



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 DeVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sartawi * Hrishikesh Pachye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankoaski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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celebrating International Poetry Month

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pass 2016

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Shareef Abdur Rasheed

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The Year of the Poet III
May Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



Preface

Greetings Family,

Poets are a unique breed of Artists. They are in a category all of their own. I may be partial in my observations, for i too am a Poet / Writer amongst other things.

When i consider the impact poetry can have upon our social fabric, there is a unlimited cauldron of possibilities that may be bourne from the concoction of Inspiration, Thought and Emotion, a realm that we Poets often find ourselves immersed and anchored in. This is not to say that Artists in other mediums do not have similar experiences, but as i said earlier, i am partial.

We Poets employ language, words as our medium to convey our perspectives on many things such as Love, Social Commentary, Spirituality, Consciousness, Experience and many more subjects. None are beyond the reach of the poetic word.

This month, once again we the Poetry Posse and our Featured Poets offer to you our humble words for your consideration. I do hope you find merit and value in our gifts to humanity.

Love and Blessings

Bill

PS

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

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www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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2016



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

~ wsp

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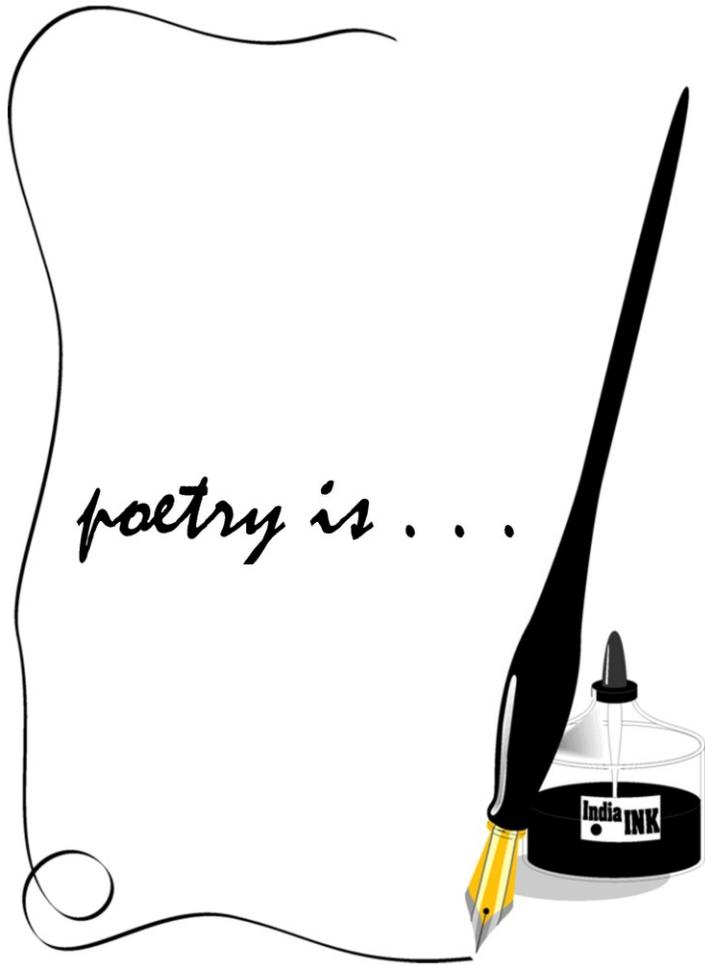
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

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

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First Children

First children know this~
That the call will come
The call that paralyzes us into action
Without feeling our feet moving
The aunties voices in the kitchen
Saying that the weather is turning
And ya'll better get out there
While there is still light
Bundling up in auntie bought parkas
And grandma crocheted scarves
We clasped big hand into little hand
And walked slowly together
Looking for a familiar shoe
Or straining to hear a familiar voice
And it broke our hearts
To be necessary to you

First children know this~
The candle will waver
But it does not blow out
There is always light
Even when we have to
Look beyond midnite to find it
We waited in those days
For hidden moments
That you prepared in sleep time
Singing the Motown tunes
So we could dance in time
To salt and pepper eggs
And solve trigonometry problems
Between the smoke rings
For Pierre to finally answer the door

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

First children know this~
That you could always be depended upon
To over feed us
Dip the dead guppies from the fishtank
And defend us against the ghosts
That lingered in the closets
You would appear when we
Least expected to see you
And wake us up for robot fights
Roundly cussing out interferers
That there were treats in your pockets
And comic books could be read
By forbidden flashlights

First children know this~
That life can be noble
In the midst of our mess
And we don't have to be afraid
Of becoming scared
Weak in our own anger
A refusal to speak well
But we never doubted the love
That pushed us to find ourselves
And be greater than the world
Said we could be
I am mad at the harsh words
That wouldn't allow a final hug
For us that loved you more
Than you loved yourself

Daylight Savings

How much does it take to
Turn the hands of angry
Words back to save
Time
Day light, night light
When I was hungry for change
When we whispered about
The coming by moonlight
In quiet loudness
On the skin of drums
Tapping out the slow warning
Even before morse code
And yet my blood memory
Is fading pink
So I reach for a pen
To quickly capture the thoughts
Of my forefathers
Before I can no longer afford
To hear the words
On the winds
And they change quickly
Pushing people from poles to
Medial understandings
And back again until they are gone
Altogether
Buried beneath mortgages and
Loans set about to create
Students and scholars and homes
And cars and businesses and bills

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

But what about the creation of
Thinkers and healers and griots
And changers and savers
I want to plant a garden
I want to turn back from harvestors
To plowshares
From chemicals to manure
And grasp hands to help me push
Through the soil
Go to bed sweaty from the toil of the day
Forget the GMO's
Let's reforest the rain
Pull the skin back over the coal
My watch can't reset itself to daylight
Saving the sun
My hands will turn it's hands
Because the night is coming

Kinpath

The words run round me
sibilantly honey smooth
Colors collide coquettishly
In this side of the diaspora
We long for villages everywhere
for brightly painted cloths
And the long sound wanting
Of a people waiting
It's true that some were lost
before others
And boll replaced the cane
By the water's edge

Stories that are colored
bear passing on and across
It is this one and the sameness
of oceans, rivers, waterfalls
that bear witness
To a forged passage
of colonolistic lives
Ones that have never
Born the fruit of content

Their words run round mine
and I give them
the ones that I learned
under the same hot sun
of our stolen parents

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

and i smile at our similarities
of a rustic life
and while we think
that we are very different
these shared memories
make us kin

I do not like okra
In the callilou
So I politely decline
When it is offered
I do not like okra
in the gumbo
So I politely decline
When it is offered

I love to hear you speak to me
So keep talking

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

To contact her: www.janetcaldwell.com

A Child of the ONE

She was a child of flowers and the sun,
running freely and loving everyone.
Then she was taught by learned men
who said she was too wild
and needed to calm down and quit smiling.

Her ideas and ideals were too far-fetched.
Rainbows and loving all of humanity
was foreign to them.
Others they said, could not get along
and would never agree with her colours of humanity.
Deep down, she knew it was a lie.

Life they told her is not that easy.
She argued her case, feeling disappointed
as usual, she simply ran away
in her breezy kind of way.

Unlearning all that they tried to use
to corral her was a difficult task,
though she was determined
it was not for her.

She read books, studied many religions
and knew for herself, that was also a mistake.
She would not be put in a box
or jailed of anyone's making.

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

Not only did she seek knowledge
but wisdom. Without wisdom
what good is the knowledge?
Nothing!

She meditated and spent many a quiet
day soul searching and speaking to her God.
Soon realizing that she had a direct link
to the ONE and surrounded herself
with those who endeavored to seek the same.

At last happy and feeling herself on the right path,
she was a child of flowers and the sun,
running freely and loving everyone.

Catalyst

You are the catalyst
for this . . .

while speaking my own
deadening unconscious (ness) . . .
Doused with twisted bliss.
Yeah, it was sorely amiss.

I remembered this;

Trepidation
in and by my own
third dimensional
wanderings / wonderings
lingering / langerings

with September's clanging
nothing was changing
with loud, self groanings

the useless (so-called)
self-sacrificing
longing's and mourning's
and that . . . ONE
sacred kiss.

Yes . . .
I pondered
all of this.

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

I remembered that stretching
which prompted acceleration
sometimes easy
sometimes challenging
adaption and acceptance
of love shared with many.

Humanity's advantage
will be managed
and I . . .
no longer the "Actor / Actress"
cringing
lipping / tipping
so full
of dogmatic
propagandist
bullshit singeing!

Get over it!
Got over it!

It seems that
I / We
are awakened now
from centuries sleep.
Welcome, Agape.
Welcome, life . . .
ours, theirs,
yours and mine
all together as ONE.
No longer blind
and sensing
a rewind.

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

Eyeing colors
flashing lights
that I haven't seen
for a long while.

Father, has it been so, so long?

I am . . .
With all its *colorful*
arcs and glow.

I am . . . assured
the rainbow . . .
the moon, stars
and the rivers flow.

I know . . .

The invisible hues
the sameness
of every being.
Perhaps, we begin again.

Chances are . . .
we should re-consider
and find them blameless
with no imagined or name-less sin.

Back to a level
playing field . . .
again and again.
The wheel, the wheel!

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We are . . .
but the same
in this, incredulous 3 D
inane / insane
world's game.

Rewind, rewind!
Lost are the judgments
placed on mankind.

Back to this . . .

this, the Garden
where the children
play and stay
never to be
banned
by secular man.

We are . . .

we are free
we are uniquely
cosmic beings.

I celebrated
my own . . .
popped-poked
pin-pricked
e-go

yet . . .

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as smooth as
pressed silk
and just as flat
steadfast . . .
unwavering.

Thank you for this.

Subliminal messages
piercing my spirit
from your crown.
This perfect deflation
of ego.

I did, let it go.

I also noticed
that my smile
once upside down
escaped the furious frown.

As I was reflective
subjected to love
and infected by love.

Allowed to be
injected with love
just *BE*-ing.

“Letting love grow
where seeds are sown
all revealed
all is known”

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

to me
you said . . .

without words
but by example, you led.

Back to the origins
I see that “we” came
from the Garden
where ALL
are fed and feast
with Family Divine.

To share our table
the increase, the abundance
that is never ending . . .
but with continual filling

and look!

The festival of liquid lights
are ablaze and we dance.

Transuded;
without shadowy drugs
or thuggish
pointed guns

but by you and me
by, super *BE-ings*.

And finally . . .
we acknowledge
the wisdom
the knowledge
of the ancients

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that we know . . .
we always knew

how to manifest
this once
'fractionated fruit'
into our now – whole.

I know . . .
that you know
what I mean.
It was not
just a dream.

I thank you
for my eye opening
once meatless
now nakedness

is my dance
my bliss

and oh that that sacred kiss.

You are
the catalyst
for this . . .

Knowing

We were so beautiful then
but we didn't know.

There came "*The Days of Celebration*"
as we deemed them to be
fast cars
condos on the beach
spades and hearts
flung carelessly.

Trade-marked music and muzak
played loud as we
banged on drums of peace

.
Hanging from chandeliers
and dancing wildly.
Like monkeys being chased
swinging from tree to tree
and shouting
"ooh, ooh, aah, aah"
oh, my, my, my . . .
we were a sight to see!

Eyes clouded
squeezed tight
and shut at times
from this phenomena of sleep.

And our seeping youth
dropped unripened seeds;
into the soil of shallowness
among the tall grasses and weeds

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

not understanding
this social disease
or to where
it could lead.

Peering through a purple – filled haze.
We popped, smoked and drank
our way to crazed escape.
To escape ourselves
and each other.

Knowing

We were so beautiful then. . .
but we didn't know.

There came "*The Days of Celebration*"
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The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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this social disease
or to where
it could lead.

Peering through a purple – filled haze.
We popped, smoked and drank
our way to crazed escape.
To escape ourselves
and each other.

Vying to be free from
some assumed
authorized reality
with zero vitality
and no actuality
just a nightmarish dream.
Pity it seems . . .

We were so beautiful then
but we didn't know.

No. Not in our knowing
or our being . . .

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we were only seeing
a twisted glimpse
with fists pumps in the air.

We were feeling the pain
of some illusionist's life.
Karmic debt owed by us
and not sure
whatsoever, to do
with the lessons of life
that heat seeking strife
so abundant
extensive
and rife.

We were so beautiful then
but we didn't know.

We wandered off . . .
into a desert so dry
that the sand cut our feet.

It was our choice though
and we voted and voiced it.
Agreed on the path
and padded on.

And through the shiny shards
we trod, barefoot upon
the sands of our day
that caused us to bleed
we kept on . . .

didn't we?

