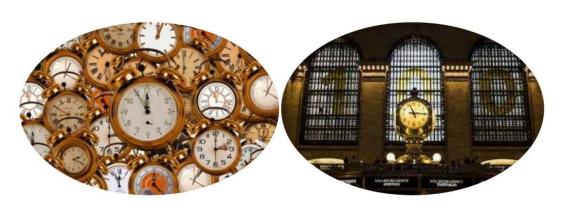
# The Year of the Poet IX

# November 2022

Featured Global Poets
Hema Ravi \* Shafkat Aziz Hajam
Selma Kopic \* Ibrahim Honjo

Climate Change: Time to Act



# Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

# The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* 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

Year

of the

Dogt IX

November 2022

**The Poetry Posse** 

inner child press, ltd.

# The Poetry Posse 2022

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.



In order to maintain each poet's authentic voice, this volume has not undergone the scrutiny of editing. Please take time to indulge each contributor for their own creativity and aspirations to convey their uniqueness.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. Director of Editing ~ Inner Child Press International

# General Information

# The Year of the Poet IX **November 2022 Edition**

# The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2022

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#### **Publisher Information**

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

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ISBN-13: 978-1-952081-85-9 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

# WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

# Dedication

# This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

past, present & future,
our Patrons and Readers &
the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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# Foreword

# Climate Change and Time to Act

In recent years, unusual climate changes have loccurred around the world, and their frequency and intensity are increasing. In non-extreme terms, they can include high temperatures, heavy rains, droughts, wildfires, and tropical cyclones. This has caused two main issues. One: How should we correctly state climate change and its relevance to nature and human life? Second: To what extent is it permissible to attribute these changes to climate change? However, before the answer to the question has been fully defined, it seems that people are more certain that climate change is in a long-term trend of change. Therefore, we can see from many international conferences or discussions, the anxiety of rushing to cope with climate change has spread in human society.

If you think so, it's okay for the earth's temperature to rise by 1.5 or 2 degrees, maybe you should listen to the meteorologists. For example, there will be twice as people without access to water for people's livelihood, corn production in many tropical regions will decline, and Meanwhile, other regions are suffering from relentless flooding. One of these alone is bad enough, and the effects of climate change are always intertwined.

Even as early as 1998, the World Health Assembly pointed out that climate change does have potential dangers to human health. The WHO pointed out that the excessive economic development activities of human beings have caused systematic changes in the global climate and the destruction of the ozone layer, and the greenhouse effect is increasing. Along with it is global warming. If one day it is discovered that the imbalance of the global ecosystem will inevitably pose a great threat to the world's organisms, relevant experts have called for the international community to promptly put forward measures to respond a solution is expected, and all countries are expected to work together. Among them, the more important propositions can be summarized:

Eliminate fossil fuels as quickly as possible Fossil fuels include coal, natural gas, and oil. The combustion process is unavoidable and emits a large number of greenhouse gases, which is the main factor aggravating climate change. The world must reach net zero carbon emissions by 2050, and governments must commit to the energy transition, reduce carbon dioxide emissions, and seek other, less harmful alternatives to renewable energy.

Protect forests and oceans
The government must formulate better regulations to prevent further large-scale deforestation and industrial plastic pollution of fisheries and oceans. People must realize that the

best technology for climate change is actually forests and oceans.

Restoring the natural ecology
Use diversified planting to restore the natural ecological functions of the land, and use the ability of diverse plants to absorb carbon dioxide and restore the magical power of nature through rewilding.

Promote friendly buildings
With environmentally friendly and environmentally friendly building materials, the burden on the environment is reduced, and natural lighting, ventilation, dehumidification, and heating are designed to reduce the dependence on airconditioning equipment.

Rational consumption, prolongs the service life of goods

Everyone's lifestyle has a different impact on the environment. The pursuit of fashion not only wastes resources but also leads to a waste disaster. Encourage the promotion of reusable goods, reduce disposable and disposable plastic products, and support the recycling of household appliances with the service life of the circular economy.

t the same time, many scientists have urged the world to act immediately. If the greenhouse phenomenon cannot be alleviated in a timely and effective manner, the current trend will lead to global warming of up to 3.2 degrees Celsius in

2100, and the environmental disasters encountered in various places will also increase significantly.

Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dear Family and Friends,

onward, just about to complete the year of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#107) represents the 11th month of our ninth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

ast year, 2021 and the previous year of 2020 has been challenging for many of us throughout the year. We at Inner Child Press International were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at... publishing. In 2020, we managed to not only produce and publish this series, The Year of the **Poet** each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. We were able to produce several other anthologies to include: World Healing, World Peace 2020; CORONA . . . social distancing; The Heart of a Poet; W.A.R... we are revolution; Poetry, the Best of 2020. Going forward for 2022, we are seeking to invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'.

e have now completed another epic volume of *World Healing, World Peace 2022* which was published April 1<sup>st</sup> of this year. Additionally, we have released another meaningful volume of poetic consciousness . . . "*Climate Change . . . do or die*".

Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetic voices to the variety of causes in promoting a better world / planet, a better humanity for us all.

e, poets and writers do have something to say about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned . . .

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

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

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

Climate Change
Time to Act

## from Kimberly Burnham

#### November 2022

"Even if you never have the chance to see or touch the ocean, the ocean touches you with every breath you take, every drop of water you drink, every bite you consume. Everyone, everywhere is inextricably connected to and utterly dependent upon the existence of the sea." ~ Sylvia Earle.



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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 . . .

#### $\sim$ wsp

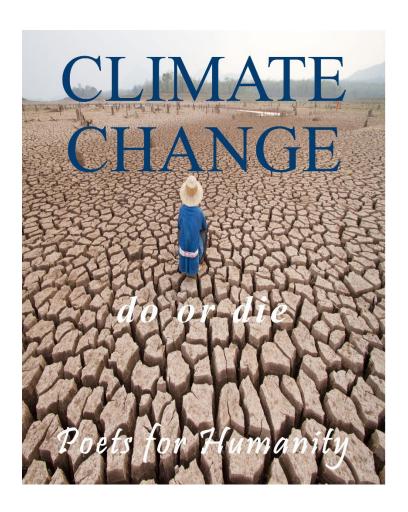




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim$  wsp

# Now Available



innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

# 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.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor navypoet1@gmail.com

## Life Expectancy (Blitz)

In time

Time out

Out of doors

Out of options

Options for life

Options for dying

Dying planet

Dying people

People jaded

People ignorant

Ignorant minds

Ignorant thinking

Thinking clear

Thinking pure

Pure air

Pure water

Water dammed

Water contaminated

Contaminated animals

Contaminated elders

Elders pray

Elders libate

Libate to cleanse

Libate to educate

Educate the middle

Educate the young

Young learns

Young emulates

Emulates caring

Emulate sanctity

Sanctity of life

Sanctity of spirit

Sprit grieves

Spirit cries
Cries out change
Cries for justice
Justice for land
Justice for air
Air is smog
Air is heavy
Heavy to breathe
Heavy to exist
Exist to leave
Exist to die
Die to earth
Die to mother
Mother
Earth

## **Primary Color**

I can't really see the world this morning As I choose to allow the light To filter through closed lids From grey to reds and blues I think of the color wheels That I have been studying The hues mystify me in their subtleties And today I feel like that This not quite color Where darkness has created a shading Of my primary happiness The deeper tones are always On the inside of the wheel Very much like where mine lie You would miss this at a glance Blinded by my smile That shimmers on the edges Of wet irises blue And I tamp this down Push these tones inside To make it harder to see The older stuff of memories That won't fade Though still the same happy The same sad, the same blue That navy started out as Monochromatic Complimentary **Tertiary** Complementary Sometimes we have to believe That we have a chameleonic choice

But the truth is It is we It is me It is the I I choose for you to see

#### Heaven touched earth

"And you really are Going to make me wait"

Every minute, every day I have become a new person In or out of your heart It is a magical thing, this waking up God weaves eternity into minutes Each new day He makes new magic I find that gift in your voice In your living story And in mine I try to pack more meaning Into my love Here at the middle of all things When my beginning is so long ago My future is unknown Here I want to be close to you And find that I cannot Because you would not have My breath against your cheek Though I would hold breathless To be close to you one more time

I remember the magic of October Recognizing my uselessness at forgetting The only man I have ever loved I still my hands from words Close my eyes against the fireworks And give in to God's stillness My soul moves closer to yours

And it's messy and needy and honest God answers my aches slowly Knowing I can't handle the affirmation In my compulsory retreat of smallness Nursing the kind of faith That can change lives and it's not wrong Even though I would have you now My heart cannot take another break So I live in a breathless world In and among my memories of your love Praying that the same God Who was faithful in answering the one prayer Will consent to answer another one I have never stopped loving you Soon I will be ready But even God knows I'm Not yet

# Alicja Maria Kubgrska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor.

She 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, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in : Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary,Ukraina, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, the UK, Italy, the USA, Canada, the UK, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Israel, Turkey, India, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan, China, Australia, South Africa, Zambia, Nigeria

She received two medals - the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). Ahe also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy "Tra le parole e 'elfinito" (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018). She also received: Bolesław Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).

# Rainy Sonata

Sudden gusts of wind tap rhythmically upon the window. Raindrops jangle on the glass. Downpour composes a sonata.

It records transparent notes On the invisible staves. Single sounds join together to create the thundering chords.

Cold drops vibrate in music, Antarctic glaciers crumble, hot springs of geysers steam, rivers flow down with an allegro rhythm.

Water, as the Eternal Wanderer, will never know peace.
It will continue roaming between steam and ice.

Yesterday it was an ocean. Today it is a lake. Tomorrow it will be a tear.

# A few things

I forgot how little I need.
The force of possession deceived me.
I drank the colors and shapes of 'the next thing'.
I was like a bee, which drank the nectar of poisonous plants.

Everyone said to me I would not be happy without them. I believed in the colorful ads and posters shouting at me. They gave me a vision of beauty and satisfaction.

More and more, newer and 'better' items. I sank in the swamp of a thousand unnecessary things.

I stopped, turned back and I changed into stone like Lot's wife.

It surprised me that I had to find my way back to the border Between "to have" and "to be"

#### The rainbow

I look for the rainbow every day. It does not matter that the day is Gloomy, foggy, cheerless And the sky is covered by Heavy, stormy clouds.

The rainbow sleeps
In the drops of rain.
Warmed with sunshine,
It stretches on the sky like a bow
And blooms with six colors.

I blow away the worries Together with grey fog

# Jackiz 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.

in 2019, No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of InnerChild Press, ltd.

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

### No Longer Children

On the eve of revolution, under cover of midnight's pull And beckoning, we lay down with some Consideration of possibilities, of consequences.

And we acknowledged: we were children no more.

We who had chosen to sail across the tides, The traditions of our ancestors, hoping to reap Benefits of wisdom, insight. More than any age before

We had journeyed far away from the shore.

On the eve of that day, early in the morning, like All those who had gone before, we heard voices From those who were nearing life's end, crying,

"In you we place our trust, and so much more."

Earlier, when the sun had awakened the day, We basked in the perfume of the garden; and I, My friend and I, perused the history of our past.

From our memories, from the sight of present vision

To the next exciting ride on the slide of life. Down into the depths of the world of knowledge, We felt the future was claiming, taking,

Revoking the pleasures, the gifts once taken for granted. Before that moment, there was little else known. Then, at noon on the way to temptation, In the midst of deception, we veiled our faces,

Disguised as caring friends, bearing gifts of wisdom.

Alas, we had not year earned that right. The wine We drank tasted sour and bitter! No wonder we spat Out our disgust with confusion's bile.

Still, we yearned for the taste of the forbidden.

