

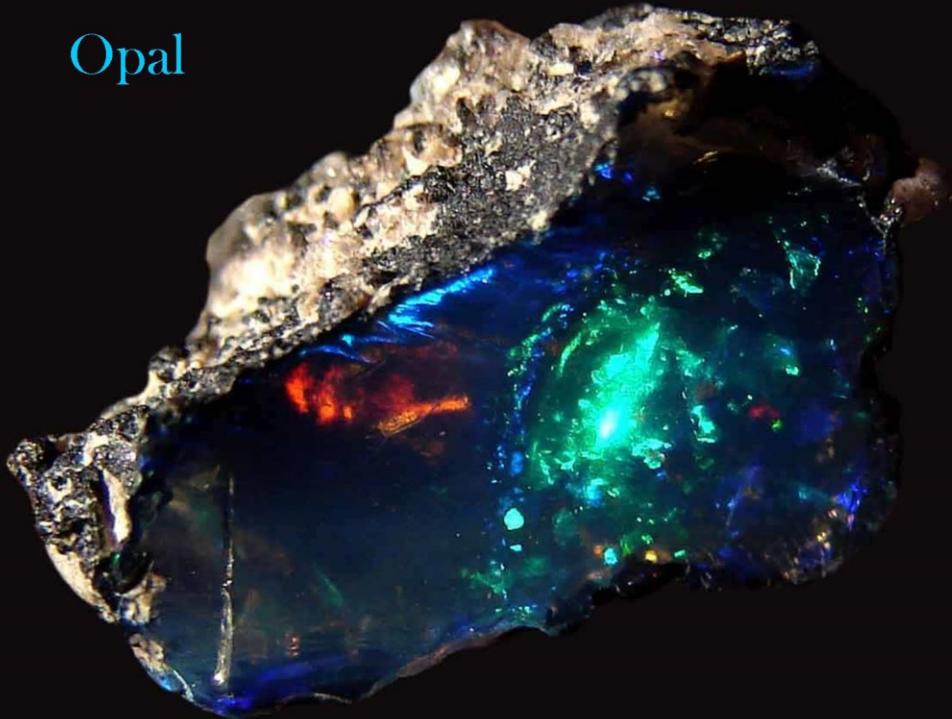
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The
Year
of the
Poet II

October 2015

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet II October Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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

Publisher Information

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

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

Copyright © 2015 : The Poetry Posse

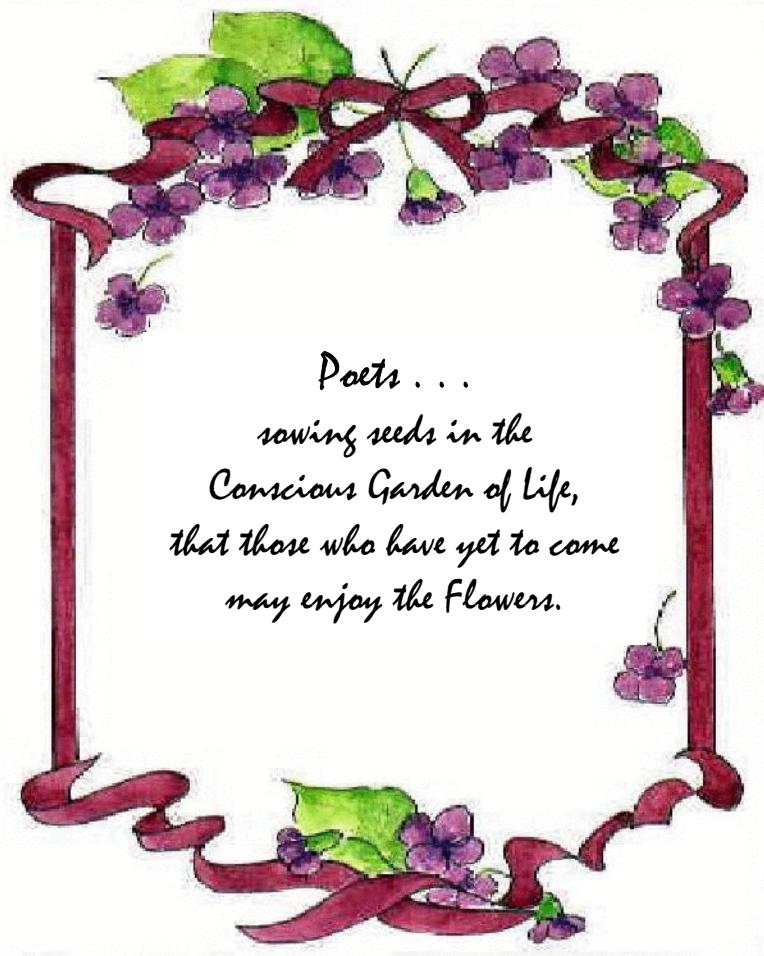
ISBN-13 : 978-0692544839 (Inner Child Press, Ltd.)
ISBN-10 : 0692544836

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to
Poetry . . .
its Patrons,
the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse
&
the Power of the Pen.



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

F_{oreword}

As I sit and drink my morning coffee, I think how blessed I am to be able to share this quiet time with the words of poets who can make me laugh, cry, sing, dance, reflect, forgive and engage differences. All of these behaviors are part of living, learning, healing and growing. The power of the word makes a large contribution. Wordsmiths are change builders who plant seeds for future generations. That is their legacy.

The collective of wordsmiths affectionately known as the Posse commits to a monthly release to the universe a blending of light, sound, textures and colors that impart wisdom in the lyrics that flow across the pages. If you take the time to sit in your favorite space and engage this anthology, you will not leave untouched. The Posse massages the heart, mind and spirit with diverse themes and perspectives.

Poetry is like wisdom notes shared with the world when released to the universe. The wisdom sandwiched in these words touch the soul at every level. Take your sandwich, chew slowly and savor the taste of every word.

There is a sandwich of wisdom here just for you.
This is a love offering that flows between the
pages of the anthology.

Blessings

Teresa E. Gallion

Preface

Greeting Poetry Family and Friends,

Janet and i having just returned from The Kosovo International Poetry Festival are invigorated. We have witnessed firsthand the impact our words of verse may have on a Global basis.

We had the opportunity to meet, fellowship, commune and break bread with many souls from different cultures, speaking different languages with different customs. The common factor that penetrated these borders of men wasPoetry. Poetry has a means of bringing forth our Humanity, our Sensitivities and many other aspects of who we are as a species that is not readily available, or in plain sight. Too often the politics and media of our world seeks to separate us and create and unnecessary angst betwixt us.

Poetry, you have to love it, for it makes for a very endearing translation of our humanity which transcends and overcome all the illusions and delusions of difference and the classisms that accompany these false values and judgments.

In the following pages, i hope that you the reader can consider the words of we poets without restraint. Relax and take a poetic journey with us and you too will see, that we are not as different as we thought. As i said, Poetry, you have to love it.

Bless Up

Bill

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

~ wsp

T able of C ontents

| | |
|------------|------------|
| Dedication | <i>v</i> |
| Foreword | <i>vii</i> |
| Preface | <i>ix</i> |

The Poetry Posse

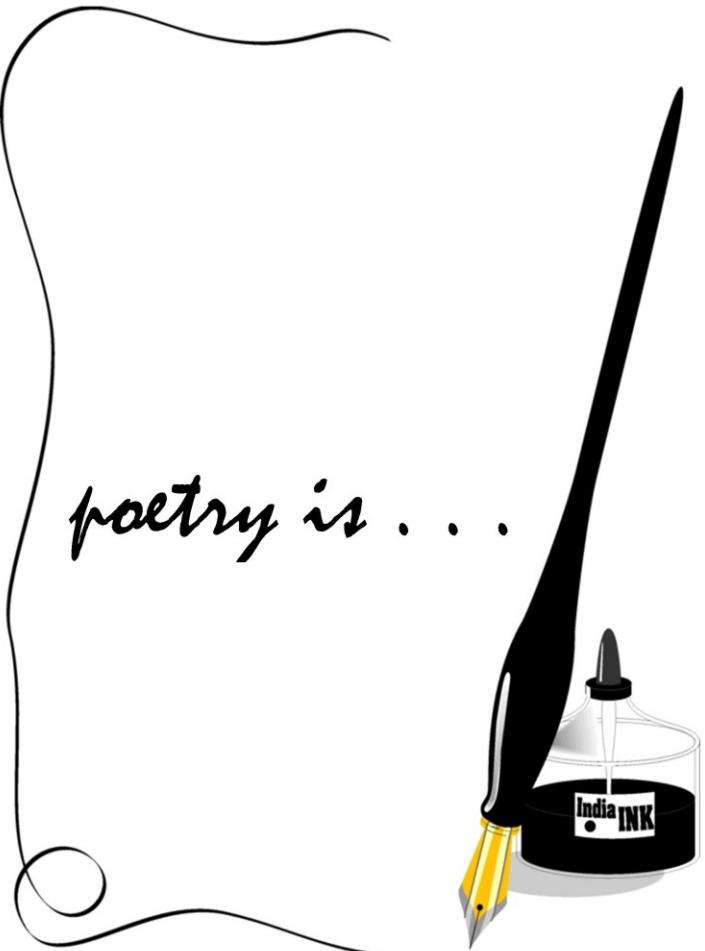
| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Gail Weston Shazor | 1 |
| Albert ‘Infinite the Poet’ Carrasco | 9 |
| Janet P. Caldwell | 17 |
| Jackie Davis Allen | 25 |
| Tony Henninger | 33 |
| Joe DaVerbal Minddancer | 41 |
| Neetu Wali | 47 |
| Shareef Abdur – Rasheed | 53 |
| Kimberly Burnham | 61 |
| Ann J. White | 67 |

Table of **C**ontents . . . *continued*

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| Keith Alan Hamilton | 73 |
| Katherine Wyatt | 83 |
| Fahredin Shehu | 93 |
| Hülya N. Yılmaz | 101 |
| Teresa E. Gallion | 109 |
| William S. Peters, Sr. | 115 |
| | |
| October Features | 123 |
| Monte Smith | 125 |
| Laura J. Wolfe | 133 |
| William Washington | 141 |
| | |
| Other Anthological Works | 147 |

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 is . . .



