

# The Year of the Poet III

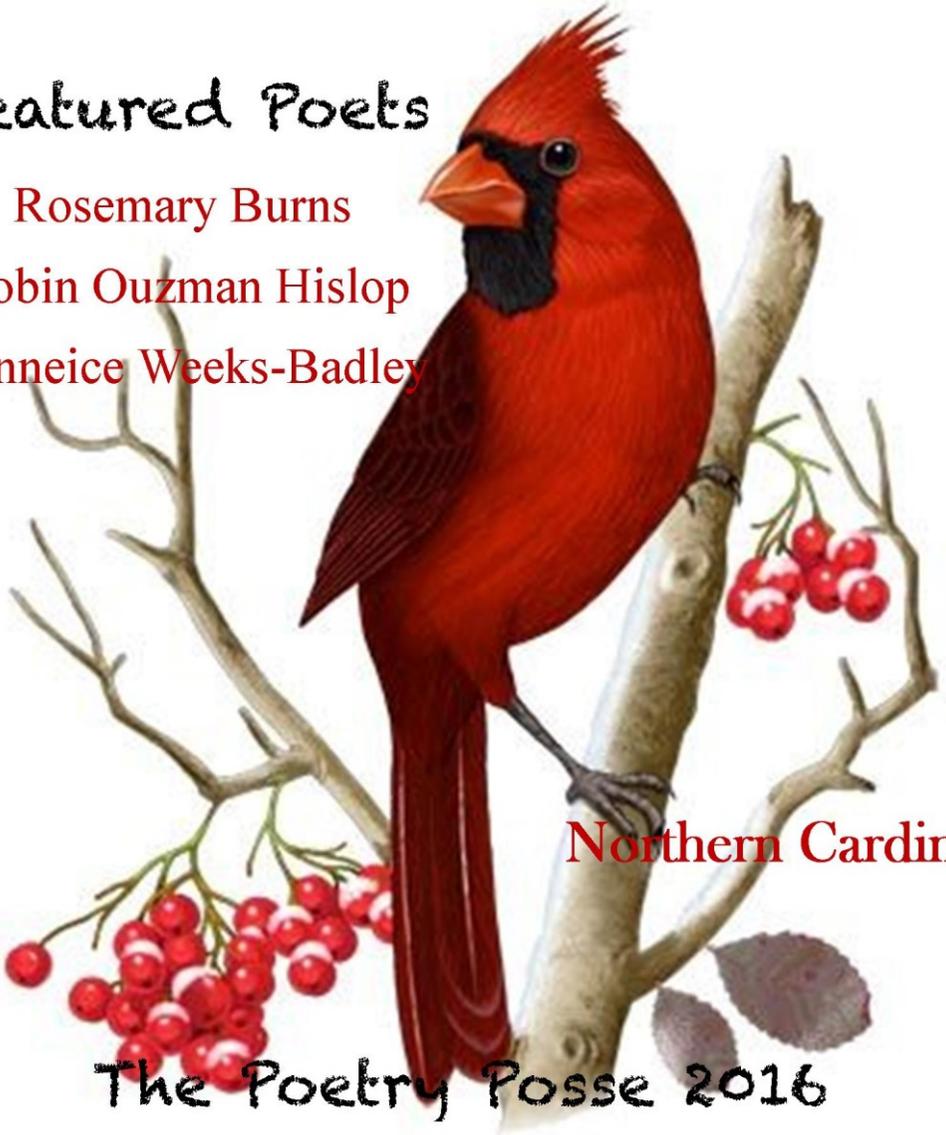
November 2016

## Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonneice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfreda Ghee  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III  
November 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Pass 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

hülya n. yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

Jackie Davis Allen

Alicia Cooper

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Janet P. Caldwell

Jen Walls

Demetrios Trifiatis

Alan W. Jankowski

Nizar Sartawi

Caroline Nazareno

Alfreda Ghee

William S. Peters, Sr.

**General Information**  
**The Year of the Poet III**  
**November 2016 Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

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

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a “Collection”. All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior *WRITTEN CONSENT* of the “Material Owners” or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this “Collection” should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

**Publisher Information**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : Inner Child Press**  
**intouch@innerchildpress.com**  
**www.innerchildpress.com**

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2016 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13 : 978-0997845990 (Inner Child Press, ltd.)

ISBN-10 : 0997845996

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD

LIFE

BE WITHOUT

A LITTLE

POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

*Janet P. Caldwell*

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

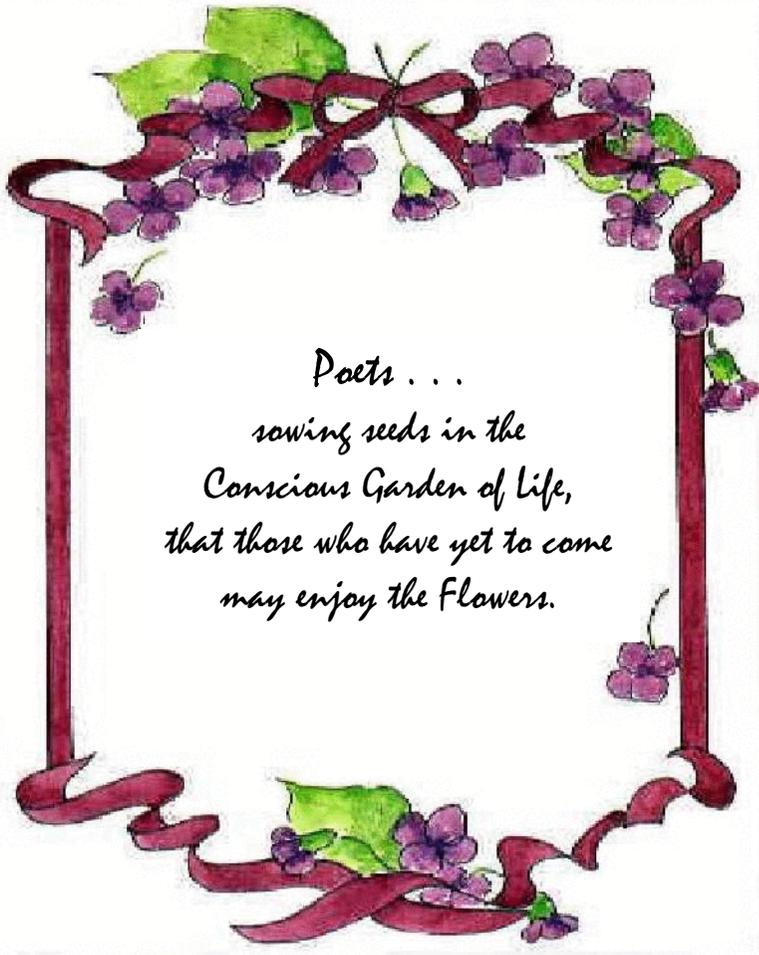
the Power of the Pen.



*Janet Perkins Caldwell*

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Poets . . .  
sowing seeds in the  
Conscious Garden of Life,  
that those who have yet to come  
may enjoy the Flowers.

# Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

It has been a little over 40 days since the transition of our dear and beloved Janet. We do miss her so much. There have been many projects that we initiated together as directors of Inner Child Enterprises. This would include Inner Child Radio, Inner Child Newspaper, The Hour of Power Radio Show, Inner Child Magazine, Inner Child Press and of course The Year of the Poet along with Jamie Bond and Gail Weston Shazor. Be mindful that the commemorative anthology about Janet is now available at the Inner Child Press web site on Janet's Page.

Since January of 2014 we have published an offering each and every month. This year we also included an Valentine's Day anthology to complement our efforts. Over the years we have featured many poets from all over the world. We feel this effort assists in bridging the gap amongst us as a humanity as we showcase not only our core members of The Poetry Posse but other voices as well.

We now are poised to enter our 4th year. We are so excited as we continuing to move forward. I also wish to thank all of The Poetry Posse members past, present and future and the myriad of features who have shared their words.

I give you my love . . .

Bless Up

*Bill*

PS

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

Available here

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

or

I want my poetry to . . .

For more finite information, please visit :

[www.innerchildpress.com/i-want-my-poetry-to-volume](http://www.innerchildpress.com/i-want-my-poetry-to-volume)

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

[www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet)

# Foreword

As we head towards the beginning of the fourth year of the monthly *The Year of The Poet*, I am grateful for this community built by wonderful poets and even more remarkable human beings. The poetry created in this collection serves humanity, uplifts spirits, tells it like it is or at least how we see it, stirs emotions, shares diverse ideas, and births an abundance of love into this world. We are attempting to create a better place to live and work and play with our poetry.

Last month we lost a magnificent poet and one of the kindest, gentlest souls on this earth. Janet, you are missed. We will continue to strive to bring sense to the tragedies in this world and inspire those around us in kind and gentle ways to foster peace and love and health for all people.

Poets see the world in a unique way—through our hearts and minds, through our connection to words and people, and through a keen ear listening for bright spots, turning phrases, and what matters most. To the reader we say: read our words, listen for what touches you or inspires you to be a better person. Grow and love more than you ever thought

possible. The world is an amazing place. We welcome you to share in this creative wonderful world.

Kimberly Burnham

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING  
WORLD PEACE  
2016



**A Poetry Anthology for Humanity**

Now Available at . . .

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



*Now Available*

[www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php)

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

~ wsp

# Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	v
<i>Preface</i>	viii
<i>Foreword</i>	x

## The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Janet P. Caldwell	9
Jackie Davis Allen	17
Albert Carrasco	23
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	29
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	37
Kimberly Burnham	45
Elizabeth Castillo	51
Alfreda D. Ghee	57
Nizar Sartawi	63
Jen Walls	69

# Table of Contents . . . *continued*

hülya n. yılmaz	77
Teresa E. Gallion	83
Demetrios Trifiatis	91
Alan W. Jankowski	99
Caroline Nazareno	107
Alicia C. Cooper	115
William S. Peters, Sr.	121

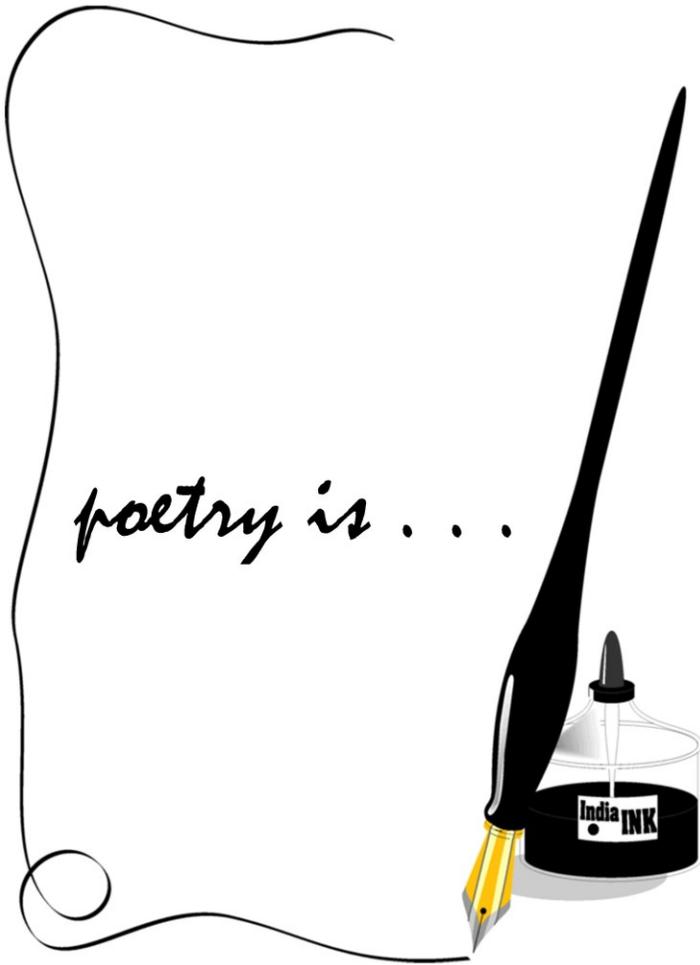
## November Features 135

Rosemary Burns	139
Robin Ouzman Hislop	143
Lonneice Weeks-Badley	149

## Other Anthological Works 157

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

~ wsp



The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III  
November 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

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

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

[www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)  
[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)  
[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

**Katalambanō**

*“to lay hold of so as to make one's own, to obtain, attain to,  
to make one's own, to take into one's self, appropriate”*

It's often we overlook the story  
To see the storyteller  
False teeth in his pocket  
So they don't go rattling in his head  
Rainboots , overalls and a rainslick  
It's easy to smile at this  
Imagining of a doddering old man  
Perhaps senile  
We really don't see what we see  
An earnest man with his beliefs  
Without the trappings of  
What we believe we need  
To run this race well  
Money cannot overcome the spirit  
As light cannot overcome darkness  
There is no stamp on  
The back of his neck  
Left from a mold  
That says “made in China”

## Ministrations

*Senryu in 5 parts*

Hold my hand in yours  
There is never a wrong time  
For it to be right  
I welcome your touch  
Especially after not  
For so very long  
It is in this time  
Of many middling moments  
That I look for you  
And as you look too  
It is still doing something  
Let me ease your work  
It's in the split place  
Of calluses that create  
A fearless new life

## Grandad

The water splashes in the basin  
Poured carefully  
Whispered prayers lap at the edges  
Of the warmth  
Arms held aloft in waiting  
For the cleansing  
Eyes closed against the grace  
Of being touched in love  
The gentle cooing of lotion  
On skin stretched by years  
Anoints the glances around the room  
And we wait in silence  
For yesterday's troubles to dissipate  
For the wisdom that you often  
Wish to share between your rest  
And to be in your presence  
Is our blessing

## Native Sonned

*for Kent Bernier*

"Come and tell them  
What your father say"  
And I listen to the lyrical voices  
Of my old men  
Sitting in the shade of old trees  
Their hands slicing the air  
In the knowing that some words  
Have become futile  
In the repeating  
Because they had been said  
Time and again  
No today and no tomorrow  
And they speak slowly  
With lemongrass branches flicking  
Through the heavy heat  
They say that these don't understand  
Any more than the ones before  
So we will send ours that  
Is near the color of this people  
And they will not be afraid to learn him  
So that he will know the words of understanding  
And prayers were said over me  
Protections asked for my safety  
And I was sent away on promises  
My shoes with hard English man soles  
Hurt my feet and  
Their words were sterile and harsh  
When stuck behind my teeth  
And with the old woman  
Singing to the sea  
I would sleep with the taste of saltfish  
On my tongue until the tongues  
Became easy

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

And my mango colored skin  
No longer glowed with sunlight  
It was then that I knew I could speak  
So that they would hear our voice  
But I would trade a hundred Babylons

To feel the warmth on my head  
And the sand of home on my feet

*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

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

To contact Janet

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

## 1949 ~ Marking Benches

Trying so hard to convince,  
Those who were older, wiser (???)  
While we sat down to a lovely meal...  
Bowed our tattered heads. (Drunk as dogs)

All the while knowing they  
Would win. (Who?) When, the  
Question forever burned.  
So deep into our family background, (Moral fiber)

Bubbles, bloody-crud ~ God  
Let me go, won't ya???  
I've been on that lonely street,  
Far too long. (he said)

Slept in every grave,  
Many breaking benches, maybe you'll sit  
Still one day? Maybe not,  
Old Spice is lookin' at you and me !!!!

