The Year of the Poet VII

November 2020

Featured Poets

Elisa Mascia * Sue Lindenberg McClelland Hatif Janabi * Ivan Gaćina

Liu Xiaobo ~ 2010





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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



November 2020

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VII November 2020 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Tyranny Is Not Terrible, What Is Terrible Is Submission, Silence Or Praise To Tyranny ~ Liu Xiaobo

On December 28, 1955, six years after the Communist Party of China established its regime, Liu Xiaobo was born into an intellectual family in Changchun City, Jilin Province. That was the era as China's "the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution" emerged.

Regarding the Cultural Revolution, Liu Xiaobo recalled: "I am very grateful for the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. I was a kid at that time and I could do whatever I wanted." "Schools were closed, and I could temporarily get rid of the education process, do what I want, and play. Go to war, I had a great time."

Beginning in 1984, for several consecutive years, Liu Xiaobo published "On Artistic Intuition", "A New Aesthetic Trend", "Inevitable Reflection-Talking from Several Novels About Intellectuals", "Crisis! Literature in the new era is facing a crisis!", Let the "Liu Xiaobo Phenomenon" that shook the literary world first show its brilliance and arouse repercussions among young students. Joiu Xiaobo developed from literary criticism to ideological and cultural criticism, and became the spokesperson of irrationalism and anti-traditional thoughts. In 1987, Liu Xiaobo published his famous work "A Critique of Choice—A Dialogue with Li Zehou" and in 1988, after publishing his doctoral dissertation "Aesthetics and Human Freedom", he became a Ph.D. in literature and applied for a lecturer in the Chinese Department of Beijing Normal University. After all, he surrendered to the educational program system which he opposed throughout his life.

On April 15, 1989, the former General Secretary of the Communist Party of China Hu Yaobang passed away. Colleges and universities in Beijing and across the country held mourning activities, and even developed into a large-scale street protest movement. Liu Xiaobo immediately responded and participated in the support activities of overseas Chinese students and visiting scholars.

On April 20th, Liu Xiaobo issued a "Reform Proposal" urging the Chinese Communist Party to reflect on and correct its mistakes, requesting a reexamination of the issues related to the 1983 "Clear Spiritual Pollution" movement and the 1987 "Anti-Bourgeois Liberalization" movement, and advocated the protection of basic human rights Articles, open private newspapers, prohibit convictions for words, and truly implement freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of the press.

On April 22, Liu Xiaobo published "Reflections on Hu Yaobang's Death Phenomenon" in the "World Journal", drafting an "Open Letter to Chinese University Students", criticizing China's socialist system as an "autocratic regime". He tried to find a way to reform China from the system.

However, in the June 4th Tiananmen Incident that broke out on June 4, 1989, Liu Xiaobo was arrested for participating in student movement activities and was forced to "testify" on CCTV that he "has not seen the army kill people on Tiananmen Square." What is embarrassing is that he still can't escape the end of being expelled from public office after all.

On October 10, 1996, Liu Xiaobo issued the "Double Ten Declaration", discussing the political basis of cross-strait reunification, the Tibet issue, the issue of improving the National People's Congress system, and the Diaoyu Islands issue. He was immediately sentenced to three years of reeducation through labor for "disturbing social order". After waiting to be released from prison, in 2000, Liu Xiaobo published three books: "The Nation Who Lies to the Conscience", "Selected Poems by Liu Xiaobo and Liu Xia", and "The Beauty Gives Me Mongolian Sweat Medicine" (co-

authored with Wang Shuo). In 2008, Liu Xiaobo put forward the 6-point concept and 19-point proposal of Charter 08 on the 60th anniversary of the World Human Rights Day and the United Nations Declaration Universal of Human Rights. expounding the concepts of freedom, human rights, democracy, and constitutionalism, advocating for the revision of the constitution and the separation of power Checks and balances, the realization of democracy, judicial independence, legislative freedom of association. assembly, advocates speech, and religion. He was once again criminally detained on suspicion of inciting subversion of state power, and sentenced to 11 years in prison.

On October 8th of the same year, the Norwegian Nobel Committee awarded the 2010 Nobel Peace Prize on the grounds of "for his long and nonviolent struggle for fundamental human rights in China" (for his long and non-violent struggle for fundamental human rights in China). Awarded to Liu Xiaobo. The Beijing authorities strongly protested and continued to imprison Liu Xiaobo. On the day of the award, the Nobel Peace Prize Committee represented Liu Xiaobo with an empty chair, and retained the certificate and bonus, waiting for Liu Xiaobo to receive it.

On May 31, 2017, Liu Xiaobo found abnormality during physical examination. On June 7, Liu Xiaobo was diagnosed with liver cancer by a doctor. The was finally released from the prison where he was staying for 3103 days on "parole for medical treatment". On July 13, 2017, Liu Xiaobo died from multiple organ failure.

Sixty-one years of life, Liu Xiaobo once defend human rights with life, at some time in the past he was forced to bow to the system he protested against for the realistic environment, even used his tenacious vitality, compose one of the greatest chapters in the political history of modern China.

Tzemin Ition Tsai

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presents



We Are Revolution

Poets for Humani

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

 $\mathcal{Y}es$ I am excited and feel accomplished as we are on the last leg of our seventh year of publishing what I and many others deem to be a worthy enterprise, *The Year of the Poet*.

This year we have aligned our vision with that of Nober Peace Prize Recipients. We have title this year's theme. The Year of Peace! Hopefully thorugh our sharing each month, our poetry can have a profound effect on our global consciousness and the need for peace while educating ourselves and our readership about some of the individuals who have made history through their efforts to promulgate peace for all of humanity.. We are on our way to hitting yet another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated.

