



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

The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III

May 2016

*celebrating International Poetry Month*

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# The Poetry Pass 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

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# **General Information**

## **The Year of the Poet III**

### **May Edition**

## **The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2016**

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WHAT WOULD  
**L**IFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
**P**OETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

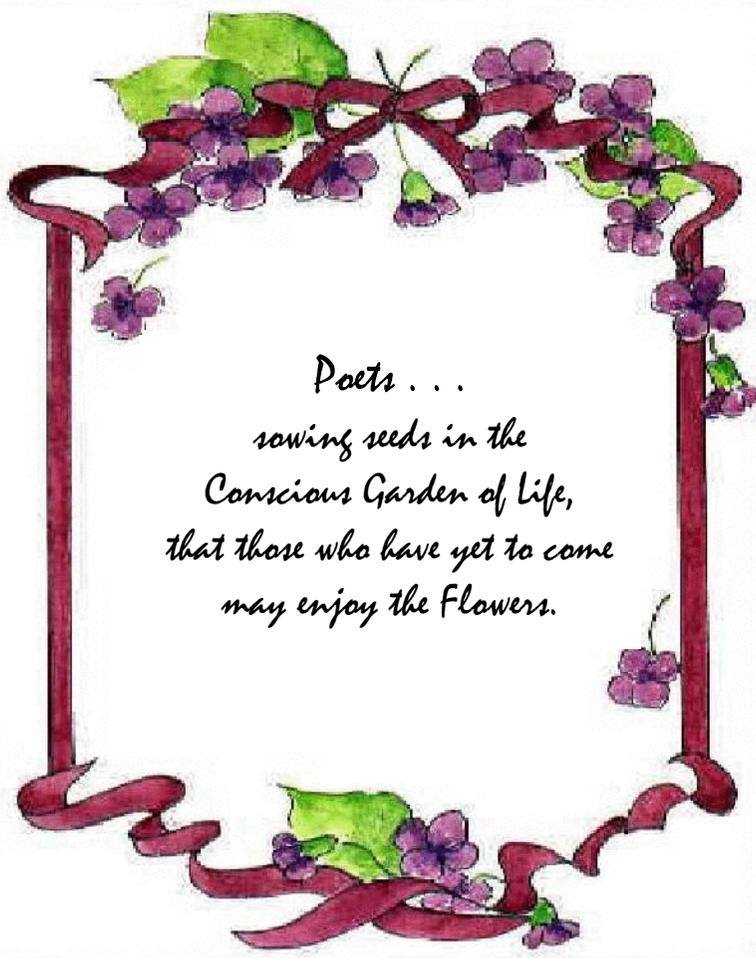
past, present & future

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

~ wsp

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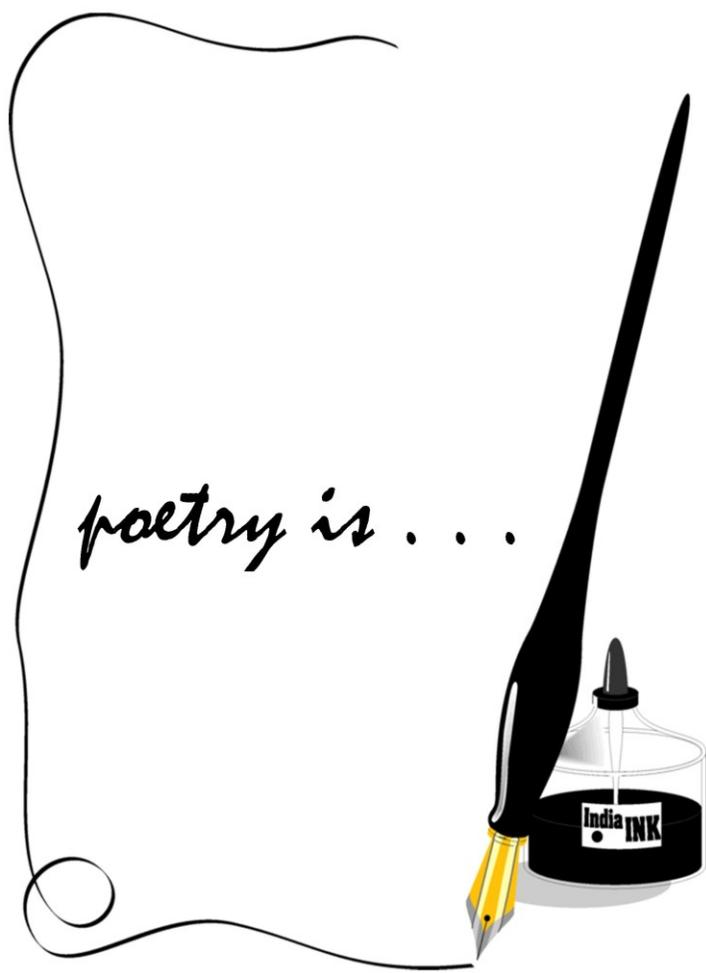
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the  
enchanting magicians that nourishes the  
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our  
words that entice the hearts and minds of  
others to believe there is something grand  
about the possibilities that 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 4<sup>th</sup> 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](http://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.

