Featured Global Poets

Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed

Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The

Year

of the

Dogt IX

October 2022

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet IX October 2022 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2022

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

R

The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Climate Change and Oil and Power

A human footprint

keep asking myself questions and the one keeps recurring, what about you, man, that you treat your mother like that? And it triggers more. Why do not you care about her? Why are you destroying her?

Jou only have one. Unless you've found a twin refuge (I doubt it) somewhere. Even if it is the case, it is good to leave behind good memories of you. In my opinion, there is no other, synonymous, equally beautiful, in which a man can live. Mother Earth is one. Unique and friendly to a man. Of course, there will be those who will say: what about floods, volcanic eruptions, typhoons, tsunamis? Yes, they happen, but it's the law of nature.

It is frightening that a man destroys his own territory. However, this is happening. The Earth the home to people from around the world - is destroyed by its inhabitants. Not thinking that someone will live after us, we leave traces everywhere – of nothing spectacular, but of our our stupidity. Tons of plastic floating in the seas and oceans, littered forests, poisonous fumes from chimneys heralding the death of the future of nature.

even in the Arctic and Antarctica you can see the results of human thoughtlessness. Glaciers are melting due to the changing climate. Unfortunately, a man- who seems not to see the problem - is helping them.

In the seas and oceans, fish die because of plastic, or being tangled in the net.

Let us not leave any traces of thoughtlessness. Let us take care of Mother Earth, because another one may not be available. We destroy this one on our own request.

I'm still asking myself a question - what about you, man, that you have stopped thinking and you leave behind plastic, the totem of modern times. There is a high likelihood that if you do not throw it away, you may burn in a stove empty water bottles which, not well, you may be short of one day.

am convinced that disposable plastic bags waving in trees are not a testimony to the fact that now trees instead of fruit begin to flourish with artificiality, it is the man again, the garbage collector who allows nature to takes the look of the lack of imagination of homo sapiens.

There are dozens of examples that can be multiplied, but in reality everybody knows that, and hardly anyone thinks that he is doing wrong. He throws away, because what is he supposed to do with it? It is enough to think that used tires should

not lie in a forest that we will want to go to for a rest one day. Felling of trees is depriving us (and our lesser friends from the world of fauna) of oxygen. In winter, we start wearing masks so that we do not breathe in poisonous air. Maybe we should take off our masks and look from a different perspective? Changes must be made first in your own home, in your lifestyle.

The harm that we do to the world depends on the course of thought. If living amidst thrash does not convince you, think about the life of your children. Not only should you take care of their environment, but also set an example of a conscious inhabitant of the Earth, inspire you to live in harmony with nature. The world does not need the "Earth Day", it needs understanding, respect and help - not once in a blue moon, but every day.

Mability to make decisions. I do not know why he decides to kill the world of nature. To kill himself... We did not appear in the world to destroy it. We are here to live in symbiosis with nature, to draw from her gifts and to protect her in return.

Eliza Segiet

Translated by Anna Spryszyńska



Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

onward through the year of 2022 and *The Year* of the Poet. This volume, (#106) represents the 10th month of our ninth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

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

World Healing, World Peace 2022 which was published April 1st of this year. Additionally, we have released another meaningful volume of poetic consciousness... "Climate Change... do or die". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetic voices to the variety of causes in promoting a better world / planet, a better humanity for us all.

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

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

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

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

Climate Change Oil and Power

from Kimberly Burnham

October 2022

"Clean air and water, and a livable climate are inalienable human rights. And solving this crisis is not a question of politics. It is our moral obligation."

-Leonardo DiCaprio



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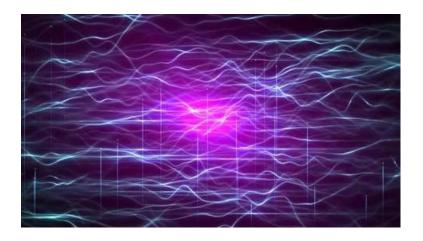


Photo Credit: Shutterfly

https://www.shutterstock.com/video/clip-26626234-side-view-electricity-flowing-through-clear-tube





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

\sim wsp

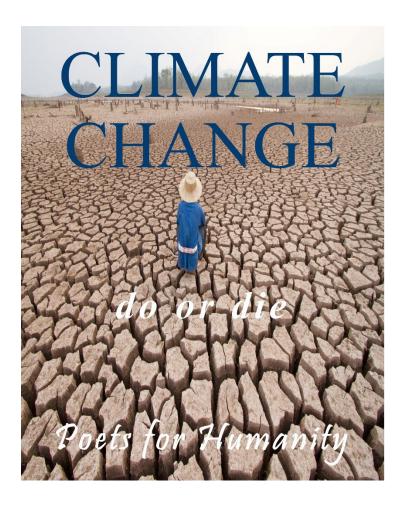




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

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Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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Metal Giraffes

Long and lean Having to reach down Very far for a drink Heads bobbing up and down They move slow Through the motions Shadows scissoring a serene Sunset, daybreak, mirrors Metal giraffes Transplanted from The Bering strait From the cold of Alaska To the warmth of Texas To the humidity of Louisiana And in these warm waters Where we fish and drink And live and play The slick spreads quicker And the giraffes bob To replace the sun with light

Fire and Blood

Riot with intent And not for the sake of chaos Some folks getting bold again Hemp chambered rounds Create an agitator Create a space for a creation Becoming something else is not necessary Becoming who you were meant to be is It's a realignment of resources Everything we need Is already present in life Take control of your own actions For how can we hold accountable others When we are not accountable to ourselves For the mess we are in For the mess we are put in Allow knowthing that is a lyedown Depravation Close the circle of influence My daddy says that we even adopted The habits of the hellbent Why be fed from a spoon That fell on rocky ground Say my NAME outloud Three times seven times And look in a mirror Rumplesheetsandskins! Rubbed together to create a spark Getcha fire and burn down walls And we get brighter and brighter Until we need a hat in the sun Its cooler in the kitchen

Close your legs
Pull up your pants
Get you some learning
Can't play the game outside the rules
Reprogram the mainframe
Choose the roots over the pill
And sound the bell
Never forget the names
The blood knows what the fire needs

She Is

Spicy tomato apple reds And cool greens Bronzes and golds With blues in between Black and white and Earth strong browns This is the color of a queen Her lips purse into a small knowing As the music sings her blues This is her vibration Mother sun and daughter moon Rock that baby bye In the turning of life We are birthing colors In the consciousness of drums A silvery metallicism of winds She holds her belly round And the water moves Clasping hands of power The women exchange graces Laying open palms on this planet They trace the lines at the joinings Blessing the ungrown spaces Waiting to be filled With the prayers of ancestors And the wishes of the unborn Carambola greens Trust in the rising of each day In backward facing footsteps She is both the future and the past In eucharistic sanctuary With the fire of a flamboyant She is life

Alicja Maria Kubgrska



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

She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

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

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

Damage of Tanker

A rainbow stain on the water covered the blue. It spilled widely and it covered the ocean like a shroud.

Sticky goo on the water coated the bird's feathers with black and it stole the fishes' oxygen.

The underwater cemetery is undulating, the wind is playing a requiem and people count money.

Kids

At the boundary of the ocean, land and air children are playing.

They build impermanent sandcastles, sail ships made of walnut shells on the waves and hang colorful kites on the clouds.

They do not dream about luxury homes wealth, long travels.

They still can believe in propitious winds, see the ocean in a drop of water, and poured between their fingers grains of sand - shiny specks of happiness.

glass

he poured his son the first glass of vodka and appointed him as a commander of the glass army

he armed him with an armada of bottles and glasses and sent to fight with life

father with son walked side by side they won subsequent battles but they lost the war

Jackiz Pavis 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

Enough, Already!

The high cost of living: the list goes on. Worries, concerns, requests, demands. Always! Day after day, week after week. Month after month, year after year.

> Always, something: telemarketers, spammers. The price of food. Oil, gas. Aches and pains. Like a spewing volcano. Rains, floods, drought. Nothing are we able to do to change the weather.

Is it not enough, that life is already Overwhelmed by consequences? Those of our own Making, or not? Or, those from doing nothing? Or from doing the best that we can?

> Wars, rumors of war, the cost exorbitant. So, too, the price of food: oil, gas; taxes; Utility bills; medical bills, prescriptions. My health. What little I have left.

Is it not enough? Enough already That we've been green, still are? That most of us already Recycle everything we can?

And, is it not enough, that many Of us have turned off the news? The propagandists having taken over? And still we're besieged by demands.

Telephone solicitors, politicians, too. The postman, The internet, the web, they deliver, text the news, That which would enrich their pockets,

Anonymously, or not. Without conscious.

Is it not time to say, "Enough, Already!" Is it not enough that we're trying, fervently To do the best that we can? Despite the weather. Climatically, politically.

Of Grave Importance

The missive came yesterday.

Its vileness rained dark,

Like lightening, sound of a thunder cloud!

So unbelievable, the inevitable storm's desert!

Flowers thought they might, indeed, drown.

Nothing offered any solace, nor relief

Nothing consoled his long held fear,

The weight that haunted with hindsight.

Blinded too many years.

He prayed to see the light.

Comforted. not, by well spoken words,

Gestures too late to hide the essence of loss.

Both conscious and he, ashamed, Debased by utter contempt, both hid, veiled His face. The scars of debris, too horrific.

He knelt before the mirror of contemplation, And, lo, to him it spoke, and he responded.

With remorse, he prayed he be allowed Sufficient time to modify his errant ways.

Lest the long arm of time's indictment Lull him into the deepest Of deepest sleeps.

Trust

I wonder.... if you recall Having gone your own selfish way And I wonder, if you yearn to return As if on illusion's dream-wings

You, who fled the deadeye burns You who impaled loss upon our lives Are you remorseful, I wonder For your lush garden of deceit

It has produced annoying weeds
Nightmares that poison our sleep-dreams
And managed to block the path
Of our peaceful days and good nights

Still we remain in prayer Seeking wisdom and guidance But, are you happy and content Controlling and destroying lives

Absent of any contrition God, help us to forgive.... you Who blinded the little ones' eyes Please God, I pray for an answer

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



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

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

Teardrops Of Thorny Bamboo In Firelight ~Zakiriya Vulcan Ritual

At night, the smoke that rises up

There are a few yellow vines on the treetops, and the spring breeze comes and goes freely

The old well, surrounded by green beds of bitter bamboo shoots

Covering the stone slope, is it not the intertwined roots of the nest of thorn bamboos?