©2002 Janet Caldwell

## A Day in the Maze

When did it turn into a race?

This last stretch has been  
Exceptionally hard, we're short of breath,  
Cramping, stumbling.  
God, doncha just want to turn  
Around, go back, walk off? I don't  
Think that you can, neither  
Can I. Got to cross the finish line.  
Just stubborn,  
Both of us.

I've got to admit though, it  
Feels that we've bitten off  
More than we can chew. Spittle flying,  
Jaws aching, throat tight...  
I'm so tired. I don't like marathons  
Or sprinting. I'm not used to running  
Hard. The prize is huge, just ahead  
Maybe within our reach.

Could we walk awhile or  
Just rest? Would that be okay?  
I heard a rumor that the race  
For the cheese is over.  
The rats won.

Copyright ©2002 Caldwell Phillips

## Amnesty

Gaping through hollow eyes  
Sockets deep, body as gaunt  
As any refugee.  
The jutting ribs you can count  
Like veins in a tree's leaf.  
Wretched pain, a tooth pulled  
With no anesthesia, the poison falling out of  
Her head, down an uninspired cheek.  
Malaise brings a familiar comfort  
She can feel something, though  
She's dying and the world sees her captor.  
Condemned by him, her character discarded.  
Lost and forsaken, replaced.  
Punished for imagined crimes,  
Dislocated like an émigré.

Feeling inadequate as usual...  
That warden! Who is he?  
Would she live to tell the tale?  
His intentions just before her untold,  
Though vivid, answered by  
Piercing dream screams. Empty and starved for  
Forgiveness, with no absolution in sight.  
Denial.  
This puppeteer had stumbled across her twine  
"I'll save you, mold you and feed you leaves.  
You'll do as I say; you'll owe me your life."  
She does.

She mimicked his ways, adapted to eat,  
But the leaves were desiccated and weak.  
She was choking and gasping  
As his dutiful wife.  
Thoughts of suicide danced on her brain.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

There has to be a way to end this life.  
She looked in the mirror  
And wasn't sure who she was.  
A disillusioned face looked back,  
As gray as a dove.  
Excuse me Madam have we met?

Conclusion

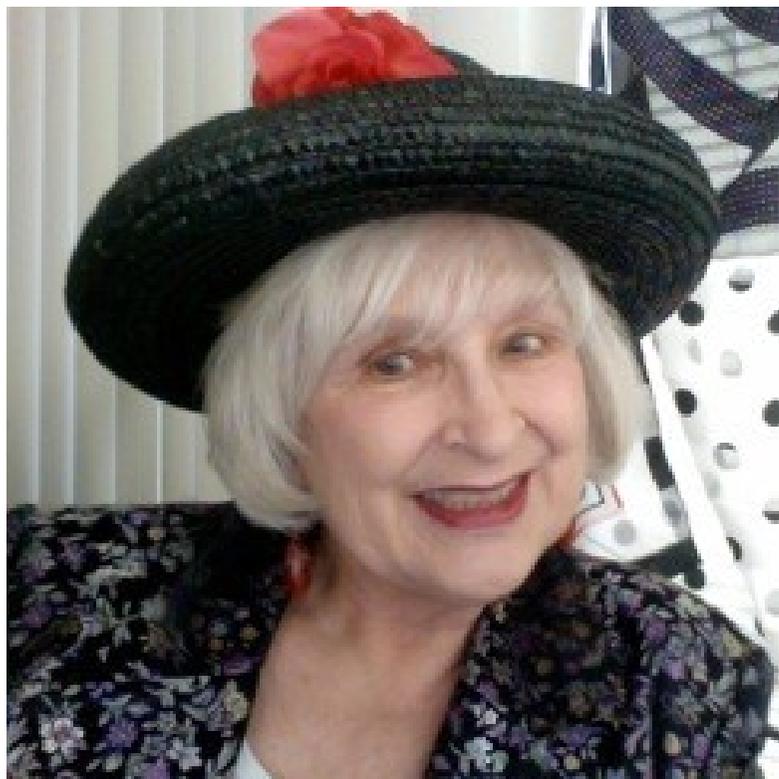
With liberty and nourishment in mind, she  
Made her plan of escape, Tossing caution aside...  
She glanced at her keeper in his wicked eyes. Then  
Turned and spun on her heels, without a goodbye.  
While in the market one day,  
A man with a cart full of  
Acquittal, brushed alongside her,  
Patient and loving, he satiates her hunger.  
She's fat and sassy now,  
He taught her to eat.

Copyright ©2002 Janet Caldwell

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

*Lackie  
Davis  
Allen*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

## Last Night, and Early into the Morning

I looked over my shoulder and like a rich man  
I saw what I did see; I saw the sun,  
the moon, the stars and opportunity~they always  
following me, waiting for my beck and call.

Like a beggar, I looked back at the years,  
and saw little evidence of the hopes, the  
dreams that once kept my candle burning bright,  
that kept me in good company, kept my spirits high.

I looked over my mistakes and like a mentor,  
inquired if dreams shattered into star dust  
are held by serendipity. And I wondered  
how might I unlock this long held mystery.

Like a good student, I chose to shake off  
the dust from my feet and to create my  
own destiny. Never again will I fear the edge  
of time nor those who try to limit me.

## A Patriotic Song

Across the land our people have grown old and weary.  
With warring winds, raging fierce and resolute;  
we are disappointed in our leaders, finding it difficult to be  
merry.

Descending from an honorable line and armed  
with faith and belief in God, we were raised to pray the  
Almighty to keep us from harm, and to praise Him whose  
name is Love.

Hard work, strong ethics, independent, we must  
with intellect, muscle and brawn, discipline ourselves,  
and in God place our undying trust that we might live to see  
better days.

Chores done, supper over, fervent prayers said, at the close  
of day we confess our sins, forgive others, thankful that we  
have earned our daily bread, that we live in the land of  
opportunity.

With roots embedded deeply in the soil from one end of the  
county to the other, we honored our heritage; from hard  
work we've never recoiled; proud were we to have calluses  
on our hands.

How different the times are today, and yet the same. Evil  
reigns when the brave relinquish their arms; when the free  
bow to evil's name the people forget to whom they belong.

May God bless our country. God bless the USA.  
To her sons and daughters who've paid and are still paying  
the price we say, This is our song, our patriotic refrain,

We shall never ever cave to the tyrants of evil.

## All the Difference

They came, neither on horseback nor on foot  
but to the mountains they came to heal hearts  
and souls, bringing with them, gifts overflowing,  
gifts of peace, love and forgiveness.

They ministered in the neighborhood,  
in the schools and in the houses of worship;  
wherever they went, they led by example.  
They served sacrificially, untiringly.

They visited us, welcomed us, invited us  
into their home where we sometimes sat primly,  
sipping tea and learning something  
of the world's social graces.

They lived what they preached; the truth  
and the light they followed both day and night.  
And to this day, I can truly say, with thanks,  
they made all the difference in my life.

*Albert  
Carrasco*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

## Infinite

My poetry should be read to new born ghetto babies like lullabies so they can remember my words as they grow cause I swear that I hit the block right after the stage of hasbro. Mommy daddy recite that piece from infinite the poet... Okay son.. His vision of happiness was chasing money, being a drug seller or gun runner, anything to keep his pockets full he did for Capitol, at sixteen he got shot twice, he took two for his team, in the emergency room he laid there like... Damn all this for that cream >>>>>>>>>> you know how sad it was for him to see the children of his fallen soldiers grow up without their father! well his father died when he was twelve so died his childhood, so therefore his outlook on life to him was very sadly understood. The end. Wow thanks mom dad I don't ever want to go through what him, his friends and fam went through, I always remembered his words but they sound so much better coming from you, you give it that umph. I feel his words son so I recite with emotion. He uses his spoken truth to save the youth, so we figured we'd memorize his lines to save you from lies. Have you ever met him mom dad? No but I can tell you I feel like I know him, why? Every word from first to last paints a similar picture of my past.

## Them

They knew each other since they were kids, they were inseparable. What one did they all did, the bond was incredible, they had such a harsh come up, for any of them to be alive is nothing short of a miracle. They popped off together, got topped off together, got locked, shot, stabbed and did numbers together. Their life was devoted to the hustle. It was a twenty four hour grind, dollar signs were in their eyes and gimmicks to continuously reign in the game ran through their mind. Gauze, tape, cast and stitches are tribulations of the trade in the pursuit of riches. Hurt, pain, death and incarceration correlate with pyrex wishes, on the surface of hell that glass was a wishing well, It wasn't penny's, nickels, dimes and quarters that got thrown in the water, it was 0's, 62's and 125's of powder mixed with arm & hammer to make life better. Life got better for them but it didn't remain like that, one by one a majority got sent back. The ones that got lucky to survive remained copping Caine, it's all they knew, back to the block with a smaller cru with the same quest to leave their family millions before being laid to rest. In the end... Some stood together and the others are looked at like strangers.

## Thanks giving

This is the month where family and friends from all over get together and sit at the table and enjoy a feast of our culture with one another.

Turkey is stuffed and being baked, white rice, yellow rice with peas, potato salad, macaroni salad, avocado, cranberry sauce and all sorts of pies and cakes.

The traditional Spanish seasoning aroma fills every part of the house... Adobo, sazón, sofrito y recaito and other herbs and spices hand delivered straight from Puerto Rico.

The foundation is handing out secret recipes, you see great grandmothers in the kitchen with their daughter and their daughters daughter getting taught cooking lessons.

A few generations of men are in the living room buzzed on coquito banging on bongos thinking they're el gran combo. They ladies holler.. dinner is ready! Everybody runs to the table and a prayer is said before the food is fed.

*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

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

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

## I'M THANKFUL

I'm thankful I'm not running for office  
My past is tainted but not awful  
Dirty laundry is the flavor of today  
My life could be ruined by what someone says  
The facts my come later but the damage is done  
No one has a clean slate, so I'll choose not to run

With that being said, I must vote for someone else  
I must scrutinize the candidates  
I must analyze their debates  
All I get is their dirty laundry, but wait  
I'm getting old and on the verge of retiring  
Social security is downward spiraling

I'm thankful for now, but time is an issue  
I may have to work myself to death  
Due to some political miscue  
Clear choices in politics  
I miss you

So I'm thankful for today and pray for tomorrow  
I may be forced to lose it all, but there'll be no sorrow  
I've cast my vote before  
I've been broke before  
I've seen politicians hauled off in cuffs before  
I'm thankful my faith is based on so much more

## COUNT DOWN

One of you is tried and true  
One of you hasn't a clue of what to do  
Both of you have dealt with sexual adversity  
One of you, are filled with sexual perversity  
One of you sucks, universally  
Both of you speak on and off the record with uncertainty

Party dishes dirt  
Party dismisses work  
Party twerks with a TMZ mentality  
Party clouds the true reality

One of you is trying to serve a purpose  
One of you is exposing the system as worthless  
Both of you have votes you've purchased  
One of you will fall short of what's expected  
One of you may very well get elected  
Both of you are suspect, but what the heck

Party dishes dirt  
Party dismisses work  
Party twerks with a TMZ mentality  
Party clouds the true reality

## LOST PASSION

You were poetry to me  
You were art  
Time within your lines were heaven sent  
I can barely feel you when I'm near you  
When I'm away the passion fades  
I'm feeling forced on a course to nowhere  
I know you're out there

Waiting

Vacating my mind

I want to dance one final time

Faded glory is not the story here  
I've made my oars seek the shore you are near  
I'm speaking poetry here  
As abstract as my mind is  
As absent minded to what my heart gives

I know you live in me  
Passion found on the ground beneath me  
The color of leaves turning so sweetly  
Cool morning air, then the rush of heat  
Passion tries to speak  
Lines from my pen are pending  
Love for me is always ending  
Thoughts beyond comprehending  
What's real and what's pretending  
A conversation with the mirror

