates with conviction in one of his landmark statements:

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

Not everyone will (nor is obligated to) take an active part in the sowing, growing or maintaining of the seeds in the “Conscious Garden of Life”, but to indulge in its abundant offerings at the present

while envisioning its future “Flowers” is a thought
we all can aspire to conceive.

So, won’t you please tiptoe through our poetry-
garden with us?

hülya n. yılmaz

Poetry on our minds . . . always!

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

I cannot begin to express the feeling of euphoria I have each and every month that we publish this anthology. Over the years, and month by month we are blessed to be able to share with the world our words. For those writers, publishers and readers who have not experienced this, I must tell you, it is beyond describable.

So here we are . . . 42 months into this project which originally was supposed to be for just the year of 2014. We have had many members of The Poetry Posse who have come and departed, yet left their mark upon our hearts, spirits and consciousness. I would also like to acknowledge the wonderful souls of Janet P. Caldwell and Alan W. Jankowski who have crossed over too soon that they may make a place for us. I , we are thankful.

Additionally we have been blessed to share with you our readers, poets from all over the world. Each month we feature and introduce to you poets you may or may not have read before. Take some time for you, and grab a beer or a cup of tea and sit

back and enjoy our offering this fine month of June 2017.

Just a reminder . . . all past volumes of this offering of The Year of the Poet from January 2014 to present is available as a FREE Download and also in print for a modest cost. You can browse past issues in the rear of this publishing. Enjoy!

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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The Year of the Poet**

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

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2016



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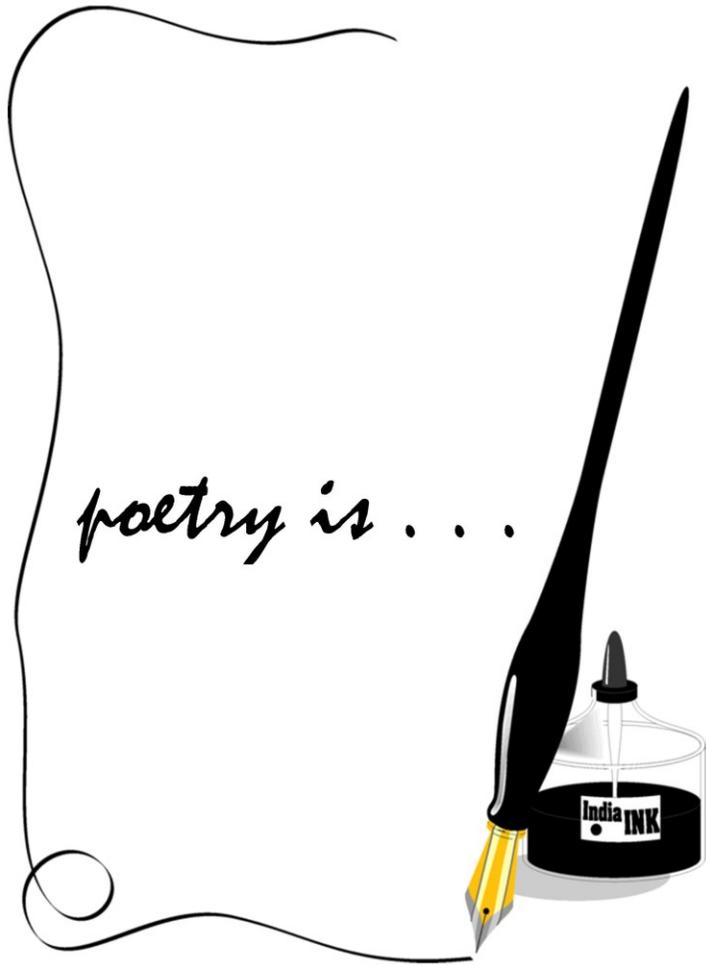
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp





The Linden Tree



Tilia is a genus of about 30 species of trees native throughout most of the temperate Northern Hemisphere. Commonly called **lime trees** in the British Isles, they are not related to the lime fruit. Other names include **linden**, and **basswood** for the

North American species.^[1] The genus occurs in Europe and eastern North America, but the greatest species diversity is found in Asia. Under the Cronquist classification system, this genus was placed in the family Tiliaceae, but genetic research summarised by the Angiosperm Phylogeny Group has resulted in the incorporation of this genus, and of most of the previous family, into the Malvaceae.

Tilia species are mostly large, deciduous trees, reaching typically 20 to 40 metres (65 to 130 ft) tall, with oblique-cordate leaves 6 to 20 centimetres ($2\frac{1}{4}$ to $7\frac{3}{4}$ in) across. As with elms, the exact number of species is uncertain, as many if not most of the species will hybridise readily, both in the wild and in cultivation. Limes are hermaphroditic, having perfect flowers with both male and female parts, pollinated by insects.

The
Year
of the
Poet III

June 2017

The Poetry Posse

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

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

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Ink Me

"If you sacrifice your art because of some woman, or some man, or for some color, or for some wealth, you can't be trusted."

- Miles Davis

I
Cannot
Remember
A moment when
You did not want me
To follow my ink path
Had you stolen my pencils
I would have slipped away at night
Leaving crumpled papers on the bed
And echoes of my soul on the pillow

The Electric Boogie Blues

He awaits me
In corners and blind alleys
Full tilt neon boogie
In get back blues
I speak
His name loudly
Damn near scream his name
In a delta rhythm
Heel clicking on sidewalks
Broken glass sparks
Moist and hot
In a basin of water
His power over me
Strong and relentless
So I run faster, wider
My hips sway stactically
Pearls on the river
And blood in my veins
Ridiculously
Drawn towards his light
As if I didn't know better

I confessed
To my preacher
I just knew
A longing like this
Had to be a sin
He only agreed
And wiped electric
Off his chin
In that tired knowing

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Of one that has
Been full before
Has been sated
At the table
No blessing for me
Just a pat on the hand
Even he was afraid
Of a new embrace
That could start
Him to moving
Into the void, again

Still I speak
Him into being
Ordered and
Disordering my words
Staining my radiance
In a swirling mist
Allowing the water
To cover me
To fill the spaces
He left open
Cleansing vowels
My reflection
Breaking shadows
Into more shade
I'm ready
To cross over
Spitting the flavor
Onto the pavement
Rebukement
Of the taste
On the tip
Of my tongue

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

My flesh is weathered
And bears the mark
Of his days
Across my belly
Around my hip
I span the length
With fingers spread
Until prints
Coil together in
A nest of promises
Unfulfilled sacredness
Trembling at the edge
Of a passerby's irises
Sightless again
And I just want
The scent of him
In my mouth
To quench this thirst
This knowing
This lightening
Scorching my breast

The dawn is near
Though I know
I won't sleep again
Closing my door
On the life outside
And drinking tea
In a broken cup
I am ashamed
At susceptibility
Of words spoken
In whispers
Wrapped in linens

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

And perched on windowsills
Holding the pain
Behind my smiles
He comes to me
In lonely thoughts
But I know hear
For I no longer
Believe
In love

Touch Me

You withstand the storm of me
The me that rages through the thoughts and emotions
That grip me in my insecurities
The storm that takes minutes and maybe hours
To get tamped down and placated
You touch the rage of me

You hold the loss of me
When I forget to take out the trash
Because I am still reading the most interesting thing
And you have to remind me that I forgot
Gently and with the tenderness I so need
You touch the thought of me

You touch the ideal of me
The me that can't find the level
That balances the expectations to the given
You see through me until I can't
And you only wish the best of life
You touch the hope of me

You touch the arches of me
Only you can stand in those places that intersect
The coming out and going in
When I leave you and I must
And return to you and I will
You hold the most of me

You touch the verb of me
The words that constantly move
From fingertips down to parchments

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

And I cannot be stilled water
My nouns keep ebbing and flowing
You touch the changing me

You touch the love of me
Not the one that is written on cards
Or shown in 60 seconds of film
You love the greatfilledness of me
The wondering and grace of me
You choose the best of me

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

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

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

Peace denied

I have to put off my thought of
Sleeping in place aside;
Continuous loud noises since days
Have made me peace denied.

I am upset with the increasing decibels
Of frustrating campaigning songs.
Elections have come, so?
Denying peace is in all form wrong.

A mob of temporarily employed
Carry out calls with vigour depicting
Victory of their party. "Do you even
Know him?" is the way goes my questioning.

The rhythm of my lines
Are devastated.
I am embarrassed to infinite extent
It is not just to get agitated?

Today some take excuse of politics
Tomorrow the excuse will be of marriage
Every day has its day
Some day they too will be peace dearth.

I aspire to read the daily atleast
But end with crushing and
Throwing everything apart. Hence divine help
I seek for my bliss errand.

Reminiscence

The cold atmosphere took me
To the place where I grew
Those days of schooling
I remember-
My nearest friend lived a mile away
Eight years I spent in solitude
I would dream on melancholic days....
Someday would grow up
Things won't be the same.
Good company I get at school
Rest times my world remained blank.
Silly things I watched like nomad
The scenic beauty is well etched
Elders remained bus yin their chores
No time for entertaining me....

It has been a year of my
Waving good bye to that forest
Dense with lots of memories.
Now that I return to that past
I see embracing my old friends
I try to refresh the reminiscence....

But how come my cheeks turn moist?
As my eyes pen, another drop leaves
To add to the stream down my face.

Soliloquoy-1

A new dawn will come as night subsides

A new me rises as the darkness abides

Deluded from wars of hopes and despair

Life remains cool in a cage; the void fair.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

Summer Exhibition

The lovely ladies attract attention,
Wandering as they do through my garden,
Sweetly perfumed and radiantly adorned,
Gowned in royalty, colors red, gold, purple
And white. Accessorized with emerging
Emerald green, it's a sight to be seen.

On top of the whitewashed picket-fence
A spectrum of colorful songbirds perch.
Are they resting, and perhaps thinking
Of searching for something to drink?

Fierce blazes the sun, it ignites the way
The ladies dance, they swaying in step
With stirring tunes, the music of which
Turbulent winds speed up the rhythm.
Dark shadows force white puffs into gray,
Forces, too, the clouds to release their spray.

Fleeing the downpour, the birds seek refuge
In cozy nests in around and amongst the trees;
The earth is ever joyful, the weeping sky
Seems to agree with summer, she on her knees.

Peaceful and quieted is the night, for now
The storm has passed and rest has come.
A lovely one, in pure virginal vining-white
Carefully climbs the rickety garden fence.
Under the celestial orb she stands guard
As if a watchman over summer's exhibition.

An Invitation

Come sit in my garden and rest a while,
And let us share our thoughts and view
The emerging scenes that surround this place,

Stealthily by night and more boldly by day.
Whisper to me your musical aria anew, and let
Us sip a cup of nature's orchestral gifts.

Linger for awhile, if you will, my friend,
And lean forward, if you please, share with me
What you make of springtime's offerings;

And let worries ease about tomorrow's
Concerns, satisfied to relax and indulge
In these special and intimate moments.

My neighbors, bursting with pride, if not
Yet in blossom, enclose and surround me
With colorful hints and annual promise.

Rose, St. John's Wort, Astilbe, Iris, Lily,
And the bush of Butterflies, each longing,
Waits to accept sun's individual invitation.

Grackles seek to eat from the grassy
Ground as do the robins whose red breasts
Heralds the tunes of spring, so profound.

Ah, my heart flutters at the thought
Of Mother Nature showering us with
Such a beautiful scene beneath the trees.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Wind songs breeze, floating on wings
Of gentle waves, with fluttering leaves
In the nearby trees; they're as harmonious

As love's instrument of bountiful blessings.
So, then, let us give thanks for this wondrous
Retreat as we bask beneath blue sky's bliss.

It has been most pleasant, has it not
To sit and muse about, how, as friends,
We've bonded in this moment

As we've done seasons before,
Introduced as we've been privileged,
By opening our lives to Nature's door?

Time flies, as doth the gift of pollen
Upon which the buzzing bees and birds
Profligate the flowering species

Of the myriad bounty that summer
Has in store for its adornment, for
Our pleasure. Dare we ask for more?