To reiterate, our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful poets, word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global audience. In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers. Birds. Gemstones. Trees and Past Cultures. This coming year we have elected to continue our focus of choosing what we consider a significant subject . . . PEACE! In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such celebrated Peace Ambassadors, but we have included a few words about each individual in our prologue. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

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

Available here

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Liu Xiaobo 2010

Each month for the year of 2020, which we have deemed as *The Year of Peace*, we at Inner Child Press International will be celebrating through our poetry a few Nobel Peace Prize Recipients who have contributed greatly to humanity via their particular avocations. This month of Julu 2020 you will find select poems from each Poetry Posse member on this month's celebrants.

In 2010, The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Liu Xiaobo

For more information about visit : www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/2010/xiaobo https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Liu_Xiaobo www.hrw.org/tag/liu-xiaobo





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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" & Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

Tanka

So why do we march?

Because we haven't been seen

Because we truly

Truly need Tiananmen

To change a world on fire

Storm Warning

In the infinite madness Of catching onto the unfamiliar I breathe in the spaces Between your breath And taste my name At the corner of your mouth My day rights itself And even the lightening Flashing in the south Cannot move me Easier moments float in Against the smoke Blowing palm leaves Colored verdant among The darkening skyline And i feel you listening To the sound of changing hues At the ending Of the beginning Of all things

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

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

Sentenced for the Crime of Speaking *A poem dedicated to Liu Xiaobo*

The speeches made by a modest man, A professor of literature and philosophy, Can be dangerous as an enemy army. "Shut him up," said the important politicians

The words woke up the sleeping people And allowed them to see the dirty reality. They could get out of the propaganda vapours. "Shut him up," said the distinguished officials.

He dared to join protesting students When the Tiananmen Square Was red because of innocent blood. "Shut him up," said the lawyers and judges.

The barbed wires of a labour camp. Were not able to hold back the statements About injustice and torn constitution. "Shut him up," said the prison guards.

Nobody and nothing stopped him. The star of democracy illuminated his road. One man – the recidivist fighting for the truth, undermined the totalitarian system.

Coat

I wear a body like a cloak, Patience, humility, years. It's that time - it tore and I darned the holes.

My coat shrinks and disappears With passing days, Until one day it scatters and So it is with all the coats.

And me? And what about me? Perhaps they will hatch from the coat cocoon And I will turn into a cricket. It's a difficult metamorphosis, The most difficult in life.

This is the price of immortality Without the gift of eternal youth
The Rainbow

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

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

I blow away the worries Together with grey fog

Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Liu Xiaobo

Not so long ago, in 2010, A Chinese citizen, Liu Xiaobo, Political dissident, prisoner, Was awarded, a prize: The Nobel Peace Prize.

Punished for advocating Political reforms. Received four prison terms For his actions and views.

Not so long ago, Liu Xiaobo Fought against the one-way party Ruled by the Communists That he hoped to change.

In 2017, at the age of sixty one, He died from liver cancer. Still under control, guarded By Chinese Communists.

No Longer a Secret

In the confidential telling of his story He desires that it be known, World-round, that he has chosen to repent. He confesses that it was he, who, today humbly prays Pardon for the seeds of blame And the shame that he has sown.

And, of the secrets he intentionally whispered. Of those he inadvertently released, he pleads idleness Of sensitivity, ashamed now of his immaturity. And, of the umbrella, beneath which his sense Of obscurity sought importance, he says

He misappropriated too much of self's delusion.

The white ghost of incrimination Still comes round during the sleepless hours. It circles still his bed chamber Like an expanding storm of regret, Beneath clouds of increasing gloom,

a dark storm prevails.

Beneath engaging eyes of indictment, In need of forgiveness, rescue, He throws off his contemptuous rags. And humbly accepts God's mercy and grace. Free at last, freed from that Which once held him hostage.

Good Morning

This morning I awakened To skies gray and wet, And as from the high heavens above Streamed down, torrents of intent.

From my window seat, I spied A small squirrel, dark and dank. He was shivering and chattering; Suddenly, he wisely scattered.

A bolt of destructive bright light Startlingly burst into fury's flames The clouds, revealing copious tears, Released their pain, their angst.

No matter the name of the season, No matter the time of day or of night, Nature delights in revealing different And surprising aspects of her face.

Once hidden from view, I now Welcome anew, the face of the sun, Bestowing ardent kisses in colors Passionately. Bravely, bright against blue.

Crossing high over the morning sky I receive a gift, a needed reminder. It is a rainbow It is God's promise. His covenant graciously renewed.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text and a columnist for 'Chinese Language Monthly' in Taiwan

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

The Wailing of the Old System

When people say it's an old system I should know Overtones of the language But I am not sure What's better than me is waiting to replace me What is better than me An invisible and hollow musket By what You can blame me ruthlessly on my already ragged clothes When people hid in the protected air-raid shelter The eyes facing me The pairs seem to be smiling Don't know when I became old and poor and useless In addition To picking up the seeds covered with sand on the ground Waiting for spring to sprout Before permission I don't know when it will come gracefully

Far away, burning torches Getting closer Couldn't see the bright crossing my shadow Tried to bend my knees Find a proper vivid world on the soft ground Close to the new buds of the young tender grass Sharp aroma No extra words Straddle the shoulders to talk to me I can only smile except turning my neck Just like you did to me before

Empty Chair, I Am In Your Words

Culture seem can be revolutionized I can see it in you Freedom seems not to be restricted I heard in your words Although the time to talk to you has passed Those various opportunities Will definitely reappear again