The
Year
of the
Poet II

October 2015

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail
Weston
Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

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

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

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
nayypoet1@gmail.com

Gail Weston Shazor

Sistah Ara

We are sistahs
Roommates
Sharing an apartment
I hardly ever notice you
As quiet as you are
Busy we stay, working on
Our vocations without ceasing
Today I saw you had company
And dressed in your best outfit
Of fall colors
I love the yellow and black on you
As the wind often does
It swirled the leaves in the yard
Beckoning the wind chimes
To play a harvest song
I kept the window closed
To prevent a draft from
Messing up your table
Sistah Ara,
I hope you enjoyed
Entertaining your handsome stranger
One day we must plan a
Thankfilled feast
I will leave the meat on the counter
As an invitation to your guests
And open my window for you
To come inside

Autumnal

The flamboyant trees
Mark autumn for me now
It's bright red blooms
Are reminders that in my past life
I welcomed red and gold and browns
Of chestnuts and wide oak trees

The mums and rakes have been replaced by
Weather watchers these months
As we islanders watch the ocean
For the small changes
That can mean big things
In this cycle of the sun

I awake some mornings
To grand overcast skies
And in my half sleep I feel chilled
By the memory of coolness
Against my skin
So i snuggle deeper in my bed

Even in this season of fall
I know that when i break my fast
And cross my threshold
It will be warm and balmy
On my island
And I will sit quietly welcoming the day
Under flamboyant trees

Reclamation

My song is lonesome and sweet
Tunes falling across meadows
Delayed dreams lying fallow
On a gleaner's harvest field
Wind rushes through the reeds
Bending and breaking weak canes
Disturbing napping crickets

My song is tired and weary
A tune sung over again
Melodies never to change
As long as true lover's hearts
Remain in separate spaces
The miles stretch far and forever
Seemingly without a break

My song is hauntingly clear
Tuned to empty embraces
As the sun sets on days end
And the only warmth is found
Under the layered blankets
Wrapped close in pretend comfort
With just a pillow hugged close

My song resonates daily
The toothbrushes timbered tune
A crackled brush's static
The z's of nylon zippers
Easing my work face in place
Smoothing the lace of lonely
Over the plastic façade

My song is sung with blindness
All tuned in eternity

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

As the heart does not have eyes
Only a believing soul
For the universe will call
The spirits of reckoning
To uphold a love's patience

My song ebbs with the tides
Tuning blue waves into sound
Waves crest soundlessly around
I wade far enough to see
The lighthouse's clear beacons
Left to guide you back to me
Calling the wind to your back

My song peals as a clear bell
Tunes matched to my beating heart
I am beyond any point
Of giving up my night watch
Standing ever resolute
Against life's buffeting waves
Awaiting reclamation

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert
‘Infinite the Poet’
Carrasco

Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Scorned consequence

My son is a good boy. He would've never hurt no one that didn't want to hurt him. No he wasn't a saint but neither was the others. They all lived the same lives. As mothers of hustlers we pray for the best but expect the worst. The actions that occurred took a child away from all of us, we all feel the repercussion to their decisions. It could've easily been me here speaking to a defendant before sentencing hoping to get my sons killer to become a lifer and you on the other side pleading for mercy for junior. No matter which way you look at it its a lose lose situation. So the ugly picture you're painting of my son here in court for murder is two faced. The only reason my child is alive is because he shot first when his life was threatened, as we all know because of the evidence and witnesses on the stand, your son was found with a gun in his hand.... Get her out of her before I charge her with contempt... No your honor... she's right, I want her son to pay for his crime... but I do want him to see daylight...Thank you! it's true, I hate to say it but we both knew, there's no need to infinitely lose two. They hug in tears as the judge sentenced him to the lesser charge of twenty five years.

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

He could've tempted me... then

I'm glad the devil didn't offer me a deal when I was hypnotized by hells serenade "death for reincarnation" because I would've been doing the reapers job, murder. I would've had to kill about twenty people to get back family members, friends and lost brothers. It would've been to good of an offer for someone already with a short fuse to refuse.

I would've killed all the killers of those that got murdered. I would have to become a mass murderer...homicide after homicide, and mad scientist/doctor searching for the ability to slaughter cells of cancer, because that's was the demise of 13 year old Kimberly john (one of my best friends daughters) my aunt Arlene and my father.

The cancer part, I wish could be achieved, I wouldn't need a deal for that, my point is I'll be on a killing spree, taking revenge on anyone and anything that took someone from me... feel me. I mourn deeply, so many have died that I can enter the local cemetery from any entrance and have a loved one near me, I see marble rock with faces over death dates and I still think it's a huge dream... It can't really be true, it's a nightmarish reality every time I come through.

Yesterday they was here, today I stand at those headstones and stay for hours wishing an interactive hologram would appear so I tell them all of the things that happened through the years, The first thing I'll say is I love them, the first question would be I'll.. Are you guys all together? Then I'll study them, how they aged, all their features and voices as if my mind has a recorder, so Just in case if I never get to see that hologram again, I'll be able to close my two physicals open my mental to see and hear them crystal clear.

Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco

I mean I still have images of them in my head but with out enhancements, it's been decades since the first to go been around, so it's sad to say that I'm forgetting their vibration of sound. As a grown man knowing the depth of pain that comes with death. I'm glad the devil didn't offer me a deal when I was hypnotized by hells serenade "death for reincarnation" because I would've been doing the reapers job, murder. I would've had to kill about twenty people to get back family members, friends and lost brothers...

Scabs

I peel scabs and words leak out, I rub burn marks from slugs on my body like a Jeannie and urban poetry pours out, when I stare at funeral cards of all my dead men I grab a pen and bleed out. When it comes to the game I'm a designated heavy hitter, I walk around the die-mond slowly because when I swing it's always a homer. This is the house that inf built, only 5 6 but my g stands on stilts, hold on..... Ok, I just wanted to give a moment of silence for the last mic I kilt. I see and hear dead people, that's a gained perk from chasing the root of all evil. I've witnessed some horrific shit, I spit... s sss ssss ha ha ha, 1 2 inf's coming for you...horror flicks. The life of violence had me taking vows of quietness, I was running round da hood with something silenced for when my slugs and the killer of my kinfolks torso made an acquaintance... I'll whisper while they yell just like my homies before they fell. I'm an H.K. veteran, tour after tour I was dog tag collect'n, John Doe toe tag name changing...yeah that's so and so...a goon from my platoon who's body was used for bullets to mushroom. I've seen gruesome crime scenes, brains on floors and bloody hand prints on walls from trying to hold on and not fall, I've been in hospitals hearing mothers scream at doctors...save him please, but their child went from the OR to OR...tiz. These are my raw stories, cocaine chronicles and murder novels, aeiou I cry with vowels, I would use y but I already know so I threw in the towel

Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Janet P. Caldwell has been writing for 40 years and has been published in print newspapers and held a byline in a small newspaper in TX. She also has contributed to magazines and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies yearly. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2015. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child, which includes the many Inner Child Facebook groups, Inner Child Newspaper, Inner Child Magazine, Inner Child Radio and The Inner Child Press Publishing Company.

To find out more about Janet, you may visit her web-site, Face-book Fan Page and her Author page at Inner Child Press.

www.janetcaldwell.com

<https://www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

Janet Perkins Caldwell

As I Walk To Work

The beggar

Squats near the doorway of
A store that sells new and used
Books, his greeting card a square
Foot of cardboard I never read, salt
Stains his shirt near his armpits, broken
Burlap-colored nails extend from
Fingerless gloves, rheumy eyes, lank
Hair, head cocked, he stares skyward
Sings hymns off-key, his smile that of
A simple-minded angel

I always give him a dollar like
Grandfather gave to me.

Closed Circuit

It's on rails, the whole ride
And I'm not strapped in.
You know that scary place?
The awful place, right
Between mania and depression.
Strobe shadows and blonde, the
Pull up the slope, the build-up.
I do.
Confusion,
Intrusion,
Illusions.
Knowing you can't trust your own perceptions,
Your own sense of up and down,
The unamusement park, six-flags-over
Psychosis.
The thoughts, my God you can't know.
Trying to convey this is more than difficult.
It is such an unpleasant task.
A maddening chore, like running in quick sand,
Hip deep in thick shit,
Want to ride along? Do you?
The only thing you want is the
G's, not the elevation up or down,
A plateau, some kind of level,
I just need to know I will stay
In the seat, that's all I want, not the
Wind, not the movement, just give me
Those stomach-clenching G's, let my ass
Stay on the seat.
Feeling like a fucking crazy
Because it rolled on you,
Inverted and hurtling, and
Puckering like a suction cup
To hang on by the cheeks

Janet Perkins Caldwell

And afraid it's not enough
This time. Ain't no brakes, not on
This bitch and it
will go around again
The scenery changes, but not the ride
And I'm praying somehow
It'll pass if I don't crash
Or fall first,
Die insane.

No Choice

I don't believe that any love ever leaves.
It moves around, reallocates
To a place in our heart.
That we might bear, the memory...
Though at times, it seems
Difficult to see.

A book,
Out of print, in an old library.
Buried (God, was it the eighties?)
Somewhere in the stalls and stacks.
Babies died too, by our hands (yours, mine, hers)
Three of them? You might
Find the facts if you can reference it, by some
Obscure number, if it has been shelved
Properly. It smells of old ink and
Aged paper, as I rediscover the text.
May I tell you that I have missed you?
I don't want to stay, maybe browse awhile,
Reminisce a bit, *turn a page*. It ended
Neatly. We're both happy now...

That scent returns, I see your striking
Smile. The embarrassment of you and me,
Our crimes descend like a court sentence.
I reached for something else, less wispy,
Here. The meat, the bones the interstitial
Meanings are vacant. It *was* here,
A governor's pardon.

I remember a different feeling than
The one that I have.

*Author's Note – All poems from the late 70's, early 80's.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Jackie
Allen

Jackie Davis Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

My name is Jacqueline D. Allen, otherwise known as Jackie. I grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia, one of ten children. As a child, of a coal miner and a stay at home mother, I told stories at night to my younger siblings in an attempt to lull them to sleep. That was the tool I used so that I might return to my homework, uninterrupted. Much to my delight they begged me to bring the "books" home so that they could see the pictures for themselves. As delighted as I was that they loved my stories, it was difficult to endure the disappointment on their faces when I told them the truth: I had made up all of the stories that they had so loved.

Many years after those early seeds of story telling began, after college, after work, after raising my children, I began to write poetry. I find writing poetry the creative fabric from which I am able to weave whole cloth from both truth and fiction. Inspired by real life events, memory, imagination and enhanced by the sheer joy of playing with words, my poetry satisfies my need to be creative.

And, if ever there are days when I wonder why it took so long for the writer in me to reveal itself, I simply pick up my pen, or in most cases, go to the computer, and begin writing yet another poem.

Bleeding Hearts: Estrangement vs The Letter

Having waited impatiently for months,
Far longer than could he have imagined,
Today, as always, with all of his love,
He is longing for sanity's return.
In despair he is writing, once again.

Repenting these many long days, he weeps
With tears unfailing, fears sorely profound.
Yet, at this moment he's remembering,
Wanting to hear the familiar footsteps,
Thinking she may have finally changed her mind.

Losing faith, weary, resolve flailing, he resorts
To sleeping, the stars holding her and the hours
In their arms, while he whispers sweet her name
He saying, with voice of sorrow's regret,
That in blame's shame she was the innocent.

Lifting up his eyes to the heavens, he hopes
She remembers his name and that the fragrance
Scenting the air is that of their love song,
That the lines he has earnestly penned
May find a warm place in her heart's home.

Seeking a Place of Peace

A brisk wind is blowing
Through layers of leaves
Drifting through the pages
Of its breeze are winged feet
And three strangers who dance
Amongst, between and beneath
The trees, they gently clasping hands,
Daring to dream dreams of solidarity.

Singing songs of hope, of faith,
Of prosperity, they bare naked
Their souls, their heavy hearts
Pierced by the acrid soil
Of a grieving people
Whose need of nourishment
And care requires love's balm,
Its passion, its empathy.

Within seeds of hope
And expectation's greed,
They pray the sun's bright light
To empower them;
And, from a nation's many tears
That hearts might soften
And from desire, its people will choose
To do their part in seeking out a seat
In the promised land.

May the winds of peace
Find an unwavering path
Through the layers of time,
May the emerging seeds
Of honor, respect and love, lift high
The brave flag and may its emblems,

Jackie Davis Allen

Representing freedom of speech,
Love and mercy forever replace
Evil's disgraceful face.

Pray for gardens scraped bare
Of crime, of poverty; pray we all
That life's needs be met; that living,
Loving, accepting and embracing
The garden of peace,
Each breath may be as health's wealth;
Pray we become friends like the three
Dancing between, beneath and amongst
Trees of peace.

And So It Is

She is woman
And she has a mind to go
To work just so that she can hire a helper,
A widow or a young girl for a couple of days
Maybe a part time baby sitter
So that she might
Discover who she is apart from them.

He is man,
And he has a mind that goes to work
So he can support his family, so that they can eat,
So that they can have a roof over their heads.
He is blessed he has a wife,
A partner who Loves him,
Supports him, cares for his children.

She is a woman
And, yes, she has a mind.
If she had a job, she thinks she might be fulfilled;
And, like man, if she was then paid, she might feel
Like she had value, had worth, t
That she was more than the role
That has usurped her education.

He is a man,
And yes, he climbs the ladder,
Returning home at night, tired, sometimes
Visibly annoyed at the sight of the clutter,
Yet always pleased to see the happy faces
Of his precious family
Sitting around the table.

