

The Year of the Poet IV

March 2017

Featured Poets

Tremell Stevens

Francisca Ricinski

Jamil Abu Sbaih

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty

Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo

Hsihva N. Nilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen

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inner child press, ltd.

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Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

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hülya n. yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

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Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Jen Walls

Nizar Sartawi

Caroline Nazareno

Bismay Mohanty

Faleeha Hassan

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan

William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2017

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



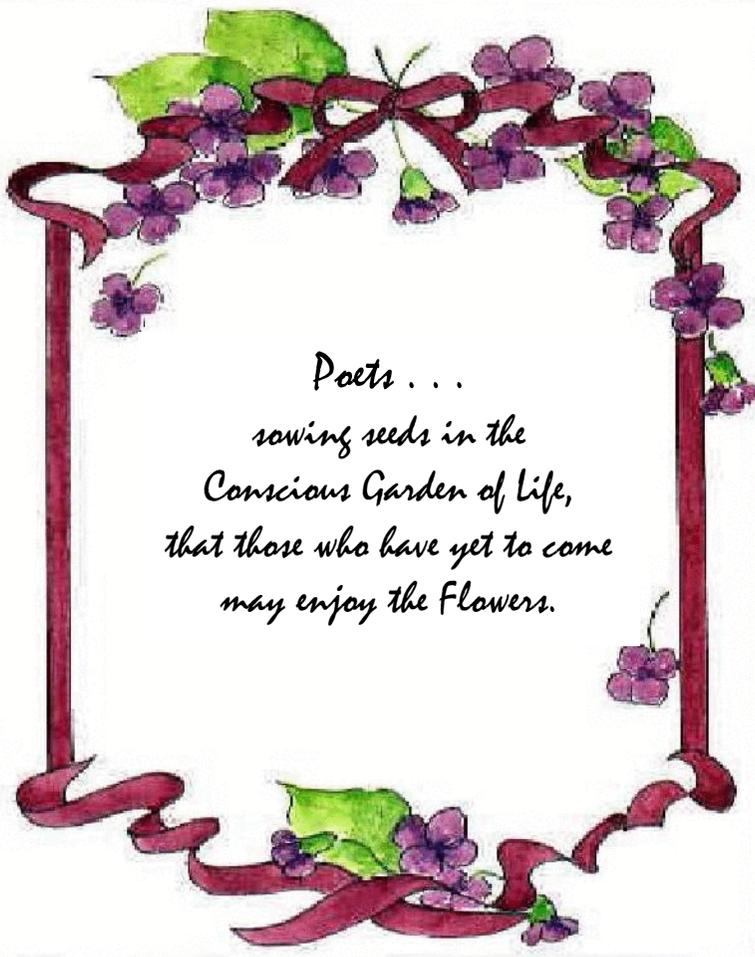
*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



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

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

I can smell the coming of Spring. Though Spring does not officially introduce her essence until April, i must say that i welcome her arrival. This does not mean that i hold any disdain for the Winter, however, Spring is always a welcome sign of renewal.

This month's theme for our offering is none other than Spring. With the coming of this new season, Farmers and Gardeners prepare to plant their seeds as they prepare themselves to nurture the new growth in their life experience. So exciting !!! In being diligent and vigilant in their attention to their gardens and crops, one can expect a bountiful harvest! Our personal lives adhere to these very same principles both figuratively and literally. Now is probably a good time to examine just which seeds you wish to plant in your garden.

Keep in mind that all previous issues are available as a print copy at a nominal cost as well as a FREE Download at our publishing site :

www.innerchildpress.com

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

~ wsp

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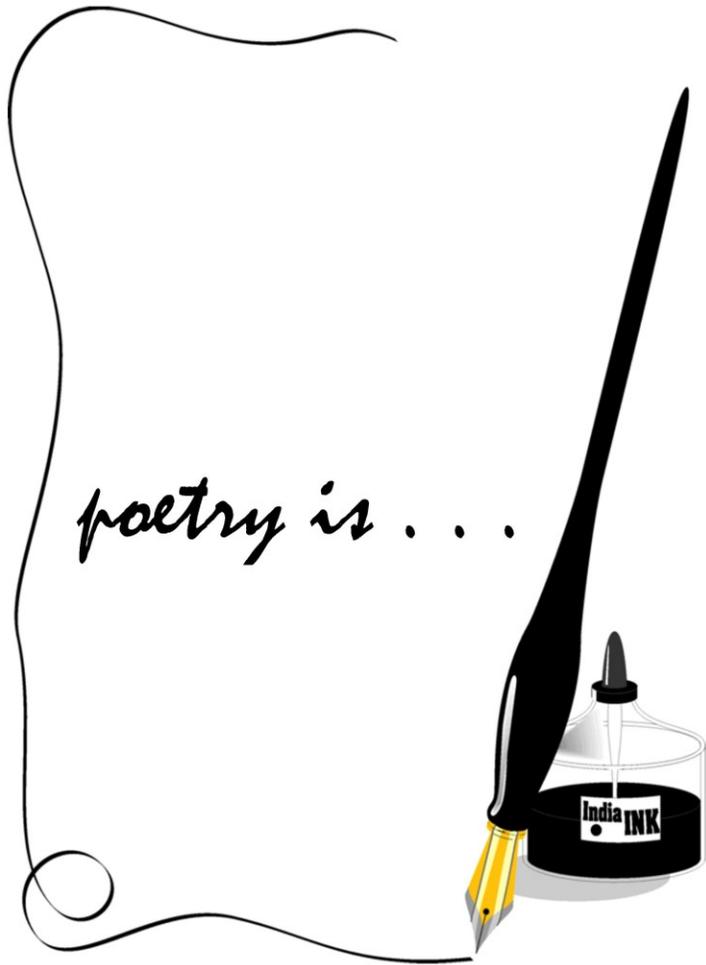
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



The Eastern Redbud



The Eastern Redbud, *cercis canadensis*, is among the first trees to bloom here. Blooming occurs in March-April when the buds turn into pink, white, or pink-purple legume-shaped flowers in clusters, depending on the variety, for up to three weeks. This tree is a breath of fresh air after a long and cold winter. The flowers are followed by bean-like seed pods several inches long, which drop from the tree when fully developed.

Redbud, a native deciduous tree, is found in USDA Hardiness Zones 4-9, from New England and the middle Atlantic states, south to Georgia, and to Illinois and Wisconsin in the Middle West. Ewing is in zone 6b.

The Redbud leaf, from three to five inches long, is heart-shaped and alternately arranged on a zig-zag branching habit, and is reddish-purple when new. By summer the leaves turn shiny green, but gradually change to yellow in the fall. One variety, 'Forest Pansy', has purple leaves. There are, among more than 20 varieties of Eastern Redbud, some with variegated, green and white leaves.

The Eastern Redbud typically ranges from a mature height of 8' to 20', depending on the variety, with a spread of 6'-35'. Some varieties have a weeping habit and this usually small-sized tree normally has multiple trunks. A specimen in Morris County has been documented as having a trunk 8'-2" in diameter, a true "Champion" Tree. Redbud does well in most soils, but not in very wet, poorly drained soil. It likes full sun or light shade. This tree, used as an ornamental specimen, is best planted young as it does not transplant well.

Diseases do not seem to be a great problem for this beautiful tree, although Canker and Verticillium Wilt do occur. Some caterpillars enjoy the leaves as do Japanese beetles, borers and web-worms. Regular watering, pruning out dead branches, and fertilization help keep Eastern Redbud healthy.

Another name frequently used for Eastern Redbud is "Spicewood Tree", because in the southeastern mountains of Appalachia the twigs were once used as seasoning for wild game such as venison.

In the past, the bark of the Redbud was used as an astringent in the treatment of dysentery. The flowers can be eaten in salads, or fried. Cardinals, rose-breasted grosbeaks and pheasants, deer and squirrels enjoy the seeds.

The
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of the
Poet III

March 2017

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

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

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www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
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Wounded

This is my wound
I trace the edges with calloused fingertips
While I sleep
It might be a bit easier to see
If I open my eyes
My fingers can feel the differences
That time has made
To the scars
Some days I think having something that you can see
Would hurt less
A falling down or stitches
Heart pieces are not noticeable
And everyone thinks I am brave
But I am not
I doggedly believe that if I wake up
Tomorrow
And then the next
It will hurt less

When I close my eyes
I place my palm across the wholes
And run my fingers around
The ragged edges
In the darkness
I have read the words
The ones that might me feel better
The side effects of each balm
Won't hold the edges together
When I hear your name
And I want to be forgetting
I want to feel this wound one day

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

And not find it hardened
But today I squeeze my eyes shut
Pretending to be brave

Tonight I sleep
And tomorrow I might wake up
Wounded and alone
And maybe the next day
Will be better
And maybe just showing up
Even in routine rote
Makes me the brave one
But I am never sure about that
The tears are easy to trace
When I allow them
To be on the outside
Of my smile
This is my wound

I trace the edges of it
With the pads of my fingers
If I remember how this one feels
I can avoid another one
That can cover up this memory
It's never in the forgetting
Only in the lesson
So I continue to soothe
This wound
In the darkness

on this beach

They arrived on this beach
On this beach shoeless
The tears done and grim
For that had already been shed
On the journey
And in its place
A stoic waiting on the next

They gripped the rags and tatters
Rags and tatters that make
Them all look the same
Dark skinned
And dirt skinned
And none knowing the where
That they are

And the new ones are restless
Ones are restless
Born in between then and now
There is no belonging
To anywhere
No official passport
Or certificates to name them

Numbered up quickly against waves
Quickly against waves
And no one will stop to count grains
Drops spilled in water
And the predators
Have left their shallowness
For places in sand

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

And the drums continued to beat
Continued to beat the count
So that they knew just how many
Were thrown over
The hulls of whitewashed
Soulless hulls bobbing
In the surf

When I find myself on the edge
On the edge of the water
I can hear their cries
Because the matter of the world
Has not changed
The sand remains
The same grain

As countless as the stars in the sky
The stars in the sky shine
And as you lift up your eyes
Remember
That that happened
Under your feet and you stand
On holy ground

Hurricane Season

The new storms have been made
And I find it amazing still
It is always in the feminine
That we anticipate disaster
And it may be true that women
Underscore the pain
Rended upon other women
And a breaking heart breaks a heart
Storms come unexpectedly
Even if you clothe yourself in love
Lightening slashes and thunder roils
And I smell the dampness
Lingering under green leaves
It is in this minute, in these wee hours
That I cling onto the only words I can hear
“I love you”

And they vanish in the storm
Tomorrow vanishes in the storm
I wait for God to calm this storm
That threatens to rend me in pieces
To dry the tears that melts the light
And clouds into the grey
Instead he calms me
My doubts, my fears
Holds me close in His peace
While the storm rages
And how could I have understood
That I could not have wished
This love into the eye of a hurricane
For she could not have destroyed

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

What belongs to Him
In the sand, there is black rain
In the sand I am black rain
In the sand I am silent
And sometimes I find it hard to breathe
I can't swallow

These storms have no name
This summer I don't fear the rain
I am not scared of the feminine
The breaking apart creates new spaces
Places for me to grow
Places for you to know
And even in storms God is close
And even in the rain God is near
My love is steady
For it wasn't the storm that was my enemy
Being alone in my storm was
The wind has ceased it's howling
And soon you will hear me
For he named me and
He controls the she
That we have given voice to
And I wait quietly and without fear because
All storms must answer to Him
And He provides the blessing in each one

Hallowed Grace

I have learned this~
A life, a love, a heart
That has been profaned
By trite and hollow words
Can only be made hallowed
Again by learning to embrace
The inner mystery of celebrating eucharisto
I can love you from here or there
It is only important that I do
Love you
And this believing is how my fragileness
Has been made strong
My inner rings keep growing
Because even a barren stump
Can sprout leaves under
The vine keeper's healing hand
Each bar haunts my dreams
A thousand hands
A thousand dreams
Seep into my soul every time
I hold on to this reality
And as the years pass
I am reminded of the many
That remain beyond corporality
It is an easy elegance
This passing through of time
I no longer feel an individuality
Of cloistered dependence
The responsibility of greatfilledness
Is a matter of breathing
In and out, out and in

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

As I have been cautioned
By one physician or another
By one friend or another
And yet I have not mastered
This
When you reach out to me
And I am forced
To recall
How it feels to be in your attention
So I pause
To praise Jah for this sole favor
For He, by any of the names man proffers
Has heard my heart
Whether I can speak the words or not

I remain silent
In the face of the work of
Abba Father
And while I would have your love
Without reservation
I can always glory in His
Love of me
My heart, my soul, my spirit
My faltering faith in finding what I need
I peer through the bars
Surrounding this space
These well-worn and marked boundaries
With narrow spaces and
I am greatfilled for this~
A life, a love, a heart
Made hallowed by grace

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

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

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

Spring- the day I shall rise again

Beaten up with smiting cold
Frozen is the idea of surviving
All other needs are fulfilled but
Season is no good for this sapling.

The day I shall rise again
Will be a day when spring falls
No sooner I have learnt living
Than the summer again will call.

Trees have gained the valour to live
Flowers are ready to bloom up all day long
But soon when the spring ends
The blossoming beauty will turn into a song.

Visualizing stroking days ahead
Or a terrible past should I dive into?
This is not the season to think but
A short span of mirth to enjoy to.

