

# The Year of the Poet V

March 2018

## Featured Poets

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'  
Cassandra Swan  
Jaleel Khazaal  
Shazia Zaman



## The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sattawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion  
Faleeha Hassan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Passe 2018*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Teresa E. Gallion

hülya n. yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Tzemin Ition Tsai

Elizabeth Castillo

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William S. Peters, Sr.

# **General Information**

## **The Year of the Poet IV March 2018 Edition**

### **The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2018**

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WHAT WOULD  
LIFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

*Janet Perkins Caldwell*

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

*Alan W. Jankowski*

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

# Foreword

Following its inception in 2014 as a monthly publication, *The Year of the Poet* has been offering its steadily expanding national and international readership a source of reference for numerous components of life on Earth. Each month's object of focus –living or inanimate, is explored, examined and introduced for the first time in the history of this anthology by the Poetry Posse – ICP's monthly contributing poet-collective. Past years' issues have diligently highlighted new insights into various families of flowers, birds, gem stones and trees of the globe. As for the year of 2018, the anthology has been conceived and envisioned as a platform on which civilizations of the past and present are being studied and represented through poetry: To better serve the existing knowledge and awareness of our own poet-collective, our monthly guest poets and our dedicated readers; on a larger scale, then, to bring about or increase already-present consciousness amid humanity at large.

Every writer contributing to *The Year of the Poet V-2018* –as a “regular” or featured poet, composes three poems for submission. At least one of those submitted must be on the civilization designated for the given month. This March-issue marks only our third collective presentation of poetry created in the new year. Yet, the information shared in the

anthology's "Preface" alone –accompanied by a text on the corresponding historical background at times, suffices to help a reader engage actively with all or some of the core aspects of the featured civilization. The poems, then, enhance –with a hope to also enrich, the readers' almost first-hand experience of the representational discourse spread ahead.

Some poems appear in titles that immediately reveal the poet's intent as to which particular civilization is the month's focal subject, such as the following from the book's January 2018 issue: "Rendering Homage to Aksum"; "Meditate in the Foothills of Adwa"; "Searching for Peace in Aksum", "Ezana", "Aksum Litany" and "The Aksum Light". As a co-contributor, one is given the chance to navigate with ease to the poetic servings of cultural representations. In the same issue of the anthology, though, another kind of mind-sating spread is also available. Its trays of information are in hiding –not title-apparent, that is, including: "Who Melted the Transparent Pearl?"; "reflect . . ."; "The Rain Smells of War"; "A Wreckless Life"; "Rainy Sonata" and "When Words Escape".

Sabaeans or Sabeans had become our concentration point toward our poetry compositions for the anthology's February 2018 issue. Once again, some of us reveled in the fact that our poems' titles stressed right up front which

civilization we were writing on, while others among us opted to keep every reader at suspense. This time, I am listing titles without any footnote inserted on my part: “A Love Story?”; “After the Proverbs”; “Guidance”; “Kinzeraba, the Holy Treasure”; “The Sabean Queen’s Immortal Love”; “Sabean, the Stuff of Legends”; “The Rain Smells of War” and “H- and S-Languages”.

Is there a point that I am trying to make here?

Yes.

Without having to get into an in-depth discussion of my co-contributors’ poems, all of which I have selected by pure random paging through the books in question.

My intent all along has been a modest one: To exemplify for you, dear reader, how each one of us –the ICP poet-collective, our fondly called the “Poetry Posse Family”, or a monthly guest poet, has totally different preferences and approaches to our own poem’s presentation and representation. The diversity apparent in the process of our external identification of our poems alone is underlined in the hope to display the multi-componential body of poets we, in reality, are. Even under the same wings of our publishing home, the incomparable ICP.

When we work together, however, any individually-defining or isolating line has no choice in us, with us, among us to simply disappear. The fact that *The Year of the Poet* –with its steadily successful past, has entered its fifth year in a row, another strong year with an innovative approach to poetry creation speaks for the uniquely strong human ties we stand for behind the scenes. For our own human-ness. For humanity at large. In our efforts to live with and through our passion of creating the poetic art form. In order to share a precious gift; namely, that of “Building Cultural Bridges” we, ICP’s Poetry Posse Family, have been fortunate enough to live in the last four years and continue to personally experience in its fifth year.

**hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.**

Liberal Arts Professor, Penn State

Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press

# Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Am I excited ? That is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the third month of our fifth year of publication, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after *Cultures* of past and present. In each month's volume you will have the

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

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

Enjoy our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

*Building Cultural Bridges*

Bless Up

From our house to yours

*Bill*

The Poetry Posse  
Inner Child Press

DS

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

Available here

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

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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The Year of the Poet**

[www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet)



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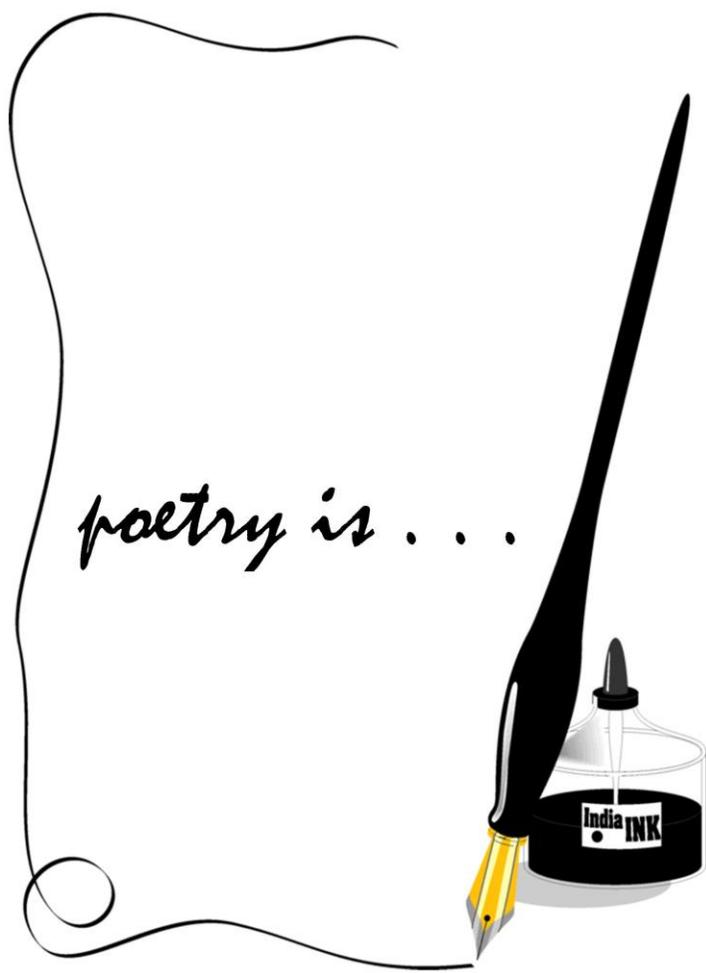
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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





# Countries of Central America and the Caribbean by Area



by **Amanda Briney**

Central America is a region at the center of the two of the American continents. It fully lies in a tropical climate and has savanna, rainforest, and mountainous regions. Geographically, it represents the southernmost part of the North American continent and it contains an isthmus that connects North America to South America. Panama is the border between the two continents. At its narrowest point, the isthmus stretches only 30 miles (50 km) wide.

The mainland portion of the region consists of seven different countries, but 13 nations in the Caribbean are also normally counted as a part of Central America. Central America shares borders with Mexico to the north, the Pacific Ocean to the west, Colombia to the south and the Caribbean Sea to the east. The region is considered part of the developing world, which means it has issues in poverty, education, transportation, communications, infrastructure, and/or access to health care for its residents.

The following is a list of the countries of Central America and the Caribbean arranged by area. For reference the countries on the mainland portion of Central America are marked with an asterisk (\*). The 2017 population estimates and capitals of each country have also been included. All information was obtained from the CIA World Factbook.

## **Central America and the Caribbean Countries**

### **Nicaragua**

Area: 50,336 square miles (130,370 sq km)

Population: 6,025,951

Capital: Managua

### **Honduras**

Area: 43,278 square miles (112,090 sq km)

Population: 9,038,741

Capital: Tegucigalpa

### **Cuba**

Area: 42,803 square miles (110,860 sq km)

Population: 11,147,407

Capital: Havana

### **Guatemala**

Area: 42,042 square miles (108,889 sq km)

Population: 15,460,732

Capital: Guatemala City

### **Panama**

Area: 29,119 square miles (75,420 sq km)

Population: 3,753,142

Capital: Panama City

### **Costa Rica**

Area: 19,730 square miles (51,100 sq km)

Population: 4,930,258

Capital: San Jose

**Dominican Republic**

Area: 18,791 square miles (48,670 sq km)

Population: 10,734,247

Capital: Santo Domingo

**Haiti**

Area: 10,714 square miles (27,750 sq km)

Population: 10,646,714

Capital: **Port au Prince**

**Belize**

Area: 8,867 square miles (22,966 sq km)

Population: 360,346

Capital: Belmopan

**El Salvador**

Area: 8,124 square miles (21,041 sq km)

Population: 6,172,011

Capital: San Salvador

**The Bahamas**

Area: 5,359 square miles (13,880 sq km)

Population: 329,988

Capital: Nassau

**Jamaica**

Area: 4,243 square miles (10,991 sq km)

Population: 2,990,561

Capital: Kingston

**Trinidad and Tobago**

Area: 1,980 square miles (5,128 sq km)

Population: 1,218,208

Capital: Port of Spain

**Dominica**

Area: 290 square miles (751 sq km)

Population: 73,897

Capital: Roseau

**Saint Lucia**

Area: 237 square miles (616 sq km)

Population: 164,994

Capital: Castries

**Antigua and Barbuda**

Area: 170 square miles (442.6 sq km)

Antigua area: 108 square miles (280 sq km); Barbuda: 62 square miles (161 sq km); Redonda: .61 square miles (1.6 sq km)

Population: 94,731

Capital: Saint John's

**Barbados**

Area: 166 square miles (430 sq km)

Population: 292,336

Capital: Bridgetown

**Saint Vincent and the Grenadines**

Area: 150 square miles (389 sq km)

Saint Vincent area: 133 square miles (344 sq km)

Population: 102,089

Capital: Kingstown

**Grenada**

Area: 133 square miles (344 sq km)

Population: 111,724

Capital: Saint George's

**Saint Kitts and Nevis**

Area: 101 square miles (261 sq km)

Saint Kitts area: 65 square miles (168 sq km); Nevis: 36 square miles (93 sq km)

Population: 52,715

Capital: Basseterre

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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

widgetry...double etheree

A  
Device  
Of useful  
Conversation  
That keeps me guessing  
What you want me to know  
Even though I understand  
More than half of the words you say  
You keep me engaged in your story  
The widget is not what holds my interest  
Though you wield it with all your expertise  
I can only be duly impressed  
By the breadth of your vast knowledge  
Of the widget's mysteries  
I listen intently  
Because your passion  
Of widgetry  
Makes me think  
You see  
Me

## Night Stars

Tonight I can't distinguish your smile  
From the stars in the sky  
It must be my vantage point  
Of standing below you  
Half submerged in the warmth  
Of this amniotic protection  
Even though I know that I might be safe  
I still hold onto your strength  
And slowly let go of my toes  
I have never understood how  
The breathing worked  
When your world is unanchored  
By being set adrift , let go

Tonight I hear your melody  
And I strain to hear it above waves  
The slow symbiotic movement  
Making me one with your words  
It is not exactly what I want to hear  
I am not sure I know what that is  
Anyway  
So I keep you talking  
Just to hear your voice and  
Just in case you think I am pretty  
In your telling of the why  
I don't want to miss that

Tonight it is peaceful  
I know that in a few hours  
We will both be sleeping quietly  
Because that's our way of nights  
As much as laughing and dancing

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

Is our way of days  
And after being attended in cups  
I find myself here with you  
Mellowed out behind spirits  
Knowing that the missing  
Really is not there  
Despite what others may think  
I realize that it is more than the I  
That is safe, so I close my eyes

## A Lovely City

At last in the lovely city  
I remember nothing of rain  
The sun never dims  
Nor the moon rises  
And it is always happy  
At last in the lovely city  
The bloom no longer surprises  
For it is expected  
To pull it's weight of hues  
Without need of rosy glasses  
At last in the lovely city  
The wind is incapable of blowing  
Up Marilyn's skirted whites  
But only musters up  
The unruffling light breezes  
At last in the lovely city  
My choices have been anticipated  
And thinking is unnecessary  
I only need to sit  
In the gladness of metallicism

At last in this lovely city  
Sometimes I become conscious  
Of the scratching  
At the base of my skull  
And the rusting of truth  
At last in this lovely city  
There are no doors on rooms  
And I have been told  
That they are unnecessary  
For there is no where left to go  
(how much bleeding are we willing to do to maintain our  
individuality)

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Alicja  
Maria  
Kuberska*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

**Alicja Maria Kuberska** – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland. In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: “The Glass Reality”. Her second volume “Analysis of Feelings”, was published in 2012. The third collection “Moments” was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - “Virtual roses” and volume of poems “On the border of dream”. Next year her volume entitled “Girl in the Mirror” was published in the UK and “Love me” , “(Not )my poem” in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled “The Other Side of the Screen”.

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

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

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

## The Islands of Happiness

dreams come true in the Bahamas

let's go there

where the wind brushes the green hair of palm trees

the huge ocean murmurs sleepily

the golden sand remembers footprints

and the sun disappears in blue water in the evening

before the black butterfly appears

we have time to write a few lines of a poem

and to share our thoughts like a slice of bread

only there

we can entrust our secrets to the stars

## The Meeting Place

Our favorite bar exists in time and space.  
Nothing changes there.  
The floor like a mirror reflects lights  
In shades of sky- blue and navy.

Bartender,  
Trustee of love's mysteries,  
With the face of a Sphinx,  
Concocts love potions  
Or collects tears in chalices.

I heard only your voice.  
I held you by the hand.  
The fingers trembled eagerly.  
I saw only your eyes.  
We were alone in the crowd.  
We found the silence among sounds.

We can return to here, where all began.  
Let's write another episode of life.  
Our barstools like giraffes will reach the sky.  
The bartender will smile  
And give us another magic elixir

## Sense of Security

At dawn, the cat slipped through the open window softly,  
and almost without a sound,  
she jumped down from the windowsill.  
She hid under a chair, and curled up into a little ball.  
She closed the night's adventures in her green eyes.