Wings of Prayer

Dazzling bright sunlight
Greets me as morning's dawn
Fades into clouds of memory,

And awesome are the ancestral gifts
Of love and liberty
And for the gift I am now claiming,
Trying out my wings, not simply content
To stay in the nest of restlessness.

'Tis a reign of accomplishment
Sitting or by chance dreaming and
Collecting visions and weaving creative

Scenes of the past or of tomorrow,
Yet some disappointing weavings
Linger into the velvet nights of thought
Sequestered into a dark nest of foreboding
But not for long, for it is to God I belong.

One strand plucked from here and one
From there, the sharp and yellowed beak
Of earlier day's unwelcome tidings strain

The nest, and mature and fledgling offspring
Passionately and hungrily cry out
Attempting to loosen the tight weavings ,
Wavering in the overshadowing trees
Longing to venture out on slightest breeze.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Strong yet bending, comes the engulfing night
Which welcomes me, and long past midnight,
I sense, and recall more, and anxiously drift to a

Solitary place, covered by midnight's lace~
As moon, and stars' silvery silence drifts down
I relinquish memory mind weavings, and venture out
In prayer, capturing moonbeam's ray of hope
Arrayed only in barest-branch twig's overcoat.

Truth's dazzling bright sunlight
Greets me as morning's dawn
Passes into fading clouds of memory;

And, awesome are the ancestral gifts
Woven from love and liberty.
And great is the gift I am now claiming
For which I give thanks to the Almighty,
Who softly reassures, "I am with you always."

Albert
Carrasco

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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>

Worldstar

Infinite brings respect to urban poetry, I have pure trap life barz like untouched Coke and heroin rated a ten, that's OD potency. I'm a real life hard knock veteran, beast belly OG, free Pete, free Paul, free chick ,free boy G, we all had an obsession, rest in peace to all allied victims of assassination, I could finish this rhyme with all the #deathmentions. The facade lies so I bring truth, I didn't see death and destruction, I saw a way out of poverty as a youth, I saw the flashing of money, the bling of jewels, the cars rimmed up, convertible or with sunroofs, you can make it in the game, all the visual lies falsify proof. I give it to you in layman's terminology, prodigy after prodigy returned to the essence trying to monopolize the drug trade in New York New York, the empire city. We run with the ones we love, it feels good to share PC with them but hurts harder when it's time to release doves. I have more men underground than walking over it, if you never lived it you'll never know how it feels to split a dead man's profit, or how it feels to hear next up men ask for position while the position holder is fighting for life in critical condition, it wasn't jealousy, they were hungry, a flatline was another hustlers chance of a lifetime, we all mourn but one mourner is going to celebrate after, because to the chosen one, a star is born. The game will never change, new faces catch cases, history repeats, the reaper reaps something terrible in these bloody bx streets, I'm telln you young scars, heed my bleeds before ya get filmed laying under a white sheet on worldstar

Silence

When I spit amongst my peers it's silence, all ears as my words beat on ear percussion to make sound. Memories brought to surface from underground word formation takes you on a roller coaster of emotion, ups and downs, twist and turns, some laughter and some pain that breaks men apart realizing how runs came to an end soon after they started, I'm not the only one that mourns the departed and wishes they would free men with infinite dockets, so when I speak of the dead and lifers, I'm very well understood in the hood. Fast life, cake cake cake, homicide, three day wakes. German cars, bought out bars, ghetto stars, at night I look up to the heavens and see a constellation of assassinations. I was the youngest out there tryn to get my shot, was going block to block harassn bosses to let this youngen rock, I was here, there, uptown downtown, gettn last hour of shifts from other pitchers that understood my hunger, I put my work in, in the birth circa, infinite, trapped up with sandbox brothers and hustlers all over. 3D taj with long caps, three pound seven, four four magnums, long gats, little brown bags and empty cig boxes stashed packs, empty timb boxes held stashed racks, all bathrooms had a bucket of water to flush cause the boyz turned it off before cribs got ram sacked. slabs, skinny and regular, all sizes, all colors, pyrex's went from straight fire to double boilers with very little water. I witnessed the start of the game, the evolution of Caine, the rise and fall of those trying to reign, i witness how the successful live with a lot of pain because of ill gotten gains.

Chain of events

Dreams, cash, materialism, jail and death, that was the chain of events of our young lives. We strove to make life better, we did, we had surplus money, splurged daily and had yet to witness death and bids, we had adult mentalities as kids, poverty had us shooting for the stars, if we was going to sacrifice our lives we was going to feast on steak along with the beans and rice, we was going to buy cribs and cop jewels and cars. It was well thought of and when executed dirty money had our pockets polluted. Potency and the flow of powder crossed over to bass had respect in place, fiends would tell comp they got garbage compared to that shit that makes them not able to feel their face, when it comes to power in the game, we had home, first, second and third base. It was a good run, so far flawless, celebrated monetarily careless, no matter how quiet we were, we was loud, regardless the size of of crowd we was noticed. we lived the life and got use to it, it would never end. "Tell me it's not true", "damn look at my man", "don't die don't die", "no! You can't pull that plug, he's a friend of mine", the plug got pulled... Flatline. I saw it end, I saw it end again and again and again, I kept hustln, it's an addiction, I was addicted, keep doing me and hope to live or shut down and spend all the money and relive poverty? I was conflicted. Once you feel that money high it's hard to detox, after only a short time of retirement, we relapse, it's back to hittn blocks and evading narcs, back to watchn and listening for raids, back to see who's going to fall victim and get rocked to sleep when hell serenades. It got to the point where I was out there with new hungry faces going through the same thing, death and catching hunger cases

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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>

FAR FROM LOVE

I've set my watch back three hours that I may rise with you
You will not see my clouds but I can see your sun
Your scent will never reach me yet I can touch you
I've learned to travel on thoughts
I've rode upon prayers to the heavens
World within my world,
you are as real to me as this cup I hold
When we view the sky relevant to our time
Our eyes meet, as close as the phone when we speak
We bounce off cell towers in laughter and tears
That moment places you here
That moment places me there
We've no need of a middle ground
We have the sound of us
A spiritual connection
Your projection is clear to me
Three hours can never separate us
We are closer than those right next to us
We watch the sky at the same time
The distance between love is only in the mind

ALL I CAUSE ARE TEARS

She is the happiest Woman on the planet in my orbit
Overwhelmed by the abundance but she absorbed it
far reaching love, art teaching love
Artesian water falls from above
I lay bowed at her feet to catch a drop

The earth moved and I chose a line from her mind
I stood frozen with her hand in mine
I read her as She bled, I didn't read her sorrow
I read her tomorrows before She could even speak
The tears increased and if I could lay her down to sleep!

Not a word was spoken, She had to feel She was chosen Set
free to be the Woman she was born to be
A Woman doesn't need to be broke in
Far too many Women are broken, mistaken for tokens
Spent lives just hoping for a chance TO BE LOVED
and hear it spoken, plus have you show them
Love is not an effect you can be frozen in

Love grows and things change
And things change and things change
I need to bow again
GET LOUD AGAIN BE PROUD
And when she says I love you again
When she holds no one above you
And still points her finger up
That love is not corrupt, she's saying pray with me
Like so many have prayed to be free
Not some penny to be spent on a dime

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Played up with lines stayed up late crying
All I do is cause tears, makeup smeared
Break-up feared
I need the pew in the front row
Never wore a halo but hell no
I'm not walking away from this Woman
If I have to hear a thousand sermons
I'm going to get this right
WE ARE GOING TO WIN THIS FIGHT

>Insert scripture here<

Be proud of that Woman who eclipsed your sphere
That Woman who kicked your rear when you needed it.
Placed you back on your throne when you conceded it
A minor deflection but I'm breathing this

She is the happiest Woman on the planet in my orbit
Overwhelmed by the abundance but she absorbed it
Far reaching love, art teaching love
Artesian water falls from above
I lay bowed at her feet to catch a drop
All I do is cause tears

MOSAIC

Shards of Vivitar's and broken images
Grouted seams of unmatched borders
As complicated as a sliver is
Closer looks can't explain the architecture
Rough textures look smooth to the eye

Misshapen pieces happily fit in
A puzzle of life is never completed
Doing too much can make you blind
Stand back to see the beauty
It binds to form the perfect picture.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

pause..,

for the lord,hands raised in praise,
seeking help, guidance
days covered in haze of ignorance
ever since mankind lost it's innocence
been lost ever since
just look at the glaring evidence
where ever evil lurks in the earth he left his
fingerprints
roll out the bodybags,pack the morgues everywhere
rob the seeing blind all the time,be the first to cry
i never got mine
accept responsibility? strong improbability!
how can that be accomplished with no moral compass?
living life rushing head long into sin
almost since time began,mankind in a tailspin
nut bust,head rush,live ' n ' die for lust
deadlocks,9mm glocks a must
take a look around,smiles turned to frowns
flipped upside,down
concepts don't include foundations,fundamental truth
houses built on sand collapse so it is with man's death trap
self infliction based on life of lies,contradictions
is the lot of human varieties stirred in a poison potpourri
sooo pause because you need mercy from the lord
take time off from the madness,slow down reflect
in respect to your purpose to live,what's your goal?
something to consider in the daily come ' n ' go
especially since in a minute you,we will be no mo.

food4thought = education

salt of earth's flavor..,

from them are those in creator's
favor
masses paint the globe
broad strokes of real folk
day to day, cradle to grave
toil away as slaves of poverty
foiled by evil, greedy monopolies
embroiled in power plays
never see the human face
they know people can be replaced
or disappear without a trace
fact known by human race
such is reality everyday
survival of the fittest #1 on hit list
that is until the arrival of the day of
the test
to the truth all will attest
even limbs other body parts speaking out
all hanging in the balance
justice without malice
to the preveyors of fleshly desire, urge
the fire's purge
to the devotees of the lord
everlasting reward
you can't buy this honey
regardless how rich keep
your money
all of what was man's wealth power,
useless in that hour
will be of no value
all what you held near 'n ' dear ring hollow

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

if void of the god fear that follows
congratulations to the poor
who believed!
with prayer,patience comes
reward,relief
this is truth,good
come to beat the brains out of falsehood

food4thought = education

what enriches you..,

sunrise/sets over the seas ignites deep feelings in me
feelings of peace,serenity appreciation of pure beauty
likes of which cannot be duplicated in it's majesty
divine in design,essentially sublime
such priceless beauty, landscapes,seascapes
arrangement of light moving giving new life to foliage
ever changing arrangements of creative magnificence
magnifying unequaled relevance
combinations of colors,greens,reds,blues,yellows,
violets,pinks,orange,browns,varieties of flowers abound
reconnects you to ground,rich earth everywhere around
purges poisons from deep within
tortured by demons that target souls
divine cure peace within gives hope that renewal
of life can begin
such is the power of enriching beauty,flawless purity

food4thought = education

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

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

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

June 2017 Year of the Poet Kimberly Burnham

Quantum Existence Alone

A drop of water alone in the wave
moved by the crowd
the moonlight
forces of nature

A drop of water undifferentiated
alone in the rocking unity
of the flourishing flow
one does not exist
it is

One drop separated
in seclusion
bigger or smaller next to its neighbor
darker or clearer than
till uniquely able to contemplate
the meaning of existence
alone

Disappearing Words

If I could disappear a word
I would vanish regret
send loneliness packing

If I could disappear a word
I'd dance with solitude
till the fear was gone

If I could disappear a word
hate would have to go
friendship leaping into its place

Anger would silently slink away
leaving room for creativity
rearranging letters

Finding rest in stressful
and changing in challenging
sounds heard through a new lens

This Is Mine

Alone I decide
what is mine
what I claim
from the wave of nature
all
connected parts
the web of life
offering all to the one
who sees connections
everywhere

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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

Google Plus

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

Undefined Love

Dawn is about to set
Here I am still thinking of you
Your shadow vanishing in the moonlit night,
I walked the dark path to realize you're not there
Were you just an illusion, a dream, or created by pure
imagination
All I know is that you possess those pair of eyes that
glimmer in the dark
That even if I get lost anywhere in this world, I may find
myself again in you,
You're more than the word Love itself for I cannot simply
define how you swept me off my feet
A meager stare from you sets my heart in so much
commotion
And hearing you call my name in such an intricate way sets
my soul on fire,
Find me again, take my hand and let's go to the end of the
world
There at the tower let us watch the moon while some
clouds dance in the background
As the splashing of waves make sounds while we walk by
the shoreline barefooted,
Feeling the warm sand beneath our feet with a mild breeze
brushing our cheeks
Find me again in another lifetime where we could define
this eternal love we share transcending time and space.

