The Year of the Poet VI

May 2019

Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr. The

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed Teresa E. Gallion hülya n. yılmaz Kimberly Burnham Tzemin Ition Tsai Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo Jackie Davis Allen Joe Paire Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava Alicja Maria Kuberska Swapna Behera Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

The Year of the Poet VI May 2019 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Table of Contents

Foreword

Joe Paire

hülya n. yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion

Preface	xiii
Central and West Africa	xvii
The p_{oetry} p_{osse}	
Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	25
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	33
Kimberly Burnham	41
Elizabeth Esquerra Castillo	47

ix

53

59

65

Table of Contents . . . continued

Ashok K. Bhargava	71
Caroline Nazareno	79
Swapna Behera	87
Albert Carassco	95
Eliza Segiet	101
William S. Peters, Sr.	107
May Featured Poets	117
Emad Al-Haydary	119
Hussein Nasser Jabr	127
Wahab Sheriff	135
Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri	141
Inner Child News	149
Other Anthological Works	171

Foreword

Asia, Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

Patchworks And Crossroads Of Arts, Culture And Tradition: Asian Perspective

Southeast Asia includes Philippines, Malaysia, Indonesia, Brunei, Laos, Cambodia, East Timor, Myanmar (Burma).

As studies reflect, Asia has always been the home to some of the biggest and the oldest civilizations. Britannica recorded "Civilization spread from mainland Southeast Asia to China and India. Southeast Asians do not have a strong tradition of art theory or literary or dramatic criticism, for they are always more concerned with doing the actual work of producing beautiful things." Additionally, because the Southeast Asians, especially in the western half of the mainland, worked on nondurable materials, it is not possible to trace the development and evolution of art forms stage by stage.

According to Matt Rosenberg, a professional geographer, Asia is the largest continent in terms of size and population; Area of 17,139,445 Square Miles (44,391,162 Square Km), having

4,436,224,000 of the world's population of 7.6 billion (2017 UN estimate).

Dominating religions in Asia are Christianity, Protestantism, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism and Shintoism and Judaism.

Asian music, dance, and songs were originally associated with tribal rituals.

Patchworks of Arts, Culture, Religion and Tradition

I have been born and brought up in The Pearl of the Orient Seas, the Philippines. I was raised at the melting pot of culture, religion and diverse ethnicity.

Philippines: Filipinos are lovers of art. Our ancestors passed their time singing corridos, and reading stories about the bravery of legendary heroes; stage dramas performed are Zarzuela and the moro-moro, forms of art which depicted the life of the people. The Philippines is a birthplace of architecture of the 16th to the 19th century which are the Baroque style churches with curved arches, altars and images of saints built by the Spaniards with the help of the Filipinos. Philippines is also dubbed as "The Fiesta Islands" because various festivals are celebrated honoring

the saints, harvest and the place, are vibrant and energetic; most of them are of Hispanic influence.

Malaysia: The Malaysian society is a blend of a Malay culture, a Chinese culture, an Indian culture, a Eurasian culture, along with the cultures of the indigenous groups of the peninsula and north Borneo. Malaysians are adept at learning languages, and knowing multiple languages is commonplace. Their food has exquisite flavour, twist of Malay, Chinese, and Indian cooking. Batik-inspired designs are often produced in factories on shirts, sarongs, table cloths, or dresses forming an iconic Malaysian aesthetic. The precolonial Malay rulers supported a rich variety of literary figures who produced court chronicles, fables, and legends that form a prominent part of the contemporary Malaysian cultural imagination.

Indonesia : Indonesian crafts and arts are diverse: from jewelry, beadwork, batik, pottery, metal, baskets, wood carving, leather puppet, stone carving, and painting. The arts—especially painting, wood carving, dance, traditional music and puppetry—are very much alive in Indonesia. Indonesian art and culture are intertwined with religion and old traditions from the time of early migrants with Western thoughts brought by Portuguese traders and Dutch colonists. The techniques, symbolism, culture surrounding hand-dyed cotton and silk garments known as

Indonesian *Batik* permeate the lives of Indonesians from beginning to end.

Brunei: Brunei promotes the development of literature and folklore and publishes textbooks in Malay and English for use in primary and secondary schools. A form of poetry known as sajak is popular with schoolchildren. A number of local authors have become well known. The most famous work of traditional literature is the epic poem Sya'ir Awang Simawn, which recounts the exploits of the culture hero.

Laos: The rich oral tradition of poetry and folk tales possessed by the Lao-speaking people predates their written literature and maintains a wide popularity to the present day. The earliest evidence of written literature among the Lao dates from the 16th century, during the Lan Xang period. Literature served an important role as a vehicle with which to convey Buddhist religious teachings and explain proper behaviour for individuals in society. (The Britannica)

Cambodia: By the fourteenth century, Khmer had replaced Sanskrit as the official language. Classical Khmer represents the metaphysical union between Indian Brahmin and native Khmer of Cambodia's creation myths. It combines the multisyllabic vocabulary of Pali and Sanskrit with the largely monosyllabic, highly alliterative and onomatopoeic native vocabulary. Classical Khmer

poetry has about fifty forms, using complex meters and intricate rhyme schemes. The epics, composed in thousands of stanzas, could take days to chant. (*The Britannica*)

Timor Leste: Timorese are fiercely proud of their independence and very aware of how hard they've had to fight for it. They are also quite stoic in the face of adversity, something honed through decades of tragedy. Bits of rock country, hip-flop, rap and even reggae can all be heard in East Timor's modern music. Guitars are popular and if there were garages there would be a lot of garage bands, especially in Dili. (*The Britannica*)

Myanmar: Weaving is thee Burmese's highly developed traditional art form. They have focused on writing for theater performances called *pwe* and producing texts relating to Buddhism. In addition, since the nineteenth century there is a fair amount of popular fiction. Some British fictions from the colonial period was set in Burma. The graphic arts temple sculpture in wood, stucco; temple mural painting, usually in tempera; other forms of wood and ivory carving; work in bronze, iron, and other metals; jewelry, ceramics, glassware, lacquerware, textiles and costumes.

Asian people set the paradigm of restoration, resilience and self-transcendence, not only on their beliefs but also to the way they live. Asian Contemporary writers signify long term trends and

circumspection in the 21st Century literature and the global future.

Therefore, Asia is a home of cultural patchworks, heterogeneity of languages and crossroads of identity.

Caroline N. Gabis aka. Ceri Naz

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\mathcal{D}_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As are on our way to hitting another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

Bless Up . . . From the home in our hearts to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

DS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



Asia, Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia



Geographically, Asia, Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia represents a diverse beauty that exemp[lifies a mostly tropical type of setting with access to many seas and oceans. The collection of cultures to be found inhabiting these lands are equally diverse in their living, social intergartion and spiritual expressions. From Viet Nam to the Philippines to Cambodia and Malaysia and all other countries in this region there can be found a myriad of languages and dialects. The lifestyles also vary in many different ways.

For more information visit

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maritime_Southeast_ Asia

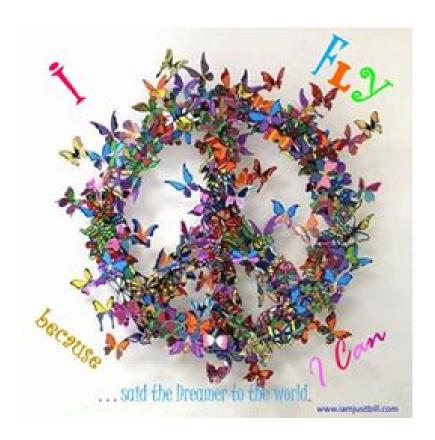




Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action .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







The

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May 2019

The Poetry Posse

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

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Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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Sijo

When counting my blessings, I always think of you

For you are my moon and stars, my waking and rest

I breathe the mist from your flowing waters

On This Beach

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

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

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

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

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

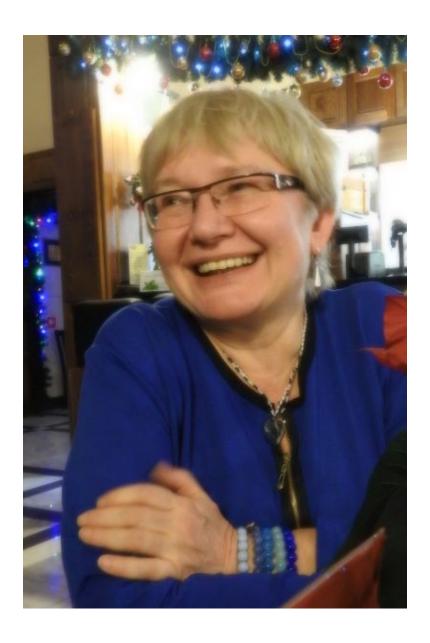
When I find myself on the edge On the edge of the water I can hear their cries Because the matter of the world Has not changed The sand remains The same grain

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

liming

Green leaves greening
Water falls watering
Call bird calling
Yellow sun yellowing
Nappy hair napping
Bud trees budding
House old housing
Grey concrete greying
Parrot plumes parroting
Plant gardener planting
Tingle bells tingling
Risen people rising
Love you loving

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: "The Glass Reality". Her second volume "Analysis of Feelings", was published in 2012. The third collection "Moments" was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - "Virtual roses" and volume of poems "On the border of dream". Next year her volume entitled "Girl in the Mirror" was published in the UK and "Love me", " (Not)my poem" in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled "The Other Side of the Screen".