Depicted in our minds were visions, dreams, fantasies, Stories, ones that we had created, filled with images Woven from the words, the lines of heroes.

They paraded before our once innocent eyes.

On the eve of the revolution, under cover Of midnight's lull and beckoning, we considered A life of possibilities, a life with consequences.

And fully understood...we were no longer children.

#### Be Blessed

I sit here, pleased that no one is a witness;

I am shamefully undressed; the air is hot, muggy, and, I new to the city, cannot afford to have my walk-up apartment cooled. So, here I am, looking out on the lives of those gathered below.

The sky appears most ominous. From my open window, I see a building, time-worn.

Its once red bricks are painted with traces of rage; the stained glass windows conceal the inner sanctum, even as the doors welcome and reveal spine tingling, blood-curdling screams.

Pray tell, how did it all come to this? Strangely stirred, a river of grief streams, in torrents,

Down my face, and I, find it difficult to explain. I do not know the deceased. Neither his sex, race, religion, profession. Not even his name. I do not understand why that troubles me.

Dear Lord, I only know that it does. Mourners are mostly in black, with arms interlocked;

Others are holding canes, some carrying umbrellas, and still, shockingly so, there is one who is a vision in brilliance of red, a flashy impression splashed Against the somberness of this funerary stage.

The voice of thunder makes itself known. Mournful strains of hymns infiltrate the air, my mind.

They remind me that my concerns are small, compared to those of the dearly departed's family. To them, and to the one mourner attired in red, As you go forth from this place, I pray you be blessed.

I shall always remember you. And, this day.

## Of Grave Importance

The missive came yesterday. Its vileness rained dark, Like thunder's sound

So unbelievable, the inevitable storm Desert flowers thought they might, indeed, drown.

In my hands I held nothing, Nothing that consoled my fear, Yet the weight bore down on me,

Like hindsight, I felt blinded By the demons of too many years.

Comforted not by well spoken words, Gestures too late, to hide the essence of me Both my conscious and I,

So debased by contempt, we veiled our face, Unable to suffer the scars of debris.

Before the mirror of contemplation Dares speak its mind, and it shall so speak, I pray time condescend to allow me opportunity

To modify my ways lest her long arms Lull me into the deep of deepest sleeps.

# Tzgmin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai comes from the Republic of China(Taiwan). In addition to being a professor of literature at a university, he is more committed to writing poems, novels, and proses. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text, an International editor of "Contemporary dialogues" literary periodical in Macedonia, and Vice-Chairman of the International Jury of the SAHITTO INTERNATIONAL AWARD in Bangladesh, and a columnist for "Chinese Language Monthly" in Taiwan.

In a wide range of literary creations, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels, and writing articles or poems about the feelings of nature and human beings. He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 55 countries and have been translated into more than 24 languages.

#### Soft Waste Of The Mind

When the frost comes, the lake
with a trace of loneliness
As usual, attracted me and my father
Father loves fishing, but not as much as
My chasing of the little waves
Although the sun
harassing the shallow layers of my coat
Makes me tighten the collar that stands beside my ear even
more

#### Shore

A touch of cold light that originally belonged to the reed flower
That floating dead fish
Witness, the pace of industrialization does not stop
It's just that nature didn't ask
Who is hiding behind the tricky forest wind and crying?
Polluted air, next to the trees
Bring a trail of chemical dye

Water churning on a sand bed
Look carefully
These, the soft scraps of the mind already loyal to climate change
How to stain us again
No one cried this time
No need to cry this time
Abandon panic, leave no sigh
we must refuse

Take our air and play that game with industrial chimneys Climate change bet

#### **TREE**

The fruits on the trees forget to hide from the shadow of the light

Recalling the pounding in the dream of the next season The footsteps of horses break through the spring, but it takes over one night for waiting for the flying swallow's letter

At that moment, your face
Like flowing water looking at the long day
At night, the beautiful clouds cover the cold branches under
the leaves

No snow this year
Birds don't peck wood
In the distance, the sound of logging
Before late autumn, there are no multi-layers of fog
between the ravines
Not even a trace of a retreat
Even troubles as thin as tentacles don't exist

In the distance of the forest frontier
Fire smoke
what drives you
Rolling over the hard and cold ground skin
Don't let the frost in the climate come one step closer
Only let the water flow lightly

Give me back a leaf!
When you wake up, you will return to the green before your eyes
In the cold, heard
The sound of the bluebird flapping its wings

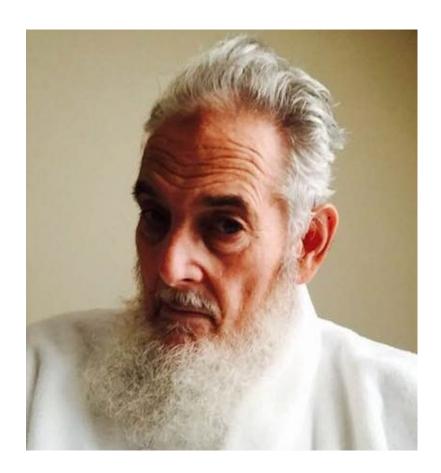
# The Old Shop That Never Lights Out

His spine stands upright
On a small old wooden bench
Under the sunlight, with hands are all jagged with veins
Wrinkles are twisted and deep
The Moon is lonely
But not bow her head tonight
The gap between the clouds
The bride's first helpless night
There is more fear than sadness

The winds are coming
The flapping sound of mixed wings
The caged bird screamed out
That's not from my double wings
That's not from my companions
The sun goes so wild
Hide in a shady corner
Cat on the tin house
Your dry tongue is not enough
To lick your fragile soul wet

Sunken eye socket
Around the gaming table
Greedy eyes bloodshot
Secretly calculating
Each passerby's compassion
Late autumn deep night
Village boy playing the flute
Sound into the cloud
The shop has turned off the lights
Where am I going tonight?

# 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

#### tic

---

toc that dam clock never stops dem say even when broke tells the right time twice a day that remains the same not the same with climate change time continues on fruition yet to be the alarm has sounded yet humanity not responded and yes, tic toc that dam clock don't stop nor does melting polar icecaps and the water sits in our laps but keeps rising up, up, up when will we wake up it takes life to achieve that fact, true not fake news

#### traveler

.....

your moving through not to linger life's journey swift part of the greater trip don't fall in love with it don't become enthralled with it it don't love you back no matter how many years stacked what appears to appear to be lengthy, friendly disappears shortly leaving many empty disappointed oh traveler are you blessed, anointed traveling through to past the test until the time appointed your soul will leave with your last breath snatched away by the angel of death continuing the journey to what awaits next all in the process called the test traveler oh traveler may your journey be blessed may the angels say your name in the place of bliss give you salutation say

assalaamu alaykum wa rahmintu lahi wa barakatu may the peace and blessings of Allah(swt) be upon you, oh traveler go in peace back to Allah(swt) you have traveled far welcome home forever

#### sugar coated

-----

resentment hidden expressions forbidden intentions revealed through expressions often though delivered through inuendo demonstrate schism operating through deception you know is "Racism" from its inception, no doubt without exception evil seeds harvest evil deeds become manifest and though hidden from sight are easy to see when put to the test' though sugar coated and concealed is hypocrisy at its worst exposed, revealed in amerikkka racism is like metal to a magnet because it's a part of the fabric Why? because "Racism" is American as apple pie

# Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet IX  $\sim$  November 2022



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada; and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 80+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

https://healthy-brain.medium.com/bears-at-the-window-of-climate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

## Time

Father time

mother earth

beholden to both

do what we can

with the time we have

in this embrace

#### A Lifetime of Oceans

We swim in an ocean moments all around us the time it takes to create a glacier deep rich black earth one leaf at a time H2O cracking with energy over the land a cycle of water sky to cavernous caves into lakes rivers moving constantly in time

# **Holding Time**

I have time

my heart slows at the thought

the words embrace me

warming as I see

the time I have

and what I must do with it

# Clizabeth 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 co-author to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

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https://plus.google.com/u/0/+ElizabethCastillo

#### The Time is Now

Heed the call of Mother Nature,

Hand in hand, one and all

Protect the Earth

Protect our only Home

Prevent it from having further destruction

Who else would care?

But the only inhabitants

Restore the Green Earth

From what she used to be.

## Beyond the Colors

Only man created division
Greed over dominion,
Superiority over the other races
Can you not see the sadness on their faces?
Black lives matter like the others
Why do we segregate the black from the white?
When can we finally realize we are One,
Beyond the colors
Beyond the creed,
We are all brothers and sisters
Inhabitants of one Home,
No ones should remain behind.

# Bridge

The Bridge of Tomorrow,
Lies ahead
A new frontier to the Promised Land
Who are we to interfere?
To create a barrier for the human race?
Connecting separate lives
The catalyst of change in the world,
The Bridge of Hope
Echoing the blissful dawn
Of a new civilization
Fellow men,
Heed the call, let's join hands.

# 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

### No Time For The Present

Time is of the essence
We will embark on a new year, with nothing done.
Hearings and meetings of the greatest minds.
Funding the devastation from rising tides.
Broken homes, from wind driving storms.
No one wants to hear the truth when it hurts.
It's not an anomaly if it becomes a frequency.
And more frequently than not, it gets worse.

"Tempus fugit"
while the option to change, becomes futile.
Do we trust, those voices that speak for us?
Is life more precious than making a buck?
Eroding shores, tell me no.
Oil still flows from a wounded planet.
While tyrants hold on to what will be worthless
The clock is ticking!
There's no time like the present, to do something.
Yet we employ those we know, who'll do nothing

### Time Sensitive

To many people believe in lies
It is a terrible thing when the truth can save lives
More people have died being led by deception
Eventually, truth becomes a matter of perception

So many are guided by what's trending right now Every perishable item has an expiration date.

No one I know, will eat a moldy piece of cake Somehow some way, someone will say it's okay Inoculations' have proven to be effective Tell me how, an opinion can lead to a death bed I was taught to tell the truth, as were you.

Visualize a world without truth!

Everything you've grown to love, hates you

## TIC-TOC

What a time to be alive huh?
We can show our privacy is privy to anyone
We can fall down in hopes of going viral
We can be a viable source of income

All you have to do is succumb to the camera All you have to do to become a star.
All you have to do is exploit yourself
All you have to do is prove you're human

Time for the synchronized dancers
Time for the only fans indiscretion
Time for those who actually have a point to make
Time for those who only take screenshots

Hours upon hours of pointless images Hours of laughing at ourselves Hours of heartbreaking moments just watching Hours of forgetting, you are at work!

How much time is wasted on entertainment How much time is needed to wind down How many hours of the day is productive How in the world can Tic-Tok be your time clock? hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, USA). Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA). 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.

Writing Web Site <a href="https://hulyanyilmaz.com/">https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</a>

Editing Web Site <a href="https://hulyasfreelancing.com">https://hulyasfreelancing.com</a>

# silence is compliance

the voice of silence rustles in the night's quiet rivers must flow on

#### time to act

not a mere breeze
but unrelenting squalls
started long ago
to yank the healthy leaves
change was in the air for quite a while
we were failing gravely to meet it effectively
we had done only the minimum to prevent it

we tried to breathe but then . . . could no longer we struggled to catch a gasp of air against the odds, ignoring our prolonged inactions

we did not prevail

#### cries

i hear cries
the cries of children
i do not get to see them but i know
those hefty tears are there to stay,
frozen in mid-air in helplessness
surrounded by fiery despair
for we, grownups have chosen to be quiet
yet once again, numb, deaf and delusional,
so delusional that we woke up every single day
to the comfort and convenience of our petty lives,
lives so frivolous that we insisted to insist on and on
not to care, not to regard, not to act,
dismissing all along what stirred up around us

our consciousness was skewed, our compassion had gone mad

"Why?" asked one of those little icons of innocence "What have I done to deserve this fate?"

not always came the same question as words many of them had not yet learned to speak their eyes said it all, eyes filled with salty drops

instead of tummy-giggles in the day, nightly cuddles in the safety of their beds

why?

why to so many cries . . .