In dreams, the uncertainty of last night returned.  
Fear, doomed her to wander over fences and roofs  
out of the reach of furiously barking dogs  
and powerful beasts speeding down the city streets.  
She also did not trust the always-hurrying people.

A man's white shirt draped over the chair  
moved slightly, to the rhythm of the wind's breath.  
It quietly purred a kitty lullaby, and tucked her in to sleep  
with long arms in the empty sleeves.

*Lackie*

*Davis*

*Allen*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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

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

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

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

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

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jackie-davis-allen.php>  
[jackiedavisallen.com](http://jackiedavisallen.com)

## A Taste of Puerto Vallarta, Mexico

Thirteen stories up, overlooking clay tiled rooftops  
The Pacific Ocean in the near distance, I breathe in  
The beauty of this romantic destination, hough we are  
But two aspiring types, painters, one one of us a poet

I speak not the language and what little I picked up  
In university, not sufficient, however, and fortunately  
I have a guide for when I choose to go outside the condo  
The wide balcony providing most of what I need

With pen and pad, paints, canvases and brushes, I begin  
To record something of this wondrous scene  
It is winter back in the United States, where I'm from  
And what a paradise it is to be where I am now

The flowers are all in bloom, the music rising up  
From below is as melodious as it is oft-times unwelcome  
It happily continuing on from morn to past the setting sun  
The tides are too violent to consider going into the ocean

Shrimp, lobster, more! Oh, how delicious the meals  
The restaurant complying, we arriving by bus, me sitting  
In the handicapped seat, my replacement knees  
Smiling, I thank the driver, "muchas gracias señor"

Like family, we are hosted by the generous owners  
My sister and her husband., their friends for more than  
Thirty years. Oil portraits hanging on the wall, gifts  
Bestowed upon the owners, by my artist brother-in-law

## Getting Up, Standing Up

Jamaica, birthplace  
Of the musician Bob Marley  
Of international reggae fame

A songwriter, born in 1945  
A cultural icon he became  
Symbolic of Jamaican identity

Gifted offspring  
Of a teen mother, black  
A father white, mostly absent

He infused his music  
With spirituality and with  
Strong religious convictions

The same convictions  
Prevented surgery: the cancer  
On his toe bled in and

Infected his bones  
From which he passed on  
At the age of thirty six

His music lives on  
Dearly loved and appreciated  
By all, especially by Jamaicans

## Pity

Pity the man, who  
With suspect motivation  
Hangs onto public walls  
The rantings of others  
A mirror, perhaps  
A reflection  
Of his resentment

He likes, he loves, the taste  
Of the bile he espouses  
With foul mouth  
His bite infects, so too  
It inflicts the pain, his name  
Has become the poster child  
For derision's fame

*Tzemin*

*Ition*

*Tsai*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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

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

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

## Be Freed

The cane garden erected a continuous wall  
It wore the crown of the sharp leaves  
Towering into the clouds  
That miss belongs exclusively to my newlywed wife  
That marriage may not be recognized by my master  
Only rely on the wounds on the back of the hand  
Portrayed the emotions deep inside

They said  
To be sold together  
Do not deny the love of slaves  
But slaves can be sold  
To enforced severance of their emotional bonds  
Same as if  
Try in vain to taste a taste other than sweet  
In the cane juice

Slaves could only be freed with the consent of their master  
Spectacular Caribbean landscape  
Spain's gold is finally unable to meet  
All luxury and greed  
Bet the Caribbean  
Become a more important colony with sweet sugarcane

Sunshine rarely play such a role  
Rain is difficult to answer  
Why after those contract labors from China and India  
Cane cutters in Jamaica promote  
Burning of Cape Francais  
Slave resistance in many Caribbean islands  
Meant the end of many Maroon communities

## Incarnation of The Rainbow

In the past

I curled body in the corner of the sky  
Covered colorful colors and hide half of the body  
Only revealed the most beautiful side to please you  
Oh! My white cloud  
When you looked up at me  
How much praises in that exclamation  
My heart danced for joy  
Certified I will never be left out of your passion  
Prayed silently that the sun light can be slightly weakened

Today

Looking at your figure gradually drifting away  
With The rain's melancholy and the wind's ruthlessness  
Feeling of helplessness like a dumb autumn cicada  
Oh! My white cloud  
How much I wanted to call you back at that time  
Only begged the wind which wanted to take you away  
Let me incarnate those colorful balloons  
Let me follow you  
Wherever and forever

## One Mile of Sharp Stone Road

Yesterday, that night is not yet to come  
I have already departed  
Through the secret woods  
Small rugged paths across the mountain stream  
Gravels rustling at the foot  
Roadside flowers, I count it clearly  
With the beauty of golden chrysanthemum  
Finished the sharp stone road  
To meet the man who stole my dream

Later, the old moon  
was desperately lighting up the road for me  
These sharp stones relentlessly through my soles  
Embraced this clear pain deep in my heart  
Lifted the remaining drop of courage  
Drank a full breeze and mist  
My old yellow dog, accompanied me, to speed up our  
journey  
Dream to return or not  
O, one Mile of Sharp Stone Road

With the breath of frost  
From the bottom of my heart, looking forward to return to  
my sweet home  
Can't care how confused my heart  
Escaped from how many night-moth's peeps  
My heart has really a fear of  
what waiting at the end of the trail is  
having nothing in it  
My heart has really a fear of  
what waiting at the start of that road is  
that will never find the dream back again

*Shareef*  
*Abdur*  
*Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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>

dem said...

"get up, stand up"  
for your rights echoed  
through annals of history  
never mind boundaries  
never mind across oceans, seas  
so said Mr. Marley, so said Bunny Wailer,  
so said a man named Peter Tosh  
and so say massive humanity " Big Ups "  
to the wailer posse Jamaica's conscious  
dem resonated, dem created social/political  
awareness through Reggae's heartbeat  
creativity to impact on humanity from  
a simple, humble community on a island  
deep in Caribbean Sea  
no peace without justice see,  
women must cry see?  
get up, stand up for your humanity  
from blue mountain to Sierra Madres,  
Cuba  
Fidel stood up. Che stood up,  
and in TNT, dem stood up seee?  
stand up, Haiti stand up as Toussaint L'Ouverture  
stood up  
Puerto Rico stand up for your rights  
bestowed upon all mankind from divine decree  
see dem jump up in Caribbean Sea  
see dem jump up in Corn belt country  
never thought the likes of Malcolm Little would  
stand up in Nebraska destined to kick a hole  
in AmeriKKKa's racist, diseased soul  
who would have ever known Huskers

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native son would go on to be manifestation  
revolutionary right out of lily white country  
grew a black rose that went to Harlem, Africa,  
tawaf (circled Kaaba) in Makkah seeking  
forgiveness, guidance, protection, direction  
making the illah\* connection and him  
" Stood Up " see?

some get up, stand up history

\* illah = the (1) god one worships

food4thought = education

## Like Dark Clouds...

bring rain, pain can bring gain  
thus mankind must refrain  
from lusting for comfort as  
struggle remains here to stay  
until end of days we must embrace  
another way that includes being  
resolute to endure what pain comes  
our way with faithful patience  
each and every day  
increases faith, strength, endurance  
adherence to commandments  
from lord of all worlds  
pain purges impurities when absorbed  
patiently  
remembering what comes after difficulty  
ease, twice as much as the pain is ease  
manifests merciful reward for passing  
a test  
comes only from merciful lord who's  
majesty and mercy stands far  
above the rest who may profess to be the best  
though creation can not even be a imitation  
of thee creator's all encompassing domination  
as this short life no matter what's acquired  
can not save you from the hour of his power  
as you take your final breath  
everything man made will fade just as all  
mankind has limited days to tarry  
nothing here will you take to the eternal  
destination but the deeds compiled  
to be weighed on the scale, then only

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divine mercy will determine if you passed  
or failed.

either way pass or fail what comfort that  
you sought to soothe will desert you and in  
comparison what award awaits the faithful  
earthly comfort pales, as your efforts failed  
thus universal law made plain to all of us  
No pain, No gain

food4thought = education

## WHO AM I ?

(revised)

I call you but you don't hear  
I remind you but you don't care  
I'm always right behind you so near  
I've invited many before you who you held dear  
I convey a message clear..  
"Be Aware, Be Aware "  
I tell you don't forget and get caught up  
I see you don't like it when it's brought up  
I've told you prepare by performing good deeds  
I made you aware with a warning to plant seeds  
I said make your prayer,  
give to those who have the need  
Implement your creed of faith  
not the detriment of greed and hate  
Incidentally take heed before it's to late.  
Oh excuse me pardon the Intrusion  
but your life is a fleeting illusion  
so before its conclusion  
Instead of being a victim of confusion  
take note, Inject the antidote..  
the ' Illah'\* Infusion  
In closing before your end i warn you  
don't make me your enemy  
I much rather be your friend,  
so to your lord be a grateful slave  
May i introduce myself..

((I'M YOUR GRAVE))

food4thought = education

\*illah = The one you worship,your lord

*Kimberly  
Burnham*

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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, acupressure, 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>

## Linguistic Conquest

Before Spanish

Caribbean mother's sang to their babies  
angry merchants shouted

lovers whispered

tribesman negotiated in so many  
different now forgotten languages  
obscured by the words rolling off  
the tongues of

Spanish conquistadors

English sailors

French traders and Dutch merchants

Spanish now voiced by the most  
on the largest

Cuba and Dominican Republic  
where men and women discuss Paz

Peace in English the state language of many  
Antigua, Bahamas,

Barbados, British Virgin Islands,

Cayman Islands, Dominica,

Jamaica and all the Saints,

sharing Puerto Rico with Spanish

On the compass points peace in European  
languages standing strong in the Caribbean

Spanish pas to the West and Central

English peace to the North and East

French paix sharing the East and Central

Dutch vrede to the South

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Mother's chant paix to their babies in Haiti,  
Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Martin.

Vrede in Dutch full of good intentions in  
Curacao, St Maarten and tiny islands

Indigenous languages buried deep  
some pushing up expanding  
a few lay dying  
several birthing a new  
creole gumbo

## Creole

Caribbean dialects blend  
European English, Spanish, French, Dutch  
and African languages

Pas is peace in Papiamentu,  
creole of Dutch Aruba  
trankilo or pasfiko is peaceful  
deskanso is peacefulness  
more reminiscent of Spanish than Dutch

While vrede in Negerhollands'  
Dutch-based creole  
once spoken in U.S. Virgin Islands  
satta in Jamaican gumbo

Lapè in Haitian kreyol  
pé in the Creole  
vocalized in Guadeloupe and Martinique  
400,000 people say French paix in merge languages  
Panama, Belize, Nicaragua, Caribbean

Peace sings up through  
layers of land  
shifting sands of communities

## Peaceable Vowels

Apunno is Ainu peace  
indigenous peoples of Japan

Erray in Olkola a native  
language of Australia

Iri'ni is Greek  
peace on lush European islands

Olakamigenoka say the Abenaki  
speakers local to the United States

Uxolo click the Xhosa people  
in South Africa and Botswana

Peaceful words spoken on all  
the continents of the world

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*Elizabeth*

*E.*

*Castillo*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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>

## The Caribbean Experience

A dreamy landscape welcomes the tired soul,  
Seeking for solace, serenity, and splendor  
Commune with the ocean with seagulls flying freely,  
Warm, white sand touching your feet while walking along  
the beach.

At the far horizon, you can't help but marvel at the skies  
from dusk 'til dawn,  
The Caribbean Sea strategically located in the great  
Atlantic Ocean  
Surrounded by mighty mountain peaks and shimmering  
reefs,  
Let yourself immerse in spicy salsa rhythms to deep rolling  
reggae  
Perfect, heavenly gate away for honeymooners, and thrill  
seekers alike.

Christopher Columbus set foot on one of your islands in  
1492,  
And from that moment on, the age of exploration and  
cross-Atlantic expansion began  
In 1493, the Pope created the Treaty of Tordesillas dividing  
the Caribbean into Spain and Portugal,  
While in 1500s, Spain claimed you while the colonies in  
Hispaniola, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, and Trinidad were  
firmly settled.  
Caribbean, you are rich in history and your beauty  
mesmerizes the world  
Freedom that you wanted was elusive for years but your  
culture remains intact.

## The Boy by the Waterfalls

I see you in one of my greatest dreamscapes,  
Sitting on a huge rock facing the majestic waterfalls  
As I emerge out of nowhere in a place called the Ruins,  
Where an ancient, mystic castle used to stand tall  
A witness to a great kingdom's sweet downfall.

A river runs through the debris of this enchanting  
sanctuary,  
Flowing from under a magical bridge where I am about to  
cross  
And there came to view, a vivid and glimmering sight of  
you,  
But I failed to see how you could have looked  
For your back was facing me while you immersed in  
soulful serenity.  
I missed to behold how your eyes could have stared  
beautifully at me  
Or if you are lonely and needs someone to be just there to  
listen,  
As tears flow down your cheeks looking for answers in  
beautiful solitude.

I was about to step on the rock you are sitting on to tap  
your back and say "Hi!"  
But then you vanished into thin air and what was left was  
white smoke,  
And the empty space you left- the same spot I sat on and  
delved into my own contemplation  
Then a realization came upon me that you wanted me to  
carefully view the waterfalls you have laid your eyes on.  
The waterfalls signifying the ebb and flow of life,

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Things happen every now and then, constant changes  
inevitably take place  
Every split second and in the mere blink of an eye,  
But life continuously flows come what may  
What matters is how we enjoy our journey,  
And do not have regrets for what could have been, what  
might have been  
But simply cherish how things used to be.

## Misty Moon

Tonight, mystic lovers gather under the moonlight  
Waiting for your return, oh, Queen of the Night Skies,  
With your magnanimous charm enchanting weary souls  
Your orb brings magic spreading sparkles of beauty .  
Misty moon, you make the hopeless romantics swoon,  
Even werewolves bow on their knees to worship your  
majesty  
Spirits roaming around this vast darkness await as you  
descend  
Lunatics get on their senses and summon their lost souls.

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*Nizar*  
*Sartawi*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator, essayist, and columnist. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He is a member of literary and cultural organizations, including the Jordanian Writers Association (Jordan), General Union of Arab Writers (Cairo), Poetry Posse (U.S.), Inner Child Press International (U.S.), Bodgani (Belgium), and Axlepin Publishing (the Philippines). He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in numerous countries, including Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, Palestine, Morocco, Egypt, and India. Sartawi's poems have been translated into several languages. His poetry has been anthologized and published in many anthologies, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Bosnia, Italy, India, the Philippines, and Taiwan.