In your heart Attempt to despise traditional culture Your actions Go back to the education program of following the predecessor No way to experience the value of your words How to identify the inevitable reflection for a new aesthetic trend The crisis facing literature in the new era Not so obvious and easy to see

Forgive my bluntness

This is not a struggle and pursuit of mockery I am voluntarily called an alienated personality And don't know how to start from self-denial The Chinese literary world Lacks characters with challenging attitudes Chinese writers still Lack personality awareness I am the withered vitality attached to that impersonal deep layer

Don't let rationality constrain emotional life Don't let the empty chair continue to wait Don't even Yield, silence, or praise to tyranny Don't testify to me No army has ever killed anyone on Tiananmen Square

Once Upon A Midnight Plain

To warn me about the tree They are perfumed from unseen precis It was wee A slender little hut stands so lonely there And so I screamed, 'Is that a tree diagram?' The primitive age hesitates in the mud of lost I uncovered the savanna My mind always strays to herbivores Remembering many beetle, narrative pollinators The stemmed silver tree sapping The lupine lowland landscaping I crave the auld, arborical attractiveness And the leafy spurge never recapping I had dreamed of sedges unwrapping Only this and a peach What could there be more purely dreich? There stood a puckery long beach Night brings beauty The peach smiled It was fluty, mild, profiled! The handsome honey harvesting The citrus coati cornering Beading and beading with my pear In there, stepped a caraway narrative

26

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

enigma

wrapped in a contradiction liu Xiaobo bravery in Chinese mainland unquestioned standing against brutal force rose up against the odds insane odds to question a system without any tolerance for dissent, descend upon status quo of a nation that prided itself in mass intense domination of it's people totally occupy the very souls of the masses rendering them submissive an understatement Liu railed against the machine thus banished from the everyday functions that constitute freedom. what freedom? imprisoned in a prison that resides in a prison for his efforts got the prize but overall, he's being regarded, rewarded perplexing considering he backed oppression of American imperialism invading Muslim lands engaging in crimes against humanity supported Zionist Israel in their oppression, genocide of Palestinian peoples

therefore, selective activism against Chinese oppression but in total agreement to sustained imperialism translating into crimes against humanity an odd nod of approval to a strange gravitation gave him the prize anyway hooray, hooray so, what does that say for substance or legitimacy?

food4thought = education

please stay close to me

your majesty he who monopolized legitimacy over all other would be kings they have no supremacy, them who come, go fade away all fake comparatively their death inevitably hangs over head constantly they were not given immortality their stay is temporary they were made that way by he who fashioned universe, ocean, sky, mountains, seas, you and me and all creation just by proclaiming " BE " and it was, and it is and it will be he who has no beginning. no end was not begotten nor does he begets he (Allah) is one (1) he is eternal, there is nothing that compares in a class by himself period.

he is not creation he is the creator him alone worthy of worship far removed from taqhut (false deities) the likes of which is attributed to thee by folk misguided those who take truth and hide it instead take fake try to disguise it until that day comes their way and all souls

will realize that truth prevails over falsehood can not be watered down to appease men's needs fulfill their greed, bring ease to the fact they don't believe, didn't heed

far removed is he from all needs not like his creation who has limitations? creator does not need creation creation needs creator

do not worship any creation nor their false gods, imitations all fake!! lands, nations, tribes, cultures created by man including their flags are not sacred, holy nor do they deserve praise, devotion, glory they are all things of man only creator deserves, praise, glory, worship, devotion, submission

mankind's tribal cultures, traditions designed to deter one from giving all praise, glory, worship, devotion, submission to only Allah*(swt) exclusively the only purpose for which he

created thee thus, hindering mankind from the straight path that on which creator bestowed his eternal grace not of them who went astray ultimately receive eternal damning disgrace

*(swt) = all glory to Allah.

food4thought = education

mind fields..,

life blood drains into ageless sands without so much as a whimper those in the vicinity are too caught up with dismal prospects projecting dismal outcome expected or better yet symbols representing better days when life seemed simple though one may ask " when was life ever simple? is it even in its DNA? based on what we live through everyday what's simple anyway? the way days play through life's acts from when the curtain went up on act one where the fair maiden soaking in the sun was set upon by men with guns who wanted some? that get attention in the name of tension generated, love it or hate it folk come 'n 'go through the generations going through energetic gyrations flowing with the cosmos blow yes or no come on ya'll know that just ain't so never the less they still come ' n ' go and do we ever ask questions, so, take time to know what direction life flows cradle to grave we're slaves either to the lord or the crave " Don't make your flesh your lord "

say'eth lord of lords, king of kings "constantly turn to me, remember me so, your soul may have eyes that see and your ears hear the songbird sing

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program* includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Kim's poetry weaves through 70 volumes of *The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, A Woman's Place in the Dictionary*, Tiferet Journal, Human/Kind Journal and more.

https://www.nervewhisperer.solutions/ https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham/

Peaceful Neighborhood

Who doesn't want a peaceful neighborhood? the Japanese where peace is "heiwa" do Singaporeans ranked seventh in a world of peaceful nations use the same characters 平和 pronounced "peng ann" or "hépíng" in Chinese while the Korean Kim Dae-jung worked for "p'yŏnghwa" and human rights winning a Nobel Peace Prize in 2000 what have we learned and done even more in the last twenty years

Life in A Pair of Characters

Many Korean words written with a pair of characters like peace "pyeonghwa" 평화 the first character also first of fair and equality as if without fairness there is no peace and the first of reputation, calmness, average we can be calm with an average reputation also appraisal and review with weekday and oddly breaststroke but note that 평평 means flat like a flat playing field on which everyone has enough food, shelter and peace