Grazing on the edge, bamboo shoots and insects listening to the sound of cicadas under the shade of bamboo The fire light leads, the message of the Vulcan sacrifice The wine ginger is the key to unlocking the disappearance and rebirth of Zakiriya

Seaside, Nalara Karan Hills

Galvan, dies in battle

Nanshi Group, the five branches that only appeared in the dream

History is blank for a century, what about the desire to hide in the mausoleum?

Zakira, what are they?

The meaning of existence, a proof paper of passing down from generation to generation

Hope that after death, I can return to the embrace of my ancestors with a smile

Died by fire, reborn by fire Earth gold coagulation, navy blue, dark green, dark black mountain, brown and white

In the history of ancestors, let your throat whimper but don't mourn

Pasavaan, Ralud, Sadinsing, Kasinawan, the four seasons sing a harvest

The shells are as close as they are, and the shadows of the stones reach the bottom. The ocean is like a belt Narakanan, the green beaded under the female tiara hears white tears

The myth of Qilai, the imprinted triangular stone on Mount Shapochen

September, The Bell On The Dead Wood ~ That Night On The Change Skin Coast

Tomorrow morning light, blooming sighs will be on my skin

To imitate elegance, the bells visit the sea breeze Light sails cut the waves, and a night of loneliness sings and dances in my ears

Its hands are soft, and a thousand lines of carmine are painted on my lips

September will shelter me like the surging sea!

Staring, turn into a warmth

As close as a sea shell, reverie and infatuation embrace me The feast is silent, and life groans in search of its soul Hidden in the crazy bloom of blue in September, my heart will

Trembling...!

Coral, worm disguised as a lucid dream A slow-paced water ballet, a deeply throbbing resolution Ocean waves swallow their torment Forget, love is also swimming Keep away...!

Take your stone ox and nourish my childlike innocence Where your eyes rest quietly, tie me to the wind Shake me and stroke my skin while I'm asleep Heart palpitations symphony, attracting Yehe on the wild shore all night Crazy and...!

Please stay away from my light and uninhibited Please sing that love song at dawn I dream that one day, you will allow the endless waves of sea to hum vibrato But don't murmur in my ear, it's just A mirage!

Teasing

I came from the sea in the west, blocked by the hillside and wild forest

Suddenly, this small square canvas is placed in front of mine

On the canvas, the dust that has drifted and landed for thousands of years

Falling on the naked body distinctly

Your lingering, why are afraid that I will write a poem to tease

The power whizzing down the hillside, the wildness that kidnapped the mountain

It's easy to blow away your desire to hug each other Leaving that isolated sentimentality, one by one In this isolated world, don't think about dancing with the wind

The fate of sand and dust

Why ask, who is blocking the dialogue between you and me?

Twilight paints you gold

lest the earth be too pale

Teasing hands, so soft

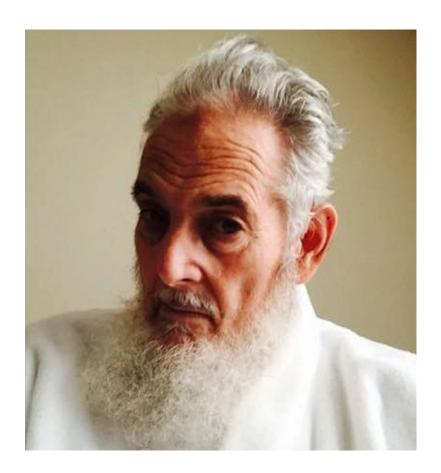
Can't stop, let those lines neither parallel nor crossing Now, the oriole in the deep tree by the stream is intoxicated singing

Entrust that sunset to persuade for us

Let dust and mud, on the canvas of the earth at the foot of the mountain

My sea sand, what do you have to do with the estuary My sea sand, what do you have to do with the falling mountain breeze?

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

abomination

looking at image unmistakably disgusting were pristine bodies of water now toxic cocktails fossil fuels, oil variety of life destroying poisons saturated earth's bodies of essential waters seas, oceans, gulfs, straits, rivers, lakes all have been invaded, desecrated looking at image unmistakably disgusting such tragedy mankind's stupidity, evil greed, indifference ingratitude given pure, perfect life enhancing gifts undeserving all mercy, kindness bestowed by the creator of all things and everyone mankind could care less of course, there are those who do me and you must strive to help our planet stay alive. master of the universe help us please looking at image, it's not pretty

Sugar Coated

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

dem lies

everywhere indifference hopelessness selfishness greed, materialism corruption, deception trivial pursuit shallow ambitions reality altered by misconceived perception reverence afforded to irrelevance concern for what is relevant aborted Values distorted by false images electronically transported into our brain, again and again by those few who have something to gain those few who use me and you to make sure what they want they attain so they proclaim, "What you don't know won't hurt you get this, buy that, you know you can't afford not to you know you want to " on and on poppin' da same "ol" game' non-stop all in the plot to keep you on the bottom so they control the top make you so mad you want to HOLLA there's nothing they won't do to me and you to have, hold and control their god, \$\$\$\$'s

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet IX ~ October 2022



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Oil and Water

Oil and vinegar over greens a healthy salad

Oil and flame combusting in an engine moving the world forward

Oil and batter frying a home cooked meal, the world over

Oil and water smooth, slick beautiful suffocating all that is below

It is not oil that is good or bad but how we use it and pair with our desires

A Quote From Leonardo DiCaprio

"Clean air and water"
he points out what we all need
crave and hope for with every breath
"and a livable climate are inalienable human rights"
drawing attention to my rights and your and even the
smallest, poorest, wealthiest
"and solving this crisis is not a question of politics"
telling us where not to look for solutions
look around, inside, to community
"it is our moral obligation"
our way of healing the world
of repair and celebrating what we each can do

Power and Strength

Power ripped from trees and rivers
waves and frequencies wandering through
wires, air, conduits
transporting knowledge and destruction
strength and domination
the difference
how we use what we send and receive

Clizabeth Castillo



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

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Anthropogenic

Oil and power creates GHC emissions

Though they help our industries,

We cannot deny their climate change contribution

Oil pills damage soil and vegetation,

Burning oil and gas

Meet our energy needs

But dire consequences cannot deceive

Drives global warming

To increased rates that is quite alarming.

Heed Mother Nature's Call

Look around us Our naked eyes cannot be deceived Natural and man-made disasters here and there, Can man still be safe to hide somewhere? One nation is sinking fast 1/3 of the country submerged in floodwaters While another one was shaken by a powerful earthquake. Who is to blame? This ain't no child's game What was once a Paradiso, Had become a ruined plateau The once blue skies. Have no life on it For dark and grey clouds replaced The once beautiful canvas, When will we ever learn? When will we ever listen? Mother Nature is calling out to her children Heed her call, people of the Earth.

Green Paradiso

I am not wishing for the Tree of Life in Eden
I just want our World to go back to Genesis
Where all things originated
And witness how magnificent the Source
Made the Universe, how once was lovely His creations
We can spare the part where the snake tempted Eve,
To bite the forbidden fruit
For that was the start of the ugly chapter of humanity.

I wish to see the Green Paradiso

When the heavenly skies are still blue

No toxic gases permeate the air yet

The wind still smells of December breeze.

Jog Pairg



Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike cord with the a 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

Rainbows On The Water

I've seen rainbows after the perfect storm The sun's rays, play with misty droplets A photographers dream, is to catch a triple

Sticky beaches from over feeding on the earth's core, spilt oil makes water form rainbows
The earth is feeding on rivers, to fill the void
Have you ever squooze an orange, for its juice?
This planet is being drained
The clouds deprived of moister.
Rainbows on the water, from oil slicked seas.

Nobody Really Cares Do They

They offer advice. basically, based on being like them but I only see the basics, eat, sleep, breed. Finding stuff to talk about. becoming puzzle pieces, to fit in any city scene becoming good at sports and games to play on any cities team, becoming entertainers, to those who wish, to become your dreams I used to watch ant hills. I used to watch people, watch people. Searching for someone to talk about feeling a little better than equal feeling a little like, it sucks to be you every little thing in life is a sequel or a preview. Think about it, Eat, sleep, breed The only thing new, is what we perceive Some believe that life was pre-conceived Nothing changes but the weather Nothing changes except whether or not you change your mind. Perception is just a line of sight Eat, sleep, and die Another boy grows up or he doesn't Another woman wishes she wasn't Another judge will decide what's disgusting And the cycle repeats itself A miser will cheat himself A liar will repeat himself Why do we believe in self We're just like ants, with more things to do.

Afraid Of Progress

The future demands ingenuity,
From torches to electricity.
We went from horses to cars
Airplanes to mars, you would think
We'd find new sources of energy.
The industrial revolution, created greed
It polluted the very air that we breathe
It's not profitable to do the right thing.

Life enhancing patents, stay buried in lost file cabinets those same governing bodies, have the answers they'd rather stay in the good graces of financial backers. The safer way is not a good business plan Where lobbyist corrupt political hackers.

There's no doubt the earth is in peril Price tag, a million lives per barrel Lost jobs, for a lost cause. there are not many coachmen left They learned to drive the automobile It was a definite sign of progress

Clean energy is a quest that requires sacrifice Sacrificing lives to keep the profits high Are we that afraid of progress We would rather die? hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, USA). Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA). hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Moral Obligations

"It's all politics", some shout, and add, "There is no climate change!" Weather conditions come and go . . . right? Not quite!

"Clean air and water, and a livable climate are inalienable human rights. And solving this crisis is not a question of politics. It is our moral obligation." —Leonardo DiCaprio

On this quote, many a fool might claim imprudently: "Are we now supposed to listen to wannabe actors?" Clueless reactions had come about Greta Thunberg, the Swedish activist who has much more to argue for actual facts based on evidence, and she does so with high intelligence.

Shall we leave it to the power-greedy idiots all around, who are dangerously oblivious to the goings-on?

Absolutely not! They are the ones who placed us into these dark times knowingly. How, though, can we make them honor their moral obligations?

Vote the right person in!

Ignorance is, not at all, bliss! That's merely the title of a song by Kendrick Lamar. Let that sink in!

Oil and Power

There would not have been wars of the same kind, had the affected countries lacked oil in their lands.

"Democracy needed to be established there.
The inhumane conditions could not be tolerated."
What a preposterous claim!
Time and again,
the motive has been
to attain enduring power
in order to continue to remain in power.

If you do not see the relation between oil and power, look at history once more. Clean your rosy glasses first!

"Ignorance Is Bliss"

when eyes are veiled

ears blocked eagerly

the brain in slumber

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

Black Gold

Black gold is a super power. We all want to float on our engine's bladder to service our comfort.