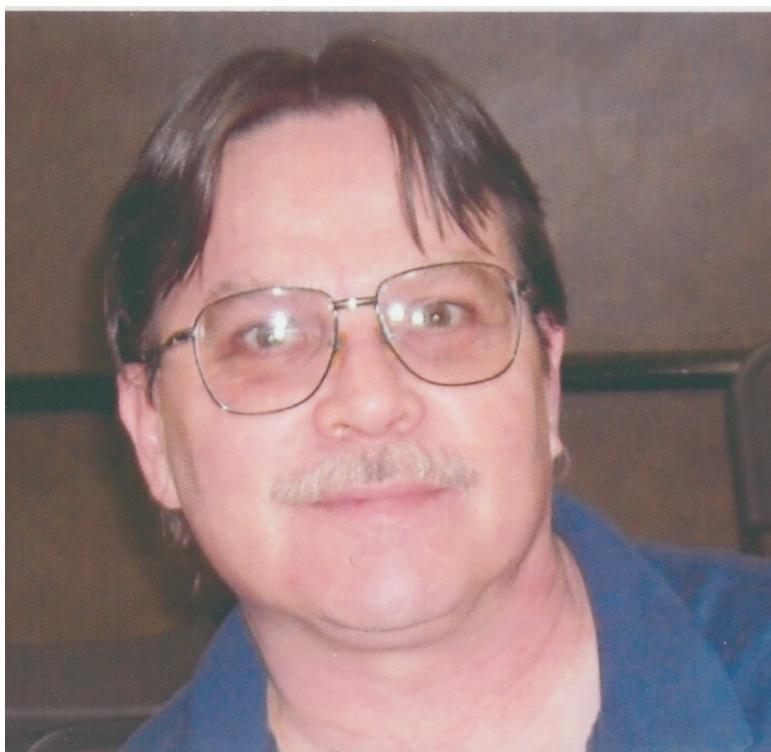
Jackie Davis Allen

She is passionate
And has undiscovered gifts
That propel her to discover, to see how far she can
Fly and if it is at all possible that she could reach
The top like her man, but unlike him,
She bears children whose needs
Must always come first.

He is hardworking,
Has little time for leisure,
Yet enjoys sleeping late on Sundays, a game
Of poker, or some silence to separate himself
From the stress and pressures of his work
So that he might support
His growing family.

Tony
Henninger

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Tony Henninger is the current president of The Permian Basin Poetry Society of Texas in West-Texas. His first book, “A Journey of Love”, is a collection of love poems dedicated to his wife Deanne and is available at InnerchildPress.Com and Amazon.com.

He has been published in several anthologies including: Permian basin and Beyond 2014, We are the 500 (West Texas poets), Hot Summer Nights 2013 and 2014 editions, and World Healing/World Peace. He is, also, one of the co-authors of the 12 volume Anthology “Year of the Poet 2014” at InnerChild.

He is currently working on his second book of poetry to be published in early 2015.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany and growing up in Colorado, He now resides in Texas.

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

Tony Henninger at Permian Basin Poetry Society
@gmail.com.

Tony Henninger

THIS POETS HEART

This poet's heart
never truly mends
no matter how much
I try to pretend.

Though scars have healed,
there will always be a breach,
where words flow unceasing
and no salve can reach.

Sometimes I feel like I'm dying.
Sometimes I'm crazy, I think.
Sometimes words flow like blood.
Sometimes like the blackest ink.

I can't tell the difference anymore.

It's hard to handle
this pain inside.
From the pouring rain
I cannot hide.

Smiles and tears are
a façade on my face.
Feeling like I don't belong,
like I have no place.

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

But, I've resigned myself to
live my life as is my lot,
spitting out my words to
those that have been forgot.

For, like me, they are lost
in an eternal dream of hope
trying to find the right path
in a world kaleidoscope.

To exist in silence, nevermore.

Tony Henninger

FOR LOVE...

For Love has taken my heart,
ate it up and spat it out,
burned it with the heat of the sun,
then trampled it into the ground.

For Love has thrown my heart
into the darkest void of nothingness,
leaving me in the depth of despair,
where not even death can hurt.

For Love has so loved me,
lifting my heart in life and truth,
rising above all illusion, embracing
the singularity in everyone.

For Love has so loved me,
from creation to eternity,
setting me on a path of dreams
until I reach it and we become

One.

ONLY WITH LOVE

Where do we go from here?
We are taking all the gifts
our Earth has given us
without a thought.

Life, the most glorious gift,
we have made a triviality.

All this despair and negativity
has made us numb to
compassion ,to empathy, and
simple kindness.

When will we stop this process
and resolve to live in peace?

We discriminate in many ways.
Religion, ethnicity, language,
customs, gender, and so on.

Is there a future where all belong
and everyone is beautiful?

Respect the Earth as you
use her riches and beauty
for your needs.

Be humbled and joyful in the
uniqueness of each life.
And know, you are not alone
but, with family.

Tony Henninger

A family of diversity in which
all life is a cherished blessing.

For we are all connected
as brothers and sisters
in the eyes of the One,
the Creator, God.

Realize the divinity of
your place in the universe
as a living being and soul
on a journey to reach the One.

To return home.

Only with Love rise each day.
Only with Love lay each night.
Only with Love treat all life.
Only with Love will we survive.

Joe
DaVerbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

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

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

BEYOND THE CHAIR

Her body was encased by metal and cloth
She couldn't run into the arms of love
Looked upon as an oddity
She wasn't a commodity for the shallow
Nor is she a vanilla rose
She (like most women)
Is not a runway model
Her desires are on full throttle

Who can look past the chair?
Who can just see the woman?
Who can love her without judgement?

She's not a dried flower
She won't crumble at the touch of a firm hand
Where's the man who knows true beauty?

She's as free as you or I by the sea
She loves getting wet
Who can look past her safety net?
Her chassis is classy
Some women wear glasses and they come off
She doesn't sleep in her chair
And when she's laying there
The possibilities are limitless
So why limit your perception
There's a rich source of affection
If one looks beyond the chair
She's the epitome of unconditional love
So why place conditions
On her position in a chair
Love has never been fair
You just have to look beyond the chair

WHERE'S MY QUEEN?

My Queen will do things without me asking
My Queen will help me in areas I'm lacking
My Queen will be strong enough to tell me I'm slacking
She will be submissive but not demure by any means
Her understanding of me when I won't say a thing
Eventually She'll know what silenced her King
Finding a Woman with these qualities has me praying
I don't want a cowering damsel in distress
Nor do I want a Woman who shares our business
Even a loner needs some company
Buying a Woman doesn't make her your Queen
Using a Woman doesn't make you a King
Through the years I have found maybe two that qualify
Countless hours wasted
Agonizing conversations erased
Negative thinkers rested my case
So I continue my search for a Queen suiting my taste
Her heart may not be the purist
Every King will know this
Finding a Queen is tedious
Understand that a plan may come down to dumb luck
Can I get a witness from those who have gone through this
Keep in mind I want a lifetime commitment

Where is My Queen?

I LOVE YOU TOO

I was content in my discontent
I dealt with issues that were not too unnerving
was I deserving of someone else?
I never strayed or played until that day I met you
Call it a chance meeting, but our greeting was special
Dare I sip from another vessel
Dare I fall out of character, but love should not be an act
I'm torn between emotion and righteousness
This battle I must fight alone I guess
What I have is worthy of this fight
What I felt being in your arms that first night
I'm torn between emotion and righteousness
When I hold her I feel you
When I feel you I see her
I'm restless now, there is none for the wicked
Yet there is no evil intent
Just a third heart where two were meant
And I still don't know what to do
I know I can't have both of you
You know and she doesn't
I'm torn between emotion and righteousness
Shall I just tear down our fragile nest?
I question my actions, I savor my satisfaction
My head I keep scratching
There is no way out, just a chain reaction
I can't believe this has happened
Heaven cries and the Devils laughing

Neetu
Wali

Neetu Wali



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Hi! I am Neetu. Who am I? This question is very difficult to answer.

Well! If you insist, let me reveal. I am a human and like every other human I eat, sleep, drink, dance, sing, laugh, smile, cry and so on. Hang on! There is a difference. Unlike most of the human beings, I breathe and when I breathe, I relax. When I am relaxed, I draw. I draw sketches of me in words.

I have been orbiting around sun for forty years now. I started this journey on the Valentine day of 1974. I have seen people craving for heaven and I was born in the only heaven on earth (Kashmir). My Grandfather was a spiritual personality and a renowned poet of his time. Though he left me around 35 years ago, I couldn't let him go. I carry him in my eyes and mind and will do that till the end of my life. I hate words, yet I am full of words. I know words cannot express, yet I express me through words, because they are the only medium I am familiar with. That is why I try to express me as much as possible with as minimum words as possible.

When I did Masters in business administration, I never knew, writing will be the only business in my life. More than hobby writing is a necessity for me, because it helps me get the load of thoughts off my head. I don't remember when it that I wrote my first poem was. But I surely know the time of my last poem. Surely, not before my last breath.

What is What?

Every moment I meet, teaches me
What?

Every moment I meet, teaches me
What?

Every person I greet, guides me
What?

Every word I write means
What?

Every breath of mine lives
What?

Every morning my sun shines
What?

Every night my moon smiles
What?

Every day of my life
This what stands for what?

I am not tired yet

The Stupid in Me

Every Morning a fresh virgin life
Slips into my arms
And I have no clue
I am all blue
Nothing of red sorts
Is love a noun?
Or a verb?
I have no idea
I get up
Leaving behind the day on my bed
I am out of the day whole day
No second, no minute, no hour has a say
A stupid like me, lives
From dusk to dawn
A stupid like me
Writes on clouds and sky
From after dusk till before dawn
No deer only musk
No rice only husk

Wipe it Off

He handed her a tissue
And said
Wipe off that lipstick
Kohl
Wipe off this
Wipe off that
That leaves me with nothing
She replied with a smile on her face
See! That leaves you with scope
For much more, he said
His answer made her blush
As she wiped off blusher

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

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 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

For more information about Shareef,
contact or follow him at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1>

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/shareef-abdur-rasheed.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Muslim-Writers-Forum/370511683056503>

missionaires came...,

carried lives away
never to see home another
day
as mother Africa faded away
dem was stacked
belly to belly,back ta back
no more name,language,
religion,culture,family,freedom
missionaires said...
" ya'll heathens will get the
kingdom of heaven if you
let us save your wretched souls
do what we want if your smart
don't think,just obey our speech
turn cheeks when the lash rips
flesh gashed!
if you want to live forget the past
you belong to us we own that ass "
ain't that odd?
genocide in the name
of god of old
called precious stones,silver,gold
who worship at the alter of
skull and bones
their god is he who rebelled against
him who sits on the throne
who's destination,hell
missionaires came with religion
twisted
and in his name killed and maimed
all who resisted

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

and slavery then and now remain
even though you can't see chains
all morals, ethics defamed
sacrificial offerings on the alter of
the evil one who owns their souls
so who's the slave after all?
and how can slaves and their
descendents believe in what was
forced upon by dem guilty offenders?

food4thought = education!

