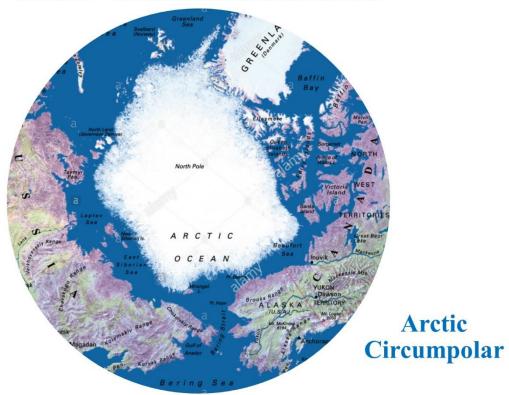
The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

Katarzyna Brus - Sawczuk * Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff * Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr. The

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June 2019

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed Teresa E. Gallion hülya n. yılmaz Kimberly Burnham Tzemin Ition Tsai Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo Jackie Davis Allen Joe Paire Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava Alicja Maria Kuberska Swapna Behera Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

The Year of the Poet VI June 2019 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2019

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

The Inuit of the Arctic Circumpolar

The Arctic landscape is remarkable, a barren land, a frozen wilderness — vast fields of ice, snow and rock, in which humans and their habitations seem to disappear entirely. Imagine the daily life of the Inuit — how they prepare their food, build their homes called Igloo, provide lighting, stitch their clothing, travel and hunt, preserve water, and use their all-purpose ulu knife.

The land within the Arctic Circumpolar is divided among 8 countries: Canada (Yukon, Northwest Territories, and Nunavut), Denmark (Greenland), Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, (Siberia), and the United States (Alaska). This land area of a large part of northern Earth is also known as Arctic Circle. The people of the Arctic are known as the Inuit. Although spread over eight different countries, they are united by a common cultural heritage and a shared language. They have a distinct culture and appearance from other aboriginal tribes of north America, Russia and Europe. They are called the Yupik in Siberian Russia. They are also known as Eskimos, which means 'eater of raw meat'. Calling them Eskimo is considered by them a racist, disrespectful and derogatory term, therefore they prefer to be called the Inuit, which means 'the

people', or singularly, Inuk, which means 'the person'.



The Inuit speak the same language in Alaska, across northwest Canada and into Greenland, have lived largely the same way for 16,000 years. They crossed the Bering Land Bridge from Siberia as early as 30,000 years ago and wandered slowly east across the continent, reaching Greenland 5,000 years ago. The languages of the Inuit can be divided into many different languages and dialects. However, all of the Inuit languages come from one main language family: the Inuit-Aleut or Eskimaleut.

The Inuit people of today are the descendants of what anthropologists call the Thule culture, who emerged from western Alaska around 1000 AD and spread eastwards across the Arctic, displacing the related Dorsets, the last major Paleo-Eskimo culture (in Inuktitut, the Tuniit people). Inuit legends speak of the Tuniit as "giants", although they were sometimes called "dwarfs", people who were taller and stronger than the Inuit. Researchers believe that the Dorset culture lacked dogs, larger weapons and other technologies that gave the expanding Inuit society an advantage. By 1300, the Inuit had settled in west Greenland, and they moved into east Greenland over the following century. As sole inhabitants of the entire Arctic, the Inuit culture has survived in some of the coldest, most remote and harsh parts of the world.

Today climate change poses a biggest challenge to Inuit way of life. It has a significant impact on the traditional harvesting activities of the Inuit. Rapid weather changes and occurrence of thin ice makes hunting more dangerous. Furthermore, disappearing sea ice affects many species that are subject to harvest, for instance polar bears, seals, whales and some fish stocks depend on ice cover. Eventually, the survival of the Inuit peoples is endangered.

Some interesting facts and inventions of the Inuit

1. Food sharing

Modern tradition of "Potluck" can perhaps be traced back to Inuit practice of food sharing. As we know, edible plants are scarce in the Arctic, the Inuit eat mostly meat they get from hunting. They eat animals such as caribou, seals, walruses, polar bears, arctic hares, musk oxen, birds such as ptarmigan, and fish such as arctic char, salmon and whitefish. Inuit are known for their practice of food sharing, a form of food distribution where those who catch the food would share it with the entire community.

2. Igloo

The Inuit invented the igloo. They would build the igloo in a spiral shape using the snow from the inside of the circle to cut blocks with a snow knife. The ice blocks were stacked to create a domeshaped structure. A small hole was usually made at

the top of the structure to provide for air circulation The Inuit lived in igloos in the winter.

3. Throat Singing.

Inuit throat singing is a unique and enchanting form of musical expression. A mixture of husky chanting and low growling, throat singing is a competition in which the first person to laugh, stop, or run out of breath loses.

4. Kayak

The Inuit invented the kayak, a one-person boat used for hunting and transportation, and propelled by a double-bladed paddle. Mostly they used driftwood or whalebone to make a light framework, and covered it with stretched skins, made watertight with whale fat.

5. Parka

The invention of the parka ensured survival in the Arctic. The traditional parka always had a hood and was made of either sealskin or caribou hide. The women's parkas had larger hoods than men's because the hood was used as a baby carrier. This style of parka is called "amauti". The Inuit needed thick and warm clothing to survive the cold weather. They used animal skins and furs to stay

warm. They made shirts, pants, boots, hats, and big jackets called anoraks from caribou and seal skin.

6. Toboggan

The first toboggans were used by hunters to carry furs and meat after a hunt over snow and ice. The Inuit used whale bone to make toboggans since wood was not readily available. Tribes from the south such as the Cree used strips of hickory, ash, or maple in the construction of their toboggans.

7. Snow Goggles

Snow goggles are a type of eyewear traditionally used by the Inuit and the Yupik to prevent snow blindness. They are made from driftwood, bone, walrus ivory, caribou antler, or in some cases seashore grass to fit the wearer's face with one or more narrow horizontal slits in the front. They must fit tightly against the face so that the only light entering is through the slits. The slits are made narrow not only to reduce the amount of light entering but also to improve the visual acuity. The greater the width of the slits the larger the field of view.

Ashok K. Bhargava

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As are on our way to hitting another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past Cultures. This year we have elected to continue the

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

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

 E_{njoy} our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

Bless Up . . . From the home in our hearts to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

DS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



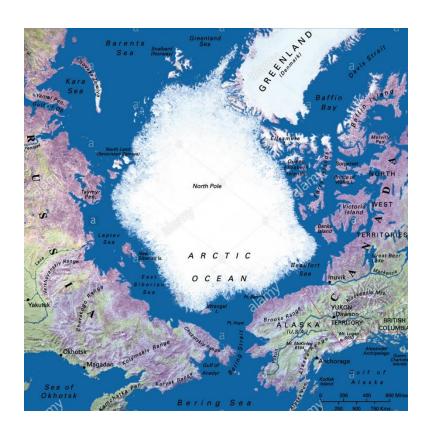
Arctic Circumpolar



The Artic Circumpolar region is primarily the area of the world that surrounds the North Pole. The lands of this region center primarily can be found encircling the Arctic Ocean of which the North Pole lies at its center. These lands include Alaska, Canada, Greenland, Russia and a myriad of islands as well. Though the cultures that inhabit these lands have conditional similarities in relation to their geography, the cultural differences are vast in respect to community, language and many other customs.

For more information about the people of this region, visit:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Circumpolar_peoples



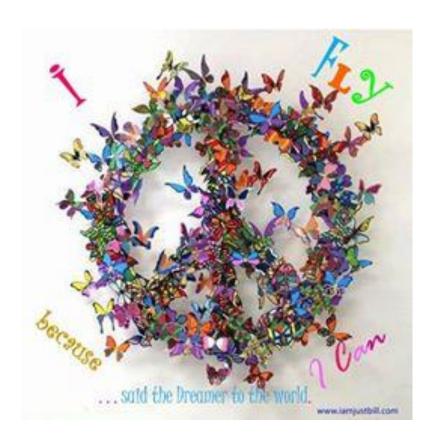




Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action .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









The World Healing, World Peace International Poetry Symposium

Stay Tuned

for more information intouch@innerchildpress.com

'building bridges of cultural understanding' www.innerchildpress.com

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &
Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

Twinning

Senryus

Malina:

You cut my dolls hair When I was taking a nap Black grease is your due

Anningan:

Your doll was ugly You be glad that I fixed her I will get you back

Malina:

I am much brighter And you will never catch me My dear dark brother

Anningan:

But I will ever Chase you without any food Thinning twin ever

Dawtahs

I keep finding you In the spaces that I Forget to look Some of you come to me When I am done And others when I need you I have always been off step A condition that I am used to Having spent most Of my life as one Sometimes not Sometimes so But always mother wanted And I promise that I will always live you Wrapped around my veins So don't be afraid To spread your arms open For you have much to show me And I have many more days To share with you, this The love of mothers And the mothers before And it will not leave you hungry Nor subject to the falsehoods Of this world I want to share with you A cradle legacy Much more than breasts And soft bellies, but Of women nurturing women Whether you want it or not Come dawtah. Let me love you into the brilliance That is you

The X-factor

Feet planted wide

Arms spread upward

Skyward, wingward

Decisions to be had

Say yes

Or

Say no

Or

Say maybe

Just can't say forever

In the center of this X

Relieving the pressure

From the urgency

Say yes

Or

Say no

Or

Say maybe

Sprinkle the ground with salt

And drive in iron nails

Spinning fast so

The wind will catch

The budding wings

Say yes

Or

Say no

Or

Say maybe

Moon shines on barren ground

The waiting is hard

As the sun rises

The answer becomes clear

So just say it

Goodbye

Alicja Maria Kubzrska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: "The Glass Reality". Her second volume "Analysis of Feelings", was published in 2012. The third collection "Moments" was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - "Virtual roses" and volume of poems "On the border of dream". Next year her volume entitled "Girl in the Mirror" was published in the UK and "Love me", " (Not)my poem" in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled "The Other Side of the Screen".