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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.

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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”

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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*"  
as we deemed them to be . . .  
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spades and hearts  
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among the tall grasses and weeds

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.

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](http://jackiedavisallen.com) or from [innerchildpress.com](http://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 ralphy, 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

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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

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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

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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](http://www.ItsACluckingGood.Life)

[www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com](http://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*

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## *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,

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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

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*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)

"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

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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*

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## *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*

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*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

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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*

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## *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,

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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,

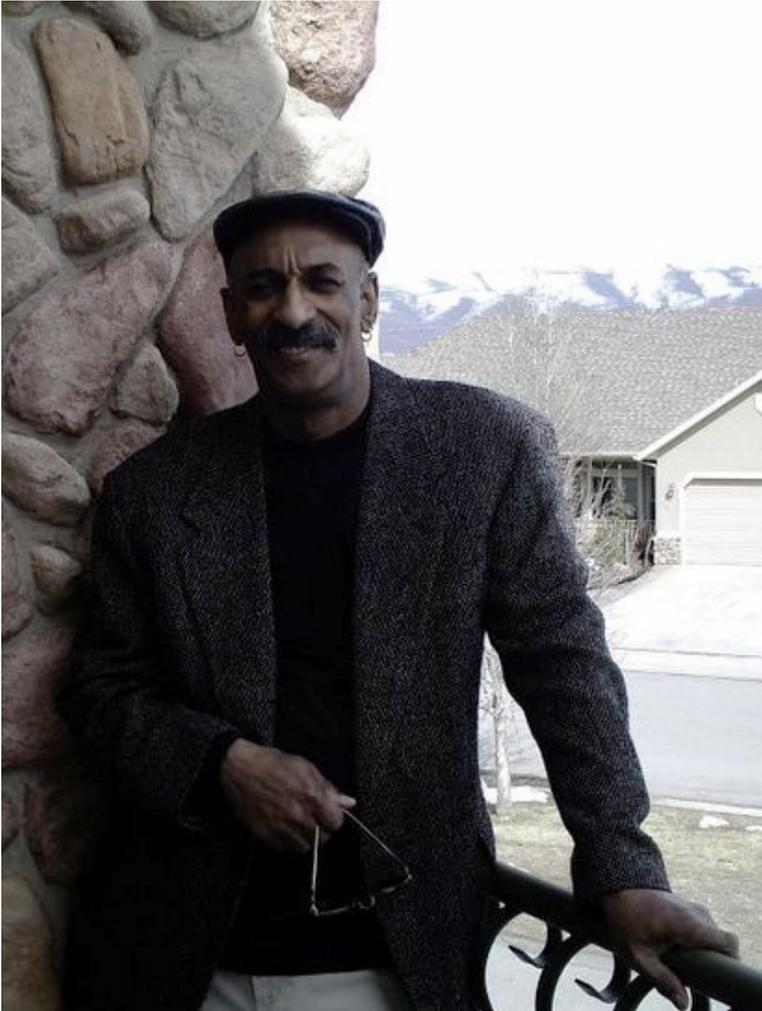
I would be able to cuddle.

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

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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

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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

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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

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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 . . .

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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

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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.**

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!!...*

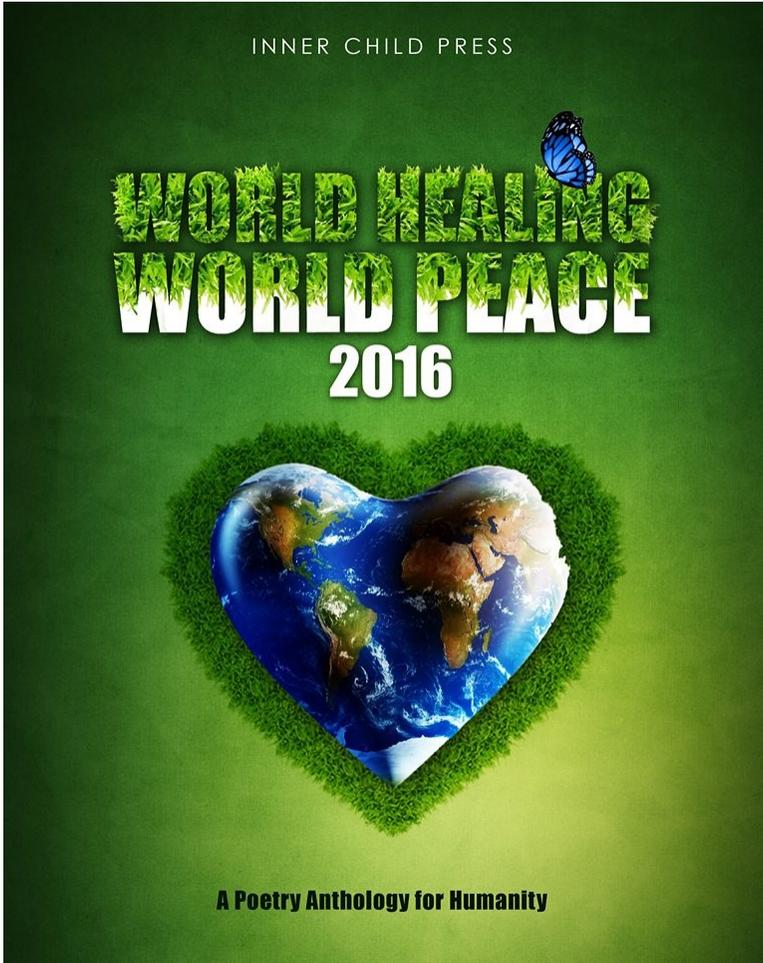
Where are *you*?