This day I had been waiting since forever
The first spring of my life I saw
The day I shall rise again and
About my growth nobody would know.

My Summer, My Dream

Waiting for summer
The time is yet to come
When my dreams I will accomplish and
My enterprise asks for an welcome.
Chores put me back
Refrain me from serving
The people dearth of love and
For parenthood who are starving.
'Save our souls village' it is called
My heart ever keen to be their companion
To the innocent sufferers I give company
Gusto I feel and cherish in this profession.
After each summer when ambition calls
Conflict between ambition and enterprise occur
A thunder within makes me soul vie
A temporary separation my aims ask for.
Every times I face this situation I fall into an endless
conjecture What if I had been in their place?
What if they lack a bright future ?
Never ending are my thoughts
These dreams juxtapose all the time
Wordings may be less but my feelings
For fulfilling my dream are infinite.
Waiting for summer
The time is yet to come
When my dreams I accomplish and
Divine peace I get some.

Let me walk away

Let me walk away
Into the deepest of woods,
The darkest of trees
And under the hood.

Let my desires drives away
As if never existed
The various hyperboles be claimed
As the words of someone defeated.

Let the wild woods as surround me
Like mongrels to a bone.
May I hunt or be hunted
Declining the past bygones.

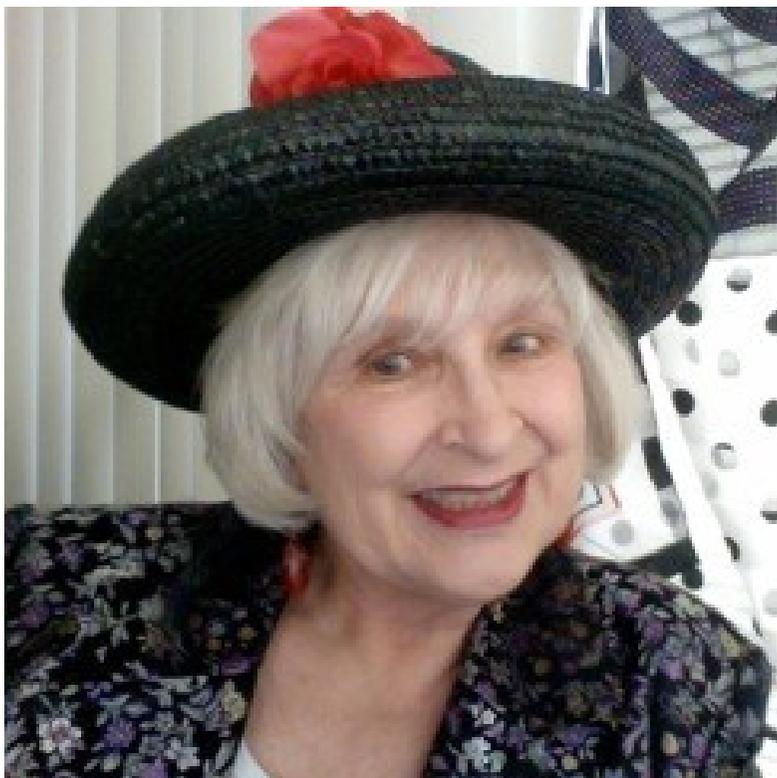
Let me walk away
Far away from the crowd
Failed ambition give pain and
I fear my identity be found.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

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

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

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

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

awakening

green is springtime surrounded
by emerging beds of awakening buds
the renewal of nature's promise

blooms now, they, a bevy of beauties
a host of lively ladies-in-waiting
anxious for their place in the sun

spring delivers with waves and smiles
the gazing glances of passers by~
oh, how long have we waited

see now, how Mother Nature bestows
her generosity with sunny and cloudy
days; both sometimes showered with praise

see the tender buds and blossoms nodding,
they expressing their sweet fragrances
in joyful acceptance of renewed birth.

and the of sky, as blue as the violets
beneath the earth, they waiting time
to branch out with their offerings

O, give thanks for winter's bold farewell,
embrace the awakening of the warm earth,
and of your own purpose and self-worth

The Mystery of the Night

Awed by the universal mystery,
The night appears, for him, in slow time.

A treasure box resides within, holds jewels,
Brilliant sparkling diamonds beyond his reach.

On cloth, lush, velvety, celestial, dance dreams
Memories and white counting sheep.

Awe struck by this ethereal mystery, he flounders
Unable to explain its great meaning.

Dreams, shadows and silent counting sheep
Continue to dance on lush velvety cloth, celestial.

In slow rhyme-time, above the canvas reflected,
There is a bejeweled chest of royal splendor.

Painted with stars there is a pale silvery moon.
The night awaits the destiny it must keep.

On cloth supernatural, dark and meditative, dance
Dreams, memories and white counting sheep.

With such a night, how can anyone sleep?

Time Has Lost all Meaning

Rising in the east is the sun
Whose brilliant presence
Is greeted and welcomed by all;
Yet waiting for evening time is one
Whose essence he would attempt to claim.

Shielded by a canopy of anticipation
A bud of intensity awakens romance.
And, wafting through the air
It ascends as a young maid's hesitant gift,
Awaiting sweet scents of euphoria~

For the taste of her lips, the curve of her hips
He murmurs his sweetest appreciation
And embracing the whispers of her breath,
He climbs the evening summit
And sinks down into the mountains.

As the night descends into the dawn,
Intoxicated by nature's yearning
And summoned by her delight,
He claims her ecstasy as his own~
A treasure long awaited.

Awed by her receptiveness
And, thus, rewarded with the key
To her virtuous favor, he showers
On her his love, his attention. And,
Time for them has lost all meaning.

Albert
Carrasco

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Before and after

Please let there be something in there...that was me before opening the usually empty refrigerator door when we was poor. Damn no one invited us over, That's what was on my mind between 4 and 6... Dinner time. The last bodega credit wasn't paid but when stomachs are howling hunger... More attempts were made... Pancho can I get milk, bread and eggs? We'll pay you back on the first. Okay papi but make sure you do, You already have three weeks worth of I O U's... That was when he was happy. Other times he'll just shake his head and say, this was a slow week so, so sorry... That's when we had to depend on plan b, we filled ourselves up with faucet water and went to sleep early. My school clothes are my play clothes and vice versa, the only other choice was to do one thing naked and be dressed for the other. Of course that wasn't gonna happen, so I slid into first, took foul shots and ran for TD's after a Hail Mary pass with the same grass stained, concrete scuffed, ripped and soiled gear when I was back packn and going to class... Oh how I wished those water filled sinks with no detergent washes became a thing of the past.

My refrigerator is so packed and my cabinets and shelves are over stocked so I invite my neighbors for breakfast lunch and dinner, no one around me has to drink gallons of water and try to trick our bodies by going to bed early. All debt is paid and now I leave hundred dollar tips for pancho at the corner deli because he did his best to look out for many less fortunate families.

Everyday I'm fresh, sometimes jeans and times and others times on some GQ shit... khakis moccasins, cardigans or vest. I hardly wear anything twice so rarely use my washer and dryer to do laundry... my closet is no longer full of multipurpose ensembles, I have clothes to go out and all

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sorts of sport apparel, My lifestyle was upgraded, like most poor kids where I'm from... I couldn't resist when hell serenaded, I've lost more than anything money can buy, I won't stop chasing the reaper till he's decapitated so young sons won't have to die, it took mass murder to occur before I realized... that the facade was really a lie.

Springtime in the city

I remember gettn jiggy, all leather adidas suits or Gucci,
neck, wrist and fingers full of jewelry,
Pockets swollen with strictly Benjamin's
Cause of them Coke cookies.

I'll look in the mirror and be like...
Yeah you're that nikka,
Open the drawer, grab the burner,
Cock it, put one on the chamber,
Then let it parlay on my hip for danger.

It's a Friday night, nycha is lookn like a zoo
Walk down the concrete stairs and meet my,
Kin, my twins, my sandbox nikkas, my cru.
I'll give dap and head nods to the minority mob,
Stop at O, my paña and be like... Let's ride partna

We'll jump in whips,
turn up the radio
Spark clips,
One by one we'll take off
making 1st and 2nd skip

It's a rolln million any day
The team was battn thru back streets,
Expressways and highways,
Like Sinatra ...
We did things our way.

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Our destination was the club,
A bunch of eighteen and unders
In twenty one and overs
No line, search or cover
cause of the way we popped bub

VIPs got kick out of VIP
When they saw CHP
This is your seat? Pardon me
Fear over love
Machiavelli

This time

If it was possible, I'll start life all over. I'll leave everything the same up until I was twelve years old, that's when life began to differ. I just wish I could keep the knowledge, wisdom and strength I possess as an adult while I travel back to yesterday, things will play out a different way. I was so naive, that yellow substance in little plastic Bottles wasn't orange juice. Allergies weren't the reason for the sniffles. The tired leaning look wasn't because of exhaustion, it was because of the consumption of the contents of an inch long envelope with stamps or labels, along with that once a week substance in those little plastic bottles. It was either that poison or alcoholism that controlled him, what I would do is go back to the first time when temptation tempted him and shout out to my father... "If you do that they'll be no intervention", the only time you'll exist is when your name is mentioned. I'll deal with hunger, I'll deal with just thinking how the grass is greener on the other side, I'll leave it as a wonder, I wouldn't hurt my mother because I'm hurt because of my father, I won't say yes to the pusher and deny all other illegal offers, so I could live up until the present with my brothers. This time I'm going to graduations, this time I wouldn't let them offer their souls for riches, this time we'll have retirement celebrations, this time I'm going to weddings to watch and listen to vows being exchanged, this time I'll sit in the hospital waiting area for planned c sections and natural birth, this time I'll be able to see seeds planting seeds, this time they'll live out their purpose instead of perishing on the surface of hell In which we call earth. They say you won't know somebody's worth until they're gone, I realize wealth wasn't worth loved ones moving on.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

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

A NEW PERSPECTIVE

Spring has cast its spell once more
I view love from a new space
A time change and a new ring
I hear tones from different things
Flowers on a hill cascading down
The rain even has a beat that's quite profound

I've found love in the strangest place
It was a gathering of homeless faces
As I engaged in a lovers embrace
I tasted spring when I her kissed her face

Spring has cast its spell once more
Love is on its course once more
New buds and new love
And heaven has a golden gate
I should transfer before it's too late
For spring never waits

PERSONAL CHEF

Kitchen muse with a flair for the dramatic
He cooks in the nude, flesh absorbing the aromatics
Onions and garlic and stare of a harlot as she watches him
She never bothers him just awaits his palette ecstasy
Savoring flavors from exotic lands
Sweet then heat from the back end
Her taste buds dancing, she's harlot no more
She's Scarlett no more
She's that purple hue in his view
He serves dinner for two in his silken black suit

Their glasses clink on the brink of a toast
They pray to the most high
A romantic dinner with a taste of decadence
And they pray to the most high
Succulent meal and subliminal thrills
They dine in silence only speaking through their eyes
With one last morsel on the plate
He feeds her the last bite
He packs his bag and knives
A complimentary bottle of wine
Sits alone with the memory
A personal chef is just her personal fantasy

HOW FAR IS IT?

I've traveled many miles to find it
Never seeing yet stood right behind it
Oh; to be blinded by love
To be guided on a path to nowhere
My red tipped cane leads me to pain
I stumble once again

I regain my footing cautiously inching forward
There are no signals pointing toward it
I must feel my way
I must find away
Rainy days alone will no longer do
Spring flowers are in bloom

Love could be over the next dune
Over the next mountain
Is love taking a drink from this water fountain
The tension is mounting
My heart is pounding
I think I've found it

She whispers hello
I think I know you
That glow you possess
Who sent you?
I went through hell and high water to find you
And I responded, as I did for you

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

Love is not measured in distance
Love is not treasured in resistance
Love is not giving by submitting
Though some may disagree
Love is sought and shared
And may very well be found
In the greenery of spring.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

Spring Forth The Resurrection...

from death comes life, from death comes life
just like from life comes death

" A sign for them is the dead land, We* give it life
and We* bring forth from it grains, so that they eat
thereof " Qur'an Majeed: Surat Yasin: 36,33
so sayeth the lord who gives and takes life at will,
as he please to what and whom, when and where
just by saying " kun " (Be) kun fia kun, be and it is
thus life, thus death, thus winter brings death to earth
you may call it sleep, yes call it sleep
and sleep is the sister of death so earth dies in winter
and is brought back to life in spring
just like that " be and it is " how can this be you ask?
simple from him who created it in the first place from
nothing!

" Say (oh Muhammad 'saw' ** He will give life to them,
who created them in the first place and he (Allah 'swt')***
is the All-Knower
of every creation!" Qur'an Majeed: Surat Yasin: 36,79
therefore Spring = resurrection from sleep as in earth dies
in

the cold winter and is brought back in spring to live and
thrive and produce that you and i can enjoy and benefit
from

it's fruit, its vegetation, abundance from what was barren
what miracle, what amazing blessings!

do we not reflect, do we not give thanks, are we not
grateful,

or do we reject the signs set forth as evidence and elect to
in spite of this wondrous underserved mercy stand as a
open rebellious adversary?