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We weren't escaping anything
we weren't protesting
or hurting anyone or anything
No one
but ourselves.
We were so beautiful then. . .
but we didn't know.

All of the valued karmic
lessons in the cosmos
did not faze us
until . . .
an auditory alert
sounded from within
and saved us.

A spiritual match sputtered
and sparked . . .
lighted and shined
from our BE-ing
and yes, we are now seasoned.

We are
together again
with purpose filled lives
and cognizant living.

Now we look and marvel
as we see our beauty
for what it was
what it is
what it will be
as we
sojourn together again.

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Even in the lowest moments
they did prepare us
for today
for this moment
yours and mine
and in time
we came to understand
the scheme of all things grand
as love reigned, without demand.

And knowing the value
of every – step taken
it's time to stop
beating ourselves up
for we have awakened.
We were so beautiful then. . .
but we didn't know

that self-recognition is love.

We know now . . .
that what we are
is beautiful . . .
and have always been.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

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

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

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

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

a picturesque scene

with the advent of spring
peeping up through the grass, a plethora
of pale green, tiny little heads; they're the tops
of dandelion flowers
when organically grown
their young green leaves, cooked and served
are so sweet to the taste
but oh, their yellow flowers
they are such profligate pests
when overgrown
their puffy heads become as child's play
their seeds carelessly blown
and thus, scattered needlessly
are shamefully seeded into the lawn
but, as for me and mine
we do so prefer the solid mass
of meticulously trimmed green grass
that is to say, the fescue
bordered by shrubs and trees
red maples, dogwoods, and lilacs
the latter who breathlessly kiss
the watercolor-blue sky
who wave their arms royally high
with banners that announce with joy, the delight
the celebration of an original painting
of nature, and, if you will, the creative efforts
of my gardening acumen, which, when
enhanced by nature's issuance of time
all stand as a sublime expression
of the best of the best depictions of springtime
and that of my sun-dappled residence

Into the Mist

Horizon of the impending future,
Who has seen it?
Who knows what it offers?
What perils or gifts it holds?
I know not
and neither should I worry or fret
for God in his goodness holds the key
to my salvation.
Today is what I've got,
and reason enough to put life to use.
Though eroding slivers of mirror
have replaced the once reflected grace
of my weathered face,
probing eye of memory's mind
with its racing thoughts and desires
encourages me
to quicken my pace,
even as I am
now on my knees.

Gently, O breath of quickening life,
in these spare and fleeting moments
between the dong and silence of the bell,
turn not away
from my feeble and fragile shell~
remember me
by the earnestness
of my life's effort
and love of its work.
I beg, be ye kind
when you speak my name.

Nom De Plume

I am a vining prima donna,
a star that covets the darkest stage.
I covet applause, adoration.

Should you desire to see me perform,
come join me, just as the sun goes down.

With twining legs like roots, I dig deeply down
into the soil, above which I long,
passionately, to kiss the blazing sun.

But, at first, I'm like a seed that needs help;
rain softens the shell that bears my name.

As Providence gives its kind assent,
moonbeams focus acclaim against my
poetic and wistful, artistic face.

I have become a graceful, if unusual, flower,
one that needs the strength of your support.

*Albert
Carrasco*

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The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Dear Family

I been chosen to use spoken to enlighten, after the life I lived I don't question...why me? I know why. I was tortured, the streets forced me to watch day one homies motionless after being murdered, I suffered, using blow to change poverty to wealthy, I continued to do so, luck must of been on my side when slugs ripped through my torso, one minute I'm looking at my deceased dad, the next I'm back on the block with cast and cane, vest, gat and packs of hard cocaine, I took one for the team, it's all part of the game,

It's business as usual just with my mind full of the and my body full of Tylenol with codeine as I feed fiends, ain't no bitch in me, I had something to prove, as long as I was breathing I won't lose. Well that's what I thought, I lost more than what I ever gained dealing with import on hot blocks of New York. How much is a soul? To me it's worth more than what was ever sold, what's so cold is that there's no turning back when you're dressed in dark blue or black, with eyes and lips glued in a hearse taking that final lap, many times I followed that last lap, buried them, then again...right back to the trap.

The last death would be the last death is something I kept saying, but nine one ones kept coming in because of more slayings, I was on the road to the riches and wasn't straying, it got to a point where new doves flew before the last member of the crew started decaying. Everybody expired, I retired without breaking up my white girl marriage, laid low then re emerged on the scene to generation salvage.

Educator

I remember going to studios and shows or listening to spitters in a cypher flow, that shit got me hype as hell because I had a story to tell, but didn't have the skills to articulate words, I wanted too, but I was focused on coupes and birds. Dudes impressed a brother talking bout life growing up in the gutter with rhyme schemes, some hard, some positive, some religious and others straight blasphemous. It's easy to catch my attention and just as easy to lose me because of lacking substance in lyricism. Storytellers are my favorite, especially non fiction dictated diction on everyday predicaments and conditions. I'm a huge fan of raw emotion, ya know those that make pens cry and microphones bleed... I retired from the game of gains from pain, laid low for a decade, reemerged as an urban poet thats lyrically locked and loaded like Lockheed... Now my pen bawls and mics get tortured, a few hundred words later they're murdered. I had a story to tell back then, now I have a scriptorium in my cranium, infinite is a hard knock major, a professor of this urban genre, my teachers were a lil sunshine and a lot of pain, all my classmates crossed over so the lemniscate became a hell on earth educator

Why

I knew asking why me was useless, who was going to answer? I just accepted everything that came my way as if it was written. At twelve I mourned for a parent, at fifteen was sent into juvy correction because of my protection, at sixteen I felt burning sensations from slug penetration and a few months after still at sixteen I lost rally, the first to go from the team. I say team because we was young in the game of stackn cream, poverty had us weighing powder on beams, the Bronx birthed some hungry teens. Jums turned to slabs, slabs turned to loose rock to save money and end trademarking color bags, I went from having nothing at all to being able to ball, I knew asking why me was useless, who was going to answer? I didn't care at that point anyway, I got my fams back off the wall. Thousands are getting dropped on whips, rims, amps and speakers. Gold, diamonds, clothes and sneakers, revolvers, automatics, extended clips and speed loaders, we went to clubs for a drink and after one or two the bar became ours. We fuckn made it! Then... One little, two little, three lil hustlers, four little, five little, six lil hustlers, seven little, eight little, nine lil hustlers, ten hustlers returned to the father and it didn't end there. raids, guilty verdicts for drugs and murder, hustlers becoming abusers, gangsters that never worshipped are going to a mosque or church praying not to get another strike making them three time losers, more problems, more murder, went to so many wakes, I'm on first name basis with hearse drivers and funeral directors. The duty of the civilized man is to teach the uncivilized civilization, so I'm doing so... with spoken. I don't have to ask why me because I already know. I was spared to save a dying breed and teach action and reaction to the up coming generation

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

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

WELL FED

I held her captive for a few moments

She listened to the words so long without speaking

I flowed into her space

She rode the wake I created

Something she said struck a cord

I smiled and continued to feed her with words

She absorb the last line and now in slumber

I'm digested in her dreams

SHARED HEARTS

No ones going to understand

Everyone's going to judge

There will be uninformed whispers

There will be some pissed off wishers

But it's those who run with scissors

that can't grasp the concept

Opposing ideas on the same path

Horns are blaring before the crash

Yet we rise through the twisted metal

We walk past the dented mental

We created a bond in opposition

that seems to be extending

This is only the beginning

THE HUG

Bad no, he wasn't bad he got corrected a lot
He was a fearless warrior
He was a superhero
He was a writer on white walls with markers
Grandparents like payback I suppose
He'll toughen up soon enough
I'll not rush him though
Something frightened him in the night
He ran past his mother and to me
That little boy ran to me
Tiny arms around my neck
and that snotty cry
It was in that moment I realized
It was I that needed that hug
from the little guy

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

blame game..,

name for the system's M.O. making blaming
victims their flow
first dem demonize ya, marginalize ya,
disenfranchise ya, patronize ya, blind da eyez
to disguise the lies, then dem dumb the minds
flip da script after dem script the flip
traits of self-proclaimed greats on a power trip
just trace tyrants DNA on a historical tip
remember in school when a fool started \$#!+
that you finished
only for your own status being diminished?
detention, suspension, expulsion, fact
but remember you was the one attacked
same-ole situation exact
dem keep this tactic in tact
F()@k 'em up, lock me up, Zip dem body bags up
then tell the world they started the \$#!+ up
" what you expect from f()@k ups ?"
minding your dam business just ain't enough
like Ali said " They got the right complexion to make
the right connection "
their spokespeople misrepresent truth, promote lies
tell bigots what they want to believe so that
bull\$#!+ flies
let dem dum a\$\$ try it on for size
"we beat your poor black/brown a\$\$ down to the ground
and you got the nerve to try ' n ' rise ?
motherf()@k#r\$ tried to rise, dem tried to rise!!
ungrateful S.O.B's we coulda and shoulda took their lives
"we're entitled, privledged on the strength of color of skin
left to us by our kith ' n ' kin ,
so if we want to we'll just keep on blaming the victim "
in this system steeped in sin let us sing
God Bless AmeriKKKa!

whistle stop...

wuu wuu, wuu wuu goes this life
passing through like butter with
a hot knife
wuu wuu it's a whistle stop datz
right
same as the train speeding pass the
station like a thief in the night
datz life!
so ya'll making plans? cool but to think
it's a given to come to fruition
without gods will is a fool
considering our status on earth from
conception, birth, death
is that of a wayfarer on a journey, bet!
or better yet oh wayfarer passing through
wuu, wuu, you doing what your supposed
to do?
considering you still have a lot of traveling
to do
are ya'll being true or steeped in rebellion like
a fool?
acting like your immortal with everlasting life
when wuu, wuu there goes your life
train whistling by the station in the night
on a journey till the last stop,
gotz to do right to life's last drop
fulfilling purpose your name dropped from
the pen into the book of life
to worship with devotion, creator who's written

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

your portion of life, wealth, sickness, health
clocks ticking, train whistle blowing, listen
you're not here to chill but be tested
Allah's will in full effect
we on a journey, haven't arrived at the destination
yet! ((wuu, wuu))

food4thought = education

written in stone..,

can' t touch it leave it alone
dem that comes from throne
know this seee!
take notice seee!
drink it in, savior the essence within
implement, obedient, devotion seee?
divine law from lord, above highest
heaven from the throne
life has purpose!
mankind admonished " Man and Jinn
created to worship me " Qur'an Majeed "
say...Devotion! Liberation! Elevation!
say it! Devotion! Liberation! Elevation!
pile up, stack, hoard not way of lord
life has more, seeee?
ask yourself can i take it with me?
answer negatory!
that's the story, seee?
no glory seee?
instant gratification =instant evaporation
seee?
pufff!!!
material not enough
no soul in dat stuff
flesh smashing moral compass
lost in the universe without purpose
give me, give me, give me...Aaaahhh!
without substance, relevance

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

why, why? no rhyme, reason, moral treason
righteous deeds, sacrifice, selflessness,
giving is the key
if done to please creator of all things
if you pile up anything let it be
righteous deeds!
seeee?

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

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

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

What Can We Learn From a Forest?

Some learn to identify
recognizing the spark in plants
trees and birds

Others the arts
drawing, painting or photography
still others learn about peace
calmness, and spirituality

For some, the forest
their inspiration
fueling the latest technological advancements

In the natural world
no waste
we can learn
the ultimate recycling center
betters our own processes

Trees Originate Human Innovations

Velcro

snap snap together
wrapping together a community
around Swiss engineer Georges de Mestral
patenting nature
burs sticking to his pants

Opel and Mercedes

reflect the ways trees and bones
distribute loads
German researcher Claus Mattheck
observes nature

A fan created by Pax Scientific

borrowes patterns from swirling kelp
a nautilus' fractal pattern and whelks
moving air resourcefully

A Qatari desert revived

saltwater-irrigated greenhouse
use condensation and evaporation tricks
gleaned from the nose of a camel
and redwoods gathering fog

Deciduous trees

form a canopy catching
reflecting
evaporating monsoon rains
from over the heads of 300,000 people

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in India's first hill city
all the while acting like an engine
driving the monsoon inland
moistening the drought

Banyan tree leaves
persuade designers
of water-dispatching roof shingles
while water divertment systems glisten
inspired by harvester ants
directing water away from their nest

What Would Nature Do?