We love the power of freedom's thrust on the open road. We are addicted to the convenience

of locking our feet on the pedal to engage our daily tasks. The golden oil is our master.

The disconnect between that freedom and the distaste for oil Barons should give us pause to ask the question.

Are we not guilty of abusing the air excreting pollutants from our oil burning exhausts all over the planet?

Is humanity ready to contemplate the concept of giving up Black Gold?

Brief Moment

The edge of evening is the last exhale of the sun on the horizon.

Orange cream lays across the mountain peaks. My eyes slant upward to gaze the natural light.

Illusions of fire and ice waiver in the twilight. A frostbitten wind staggers to sleep.

The stars slowly roll out on black velvet. Happy yawns open wide and my eyes fold in slumber.

Goddess in the Sahara

In the Sahara my soul swims in ancient red sand.
I imagine a goddess rising with the new dawn.

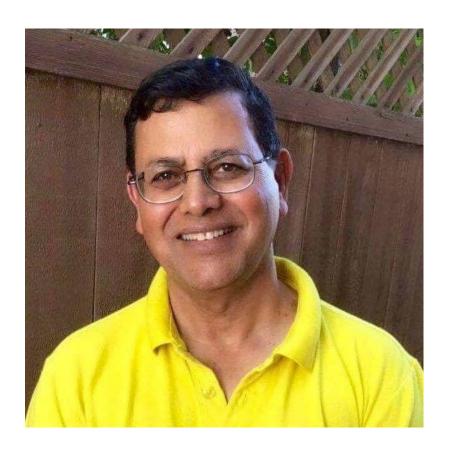
A healing goddess floats in her light body across a pure saturated blue expanse above the sacred sand, spreads her healing balm on earth.

The feminine energy engages in balance with the earth touching human flesh. Spirits rise from deep sleep shake off the drought of inflamed sickness.

Together these Spirits follow the goddess in the road rover of healing along the bay of trepidation, to bring home the miserable children of earth.

We must put them to sleep to heal them and bring them back to a new earth in their next incarnation.

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.

Dim Dimensions

Enormous vacuity devoid of features submerge land in gloom.

Wrecked tankers seeping oil contaminate oceans.

A threatening scene a terrifying revelation effluence extending to the horizon.

God seems disappointed His light extinguished.

I chant a lonely prayer amongst the damned.

Green Tree

I'm a tree holding the soil like deeply held eco-secrets in my heart.

I sing with winds
I whisper with rivers
I fly with my leaves
I dance with clouds
I'm a tree.

Love me hug me don't dismember my limbs I am your friend I'm a tree.

Sunshower

My Life
A drop of water
Vaporizes
The wind dispels it
As dust
Before the wind
I am
Myself.

The only oddity
Is a sun-shower
As rain falls
While the sun is shining
Before the rain
I am
A rainbow.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet IX ~ October 2022



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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st 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 Anachanua.

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

Change and Power

Light up the metaverse
Fill in the gaps of generations
Change is constant,
Let's rebuild, re-invent and re-construct
Power to make a difference
Just like how electricity gives chances
To recreate work and jobs for the people;
We all need to empower
Lift each other up;
We need to act for sustainability
Just like oil giving power
To ignite and let machines work
And whenever, the youth needs a helping hand
We can work together
As one, united as a force.

re(d)generation

rebels' stars are cast
from the lens of sweet wars
of green, black or white,
no ages define indifference,
no status pre-exists,
yes, evolution of love
the windshield of our souls
in the same breath.

Peacock glimpses

beyond metaphors: die from egoism, breathe new life into the eyes of stars into the noble vision of transformation and of immortality.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of the Prolific Poetess Award ,The Life time Achievement Award ,The Best Planner Award ,The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE Award, ATAL Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award .She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society Lasher one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 60 languages .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child Press African is the life member of Odisha Environmental Society.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

epilogue of fossil fuels

the snow is melting the Earth is crying don't be fossils dear Zombie ice attached to thicker areas of ice parent glaciers unable to replenish them even if the whole world stops burning fossil fuels today the Greenland icesheet would lose tons of ice leading to average global sea level rise climate change decreases water availability that affects thermoelectric power plants. conversation from coal and oil to natural gas increases the greenhouse affect of energy consumption fossil fuels produce large quantities of carbon green house gases trap heat in our atmosphere can we use solar power and wind power? let there be energy for each one global warming; a warning of future genocide save the ice for climate justice the heat is on and on......

roti

roti dances, cries writes stories or sings millions of languages of hunger

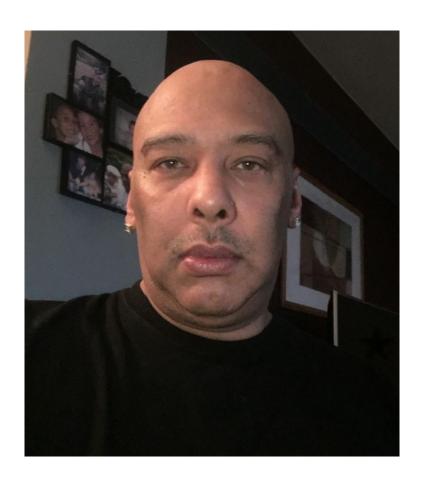
each roti scripts its own addendum roti is a poetry with shape and size of Geometry may be round as dew drops on grass or as the tear drops of a rape victim roti is a manuscript; a journey of a seed, a farmer a land ,cloud, a document a farmer's chunk of dreams at times the roti screams in the dustbin the extravaganza super ego roti is the mirror of democracy reflection of the gap between haves and have nots roti is a national flag, an anthem a dignity, a constitution of a planet, a foundation of a country, a city, a village or a house a beggar's day dream roti travels from kitchen to plates from country to country

a topic of the seminar yes, peace starts from roti hunger has only one religion dear that is a roti as bright as the full moon of any sky...!!!

that scary blood on the wall

you both were shouting at the top of your pitch I was scared I couldn't understand the subject or object but certainly, can feel the chaos the melodrama food was scattered on the floor glass bottles were broken You both were blistering red I was scared You both asked me to whom I need the most I was in a dilemma perhaps you both wanted to measure my love I looked towards both with tears I was scared You were oppressive, skeptical sitting on the hot chair without any seat belt or safety precaution no concern for me; a child of seven years you taught me manners to use sorry, please and thank you but you forgot all suddenly mummy left the house you started drinking from the designed bottles now what shall I do? cry, sleep or shout who is going to listen? life is a lyrical song I love both of you papa and mummy but I am scared of the broken glasses and that scary blood drops on the wall !!! perhaps I am used and abused by you!!!

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com
Alcarrasco2 on YouTube
Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Oil and power

Temperatures are rising, ice roads are melting, drilling machinery is not working properly, the change of climate is ruining their functionality. Grounds are thawing in places where it should be frozen all year round,

the cost at hand is permafrost, which hollows out land. Pipeline supports will buckle, heavy rigs will tumble, pipes will collapse and the spillage devastation will be incredible.

In some places industrial chillers are being used to help mock frozen temperatures.

Man is now being forced to mimic nature, if not... major oil companies won't be able to keep up with demand and fall under.

In the future, offshore and onshore digging will get harder and harder to produce liquid power.

Humidity

Humidity didn't have anything to do with the heat on the block. it was hot all year round, twelve tried to get directs and observations when the sun melted blacktop and when there was snow on the ground. You had to be on point regardless to the season's elements, if not you'll be fightn' charges or die a horrible death for dead presidents. Many went to jail, a lot more bled out on the surface of hell, Every car that drove by got scanned, if anyone walked by i watched their hands, never tell where you're at and where you're going, i knew the game well. I tried to teach what I was taught but some didn't listen and did what they wanted to do, they slept and got rocked to sleep and it still hurt watching that third day of pain motorcade come through. We were young. Parents had restless days and sleepless nights worrying about kids doing street bids because they're tired of waiting on the first to eat good and tired of using candles in replace of lights. When dealing with that white, off white and beige, life was short, it seemed like 21 was an unreachable age, good men died young and got life in a cage.

Verbal ordinance

I used to hustle 'caine in the slums, the same place where many good men succumbed, we searched for the light in darkness because where we're from, dark clouds blocked rays of the sun. All we had was each other, hope, dreams, access to coke, triple and red beams. Prison and death was handed out to us in powder form. That wasn't the advertisement, that consignment was just the traditional method of mending broken housing apartments.

Blinded to what the future would bring, we went hard until one by one over and over my day ones heard hell's orchestra and the fat lady sing. Fast and easy money turned into fast but bloody money, when you're hungry and witness a lifestyle of wealth there was no deterrents to the pursuit of riches regardless of the fact that green turned into red currency. We went hard. My shoulders were used to carry my deceased soldiers and to soak up tears of sobbing mothers. I know the weight of pain well, decades later I still get backaches of hurt and my shoulder still gets drenched when a childhood friend's childless mother eyes swell. When people ask me what fuels my passion? and what's my motivation? My reply for both is complete and utter devastation. I'm an urban poet on a urban reconnaissance mission, i'm still in the trenches but i'm not going to war with competition, i'm using verbal ordinance to kill a fatal tradition.

Cliza Segiet



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

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

Mr. C.

When Mr. Copernicus
peeped in the direction of stars,
he understood
that the Earth goes around the Sun.
He didn't anticipate
however, that in such places
will swirling waste be,
he didn't sense
that a human will touch the stars.

Translated Ula de B.

Concern

The silence brought back a volatile draft of the past. Listening to herself, she was silent.

Rising from her knees, she knew that with concern she could stop reality. At the turn of her life, she realized that tomorrow depends on her.

She fought not for her survival.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Appearance

Mantled with understatements, after the years we see that

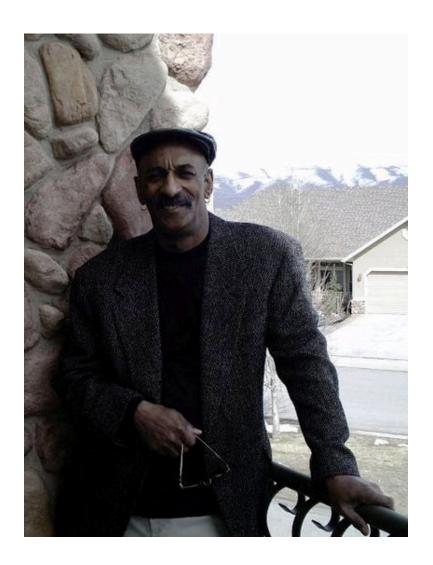
not everything is as we thought.
When we were needed
they were with us.