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

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

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

Madagascar

At the end of the world is a scrap of Gondawa - a huge island slowly drifting through time

Isolation, in the act of creation, gave a different course of evolution and it amazed with its richness of the forms and colors of nature

In the land of lemurs with big, sad eyes, life took on unprecedented and amazing shapes

Indian Ocean with clear as crystal waters affectionately embraces white beaches with its blue arms

In the underwater treasury, just below the surface of the water,

it hides wonderful corals and run of colorful fish

Warm wind blows carry on tirelessly From the heart of the land a sweet aroma of ripe vanilla pods

Border

The wide open window invites into the apartment fresh air and the inquisitive eyes of passers-by.

A warm wind threw inside handful of petals torn from an

A warm wind threw inside handful of petals torn from an apple tree.

It brought in the aroma of blooming flowers in the backyard garden..

In the empty room can be heard a joyful chirping and the loud laughter of children playing with a colorful hall

They call you - an autistic child

You live alone in a closed cube block, in an always empty and quiet space. In your world, touch hurts and sounds are audible. A soundproof glass separates you from the voice of another human being You paint on it with your fingers and leave a trace. It is your way of trying to contact.

It is difficult to escape from the sealed trap of one's own mind.

Eros

The first gods emerged from nonexistence Gaia covered her nakedness with the veil of greenery Uranus dressed himself with clouds flowing across the sky The winged Eros was given a bow and quiver with arrows

God of love released a few arrows and breathed life sparks This beautiful young man, an inseparable companion of Aphrodite,

possessed bitter and sweet power to hurt human hearts

When Eros smiles and releases the golden arrow The girl unravels the braid for her lover, puts flowers in her hair

She can, like a feather, swirl high above the cloudlets

When Eros frowns and chooses the iron arrow unbridled lust and brutal strength is awaked in a boy's mind The girl's hair falls to the ground, fear is born in her eyes

Mighty Eros, break your iron arrows, use only gold ones. Let the girls wait eagerly for their beloveds - sing songs and write poems about glorious and eternal love

Jackiç Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

http://www.innerchildpress.com/jackie-davis-allen.php jackiedavisallen.com

News Flash: Through War's Infused Lens

Destruction.

Descending down like a plague, fear spreads its harm all around. The evil that is war, is never satisfied.

With swollen heart of wicked need and greed, violence reigns, overtakes the land.
Litters it with putrid deposits of mangled bodies.

Sacrificing wealth.
With small treasures, she boldly bribes Border Guards. Day and night. For the right to fish, to provide.
To feed her wanting children.

Petite, talented haute couture, French speaking.
A mother exercises plot of desperation: a deception.
With grit and determination.

Toughened, empowered, trusting in God, she in uncouth disguise, is now a fisherman. Daily, she places In her boat her catch. Beneath the floorboards. Her anesthetized children, too.

Then, one night, prepared, sudden moment realized, with guards lulled into habit's stupor, she seizes opportunity. Risks everything. No turning back.

With guns, protocol, laid aside, inebriated, (incredulously) and with greed's thirst, the guards rejoice that the proffered bags, are filled with coveted valuables.

Gold, silver, rubies, emeralds, diamonds. Pearls? And the mother, with palpitation, paddles her shell shocked innocents toward freedom's hospitable shore.

Finally, thankfully, safely ashore, Distanced, and far from the battleground, Refuge soothes some fears. A Vietnamese mother prays rescue, escape, safety for those left behind. Prays reunion, too.

I Was There

Vietnam. Too many decades, inpregnated with fear.
Bullets flying, sanity missing. Hope, too.
The stench and the sight of the dead and dying,
All too real: a nightmare's existence.

No way to explain this ungodly war.

My children are white
Like the ghosts pointing fingers at them.
All too real are the skeletons hanging in trees.
Insanity has taken up residence. Inside. Outside.

Unrelenting evil. Night and day.

The POW camps are filled, overflowing.
With dissenters. My husband. A child, too.
Are they still alive? And those hiding they are trying
To survive. In ways unspeakable.

This is Vietnam.

My once high status means nothing now, only
The staunch determination inside my head.
I am orchestrating a plan of escape.
Strengthening my body, my resolve.

I have become a fisherman.

I stow away my children

Down beneath, where I place the fish, my haul.

So that we might eat. The Border Guards,

Lulled into habit, believe I am no threat.

To their prowess, to their power.

My children lie in the fishes keep.
Drugged to keep them quiet, unaware.
Out into the jungle's dark night I go.
I am simply a fisherman. But no! I am desperate.

Resolute, unwavering, I move toward freedom.

By the slight light of the diminished moon
I steady my heart, my nerves.
Mind focused upon the subterfuge,
I row the boat toward the predetermined route.

Leaving my home, leaving all. Except . . .

In canvas bags, stained, and scented With the remains of day's catch, is the lure. Approaching the guards, I am now more Friend than foe. They think.

Curious, they allow me to come close.

Inebriated with excitement, eyes agog, They open the bags I toss at their feet, And are blinded by their sudden wealth. By my family's silver, gold, jewelry.

We escape through the window of their avarice.

When Does Peace Begin

Thinking back over rights And wrongs, dwelling On those things that rise up As stumbling blocks,

Like past days and past ways.
Of some time long gone.
Of some gone right,
Of some gone wrong.

Conscious awakens in me, The time which is now: The time to grant A right to someone

> Who has been wronged. Like my mother used to say, Two wrongs in the doing Do not make a right.

Yet, I can not believe it. What he said. What he did. How could he? My tears fell. As did my self esteem.

The world seemed at an end.
No one cared. No one came
To comfort me. Suddenly, a voice
Silenced my pathetic cries.

Something deep within
Called out to me to join in prayer,
To rise up, to dust off
My self centered thoughts.

And to lift up in prayer
All those in harm's way.
Those, the innocent ones.
Those whose lives are threatened.

Those, whose very existence, stand On the precipice of life and death; While I, blessed am able To give more

> Of what I have been given: Love, hope, prayers, Comfort, friendship. Companionship

In this moment
I find my heart calling me
To a higher level of grace.
Calling me to a place

Where my own wants And needs seem small. Little in comparison. Childish and insignificant.

Let us be empowered by love, Forgiving others, ourselves. Let us try to make a difference In the lives of those we meet.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

Why The China Rose Tinted Top Of The Fence Red?

The fog never knew where it came from fill the valley full Faded out indifferently a hint of coolness

A corner of the roof of that old house

Obscured and covered up

Deep in the shadows behind the thick trees

Teasing of senses but seems to be nothing

Always successfully escaped from my eyes tracking

The red-painted heavy door has been locked for hundreds of years

The China Rose never voluntarily lonely

Probed one after another and tinted the top of the fence red To seduce south winds

With a silent sigh

Could you have forgotten that the faster he come, the faster he go

Knowingly

There is nothing worthwhile to talk about without the promise of love

While the valley was falling down a vast rain unpredictably Not hurried nor rushed

Several green ducks fall outside the fence were chasing and biting each other

The rain dragged its feet slowly along

How could she know how many solitaries the pond has drunk?