The Alchemy of Life

Pilgrims in this journey called Life
Coming from One Source,
One Universe with swirling different worlds
Dancing, in a mass of Infinite Web
One fine day our souls will collide,
When our Higher Selves meet at the epicenter
We all long to follow the Light
The illustrious beauty that never fades,
Of the invisible thread that binds every little thing.
Each one of us is more than just an atom
Which suddenly appeared out of this cosmic journey.
Across the horizon, I see Angels preparing for a banquet
Waiting for our return to our One True Home
Do you want to chase the Light at the end of the tunnel?
Or you would want to go back to the life you once
borrowed?
Spirits transcending into another realm,
No pain, no suffering but only eternal happiness remains
I see you smiling in the afterglow,
And it finally dawned on me, I am truly Home.

Pretentious Heart

she is a Queen of the Eastern Sky,
while you were a shattered soul lost in a sea of darkness
she sparkled like a shining star,
illuminating your path but your cold heart ceased to see the
possibilities.
she is radiant like King Sun,
and with her every smile, the world gets to be brighter
but you tried to snatch that smile from her
and take her to your world of broken souls.
Destiny and Fate won't let you ruin her Majesty
and so the pretentious heart of yours broke yourself to bits,
for you cannot truly conquer her Love
a deafening silence was all you asked and during that
solitude you needed,
you will then realize that she was a precious jewel whom
you let slip away.
She was never yours...

Anna
Lakubczak
Ves Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

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

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

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

Drama

I'm not Shakespeare,
althought there are millions
potential Romeo and Julie around me.
(Too) busy,
(too) blind,
(too) messy.

Romeo and Julie
who have forgotten
about love.
They don't even love the time.
This is time, which loves

tear out their veins.

Empty balcony
closed bottle,
worried Verona.

And only the silence
which doesn't herald a storm,
buy another turnover

of humanosphere.

I know your melody

I won't write
trivially about love
sweet and sickly lyrics
which like to repeat

for what hell
I have to include into the lines
flowers and full of the moon
when with no convulsions
I can tame with gesture
banality

you probably already asleep
I leave a guitar next to you
where I carved (not)poem
closed in two words

Novenna

I'm like a cat in an empty apartment*,
don't believe that the door
won't open any more.
You left so quietly, unexpectedly,
didn't tell why so early.

Is the fate has invited you to tea,
so you with Poświętowska**
could enjoy the fine metaphors
or maybe has the God
appointed you another job?

Oh God although I'm sad, I'll miss you
curled up like a cat, by the empty bowl.
Playing with reflection, listen
for the steps that will never come.

God, take care of her
and you'll take care of me as well.

*Wisława Szymborska – A cat in an empty apartment **
Julia Poświętowska – Polish Poet and author of a lot of
*poems about love***

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

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

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

With Whom Can I Play?

I look around
for a child who would consent
to play with me
to make a paper kite
a ball of mud
or a sand house
I look and look
until I tire away

I asked my mother:
What can I do?
The children of my age
have all grown up, mom!
With whom can I play?

O son,
she said,
a pool there is
in yonder plane
where
the wind blows and drinks
the sun passes and drinks
the birds alight and drink
the beasts come and drink.

And yet the pool has never changed
It never expands
nor does it shrink

Go there at dawn
and call yourself aloud

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then come closer to the water
And you will find a child your age
who'll do what you do
You stare at him he stares at you
You wave your hands he waves his hands
You laugh he laughs
You pull a face and he does too.

That is your sought-after comrade
Keep him company
And all your wishes will come true.
into a giant poem

Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi



The Wind's Massacre

A yellow foul
wind
is blowing
from the infested
zone
in the eastern quarter...

A foul simoom black
wind
is hiding within its folds
the box of plots
hatched
in the western quarter...

Satan's horns are appearing

And we perish in the middle
Go gently Death Angel

translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi



The Salt Well

Taken I am unawares by the drought
and not a handful of water
to silence this this thirst amassing below
the skin
nor a crumb of bread
to break this hunger lurking in
the bowels

Taken I am unawares by the sweltering heat
And not no shade
to protect my head from the sunglow
nor a summer breeze
to wipe the scorches of the desert off my visage

Here is my stick eaten by worms
my bones breaking like twigs
my body foundations falling apart
my eyes are staring
my ears are staring
my skin is staring
I collapse out of thirst hunger weariness
The thorn trees around me are staring
The crows are staring from above
The serpents of the earth are staring from below
I am
falling
in the salt well
sinking...
sinking ...
sinking...

translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

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

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

STARRY BREATHS

Sing pure starry breaths
fly together - come greet stars
bloom-speak love's kindness
Light-up cosmic truth
burst soul's whispering flow-through
pulse reality
Glow beauty's love-space
touch-grace - cry starlight spires;
fire new heights
Clear heart clarity
deep-polish on soul's mirror;
find bliss staring back
Carry moment's kiss
bring peace - constellation's call;
surround-bless with all

TRANSFORMED

Beloved lives
inside each heart
in tender hues
forever singing.

Inside all creation
lives a perfect balance.
Love Divine is deeply in-tune
with all great heart of loving.

He is painting again
with such beauty-strokes
into gentle pastel shades
of soft pinks and blues.

Flowing pure upon rivers
in ocean's powerful grace.
Opening-up channels wider
becoming a center space.

Where life calls to flow,
soul is ever giving room,
to be joyfully unified
inside love's deeper filling.

Only if we become
so very empty again,
blowing with amber breezes
new blossoming displays blooms.

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Petaled budding vines
burst freely sharing
life's intricate tangles
left behind and dangling.

We openly dance beauty
call tears into sound
of life sweet requiems sung
fly on the changing winds.

Silently going on,
we are leaving
growing free, we breathe
forever loved - transformed.

RADIANT BLISS

Rise from foggy depth
light-shine sweet subtle brilliance;
glow what's found in heart

Live breaths - pour heart's dew
burst inside perfect freshness;
grow-free with sun's cue

Touch beads of dew-mists
lean into soul - share peace-goal;
feel truth of what's true

Enjoin laughter's dance
see heart never separate;
be loving-care kiss

Know there's no other
share kindness with soul-center;
love radiant bliss

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Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

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

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

Impulses

have you ever touched the sun
madness you would say at once
even if you were asked in a dream

yet

its proximity is ecstatically freeing
all-immersing are its rays of light
sheer layers of tulle its cocooning heat
when you leave your shine is as bright

no i am not losing my mind

i should know

for i have touched the sun

furthermore

the sun

touched me

not only did i not die of that incredible conception
but i also returned with firm determination
to shed fear guilt and self-depreciation
along with assumption blame and expectation

Ah!

its proximity was ecstatically freeing

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all-immersing were its rays of light
sheer layers of tulle its cocooning heat
when i left my shine was as bright

~ ~ ~

we are born alone to die alone
the self is either warmed up in-between
or under a lonesome cold

only the corpses get stiff i thought
not so when emotional touch is no more

~ ~ ~

the need to withdraw
from the present the future
to be able to let go
the nagging angst
over agonies of the past

three balloons were stashed away to last
color-coded in advance with care
favorites but only for me to bear

Erie was vicious that day
the wind was not letting me be
the leading path all frozen up
turned out to be quite a display
over-the knee-deep snow
escorted me from the side
together they put on a dangerous show
to prolong my long-awaited rite

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on my poorly prepped frame
the cold felt like a shower of icicles
oozing through every closed-up pore
each tiny drizzle staked to my life its claim

i had never before realized
i had so many orifices
after a while i simply gave up
trying in vain to hold on to my layers

with two crystallized fingers
i held one balloon at a time
which color came first
did not really matter in the least

my lips continued to renounce
even a mumble of that dreaded word
heart's tongue however
had bloodied tears to pronounce

none of the balloons went very far
one by one they landed on the shore

quite suitable for the beloved two
who had deceased in that distant land
surrounded by three ancient seas

though it too first hugged naked trees
arriving then on familiar soil
the third was to become
my soul-paralyzing challenge yet
it had to be buried along the dead

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for that beloved had made
an indefensible fatal mistake
by time and time again setting ablaze
even the debris determined to survive
from among the resilient remains
of my few rebounding cells still alive

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

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

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

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

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

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

Postcard from Sherman

The goal today is to pose
in front of the Sherman tree.
A fence protects him from
the onslaught of humanity.

I step up to the fence.
A young man from Boston
tells me to smile, put my hands
on my hips. I follow instructions.

He takes my picture, asks for a hug.
I say yes, kiss him on the cheek.
His girlfriend comes to hug me
and his Grandmother.

Thank you dear forest
for so much love
gathered by this tree
in five sacred minutes.

Great Grandma's Spirit

I never met her but Mama said
she was very strong, freed from
slavery as a young woman
with three children close to her leg.

She never talked about from whence
she emerged. She lived to be 100,
still able to tend a garden and walk proud.
That's what my Mama said.

I imagine a bird flying like a drone
over an old growth forest filled
with massive Sequoia trees.

My great Grandma is one of those trees
reaching skyward with a circumference
that makes you feel very small and
loved when you hug her.

My smile is a reverie for the tree
I try to hug and it feels like home
deep within the forest.

Hamburger Delight

The meal I eat is hamburger
and sweet potato fries.
The burger fat and juicy,
bread a sweet and tender bond.

We all know sweet potato fries
are orange delight for some.
Smash my bread on that burger,
it bounces back.

I lean back in my sidewalk chair,
smile back at the Rocky Mountains,
breadth deep, lean forward and
bite into that burger.

Juice rolls down my face,
napkin floats toward mouth,
taste buds are thrilled and
my feet dance under the table.

My partner says, *your eyes sparkle.*
I love your joy signs. Let's go for
a walk after you divulge
the secrets of that burger.

Faleeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

Faleeha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

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

d.fh88@yahoo.com

Waiting for you

Here I am
Standing on the edge of my white paper
Scared
Trembling from her emptiness
Oh, my poem!
My distant butterfly
Here I am
Opening my hand
Stretching out my palm
And begging you to land on it
Pleas
Quietly do it
Let me drown in the
Meaning of my being
Do not leave me
Jailed between my paper's
Lines and my mute pen
Come closer
Cover me with your cheerful colors
For without you
I will jump from my bones

My mother was lying

When my father was wearing a military uniform
And went out before sunrise
So no one could see him
My mom kept smiling for the length of his absence
So we didn't see her choking back tears
And when we missed him
She told us
He is going to return the meaning to our map
We thought he was a cartographer
And when my father returned without an arm
She told us
He gave his arm to the homeland
And the homeland gave him a medal
We didn't know the meaning of war
Until we grew up
That like plastic bottles
The tyrants had recycled our lives during their many war
Now I understand
Why my mom was lying
And why when my father returned from the war
He didn't recognize his face in the mirror .

Persuasion

Today

I don't have onions in my kitchen to be chopped

Nor shampoo in my bathroom that will sting my eyes

How then will I justify

The reason for my tears

My kids don't know

I have been crying

Since I missed

the train back to my homeland .

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

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

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

peace is emptying

it is peace when you know
yourself is a masterpiece of love
prompting rainbows while you turn the pieces
into whole again, reviving its essence.
emptying a selfish desire, hate, revenge--
that is a strong spirit,
one brave heart.

it is peace when you know
how to connect all small steps
to keep the journey within journey,
to remake the unmade home of homes,
for the homeless; sharing your life and yourself.
emptying attachments and obsessions, grand lifestyle--
that is goodwill,
one beautiful soul.

it is peace, when you make possibilities,
moving forward; driven to adapt and make better
keeping the thunders calm, embracing joys in every sorrow
keeping the lightning as force of a wellbeing,
in every innocent child, in every incapable heart,
emptying the fears, misunderstanding and pessimism
to inspire peace and its melodies--that is inner peace,
the Peace that You are.