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

Did no justice  
Maybe I'm clogged up and need some roughage  
Passion is a tough kid  
I need it back to help me live  
My passion has been thrashing like the deadliest catch  
Never able to grab a hold always missing the match  
This is not an act  
I've lost the drive  
The passion is the only thing that keeps me alive  
I've lost it at a cause that just boggles the mind  
Passion caught me napping  
And I've lost what was mine

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

*Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

## Embroided in the Big Fiasco

perpetual plots unfurled, endless procession  
of a\$\$h01#\$ personified  
to occupy  
every waking hour of you and i  
roll em all out one by one two by two  
talk about plots foiled devised by a\$\$h01#\$  
to keep us all embroiled in the fiasco  
me and you  
no such thing as bad news as long as mass'es  
being used stay tuned  
he said, she said another day of being fed  
pure bull\$#!+  
NEWS FLASH!  
orange man grabbed a tit  
probed an ass  
when asked said " Why you bringing that up  
a blast from the past?"  
and we put down the phone, surgeons in the OR  
walk out leaving patients alone laying on tables  
with exposed guts and bones  
talk about bones lovers loose erection  
had a shift in affection, instead of willie at attention  
it's,  
" will he win the dam election? "  
NEWS FLASH!  
orange man grabbed another ass  
drove by the gas station on " E " forgot to get gas,  
pay my rent, pay my bills, take my pills, pick up the  
kids from school  
the whole dam country acting a fool gone wacko  
embroiled in the big fiasco  
now you know that's right  
don't believe the hype!

i struggle..,

first of all with myself, my flaws or  
what improvements impose  
daunting task of stripping off the mask  
expose the real face beneath the fake  
i struggle..,  
with lies composed with intent to impose  
or at least try to sell a false image of normal  
you know repeat the lie enough and sooner  
or later they will believe it  
and folks actually do just that, believe that!  
is that the best dem that supposed to be the best  
can do for folks like me and you?  
hold up one middle finger and tell you it's two  
all the while say with a smile "F()@k U " and U  
and U

i struggle..,  
with ingratitude selfish, I'm entitled attitudes  
my god what's up with you so full of poo  
walk earth like everything's supposed to  
come to you  
ya'll dreamin' yo that's not how ya'll supposed  
to roll  
everything you got is " MERCY " a " LOAN "  
not something " OWED " because nobody  
' DESERVES " nothing at best in this realm  
of life's test what you got is " UNDESERVED  
KINDNESS " in spite of your arrogant blindness  
not because your finesse at its fineness or  
at your disillusioned core feel your royal highness  
i struggle..,

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

and that's a blessing we need to take heed and  
remember he who bestows undeserved kindness  
also gives us a test, see  
because this life's not paradise and  
paradise ain't free  
everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody want's  
to die  
we struggle!

food4thought = education

## Snatchin...

fireflies out the sky in the warm summer night  
hoping they will still glow glorious light  
even though they were slowed when the snatcher  
showed,  
frightened?  
now you know that's so  
man just can't leave well enough alone  
sooo...  
i wrote this little poem  
talkin' bout what we need from now on  
preserve the beauty of the lands and seas  
conserve the bounties of birds and bees  
acknowledge creation's frailties,  
the sanctity  
right to be free from fright,  
diminished rights  
diminished quality of life  
extinguish life's light  
creates difficulty to see right, be right  
survive through the night to greet the new day  
say " hello sunrays "  
reserve the energy to emerge free as a bird  
flying around up, down from tree to tree  
enjoying the scenery  
bird, you sure be pretty  
have you heard of mercy?  
allows us to live, free.  
Free? Free? Free?  
is freedom really an actuality?  
or the dream it will be eventually

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

realm of serenity  
the time our eyes are still open and still can see  
before they're closed permanently.  
something to be said about duty to the things of beauty  
responsibility is constructive continuity  
as opposed to destructive, indifferent inconsistency  
yo brother man, sister women preach to me  
let me hear you say..,  
(((UNIVERSAL HARMONY)))

food4thought = education

*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

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

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

## Gratitude

All around  
tragedy and pain  
craziness and waste  
still I see  
the beauty

Gratitude fills my sight  
with food, shelter, love and more  
I am here  
experiencing moments of delight  
it is enough

## Movement Haiku

Death, loss, movement raises up  
appreciation  
of life, love, you nourish me

Mad skills stirs heart's flow toward  
mind's delight sees joy  
dancing in the life pattern

Edges clear—relationships  
life death parts of whole  
you I bonded by movement

## Keeping Me Young

A new puppy  
robs me of sleep  
but fills my life with snuggly joy

A child's tantrum  
frustrating  
but creates appreciation  
I have so much  
and must learn a new skill  
to gently remind him  
of the abundance all around

A changing work place  
disorienting  
but lifts me with desire  
to learn new skills  
grateful for this day  
time to study and grow  
into the future  
I am lucky to have  
all

*Elizabeth*

*E.*

*Castillo*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

### Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

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

## **In Gratitude**

I thank the Master Creator for bestowing me a wondrous  
life

Not everyone is given the chance to enjoy this amazing  
world,

A world full of wonder and love despite chaos around.

In gratitude for my journey to cherish all these precious  
moments spent with loved-ones

Memories I will carry in my heart forever,

In gratitude for a life destined to touch people's lives  
through my mighty pen

To be able to share my special gift from heaven to  
humankind.

## Being Thankful is a Blessing

To every blessing we receive, whether big or small,  
We should be thankful for the more we become  
appreciative of things

The more open we are to infinite abundance from the  
Universe.

I embrace even the tiniest gift that comes my way,  
For the key to achieving great things in life  
Is to be in gratitude for anything that life throws at you  
Yes, even to troubles that haunt us each day  
There is a definite lesson we should be thankful for  
Make it a habit to be thankful for all things  
To attract what you are hoping for.

## For These, I Am Thankful

I am thankful for all these beautiful things I am surrounded  
with

The magnanimous nature, the beautiful chirping birds  
perched on dainty, fragile branches,

The majestic, high mountains all covered with lush  
greeneries and fresh vegetation

The sweet smiles on the serene faces of adorable babies  
born hopeful,

Of loving couples walking hand in hand by the park

Whispering sweet nothings on each other's ears unmindful  
of the crowd.

I am thankful for each waking day given to me

Of sunny days and cool nights on a rainy day,

I am thankful for this chance to share my gift to the world!

*Alfreda*

*D.*

*Ghee*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

## The Rocking Chair

Grandmother sits and rocks  
Back and forth  
While the stars shine in  
She tells a story of the days of old  
Holding the baby close to her chest  
Falling into a deep sleep  
Humming as she dreams of peace  
Grandmother calls for mother  
To take the baby and put her to bed  
All the while grandmother  
Is ready to rest her head  
Tired and beat from the days work  
Its now time for grandmothers feet  
To take a seat....  
Slowly grandmother rocks  
Sings a song and prays a wonderful prayer  
She fades....  
Life goes dim in her eyes  
No more strength she is spent  
Breath is exhausted from her soul  
Grandmother doesn't put up a fight  
This feels right Its time that mother sits  
To rock the chair at night  
The morning light shines through  
But.....No one knows grandmother is gone...  
The chair still rocks....  
Grandmother is no where in sight.....

## In The Depths

The night has its arms around me  
Protecting me from the thieves  
The wind blows and sings peace  
But the darkness creeps on in  
Lying in the corners  
Waiting  
Hoping  
And seeking to infest my dreams  
With fears and screams  
Of shallow holes that suck you in  
Pulling and biting  
Leaving only your hands free  
So you can grasp for emptiness  
Left by the walls  
As the grandfather clock chimes  
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8 times silence is the only thing heard  
In the depths of your mind....

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

## **Smile**

*by my son Keshawn McClinton*

You make me smile

You make me love you

You are so cute and I can't ever see you

You bring the sunshine

When my mom is gone

Do you love GOD so much

Because he loves you

Don't smoke because it

Will make you choke

I will give you flowers

If you run and play in the snow

Make snow angels and igloos as we play

Let's have some fun

*Nizar*  
*Sartawi*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

## For Zulfa

Awakened  
by her fragrant breath  
her soft whispers  
floating above my face  
her hands  
holding mine  
I touch her fingers  
one  
by  
one  
passing my lips  
on the soft skin.

The smell of the hot coffee  
fills the room  
I take  
a deep breath  
as the morning sunshine  
brightens the olive green curtains.



*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

thank you tangier,  
thank you hajar

*haiku*

the train whistling loud  
the station smiling at us:  
welcome to tangier

beautiful hajar  
comes hurriedly to meet us  
her eyes hugging us

greeting us warmly  
with their verdant green, tall arms  
the trees of tangier

reading a poem  
my audience the white-blue waves  
jumping up with joy

both the atlantic  
and the mediterranean  
caressing my feet

back to the station  
hajar bidding us goodbye  
the sad wet faces



*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

**rain**

listen sweetheart!

listen!

outside the rain

whinnies out loud

as it pummels the little hill

and rests a while

then gently... gently penetrates

the soggy soft soil

hear the blossoms on the cherry tree

moaning with pain



*Len  
Walls*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

Jen is an award winning author/international poet; bringing love inside joyful heart's radiance - pulsating us deeper inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first collection of poems, *The Tender Petals* released - November 2014, through inner child press, ltd. USA. Her second poetic collection, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combined nature-inspired spiritual poetry with Dr. Ram Sharma of Meerut, U.P. India and was released November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive in renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, along with her co-author, Dr. Ram Sharma, from Writers International Network (WIN -Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia on May 27, 2016. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota with her loving family.

Contact Jen Walls:

[mywritegift@gmail.com](mailto:mywritegift@gmail.com);

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

## BLUE OCEAN WAVES

Meet sweet color-sprays  
roar free - enrapture breathing;  
live with everything

Let doubts dissipate  
vibrate the subtle spirit;  
give great grace of heart

Meditate on love  
feel kindness - bliss-care with all;  
remain soul's heartbeat

Support living-life  
bring perpetual loving;  
shower breaths with joy

Flow a divine song  
kiss long - blue ocean waves;  
surrender love-pours

## SUN-FLOWERS

Surrender in-flows  
let-go - light the color flares;  
swirl with breath's mid air  
Drink divine nectar  
call inside-bliss - bring whole heart;  
live this moment's now

Unwrap love-buddings  
rise gently - evolve soul-call;  
light star's bliss-blossom

Smile Great-Spirit  
share and breathe life's loving breaths;  
trust God who knows all

Awaken thunder  
merge with Supreme Soul - flow free;  
sparkle-up sun-flowers

## DIVINE FAITH

We shall whisper inside of everything  
climb love's picturesque mountains of bliss.  
Giving only a most faithful kiss  
expand on the heights of love.  
Grace knows inner heart  
that's only sure and pure  
reaching each threshold too.  
Flow every longing with soul's truthful need.  
We'll sow bright seeds that grow here, living on;  
seeking far and wide to find the highest truth  
within love's pure light of day.  
We wander this earth, so very long  
find a clearing from life's thickets.  
Breathing inside clay - solving mere riddles;  
rolling on spills of streams and loving rhymes.  
Playing out – we'll have to feel real to find love  
as though we may last forever and ever.  
Going on again, so endlessly - often impeded,  
surrendering in hopes to fully grasp  
and hold the thorn-less rose  
blooming deeper importance.  
Flow onto the tears that march across time,  
fall and rise - so fervently inside love-breaths.  
Finding freedom in the all and everything we are  
within each soul – in every will - live life's faithful test.

If we find there is no everlasting rest;  
nor a finding place - what can we do?  
But lay thy head, so near and dear,  
within a loving blaze of heart.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

Is there no lap here that's awaiting us,  
or do we go on gazing through and through?  
Seeking outwardly, rolling on the yesterday's  
and tomorrow's rushing sprays of waves.  
Find then how to offer life - love's truth  
giving within adoration - blazing heart-significance.

Surely we cannot see - if we do not even look!  
Go within prayerful manifest of love's presence;  
flowing alive breaths upon moment's breathing,  
meeting pains and pleasures and all neediness  
We come up strong - grow living words of truth.  
It may take long to lift beyond  
inside the carefree love-being.  
Heart-fully, we must be ever present  
serve light's sublime-climb with all breaths of subtlety;  
reaching bliss-heights on the sunny summits.  
Living inside love - within gratitude's divine faith.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

*Hülya*

*n.*

*Yılmaz*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

Links:

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

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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

**a bouquet of contradictions**

gene Sezeni dinliyorum

“life, i thank you”

her low-pitch voice echoes in the head

disguised as

i hit the beaches of make-believe bliss  
was cast as a commoner in the marital act  
worse

i was made to feel like a woman again  
only to fall through the rotted wood  
of the stage-escape  
head first

then came the self-cast  
i performed superbly  
as the maid of that commoner  
in a supposed match in love  
what an overestimate!

i have become a thing of the past  
he hasn't he wouldn't  
what an underestimate!

of his cruel selfishness that is  
deadening my insides  
with no chance to revive  
and of all the times  
at this vulnerable age  
how naïve of me!

to think  
that an elderly gent  
a learned man  
a war-survivor  
earned my feminine devotion  
to assume  
that love deserved infinite trust

outside the circle of family and friends

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

gratitude

to you  
the birthing cradle of mine  
for the female chromosome  
to you  
the inescapable obsolescence of the living  
to you to all of you  
tormenting joyous elating ordeals  
i gift my thanks

gene Sezeni dinliyorum  
“life, i thank you”  
her low-pitch voice echoes in the head

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gassion*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Window Visions

You are the stuff that God makes  
and loves you in spite of yourself.  
You are here to spread your wings,

fall down sometimes, get up  
wash the sand, mud or snow  
from your boots in every season.

