

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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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV March 2018 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2018

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Publisher Information

**1st Edition : Inner Child Press
intouch@innerchildpress.com
www.innerchildpress.com**

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ISBN-13 : 978-1970020472 (inner child press, ltd.)

ISBN-10 : 1970020474

\$ 12.99

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

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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

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

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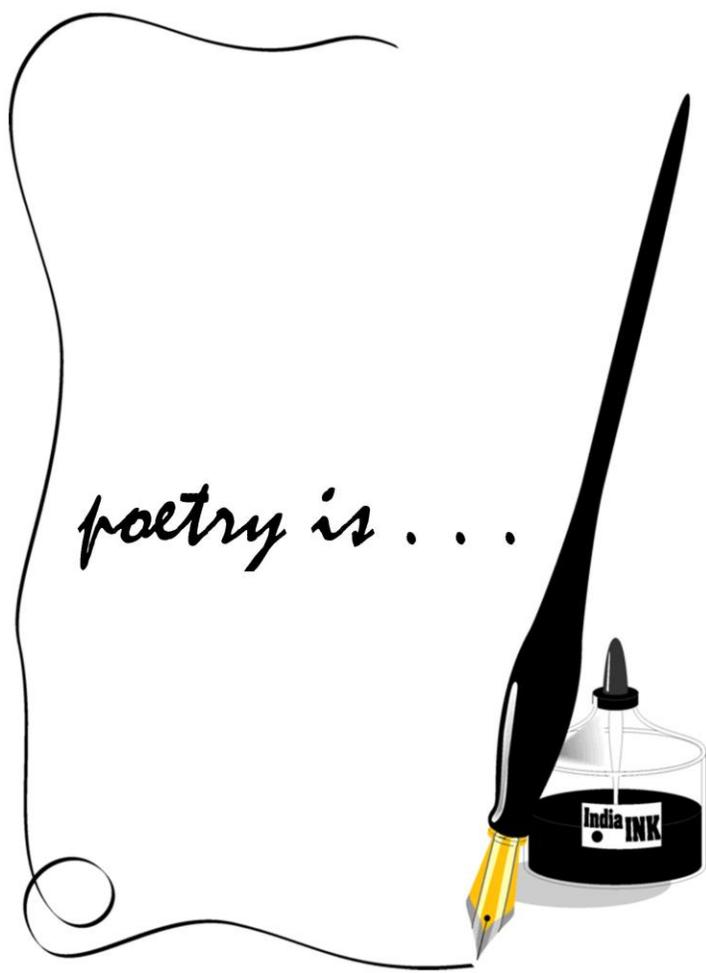
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor

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

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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*

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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

The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018



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

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

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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

The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018



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

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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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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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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

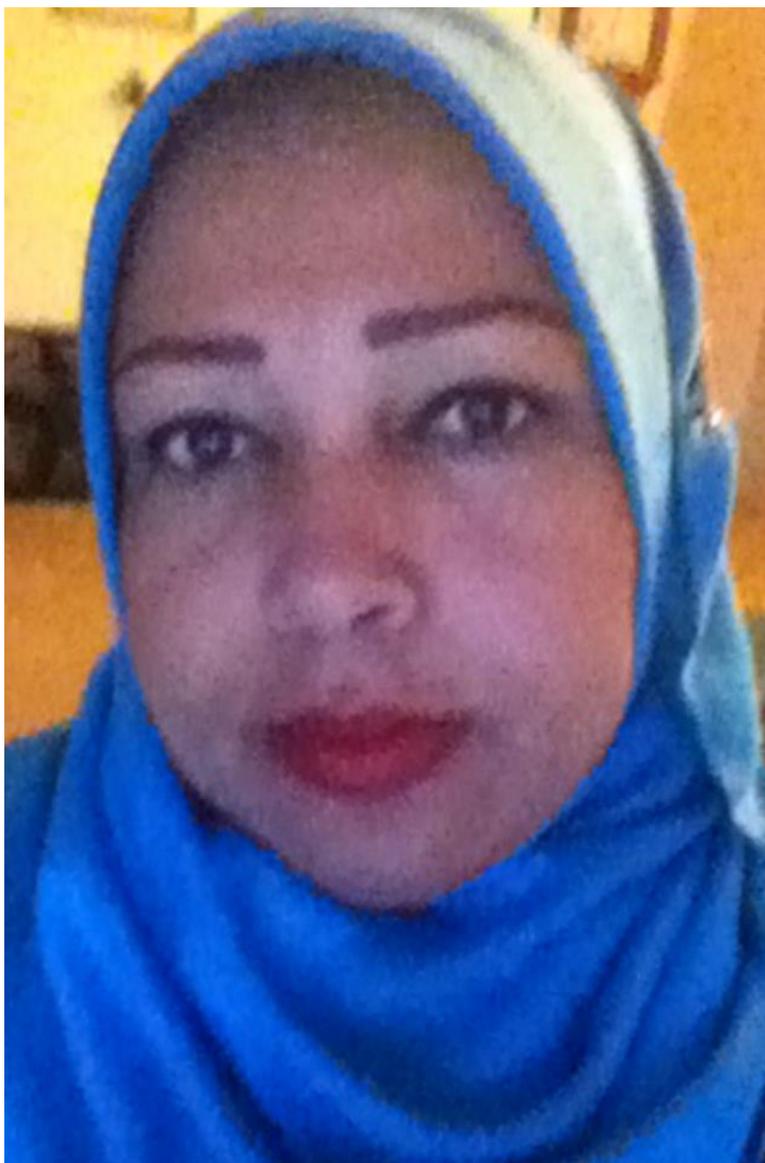
eloquent seated position, looking
down on the universe
encroaching on the river.

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

Faleeha

Hassan

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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

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



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

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

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

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

.