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

remains...,

on the earth
as your remains go down
into the ground
what you coveted, strove
loved
and yo...
as you go below
it all stays above
when your last breathe is
upon you
you place no value on what
once possessed you
the things of this life
you may like
but they oppress you
the very things you used to
use to impress your friends
turn out they abused you in
the end
things are not and never will
be your friend
nor those folks who suppose
who posed
they go, blow away in the wind
when you go below
and the next day say
" yo what was that guys name?
can't remember the lame,
anyway he's dead i got life,
his wife, kids...,
and the crib where he used to live "

food4thought = education!

went to sleep..

to a drum beat called democracy
woke up to the heat of hypocrisy
what your lead to believe is falicy
what you bleed looks red to me
no matter how you try to make it be
making truth a mockery
freedom ain't never free
neither free speech or the land of
the free
when your free to be in poverty
they say " don't pay me snatch your
property "
death and taxes more then probability
never shortage in availability
went to sleep to a drumbeat called
capitalism
those with capital win
dem that don't chances dim
including their voices in the system
shout out loud by mouth
never heard!
no real freedom the word
capitalism canceled democracy out!
ain't dat a bi+ (# all the good \$#!+ got
bought up by the rich
now ain't that nice?
freedom bought and sold for a price!

food4thought = education

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

Kimberly
Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

As a 28 year-old photojournalist, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic condition, "Consider life if you become blind." From those devastating words, she forged a healing path with insight and vision. Today, a brain health expert, Kimberly helps people experience richer, more nourishing environments.

"People, who feel better, make better choices for themselves, their community and our world."

Her PhD in Integrative Medicine and extensive training in Craniosacral Therapy, Reiki, Acupressure, Integrative Manual Therapy, Health Coaching, and Matrix Energetics enable her to serve as a catalyst, gently shifting your ability to feel better physically, think more clearly, and be more creative.

A 2014 Poetry Posse member, Kimberly and Creating Calm Network's Ann White, assist small enterprises in crafting business booming words and robust social media platforms. Kimberly won SageUSA's 2013 story contest with a poem from *The Journey Home*, chronicling her 3,000 mile Hazon Cross-USA bicycle trip. Her poetry books include, *Live Like Someone Left The Gate Open* and the upcoming *Healing Words—Poetry for Thriving Brains*. With Elizabeth Goldstein she edited the anthology, *Music—Carrier of Intention in 49 Jewish Prayers*.

Experience greater health & success @ (860)221-8510
<http://ParkinsonsAlternatives.CreatingCalmNetwork.com>
<https://www.LinkedIn.com/today/author/39038923>
Vision Story: <http://youtu.be/JhG3-qwkVvk>

Kimberly Burnham

Life's Forward and Backward Chiasm, Which Way Do You Flow

your life's upward direction
your dreams
your nervous system
the master of
you
curable
now
no

incurable people
with nerve diseases
finding
they are

invisible in the world
are resigned to be
Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and Huntington's disease

no longer can it be said,
there is hope
for people with M.S. and ALS
to find movement with grace, strength, and flexibility
or
to find comfort and rest
for people with restless leg syndrome
it is impossible
it's not true that

along with hope
these things
can save the quality of your life

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

good nutrition, physical exercise, and massage,
acupuncture, matrix energetics

coaches and practitioners
understand value

the medical paradigm's power
is more important than
what complementary medicine has to offer individuals

this is it
hope for miracles is crazy
and it's just not true that
your nervous system can change, can heal, can recover
spiraling downward

I don't care
you should never think
you have got to be conscious
how you live and
what's important is
to stay out of the way and not be a burden

And I don't really care all that much
what is possible
it's incredible

to energy medicine practitioners, shamans, and healers
for people to actually listen
wrong
don't think that it's
possible
it is....
fluid in time

[Now, Read it Backwards]

Kimberly Burnham

Ann
J.
White

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Amazed and inspired by her own life, Ann White has lived the life of a grasshopper buffeted about by wild winds, yet always landing safely and creating a home wherever she finds herself.

Highlights include working with astronaut Frank Borman, sharing a hot dog with Ross Perot, enjoying a coffee with Florida Governor Chiles, and attending a ballet with Imelda Marcos. Ann has also survived childhood sexual abuse, one terrorist coup, two burglaries, one rape and countless misadventures – making her grateful for each of life's moments.

An international management consultant, board certified family attorney, rabbi, grief counselor, and trauma chaplain – Ann has worn many professional hats.

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm by Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with two very weird dogs and six quirky hens.

Ann is the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking, Living with Spirit Energy, Code Red – a Stress Rx for Trauma Workers*, and *So You Want to Be a Radio Host*. She has also been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group along with Kimberly Burnham.

Ann produces and hosts several programs on CCN as well as officiating weddings and distributing Young Living Essential Oils and It Works! Body Wraps.

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com
www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

The View Has Blinders

The View – a television show for women
Or against women
Strong women lift each other up
Weak women tear each other down
Selfish women build glass ceilings
Evil women trip each other on the way to the goal
Voices on The View called Miss Carolina's medical scrubs
a costume
Wondered why she was wearing a doctor's stethoscope
Belittled her talent
The voices on The View should be ashamed
Miss Carolina and 3 million of her nurse colleagues have
more than talent
They have superpowers
Training, dedication, empathy, patience, skill, stamina, and
the ability to save lives.
Dancing is beautiful – singing uplifting
But saving lives, holding the hand of the dying, comforting
parents of a critically ill child –
That is a superpower reserved for heroes
How stupid to call a stethoscope a “doctor’s” stethoscope
Like saying a boy’s stethoscope or a girl’s stethoscope
What’s the difference?
Does a pink one save more lives than a black one or zebra
print one?
Just as a stethoscope detects shallow breathing
The View broadcasts shallow minds, demeaning messages,
and blatant ignorance.
Instead of wearing blinders, perhaps the voices of The
View should wear duct tape
On their hurtful mouths.

Small Town Easy

Wooden screen doors
And old front porches
Small town easy
Norman Rockwell streets
Leaves amber, rust, ruby red
Blowing down the sidewalk
Sittin' in my rocker on the porch
Wavin' at the passersby
Sippin' sweet iced tea
Young boys with baseball bats run by
Girls zip by on bikes with streamers on the fly
The air portents a change
Don't like the hustle and bustle of the city
A traffic jam here is three cars at a stop sign
Folks know me by name or my flower garden
Don't need no ID at the bank or post office
The county fair stops ordinary town business
As does a parade
Baskets of produce sit by driveways – "Help Yourself"
Time to start supper – screen door slams behind me
Cast iron skillet
Meat and potatoes
Biscuits and gravy
Apple pie and milk
Peace in my heart and in my home

Keith Alan Hamilton

The enchanted cottage is

Everyone has an enchanted cottage
It lives in our hearts and imaginations and dreams
It is
A place where there are no judgments
A place where whimsy rules
A place of impromptu happy dances and conga lines
A safe harbor
A garden in which to bloom
A magic carpet traveling across the stars
A state of mind
A place where the only rule is love
A place of tutus and hardhats - Tiaras and mud boots
A place covered in stardust
A happy place
A place of creative messy madness and magic
A place where we birth our dreams, nurture our
imagination, and dance with our reality

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Keith Alan Hamilton

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog, the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog and the NatureIQ.com Blog. Keith is also an exhibited artist, a fervent promoter of other artists and a professional Information Specialist/Investigator (Private/Corporate Sector – LPI).

Keith firmly believes, “The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity” by using art to create change.

Driven by that belief, Keith’s mission is within the spirit brought forth in his book series Nature ~ IQ: Let’s Survive, Not Die! to see the value of proactively working together to improve the overall well-being of humanity. So people become more willing and able to help themselves and then do the same for others. To exemplify this mission a portion of the proceeds from the Keith’s book series and his Art Store are donated to help support promising research into the cause, treatment, and management of MS, Fibromyalgia, Diabetes, Cancer, Hydrocephalus and mental conditions (Bipolar, Depression, Autism, etc.).

Keith Alan Hamilton

THE HUMAN RACE what's in common

the wonder and beauty
of creativity
that interdependent
co-evolutionary spirit
of THE HUMAN RACE
this oneness
the power of
what's in common
between all
the human species
that survival of the fittest
advantage
of co-operation
PROACTIVE ADAPTATION
the human-kind
undergoing
an intelligently progressive
process
of resilience
transition
and transformation
like the transmutation
of the butterfly
from cocoon
all the way to flight
while fighting to live
within the struggle of Nature

..... becomes obscured
and lost
in the muddled pool of
inherent ~
socially embedded
bias and inhibition

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

that exacerbates
a distracted
out of balance
over-sensitized focus
on an offshoot of difference
rather than mutuality
this manifestation
of nationality
ethnicity
culture
and belief
a high-bred masquerade
for the liberty
of creative diversity
and choice
and its ability
to offer a positive
productive
contribution
to the benefit
of the whole
yes.... to all THE HUMAN RACE
as ONE KIND
as ONE SPECIES

only perceptual empathy
and acceptance
of human difference
will rescue us from
the indifference
and lack of concern
for the overall well-being
of all humanity
resultant from
the enabling effect of
and over dependency
had for

Keith Alan Hamilton

this elevated perception
and total immersion
into a devote
societal mentality
bequeathed by heritage
within certain
segregated groupings
as to nationality
ethnicity
culture
and belief
that crusades
a sanctified
high-minded
savior complex
with its narrow-minded
focus
that all
would be better off
if all THE HUMAN RACE
were changed
persuaded
to become and act
in a particular way

We the people
of ONE KIND
ONE SPECIES
the one and only
THE HUMAN RACE
must continue to be
intelligently progressive
by way of a lived experience
that develops
and utilizes
more of perceptual empathy
that learns

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

to accept and respect
human differences
while co-existing together
so We the people
envision the need
to see beyond
such differences
and focus more
on the similarities
that are the strengths
of We the people
the human species
that survival of the fittest
advantage
of co-operation
PROACTIVE ADAPTATION
the human-kind
undergoing
an intelligently progressive
process
of resilience
transition
and transformation
like the transmutation
of the butterfly
from cocoon
all the way to flight
while fighting to live
within the struggle of Nature

the wonder and beauty
of creativity
that interdependent
co-evolutionary spirit
of THE HUMAN RACE
this oneness
the power of

Keith Alan Hamilton

what's in common
between all

Support the creation of ways to improve the overall well-being of all THE HUMAN RACE through more freely accessible and affordable services in the areas of energy, information/education, transportation, housing and health care.

peace out

I mean no disrespect

if your US census designation is

..... white

black or african american

american indian or alaska native

asian

native hawaiian

or other pacific islander

excuse the lack of capitalization

I mean no disrespect

just trying to express my opinion

I say whatever

'cause it don't matter

to me

I see only one race

THE HUMAN RACE

We the people

of planet earth

one kind

one species

HUMAN BEINGS

that's it

~ coming in

all types of color

and flavor

nationality

ethnicity

culture

belief

I say whatever

again

peace out

Keith Alan Hamilton

some days I wonder

some days I wonder

as a social activist

what words that stir

within me

are the primer

that will initiate change

for the betterment

of all THE HUMAN RACE

peace out

Katherine Wyatt

Katherine Wyatt



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Katherine Wyatt, born in Pittsburgh, PA., comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the fifteen hundreds. Her mother was a cartoonist whose work was published globally. Her father was a writer in the corporate world, and he started his career as a journalist as a young man. Katherine was formally a ballet dancer who was trained at the prestigious School of American Ballet and danced the New York City Ballet repertoire for many years. She then went to college and got a BA and an MA in World Religions, and MA in Humanities and another MS in Instructional Design for Online Applications. She Attended Florida State University, among other. She then taught college students for three years. Katherine has written all of her life, but mostly academically until eight years ago. When she was seventeen she began a spiritual journey that led her around the world, and to Rishekesh, India. There she studied yoga in the tradition of the Himalayan Masters. She also has spent the last four years studying the history and traditions of Native Americans, and is still learning much in this area. With a strong background in the arts and her deep interest in spirituality her poetry often reflects the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western tradition. Katherine is currently an academic writer who loves to write poetry and has two books published.

Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well
<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud
<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>
http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

Katherine Wyatt

~precious moment sacred day

*She slipped into the water
her jeans had leather laces up the side
revealing lace and satin panties..
so-she decided not to wear any
she left on her black lace tank top and flowed with the
waters*

*She had a fascination with clouds
and how they filtered the sun
bursting into fiery ecstatic ... in the evening*

*she reveled in the sound of music vibrating through
through her body*

*The silence of night
wrapping her legs around her lover
and waking up to another day
of possibility*

*There are some days the sun is dimmed behind clouds
the cat sits in the windowsill unaware other
choosing to sleep in moonglow rather than in her lap
the ebb and flow of lifetimes
requiring trust that there is a Source of all things
holding her bones together..*

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

In those moments she breathes and slows momentum

Sleep comes and the inner train of energy is silent...