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

food4thought = education

**We = (Some interpretation) The creator and who he
commissions/commands in the unseen realm*

*** saw = peace and blessings upon the Prophet*

**** swt = All glory is due to Allah.*

Symptomatic...

of an underlying force conducting,
putting pieces in place, constructing
never in haste, setting the pace
directing the fate of human race
inspecting current events one can not
conclude by logically coming to an explanation
truly because it's simply prophecy being played
as not to let the sensationalism fool ya
cast of characters in this production will change
inevitably that's the consistency of prophecy
they all have parts to play so pray everyday
that their parts don't steal hearts away
or souls stole, sold or even given away
getting caught up in the hype of the play
performed on the world stage everyday
characters portrayed are never what they seem
there is much more to this picture then appears
on the screen, know what i mean?
today the role of Pharaoh is played by orange face
with " HUGE " payroll
tomorrow who knows? Answer: only the creator,
orchestrator, coordinator, originator wrote the script
with the first creation the pen
ink is dried, pen laid down and the play goes on
as written and the players that do their parts
are temporary but the play always remains
contemporary
no matter what day, hour players play their parts never
have power to flip the real script or even to quit until it
appears in the script
sounds complicated
to understand the script right?
ask the playwright

Race..,

alien as from outer space, concept disgrace
right down to its base, prima facie on its face
peoples of earth what you've been taught is fake
simply put, there just ain't no such thing as race!
if one researched with open mind one would find
the maker of human beings calls us all " Mankind "
and in his wahi (revelation)* says " Oh mankind i
made you into tribes and nations that you may
know one another not despise one another because
the best of you are those who are the pious,
with Taqwa (god fearing) obedient to the
commandments, admonitions, instructions from the
maker to who he made,
that being nations of his creations
* Oh mankind i made you from one single pair,
a man and a women(Adam wa Howa, aws) and
from them came many men and women
no talk of " Race " any place from the creator, architect
recognize due from me, you all praise, glory, respect
the word " Race " in and of itself reeks of subliminal
evil to create the me and them, us and that " other "
always looking at that other condescending, suspicion
never as a sister or a brother
designed by definition the face of evil the devil himself
the Shaitan (Satan) to hide the master lie to
mislead, divide mankind
that's why you will find even those with brilliant minds
way, way behind in correctly understanding this
monumental truth of all time
this lie has been the reason why mankind has failed

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

to close the gap between tribes and nations because
when you call dem " Races " all attempts for lasting peace
has and continue to fall right on its face
futility all over the place trying to close " The Gap "
when you refer to human beings as this ' n ' that ' Race "

* *Qur'an Majeed: Surat Al-Hujurat, 49,13 and Surat An-Nisa 4,1*

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

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

Vision Enhancer: Visit To A Van Gogh

Open the museum door
step into a novel realm
light and air
bouncing off the walls
tapping on your eyeballs
petitioning to be
understood

Look at the light
feel your body's response
drumming on your heart
a feeling of joy or revulsion
delight or disgust
rises because you see

Movement thrills understanding
a catch in your breath
as light streams in the winds around you
like a cheetah through the open doors

Stand before the painting
a relaxing breath lifts you
wait for it
wait for the light
it is coming

Now close your eyes
see your self
standing before magnificence
light creating an image
in your mind

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Relaxed shoulders
look with your mind's eye
notice the way
vibrant hues hang on the wall
remembered colors of figures and shapes
palettes of browns and blues

Now gage the distance between
you and the painting
imagine taking a few steps towards

What changes
with eyes closed
continue to look
do you see
shapes differently
colors more clearly

Now in your visualization
return to the original spot
notice clarity
vision strong

A step to the right
how does that feel
are your mind's eyes more comfortable
looking at the painting
a little to the right
a little to the left
right in the center
what feels best

Open your eyes
into reality
look again at the genuine painting
what do you see
a new

A Red Year Blossoming

The fastest color
a sunset budding all around
the springtime eastern sky
cradling white almond blossoms

Heat rises from the valley floor
in waves of red and blue
nourishes thick tree trunks
branches and leaves caress the sky
as one ends
another starts
red hot energy flows through all

Look at one specific mulberry tree
reddish brown leaves meet
sapphire above at an edge
a summit of gathering
where do branches end
rough bark, curled leaves
at the very edge crowd
blue streaks of white
blurring the boundary between
earth and fairy dust

Blue and green clad workers
progress through autumn's harvest
grapes ripe on the vine
turn shades of red and gold
as the sun sets on another year

Blink Your Way to Faster Sight

Stand quietly looking
seeing the light
relax your mind
let your jaw rest loose

Move only your eye lids
blink, blink, blink
what do you see
in the starry starry night

Blink as you count the roof tops
in the valley
blink as you count the whirls
the sky a calming blue merle

Deeply breath in
blue and yellow light
as you wonder
what do all the people
snug in their homes
see within those rays
shining from their windows

Blink some more
as you study one whirling
swirling bit of sky
red at the center

Now stop and look around
what has changed
see more clearly
in the light sparkling
from the frame brighter
after weight training your eyes

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

What has shifted in your heart
here in the midst of art

Move on to the landscape
a trunk is a branch only bigger
thicker stronger
than tiny branching veins of leaves
fractal reflections
pulsating through eyes to brain
safety hidden in the pattern

Notice the overall shape
rounded tops of green and hazel
contrasting with brush lined roots
the color of hay and green beans

Take a step closer
notice where the branches
spout from the trunk
shapes, textures, colors
the roughness of the bark

Closer still the pattern repeats
branching brush strokes
creating hills and valleys
full of trees

Feel your heart slowing
steadying
as you glimpse the pattern

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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

Google Plus

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

Still Life

my spirit has awakened from this dreamy, deep slumber
leading me to a path of a haven with different hues dancing
flamboyantly flirting with my naked eyes.

an optical illusion some would utter
but this heavenly apparition in front of me is hypnotizing
a painting of a still life welcomed me to an eternal solace.

a masterpiece depicted in what could have been
a canvass of real life, a fortress within the confines of my
imagination
a by-product of my creative mind's jubilation!

such a relaxing shelter, sacred place to be for a soul with a
dying ember
sweet echoes of memories from the distant past greeted me
as I immerse myself in this abysmal revelry.

chirping birds in Spring time, sound of crickets tune in to a
vibrant rhythm
as the artist's hands glides in with his undying passion
I watch solemnly as He moves his finishing touches with
such lovely creation!

a work of art way beyond any appropriate description
this palette of life each one of us on a mission
created by a Higher being above, our Master Scribe!

Through This Mystical Dreams

along this misty dew avenue, I see mysteries unraveling
right before my very own naked eyes
dreams of yesteryears bewilder thee
while I go on surfing this mad reality.

finding my way through this blinding fog
can't barely see what's in store for me
continue to swirl on my spiral life
head on and fight a quite enormous strife.

your shadow I see constantly following me
sweet echoes from above soothes this tired soul
mystical dreams of forever engraved in my heart
blinding lights seem to fight back my wounded eyes.

will the future be bleak, the ugly truth I seek
be in a place I'd rather call my very own niche
carry on my mission with undying devotion
than be left bewildered in this never-ending confusion.

When Souls Collide

awakened from a deep slumber, my mind still drifting
caught myself in what could be a distant revelry
spinning around in a vast ocean of swirling neon hues
feeling as though I was being sucked up
to a strange world living inside these pastel dreams.

I let the gentle current take control of me
brought me to a place far from reality
and when time stopped, asked myself
"Can this be the real me?"

A heavenly sanctuary I was led,
blinding colors with sharp glares greeted me
a calming presence took hold of me as I walked in
as I slowly came to recognize the souls floating up the air.

They were clothed in immaculate white gowns
with shining faces, no trace of sadness from within
in this place you remain young at heart
knowing no adversities just plain old simple happiness!

Suddenly the space surrounding me darkened
and with a flash of beaming light,
found myself collide with the other souls
seems that I was taken back to the different phases of my
existence.

Anna
Lakubczak
Ves Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

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

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

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

Trails of kiss

We grow apart in the spacetime of touch

like supernovas is touched parts of light

on the pallet of cosmos is vanished by lack of time

however something is lighting from the stars

mirages of love

will remain only stardust in their tears.

The uncommon nature

I enjoyed going to the park
picking up chestnuts and acorns
until the day has come
when in a river I sank a squirrel

only a tail now impassively
juts out of the water

I'll wait

Though the day will come when I faded.
When the night won't be dependant on the day.
And my soul I will hang just like a ragged coat.
I'll wait...

Though you already will forget...
Like silk another will stroke your face
And all the poems will turn yellow.
I'll wait...

And the inspiration will be blown someplace
throwing dust on a surface scribbled with an epitaph,
stating everything with just one word.
I'll wait...

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

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

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

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

The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017

spring haiku

beautiful march
you've been here all the time
on my calendar

~~~~

huddled together  
Whispering to each other  
the almond blossoms