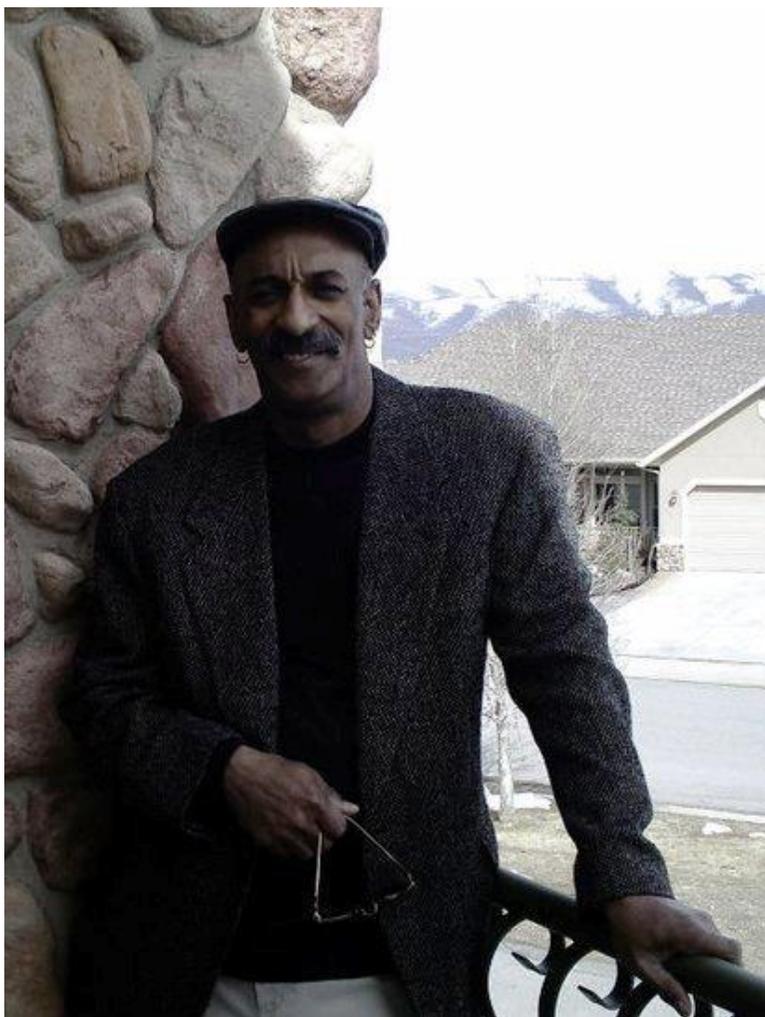
i am the unknown god
of lightyears
of aeon lives
herenow, my existence
is the comeback
of all beginnings.

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

Personal Web Site

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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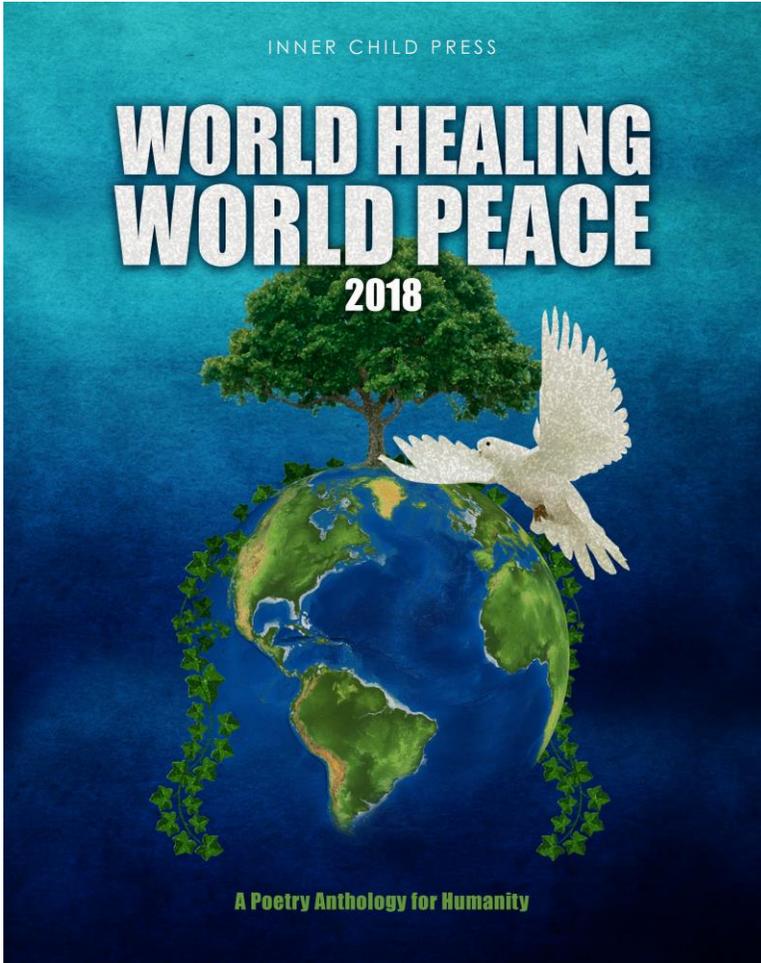
with glee
that we call me

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

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Iram

Fatima

'Ashi'

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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'

Togetherhness

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 togetherhness
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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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. 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

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.

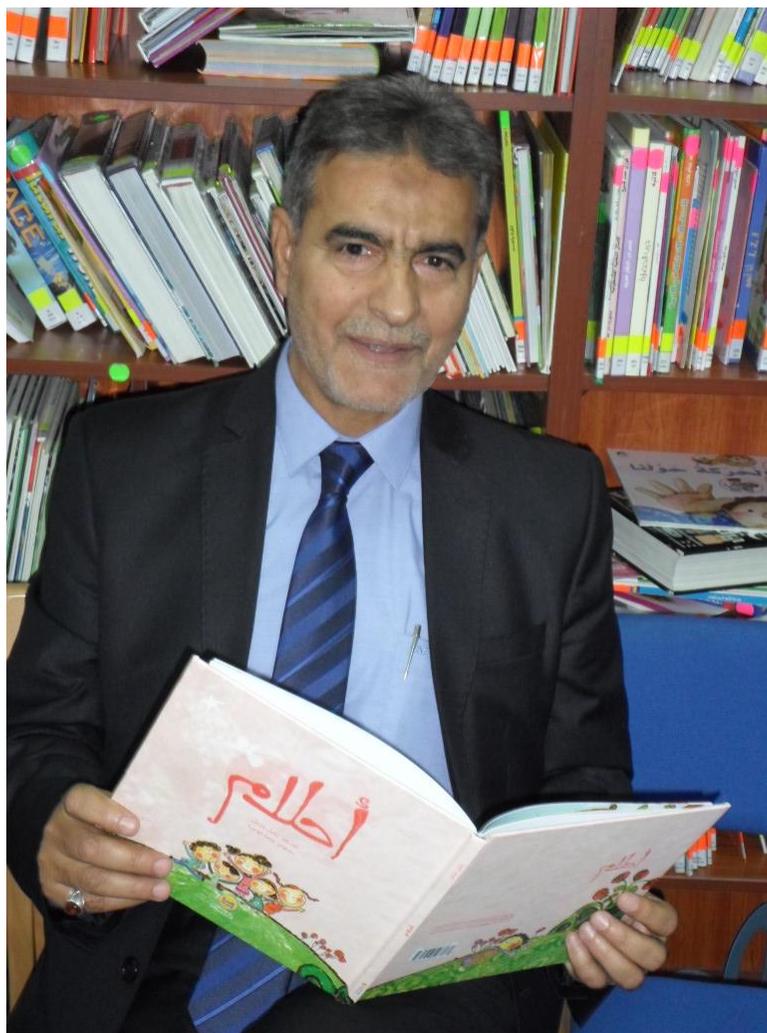
2)

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!