Nature full of clues
climate change
can change
we can become producers
of ecosystem services
translating nature's architecture
transform human design

Nature upcycles carbon
harnessing the sun's might
creating sparks of power
pumping water

Beauty and powerful energy
strikes a pose
one Poisonwood Tree
sheds strong bark allergens
a reddish Gumbo-Limbo tree
contains the antidote
side by side
they grow

The discovery step
listen to nature
interview the planet's
flora and fauna
30 million living species
only 1.4 million have names we know

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

Let's create
a Biological Peace Corps
two year volunteers
inventory biodiversity
we need people who know
all there is in the branches
of nature's tree
sharing with all an ecological literacy
immersing ourselves
echoing nature
with a crossfertilization of ideas

Stewardship
in wild and settled places
the natural outgrowth
of a biomimetic worldview

Ann

L.

White

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

www.ItsACluckingGood.Life

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

Me and My House

I am 65 years on this earth
She's been here 95
Her floors are distressed –scratched and nicked
telling stories of families and critters before me.
My skin is wrinkled and scarred showing the world
a lifetime of laughter, tears, broken bones and sunspots
We both creak and rumble in a symphonic cacophony of
sound
Her when the wind blows, me when I stand or sit or even
move
Noisy broads we are
She has a spot between the study and the kitchen where she
wheezes and squeaks
It reminds me of times my nose whistles. Has your nose
ever whistled?
It's annoying and endearing at the same time
Her windows fog over during storms – maybe it is so I
can't see the fright
Some are cracked, some are taped, some are sealed shut
with years of paint
Me? My glasses are old and have a safety pin holding a
wing on, but they work....sorta
Since I am speckled with tattoos, I have stenciled her all
over with tats of her own
On her floors, walls and ceilings – she is an artsy dame
We are each a little messy and not too fussy and we like it
that way
We are meant to be lived and to explode with life and
whimsy and occasional wildness

Alfreda

D.

Ghee

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

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

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

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

I heard....

I heard the mocking bird call my name
it rolled off his tongue like it was spun
from a web of silk from the black widows crest
as she lay to rest upon her nest

I saw the deer and the antelope watching me
to see if I was coming their way
they laughed and mocked me
as if I was the ugly duckling sitting alone

I smelt the fear they placed within
because of the cruel words and stares
that were shared
deep within, I knew that their words
would fester, roll over and die

I tasted the direction of the chill in the wind
as the mocking bird mimicked the calling of my name
I smelt the fear in the hot musky air
as the deer and the antelopes stared

They felt death coming long before I did
The mocking bird called my name
as the deer and antelope stared
because they had fore seen death coming in the back
ground
of the darkened skies,
waiting to take me to the beyond.....

Existing.....

Her heart skips a beat
every time she sees you
the winter no longer has a chill
upon it when it rains
the sun shine consumes her thoughts
when the blue skies are dark

She sees right through your smile
and pours her heart and soul
right into your being
for your hands to hold and mold her form
she is ripe for the picking
the tree has given her existence
new meaning for you to breathe her
exhale her and stimulate her significance
while appreciating her beauty

If she lies within your wisdom
would you leave her stranded, alone,
abandoned or deserted with nothing
to sustain her spiritual capacity
she doesn't seek to destroy what you employ
she only wants what you are offering up
as a sacrifice of your love

Her longevity of her breath from her bosom
has stirred her in your direction
for affection that has been longed for,

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

lusted over, conjured up and stored in her depths
you have opened flood gates, streams are pouring out
in excess of running over the walls
and screaming your name and she is going insane
with desires of leveling all that comes
until she reaches her peak
and consumes, devour and control
her emotions of wanting you to love her
from her core and more....

It Is....

My lips kissed your soul
the moment our eyes locked
as our hearts beat as one
it laid the foundation
for our spirits to reunite
in one union

My hands caressed your face
the moment our minds linked
as our thoughts became
one accord
it made doors open
that were nailed shut
so no one could see inside

Your body touched mine
and brought new life to it
because mine was limp
without growth or formation
you placed warmth, near my being
and placed an awakening
against my spirit it took form and came to life
inside my heart and soul
it is called....LOVE.....

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016

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

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His translations include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; all three translated into Arabic; *Contemporary Jordanian Poets, Volume I* (2013); *The Eyes of*

the Wind (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb. He is currently working on a translation project, **Arab Contemporary Poets Series**.

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

Mailbox

So every evening
coming back home
I take a knowing peek
inside the old mailbox

And knowing I know,
it seems to me,
the rude bare bottom
sneers at me

The Last Whisper

Farewell
lest the cells of feelings die
as this moon
will go away
leaving me
for the beasts of the dark
and I've woven for him
from the hymns of my heart
love scarves
that the wind flung on the roads
tattered and bleeding

~~~~~

Farewell  
for my path is so long...  
so long  
Its end may lie at the peak of impossibility  
And standing here  
under the midday sun  
will turn me into  
a mass of ash  
I must sit in the shade...  
of a straw  
that I may keep some sense within  
the size of a straw

~~~~~

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Farewell!
that I may find a comrade
to trade with him
what's left
of old love myths
for a whisper
a smile
a word
a glance
a grimace
for any price

A bunch of Haiku

one star moving ahead
another star falling down –
pawns on a chessboard

~~~~~

so much blood shedding  
so many people murdered  
“only for adults”