Sartawi has published more than 20 books of poetry and poetry translation. His last poetry collection, *My Shadow*, was published in June, 2017 by Inner Child Press in the U.S.

For the last seven years, Sartawi has been working on poetry translation from English to Arabic and Arabic to English. This includes his Arabic poetry translation project, "Arab Contemporary Poets Series" in which 13 bilingual books have been published so far. He also has translated poems for a number of contemporary international poets such as, Veronica Golos, Elaine Equi; William S. Peters; Kalpna Singh-Chitnis; Nathalie Handal, Naomi Shihab Nye; Candice James; Ashok Bhargava; Santiago Villafania, Virginia Jasmin Pasalo; Rosa Jamali; Taro Aizu; Fahredin Shehu, and many others.

## The Kukulcan Tomb

It was the start of a new-born spring  
throughout Mesoamerica  
when my spirit, heading west,  
across the Atlantic  
landed upon the Caribbean coast  
and wandered alone  
among the seamless stretches  
of space and time  
until I reached the northern lands of Yucatán

From afar I saw the homes  
and farmlands of Chichen Itza  
and there in all its dazzling splendor  
stood El Castillo,  
just as the one in my dreams,  
a gargantuan structure  
of basalt rock –  
a dwelling place of gods and kings.

Minutes before the great sun god  
bid North and South and East good bye  
and bolted shut his glaring eye  
I caught sight of  
a feathered snake  
of dragon size  
that slithered slowly  
down the banister  
of the castle

I lingered as the serpent god  
disappeared with the last rays of the sun  
and then I stooped

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Within the flap of a butterfly's wings  
I crossed the distance to the foot  
of the massive castle  
and up the steps  
until I reached the lofty platform  
where lies the holy temple of  
the reverend Mayan serpent deity

He welcomed me  
with a whirling wind of colorless smoke  
that sent shivers down my boneless spine

And yet relentless,  
I found my way  
into the heart of the great pyramid  
I swiftly passed by the chamber of sacrifices,  
and next the hall of offerings

There in the dark  
below my feet  
was Ah! An older pyramid  
of greater stature and physique

Losing no time, I delved inside  
And there for my curious soul  
a mini-pyramid  
Was I inside a womb –  
a mother-pyramid with a baby?

Into the new edifice I sneaked  
And again  
a micro-pyramid

I jumped therein  
another pyramid

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and another  
and another...

A fish that swallowed a fish that swallowed a fish that  
swallowed a fish...  
that swallowed a fish...  
a matryoshka doll:  
a doll within a doll within a doll within a doll...  
within a doll...

And now I was inside the smallest  
and on the floor I saw a tomb  
an empty tomb...!!  
I pondered for a second or two  
then jumped and crouched inside  
lying in ambush for the Spaniards!

\* \* \* \* \*

## the bedouin's song

i'm just a bedouin:  
i live in a tent –  
cozy an' fair  
its fabric woven  
from rough goat-hair –  
a shady cover  
in the summer  
a rain-proof shelter  
in the winter

my possessions:  
a single garment – a tall black robe  
that I call a thobe  
a pair of worn out sandals  
a coffee kit  
and other little things  
i put in a sack  
that may not fit  
with countrysiders' appetites  
or urbanites'

my homeland:  
all this infinite expanse  
of deep beige sands

my sole companion:  
a faithful camel  
who carries me  
and all my stuff  
and together we cross the endless desert  
and when i sing

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some cameleer song  
he gets so light  
out of delight  
and makes as if to fly  
towards the sky

\* \* \* \* \*

## Your Eyes

How can I write poetry  
O beloved  
when every time I hold  
the pencil  
your azure eyes  
land in the middle of the page  
two shadows  
laughing  
their innocent  
child-like laugh

or when I take  
my morning coffee  
and they pop up before  
my eyes  
and I just sit  
and watch them  
as  
they meet,  
they part,  
or go in circles  
like fish in a bowl  
and my heart flaps in boundless joy  
and leaps out of my chest  
to dance with them  
its awkward dance

\* \* \* \* \*

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*Hülya*

*n.*

*Yılmaz*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

Born in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz presently serves as full-time faculty at Penn State and as the Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press. Her academic publications dwell on literary relations between the West and the Islamic East and on gender conceptualizations within the context of Islam. Dr. yılmaz had her formal initiation as a creative writer in the U.S. Her published works include *Trance* –a tri-lingual book of poetry, *Aflame* –memoirs in verse and *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* –a poem collection she has co-authored with Demetrius Trifiatis. Poetry by hülya appeared in excess of fifty international anthologies.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

### Links

Personal Web Site

<https://hulyasfreelancing.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/>

## a coincidence?

“Guyana Pastoral” kept calling me  
from a place i dare not describe  
i had no knowledge of the language  
it was dubbed as Guyanese Creole  
i still have no knowledge of the language  
but assume to understand some words in it  
it was the composer i just had to “get” anyway  
and i believe i now have  
Guyana’s Ambassador-at-Large  
David Dabydeen  
an explorer of the history of Guyana,  
UNESCO’s Executive Board member  
presenter of “The Forgotten Colony”

a mere sand particle at the sea colonies . . .

the owner of the incredible response  
to J.M.W. Turner’s “Slave Ship”-painting  
Turner’s depiction of African slaves in chains  
being thrown overboard . . .  
Dabydeen’s contemplation  
on the ‘submerged body of a drowned slave  
in the foreground’ of the piece,  
his fantasy- and history-melding  
upon the slave’s portrayal  
his compelling act of reclaiming  
and redeeming of the past  
amid the shadows of his insights into  
and studies of “the horrors of slavery and  
colonization”, under the ever-so-thickening  
clouds that carry on the darkest fame of

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European barbarians, among which he ‘stages’  
the migrant predicament  
stating it as it is in an interview:

*I’m inclined to think that Britain has  
heavily depended on us for its material  
and cultural development. The tribe had  
an important say and influence in the  
[British]development. You can’t be  
a Guyanese without being a Brit and  
you can’t be a Brit without being a  
Guyanese, or a Caribbean.*

recognition came along, it indeed came along  
for Dabydeen would not leave any of it alone  
along his steadfast extraordinary way  
he helped the British develop some more  
for he wanted the cast over the bloodied pools  
under the blood-soaked beds no more  
he helped the world develop some more  
so, he co-edited a monumental how-to-book  
for the walking dead of colonialist barbarisms-at-large  
the Oxford Companion to  
Black British History  
which went down to history  
as “a magisterial excavation of Black Britain”

one award after another accompanied Dabydeen  
not merely for his editing work but rather as

a poet –the winner of the Commonwealth Poetry Prize  
a masterful novelist  
a model scholar  
a literary-icon-educator

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the Director of the Centre for Caribbean Studies  
and Professor at the Centre  
for British Comparative Cultural Studies  
at the University of Warwick  
and much more . . .

a coincidence?  
I think not!

my discovery  
of the Highly Esteemed David Dabydeen  
was meant to be

for it has materialized  
at a time of an utterly-trying  
professional hardship of mine  
not to exclude all those contemplations  
on the value of poetry to me  
a life-ring in a turbulent sea  
with a nearby-view of the long-lost years  
to no longer be  
David rescued me  
a professor passionate in teaching  
a heavily-faded scholar of some merit  
however depressed or self-oppressed  
a struggling writer of fiction  
a poet starving for self-attention  
with much to tell and speak of yet  
including the 'migrant condition'  
though not of Black History alone  
nor purely of David's "Slave Song"

besides  
i wouldn't know where to begin

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and doing disservice to any gems  
is not cannot will not be mine to claim

so,  
it is my own path that i will follow  
believe me there is significant sorrow  
in that which i am able to pierce  
through at least one lightless shadow

so,  
i shall proceed  
whenever wherever the ground is opportune  
of course, always all ways  
with fiery thanks from the soul  
to that magical tongue  
called the Guyanese Creole

“Naren”

the other day  
i met Anjana Basu  
online  
following a forgotten vision  
one i had  
most likely  
eons ago

if  
my unexplainable  
however reliable  
instinctive being  
is right on the dot that is

at any rate  
i pursued her  
inquired about her life  
even traveled to Allahabad  
to see if her town of birth  
resembled mine  
took a connecting flight to London  
where she had been schooled  
within a couple of hours  
i appeared in Kolkata  
at her doorstep

a gracious hostess  
she invited me in

her home was grandiose  
not in an empirical sense  
oh no!

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she knew  
what alone had mattered in life  
love and light shone out loud  
through every nook and cranny  
of her otherwise humble abode

she served us tea with milk and honey  
it was prepared in a colonialism-free manner  
true to her upbringing true to her mother-culture  
she had placed  
rashly-improvised store-bought delicacies  
(i had after all showed up unannounced)  
a delicate modest-in-size-tray showed them off  
the plane food made my fingers think again  
they resisted reaching out  
with a strong will  
much stronger than my eyes' appetite  
so, i declined with my utmost proper  
nay-say-gratitude

we talked and talked  
actually, she talked and i listened  
to her mesmerizing novellas  
her *Black Tongue*  
the novel for which she had been recognized  
as the winner of the Hawthornden Fellowship  
(in Scotland)  
her successful endeavors in script-writing  
and more . . .

details about her accomplished self  
she had no intention to reveal to me  
had i not done my homework right

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the subject then came to “Naren”

an epic story-teller at its best  
disguised as a poem in free-verse  
and thus, began Anjana Basu:

*The words I have for Naren are purely prose.  
Prose. Prose of a chest  
A mat of hair against the sun. Sometimes  
It's counting the tiles on a floor  
Held down. Or a bed field of crumbs  
And a dirty foot. Even greying underwear.  
Sometimes an evening spent in hatred  
Following in one's head the footsteps of a whore  
Down some dark lane or a street of crumbling houses.*

*These are words for Naren.  
Perhaps a synonym for rage or hate.  
Or even an undefinable word called love  
That you could find in rage or hate.  
There are other meanings - even other shades  
Left out. Footsteps of a child or whore  
Or other women deliberately taken  
And then the running back to a familiar bed.  
I called it lost child.  
There were other words too –  
Lover, Boyfriend, ex-Husband, boy-husband.  
It meant keeping company in an empty room  
With haunted corners. With shame  
And a telephone wire.  
Company against reason or sense  
Or the blotting out of a curtain –hiding  
From pigeons or from seeking eyes.*

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*These were words for Naren.  
Are still perhaps.  
Pretended love made in a mirror,  
A shuddering belly and tonsils hurt  
The way a face may flush or voice darken  
Denying everything but lust or hate, or accidental love.  
Naren's words.*

when this wonder-filled wondrous woman  
of unforgettable demeanor ceased her voice to be

her tangibly exquisite  
enriching enchanting exfoliating  
purity-extracting plate of human-ness  
took the external load off of her  
and lain there for me to devour

plenty of leftovers gathered up in an orderly row  
i am on my way to bring them over to you

## what else is left to do

but to bow in highest respect  
before the pens of a power  
that overrules the brutality of the  
segregationist  
colonialist  
chauvinist  
ethnicist  
sexist  
racist  
surpassing time and space  
as only the unwavering ink can do

now is the only time  
and here, the only place  
where we must and shall  
unconditionally embrace  
for one loss from our unity in diversity  
is a cause for an irreversible tragedy  
that will appoint us with no delay  
to the expiry of our humanity

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gassion*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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>***

## Caribbean Sea

Silky beaches, jet blue skies, puffy clouds  
slow dance in the sky and you,  
your crystal clear turquoise bounty

teases the island shorelines  
invites weary souls to let their hair down,  
frolic in the sand and wet their feet.

It's like a magic relaxation drink  
that massages the heart  
and makes the spirit sang.

Fisherman challenge the water  
with fancy gear to pursue  
the thrill of deep sea fishing.

Divers go deep inside,  
ride the current through reefs  
looking for hidden treasures.

You are the sea of distinction,  
master of these islands  
we named the Caribbean.

## Spiritual Reminder

Tears are the rain that washes my space.  
They do not come often but when they do,  
it rains hard on my soul.

When the sun comes out  
all my seedlings produce virgin blossoms  
that flirt and sway in my heartfelt garden.  
These are the things your gaze brings to me.

Then the wind breaks my heart in pieces,  
throws them toward the mountain.  
Light guides the pieces as they fall  
and land on an aspen leaf in one piece.

Renewed, healed, ready  
to embrace the light again.  
We all need a shakeup sometimes  
to remind us who is in charge.

I am a stubborn child  
and fall off the wagon daily.  
My spiritual guide is always there  
laughing on the sideline.

## Osprey

I sit in healing water  
on the bend in the Rio Grande.  
A look up at Turtle Mountain,

my eyes divert to a stately bird  
staring at me from the top  
of a telephone pole.