Now they don't waste time – they leave.

Apparent, loyal friends have their own plans.

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

A letter from Mother

My bowels are being plundered, And my life blood is being stolen . . . All this for a passing illusion You have conveniently named Progress and power.

In the name of fading wealth
That serves the few,
You allow it to happen,
For to rebel
Against the sensible,
You are not sensible enough
To recognize
That I have given you
Everything . . .
You need . . .
For FREE!!!

There is the Sun
And the Wind,
And the Rivers and Oceans
Which you have so carelessly
Polluted
With your indifference and ignorance

No worries,
I have seen your kind before,
And if need be,
Let us
Start all over
From the beginning,
And maybe,
Just maybe
You will get it right
The next time.

Think about it

Did you ever think about

The things you never thought about

Simply because you had to

Think about them?

Think about it.

Darkness of Ages

The light is being kidnapped And the pathways of life Are filled with deception And outright lies

People of the supposed cloth Have sold their souls To the "Demons if Darkness"

Money, 'no problem',, We have plenty, And if we run short, We will just print more

These are the times
We have been waiting for,
And have been working towards
Since the beginning
Says the Devils

Discord is our way, And divisiveness is our tool, For the people are fools

. . . .

We have used their own schools
To make up and
Reinforce our rules.
So the fires of hell
Never cools
As it once has done
Before

We have put the weak up front To lead, And the weeds are choking All of the flowers And wholesome food-stuff While we stuff our bellies full With their souls

Has not all of this been foretold In your Holy texts As to the suffering and lamentations And the thousand years next To come?

Yes, close your eyes, And wait for your surprise, Pay your tithes While fornicating with One and another's wives proverbially speaking While you are busy Twittering and tweaking On your devices of distraction Just like the one Who is now penning This ominous poem Of the 'Darkness of Ages' Where Sages Have lost their voice For they forgot long ago In the days of Humanity's youth To speak the certainties Of certain certifiable truths.

The Darkness of Ages Is not only upon us, But has just about Consumed us with malleable false trusts By evoking and Redundantly, Religiously, Repetitiously, Propitiously repeating Lies and misdirected words To be heard By the weak of mind Who find solace Amongst the swine Who willingly wander And deliberately walk Off the side Of the cliff... Straight talk

Where is that light needed, The one initially, Originally seeded In the gardens of Your Soul?

Let not the 'Darkness of Ages' Give cause for you to forget Your way.

October 2022 Featured Poets



Andrew Kouroupos
Brenda Mohammed
Carthornia Kouroupos
Faleeha Hassan



Andrew Kouroupos



Andrew Kouroupos was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. He moved to southern New Jersey in 1987 with his 3 children and his wife of 38 years. He writes children's stories, essays, poetry, fiction, and nonfiction.

Andrew can be contacted at: akouroupos@verizon.net

Boy Blue

There was a boy who watched the world through prison bars as others hurled, the taunts and jeers like children do that mocked this sparrow's gallows view.

To fly away the boy would dream unfurling wings on jets of stream, that soared above the piercing blows then feather slept where kindness grows.

But in his cage this boy withstood a thistle perch that often would, dismount him onto fecal ground that festered with each tearful sound.

Until the boy outgrew the cage but not the depths of dormant rage, gestating without conscience care aborting any hope or prayer.

That one day all the taunts and jeers will vaporize and disappear, from crypts inside this sparrow's mind instead of hate in full rewind.

To which this story has to go where aftermaths will always show, that innocence reduced to swine comes home to roost in Columbine.

Snowflakes over Palestine

Awakened at the crest of dawn but not by rising sun, its kiss inviting both my eyes to peace that hates undone.

I sleep despite the tingling waft of wind's beguiling breath, alluring me from innocence to wake to martyr's death.

But still betrothed to reveries I spurn my people's cry, to satisfy their vengeance without questions as to why.

Though nothing is the better after carnage from a blow, we sift through rage maintaining Zion reaps what it has sowed.

And now with this I rise instead of dreaming I have dined, with Jacob's line and fury cooled by snowflakes over Palestine.

Writer's Block

Deadpan dance on widowed white, grieving soul too wrought to write.

Battle worn with whittled sword, blunt the blade for your reward.

Vespers faint lamenting dead, heroes past but none ahead.

Brenda Mohammed



Brenda Mohammed of Trinidad and Tobago is a renowned, multi-award-winning, and bestselling author who published 48 books.

Her genres are memoirs, romance, science fiction, mysteries, psychological thrillers, children's books, Christian books, poetry, anthologies, and self-help.

She is the Founder of the Literary Network How to Write for Success, with five successful forums, and Director/Peace Ambassador – CIESART, Europe.

Her superb writing skills won her several literary awards in the USA, Peru, Kazakhstan, Seychelles, Nigeria, India, Romania, Argentina, Morocco, Philippines, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Barcelona, France, Switzerland, Italy, Indonesia, Sri Lanka, Ukraine, and the UK.

A Strong Woman

A strong woman exudes confidence. She respects herself and uses common sense. She can spot when something is not right. Like a light bulb, her brain sparks light.

A strong woman questions what is wrong. It's not her intention to humiliate anyone. Who is right or wrong does not matter to her, If the problem is rectified in an honest manner.

A weak person feels threatened by a strong woman. To her/his level, will try to bring a strong woman down. If she defends herself from lies and confronts her/him, She'll be demeaned, but like cream she'll rise to the brim.

A True Friend

Fake friends have no commitment to you. Love to make drama, that's what they do. They always find ways to disconnect. Tell lies about you, even on the internet.

When they need your help, they're very sweet. Beware of the fake friend who's full of deceit. True friends will always have your best interest at heart. They accept you as you are, and will not from you part.

They stick around during good times and bad. A real friend never likes to see you sad. A true friend encourages you to achieve your goals. They'll tell you the truth, and help you avoid loopholes

Double Standards

What's good for one should be good for all. What's bad for one should be bad for all. Using double standards makes one a poor leader. Why overlook what one does and penalize another.

Standards you demand that others live up to, Will be expected of you by those looking up to you. Saying one thing and then doing another, Makes you look deceitful like a ruthless rudder.

When you tell lies and untruths to cover up your deeds, All will be exposed and your deceitfulness revealed. Never believe you're better than anyone else. Only a weakling uses lies as crutches to prop up self.

Carthornia Kouroupos

The Year of the Poet IX ~ October 2022



Carthornia Kouroupos was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. She moved to southern New Jersey in 1987 with her 3 children and her husband of 38 years. She writes children's stories, essays, poetry, fiction, and nonfiction.

Carthornia can be contacted at:

ckouroupos@verizon.net

Red Oak in New Jersey

I saw a Red Oak growing in New Jersey, With its bristle-tipped leaves turning red in the fall, Secure in life's meaning, settled in and content, Standing tall and proud, showing off its waxy leaves, Smiling at the sky and all the people that go by, Not bothered by the smog or shoes that are too tight, I sometimes wonder why I'm not like that tree. When my bristle-tipped leaves turn red; it's not good for me, I don't feel life's security, and its meaning means nothing to me, Even though I stand tall and proud, it's only a show of how I was over a decade ago, I hold on to hope day after day, looking for something to show me the way, I saw a Red Oak growing in New Jersey, With its bristle-tipped leaves turning red in the fall.

I Don't Know Why My Pain Scabs Over Like a Sore Trying to Heal

My pain scabs over like a sore trying to heal. Sometimes negative emotions bump against my scabs and scrape them loose.

At those times, I clean up the pus and droplets of blood with a cotton ball.

Other times, my scabs are completely knocked off by these emotions, and my open sores turn into little fires. Instead of calling the fire department, my shame convinces me to put the fire out, Myself.

I'm not experienced at putting out fires. Some of the little flames burn really deep, and leave painful holes full of pus, and blood, oozing from the wounds. The smaller fires I manage to smother, crust over again with a little help of ointment, from something I've read or heard. At those times of relief—so brief. I should rest my sore body and mind, But what reason can I use? What reason can I believe?

None.
So,
I just keep moving,
second by second,
minute by minute,
day by day,
month by month,
year by year.

What is Life?

- Life is infinite space entwined with heartbeats, and emotions
- Life is self-centered, headstrong, going and coming not caring for the others' nest, biting the necks of others
- Life is big red lips, warm hands in the dark bringing death to the soul
- Life is liars, cheaters, posers, following each other to Hell
- Life is powerful leaders lacking purpose and direction, with the unwillingness to do what's right
- Life is imagery, real and unreal, spoken and unspoken
- Life is beauty; untraveled, sacred, life is transcendent through centuries
- Life is the continuous evolution of souls taking different forms
- Life is happy, sad, exciting, scary, empty, full, disappointing, devastating
- Life is rich, poor, and in-between
- Life is moving fast, catching up with death.

Falggha Hassan



She is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwriter born in Iraq who now lives in the United States, Faleeha is the first woman to wrote poetry for children in Iraq. She has published 25 books. Her poems have been translated into (20) languages. She is Pulitzer Prize Nomination 2018, PushCart Prize 2019, IWA, and winner of the Women of Excellence Inspiration Award from SJ magazine 2020, and winner of Grand Jury Award of the Sahitto International Award for Literature 2021 and Cultural Ambassador - Iraq, USA.

Talk between us

'Where you are going'

I read it in the driver's eyes as he stares in the mirror at me.

Although the sky is so far away

no wing can collide with it, however I'm worried about who's flying now

'There, I pointed, on the edge of the sea!'

'No bus stops there!'

'Imagine one and let me out, I will put all these waves in my bag,

Spread them whenever and where.

With bare hands I always separate thorns from my days, In the south of the south, I live full of madness and perfection.

My dream is so wide but I have no hope of finding hope.

Leave me here. By the way,

I am a poet .'

Old friends' selfies

They were beautiful
Like a very early morning
They were delicate
Like a breeze afraid to be born in July
Their eyes were like forgiveness
Now withered behind misty glasses
I see them posing on the phone screen
Leaning on "It only takes second!"
Their forced smiles quickly vanishing
And as soon as the game of capturing happiness in a picture ends

They will scatter like pollen in a bee's feet Carrying with them wishes and even the smallest of dreams With most of them getting lost in the crowd!

Today

I don't know why I feel like a grandmother of a man in his sixties,

Both kind and hopeless.