*Precious moment sacred day
there is sun, and rain.....
she bathes herself in the sunshine..
dances in puddles
(re) membering
... to flow*

Katherine Wyatt

~kiss the sun from my shoulders

*Let the warmth of my bronzed skin seep into you,
allowing us to hold summer forever
through bone cold winters,*

*There are still flowers on the vine
fruits yielding, while other crops have been harvested
herbs in plastic bags
waiting to be savored*

*The sun shines from inside me
change is inevitable
yet only through expansion
comes the sweet visitation of Bayou Savauge
Life blooms into the ecstasy
of the next breath
connecting us to these skin bags and skeletons*

*Sit with me by the bayous.. in our sacred space
and offer up prayers*

*We are destined to shift....
there is no terror with the spirit of our ancestors
holding us up
guarding our spines....*

*Easing into you we become us-ness
unfolding
one step...one breath.. one thought at a time
emerging with desire ..*

*I reach up to capture a moment of bliss,
basking there*

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

born to Wholeness

*... We knew the journey would hold contrast
forging forward using our internal guidance systems
to ease and flow....*

I awoke and saw you there staring at me with golden eyes

*I want to do everything,
feel the sun drip into the skin on my shoulders
perform ancient dances under a glowing moon
hear there verb of steel pulsating through me*

*I want to make love until we collapse
like a dying star into one another
to taste all the sweetness of doberge
brandied cherries flambeau ..
,,,,,,and your lips on the tip of my tongue*

*We eat in the graveyard... beside old bones sealed in
granite*

*I want to pray and hear the drum...
heartbeat of the Earth
be awed by brilliant sunsets
sit quietly and know ... I Am*

As all things ebb and flow there is a balance

*So kiss the summer sun from my shoulders
taste it through the winter chill
make love to life with me
send the past up in smoke with no expectations*

Katherine Wyatt

I see the morning sun again and I smile

The horses are coming..

Soon... it will be festival time

I step sacred....

I feel spirit all around me

thought fails where the heart triumphs

I Am ... that....

Re (remembering)

Creating

explosions of stars

shedding boundaries

Eating mangoes ...under a blue sky

~within you.. within me

How many times I have awoken to your gentleness
nowentwined within you,
within me...
fully present, rediscovering our bodies
how we rise and fall together
that wanting connected instead of fading to just
....sex

The fear comes and goes,
honesty and trust arise in the mind field
that is when I am fully open

It was easier to remain closed down
but this vulnerability pales in comparison
to making love to you and remaining
here... NOW,,

We are a gilded painting
an architecture of primordial structure
arching backs and soft caresses
my eyes roam our Oneness with wonder

Ecstasy Separation
the glow of holding one another

You take out the dog
I brush my teeth..... and we go on

Katherine Wyatt

But oh... in those encounters
ancient and exquisite

I am with only you
fully present

I am a feral child of summer
rediscovering a spiritual alchemy
ever evolving....

Fahredin
Shehu

Fahredin Shehu



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. ***Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom*** are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

My Nest Eggs

Every particle we have thrown
In the ether has been assembled
In lumps of Love
Somewhere in the realm of Jupiter

They told us: You shall possess
Wisdom to understand the Poetry
Of the one who is called?
The Martyr of Love
For Love is nothing but
A God who is giver and forgiving

Love makes the Creation
Orbit in its axis and
Oscillates in Center and periphery
Occupies Nadir and Horizon and
Contains “Nothing”, for itself

When the summer was in its peak
And the Seagulls flying over
We've been heavy white clouds
Bringing shade
On the shore the senile were
Drinking poison for they failed
To love nor did they laid
The Nest eggs to toast “Today”, even
The drop of elixir sipped
In the deepest layers of their
Heart- membrane

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Otherwise I've been in Love
From and for Eternity and a day more
Despite the ignorant refused my Art
And said: this is not Poetry- and I did
And do say: No it is not Poetry- right!!!
It is more than that
It is an elixir
A life giving drop
To the about to die
And to the "Alive"

Our Man

Plenty has been said
Recently
In Men history
Memory remains calm
As calm less as we are
Ants and bees
Germans and Japanese

Lazy we think we are
But sincere

We write for another
Age for the Men to come
We paint like a child
How happy we are

For man has nothing to do with us
Behold Man
Interfering in our destiny

The Time rolls
In its pace
Just as we do

Under the Neon Moon

Foams of Adriatic Sea and
The air full of iodine
Spawn of tough sharks
Light Zephyr

We
Under the Palm
With the golden leafs

The boy is screaming
The Moon is full
The dog barks at it
The Moon does not care
Nor do we...

Fahredin Shehu

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

Hülya N. Yilmaz



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

hülya n. yilmaz was born and raised in Turkey but has been living in the U.S. as a university instructor since she earned her liberal arts doctoral degree from The University of Michigan. During her studies, she gave birth to her life source – a daughter who is now a mother herself. yilmaz authored a then groundbreaking research book in German on the literary reflections of cross-cultural interactions between the West and the Islamic East. She has a chapter published in a research book and presented her smaller scholarly projects at various national and international conferences. A few were published in academic journals.

A member of the Academy of American Poets, Dr. yilmaz authored with Inner Child Press, Ltd. her debut book, *Trance*. In this book of poetry in English, German and Turkish, hülya offers a venue for deliberations on identity formation and assertion within a multi-cultural context. Her narrations then alert readers to the urgent need for a re-visit to the often-unquestioned patriarchal mindset across the world. Several of her other creative work continue to appear in other Inner Child Press, Ltd. publications.

A licensed freelance writer and editor and a member of the Editorial Freelancers Association, hülya n. yilmaz served as editorial consultant for a large number of literary manuscripts, having published several book evaluations and critiques. She has also extensive experience in literary translations between English, German and Turkish in any direction – an example of which is present in *Trance*.

Links:

editorphd.hulyanyilmaz@gmail.com

www.writerandeditordryilmaz.com

www.authoroftrance.com

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/hulyas-professional-writers-services.php>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

Hülya N. Yilmaz

love after love: no more

1

my eyes in their fading shine
mistake specks of soil for something they're not
for fear to step on an ant
lest my shoe's sole falls on one

but not hard enough for a merciful death...

how then am i going to let die
the soul's love of divine essence
one torrent of a gasp for air at a time

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

2

the fragile soul had never been undressed this way
nor can it ever again
for it has decided to be a one-last-time lover

it should have known not to attempt a fatal risk
still it hasn't regretted being so bare
before the one for whom it had stripped itself
of hopes expectations
guilt blame fault
judgments

the innermost turbulence yet trashed it apart
with as violent a tearing from its core as can be
into a blindness of the temporary kind
for unprepared it was left behind

the ego blamed guilted the other
dared to hope and to expect beyond

not even massive masses of tears sufficed
to revive it from its raging death

from the beloved then it borrowed a new breath
silencing the soul thus was demanded to prevail...

on its torturous path of an onus yet
it now tries in vain to opt to regain courage
toward a slightly ajar if not at all an open gate

for peace and salvation...
implied the latest request:
not expecting
nor blaming

Hülya N. Yilmaz

not faulting
nor guilting
not hoping
nor judging

just to be dead...

as needed by all else
but the expended soul itself

3

i had never learned how to sail a paper boat
in nature's moving water when i was little

throughout my adult life then
i suffered despondent beyond despair
clinging to my passions fervent dreams visions
begging the river around me to flow at my tending will

i the desperate fool for love am yet to set sail
to dissolve peacefully into the current of the sea
for i've been told each ripple offers blissful harmony
with eternal promises to relieve what pains me to feel...

Hülya N. Yilmaz

Teresa
E.
Gallion

Teresa E. Gillion



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

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>

Overcast Day

Through the forest primeval
my eyes feast on tall greens
that frame the winding road.

Around each curve ecstatic energy
pulls my heart strings,
draws me near.

Anticipation climbs the next hill
and behold there is the sea
in multiple shades of gray.

An enchanting beauty
causes my foot to brake hard
on the motorcar's pedal.

A quick slide into a turnout,
my smile wide,
as I look toward the horizon,

the ocean kisses the sky.
I look behind and a green forest
decorates the mountain.

The waves dance for me
on their roll into the shore,
showcase their frothy coats.

I hear the sound
that soothes my soul.
I sit on the ridge in gratitude.

Together

Let's play together
as if there is nobody
in the world except
you and me.

Sit with me in the sand.
Hold me close to your side
and watch the sunrise
light our day.

Let's play all day and all night,
store our history by the sea,
pay homage to the earth
with sandcastles on the shore.

Open your eyes wide,
embrace the sunset with me,
watch it lay across the water
and go to sleep on the horizon.

A skinny dip at sea
may stimulate our wings.
We can fly for miles
on the coastline of love.

Look at the angels riding the waves
with a love offering in our names.
We can hang out here tonight
to see what the next sunrise brings.

Teresa E. Gallion

Arms of Grace

Evening's dust dissolves her loneliness.
A fertile night sky dances,
flirts with open eyes and melting hearts.

Night rhythms heal everything touched.
She raises her hand,
hopes this is her night to be received.

A star races across the sky
carries a banner
with her name in flames.

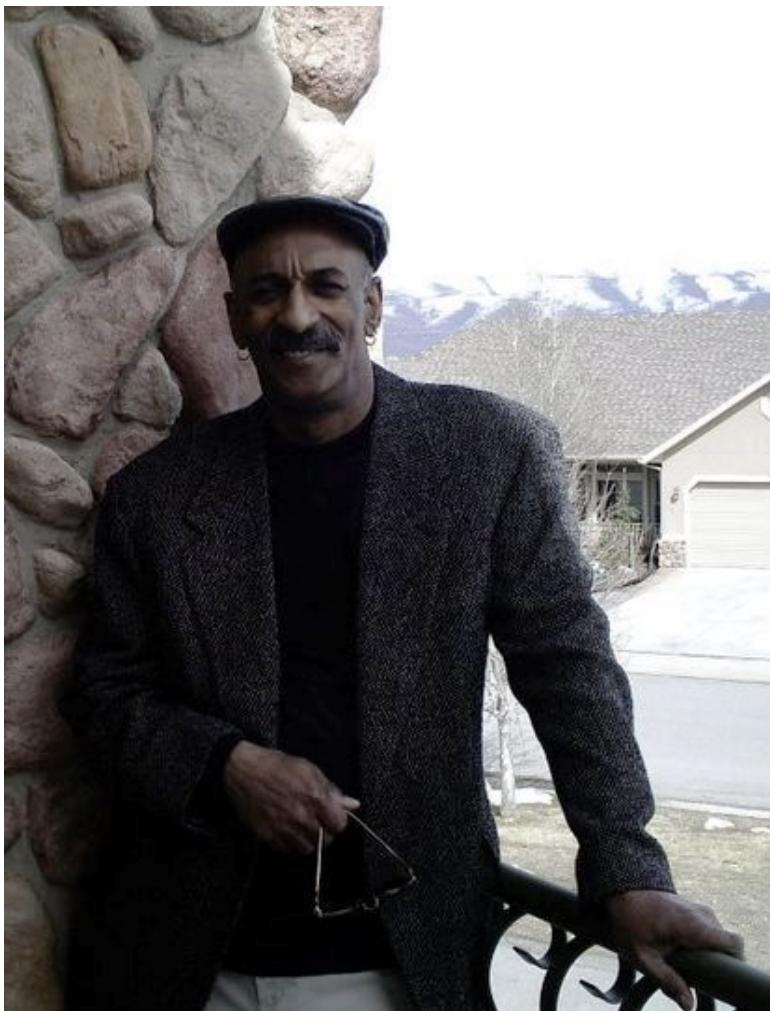
The universe smells her tears
and feels the compassion
swelling in her heart.