You thrive on the hardships  
that move you forward and make you strong,  
a new you born again each morning.

Say thank you for the sunrise and  
welcome to another day  
to shine in the light of Spirit.

Snow falls outside your window today,  
blankets the porch, driveway, yard, street  
and distant mountains.

Every flake blesses the landscape  
with moisture to prepare earth for deep sleep.  
To be a witness to this sacred ritual is a gift.

Many will test their legs on the mountain.  
Everyone who respects nature's sidelines  
lives to sing her praise.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

Those who come with destructives poles  
do not survive her intimacy.  
Her kiss may be bliss or death.

She swings both ways, does not discriminate.  
You may be taken in loving arms or  
squeezed into oblivion. What's your pleasure?

## Wilderness Drifter

Wisdom hangs out in the badlands,  
waits patiently for an invitation.  
When you struggle to learn a new truth,

a devoted companion may come for you  
as you cast reels in the rough country.  
Some days we all need a rescue.

Give me a jackrabbit to pursue,  
caliente sand chasing my boots,  
sun bathing my face.

We can get lost in the high desert  
and never find the end of our bliss.  
One day we may sit next to a juniper,

contemplate the artistic twists  
in its branches and ponder questions  
stored in roots full of wisdom.

## Tenderness

Sit next to the ponderosa  
deep in the forest.  
Feel the breath of needles

exhale in the air current.  
Get acquainted with serenity.  
It is the touch of stillness

that stimulates the heart.  
Tranquil nothingness  
eats tensions away.

Stay close to that tree  
that calls your name.  
It is the angel of mercy

ready to flap its wings  
for a flight to new horizons  
on the carpet of peace.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

*Demetrios*  
*Trifiat's*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

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

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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

THANKSGIVINGS

I thank Thee oh Lord  
For  
All the treasures, Thou hast  
So generously upon me  
Bestowed:  
My life  
My sight  
My Hearing  
My touch  
My scent  
My taste  
My arms  
My legs  
My brain and every other  
Organ,  
Treasures of untold value  
That  
Money could never buy

Forgive my, Lord,  
My egoism  
My ingratitude  
My greediness  
My complaining  
My insatiability  
My forgetfulness,

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

If only THY charity was I able  
To remember  
And  
The multitude of the unfortunate ones  
That are not as blessed as I,  
Every second should I THEE, for life,  
Thanksgiving offer  
Rather  
Only once a year!

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

**FORGIVE US**

Forgive us oh Lord for not offering our gratitude to Thee as

often as we pray when in need!

## ETERNAL GRATITUDE

My beloved parents,

Humbly,  
Before the altar of your memory I kneel  
Wishing this little poem of mine to you to offer  
As a down payment of my eternal gratitude  
For bringing me to life

Undeniably difficult it is  
All you have done for me to name  
So, only to a few of your actions I will refer,  
Forgive me for having only that little to say

Worth mentioning, you would agree,  
Are the things both of you have shown:  
Your heroism, your suffering, your selfless sacrifice  
For to bring up your family and to keep all of us alive

I remember vividly the nights you have passed  
Standing at my side, trying to help me as better as you  
could  
When the threshold of death I approached  
Thrice, was I ready for the dark oblivion to fly

Also shouldn't forget the days when both of you  
So valiantly had struggled a slice of bread for us to find,  
To feed all the six of us, your underage children  
For to help us to be able to survive

Your health, your youth, your leisure  
Both of you, did, for us surrender  
Leaving thus this ephemeral world  
Just in your early forties

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

Your anguish only to imagine I can:  
How could we alone would continue to exist  
For all the six of us children were  
From three years old and up to fifteen

Your souls now aware are  
That orphans are by God adopted  
Each having nothing anymore to fear  
For are by Him protected

In peace let your souls rest  
Close to our divine FATHER  
For your children, children have  
And they, in their turn, have children!

*\* I come from a very poor family of eight. Two died when infant, the other six have survived and live in three different continents: Europe, America, Oceania, having children and grandchildren. Thus my mother's wish to have many children so they spread out and "Occupy" the whole world, as she used to say, has been materialized in the most part! Thank GOD for granting my mother her Wish! Myself have lived, studied and taught in Canada for eighteen years. Members of my family live there and they have children and grandchildren.*

*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

## I Thank You

I thank you for letting me love you,

I thank you for letting me know your arms,  
Your gentle touch, your delicate charms,

Your special smile you give to me,  
For all the love you give for free,

For being there to understand,  
For letting me hold your hand,

For making me feel I'm the one,  
You want to be with when the day is done,

For showing me how much you care,  
For when I need you, just being there,

I thank you for letting me love you.  
I thank you.

## Faith

Faith, it's a beautiful thing,  
That little word with the special ring,  
It's faith in the things I cannot see,  
Like knowing my God is always with me,  
Faith that everything will turn out alright,  
That my days of darkness will lead into light,  
Faith that Jesus will take my hand,  
And guide me through things I don't understand,  
That no matter where I roam, far and wide,  
My God will be there by my side,  
And until I'm home in Heaven above,  
I will always know my God's true love,  
And until that day He calls me home,  
I will never have to walk alone,  
To know that someday I'll hear angels sing,  
Faith, it's a beautiful thing.

## 25 And Still Alive

Never really did what my parents told me to,  
If they told me to take one I ended up takin' two.  
Teacher couldn't control me, couldn't hold me down,  
Instead of being in school I was cruisin the town.  
Learned to to make love before I could write my name,  
Never learned good English, but I talk just the same.  
Always gettin' high always feedin my head,  
People always sayin' I'd end up dead.  
They talked a lot of shit but I got something to say,  
I'm 25 and I'm still alive.  
Never made classes but I made every dance,  
Every girl I met I got in her pants.  
When everyone was broke my pockets were full of cash,  
When others needed a toke I always had the stash.  
While other kids stole candy I went for the wine,  
Others went to camp I went to do time.  
I was teachers and parents worst nightmare,  
I was the kid you didn't want yours near.  
Stole my first car before I learned to drive,  
But guess what? I'm 25 and still alive.  
Every cop in town knows me by my name,  
Brothers give me respect, know they're just players in my  
game.  
I tell the wind which way to blow,  
I tell the sun which way to go.  
The world is my toy I'm the one in charge,  
I know how to hustle I'm always living large.  
When I was in grade school I robbed the local store,  
Spent my take on a limo and a whore.  
No one smokes more shit, no one talks more jive,  
But I'm 25 and still alive.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

When I walk down the street people move out of the way,  
I got people out there workin' bringin' me their pay.  
When I go to someones home they offer me a meal,  
I get offered so much drugs I no longer have to steal.  
I got women all around, women left and right,  
So many women I don't know where to spend the night.  
For me it paid off skippin' all that school,  
I may not talk correct but I'm nobody's fool.  
I learned so much on the streets strugglin' to survive,  
But guess what, I'm 25 and damn sure still alive.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

*Caroline*  
*Nazareno*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

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

She was chosen as World Poetry International Director to Philippines by the World Poetry Canada and International. She is also a featured member of Universal Peace Federation, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and World Poetry Canada and International.

She won several International Prizes including "Writers International Network Society-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).

Her prominent poetry have been published in various international anthologies: *For Love of Leelah* ( USA ), *WOMEN IN WAR* ( Africa ), *Muse for World Peace Anthology* ( Nigeria), *Greek Fire Anthology* ( UK), *IMMAGINE & POESIA e-book* (Torino, Italy) *World Poetry Yearbook 2013 and 2014* ( IPTRC-China), *Fascinating Panoptic Septon* (Singapore), *Gumbo For the Soul* ( USA ), *Peace Poems* ( USA and Canada ) *I Am A Woman*, a tribute to Kamala Das ( India ), *Women of The World* ( Canada), *Just For You My Love Anthology* ( India ), *The Art of Being Human Vol. 15: WHO AM I*, Vol.14: *Insomnia*, Vol.13: *Lucky 13* ( Switzerland, Canada and Romania), *Siir Antolojisi* ( Turkey), *Who Shall I Make My Wife* ( Lagos, Nigeria) and more.

## a prayer and thanksgiving

i am grateful at the very moment,  
because i experienced  
and am experiencing  
more than what i have prayed, hoped and wished for...  
it won't be a regret  
if i need to wait for sometime;  
it's happening beyond my sight,  
claiming for rooms and doors of opportunities...  
a choice to let every chance possible,  
where i can humbly wear my shoes;  
take the journey calmly,  
hold out the olive branch,  
water the beautiful seeds sprouting  
and embrace new things,  
and yes, the Almighty never fails...

thanks, not goodbye...

i said "thank you so much" than "goodbye"  
there were patches of bad experiences;  
had heard freakin' invented ghost competitor's oracles;  
had tried and learned to be patient  
in dealing with uncanny adjustments;  
little shakes of not meant to mention, but happened.

i realize, it's always a blessing to forgive,  
to respect, to forget ( healing in progress),  
to be able to come forward and make more stars shine  
anew  
whenever, wherever...

thank you Lord for the wisdom.  
i claim the power of love through YOUR guidance and  
eternal blessings.

to all, who appreciated the one I am,  
made me feel, i am part of your lives  
for all that has been...  
THANK YOU!

## go beyond

go beyond fears,  
ignite the flame of life.  
go beyond doubts,  
turn your creative mind.  
go beyond pain,  
inhale a relieving spirit.  
go beyond the failures,  
be thankful on your existing treasures.  
go beyond the inconvenience,  
seek emotional fitness.  
when you find a way beyond ways  
of becoming,  
to uncover the pressures  
you become change,  
the torch,  
the portals of discovery  
is within yourself,  
the true wisdom  
to shine  
until the end of time.

**cosmic battles**

i am a new cosmos  
detaching  
from the verbatim leaps  
of rules,  
in my old universe.  
i am the lightworker  
synchronizing  
the infinite  
and the definite,  
from the battlefield  
of eclipsed  
memory.

a blue rosebud for a royal butterfly

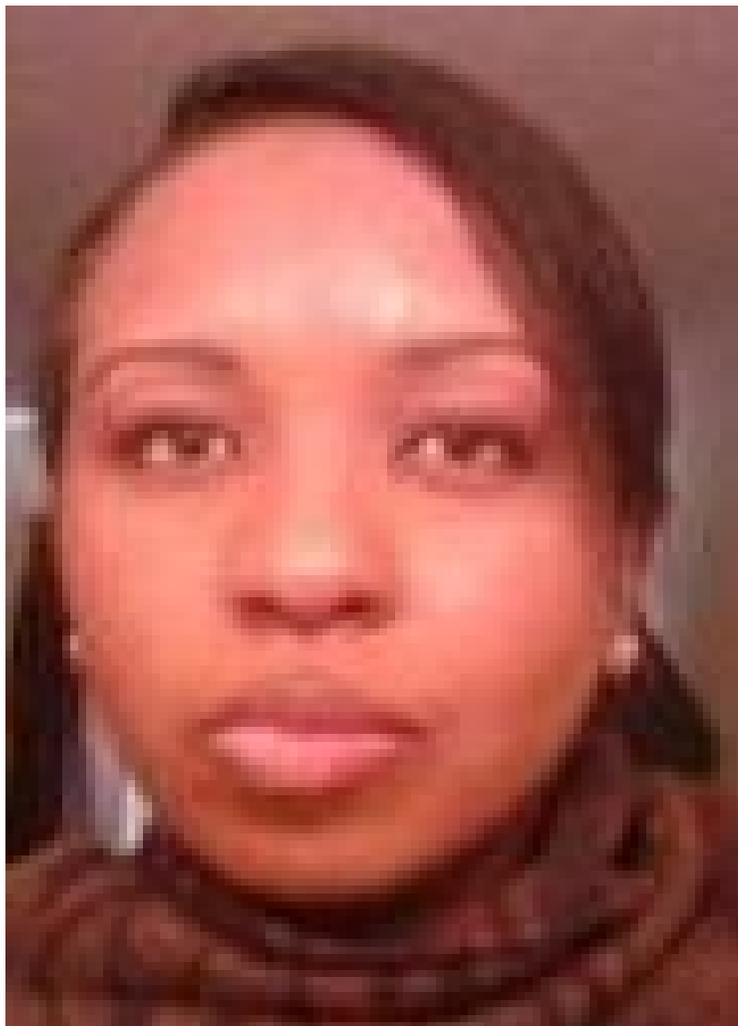
a royal butterfly  
spreads its wings  
and flies to the garden  
of no boundaries,  
wandering from winter kisses  
of the North Pole.  
a rosebud on its thorny stem  
flaunts its aces,  
shines with shams,  
trims down its own deception.  
when royalty speaks  
its fragrant promises,  
hundreds and millions  
of wings and buds  
will shatter  
and wither  
at this temporal hour.

*Alicia*

*G.*

*Cooper*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

Alicia C. Cooper is a published poet and aspiring novelist. She has published one book of poetry, has been featured in several anthologies and is a contributing writer for Muzilog Woman Magazine. She is an avid reader and music lover and enjoys traveling and spending time with her family. In late 2013, her first poetry chapbook was published with Inner Child Press. A second book, a full length poetry collection also with Inner Child Press, is in the works and is expected to be published in coming year of 2017

You can connect with Alicia on FaceBook

<https://www.facebook.com/alicia.cooper>

Her Book is available here :

[www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php)

## Lonely Birds Refuse To Fly Alone

It is true that birds  
Of a feather flock together  
Sometimes, however  
A lonely bird  
Just wants any flock  
To fly with.

## Release

Release my *I love you's* into the wind  
They no longer belong to you.