# 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

### Bee Pollinators

Bee pollinators are leaving the planet. Global warming is scarring their habitat causing stress on the home front. They fly proudly to the rainbow bridge.

They bow in honor of the plants. Wish them well on their journey to the heavenly planes.

Woe unto humankind for missing all the signals to change lanes and support healthy environments. One day the food will disappear.

## Against the Sun

Every time I hug a tree I know the hug of Spirit. I hold tight for a while just to feel that energy.

I whisper into the bark. Thank you. My ears hear. You're welcome. Go share your love.

And I think of you floating down the Nile holding my hand.
I catch my breath one moment and you are gone.

I walk back into the present and your blue-green eyes say, not ready. A tear drop rolls down your face.

You are still frozen in that past life when we fought against the sun.

## Rapid in Heat

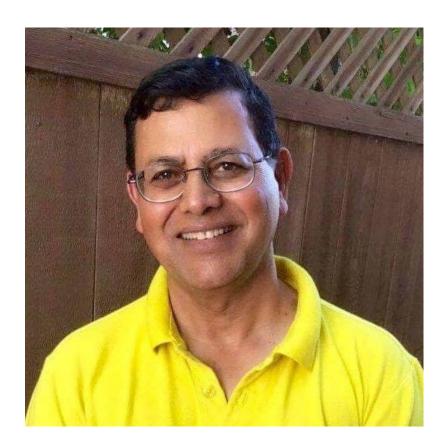
In the shadow of the wave, the water ripples into rapids that suck bubbles of bliss.

Shake and shimmy and rise with intense ecstasy. The rapid is in heat.

People drawn to that adrenaline look for ecstatic rapids that break like violent overtures.

Some of us shutter at the thought of a rapid in heat melting us into oblivion.

# 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.

### Time to Act

What we are, is not what we want to be and wonder why we did not change.

It does little good to say we want something then prepare to do without.

The skis have become roads the airplanes demons.

Scattered clouds look like gulls diving the blue waves for food poisoned by ships.

It's time to clean up sky roads shipping lanes polluted air and the planet earth.

### **Voiceless Conviction**

outside the window sky is clearing the rain drops a carnival of dreams is slowly fading away

soaking wet wind is knocking the door passionately

like holes in a flute I am full of imperfections

the hollowness of a drum match void of my traits

i can still play melodies in harmonious rhythms lonely sky can tell I am a flute I am a drum

how much I love you I can't tell there's no measure of the moments slipping away only the cravings fingers matter

## Act Now

let's meet where sky caresses sea and sea embraces sky to define a horizon

beyond which our souls merge and commit to ultimate self

# Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet IX  $\sim$  November 2022



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, author of Velvet Passions of Calibrated Quarks, World Poetry Canada International Director to Philippines is known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, speaker, linguist, educator, peace and women's advocate. She believes that learning other's language and culture is a doorway to wisdom.

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19<sup>th</sup>, 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> Italian Award of Literary Festival; 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). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua.

Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis

apwriters.org/author/ceri\_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

## Mind Yoga

THINKING BIG... Futures thinking Mindset on, to act and be brave, parking for a little while, i know i am space in wilderness, my thoughts race and the complexity of my brain reaching the forest of another me, and there's another i park for thirty minutes on my pillow, finding anchors where I do the math, i wander a bit, finding real joy, speak calmness, the formula is not in my brain, it is in the spirit-- my flight to carry less, i sit back, i breathe, i cry a little thinking i am not only born this way but to make ways when i am out of way.

## Circle of Serenity

leaves of joy
framing the eyelids of love
synchronized rhythmic beats
twirling into my veins
dripping mystical raindrops
on the reigning reservoir
of tranquility
of resplendence;
revealing mirrors
of my fairytale.

## Reggae Me

iTunes playing contigo
acoustics, jazz and mellow
i am a little android
mixing up musical genres
reverberating chords to my heart
from the boy's next door guitar
i can hear the adagios in medley
my heartbeat goes
reggae, reggae, reggae!

.

# 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 six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. 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 the Prolific Poetess Award ,The Life time Achievement Award ,The Best Planner Award ,The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE Award, ATAL Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award . She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society Lasher one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 60 languages .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child Press African is the life member of Odisha Environmental Society.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

## NO more carbon footprints ....

Hello Hello Hello dear all global warming history's greatest Genocide why at all we burn the future of our children ?! the ozone hole is burning let us not kill our own mother planet let there be a cool revolution where is the second Earth Mother Earth is too young to die let us be the voice of the Earth wake up dear netizens It is high time to act for climate action planning planktons are missing flora and fauna are lost species are lost poverty and disaster will kill let there be variation of solar activity water shortage will make us restless agriculture will be affected let us reduce green house emission and use renewable energy buy green tags let us listen to the tears of Mother Nature; the eternal LOVE GURU this is the Clarion Call No more carbon foot prints.....

#### a bulldozer on the road .......

early morning the driver goes to the office never knows the schedule for the day signs the attendance registrar his work is to demolish the encroached building some heavy stones or heaps of mud carrying the trash; loading them on the truck after the morning tea in the kulhad in the street shop he smiles smokes a bidi daily destruction and tears of the slum area echoes his ears at night never mind; he has accepted the GO

screams and shouts of the thatched houses made up of straw or palm leaves at times the polythene roofs on their mud walls they are the people who serve the city clean ,sweep ,maintain the park or hospital they are the workers who beautify the metro Dig, pull ,push, carry ,stand ,sit, run they are the life lines of a city

today he got the job order
to demolish the slum
near the railway overbridge
he sat with the steering
crashed ,smashed ,moved round and round
the police and the legal officers on the site
a baby was sucking from the breast
a pregnant woman slugging like a snail
chaos ,commotion, hazards ,smoke ,dust everywhere
reporters with microphone

after all every destruction is painful
a wide road will be spread as per the new Town plan
these people have no rights on the land
they have cleaned it ,planted the holy basil in front of their
house
they have beautified the city
their sweat drops are on each lane and sublane
Who can dare to ask ....
A community is displaced ...
the bulldozer finished the work before time
as the driver is so competent having vast experience
only obstacle that they face is from a slum dweller
a woman who broke her bangles on the
heavy iron wheels of the bulldozer
Oh no !she is the wife of the bulldozer driver ....!!!!

N.B – kulhad is the traditional, eco friendly clay tea glass made by the potter {Breaking the bangles is a tradition when the widow breaks her bangles after the husband dies}

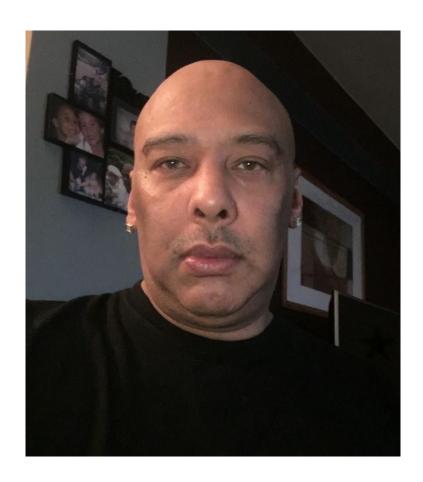
## eyes to alphabets

eyes to alphabets always a journey alphabets are shock absorbers eyes are crisis managers eyes are the starting points of the marathon race alphabets are palm trees going back while the train goes fast

eyes to alphabets always an epitaph some times the head is culminated a lonely heart deep in the grave or solitude in the railway platform

eyes to alphabets a saga, debris of the aftermath dragon flies on the gun the arrival and departure none can predict they are mirror reflections eyes and alphabets both twin flames they swim or sink both are celebrities on the ramp .....

# Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



Albert "Infinite The Poet" Carrasco is an urban poet, mentor and public speaker.

Albert believes his experience of growing up in poverty, dealing with drugs and witnessing murder over and over were lessons learnt, in order to gain knowledge to teach. Albert's harsh reality and honesty is a powerfully packed punch delivered through rhyme. Infinite grew up in the east part of the Bronx and still resides there, so he knows many young men will follow the same dark path he followed looking for change. The life of crime should never be an option to being poor but it is, very often.

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

#### Time to act

How long should we wait?

How long should we just live our lives unconcerned?

The time to take action is now, another day one day might be too late.

We lost too many trees,

Glaciers are melting in our oceans and seas,

Dry land for agriculture is now drowning in water,

There's snowless mountaintop's in cold climates due to warmer temperatures.

Animals are migrating searching for normality,

Humans are looking up into the sky and seeing smog where stars would be.

Local fisheries are rearing different catches because local fish left to search for colder abyss.

The time is now to act,

it's going to take centuries of hard work to bring mother earths health back...

Well I hope so.

If not civilization will never again be as we now know.

#### I wish I was there

I wish i was there with my gun,

Violence isn't the solution to violence,

But my shots would've worked as a heads up so they could've had a chance to run.

They got hit when no one was around

It was just them and shells...

On the ground

Them and their yells...

Echoing a through the hood like surround sound

No one was there as they took their last breaths...

No one was there to manually put their eye lids down.

Onlookers stare as they twitch, turn, bleed out and gasp for air,

"I don't know him" "fuck em" "better him than me" if it's not a teammate, family or a familiar face, no one cares.

My mind puts together crime scenes, they're disturbing visuals

I can't unsee what the third eye creates

I just absorb the visions of it's dilated pupil.

A few minutes after death...

Mothers crying, angered dads, freshly widowed wives, broken sons and daughters

Break through yellow tape to say a final bye to their son, husband or father.

cracked voices scream heart wrenching I love you's, Right after that we cope with a life forced onto us by the evil that men do.

#### Hip Hop

I remember when I was young, I used to rewinding tapes over and over to learn lyrics. When the tape deck stopped rewinding I'll use a pencil and manually rewind them to the beginning. It took a long time but I had to memorize my favorite rhymes word for word and line after line. I'll be walking the streets spittn raps back to back as if I was the one the wrote those bars and went to the studio to lay down the tracks. Listening to people who lived like me and looked like inspired me. When I went to park jams I studied the MC, they had the entire community rockn, "yes yes y'all" "throw your hands in the air", I'll always be posted up by the speaker to hear clearer, wishing the MC was me. I wanted to move the crowd. Storytelling was intriguing. Hip hop isn't just music, it's a culture. It's language, it's dance, it's attire, it's life and I lived it. Ebonics. Breaking and popp'n. Pilot markers and krylon for wall and train tagg'n. Poverty led to hell on earth, stamp bagg'n, color slab'n and a lot of casket carry'n. While learning life from gained scars, I didn't know the knowledge I was gaining would be used for urban bars. I had a fascination with rhyme, now I'm putt'n together fascinating lines. I am hip hop and I have a story, so I write and recite non fiction poetry.

# Eliza Segiet



Eliza Segiet: Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The NWNU - Union of Writers of the World.

Her poems *Questions* and *Sea of Mists* won the title of the International Publication of the Year 2017 and 2018 in Spillwords Press.

For her volume of *Magnetic People* she won a literary award of a *Golden Rose* named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The *Sea of Mists* was chosen as one of the best one hundred poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada.

In Poet's Yearbook, as the author of *Sea of Mists*, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

She was awarded *World Poetic Star Award* by World Nations Writers Union – the world's largest Writers' Union from Kazakhstan (August 2019).

