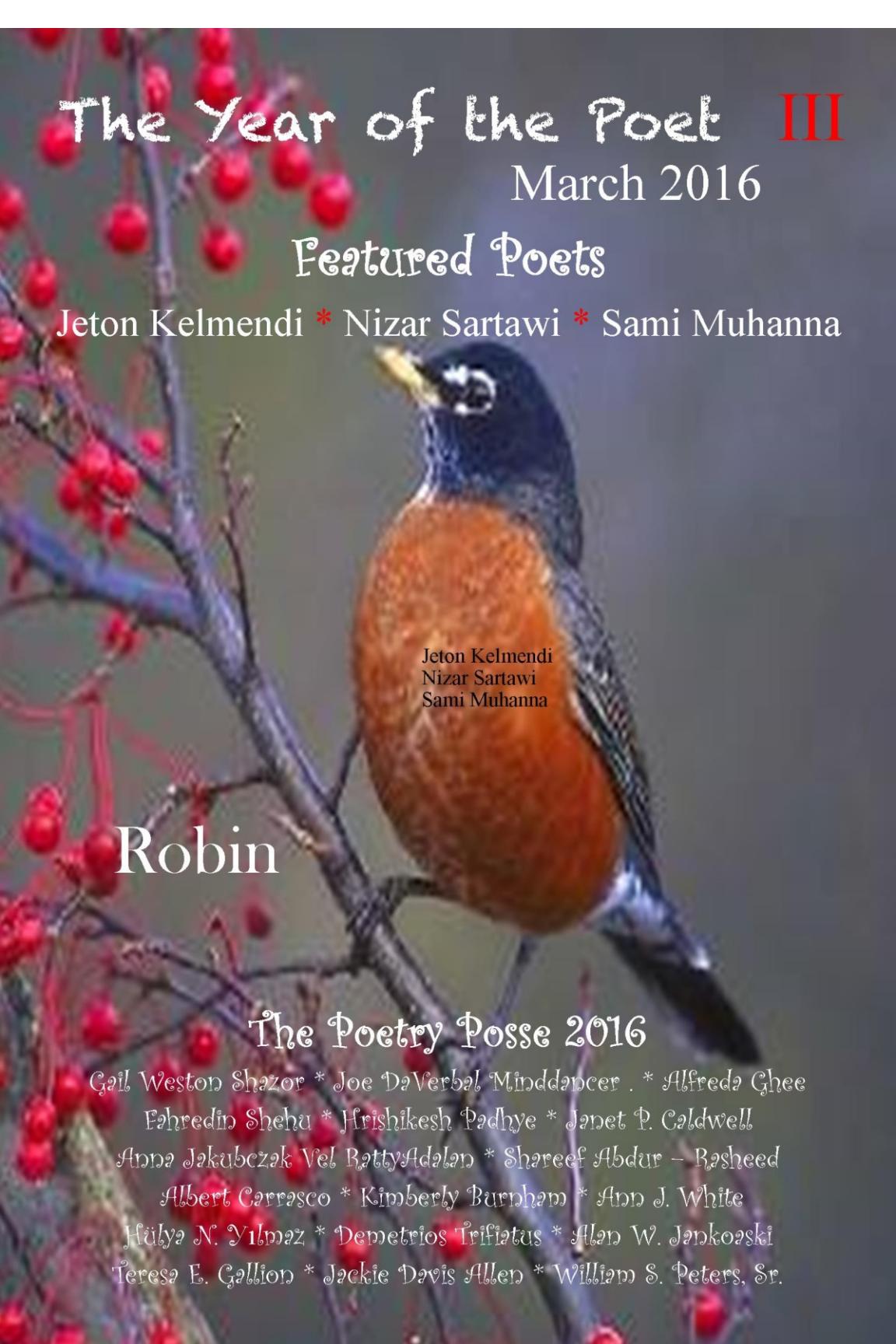


The Year of the Poet III

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 DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifilatus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gillion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The
Year
of the
Poet III

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The Poetry Posse

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The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Ann J. White

Jackie Davis Allen

Keith Alan Hamilton

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Janet P. Caldwell

Fahredin Shehu

Demetrios Trifiatis

Alan W. Jankowski

Hrishikesh Padhye

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan.

William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

The Year of the Poet III March Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2016

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

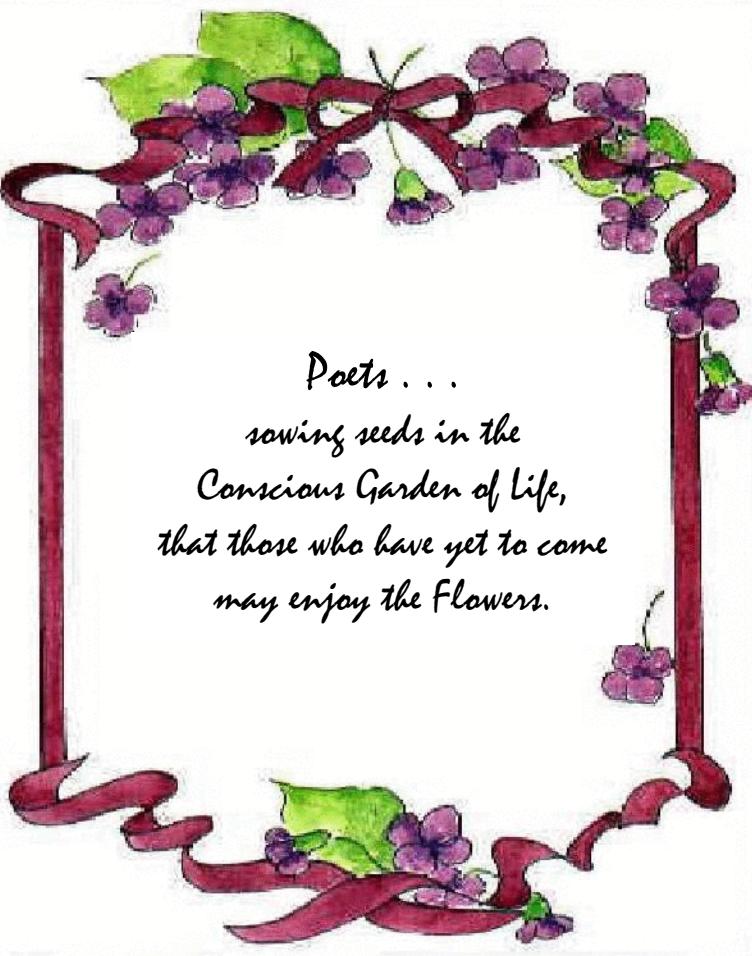
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

F_{ore}word

Listening to the variety of birds, communicating on a bright, sunny day. The sounds of life coupled with sun and cooling breeze. The colors of Earth, glorious on a backdrop canvas of blue and green. All these things are magnified in Spring's blossom coming to life. Life, life, sweet life in the air everywhere. Earth reborn, resurrected from Winter's death, a true miracle indeed.

The Creator of all life to which there is no equal. Who better to accentuate the wonder of Spring's rebirth other than gifted poets, creative artist who were blessed with the gift of word crafting. As a sculptor molds clay into shape bringing it to life.

The Year of The Poet / Poetry Posse is in its third year. We have been publishing of monthly since Jan. 2014. We do this for the readers and poets alike. We are a " Posse " of gifted artist with diverse styles. In this volume we are expressing our joys of Spring, renewal, rebirth.

I implore you to taste the flavor and be stimulated to appreciate the glory of life. Peace and love always from the Poetry Posse in the Year of the Poet, which is every year.

Peace and Blessings

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Author

Poetic Snacks for the Conscious Munchies

Preface

Greetings to the World,

Here we are in the month of March making our poetic offering to you, to the world. My excitement is becoming more intense for i can smell the promise of Spring in the air. It for me is the more wonderful time of the year, for it signifies the time of new growth, budding and blossoming of the hopes we have seeded earlier and that which we will seed in the near future. Now the time of work begins!

This month we are very proud to feature three wonderful Arabic Poets in the persons of Jeton Kelmendi, Nizar Sartawi, Sami Muhamna. There is a very special flavor of harmony and a mesmerizing voice that accompanies their expressions through their poetry which i am sure you will enjoy.

Going forward we will continue to bring to you voices off the beaten track so to speak who are dynamic in their own right. The vision of The Year of the Poet is one of “Inclusiveness” , so expect to see more and more poets from all walks of life, with all types of voices, from all over our wonderful earth. Ultimately we all have something to say, and my hopes is that our own personal

consciousness's are expanded when we listen to the poetic whisperings within the verse offered.

Finally i would like to share with the Poetry Posse my personal gratitude for their continued diligence and contributions to this vision. You just have to love their beautiful poetic souls.

For Free Downloads of Previous Issues :

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

Stay Blessed

Bill

PS

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

Coming April 2016

For more Information go to :

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Thank God for Poetry
otherwise
we would have a problem !

~ wsp

T able of C ontents

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The Poetry Posse

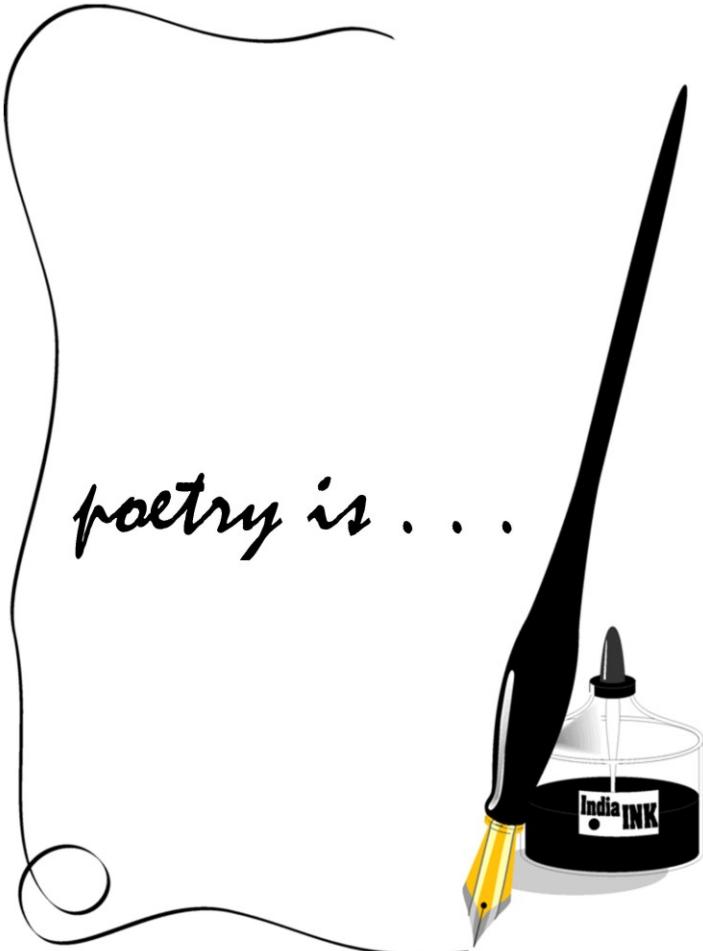
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has 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



poetry is . . .