With that little bit of my absent-minded

Unexpectedly already can't recover the leisurely blowing song which was getting gradually away

The red-painted heavy door still didn't move at all

That agreement with dandelions about the spring of earth

Invited full of the greenery of the mountains
Bursts of fragrance
The dances of white-jade butterflies so Maniac
How could not know
The number of the thieves who steal flowers are always
greatly more than the flower-cherisher

When I Am Chasing That Waves

The water gurgling away Like the beauty's eye-wave that looks into the distance The mountain is lying Such as the beauty's eyebrows that raised up Follow the light and the road Ask my friend where to go? Echo back from the distance Did not answer me Walked over to where the landscape intersection Discovered that spring has not been far away Now Have to say goodbye to my friend Send you a swift horse Not to let you catch up with the spring But want you to come back quickly Enjoy with you Taking advantage of these beautiful scenery

Unrelenting Spring Breeze

A spring breeze blew over Cause the wind chimes to jingle-jangle ring Falling maple leafs take away my care A spring breeze blew over Agitate the flag on the sail Sea level whistling warm up ocean rolling

The spring breeze has no willing to change
Looking around for whales within the four seas
Unpredictable channels
Where? What shape? What mood? and How to peace of my
mind?
Forgetting to make yourself in a vague sense
Leave a hint of exclamation
When is my heart no longer hurt?

Sometimes the sun will forget our appointments
Why is dark night sure to come every day?
Follow the course of the Big Dipper
Maybe you can still find the dreamy romantic spring breeze
Under the bright moon
You can never lose
That front line of footprints

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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:

https://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1 https://zakirflo.wordpress.com

Asia

amazing continent unbelievably diverse unbelievably vast unbelievably rich comprising of more then 50 countries myriad of languages, cultures, peoples and their tribes and nations the largest continent on earth which is home to 4.5 billion 60% of mother earth's population from Afghanistan to Yemen it bogles the mind to digest true embodiment of diversity China 1.4 billion Shanghai biggest city India 1.3 billion Yangtze third largest river Everest almost 30'000 ft high tallest point on earth dead sea at minus 1295 ft the lowest Russia alone. 40% of Asia's land mass hundreds of languages spoken more than one billion speak mandarin India 30 or more languages Asia mind blowing vastness, richness, Asia massive contributed much to human kind globally

science, mathematics, architecture, literature, technology, art, music on 'n' on what more can i say to many props/tributes to pay Asia, major factor, player, actor as matter a fact a giant to be exact

food4thought =education

in moonlight..,

in first saw her light cascaded off her face i was frozen in place seemed so surreal moonlight night revealed beauty superb unique hardly a verb can speak we all dream of extraordinary things magnificent but she was more than this exquisite, moon highlighted features appeared to reach a zenith captivated senses, motivated, generated heat so much i was drenched in sweat one would think i landed on the sun but no, it was effect of divine nectar dispatched through moon beams that penetrated my heart just then i heard a voice penetrate the dark say " *Fair " time to get up and pray she and moonlight went away

food4thought = education

*Fajr = morning prayer between break of dawn and sunrise

fog..,

settles in like it's comfortable surreal feel touches me inwardly strange scene i see visibility disability certainly, obviously though enhancing spiritually can also benefit physically as peace emanates from thickness soothing elixir, impromptu fixer of new, even old wounds, sore souls, stressful woes can heal soon something simple yet profoundly calming step back for a moment slowly, deliberately exit the mad pace take a look at the face of tranquility tuck it away in your memory simple as it may seem simplicity can redeem simple as it may seem so quiet, calming relaxing, healing

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, 33 years later, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

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The Northern Most Eight

Eight with land within an Arctic Circle if we start with the most Russia where peace is reflected "mir" "мир" then clockwise Finland Sweden Norway where peace is experienced as "rauha" "fred" and again "fred"

The people of a small island of Grimsey find Icelandic peace in "friður" and in the Danish spoken in Greenland "fred" again then a long Canadian arc through the Yukon, Northwest Territories, and Nunavut a short hop through the Alaskan United States and back into Russia

Do we even notice everywhere there are circumpolar peoples a linguistic and cultural umbrella protecting hiding covering various indigenous peoples of the Arctic communities who each think of peace in a different way "irqigsiniq" in Kalaallisut or Greenlandic "haimmahi" the West Inuktitut of Canada "lalyli wəlupsi" in Khanty or Ostyak in Northern Russia whatever the word each of us seeking peace

Rivers and Languages

There are three great Siberian rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean the largest is the Yenisei the Ket people who live along her shores say peace "unaat" or in Cyrillic letters "унаат"

Write "унаат" in a single line tracing the curves of the "Y" jumping next to the "H" "A" "A" followed by "T" like a long river winding her way into the Arctic languages and peoples elegantly dancing show scientists our connections to each other and our nature

The Ket language spoken by a small group of forest hunters in the Yenisei River area of Russian central Siberia are related to North America's Tlingit Eyak and Athabaskan speaking people we are all connected

Cedar Peace and Calm

The Siberian cedar
a stone pine "Larix decidua"
sacred tree of Tubalars
a symbol of the power
beauty and courage
an old man tree represents
a sage in fairy tales
among these northern people of Russia
who call peace by the name "tegin"
simple and peaceful
from the Altay "tegin" meaning for no reason
ordinary and just
like peace should be everywhere
freeing us to eat the cedar nuts full of protein
and calm inducing tryptophan

Clizabeth C. Castillo



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

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The Lumads

Indigenous tribe from the south, Of the Philippine archipelago Armed with an exotic culture Though a part of the minority.

Others view them having low stature Industrious by nature, they strive, To gain good education And have meaningful lives.

Along the mountainous region and sacred valleys, The eccentric Lumads dwell Guarding their territories Protecting their ancestral lands.

Rituals, dances, and chants, Comprise their rich culture Enchanting tourists from all around.

Silenced Voice

What is freedom without choice When they keep suppressing the majority's voice? What is freedom when you choose To be blind, to be a mere slave Tolerating tyranny, a silenced voice in the dark-Liberty was not just blind-folded The oppressed were even forced not to speak Even if the truth should be heard In the four corners of our Motherland. A silenced voice with hatred echoing within this madness-Sign of the times- the guilty are set free While the innocent and honest are held captive-Silenced voice, pleading, eyes bearing sadness Soul shouting to the innermost well of an ailing humanity Denied precious freedom, when will be the dawning of a new day? Raging light, fighting demons into the night, Do not be silenced, do not give in to fright.

Alchemic Love

I've carved the words on the moon's surface And created an alchemy,
Mortals carve their names on barks of a tree But mine's etched on the lunar plane,
For the Universe to lay witness
Of my immortal love for you...
A love so strong, it moves the tides
An infinite love without boundaries,
A love written in the sands of time
Older than the history of Adam and Eve...

Jog Pairg



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.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

A Change Of View

You told me he was the enemy He showed me he is a friend How can one dictate hate In a land where you've never been This war is over and a new one begins

Southeast Asia Vietnam in particular Something happened diplomacy snapped Now I'm told how to deal with you What in the world is this world coming to Are we to be walled in from me and you?

So many delicacies let's share the recipes Clothing and spices agricultural devices Why be so divisive when the world is priceless Let's travel a little further east where my friend found his wife at

The Philippines of island dreams
The color schemes of a wedding
We're dressed in Emerald and cream
We're blessed by the one whom we believe in
There was dancing and drink all through the evening

I started thinking if this world would just be still If we could really start anew I would strive with all my heart To change our point of view

A Night In Singapore

I'm digging the night life I'm checking out the sights Neon signs and clear plastic heels I'm getting Bangkok dangerous chills Jakarta where are you? I have a taste for your thrills But what do I know besides movies and spill I know someone who lived there but still What do I know? There are folk there who never travel Yet I'm tasked to set the gavel of knowledge Now granted I've traveled through Europe and beyond But the Southeast of Asia I've yet to put foot on China and Japan a mere fantasies I've been to France and lived romantic dreams 20 years old on the French riviera Edenborough Scotland and what have you But west it seems lives in California dreams I go west to fulfill my east Southeast Asia you're my treat

Time Is Precious

I lost too many friends last year Family and a couple of peers last year I've shed no tears as of yet So I'm trying to live in the moment blessed Would have, could have, should have Are nothing more than words of regret What do we have but time But we don't have time Plans that don't pan out are taking time from my mind Everything isn't going to work out every day every time So yes, time is precious or am I just restless I calculate immortality into my reality with the casualties of a guest list. I guess this time was wasted not consuming what I've tasted Maybe too much day to day has been taken mistakenly The cost of time usually be breaking me Bad movies, bad books but we took the time to have a look We even make time into day time just to save time for some playtime, some me time Sometimes we time: Breakfast lunch and dinner Is sleep a waste of time or stuck at home in winter What can you do when the time is against you The clock keeps on running Sometimes we just skip through multitasking is like a staple It allows you to do more with the time you're allotted for But we never do, Dinner at 8 you arrive at 10 2 hours wasted just figuring what to wear styling your hair Searching for tickets you can't find anywhere They've been in your pocket time ain't rocket science The clock in compliance, locked in reliance Friends or clients time is precious