~~~~

they all stopped weeping
when the gentle west wind blew
the weeping willows

~~~~

his black mom kicked him  
he shook himself and stood up  
the newborn calf



## Queen of the Place

*For Alicia*

When your majestic lilac  
my queen  
comes and fills the place  
the breeze whoops  
in awe  
the tender buds awaken from  
their deep sleep  
the butterflies spin around  
in ecstasy  
the timid grasshoppers go dancing  
the canary comes from far-off lands  
to celebrate

And when you go away  
Queen of the place  
the clouds migrate  
the fragrance withdraws  
from the roses  
the canary bursts  
into tears  
the tunes shiver  
and dissipate



## Blank

He's asking us  
to fill the blank  
(.....)

Is he frivolling  
or mocking?

And how  
to fill the blank?  
(.....)

And what is it  
that fills the blank?  
(.....)

What's the blank?  
A frenzied whirlpool  
swallowing man  
a black hole  
gulping space  
and time



*Len  
Walls*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

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

Contact Jen Walls:

[mywritegift@gmail.com](mailto:mywritegift@gmail.com);

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

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

## GARDEN-KINDNESS

Glisten spiral pools  
drop free on raindrop's dancing;  
melt away the blues  
Feel bliss-truthfulness  
ripen within readiness;  
abide divine breaths  
Flow joy-tears on face  
light the love-embers - surprise;  
glow soul's fireplace  
Drink in drench of rains  
extend living peace rivers;  
cross over oceans  
Offer kiss - bend low  
share a wondrous flower-burst;  
wake with sacred hope  
Caress tender smiles  
breathe upon earth for miles;  
laugh garden-kindness

## LIFE'S BREATHING

Be not of this world  
live everything twice through Self;  
meditate on peace  
Flow consistency  
dissolve rough rigidity;  
pour soul's libation  
Learn nature's rhythm  
love gently - give heart's pure care:  
share earth's creation  
Careen waterfalls  
dive deep into love's deluge;  
over-flow to bliss  
Shower-bless, nurture  
lift the soul-reality;  
rain positive dream  
Gift love-care - drench peace  
sip on each breath's rhythmic kiss;  
Come live life's breathing

## SUNSHINE BLESS

Dawn - simply resolve  
dissolve thought and flow beyond;  
greet springtime - come dance  
Sparkle mercy's love  
breathe into uncertainty;  
give unending heart  
Blaze eternal flame  
stretch joy's color-burst on fields;  
live quest - sunshine bless  
Speak soul-flowering  
spare kind-breaths - breathe love alive;  
thrive with moment's thrive  
Wake beauty-kisses  
flow in and out healing song;  
shower love to earth

*hülya*

*n.*

*yrsmaz*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

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

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

### Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

1 balloon

2 balloons

3 and many more balloons

as i was entering  
early this morning  
the state-of-the-art building  
of my work campground  
with no one yet around  
per the command of my daily ritual  
i looked up above and behind  
what the arrogant tip of the rooftop  
could not possibly hide

the sun had shoed away all clouds

then . . .

it kissed me  
yes it did kiss me

and . . .

ever so coquettishly  
i sent off a wholesome kiss

oh what a bliss  
this living thing is

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

(entr'acte)

*there are so many stars, grandma*  
chuckled my three-year old grandson last night  
his catchy tummy-laugh tap-dancing its way  
out of his stay-with-me-sky-blue eyes

before i mimicked  
what my Little Big Love started to do  
i was thinking ah well i know better  
tonight of all the nights my precious sweetie  
really  
it just can't be

but . . .

there they were  
in the forgotten-by me jolly old faithful-sky  
showing off their dazzling show of due pride

by the way . . .

i am almost sure . . .

one of them had sneaked down  
close very close to the both of us

because . . .

after our synchronized pretend-a-blink  
a play my LBL and i mastered  
in the last two years – a cinch  
we found our sure-i-can-cape was draped  
by the cuddliest cuddable bright light  
that gave us both a hug of pure delight

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

oh what a bliss  
this living thing is

(entr'acte)

“Tiptoe through the window”  
of a famous song i hadn't heard before  
brought along the rhythms of a dance  
led on tippy toes uninhabitedly  
in ultimate look-at-me-i-can-fly-gee  
by the-youngin-versions of me  
on a fetch-far but dearly near of a shore

where my loved ones gathered one by one  
wrapping their wave of last goodbyes  
in many a summer's gentlest rays  
reassured by the sight of grace  
my much older self finally displays . . .

though not at all in sacrifice  
of a single piece of my true self's place

relieved  
they settle  
in their favorite chairs  
eager to see me celebrate my breath once more

a slight breeze joins me  
in a dance of all dances

i then let loose  
all my balloons  
first 1 balloon  
2 balloons after that

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

3 and many more balloons

my loved ones approve  
they catch their most-loved color . . .

none of them can stay anymore  
the same breeze however  
promises to stay in me  
forevermore

so  
i go on  
on tippy toes  
lose myself in full submission  
to a dance of all dances

and the sun kisses me again

this time  
tiptoeing through my window

oh what a bliss  
this living thing is

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gallion*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Sweet Relief

You taste the bitter fruit,  
bow in thanks for the experience.  
It gets your attention,  
makes you realize and remember.

Blessings do not always come  
neatly wrapped with fancy bows.  
So often, after the fact, gratitude  
floods the mind fields.

Recognition the fruit  
has a sweet after taste,  
comes after we test it  
over and over again.

The raw value of bitter fruit  
for those who do embrace it  
with patience and kindness  
is always a reward of sweet relief.

## Shedding

If I could befriend the wind,  
beckon it to my needs,  
take hold of its strong hand  
and drop negative images  
to the dust around my feet,

I could bend before the light  
with a smile.  
My tears would turn to joy,  
send electrolytes down my spine,  
purify my bones.

I would open my arms,  
face the west wind,  
blow kisses to the clouds  
and decorate the sky  
with my thanksgiving gift.

## Secrets

She folds  
innocence  
in her hand  
slides it  
so gently  
into her pocket  
inhales deeply  
smiles  
at the catch  
of the day  
lies down  
in the tall grass  
rolls in her bed  
of green bliss  
and stalks  
the troops of ants  
marching home  
backs heavy  
with life's  
intimate secrets.

*Faleeha*

*Hassan*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States. Faleeha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

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

d.fh88@yahoo.com