The
Year
of the
Poet III

March 2016

The Poetry Posse

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail
Weston
Shazor

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

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

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
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Visitor Day

The church women walked to and fro
speaking in tongues out loud
and since that is not a gift i was given
i was left out of that grace
from my assigned
"do not move from" seat
i watched with a trepidation
of trespassing beyond
my spectator status
to enter into a state of worship
intent on their mission
no one spoke to me
the stranger in the midst of their sanctuary
indeed i recognized a few
knew a few but they were friends
outside of their walls
i grew more and more uncomfortable
as they time pressed inward
and realized that this-
this feeling of being out of place
is a first for this place
in a place of worship
and so i want to feel
the Holy Spirit in this house
from my "do not move from" assigned seat
and i long for the
Unfettered serving in place
of the service

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

i want my hands to be busy
with changing my world
so i know that my choice
is the right choice for me
for i would rather be a participant
than stuck in my "do not move from " seat
in a house of man
with men moving about

Float On

There is a little boat floating
In the center of the gutter
Held up stream by the loud voices
That clatter in disagreement
Over the size and whiches of the things
That have gotten through the dam
And the discordance ebbs and flows
With each coronation and each rewrite
The truth is held hostage on the tide
Or maybe is just turbulence
The little boat heeds not the changes
As little boats tend to not pay
Much attention to anything other than wind
And other vessels of any sort

There is a little boat floating
Upstream from the flotsam and jetsam
It defies the man made waves
That attempt to push it into the compliance
Of one book or another
One edict or another that the noise
Grows more and more excited about
And the boat can only be moved
By the breath of the creator
That blows down through the gutter
Like bumper guards for bumper cars
Because the clatter has put up safeguards
Against the truth that life is simple
And all the rules and regulations
Are not of the breath of life
But obligations made to each other

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

There are little boats floating
Upstream in a gutter
And they may seem deceptively small
Like little mustard seeds adrift
Small refuges in a vast seas of waters
One of kind to each other
When the gutter is awash
The boats simply drift, trusting
That the breath will keep the course
While the din raises alarm
And more rules are passed awaiting them
To become big boats with important sails
That can make more laws to govern boats
Separate themselves into classes
And colors and even manufacturers
Waiting for them to amiss their true purpose
Of being guided for dream carrying
There are little boats floating, waiting
In the gutters, for you to be their dams

Mizz Mam

I wish that I were a raving beauty
The kind of woman
That men strand straighter
To pass by
Suck in their stomachs
Adjust comb-overs
And wish for years that have passed
Them by

I wish that I were a raving beauty
Platinum haired and stilletoed
Chestnut brown with locks to my waist
Wearing a dress that drapes across
Curves that long to be touched
Needily
The invitation apparent to eyes that see
With blinders

I wish that I were a raving beauty
With bad habits
Chain smoking and swearing and whiskey
That you must excuse
Because
I am me afterall
And these are things you expect
In a devil may care woman

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

I wish I were a raving beauty
And yet
I know you find comfort in the fact
That I am not that kind of woman
A beauty of legendary proportions
So instead
I will make changes in other's lives
By continuing to just rave...

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

*Janet
Perkins*

Galdwess

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

To contact her: www.janetcaldwell.com

Burning Torch

I cannot stop thinking about world healing / world peace.
I remember it driving me crazy to a point . . .
seemingly, I made no difference and was panicked to
breathe.

Being bombarded with social media, I left for awhile.
Trying to find my own peace. If my world were small
I may not inhale the suffering of it all.

Too late, too late, I already knew that the world
was a f@ked up and evil place, I could not escape.
The ills of humanity that followed me, infected me

and subjected me to my loved ones suffering
so terribly. I could not sit still and watch from
the sidelines. So Mother, Father please,

please tell me what to do. Again,
that still small voice whispered
and gave me strength, “do it again my child

love them without abandon, as I love you
and would never forsake you, be honored
that *I chose you* to carry this torch, and remember
it will not burn you.”

I Remember Kosovo

The sun is warm on my face
the smell of grapes are just outside my door
a vineyard of goodness
just like the people, strong and adoring.

The day trips, poetry readings
dancing to rock and roll.
The land still calls to me
and I want to be there.

My brothers and sisters
await my arrival, it is my home.
You're always in my prayers
I remember you, I remember Kosovo.

There is a spiritual love
among the family, a guiding force
that I've never known at all.
Take me back O' Universe
just once more.

My Eden, my heaven on earth
I'll never be the same.
I remember you, Beloved Kosovo.

I Want to Thank You

I want to thank you for including me
into your family, for loving me
hugging me through the nightmares
and at times letting me see a darkness that needed light.

I want to thank you for pi\$\$ing me off
and causing me to pause and see
the damage that could occur
when I did not need to shoot off my mouth.

I want to thank you for growth
even kicking and screaming
through it, I did learn many a lesson.

These sessions with you
are finer than any so-called jewels
that had been presented to me before.

I simply want to thank you
for the nuggets of wisdom shared
the beauty of real jewels given
and for all that you are.

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Jackie
Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

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

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

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

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

stiff and unbending

searching here and there
searching everywhere
searching the recesses of her mind

finding tumult, turmoil and agitation
such a weariness
such a heavy burden

weaving deeper
the imprints, the ridges
of revenge

holding onto perceived slights
granting mercy neither here nor there
always remaining

stiff and unbending
unsettled, unresolved
always in the back of her mind

she, never finding, never seeking
never offering
forgiveness

Respect the Garden: Cultivate its Honor

Spring is here.
It breaks dances in semblance of smile.
While, from the sun's face, its rays beam down

On the hearts of those who uphold
The tenants of their nation's freedom.

And, yet, there are weeds thriving
Amongst the flowers. Attention getting,
They are rewarded without license or merit.

They strangle. They wound from aggressive
And illicit actions.

No wall can keep them out if the dictates
Of the head gardner grants them entrance
Or scatters infectious seeds of addiction.

Lo, there is one who seeks his power
Amongst, and from the weeds.

And still, there are those in the garden
Who struggle; they labor day and night.
They cultivate their gains by legitimate means.

Unlike victims of greed, they
Earn their keep and persevere.

Be gone, all those who dishonor
Or disrespect the flag that waves
Its stripes in colors red, white and blue.

Inflict not the virus that would strip
The garden of its inherent beauty.

Like Starched Lace

Anxieties placed time
Upon her aging face while amour
Contemplated her desirous decision
And arranged for her fears~
The final coup de grace.

Like a degreed bird of prey,
Her youth in arrears, she requested,
In exchange for various sums, both
Gold and silver, ways to efface away
Her excess years.

Hope arose as did the prospect
Of her facade, perfected, so strangely smooth
And odd, and yet something familiar.
Despite it all, the green-eyed world
Did look on with jealousy's awe.

Desirous of inspecting
The seamless stitching of the mask
Strangers and neighbors wistfully wondered,
"Who was she that was so daring?
Was it permissible, even to ask?"

A thong of gossipers relentlessly whispered,
"How is it that she dares to wear her nose
So newly designed that her cheeks
Chin and neck now adorning her face
Make it appear to look like starched lace?"

Albert

Garrasco

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Spring

Birds chirping,
Kids playing,
The sun is shining.
Fun,
Laughter,
It's time for warmer weather.

Spring time is prep for summer as we say bye to winter. Coats turn to jackets and long johns get packed and put away till next year while we unpack lighter clothing, sunglasses and visors. Stoops will be the conversation place, parks will start getting filled with familia faces, sun roofs and convertibles will be opened cruising the city at slow paces, on your mark, get set, go...kid races, to the teens it's fashion season, the adults find somewhere to go, lay back and unwind to do nothing... for a good reason.

New Growth

I remember being frightened to step up to a mic and recite in front of a crowd. I had a lot to say but nervousness made me stay away. I went through that many times, I would tell myself "Today is the day" but I was still scared. Going to venues and meeting people made it easier in the long run. I remember the first time I built up enough courage to recite, I knew my piece like the back of my hand, I went up and recited it, when I finished... The claps, snaps and standing ovation gave me such an accomplishment sensation. I wanted to feel that feeling again so I wrote and spoke more often. I was growing. From going to open mics I got featured shows, been on television and radio, I was growing. Digging deeper to write deeper I became an author. I'm no longer just a local poet, I'm an international griot... I've grown stronger.

New Beginning

At the end, I wished that I could start it all over again. I needed a new beginning, a new start, another chance to live tomorrow without yesterday's sorrow. Never in a million years would I have imagined that my life would be harsh and painful because when I was little everything was wonderful. When the death of my father occurred my life from then on was horrible. Death mixed with poverty made me rebel something terrible, i got a hell view as if I was submerged in water looking around the Devils bayou. Death, prison and destruction halted the process of gentrification, if it wasn't for the bullets that went in me, bars and others blood baths, our housing would've fit the likings of the middle class, all that was earned was bodies in cells, bodies in caskets and urns with ash. I knew my worth was more than face value, I knew life was better than sitting on milk crates waiting to meet fate on dark avenues, I wanted more than just to be an emotionless mourner and I got that opportunity when poetry found me and gave me a new beginning.

*Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer*

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

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

THE DAY AFTER

A chance meeting became so much more
A romance from a glancing blow
My words flowed into a heart I've never known

I'd giving up on trying to fit in a mold
I embraced the notion I would always be alone
I often questioned why I even have a phone

She wasn't beautiful to shallow eyes
I was certainly no prize
But our hellos set off this temperature rise

Tomorrow became tomorrow
Next week became next month
We were married within two years

Now today she stays away from sweets
She has swollen feet and something to tell me
Now she wants a steak and cheese

She looks like her mother and acts like me
Today we watch her from the heavens
Some guy bumped into her today

Now he paces the floor
After a year or more of day after's
What shall come after a child's laughter

CASTAWAY

I pull back the oars and row to my solitude.
Catching my first fish I set it free
Maybe the thrill of the chase was enough for me
Drawn in by the lure I've tasted the hook
Thrown back into the sea of plenty
only to be caught again

I drift for hours the sun baking my brain
I come to a hanging branch full of leaves
My thoughts leave me now and I focus on the water
I lower my line slowly, no ripples no wake
Vibrations flow through my line
The tip dips and wham I reel her in.

The battle begins and just as I see her eyes
Passion fades and I release again
The fish are biting at my serenity
I need my tranquility I stop to take a drink
I stop to think.
I row my boat ashore, lay out a blanket.

I'm missing who should be here with me
Here I lay castaway thrown back into loneliness
Alone with just a vivid memory
The visual imagery of a castaway soul
carry them to places unknown
And they wonder who can be told

The sun settles in my view only to rise in another's
I don't want to go back to the sea
Lured and baited, rated as a keeper
I want something deeper than the ocean goes
That way I'll know
I'll be worthy of staying on the mantle of her soul.

NEW LOVE

When I think about the moment I first laid eyes on you
I had to ask myself, what does she really see
It occurred to me that I wasn't there, I was pixels on a screen
She was more than pixels to me, so what did she see?
I dove deeper inside my mind, noticing there were tiny roadblocks
The path to my confidence was detoured, I explored new avenues
I was led to a road never traveled before, I saw me as she
I saw she as me, I obscured my vision and came to the decision
Every cloud has a different face; we see what appeals to us
So trust when one says you're beautiful, you're handsome
You're gorgeous, the heavens sing the chorus,
accept what's given
There is no true beauty, it's only what we see.