*The Year of the Poet ~ May 2016*

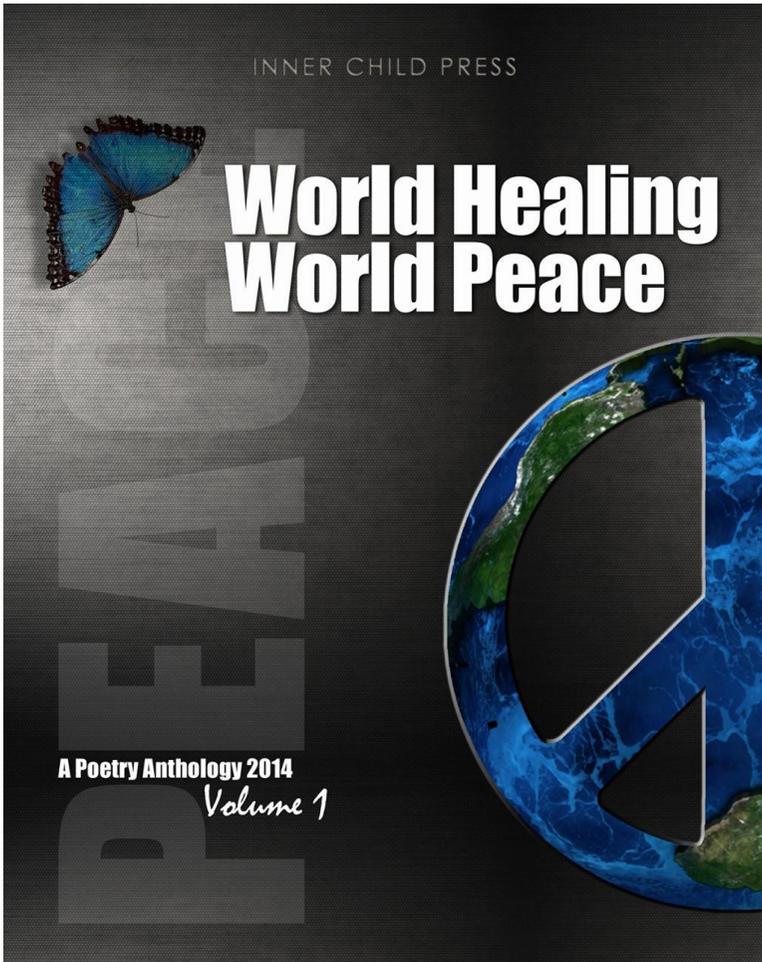
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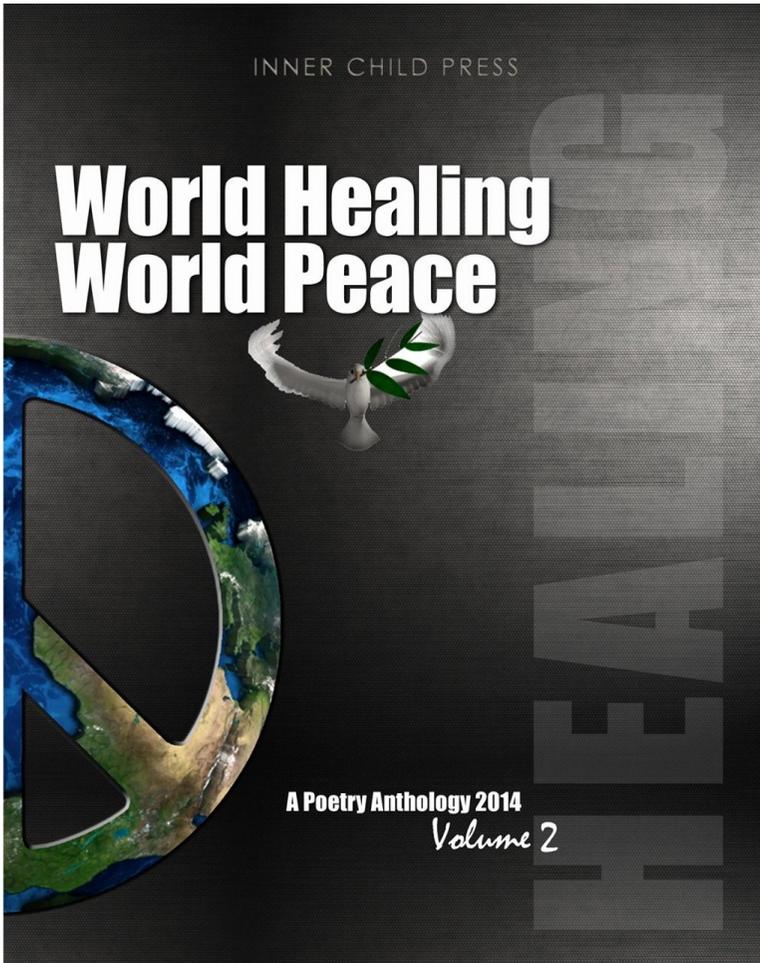
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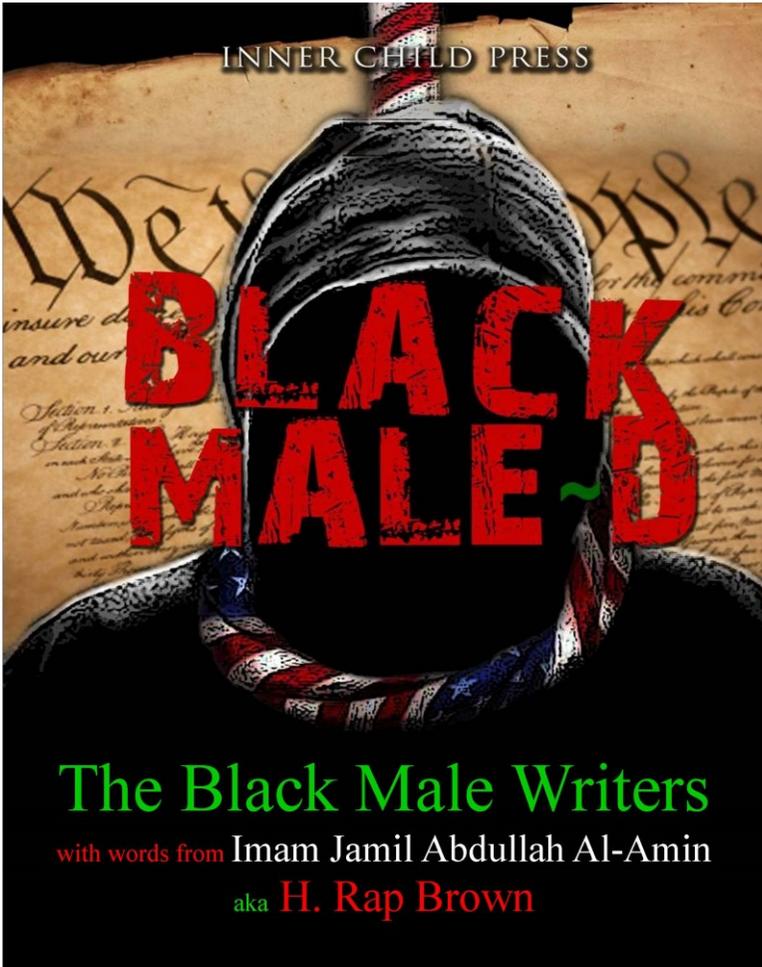
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