*Jaseel
Khazaas*

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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

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Shazia Zaman's love for poetry started when she first discovered Omer Khayyam, the 11th 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

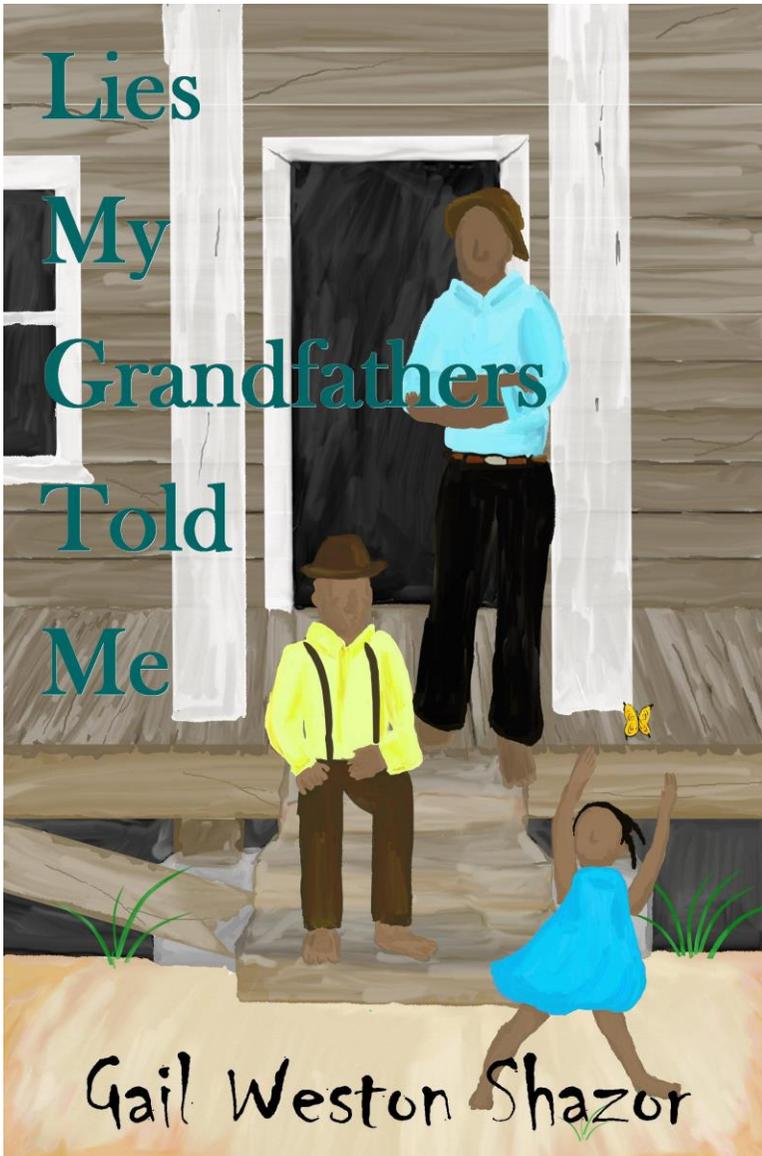
Now Available at
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Jackie Davis Allen

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Aflame



Memoirs in Verse

hülya n. yılmaz

The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018

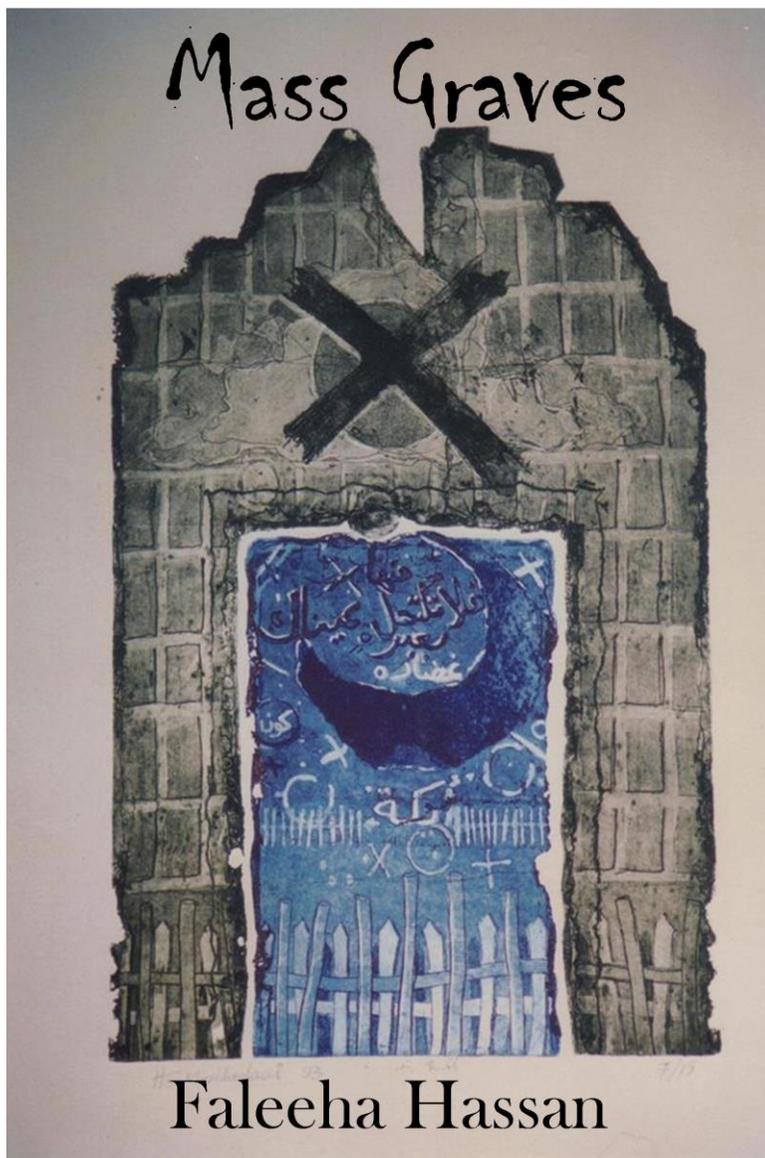
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My Shadow