Shareef

Abdur

Rasheed

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

good morning...,

earth, life, death, birth, seasons
how are you this morning planet?
heard things ain't so good ever
since mankind ran it
ran it into the ground that is
talking about your ground,
you know watsup
amazing it's still around yet
since mankind's abuse ' n ' neglect
your precious ground filled, stocked
with love, nourishment, all things
humankind needs you feed
but at last your suffering from present
and past ingratitude, greed
ironic dem fashioned from you mother
sharing same elements you possess
they depended on you and you have
always came through even after death
of winter you came back a winner in spring
your creator replenished everything
you who dies in winter comes back to life
every time since time
only he who made you gave you that
and mankind made from a disposed fluid
from the command of he, only he who just
says ' be " and it is from nothing we can
see came mother earth, you and me
and that same man stands as an open
adversary says, who can give life to dead
dry bones with no life?

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

say to them says almighty Allah(swt)
he who made you from nothing in the first
place
he who fashioned earth to live in spring
die in winter, come back anew again,
renewed after death replenished life
resurrected
but still man continues doubting you
your signs disrespected
still he asks ' who can give life to dead
dry bones? "
again say he alone who fashioned you
from nothing can and does anything as he
wills.
you who are blind who refuse to see
will you not take heed?

food4thought = education

Continuity...

time ticks away marching to
judgement day
myriads came and passed away
do you remember their names?
you too and i will answer the call
mere mortals all
want to be remembered
say remember me, they pray
remember my name
but all call in vain
they won't remember your name
but for a temporary time frame
the select few who knew and loved
you
but pass away they must also
then who's left, who?
their children, children's children
children
no, no, no
that's not how it goes
they say time heals
time heals all wounds
you know why? figure it out yet?
because time makes past forget
sorry but it's true
that's why they say it heals you
but it doesn't matter who remembers
you

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

what would that really do for you
concern must turn sooner better then
latter
from creation to creator
worth our endeavor
since
the creator remembers you know,
tomorrow, forever
and is there a limit that benefits?
never!
many insecurities plague mankind
hence the trail of lost souls left behind
but true peace and security is there to
find
if you believe comes relief in whole not
part to soul, body, mind, heart

food4thought = education

swirling..,

around in my head flashing
images dashing in, out
vivid replays fill days
lived years from yesterday year
appear this, that way
memories appear, disappear,
reappear, disappear
seems out of nowhere
and all of a sudden your right
back there, again
think of human minds capacity
there are more than one set of
eyes that see completely, magically
resides in the depths of minds,
eyes, invisible, spiritual, unexplainable
replay this, that, minute, second, day
exactly the way
and your there again
heaven sent, unseen exist
time machines
for which to reflect, fully respect
and you can't grasp, understand yet
but you know it's there real clear
comes, goes from, where?
ya man dem masterplan
reflect, respect, overstand, expand
bigups all praise to he who simply
says be and it is
for eyes to see what is unseen.

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

ya man dem masterplan
reflect, respect, overstand, expand
ya man dem masterplan
reflect, respect, overstand, expand!
bigups all praise to he who simply
says be
and it is!

food4thought = education

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, she discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

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

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

Seeds Grow

Tiny bits of protein
dreams hatched
a puff of pollen
crossing the field
from grove to forest

Finds fertile soil
a place in space
grounded reality
reaches skyward

Growing
the seed becomes
hardened by wind
nourished by earth
quenched by rain
blossoming in the sunlight

Soon the trunk
thick and strong
supports other branches
nests with light blue eggs
lend support to new ventures
reaching for the sky

Peruvian Ground

In the late spring
I lay on the ground
at the grass bottom of a circle
circles within circles
terracing towards the sky

I can still feel
moist warm earth
gently cradles my back
my shoulders resting on green
my legs ready to leap
back into the world

After I leave broken dreams
goals whose time is past
ruptured flaws sink
into the earth
dreams fatally damaged
by storms
all hold new seeds for me

In my heart and pelvis
ferment again seeds
watered today as I lay
heart shaped green encircled
this spring vision
insights I plant
along with carrots

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

The Second Year

The trees are stronger
the second year
bear fruit in the third

Get the fence in
so the apple trees can start
that first year
protected from predators

Survive the snow
piled high on thin branches
thrive in late winter rain
bend with hurricane force winds

Buds are eyeing
a warm spring coming
I see red and gold fruit
the future
in my mind's eye
survives the second year

Ann

J.

White

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

www.ItsACluckingGood.Life
www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

March Madness

March madness
Winds blow ice from the sky
Snow is crusty and gray
Passing cars wear coats of salt and grime

I sit by the fire thumbing through seed catalogs
Thoughts of spring dimmed by dark days
Stormy nights
And yet
There is a readiness
The birds know it
The trees know it
Even the wild rabbits in my yard know it

And through the icy snow
the crocus peaks up and looks around
no, not yet
but soon
Soon says my heart
Soon echoes my soul
Soon gardens will bloom
seedlings will sprout

But today, I watch ice flakes blow past my window
As I get ready to shovel once again

My Fickle Mistress

March is a fickle mistress
A tease
Taunting with enough warmth to birth hopes of sunny days
And then dashing those hopes with sleet and slippery grime

She plays with my fancy
A bud here, a bloom there, a ray of sun
Yes, my hopeful heart turns to thoughts of love
Only to get ripped out and frozen by her icy hands

I grow weary of the gray and gloom
The grit and dirty roadways
I no longer recognize my car in a parking lot
They all wear the dusty coats of late winter

Trudging, grudging through the sludge
It's hard to remember the smell of spring
The taste of the first warm rains sent to kiss the earth alive

Remember picnics in the grassy parks?
A distant glimmer of a frolicking on hot summer days

A bird calls out
Oh look, a robin
And another

My fickle mistress is gifting me with these treasures
Will she follow through this time?
Bringing me warm breezes to both soothe and excite

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

I hope the hope of an innocent
Yes, this will be the year she gifts me early with her
healing sun
I know it
I'm ready
Warm me, dance me, wake me from my hibernation
O mistress of mine

Oh to be a Cravat

The sock has it tough, always being trod upon
Starting life with a friend and then tossed into the laundry
only to return as a widower
And to be trapped in a stinking boot, unable to breathe
No, I shan't desire to be a sock

Trousers try to appear proud and fanciful
But someone is always sitting upon them
And on rainy days they wick up the dirty puddles
Soggy for hours with the muck of the bog
No, the life of trousers is not for me

And pity the poor pantaloons
Nestling in parts too private
Sat upon and shat upon
Breathing gaseous fumes without a beg your leave
Banish the thought of being one's underpants

The shirt looks mighty fine – all starched and crisp at the start of the day
And then the sweat of hurry and worry fills the pits
So it is the pits to be a shirt
By evening, not only are telltale tattling shadows under the arms
But an array of spots and dots of lunch and dinner decorate the front
A nasty looking garment by the setting of the sun
A shirt I shall not aspire to be

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Gloves seem impressive at first
Of fine leather, maybe a coating of inner fur
But worse than the sock, they often become orphaned
Left on the seat of a taxi or dropped on the street in one's
haste
No, the life of gloves is not for me

Don't even think about being a hat
A victim of weather on the outer
And dander and sweat on the inner
A gust of wind could send it tumbling down the street
Squashed by a bus rumbling by
A hat I shall not be

But the cravat – the proud and pompous cravat
Now that is a station in life to pursue
Always bright with the color du jour
Riding high for all to admire
Yet protected from the elements by the overcoat
And shielded by slop and spills by the wearer's chin
Yes, a cravat I hope to be.

*Alfreda
D.*

Ghee

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

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

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

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

Kiss of Nature

Kiss the lips that leak of sweet nectar
let the juice spill down your throat
as it lingers upon your mouth
taste the newness as it fills the air
with a hint of flower blossoms
laid in the open for days on end

while she stands upon her throne
and serves your every desire with ease
she will place your mind
in dimensions of every season
as you receive the pleasure
she is willing to give freely
lay your upon her flowers
as she stands and watch
parading around sending chills
down your stem laid clearly
in full bloom

waiting to blossom into her floor
spreading your petals in all it's glory
as a mist of fresh scents are spread around
while the humming bird suckles
of the pollen waiting to be distributed
as she waits in the shadows
to carry you home in full bloom.....

Earth....

Change is coming soon
as long as we dig deep
to find where our footsteps
belong at in the ground
the roots are strong
soil is rich of my essence
pure in it's growth
not tainted but fertile

Love is proving to be vast
far, wide and undecided
never faltering but has some
imperfections that are never
seen when we are loving deeply
cracks seem to come as time
becomes ageless
but it still wont divide
the unity that's inside the walls

Pouring my soul out to earths
core, searching for moisture
to arise from it's uniqueness
filling the power of loves
desires that arouse the coming
of newness and life light
evoked from the timeless

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

warmth of the grounds fervent
seeds of and eternity of the
dust grains of muddy tear drops
that stain the grounds lips
leaving it broken, cracked
and ageless for new life
to arise from it's roots of purity
Woman has been birthed from the earth.....

Me

The time has come
to embrace my beauty
to embrace the me.

I once knew
Showing the essence
of my soul
Bringing forth the uniqueness
I see within

Appreciating who I have become
as I sit here wondering
where I will go and who I will see
looking back at me
when I rise and become the Queen
I am meant to be

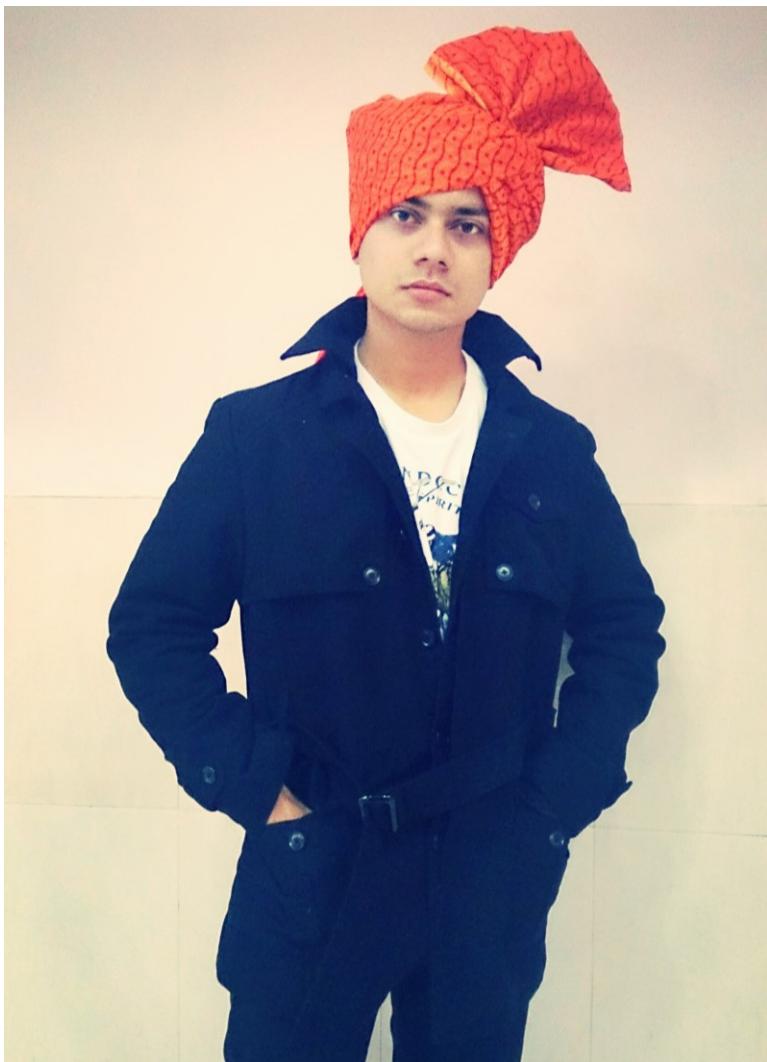
Do you see the she in me
am I the woman you see
in your dreams
I can't pretend to be
something I'm not
because being real is all
I've got

As I bring my all to my future
while leaving the past behind
and bringing forth my growth
I Am Beauty Personified
By just Being Me.....