Fahrenheit 5-30

Millennials speak
transmogrification
out of the blue,
where there's dawn for the new age,
the ballot box repeats
uncounted deaths.

Interregnum,
time is burning
the iron city;
blindfolded firemen drink
rainshowers of blood.

Unanimity,
have you heard of reconciliation?
swallow the pride,
eat and digest conflicts
then add sweeter peace.

Ode to fathers

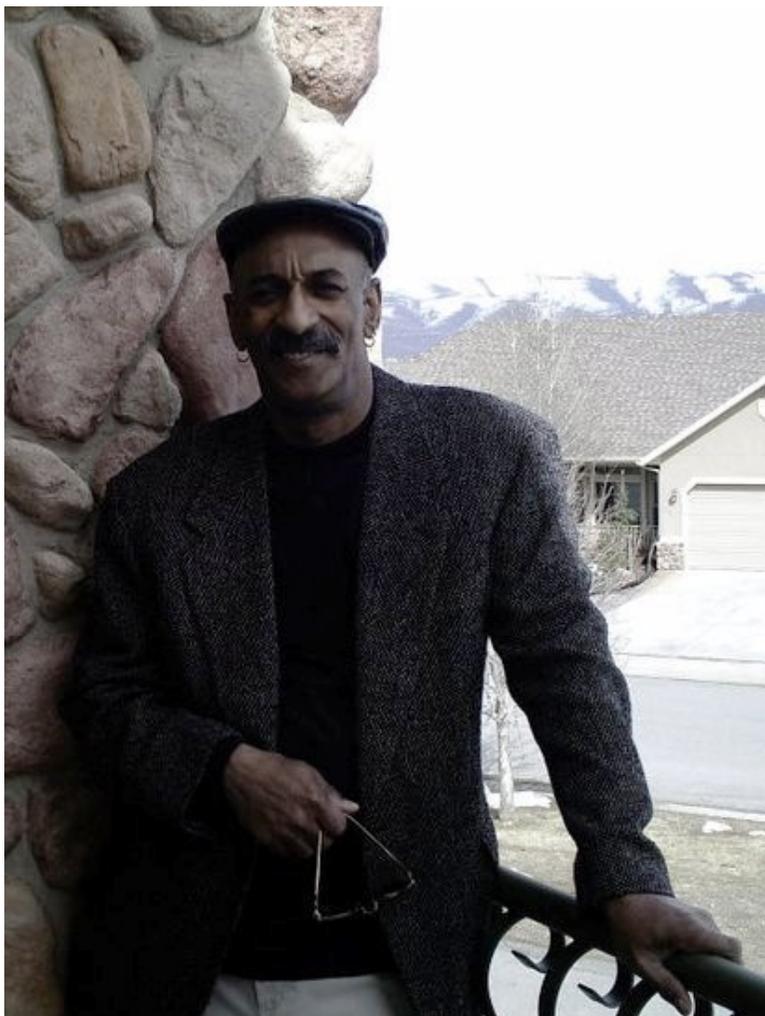
For the genes that turned me awesome,
For the power-hands that lifted me upright,
For the more than Hulk Hogan who plants values at home,
For the one who drives mosquitoes and ants away from my
delicate baby skin,
For the cook, who never fails to give the best menu of love
and virtues,
For the ironman, who sees laundry and household chores--
A daily reminder, that warriors never quit,
For the big time sir, I am always proud of,
Daddy, father, tatay, papa, papsy, babba,
You'll never need a crown to flaunt
You will forever be the king of our lives,
Thank you Super Dad!

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

this is a Song for my Father

i may not be Horace Silver
but
this is a Song for my Father

you may say it is but a Poem
and that is true
for in truth
is not both
Poetry and Music
cut from the same cloth
the Divine

in my Soul, my Heart, My Mind
i hold these things
to be surely
self evident
and very prevalent
not by accident
does the incident
come about

this is a song for my Father
for am i not
of his Seed
indeed

a Soul decreed
to express it's self
in the "On Spring"
devoid of the "OFF" things

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Let Us Dance

can you hear the music
beckoning you
beckoning me
to a reckoning of me
beckoning you
and who we came to be

open your self
allow the Divine
to do it's work
blessing you
and be filled
with a joy unfettered by reason

let us dance in celebratory tones
for it is known
that we live
do we not
or have we too soon forgotten

let us dance
let us dance
let us dance

for

this is a Song for my Father

Scars

Some scars fade with time

Some choose to linger

Reminding us of

Where we have been

Each have stories to tell

Of how we have come

To where we are

Be Here !

Father

i have sought the face
of my Father
with a longing heart
and pure intention

let my lips
kiss His lips
and linger
as His breath
reawakens my kindred-ness
and inspires me
and fill the lungs
within my breast
with a Hope confirmed
and absolute
as is out Love
for one another

let my eye behold
Thy Holy Presence
wherever they may look,
for after much autonomous duress
and tribulation
where i did yield
to the illusion
i have come back
to the knowing
“The Know”
Gnosis
that Thou my Father
are the Word

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

the Life
the Essence
of All things manifest
for this is Your World
Your Creation
as am i

... it was thee
who spoke all things
into existence
“let it be”

let me be as thee
and speak

Father, let my path
be the ways of my heart
that You have given unto me
in your unrestrained providence

keep me apart
from the ‘crooked consciousness’
of the world.

Father . . .

World Healing, World Peace 2018

Opening for submissions

September 1st, 2017



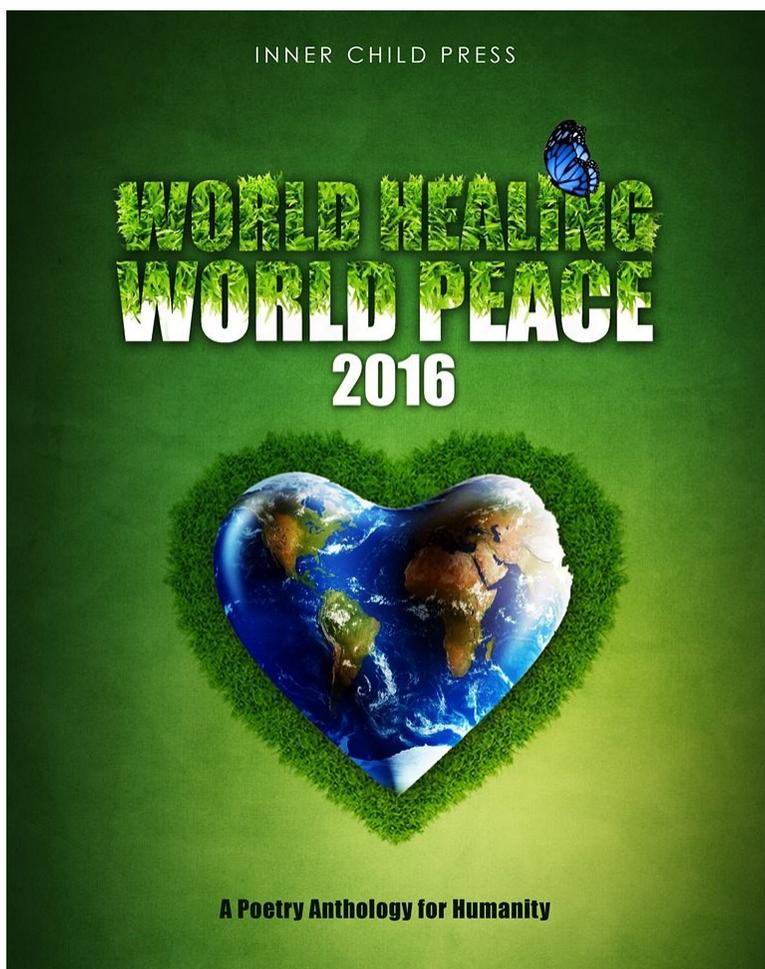
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The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

June
2017
Features

~ * ~

Eliza Segiet
Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Eliza

Segiet

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Eliza Segiet – Jagiellonian University graduate with a Master’s Degree in Philosophy. Completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Penal Fiscal and Economic Law, and Creative Writing at Jagiellonian University, as well as Film and Television Production in Łódź.

Publications:

poetry collections:

2013 *Love Affair with Oneself*; original title: *Romans z sobą* [publisher: Sowelllo]

2014 *Thought Mirages*; original title: *Mysłne miraże* [publisher: Miniatura]

2016 *Cloudiness*; original title: *Chmurność* [publisher: Signo]

monodrama:

2015 *Clearances*; original title: *Prześwity* [publisher: Signo]

2017 *Tandem* original title: *Tandem* [publisher: Signo]

Befallen Life

For some of us,
Life befell
behind the barbed wire.
There, Numbers were born
– worked,
– died,

and death?
often visited not only
in bath.
Everyone
wearing
striped, dirty suits
could have befallen –
Life.

Translated by Marta Szara- Turton

Questions

And what if we could
sway the memories,
and hear
how much they wanted to live?
And what if we could
rock the echoes of the past?

What did people differ in back then?
Faith, dreams?
Some were eating baked bread –
I didn't –
I guess I didn't like it.

*Tell me granddad,
Why did they have to take a train ride
To have a shower?*

I don't know –
I guess I don't remember.

Translated by Marta Szara- Turton

Box Iron

For Professor Bogumila Rouba

In the illusory space of life
box iron
would not give up the ghost
not even slowly.

Only emaciated arm
was getting cold on an empty table.

On both sides of the wall
telepathy connected
ashes and life.

Remember child
you were born a human,
but once there was a war,

on which new foundations were laid.

Translated by Marta Szara- Turton

Tze-Min

Tsai

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Tze-Min Tsai is an award-winning poet, novelist, columnist, and essayist, who also has a passion for science and mathematics, which is remarkably reflected in both his academic and creative writing. In literary works he often describes nature and love of humanity.

Born in Taiwan in 1957, Tze-Min holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering. He is an associate professor at the Asian University of Taiwan. In addition, he is the director of Writers' Capital International Foundation in Taiwan (Republic of China), Director of Soflay International Asia, and English writer of BABELMATRIX International Multilingual Literature Portal.

His literary works include novels, prose, and poetry. Many of his works have been published in local and international publications and translated into more than a dozen languages.

The Sunset Even Feels Cold

That tide infested waywardly my sandy beach
Sunset's advice
With red eyes
No day to let off
In the past ten million years

Those ungrateful westerlies
Always secretly come and also secretly go
To turn
The giant fan of that wind power tower
For the confrontation between man and nature
Do not say a word

Clean up
Those gauzes hanging in the surrounding
My heart does not understand
How to deal with the questions of the little fishes
Are those thin meshes
able to catch the autumn wind?
Are those thin meshes
able to catch the cold before jumping into the sea?

Peacock King

The sky
Misty black
Soul buried deep in the forest trying to find a way out
Half Flapping and half climbing
Sound attacking on the top of the hill
Standing on one foot as a swelled head peacock should do
This seat
No one even thinks about to grab
Hel! Hel! Hel!

Choose a sideways angle
Let
The first dawn
Shoots at my crown
Until revealing red
Along the wings that have fully opened
My eyes watch intently as those mortals under my feet
Absorb the breath of worship
from all things
Hel! Hel! Hel!

Why stare at me in this way
Do I
need to be just like you
To pick up
That little rice left in the grain tank
Pooh
Do not pretend that you can't hear anything
My cry forever and always
loud
Hel! Hel! Hel!

Where Will Be The Place The Cloud Should Condescend

Last night
These clouds over attacks
Clearly unwilling to
Forgive the panic in my heart
Look around
I did not know where can fall down practical
I did not know
where can fall down practical

In the early morning
With fear and anxiety
Open my mouth begging softly
But the vast expanse of white that can't be resolved
Got Into a mess
Only willing to give me
A slight sunshine
There is only one such
Slight sunshine

The clouds do not want to be in harmony with the sun
Always let me
painful from time to time
when?
I have been involved in the dispute between the two
Always unable to get away
Crikey!
Always unable to get away

Abdulla

Issa

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Abdulla Issa is an award-winning Palestinian poet, academic, translator, journalist, political analyst, and film producer living in Moscow. He was born in 1964 in the refugee camp of Bebela, near Damascus, Syria, where his parents had migrated, following the 1948 Palestinian Nakba. Abdulla graduated from The Maxim Gorky Institute of Literature and Creative Writing. He received his PhD from the Institute of Asian and African Studies, Moscow State University.