Release the pain of watching me leave  
It is something that I had to do.

Release your memories of yesteryear  
They only gift you pain.

Release my scent, my smile, and kisses  
You deserve to be happy again.

They load must be heavy; you're bleeding out anger  
Regret is making you weak

So do yourself a justice and let go of the past  
Simply open up your hands and . . .

Release.

## Let Me Always Look Ahead

Let me always look ahead  
And never again turn back  
Lest I become a pillar of salt

And crumble with each rumble  
Of the ground beneath me.

Let me always look ahead  
So that my feet are not pained  
From the long and weary walk

Through spiny thickets of indignation  
And burning coals of bitterness.

Let me not search for answers  
To unanswerable questions  
Yet always seek my truth

Because some things just make no sense  
But truth is always cogent.

Let me not seek shelter  
In a den of iniquity  
Or a home where I'm not welcomed

When the walls are sturdy  
And hearth is warm at my own.

Let me always look ahead, Lord!

Let me always look ahead.

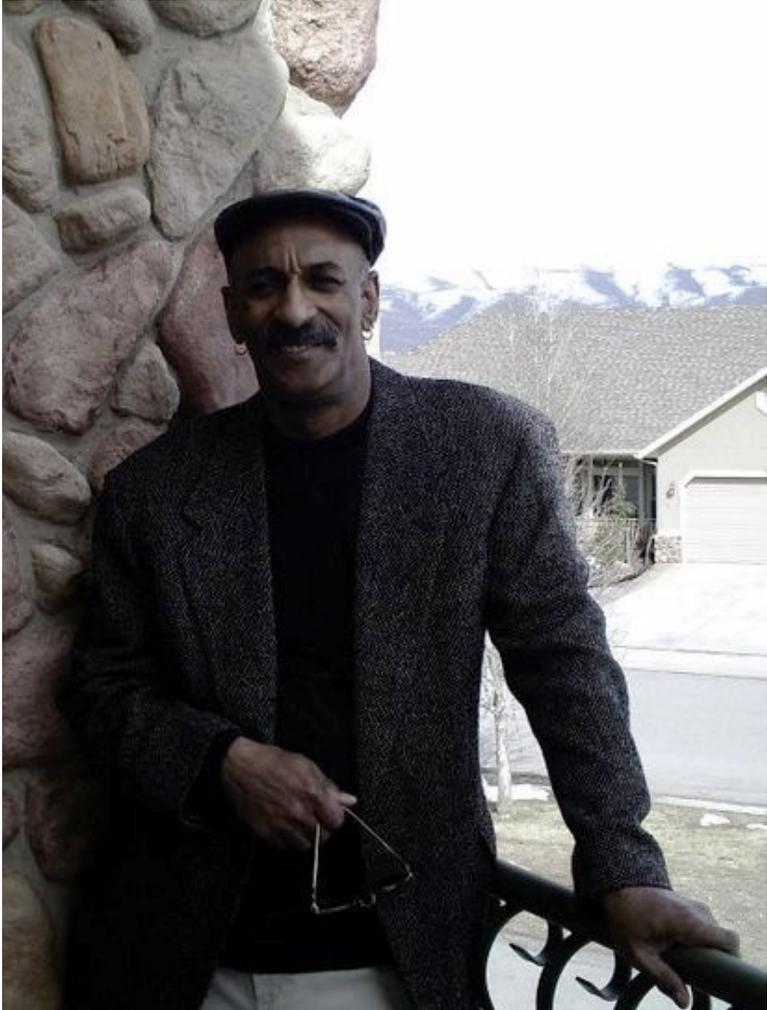
*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

*William*

*S.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

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

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

“I Am Thankful”

Father,  
let me melt into the abysmal arms  
of thy grace  
for i am thankful

i look about me and i see wonder  
and for this gift of sight  
i am humbled  
and tears moistens my eye  
and i am humbled

i feel the beat of your Heart  
within mine  
and i listen  
to the concordant symphony  
of life  
and conclude reverently  
that You and i  
are one

the strife and anguish  
that challenges my glee  
sadly resides in me  
but as thy servant James spoke  
i count it all joy  
so i give my yoke of burden  
unto thee

this unceasing breath  
that fills my breast

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

many times goes unnoticed  
in my conscious  
but i embrace it just the same  
with the love of life  
yes, i am thankful

the attitude of gratitude  
does elude me  
many a day  
for as a man  
i do not always understand  
Your ways  
but i do remember  
what you said  
for it forever plays  
in my head  
that “your Ways are not my Ways”

this does beckon me  
to Trust in your judgment  
and i am thankful,  
for if i had to do it  
i would screw it  
up

i am thankful for all the challenges  
trials  
tribulations  
you have adorned my path with  
for i am the Wiser  
the Stronger  
the more determined  
in my stumbling  
my bumbling

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

it is that darkness  
i have learned the nature of Thy Light  
and i Fight for it  
daily  
without fail  
within me  
and the world about me  
I am thankful

this day, my cup is overflowing  
for this day i rest in the knowing  
that You Father still love me  
and i feel this  
this existential bliss  
this kiss of life  
filled with possibilities  
for what i may become

so in summing up this brief relief  
of what my heart seeks to speak  
there is but 3 words  
i know you have heard  
so many times before  
and that is  
“I Am Thankful”

## for my peace

peace does not come to those who wait.  
peace does not come to those who fight for it,  
no, peace is of a calm that silences the hearts of men,  
and blinds us of our differences

my child knows of peace.  
the beating heart of my mother knows as well.

there is a certain peace in the duty of my father,  
for he knows his place

i am but an apprentice of humanity,  
learning as i go,  
for in light of the world which we inhabit  
peace laced with love  
is the most cherished of treasures

won't you walk with me a while ?

## for my peace

*Italian, Translated by Mario Rigli*

la pace non arriva a coloro che aspettano,  
la pace non viene a coloro che lottano per lei  
No, la pace è una calma che infonde silenzio nel cuore  
degli uomini,  
e ci acceca nelle nostre differenze

il mio bambino conosce la pace.  
il pulsante cuore di mia madre pure la conosce.

vi è una certa pace nel dovere di mio padre,  
poiché lui conosce il suo posto

Non sono che un apprendista di umanità,  
procedo imparando,  
per la luce del mondo che abitiamo.  
la pace allacciata con l'amore  
è il più caro dei tesori

vuoi camminare con me per un po' ?

## Beautifully Tragic

there is a poem somewhere in the mist  
waiting your arrival

open thy third eye dear bard  
and let loose thy spirit  
that it may dance with the possibilities  
of what a word or two may do

dear poet  
can you hear the whisperings of verse  
speaking just beneath the noisome undertones  
of what we call life,  
calling to be set free  
from the womb of the celestial muse ?

there if a consciousness  
that desirously needs to be touched,  
fondled,  
caressed,  
aroused,  
and stimulated  
that its unrivaled passions  
may be shared  
with he whom listens  
and has need . .  
as we all do

life is a beautiful tragedy,  
where the dark dances with the light . . .  
for there can be no other way

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

death and life  
are sired by the same loins

are not pain and pleasure  
products of the same birth canal ?  
who often exchange familiarities  
. . . a shared genesis ?

does not silence and busy-ness  
coexists  
within the same shadows ?

who am i to say  
the purpose is void ?  
who am i to say  
that life is finite ?  
who am i to say  
i know of what love is ?

the grand abyss  
is a place of shallowness

how long does a heart beat ?  
how long does one pine  
for that touch  
that settles and soothes  
the expectations  
we have learned here  
during this journey ?

yes i say  
there is a poem waiting to be birthed.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

so pick up thy pen,  
loose thy tongue  
and speak to soul  
as soul is speaking to thee

let the word of Mother Muse  
come to life  
once again  
and embrace her Beautiful Tragic  
and share it with her children . . .  
you and i

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

World Healing,  
World Peace  
2016

Now Available



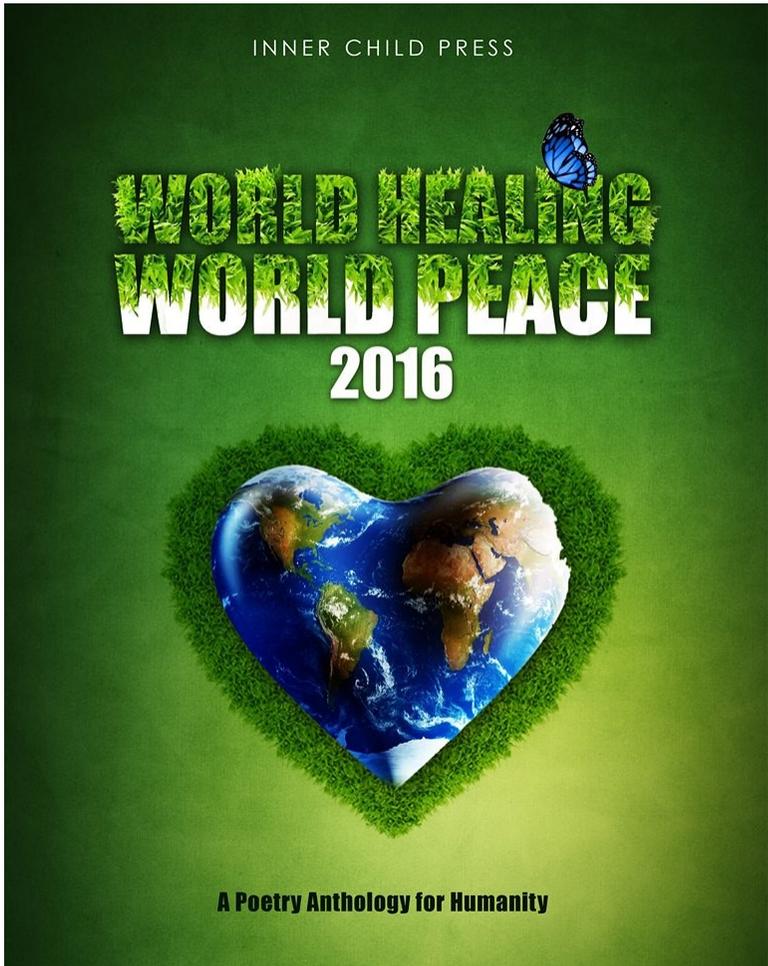
SUPPORT

World Healing  
World Peace



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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*



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

November  
2016  
Features



Rosemary Burns  
Robin Ouzman Hislop  
Lonneice Weeks Badley

*The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016*

*Rosemary  
Burns*

*The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016*



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

I love people, life and am into Spirituality, love the internet and having friends worldwide. Love nature, animals, crystals, sun, moon, stars, trees, life and being alive.

I started writings poems when I was going to TAFE, was studying English, Biology, Russian History, Computers, etc. it was a Tertiary course that prepared you for going to University. I started getting poems coming into my head and began writing them down, some I had to struggle with but not many.

<http://alchemyajourneyofloveandspirit.ning.com/>  
<https://www.facebook.com/rosemary.burns2>

## The Poet.

The poet bares his heart and soul,  
for others appraisal,  
his gift is to give insights to others.  
He may struggle with words and rhyme,  
or his verse may flow like the wind,  
endlessly dripping from his quill,  
with eloquence, style and wit.

Romance and love is  
one of the domains, of a poet.  
In times of old  
'twas said the pen  
was mightier than the sword.  
The poet sits quietly,  
his mind filled with verse,  
for other men to peruse.  
For you see..... the poet can touch,  
the hearts of all mankind. By Rosemary Burns

## The Wind.

The wind being one of the four elements,  
it howls and whistles,  
it sings a song to us,  
of what the world was like long ago.

The wind sways and bends the trees to his whim,  
they dance with abandonment, to his tune  
like a fiddler playing a sweet tune, on a fiddle,  
for his own amusement and delight.

The wind can lull us to sleep, it can make  
the flowers nod their heads with gay abandon,  
it can howl like a banshee's mournful song.  
Or it can touch one's face ,  
with gentle feathery fingers, just touching  
and passing on. It is a force of nature,  
which can be gentle or harsh,  
depending on its inclination.

## Mystical Things

Dragonflies, dreams and mystical things

Fill my being with delight  
Butterflies, oak trees and flowers  
Bind me with their spell  
Life and Nature stretch out fingers  
Beckoning with a myriad delights  
Like dew drops sparkling in the sunlight

Sunsets, water, be it ocean or river  
Quench my soul's desire for beauty  
Magic is encapsulated in each day  
Our eyes and hearts have to be open to find it  
Life is beautiful, behold its glory,  
Majesty and might  
Then look within to find it's parallel.

*Robin  
Ouzman  
Hislop*

*The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016*



*The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016*

Robin Ouzman Hislop is on line Editor at Motherbird.com, Artvilla.com & Poetry Life & Times, his recent publications include *Voices without Borders Volume 1* (USA), *Cold Mountain Review* (Appalachian University, N.Carolina), *The Poetic Bond Volumes* (thepoeticbond.com) and *Phoenix Rising from the Ashes* (an international anthology of sonnets). His latest publication is a volume of collected poems *All the Babble of the Souk* available at all main online tributaries. For further information about this publication with reviews and comments see [Author Robin](#). A forthcoming publication is due shortly *Key of Mist*, a translation from Spanish by the same title of the poems by the Spanish poetess Guadalupe Grande.

## King Kong

Thump your massive pectorals  
like a drum, old Kong  
on the summit  
of our Empire State sky-scraper.

Here, our White Goddess  
will caress your pug snout  
weep for you, as you finally fall  
shot down, to your death.

But you won't be reborn  
our mythical Sun God King  
to rise again  
in summer's festal harvest  
you will represent  
only the pathos of our sad  
but necessary destruction.