Nizar Sartawi

The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018

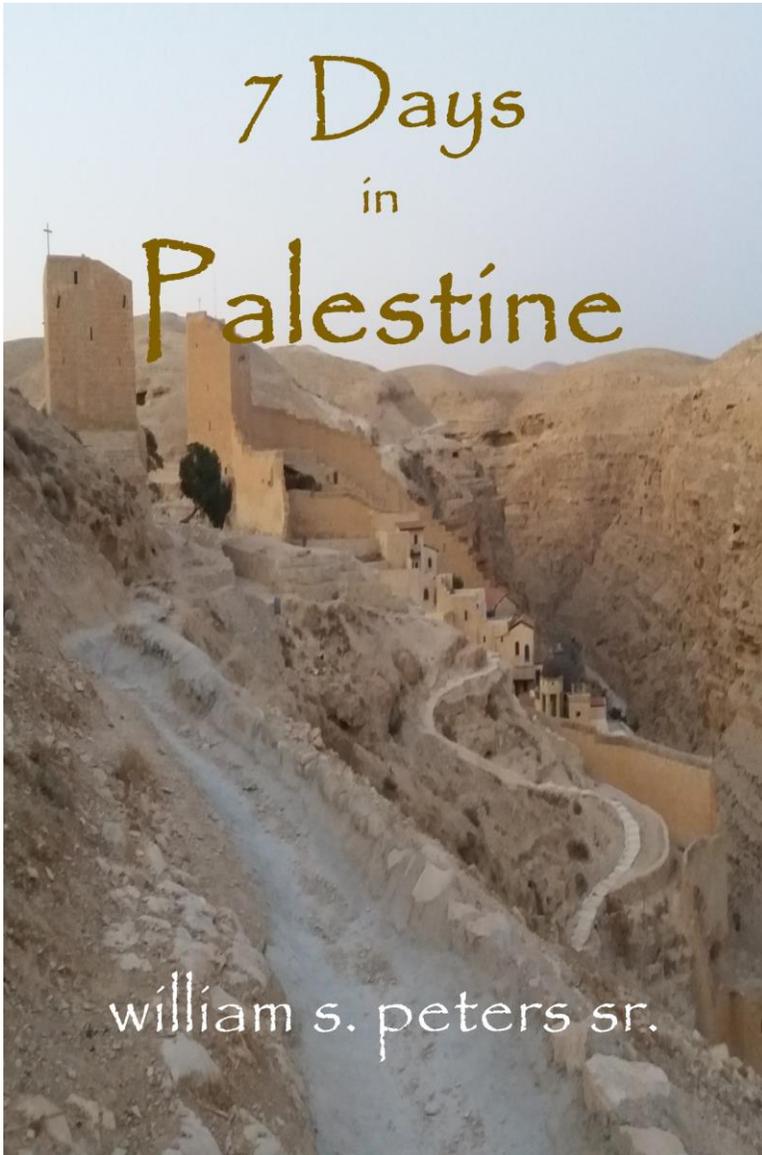
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Faleeha Hassan

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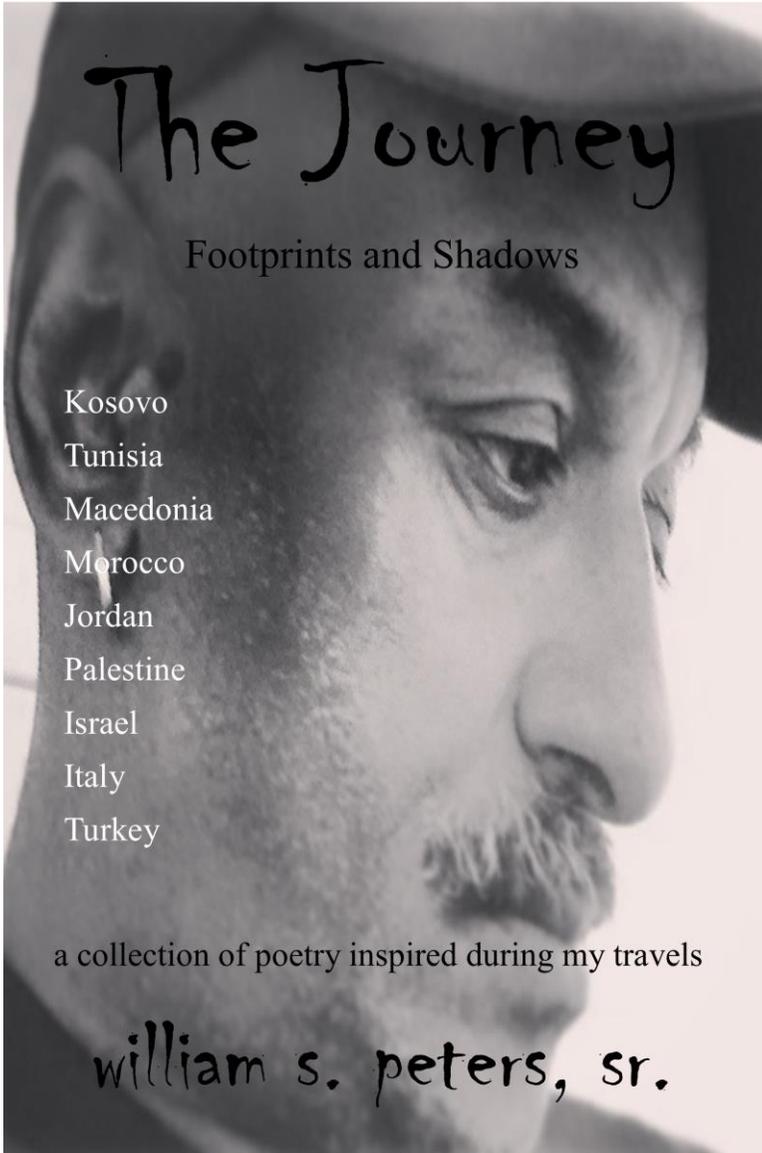
The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018