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

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

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

Arctic

Day and night rule fairly in the land of everlasting ice.
They divided the year in half between them and announced the polar bear a king.

It is a land dedicated to the whiteness. There the water changed into transparent crystals and a gusty wind weaves snowflakes' lace from droplets of rain.

This land is not available for greed. People stretch their hands to grab unsuccessfully its wealth. The biting frost guards the borders.

Modern bank note in Museum

I saw a bank note inside a glass case. Its wings spread like an exotic butterfly. Still living and breathing, yet history already.

Hear the rustling of false promises and lies. See the thirty silver pieces of the treacherous Judas. Feel the foul smell of the insatiable greed.

But look at the reverse, consider the other side It can build a house, bake the daily bread, Bend mercifully over poverty, disease, Breathe life into art and promote wisdom.

The amazing power of a piece of paper

Contrary to Nature

the dead, dry dragonfly in a glass case froze stiff in its last fluttering of wings wind did not break its transparent body colors unfaded by the sun perished young in the bloom of its beauty it exists against nature destined for immortality

Jackiz Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

http://www.innerchildpress.com/jackie-davis-allen.php jackiedavisallen.com

Far From Temperate

Consisting of the Arctic Ocean, and nearby seas, the Arctic is a polar region. Mostly without trees. Included are parts of Alaska, Finland, Greenland, Iceland. Also, Norway, Northern Canada, Russia, and Sweden.

Cool summers. Long sunny days. Short growing seasons.

Frigid, cold winters, the climate demands ingenuity. Its inhabitants persistently struggle with the harsh climate. Permafrost tundra winter temperatures are known to dip. From 40 degrees F below zero, to 90 degrees F below!

Plants, birds, animals, And humans find a way To live there.

Snow, not as much as one would think.

Most areas receiving 20 inches or less a year.

But with blowing wind, it seems like more.

Hunting is a necessity. Furs needed to conserve body heat.

And meat to eat. Energy required for effort. For survival.

The Arctic is the land of the Midnight Sun. Just imagine! What a sight! And, always the possibility of frost bite! And yet, the Arctic peoples have adapted to the extremes. Four million of them call the Arctic "home".

Aspiration

His sensibilities, inclinations, His dreams struggle to evolve. Hesitation, invited or not, percolates With angst. Within. Without. Intentions, reluctant, drown in the backwash.

And yet a voice, restless, hoarse, Rises up from the turbulent waters Of misery's painful predicament. Offering rescue, redemption should he choose To claim self discovery's possibility.

Accepting, from humbled neediness, He paddles through the waters of commitment. With gift of attitude's energy, he begins To navigate toward the shore. With exuberance. A phenomenon, never experienced before.

Heavy weights of dissension, Like those under contemplation, Have simmered. Some, a decade or more.

Of silence, of recriminations, There are some willing, some unwilling. To change the choices made.

To forgive. To accept. Or not? To live in harmony? Why do we not Claim, accept pardon? Kindness, grace?

Riding along with the tempest, Love imploringly, longs to embrace, To tenderly share healing caresses.

Intentional forgiveness is the sunshine That guides the best of our days and ways. With care, it improves perspective.

When love is allowed to make the choice, The moon, the stars, and the heavens celebrate. Should we not choose to do the same?

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

Daylight In The Night

When the door that entered the earth was opened As the solar wind traveled from east to west Rosy Fingered Dawn Rotating Earth's seasons Chattering how many mortal creatures and Saint heroes

The tilt of the ecliptic plane
A band displaced towards the night side
Auroral arcs reach furthest toward the equator
Observed
The magnetic midnight has come
The earth is also silently quiet

As if the Sun were rising from an unusual direction From farther away Only above the poleward horizon Rays of light Diffuse patches can be a subvisual quiet-curtains Peeping eyes has no time to pay attention

The excited oxygen atom returns to the ground state
The fires of the Oola Pikka colluded ghostly spirits who
spoke to the people
Bushfires in the spirit world
Aurora
Exhibitions for Entropy maximization
The attribution of nature has already been

Replacements of "hot" electrons by "cold" ones Thermal energy cannot be fully converted to work

Magnetic reconnected again Uncertain electric ring current around the Earth enhances Explanation of the second law of thermodynamics An irresistible force, nothing in the world can have a narrow escape

Who Cooled Down the Setting Sun?

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 fine meshes able to catch the autumn wind? Are those fine meshes able to catch the cold before jumping into the sea?

Where Should the Falling Fogs Fall?

Late at night
That clouds blotted out the sky and the land
Obviously, it didn't want to forgive any panic in my heart
Took a look around with my guilty conscience
I didn't know where was my safe landing home

In the early morning
With full of fear and anxiety
I gently pleaded to
Those far and wide there is nothing to be seen but the white
Hope it could be given to me
A shoot of slight sunlight
O, just such
A shoot of
subtle sunshine

Clouds were not willing to be in harmony with the sun Always
Made my stomach felt pain from time to time
When?
I have been involved in the dispute between the two
Unable to get away
My eyes!
How could I not get away?

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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:

https://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1 https://zakirflo.wordpress.com

Chillin

Listen up children grownups to when you talk Arctic your chillin just the word pumps chill bumps but many don't know how the Arctic flow goes it is the most northern extreme where in June solstice midnight sun is seen december solstice not a flicker appears winters darkness everywhere just as arctic seems everywhere including countries, islands, continents all included in the arctic circumpolar Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, United States (Alaska) Canada (Yukon, Northwest territories, Denmark (Greenland) **Iceland** 4 million in a region that covers almost 10,000 miles included many indigenous folk but the Arctic Circumpolar wears a yoke

it's gotten warmer

and the governments of earth hear warmers
((air and water warmer))
seas a rising, wind speeds heightening, makes sense prospect frightening if the arctic falls we're gonna if collective, corrective efforts are not made dismal, darker days just around the corner awaits to deliver the inevitable gruesome fate wake up world before it's too late

food4thought = education

Dem who never wavered

salt of earth flavor from them come dem 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 dem know people can be replaced or disappear without a trace this fact known in this human race such is reality everyday survival of the fittest #1 on the hit list that is until the arrival of the day of the test

it is then when...

to the truth all will surely attest your limbs speaking out about how, for who, for what you used them that's what i'm talking about your fate hanging in balance at the mercy of thee most merciful whose mercy is way more then his wrath Al-Adel (Thee Just) creator of all of us and thee author, architect of justice

will administer flawless

perfect justice abundance of mercy though as Allah*(swt) warned, and revealed in his sacred and finale revelation Our'an Majeed gave it to Gibreel^(aws) delivering angel who gave it to Allah's (swt) seal of the prophets Muhammad**saw(saw) who informed the believing nation who then went out to tell earth's human creation from land to land, nation to nation the glad tidings, instructions, admonitions, warnings about those who ignore, rebel the purveyors of all things forbidden awaits fire of hell where they will dwell forever to satisfy the flesh, not their lord was their primary endeavor to the devotees of the lord everlasting reward you can't buy this with your money honey regardless how rich keep your money, it will be rendered useless congratulations to the poor never wavering belief with patience, prayer comes

the help of Allah(swt) and

reward, relief

food4thought = education

*(swt) = All glory to Allah.