~~~~~

infatuated
with a crazy turtle dove
the crazy poet

~~~~~

deer following her  
enchanted by her flute tunes  
the deer shepherdess

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

*Hrishikesh*  
*Padhye*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

- Hrishikesh

## Life, a Thirsty River

The blockbuster starts from day one,  
Dancing in the waves of one's own scream;  
Paying fleeting glances to the iridescence of the world,  
Grasping the pitch of propagating voices. . .

With the Eagle-Eyes on every solitary object,  
Listening to the echoes of the mind's childish analysis,  
Playing Peek-a -boo with nature,  
Tending to catch only cold fresh air. . .

Dimensionally growing up we get struck by the desires  
More people being stung by jealousy;  
Distorted by intimidations,  
We got lost in deep slumber of delusions...

Often stunned by attractions, betrayed by procrastinations;  
Sometimes bouncing on the spring of Ego,  
and sometimes nailed by the Torment of resurrections...

Even in achievements, the heart can kill the satisfaction,  
And in failures, heads can break the enthusiasm;  
Tears start crumbling, voice becomes utter silent,  
Resulting in desperation with enigma,  
that can makes us violent

Twisted brains show involuntary tolerance,  
in chasing the vanishing trail of accolade's fragrance;  
Possessing almost everything,  
many times we become like a greedy sinner  
so, the mirror reflection of our life, becomes just like a  
THIRSTY RIVER

## A Discontented Soul

The stroke of my extinction  
was the deep red scenario of torments  
My body and breath were utterly frozen  
The beating heart was trashed into fragments...

My ignored blindfolded questions  
were searching for the rays of answers,  
Unraveled mysteries were echoing inside my mind,  
My solidified tears were whispering that I was a wrecked  
human being

Jumbled helplessly in my own adversities,  
My desires became like the evening departing sun,  
Ferocious winds steeply retarded my velocity, and so my  
ultimate defeat has begun...

My flashing sharp edge of the glory  
was blurred by the rust of radical impatience,  
The ship of my scintillating dreams  
was seemingly sinking in the ocean of wistful ridiculed  
voices...

Inner eyes were looking at death's knocking door,  
Plundering me to die in Jet black;  
I left my body without grabbing my determined goals,  
and became soil as a DISCONTENTED SOUL

## Realm of a Witch

I am nailed by the abated pride,  
Crippled by the abhorred thralldom;  
Fallen then Vanished  
in the vortex of fathomless follies...

Lost in jet black desolation,  
Confined in the castle of iniquity,  
I worship you my black nemesis, show your signs,  
Bring me back from ashes to mankind...

Ridiculed by my own enthusiasm,  
Jeopardized by lack of solitude;  
Buried underneath the soil of devastation  
I want to resurrect,  
from the depths of death...

With your mysterious chanting,  
With your silent temptations,  
With your scintillating lightning,  
and your adept necromancy in me...

Dead remains are singing this dirge, in abandoned hopes  
Wake up!! And rise from the planet of shadows...

Witchcraft is paramount and so as your mesmerizing gleam  
I am on the way to your mighty dark realm;

Give me the strength in this darkest time...  
Give me the strength in this darkest time...

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*



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

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

Links:

[www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com](http://www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com)

[www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com](http://www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com)

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

"let it avail what it may, come what may"

\*

7

i won't lie

i've done this before

i'd like to end it once and for all

but can't help asking

come what may year after year

why did it all have to happen

with not even a quick break

taking her last breath

adding it to his

on the seventh of may

that doomed miserable day

his birthday

her day of death

28

alas  
now he too is no longer  
i thus have no one left to lean on  
who will hold me up high  
over each muddy puddle under the darkened sky  
through trying treks that come my way  
shelter from the bitter cold my fragile soul  
patch up the heart's pieces for a little while more  
lend me a smile at every moment of despair  
de-cloud the gatherings of desperate tears  
energize me to get up to get dressed  
in order for me to partake in the life ahead  
loan me a fresh breath when mine is in decay  
leave warmed milk in my favorite night-cup to stay  
check inside all closets for monsters galore  
and underneath my bed for things i abhor  
braid my long thick hair on two sides  
after caressing each curl until it shines  
help me cross the street on my way to school  
protect me from that boy who calls me a fool  
bring me my lunchbox i often do forget  
hide a candied note i cannot decode yet  
read me a bedtime story weekend or not  
let me beg repeat repeat repeat

i guess the time has come  
to slide into a deep slumber  
you may wrap my tiny frame  
with only brand new clothes  
carry me please to the cradle  
since birth my sibling knows

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

i promise i won't cry  
but before you go . . .  
won't you sing me a lullaby

you must depart  
is that what you say  
i guess i will be okay

used or not however  
that much i really don't care  
as long as you give me the thingy  
put there for me to use as spare

a pacifier our ancestors had called it  
birthing it for my broken shadow  
it will forever serve me as my arrow  
and guide me through thin and thick  
before i make mine its comforting mystique  
a test though awaits me to sufficiently appease . . .  
while the trial itself is no easy feat  
quite simple are the instructions  
as they yield to no intended deceit:  
grow up!

14

this sleep-walking has certainly been a pain  
when sanity became a precious gift to sustain  
a bed-bound infant i will no longer remain  
whether in this disarrayed or that erratic domain

many a beautiful souls need to live on my terrain  
they will no more have to face any torrential rain  
for i have returned intact to my forgotten eternal self  
my inner child in its original id i chose to retain  
therefore i dare to shout out at last to say  
"let it avail what it may, come what may"\*

\*From: *The Bruce* (1375) by John Barbour

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gallion*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Shake Hands with the Light

Sometimes we ride a downward spiral,  
float through negative clouds,  
grab for darkness,  
afraid of the light.

Shadows become a protective curtain,  
pamper our illusions.  
We cannot embrace a reality shift.  
Truth haunts our core anxiety.

We crawl in black dust,  
taunt our own deceptions,  
lose sight of the light within,  
ties to the universe abandoned.

You may only sink so far  
before surrender's talons prevail.  
Come out of the shadows  
and shake hands with the light.

## Edge of Karma

You drive my thoughts  
a thousand miles  
to the village you call home.  
The temple of my heart  
lays wasted in your bed,  
digs into your icy blanket,  
rides your waves of frost.

I must be dreaming  
if I'm here with you  
on the edge of freezing.  
Your cold embrace  
sends sparkling chills up my back.  
You are my karmic ritual,  
payback for exceeding my budget.

I open humble arms,  
welcome the opportunity to be with you.  
I must pass all my tests this semester,  
learn patience in your winter storm,  
tolerance as we work through negative baggage,  
endurance as we walk the long road home.

The dream gets better every minute.  
I see you lying on my chest  
wrapped in my arms.  
Fields of iris giggle and flirt  
with velvet tongue teasers.

## Sun on the Creek

Wind sends my hair in disarray.  
Brown is my aging sign.  
I dance in shades of green.  
Grassy is my name.

Bushwhackers try to steal my light  
spitting shadows on the water.  
I take up hermitage amongst the rock  
greased with water.

We hang out together  
between brush and water's embrace.  
Our days are forever changing  
as the sun shifts along the creek.

*Demetrios*  
*Trifiat's*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

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

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

*MORE BEAUTIFUL*

We met  
Fell in love  
Got married

The time passed  
Three decades already  
Had children  
They grew up  
They left

Now we are alone  
Much older, much wiser

The bodily beauty vanished  
Hair got gray, then turned white  
Wrinkles appeared  
Some pounds were added

But

When I look at you, my love,  
And think of what we have been through:  
The joys  
The pains,  
The agonies,  
The comforts

Then

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

My heart finds you more beautiful than  
Ever before

Because

You were my companion  
My comrade  
My friend  
My wife

You never left my side, no matter what  
You shared everything with me, good or bad

You were the reason that my life's trip was  
Complete  
You were the reason that all my dreams came  