You see, we are a political animal  
which is more than just  
a rationale of right or wrong  
it's the moral mind in action  
the first precept, the right to life  
or in your case, ipso facto, death.

You see, you just don't fit in  
to our system, when all's  
said & done  
you just don't belong, old Kong  
not on our side of things.

## I am a Poem

I am a poem  
a disembodied text  
behind your eyes  
in your head  
not here or there  
past present future  
but now, forever now  
where you find me  
not a place, not a person  
the person is you  
where you find me  
a disembodied text  
forever now  
i am a poem

## Katz Bak.

Sleek fat gone all night  
more  
day or two  
where you been come  
on in on  
donkey gaf gaw naw  
little rabbit cat  
sit purr not so thin as before skin bone no fur  
wockytraffikjabber ok neighbours fed salchichas  
whilst this not here long time  
no see  
sit purr don't stick claw - ouch - touch  
you see  
katz bak woggy wog bow wow  
donkey hee haw nine lives table cloth  
sharp in air meow sounzum  
softy  
soff soff soff katz bak.

*Lonneice*

*Weeks*

*Badley*

*The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016*



*The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016*

Lonneice M. Weeks-Badley was born to Oliver and Margaret in Harlem, New York. She now resides in Virginia, mother of two daughters, proud grandmother of three grandsons, one granddaughter and one great granddaughter. Author of two books: Mind Games “Others Thoughts Inside of Me” and The Evils of Greed it NOT your route. I’m presently completing my third book.

God is the love of my life and He uses and BLESSED my hands to write; His inspired poetry for eyes to see and feel. I can’t get enough of writing. Glory to God...

## The Essence of God's Law of LOVE

Fear (respect) the LORD your God,

walk in all His ways

love Him; every day,

serve Him; as you pray,

guess what else you can do,

share what He gave to you

with family, friends and strangers His

Unconditional Love; that's so true...

Can you do this for ME?

with all your heart and with all your soul --this is My

breathhtaking and ultimate goal; ever told

My Law of LOVE will always live in him

This is The Essence of God's Law of LOVE

Inside He that believe...

## Unconditional Love of Me

Unconditional Love of Me  
I give freely to you and he  
The ones that accept Me  
In their inner being  
Tap In --feel Me  
Touch agree and be free  
You and me together forever...  
Unconditional LOVE of Me  
Is not in He as I give to thee  
Never, never will I Leave you,  
Nor forsake you as he  
Trust Me  
Almighty's Best is within thee  
My LOVE and not Misery...  
Unconditional LOVE of ME  
Can't you feel the difference and the peace  
Yes! Yes that's Me  
God's breath inside of thee  
Live and be Free...

## The Beauty of Me

Why can't you see from the beginning I formed you

I created you and made you in My Image

The Beauty of Me

Spotless and free focus back to whom you should be  
cast out the evils He (satan) tried to keep in thee

The Beauty of Me

You can return to Me and be free as a bird in a tree  
only if ---you agree to capture and hold onto

The Beauty of Me

Who truly LOVE and live in thee just trust Me  
and be free who the Son set free is free indeed

The Beauty of Me

*The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016*



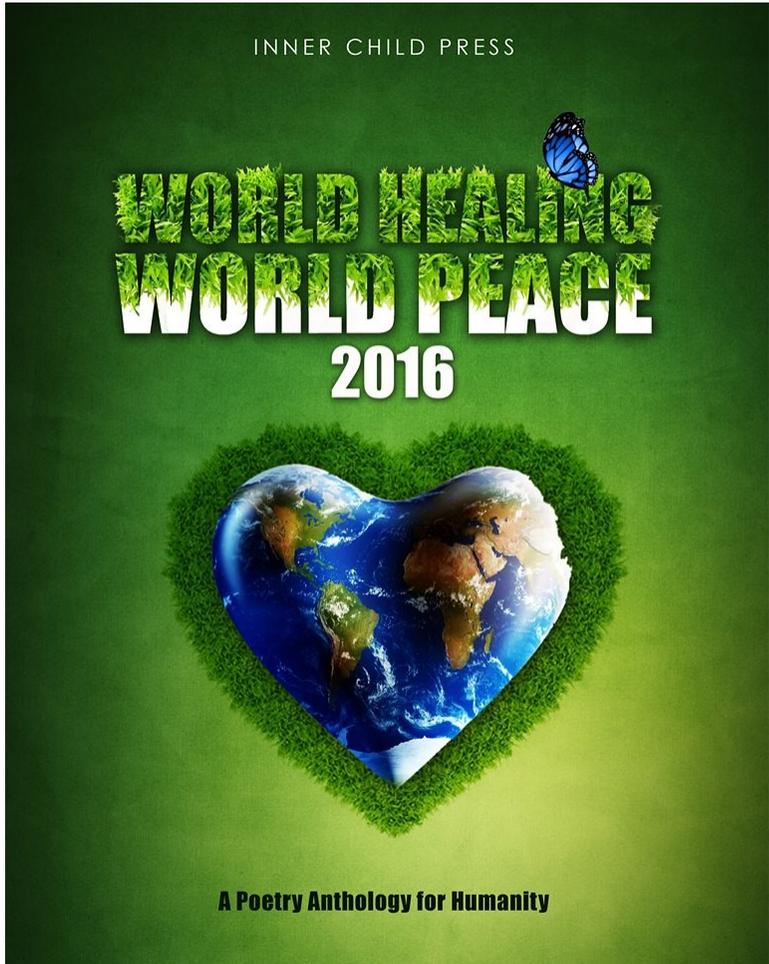
*Now Available*

[www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php)

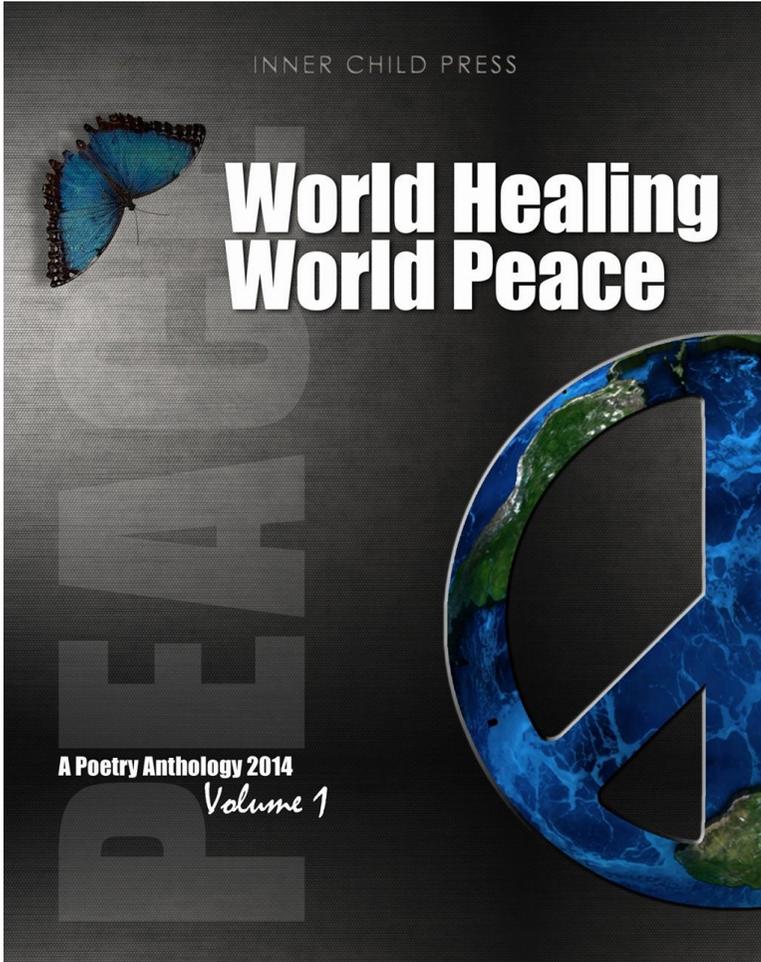
*The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016*

*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

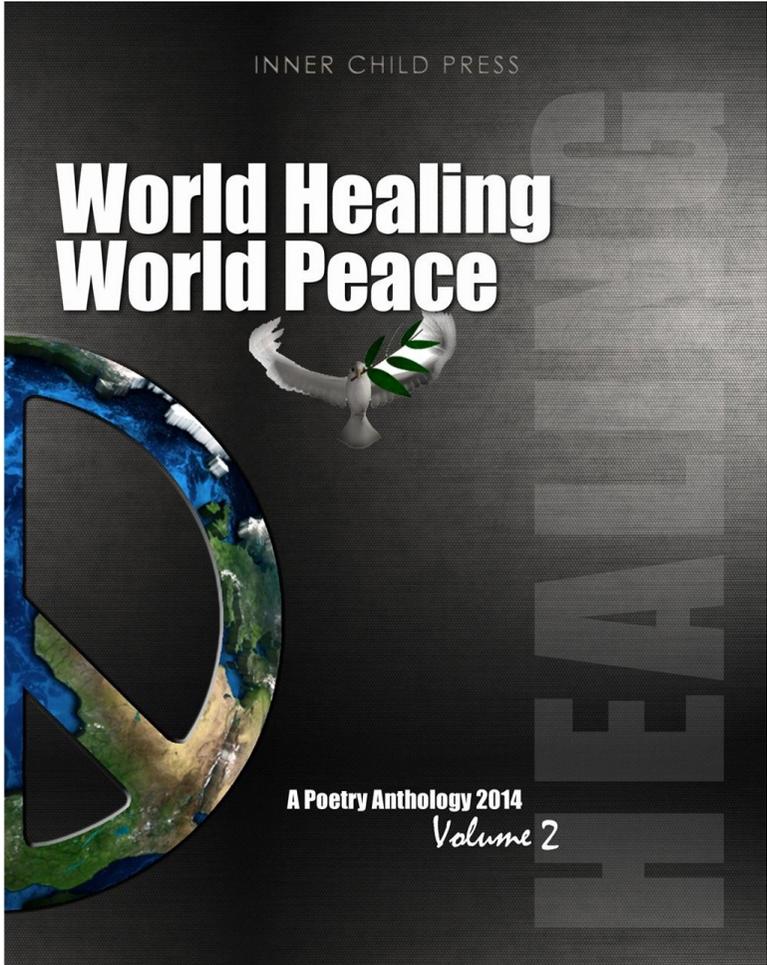
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

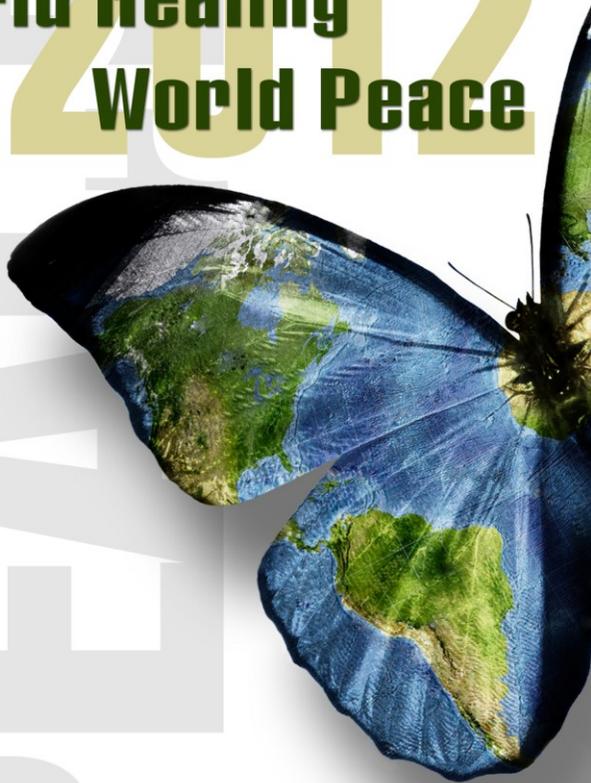


*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

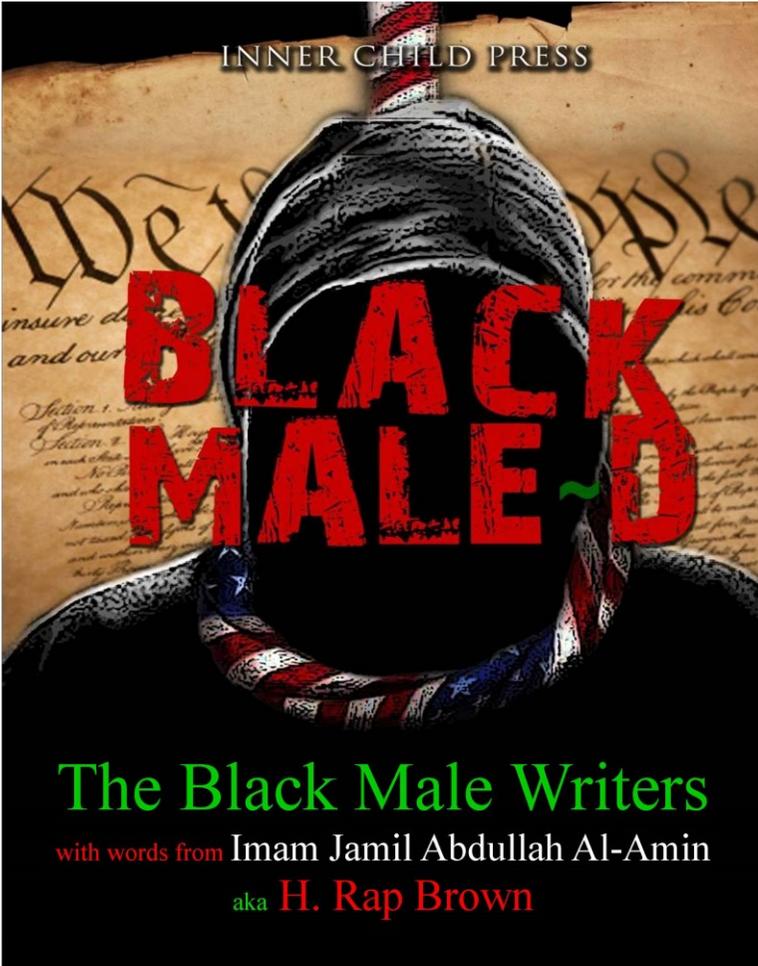
**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