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in *TelePoem Booth*, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülya has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

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shipwrecks

how cold-bloodedly do we unearth our discoveries . . .

archaeology faces many a challenge on land Earth's layers are multitudinous, after all unlike shipwrecks – the so-called "time capsules" . . .

hence, the word of the day: just do it with ease!

let us keep on learning about our objects . . .

who cares about the persons whose lives were wrecked in those ships?

let us keep on learning about our objects . . .

come on, look at all these ceramics! these finds are from merely seven shipwrecks between the 14th and the 19th centuries, mind you . . . one exhibition resides in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia the museum goes by the name of "Muzium Negara" make sure to pay that place a visit during your tour perhaps you will return with a gift du jour

"Time capsules", states one of our modern-day sources and adds, "the advantages of shipwreck sites" . . . to boost

let us keep on learning about our objects . . .

a HAIKU too can cry

the Sun shines brightly meadows miss the innocent children died again

her tears

in the still of the night, amid complete strangers in uniform keeping her away from her Mommy, she is crying shriek wails her face, trauma-distorted in its meant-to-be beautiful glow

a mere 2-year-old child

innocence lost purity, no more

a cold-blooded picture speaks on her behalf

language . . . what is it good for when pain is inflicted on purity, on the core love between a mother and her baby?

losing it . . . the tongue and all

the heart aches yet once again and hurts on and on and on

where has compassion gone?

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

Kingdom of Cambodia

Some of the most beautiful landscapes on planet earth embrace Cambodia. And they are tainted by trails of blood from the inhumanity of humankind.

Your history of war and genocide has a long tail dragging back to the 15th century.

Interference from outsiders is like a plaque on your history through the years. It has not helped but made your survival as a country tenuous at best.

While the poverty rate has been reduced, government corruption puts your country on a slippery slope that could lead to disaster.

Night Play

Evening's silent approach brings closure. The iris closes its windows to protect its delicate stems from night's dark work.

The sand complains in swirls as little night creatures face the darkness without fear.

The moon creates a shadow road for mercenaries. Owl, fox, wolf, bats come out for a feeding. Like humans, they need daily renewal to grow strong.

Donkeys sleep peacefully in the barn while the word apprentice holds candlelight vigil with the blank page. Strength of love moves the pen.

Midwest Frigid

I step into the frigid morning, scan the salt and pepper snow holding the ground hostage. The annual seduction of a cityscape we take for granted.

A vision of stored memories reminds me of snowcapped mountains in the far west suckling ice sculptures hanging from trees that decorate mountainsides.

Reality is the stained white blanket of a Midwest winter seized by gray light and subzero temperatures greeting me at the front door.

I know that even underneath these scales of pollution there is love, laughter, pain, suffering and life moving forward.

History is created with the passage of each minute just like my vision of serene mountains and every other destination clinging to the earth sphere.

Ashok K. Bhargava



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

A Day In Paradise

Like pearls scattered in clear water Alamino's "Hundred Islands" on the fins of the rainbow fish come to a sparkling shine at the crack of dawn.

Exotic flowers in a procession of colors eagerly spray fragrance on the white sands and surfs of the isolated beaches.

Children make sand castles and genitals to the amusement of people but the mindless waves swallow them without leaving a sign.

Women chatter over the crackling flames of the charcoal barbeque men gulp San Miguel down their throats dance and sing songs as cool breeze lull them deep into heaven.

What's the point in flying thousands of miles away from the Oregon coast to salivate on guavas in salty air Alice could not figure out.

As the sun begins to hide behind the hills

people rush back to the city beneath the freshly ploughed sky enhancing beauty of the playful sea.

Soon the night starts to unfold colors of flowers dissolve into shades of grey as shaking heads in the dark winds flowers begin to plan for another day in the tropical paradise.

The Hundred Islands is a National Park in Alaminos in the Philippines / Maritime Asia.

Barrio Santa Cruz

Over the flat farms blossoms a pink morning sun at the hawker's call for fresh pandesal.

In the bright rays of the rising sun violet, red, white and yellow flowers create a carnival of colors.

Tin roofs of stilted houses stretch like waves and vanish into distant ocean.

Contrasted against the lush green trees the barrio looks dyed in a multitude of colors.

If this were a Bollywood movie the native girls would be dancing to the rustic tunes of handsome boys.

I want to absorb the fragrance of sampaguita and cool shade of acacia with the hope that it will help me dream this view into immortality.

Pandesal or pan de sal, is a common bread roll made of flour, eggs, yeast, sugar, and salt. Usually the hawkers sell freshly baked bread rolls in the morning.

Bollywood is the Indian movie industry, based in Mumbai (Bombay).

Sampaguita is a sweetly scented tropical flower belonging to the wide genus of Jasmine in Southeast Asia.

Balungao

The lady rolling a big tobacco leaf is indifferent to the "fresh juice for sale" sign hanging on the stump of a tree that bleeds nectar and the glimpse of a dormant volcano so evident from the plaza square.

A hungry child suck on the tender breasts of her mom as a bunch of kids hop around on the stilts to the envy of a water buffalo disciplined by a demanding farmer.

Ear blasting sounds of jeepneys and tricycles mingled with cock's roost, dog's bark and blurting radios can't disturb the eternal concentration of the Chinese chess players.

Lost amongst chaotic clatters
I see nature's magnificence
extended from the barrio street
to the silent volcano
adding a puzzling note
to the charged surroundings of Balungao.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



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

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

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

Tattoos of Khmer Rouge

Built in ideology
To protect the mystic past,
Empire of the westernized
Have gone into dust,
Oh dear Kampuchea,
Where art thou?
Angels' wings turned radically outcast
From the regime of starved freedom.
Will there be more pleas
To revive million lives
In the verdant utopia?

ang muhon

(Filipino Version The Milestone)

nakagapos ang mga inipon at piniling kalansay ng alaala

napuspos ang mga pinagpawisan at inamag na pag-asa

nasunog ang mga sanga at binakurang puntod ng pagkakahulma

nalimas na't nalagas ang pakiramdam ng huwad na paglaya

isang gabi'y nahipan ang ilong nitong lakas at nagliwanag ang daliri ng panahon

kasabay ang bantayog ng pagbangon.

the milestone

(English Version)

imprisoned from the sanctions and skeletons of memories

impaired by demised and deflated hope

inflamed branches of boundaries and chambers of mending

far-gone and fallen contours of passion and feigned liberty

at the sundown of a vision was a breathing nose of strength and radiating fingers of time

the milestone of the rising.

Lenten prayer

all of the days
we've lived,
we're living,
and we'll be living
we offer to You dear Father...
grant us the love & strength,
the wisdom and compassion,
the peace that we wish,
so we can forgive those
who have caused us enormities...

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India .She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017.. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award, the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018, and The LIfe time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018 .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups, the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.

AA Ka Ma Boi The song of the Sadhabas

on the full moon day of Kartik the great legacy celebrates, lot of miniature paper boats made out of cork banana tree barks with small oil lamps reminiscence of sailor's voyage and glory from kalinga to Java, Sumatra, Borneo Once the huge decorative boats with swan beak heads the Aihalas controlling the directions songs of their gracious wives echo in the sky the waves of the Bay of Bengal vibrates Aaa Ka Ma Boi. Pana Gua Thoi Pana Gua tora. Masaka Dharam More prayer for their safe return from turbulence and pirates offering beetle leaves and nuts the huge boats sail and sail months together in deep sea .. up and down with the winds

Carrying coconut, spices, salt, cloves, bettlenuts precious stones and elephants from Kalinga The women adulate in the shore for the safe return Offering beetle leaf and nuts

Art, architecture, dance songs mingle and zingle of two distant places the boat sails in the sea

today in Odisha the miniature boats sail in the rivers on this day to celebrate a legacy and memory

The boats of love sail messengers in the full moon day of Kartik ...

a lamp burns.....in each boat a lamp burns in each heart

~ * ~

Kartik is the name of a month in Hindu calendar Sadhabas- they were the ancient marine traders of Kalinga Ajhala; - fabric sails used to harness the wind power to move the boats

AA - is the first two letters of the month of Aasadha of the Hindu calendar correspondence to June July Ka - is the first two letters of Kartika, month of the Hindu Calendar represents October and November Ma - is the first two letters of the month of Margashira Boi - is the first two letters of the month of Boishakha Kalinga-the ancient name of Odisha, a state in the Eastern coast of India

Fractured Democracy

when the farmers scream for food a tiny girl gets stitches though it never heals nor kills the rapists

democracy is fractured

when the small boy sings the national anthem peeps through the school window to get a book and hook mid- day meal

democracy is fractured

when someone ascends on the shoulders the ballots become bullets silence prevails in the courtyard

democracy is fractured

when the river carries the corpse and cries for pollutions martyr's widow runs from pillar to post

democracy is fractured

when democracy swings with hopes and sails on tears it is fractured

and cries for a plaster!!!