In September 2019 she was 1<sup>st</sup> Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando È la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

Her poem *Order* from volume *Unpaired* was selected as one of the 100 best poems of 2019 in International Poetry Press Publications (Canada).

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

Laureate International Award PARAGON OF HOPE (Canada, 2020).

Obtained certificate of appreciation from *Gujarat Sahitya Academy* and *Motivational Strips* for literary excellence par with global standards (2020).

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

Author's works can be found in anthologies, separate books and literary magazines worldwide.

#### The course for brilliance

Time
a friend and an enemy,
always close to and in us at the same time.
We try to enchant it to out advantage,
in our way to that stands
the single certain necessity
with which everything was marked

— the ending.
It's a delusion that it can be stopped.
Incessantly
everything is moved closer to the past.

We won't slow it by whispering, we won't accelerate it by screaming, the only thing that can be done – even inaudibly – is to care, for our Planet to be free from its annihilation. Soiled, stripped of delusions of beauty, set a course for brilliance, – the independent majesty. Its uniqueness is a trading card – we live, so long as it lives.

Translated Ula de B.

#### Zero

The length of the shadow

does not indicate the size of the person.

It's just a shape

- a soundless trace of existence.

Translated by Artur Komoter

#### Prayer

Time not prayed for has taken over the lives of millions of people.

Evil not prayed for plunges the world into chaos.

Drama not prayed for has become part of reality.

But is it possible to pray for such madness?

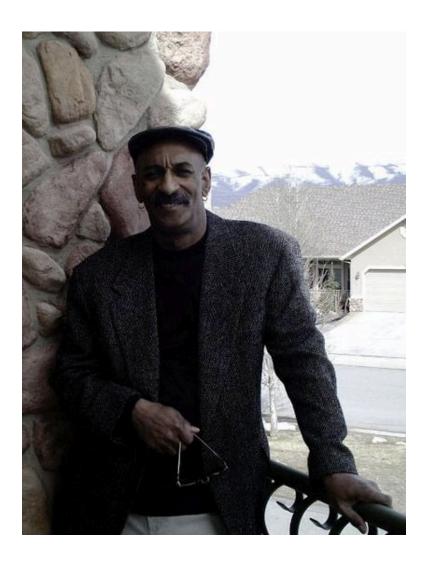
An orison can only be a prayer for the awakening of good in the human being.

#### May

- a Human become the Human.

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 50 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 there we go . . . time slips away

As time slips away, Time slips away!

There will come a time,
When there is no more . . .
Time
To correct the things of time
We should have handled
Over time

Climate Change,
Fossil Fuels,
Hunger,
Homelessness,
Racism,
Hate and Bias,
Oppression,
Greed,
Fascism,
And so much more
Are the ills
We have accumulated
Over time

As time slips away, Time slips away!

#### **Question:**

How much time do we have left?

## A simple love poem

It has been a while Since I have written A 'Love Poem'

It is not that
I no longer live,
Nor Love,
Nor is it that
I have no motivation ....

. . . . .

It is simply that
I can not find the words
That do justice
To the depths
Of my abiding love
For you

So,
I simply ask of you
To accept these feeble words
As an earnest intent
To convey to you
That you are loved

#### Against it all

Not all of my Life's challenges, Its tribulations, Exhibited the best Of my abilities.... No many times I wore my worst set of clothes To the school of 'Hard Knocks'

. . . . . .

Neither did i always learn The lesson proffered By the errant direction, Stumbles and failures I managed to accumulate Through the many years

Not all of struggles
Were railed against
The darkness,
No,
Most of my battles
Were against the light,
Be it ...
The Light of Understanding,
The Light of Truth,
The Light of Insight,
And even,
The Light of Love

Truthfully speaking, There were times that I loved the darkness That abided about me,

As well as within,
For the shadows in my life
Never abandoned me,
They were my constant companion,
My seemingly best friend!

The Light on the other hand Was many times annoying Imploring me
To get up,
Urging me to change,
Rebuking me,
Refuting me
For just lazily
Being me!

Light is most times
A self-righteous enigma
That tortures our stigmas
Until we tire
And open the proverbial hands
Of our souls,
And let go ....

.....

Yet still,
Even within the contemplations
And reflections
That now feed and replenish
These lines and afterthoughts
I find myself
Somewhat resiliently rebellious
As I take a firm position
Of resoluteness and resolvency
As I defiantly stand,
Even if alone
Against it all

# November 2022 Featured Poets



Hema Ravi
Shafkat Aziz Hajam
Selma Kopic
Ibrahim Honjo



# Hema Ravi



Hema Ravi is a poet, author, reviewer, editor (Efflorescence), independent researcher and resource person for English language development courses.

As Secretary of Connecting Across Borders (CAB), she played a predominant role in organizing the International Poetry Conferences in March, August 2021 and March 2022, in collaboration with the CTTE College, Chennai. As Secretary of the Chennai Poets' Circle, she empowers poet aspirants to unleash their creativity without inhibition.

She is the author of 'The Cuckoo Sing Again,' (a collection of short stories), 'Everyday English,' 'Write Right Handwriting Series 1,2,3,' co-author of Sing Along Indian Rhymes' and 'Everyday Hindi.'

#### Life Is Every Man's Game

Caught trespassing, masquerading
Speaking ill of the new boss...
What did he do this time
to hang his head in embarrassment?
After all, life is every man's game...
When he is hesitant to apologize
Accept it as part of the game, not unwise!
Without the need to cut a sorry figure
Learning's happening — it's slower or quicker
He's still not sure what went wrong
He feels he should stand up strong

After all, life is every man's game....

#### Bird Atop Conifer

In the silence of a bleak freezing morn

A tiny bird, atop a lofty pine

perched; at ease in the wintry-wet day born

The host erect, with elegance benign

offered the bird solace in the dark nights

Cavity-comfort against chilly blasts!

Bidding goodbye, one daybreak she took flight

Ostensibly, the gloom will soon be past...

#### A Smirk And Off He Rode...

I waved from one side of the road Long time no see! Rather reluctantly a smirk, and off he rode... Strange! He could've been civil not that he was running away from the devil Multiple times for their family, I've played host He darts off as if he's seen a Halloween-ghost! Yet another day, I met him again In such a hurry, could you not stop to reply? My displeasure, I did not feign In that customary voice, he uttered nonchalantly We never met recently Sheepish, I remained muted... A week later, I met him again This time, my folly understood It turned out to be the 'duplicate' **Embarrassed** I went and apologized straight I had mistaken you to be my friend. No worries, it happens -He rode off without looking back...

# Shafkat Aziz Hajam



Shafkat Aziz Hajam is from India kashmir. He is a children's Poet, author of the Children's Poetry book titled as The cuckoo's voice and the Media secretary of a literary organization titled as Idarie Tehqeequ Adab Jammu and Kashmir. He also works as a private school English language teacher.

#### O cruel man

O cruel man! Look at the stars

Your story they are telling you

You are unaware on which path

You have to move,

You have to brighten like the stars

Alas! You darken the world by wagging wars,

You have to spread Peace

But you never let anyone live at ease

You have become greed o man

You want throne, power, comfort

You don't care if others suffer from unbearable pain

If you keep on doing the same

Soon you will get buried with your name.

## I am happy

I am a man with no greed

I never eat before the hungry I feed

I help everyone in joys and sorrows

Whether they are my friends and foes.

I don't tell lies and deceive anyone

I respect everyone, and make fun of none,

I help everyone though aren't known to me

I don't believe in caste ,creed and colour but humanity.

3.

You will never succeed if you have greed

You are not a good human being

If the famished you don't feed

The lord will never love you

What He says if you don't do

You will never be happy ,but always sad,

If you never do good to others but only do bad

If you use wrongly your might

And deprive others of their right

You will die unsuccessful

To you the Lord won't be merciful.

# Selma Kopic



Selma Kopić is a professor born in 1962 in Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

She is the winner of the award Best Teacher of the Former Yugoslavia, Association of Best Teachers EX YU, 2022.

#### The most significant awards are:

- Third prize "Mak Dizdar" for unpublished collection of poems "Puzzle", BiH, 2008;
- Golden Plaque, "Poetry of the Year 2020", Balkan Poetry Union, BiH, 2021;
- First prize for a triptych of love poems at the "Poem above poems" competition, BiH 2021;
- First prize for the best foreign poem "I'm not ready to leave yet", Italy, 2020.

#### She has published three independent books of poetry:

- The Sign, PrinCom Tuzla,
- The Monument of Love, Poetry Planet Publishing House, Philippines,
- The Puzzle, Darwish Publishing and Translation House, Germany
- collection Cosmic Rainbow India, with five other authors.

#### Whispering leaves

There, in the shade of a leafy birch, tremors of our bodies spoke for themselves. The look in the eyes was enough to make time stand still for us. Single touch made us forget about everyone else. The leaves whispered as we hid in the shade. That birch remembers every movement of our trembling bodies. Its branches keep all our secrets. We thought we would stand there together, forever. And then, the leaves turned yellow and withered, just like our love. But, we loved each other, the birch is a silent witness. I stop by sometimes, in the spring, when green is everything. Whispering leaves I still hear. In my mind, we stand there... And I tremble, I tremble as if you were still here.

#### Šapat lišća

Tu, u sjeni olistale breze, drhtaj naših tijela govorio je sve. Pogled očiju bio je dovoljan da stane vrijeme. Jedan dodir učinio bi da zaboravimo na sve druge. Lišće je šaputalo dok smo se krili u sjeni. Ta breza pamti svaki pokret naših uzdrhtalih tijela. Njene grane čuvaju sve naše tajne... Mislili smo da ćemo stajati tu zajedno, zauvijek. I onda, lišće je požutjelo i uvehlo, baš kao i naša ljubav. Ali, voljeli smo se, ta breza je nijemi svjedok. Navratim ponekad, u proljeće, kada zeleno je sve. Još uvijek čujem lišće kako šapuće. U mojoj glavi, mi stojimo tamo... I drhtim, drhtim baš kao da si ti još uvijek tu.

#### Let's go to the light

Ladies, gentlemen, indecisive!

What's the problem? There are no difficult decisions. Decisions are easy. Do you know why? Because every time we already know the solution.

In the dark, nothing moves forward.

We can always disappear. Let's try to live on planet Earth.

We need to fight for goodness in ourselves because we have to pass it on to others.

Let's stop competing in search of fun in someone's defeat.

Let's head for the light!

#### Krenimo ka svjetlosti

Dame, gospodo, neodlučni!

U čemu je problem? Nema teških odluka. Odluke su lake. Znate zašto? Zato što svaki put već znamo rješenje.

U mraku se ništa ne kreće naprijed.

Uvijek možemo nestati. Pokušajmo živjeti na planeti Zemlji.

Za dobrotu u sebi treba se boriti zato što je moramo prenositi na druge.

Prekinimo takmičenje u traženju zabave u nečijem porazu.

Krenimo ka svjetlosti!

#### They'll steal you

The sun creates comfort to you with its warmth while your soul rests on the beach. I'm jealous of all the eyes that look at you with lust. I'm jealous of the sand that got between your fingers. The wave shamelessly touches your skin everywhere. With my shadow I'll shield the sun from falling on your face. With hot kisses I'll pick up all the drops from your body. From my hands I'll make a bed in which you will always be able to find peace.

I'm jealous of everything, eyes, sun, waves, sand, other people's eyes ...
Someone will steal you from me, I'm afraid, and I can't help myself!
Oh, I love you so much, so much!
Let the only thing that warms you be my breath,
Let the only thing that caresses you be my touch.