The moment of surrender
makes her feel light,
ready to be held in the Arms of Grace.

There are no angry shooting stars tonight.
Chances are ripe to be embraced
by the universe of love.

William
S.
Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 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 is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

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

William S. Peters, Sr.

traces

the Salt of my tears
bled from my eyes
leaving traces upon my cheeks

i am the salt of the earth
as are you
and the Oceans of life
know of our presence

traces

forgotten wings

we sit and we think,
we ponder,
we reflect,
we consider
where we have been,
where we are going
and where we are

we all have hopes
for the future,
reconciliations
that we wish we had the courage
to face
and peace
in this moment

we all wish to taste the sunshine,
dance with unequivocal abandon
sing in celestial melodies
that inspires our creator
to smile upon us

favor, is it for those alone
who reach out and snatch it,
or do the humble
experience their supposed due ?

we want more,
yes, more joy,
more love,
more smiles,
more embraces,
more blessings,
more sunshine,

William S. Peters, Sr.

more peace,
more of all the goodness
life has to offer

what is the path
that is proven,
where does it begin ?

tell me not
how i should walk,
if you have not been there

suppositions
are just that . . .
suppose this
suppose that
decorated with so many . . .
“what ifs”

well if i knew how
to control the possibilities
would there be any need for poetry
and the thoughts it instigates
in the idle wanting spirit
of man ?

what is that art form
i seek
that allows me to let
and express that thing
that is always standing
on the edge of my potential

what is this fear i have learned
of jumping . . .

do i not trust these forgotten wings ?

shine

i took a soft pliant cloth
and put some of my
special divine love potion on it
so that i could polish my shine

i always knew that
the more you loved
the more you glowed
and i am brilliant . . .

William S. Peters, Sr.

October
2015

Features

~ * ~

Monte Smith
Laura J. Wolfe
William Washington

Monte
Smith

Monte Smith



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Monte Smith is a writer, educator, and activist for social justice based in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Monte began his writing and activism in the late 1980's, working and writing literature for the revolutionary groups Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice (SHARP) and the Anti Racist Action (ARA).

Monte's poem and songs have appeared on mix tapes by DJ Lt Dan, DJ Soundmachine, and DJ Chela. Together with French producer Junkos Mood, Monte is one-half of the revolutionary group Riot Radio, whose album *The Art of Killing Children* was released in 2009. He has recorded with DJ Vadim, Breeze Evaflowin', and MF Grimm.

In addition to his poetry and activism, Monte Smith is an acclaimed lecturer. He has spoken at Wake Forest University, Duke University, Guilford College, Loyola Marymount University, and the Racial Equality Week symposium at Lawrence Joel Coliseum in Winston Salem, NC. Dedicated to helping his community's youth, Monte created a poetry workshop for high-risk youth in Winston-Salem, and was a frequent lecturer at West Guilford High School in Greensboro, NC.

for more extensive information about Monte visit :
<http://www.innerchildpress.com/monte-smith.php>

Monte Smith

Voices

I've heard the voices of my inner demons

When they spoke

It sounded like injured children screaming

The Enemy At Home

I don't know about you, but it's funny
to hear Hannity and O'Reilly on TV
telling me to keep my eyes open
for the enemy at home

Hell, the police are everywhere I go

It's been time to show the propaganda
machine it'll remain impossible to reach
us as long as his-story's in pieces

To me, it doesn't make sense like Mary
and Jesus

How many victims of police brutally do
we have in the place to be?

Who remembers, Tompkins Square Park,
Kent State or Howard Beach?

I debate, we can't wait on man's laws to
manifest justice for humanity's sake

These past acts of protectin' and servin'
prove the scales will remain unbalanced
until the pigs find their rights burnin' in
the same fire that's cooking ours in broad
daylight

I'm tellin' ya, they'll bomb you like MOVE
in Philadelphia

Monte Smith

Who remembers Shaka Sankofa, the Massacre
at Waco, *Talkin' Blues?*

Sorry Bob, Slave Driver caught the fire
and threw it back with plenty of matches,
pipes and crack all wrapped up in a CIA
party pack with a little tag attached reading

Die Niggers!

So to all the rich fraternities and sororities
cloning soon to be judges and DAs, stop
booking reggae bands at your keg parties

It's a slap in the face of the starving

For real, you need to think about that the
next time you're *jamming 'til the jamming
is through*

Off the record smoking herb with the
band but in five years you'll be responsible
for the building of more death camps
to imprison their youth

Who remembers JFK or MLK gettin'
bucked by the United States government?

Yeah. the special interest groups are loving it

Killing you for fun is stress relief
for the murderers we pay to carry guns

Who remembers Tupac in Atlanta or
Rodney King in Los Angeles?

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Now is the time to unify our learning

Next time the burning begins don't waste
your time breaking windows and stealing
TVs

If you get the urge to loot call me
at 555-pick-up-a-gun-and-shoot

The American police state has the poor
on their dinner plate--if you don't believe
me just check the minority conviction rate
in DC

And for anybody who thinks I'm just talking
shit, non-believer get it correct

Before the show I copped a burner and when
I'm done here I'm gonna jam "Fuck the Police" in
the tape deck, bounce to the second street overpass,
call 911 with a fake report, wait on the first pig I see then

BAM!

I'm gonna *smoke his ass.*

I've come to realize that's the best way to "Fuck
the Police"

Besides, I'm fresh out of grease and principles

Now tell me, how many soldiers do we have in
the place to be, and who the fuck feels expendable?

Monte Smith

Just Sayin'

Spirituality is beautiful but believing in organized religion is a sign of mental retardation. Seriously, your fairy tales and crutches are in the way of humanity. I'm tired of making excuses for you. Repeat after me, there's no need for religion; it's just simple tradition. Let's clear the confusion and start the people's revolution.

Laura
J.
Wolfe

Laura J. Wolfe



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

Laura J. Wolfe is an Illinois Writer, Artist and Counselor. Her poetry is often times born out of daily and life changing experiences. Most recently, her writing has given voice to a place of physical pain and emotional angst as she journeyed through medical challenges.

Both her writing and art serve as places where she is able to process her life stories and foster hope. Her writing and art are sacred and spiritual spaces where she encounters God, faith and courage to journey on and through. She believes in the power of “showing up” in life. Through this practice, both personally and professionally, she has seen the beauty of creativity birthed in unexpected ways.

Laura’s art work and poetry may be found at
<http://www.laurajwolfe.com>.

If you are a creative interested in working with Laura, you may find more information at
<http://www.laurajwolfecounseling.com>.

Laura J. Wolfe

Anticipation

Facing a blacktop driveway sloped down-
pours on streets, water
falls on cement
curbs—I, barefoot feel the ground under
an umbrella of thunderclaps--shaking me to life,
I twirl around receiving
accolades from those who have danced before
breathing amidst the scent of storms, waiting—
anticipating rainbows.

Painting Still

At the corner of perfection and not good enough, I open my hand wrapping palm and fingers around a brush. Tentatively dipping bristles into the open can, I plunge softly into the possibilities of creating something different. The brush moves more easily than I hoped beginning to touch rough spaces with liquid silk fill cracks, crevices--hidden, revealing stains, grains of wood softening over time. I stop, standing over a Saturday afternoon project, embracing again the process of living life. Worn and vibrant emerging as paint dries on sanded wood brushed by my open hand again.

Slowing the Highway

Are there ever times
when you feel stirred
up--revving like an engine
stuck in neutral because life
is going faster than you
can keep up? My mind
sometimes races with energy
unaware of where to go,
guzzling gas, blowing
exhaust out of my tail
pipe--lit
up light on the dashboard
reading "check engine." I
open the glove box, lifting
an owner's manual, flip
through searching for clues
on how to respond. Reading
"service engine" under the section
I peer at. Closing my eyes
I still remember smelling
rough and smooth leather
seats mixed with sweet tobacco, your
red plaid shirt --a flannel
button downed jacket and smart
hat. Polished shoes and
teeth--puffing smoke in
your mouth--breathing out
circles in the air. I stop
wondering how or why or even

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

when I sit here
in the now. Quiet breathing, open
hands lay lifted
off the steering wheel
resting--feet
off gas pedal--shifting
to park, I turn
key towards me offering
a prayer of gratitude for
silent spaces.

Laura J. Wolfe

William Washington

William Washington



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015

SpokenWord Artist/Poet/Author of the widely acclaimed autobiography "The Nigger Chronicles/The Mispronunciation Of Who I Am" William Washington, was born by the river, in a Spanish Harlem Tenement, in the year 1959. He has performed on various off-Broadway stages. Mentoring & Motivating students is his passion!

William Washington

I'm That Black !

I'm That Black, that interrupts your day! That Black Sheep, whom the kids would not allow to play! That Black Uncle you would not let stay over, the rainbow- where you'll find that one black Jellybean, in a world of many colors. That Black Skittle they Killed before Trayvon! In the black of the night to freedom, the Slaves marched on.. Black Blood dripping from Southern Trees! I'm That Black!

When is a holiday not really a holiday? When it's Black Friday! When it's Martin Luther King Jr.'s Birthday! When she's named Billie Holiday! Black Like Exxon Valdez! Black Like Eric Gardner screaming "I can't Breathe".. Eleven Times!

So Black equality cannot see me!.. So Black equality cannot find me! So Black equality will never free me! I'm That Black!

So Black my wife would not love me- So Black she could not see my heart bleed the blood of Jesus, and before I could tell her that I forgive Thee.. She left me Black Like Jesus Be.. Scorned! Lied On! Talked About!

So Black The Police Killed Me! So Black The Police Killed Me!.. Eleven Times! Because.. I'm That Black!

Head Dry

I'm a Poor Poet, and its raining outside. I'm wearing a Hoodie to keep my head dry. I wonder. I wonder if that Thug packing heat, will acknowledge my seniority, and let me pass, or for his pleasure, bust a cap in my ass! I wonder..

I wonder would that Cop on da block, see the gray hair on my chin, before Kill-a-Nigger begins?!

"Your Honor, he was running towards me. His Hoodie over his face.. his hands were inside his Hoodie.. Even though is was night, and raining profusely.. I could clearly see the handle of a gun!

So that Cop Testi-Lied..

Cop on da block, will you see the hair on my chin, before the carnage begins?!!! I wonder..

I wonder will there be a New York City Zimmerman waiting to kill again?

Yo! I eat Skittles, and I drink Arizona Ice Tea!.. New York City Zimmerman! You gonna kill me? I wonder..

I wonder if I should take off my Hoodie, and just use my umbrella. You see, I'm a Poor Poet, and it's raining outside, BUT I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

I'm just trying, I'm just trying to keep my..

"Head Dry".

William Washington

Apartheid America

We live in Apartheid disguised as a Democracy! A place where we are still enslaved! We pick cotton for minimum wage! Where we are chained, hundcuffed to a Plantation titled Penitentiary!

We live in Apartheid disguised as a Democracy! A place where you can earn over \$30,000 a year, and still be homeless! Where "They" define Desegregation as Gentrification! Desegregation as Gentrification! Desegregation as Gentrification!

We live in Apartheid disguised as a Democracy! A place where on Thursday nights, if Nelly does not prepare her world famous Pasteles.. that Thursday I won't have dinner! La Marqueta in Spanish Harlem, is our low cost pantry.

A place where one minority out of a million minorities can become a millionaire! And all you need, is a dollar and a dream.. So keep dreamin'.. MotherFuckerssss! Where if you call the police for help, they might kill you! They might kill you! They might kill you!

We live in Apartheid disguised as a Democracy! A place where we demand our forty acres, and our mule! We demand our forty acres, and our mule! We demand our forty acres, and our mule! But "They" tell us.. Nigger you'll get no forty acres, and Nigger!.. You are My Mule!