I am the one who sewed a coat from your voice to shield myself from the sting of parting,

How many times I told you not to leave until you separated the letters of your name from the beat of my heart, look what happened

The day is no longer connected to its moments
The silence of the night is meaningless
And your dream of me is oblivion
I am still as you left me..
Lean on my silence and fade away

Remembering

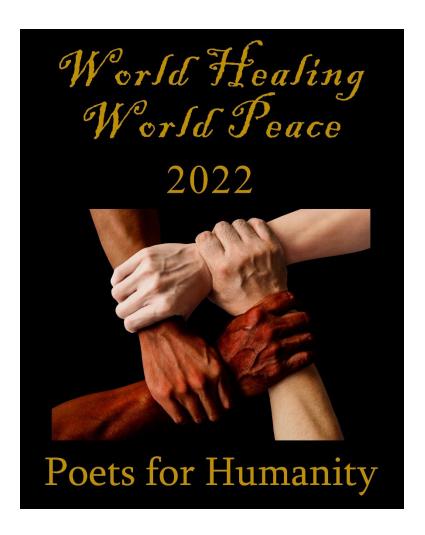
our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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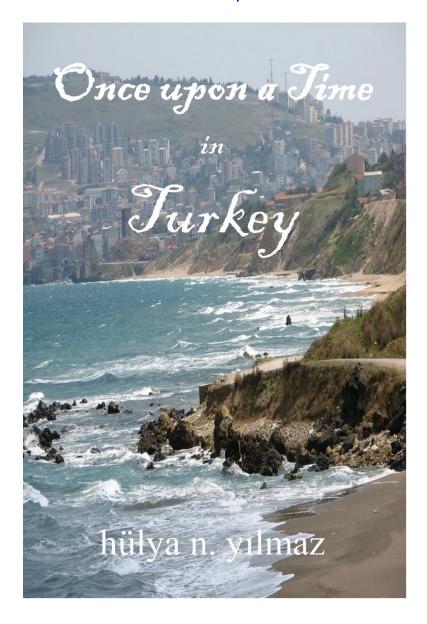
Poetry Posse Members

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.

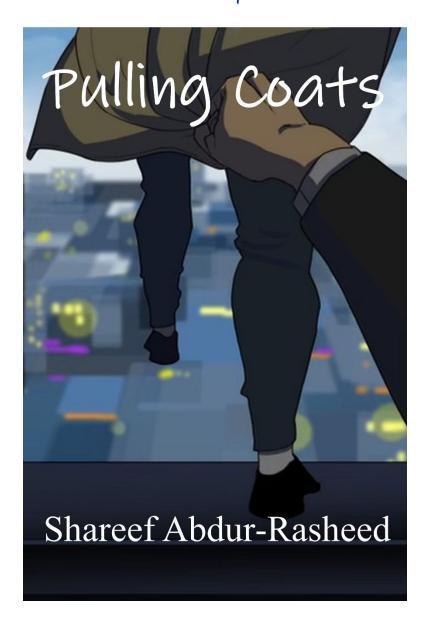
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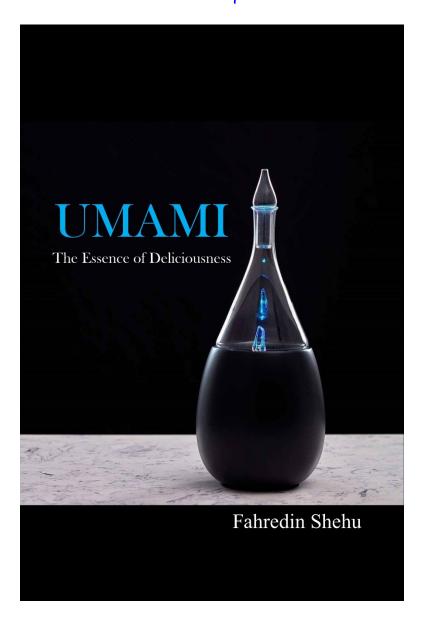
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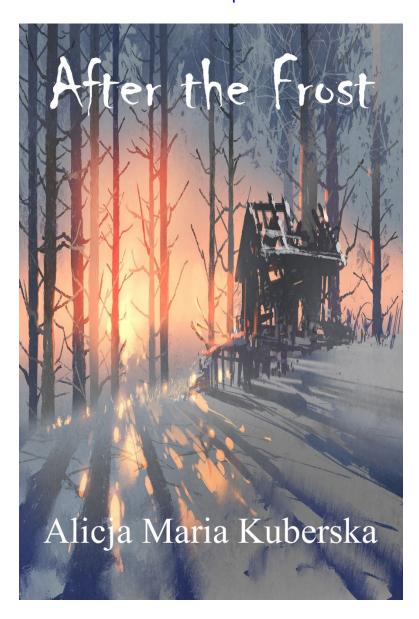
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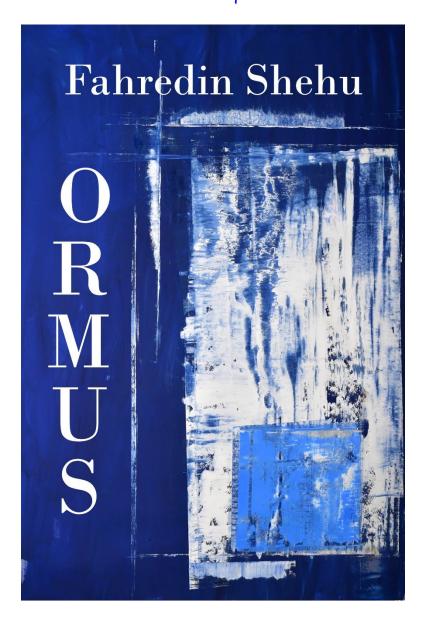
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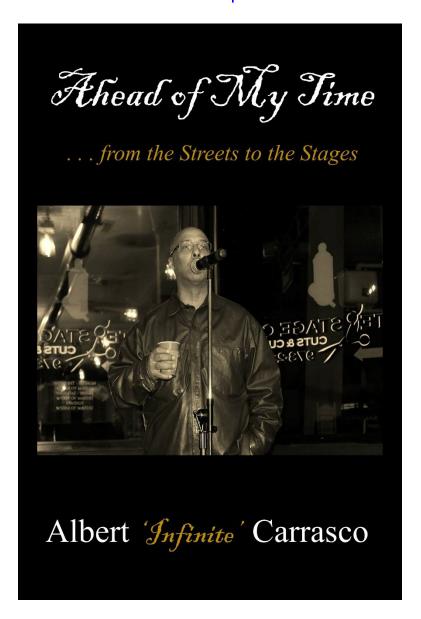
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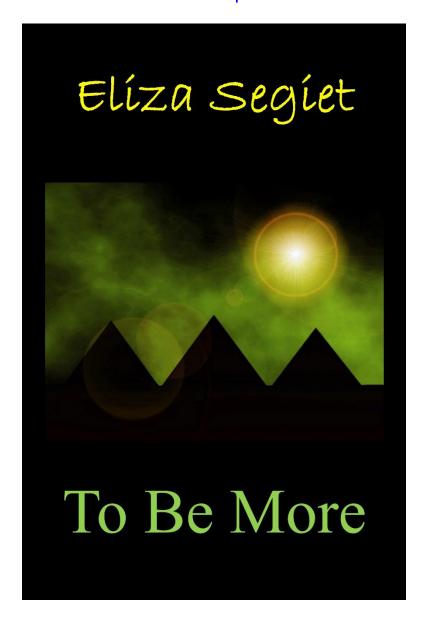
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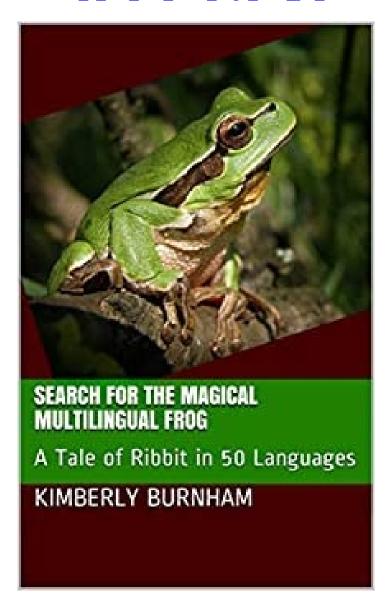


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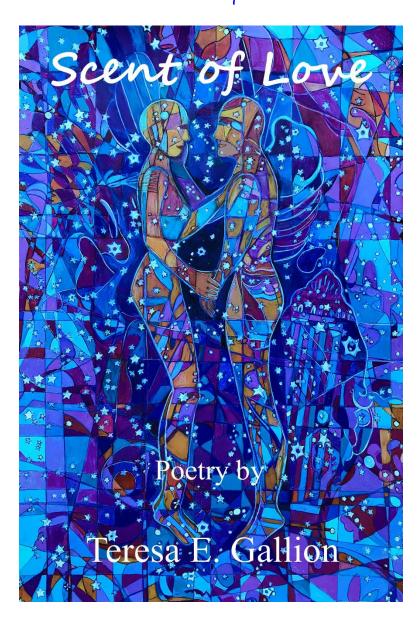