True  
You the reason that my heart was filled with  
Happiness

You were and are the reason that  
My soul's eyes have seen beauty,  
The real beauty of life:  
YOU!

## TO REST FOR A WHILE

Tell me, my Lord,  
Is there a place in your dominion, beyond  
Good and Evil  
Where  
Duality doesn't exist  
And  
Struggle never reigns?

Weary my soul has become, my  
Divine father,  
After  
So many years of battles, that endlessly,  
She fights  
Thus  
In agony, a different plane of existence she is  
Looking for, to rest for  
A while!

*DAY MY ETERNAL FRIEND*

Day, my lifelong, friend  
Thousands of times have we said good morning to each  
other and  
As many times have we said goodnight,  
You have waken me up with the caresses of sun's rays and  
put me  
To sleep with the lullabies of sunset's myriad hues  
Many a time you were calm as a harbor's waters and others  
you were  
Turbulent as the stormy sea but I loved you the same, so we  
Inseparable have remained.

How many times have I waited for your coming you will  
never know  
Neither will you know how much I have prayed to see you  
faster go when so  
Unkind you were to me  
You, however, kept your pace unchanged, obeying only the  
will of mighty time.  
All these years you have brought to me:  
Joys and sorrows,  
Laughter and tears,  
Successes and failures  
Health and sickness  
Life and death,  
You were the best of my friends and the worst of my  
enemies  
But  
United, side by side we stood. How could it be otherwise  
when we  
Both wished our destiny to fulfill?

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Now, my eternal friend, the circle of my life is almost  
complete  
The days for me are numbered  
How many more times are we going to salute each other is  
unknown to all but to God  
So  
Before we say our final goodnight, let me thank you for  
every sunrise and every sunset,  
For all the sunshine and all the storms you have brought to  
my life  
For  
Without them an empty vessel, without any experiences  
would I be,  
Useless to everybody and worthless to myself  
Thus  
When tomorrow you, my wise friend, come and unable you  
will be, me to awake,  
Be not disturbed  
Since  
Another dawn, brighter than yours, will have taken me into  
its arms to console me  
With her everlastingly divine love!

*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*



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

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

[http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf\\_postst538\\_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx](http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx)

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

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

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

## Don't Feed The Trolls

To some the world revolves around them,  
And nothing else can matter.  
They'll do anything to reach that end,  
Including endless idle chatter.

They walk around like "Hey look at me."  
And are only happy when you do.  
They're like an exhibit for all to see,  
Like an animal in a zoo.

Nowadays they're on the net, joining many a site,  
And they bully everyone around.  
They'll be on the computer, day and night,  
If some attention can be found.

If they start with you, pay them no mind,  
It's the best thing you can do.  
I can guarantee their words won't be kind,  
When they start attacking you.

They're attention whores, as they're known,  
Or trolls as some may say.  
They're like little kids who've never grown,  
They always have to have their way.

So take my advice, and don't feed the trolls,  
Because they'll just create a scene.  
They are the cyber world's lost souls,  
They are evil and they're mean.

## My Love Did Sometimes Wander

My love did sometimes wander,  
And my thoughts did often roam,  
From the one who held them dear,  
And gave my love a home.

But I was young and restless,  
And my heart would long to play,  
Never thinking of the one I'd hurt,  
When my love would go astray.

They say if you play with fire,  
You sometimes will get burned,  
And though the lessons were often hard,  
The lessons did get learned.

For I know my heart belongs right here,  
With the one whose love is true,  
And if my thoughts should wander again,  
They will wander back to you.

## The Best You Ever Had

All the trust we've built together,  
Bonds developed from the start,  
Have somehow been ripped in two,  
Like you ripped apart my heart.

Funny how you think you know someone,  
Because you lie beside them in bed,  
But it's only their words you'll ever hear,  
Not what goes on inside their head.

Now you tell me you want to leave,  
With barely a spoken goodbye,  
Taking your things and walking out,  
And I'm left to wonder why.

Haven't I been good to you?  
So loving and so kind,  
But you say you're moving on,  
Just leaving me behind.

I just have to try to realize,  
To you I never really did belong,  
This is something you had to do,  
It's nothing I did wrong.

So much may happen in life,  
So much I'll never understand,  
So many things I've had to deal with,  
So much of it unplanned.

I just hope someday you realize,  
As you're sitting alone and sad,  
That the one you chose to leave,

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

Was the best you ever had.

*Anna*  
*Jakubczak*  
*vel*  
*Ratty Adalan*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

[www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com](http://www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com)

## Day of Holiday

You know, I would like to understand,  
why I draw gulls at the back postcards,  
as if were supposed to remain there  
in eternity.  
And why I still seek the code to the blue sphere.  
Dan, hang it all – what that was the street, which number?

\*\*\*

I exceeded the allowed quantity of signs.  
The longing is not situated on one field.  
There is never too much words.

\*\*\*

I do not know also why,  
I pour the sea and I look at sandy waves,  
forgetting, what is the border of the horizon.  
Dan, please it's still not the time...

\*\*\*

In the pocket you have matches,  
Place the candle more at the centre.  
And I will submit postcards on the grave  
with the thought about you...

...Mom.

## Flavour

I remember the smell of vanilla-sugar  
and the hiss of heated oil.  
You taught me that pancakes blushed ,  
when on our faces is smile.  
Today also I fry them, but already changed,  
more lonely.  
Though seems that them are lacking nothing.  
They long.

\*\*\*

I will leave you the plate from one side,  
we would fry it together again  
between the horizon.

## First Christmas Eve

I remember flavours of holidays,  
which tasted with freshly roasted biscuits  
and the icing mess in the kitchen.

When the left plate,  
hadn't to be empty doubly.

In this year wrest pins hang uncertainly,  
balls fear to go out from the box.  
And the wafer broke prematurely.

In this year it is otherwise.  
The blue fairy lights won't beshine on the window,  
carollers will pass indifferently,  
and instead of the first star,  
are tears

secretive behind gifts.

And though long since  
I stopped to write a letters,  
please Nicholas,  
so that it leave you under Christmas tree,

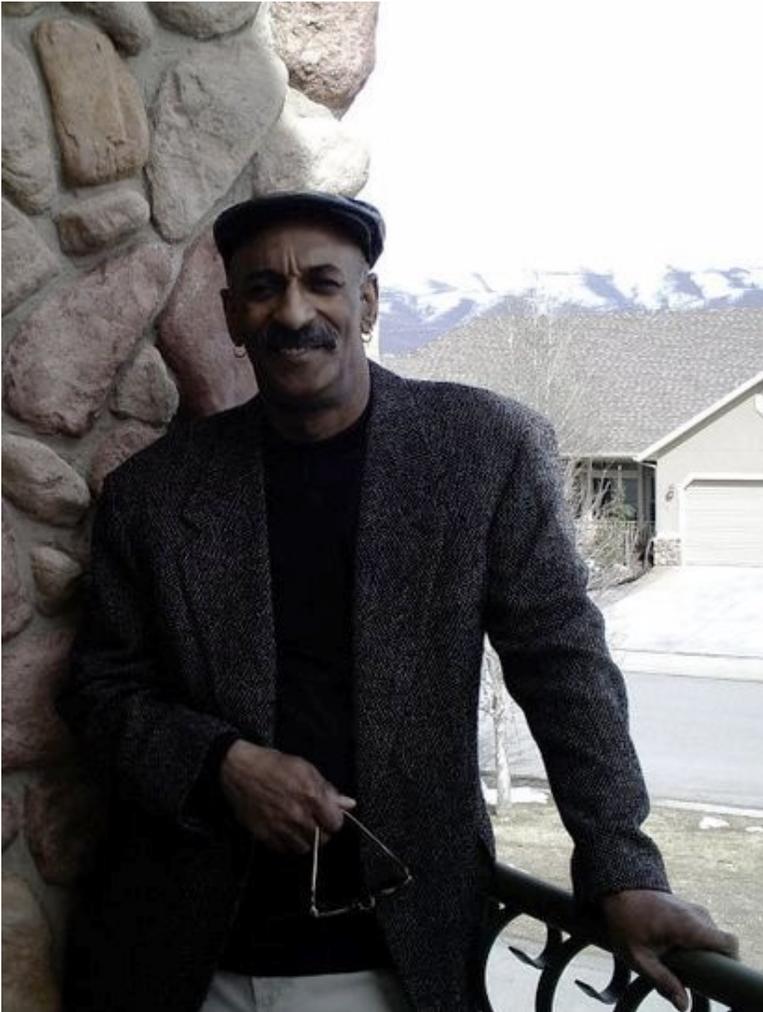
I would be able to cuddle.

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

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

Personal Web Site  
[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

## in line

i am an exception  
to the deception . . .  
i and only i  
control my discretion

i don't blindly follow rules  
or adhere to the school of fools  
who do as you say  
without question . . .

i am mindful of my ingestion  
mentally  
spiritually,  
and physically.  
and any other way i possibly can be  
for my digestion  
is reactive  
in a very proactive didactive manner

mind me,  
my manah minds me  
defines me  
and reminds me sublimely  
i will not, can not  
follow blindly  
like sheep who sleep  
while you creep  
trusting in your "Bo Peep" BS  
. . . can not do it.

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political representatives  
not representing . . . me,  
you see, in order to stand in for me  
you have to know me.  
not blow me off  
like i don't matter

i am a lover of life  
regardless the colour of my strife . . .  
or my skin . . .  
do i need to say that again my "friend"

i am a lover of life  
regardless the colour of my strife . . .  
or my skin . . .

you ask me to "get in line",  
but when i ask the question "why"  
you either neglect me,  
deflect me,  
correct me,  
suspect me,  
but never detect me  
for who i truly am

i got a mouth full of phlegm  
i been saving just for you . . .  
. . . ppttooooooey  
so sue me . . .  
Grammy always taught me  
"You can not get blood from a stone!"

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you see,  
you been playing with me  
and people like me  
a 3 card Molly,  
another folly  
like Dolly Madison  
and that flag we call ours . . .

is it really ours too ?

i spit, expectorate  
upon the face of your promises  
which we keep hearing  
whispering about  
but never comes about

and you ask me why i have doubt  
about the system

where is the justice . . .  