Coming in 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018

Coming in 2018



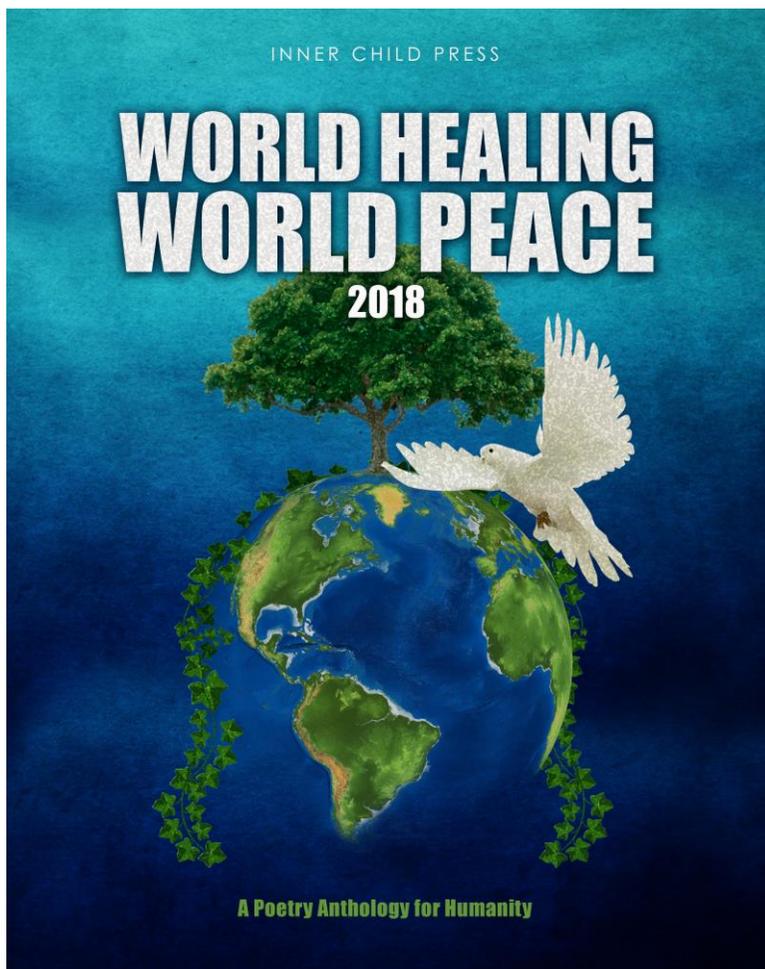
The Year of the Poet V ~ March 2018

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

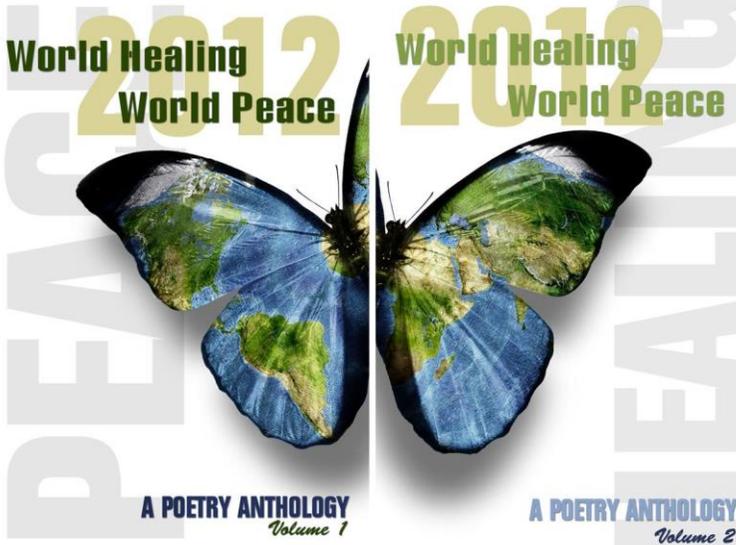
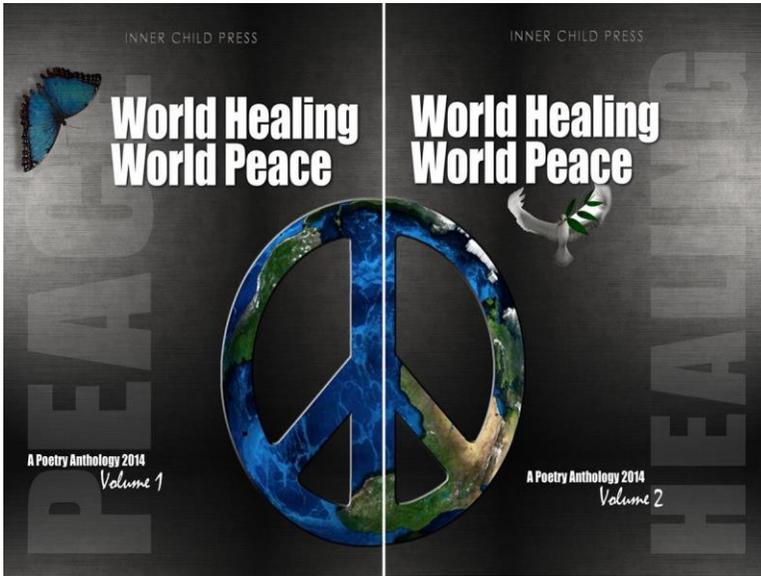
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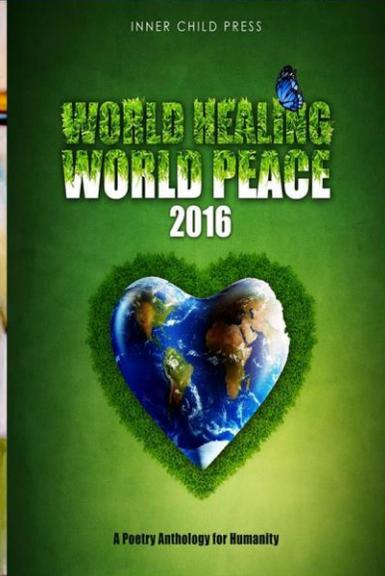
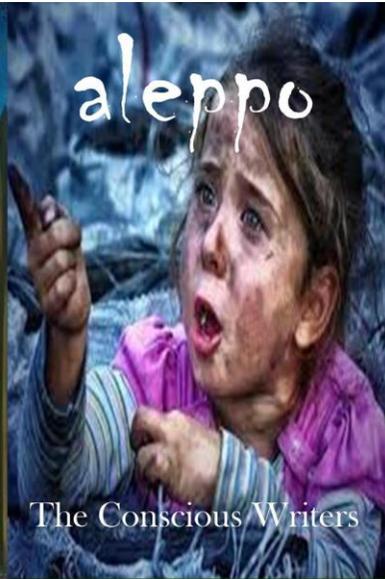
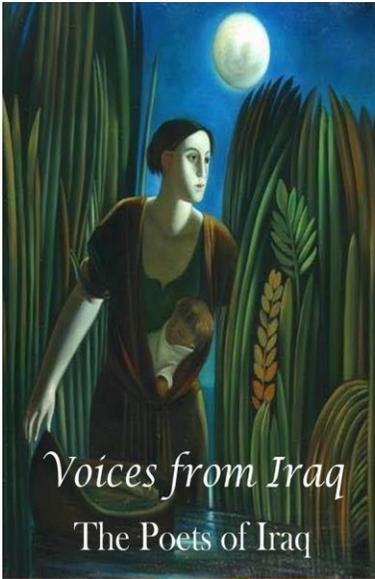
Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php