#### KRADU MI TE

Sunce ti svojom toplinom ugodu stvara dok se duša tvoja na plaži odmara. Ljubomorna sam na sve oči koje te s požudom gledaju. Ljubomorna sam na pijesak koji ti se zavlači između prstiju. Talasi besramno posvuda tijelo tvoje diraju. Svojom sjenkom zaklonit ću sunce da ne pada na tvoje lice. Poljupcima vrelim pokupit ću s tvoga tijela sve kapljice. Od svojih ruku napravit ću ležaj u kojem ćeš uvijek moći naći smiraj. Ljubomorna sam na sve, sunce, pijesak, talase, zrak, na tuđe oči... Hvata me strah da mi te neko ne ukrade, i tu mi nema pomoći! Oh, toliko, toliko te volim! Daj da moj dah bude jedino što te grije, daj da moj dodir bude jedino što te miluje.

# Ibrahim Honjo



Ibrahim Honjo is a Canadian poet-writer, who writes in Bosnian, and English language. He has worked as an economist, journalist, editor, marketing director, and property manager. He is currently retired and resides in Vancouver, BC.

Honjo's poetry has been introduced in many magazines. He is the author of 23 published books in the Bosnian Language, seven in English, three bilingually (in English and Bosnian) and three with three Serbian poets. His poems have been represented in more than 50 world anthologies.

Some of Honjo's poems have been translated in Korean, Slovenian, Italian, Spanish, Vietnamize, French, Bahasa (Malesia), Polish, Mongolian, Turkmen, Arabic, Russian, Portuguese, and German language.

#### Leaving To Lira

Unknown wise men foretold me leaving to Lira in beautiful dreams through lights of celestial jewels randomly spaced through the universe

blessed with a magic word a cosmic twinkle awoke in me lit up and sparked my imagination

the gorgeous North Star ardently counts down for a departure time

flocks of phoenixes followed me bringing light to hidden corners of the universe in the eye of a female initiator of light

passion flared like fire in maidenly eyes

somebody put off Diogenes' candle I was blinded and could not see a man anywhere

someone faked a dream

Lira is unattainable

Nothing is violet

#### To Nurture Or Not...

Hector's mother Hecuba gave birth to nineteen sons and several beautiful daughters and she was the luckiest woman

her happiness was short-lived

Troy was destroyed and Hecuba became the unluckiest woman

Hecuba, Odyssey's slave settled in history

there has always been someone to ruin the universe in me and I could never connect all the bright points on the earth's wounded skin

does this day hurt you in my heart and does my heart hurt you on this day on which some new Troy is burning in the name of the Creator of worlds

He, the Creator, is powerlessly silent in some far-away corner of the universe waiting for a man to nurture a man according to his standards

if we never meet don't regret it it is not a result of anyone's conspiracy it is a sign that the roads between our ruins have been destroyed by the guards of war

they don't believe in sin

they don't believe... that Power is not forever

but Hecuba would again give birth to nineteen sons and several beautiful daughters and believe that she would save Troy

#### Recognition

When I become lost in a poem early in the morning stars extinguish spontaneously in my eyes darkness hides in its secret chambers I become a stranger to myself and my sleeping shadow

no one reaches me, except the night silence cradled in flashes of stars from my eyes and the dreamy chant of night butterflies

enigmatic horizons curl up in my eyes in the mirrors of the planet Gamajata

I do not like mirrors they show me someone else in my image

It is very easy to recognize a man by his words and his endeavour

in a triangle between heaven, earth, and me everything is hidden in view

I am deciphering the stability of everything and nothing

my first morning coffee cooled down a long time ago

I am silent and listening to silence, in my stillness and in peace

Nirvana

# Remembering

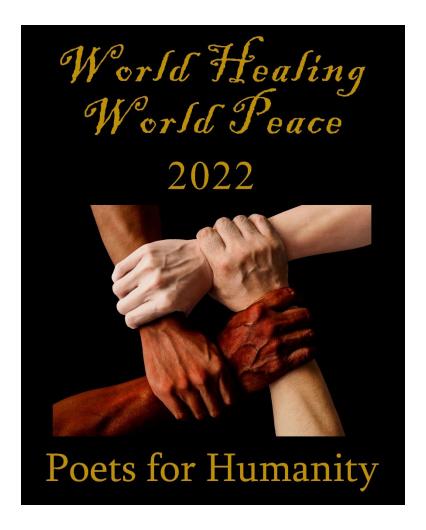
our fallen soldiers of verse



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

*Glan W. Jankowski* 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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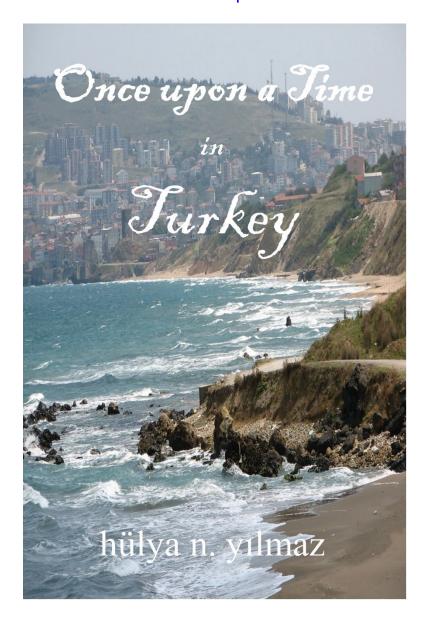
Poetry Posse Members

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 ...

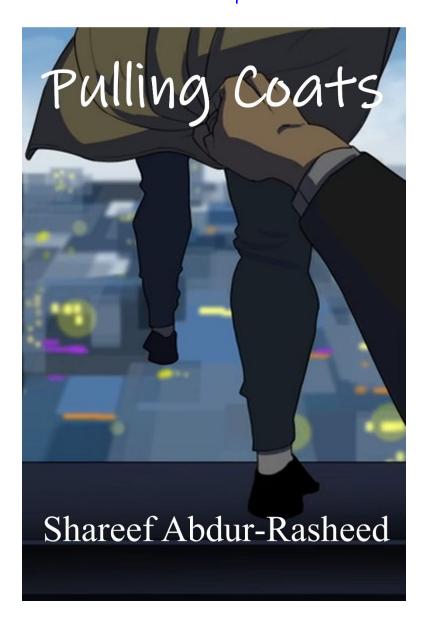
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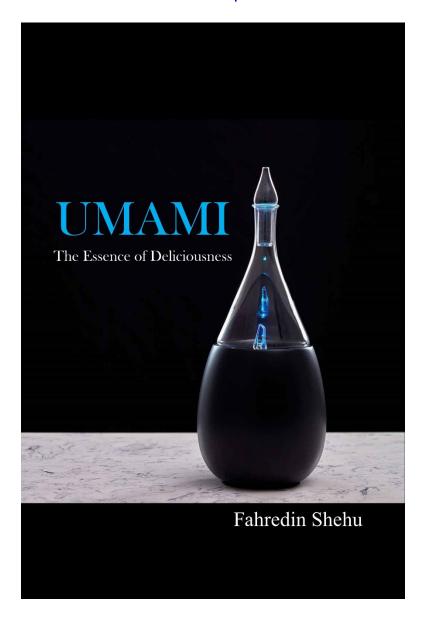


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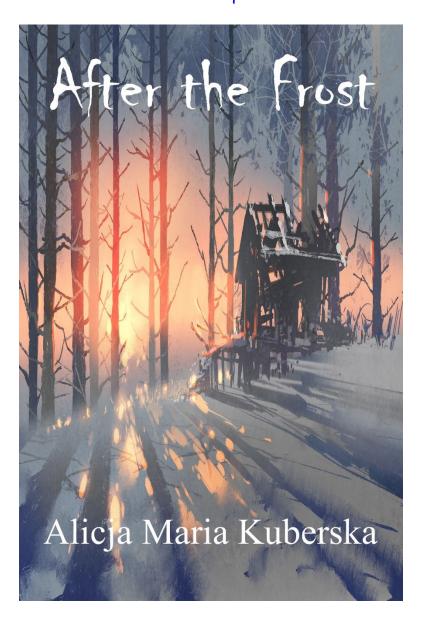


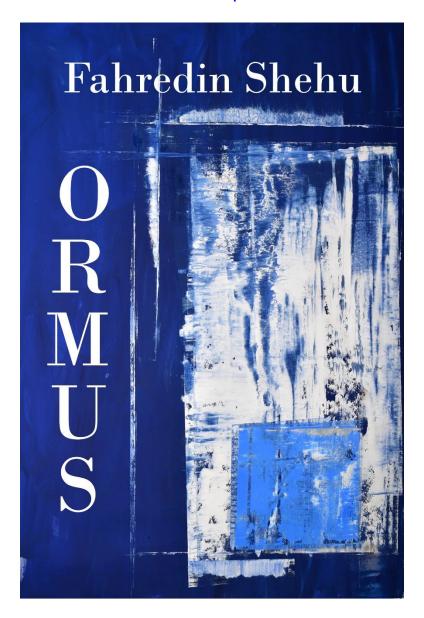


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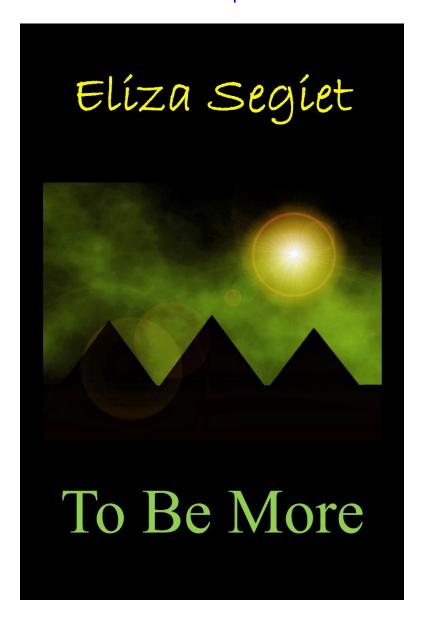




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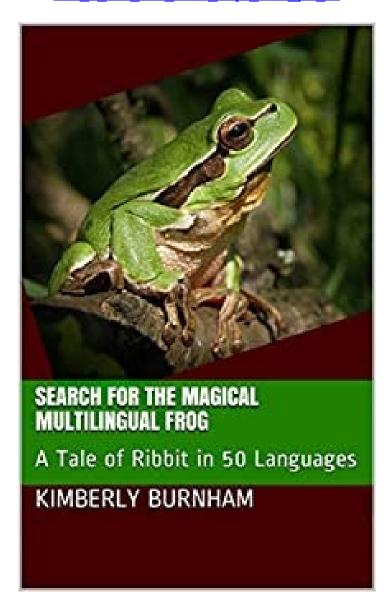


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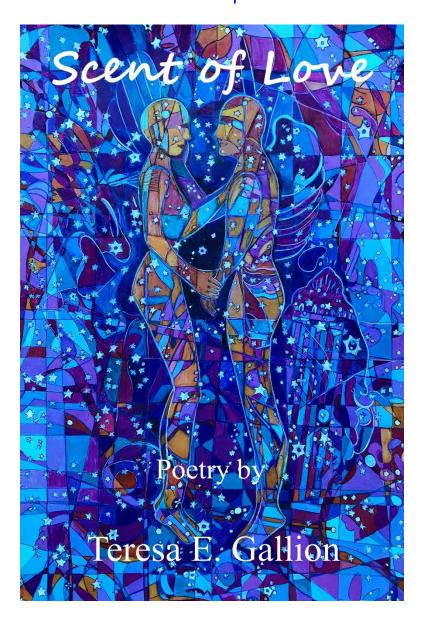