A Midnight Deal

December midnight
a deal for a blanket
in the footpath
to save the frozen blood
just a midnight deal
the signature of blood
on her torn frock
simply a deal
in the dark subway
for a blanket!!!

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

Southeast Asia

atmosphere.

Eleven countries of paradise
Tropical jungles and beaches will definitely entice.
Beautiful copper and bronze statues,
Mountaintops have jaw dropping views.
Man, woman and children merchants are all over,
selling fruit, vegetables rice and noodles.
All of the Palaces and temples are incredible.
Monks in prayer sending blessing throughout the

Most of the languages are... Khmer Lao, Thai, Burmese, Tagalog, Malay, Indonesian and Vietnamese.

The place I speak of is Southeast Asia, once called the East Indies.

Gunshots

The sounds of gunshots excited me, growing up in the hood I heard em daily, to me it was a sign of power, I was young, I wasn't equating the sound with bodily harm or murder. Blam blam I would run to the window to look at the shooter, then admire that ghetto soldier, Light then sound, light then sound, lightening then thunder round after round, I wished I could've been closer. I wanted to be like those guys, I wanted a gun so I could feel the power while hearing the sound as I pulled the trigger aiming at the sky. I felt as if those guys were untouchable, everybody ran from them if they were able, they were my idols. I couldn't wait for the next time to hear the ghetto echo! I grew up. I became the one being watched by some young sons that have my old fascination, they love the sound and power, when they saw me, they idolized a ghetto soldier, just like me they don't understand that when they saw the light and heard the sound, it was an attempt or murder. I wish I could explain the cause and effect but I can't because what excited me made me a lifer.

Urban poetry

My poetry derives from poverty, drugs guns, cold bodies and teary eyes. As a youngen my dreams got side tracked when my father got sent back. I wanted to be in the military, I would've enlisted after high school and been a soldier like many other men in my family. I knew that'll get me out the hood, combat boots, camo and a dog chain bearing my name, I would've looked good. Life became fubar, fucked up beyond all repair, I wound up in the concrete trenches, day and night you saw me out there. Still young and naive I became an armed force like the army, navy, air force and marines, had my deuce power and understanding build cipher amongst other protection while chasing the almighty dollar. I missed the opportunity to be a kid that grew to become a man that got married on a base and raised military brats because I was trapped making profit off cooked coke packs. It was instant rebellion, I wanted to feed my mother and brothers, At that time I wasn't trying to build a business or reach a million, I just wanted to maintain the lifestyle we lived when pops was liv'n. We wasn't rich but we weren't poor either, life took a bad turn by us losing the breadwinner. Things got ugly with no one to guide me, so I moved in the direction of blood money. Soon after I understood that terminology. Slugs pricked skin and mangled anatomy... hood phlebotomy. Not all currency had red stains because blood didn't reach pockets when shot in the brain, so it remained dirty green in a murderous game, Lost most of my team for turning pure coke into crack cocaine.

Cliza Søgiøt



After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

With specific regard to her creative writings, the author describes herself as being torn in her passion for engaging in two literary genres: Poetry and Drama. A similar dichotomy from within is reflected on Segiet's own words about her true nature: She likes to look at the clouds, but she keeps both of her feet set firmly on the ground.

The author describes her worldview as being in harmony with that of Arthur Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".

Echo

On the rocky walls, suspended coffins.

Long ago mourned they connect the past with the present.

Prepared for the soul to be closer to heaven? Awarded for a good life? Maybe just to give them silence and peace when they themselves are silent?

In the Echo valley still are alive the sounds of history.

Prepared for remembrance they hang not to delight.

But to amaze!

Translated by Artur Komoter

Moss

At dawn she visited a neighbour – the one on the second floor, and she only sighed: not just yet, I don't want to, I have to... She did not finish.

On the sinuous, unstable—like life—stairs they went together to where the earth can give birth—only to moss.

Translated by Artur Komoter

I Will Be While I Am

Eve was first, and I?

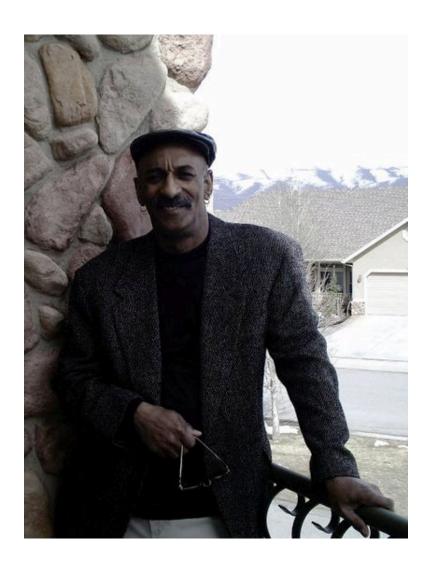
I'm like the sun, which blings – real, yet elusive.

On the surface of eternity man is only a flash.

She was and is, I – will be while I am.

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

And we listen

Our lives were simple, Our boats took to the waters And fed our families, And the villages of our dreams, And of our hearts

We practiced community
And cooperation
With one and another

Life is simple, You take what the Mother Of all things yields And offer in return Your gratefulness

Our 'Holy'
Is to be found
In the connections,
That betwixt
The Land,
The Waters
And the Skies

We are a reverent people Who honor the sacrifices And ongoing presence Of our ancestors

The waters speak to us, And we listen just as they spoke To our Fathers before us

The Earth, Mother Speaks as well, And we listen

The Winds and the Skies, and the Clouds too Speak to us And we listen

Ellis

With his fingers digging in the soil, He felt immersed in a certain reverence That exuded the meaning of life

He was a simple man,
With simple needs,
He did not seem to want much ...

I am sure like most of us
He also had dreams ... such as,
Time to sit in his rocking chair,
Smoke his corn-cob pipe,
And maybe play a little guitar
While sitting out in the front yard
Under the tall majestic Pine trees
He had planted
Decades ago

Maybe Nana would darn his socks, And fix one of his favorite meals ... Stewed chicken

Other dreams were such things as,
A new roof on the shed,
Before,
The planting of the spring seed...
Seeing them break through their furrows,
Which meant ...
Growth,
Budding and blossoming,
And a fruitful harvest
To come ...

As long as he Nurtured, Watered, And weeded, His garden.

He was a simple man...

Yes

He was a simple man, With simple needs, He did not seem to want much ...

He was my grandfather... Ellis

Nurture my mind

Feed me Feed the world

Give me a school
Give me a classroom
Give me a teacher
Give me a book
Give me the opportunity
For my mind to expand
Into the beyond

I wish to discover my horizon Where the possibilities of my potential Have made a place for me And await my arrival

I am a poem of humanity Waiting to be written

I am a song of creation, Let us dance, Let us sing Together

Give me a school
Give me a classroom
Give me a teacher
Give me a book
Give me the opportunity
For my mind to expand
Into the beyond

Give me a pen And a piece of paper I will share with you Some of the thoughts From my soul

Nurture my mind Feed me Feed the world

May 2019 Features

~ * ~

Emad Al-Haydary
Hussein Nasser Jabr
Wahab Sheriff
Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Emad 11-Haydary



Emad Al-Haydary he is a poet and Teacher of Arabic language from Iraq porn 1970 in Najaf, he has M.A. in Arabic Literature, he did published 4th poetry books: (Shades That Do Not Like Ash 1999), (Prayers of Remission 2007), (Talking To Her in Heaven 2008), (Celebrating My Death... Suggesting a Panting Life and a one novel (Sons of Sins), he is a member of Iraqi Union of Writers.ters.

Relaxing

To my teacher
Sitting in the end of her life
I want you to know that I'm relaxing now,
like a shadow tired of following the Sun
like a butterfly full with joy.
I was melting like an orphan boy hiding from the eyes of strangers.
When I looked from the hole of the exile wall,
I saw my home hanged
I don't have any other way
Just to come back to you,
My teacher
And listen to you when you are singing -- my home my home.