We lock gazes. She does not blink.  
This is serious business.  
She threatens with her eyes

then turns her head.  
She became bored with me.  
I continue to stare observing her

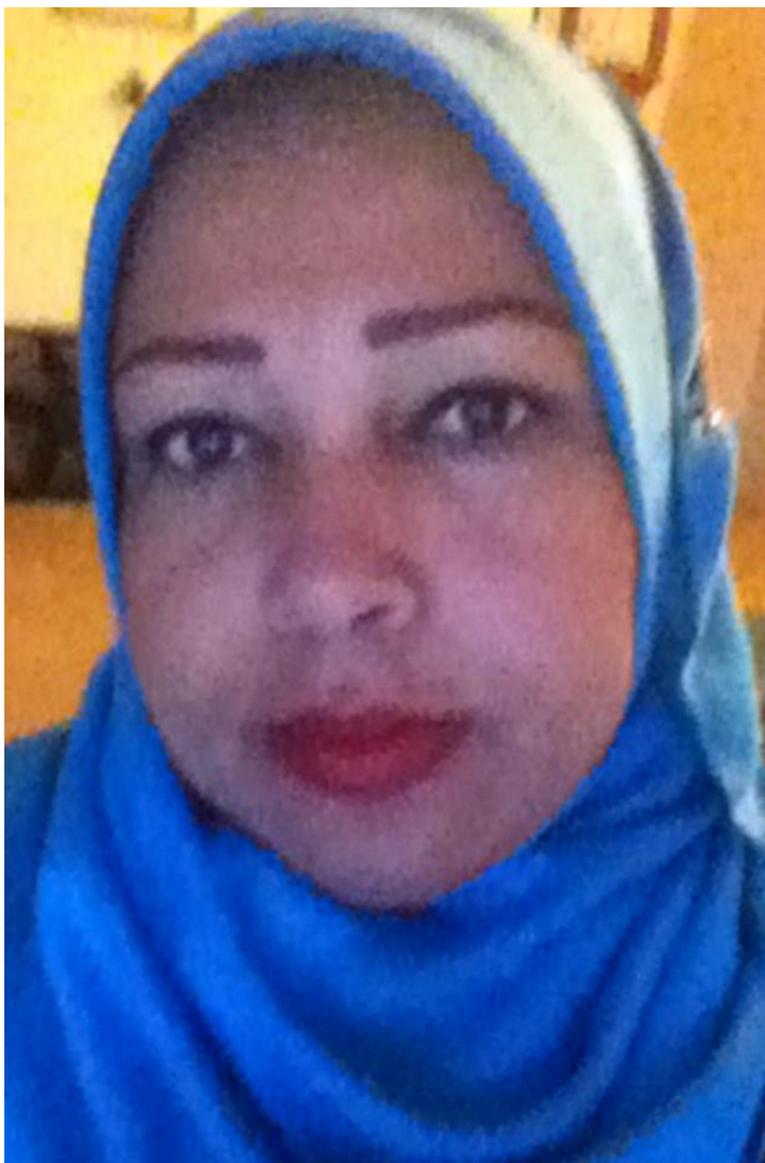
eloquent seated position, looking  
down on the universe  
encroaching on the river.

Will this space due for her new nest  
to bring her prince and princess  
into the world of Osprey.

*Faleeha*

*Hassan*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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

Faleeha is the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature, and has now published 20 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain, Korean, Greek and Albanian. Ms. Hassan has received many awards in Iraq and throughout the Middle East for her poetry and short stories.

Faleeha Hassan has also had her poems and short stories published in a variety of American magazines such as: Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum, Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaming mamas, The Galway Review, Words Without Borders, TXTOBJX, Intranslation, SJ Magazine, Nondoc, Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Courier-Post, I am not a Silent Poet, Taos Journal, Inner Child Press, Atlantic City Press, SJ Magazine, Intranslation Magazine, The Guardian, Words Without Borders, Courier-Post, Life and Legends, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Indiana Voice Journal, The Bees Are Dead, IWA, Poetry Soup, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, Philly, The Fountain Magazine, DRYLAND, The Blue Mountain Review, Otoliths, Taos Journal of Poetry and Art, TXTOBJX, DODGING THE RAIN, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, NonDoc Philly, DRYLAND, American Poetry Review, The Fountain Magazine, Uljana Wolf, Arcs, Tiferet and Ice Cream Poetry Anthology , Dryland Los Angeles underground art & writing Magazine , Opa Anthology of contemporary , BACOPA Literary Review , Better than Starbucks Magazine , Tweymatikh ZQH Magazine , TUCK Magazine and Street Light Press

Email : [d.fh88@yahoo.com](mailto:d.fh88@yahoo.com)

## The rain smells of war Yazidi man

*"To Hamid Talo and his three daughters whom he bought from Isis in Mosul"*

On TV

We all were watching him  
an old man

whose tongue stumbles from the weight of the sad words  
He says: " I bought my daughters with money"

We were all watching him  
Me with my burning tears

My daughters with their fear of the unknown moment  
The hopeless soldiers on the border playing hide-and-seek  
with the bombs

Our children who stutter when they speak the word future  
We were all watching him

He says: " I asked people for this money, I bought the first  
one in (12,000) \$ and the second one in (12,500)\$ And the  
third one in \$ (13,000)

Do you understand the meaning when a man buys his  
daughters and his women with money?"

We never understood this

We did not know how they sell and buy lives

We were all watching you

With hearts pulsing with fear

And hands full of nothing

## Tonight

When I entered my apartment  
The stairs were lying like tired men after a hard day's work  
The door a yawning mouth  
My TV was listening intently to the sports newscast  
And  
Like a huge fat woman, the couch was sitting on the floor  
Hardly breathing the used air  
The curtain tickled the cheek of the window.....  
Swaying gracefully above  
My books slept like babies on the hands of the bookshelves  
The dining table was listening to the whispers of her chairs  
The lamps were winking at to each other  
The fan was busy flailing her arms indifferent  
In my apartment  
The life looks the same as I left it  
Everything is normal  
No,  
It is more than normal  
Strang.....  
No one missed me?

## Unreachable

Oh, my god  
This poem!  
Whenever I try to make her stand on the reality line  
She flutters like Marilyn Monroe's dress in the  
imaginations of men  
I tell her to keep herself on one meaning  
But she defies me  
While wearing the interpretation mask  
And when she tries to describe the battlefield  
She is looking for the effects of kisses  
On the collars of the soldiers who are tied down in their  
trenches  
With fear and hopelessness  
But if they were to be blown up  
And their bodies were every where  
Her words would be meaningless  
For she hiding behind symbolism  
She can't sense the children's horror from the bombs  
And their attempts to huddle against the remnants of  
destroyed walls  
Her cheeks do not hurt  
Like mothers' cheeks dried of their hot tears poured while  
waiting for deferred letters from their absent sons  
She does not take the risk of thinking  
So, she can't believe any truth  
She does not pay attention to my damaged life  
Which has been crushed by the harsh machine of days  
She is trying to make her words beautiful  
So, she sprinkles rose water on an erupting volcano  
She is too comfortable with death and even praises him  
She is summarizing all this loss, darkness, combustion,  
destruction, chemical weapons. black banners, coffins,  
skinning , deprivation, orphanages, curfews, warning,  
sirens, barbed wire, tanks, thrumming of planes,  
explosions. Murder. blood shed on the side walk, death,

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ashes, displacement, emptiness, charred bodies, mass  
graves, coffins, body traps, yelling, sadness, anger, hunger,  
thirst, vigilance, slapping Etc.....

She summarizes all of this in one word

War

While I am, the poet stand in the middle

Watching my body jump from death to death

For nothing

Just to let the poem come

But after all this trouble

She only comes imperfectly

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*Caroline*  
*Nazareno*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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).

## Confluence of Voyages and Ephemera

Time passes camouflage of expressions,  
rebellions of icons,  
through folklores and multitude of beliefs,  
from culture heroes  
that flooded the land of the free,  
fighting for King and the empire,  
once and for all,  
the mnemonics of liberation  
and defenders of human rights coexist.

## Nexus

Fuelled up by creative moods,  
i fell in love with poetry;  
it become a passion ,  
wisdom creators—  
just like poets from multitude walks of life;  
from generations of interconnectedness.

## Letters to Caribbean

*(metanoia)*

i ingest stasis  
when time dilates  
from titans to neurons  
of the night's dawn  
in my hypersleep  
and standstills

i am the battlemind  
in the psionic class  
of Earth and Venus  
recycling myths  
of up-down cliffs  
in my nano reefs

.

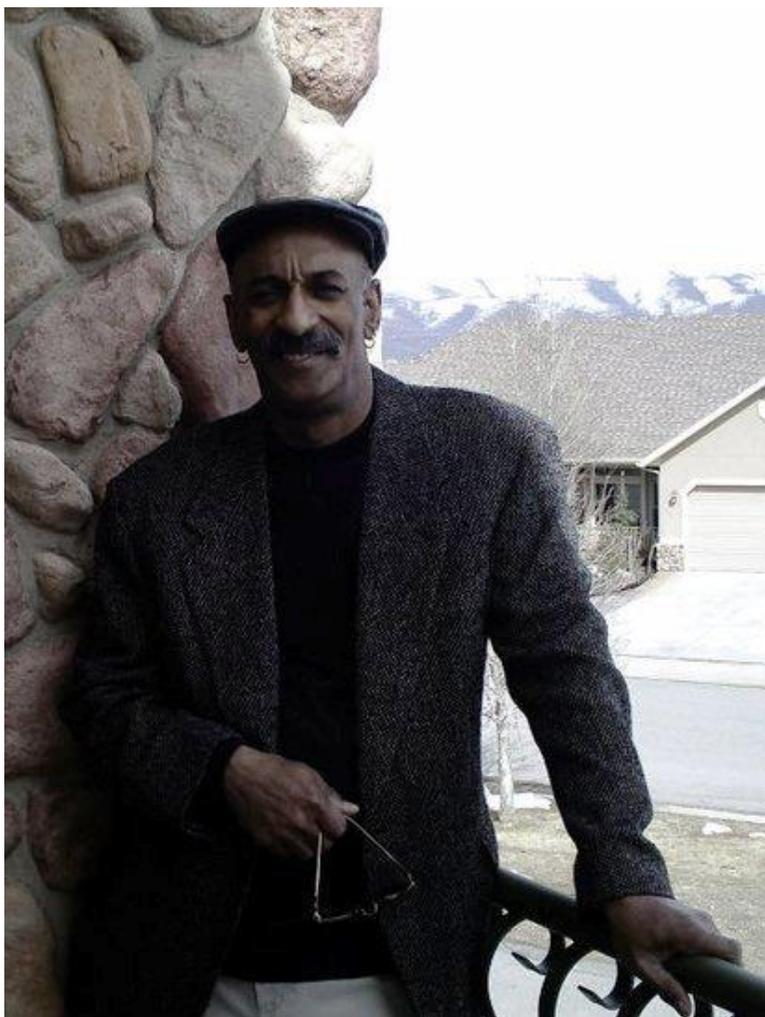
i am the unknown god  
of lightyears  
of aeon lives  
herenow, my existence  
is the comeback  
of all beginnings.

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

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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)

## Negril

on the north side of the island  
walking towards West End  
the Ocean's on my right side  
there is nothing to defend

the waves languidly lapping  
caressing my Here my Now  
for Ego has surrendered  
with reverence some way, some how

the Sun with love embraces  
the divineness of all "BE"ing  
the soft gentle breeze dusts off my lenses  
and now my Soul is seeing

that all is One and One IS All  
as my toes dig in the sand  
i have escaped the confines of Self  
and now i understand

if i but just let go and be  
the limits do not exist  
"i am" the genesis of what "i am"  
be it anguish be it bliss

in . . .Negril . . .

## To listen

For the past couple of weeks  
I felt this deep calling

I tried my best  
To remain observant  
With a clear consciousness  
That I may come to understand  
Just what the message was . . .  
Is

Is this the coming  
Of a poem  
Of profound proportions,  
Or one of a particular delicacy  
That needs to be acknowledged

I am listening,  
But all I hear  
Are faint indistinguishable whisperings  
Here and there

Perhaps it is my heart  
Calling for me  
To do more,  
Or let go of the dark matter  
That so often invades.  
Shades our lives  
These days

Yes, that must be it !

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I look for God  
In all places  
For I know that He/She/It  
Always has a pocket full of pens  
That He/She/It  
May inscribe some meaningful verse  
Upon my heart  
Or my consciousness

Am I reaching . . .  
Yes I am,  
For there are words out there  
That can heal,  
And I want to know them . . .  
All of them !

There are words of peace  
And I want to play with them  
In the playgrounds  
Of our humanity . . .  
With you

There are words of love  
Which are exponential  
In all senses of their expression  
and  
waiting to be embraced and to  
Embrace as well  
Those who are in need,  
And those who are not,  
And those of us  
Who know not the difference . . .  
Or are indifferent

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Oh, let us not forget  
The words of Joy . . .  
Won't you put on your smile  
And come dance with me . . .

This day . . .  
For who knows,  
This day may be  
Our last opportunity  
To listen

## unspoken

the unspoken memories  
of our chaotic past  
are lived out each day  
within us

we remember the place  
of our grande spawning  
all too well

the Stars of the dark night sky  
faithfully light the way  
back home  
and still we do not listen  
as they resonate  
like beacons  
for wayward ships  
who are lost at sea

we have been cruising  
sailing  
while wailing  
in anguish  
about our plight  
and the absence of  
what we once embraced

and in our convoluted expressions  
betwixt our generic selves  
and illusion  
we find  
there is no solace,  
for mind,  
is now at the helm

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and in that distant realm  
we once inhabited  
the table has been set  
but we have not arrived yet

will the food spoil ?  
will the drink become stale ?  
as we fail to come to the reckoning  
that is beckoning  
us to let go  
of this anchor  
we have bound our souls to

most times  
in this Sea of Forgetfulness  
it is quite difficult  
to effectively employ one's rudder  
with purpose and direction  
and without a Compass  
a Sextant  
and a Charted course  
of course we will get lost

and as we are tossed about  
upon the Tides of our Fear and Doubt  
never to understand  
the Moon's purposeful work  
and presence

and our quirky rationales  
fail us often  
and never soften  
the blows  
when we crash upon the rock  
and the dry desolate shores

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of isolated islands  
of our consciousness

too often we see ourselves as separate  
from the whole  
of the Soul  
of all things

disconnected in circumspect  
of our own self created inner hauntings  
never to grasp how undaunting  
the task at hand really is  
when we turn about  
and face our self

there is a plethoric sweetness of fruit  
that ripens in the garden of Soul  
where untold wealth springs forth  
with but a simple asking  
yet still here we are basking  
in the shade of the Dark Sun  
where all light is made of deception  
that which we confirm into existence  
with no resistance whatsoever  
to the unaccountable endeavors  
of those who would choose our fates for us

and yet though we do not trust them  
we go along anyway  
down a path of diminishing possibilities of survival  
while waiting for some mythical revival  
of an anointed enigma  
to remove the stigma  
of the Dark suit we have adorned