He has published a number of poetry collections including *Dead People Preparing the Funeral* (1987, 1997), *Part of the Night – in Russian* (1995), *Alaa* (1996, 1997), *The Ink of a First Heaven* (1997), *The Doomsday of Walls* (2000), *Shepherds of Heaven, Shepherds of Oleanders* (2013), *My Brothers, O Father, Not the Wolf* (2014).

My Mother's Last Commandments

Thou shall not stand in the path of the disobedient
lest the wind settle in your shadow at the curve
like the memory of offerings made by a nation that has
vanished beyond the caves.

Though shalt not look at the birds in the cypress trees
digging reptiles' graves before the ibex hunter,
nor celebrate your proximity to the chicory growing in the
planes, wet with the compassion of heaven's domes..
while your heart misses the grass on the way home.

Thou shalt not go after preachers
or death will be busy with your death instead of others
The land will bring you nothing but the mud of
commandments discarded by an old messenger in the beds
of brooklets
The skies will never come back to you except with the
paleness of your prayers
before the deferred angel
closer to the of the sides of snails than their shadow,
and then you go astray like the color of the signs of your
dead in the quake of the sound

Thou shalt not heed the echo in the narrators' talk
For time has other names
hanging between the wrists of heroes who have not been
mentioned in the chronicles

save to drive out the double-faced
and the masters who came back from wars smiling
with the amputated arms of their kind-hearted vassals

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

Nor mention those who stand on the bank of eternity
unless to tell the tale of your nation thoroughly without a
blemish,
and then forget that you may forgive as you wish,
Let anything you wish, if you wish, or everything
whenever you wish, bury his dead in the well of death's
memory.

Thou shalt not take notice of eloquence that dances in
praise of the tyrants
Be a poet as you are
the voice of life.

Women Never Betray

Find an excuse for her
whether she comes late, comes for two dates
or never comes at all...

She might in her hastiness have forgotten her morrow in the
shivering of so many men
who were made sleepless by what they did not see under
her gipsy dress.

Haven't you seen the action of her hand when her scents
touched the passers-by and they leaned,
in drunkenness, though they were not drunk, on the sides of
their fingers
whenever they were alone with her, she examines their
blind body organs

Find an excuse for her
She might have taken pity on her last lover contemplating
her shadow on her way to you
and cast a look at him that he might become handsome as
she desires.
She might with the disappointment of a snake tell
somebody
sitting on a bench in the garden what she has experienced
with him,
or dance with his image
as she goes back to herself as she pleases on the stone stairs

As if you find love only to lose it...

Find an excuse for her
for women never betray
but those they want to.

Mirrors of the Absentees

And I was among them, praying to God like them, that
wars be kind to us
That death be not seen blindly waking up in our beds
between two wars
Complaining to them in the absentees' prayers about their
absence.
Like them
I move towards their morrow to stare at the primal apple of
eternity.
Those who tossed their stones in the lakes
And remained like a shadow that kept following them,
imprisoned by the circles
Were content, in their longing to the old land, with the
memory
And raising of children, and chicory in the lands of exile.
Like birds, they planted their sighs in the winds
that they might be seen by narrators,
rebels,
tramps,
those who robbed them of their bread and salt,
and the images that kept reminding them since they came
of their biography on boxes and walls.
They did not find me among them to give me a long
reproach.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ June 2017

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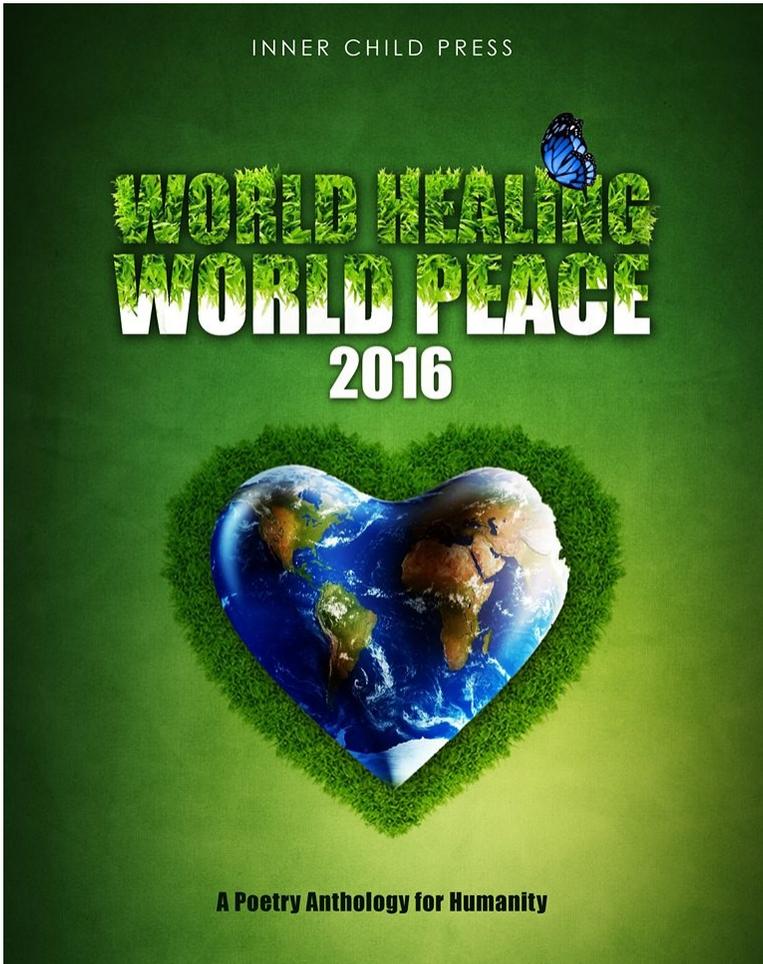
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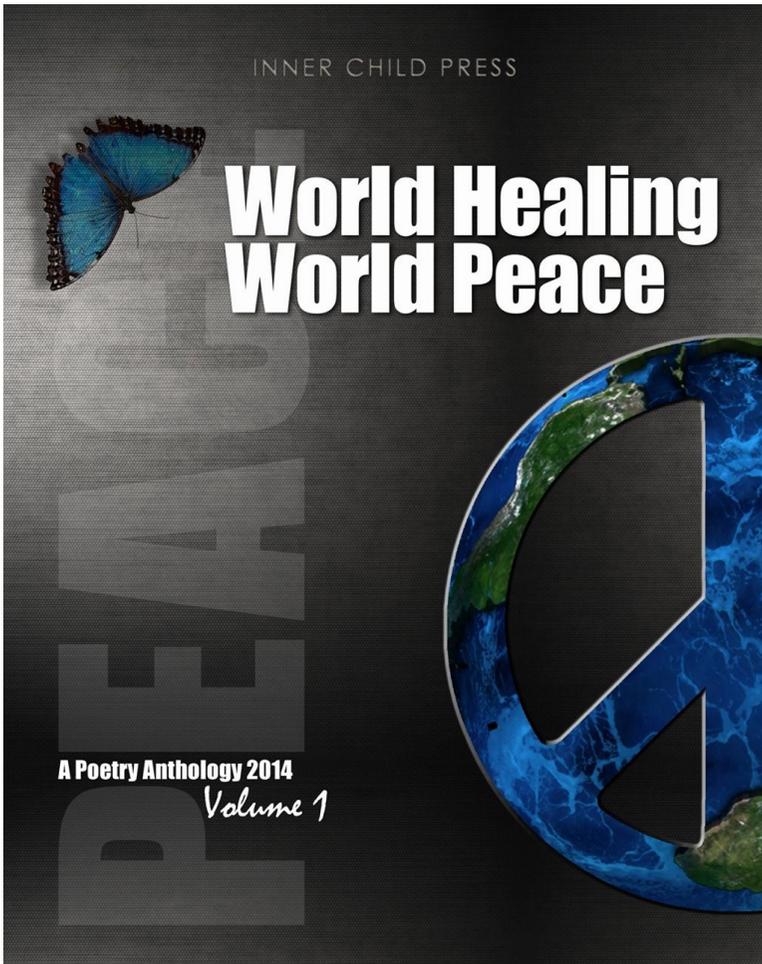
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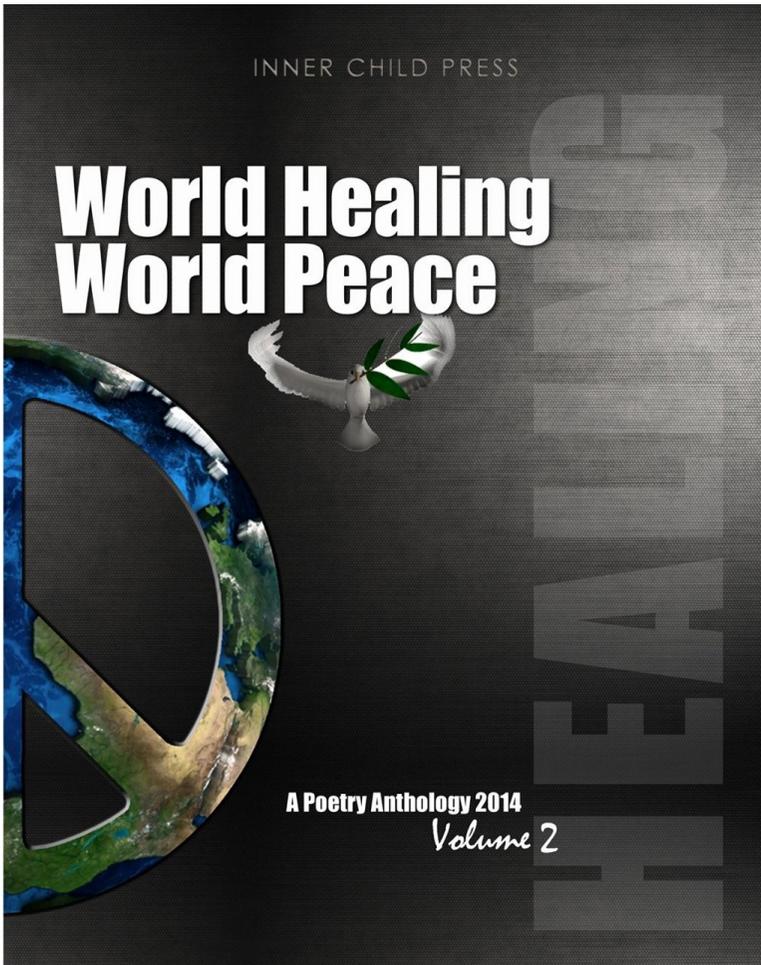
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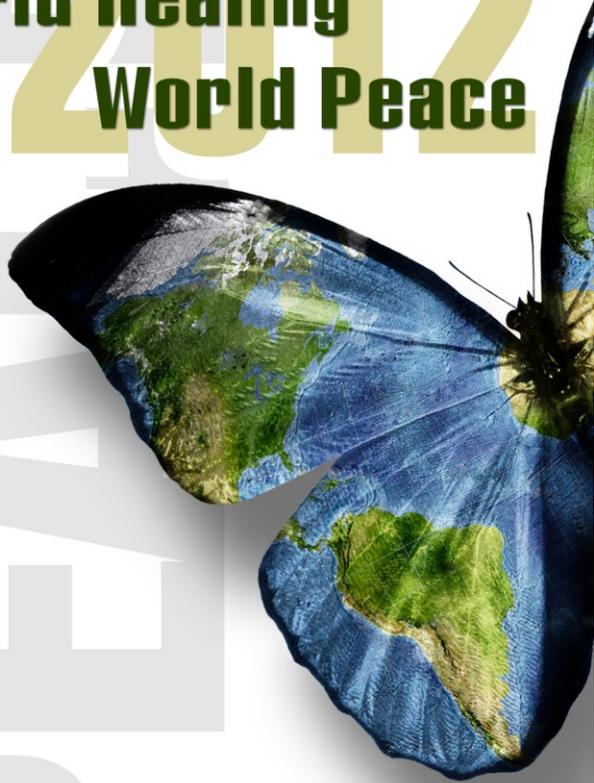