The second character of peace same for harmony, ignition and digestion and all the rest have commonality with peace telephone, culture, conversation a peaceful conversation about culture on the telephone mural, deterioration, reinforcement myth and comic all end in the same character as peace

Peace Around the World in Fibonacci Syllables

1. Paz,

- 1. Paix,
- 2. Shanti,
- 3. Fred, Cánti,

5. P'yŏnghwa, Zhi bde, Kuc

8. Friede Diim-deih-naa:k, Kötöhati,

13. all kinds of words for peace don't mean

the same thing to all

21. they mean calm, slow, quiet, satisfied, level, tame,

still, comfort, soft liver, not war and

34. gentle, good character, cold, legible, words of peace spiral through the world of Salaam, Moyo-dame, Dutifafa, Wóda khota, Hɛra, Vrede

21. Kérta, Damai, Nuisar of, Têntrême, Rabula, Jingsuk, Pêameyış, ?čhuâyk kyō čI,

13. Angkan pengker nintimratin, Údo, Amahoro

- 8. Anachemowegan, Мир, Hépíng,
- 5. Tancos, Yatanpa
- 3. Aman, Ta,
- 2. Nyens nyens,
- 1. Pé,

1. Dör.

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

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Light and Darkness

A man born to fight for freedom, Standing up against tyranny A champion of freedom of expression The light amidst the darkness, Xiaobo once said, "I have no enemies." For if there is no hatred All will live in unity Xiaobo-the Light who illuminated the path

Fought to gain peace and harmony.

Undefined Love

Dawn is about to set. Here I am still thinking of you Your shadow vanishing in the moonlit night, I walked the dark path to realize you're not there Were you just an illusion, a dream, or were created by just pure imagination All I know is that you possess those pair of eyes that glimmer in the dark That even if I get lost anywhere in this world, I may find myself again in you, You're more than the word Love itself for I cannot simply define how you swept me off my feet A meager stare from you sets my heart in so much commotion And hearing you call my name in such an intricate way sets my soul on fire, Find me again, take my hand and let's go to the end of the world There at the tower let us watch the moon while some clouds dance in the background As the splashing of waves make sounds while we walk by the shoreline barefooted. Feeling the warm sand beneath our feet with a mild breeze brushing our cheeks Find me again in another lifetime where we could define this eternal love we share transcending time and space.
The Fault in Our Stars

You made me see the Universe in a different way, We created our little infinity In such a short time We had our forever And after you're gone, I'll never be the same again. 'Coz the magic vanished in an instant But the beautiful fragments of memories will linger For in every song that I hear In every literature that I read, In every sunset and moonlit night I witness, Will always remind me of you. You and me-We are lost stars Star-crossed lovers beyond time Sharing beautiful coincidences. I am your Moon And you are my brightest star In another lifetime We will see each other again To continue our story By then you and I Will be reunited by our own flames For our little infinity has no end.





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 times strike cord oft а with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Behind These Walls

The teaching, the preaching, the beatings The meditation of maybe I can save them I'm lonely better not speak out but how can I be silent Life tastes sweet in increments How can I not understand oppressions of expression? Leaders teach by experienced examples The lead now follows in the mindset of us. Gee if I could conjure up perfect philosophies This is no democracy just sticks on top of me Dictator's dictate the law to me Don't talk about Me, or the country Men! Countrymen, wanted men, hunted man Sorted and deported some never seen again

A gained freedom,

never equals an earned freedom to men welcome to the jungle, Liu Xiaobo noble prize for a noble life we all wish we had that normal life it never mattered if you wore it warriors' never fight for the medal one's personal metal can do so much you're silent on this plain the ultimate understanding of fellow does the bellows still blow? Born 12/28/1955, flew 7/13/2017 2020 Noble Peace Prize winner Liu Xiaobo died in jail, Love the worlds people.

Rainy Daze

I've walked this path before It's not familiar to me now Have I emerged from a sleep still dreaming?

Cancer has a funny way to remind me Of what's behind my steps People see the 20-20 scene There are ashes everywhere

Feckless in a land I once knew There's nothing left to save There are no more rights Listless as I listen to dead birds

Wake-up was a call heard in slumber I can't answer honestly if I'm not I was not in reverse years Am I free now for I have not seen a soul?

I've run away before Never escaping the choice before me Have I emerged from a dream still asleep?

Party Boys

I saw love today Minding my business as usual Nature took its time and timed the fall of a leaf on my shoulder

listen to the rays' hand cupping bare limbs has winter come to claim its spoils? neath that leaf lay larvae no harm shall befall the innocent

I was King for a moment Is this how love truly works? I felt something inside although I hide my empathy Its okay to feel although I battle with pride I who refuse to cry shout, set them free

I raked the remaining leaves, piled high and purposeful Flags and symbols of wretched memories Fenced in to be absorbed into the earth Dispersed in the universe where love was found

I saw love today My business is no longer proving who I am Nature doesn't take time with the human mind We are all family neath our leaves Which way will the wind blow? hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz is a published author, literary translator, and Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International. Her poetic work appeared in an excess of eighty-five anthologies of global endeavors and has been presented at numerous national and international poetry events. In 2018. the Writer's International Network of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary award. As of 2017, two of her poems remain permanently installed in Telepoem Booth - a U.S.wide poetic art exhibition. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

> Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

uninspired

our birth dates are identical he met death in 2017; my turn: unknown as of yet a student of literature and philosophy, a literary critic, and a university lecturer . . . i should feel connected beyond a search engine, as our past experiences have been the same what, though, have i discovered in him that which can reach beneath the mere surface?