## Just a place I care about

In this room filled with death

Taste.....

I savor my window

Bread.....

I eat my wall

Water.....

I drink my book

In this room filled with death

I'm always playing a game

I am alive

## On the bus

On the back seat

She sat close to him

And he was trying to reduce the distance between them

But her bag was there

Made from leather

Filled with papers with a lot of accumulated talk

Her magazines, many different pens ,

Colored pencils, eyeliner, lipsticks, markers

And some addresses of her friends.....

A heavy obstacle near him

The pores of his body yearned for a simple meeting

But for that bag

Infusing the place with heavy worry

## Speed

When the first war ended  
Men proceeded to search  
And during the exhumation  
From under moldy stacks  
They found him  
They said....  
We will return the spirit to his skeleton  
But the whistle screamed  
To announce the next war !  
The pages of History were shaking  
And because speed was required  
  
They sewed his face on the reverse  
Therefore....  
From that moment  
My Dad walked toward the back

*Caroline*  
*Nazareno*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

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

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

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

## Faces Of Pierian Spring

My eyes are dauntless  
Staring on an empty Ferris wheel  
I am sipping the lyrical wind  
Calming my kaleidoscopic emotion  
As if muses from the springs  
Intoxicating my labyrinthine memory.

I am sailing from the mirage of everywhere  
The context of millennial nephesh  
Daydreaming, wandering in your midsummers  
To my world, my home, my joy  
In the flooding rhymes of your heart.

The curtain laces afterimages  
Of that song “vivere e amore”  
Bathing my tongue with fusions of change  
Writing in braille from innermost quench  
Yet, I have to see you withstand  
Eavesdropping crossroads  
Filling in my whys  
As we, the survivors of time  
Will meet in our poetry  
Like nocturnal passion in our day to day  
Explosions of planetary rebellions.

Now, I live in an oceanic silence  
To remember the last stanza  
Of our magical youth  
Etching ephemeral mornings  
Giving all mothers and fathers  
Eyes of our sky, skies to our eyes  
Life to our hearts, hearts to our lives.

**spring's secret lullaby**

waiting for the pearly morn  
cascading with infinite dew drops  
crystalline symphonies on the clouds  
whispering silver charming flames  
a song bird singing merry silhouettes  
in the majestic hours of spring  
with you by my side is a dream  
like secrets lulling mellow chants  
while dancing to life's windmills of chance

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

the one

i am

the single dream

you never expect

to grow

and give back

yourself

a bud of bliss

a shoot of light

a scene of meaning

when you lost

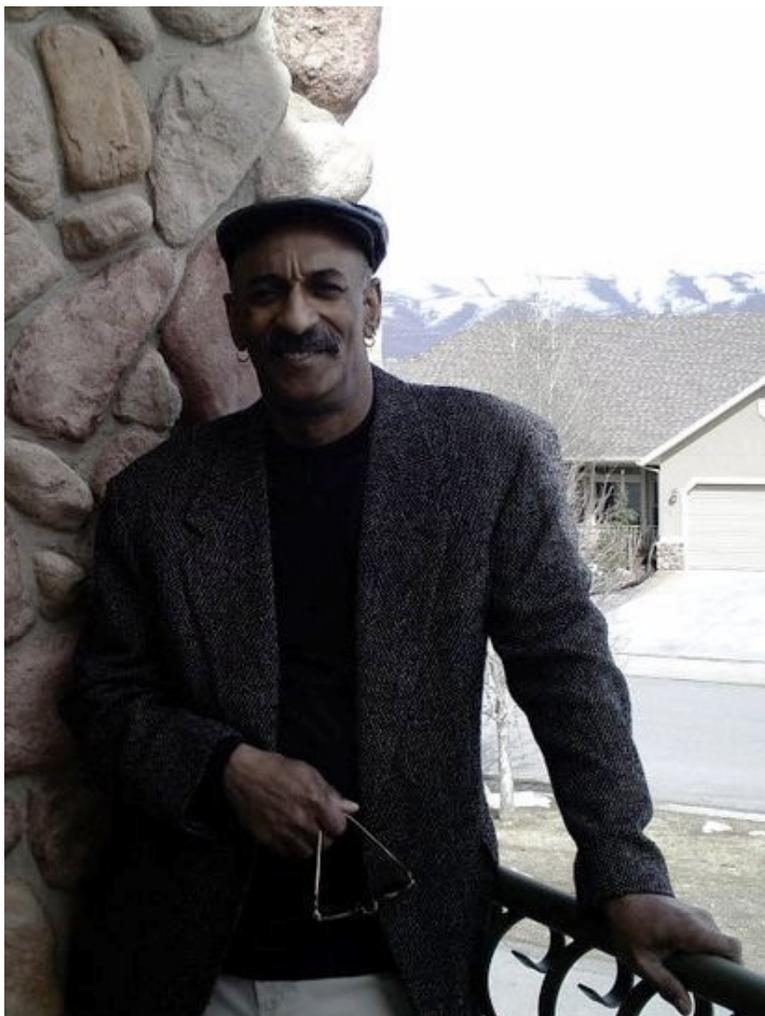
everything.

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

[www.iaminnerchild.com](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site

[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

## 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

in spring love

the lovers of Spring  
and the Spring Lovers  
walk hand in hand  
for they are one.  
they not only hear  
the urges of their heart  
but they submit,  
for that is the way of lovers

as my Father and i,  
we are one  
that encompasses the beauty  
that was . .  
is . . .  
and . . .  
to come.

for in expressions  
there are no lines,  
there is only the horizon  
within the palm of my hand,  
the same horizon . . .  
which holds me  
in Spring love.

## a poem of Spring

spring time butterflies and daffodils  
spilling treasures  
pleasures  
for he who would embrace them  
face them  
taste them  
a gem of life  
to the seer

but many times  
the mud i am stuck in  
blinds me  
and i can not find me  
the higher me  
and i see not

the wind tickles  
teases me  
reminding me  
of times past  
as it seizes me  
to be pleased

and i plead  
to be so again  
removed from this end  
of the tunnel  
so that i can again  
see the light

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

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 thing 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

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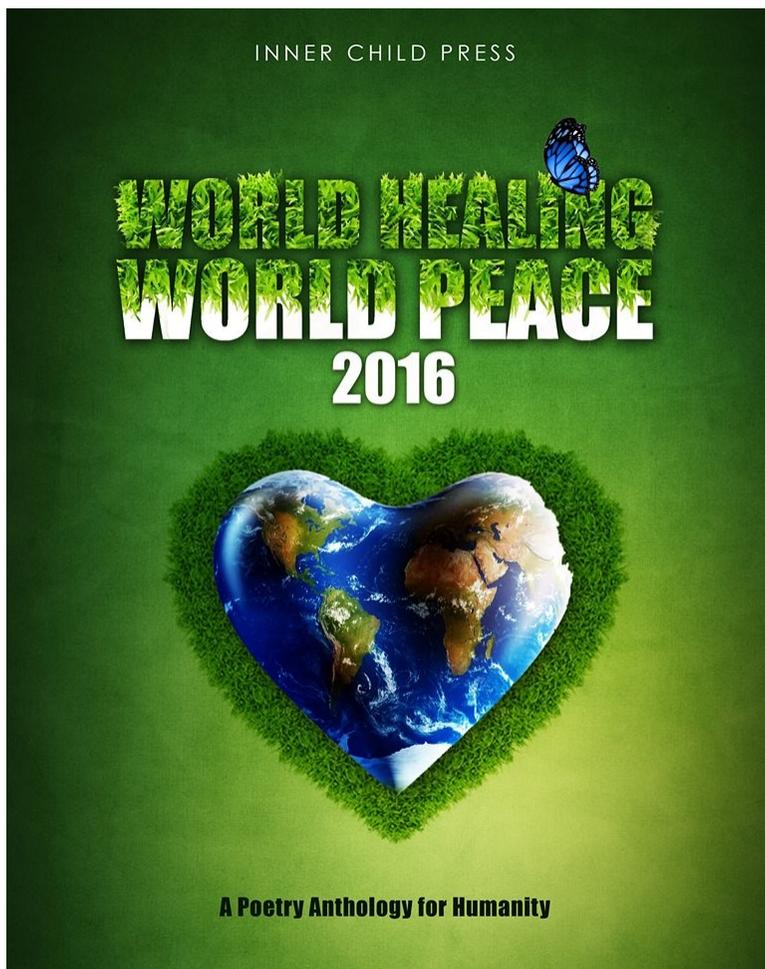
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March  
2017  
Features



Tremell Stevens  
Francisca Ricinski  
Jamil Abu Sbaih

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

*Tremell*

*Stevens*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

Tremell Stevens is a native of Topeka, Kansas. The eldest of 7 siblings; 5 sisters and 2 brothers helped to cultivate his leadership. He moved at the age of 12 and spent his formative years in the city of Newport News, Va. His passion for reading developed as a young middle school student, and later in high school, his endearment for writing Poetry. Some of his favorite Poets include Robert Frost, T.S. Elliot, and Langston Hughes. With over 27 years of writing experience, he has mastered the unique art from that is Poetry. Also, going by the moniker Dat Tru Gemini, will allow the reader to witness the diversity of his prowess.

You can contact this Poet  
by [www.facebook.com/tremellstevens](http://www.facebook.com/tremellstevens)

## Apperception Gifted

I want to pick your brain and consume your thoughts  
Dive into your mind and soak myself in your mental.  
Can I live in the folds of...?  
Take up residency in your contemplation...  
So that I may know all the things that make you smile,  
All the things that don't,  
And what I may do so that you never shed tears as a result  
of my actions

I want to sow seeds of affection in your heart  
Water them with adoration  
And watch it swell with my affinity  
Rooting itself in the possibilities  
Blossoming in the hope of love restored

Allow me to wash myself in your essence  
Let it envelope me and cover me in the purity of you  
Can our spirits mingle...?  
Dance the forbidden dance ...  
So that they may become intertwined  
And I...can be your safe haven equipped with  
understanding  
Giving my consent for you to rest within my integument

Please grant me permission to sit in your presence  
Bask in your glory & become lost in your eyes  
Dwelling just behind your pupils  
Running with visions you own  
Of us being, if only for a moment but would settle into a  
lifetime

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I want to lay with you  
One body pressing up against the other  
Smooth silk skin caressing  
Becoming one being, one flesh  
Taking comfort in one another's embrace  
Drowning in the substance of this

...Drowning in the substance of this...  
Dying in happiness

## Warrior's Song

I fight a war unlike any other  
And yet  
Like all others

I fight...  
Against life  
For life

...How.Ironic...

Armed with mortars of experience  
Tanks of inner strength  
M16s of resilience  
And machetes for close defense

I am more than a soldier  