# *The Year of the Poet III*

## **Featured Poets**

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalaszc

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

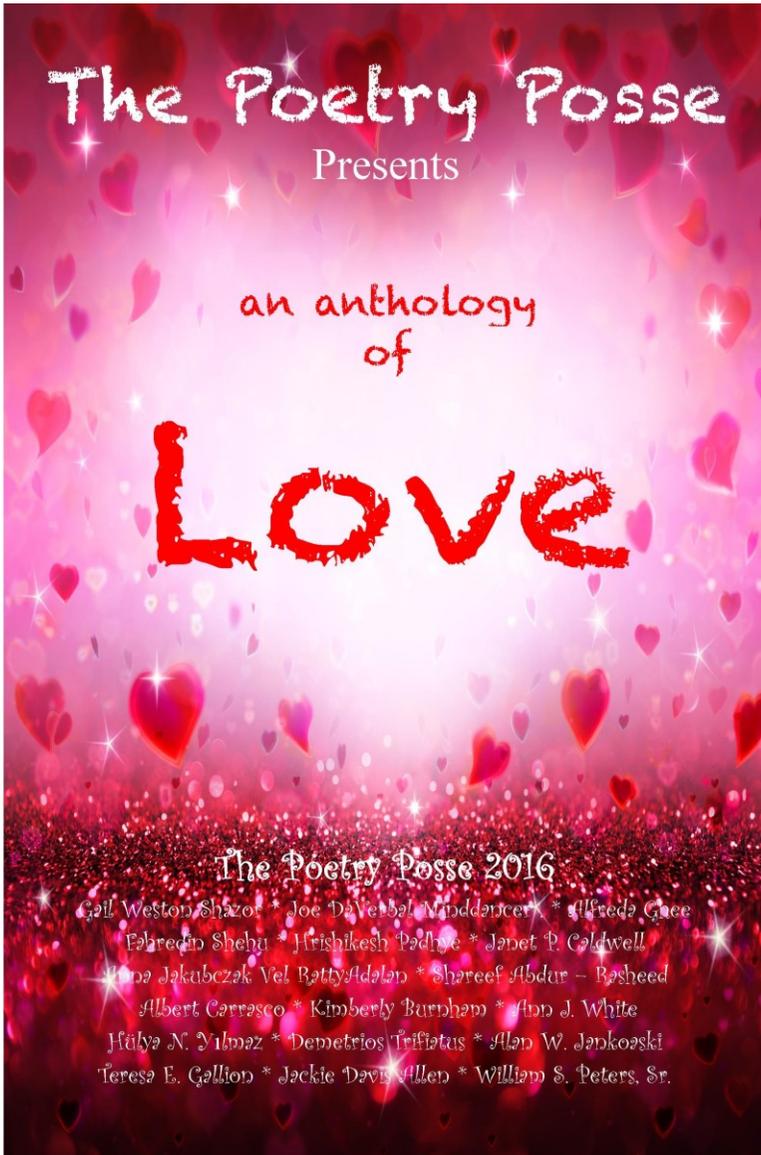
Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