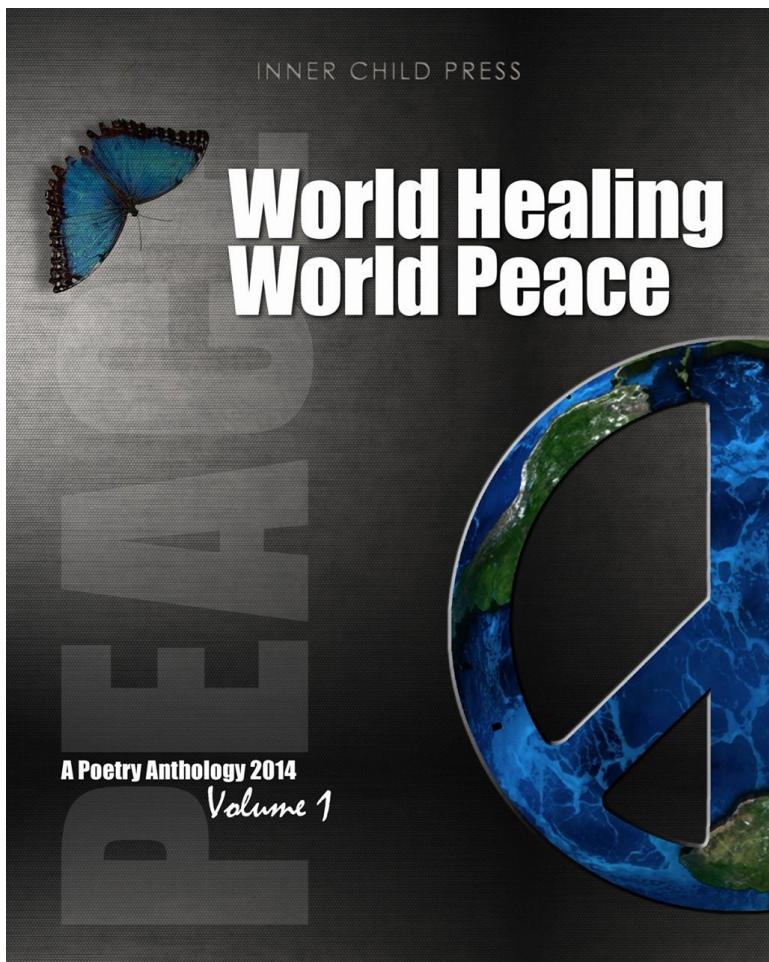
We live in Apartheid disguised, as a Democracy.

Other
Anthological
works from

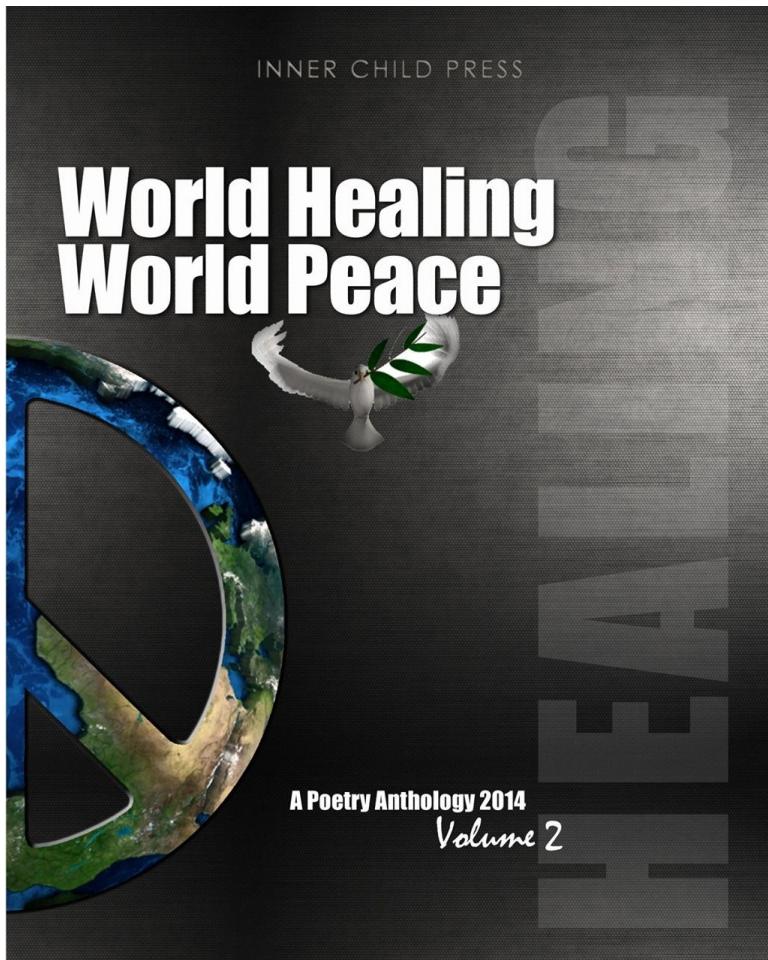
Inner Child Press, Ltd.

www.innerchildpress.com

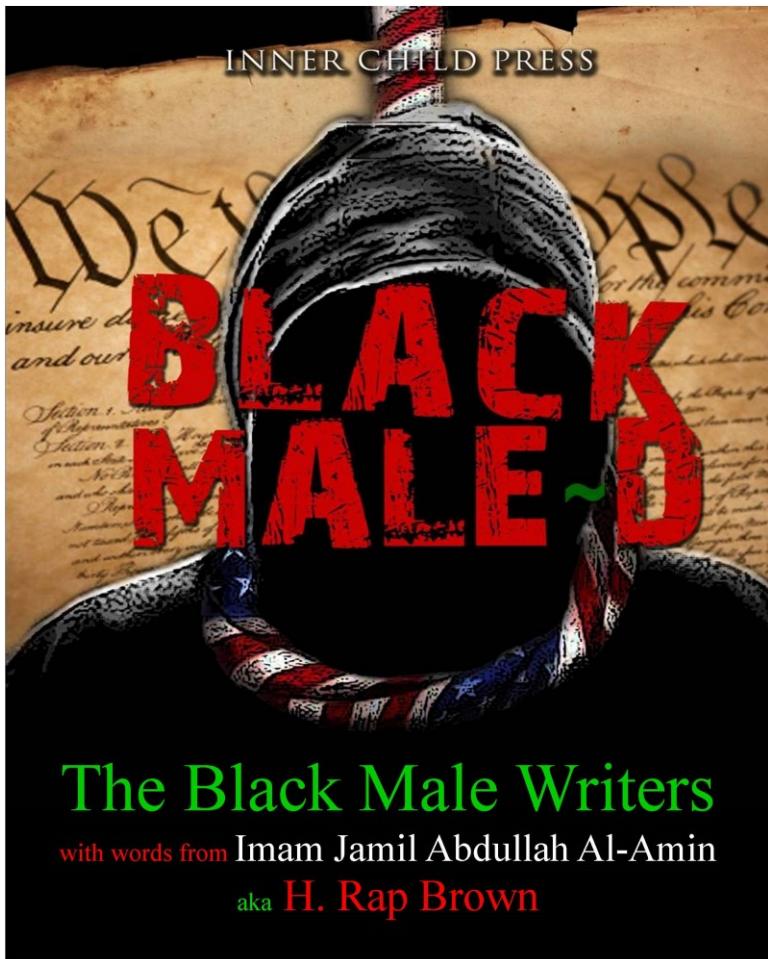
Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



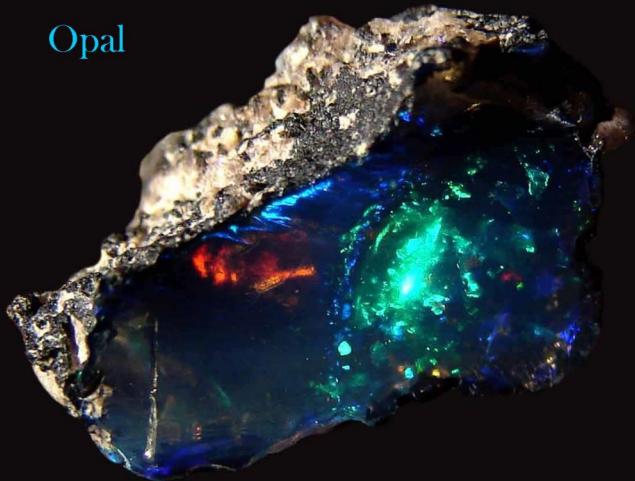
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifatiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot



Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalasz

Christopher Schultz

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minndancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Geri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Deth-Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams • Dennis Ferado • Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET II
January 2015



January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt* WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justica Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rañendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Poetry Posse

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



the Year of the Poet

June 2014



June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee

Joski the Poet

Shannon Stanton

Lily of the Valley

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha Beth Pierce

Janet P. Caldwell

June Bugg Barefield

Debbie M. Allen

Tony Henninger

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer

Robert Gibbons

Neeti Wall

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham

William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

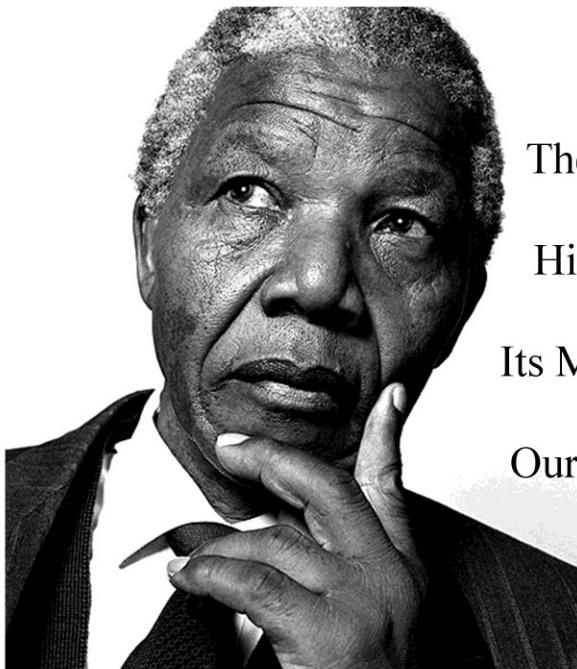
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS