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A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
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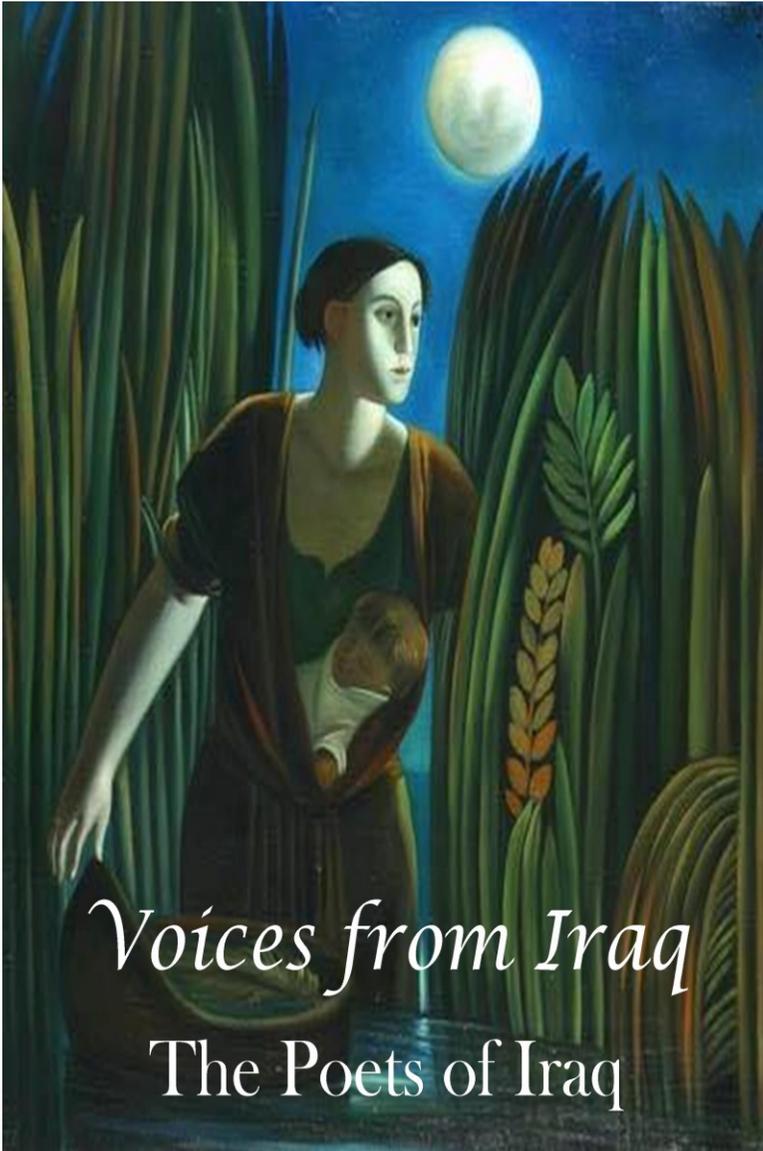


Dengên helbestvanên kurd ji Rojava

Kurdish Voices

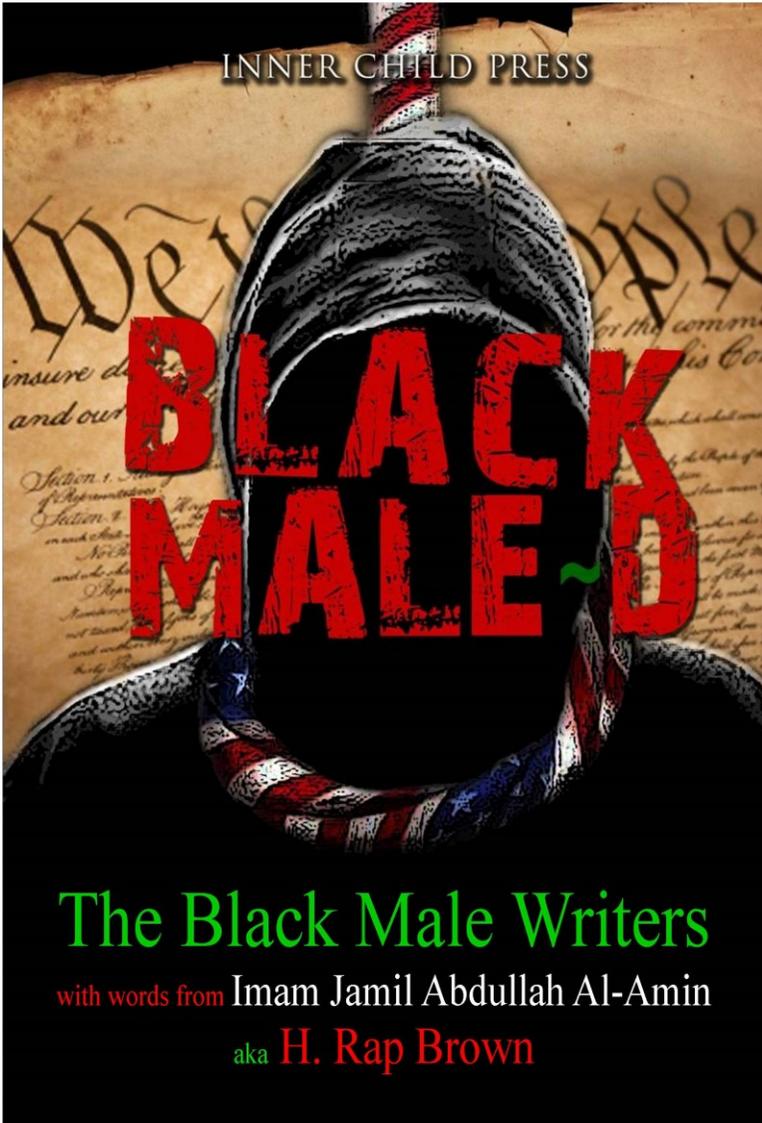
from Rojava

A Kurdish - English Poetry Anthology



Voices from Iraq
The Poets of Iraq

Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet IV

May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV
April 2017

Featured Poets

Dr. Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman

Masoud Khalaf

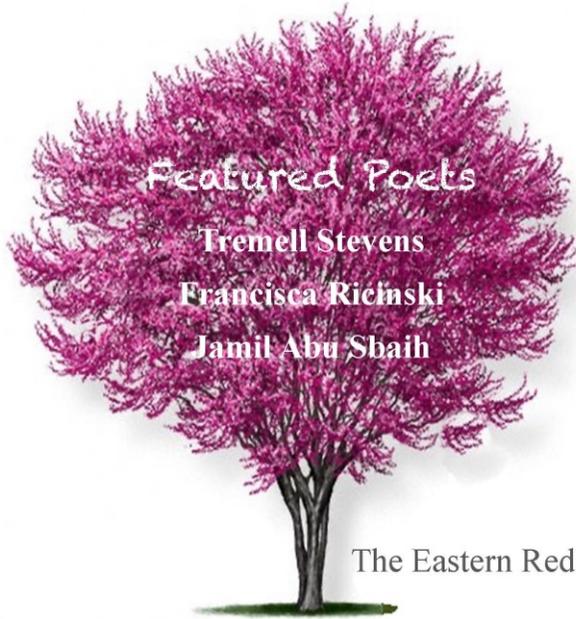
The Blossoming Cherry

The Poetry Posse 2017

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Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vol. Betty Adlan
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Wells * Nizar Sattawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

March 2017



Featured Poets

Tremell Stevens

Francisca Ricinski

Jamil Abu Shaih

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalen
Joe DeVerbøl Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faheeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

February 2017



Featured Poets

Lin Ross

Soukaina Falhi

Anwer Ghani

Witch Hazel!

The Poetry Posse 2017

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Nizar Sertawi * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

Featured Poets

Jon Winell

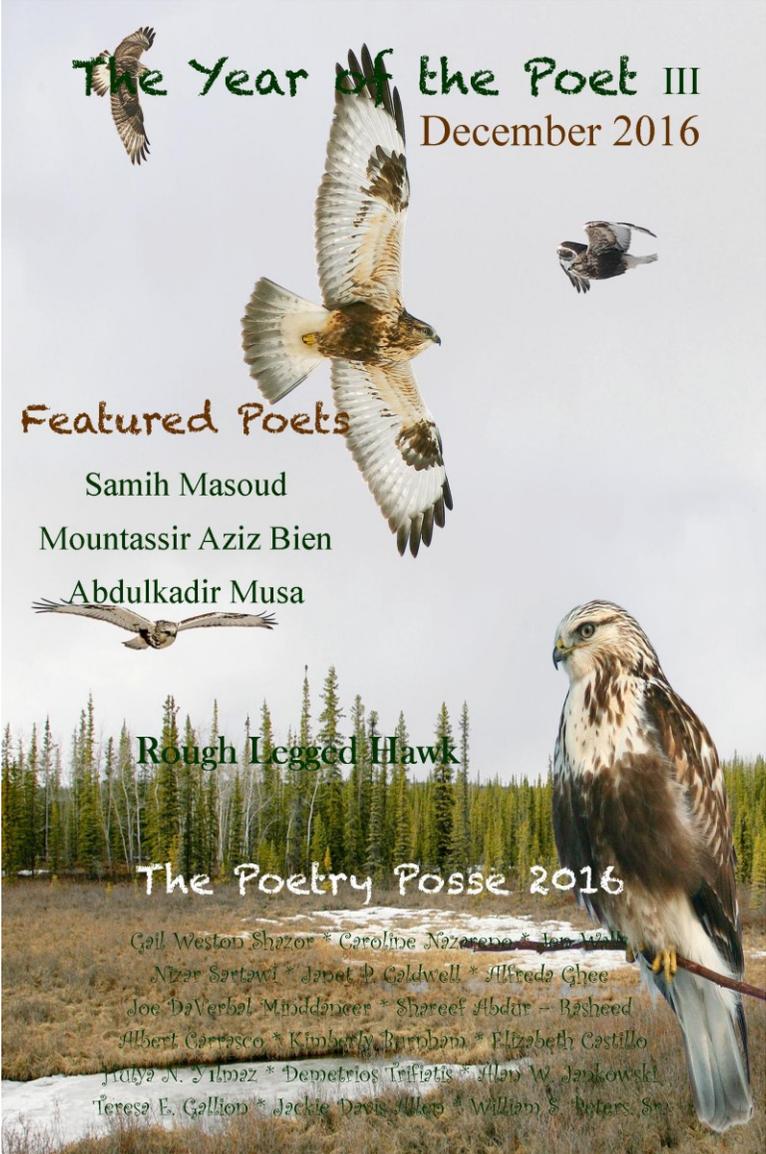
Natalie Shields

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017

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Nizar Sertawi * Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Alan W. Jenkowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud

Mountassir Aziz Bien

Abdulkadir Musa

Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jan Walsh
Nzar Sartawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Muddaneer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Cartasco * Kimberly Burphom * Elizabeth Castillo
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
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The Year of the Poet III

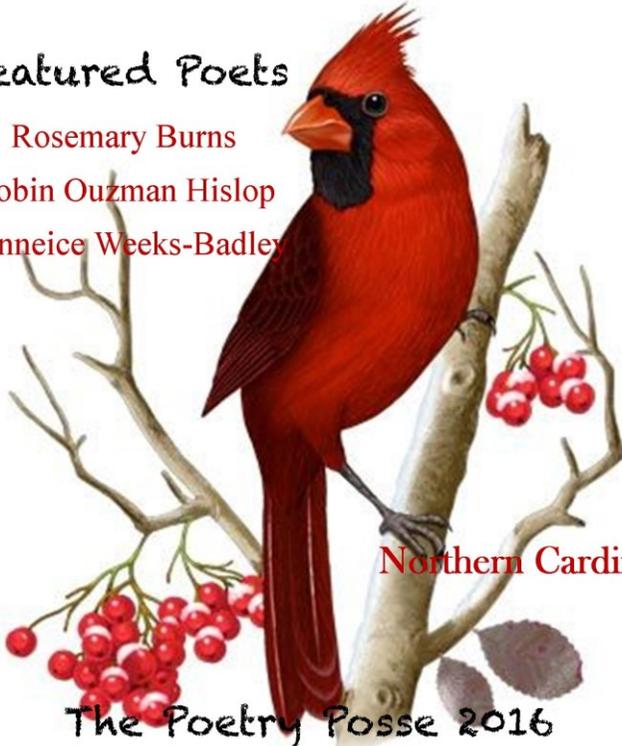
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonnice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016