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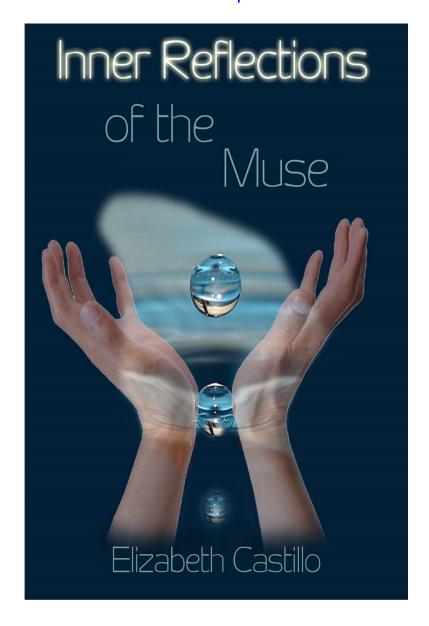
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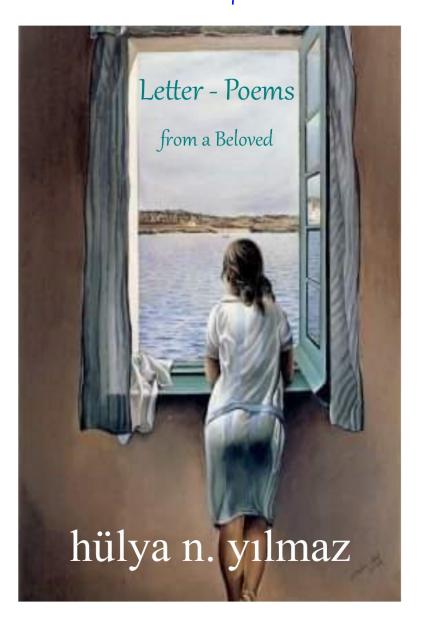
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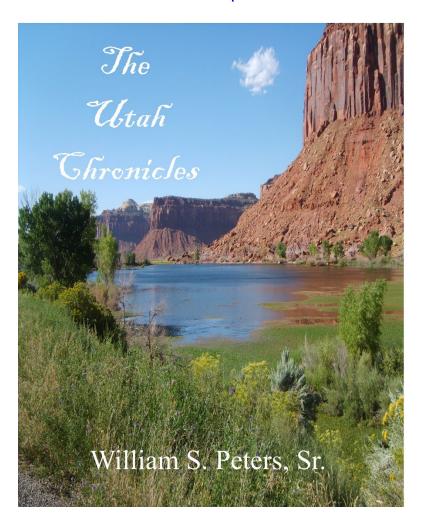
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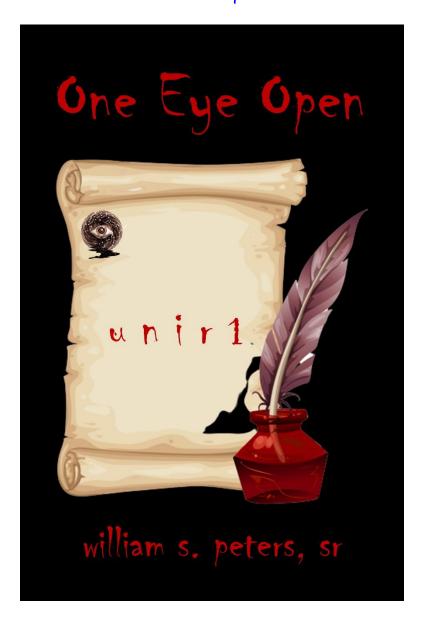
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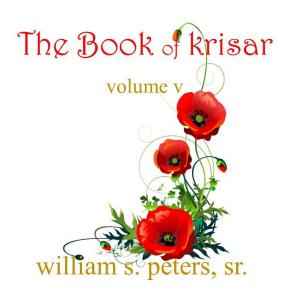
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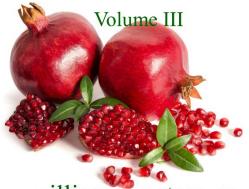
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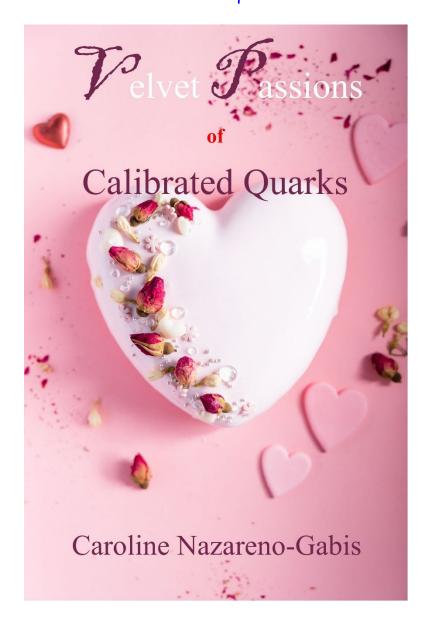
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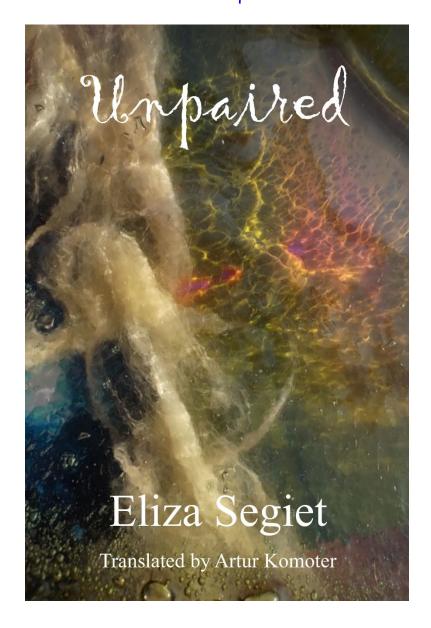


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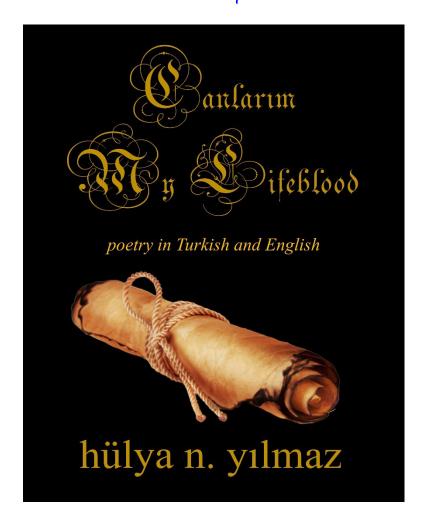
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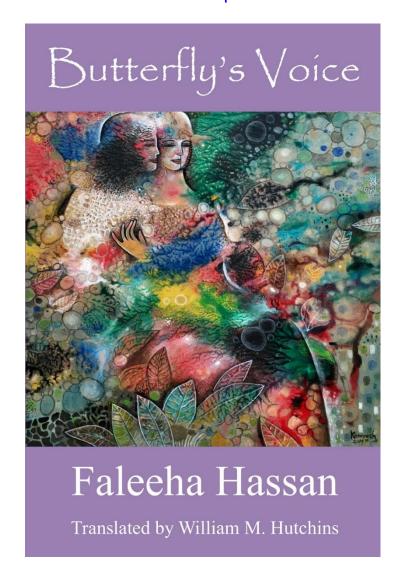
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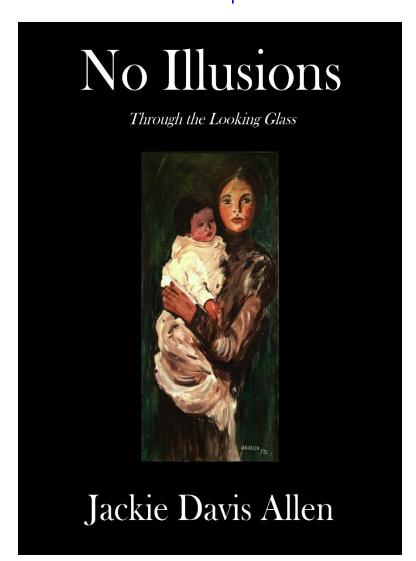
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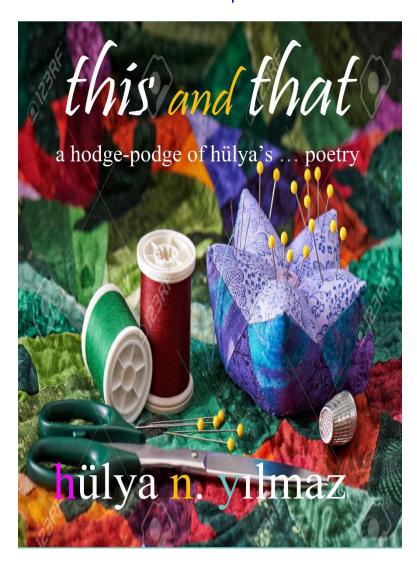
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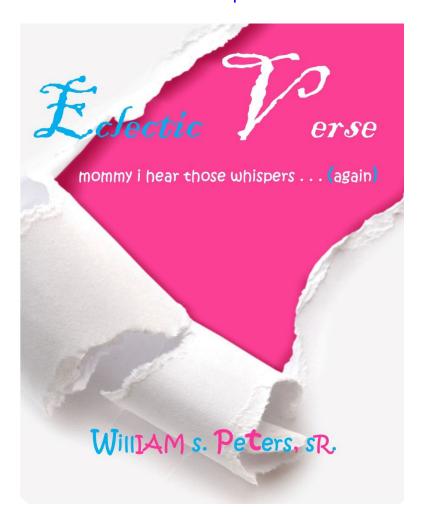
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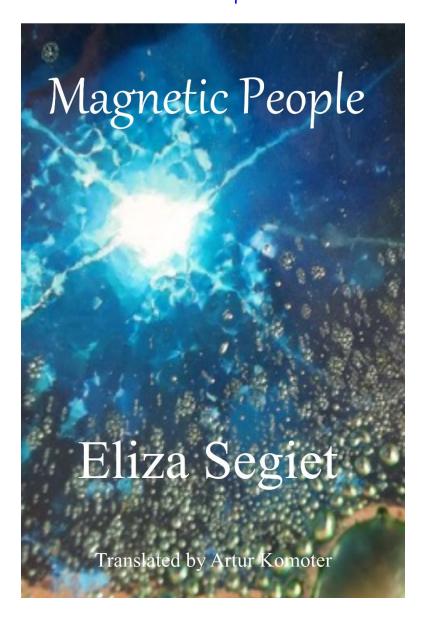


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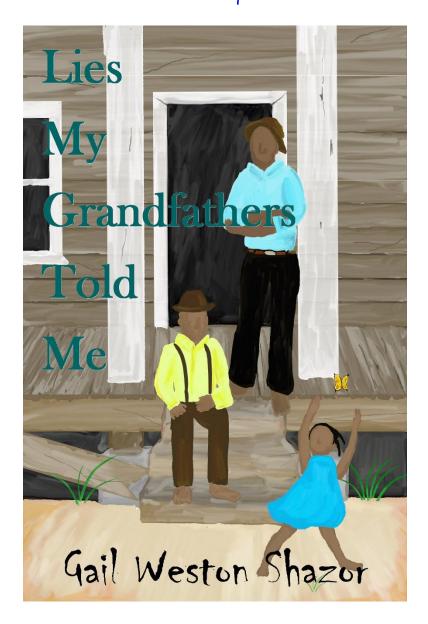
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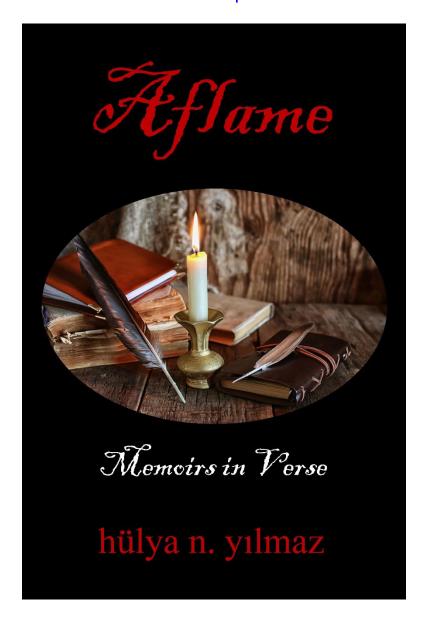