^(aws) = peace upon him

**(saw) =peace upon him

hearts, minds, souls relive them from roles they indulge so many, damaged brings in mind the adage " you reap what you sow " so much evil amongst us must be careful that it doesn't grow old as though it's the normal flow alarming this harming inwardly and out tremor has gripped the world thus, trembling in turmoil a friend recently said " don't write about the negative, focus on positive things life brings " true indeed there are wonderful things to admire, reflect though seriously out of respect for reality we must address the abnormal even more vigorously then normality how would anything be resolved effectively if we neglect/ignore crimes against humanity look the other way say with a yawn " it's a beautiful day " when millions of innocent men, women especially children are violated, humiliated, despised, abused, used, exploited why, how can we ignore their cries

every day in a critical way

beautiful children's parents are taken away either dead or alive these innocent ones are deprived deprived of a life to have a chance to live, love, laugh feel loved, safe have the ability to escape from this global disgrace that has and continues to plague the whole human race so really do we have to beg before we see this reality that it's worth it to make a space especially for those beautiful children simply give them all a safe place

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then 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, 33 years later, 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, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

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

In Arctic Yup'ik shared in the US and Russia "Sanqegg" is translated

To be at peace like a sleeping child

To be satisfied like a well fed polar bear

To be straight like a long tree branch

Young and flawless like no one I know

To be aware and alert like we all should be

Looking for peace and an end to violence

Red Salmon Run

"Nomohon" peace in Nanai
a northern land where children are pulled on sleds
not wagons or strollers
spring comes late yet life thrives
in the Russian Far East
the Amur River can be three feet thick
still ice fishermen find success on the coldest days
everyone comes to the river in September
when the red salmon run
beside vast birch forests
filled with "nomohon"

Arctic Earth

Above the Arctic Circle where the Gwich'in live there is a saying a wish a desire "nan kak tsinehdan gooli'" let there be peace on earth a wish for "tsinehdan" peace rising into the air when the wind is calm protecting and giving warmth like a colorful wool blanket where "tsinehdanh zhit gwindành"" means peaceable but literally - quiet she lives like mother earth

Clizabeth C. Castillo



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.

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Inuit People

Stark landscape will greet you But the harsh climate, they can bear Inuit people, survivors Of war and other harsh realities.

Their culture, deeply rooted in hunting Greenlandic roots, mixes of people migrating Traditional Inuits practice animism and shamanism Guided by the Spirit God's.

Eclectic mythology to behold Malina, Son Goddess of the Inui Dwelt in Greenland with her brother Anninga, the Moon God.

In Northern Canada, Sedna was the Sea Spirit Said to be a young girl Forced by her parents to marry.

Written In the Stars

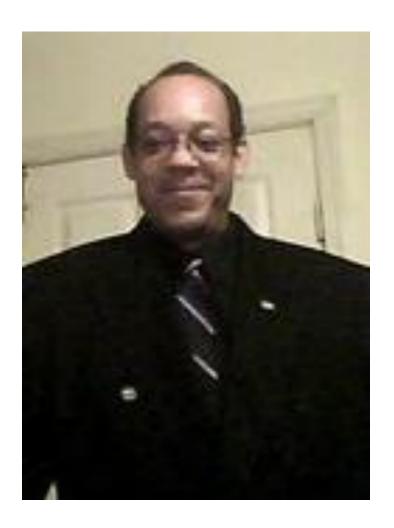
They say for each person There is a certain Miracle from within And you are meant to be just for one person As time draws to a close to meeting the One, The Universe and your Spirit Guides are on your side To help you fulfill your One True Destiny. It's written in the stars And before you know it, I am coming to hold your hand You may not know now but soon you'll get it somehow I may have bumped into you along life's journey, But you were too preoccupied with your own story That you didn't notice me passing you by. If in this life, we have to say goodbye As my soul reincarnates, I'll meet you again in the next, When our eyes lock as we cross our paths once more You will know in your heart that it was me – your Destiny, Just look at the stars on a beautiful night such as this And know that the time is near to feel eternal bliss. It's written in the stars For even when True Love is lost, Your soul will bleed for a meaning in your life But though the inevitable happens, searching for your One True Destiny remains If we are yet to discover our One True Miracle, Even time may defeat itself in order for you to see me in another lifetime.

Awakenings

A cast-away soul in his solitary moment,
Floating into a never-ending circle of uncertainty
In denial of all things hitting him in the eye
Or could it be that he just can't dare to face dire reality?
A deep-seated fear sets in rooted from the world's cruelty.

Shielding himself from dark forces,
But wake-up calls are beyond his control
He wants to awaken from this abstract dream
Mysterious vibrations preventing him to even scream
Delusions overwhelming him in every heart beat.
A spectrum of enveloped ideas only his mind can conceive,
Out of this swirling darkness he awakened from being
naïve
Bid adieu to his grueling nightmare
Awaiting for the dawning of a new day
To see the light welcoming him again.

Jog Pairg



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.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

West Wind Drift

I sail without wind traveling eastward Stories told from ancient voyagers taught me the way I'm feeling lost though turning back is not an option Searching for ones soul in the depths of despair plays tricks with the minds compass and I cannot swim What land is this that seas drift without a billowing sail Sea beast have a feast of plenty I feed on emptiness inside and travel on Such wonders I see seeking rest where natives live I've stayed too long and have yet found my destiny Cast back to sea heading east I have more land to discover These strange currents pull me onward The winds at my back still no need hoist my main mast I'm moving fast as the ocean now All those stories were true having traveled east to find myself I ended back west and found you

Storyteller

She moves along with an old cart full of her life Grey braided hair and sun worn skin She's lived before What do we hear from silence other than opinion? Assumption never spoke one's truth Yet her smile said plenty A hand gesture in return spoke nothing of my feelings I envied her freedom as she told me more There was something so telepathic it mattered not Sign language aside can we truly tell our tales with eyes? It was with eyes our conversation carried on I listened intently as each revelation became clear She flowed eastward as if on an Artic circumpolar trip I traveled west against the current of my mental drift A change is coming as the wheels of her cart rattled a bit She smiled again as I waited for young goslings to pass Her silence told me She's my future and my past

It's Time

Passing on knowledge is hard when viewed as the old way Somethings do stand the test of time; our time is tested It all seems to be teaching to make a buck I want to teach on how to give meaning back to life Vulgarism's and mockery are still a shock to me We need hands to till the soil, plant the food Community should be on the rise now It's surprising how little we know about survival finding stores in a time of war I've tasted pigeon gravy before a mortar and pestle after mortars and pistols Can you grind corn now to make a meal No big deal right, just make money right even if the money ain't right, no moral code Not even the bro code can save you If you don't know WHO MADE YOU Greed enslaved you and made you forget Hustling in a time when hustling was good You haven't tallied that cost yet It's time but no one wants to hear it Just jeer and smear it just an old fool talking An old Aesop fable How do we teach being able?

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in *TelePoem Booth*, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülya has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Writing Web Site hulyanyilmaz.com

Editing Web Site hulyasfreelancing.com

Meanwhile . . .

in an ASTt Camp near the Bering Strait

Snowshoes, 1

"I am nothing but a small child, and I so love this white stuff! Lots of it visit us each year. but my legs are so tiny yet and my head reaches only so high that I can't be out there on my own. Yet, I want to play some more, much more. One day, I snuck out into that white blanket. It almost gobbled me up as a whole. No, I'm not scared! Not at all! Even that mean-looking man far behind our home, The one with beady blue eyes doesn't scare me. No, I'm not scared! I want to see it all! I just must keep dry my little feet so that they won't know what's defeat. Can you guess what I've done? I first went to my anaana, brought her all these words (I only speak. I can't write.) As sweet and loving as she is, she wrote them down for me one by one. Then, I showed her my most angelic face and asked her for this: 'Weave me some snowshoes, please!'

Do you see me now in the snow? Watch how my new large feet can flow!"

Snowshoes, 2

Our little girl is almost 4.

She is a free spirit.

She is always ready to roam about.

Snow was rather heavy this year.

The newcomers force us to live scarcely.

We don't have much, I must say.

The woods are far from our abode. She craves to come with me. We must warm up our place for her. I manage, I somehow manage.

Early in the morning, at the break of dawn, I shuffle my worn-out wet boots along, But her tiny feet can't possibly be soaked. She won't survive the cold.

Last night, my wife weaved something for her. It will last her about two trips.

She will be in my arms on the way anyway,
And on our way back, she will be thrilled
To walk along Daddy all on her own.

That family in that faraway cabin
Is getting on my last nerve!
A family of 3,
Husband, wife and a toddler.
She is something to reckon with!
Always smiling, always happy.
Those eyes of hers give me the jitters.
A beautiful child, I must admit,
Nothing like our own five youngsters.
Ours wake up with a frown on their faces
And go to bed with the same distaste for life.

The other day, early in the morning,
I watched the father go out into the woods.
He is a hardworking guy,
Always doing something for his family.
He was on his way to gather firewood again.
They have no barrels, not even a pail.
Stupid primitives!
So, he hauls their heat in his bare arms.
This time, the little girl toddled along.
She had some odd gadget on her feet,
Digging into the deep snow oft' times,
But picking herself right up to catch up with him.
Snowshoes? Where on earth did they get them?

Their wish to live is sickening! We all would be much better off If all these natives went out and just died!

This land is ours now. What is left for them to stick around?

And what are those tiny snowshoes all about?

That little critter manages to help him out, Her skeleton arms hold 2 at a time, While all our boys just sit and mope around.