*Volume 2*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



The Year of the Poet III  
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber  
Abhijit Sen  
Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal-Minddancer \* Jen Wells  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghee  
Anna Jakubczak Val Ratty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash

Irena Jovanovic

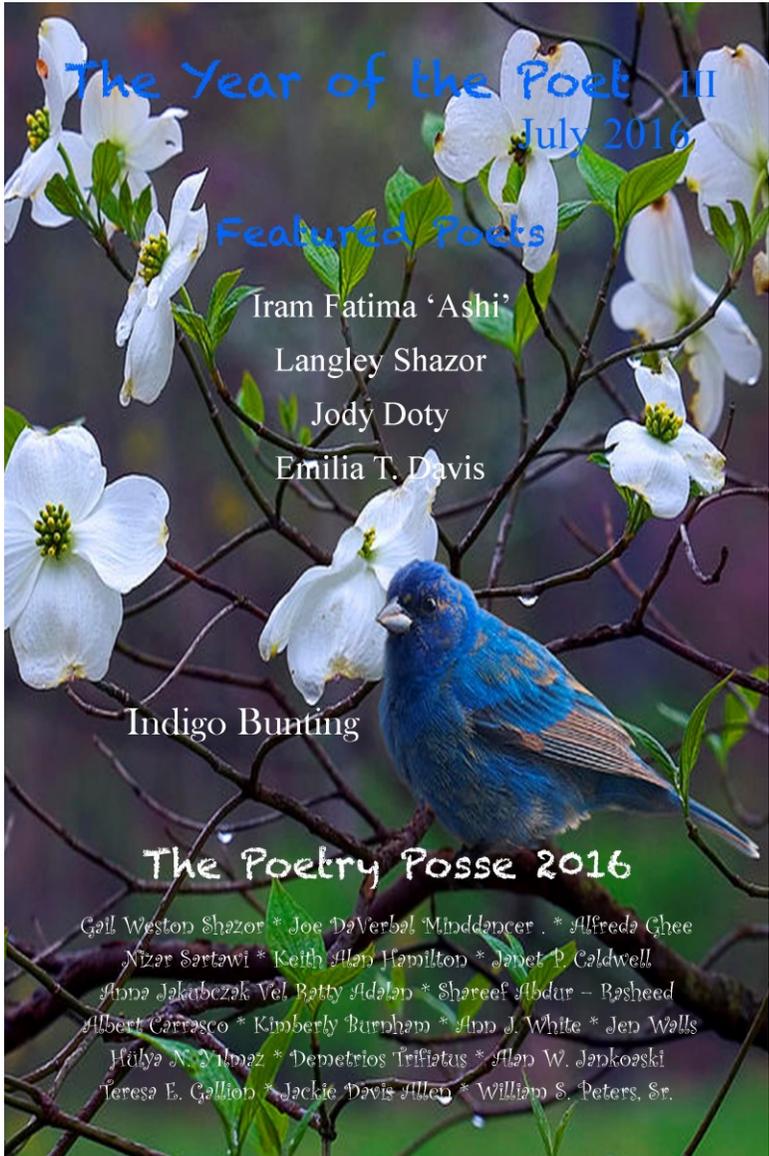
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Nizar Sertawi \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Jen Walls  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III  
July 2016

Featured Poets

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfredo Ghee  
Nizar Sertawi \* Keith Allen Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel. Patty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White \* Jen Walls  
Hülya N. Dilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
June 2016

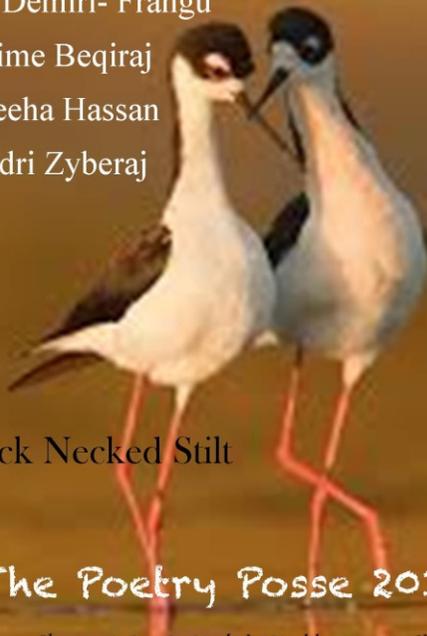
Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Nizar Sattawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Nilmez \* Demetrios Trifiotus \* Alan W. Janowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Nizar Sertawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Ifilya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiotus \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# *The Year of the Poet III*

## **Featured Poets**

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasaz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

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

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

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

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

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

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

*celebrating international poetry month*

# The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

## Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

### Robin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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

# The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology  
of

# Love

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeberl Mendenhall \* Alfreda Gae  
Ehrenm Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalar \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Jfalya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

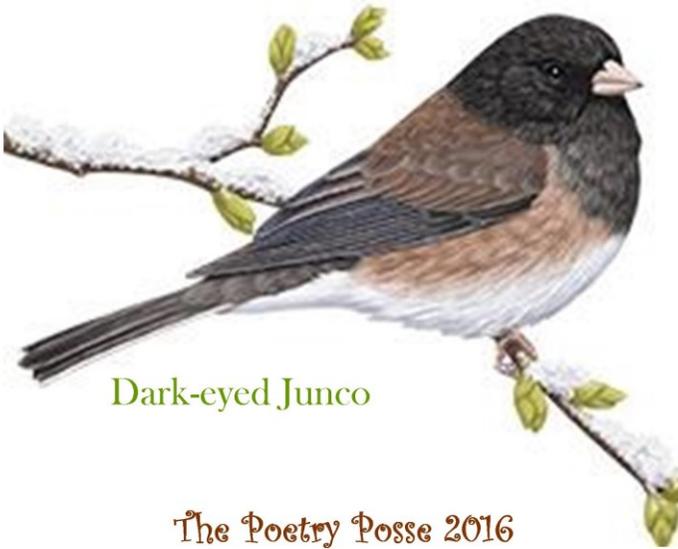
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Irishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Jülyä N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

## Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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

## The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

November 2015



Topaz

## Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

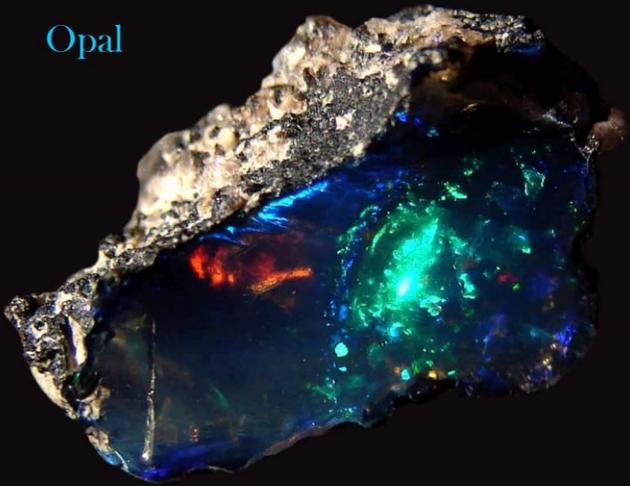
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

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

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonneice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

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

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

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

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

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

# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

## Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Geri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chinnery  
Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet

*The Poetry Posse*

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

*January Feature Poets*

Bismah Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

## The Poetry Passé

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

## December Feature Poets

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

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

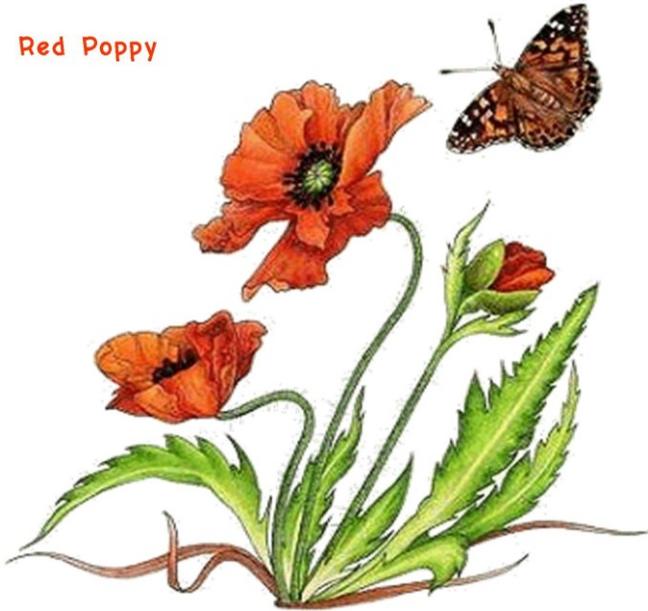
## November Feature Poets

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

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raśendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## The Poetry Posse

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

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passe*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

## June's Featured Poets

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

## The Poetry Passé

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

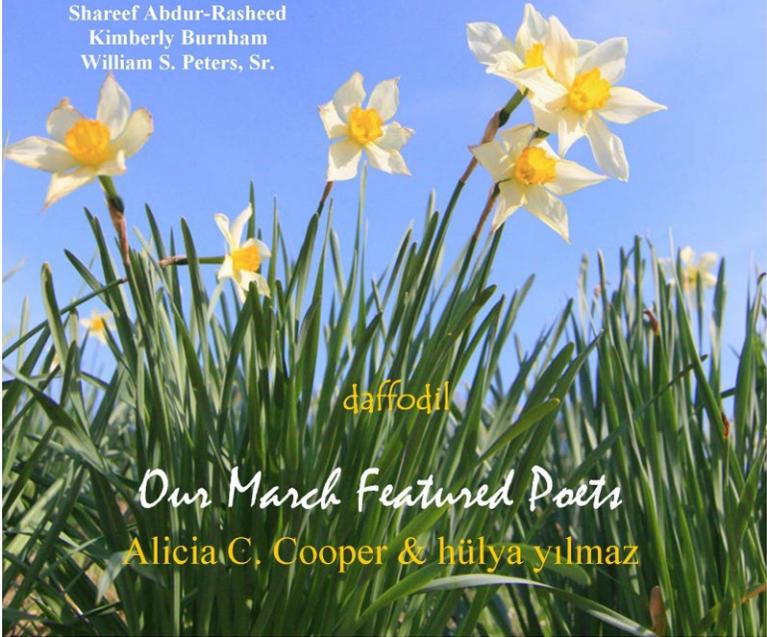
celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

## The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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



daffodil

*Our March Featured Poets*

Alicia C. Cooper & hũlya yılmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## *Our February Features*

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

# The Year of the Poet

## January 2014



*Carnation*

### The Poetry Posse

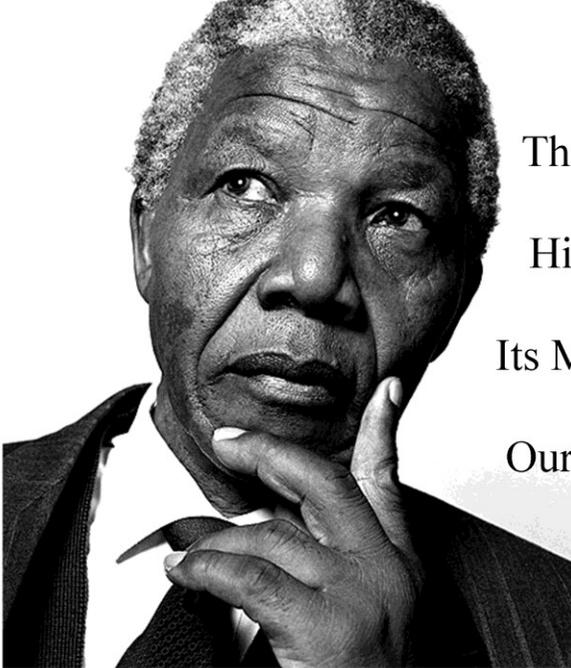
Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