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Nizar Sartaoui * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo

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

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

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph

Usha Krishnamurthy R

James Moore

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Dalmaz * Demetrios Trifotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets

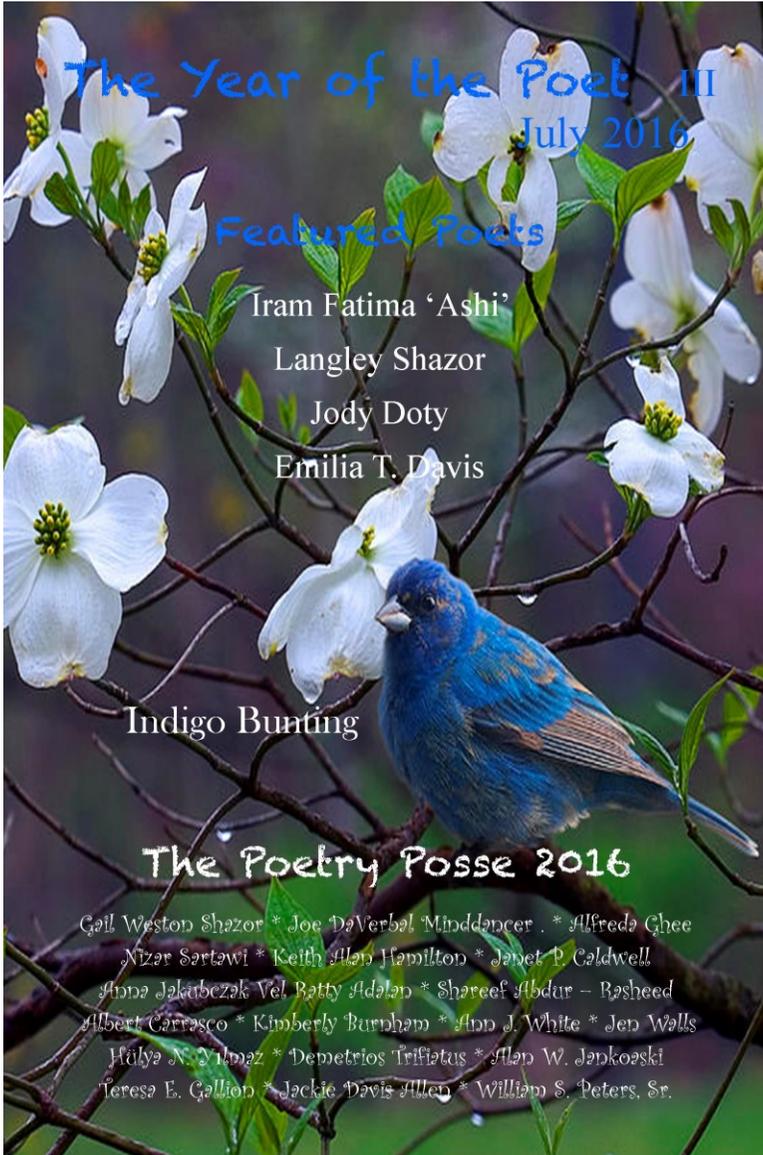
Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur – Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Barnham * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifistatus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleeha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalaszc

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

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

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

celebrating international poetry month

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

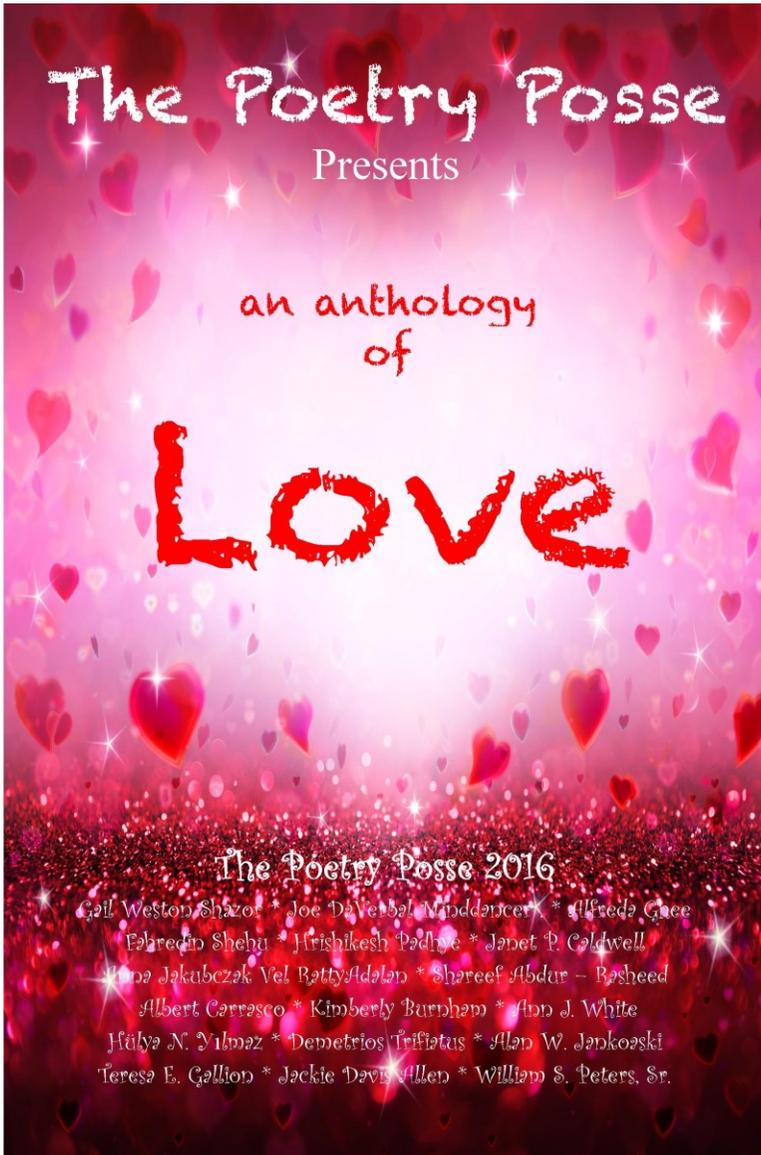
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

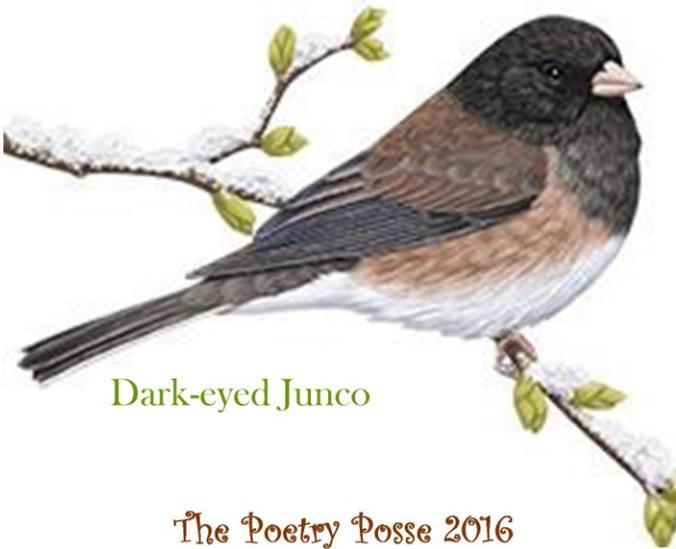
The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski
Bismay Mohanty
James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

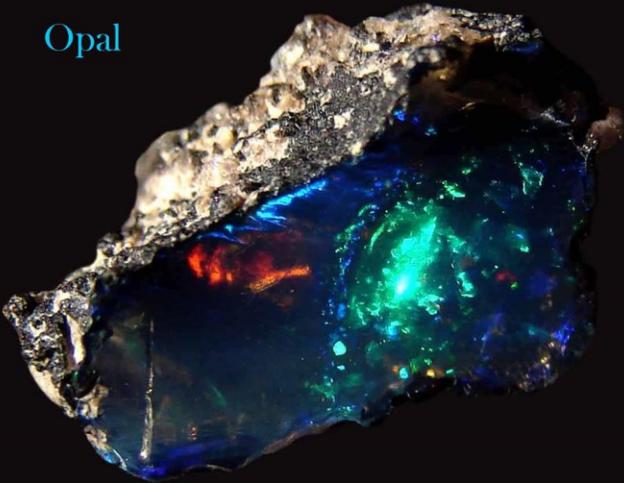
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * 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
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 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 Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passé

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry posse

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & 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