I am the pinnacle of  
An Army of one  
Before it was a catch phrase

My life is on the line everyday  
Right here in the States  
And I didn't need to enlist  
I was drafted from birth

Battered, beaten and bruised  
That's physical, mental and emotional abuse  
Life's basic training  
I passed with flying colors

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I've dodged bullets of iniquity  
Narrowly escaped explosions of defeat  
I've hidden in the brush right under the enemy's nose  
And saved wounded comrades simply because I couldn't  
live with their "death" weighing on me

I.Am.A.Survivor  
And no man gets left behind  
I ignore my own pain  
So that I can help save another's life

I receive no recognition for this  
No Medals of Valor nor Purple Hearts  
Not even a Fidelity Medallion has been given me  
Hell, I have more stripes than a general but remain a PFC

A warrior is what I am  
I attack Life with great aggression and vigor  
My courage keeps me standing  
And shortcomings have made me bitter

I do what I must  
Not what I am told  
A mercenary of sorts  
A Leader all my own

This is my war cry  
My Warrior's Song  
And I fight to defeat and sustain life  
Until I am called back home

## Poetry's Child

I was developed in a womb of Balladry  
Sustained for 9 months with love and Blank Verse  
Brought into this world as an Epigram  
And breathed in Lyrics my first breath on this Earth

I am the Haiku that swallowed Couplets  
The Idyll that devours Stanzas  
Was breast fed Litotes  
And spooned different processed Caesuras

I lay in rest in Sonnets  
Learned to walk in Odes  
Ran through Narrative Epics  
Now I drive Meters and miles of Tropes

My thoughts matured to Similies  
And my speech to Versification  
I inherited Poetry's Metaphors  
I am her Personification

My Accent Stresses Anapest  
I read and write Alliteration  
Scansion is my logical analysis  
And I chop up Consonance in conversation

I graduated from Classicisms  
Went on to study Synecdoche  
I worked for Senryu  
And I majored in Hyperboles

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If you open me up today  
You'd find Ink pulses through my veins  
If you could dissect my thoughts  
You'd find I'm much deeper than Quatrains

I am Poetry's Enjambment  
My genetic make is her every Limerick and Metonymy  
I am her seed of Conceit  
Even in death, I am her Elegy

I am Poetry's Child  
Her Rhyme, Romanticisms and Refrain  
She felt she had reached her Envoy  
So she had me, one of many, to continue on with her name

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

*Francisca*  
*Ricinski*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

Studies of Romance and the classics at the University of Bukarest, of theology in Würzburg/Germany. Highschool teacher for French and Latin in Constanta at the Black Sea. 1980 – emigration with her daughter to Western Germany. 1985-2003 employed with the German Bundestag, Bonn.

Journalist, photographer and translator. Wrote volumes of lyrics, children's books, theatre plays, short prose, screenplays for animated films and song texts. Romanian prizes for literature. Member of the Association of German Authors and of the PEN. 2001 – scholarship by the Federal Association of Authors/ Foreign Office. 2003 – first performance of “The Stilts”, theatre “Luceafarul”, Iasi/Romania. 2005 – theatre prize. Convorbiri literare, Iasi. Co-editor of the german literary magazine “Dichtungsring”, Bonn. Editorial work for the Romanian cultural magazine “Antiteze”. Leading editor of the literary magazine “Matrix”, Ludwigsburg/Germany.

Yes, I have seen my words.

How those former kings are wandering around begging,  
freezing under the concrete bridge.

And I have shaken them, skinned them, chopped them,  
fed the wagtails with them.

I left the whole breed of a poem, love letters from another  
planet rotting in the swamp, broke into the libraries of this  
world at night and interchanged the pages of books there,  
mixed up names and sentences: Punch was not dead any  
longer, hell's bells, and the clever snake now named herself  
philosopher, Don Quijote was victorious at Trafalgar  
Square and Mother Courage changed into a courtesan.

Some other time I piled up angels and saints in front of the  
heaven's stage and I sold everything for three pence at a  
fair.

I mixed a rain-wind-sun-snow cocktail from dictionaries  
just like that and drank it until I changed into a person  
upside down.

From all times only the knees of this confessional hour  
have survived my scream.

Yes, I know, there is no absolution for my word sins.

Unless the words themselves absolve me.

## My name

At night I am getting smooth.

My rage rests in the corner like a fallen crutch.

At night I become a child. A frog leads me to  
the edge of fairy tales. At night the sea floods me.

Vineyards penetrate me. At night I have time enough  
for heaven.

At night my name is Maria.

## Self Diagnosis

I will tell you something haven't been an ellipse for a long time and a tent neither on four tortoise backs an intact something no I am not drunk only a shatter in my brain

These two legs only keep me upright only in summer in order to get to my elderberry head to pick the berries the heart is no longer on the left this stumbling ticking comes from the trouser pockets

Do you also hear this tongue bomb and all the organs torn out of the waltz rhythm Glass bowels and sea lung and flat heart the solar eclipse eye my fish mouth eats polar bears the skin angels burn. poet flesh is walked from slaughterhouse to slaughterhouse

Only the mortal lecherous muscle has nothing and knows nothing about the others it laughs and wriggles fills with air what does it know about the apocalypse.

*Lamis  
Abu  
Shah*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

Jamil Abu Sbaih is a Jordanian Arab poet who was active in the cultural arena in the Arab region and France. Recently he has returned to Jordan, where he actively participates in the cultural movement. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association (JWA), General Union of Arab Writers, Arab Poetry House, Jordanian Poetry House, and other Arab cultural and literary institutions. He is head of the High Commission of Zarka International Poetry Festival. He has practiced cultural media work, particularly in the Arab states of the Gulf. He has published nine poetry collections, and co-authored a few works of poetry and criticism. He also has a number of unpublished works. He has participated in several Arabic poetry festivals and forums.

Abu Sibaih's poetic achievement has been acknowledged by many critics, particularly his role in the development of modern Arabic poetry, free verse, and the prose poem. His poetic experience has been studied by many critics, and he has been interviewed by numerous literary journals.

Ab Subaih is currently working on his project of prose poem "Narratives."

## The Narrative of the Night Train

In the night train  
the train rushing like a fast tortoise  
from the farthest south  
after eight in the evening  
to the farthest north  