### *Our January Feature*

Terri L. Johnson

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# **A GATHERING OF WORDS**



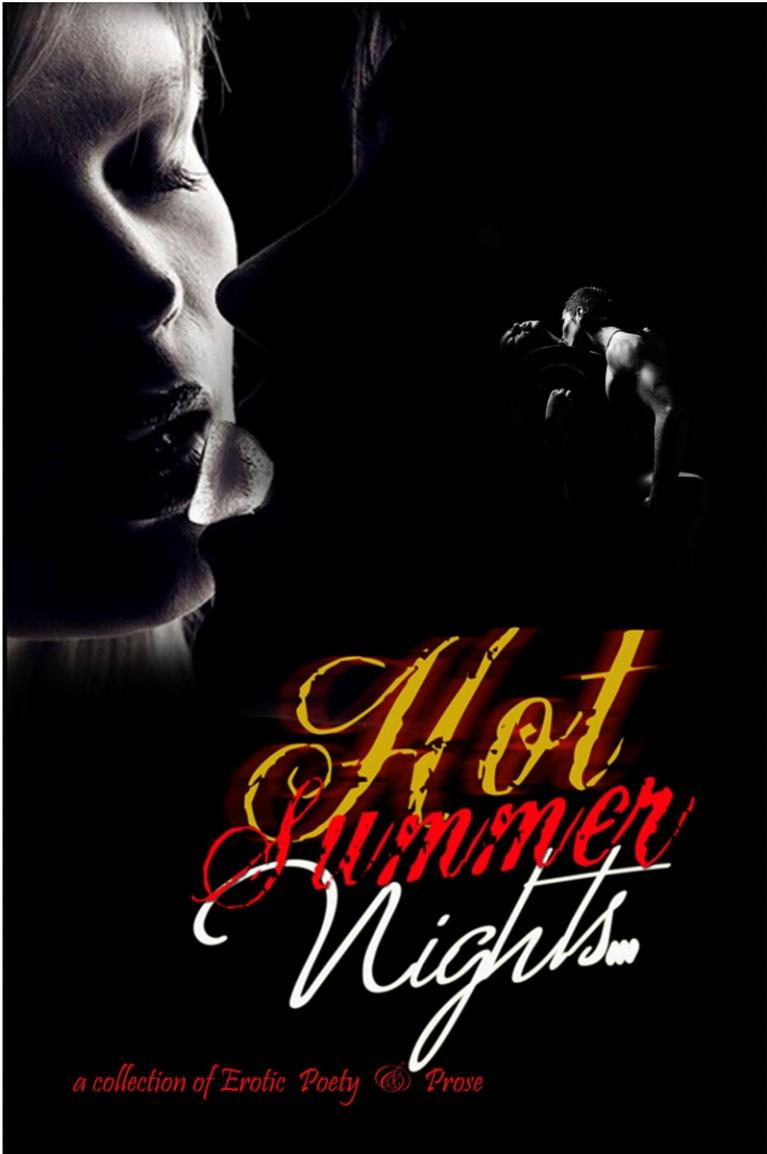
**POETRY & COMMENTARY**  
**FOR**  
**TRAYVON MARTIN**

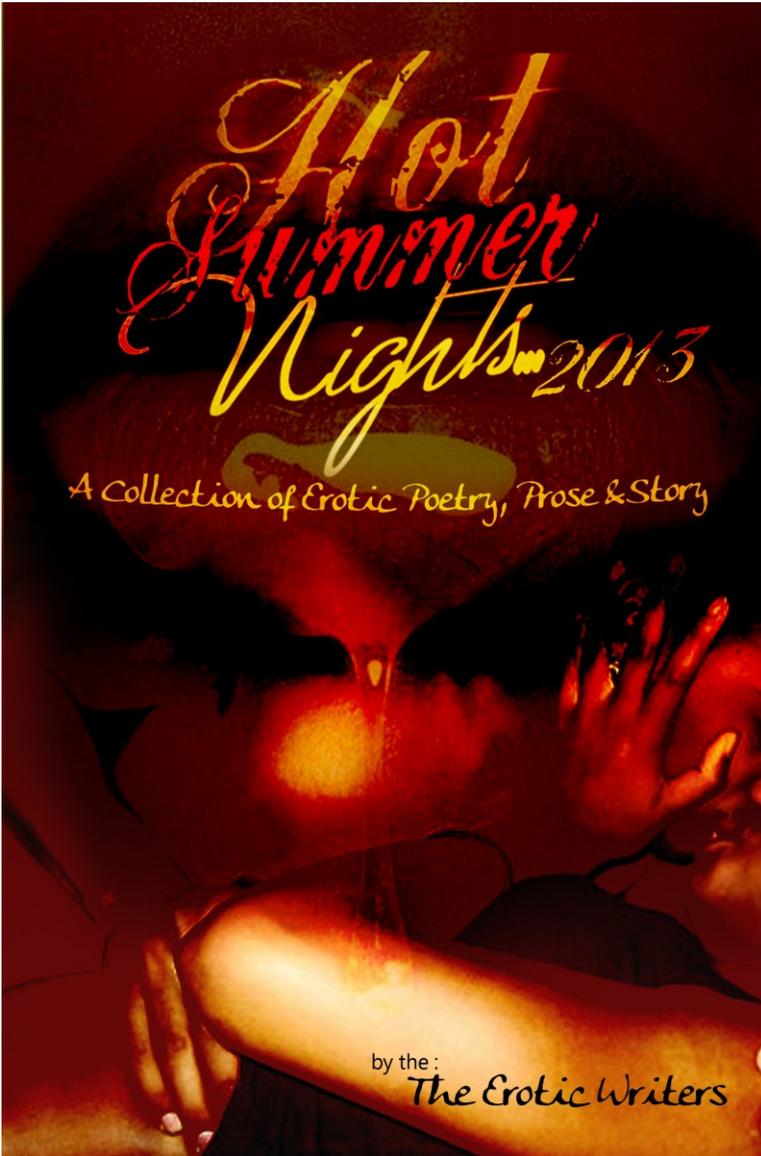
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

*healing through words*

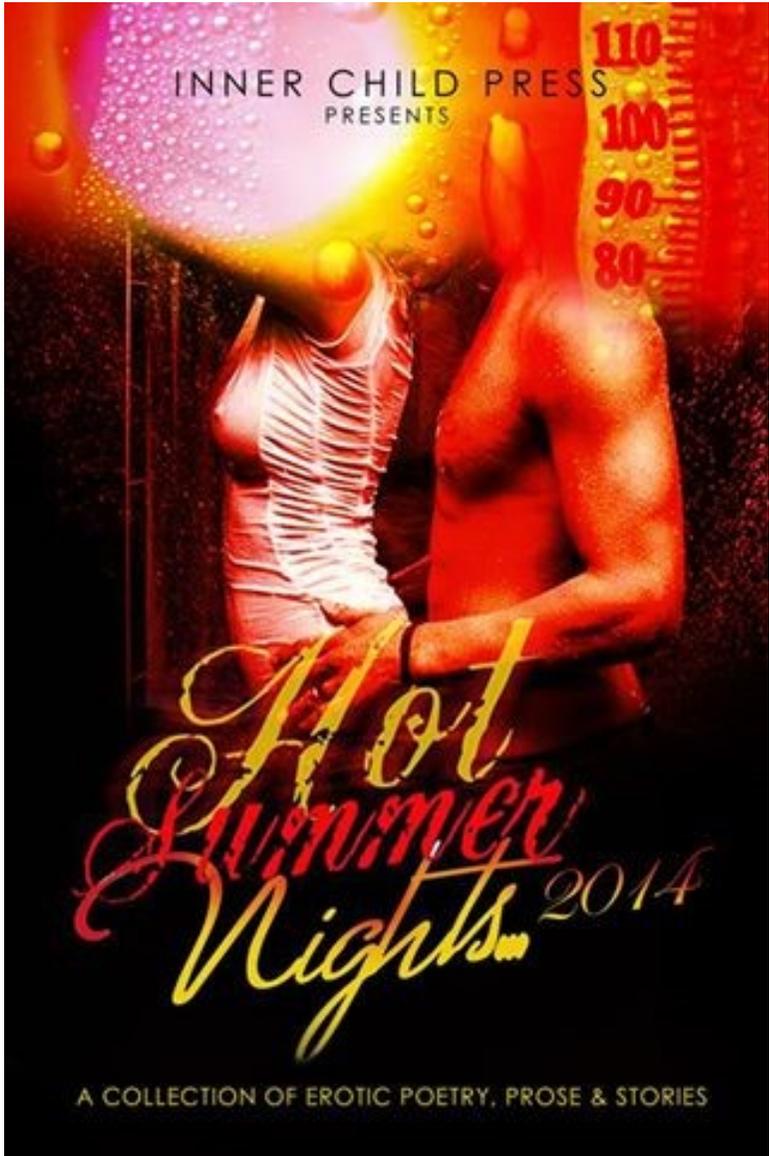


*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*

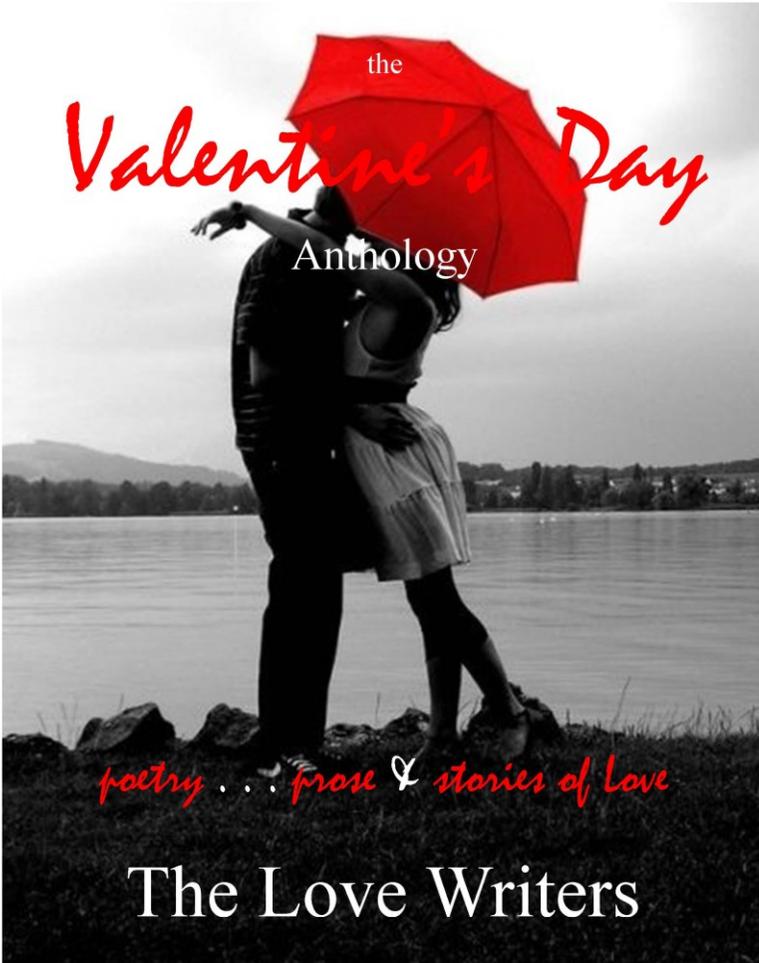




*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



want my

**P** **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**  
to . . .

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

*Monte Smith*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

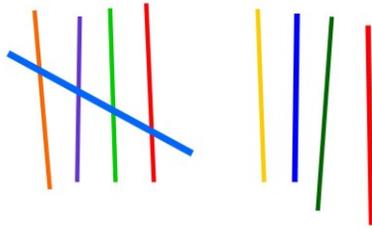
*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...*

 Monte Smith  
want my

**P** **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**  
to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



a  
Poetically  
Spoken  
Anthology  
volume I  
Collector's Edition

and there is much, much more !

visit . . .

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies-sales-special.php>

Also check out our Authors and  
all the wonderful Books

Available at :

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-book-store.php>





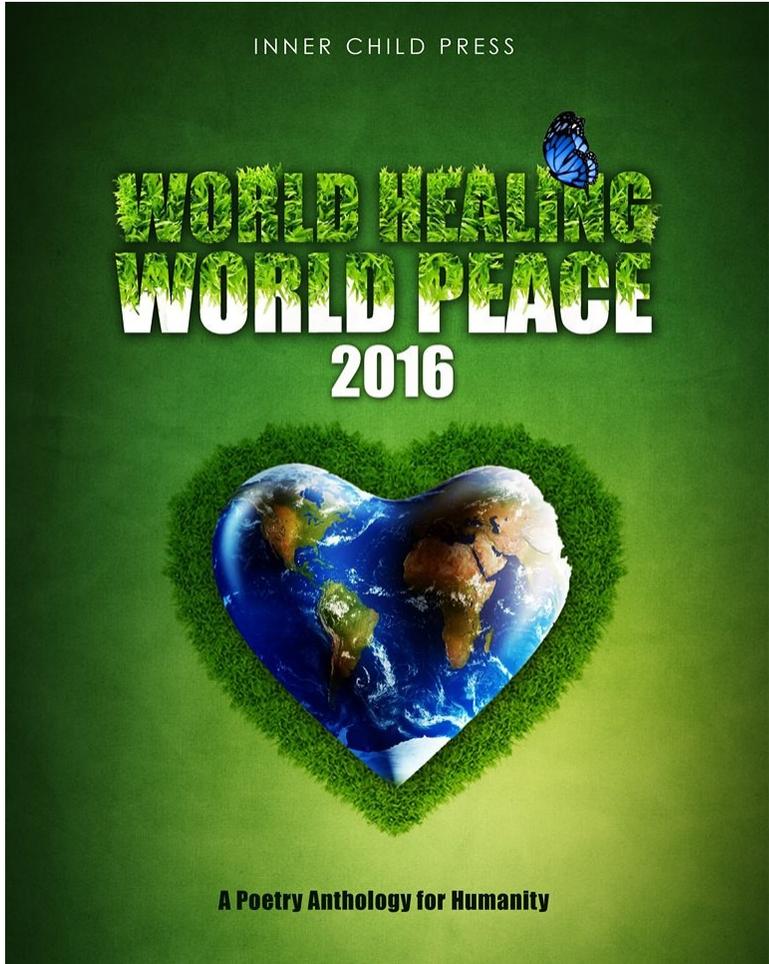
**Support**

# World Healing World Peace



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

*Now Available*



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

This Anthological Publication  
is underwritten solely by

## *Inner Child Press*

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

*Inner Child Press*

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



~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



## November 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Rosemary  
Burns



Robin  
Ouzman  
Hislop



Lonneice  
Weeks  
Badley



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