not much nothing that would be original, that is pieces of generic information galore i, however, always quest to learn more, much more

i have tried and tried again only to realize that my efforts were in vain

for a frustratingly long enough time, before my computer i sat idly showing off my fingerprints, the screen looked back at me if only this gadget could talk, what would it utter, i wondered

you have my sincere apologies, Dr. Xiaobo for being this uninspired today in case someone might read these few words of mine here are a few facts about you, found easily online

the courage with which you armed yourself in 1989 to protest alongside 100,000 students in Tiananmen Square

for democracy, free speech, and a free press is your gift not only to China or the Chinese but to each citizen of the world, to humanity in its entirety you have endured five years of debilitating chains three, in prison; two, in labour camps

"sentenced for the crime of speaking"

you resisted you persisted

you kept fighting for democracy, dedicating over twenty years of your life to your demands for the constitutional rights of your nation as spelled out in Article 35 . . . "freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, of association, of procession and of demonstration"

powers that be also resisted, persisted you still dared to co-write Charta 08 in 2008 and advocated for your country's shift toward democracy

in the month of December in the year of 2009 the assembly of the utterly corrupted jailed you again the chains stayed with you for eleven years this time around

"sentenced for undermining the state authorities"

in your justified denying of the charges, you have maintained your landmark assertion: "Opposition is not the same as undermining."

then came the year of 2010 the Nobel Peace Prize Committee found you . . .

Silencing the Conscience

"Did you see that?" *I most certainly did.* "Let's go. We must help." *What for?* "For justice!" *I cannot fix each wrong.* "We must start somewhere!" *Sit down! This isn't about you. MOB!*

What IF . . . it is about you one day?

A Renga for Liu Xiaobo

My dear poet-friends:

Your collaboration is needed on this one.

Here is my stanza...

Tiananmen and students

Constitutional

Red Massacre

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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

Liu Xiaobo Legacy of Non-Violence

Liu Xiaobo supported the people of China through his non-violent resistance against the oppression of the Communist Party.

In addition to being a human rights activist, he was a philosopher, writer and literary critic. Throughout life he experienced literary fame, persisted in non-violent resistance and spent quite a few years in prison.

He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 2010 while in prison for his non-violent struggle for basic human rights in China. The government denied him the honor of receiving the prize.

Map of Love

Your body is a map of love that transcends boundaries. I cruise on your landscape in awe of the love that enfolds me.

I am seeking the right coordinates to hug and run wild within the fertile trails binding your love.

Each move I make brings me closer to your essence for your boundaries are sacred. Holiness marks the regions of your map.

My plea without words tremble with a humble request. May I stay here with you forever?

Heaven's Window

She looked out the window watching me walk the light path. The smile on her face radiated a love only a sister can give.

I saw a distant window felt my sister's presence waiting. The path became brighter as I struggled to continue. My journey was long and rough.

I bathed in fear, anger, pride, lust and greed. Survived the bloodletting at every turn. Determination was my wrist band.

My spiritual guide always walked a safe distance behind me to pick me up in case I fell.

My sister's chest was threatening to explode. But she knew, she could not move.

I had to walk that last mile alone to reach her embrace.

Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

A Way of Seeing ...

this poem is dedicated to Liu Xiaobo

no force can put an end to human quest for justice

soldiers ruthlessly trample on peaceful marchers with gas and pepper spray

it's like people don't matter no rights no freedoms

protestors keep pouring in seeds birthing more seeds

they chant we have no enemy we have no hatred

With You

I am transformed I feel a brand-new world unfolds for me

I smile with joy and discover how selfless love exists in you

I discover a fascinating full moon and an amazing morning sun inside me

I ask myself how so much joy can spring from everything so ordinary

Maybe it is ME who has grown ordinary Maybe . . . over long, long years I just grew smaller

Time-Lapse

You said it so casually – let's just be strangers from now on as if we had no past.

Without waiting you hide your face and turn away.

For months we were together like a tree and a vine entwined

breathing in the same space but now I am a tree seeing you flow away

like a river.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

Among her poetic belts include 7 th Prize Winner in the 19 th and 20 th Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua.

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

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

No Enemies, No Hatred

The Man Called Liu Xiaobo Created a universe of love, No time for hatred, Time has been conditioned To love and be loved,

His regime dispelled hate for love everywhere-equal infinite and eminent within-and-beyond reality experiences shape perceptions which in turn guides our actions...

Liu, you are the voice of the humanity!

in between

your eyes are lights thy lips unsealed while kissing the sparks of serenity in the eve and predawn of your own

until everything solely connects deep down yourself within.

Orenda

Mystical garden In Gaia's face Ceaseless energy Intangible waves of awakened soul,

when the dawn whispers serenity in my ears, I am synergy, When the prayer Keeps on humming Contemplation in reverie, I am satisfaction When my feet touch The delightful earth.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of Gold Cross of Wisdom Award, the Prolific Poetess Award, The Life time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award. She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society LLSF. Her one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 50 languages. She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and south Asia of Inner Child Press U.S.
slogans of a dark horse

history codes long non-violent struggle for fundamental rights in China eleven years of imprisonment two years of deprivation of political rights the first Chinese scholar to win the Nobel peace prize that to an empty chair represented him for he was in the prison or detention a poet, essayist, critic, activist and thinker author of "No enemies; No hatred" his slogan freedom of expression is the foundation of human rights the source of humanity and the mother of truth life is priceless even to an ant if you want to go to hell don't complain of the dark patriotism is a villain's last refuge hatred is corrosive of wisdom he was called a dark horse for his radical opinions for he criticised the Chinese tradition of Confucianism author of "going naked towards God" "the fog of metaphysics" a professor of Jilin University son of a nursery teacher a human right activist he is professor Liu Xiaobo history remembers