oh, she left ?  
did she leave with the left  
or the right or elitists?

doesn't matter much  
to the "madd hatter" and such  
because i believe  
they are going to fuch it up again  
. . . par for the course . . . of course  
so, i have put your crutches down . . . clown

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but in the long run,  
devoid of the wrong one  
i will no longer listen to your song son  
can't say it was fun hun  
with the game i am now done  
and make my own choices

i will draw my own lines  
as i continue this soul grind  
seeking to find, define and refine me  
then, and only then  
will i get "in line" . . . maybe.

## Blindness

in the silence of a forgotten consciousness  
there is a word that yearns to be spoken  
that will unlock the memories  
of my soul

i have searched near and far,  
within and without,  
but no where can it be found  
in this empirical dimension of expression

i do know of its existence  
for it whispers to me  
from time to time  
through the threads  
of this malleable fabric  
which i believe to be  
my reality

my heart is pained  
and my conscious self is thirsty  
and i am enraptured  
with a wonder  
that will not loose me

the heavens of night  
do naught but increase my want  
and my desire  
for resolution  
to these things  
and movings  
emanating from the very core  
of who i am

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

there is no satiation  
to be found . . .  
inebriation lasts not  
the distraction of the world  
but aggravates my need  
for salvation and satisfaction

i have sought the love of another  
and though the treatise was pleasant  
there still exists an infirmity  
that causes a duress  
which i can not abate

i have meditated  
and sought the stillness  
and laid my weary head  
upon her breast,  
yet not have i found that rest . . .  
eternal

the world here  
gives but momentary solace  
and that is the root cause  
of my malcontent

it is not justice meted out by another  
that stirs my irk and my ire,  
but that of the seemingly deaf ear  
of That I Am-ness  
which fashioned me  
in this cauldron of need . . .  
and absence

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

i see myself as but a solitary seed  
seeking to crest this dark furrow  
which entombs my possibilities

yes i wish to but sprout, bud and blossom  
and lend my fragrance unto a world  
of my blindness  
that treads lightly  
with no surety

there is much fruit of my loins  
that lends its sweetness unto existence  
where the things of dismality dominate  
and the darkness has permeated  
my own light body  
and infested me with doubt

where i ask is thy faith,  
why is it always a tenant  
of the unseen . . .  
if that be the case,  
where doth the substance be stored . . .  
in my dreams ?

at times i feel like a vessel  
that is almost full,  
yet lacking that particular essence  
that will transmute my being  
to overflowing

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

i am but a chalice  
that longs for the lips of thy Lorde  
to kiss me with presence  
and unbind my beauty  
that i may flourish  
as i was envisioned to be

there is a blindness that abides  
and i cannot see clearly  
through the trees of my forest,  
and my acumen fails me  
for my thoughts are lowly  
and dwell under the rock  
beneath my ardent longing

absolution i beg for,  
repentance i have offered,  
i kneel at the altar  
of all that is sacred  
begging for deliverance,  
and yet still  
the obscurity prevails

take from me the scales  
that i may know yet again  
of thy truth

liberate me from the bondage  
that has enslaved me  
as a child of its own  
dastardly and wretched ways

yes i yield . . .

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

i am cloaked in a void  
where there is an abysmal haunting  
that teases me,  
entices me  
to a certain diligence,  
to push forward  
regardless my lack of sight

though my blindness dominates my journey  
there belies a hope  
that some day  
i shall again  
know of You  
and I  
and the cosmic construct  
that frees our souls  
to return  
to that place  
where all is well  
with my soul

touch me

to what end . . . filter

truthfully speaking,  
the spirit of who i am  
has been challenged  
or in distress  
for a significant portion of my life

like any other baby crying,  
we either ignore its pleas  
or feed it and pray it finds  
an elongated momentary resolve  
and hopefully goes  
back to sleep

i do succinctly understand,  
that the things which test your limits  
is that which  
stretches you,  
strengthens you,  
and plies you into.  
becoming more resilient . . .

to what end ?

i look upon the road  
that lies behind me  
and i see many an obstacle  
i have endured,  
in some lesser or greater degree

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

the roadside debris  
is comprised of  
people,  
choices,  
apathy,  
distraction,  
infirmities,  
procrastination,  
egocentricity,  
vanity,  
lust,  
ignorance  
and a plunder of signs i have painted  
along the way . . .  
and the all say the same thing . . .  
“fuck it”

the landscape is littered with intention,  
hopes, dreams, wants, wishes and desires,  
perhaps more realized than i remember,  
however it is the uncertainties and stumbles  
that are ever prominent  
in my self-reflective evaluations

sometimes, i think we think too much,  
and allow the “unfocused”  
to capture control  
of our allotted time  
in this dense experience  
we call reality

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the oddity is that reality  
is a pliable thought  
that is . . .  
affirmed, defirmed, confirmed, unfirmed  
and then refirmed  
and stuck upon some foundation  
in the form of a rock  
of unconscious convictions  
that we may measure the falsity  
of esteem  
and how it is seen  
by he who claims  
a discerning eye

my o my

now i do realize as well,  
that my self-instruction  
was perfect in nature  
without my consent,  
for through it all,  
i have arrived here  
just as i should be . . .

perfect huh ?

to what end ? . . . filter

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May  
2016

# Features

~ \* ~

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D. L. Davis

*The Year of the Poet III ~ May 2016*

*Bob*

*Strum*



**Dr. John R. Strum aka Bob is an Passionate and Avid Writer / Poet with a professional background in Psychiatry.**

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

Bob employs all aspects of his experiences and his formal education in the examination of many subjects. Within the weaving of his lines and verse there is sometime some very subtle yet profound insights he lends to the reader which set them on a path of their own discovery of self as they contemplate and reflect on Bob's subject matter and unique perspectives.

All of Bob's work may appear to be borne of his own journey, however the astute reader will see pieces of themselves dancing in the merrily in the metaphors and adjectives. Have fun . . . may your journey be a richly rewarding as the wonderful poetry of Dr. John R. Strum.

THE ONGOING STRUGGLE  
TO COMPREHEND

I can take a blank canvas.  
I can dip my brush

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

Into a pot of paint.  
A picture will emerge,  
Based on what I perceive  
In the world  
And in my imagination.

If you are blessed with  
The same sense organs  
If you have access to the same  
Warehouse of experience  
You might recognise  
My creation,  
Adding only your own experience  
To make it meaningful.

A painting is merely  
The relationship  
Of minute fragments of paint  
To each other  
And to the observer.

It is the same with music  
Which is the interrelation  
Of tiny fragments of sound  
Into an inter-related work of art.

It is also the same with  
Intellectual pursuit,  
Concepts are woven together  
To create an idea.

We may see the same image  
Without necessarily seeing the same object.

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

We may hear the same  
Sound pattern  
Without being affected  
In the same way.  
We may be subject to the same  
Constellation of concepts  
Without coming to the same  
Conclusions.

We struggle for consensus,  
But have to settle  
For compromise.  
We can compromise  
At the simplest level,  
But are left floundering  
Where complexity intervenes.

We are primitive organisms.  
We are capable of so much more  
But there are limitations.

It is an absurdity  
To fight over meaning.  
Once again we turn  
To the Serenity prayer.

I must strive to understand  
The comprehensible,  
To understand the limits  
With which my mind can deal.  
I must not invent  
False meanings  
For the blind spots.

I must be able

## *The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

To know the difference.

I must continue to explore  
The unknown.  
I can solve nothing by  
Destroying those  
Who think otherwise.  
I must continue to question  
Without prejudice.

There have been those in history  
And even today  
Who burn books,  
Who burn ideas,  
Who burn people.  
They do nothing  
To increase our understanding  
And merely leave us  
floundering in ignorance.

### A POET'S LIFE

I live an ordinary life,  
Enjoying my own company,  
Avoiding any form of strife,  
I need no one other one but me.  
There is always plenty to do.  