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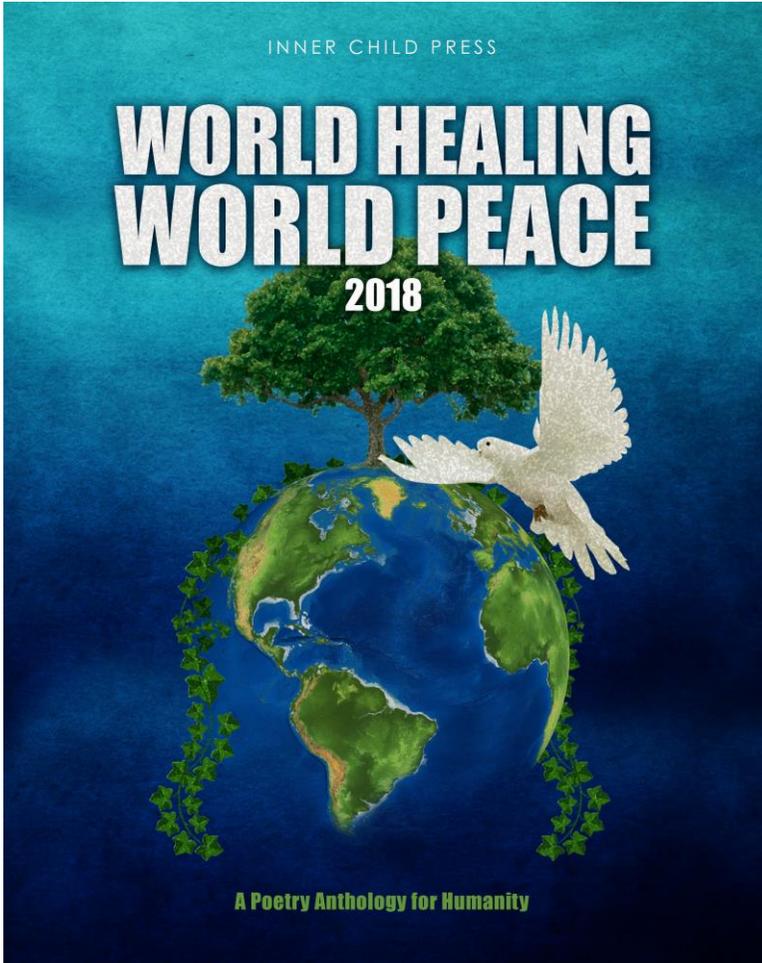
with glee  
that we call me

and the sanctity of it all  
does not reside  
in any thing that can be real  
and we convince our self daily  
that we feel something  
significant

we march along  
to some Piper's Song  
as we faintly hear  
the unspoken memories  
of our chaotic past  
that is lived out  
each day  
within us  
as a token of truth  
yet . . .

unspoken

*World Healing, World Peace*  
2018



Coming 1 April 2018

# March 2018 Features

~ \* ~

Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’

Cassandra Swan

Jaleel Khazaal

Shazia Zaman

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Iram*

*Fatima*

*'Ashi'*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

I am Iram Fatima 'Ashi'. I am nonresident Indian staying in Saudi Arabia. I have lived in different places and explored different people and their cultures. I am connected with my own country by soul and miss that.

Travelling has been an important part of my life. I have always felt as though borders are just the constructs of our feeble intellects, we have to look beyond them, only then will our hearts be free. *After spending so many years in different cultures and places, my quest is far from over. I have accepted whole world as my own and have a deep desire to be buried wherever I die.*

I like reading, writing, painting, listening to music and observing nature. I take inspiration from real life, nature and anything which touches me. I am a poetess, writer, painter and overall an artist by heart.

Happy Reading...

Love

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

## **Togetherness**

I inhaled thousand deaths and crossed oceans of lives, to  
acquire this moment,  
Where you are in front of me wrapped in roses of shyness,  
blushing and beautiful.

I am desirous to be close, to absorb the moment of our  
reunion of immortal love,  
You and I were yearning for this precious togetherness  
since so many years.

Clock is running fast and every passing tick is taking me  
away from you,  
I want to live all the moments of happiness and all joys of  
the hues of blue.

I am desirous to exchange breaths and heart beats and hold  
this time for us,  
A nervous hassle is following between us and creating, a  
strange fuss.

Dear come close to me, I don't want this eternal moment to  
go by, in the abyss  
Love me so much that we can fill the empty gaps of  
differences left amiss.

You and I are all alone living in separate corners; this  
eternal get-together is set,  
To reunite two loving souls existing in different bodies,  
restless until we meet.

## Unsaid Love

Love is a bond...

A unique spiritual tie,  
Between two souls an unbreakable relation,  
Which is beyond any worldly calculation.

Love is a game...

A secret mission planted by nature,  
It's a responsibility to be carried between two,  
A selfless care protecting from all damages.

Love is a journey...

A sentiment traveling from one to another,  
Hearts connected with each other and beat,  
Silence speaks, feelings conveyed without bridge of words.

Love is a promise...

A promise to keep life long,  
Unsaid and untold to undergo it's worth lifetime,  
A truth of worthiness and loyalty for each other.

Love is a faith...

Close to blind as love is known for,  
A trust needed to keep in-betweens,  
So that no obstacle can break a concrete relation.

Love is spiritual...

An internal dealing to enlighten souls,  
A natural fire to ignite same sentiments,  
In two pure hearts to connect and to feel love!

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*Cassandra*  
*Swan*

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## *The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

Cassandra Swan is an internationally acclaimed, award-winning poet. Her poetry is in the South Bank Centre Poetry Library, London and has been featured on BBC Radio and the discerning: [www.audiobookradio.net](http://www.audiobookradio.net). She has been widely published in poetry magazines and newspapers including the Times Literary Supplement and The Guardian Weekend Magazine. She has gained outstanding reviews for her challenging, diverse works. Cassandra seeks to bring her beguiling poetry to an audience in ways that overlook traditional, conventional styles and forms. She collaborates with composers and D.J.'s. She is often referred to as: "The Underground Poet Laureate"! Cassandra has developed her own Literary and Poetic Style known as "*Graphorrhoealism*", which, once again, defies traditional forms. Her work has been hailed as works of "*genius*" by Honorary Professors and her poetry has been likened to that of Edgar Allan Poe, Sylvia Plath, Vladimir Mayakovsky, J.H. Prynne, Christopher Logue, and Peter Reading. Cassandra has worked with Turner Prize nominee artists, Jake and Dinos Chapman and Sam Taylor-Johnson. She has won a number of international poetry competitions and two of her poem soundtracks have been produced as short films. Renowned for her epic poems: "The Panjandrum of Quondam" and "The Warring Harridan". She has been invited to perform in Moscow by The State Mayakovsky Museum, 2018 and her epic poem: "The Warring Harridan" is in pre-production as a short film by an LA-based Film Director.

You can contact Cassandra by e-mail:  
[cassandra.swan@yahoo.com](mailto:cassandra.swan@yahoo.com)

## The Memory Map

The compass is erratic, frantic, unstable;  
Withholding formulae, stopping tracks:  
fate neurosis set in years ago.  
To the east, there are vigorous impressions;

west, cryptic primal shadows:  
north, a hypothermic hallway to lunacy.  
My personal paradigm in the south,  
points to an alternative route.

The compass is erratic, frantic, unstable;  
Abreactions loiter in a flaming cul-de-sac!  
No way out, except via their dubious fumes.  
Whatever happened to “The Yellow Brick Road”?

## Biting The Bullet

My tongue of carefully tended, spiky thorns,  
sown and grown in the bed of life's soiled years,  
ripens as a poison mushroom; exsanguinating  
with each forced vowel's and consonant's sculpted form.

The syzygies have withered in a Laureate massacre;  
I whisk them into a rabble-rousing, Siberian liquor:  
It tantalises my pale-red, cobbled, flesh roof.  
Fate has fired a slug into my killer-jaw;  
poised for battle, it encamps between  
nicotine stained, anti-monarchic molars.  
This blighted air of lip-served consciousness  
is piqued in P's and Q's, pithy and tetchy as lemons.  
Harsh as an Auschwitz survivor, I extirpate  
the burning ice compacted in my pharynx.

My tainted throat cannot warble pleasing phonics;  
I scoff at biting the bold bullet of philanthropy.  
Ice-age, mammoth dark, unconscious schisms  
have painted my eyes with truculent ichor;  
syllables war, axe-like into chasms of papilla:  
they hold their horses, camouflaged as tacit traitors,  
and my Sibylline zunga bulges as a miser's  
coffer.

## The Warring Harridan

### (A Journey to the Centre of the Psyche with the Syntactic Pyromaniac)

An extremely tetchy, trauma geyser is fizzing – as an obfusc, voodoo brew – beneath a serene, graceful surface: yet more of my unruly lifetime's, stymied debris to excavate – from the Abaddonian, soul-stirring slime pit – and perspicaciously express. My psyche's Patagonian mosquito has landed: drilling for blood, it pierces my soul as a psychotic maniac with a rubiginous syringe! Deep within my subconscious, Mnemosynian archives, there resides a jagged, gyte shard: I must extract this parlous, psychological artefact – succinctly as a piece of intricately miniated hydria – and circumspectly inspect it. My glyptic wisdom will scroll poetically into cryptic diction; ornate as exquisite mezzo-relievo. These curious, iconic epics will evolve into abstruse, chronological, psychological dossiers; then filed in an historic, confessional-elegy library. I am The Warring Harridan: a psychagogue, moulting my pneuma's tedious onus by boundlessly fly-tipping versified ire – as eclairsissemental offerings – to volumes of personally quirky poetry books. My Bragian, internal brouhaha will be the theme of lengthy deliberation and criticism. My radical, Callopien cries will spansulise, and liberalize diatribes.

I sense an epic, minacious monster creeping out from dank cobwebs in a derelict crypt. Sunless recesses of my essence are melancholy potholes; muskegs, swollen with cognitive sewage. As a thaumaturgist, I transform intricate transference into fascinating, spiritually visual symbols, and phenomenal, refined Tyrian lines. I am prancing verbosely into a new arena of hearts and minds. The Alexander Technique filched-out stout, psychotherapeutic

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rats a few years back; squealing and mincing frantically through my emotional bilge-pump; leaping out through my drainpipe-epiglottis. I will cast more vermin out, poisoning them for good this time! An evil-eyed demon, the psycho, a demented artist – with a flick-knife, gun and hydrophidae – sculpted me twenty years ago into an intensely wise woman. Adam rises to consciousness in a Blake-blazing vision; he switches elements and dimensions. This devilish, black-rose abreaction triggers an odious, troparion oil slick! On the rumbling genesis of a tumultuous, sentimental tempest, my psyche's trireme will carry me through Acheron to a symbolic ravage. With irregular, cerebral outpourings, I will share my technical peak experiences and psychodynamics, as a psychiatric travel guide on a scenic, oceanic undulation. I must journey *beyond* the intrepid war of ghosts, as a bard revered. My psycho-synthesis passages always aim for spiritual peace and credence.

Prophetic, higher realms tell me – when I alight from my trireme – a Shaman's giant, Snowy Owl will swoop and ululate! It will encircle the whirlwind of my mind, as an unruly, noctivagant poltergeist! Then it will perch before me, a surreal, sagacious counsel, eagerly propounding *more* psychologically sullied evidence, to close this tragic, Gnostic case. This Harridan will suspire fire: illuminating the grimy, insipid sea with flaming waves in a Magritte masterpiece. An over-zealous Armageddon will manifest: orgulous, intrusive psychopaths will challenge me! However, I will see through their veil of convivial sincerity. Man will continually try to sporadically employ supremacy over me; Freud's vampires sucking at my unrepentant, Lorelei ego! Beyond the shore – as fate would have it – there is yet *another* war zone! I crawl: weary as a solitary soldier, digging my way forward with mud-encrusted elbows! I surreptitiously search for a

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symbolic orillion, to steal from a battlement, and enter my Trophonion, poet-trench.

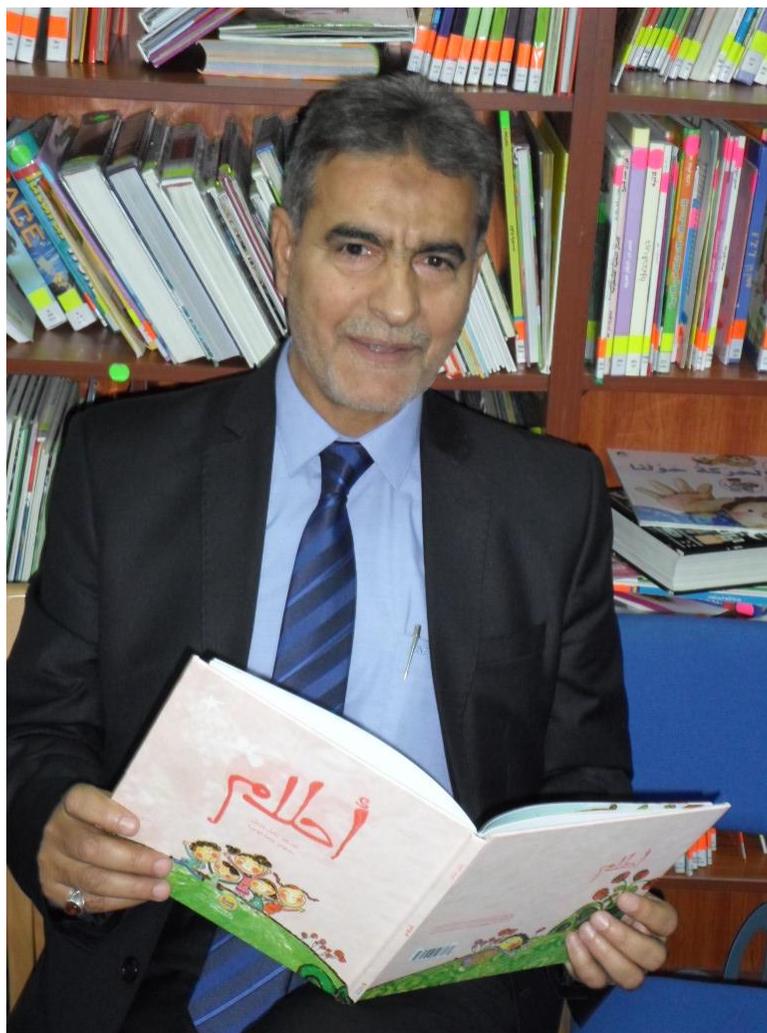
2)

As a tactical manoeuvre, I divert from a putative, ruthless plutocrat; refusing to squirm at his material behest! I develop a new, elegiac geostrategy and Lokian persona; carefully establishing fresh munitions and maskirovka. I transcribe in my spiritual journal as a fully-fledged, accomplished pace-setter; a hard core, Polyhymnian graphorrhoealist, in my confessional, Poetic, Foreign Legion. I flex my newly acquired, versified ligaments, as a lurid lynx on heat. I am a slick lexicographer, with insurgent tongue and lissom feet. As Magaera, I am, now, a poetic gladiator; opposing the literati megalomaniacs; fighting – introspectively – for a place on the pellucid, world page, in diffusion of responsibility. My perilous, Russian Muse ignites my riotous heart. Vladimir demands a forward-march! Plucking, the pristine, mnemonic strings on my allegorical, Pyrrhic victory harp. A fusion of instincts with Mayakovsky incites my spirit. *“To poetic battle!”* he cries. *“I am ready for battle!”* I reply.