Translated by Faleeha Hassan

Meeting

The star was tired of Shining at nights

And I was tired of sitting in nothing.

When we did meet,

The stars of noon were born.

Translated by Faleeha Hassan

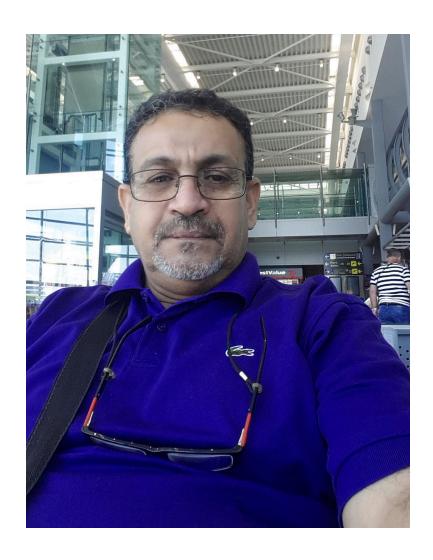
Worthy To Be Dreamt Of

With two dewy eyes And two eyelids like the wings of a butterfly I pick up the color of the dawn Stealthily, away from the night's eyes Doing the ceremonies of my single dream Here is the map of innocence That is a field replete with the spring I wonder where I am Apparently, (my kingdom is not here in this world) Searching I am for a mystery hidden in the ports At which they'll return to their dancing waves Cutting short an age that doesn't respond to warmth at a moment of ecstasy, A desire in me may have trodden my bones Or it might be a wish to kiss the waves of the sea Or it could be my body travelling through an old mountain love Water is a nymph that does not know what desertion is Meadows are verses recited by heaven That is my beloved's face I wonder where I am And you who's sitting in the distance of a cloud from me With love coming between us At a gate with no smell of bullets How to get to you my sparrow Resting on the road of love Don't make of me, where the stars meet An erotic tale talked to the infatuated lovers This is the echo of my questions saying: It's your nest that you're dreaming of Then I cry, (my kingdom is not here in this world) Water has colored the poem

Meadows make a color chanted for the world That is my beloved's face: There's an echo there It's your nest you're dreaming of Nothing is worthy being dreamt of but you O, charming peace

Translated by Hussein Nasse

Hussgin Nassgr Jabr



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Hussein Nasser Jabr, he is a Poet & translator, he has M.A. in English Linguistics 2006, Born in Nasiriya near to the ancient city of Ur, south of Iraq, in 1964; lives in Najaf, 180 km south of Baghdad. A multi-task person; works as: CERTIFIED HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER (Official Teacher) University Lecturer (Part-time Faculty member), Certified translator (to and from English). Literary translator (especially poetry), published English poems in Iraq and abroad, in books, magazines and bulletins. As a translator, published translations of six books, in English and Arabic, in addition to a variety of non-literary translations of research papers.

To Baghdad Passing by the Sun

(1)

Slow to Depart
Mirrors, beyond my eyes, I crushed
Yesterday was just a fleeting moment
Today is more severe
Than the scars on the skin
in which I hide
Pale was what remained of me, and
Fast what'd past of my age
Glory to the successive moments
We are all passing away
Unnoticed
Though slow to depart

(2)

Under the Rain
We shall meet there in the winter
At the rail station...in Baghdad:
Two strange sparrowsWet and shivering under the rainMigrated from the farthest south
To be left there, nestless
We've lost our home and all the addresses
of our friends
There remained alone, Known to no one but the rain

(3)

The Sun For not to be celled The sun rounds its face-

Imprisoned; yet, in its light
But, when released
Colorless eyes it becomes
Burning with darkling core
Devouring its light buds
When will you be, O, Sun
As in the dreams of those
Who own no overcoats?

A Soliloquy Divine at the Holy Sanctuary

Along the way No distance is there Between you and me. Curtains of light are off, Illusions melt, Our steps entangle And then we are one. Unaware of my wake, I longingly fly Into the lap of God Floating on the wave of love. Silently sending looks away Trembling but standing still My stature flows away. Hopefully shall I, if go beyond The realm of love be a shade of God.

How warm and loved. Get up anon, it's already morn: Plains are tickling their jungle Mounts are embracing the snow. Mounds are a velvet soft Woven with a scented moon. O, you! A forest of dew whose lakes are roaming Like girls blooming With eyes caught in whispering sleep. And in the fire of man Light and flare. You immortal blaze! For your sun, Get your morning horses saddled On whose faces A white star of hope. O, precious world! Your seas are a giant pearl Whose shell is your flashing eyelid And in whose secret are wishes stored.

Wahab Shgriff



He is the editor of the cultural magazine Almnhal, he has B.Sc. Journalism / Media from University of Baghdad, and he is a member of the Peace and Solidarity Council. Mr. Sheriff won many Arabic Poetry Prize in Iraq, and he published nineteen poetry books.

Good for me

Good for me to laugh to the early morning, wet by children

Whispering to one another:

"That one is laughing like vacancy between teeth Like our cooked naivety, that is laughing and this...."

As if the municipality felt sympathy for the sparrows of the town,

the lamp stared onto our agonies in the house yard, and naughtiness of excited boys.

That one is laughing of horrible losses haunting him, of how hard he'd already died.

Good for me to feel angry among the lines of tears.

With all oppression of snobs,

Haven't my eyelashes felt injustice, and smeared dreams? Good for me to use up my sadness's rivers one by one, So that the night would be full of satisfied pleasing cats. Good for me to hunt my temptations from one country to another,

For my shirt to be just a part of me,
To be myself in the unknown
To grow a spike for the lovers stricken by white hair,
Good for me to read in my sadness book
what to come of pain and various experiences
Good for me to be understood by someone
who claps when I cut myself up,
Good for me to throw my tires into the river,
For I know who would suck the sorrow of my age.
And never lie down but at his sweetest follies.

Transited by Hussein Nasser Jabr

Poet

You can't stay alone

At least you need a frog' sound to protest against you
You need a blue bird to kiss your cheek in morning
You need a blooming bud which can take you from all of to
you.

Translated by Faleeha Hassan

Fact

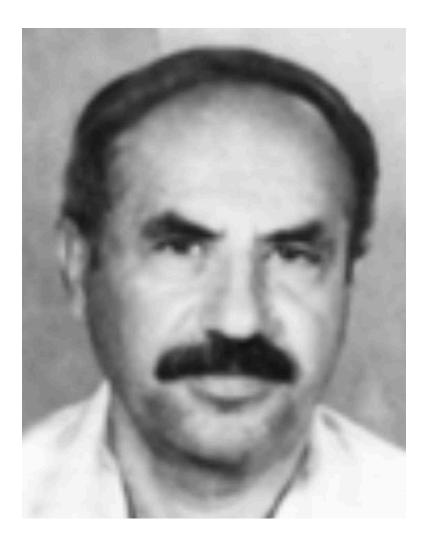
There are no cities can avoid those whose in love with her

There are no villages that lionize the deceivers

And the first will die, the one he lost the truth

Translated by Faleeha Hassan

Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri (1947-2010)

He held a BA in Islamic Jurisprudence. He was a member of the Union of Writes of Iraq. He did wrote two collections of Poetry:

- Oblation of the Twentieth Century in 1969
- Diaries of the Permanent Question in 2010

The Game and the Deluge.

O, lady!
Your face is a word
Hidden under the feathers of a peacock,
A lady in a large hall .. alone
Whose secret is wrapped in nothingness.
O, lady!
I avoid crying
Beyond my occult voice
While repeating the words of a sentence.
My fear cancels off all things
To keep you a lady of the absolute
Reducing this paper cosmos
To an idol on a banquet of the earth
Announcing the death of Man.
The game could not stop the deluge.

The River of a Knife

Poetry is ritualistic
O, you, my wish
Be goddesses and amulets
Or keep silent for ever.
And turn off as a dream
In the head of a castaway,
A banquet of fruits for the spirit,
Crows 're hiding the oblation love
In a river of a knife.