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 Adolan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

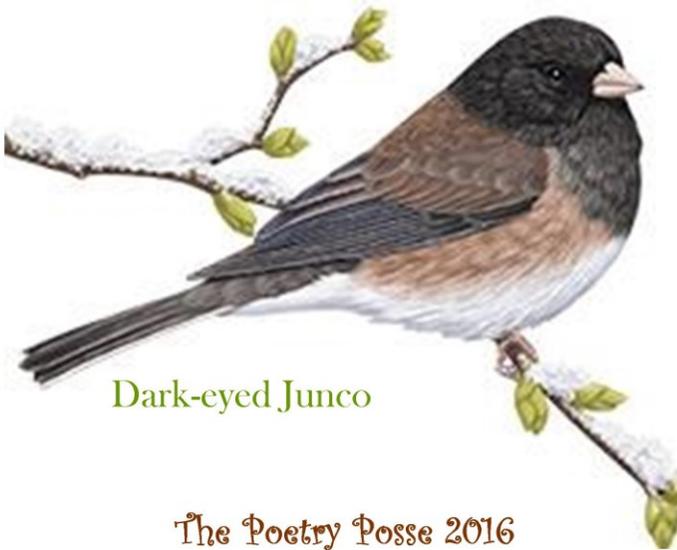
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . . \* Alfred Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Triffatus \* Alan W. Jankowski  
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  
Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

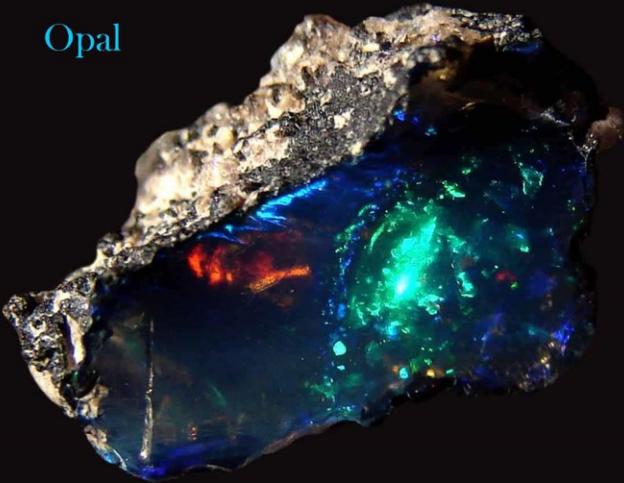
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

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

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* 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  
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

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

## 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



Sweet Pea

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 & hülya yılmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## *The Poetry Posse*

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

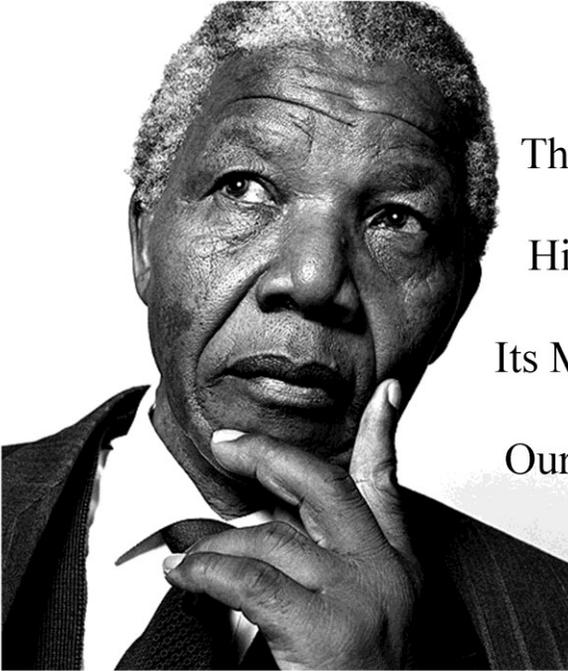
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Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters,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