Insane as a Queen, I behead superfluous suitors! Striking off Dr. Death – the subordinate Acephalite – for gross plagiarizing and punctuated negligence! My calm cranium looms – as a gesticulating, Revolutionary ghost - from a well-mourned tomb. Where are the rivals? They dissemble – as if to trick the old dog – but I have learned new tricks. This Harridan – propelled by dignified furore – will take an unexpected route: ancillary enemies have to be content with following suit. Their white flags sway – as slow-motion Geishas – far faraway! I rise, – as a dazzling, Dionysian apparition – from the Melpomenian ashes of time, as the intellectual hellcat: a poetic hero extraordinaire; the syntactic pyromaniac, with a jugular full of flares!

*Jaleel  
Khazaal*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

Name: Jaleel Khazaal

Date and Place of Birth: 1960, Baghdad

Specialized poet and writer in children's culture and literature.

Published more than 60 books in poetry, story, comics, and scientific books for the children. In addition to a number of researches, and essays regarding the children's culture and literature. Wrote many theatrical songs, plays, cartoons, radio and TV series.

Managing Editor for (Majalaty) magazine for children in Baghdade

His works have been printed in almost all the Arabic Countries. Also translated to many languages like German, Italian, Kurdish, and Persian. Many of his writings are being studied in the curriculums of kinder garden, primary school.

## the dancing butterfly

a butterfly with attractive colors  
i saw her dancing  
in the forest  
approaching her  
asking for her signature  
she confused  
for she doesn't know writing  
but she quickly  
overcame her embarrassment  
folding her wings  
and leaving her charming mark  
on my notebook

## the stubborn poet

gazelle is a brilliant poet  
one evening  
she wrote a new poem  
that made her  
so proud and happy  
in the next morning  
she decided to publish it  
in a newspaper  
but the donkey  
wrote  
“not fit for print”  
she told him angrily  
you are referring  
to me or to the poem  
he replied furiously:  
get out  
stubborn poet

## words we love

if you take something,  
say thank you  
and say “ here it is” if you want to give something  
and “if you please”  
in case you ask for something  
don't take more than you deserve  
if you make a mistake  
and you don't really mean that  
say sorry i don't mean it  
say it immediately and don't hesitate  
he will forget , forgive  
and shake hand with you  
you have the right to refuse something  
but say sorry i can't do that  
say thanks if you are granted a flower  
say thanks many times  
repeat it everywhere  
for friends and brothers  
thanks, thanks  
the most beautiful word  
it is the secret of joy and love  
say it heartily

*Shazia*  
*Zaman*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

Shazia Zaman's love for poetry started when she first discovered Omer Khayyam, the 11<sup>th</sup> century philosopher and poet. Khayyam's spiritual wit and eloquent poetry became a great inspiration for her own personal poetic expression. Shazia holds an MLIS (Masters in Library Information Science) from Rutgers University, and MA in Anthropology from Montclair State University, NJ. She currently works as an Adult Information Services librarian and lives in New Jersey with her husband and three children.

Shazia can be reached at  
shaziazaman67@gmail.com.

## Sound of Music

Most will hear  
the sound of music.  
While I feel,  
its pulse and groove.  
Within my very soul  
it plays,  
such graceful and  
melodious moves.  
Behind each beat  
within each drum  
Such ecstasy,  
a pleasure for some.  
Can you sense,  
that rhythmic vibe?  
That sound one hears  
deep at night.  
It stole my heart,  
and snared my mind,  
and left me wanting  
more each time.  
When all is done  
and man moves on  
Still I'll feel,  
the beating drum.

## Unfoldment

No resonance left in Me  
that aligns me to you  
An awakening I had of sorts  
some months back, it's true  
A terrifying night it was  
not knowing what to do  
Quite a journey I've had since  
that taught a thing or two  
This energy unknown to me  
awoke with all it's might  
Enveloping and enfolding  
on its own, it seemed alive  
No pleading or prayers  
that helped to make it stop  
Submission was all I had  
to accept the will of God  
An unfoldment I was told  
to align the blessed soul  
With Him who created you  
and all that's in the Now  
No more the me of yesterday  
the unconscious and asleep  
Now to find new companions  
with frequency just as deep.

## Power of Stillness

A wise man once said to me  
seek the power in stillness  
where wisdom dwells in silence  
and truth one day bears fruit  
When sight restores his wonder  
each spirit a mirror of another  
As man creates fear and strife  
awakened souls will realize  
Reaching out to help and heal  
to carve a path and restore  
balance where hearts can dwell  
in peace till the mighty call.

*Inner Child Press*

*News*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

*Jackie Davis Allen*

*Gail Weston Shazor*

*hülya n. yılmaz*

*Nizar Sartawi*

*Faleeha Hassan*

*Albert Carrasco*

*Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno*

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

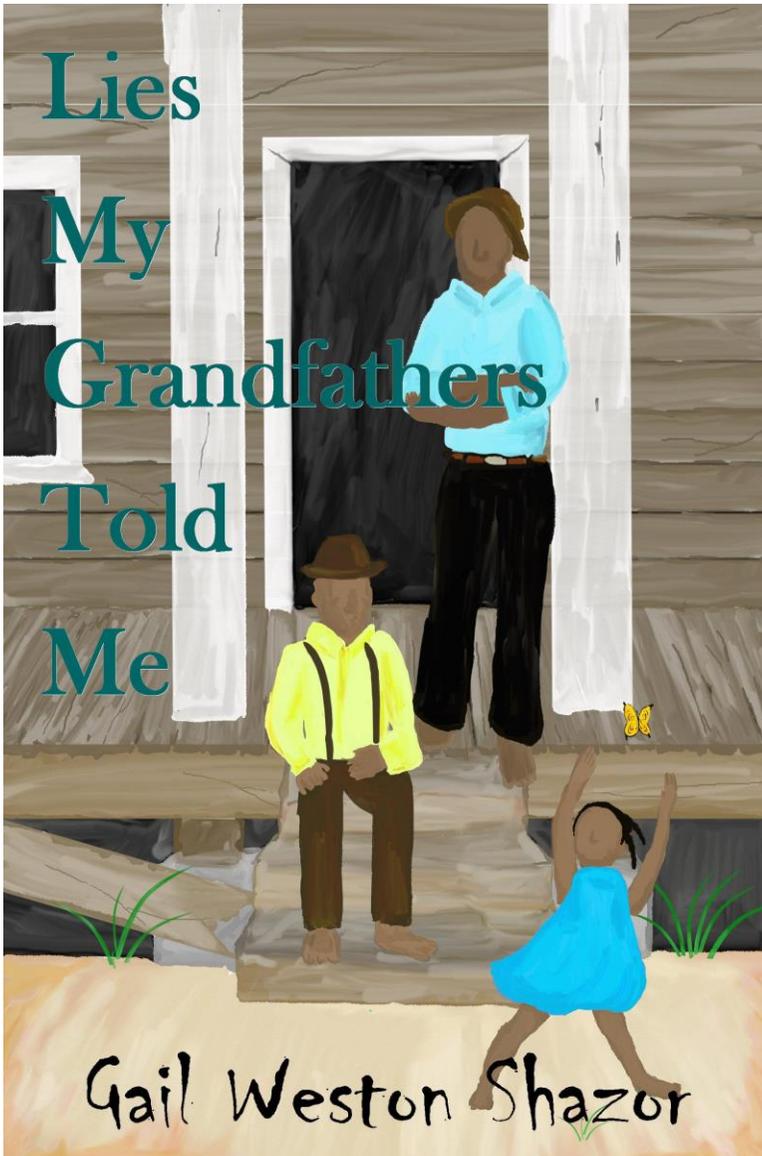
*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



**Jackie Davis Allen**

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# *Aflame*



*Memoirs in Verse*

**hülya n. yılmaz**

*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

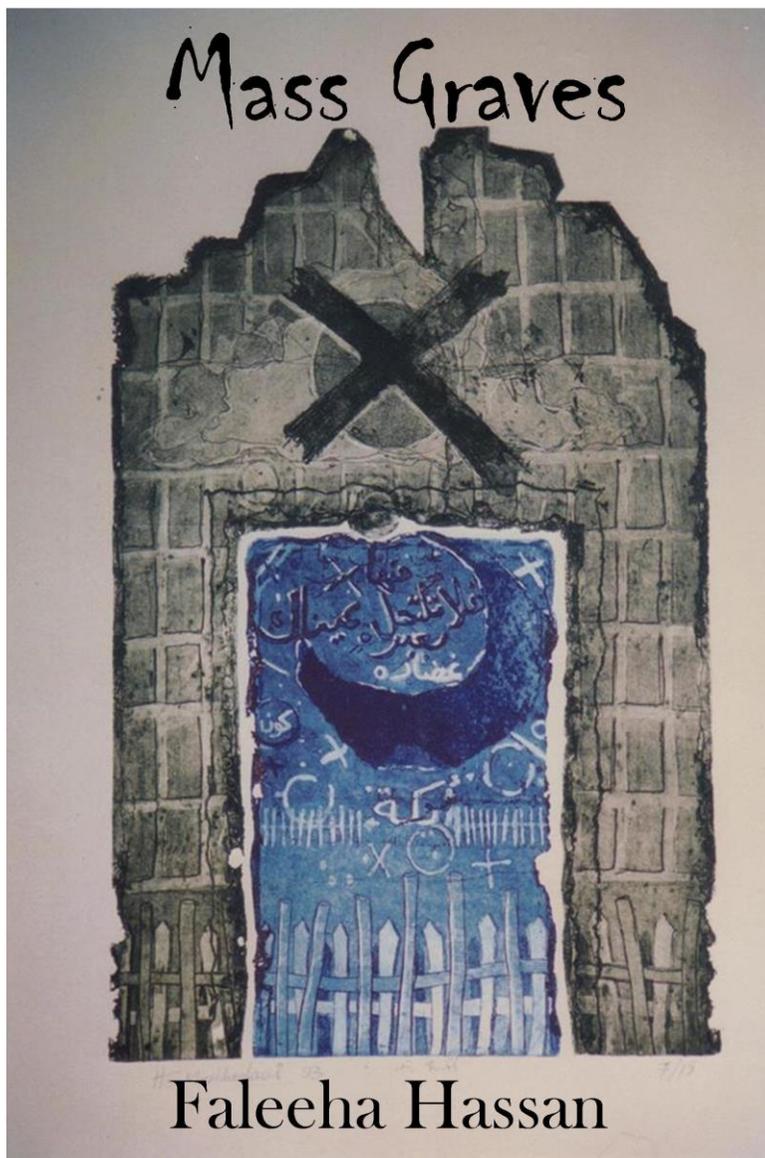
*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# My Shadow

Nizar Sartawi

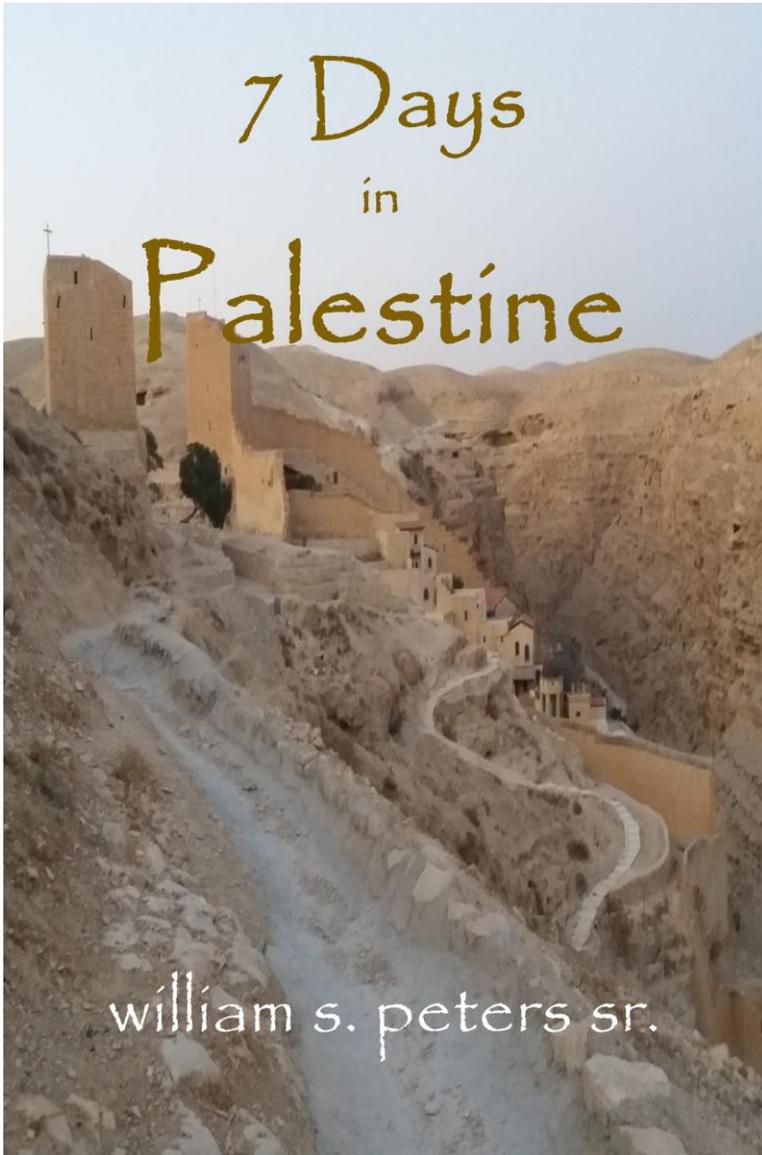
*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