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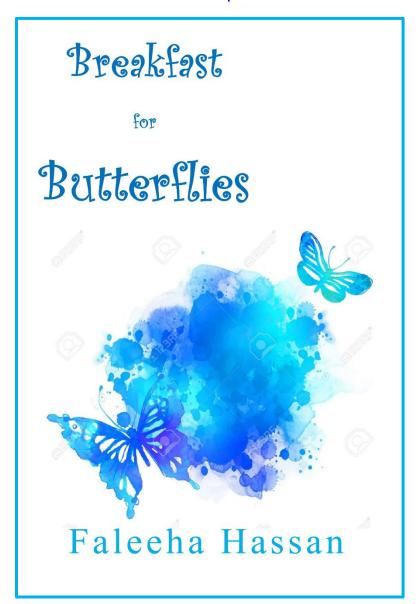
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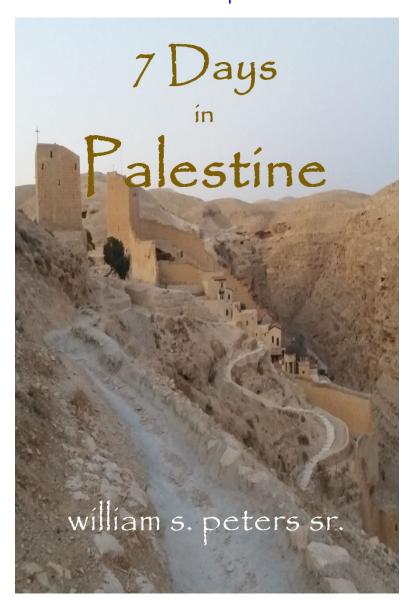




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The Year of the Poet IX ~ October 2022



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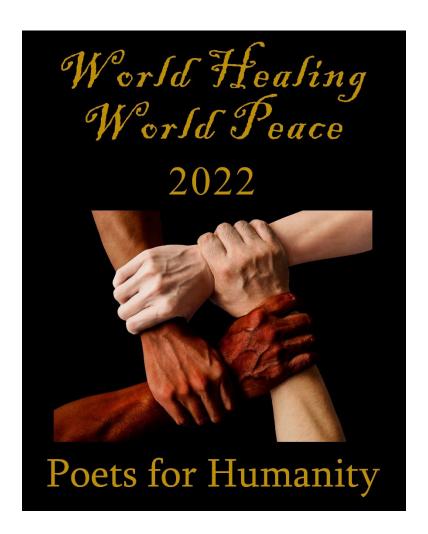


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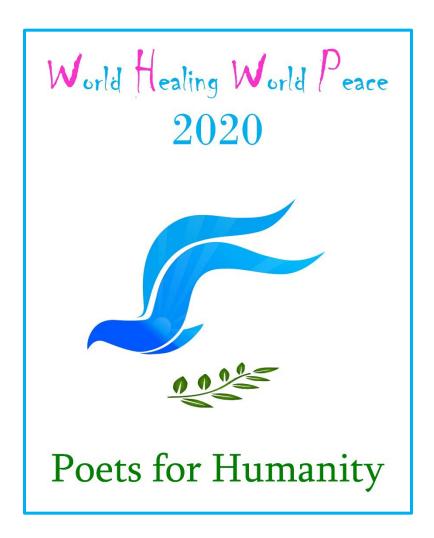
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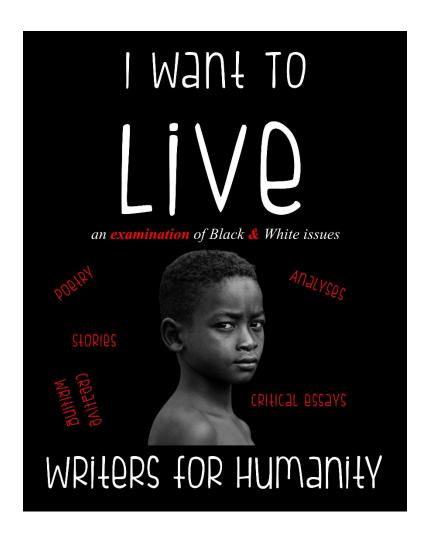


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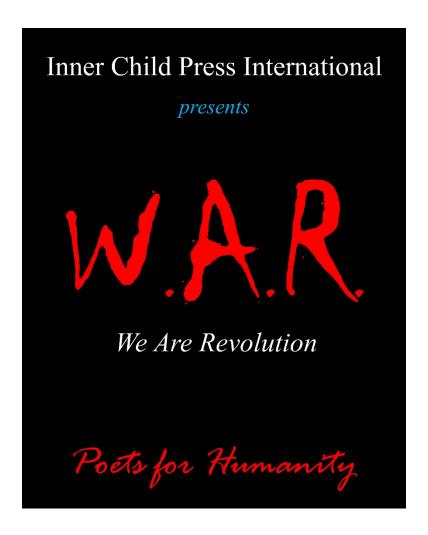
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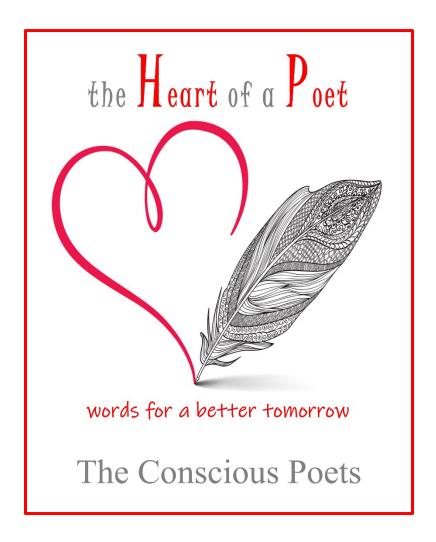
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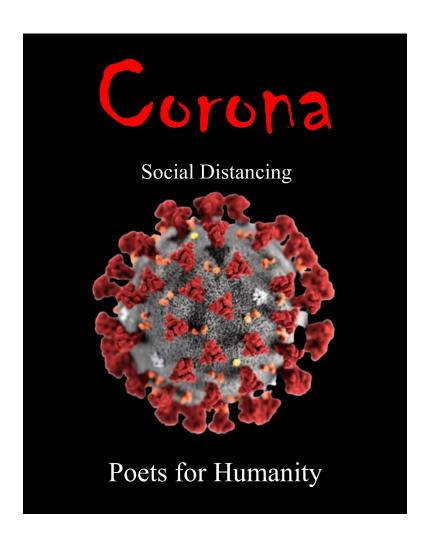
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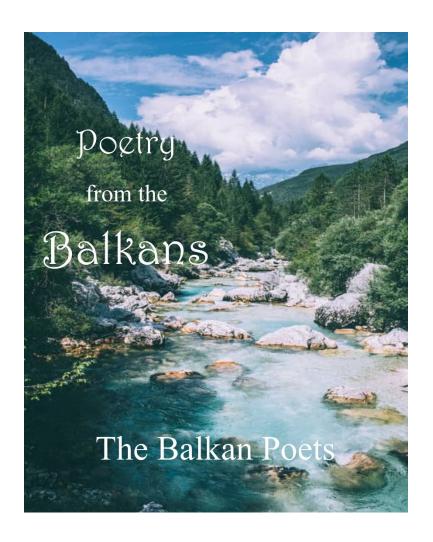




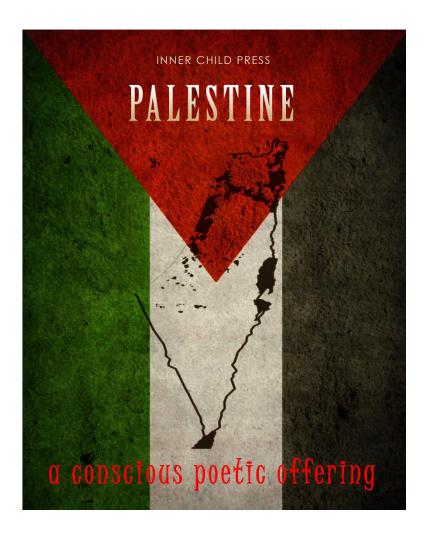
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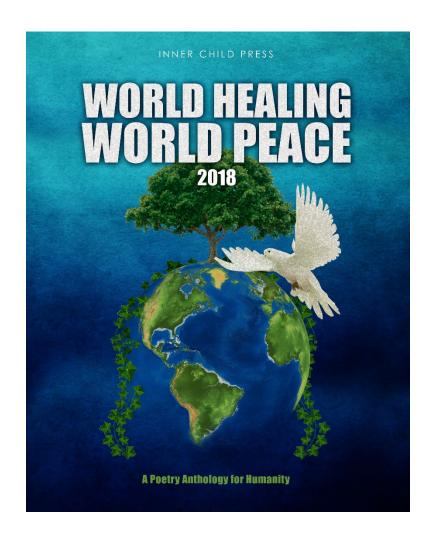


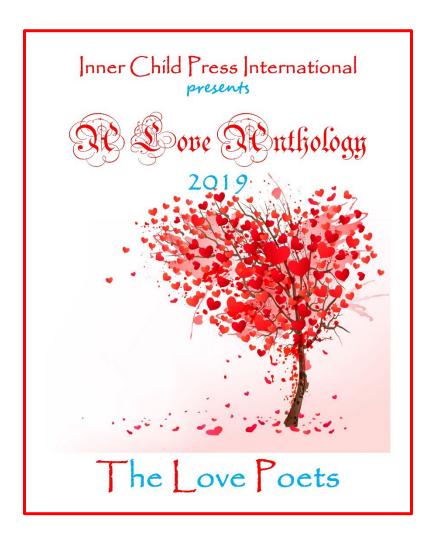
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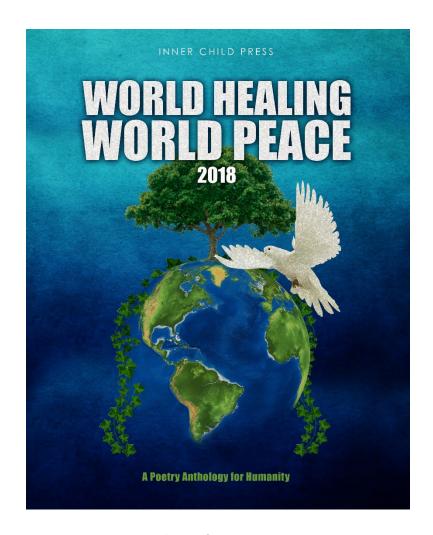