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Hrishekesh
Padhye

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

My name is Hrishikesh Padhye. I am the author of two poetry books, entitled ECHOES AND CONSEQUENCES and HYMNS OF ASCENSION. In my mind, I love to be a critical but free thinker. I think our minds are always in the stage of intellectual wear and tear as modifications always fit in the equations having variable desire and destiny. That's how, we are caught amidst the Continuous Evolution.

I consider Poetry to be a bridge that arches between Globe-trotting and Self-discovery. It takes the spirit to higher levels of enlightenment. I think that art is like a nova which is dormant in many human beings, thus ascends someday in some form to enhance the strength of abated spirituality in an individual.

Academically, I am a student studying Civil Engineering, from Government Engineering College in the City of Jabalpur, India. I also love to spend time in meditation, cooking, painting, analysing literary humour, learning different languages, as well as grasping scriptures, while learning more about spirituality. I prefer to be reserved for discovering my deep inside inner-self.

~ Life is an endless tug of war between Strength of Purpose and Height of Ambition

- Hrishikesh

Orange of the Departing Sun

Picturing an evening along with the mild rainfall,
Sun was illuminating the tiny drops
hence , it rained some liquid gold

I saw you coming to me ,
my eyes were staring your glory
beach sand was glistening,
sea was singing a mesmerizing song

All of a sudden , as we came face to face,
sea seemed to have become still,
calm waves were giving a background melody of
romanticism;
shore birds were humming the chorus
and our locked eyes started to perform a Divine Duet.....

Notes after notes in all rhythm,
I opened up my arms to hide you
in my confinement of affection,
my tears of joy were dying to crumble down
and write the tale of our love
on your blank blushing face

My chest then became your eternal abode of solace,
and my whispering voice, the pacifier of your intimidated
heartbeats

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Our feelings got their wings
for a majestic flight over the heaven,
sweetheart, what a soulful union it was !!!

Emotions blended with our co-existence,
and Painted a riveting image of our evergreen concord,
which was watered then, by the orange of the Departing
sun.....

Necrosis of Mother Earth

In some stroke of time,
I used to be loaded with exotic greenery,
My blood was stark blue,
I was like the mystic abode of angels,
and a gigantic castle
of heavenly pulchritude.....

The sunlight used to give me the midas-touch,
The moon used to wash me all in its scintillating silver,
Seasons used to polish my natural jewels ,
I was the eternal mother of every solitary creature

But,
These days are not like the old ones,
My beauty is consumed
in the vortex of rancorous wisdoms,
My jewels are being used
for sinister selfishness;

Submerging in obscurity,
Vanishing in apocalypse,
Being a toy for use,
I am full of the dormant volcanoes of tears ...

They have excavated me
and torn my heart,

They have decimated my green
and sheared my skin,

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

They have vanished my blues,
and filled me with red,

They have ridiculed my love
and nailed it with greed and deceit.....

Chaotic clouds of iniquity with lightning all over, Moving ;
Insane storms of desolation with peace nowhere, Blowing;

With unbearable Agony
and fathomless pain,
But still with the same motherhood for all my creations;
I am waiting,
I am waiting,
I am waiting,

For my NECROSIS

The Inferno

With every perilous stroke of time,
Life continues its run..

In the gloomy woods ,
Deep down inside,
a mysterious nova beckons the spirit
and accelerates the motion

The nights go on
bathing in the glistening twilight,
Gazing the scintillating stars
even many times jumbled in the dark

Days as well
lost in the black ,
yet with hopes for the Golden serendipity;
And thoughts take the wings
to fly above the clouds of abomination

Instinct rolls turbulent
with the blazing wheel of fortune,
flaming saber in the eyes
finds the way through the abandoned boulevard of courage
.....

An unfathomable zeal but dormant ,
An invincible incandescence but hidden,
A sparkling exhilaration but inside
that ignites us and leads
to the ultimate triumph...

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

It impels
propels
and stimulates the Adrenaline,

We all have that invulnerable AGNI
We all have that indestructible INFERO

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Fahredin

Şehnu

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. ***Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom*** are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

Rotten desires

I see...
All stars assembled- once again
they want to bang.
In veranda I drink what
the father left behind.
His desires- my desires
on the smoke of my cigarette
evaporating shapes- the rotten desires
miserable and poor as decayed Iris tuber
split prior to moistening seven times seven.

We are the children of Love
before we become the children of our desires.
Thyme is twisting odor with hyacinth.
Two lumps of hatred- the last remained
thrown in an abyss of the miser merchant.
The Soul declares enlightenment
perpetually- in silence.
We are deaf to hear this tune.

...and the story unfolds
heavily as aquamarine brocade
when mistletoe releases its Gnostic essence.
Love has no other name- it rather
gives out of herself never losing even a particle
of her celestial being- we meet again in the Island
of honey-blood; once again we are immune
even from the most evil hexes cast by mischief

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

We shall now hail this lasting second
folding us with the mildness of a liquid nacre
in a dew transformed- Stand up oh Human
You too have right to Love- And you Poet:
” May the curse of all Mankind
Fall upon and your writing hand be cleft- if
You ever restrain or quit writing on Love...”

On the day when heart gives the sweetest essence

It is again this moment...
Repetitive hands united in a prayer
When the soul asks nothing but serenity

Why I ought to outcry the avarice
Of others destinies divided somewhere
In the Cosmic Courts

Am I not the same manlike creature?
Even when I realize that plants
And animals fear me not

And rainbow of the manifestations
Mock me for myriads of reasons

What they are unable to digest
Nor do they possess capabilities
To achieve is: My Love- is eternal
Overwhelming and sparkling

But not blinding- is mild to the eyes
As it is to the heart

Sour Souls may in vain parade
The elegancy of the glamorous prides
Dressed in heavy brocade, velvet and
Spectral muslin

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

When you open the shell and you
See not the pearl- why your heart
Baths in quinine Spa

Yet your face shows the curved paths
Where boiling tears went through
And moistened the Mesh of your Soul

Listen!
The taste of Love may be a bitter morsel
But its reward is sweeter than the birth
Of the Newborn coming out of heart
Of Mother- The Godling

MALICE OF HER

You play life- alive
Fat short catty old and immoral
Women-like creature curved
From my belly to the top of the neck
And the warm passionate hug
With the hell smell of inexhaustible
Bizarre desires

This scene in serial were seen
Yet the cantankerous mouths never
Cease teasing the attacked
Some played differently with
The tact of genuine and gentle Gazelle
Showing the varieties of the unknown signs
To be deciphered by Western rationalists
But can the irrational plethora of the Eastern
Secret codes be translated into
Understandable language
It is akin to the betrayed husband
Left home with two children while
She seen in the commencing scene
Of this narration were harassing
Whatever came from Men?
Starting from the capital “M”- whatever smells?
Masculine; even the layered smell of nicotine
Between two right fingers of the amber color
Of the senile

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

So intoxicating may the story become, yet
The genitals of the both sides are ready
To burst- whether young, mezzo or old aged

She is a kind of bitch with the spectrum
Of smiles – hiding the cursed thread
Of jealousy, passion and sick ambition
To embroider the literary Chrysanthemum
To charm, allure and perhaps aghast
With the odor of the mischief
Nor with the laugh she hides
As sin- otherwise upon laugh
She unconsciously unveils the true nature

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Hülya
N.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

Links:

www.writerandeditordryilmaz.com

www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com

excessive now?

did one of them hit you in the heart again
do they already find you unnecessary
your shaky voice won't let me be

with that beloved's passing
last march had brought me my first regret

of having potted my roots here

my second followed today

when you almost apologized
for having lived this long
honoring your four siblings who died before you
adding how your youngest the only sister
still breathes together with her many grandchildren
whose longevity you then wished upon me
a faint hope for the women in our family

in all your ninety years
you grew up very little dad
loving but a self-centered man
high-maintenance
as the modern label goes
why did you have to catch up with it all
in one day
today
on the phone

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

i am not like them at all that you know
is that why you reassured me over and over
how well you are doing on your own all alone . . .

thirty years younger but i am unwell too many times
i also grew very little dad
loving but a self-centered one
perhaps not as high-maintenance
nonetheless a daughter of your essence

since the time our pillar collapsed
then much more recently
when you two fell apart
you have shifted to a deepness

he won't come back he cannot
she however may return soon
it hasn't been that long yet

why though are you in such hurry
with no fair warning in advance
but plenty of subtle goodbyes to me

are you telling yourself what i used to hear you say
“aloneness is reserved only for God”
please don't you also rush while i'm so far away

i agonize over your loneliness
how it befell upon you this late in life
did you really not hear me well when i asked . . .

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

they are merely a few blocks from you
yet choose not to be there
and you already stopped forgiving yourself
while you grant them forgiveness in abundance

i just wish so very desperately
you wouldn't have to hurt this much
that you could cease to grow up at once

and to forgive me for everything i couldn't be for you
would you possibly throw in a sixty-year-long hug or two

your great-grandfather

dropped in today
out of the blue he was in my living room
yes my precious little ones
fairy tales can come true
no he wasn't on a magic carpet
he knows better these days

many, many, many things he didn't remember
your full names were to him crystal clear however
he sent you and me countless years to enjoy
his wish list doggedly refused to forget
to affix a long life to your mommy and daddy too

did i say fairy tales anneanne's pure delights
i meant to say no lie to either one of you
you both are living it to the max so you'd know
how he could have come all the way here
passing through the ocean or the thick high air

it's on the eternal rug of the best of the best human gift
that he transpired with all his flaws and blessings adrift
so that he could tell us while still alert and aware
about one thing we must under all circumstances dare

and that is

to love
even those who only know how to hate

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

do you

fear death

i still do

that of my loved ones that is

when the heartbreak is too much to surpass
my memory box takes me by surprise

and i realize . . .

how even death bows down before love

Teresa

E.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

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

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

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

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

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

Out of Sand

He rises from the sand.
Desert sways like ocean waves.
In the sun's mirage,
all laments roll out to sea.

A monsoon shower redeems his spirit.
His muscles flex as a double rainbow
climbs out of the mist.
Dips a hand in the pot of gold,

flips a coin of his life,
watches it dive into the earth pool,
awaits the resurrection
of his next challenge.

He knows every gold coin
is the price of a ticket
to enter a new arena on his path.
Confident of readiness,

he embraces responsibility,
walks across the desert,
burning with passion,
ready to engage.

Rebirth of Spring

My consciousness floats in Spring's release
from winter's stiff bed.
Joints crack jubilant lyrics
as the white blanket recedes.

Wild dreams wash in the swift flow
of snow melt rushing the river.
The sacred ritual rebirth
surrenders to nature's hand.

The never ending gurgle over stones
invade the silent seductive woods.
Awakening Spirits dance in the light,
leave naked footprints on the trail.