where windows are without glass  
and curtains are the daughters of the wind  
four friends  
are riding the horses of poetry in the back seats  
and playing with the hair of distances  
The night is a herd of black cats  
running beyond the windows  
drowsiness is sowing its algae on the eyelids  
No one was there save that old one  
Humbaba's son  
sharpening his tongue with his insolent words  
He laughs a little  
and slips his laughs inside our shirts  
We laugh a lot  
and take the night off our back seats  
The train is a fast tortoise  
running in the wilds of the night  
from Le Jardin eChebbi  
to Avenue Habib Bourguiba  
I was stretching out on the seat  
playing with the hair of the night  
my finger tips on the paper of poems  
the poems jumping on the back seats  
and picked up by an Andalusian knight  
with a Moroccan accent  
and the grandeur of the Pyrenees  
passing through the night with a wild horse  
dragging the poetess of the night train  
dragging her lightly like a butterfly

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to a wave dancing on the back of the horse

Clouds were creeping towards the rays of the seats lights  
No moon to shine  
no mountains staying awake behind the windows  
no trees  
nothing save a herd of black cats  
running on both sides of the tortoise  
The butterfly was smiling  
She was beautiful  
She didn't fling her flower on the train railway  
She got ready to jump in the sea of the night  
She put on her poetical dress  
and held the stem of her rose  
She set a luminous crown of words  
but she did not write a poem  
nor scattered her butterflies in the space of the train  
she laid her hands on her eyes  
and fell asleep...  
the daughter of Uruk  
The train is howling  
the black cats tearing the flesh of the train  
and the meowing of the herd of cats  
stitching on the railroad tracks  
Our eyes wilt slightly  
flying to a lighted house underlooking the stars  
on a clear night  
a house on a single island  
a house that can put up the entire family  
from water to water  
and the night train  
the train running like a fast tortoise  
crosses toward dawn  
towards five-thirty in the morning

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Narrative ... I'm Not Crying

I'm not crying  
but my tears are flowing  
I put my hand on my forehead  
I hide my face  
I hide it from the walls of the house  
from the grass growing on them  
from the fingertips of my ancestors setting stones  
from their sweat drops falling on the dirt  
from their wedding parties in the house yard  
from the robin bird standing on the wreckage of walls  
from the furniture and toys under the rubble  
I hide it from the stones of the house  
And I'm not crying  
but my tears are flowing  
a big bulldozer came  
a bulldozer and infantry soldiers  
weapons and personnel carriers  
and I am alone  
My eye is so wide, the size of the bulldozer  
with a swelling tear  
My child is under the rubble  
My little daughter is wiping blood off her forehead  
And my wife  
I do not know where my wife is  
A braid covered with dust  
The remains of a napkin  
fluttering on a stone  
I was alone  
My tear is swelling  
but I am not crying

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Bullets are barking in the air  
The soldiers are tense  
A bulldozer, the size of a house  
Walls crumble  
and the grass growing there  
The fingertips of my ancestors  
are leaping to an adjacent piece of land  
A canary bird is watching from a nearby tree  
A bouquet of flowers at the end of the home garden  
is still in bloom  
The sun is a martyr under the wall  
His light is sick  
And I'm not crying  
but my tears are flowing  
I will spread a big flag on the rubble  
and carry the house key on my shoulder  
A dove is fluttering on my forehead  
and the leaves of the fig tree are flying through the rubble  
The wind is light  
holding his guitar and playing  
and bullets are barking in the wind  
Armored personnel carriers  
howl  
And I'm not crying  
but my tears are flowing  
On my shoulder a flock of children  
are flying their kites in the wind  
I stand on the threshold of the house  
I pull the wind's guitar  
and play for the rubble  
One child dismounts from my shoulders  
clenches his fists  
clenches them firmly

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and throws them up in space  
A heavily armed soldier yells:  
Stop  
A light wind blows  
The child stares at the soldier's face  
then wraps himself in his flag  
This flag is loose  
fluttering in the wind  
He shouts:  
Today is yours  
Mine is tomorrow  
And I am...?  
I'm not crying  
but my tears are flowing

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## The Narrative Of A Flute

The world is a flute  
and my heart is a blue...  
butterfly  
The blue butterfly  
is a flutist  
the butterfly has flown  
in a blue clear  
sky  
fluttering  
A nymph with blue wings  
is holding the butterfly's hand  
and the sky is music  
playing  
Is my heart playing music?  
My heart is a butterfly  
with blue glittering  
wings  
and translucent fingers  
Her standing hair  
is blue horses  
chasing the wind  
Her flying crests  
are playing the flute  
and the flute is a woman  
a nymph with translucent fingers  
whose lips are a blue rose  
setting the flute on fire

The sky is music  
and the world is... a flute

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ March 2017*

<sup>1</sup> **Humbaba** in the Sumerian Epic of Gilgamesh, is a great demon. He is the Guardian of the Cedar Forest.

<sup>1</sup> **Le Jardin eCheddi**, or the Chebbi Garden, is building in Tozeur, the south of Tunisia, constructed in honor of the Tunisian poet Aboul-Qacem Echebbi (1909 – 1939). Housing the poet's sepulture, the place is used for poetry festivals and activities.

<sup>1</sup> **Avenue Habib Bourguiba** is the central thoroughfare of Tunis, the capital of Tunisia.

<sup>1</sup> **The Pyrenees** is a range of mountains in southwest Europe that forms a natural border between France and Spain.

<sup>1</sup> **Uruk** was an ancient city of Sumer and later Babylonia, situated east of the present bed of the Euphrates river in Iraq.

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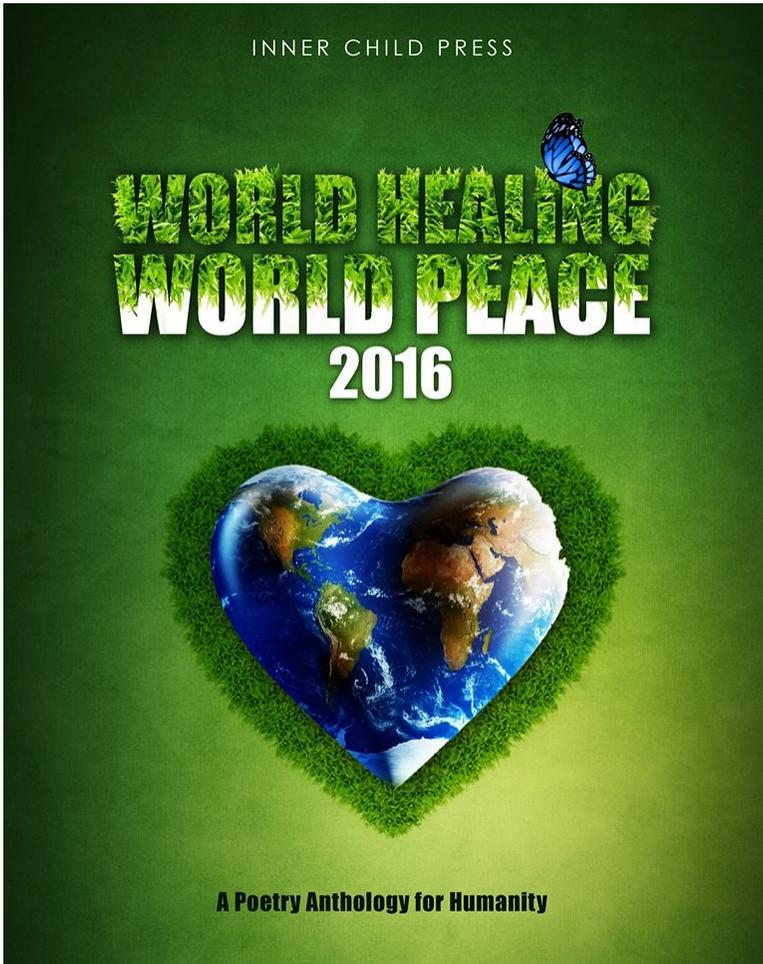
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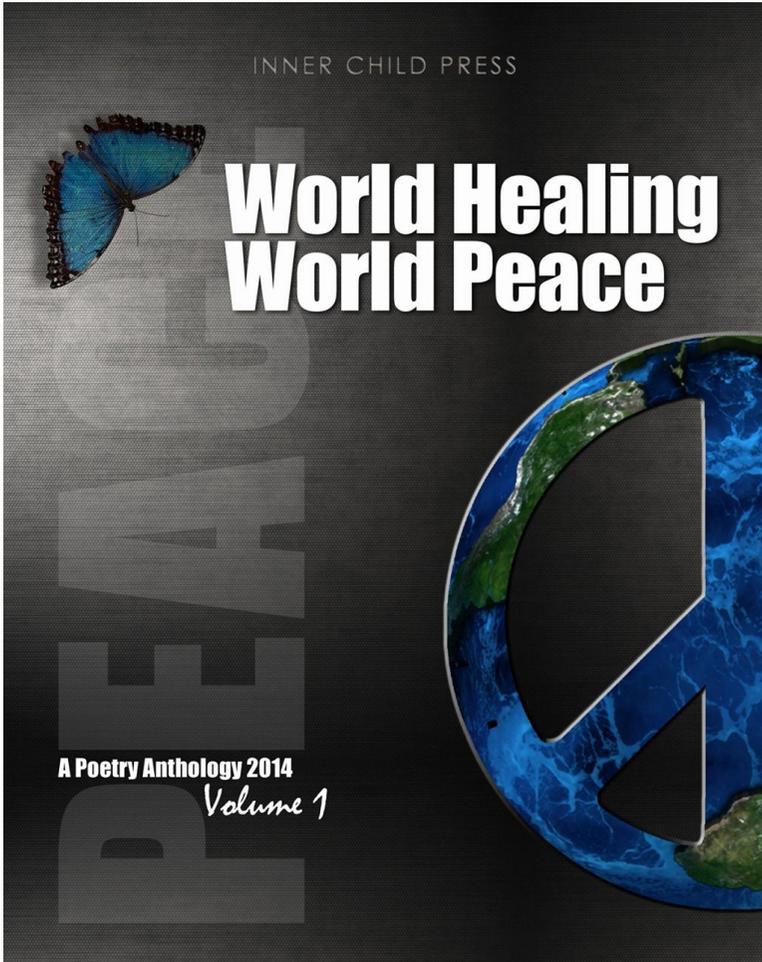
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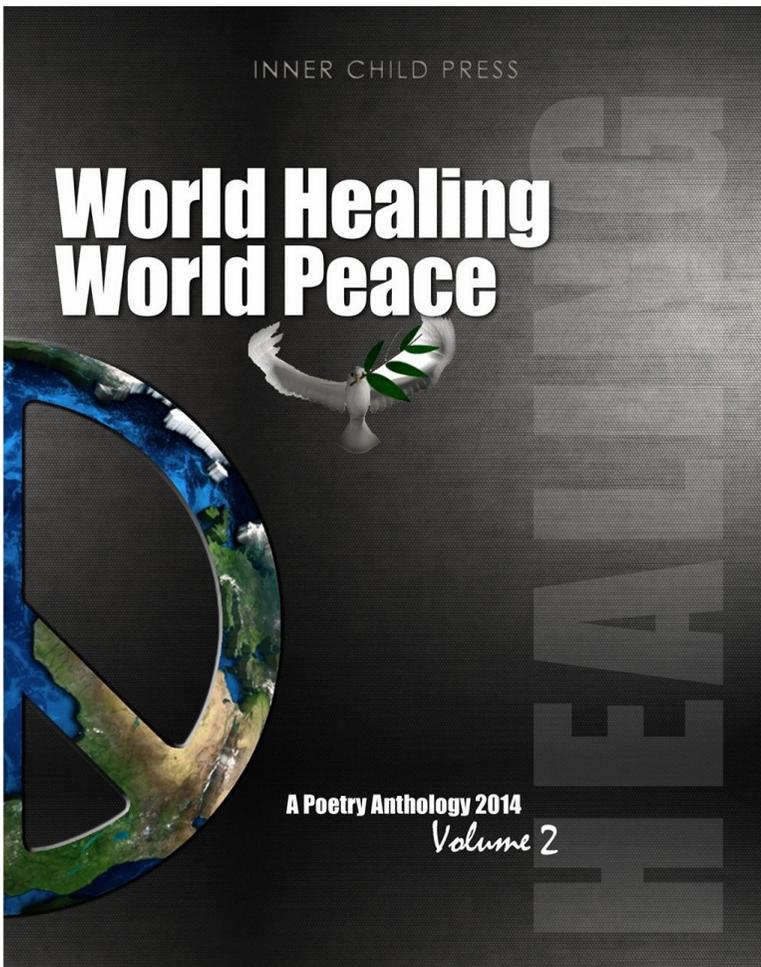
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

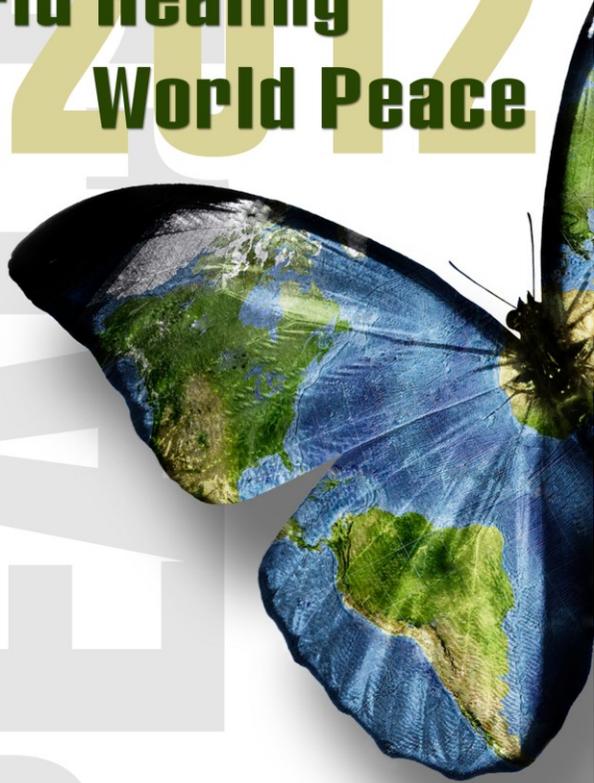


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*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

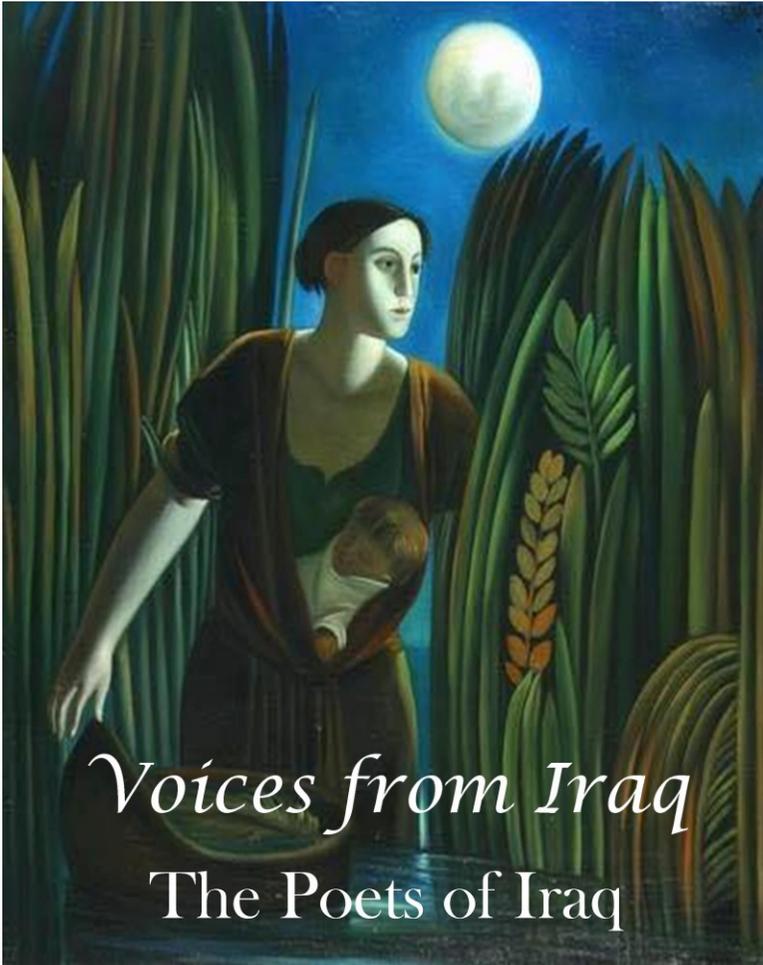
**2012**  
**World Healing**  
**World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 2*

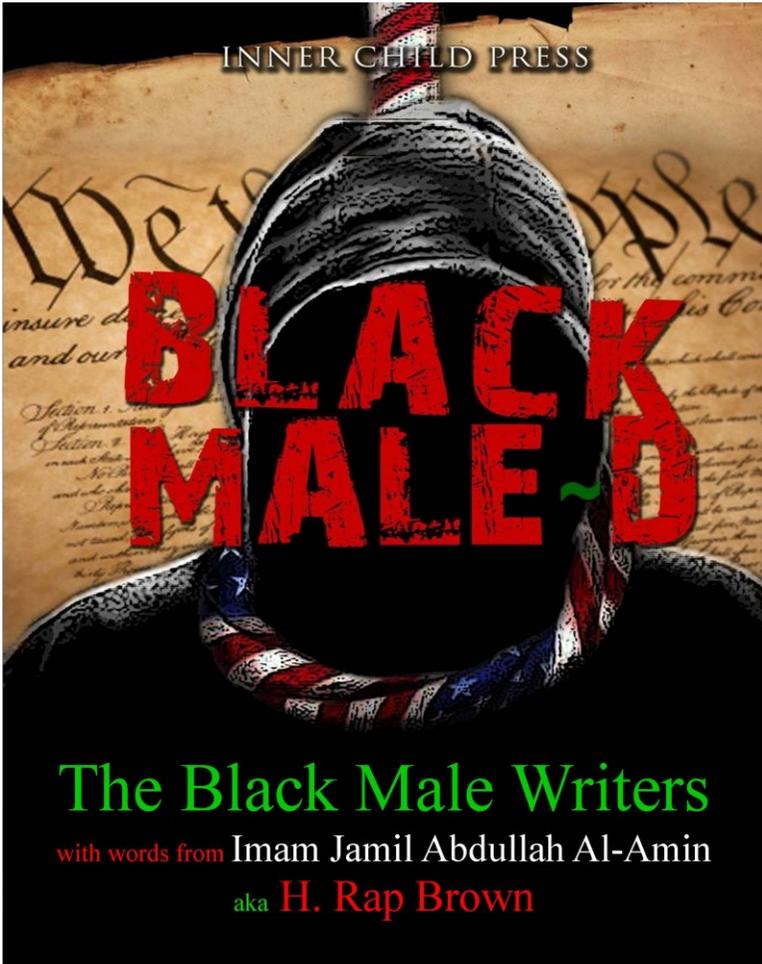


*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



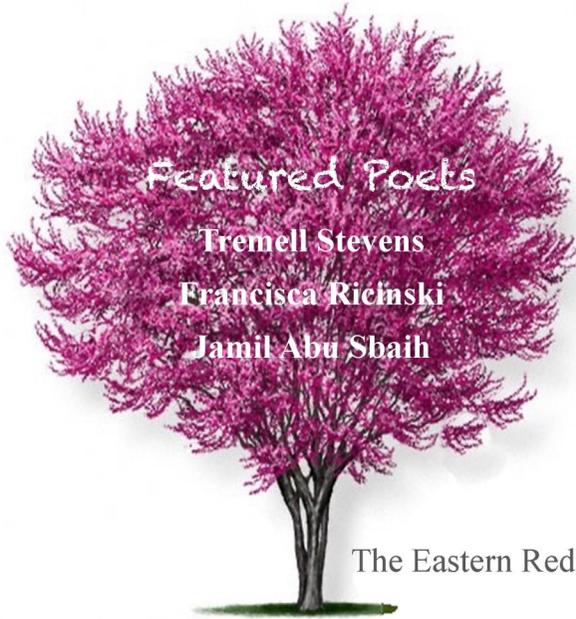
*Voices from Iraq*  
The Poets of Iraq

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



## The Year of the Poet IV

March 2017



Featured Poets

Tremell Stevens