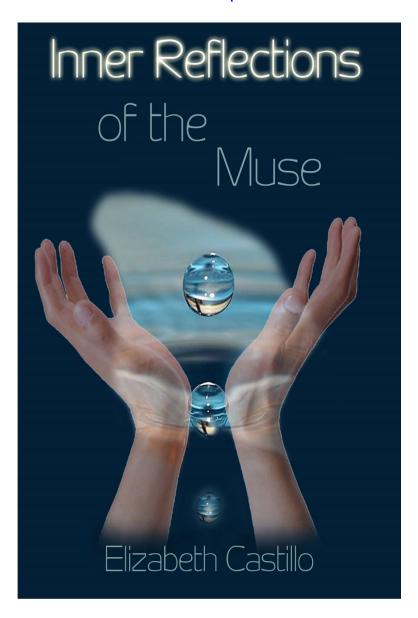
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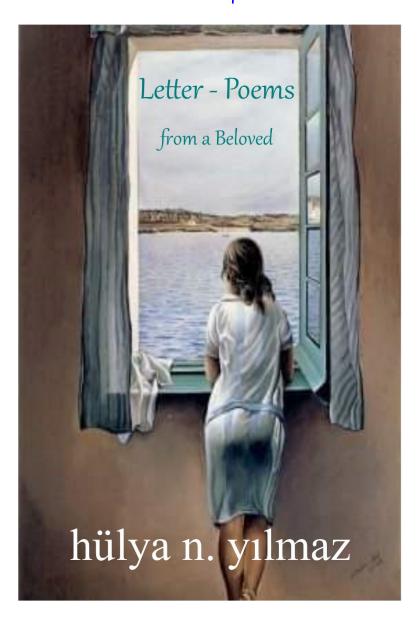


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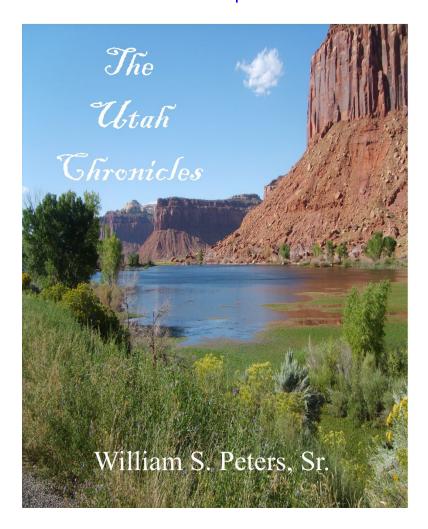




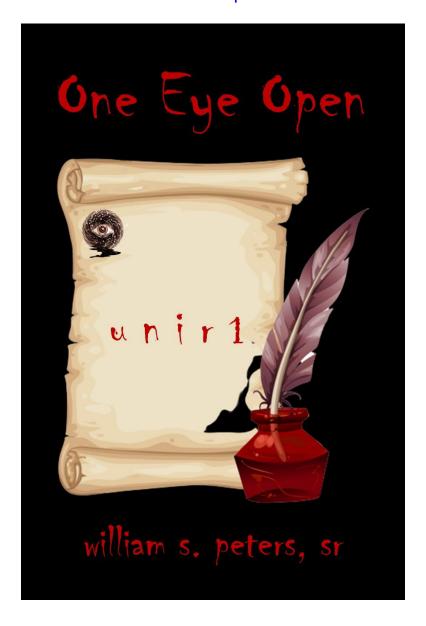
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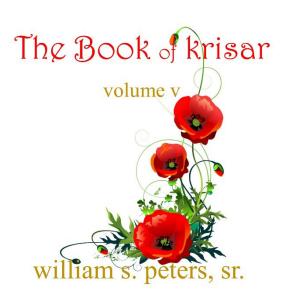
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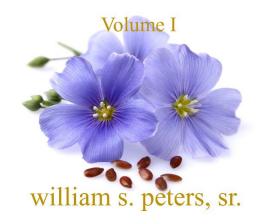


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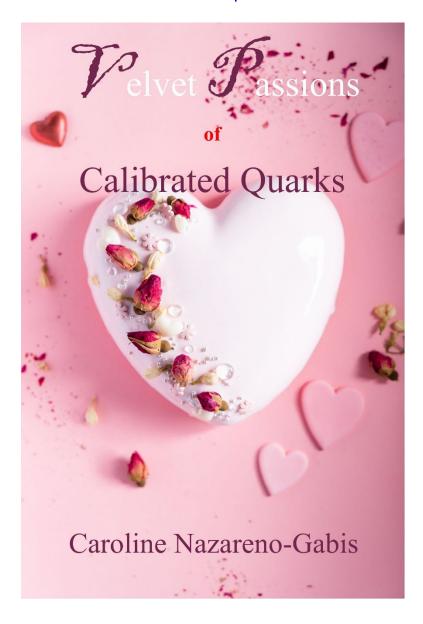


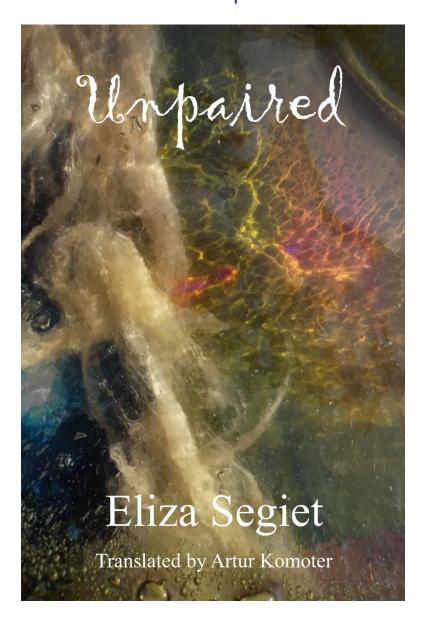
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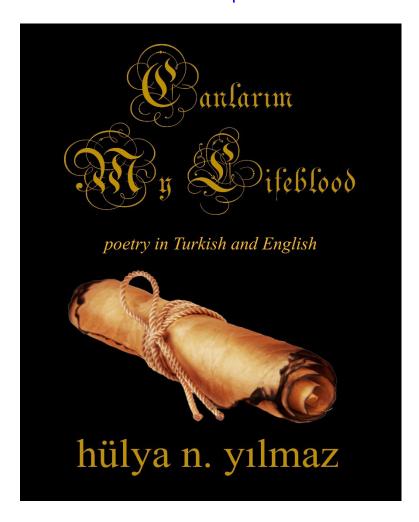


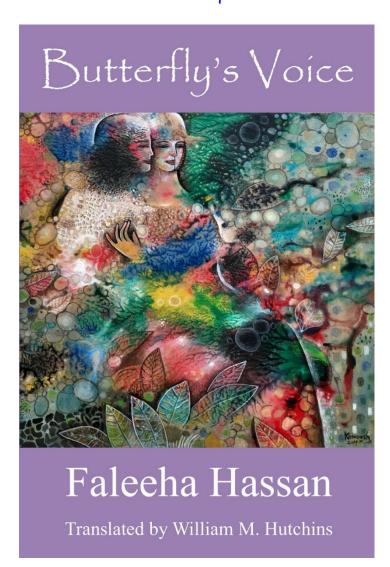
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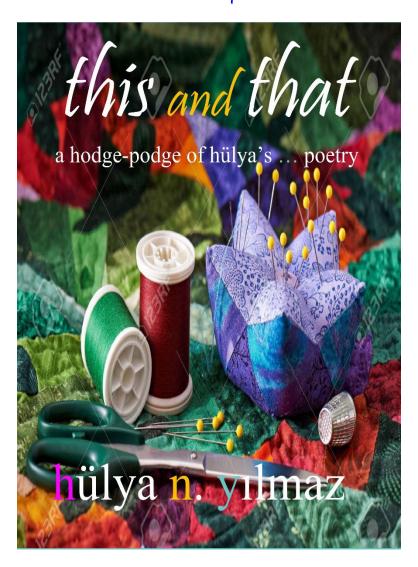
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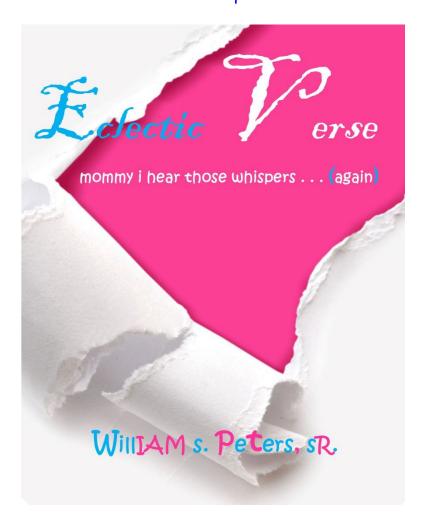
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Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



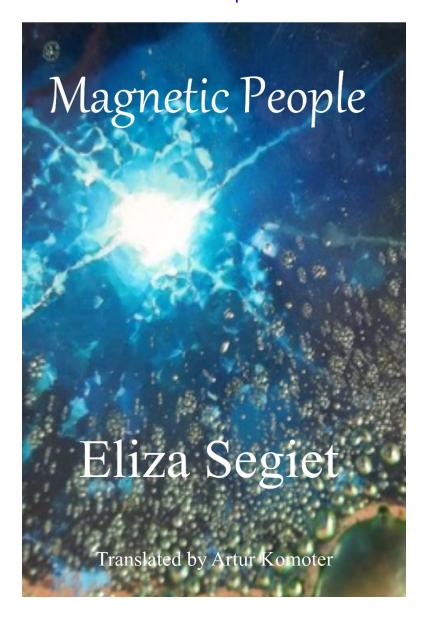


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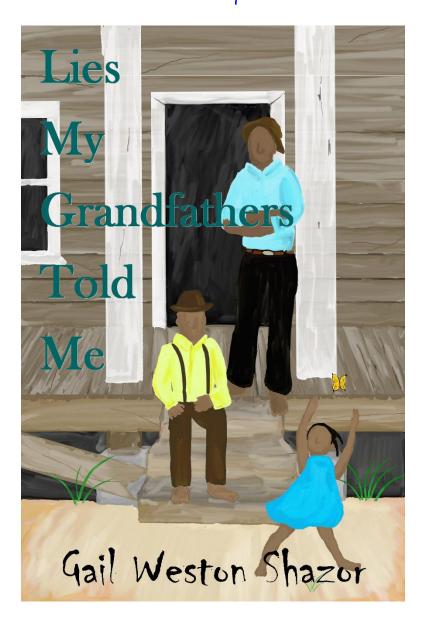
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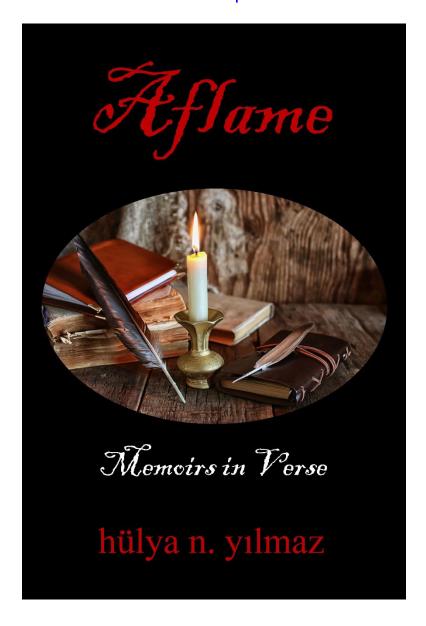