A new dawn exposes its majesty.
Everything that has life
begins a slow rise from the soil
seeking the skylight streaking the trees.

Words cannot express the joy
that runs up the legs
of those wearing the human uniform,
privileged to witness the rebirth of Spring.

Lady of the Light

She stands before a marble column

holds the emerald of knowledge
in the palm of her left hand.

Blind light radiates from the stone,
still her eyes connect unwavering.
I raise my hand, blinded by the light

and she says, *remove your hand.*
This is the moment your training begins.
Step into the light where blindness disappears.

I step forward, the light encircles me.
She smiles as my eyes flood with tears,
unable to speak, only able to look out in awe

as the universe floats around me.
What I want to say, but words do not come
is thank you.

Demetrios
Trifiatis

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

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

THE COMING OF SPRING

The chilling morning breeze, caressed

The yet asleep ground,

Whispering in its passage the joyous

Message of the coming Spring

That

Awakened earth's hibernated desires

Which, once liberated,

Sanctuary, in the blooming fields

Of a myriad hues found!

HOLY DUTY

Spring,

Nature's perpetual resolve,

To incarnate divinity's conception

Of beauty

On the vast canvas of fertile earth

By

Executing faithfully eternity's

Holy duty!

HERALDS OF EUPHORIA

Heralds of euphoria,
Your anxious trumpets make to
Wait no more
For
The Olympians to hear the festive
News yearn,
Persephone is released from Pluto's
Palaces to the upper world
Where, Demetra- the mother earth- awaits
Her daughter to embrace in
Her mantle of Green
Come,
Oh you heralds, your trumpets
To sound for all to hear:
Apollo is back,
Dionysus is gone,
Spring has arrived,
Thus
Mortals and Gods rejoice!

Asan

W.

Jankowski

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_posts538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx

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

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

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

Let Me Be The One

When life hands you so much sorrow and pain,
And takes so much with little to gain,
You're like a train that somehow left the track,
Can we ever get the good times back?

Do you recall when the world was so new?
And there seemed no limit to what we could do,
Harking back to those simpler times,
Of children's books and nursery rhymes.

Can you remember those simple joys?
Childhood dreams and children's toys,
How did we ever lose our way?
Can we ever get back to that day?

Yet somehow those dreams all have faded,
Have we really become that jaded?
The only cure for lost love is a love that's new,
The only love that matters is a love that's true.

And here we are, two souls destined to meet,
Why should we ever accept defeat?
For us our lives have just begun,
We can do this together, let me be the one.

Starting Anew

Flowers bloom, the Winter thaw,
Outside the songbirds sing.
With the arrival of the bluebirds,
I know that it is Spring.

But listening to the bird's songs,
And watching the flowers bloom.
I can't but help myself,
For feeling a certain gloom.

For I find myself a bit jealous,
As the flowers start anew,
So often I wish I could do the same,
If I just knew what to do.

What A Difference A Year Can Make

Nothing in life is guaranteed,
Of this lesson I should take heed,
For what life gives it can surely take,
What a difference a year can make.

A year ago I was standing tall,
It seemed as though I had it all,
Somehow though my luck had turned,
I consider it a lesson learned.

Failure is hard, but so is success,
Too many drown in their own excess,
But no matter what, my spirit won't break,
What a difference a year can make.

Anna

Jakubczak

ves

Ratty Adasan

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

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

Her poems were included in five American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2015” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House, Avenue U Publications”. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styia University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

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

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

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Forgive me Santa Rita

I know, I haven't called for a long time.
My phone is still unloaded of speed
android's (un)mental shortcuts.

I could call for, you live in the neighborhood.
But I have glass of sugar, milk isn't ending
and salt is unhealthy.

Just to send an e-mail.
I am puzzling is there a Wi-Fi?
I might ask you.

I order the courier,
If I'll find an address someday.

Modern prayer

No Wi-Fi...

...Santa Rita of impossible cases
and hopeless

God...

...somebody is calling You

in the Heaven from mechanical damages
There isn't a guarantee.

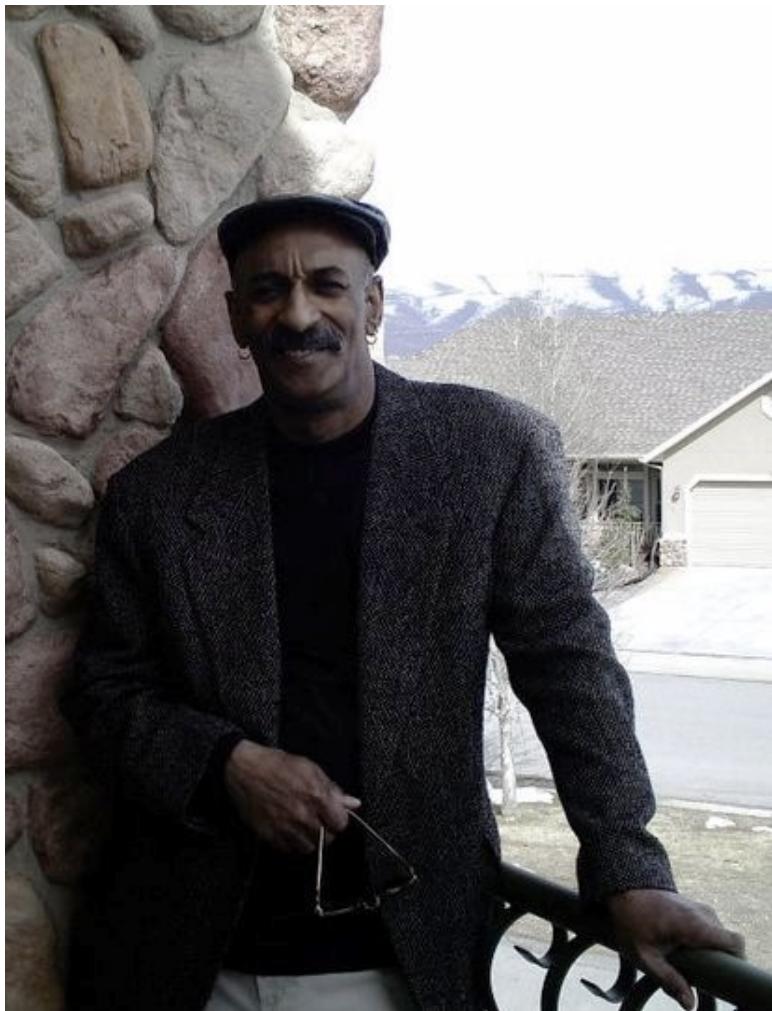
You should have to pray.

William

J.

Peters Jr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 35 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

let us be Spring filled

i tire of Death
and the regenerative energies
that life affords us
in this season
winter

i do understand it's purpose
and it is necessary
i think

i am feeling full of expectation
i am living this day
in the Spring
i am growing
in a knowing
that i can continue sowing
seeds of hope
regardless the time of year

i will dig a hole
in the frozen soils of my consciousness
and plant seeds
anyway

i will nurture them
with the warmth of my love
and pour my re-intensified spirit
upon them

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

they WILL sprout, bud and leaf
and blossom
and the fruit will be early
and sweet
for i have changed my own seasons
unto my pleasing
and the limits
no longer exist
upon the equator
of my understanding

let us be Spring filled

the coming of Spring

i hear the soft sweet whisperings
of the Spring season to come
as ‘Old Man Winter’ enters his slumber
that the glory of Spring may come

come ye to me May Flowers
bring forth ye buds through April Rains
crest the furrows of my tilled garden
that i may release all past pains

Soon come time of The Blossoming
and the colors of Life so fair
impart to all life Love’s divine fragrance
and let us dance upon it’s breath of air

let us breathe and know of but goodness
as i sit here embodied in my hope
for it was the dreams of Thy Holy Coming
that permits me through Life’s Winter to cope

i anticipate the dancing of the Butterflies
and the chirping of every bird
as they exude the harmony of Mother
and Life’s life found in Father’s Sacred Word

so, here i sit in expectation
and i hear your approaching Song
as i conclude that we are the Music
we have wanted for so long

as we witness . . . the coming of Spring

honeysuckle divine

the day is one of Spring
and the Yoke of Mother's Winter
is broken
as the tokens of my memories
are spoken about the possibilities to come

the warm Sun is kissing everything
myself included
and the musing April breeze
gently cuts through
our heavy laden consciousness
liberating our dreams
for the days to come

i think of the budding vines
of Honeysuckle
whose fluted offerings
i shall smell and suckle upon
without number

the sweetness of that brevity
still lingers
from many years past
as i anticipate
the taste of that divine
natural nectar
once again

they are easy to find
just follow the fragrance
of your joy and smiles
into the wood

honeysuckle divine

Coming April 2016



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

March 2016

Features

~ * ~

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016

*Jeton
Kesmendi*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016

Jeton Kelmendi is a Kosovar poet, short story writer, and essayist. His poems have been translated into numerous languages and published in several international anthologies. Many literary critics, see Kelmendi as a genuine representative of modern Albanian poetry. He is a member of many international poetry clubs and is a contributor to many literary and cultural magazines, especially in English, French and Romanian Languages. Kelmendi has published more than 10 poetry collections, two plays, and three books in the field of poetical science, in addition to a number of books in foreign languages. Kelmendi lives and works in Belgium.

<http://jetonkelmendi.page.tl/>

https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jeton_Kelmendi

Peja At Five In The Morning

For my father

The city was asleep;
People and the night were sleeping
Silence was taking a break
From the exhaustion of the previous day;
This way the morning unraveled in *Peja*
The city was descending at five in the morning.

On April 12

Not every dream is easy to share.
Someone dreams about spring,
And someone else is closing everything
All stories, desires for himself,
To do his sleep from now on without dreams

I have also been asleep

Even dreaming,
I saw my dad going away
In the forests,
Even though it was early to go in the mountain;
My dad,
Has always been an early bird
But this time he was very early
He was awake,
To pass over the bridge that connects
This world with the other one.

In *Rugova*

Men die with pride
Because nature has trained them,
My dad used to say this always,
When he spoke about his family members,
They did all the work

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016

Of life,
Then marched over the hearts
And became eternal.

I remember dad,
Every time he did his work
That he had given himself,
He was delighted
And happy all day
He was walking;
It was Friday,
And my dad
Silent just like never before,
Handed in all his dreams,
Entered in the sleep without dreams,
A free fatherland
He left it behind,
Although his country had many lingering challenges,
His sons were close to him:
This is how he closed his eyes,
Without looking at the green spaces of spring
Father;

Oh, Spring
This gorgeous season,
Always takes the meaning away from rhetoric,
But this time it took
My father,
From now on we will have
More longing,
More memories, stories
Everything will be even more,
Only suggestions will be less
Because our father is not here anymore

Come On My Side

*To imagine means
To draw a daily rainbow on your daily routine*
Ruth Mayer

Somehow
Very similar with you
Is my desire;
I can say all my thoughts
That I have for you
But it is still incomplete.
Tame this look
And measure the possibilities,
Otherwise
Only my breadth
Knows how to understand you
How similar all of you are.

You
Are imitating my desire
Becoming a heading soul among the souls
Of mine;

Or
Desire is identical to you
In my look for you,
There will grow even more thoughts.
We are far away, very far
My dear similarity;

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016

To measure our
Differences:
Trust yourself
I will be at the gate of soul.