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

Arctic Meltdown

The Arctic is in glacier meltdown mode and loss in biodiversity. How can melting ice be a quiet destroyer slowly changing the hairdo of planet earth.

Scientists keep sounding the horns of evidence to a few listeners. The planet is getting warmer. The sea levels are rising.

The power brokers are in denial. It may affect them financially to curve their greed. Even the idea of planting more trees is hard to conceive.

Unfocused

Insomnia is my bedfellow tonight. Memories run back and forth. I reach for pieces of the visuals catch none as they sprint pass me.

Being rich with memories is a burden when stirring the liquids of the heart blends a hellacious brew of emotions headed for the mountains of expression.

The climb is long, steep and dangerous. Requires effort, a chance to rehearse discipline and express gratitude for the opportunity to be unfocused.

Some Words

Some words have a special flavor that roll on the tongue, make your lips smack with their goodness.

Some words sneer at you, drive nails into your broken pain and draw blood.

Some words cruise down your spine, touch every nerve, make you scream joy.

Some words banter you out of depression, grab your hands and dance with you in the wind.

Some words have the power to heal anything they touch. They hug gently soothe your wounds, give you strength to move on.

Ashok K. Bhargava



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

Broken up into hundreds of floes large slabs of ice floating and bobbing.

Under moody clouds a west wind blows lichens and tundra flowers cling to the rocky landscape.

Arctic speaks in an uncertain tongue the fears of return of Agloolik.

Killer of all living beings a slow dying unless the ice stops crying tears of despair.

Imagine the earth struggling to breathe living but suffering.

Think again how to reverse global warming subtle intensity of the Arctic.

Even small strides will be big to reach

Akna's

cheerful Igloo.

- Agloolik: evil god that lives under the ice. If released he will kill people, destroy the boats and hurt the sea creatures.
- Akna: mother goddess of fertility of the Inuit.

1

Silence pervades the icy fields there is almost no wind

bright sunrays prime the shining barren land

the way gravity guides orbiting planets

in a desire to maintain equilibrium

unknown to us
I see another coming back

with a promising laugher a certain return of climate-balance

evermore I wait you are our Akna

2

How many times I have imagined The sea of ice?

Shining floes Floating and drifting Uncontrolled.

Barren lands

Frozen wilderness Beaming like the sunrays.

One time I saw myself gliding dogsledding.

I saw an Igloo Silhouette In a cold moonlit night.

Slowly disappearing Taking along Inventive motions.

In the 1920s, Danish explorer Knud Rasmussen lived among the Inuit. He fell in love with their poems and songs, and translated many of them into English. Much of their poetry expressed feelings about life in the often lonely and icy landscape around them. This poem is a tribute to him.

From the bosom of wilderness he leaped to traverse the Northwest Passage by dog sled to better understand the cultural connections across the Far North from Greenland to Siberia.

He cultivated intimate relationship with the Inuit the Arctic ice the frozen sea the animals the sky and the unpredictable weather.

He approached them with respect to capture the echoes of their stories told and retold over centuries.

All through his life he felt a child of the Eskimo and so he was.

His mother

was the issue from a Danish-Eskimo marriage.

During his expedition he shared their food poetry, music and danced to celebrate life with whoever he met along the way.

The words and deeds of the White Eskimo always was his honest creed no forked tongue here and with his wisdom we can all forge ahead.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



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).

Imbroglio

Contemporary plights

In geographical faults

Interconnected layers

Of crisis, of paralysis, of hurdles

Of struggles in social divides;

Nuances and heinous crimes

Untreated, diseases uncured;

Dissecting all the battles we've been through

Patiently. There's more in our little ways;

Have married life's journey: odds and evens

Or an opted polyamory, and a hand

of humanitarian interventions.

Innuit

The people, speaks of people, for the people

The united, the common tribe

In language, in cultural beliefs;

The mighty Arctic hunters, a now extinct warriors

The waves and winds of the ancestors already

Etched in the Bermudan blood;

The maritime's told and untold stories

Flowing, from Somerset's islets

Hold thy breath, get back to the circles

The Innuit returns!

circumspect

let's connect
from here
to the roundabouts
of all dots...
where love's cycle
will be forever;
victorious zeroes
reveal the end;
always begin
with infinite
circles, lines
arches and ampersands
of mystical games
of life.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India .She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017.. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award .the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018, and The LIfe time Achievement Award , The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018 .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups, the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.

An open invitation from an Igloo

here I breathe
my shelter
a snow house
blocks cut in snow; a dome
with knife made up of bone
bucket made of skins
horn spoon, ivory combs
a stove suspended kettle
in summer snow melts
I move to a tent of animal skin
stretched over frame
no rice, no wheat
no grain, no soil
hunt a seal, walruses and whale
my large coat Parkas with their skins

I sail in
my small boat kayak
all the time stress for famine
I am still breathing inside my igloo
an illusion to get bright sun ray
you never know the scarcity
until you face

I live in a freezer
every day is so uncertain
you have dining tables
lot of cuisines and spicy food
I eat raw meat, fat
for me a challenge to face hunger
you waste in extravaganza parties
throw tons of food in the dustbins
to showcase your vanity

waste money in luxurious dress, food and house

just remember this young Eskimo boy whose only obsession is to get food, sunray, as for me six months night and six months day still you grumble!!!

> count the blessings dear if not possible please come and live a day with me in my igloo

Aurora Borealis

daughter of the dawn
the cosmic playground
Red and Greenish light
of eternal abode
interaction of charged particles
the flower garden in the magnetic fields

beyond every moment there is a buffer zone
the random celebration
of electron and photon
and a salute to creation

my father's chair

my father's chair in that western corner a constitution of my house even if he is no more since a year!

my father's chair threatens in dream consoles in pain a statutory ban on liquor but sure morning prayer

my father's chair wipes the tears dazzles as star who says it needs repair with legs three instead of four

my father's chair reminds his care and grey hair a master piece with all grace

my father's chair a serene place the life line of my house

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

It's a cold world,

ice land.

Thirty two degrees in the summer

Thirty below in winter

Home to animals of white fur and feathers

Whom live happily amongst these extreme temperatures.

Traveling through glaciers

and living on moss and ice is North Pole life.

Six months of daylight

Six months of looking as if it's midnight

The yupik and inuit live in a winter wonderland,

Whether the sun is down or shinning bright.

Igloos,

Fishing tools,

Animal skin sewn mitts and boots,

Layers upon layers of clothing under parkas.

Fish, berries, wild plants and small game cooked for digestion,

Rope, sleds and dogs are transportation.

I hear an orchestra in my head when I write. Wood, wind and brass. Sometimes there's a chorus, the fat lady blurts out murder, it's a blood bath. My head holds a symphony of memories. I call it poetic music. Since I can't sing, I let my pen blow narratives from the ghetto. Poverty, bodies, jail, Manteca and yeyo, Ya know, slow and up tempo. Urban bars, I got em, I carpe diem, I can go for heads like a guillotine, but I rather marinade in them right next to thoughts of fast cream, so I relive nightmares to depict the dream before the streets picks off another team, yellow tape, blood puddles, white sheets, I witnessed so many horrific crime scenes. There's not too many playas around from my day, most are either dead or locked up from that gunplay, only a few are lucky to be walking this cold sphere after the birth circa of hard ye. Life was lived at a faster pace, it was kill or be killed in the throne race, Its crazy but I get happy to see old enemies, not because I might have to catch a case, but because they're a familiar face. An entire era of hustlers are facing extinction, the new era is in the same situation for following unguided direction. My urban diction can change that for the up next generation.

Feature Presentation

When I grab a mic it's a feature presentation, a movie, no actors, manipulation of characters form urban expression. I'm a poor kid that turned into a rich young man, to a wise adult, it's was all Gods plan. At times I feel as if I can tell the future, but I understand it's just that yesterday is on repeat, different peeps, same streets, one out of ten makes it, the other nine bid forever or get covered with whites sheets on hot, cool or cold concrete. it depends on the season. As long as there's poverty and a market for coca and poppies there's going to be mass incarceration and dead bodies, because that's usually the first thing offered as a solution to oppression. For the love of money men will kill each other, it's not always enemy vs enemy, sometimes friends grow cross in em because of jealousy, they feel like the only time they'll live like the head is if the head is dead, it's execution style hits and the hitters become the go to men when blocks need to be fed. The lust for in god we trust will cause guns to bust returning flesh and bone back to ashes and dust. Somewhere in this world, to come up someone is lettn off rounds, a body is falling to the ground and a parent will have to I.D. Junior in a blood soaked hospital gown, then from that point on they'll forever wear a frown.

Cliza Szgizt



After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

With specific regard to her creative writings, the author describes herself as being torn in her passion for engaging in two literary genres: Poetry and Drama. A similar dichotomy from within is reflected on Segiet's own words about her true nature: She likes to look at the clouds, but she keeps both of her feet set firmly on the ground.

The author describes her worldview as being in harmony with that of Arthur Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".