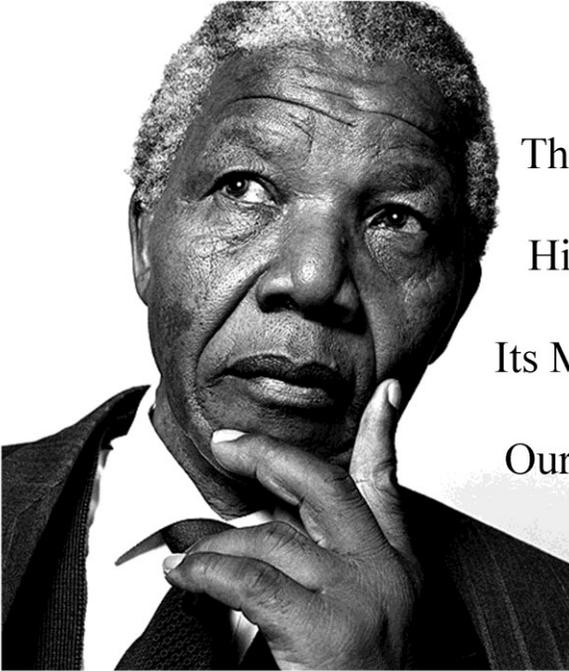
The Poetry Posse

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

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

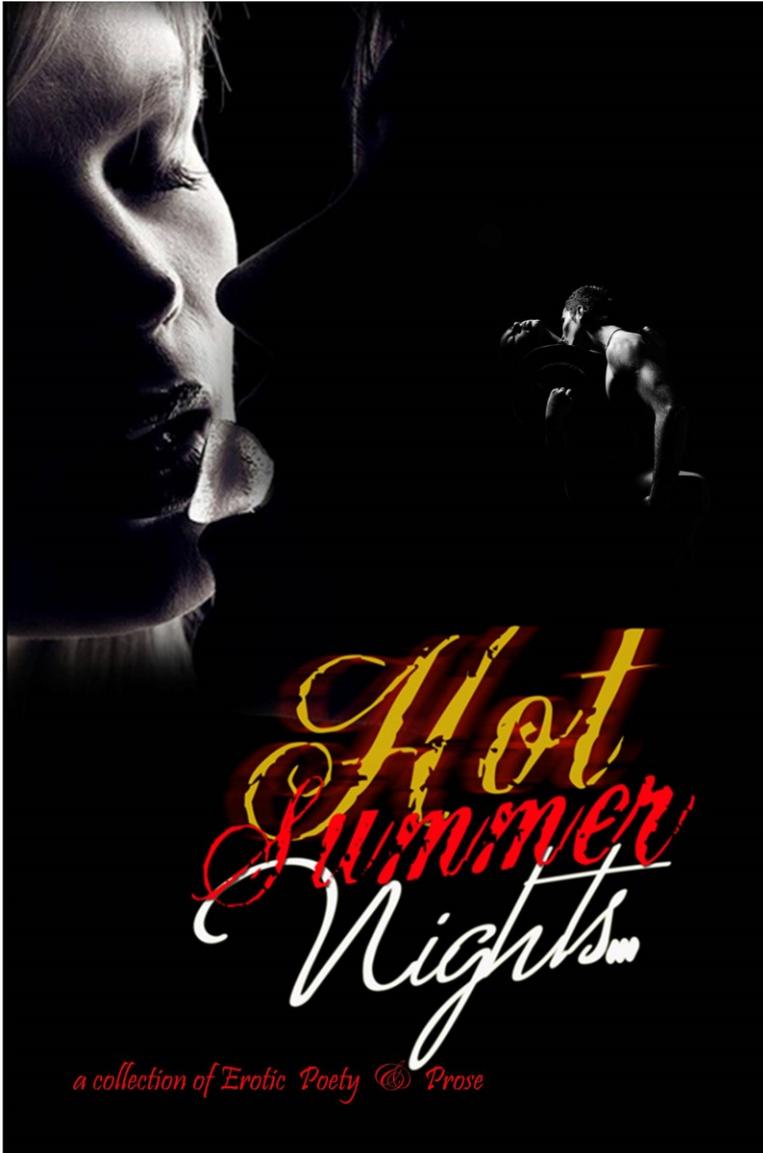
TRAYVON MARTIN

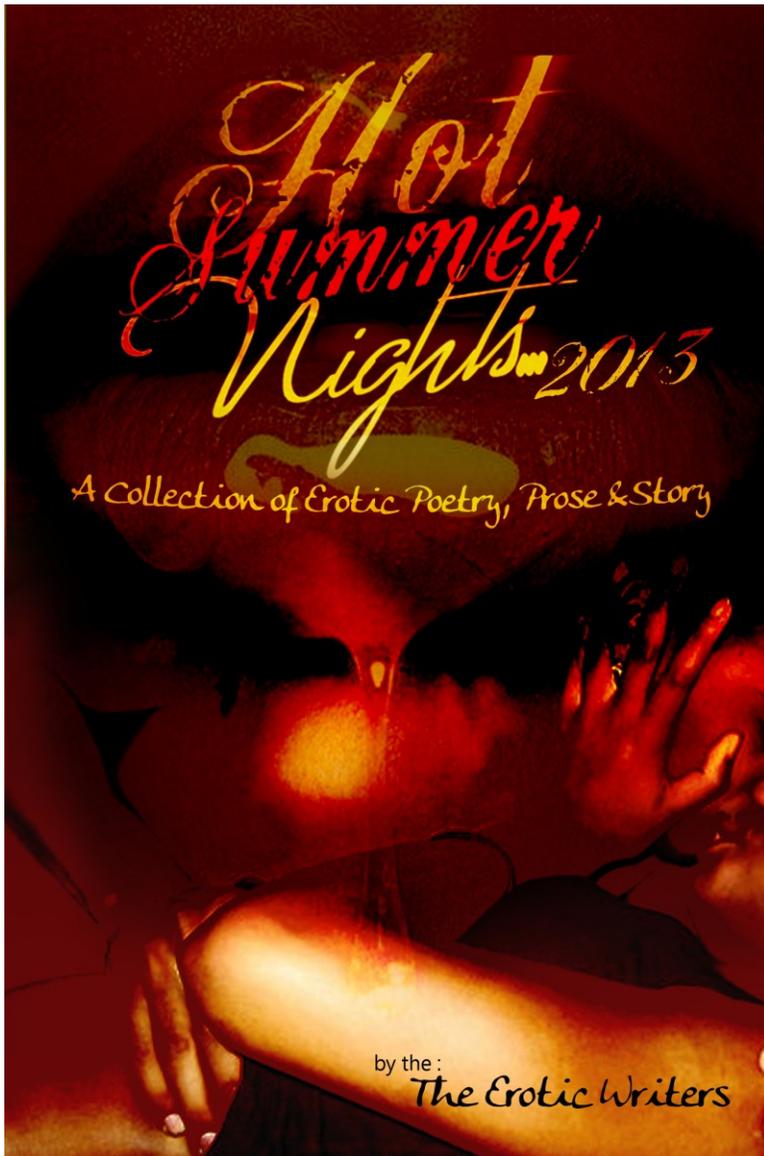
Inner Child Press Anthologies

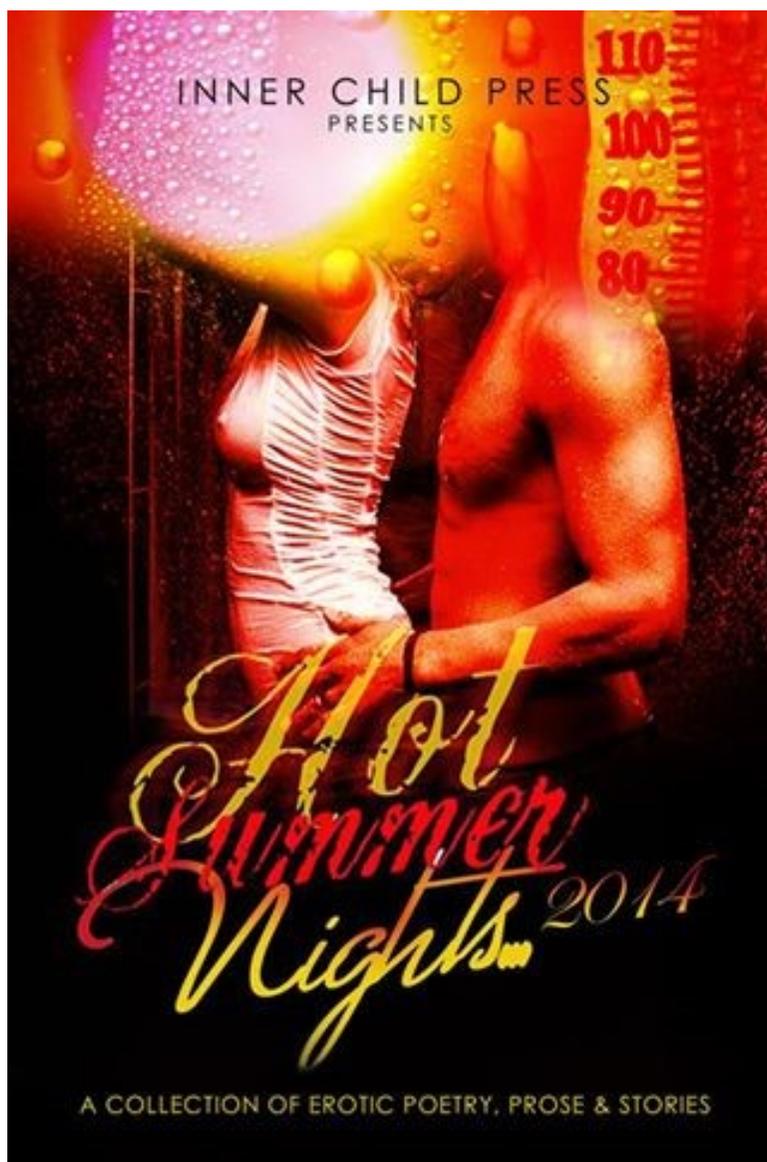
healing through words



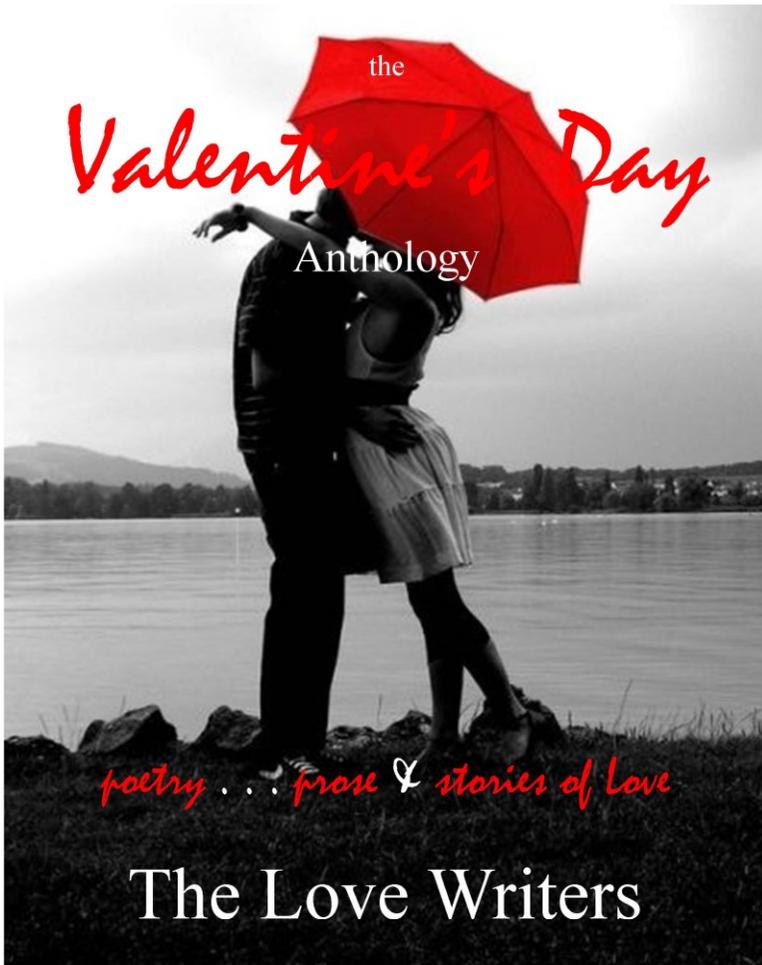
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



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

Monte Smith

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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

 Monte Smith
want my

POEtRy
to . . .

volume II



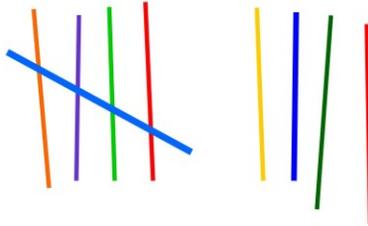
want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**
to . . .

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

Monte Smith

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

Inner Child Press Anthologies



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Anthology
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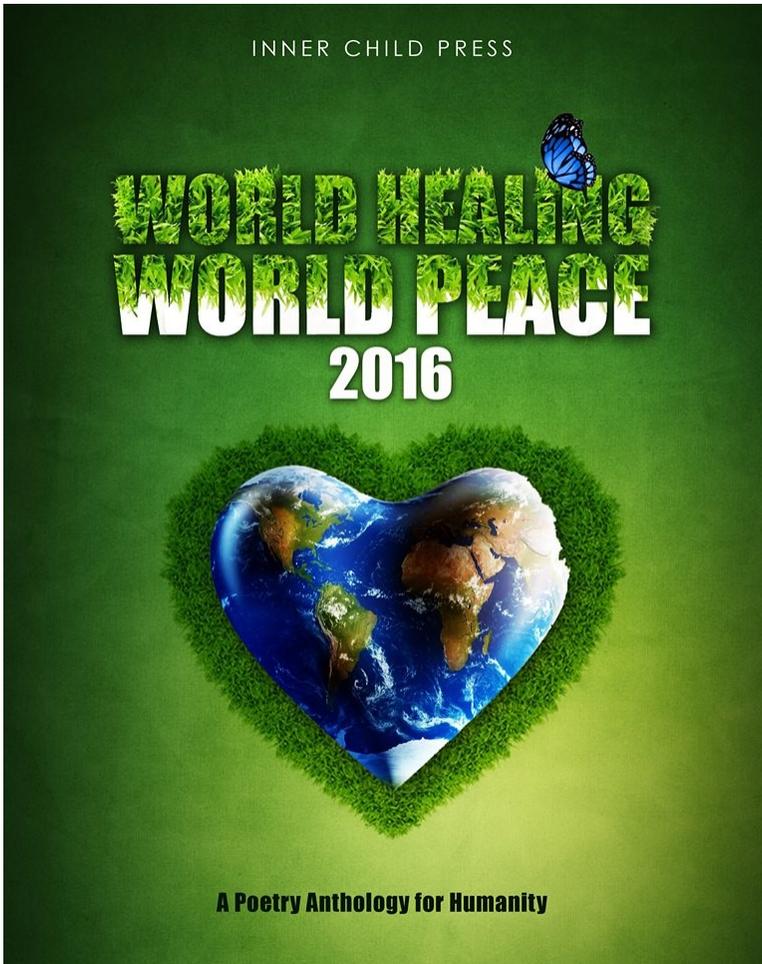
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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



June 2017 ~ Featured Poets



**Eliza
Segiet**



**Tze-Min
Tsai**



**Abdulla
Issa**



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