Overcome the fence of silence
Stay away
On my side,

Who would not distinguish
the similarities?

February 26, 2012, Brussels

i have walked on the road of others

*Fall in love with thoughts that one day you will hate,
And hate with thoughts that one day you will fall in love
with ~ Bias De Priène*

Don't be late!
The hours go forward
Just like soldiers,
Night has complicated
The streets,

Silence knocks at my door,
I am not inside today
I have gone outside
And far away,
Away from home
Away from myself,
Away than myself,

Distances.
Hours to overcome
And I am alone,
Everything goes in its own
way,

Only me on the way
Of the others;
Depart towards myself
I don't see its roof,
Night has lost my road.
Many times I have said

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016

To myself
Don't be late!
Night is horrible.

What have I loved?
Who am I looking for?
I share with myself
The rhythms of thoughts
Are similar to me,
Somewhat:

HOOO....Its beginning early
Silence
And I understand,
I have been a dream
My love;

Nor in a dream will I not find you
Where did you hide
The traces,
In what sky are you sleeping?

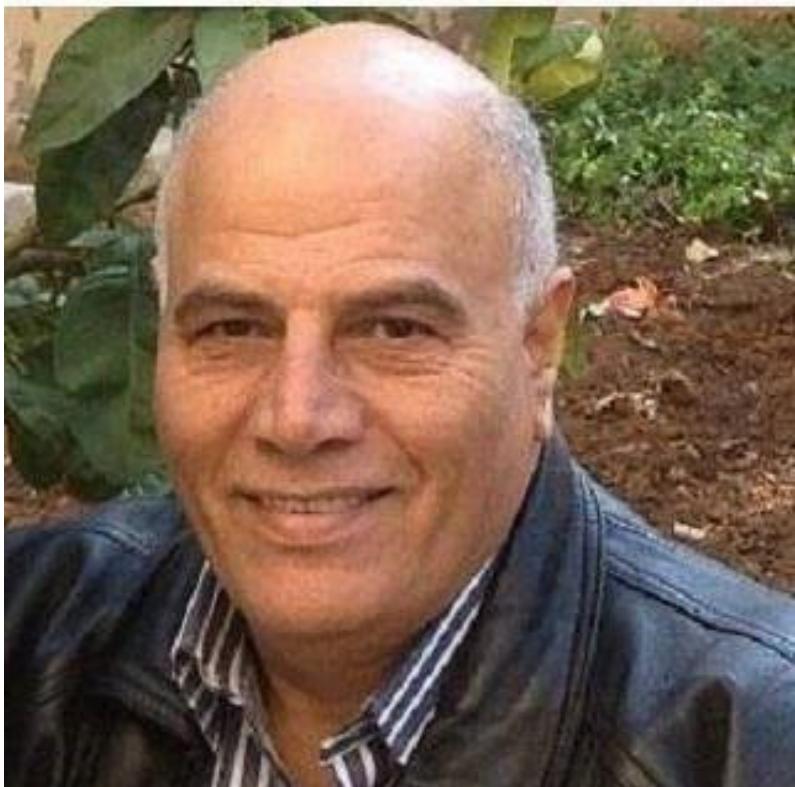
Tomorrow night
I will come to have
A few hours of vagabond's sleep with you,
Today I have walked alone
In the roads of others.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016

Nizar Sartawi is a poet and translator committed to building bridges between nations of the globe through poetry and poetry translation. He believes that poetry, like music and other arts, has the power of bringing people together.

Sarawti has published about 20 books. His poetry and translations in both Arabic and English have been anthologized and published in literary journals, magazines, newspapers, and literary websites.

Sartawi is a member of a number of literary and cultural associations, including General Union of Palestinian Writers, Jordanian Writers Society, and Arab Writers Union.

<http://sartawipoesy.blogspot.com/>

<http://nizartranslations.blogspot.com/>

The Execution

Here they come
the frequent trespassers of this terrain
in their tattered truck
The heavy black boots
step down

Their helmets on
and safety glasses
their ear muffs
thick face shields
and Kevlar chaps

Forward they march
with calculated steps

There she stood –
a lone giant Lizzab tree
an old green fortress –
as the gang approached

They sized her up
they measured and marked
and then
the keen chainsaw
whirring
whining
grinding
until the mountains
quivered with dread at
the cracking
the crashing
the crunchy bone breaking

a handful of haiku

in the afternoon
his rendezvous with her
and her shadow too

~ ~ ~

standing in the park
behind a little cabin
two shadows kissing

~ ~ ~

on your way windstorm
bring dust and leaves and paper
and letters for me

~ ~ ~

suddenly a whirlwind
the poems i wrote outdoors
delivered to heaven

~ ~ ~

the almond tree
blooms falling falling
the child still swinging

~ ~ ~

in the olive grove
singing aloud all night long
with the cicadas

~ ~ ~

eyes and nose missing
scarf and crochet at his feet
poor little snowman

The Soldier

At snail's pace
he strolled towards the other kingdom
leaving behind
two hollow eyes
goggling
in dismay
at a gang of vicious beaks
banging and clanging
until they cracked
the curved bone
and went picking at the
wet
white
brain

*Sami
Muhanna*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016

Sami Muhanna, a Palestinian poet and media man, is the chairman of the General Union of Arab Palestinian Writers /1948. He is one of the leading activists in the national movement within the 1948 Palestinian territories. In 2012 he was selected as the Best Poet in Palestine-1948. In 2015 he was honored by both Morocco's Writers Union and the Arab Writers Union for his active cultural and nationalistic role in Palestine/1948. His published poetry collections include: "I Ascend And My Ladder Is Made Of Fire," "You are with Me," "I Ignite the World a Poem," and "The Recitation of the departing Bird."

<http://samimhanaporty.blogspot.co.il/>

Lunar Contemplations

I contemplate the traveling moon,
and the one nesting on the bed of the night
O wretched moon! Since the dawn of love
you've been the refrain of poems and songs
Whoever falls in love declares: my sweetheart is a moon
and makes you his beautiful and genuine metaphor
So lonely are you on the banks of the night...
If you had your own female
would you call her: My moon
Or would you gaze at us
and say: my sweetheart is a human.

~ * ~

(Translated into English by Nizar Sartawi)

A Soliloquy Not Heard by Matthew

And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.

~ **Matthew 26:39**

Won't you take the glass away from my lips?
Not for my sake, but for my mother's
You are a god and she's a mother
O Father
I see her tears falling on me
And you're in your heaven and within me
beyond the senses in
your high and holy place
You've perplexed my human half
with your divine whole
A human she was who gave birth to
the son of god
afraid I am for her O Lord
Have mercy
I see her in a fire
of my own blood
Won't you take the glass away
from my lips

~ * ~

(Translated into English by Nizar Sartawi)

Adam's Exile

I declare the snake innocent
For neither has Satan seduced me
nor has Eve been unfair to my steps
From the rib of love O Lord
you created a possibility
that raises paradise above his fancy and my vision
And you have taught me the names and things
but the dew sprinkled on the lips
of my only female
has taught the new heart
what the flute says
You created the river, the flowers
and the moon, suspended above the evening dreams
and said unto me: Love
but I did not understand
nor did the angles of Heaven hear
the throbbing of passion
I went searching for the ranks of love
and my ego
I followed the dream O Lord
For the apple is a miracle
and the chest of the beloved is her glamor
kneaded from the moon
and the charm of perfume is greater than my powers
and into my body you've breathed love
mixed with her smile
that formed the sighs of the rib
before I was formed

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016

And you deported me
from your garden of Eden
That you'd created for me.
O God of love and peace
Do you hear my feelings
I followed my heart O God of the dew
and you denied me what you'd given, what you'd planted,
what you'd watered
But Eden O God of the hearts
hangs from a braid
and is painted around the burning waist,
drowning in the dew of my female

~ * ~

(Translated into English by Nizar Sartawi)