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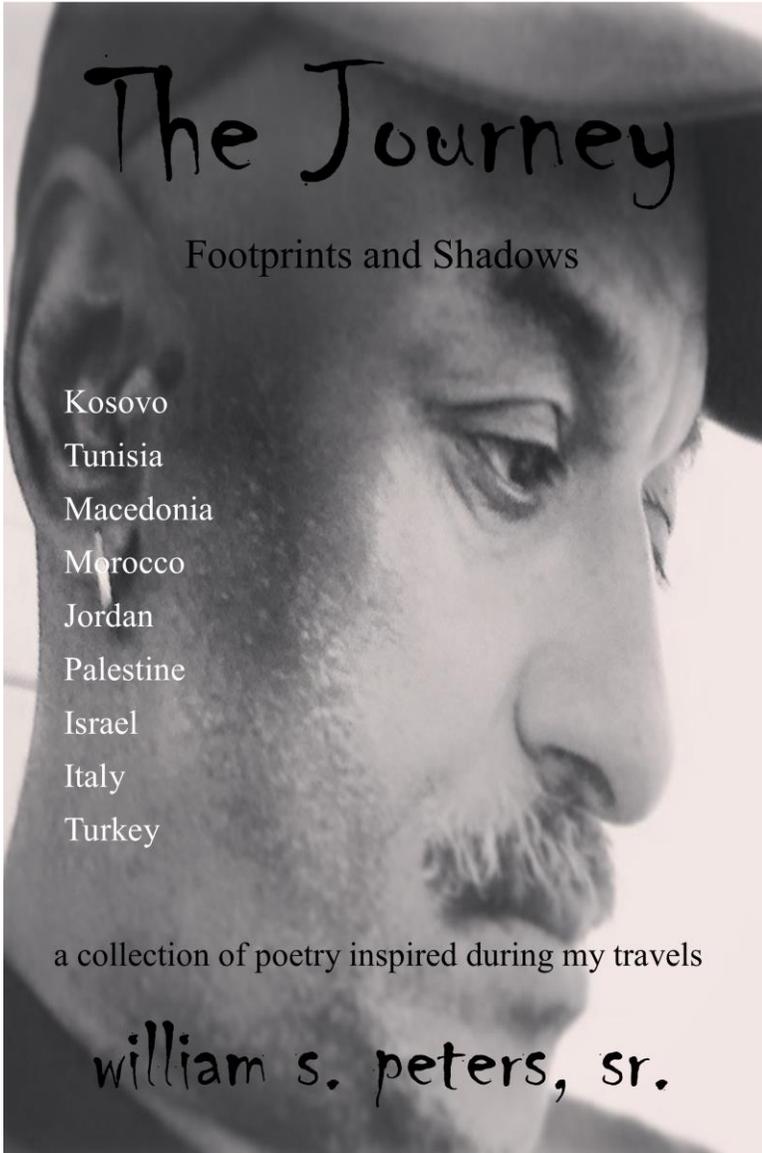
*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Coming in 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Coming in 2018*



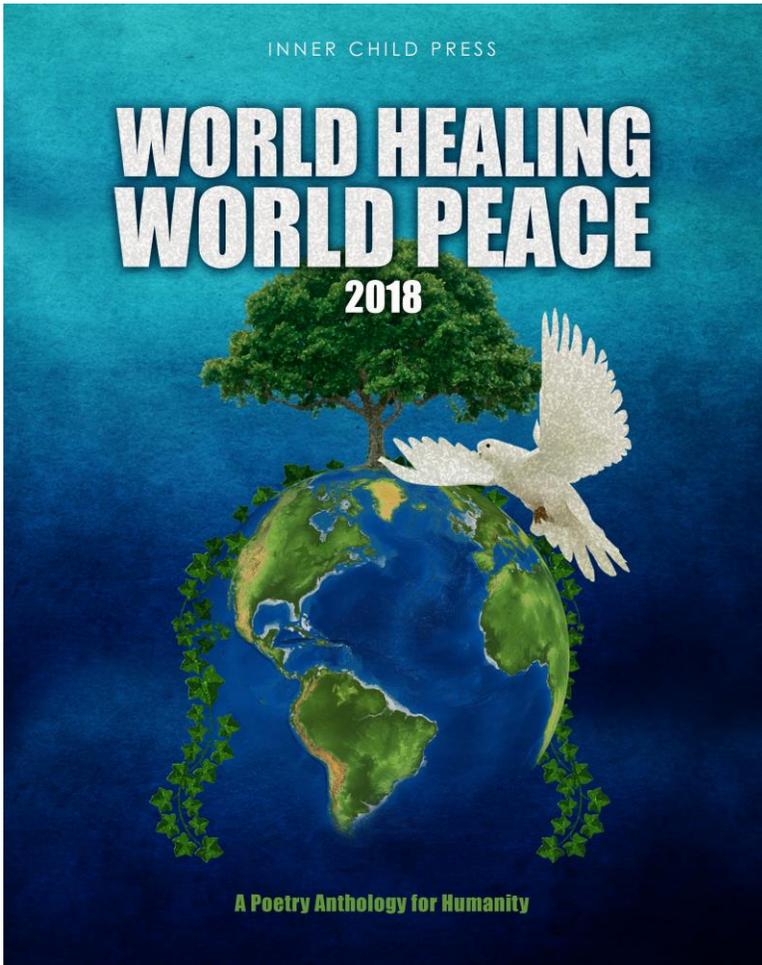
*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Coming Spring 2018*



*The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018*

*Coming April 2018*



*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

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

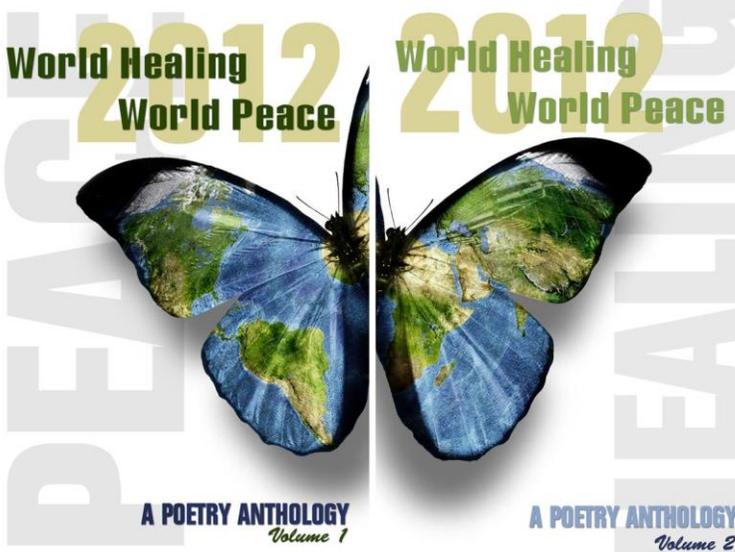
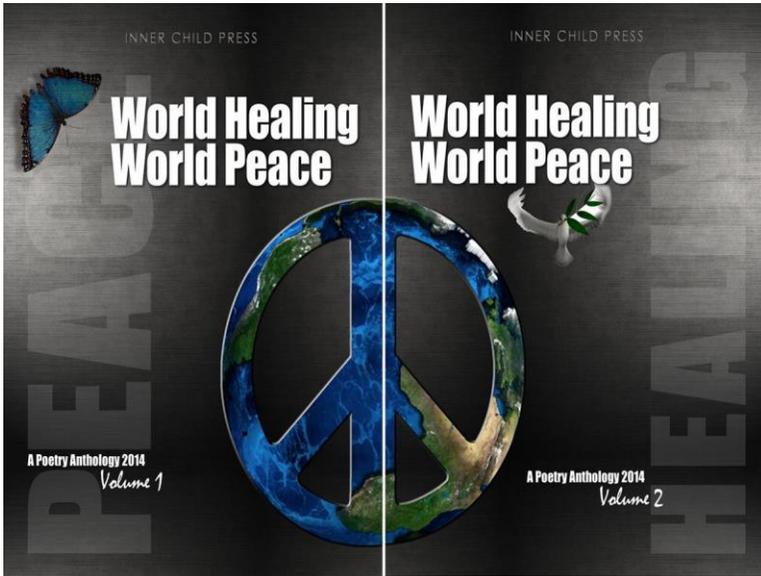
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Now Available*

[www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php)

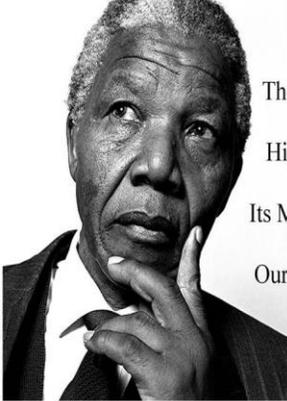
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



# Mandela



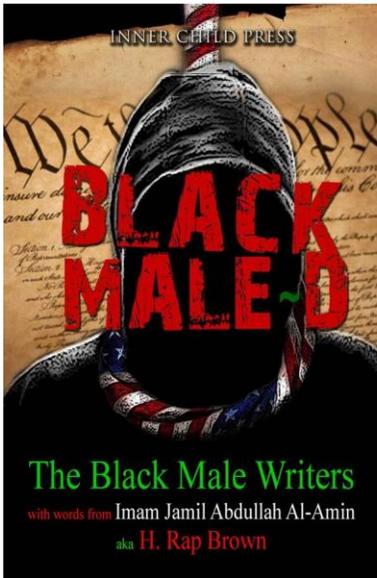
The Man  
His Life  
Its Meaning  
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories  
*The Anthological Writers*

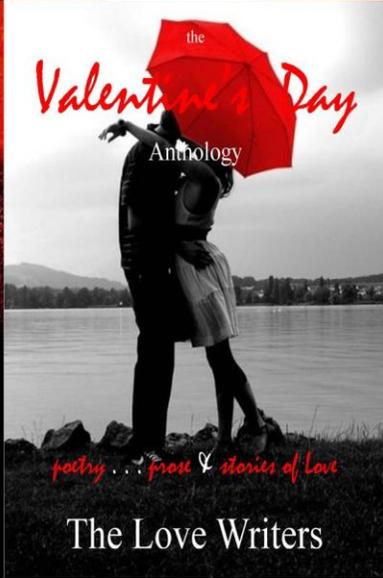
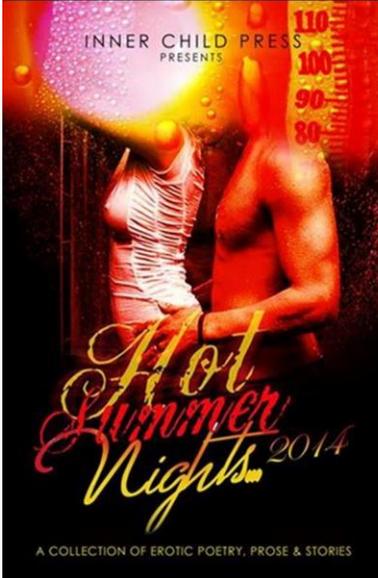
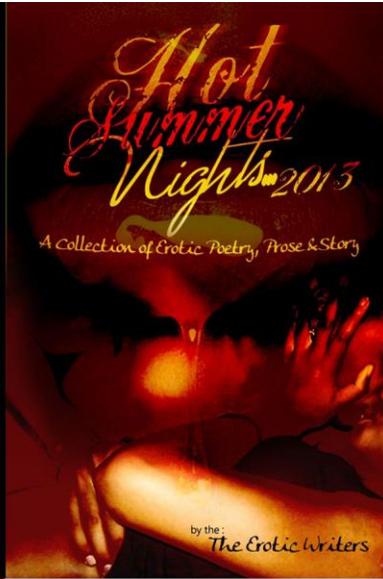
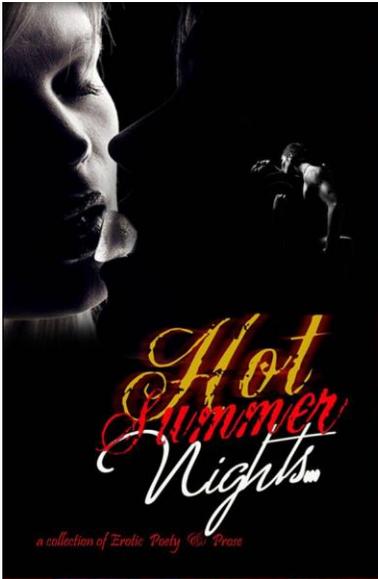
## A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY  
FOR  
**TRAYVON MARTIN**



Inner Child Press Anthologies





Inner Child Press Anthologies



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet

January 2014



*Carnation*

**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  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**Our January Feature**  
Terri L. Johnson

## the Year of the Poet

February 2014



*violets*

**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  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**Our February Features**  
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

## the Year of the Poet

March 2014



*daffodil*

**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.

**Our March Featured Poets**  
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

## the Year of the Poet

April 2014



*Sweet Pea*

**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.

**Our April Featured Poets**  
Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith

*celebrating international poetry month*

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**the year of the poet**  
May 2014

*May's Featured Poets*  
ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

**Dedicated To our Children**

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'In'le Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nevetu Wal  
Shameef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

*Lily of the Valley*



**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*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'In'le Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nevetu Wal  
Shameef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



**The Year of the Poet**  
July 2014

*July Feature Poets*  
Christiana A.V. Williams  
Dr. John R. Struim  
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'In'le Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nevetu Wal  
Shameef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**Lotus**  
Asian Flower of the Month



**The Year of the Poet**  
August 2014

**Gladiolus**

*August Feature Poets*  
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'In'le Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nevetu Wal  
Shameef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster Morning-Glory



Wild Clematis of September Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

*The Poet's Pass*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivritzer Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



*The Poet's Pass*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivritzer Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSandra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



*The Poet's Pass*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivritzer Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

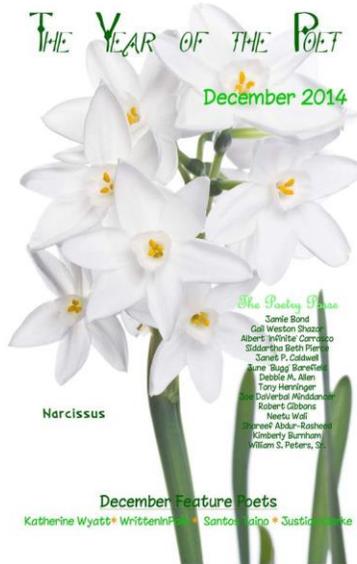
November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



*The Poet's Pass*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Ivritzer Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Bonefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindascano  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wolf  
Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPoetry • Santos Galin • Justin Blake

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**THE YEAR OF THE POET III**  
January 2015

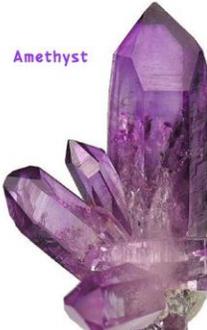


**Garnet**

*The Poetry Posse*  
Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdul - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
Ann White  
Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt  
Fahredin Shelu  
Hülya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion  
Jackie Allen  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**January Feature Poets**  
Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