All are a Chatter Bag

All are a bag of cackles,
All travel throughout words
Drawing the circle of death.
Black magic
Declares the world as my grave.
Death is the road of gnostic.
So be steps and follow my steps
The path of God passes through
the sins of the exiles.
By Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri
Translated by Hussein Nasser Jabr

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Inner Child Press HZWS

We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

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hülya n. yılmaz
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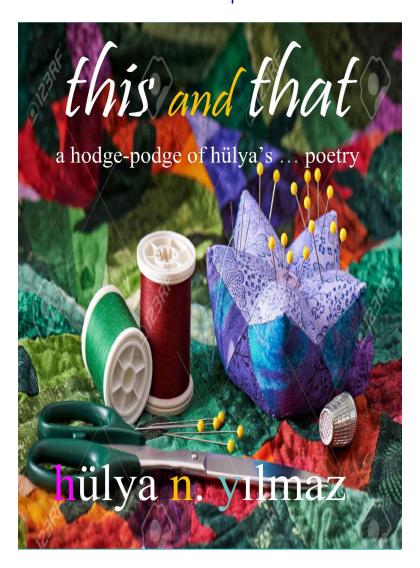
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Through the Looking Glass

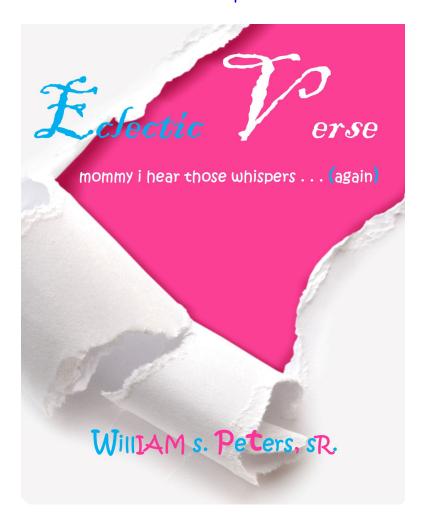


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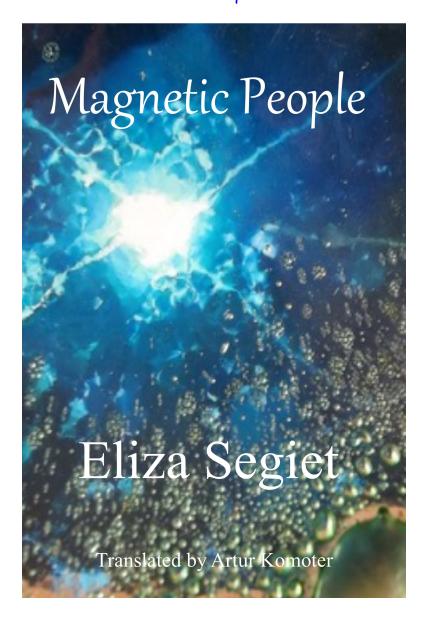
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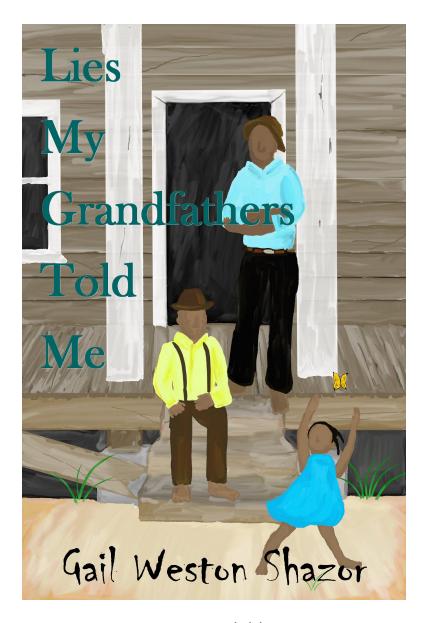


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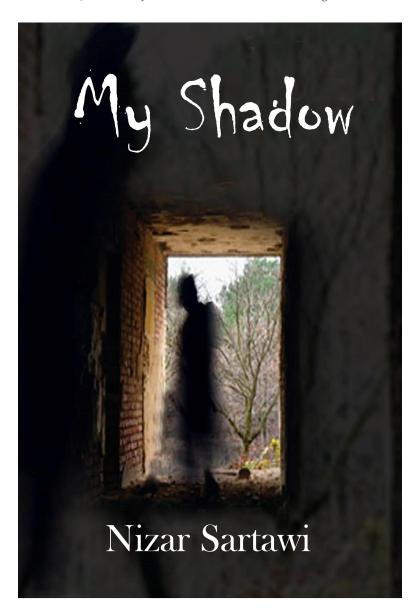
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Breakfast

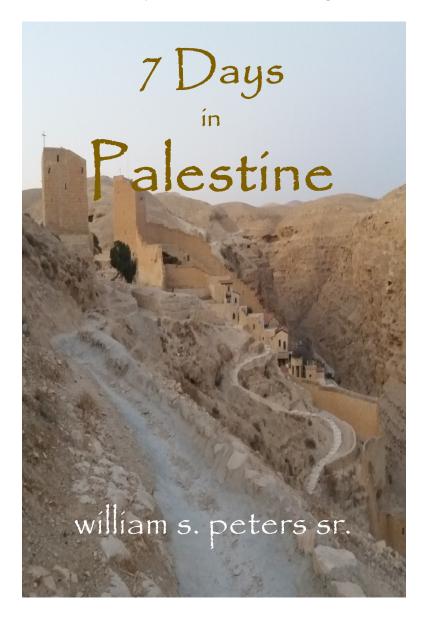
for

Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan

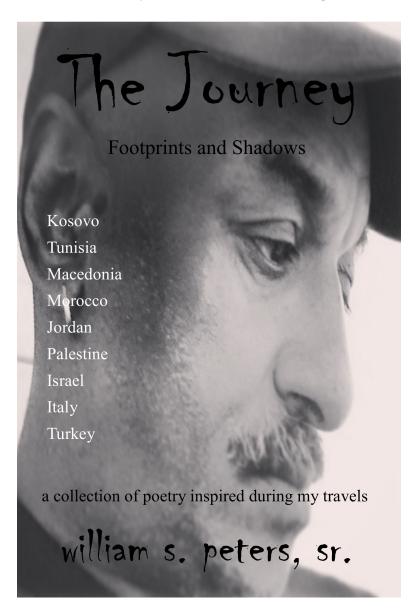
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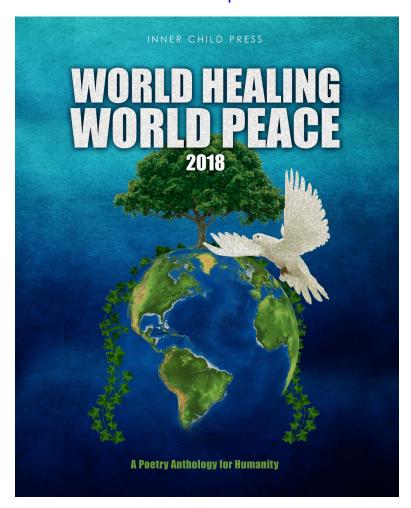
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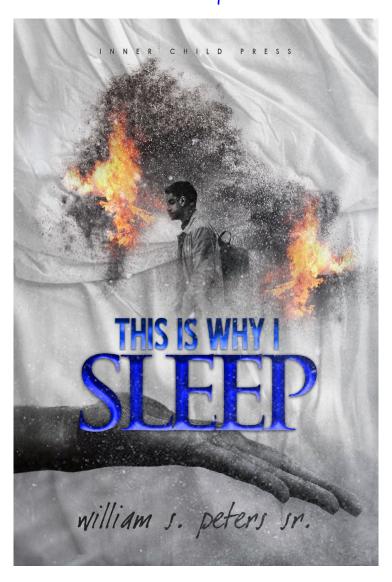
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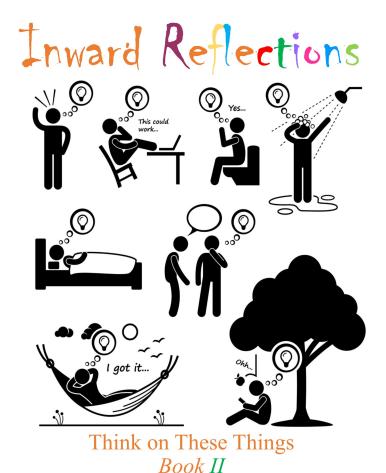