Ice World

On forestless land, in a cold wonderland, amazes everything:

fjords, bays, glaciers, narwhal in the ocean – unicorn of the sea.

on the drifting ice a polar bear – king of the Arctic.

Igloo – home of the snow People.

For animals, the human is death, for the human

– the animal is life.

translated by Artur Komoter

Nature

The mosaic of the world's images sensualizes the diversity of nature. We have whiteness and ice, you have greenness and water, sand dunes elsewhere.

For some, snow is just a word, for others – white and cold.

For us, it's nature which we live in for generations.

In this monotony we notice differences, we see cracks in the ice, we sense the taste of air.

Even in a snowstorm we can return to the igloo.

For us, snow is not just a word – it's a taste of life.

translated by Artur Komoter

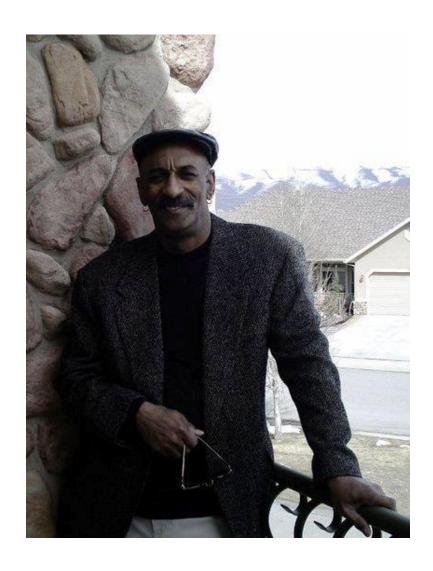
Being of a Human

a dream that became awake awakening that was a dream a rink of life being of a human distinguishing day from night good from evil life from death love from its lack

and I do not know how to live

translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Inuit

Warmth was a necessary commodity . . . To survive

We had long ago learned
The science
Of making fire . . .
And the art form of the flame
Like that of our hearts

We have braved the elements, Crossed the 'Great Land Bridge' To come here To this new land Where things appeared Barren . . . But we were a resourceful people, And we use that Which we had available

We built home Made of ice . . .

We hunted beasts
We had never before seen,
And learned to nurture our families
With the kill

We did not waste much, Unlike the later settlers Who came from The other side

We were a reverent people,

And we worshipped Our Creator for The dawning sun And the cold nights, The moon light, And that of the stars

These are our spiritual guides

Our families grew into tribes, Into a nation And our culture Survives To this day

We are a quiet people
With a love for one and another,
And a love for life
And the land we inhabit

We are Inuit

The Castle

Break a window in your castle and look to the poor ~ Hannah Michael Salameh Numan

Open the door And invite in he Who is less fortunate

Open your heart And empty your cupboard And feed the hungry

Bend a knee
Extend a hand
And lift up thine brother
For he was borne
Of the same womb
As thyself

In your darkened closet You have stored many riches And you have hidden the key away... From even thine self

To what cause dear one?

Shall you horde and Entreat your God With the same gifts and favor He has given unto You? Freely

Gifts are for giving

How shall you be blessed If you are not open to receive The bounty?

You were anointed In the Temple of life And you cast off your humility To occupy a castle on high

You go not out of your door, Say nor night Nor do you open your window To peer out beyond Your own world, That made of finite imaginings

Will the things you have gathered Give unto you Eternal peace, Or anguish yet to be borne?

I say give, give,
Until the closet is empty,
Dust the shelves
Of your avarice clean
And then thy Creator
Will come to visit
That purified heart
And grace you with mercies abundant

So my brother, my sister, Break a window in your castle, And look out upon the poor

And see who has need, And commence to feed them From your storehouse of plenty.

The Castle.

inspired by my friend ... Hanna Michael Salameh Numan

The Mist

In the midst of the mist
Where mountain peaks
Kiss the clouds
And valleys are enshrined
In a lingering fog,
And the waters if the earth
Seek their course,
There is a solemn magic

In the early morn
As the Sun peaks from the east
Ushering in
The new day,
I hear the whispers of life
And death
As they speak of
What is to come

There is a familiarity
That few comprehend
That prevails
Within the fabric
Of our existentialism ...
Yes, 'life' and 'death'
Are servants unto
Each others purpose

In my solace
I am embraced
By a certain energy
That keeps my conscious erect....
When need be,
And beds me

When my wearying Threatens my everlasting peace

The weeds of the field,
The trees of the orchard,
The flowers,
The birds,
The bees,
The butterflies,
And every creepy crawling thing
Speak this language,
As does every stone
Pebble,
Rock,
And grain of sand

There is a connective-ness
To all things ...
That which is seen,
And that which is not,
As well as that which may appear
Unfathomable

Oh how I long
To some day,
Some lifetime,
Some eternity
Become adept enough
To interpret
The language of the mist ...
That upon the mountains,
That which lies in the valleys,
And that which resonates
Within me

Jung 2019 Features

~ * ~

Katarzyna Brus – Sawczuk
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Iwu Jeff
Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



Katarzyna Brus -Sawczuk



The author is a doctor of Medical Sciences, specialist in microscopy endodontics, teacher in Warsaw Medical University. She writes poems and short prosaic forms. She is a member of the Associacion of Polish Authors (SAP.) Her poems have been published in a lot of polish antologies and were recognized in poetry competitions. She has published 3 poetic volumes. Poems and prose touch the choices, emotions, they carry a certain loneliness, do not give unambiguous answers. Closed rows are the key word that turns out to be a surprising title. Such a construction has become a characteristic sign of the poet.

1

Dessert wind
brings the shadow
of ancient trees
the wind whispers
wisely
in heads of old people
shisha smoke
wraps the air
in river line
between two borders
first babtism
connects people
separates nations
the wind blows
afterall gently freezes [THE MOMENT OF BEGINNING]

2

Burj ... lights possesion of the brain American girls, European women from Lebannon **Emirates** intersection of cultures muslim mullah singing a prayer city noise languages mixture beautiful girls dancing in high hills eyes without faces in black intoxicating scent of perfume women like flowers distant memory freedom how do we understand? [WOMEN POWER]

#3

Today I have sent sms to God online instead of a postcard with a wishful thinking virually I won't wait for a personal answer about an unlimited hate about a stupitidy about a state of my soul about a tricky plan of our enemies -praying I cuddle to the cold wall warmed up with a touch of humans' presence four- armed cross I weigh in my hand trying to understand the lack of conscience [FISH- SIGN OF LIFE]

Sahaj Sabharwal



I am Sahaj Sabharwal, a student now. I love writing poems and sharing my thoughts. I live in Jammu City, Jammu and Kashmir, India. I am 17 years old. I am a young poet who has won many awards for my writing writing.

Academic Tests

Oh these tests, Superfluous academic tests. No time to prepare For entrance tests.

Difficult to store Vast concepts in mind, Oh how to retain so much Till marks given and paper signed.

Bewaring that, The examiner is not blind, And not our bydweller That gives marks so kind.

All worried, Smile crease no face. Will we get through, Or falter in this pace.

Parents worried about their career They believe books are nifty, Smartphones are carrier's barrier With no sympathy.

Parent's and teacher's Support and hope is essential, In order to raise their potential.

Education

Education is light, When it is concentrated it glows so bright...

Better to understand it for few time, This will view the images of your cine.

No need to wake up all night, If you will not cram it like tyke whight...

It is rightly known caution, We must not be proudly while taking Ken of education..

No need to study if you don't have an interest, Better to leave it utterest...

Education is like a key, Which can open all ways of yet..

Friend's Departure

Time has come now, For an ending, wow.

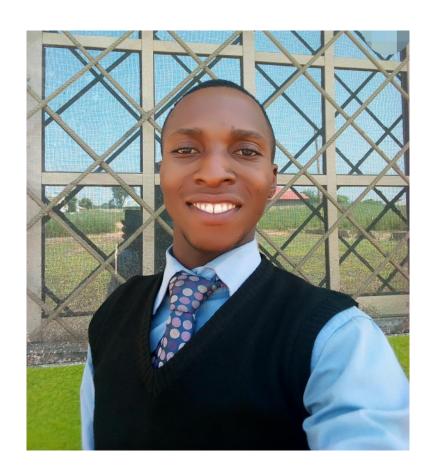
Your friendship will be no more, Your absence will make things bore.

Gossips with friends, Learning new trends. Talks with us, you did, Forever, you are alive in our mind.

It's time to say you goodbye, Hope you neither weep nor cry.

The time we spent together, In pleasant and harsh weather. I remember those days, Enjoyable past with your craze.

Hope would fill Our frienship's gap, In the presence of the wonder whatsapp. In your presence No one notices how we spent this year, Wish your prosperous happy journey my dear. Iwu Jeff



Iwu Jeff is a Nigerian creative writer whose works are inspired by his environment and nature. Some of his works have appeared in literary magazines and anthologies the recent Love Anthology of the Inner Child Press. Few of his works have garnered awards too.