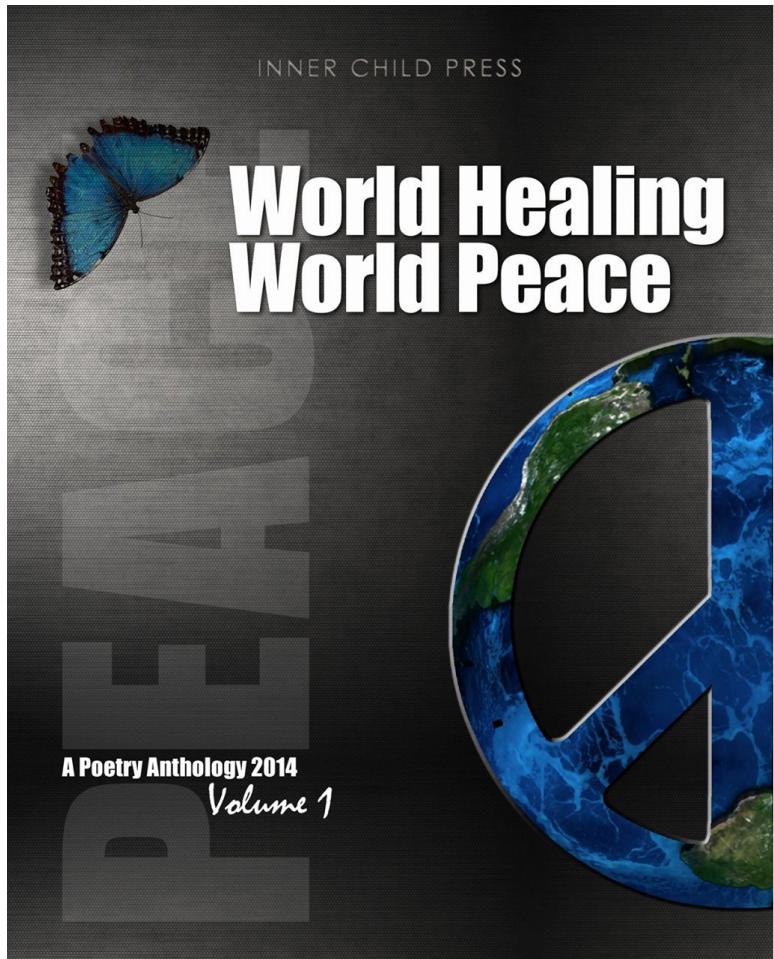
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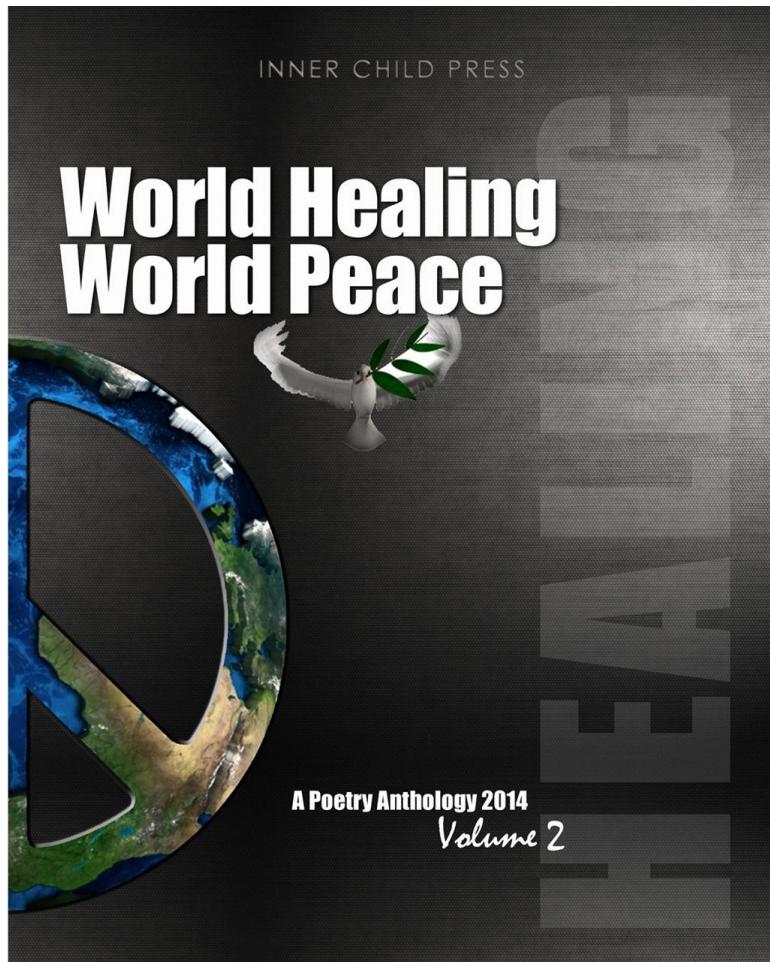
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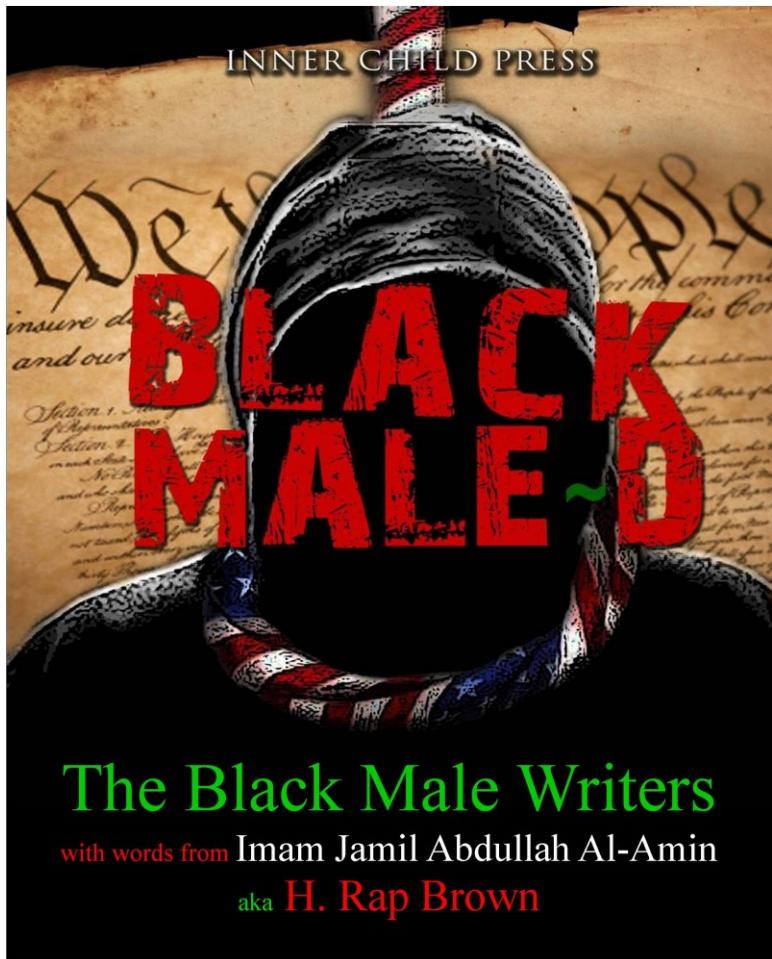
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Inner Child Press Anthologies



The Black Male Writers

with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

aka H. Rap Brown

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
Fahredin Shehu * Krishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdilen * Shareef Abdur-Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Müller N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatou * Alan W. Jenkoaski
Teresa E. Galloway * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Poetry Posse
Presents
an anthology
of
LOVE

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVensel Middendorf * Alfredo Ghee
Fabredin Shehu * Krishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Roma Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adelijn * Shareef Abdur-Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Müller N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifastus * Alan W. Jankooski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalasz

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

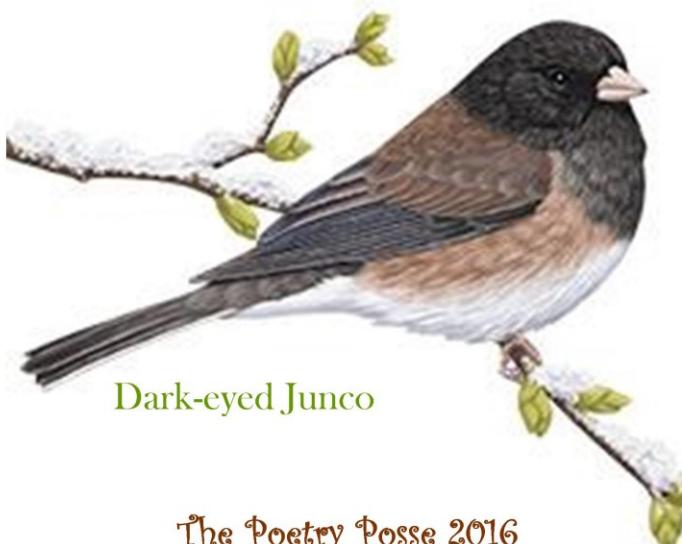
Gail Weston Shezor * Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Alfreda Ghee
Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur-Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Fulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifastus * Alan W. Jankoaski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie 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 RattyAdalen * Ann J. White
Fahredin Shehu * Krishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Keith Alan Hamilton
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatous * Alan W. Jankowski
Teressa E. Gillion * 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.

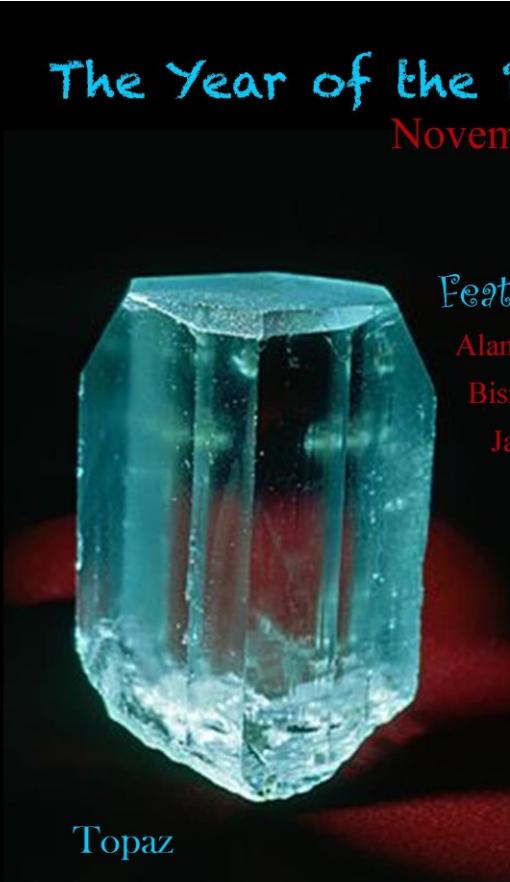
The Year of the Poet II
November 2015

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore



Topaz

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

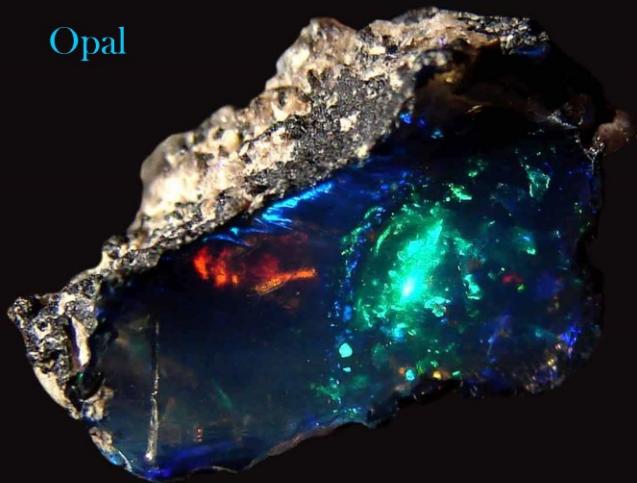
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalasz

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.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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

Geri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

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

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams • Dennis Ferado • Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET II

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Cail 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.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt* WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



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.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Cail 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.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014



September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Cail 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.

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Posse

Janie 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.

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
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.

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
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.

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee

Joski the Poet

Shannon Stanton

Lily of the Valley

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha Beth Pierce

Janet P. Caldwell

June Bugg Barefield

Debbie M. Allen

Tony Henniger

Joe DeVereb Minddancer

Robert Gibbons

Neetu Wal

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham

William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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.



Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

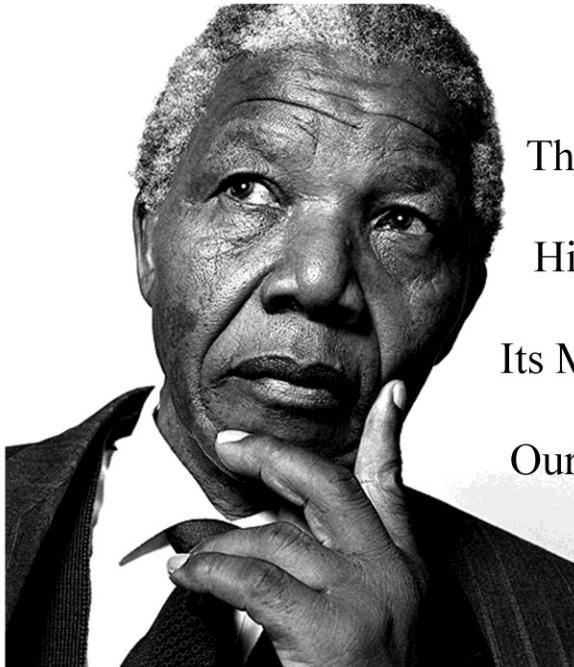
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Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.**