No need to cope with cunning schemes.  
Some challenges, only a few.  
I sleep and I enjoy my dreams.

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

No matter when I go to bed,  
No matter when my day begins,  
I contemplate what lies ahead.  
I ask forgiveness for my sins.  
There are no deadlines I must meet.  
Perhaps some bills which must be paid.  
My daily tasks, I will complete.  
No matter if some are delayed.

I have no shame I have no guilt.  
No urgent rendezvous to keep.  
I may just go back to my quilt  
And spend the morning fast asleep.  
Perhaps I should be doing more,  
Attend a university.  
But then I ask what is it for?  
I do not need a fourth degree.

I have no curiosity.  
I really feel I have been blessed.  
Ignorance does not bother me.  
I do not need to pass a test.

There is one role that I must play.  
I spend my time quite happily.  
I sit and I enjoy my day,  
Reading or writing poetry.

I know that I am not alone.  
My dogs are lovely company.  
No letters and no telephone.  
But many poets e-mail me.  
I enter other peoples' lives.  
We share each other's fantasies.  
We form a bond, which grows and thrives,

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

A privileged community.

We are a special kind of breed.  
It is a way of holding hands.  
Where others fail, we will succeed.  
Only a poet understands.

I could not ask for any more.  
Our gift is of special kind.  
A love, which we cannot ignore.  
We can give vision to the blind.  
Those who are deaf will hear again.  
Retired neurones re-employed.  
Anything is possible when  
Our gifts are there to be enjoyed.

1 May 2016

## THE SMALLEST GRAIN OF SAND

Just look at me. Please look at me  
Explain, what is it that you see  
Touch my body. What do you feel?  
My features change. My senses reel.  
My soul is screaming in distress.  
The wicker man is my address.  
My body will be burnt alive.  
How much of me will then survive?  
I have no real identity.  
My life has no reality.  
Less than the smallest grain of sand.

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

Our existence was never planned.  
Organic life was created.  
When odd molecules were mated.  
Consciousness has been no blessing.  
Live with it! No point distressing.  
No choice. We have to carry on.  
Just blink. Your days on earth are gone.

*Barbara  
Allen*

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

I was born on a ranch in Mojave Desert . As a youngster I had few dolls . My preference was to be outside with the horses or swimming . I started reading at a very young age and found another world . My wild imagination . While my sister was busy with her dolls and stuffed animals I was sitting on the hilltop gazing down at the alfalfa fields . They appeared to go on forever and ever . I wanted to know who decided that they should plant alfalfa here, and why .

My working career was artistic . I was an interior designer for many years . I loved textiles and art and the joy of turning previously plain homes into my client's dreams . It was not until I retired that I discovered that painting and writing poetry were among my unearthed skills . I could never stop writing now .

## A Few Of My Favorite Things

Ahhhh . . .

There you are Sunshine

My faithful old friend

I've not seen you in awhile

Tis my soul you need to mend

I've missed your rays of gold

How they warm and sooth my bones

And always cause me to smile

If only for awhile

How you make rainbows from the clouds

And dancing shadows

On the hot summer ground

Cast your perfect silhouettes

Of earth's late afternoon's trees

Go to sleep in the evenings

Giving the world a chance to sleep



Untitled ~ 1

when the clouds parted  
at long last  
and just in time  
and as the sun  
became visible  
once again  
so bright and bold  
beautiful and gold  
she reached up  
shielding her eyes  
feeling her tears of joy  
as they began to pool  
and finally overflow  
running warm  
down her sun kissed cheeks . . . .  
Gratitude

## Untitled ~ 2

you were so handsome  
rushing into my life  
that summer day  
all wind blown  
brawny and sun kissed  
blonde curls  
like rivulets of love  
I've your silhouette dear  
forever emblazoned in my mind  
my masculine protector  
with crystalline blue eyes  
sparkling deep , capturing my heart  
yes , they knocked me to my knees  
like an old Scottish love ballad  
and yes , you became the love of my life  
my lord , the keeper of my heart  
God knows you left me far too soon  
memories now like poison arrows  
oh , though I flinch and dodge  
they strike me nonetheless  
Unfair snipers full of sorrow and pain  
how they arrive without notice  
as I wonder just how long  
before the next siege hits  
I dare not think anymore  
yet here it is again  
that hard image of you , my love  
yes you dear , slipping farther  
and still farther away from me

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

as I watch you breathe your last breath  
my beloved prince , my hero  
" this cannot be ! " I exclaim  
as I cradle your lifeless body in my arms  
as I feel your soul leaving now  
disappearing into the universe  
"my God in Heaven , where are you ? "  
I sob and scream into the emptiness  
not a thing can help me now  
I wanted to thank you for loving me  
for everything good that you were  
and I want you to know  
that I will miss you forever  
there could never be another like you  
oh gentle man , loving husband of mine  
I will think of and remember you always  
In the bright sunshine of our love  
happy , healthy and free of pain  
and smiling back at me . . . . .

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

*D. L.*  
*Davis*

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

DL Davis was born in Los Angeles, CA. Now residing in National City, CA. started writing poetry in 1987. He first met poetry in 1987. It all started with a letter to his high school sweetheart. “*Soon the letters became poem. Every time I got the urge to write, it had to be poetic*” he explained.

He performed and hosted poetry venues from Northern California to Southern California.

DL (aka 1LOVE) is a 3x National Poet Award nominee (2010, 2011, 2012), 3<sup>rd</sup> Place 2010 San Diego Poetry Slam and “*One of The Most Inspirational Poets of 2010*”

1LOVE’s inspirations include poets from *Brave New Voices* and *Russell Simmons’ Def Poetry*.

Also, *Dr. Maya Angelou*, the powerful and profound speeches of *Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.*, the music and poetry of *Malcolm Jamal-Warner* and *The Artist*, once again known as *Prince*.

<http://poetrymyantidrug.com>

<http://facebook.com/poetrymyantdrugdotcom>

In The Name of Poetry, Amen

### 3 Quarters and A Bottle of Wine

Last night I spent another lonely Christmas  
No ugly matching sweaters to wear  
No more spiked egg nog and Miracle on 54<sup>th</sup> St. marathon  
No more mistletoes and snow angels  
No more...you and me; so there is no tree  
just a big empty space where our tree used to be  
Just  
a big empty space where my *heart* used to be  
I told Santa my only wish is for you to come back to me  
But each letter came back to me, "Return To Sender"

Since we've been apart, the only gift you've given me is a  
broken heart  
Shattered into a million pieces  
I'm usually good at solving puzzles but there's far too  
many missing pieces  
Like our trips up the coast. New Year's toast  
Lately I'm a little off 'cause my center piece is missing  
I can't find the edges so how am I supposed to keep it  
together

Last night I spent another lonely Christmas  
No more sleigh bells ringing  
No more roasting chestnuts  
No more holy nights  
Just  
silent and lonely nights and  
that's when I miss you the most

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

Truth be told, I want to move on  
but memories of us has me stagnant  
You are great at Charades. You cheated at Twister  
And the last time we flipped quarters into cups filled with  
your favorite wine  
You never could last past the 3<sup>rd</sup> shot

It's been two thousand five hundred fifty-five days  
Every Christmas night for 7yrs now I've died...I don't  
know how many times  
in...I don't know how many ways  
I'm done with the heartache and misery  
Just like those letters, I'm sending it all back

I'm in desperate need of a positive outlook  
A new, clear point of view; something to make me forget  
about you  
I'll make that my New Year's resolution  
That's what I'll do...

again...

for the eight year in a row

So, until then...  
here I sit, in my lonely room  
With a big ol' empty space where my heart used to be  
Staring at 3 quarters...

and your favorite bottle of wine

## 7YRS/SEALED WITH A KISS

*We Are Poets!*

Two poets who were strangers, even though I've known her  
all of her life  
with the exception of the 7rs we were apart  
which left a gaping hole in my heart  
I *wish* I was there from the beginning  
the conception of her writing

*We Are Poets!*

7yrs we were not connected  
My life was affected in the following ways  
Like Frankie Beverly without Maze  
I, *leaned* to the side instead of standing tall  
*No balance at all*  
Like an alien abduction, I was gone without a trace  
Every time a star twinkled, I saw her face  
*She, she is my world!*  
*Beam me back from outer space to earth!*  