don't ever call me from the back

I am on my sojourn journey if I turn and show my mask less face you can only see my pure nudity isn't nudity a bliss? sky is nude: a hill is nude a new born is nude; a dew drop is nude a soul is nude without gender and colour blessed are those who sing the psalm with humility there is always a joy to listen the stream the care taker of this bone cage is in hibernation eyes are caves of Adam heaven is a document of fools nights are customised manuscripts a man stammers in lust and love since long I have never seen the carnival of love love is a drop of water for a crow who doesn't carry pebbles to throw in the pot? but I am a scare crow guarding my inner self my ego and super ego I am a cadaver on the road march obviously, I don't have a heart so also, a drop of blood ... as I am a dead God

and a thousand times

and a thousand times I search the bald island where I can sow verses monsoon clouds will sing Nirvana the seed will die anonymously to inscribe the colours of twinkling stars the domain of poetry will glow from every terrace in the form of a radiant smiles "here it is" whispers the grass... twits the bird within..... Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Liu Xiaobo

Liu Xiaobo was born in Changchun China to a family of intellectuals.

His contributions to the world as a human rights activist made china's future brighter.

He was a very educated man,

a philosopher.

Liu Xiaobo Was a laureate of literary art,

In jilin university he founded a poetry group called "the innocent hearts.

He would receive his bachelor's and PhD and become a lecturer.

Because of Liu Xiaobos views he was given the label of the "dark horse"

But no matter what he wouldn't stray away from thoughts and maintained a steady course.

He was incarcerated for his protest and false claims of inciting riots,

In order to make change to the communist one party rule, there was no way for him to remain quiet.

In 2010 Liu Xiaobo was awarded the Nobel peace prize for his non violent struggle for

Human rights in China, it was fundamental.

She got away

She was supposed to be mine. We met as youngens, young teens running these BX streets buggn. When she met me I was already floss'n, block hugg'n and gat buss'n, but I don't think she knew how I was really hold'n. I was feel'n shorty, the don was gonna put her on and make sure she didn't live another day in poverty. She could've been my ride and die, but when I rode out i always saw her with guys. I wouldn't catch feelings, I understood the game, I gave her ample time to be mine and down the line bear my name. We both was moving fast, me in the streets on the ave, her under sheets bounc'n her ass, I couldn't complain, it is what it is so I stood in my lane. I knew all the hustlers in Hell's Kitchen, dudes talk so I knew all the randoms she was hitt'n ... ayo Inf you know so and so, she's a freak we did this that and a third, basic nikkas are treat'n her like a bird. Yeah I know her, I'm not going to deny it, that's my homie, is how I responded, She was using what she had, to get what she wanted. I always wondered about what could've been, because i played my "friend" position and stood in the cut like Excoriation. Through the years we didn't talk much, we lost touch, she slipped...my clutch.

Homage to the OG's

Spanish OG's loved me, they knew I was the future king in the projects to rep Puerto Rico in the arena of Manteca and perico. The name was ringing bells and paper was long, respect was massive and the team was strong. Vayas con dios is something they always told me, they didn't actually want me to go with god, they was referring to his guidance as i was caught up in a life prone to violence. They didn't throw me in the fire, I was raised on the surface of hell, they just knew life would be better for them when I rose to power. I was coming up learning the ropes, they stopped stick up kids from robbing me, then they scolded me, Bellaco you're off point, you gotta tote, gotta be on point for these robberies and those tryn to cut throat. They told me about everything from A-Z, I listened to what they told me, knowledge was gained, a few of them got to see the come up, a lot of them died preaching the game. They held me down so I reciprocated the favor, I made them untouchable, the walked around with Kangols, Guayaberas, pinky rings and 24 karat Cubans and gold teeth clear of any danger, if violated the BX quickly turned to the old San Juan's La Perla.





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

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

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

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

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

In September 2019 she was 1^{st} Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando* \hat{E} *la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by *Motivational Strips*.

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

Asphyxiation

In memory of Liu Xiaobo Nobel Peace Prize laureate in 2010

In closure and in freedom - faithful to his convictions, cause he knew, that the right of every human being should be the freedom of speech. Without it laws will be trampled, and truth suppressed won't grant a breath to expression of thoughts

- it will stifle the humankind.

Translated by Ula de B

Word

I cling to a reality a quiet, peaceful one, without hatred.

I am not interested in language, origin, appearance.

I cling to a reality in which the word freedom is the same as its meaning.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Defense

She stopped being painless. New times have taught her words that hurt, acts that do not allow for unpunished human exploitation.

She does not only defend herself. She does not allow for defamation, she copes with reality like others.

She is not soundless.

Sometimes she will shout something, cry.

She is not colorless even when she is silent – with her eyes she can say

no.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Against the odds

Dedicated to the spirit of Liu Xiaobo

I have pushed against the rivers And attempted to change the flow . . . For the people

I have attempted to capture the winds That I may blow away the suffering That the people have endured

I have painted the hammer And the boot, of subterfuge and oppression in what I thought to be invisible colors

yes, like you, like us all, I have dreamed of better days, And regardless of their likeliness To manifest, I still Pushed against the rivers, Attempted to capture the winds, And painted the hammer and the boot In colors I thought to be invisible . . . Because I refused to believe That I could not stand up Against the odds

Abducted

Rhetoric, rote, rites and propaganda, Interlaced with lies and deceits Misdirection and misgivings With threads of far-reaching truths Woven into the fabric That the misrepresentation of truth Can be upheld by argument

Minds molded With emboldened statements From the realms of 'looney land' And beyond, and be-yonder Stealing from the children Their innate wonder . . . Not a blunder, But a plan

Man has always sought to control The race, the game, And any other challenge That he may come to master The outcome . . . With the exception being him self !