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



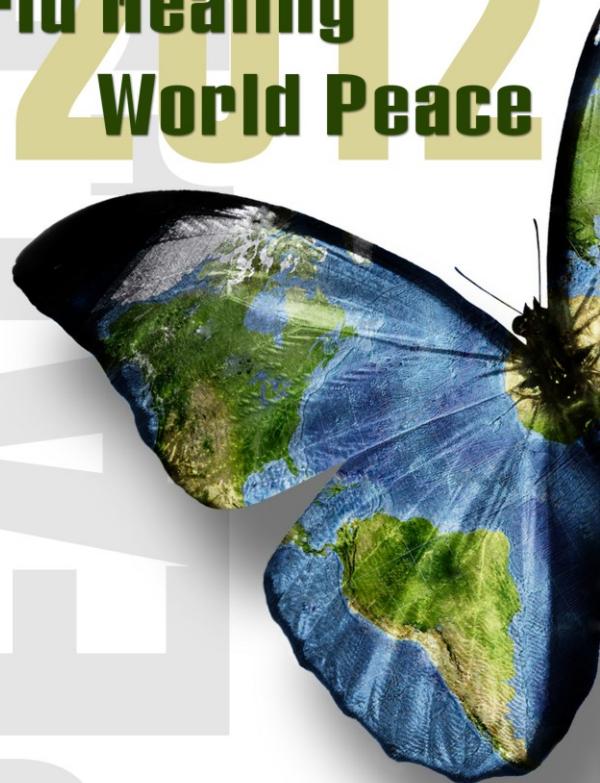
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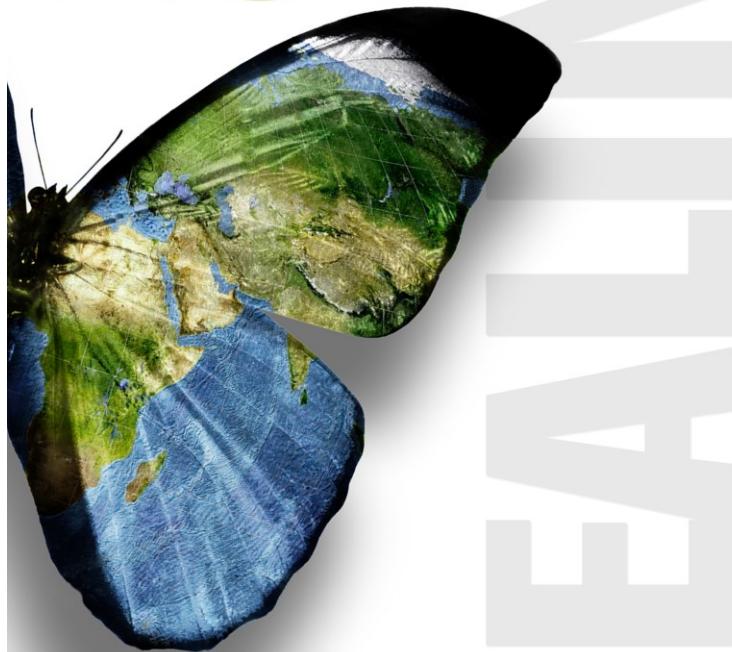
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A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

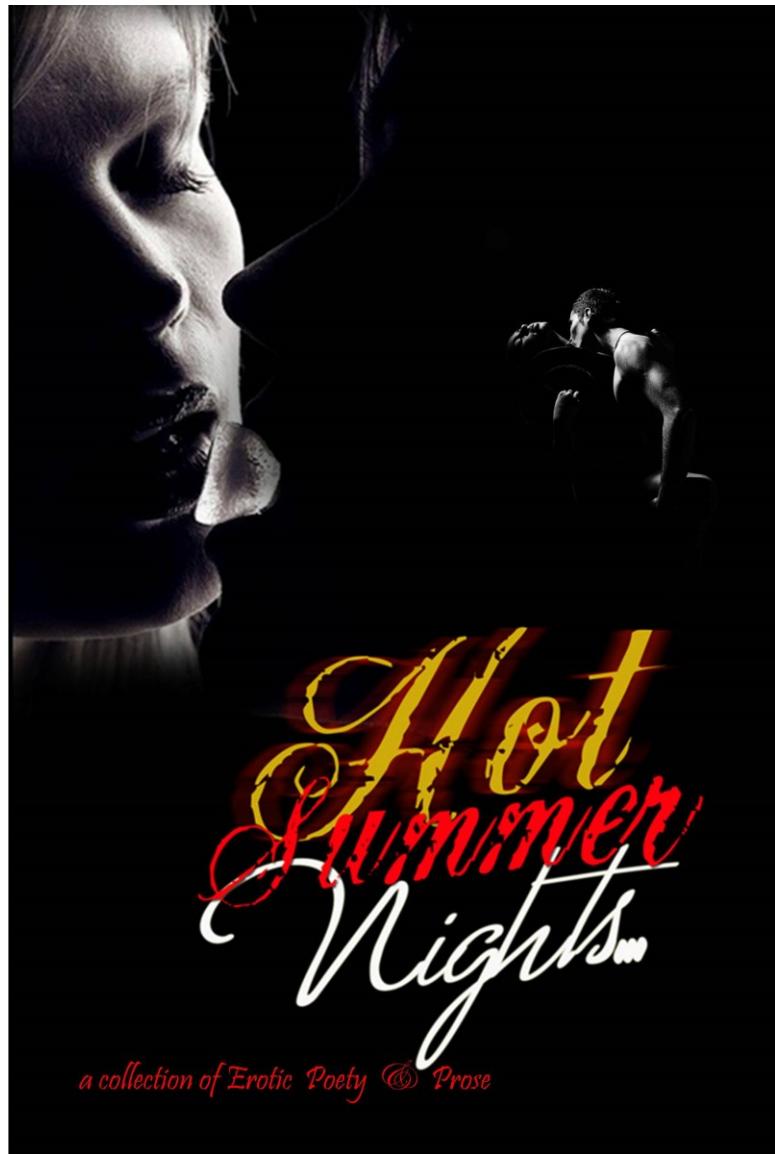
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healing through words

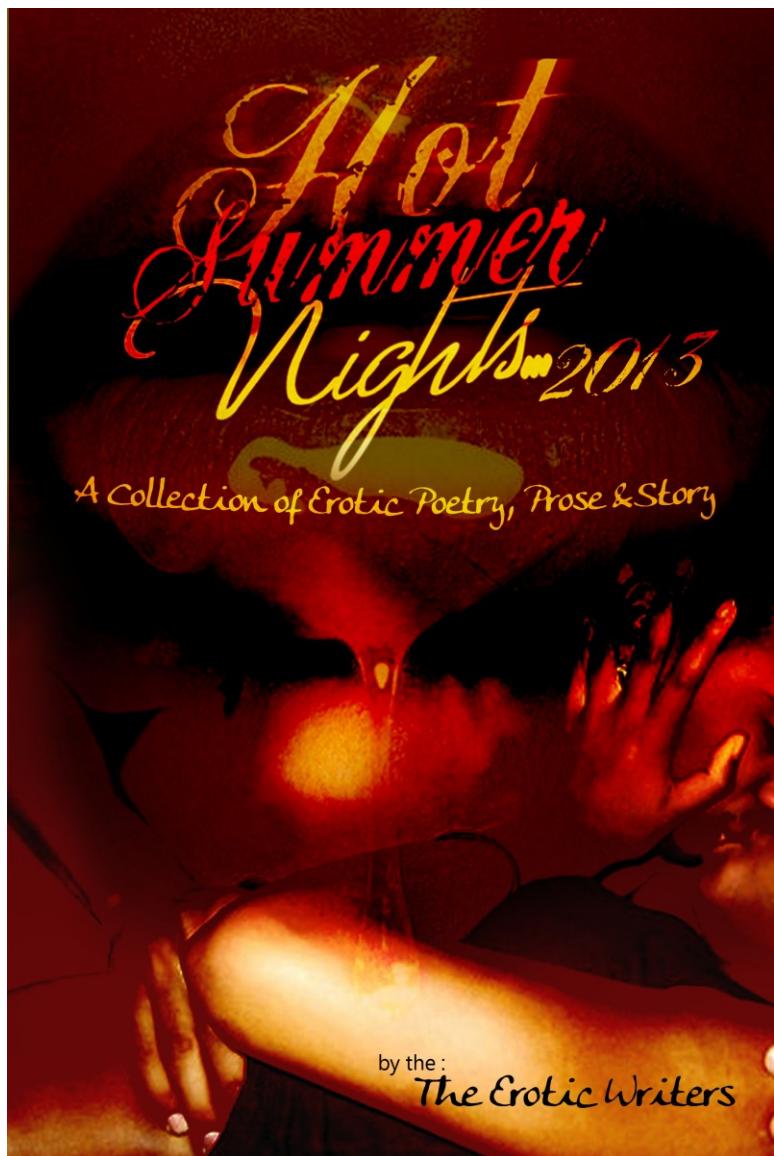


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

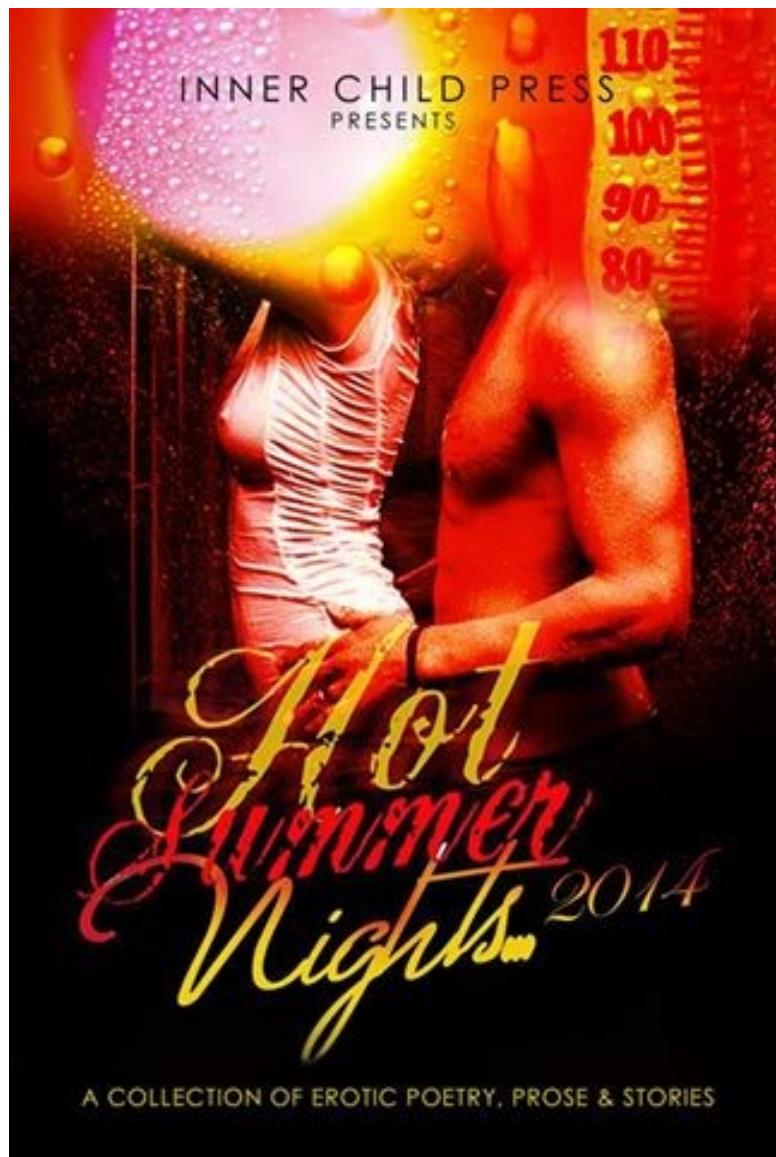
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the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

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want my
Poetry
to . . .

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

Monte Smith

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

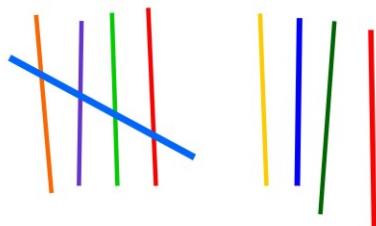
Monte Smith
I want my

Poetry
to . . .

volume II

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11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

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Poetry Dancer



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Poetically
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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse 2016



March 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Jeton
Kelmendi



Nizar
Sartawi



Sami
Muhanna



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