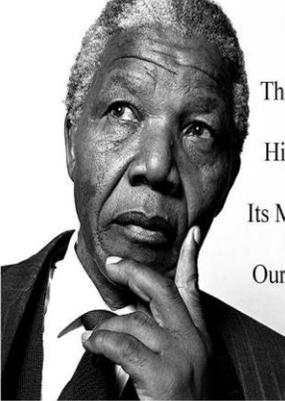
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Mandela



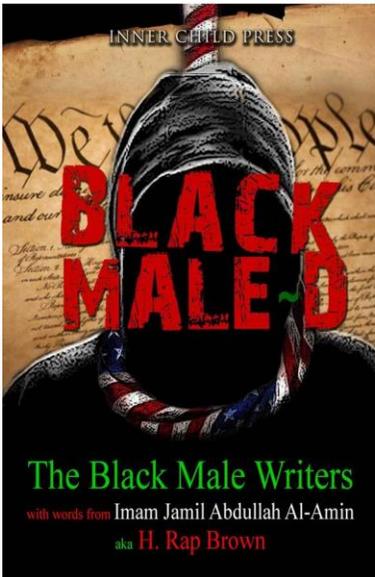
The Man
His Life
Its Meaning
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

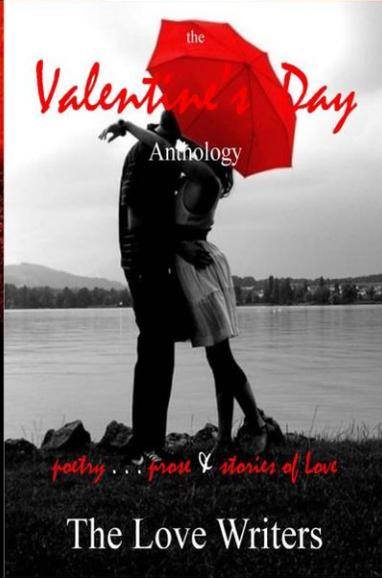
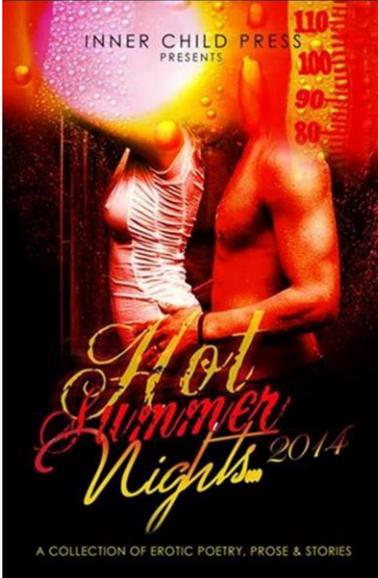
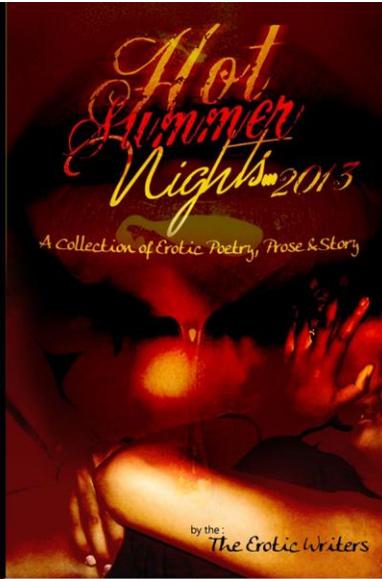
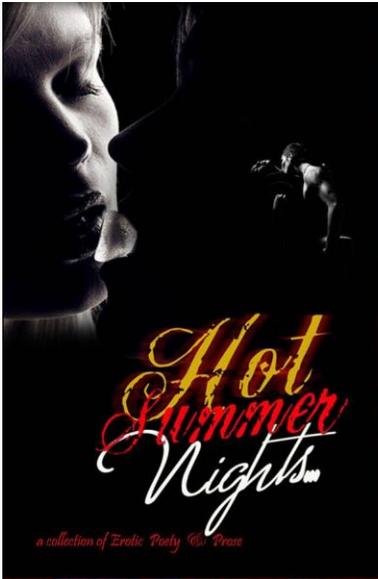
A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN



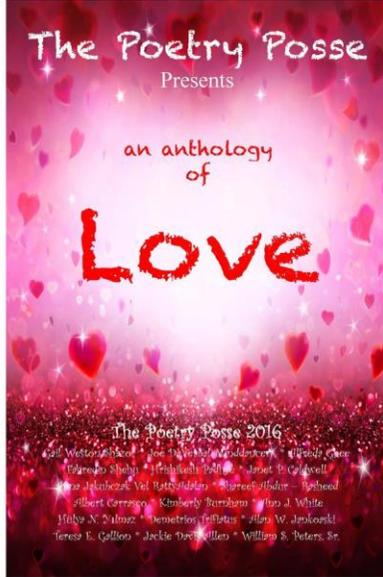
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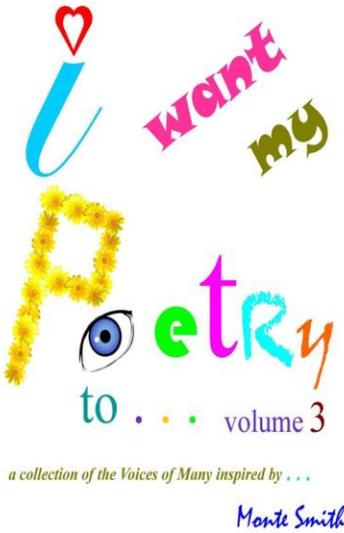
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a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition