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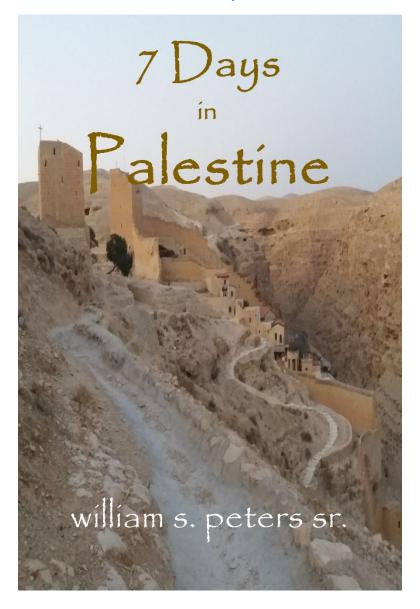














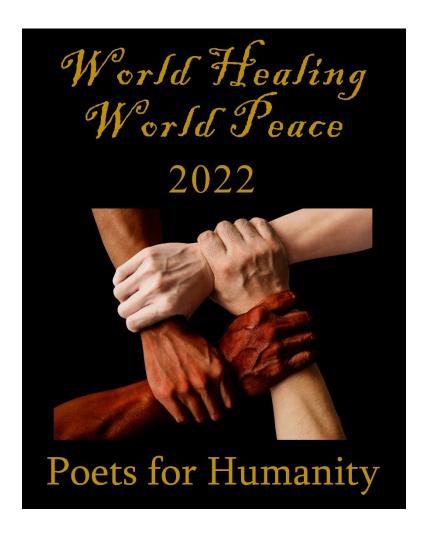




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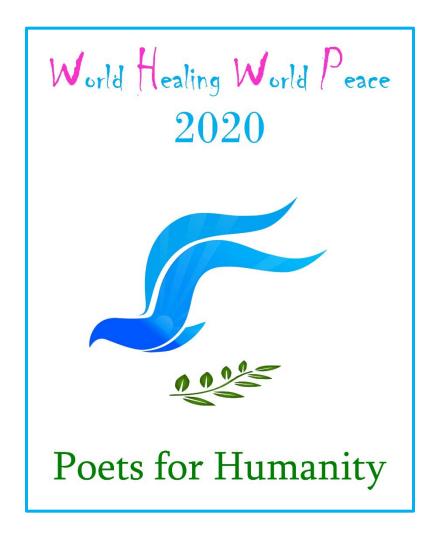
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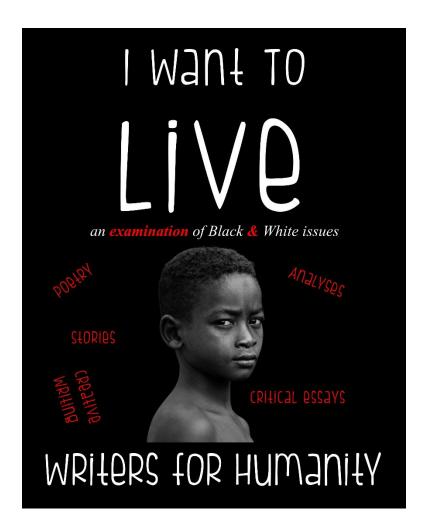


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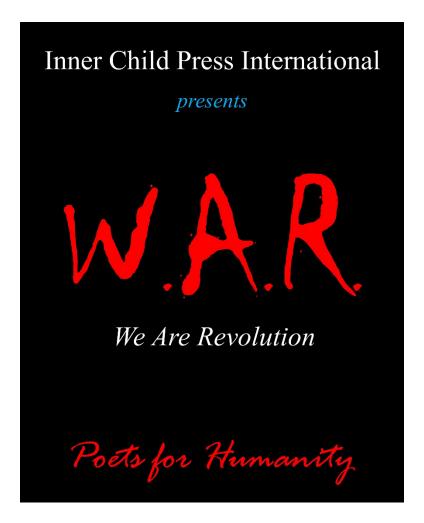
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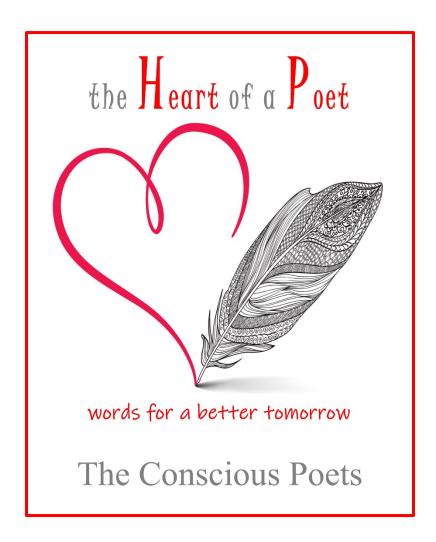
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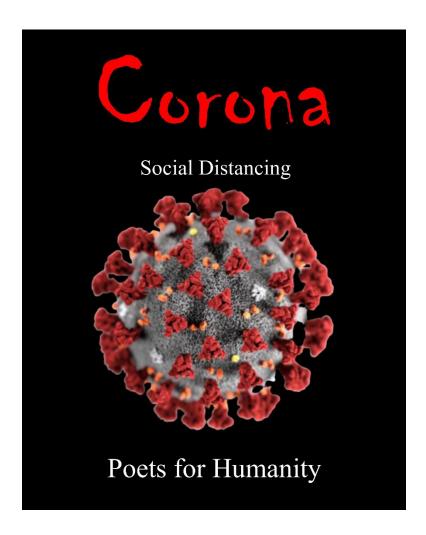
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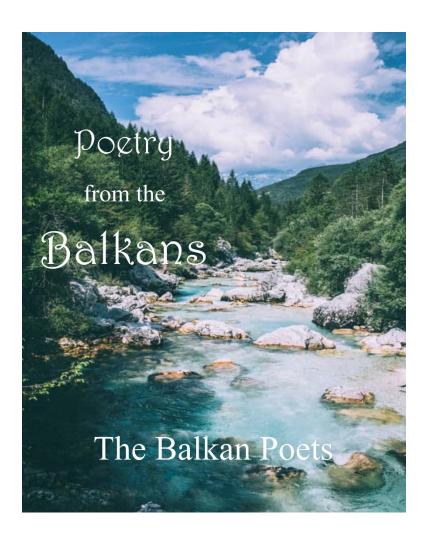
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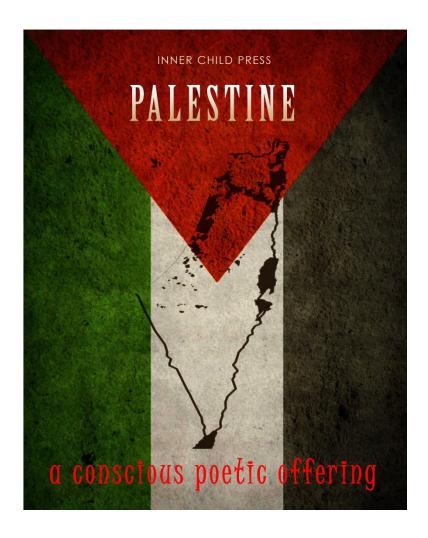


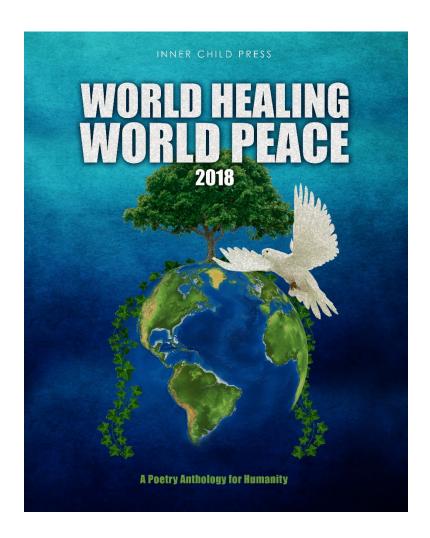


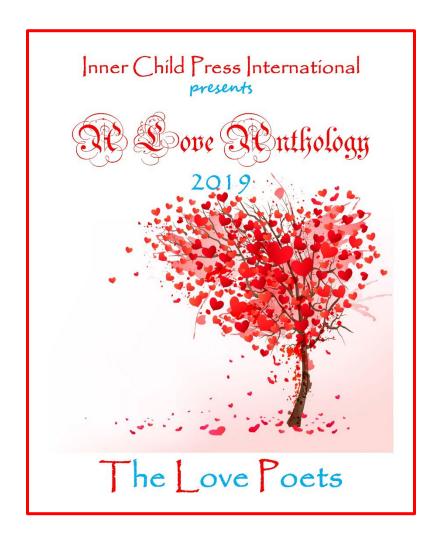




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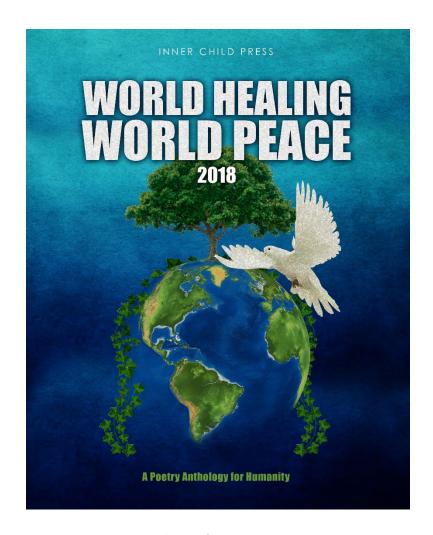




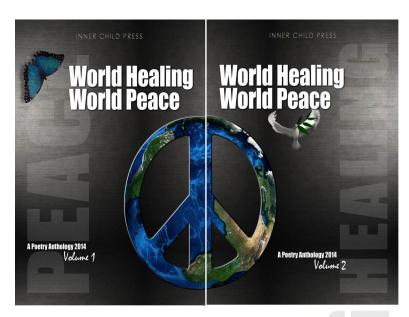


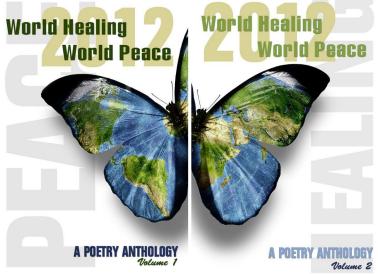
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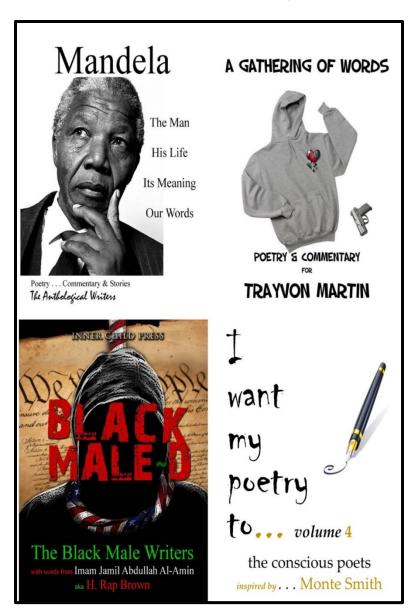
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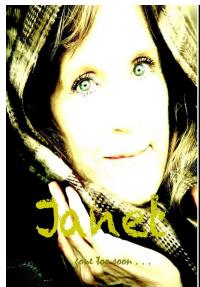
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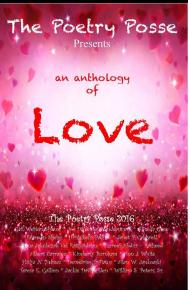
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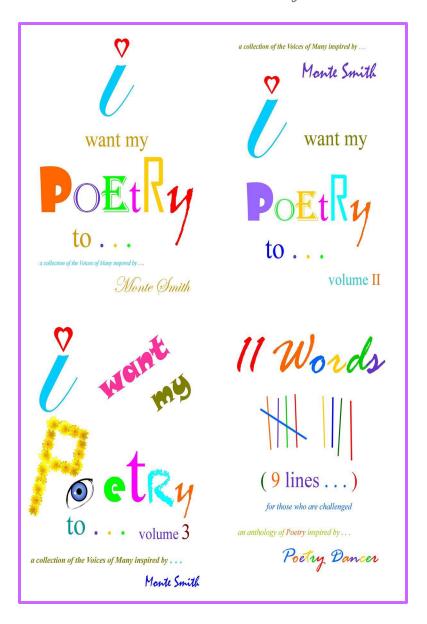