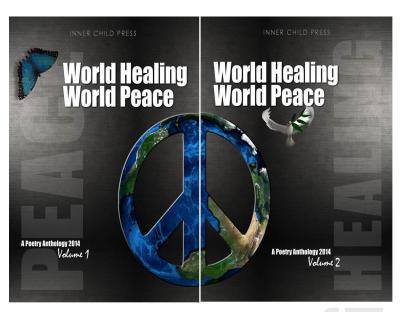


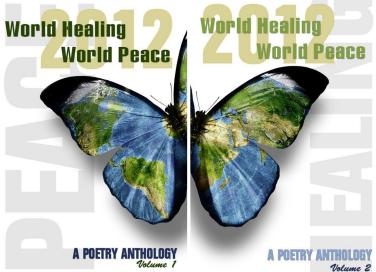
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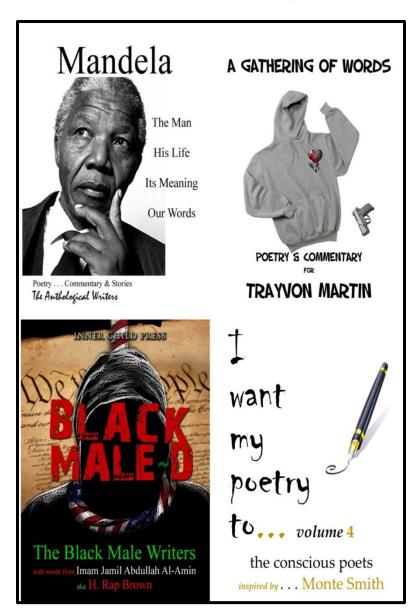


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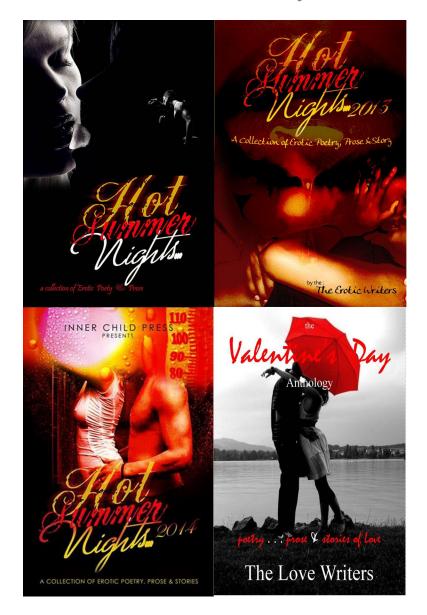
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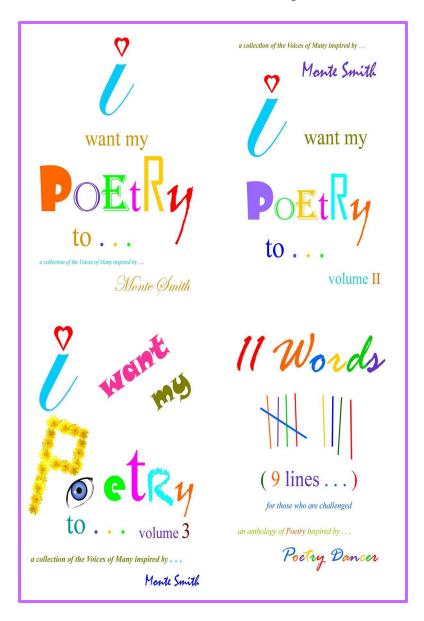
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Jamie Bond Gait Westers Shazor Albert Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce Janet P. Caldwell June Bing Barefield Debbie M. Allen Tony Henninger Jare Da Verhal Minddancer Robert Cribbon Sharef Abdur Rasheed Kiniberty Burnhann William S. Peters, Sr. Aliciac C, Gooper & Hilya yalmaz

the Year of the Poet



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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



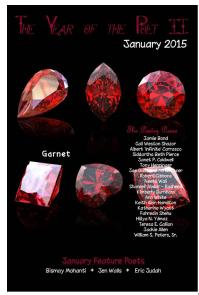
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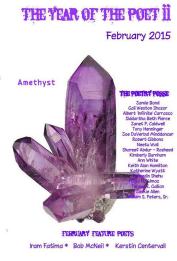
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Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



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June 2015



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The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



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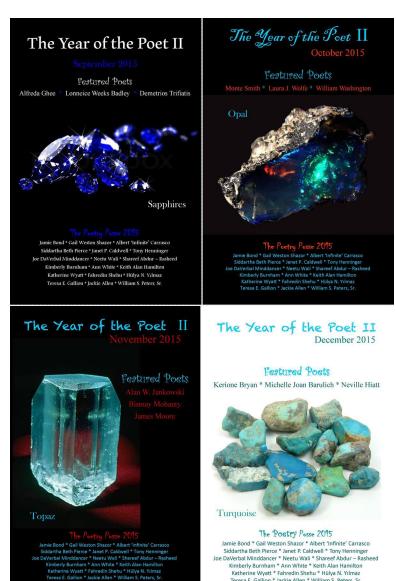
August 2015



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Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyalt * Falnedin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
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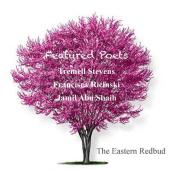


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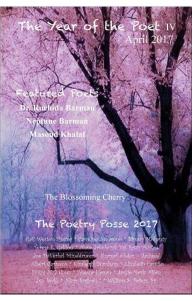
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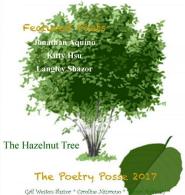


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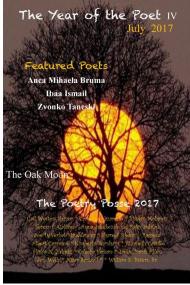
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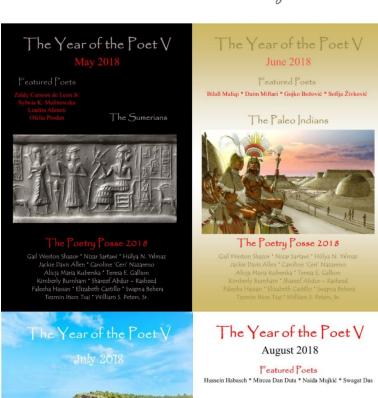
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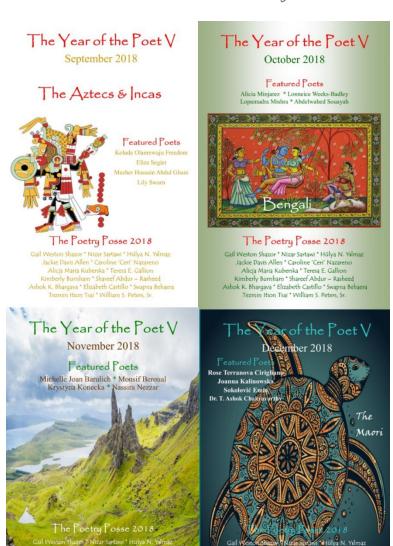
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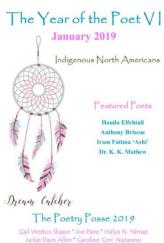
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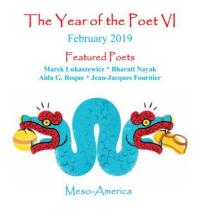


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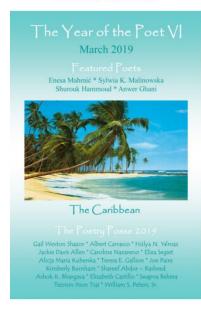


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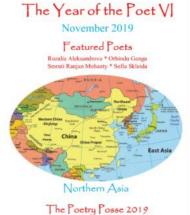


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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

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The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





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The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





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August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980



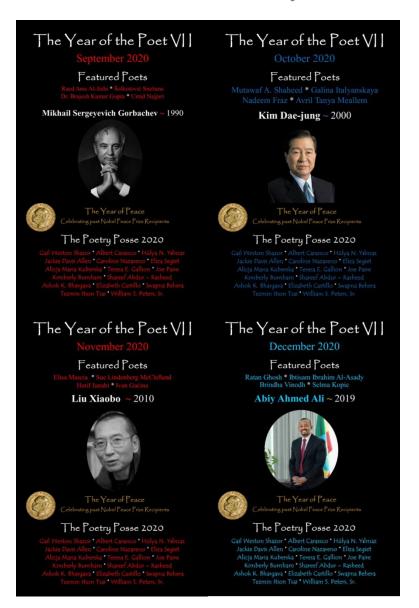


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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan



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The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



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The Year of the Poet VIII

April 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



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May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



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The Year of the Poet VIII July 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Goncalao Mabunda



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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang





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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

atured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



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September 2021

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



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The Year of the Poet VIII

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



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November 2021

Featured Global Poets

Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



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The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets

Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



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January 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap





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February 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Mountains





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March 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Space Debris



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April 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Oceans





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Climate Change and Birds



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June 2022

Featured Global Poets
Yuan Changming * Azeczat Okunlola
Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



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

Climate Change and Animals



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August 2022

Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



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Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





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Featured Global Poets Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos * Falecha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power





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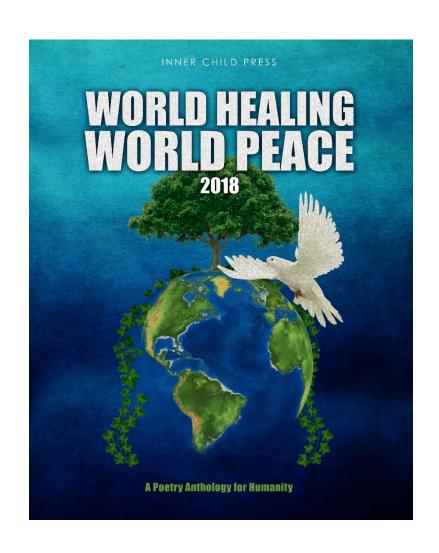




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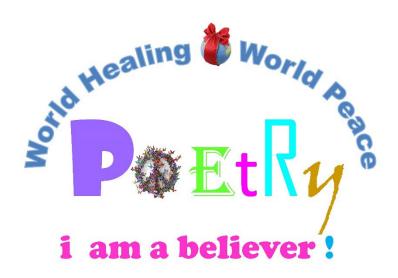


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October 2022 ~ Featured Poets



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