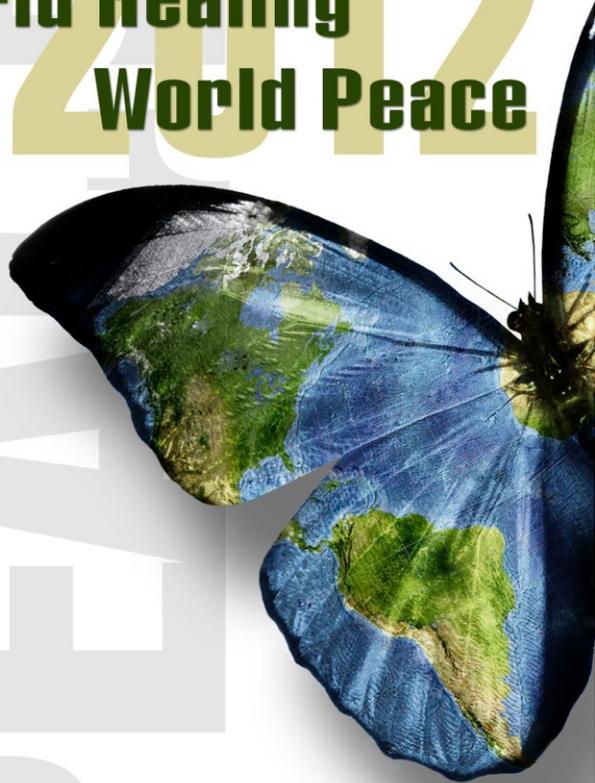


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FOR

# **TRAYVON MARTIN**

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World Peace**



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*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

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World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