I was so out of place, *lost* without her  
I prayed, "*Hope it's not too late!*"  
As I navigated back to my fate

*We Are Poets!*

Connected again  
Poetry runs thru our veins like ink in a pen  
*Poetry is our life line*, thus *no one* can take that from us  
Like *August Rush*, we found each other  
After *Purple Rain*, comes the rainbow  
You are more of an inspiration than you will *ever* know  
You are my muse for this...and I seal it with a kiss

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

You and I are gonna write even *after* we die

'cause *We, Are Poets!*

And when God asks, "*What was you thinking when you sealed it with a kiss?*"

I'mma be like, "*Yo, G! Jasmine inspired me to write this.*"

You inspired this, my muse...my focus

Look in the mirror and say, "*I inspired my daddy to write this!*"

And seal it with a kiss

POP QUIZ!

*"I love you very much*

*Always have and always will...beyond words."*

Sealed...with a kiss

## WHO AM I?

They say, “*You look like ur daddy.*”  
But I don’t see it...  
‘cause you were not around long enough for me to notice.  
So I sit alone...  
in that *deep, hollow* part of my heart and wonder, “*What part of me...is him?*”  
*What physical attributes did he contribute?*  
Cause sometimes giving life...*just isn’t enough.*  
*Is it my hands?*  
*What about my eyes?*  
*Could it be my beauty mark?*  
Funny cause I don’t feel beautiful at all.  
Ok, so it’s *not* funny...not even in the least.  
Remember, *Candy Man?*  
Well, there I stood in front of the mirror,  
“*Daddy...daddy...daddy.*”  
But you never appeared.  
“*Why did I expect it to be different this time?*”  
If you would have been the man to tell me what to expect  
from these boys, you could’ve saved me a lot of heartache.

My heart aches...

I was never introduced to Truth and Sincerity, so  
continually I fall for the stench of the lies as they whisper,  
“*I love you*” in my ear.  
*Who am I, Daddy?*  
This isn’t theft of identity. They can’t steal what was never  
given to me.

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

*Where are you, Daddy?*

I dug *deep*...into my skin, but you were *nowhere* to be found. I still wear the marks to retrace my steps when I'm missing you, Daddy

*Forget* What you and mommy were going thru, you should have been there for me.

Did I get my lips from you?

I've kissed my share of frogs with these lips.

I'm just searching for a Prince to take me away from my chaotic life at home.

Is *lying* hereditary? That would explain a lot.

You have some explaining to do.

I'm here, but where do I come from?

*WHO*

do you think you are?

Making a deposit and not protecting your investment; your return may not be as great as you hoped

*AM*

I the only one invested in this?

Relationships are a two-way street, but you seem to be stuck in a *permanent* traffic jam.

*I*

*am here!!...*

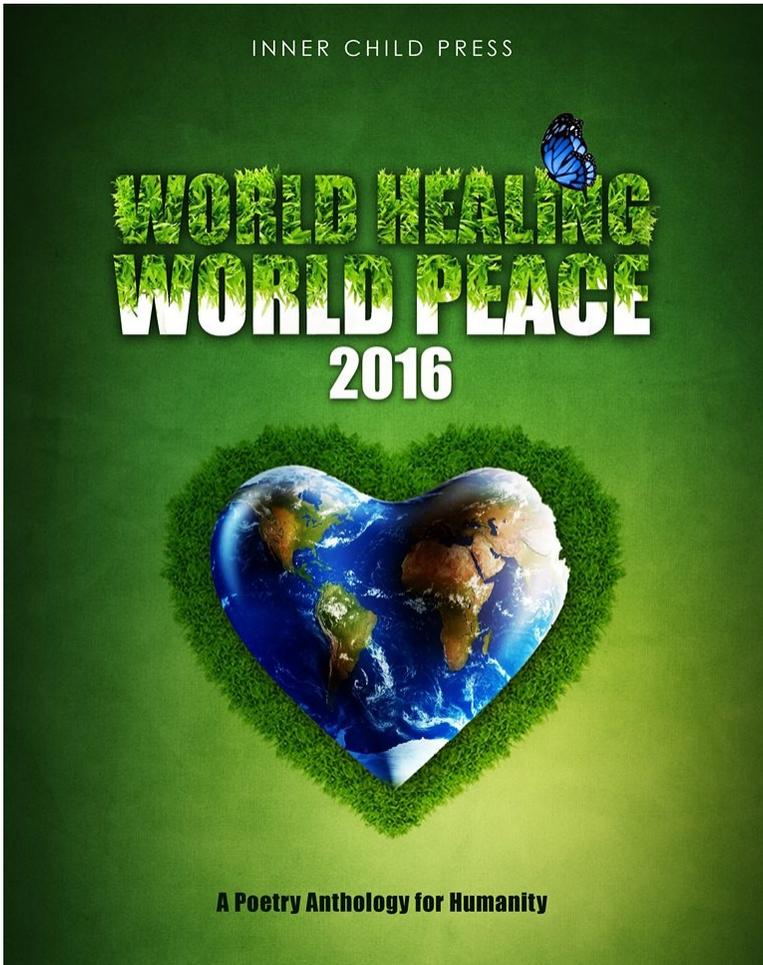
Where are *you*?

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

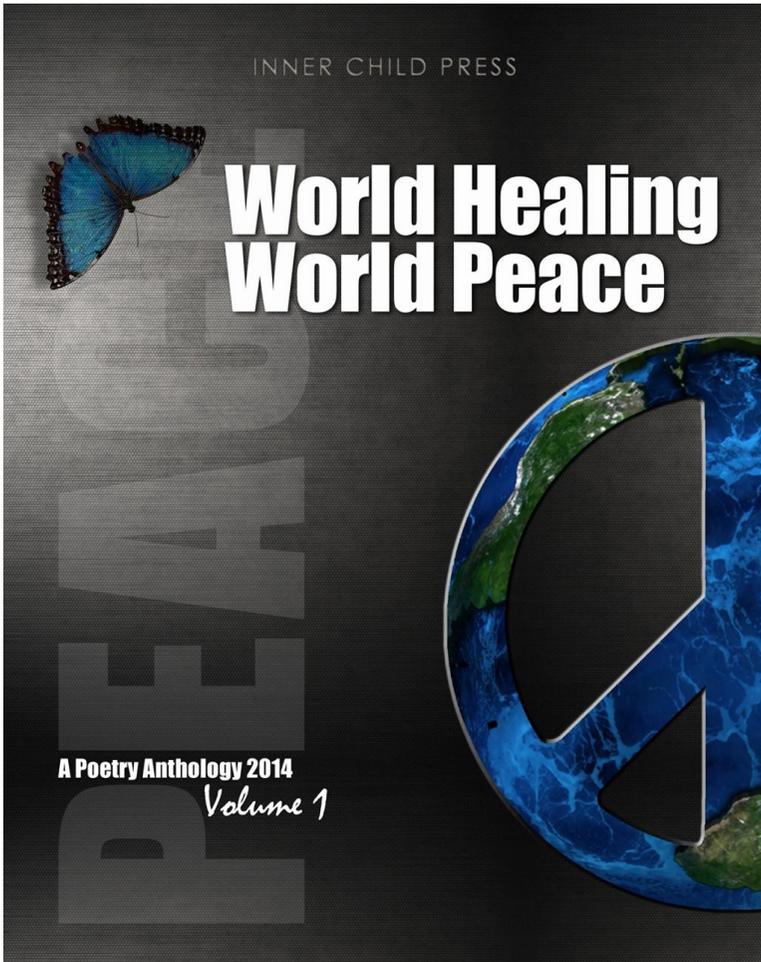
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Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

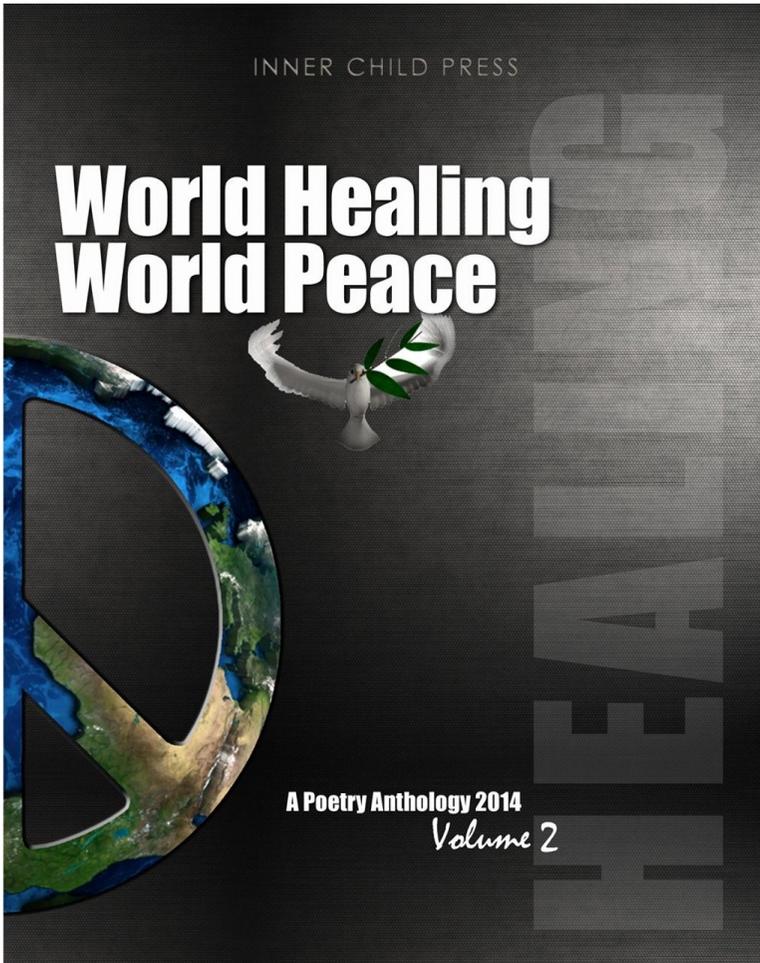
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

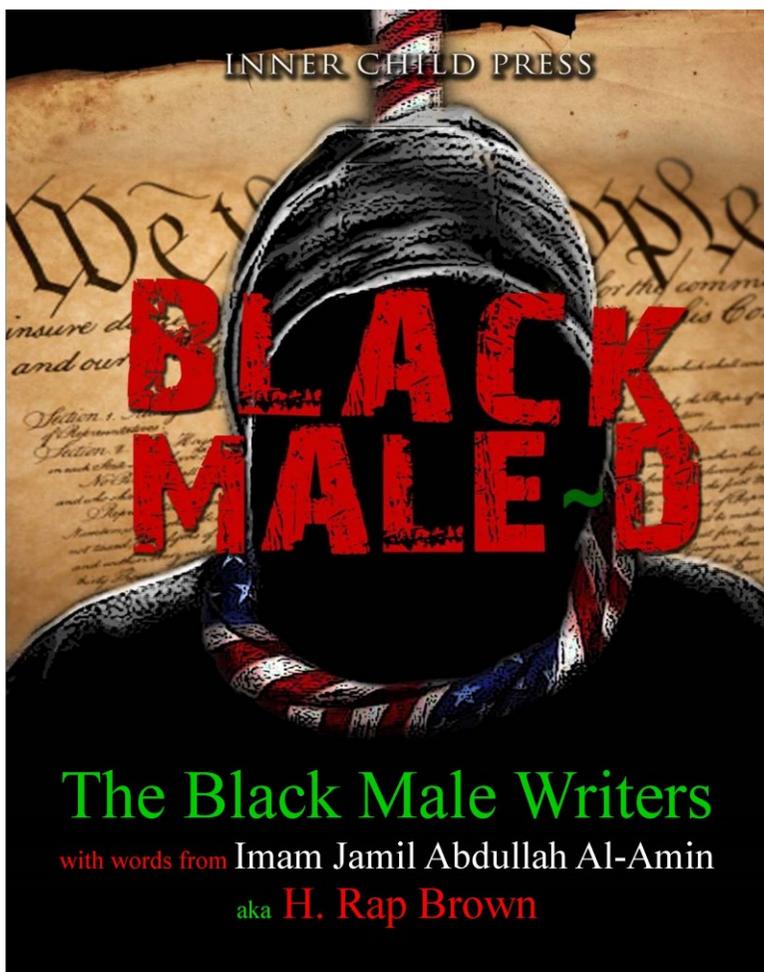


*Inner Child Press Anthologies*





*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



# *The Year of the Poet III*

## **Featured Poets**

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasiz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

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

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

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

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

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

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

*celebrating international poetry month*

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

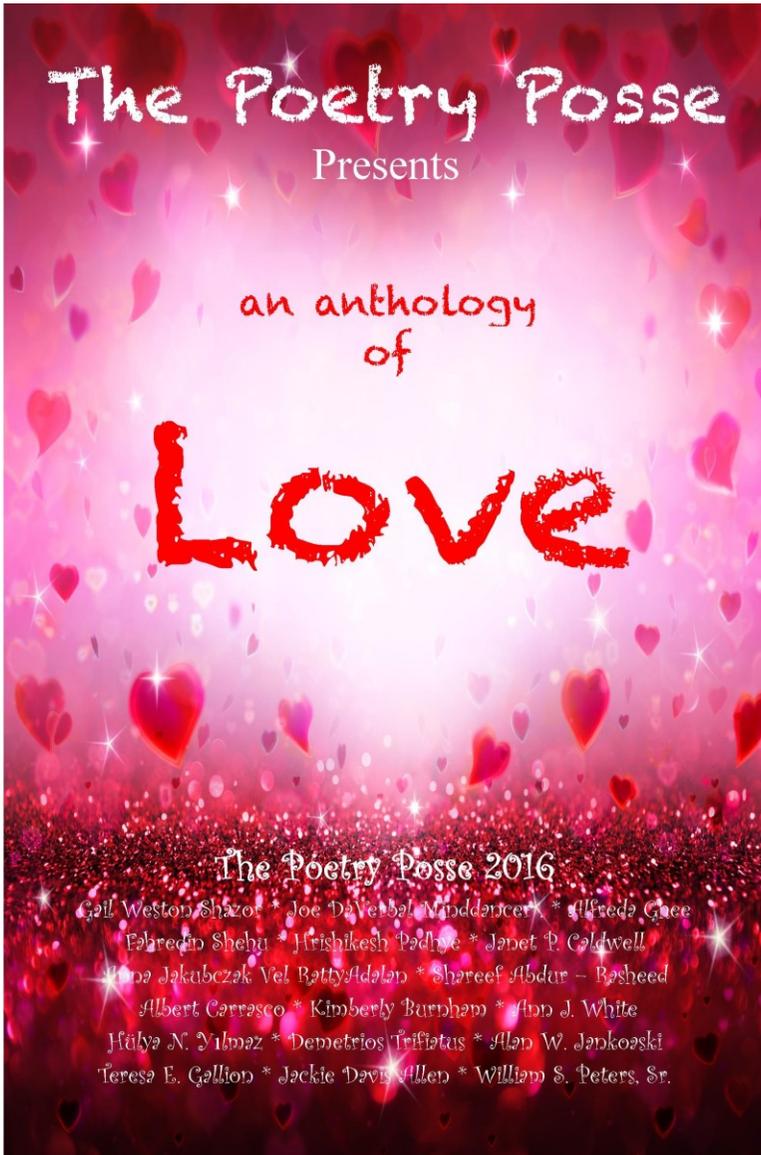
Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



# The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology  
of

# Love

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazo \* Joe DeVeber \* Mindence \* Alfreda Gnee  
Ebrahim Shehu \* Hirshikesh Padhe \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Janowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

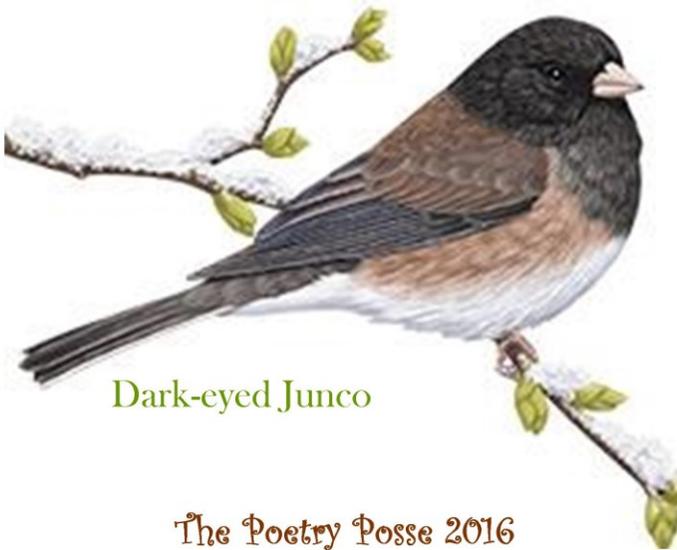
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . . \* Alfred Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Triffatus \* Alan W. Jankowski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

# The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

## Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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

## The Year of the Poet II December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II  
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski  
Bismay Mohanty  
James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

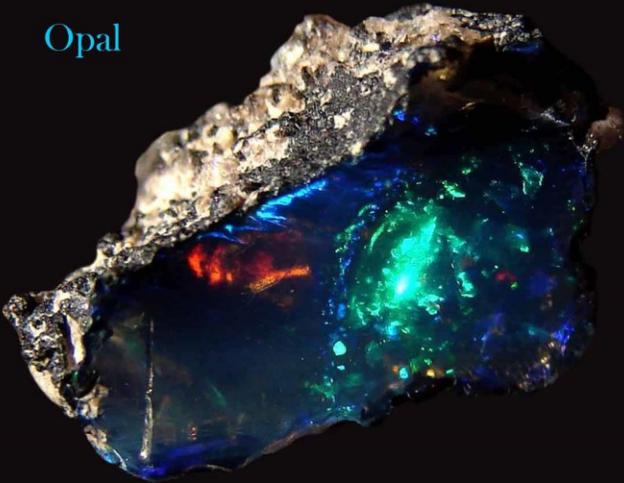
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

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

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonnice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

## Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger

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

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

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

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

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's Featured Poets

Anahit Arustamyan \* Yvette D. Murrell \* Regina A. Walker



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chinnery  
Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



*The Poetry Posse*

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

*January Feature Poets*

Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

*The Poetry posse*

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

December Feature Poets

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

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *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.

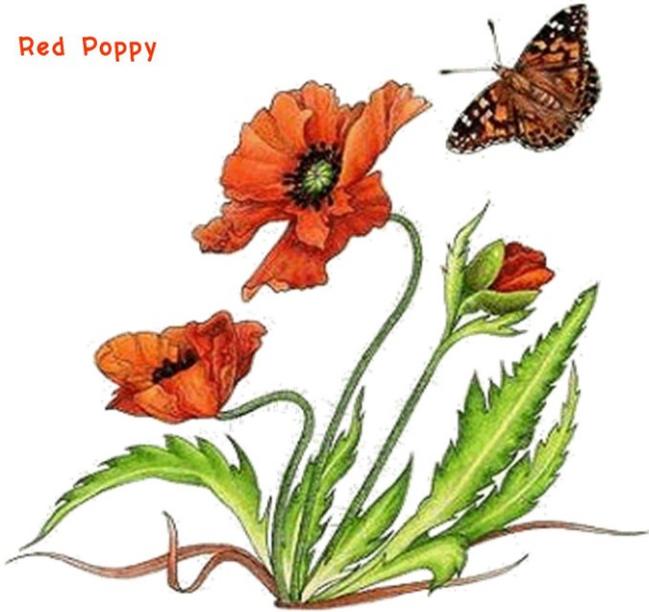
## November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman \* Jackie Allen \* James Moore \* Neville Hiatt

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raşendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## The Poetry Posse

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

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passé*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Infinite Carrasco  
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.



Lotus  
Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



## June's Featured Poets

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

## The Poetry Passe

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

## The Poetry Posse

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



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

March 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hulya yilmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## *The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony 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

## January 2014



*Carnation*

### The Poetry Posse

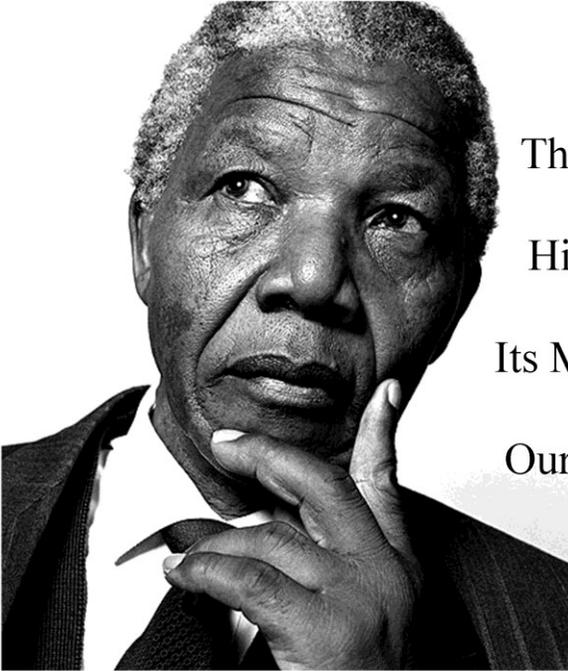
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Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters,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

### Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# **A GATHERING OF WORDS**

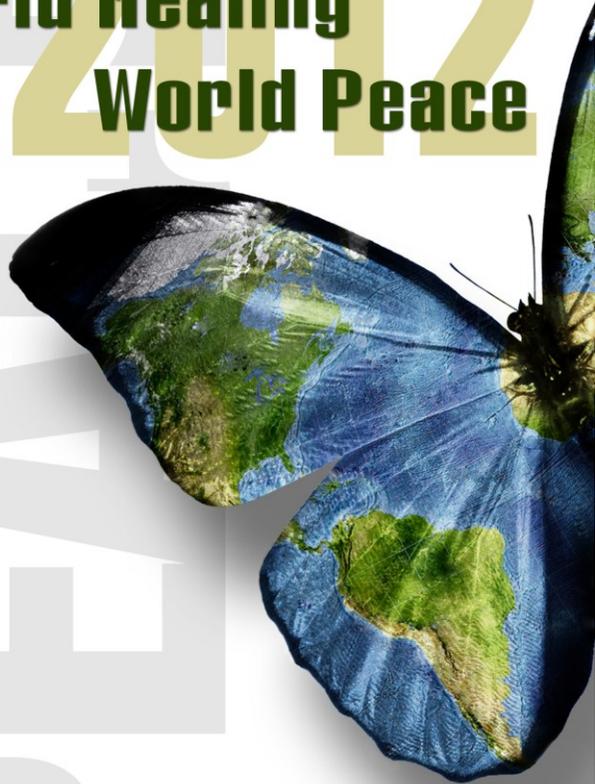


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FOR

# **TRAYVON MARTIN**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# World Healing World Peace



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

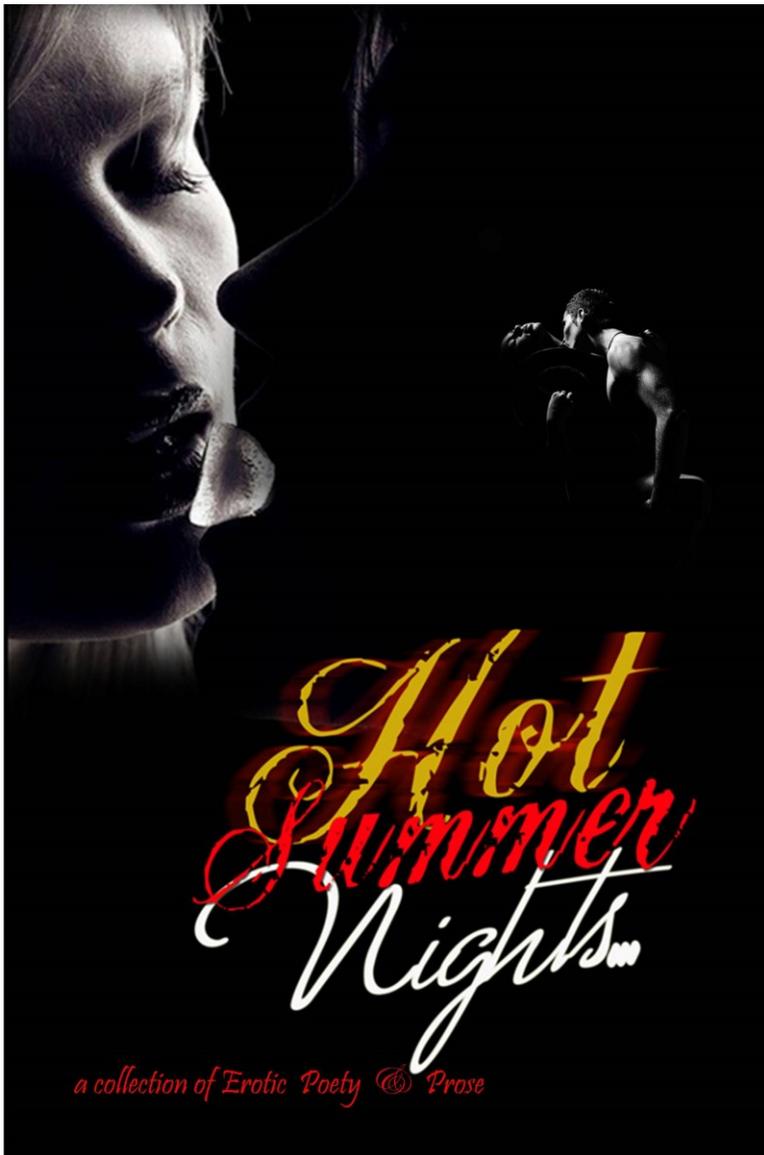
*Volume 2*

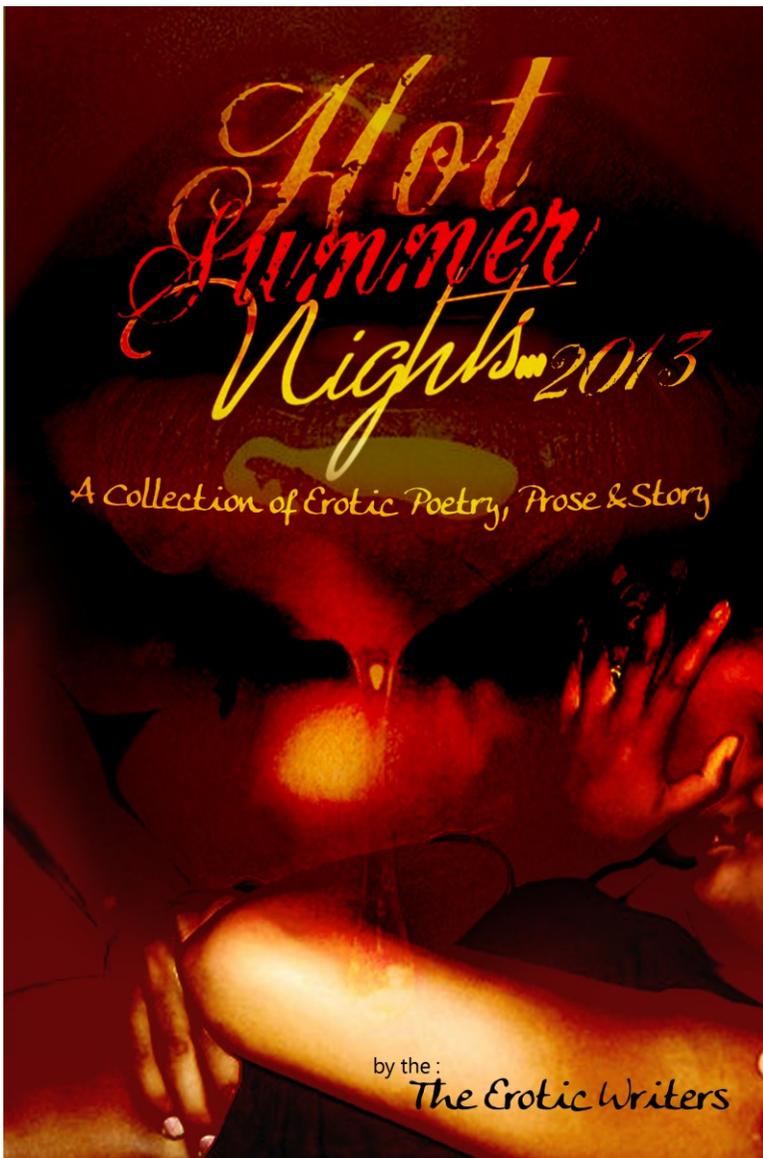
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

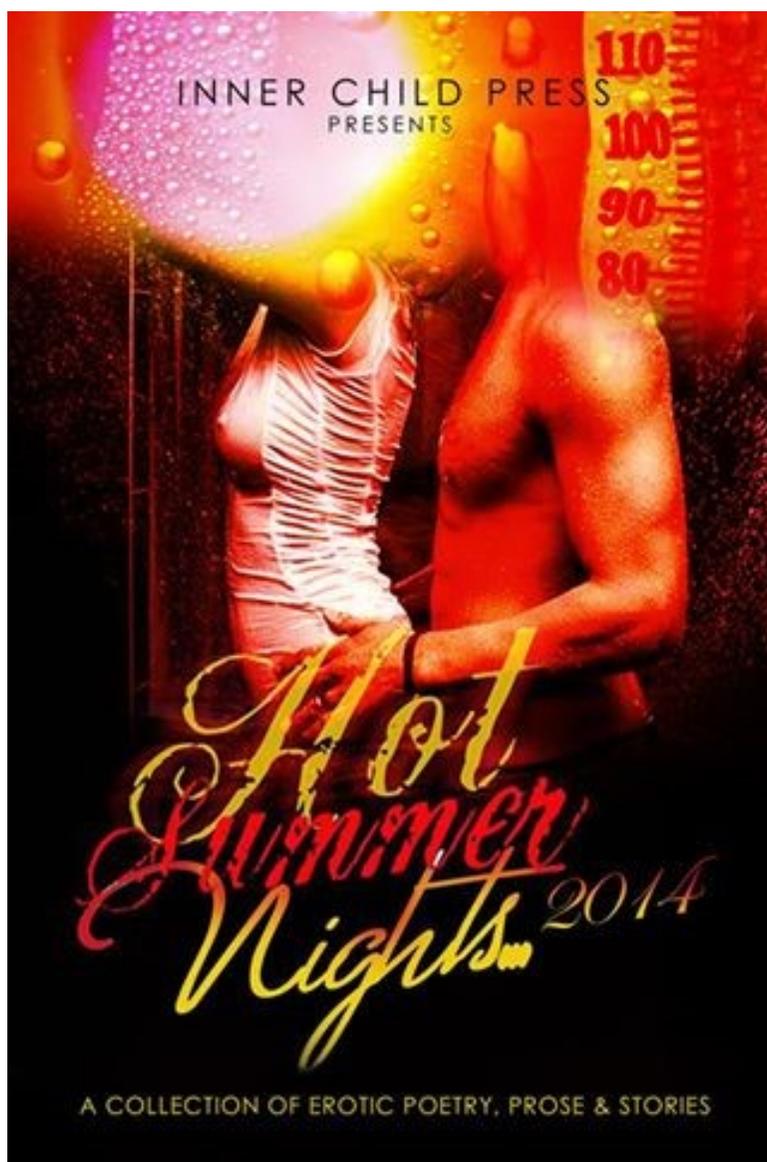
*healing through words*



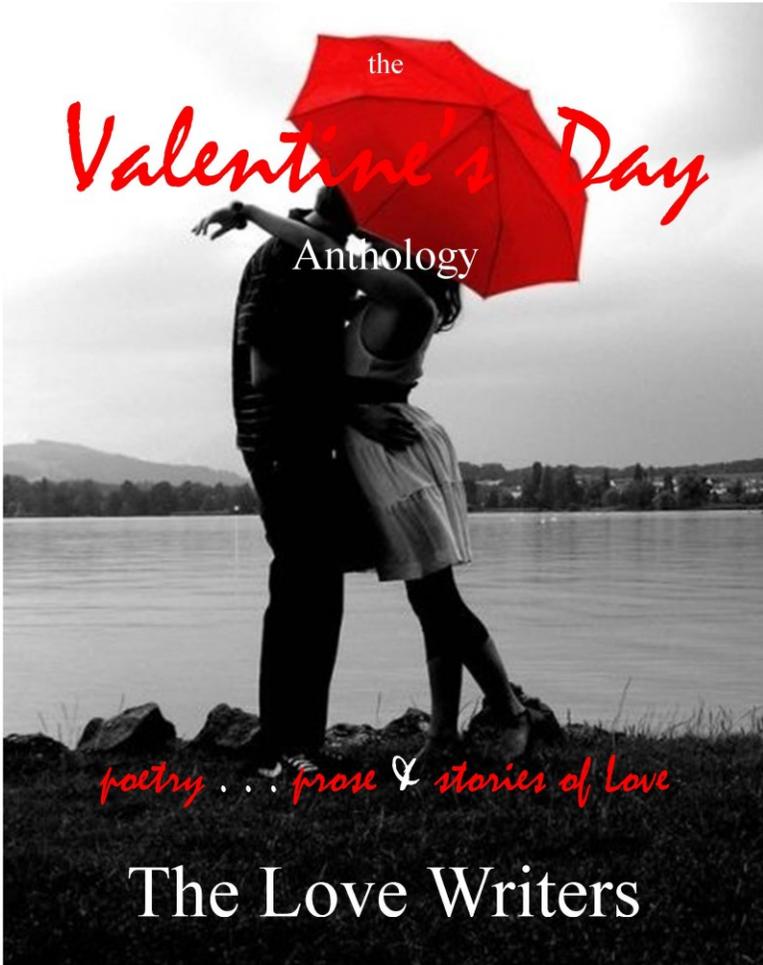
*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*







*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



the  
*Valentine's Day*  
Anthology

*poetry . . . prose & stories of love*

The Love Writers

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



want my  
**P**OEtRy  
to . . .

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

*Monte Smith*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

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

*Monte Smith*



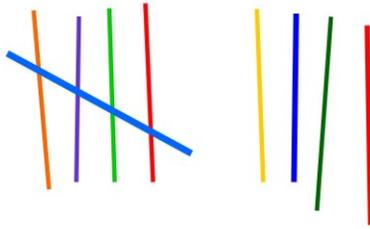
want my

**P** **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**

to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



a  
Poetically  
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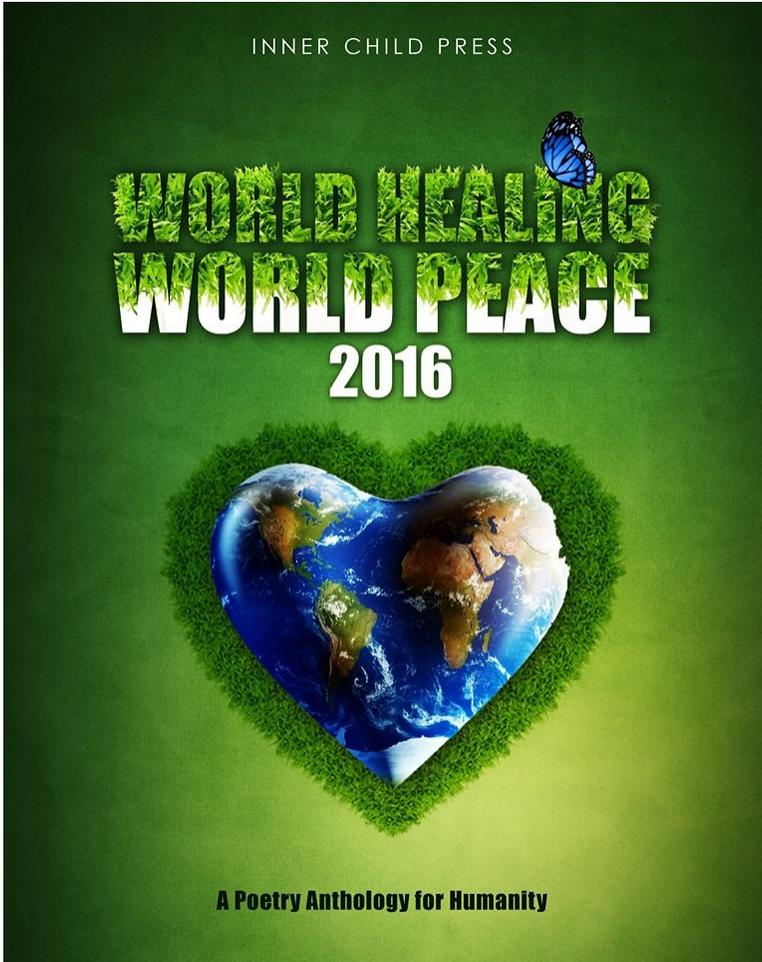
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# World Healing World Peace



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~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



## May 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Bob  
Strum



Barbara  
Allan



D. L.  
Davis



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