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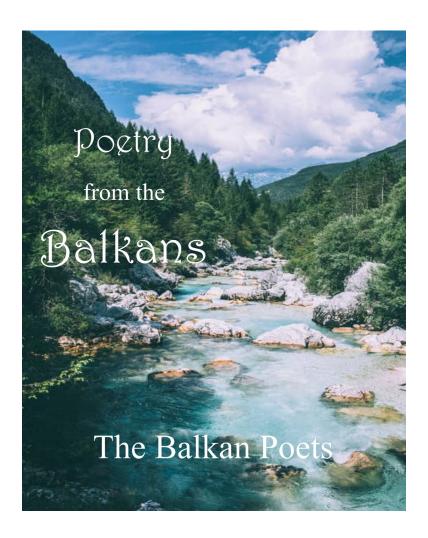
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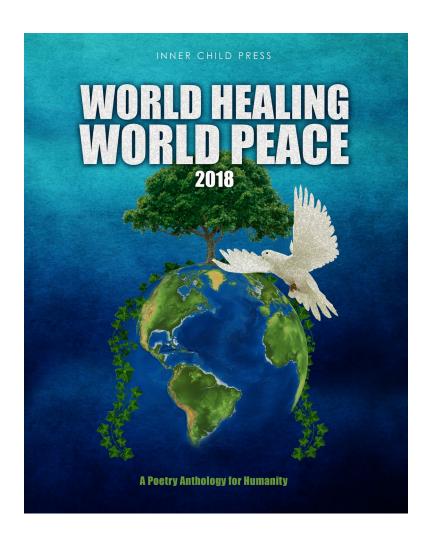
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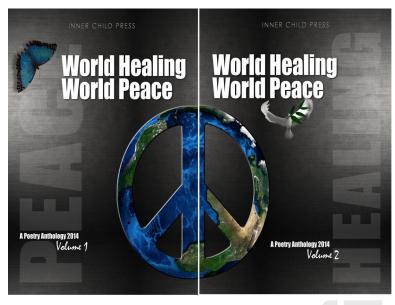
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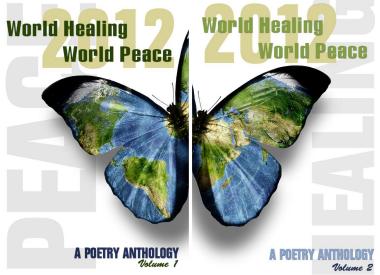
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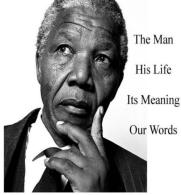
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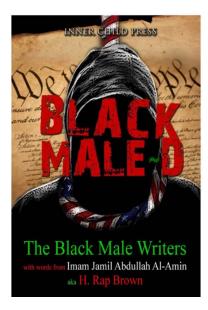
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The Anthological Writers

A GATHERING OF WORDS



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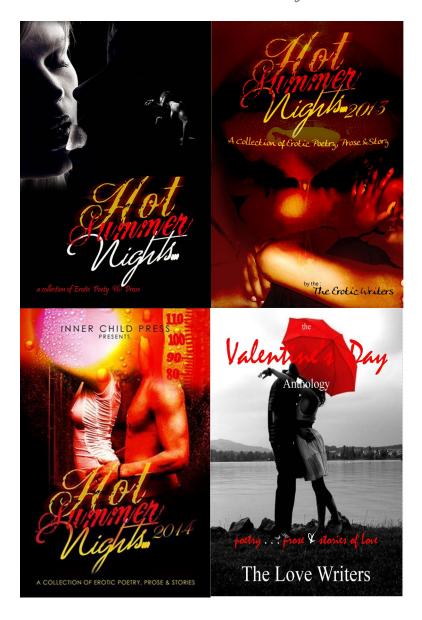




the conscious poets

inspired by . . . Monte Smith

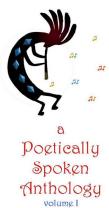
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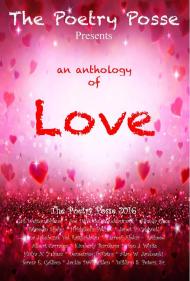
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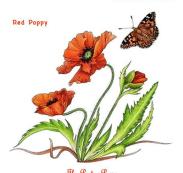
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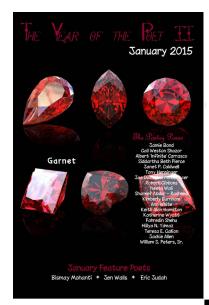
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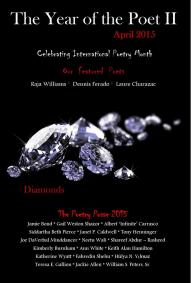


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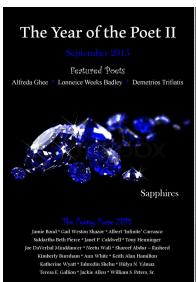
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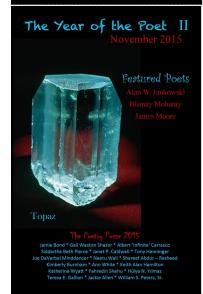
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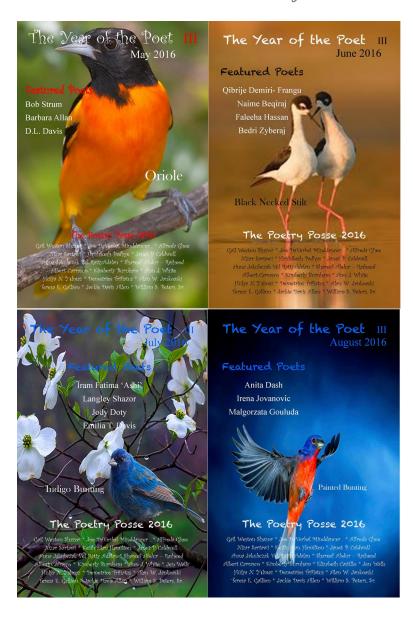
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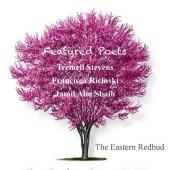


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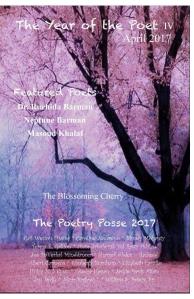
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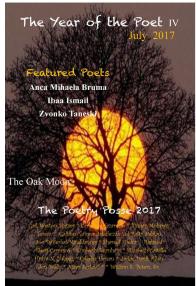
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The Elm Tree

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Featured Poets
Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo



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The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem Nedal Al-Qaeim Sadeddin Shuhin

The Black Walnut Tree

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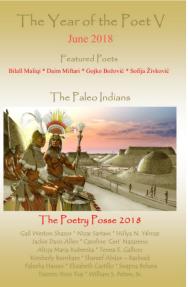
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The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

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The Aztecs & Incas



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Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

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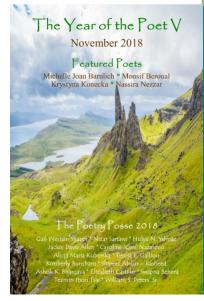
Featured Poets

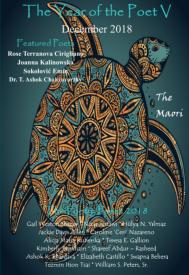
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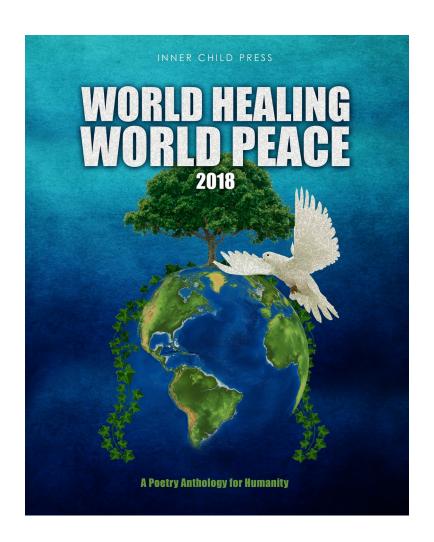
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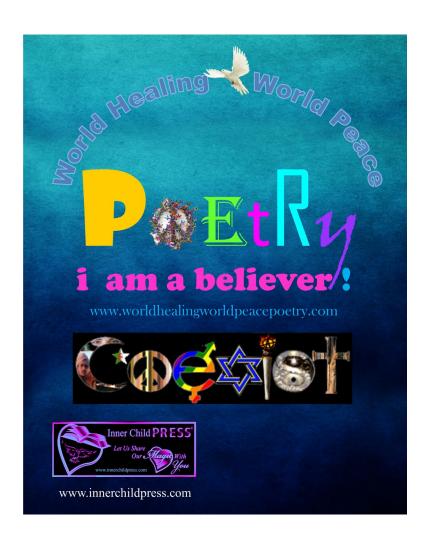
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