Inner Child Press Anthologies



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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
 Jamie Bond
 Gal Weston Shazor
 Albert In'In'le Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pearce
 Janet P. Caldwell
 June Bugg Barefield
 Debbie M. Allen
 Tony Haninger
 Joe DeVeral Mindanoer
 Robert Gibbons
 Neetu Wal
 Shareef 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
 Jamie Bond
 Gal Weston Shazor
 Albert In'In'le Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pearce
 Janet P. Caldwell
 June Bugg Barefield
 Debbie M. Allen
 Tony Haninger
 Joe DeVeral Mindanoer
 Robert Gibbons
 Neetu Wal
 Shareef 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. Strain
 Kolohe Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse
 Jamie Bond
 Gal Weston Shazor
 Albert In'In'le Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pearce
 Janet P. Caldwell
 June Bugg Barefield
 Debbie M. Allen
 Tony Haninger
 Joe DeVeral Mindanoer
 Robert Gibbons
 Neetu Wal
 Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham
 William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus
 Asian Flower of the Month

The Year of the Poet

August 2014

Gladiolus

The Poetry Posse
 Jamie Bond
 Gal Weston Shazor
 Albert In'In'le Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pearce
 Janet P. Caldwell
 June Bugg Barefield
 Debbie M. Allen
 Tony Haninger
 Joe DeVeral Mindanoer
 Robert Gibbons
 Neetu Wal
 Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham
 William S. Peters, Sr.



August Feature Poets
 Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins

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
Hilya 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
Hilya 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



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 * Hilya 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



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

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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

Peridot



Featured Poets
Gayle Howell
Ann Chaliasz
Christopher Schultz



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
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
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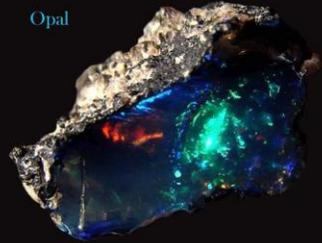
The Year of the Poet II
 September 2013
 Featured Poets
 Alfreda Ghee * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



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

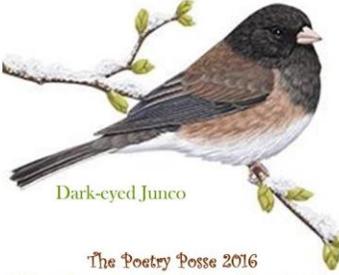
The Poetry Posse 2015
 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya 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

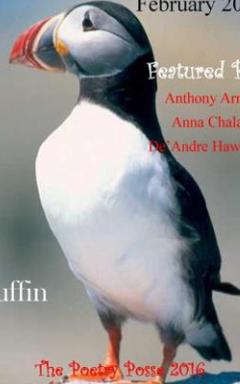
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Alissa J. White
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVeral Mimblander * Sharief Abdur - 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

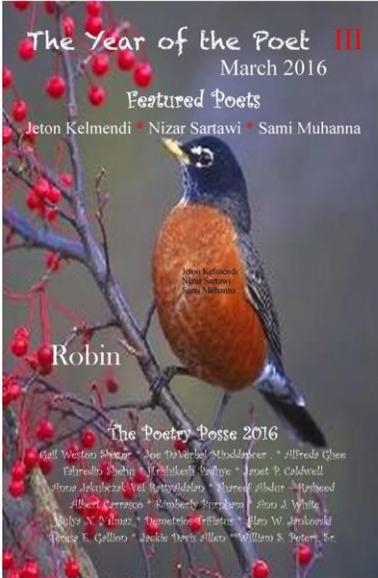
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Mimblander * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alissa 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 Mimblander * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alissa 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



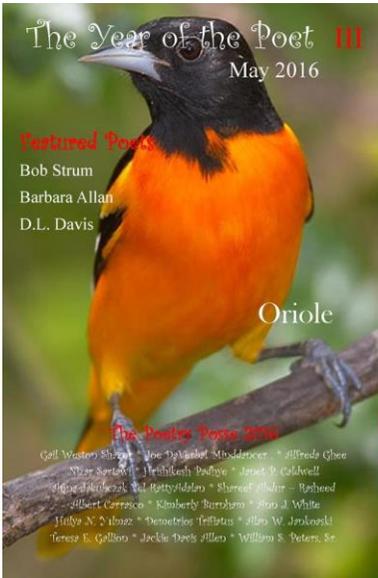
Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

celebrating international poetry month

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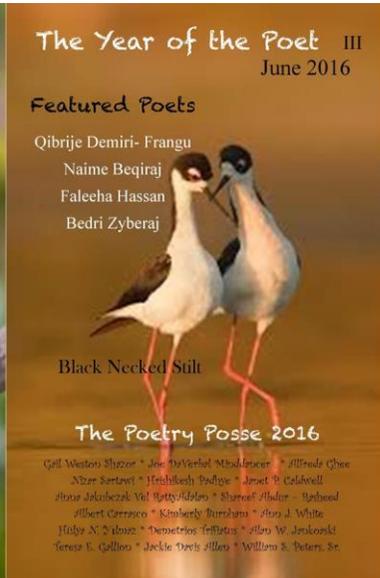


The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets
Bob Strum
Barbara Allan
D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzaz Sartawi * Hershkesh Badwe * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldier - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

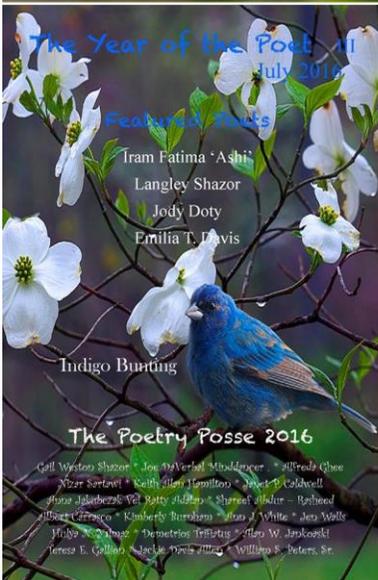


The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

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

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzaz Sartawi * Hershkesh Badwe * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldier - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