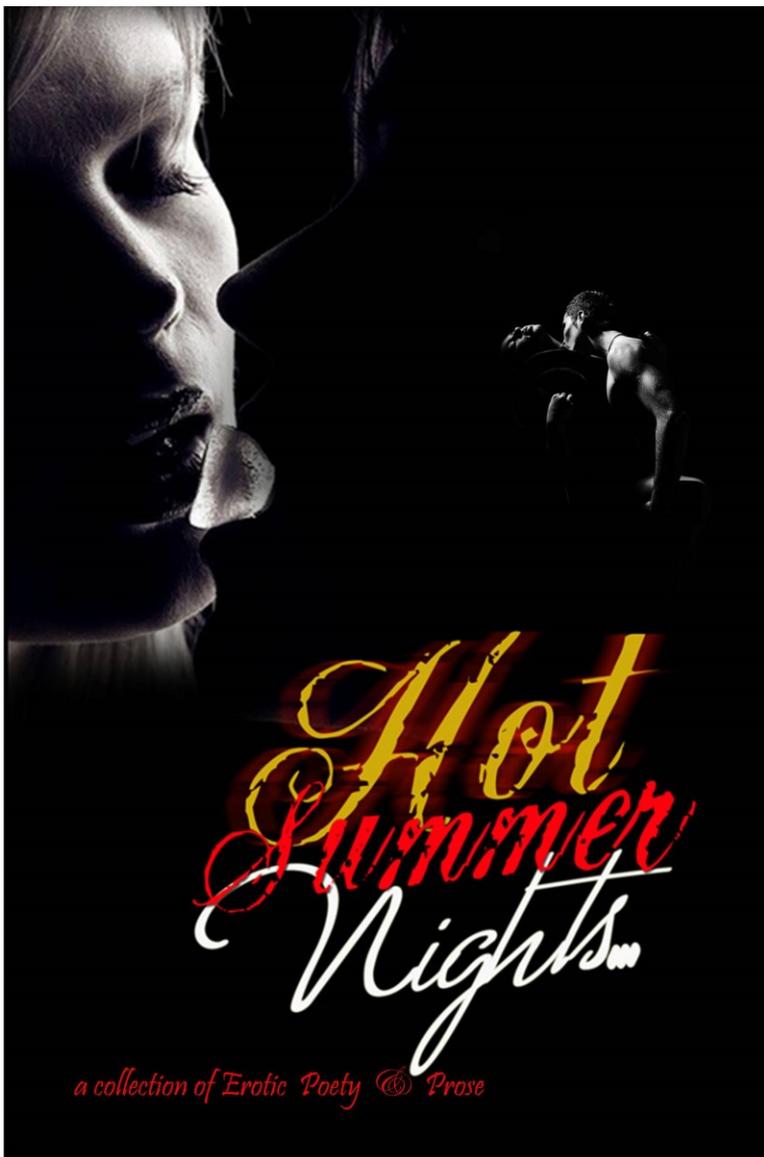
*Volume 2*

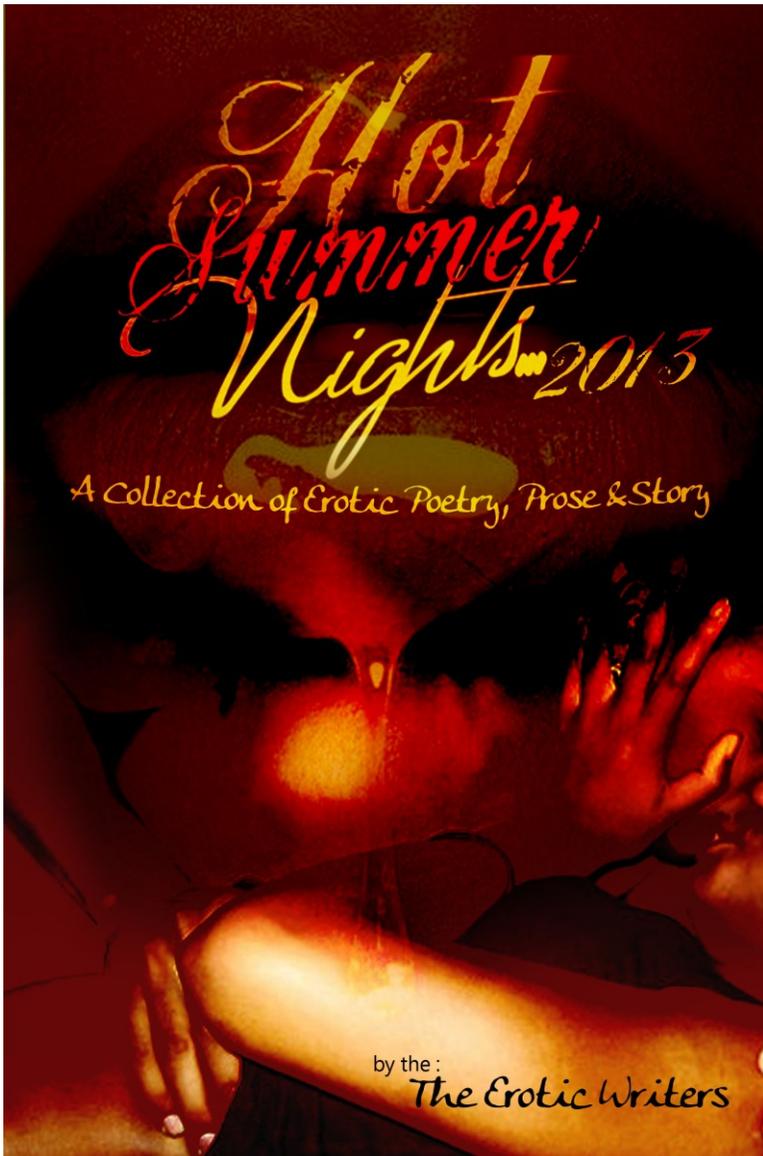
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