A Knock On The Door

There's a knock;
Impudent knock on all doors,
Sounding in the ears of
The old and the young,
Coming day to day
As the night kisses the sun
Into darkness;
As the owl hoots,
Flapping its wings
To the stilling of spirits.

There's a knock;
A sudden knock
With wearying reverberation,
Clothing the body in
Colourless raiments of pains.
From head. To hands.
To legs. To the whole.
Set into immobility
That today and tomorrow
Gives a doctor nothing to diagnose.

There's a knock on the door
Waiting for the ticking the clock—
To light off the cold night,
To cut into pieces
Age long dreams, scribbled
With blood on the pages of hearts—
Of hopes and successes
Built like the castles of Rome,
Waiting to put piercing sobs
On the lips of men.

The Mourners

Like moths
Fluttering around bright lights
On dark nights,
They've come - dry and empty,
Tingling the ears with yawns of emptiness,
Making the loudest noise like empty drums.

Like dogs- starving and salivating,
They've come to have their full- up to the brim.
They've come to offload the burden
Of hunger tied on their sinking headsTheir eyes *redder* than blood,
Their faces swollen like gourd.

Like muttered thunder, they've come!
To wail. To smile. To mourn.
With long black faces, their hearts dance gleefully,
Their mouths sing a million dirges,
Their melancholic voices envelope
This scene with grief.

Who called these ones, here?
Gluttons whose ears itch to hear
Rumours. Deaths. Funerals. Here and there.
With them, will one not be bankrupted
Burying a loved one and bearing
The burden of tradition?

Sons Of The Sky

Urchins with such wonted traces, Here in fury Here with mayhem Banging my doors brazenly, Waiting to be my guest On a good day.

Don't enter yet!
Bolted are the doors
Stay in the open
With your terrific flashes of light
Traveling through my windows.
Stay in the open
With your mysterious roars
Echoing like the grenade;
Infecting the skin with spirit bumps.

Urchins,
Squirming in fierce tantrum,
Wailing with husky voices
Like barking dogs.
Their tears like my rushing shower
Cascade my roof with torrents
And their voices threatening to deafen my eardrums,
Seeking entrance into my home.

They're known.
Sons of the sky:
The wind.
The Lightning and thunder.
And the rain.

They own the day.
They own the night.
They come in seasons—
leaving their ancestral home
To kiss the earth.
To romance he earth.
To Leave mortals at the awe of their climax.
Their seeds roam about seeking for abode.
For these beings, my doors must be bolted forever.

Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shemis



Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis from Cairo Egypt is a writer and poet. He is the winner of the Free Pen Award of 2010, and many others to include the Medal of Excellence in the Ismaili Festival in 2015. He has participated in Poetry and Literary festivals all over the Arab world and beyond. His works can be found in countless anthological collections.

No balance

Your throne is your blood Your land is your mother take place All the rivers in her arms There is no balance If justice collapses Between balance Spindle and iron Tattoo slaves in the slave market The case is sold between your eyes Such as the blind Any fees you see In any way you see Any wall behind the border Are purchased Do not agree between the fingers of the idiot crow He shook a wooden beak And between the finger of your hand On the time window

Maria

I borrowed from my time Read the list of prophets I wear the secret of the night The sun did not set in the purity of the sky I wore a variety of things that I did not know Remove the veil in the silence of dust And in my laughter are kinds of pride O blind childhood dream Who brought me back in the Temple of Man And the womb of grief between my fall and my resurrection Sleeps between the lashes of my hair Under a terrifying shadow, I have four stars Covered in the book Start my journey and my soul Between heaven and earth Between survival and death Both wounds I washed my face with water I left a piece of myself here I am His lips kissed him on the horizon And the sword before him Revelation broke into the fire of the righteous If he has only a wound and hemorrhage Ask him a series of pride I fled from dawn to dawn To the space released as a virgin birch

The question remains

Where was? And flower nostalgia The day of departure screams The leaves are like a shell Above the drawers Shop with excuses and small dreams The good is near an abandoned port Fountain of waves She is fed by my words And her sweet words Was painted In the Book of Absence Manuscript towers Twenty years later, the question came to an end Walt heard only one song You're a rascal Jealous of her eyes Of her cheeks She is restored to her lips The wine of the oppressor Her first wedding hangs over her windows And its eastern suburbs He tells how she left her planets The nest is like a bird

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Han W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



The World Healing, World Peace International Poetry Symposium

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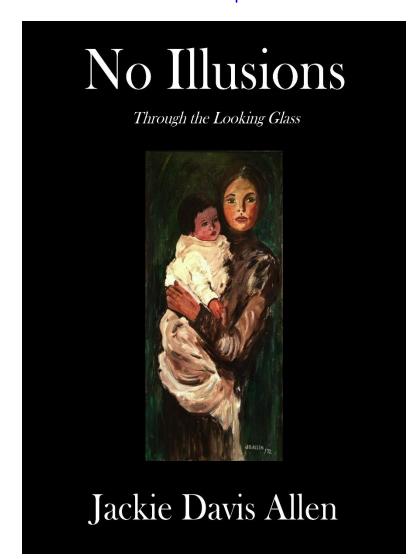
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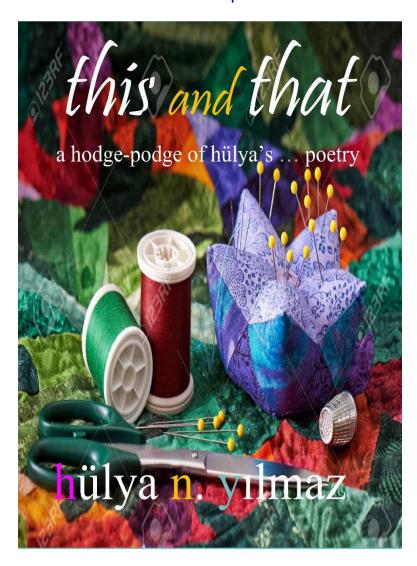
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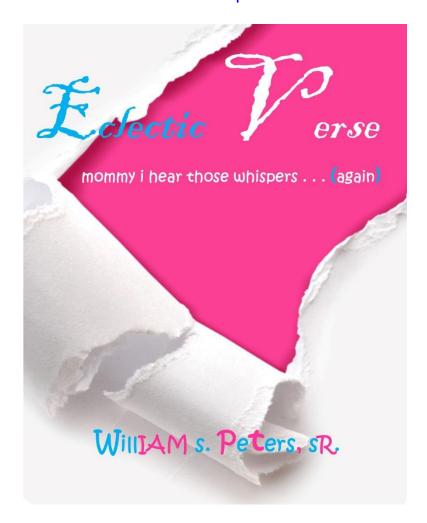
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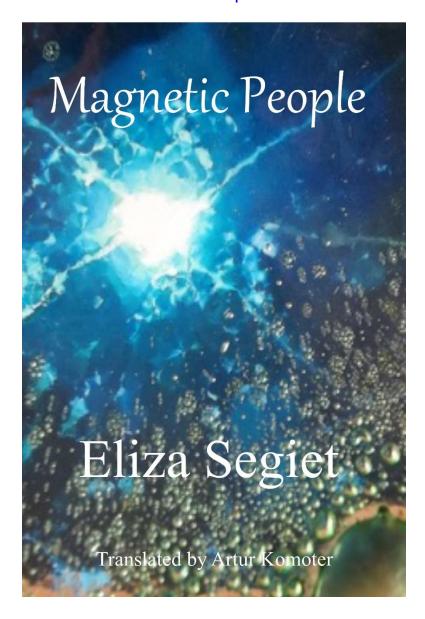
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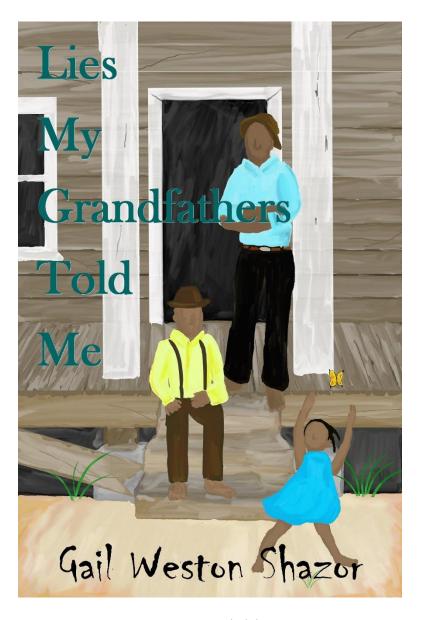