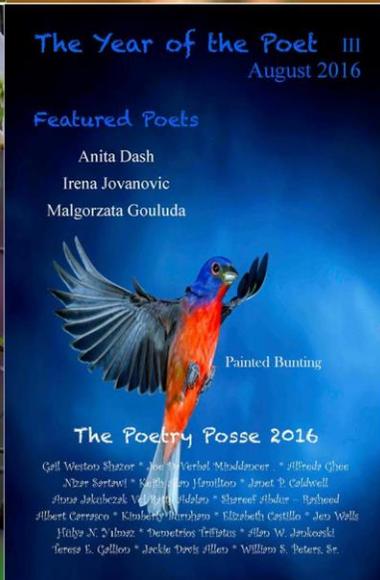


The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzaz Sartawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldier - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White * Alan Walls
Haby N. D'Amaz * 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 * Allreda Choe
Nzaz Sartawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldier - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo * Alan Walls
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
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The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poet
Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novice

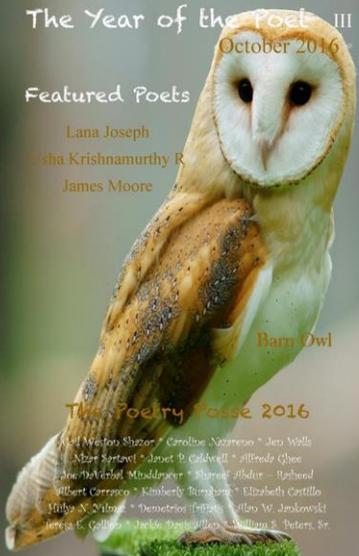


Long Billed Curlew

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharief Abdulrahman * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Albano * 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

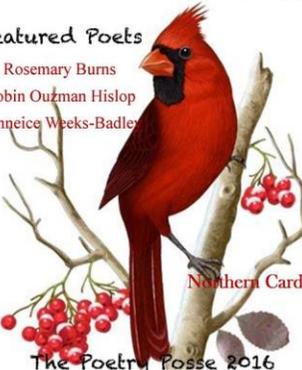


Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016
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Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharief Abdulrahman * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Albano * 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

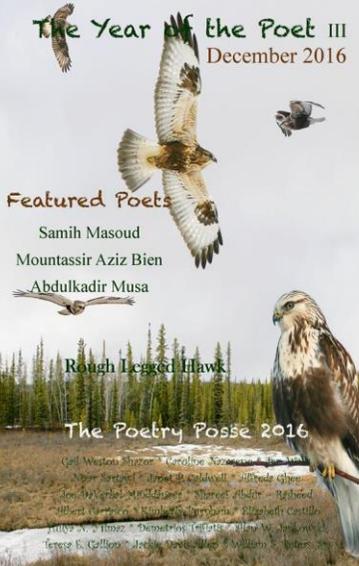


Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016
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Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharief Abdulrahman * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Albano * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
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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
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Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharief Abdulrahman * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
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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 * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jasso * Alan W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017

Featured Poets
Lin Ross
Soukaina Falhi
Anwar Ghani

Witch Hazel

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Nizar Sertawi * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jasso * Alan W. Janowski
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The Year of the Poet IV
March 2017

Featured Poets
Tremell Stevens
Francisca Ricinski
Jamil Abu Shah

The Eastern Redbud

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Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jasso * Jackie Davis 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
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Teresa E. Gallon * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jasso * Jackie Davis Allen
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The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



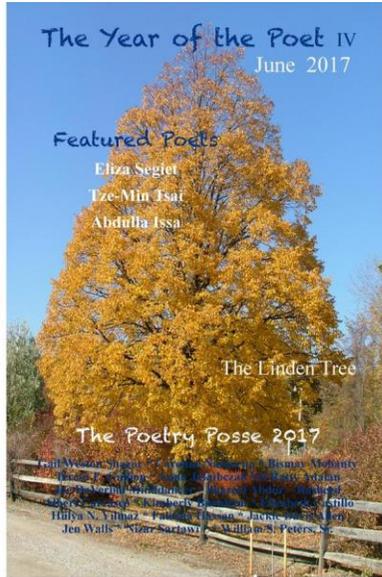
Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell
Alicja Maria Kuberska
Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapaty
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Amico * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV June 2017



Featured Poets

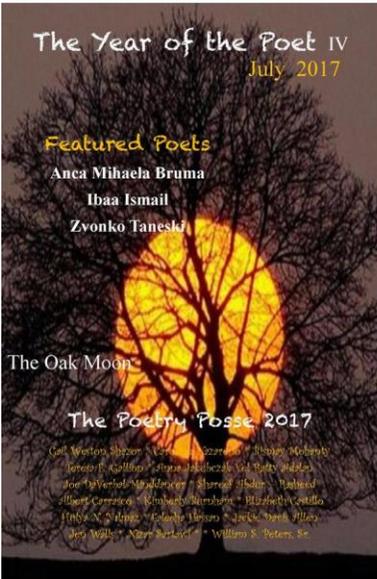
Eliza Segiet
Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapaty
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Amico * 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 Mahapaty
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Amico * 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 Mahapaty
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Amico * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IV

September 2017

Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberner

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. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaawi * 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. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaawi * 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. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

December 2017

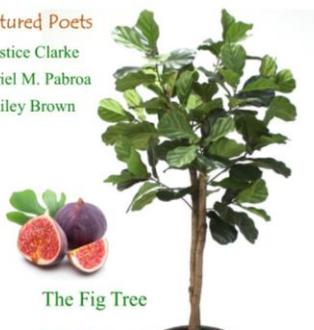
Featured Poets

Justice Clarke

Mariel M. Pabroa

Kiley Brown

The Fig Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

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Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
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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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The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



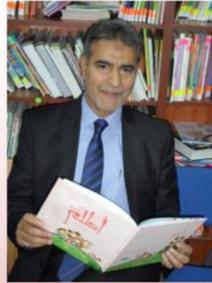
March 2018 ~ Featured Poets



**Iram
Fatima
'Ashi'**



**Cassandra
Swan**



**Jaleel
Khazaal**



**Shazia
Zaman**



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