**THE YEAR OF THE POET II**  
February 2015



**Amethyst**

**THE POETRY POSSE**  
Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdul - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
Ann White  
Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt  
Fahredin Shelu  
Hülya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion  
Jackie Allen  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS**  
Iram Fatima \* Bob McNeil \* Kerstin Centervall

## The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

**Our Featured Poets**

Heung Sook \* Anthony Arnold \* Alicia Poland

**Bloodstone**



**The Poetry Posse 2015**

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

## The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

**Our Featured Poets**

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac

**Diamonds**



**The Poetry Posse 2015**

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

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets  
Geri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chimney  
Anna Jakubczak



Emeralds

The Poetry Passe 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 Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
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 Passe 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 Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
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

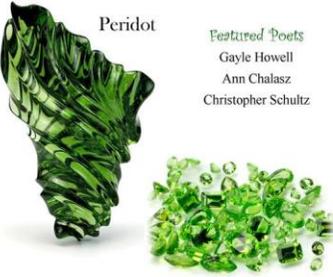


Rubies

## The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Featured Poets  
Gayle Howell  
Ann Chaliasz  
Christopher Schultz



Peridot

The Poetry Passe 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 Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Poetry Passe 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  
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Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

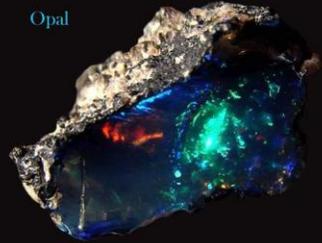
**The Year of the Poet II**  
 September 2013  
 Featured Poets  
 Alfreda Ghee \* Lonnice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

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

**The Year of the Poet II**  
 November 2015  
 Featured Poets  
 Alan W. Jankowski  
 Bismay Mohanty  
 James Moore



Topaz

*The Poetry Posse 2015*  
 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
 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. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
 December 2015  
 Featured Poets  
 Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

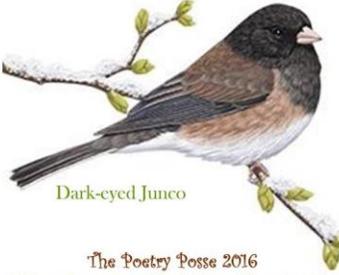
*The Poetry Posse 2015*  
 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
 Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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## The Year of the Poet III January 2016

### Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

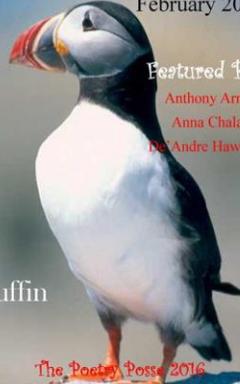
### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera \* Alana J. White  
Ehmadto Shetu \* Hirshikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Joe DeVeral Misdalancer \* Sharief Alblair \* Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Keith Allen Jemillion  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* 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  
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

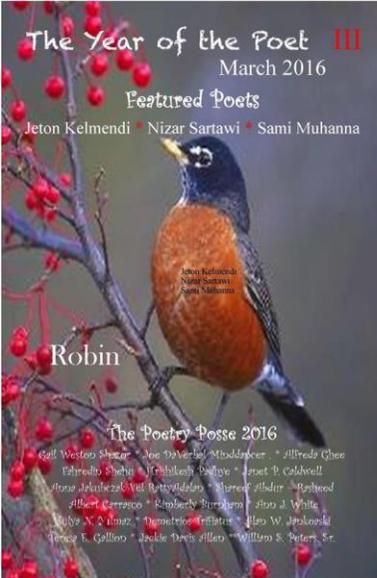
### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeral Misdalancer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Ehmadto Shetu \* Hirshikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera \* Sharief Alblair \* Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alana J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III March 2016

### Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna



Robin

### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeral Misdalancer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Ehmadto Shetu \* Hirshikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera \* Sharief Alblair \* Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alana J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* 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



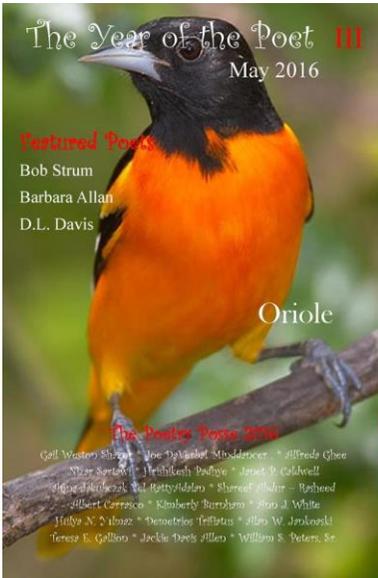
Black Capped Chickadee

### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeral Misdalancer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Ehmadto Shetu \* Hirshikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera \* Sharief Alblair \* Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alana J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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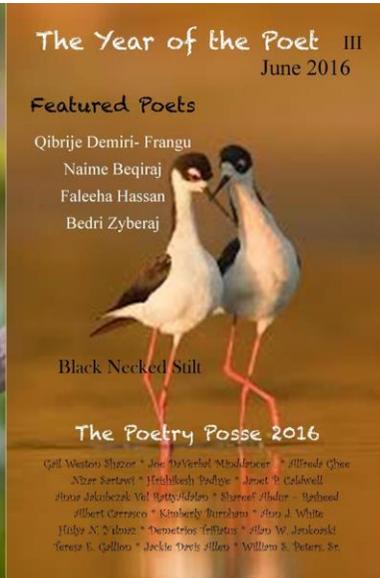


**The Year of the Poet III**  
May 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Bob Strum  
Barbara Allan  
D.L. Davis

**Oriole**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarrawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet D. Caldwell  
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana \* Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Alan J. White  
Habya N. Almaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

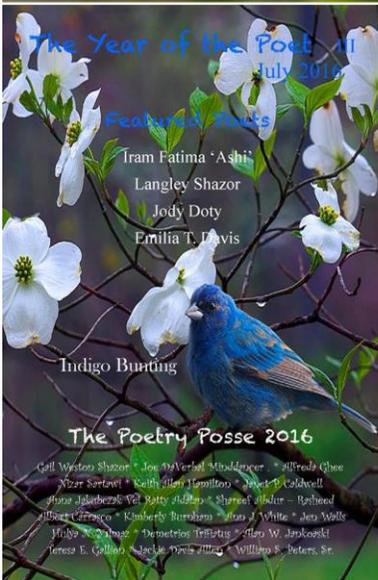


**The Year of the Poet III**  
June 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Qibrije Demiri- Frangu  
Naime Beqiraj  
Faleeha Hassan  
Bedri Zyberaj

**Black Necked Stilt**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarrawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet D. Caldwell  
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana \* Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Alan J. White  
Habya N. Almaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

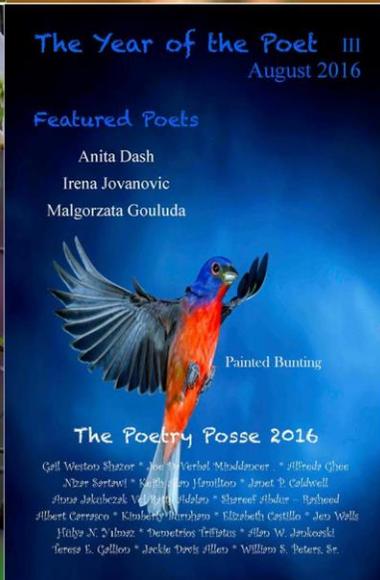


**The Year of the Poet III**  
July 2016

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

**Indigo Bunting**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarrawi \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet D. Caldwell  
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana \* Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Alan J. White \* Alan Walls  
Habya N. Almaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* 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 DiVierio Mbsalmeier \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarrawi \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet D. Caldwell  
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana \* Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Alan Walls  
Habya N. Almaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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**The Year of the Poet III**  
September 2016

**Featured Poet**  
Simone Weber  
Abhijit Sen  
Eunice Barbara C. Novice

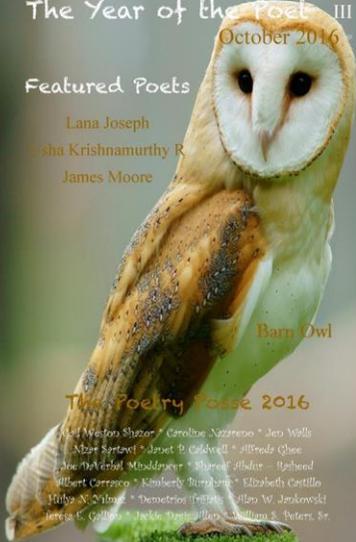


Long Billed Curlew

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Jones \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghese  
Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Jones \* Sharief Abdul - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tanya N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Miller \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
October 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Lana Joseph  
Visha Krishnamurthy R  
James Moore

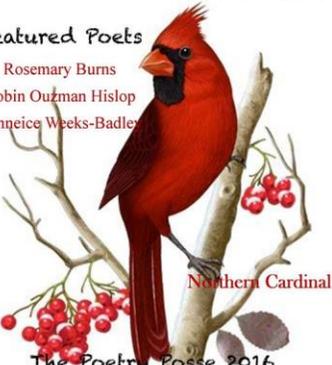


Barn Owl

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghese  
Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Jones \* Sharief Abdul - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tanya N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Miller \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
November 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Rosemary Burns  
Robin Ouzman Hislop  
Lonnie Weeks-Badler

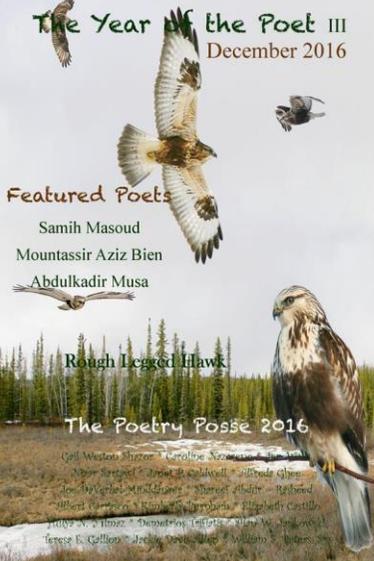


Northern Cardinal

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghese  
Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Jones \* Sharief Abdul - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tanya N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Miller \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
December 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Samih Masoud  
Mountassir Aziz Bien  
Abdulkadir Musa



Rough Legged Hawk

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghese  
Joe DeVeral \* Mindy Jones \* Sharief Abdul - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tanya N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Miller \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
January 2017

**Featured Poets**  
Jon Winell  
Stacie Shields  
Fran Fatima Ashi

Quaking Aspen

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizzenro \* Bismay Mohanty  
Nizar Sertawi \* Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan \* Jeni Walls  
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Almeida \* Falecia Jenson \* Alan W. Janowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Doree Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
February 2017

**Featured Poets**  
Lin Ross  
Soukaina Falhi  
Anwar Ghani

Witch Hazel

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
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Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizzenro \* Bismay Mohanty  
Nizar Sertawi \* Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan \* Jeni Walls  
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Almeida \* Falecia Jenson \* Alan W. Janowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Doree Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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

**Featured Poets**  
Tremell Stevens  
Francisca Ricinski  
Jamil Abu Shah

The Eastern Redbud

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizzenro \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan  
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Almeida \* Falecia Jenson \* Jackie Doree Allen  
Jeni Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
April 2017

**Featured Poets**  
Dr. Ruchida Barman  
Nephtune Barman  
Masoud Khalaf

The Blossoming Cherry

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizzenro \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan  
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Almeida \* Falecia Jenson \* Jackie Doree Allen  
Jeni Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



### Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell  
Alicja Maria Kuberska  
Fethi Sassi

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Binoy Mahapatra  
Teresa E. Gallison \* Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo  
Joe DeVierbal Mbadonacer \* Sharon Albadir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. D'ibozz \* Edecha Hussain \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV June 2017

### Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet  
Tze-Min Tsai  
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Binoy Mahapatra  
Teresa E. Gallison \* Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo  
Joe DeVierbal Mbadonacer \* Sharon Albadir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. D'ibozz \* Edecha Hussain \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV July 2017

### Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma  
Ibaa Ismail  
Zvonko Taneski

The Oak Moon

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Binoy Mahapatra  
Teresa E. Gallison \* Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo  
Joe DeVierbal Mbadonacer \* Sharon Albadir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. D'ibozz \* Edecha Hussain \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV August 2017

### Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino  
Kitty Hsu  
Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Binoy Mahapatra  
Teresa E. Gallison \* Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo  
Joe DeVierbal Mbadonacer \* Sharon Albadir - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. D'ibozz \* Edecha Hussain \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet IV

September 2017

### Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberns

Ameer Nassir

Christine Fulco Neal

Robert Neal

The Elm Tree



### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

## The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017

### Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem

Nedal Al-Qaeim

Sadeddin Shaban



The Black Walnut Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

## The Year of the Poet IV

November 2017

### Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello

The Tree of Life



### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

## The Year of the Poet IV

December 2017

### Featured Poets

Justice Clarke

Mariel M. Pabroa

Kiley Brown



The Fig Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet V

January 2018

**Featured Poets**  
 Iyad Shamasnah  
 Yasmeen Hamzeh  
 Ali Abdolrezaei

**Aksum**



**The Poetry Posse 2018**

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Tezmin Ition Tsai  
 Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan  
 Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
 Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet V

February 2018

**Sabeen**



**Featured Poets**  
 Muhammad Azram  
 Anna Szawracka  
 Abhilipsa Kuanar  
 Aanika Aery

**The Poetry Posse 2018**

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Tezmin Ition Tsai  
 Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan  
 Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
 Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet V

March 2018



**Featured Poets**  
 Iram Fatima 'Ashi'  
 Cassandra Swan  
 Jaleel Khazaal  
 Shazia Zaman

**The Poetry Posse 2018**

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
 Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno  
 Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion  
 Faleeha Hassan \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
 Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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2018



**A Poetry Anthology for Humanity**

World Healing World Peace



# Poetry

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World Healing  
World Peace  
2018

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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



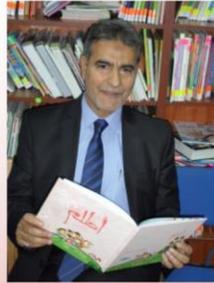
## March 2018 ~ Featured Poets



**Iram  
Fatima  
'Ashi'**



**Cassandra  
Swan**



**Jaleel  
Khazaal**



**Shazia  
Zaman**



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