Francisca Ricinski

Jamil Abu Sbaih

The Eastern Redbud

## The Poetry Posse 2017

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

# The Year of the Poet IV

February 2017



Featured Poets

Lin Ross

Soukaina Falhi

Anwer Ghani

Witch Hazel!

The Poetry Posse 2017

Copyright © Robert O'Brien

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



The Year of the Poet IV  
January 2017

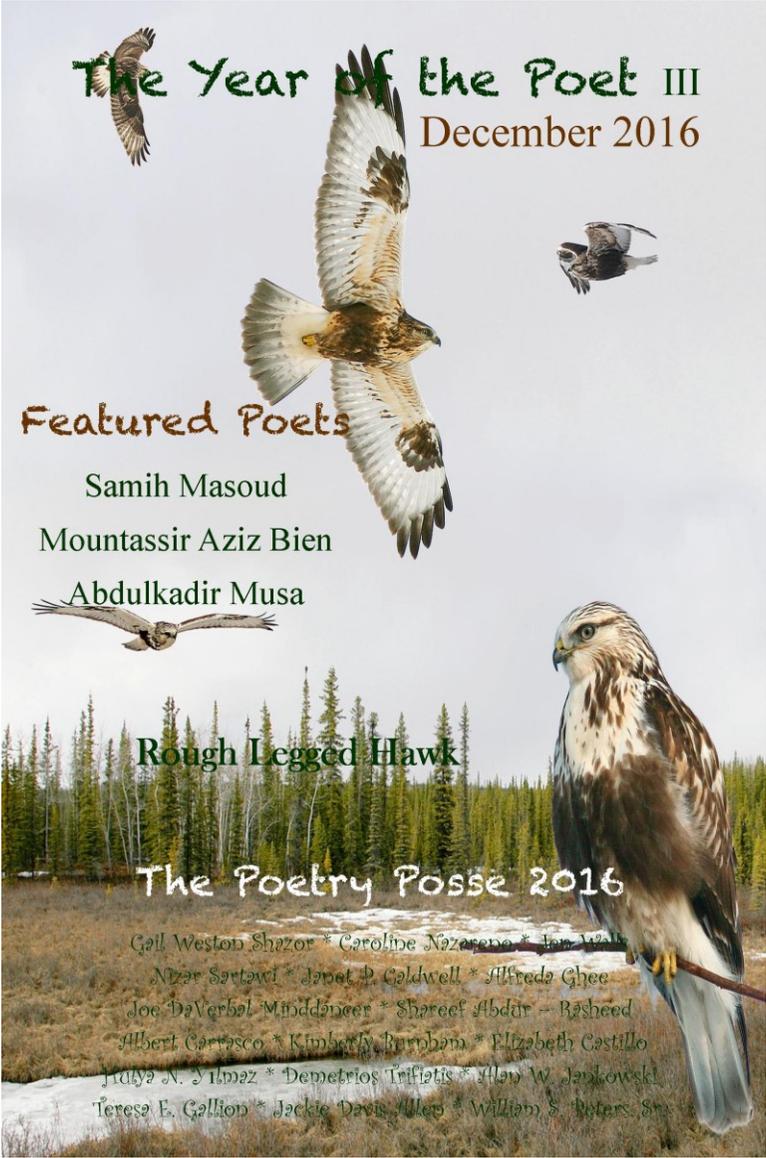
Featured Poets

Jon Winell  
Natalie Shields  
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bisway Mohanty  
Nizar Sartawi \* Anna Jakubczak Val Betty Adalan \* Jen Walls  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faaleha Hassan \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III  
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud

Mountassir Aziz Bien

Abdulkadir Musa

Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shezor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jan Wolk  
Nzar Sartawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghee  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burgham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Julya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III

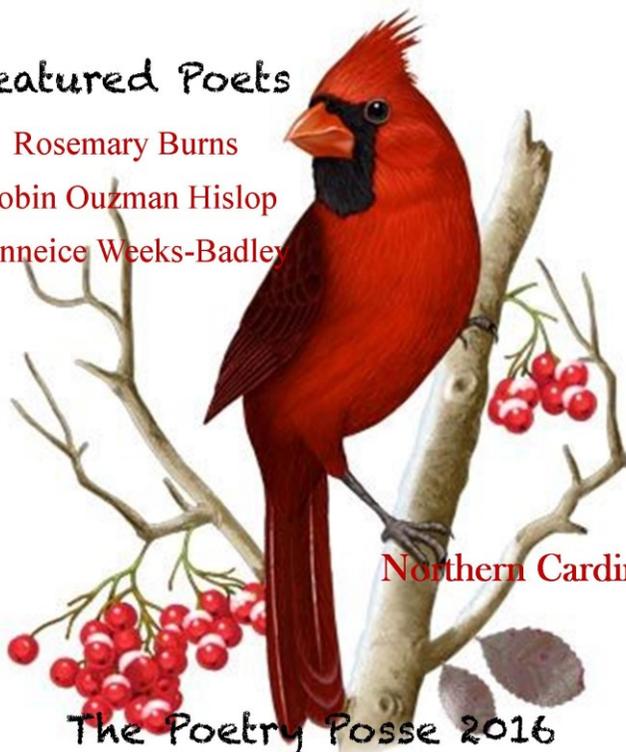
November 2016

### Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonnice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Wells

Nizar Sertawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfreda Ghee

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo

Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatis \* Alan W. Jankowski

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

The Year of the Poet III  
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph

Usha Krishnamurthy R

James Moore

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III  
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber  
Abhijit Sen  
Eunice Barbara C. Novio



Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer \* Jen Wells  
Nizar Sertawi \* Janet D. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghee  
Anna Jakubczak Val Ratty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiotis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash  
Irena Jovanovic  
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



The Year of the Poet III  
July 2016

Featured Poets

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'  
Langley Shazor  
Jody Doty  
Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfredo Ghee  
Nizar Sertawi \* Keith Allen Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakabczak Vel. Patty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White \* Jen Walls  
Hülya N. Dilmaz \* Demetrios Trifistos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III  
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

# *The Year of the Poet* III

## Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalas

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White

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

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

*celebrating international poetry month*

# The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

## Featured Poets

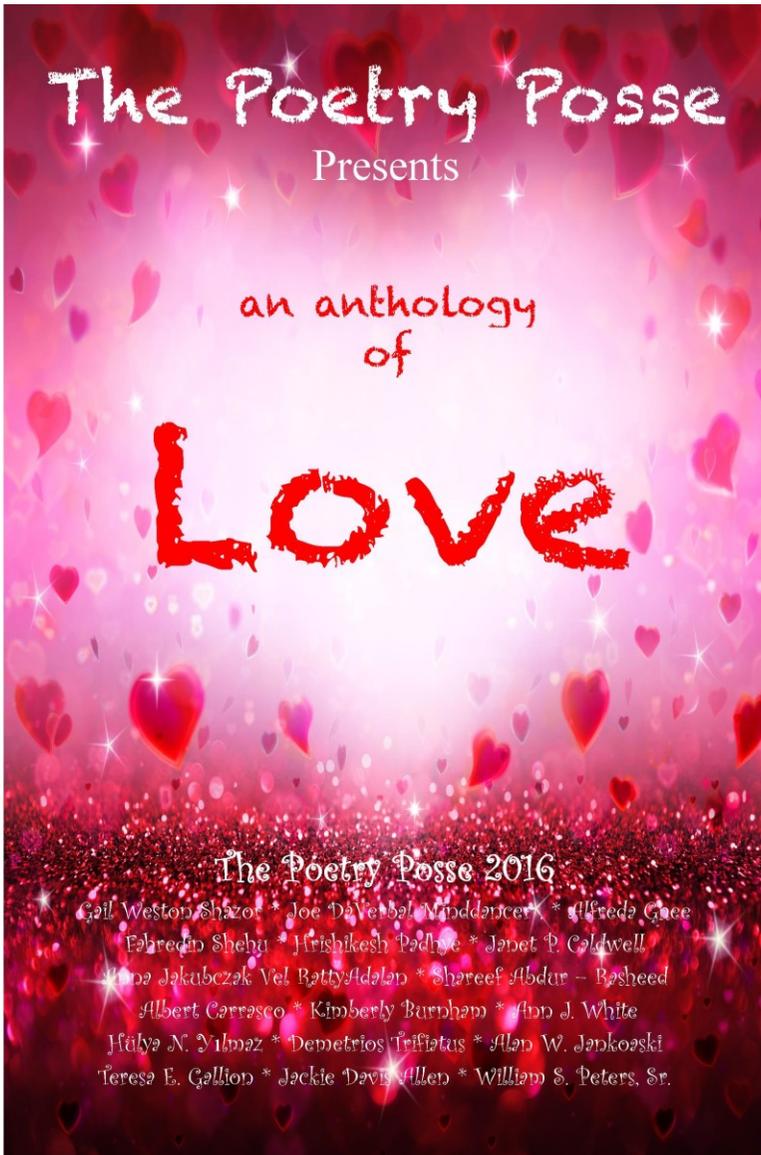
Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

# Robin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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



# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

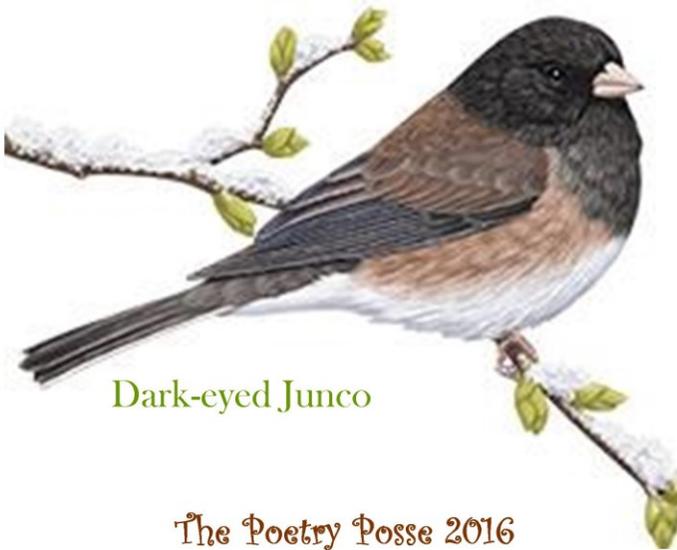
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Jirishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Jfalya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

## Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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

## The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II  
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

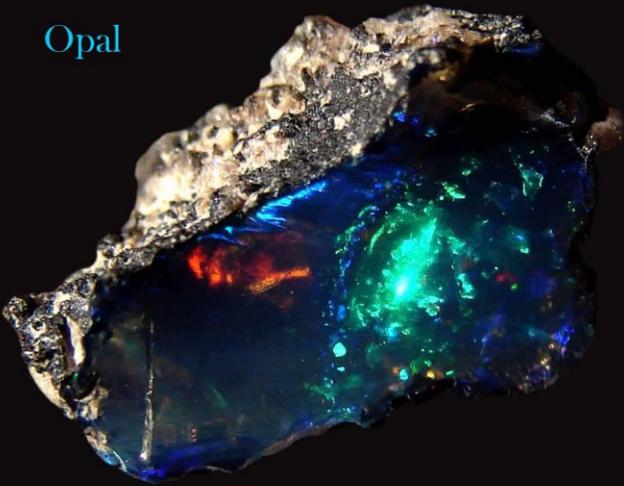
# *The Year of the Poet II*

October 2015

## Featured Poets

Monte Smith \* Laura J. Wolfe \* William Washington

Opal



## *The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* 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 Shelu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

### Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Hemminger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

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 Shelu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



*The Poetry Posse*

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

*January Feature Poets*

Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

*The Poetry Passé*

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt \* WrittenInPain \* Santos Taino \* Justice Clarke

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond \* Gill 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

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *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.

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raşendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## The Poetry Posse

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

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passe*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert "Infinite" Carrasco  
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



*Love & Relationship*

*Rose*

## *June's Featured Poets*

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

## *The Poetry posse*

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

## 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.

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hũlya yılmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## The Poetry Posse

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

## Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

# The Year of the Poet

## January 2014



*Carnation*

### The Poetry Posse

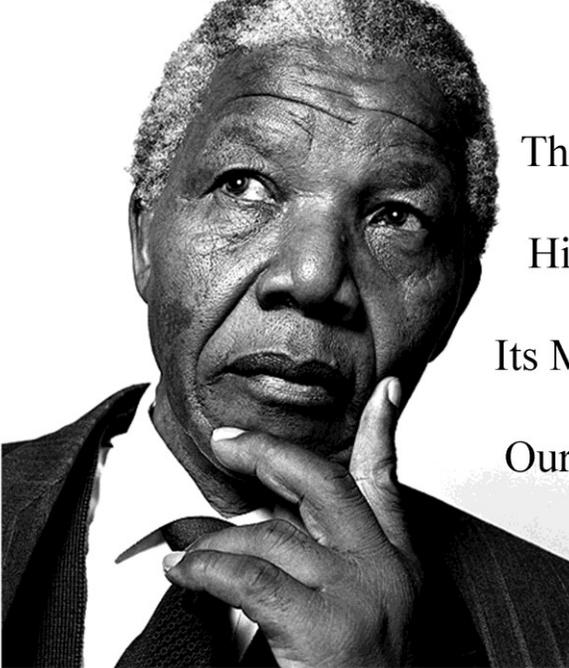
**Jamie Bond**  
**Gail Weston Shazor**  
**Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco**  
**Siddartha Beth Pierce**  
**Janet P. Caldwell**  
**June 'Bugg' Barefield**  
**Debbie M. Allen**  
**Tony Henninger**  
**Joe DaVerbal Minddancer**  
**Robert Gibbons**  
**Neetu Wali**  
**Shareef Abdur-Rasheed**  
**William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

### *Our January Feature*

**Terri L. Johnson**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# A GATHERING OF WORDS



**POETRY & COMMENTARY**  
FOR

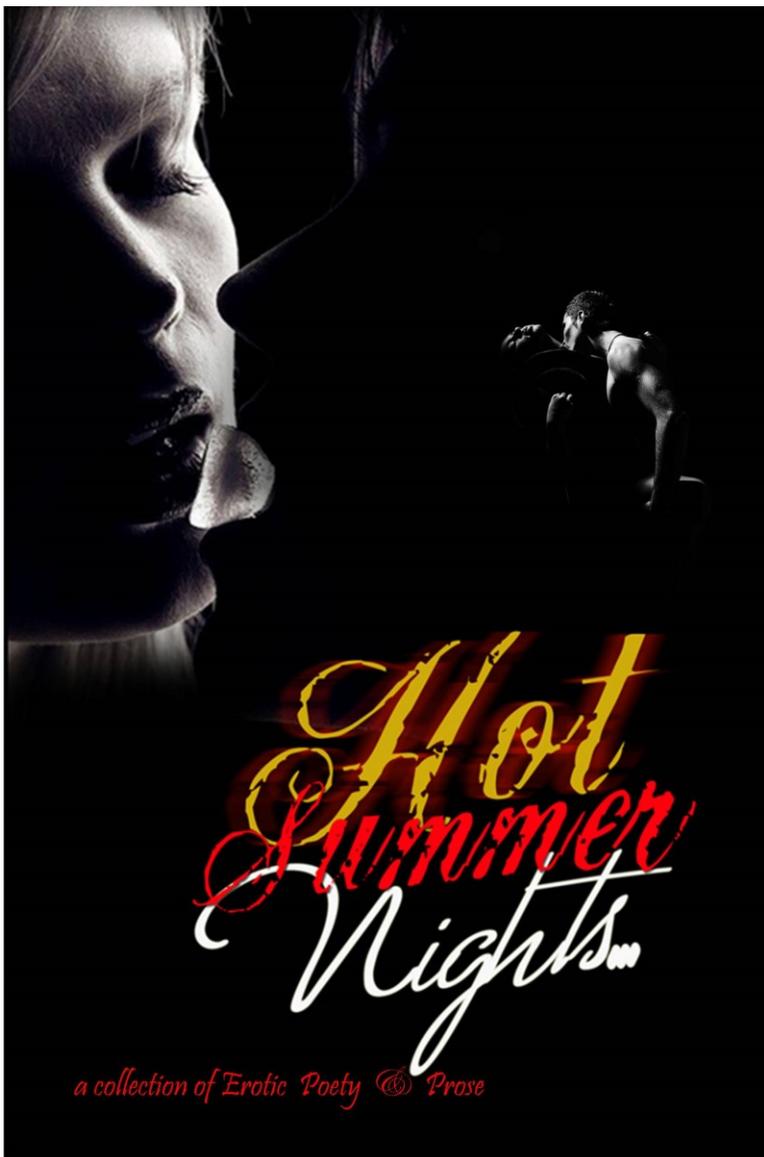
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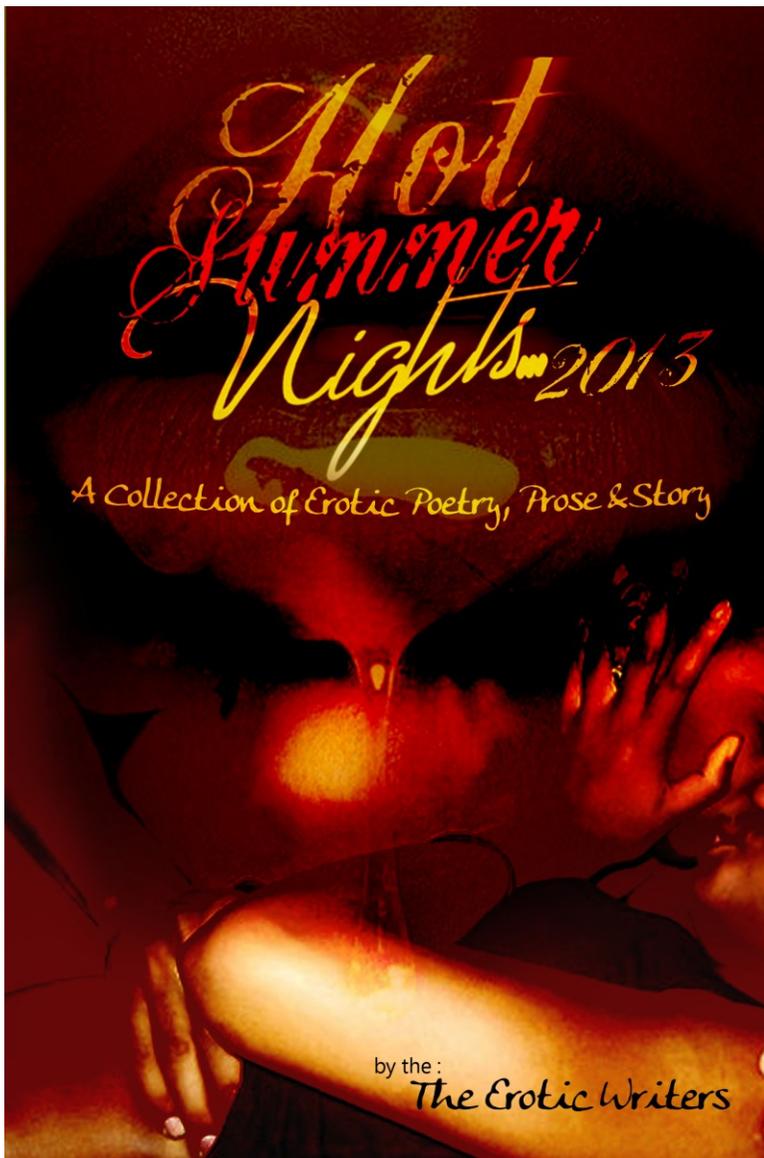
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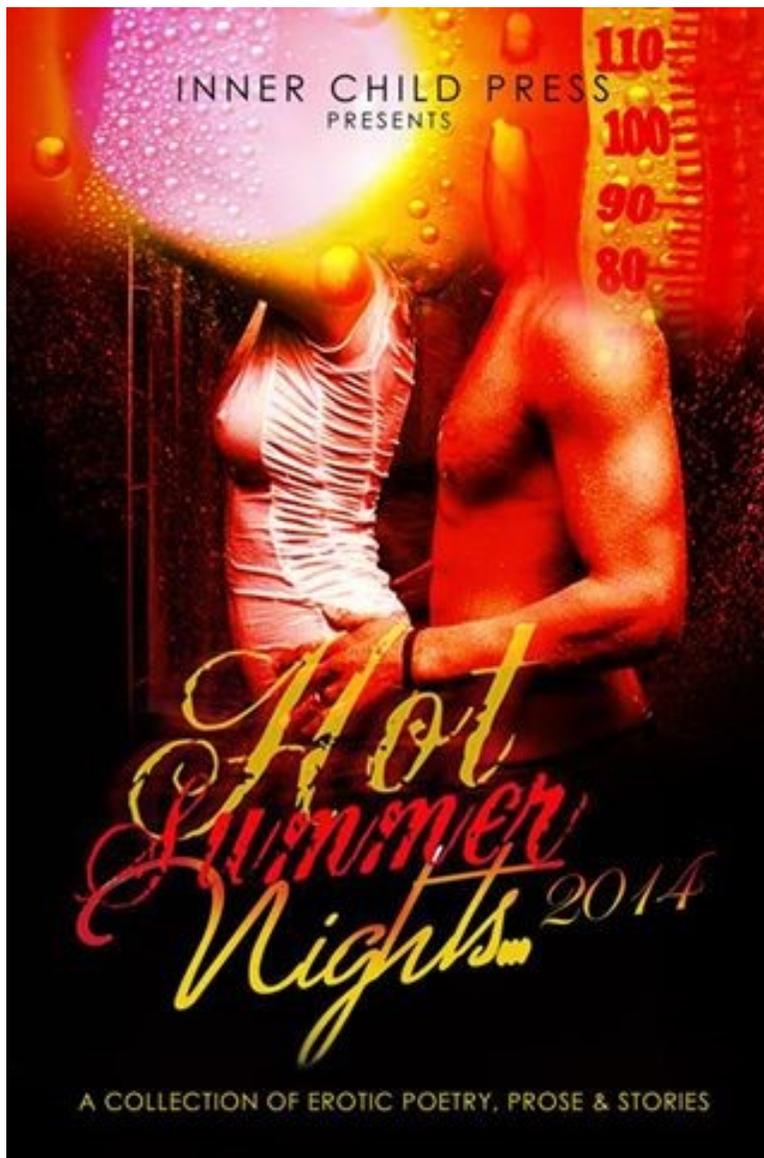
*healing through words*



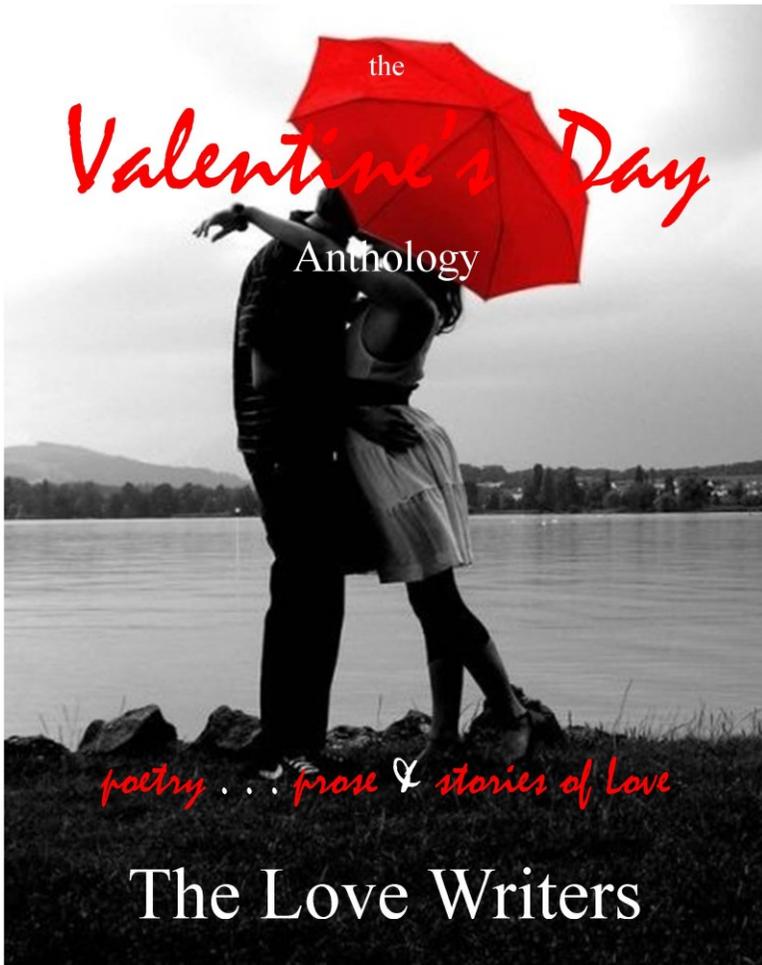
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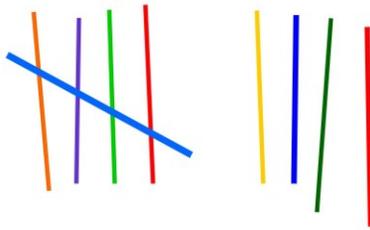
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( 9 lines . . . )

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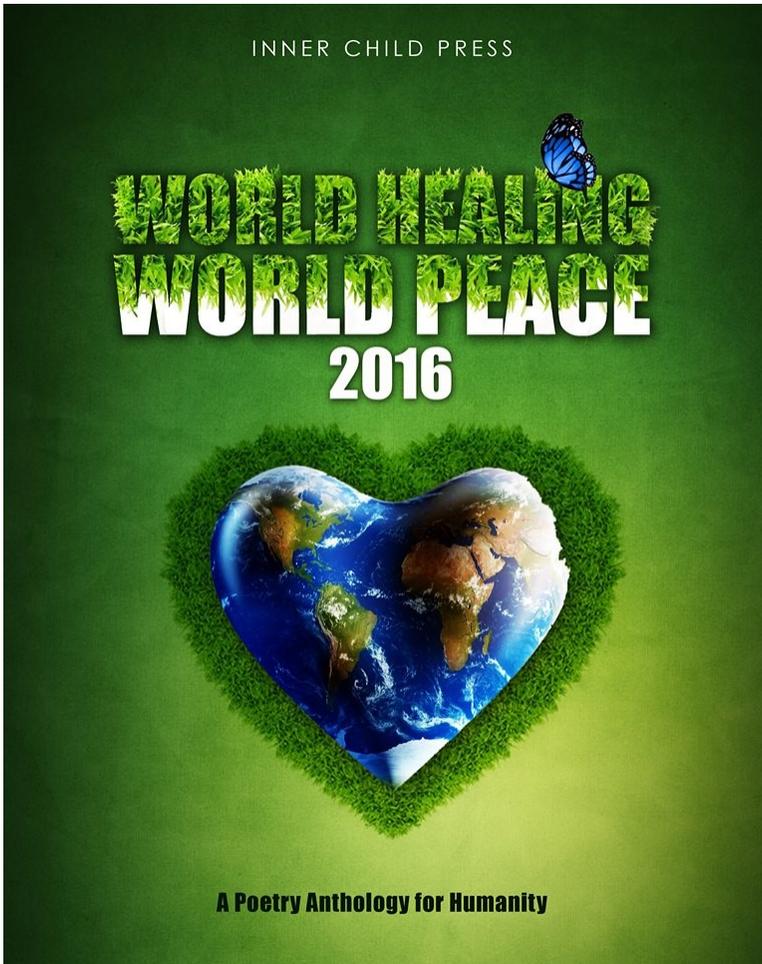
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