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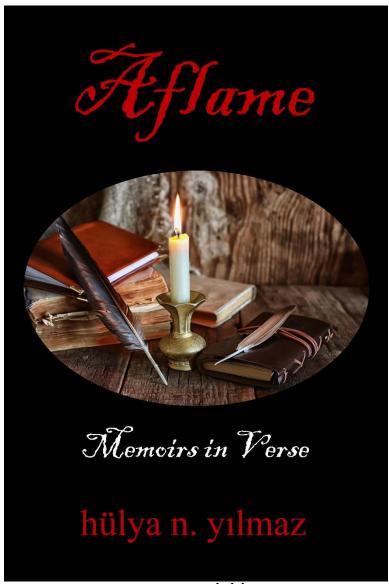
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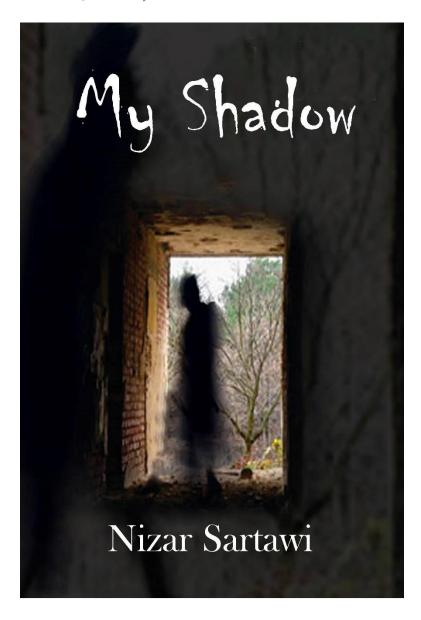
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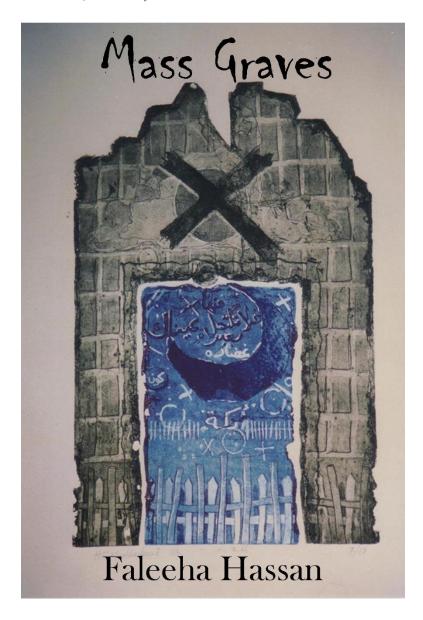
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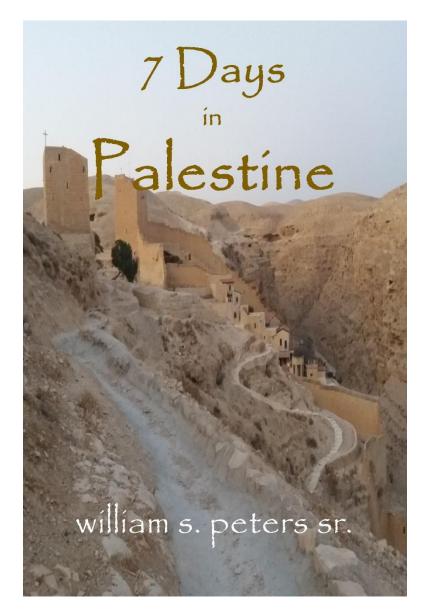
for

Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan

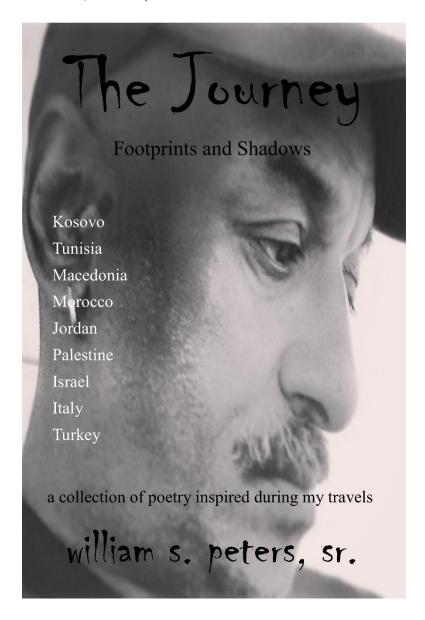
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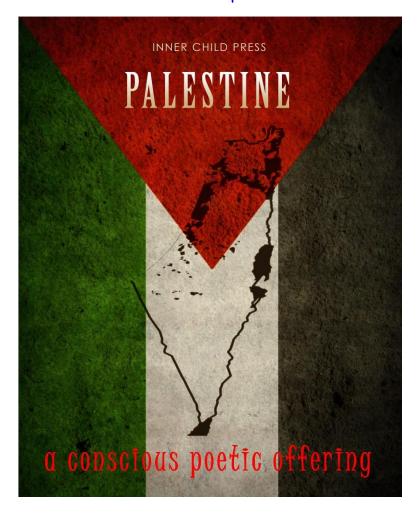
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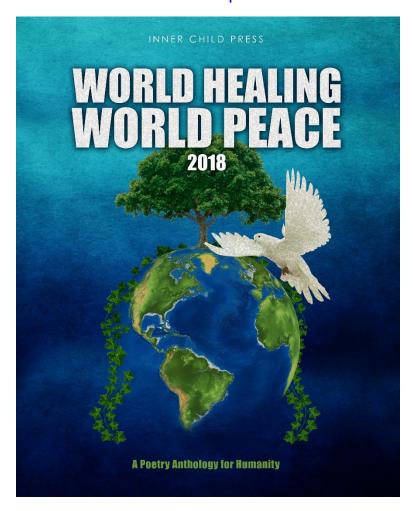
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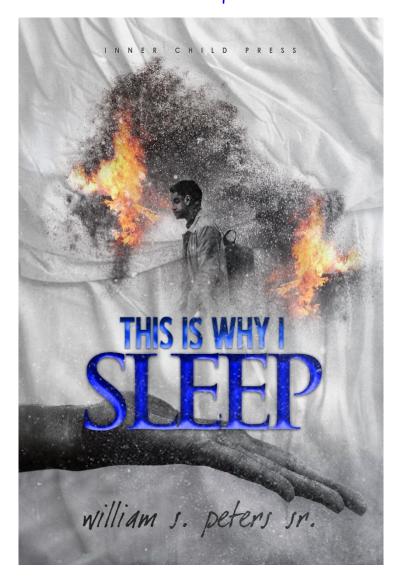
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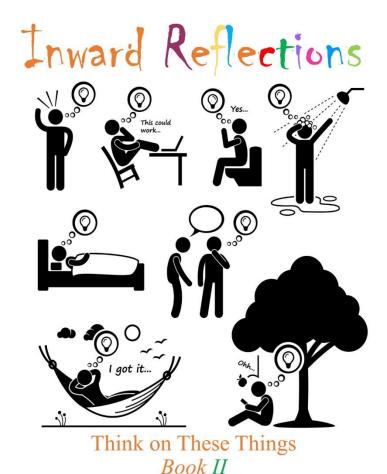


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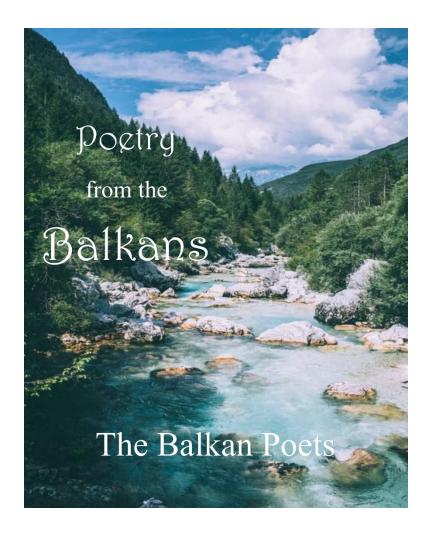
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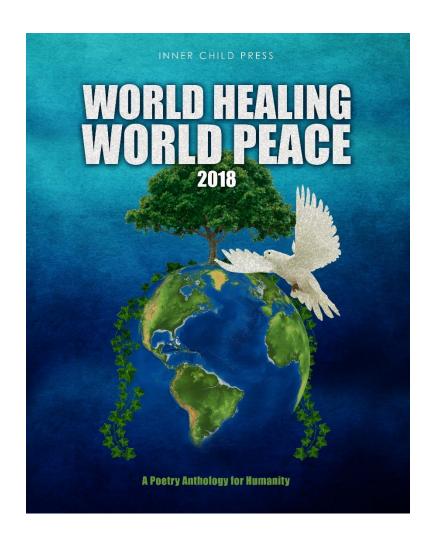
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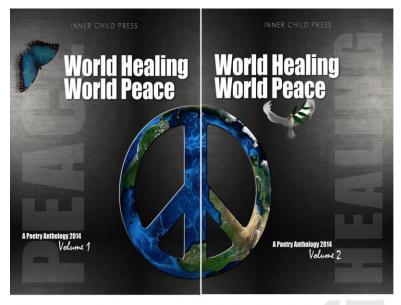