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September Feature Poets

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October 2014



Samie Bond \* Cail Weston Shazor \* Albert Infinite Carrasco \* Siddartha Beth Pierce Sanet P. Caldwell \* Sune 'Bugg Barelied \* Debble M. Allen \* Tony Henringer Soe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Robert Gibbons \* Neetu Wai \* Sharee

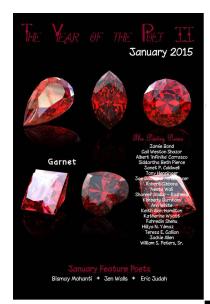
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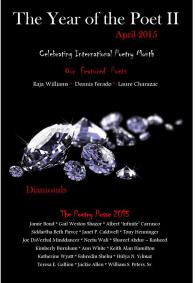


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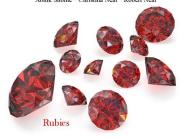
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### The Year of the Poet II

The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



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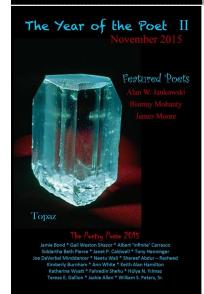
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#### The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



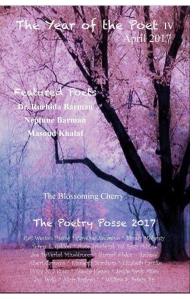
Gell Weston Shazen \* Carollon Nazarenon \* "Bisnay Mohandy Nazar Sertavil \* Hono Jakubczak Vel Rejtty Adelan \* Jen Welks Joo Da Verbell Mindelmeen \* Shareef Albelan \* Beheed Albert Carrasco \* Kinbeefy Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Flulya N. Yulouz \* Felselhe Hesson \* Allan W. Jankowski Teress E. Gellion \* Jackse Doeis Allan \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohandy Teress E. (dillico \* Homa alakubczak Vell Batty Hiddan John DaVarbak Mindadancer \* Barberd Hiddan \* Baghead Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Cestillo Hidya N. Yulouz \* Estedha Hassan \* Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Wells \* Nazar Sattoni \* William S. Retest St.



### Now Available



The Flowering Dogwood Tree

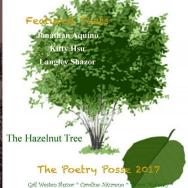


#### The Poetry Posse 2017

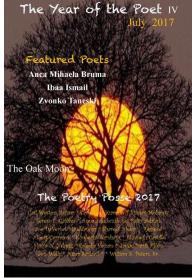
Gell Weston Shizer \*\* Corollow Aszerono \*\* Bismon Mohandy Toross E. Gellion \*\* shinow Jakahozak Vell Betty sildadi Jon DeVerbold Middelpoor \*\* Shirrens sildata \*\* Bashead silbert Corresso \*\* Ethiology Burnham \*\* Elizabeth Costillo Hilly N. Vilnoz \*\* Felenbe Hesson \*\* Jackie Dreis sillan Jon Wells \*\* Nizer Sertout \*\* William S. Peters, Sr.



## The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Teress E. (allion \* Hono Jakobezek Yel Butty Adalan Joe DeVerbol Minddencer \* Shareet Abdur - Rasheed Albert Cerresco \* Kinboerly Burnham \* Elizabeth Cestillo Halya N. Yubazz \* Falesha Hassan \* Jackte Devis Allion Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartant \* \* William & Feters, Sr.



### Now Available

#### The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerbal Minddance \* Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* \* Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerhal Mindalance \* Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartaw \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shalin

The Black Walnut Tree

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor \* Carolline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* \* Vitillam S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



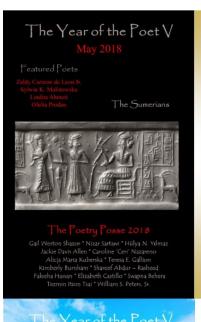
#### The Poetry Posse 2017

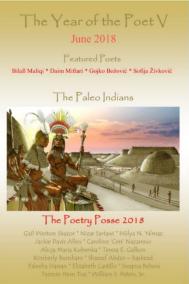
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi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

### Now Available



### Now Available







#### The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

Hussein Habasch \* Mircea Dan Duta \* Naida Mujkić \* Swagat Das

#### The Lapita



#### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Adria Kuberski, "Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava' Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin titon Tsai ' William S. Peters, Sr.

### Now Available

#### The Year of the Poet V September 2018

#### The Aztecs & Incas



#### Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

#### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubesika \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William s. Peters, a



#### Featured Poets

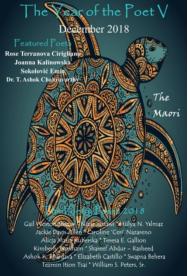
Alicia Minjarez \* Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra \* Abdelwahed Souayah



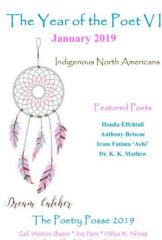
#### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline \* Ceri \* Nazareno Alica Maria Kubenski \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, St





### Now Available



Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe Paire \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William 5. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

Marek Łukaszewicz \* Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque \* Jean-Jacques Fournier



Meso-America

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* 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 5. Peters, Sr.



# April 2019 DL Davis \* Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri \* Faleeha Hassan Central & West Africa

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carasco \* Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### Now Available



#### 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 Alicip Maria Kubbeska \* Teese E. Gallion \* Jobe Patie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezzimi Hiton Tai \* William S. Peters, a

### The Year of the Poet VI

#### June 2019

#### Featured Poets

Kate Gaudi Powiekszone \* Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff \* Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



#### 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 Patre Kimberiy Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai \* William S. Peters.





### Now Available





# Rozalia Aleksandrova \* Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty \* Sofia Skleida

The Year of the Poet VI

November 2019

# Northern Asia The Poetry Posse 2019

Gall Weston Shazor " Albert Carassoo " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alleja Maria Kuberska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsal " William S. Petens, Teres

### Now Available



### Now Available

#### The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

#### Featured Poets

Alok Kumar Ray \* Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato \* Izabela Zubko

#### Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon \* Albert Carassco \* Hulya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

#### Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk \* Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard \* Karn Praktisha

#### Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





Celebrating pass [ Nobel ] eace | rize Necipien

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Carllo \* Swapna Behen Tezmin titon Tsai! \* William S. Peters. Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

#### Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli \* Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch \* Kosh K Mathew

#### Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teres E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur \* Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Termin Horn Sat. \* William S. Peters \*

#### The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

#### Featured Poets

Dr Pragya Suman \* Chinh Nguyen Srinivas Vasudev \* Ugwu Leonard Ifeanyi, Jr.

#### Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace brating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska \* Teres E. Gallion \* Joe Parie Kimberly Bumham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Eirasbeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmi titon Tsai \* William S. Peters.

### Now Available



### Now Available

### The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott \* Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam \* Changming Yuan



### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis 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 Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



#### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

| Weston Shazor | Albert Carasco | Hülya N. Yılmaz ackie Davis Allen | Caroline Nazareno | Eliza Segiet klıçla Mara Kuberska | Teresa E. Gallion | Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham | Shareef Addur - Rasheed hok K. Bhargava | Elizabeth Castillo | Swapna Behera | Teresa Burnham | Teresa | T

#### The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu \* Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman \* Faleeha Hassan

Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* 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. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet VIII

April 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk \* Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova \* Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* 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. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### Now Available

#### The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick \* Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi \* Bismay Mohanty

#### Diego Rivera



#### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazon - Albert Capassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet - Aliça Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire - Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed - Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera - Tezmin Hion Tsai - William S. Petess.

### The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Iram Jaan \* Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha \* Lan Qyqalla

#### Goncalao Mabunda



#### Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Asbok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Itton Tsa! \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Alonzo "zO" Gross \* Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy \* Tirthendu Ganguly

#### Rayen Kang



#### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion J. De Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Liton Tsai "William S. Peters,"

#### The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

#### Mundara Koorang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazureno Elira Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion J. Dee Parie Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Tsvapna Behera Tezmi Hion Tsal William S. Peters A.

### Now Available

#### September 2021

Featured Global Poets Monsif Beroual \* Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel \* Pavol Janik Heather Jansch



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire

#### The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

#### October 2021

Featured Global Poets C. E. Shy \* Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain \* Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera

#### The Year of the Poet VIII

#### November 2021

Featured Global Poets Errol D. Bean \* Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic \* Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alıcja Maria Kubeska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Sharecf Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera

#### The Year of the Poet VIII

#### December 2021

Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga \* Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold \* Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

### Now Available

#### The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

#### Featured Global Poets

Ratan Ghosh \* Christine Neil-Wright Andrew Scott \* Ashok Kumar

Climate Change: The Ice Cap





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesia" Terese E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai " William S. Peters, 20

#### The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

#### Featured Global Poets

Roza Boyanova \* Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval Mammad Ismayil \* Tarana Turan Rahimli

#### Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmi titon Tsal "William S. Peters, 2007.

### The Year of the Poet IX

Transcit acas

#### Featured Global Poets

Dimitris P. Kraniotis \* Marlene Pasini Kennedy Ochieng \* Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsai \* William S. Peters, 2

### The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

#### Featured Global Poets

Alonzo Gross \* Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas Monsif Beroual \* Carol Aronoff

#### Climate Change and Oceans





#### \*Celebrating our 100th Edition \*

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubersia "Teresa E. Gallion", Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail "William S. Peters. 3

### Now Available

# The Year of the Poet IX May 2022

Featured Global Poets Ndaba Sibanda \* Smrutiranjan Mohanty Ajanta Paul \* Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Climate Change and Birds



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "J. obe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, S.

#### The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

Featured Global Poets

Yuan Changming \* Azeczat Okunlola

Tanja Ajtić \* Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesia "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, 2007.

# The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

Featured Global Poets Michelle Joan Barulich \* Mili Das Anna Ferriero \* Ujjal Mandal

Climate Change and Animals



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska "Terese E. Gallion "J. obe Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai "William S. Peters, S.

### The Year of the Poet IX

August 2022

#### Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha \* Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç \* Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



#### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska" Terese E. Gallion "Joe Patie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Liton Tsai "William S. Peters."

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# The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

#### Featured Global Poets

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha \* Biswajit Mishra Sylwia K. Malinowska \* Sajid Hussein

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





#### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsal "William S. Peters, S.

# The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

Featured Global Poets Andrew Kouroupos \* Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos \* Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power





#### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, S.

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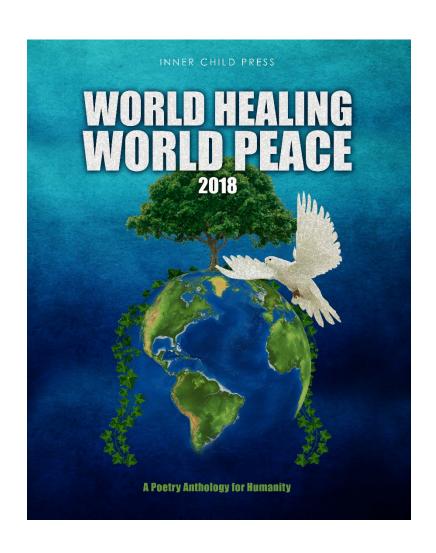




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- fini -

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2022



# **November 2022 ~ Featured Poets**



Hema Ravi



Shafkat Aziz Hajam



Selma Kopic



Ibrahim Honjo