*healing through words*



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

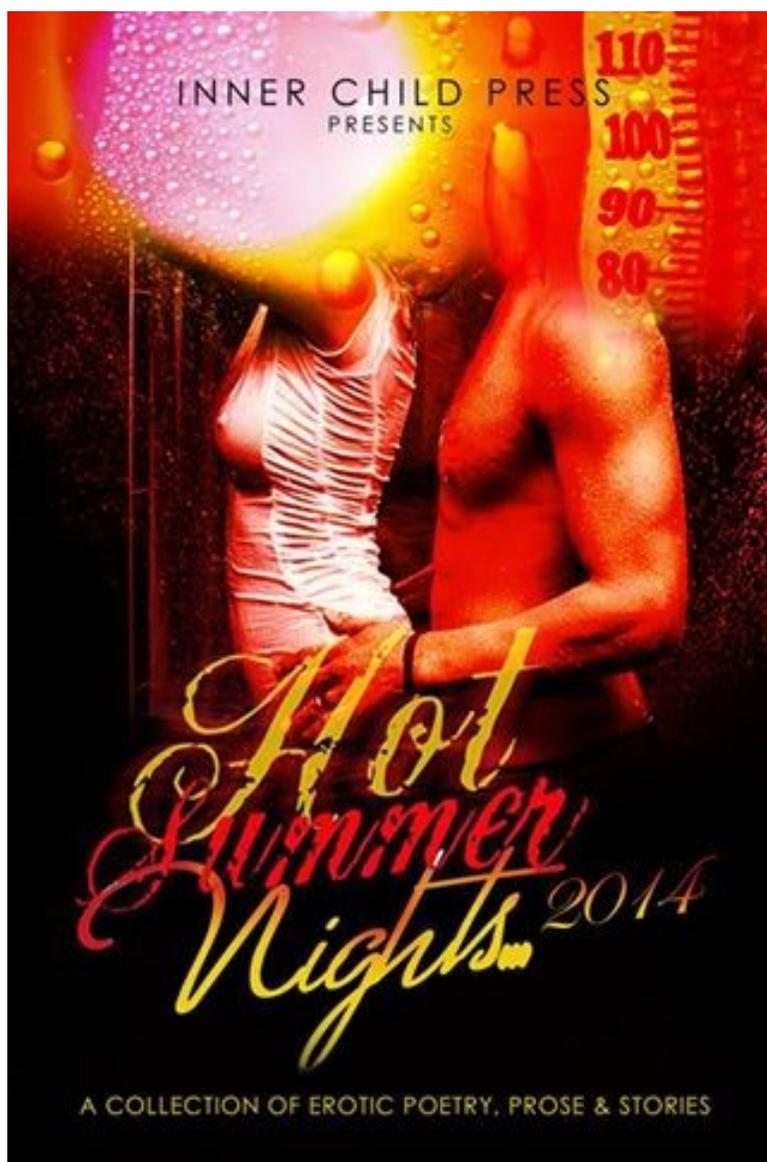




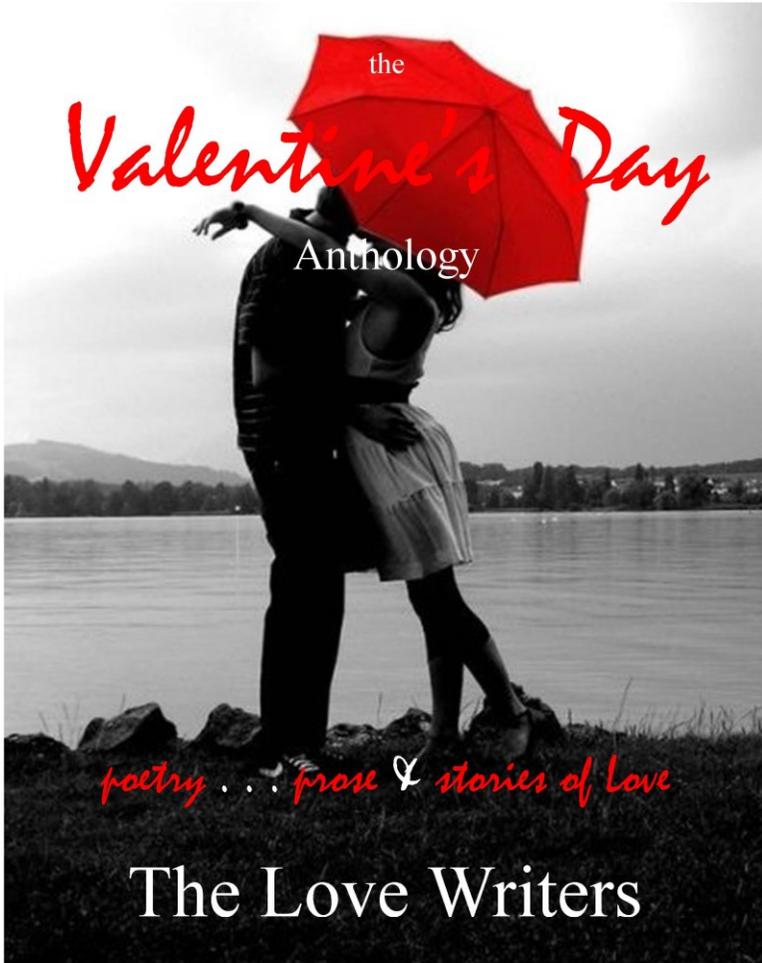
*Hot  
Summer  
Nights 2013*

*A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story*

by the:  
*The Erotic Writers*



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



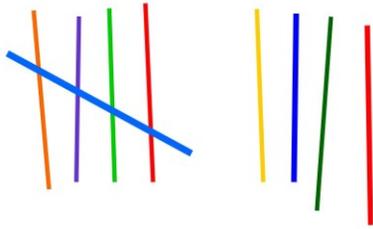
want my

POEtRy

to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



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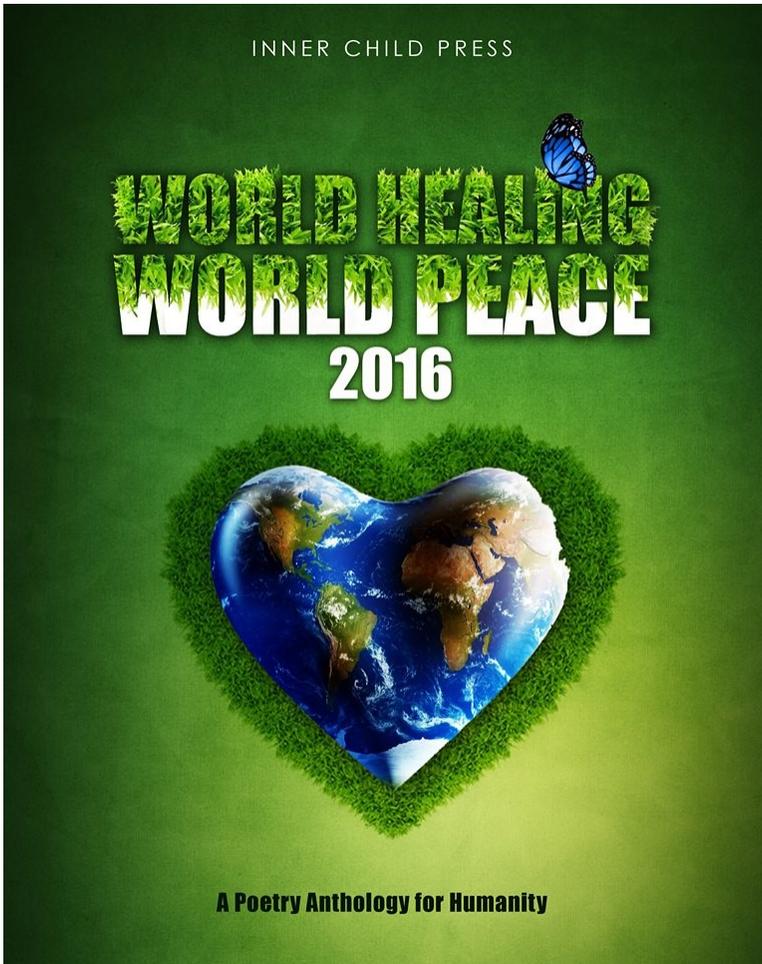
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~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



## May 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Bob  
Strum



Barbara  
Allan



D. L.  
Davis



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