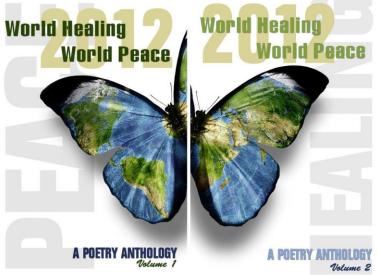
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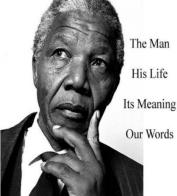


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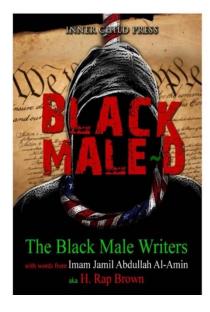
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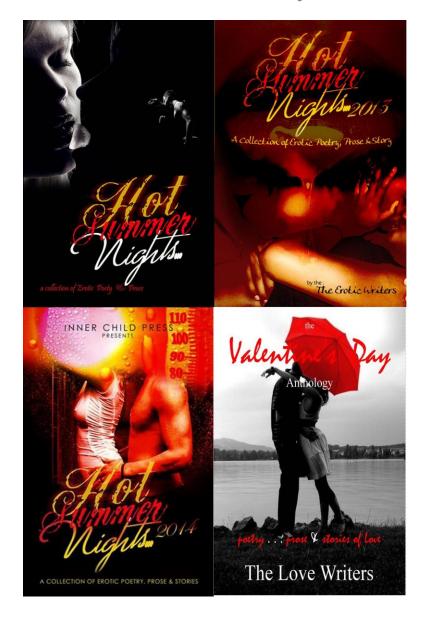
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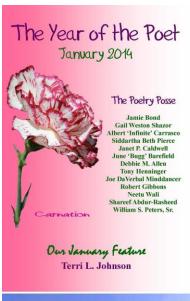
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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



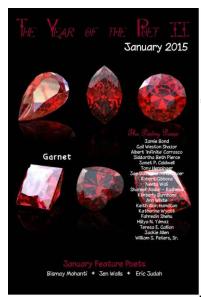
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Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



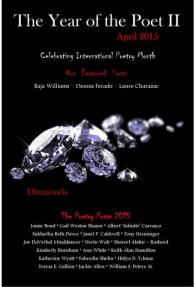


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The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015

June's Featured Poets



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The Year of the Poet II

July 201.

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco
Siddarfia Beth Fierce * Jamet F. Caldwell * Teory Heminiger
Joe Daverhal Minddancer * Nestu Maii * Sharcef Albart—Rashied
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hulya N Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Alber * William S Feters St

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

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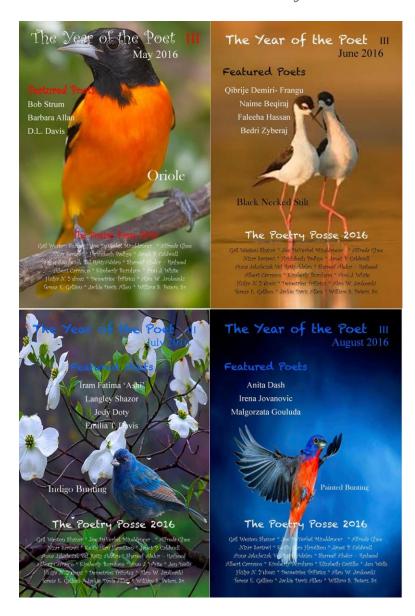
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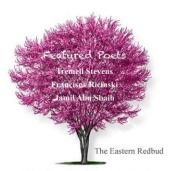


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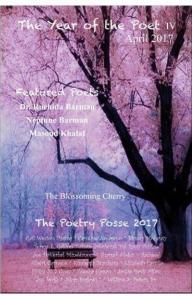
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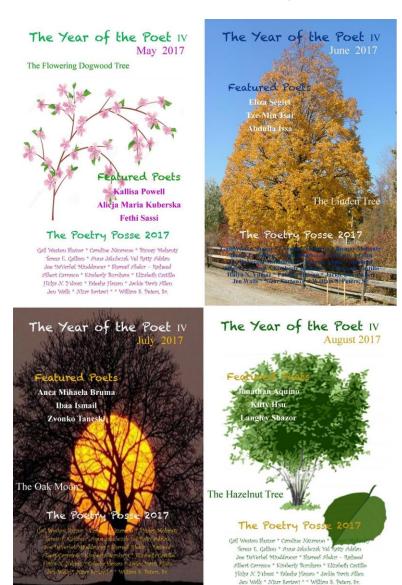


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October 2017



The Black Walnut Tree

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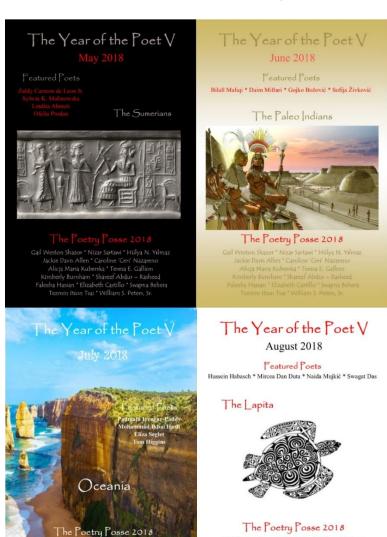
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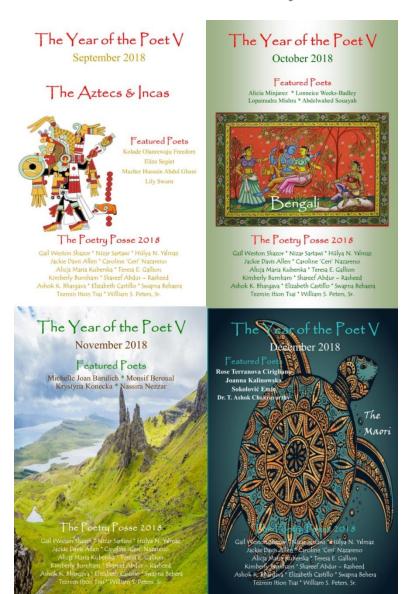
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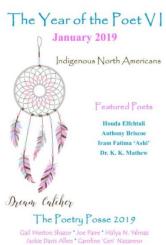
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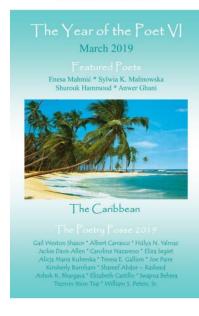


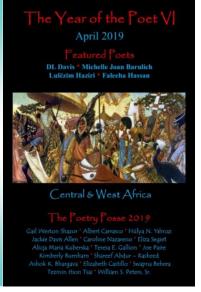
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The Year of the Poet VI February 2019 Featured Poets Marek Lukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier

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The Year of the Poet VI

May 2019

Featured Poets

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Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

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The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

Kate Gaudi Powiekszone * Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff * Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



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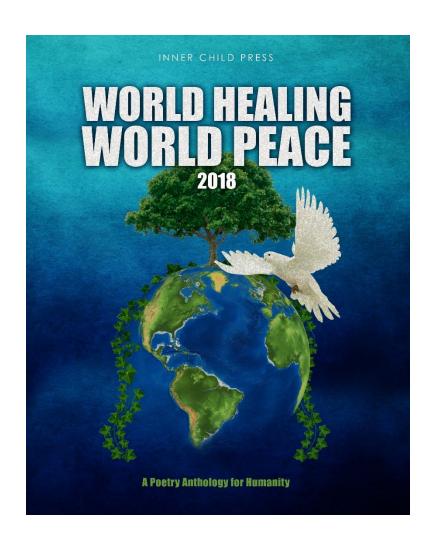
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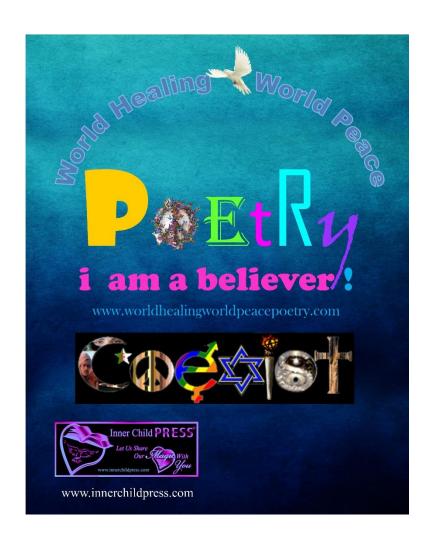
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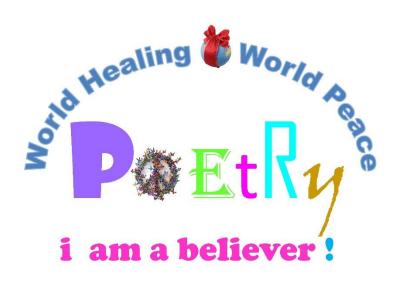


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