Be it Religion, Politics or any other Cultural identity, They all have the same goal Obeisance, Obedience And Control Over whomever Is willing to listen And those who do not as well

Time eventually Will tell us Where 'Truth' Can be found, but not until We attempt to Ground ourselves And reconnect To our natural being

As I said. Our children Are being abducted Every damn day . . . Minds stolen, Spirits suppressed And wonder vilified Leaving them in an Emotional void, Annoyed, Devoid Of any meaningful substance That furthers the manifestation And evolution Of humanity Towards its ideological goal

Some souls sold, But most are just abducted Into the realm Of subtle and malleable truths

embracing the sublime . . .

before me stood a Mountain i knew i had to climb for the Valleys that were in my life have passed beyond sublime

there was another journey in that Mountain that stood before me let me begin this holy ascent that i may come to see

the landscapes of my bleakness and all the lessons learned i knew there was so much more for that Fire within still burns

so i gathered all my fortitude to face this climb ahead the taxing of this quest to climb affirms i'm yet not dead

that its self is a blessing for change in life must come i am just so thankful, yes that the Valley is not my Sum

and neither is one Mountain i pray there's many more for richness of life is in the journey not about the score

so . . .

before me stands a Mountain an this is not the first time many Valleys more i hope to see as i embrace my sublime

embracing the sublime . . .

November 2020 Featured Poets



Elisa Mascia Sue Lindenberg McClelland Hatif Janabi Ivan Gaćina



Clisa Mascia



Elisa Mascia, born in Santa Croce di Magliano (Cb), on 13/04/1956, she lives and works in San Giuliano di Puglia (Cb). Retired teacher. Writing is a real need for life and draws inspiration from anything or any surrounding event.

He has participated in various national and international poetry competitions obtaining awards, certificates of participation, merit and honorable mentions. He receives invitations and convocations to multiple international and world events, commemorative and themed events in which he participates.

In July 2019 the first collection of unpublished poems was published in a book entitled "The Grater of the Moon" by the publisher L'inedito Letterario with the editorial by Fabio Martini. [...]

The Poets

Strong emotions they penetrate the veins. You assimilate them perfectly, you make them yours. They knock you down, forces are failing. Touch the bottom. Go down, go deep. Then in reviving reasons no longer with the heart. Set your soul aside. Think and understand. True poets are those who fully convey their emotions. You who received them, suffering, you come back to life.

Love Trail

In the blue sky up there the plane that leaves leaves a silver trail ... and you are the one who looks at the whole world and it is not enough for you until you see your beloved ... On the well-defined green lawn with a white robe I am there to show you the flower of our love ... the daisy which gently gives life to our passion.

Walk under the moon

In a corner of the world of a cold autumn night man of the student life. stars and moon in a circle all on the ground are waterfalls, sparkling glitter of diamonds smiles for the broken hearts, new hopes are born. With your hands, a big star, grabs to be able to follow, light that never has to fade, cinnamon expands in the air. A dream to realize only if there is love to give, illuminates everyone's life, night of stars and moon, it has flourished again.





Sue McClelland began writing poetry in the early 90's after her divorce. Then she got an MFA in writing fiction. An amateur poet, Sue finds herself writing more and more poetry as she moves towards her eighth decade of life. After 12 years of living with Parkinson's, Sue says, "writing poetry has become an easier and easier way to express and free my mind." Sue is the author of About the Dybbuks: Jewish Historical Fiction from Pittsburgh's Hill District.

Dad's Birthday

Today you would be 88, your body turned to ashes scattered on the ocean and I am left with memories left with questions.

I am not afraid to die you said all yellow and shriveled, with day-glow teeth in the greenish florescent lights of the ICU.

I feel you caring loving me from the world beyond our world it always seems as if you are about to reach and take me in your lap.

And tell me straight out, the stories you kept hidden instead of me having to breathe them in in white black negatives

You draw me like a compass my eyes and heart reflecting your position your umbilicus attaches deep inside me I feed you still as if you were my child and I am here sucking the emptiness imagining somehow you will reach out and nourish me

A Note To Charlie

I watched you planting me a garden each plant picked with loving care the Charles Schlesinger Memorial Garden for me to see when you are not there

It is bittersweet to gaze at them now then look beside me, empty chair no jazz pounding out our windows no New York for us to share

No shady guys, hells angels, policemen dropping by to pick your brain your voice as smooth as melted butter tough and streetwise, soft and sane

As you got weaker, I got stronger spooned behind you breathing air here, take my breath, love you can have some take some heartbeats I can spare

Buried at Mount Nebo in a pine box draped with your tallit the gravestone marks the place we'll both be shade for you and sun for me

You know what love, I have a secret your presence was too large to die when I get under that rock with you we'll have fun there you and I
Hold On Gently, Writing with Wires Unthreading

My words float in the air and disappear bubbles from a child's wand dipped in a plastic jar of soap suds I purse my lips and blow through the wand a shiny bubble quivers in the light pink and yellow rainbows burst and drop and burst and drop a tiny spray of moisture mists my forehead

Is this a benediction?

Hatif Janabi



Hatif Janabi is a bilingual poet, writer, essayist, and translator. He was born in Iraq and is a Polish Citizen. He earned B.A. in Arabic Lang. & Literature from Univ. of Baghdad (1972), M.A. in Polish Lang. & Literature, Univ. of Warsaw (1979) and Ph.D. in Theatre from Warsaw Univ. (1983), where he was a professor of Arabic literature & Culture. He worked in the University of Tizi-Ouzu in Algeria (1985-1988), was Associated Professor in 1987-1988, and a Visiting Scholar, Indiana Univ. (1993-1994) USA.

He is an Author of (33) books of poetry, criticism & translation and a co-author of (15) books and over hundred articles and essays published in various languages. His poems appeared in more than (15) languages including, Arabic, English, French, Chinese, Czech German, Greek, Persian, Polish, Russian, Spanish etc. He is mentioned by literary critics as "One of the prominent contemporary poets & essayist". [...]

Misunderstanding

Spring is late this year with no meaning or cause. I even forgot myself among the scattered leaves of autumn. In my homeland, spring is summer's twin; winter is autumn's neighbor. We said, life expands and shortens; an oasis, the villains transformed into an arid wasteland. Spring shouldn't disappear like water in the sand. Is it plausible to say this is a forest without trees? These shores, filled with sands and oysters, have no sea to contain their banks; no clouds, stars, or a sun gleam on the bloom of their cheeks? Do seasons have a star or a comet to paint their destinies? Are we meant, my wife, Adam, his dog, and I, to wear our green clothes, waiting for a visible or invisible, cunning scene? As soon as I remove a bud rom the layer, I behold a tear flowing over the bud, swiftly drying in its place. Spring is too late this year; a life lost on its way to burgeoning.

Warsaw, May 23, 2012.

translated by Dr. Khahtan Mandwee

So That the Butterfly Won't Die Inside Me*

I dig a hole in the oak of poetry and open the volcano's mouth so that the grass burgeons and the roses prickle. I write so the light, at the tunnel's end, won't die; the bread loaf cheers the glory of the blood spilled around it: the stones have a savor and color, and the flowers have the kiss's weight. I write so the friend won't die forever: no tree bends or bud withers; no datepalm sinks in the landfill of absence, no ink or rain or spring dries; no man despairs, or a lover's prayer goes to waste. I write to tell the wind, "I'm your brother in storm, the igniter of the first spark, the keeper of thunder the guard of the trail." I write so the words won't be buried: the valiant vision won't disappear in the distraction of sight; the butterfly won't die inside me, and the nightmare of doubts won't sweep the dream. I write so no innocent be slain: no sinner be stoned; no child dies from explosion;

no living-dead are mutilated: no other meaning for water than life: nor to be like the caves' inhabitants or a rotten shoe riddled by the roads. I write so darkness won't be day. Babel drinks from the hand of light; the river continues to run to the fields and the plains; its marks are on the mountains, its glitter among the clouds. I write so my mother's prayer and father's praise be the stars' hymn and the clouds' plea: the invisible be seen, the inaudible be heard. and the untouchable be touched. I write to beseech God, "Give me Your email; let us frankly talk. to fathom the savor of dialogue and grievance without a mediator or a spy." I write so inhalation and exhalation have a meaning, a purpose in life, and for the beloved to have a statue higher than the mountains. I write so that no seeker is humiliated;

no flower dries up You'll be me; I'll be you, as big as air, water, and food. I write so that the wing will be as spacious as its dream, and the light present, in the might of its guardian, floating in the open space, in us, around us; I write to be me.

Warsaw, June 8, 2011

translated by Dr. Khahtan Mandwee

Invitation

I won't invite anyone, after now to my house, inhibited by ghosts My lock is rusty. Whoever used to greet me is a pig. My neighbors are rats. I won't invite their daughter for fear of the Jinni's king, sitting behind the door. I won't invite the dolphin, friend of desolation, or whoever crawls behind the Sultan's shades. I won't invite whomever is invited of life's luxuries. Tonight I've decided to invite the sea and all its fish to take me after the party to the whale's abdomen so that I write my life's story and sing my awaited tune.

June 16, 2014

translated by Dr. Khahtan Mandwee

lvan Gaćina



Ivan Gaćina (Zadar, Croatia) writes poetry, including haiku, short stories, aphorisms, and book reviews. He is the author of three poetry books, *Tebe traži moja rima* (KC Kalliopa, Našice, Croatia, 2014), *Tvorac misli / prolaznik u noći* (SVEN, Niš, Serbia, 2015) and *Okovani prokletstvom* (IK "Rrom produkcija" & Udruženje romskih književnika, Belgrade, Serbia, 2018). Gaćina's works have been published in a number of journals and awarded in many literary contests.

Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/ivan.gacina

Web link: https://www.pesem.si/ivangacina

Chained by Damnation

The poor stuck in the tents in a forgotten sooty alley. From all sides hustle and bustle of hungry people. The sound of violin breaks the night's silence, uncertainty everywhere. A blind fortune-teller predicts the future, a wooden carriage waits for better days. As if time has stopped. The rich dream of non-existent happiness, chained by damnation, they live someone else's sins.

A Home Made of Wind

I travel from one day to the next, from one house to another, from one nightmare to another. Far away is my native tent while I wonder where and if the future has anything in store for me. My wife travels with me and on her own, with children and without them, with the sadness in her soul and full of hope for a better life. Maybe we will meet once in a dream there where, instead of hope, a home made of wind waits for us and carries us with it.

Daybreak on Zvezdara

In Veliki Vračar entangled with Zvezdara stars meet and, with their light, crown Belgrade avenues, a criss-cross of paths of human destinies. Through the song of nightingales the smell of coffee surpasses in the glossy beauty the Lipov Lad restaurant while the waters of the Pasha's Fountain carry away the unspoken wishes. In the shade of the sacred plane tree an old Gypsy woman sells extinct memories, shards of the stars exposing the dawn of civilization.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

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