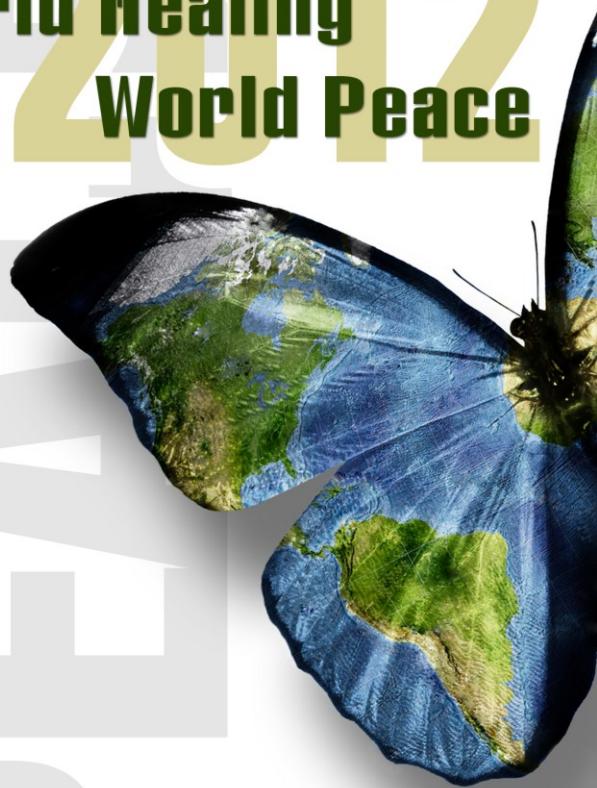


POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

Inner Child Press Anthologies

World Healing 2012 World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

2012 World Healing World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Volume 2

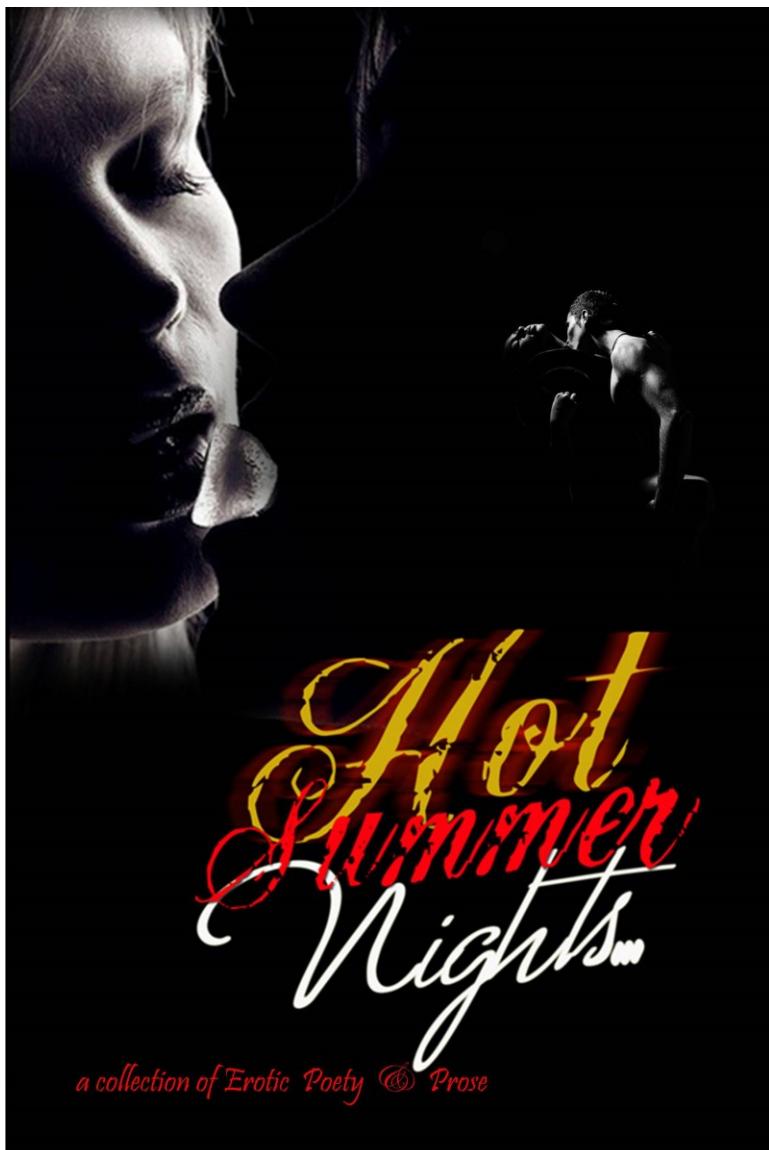
Inner Child Press Anthologies

healing through words

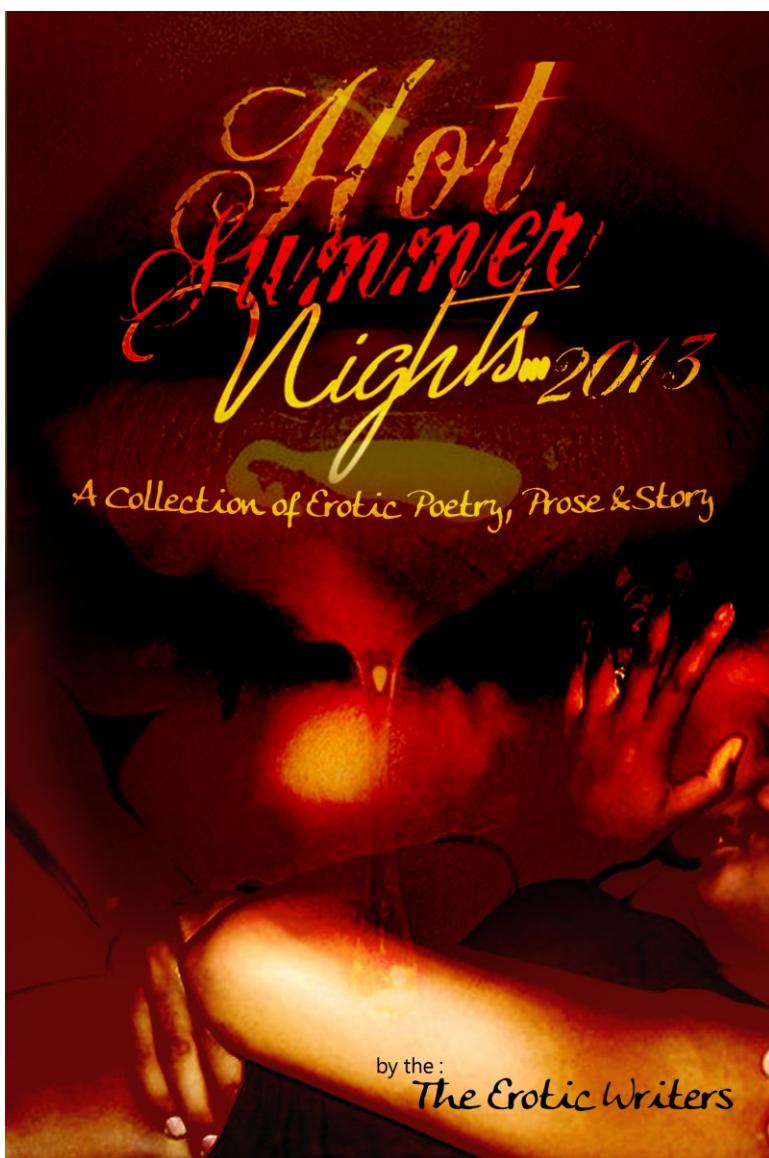


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

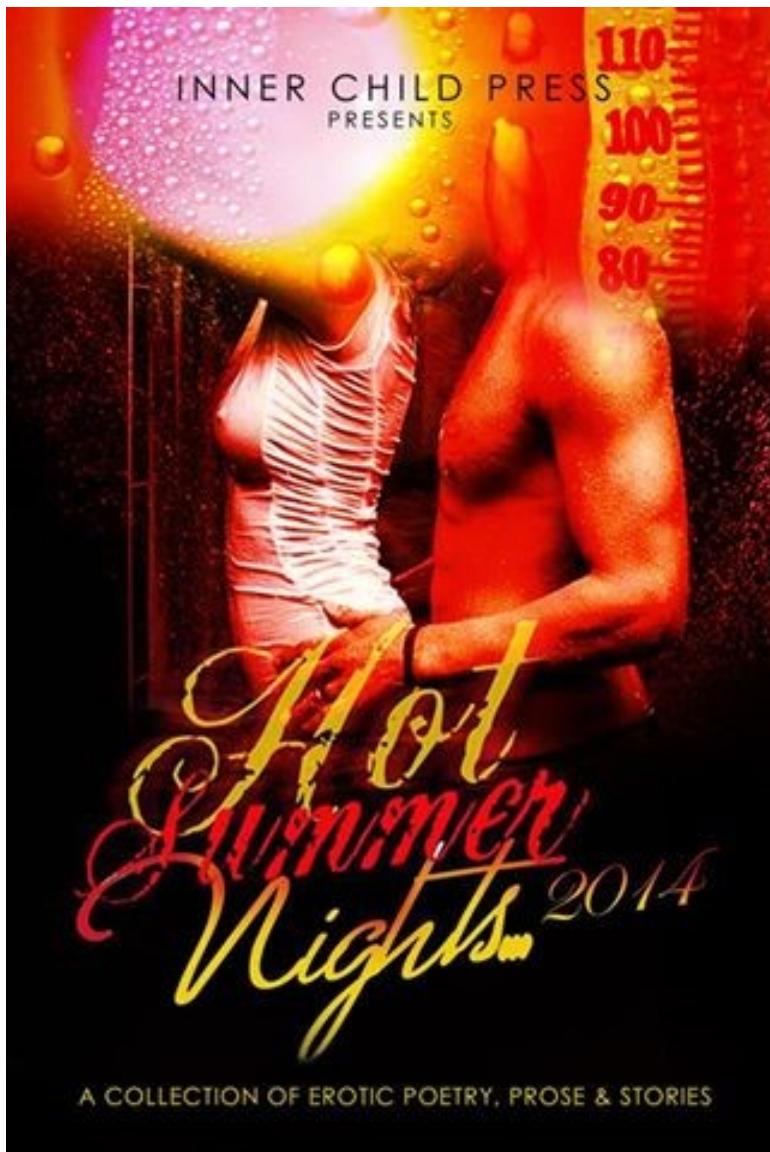
Inner Child Press Anthologies



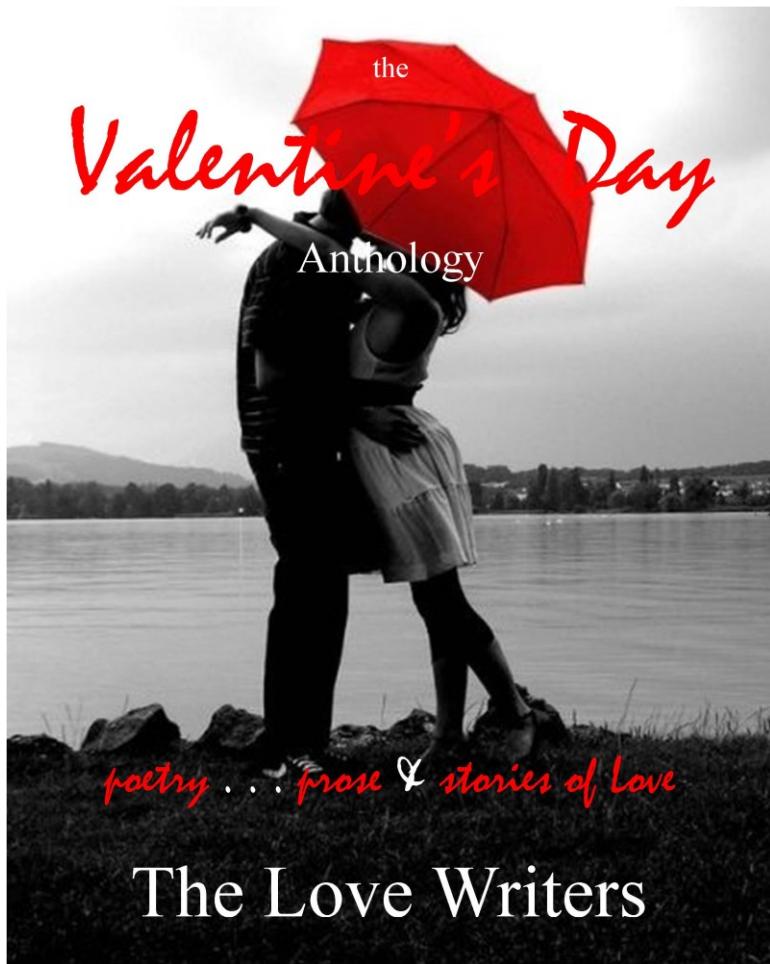
Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



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

Monte Smith

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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

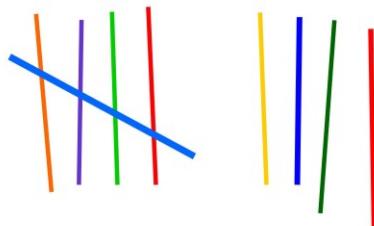


Poetry
to . . .

volume II

Inner Child Press Anthologies

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

Inner Child Press Anthologies



a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition

and there is much, much more !

visit . . .

[http://www.innerchildpress.com
/anthologies-sales-special.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies-sales-special.php)

Also check out our Authors and
all the wonderful Books
Available at :

[http://www.innerchildpress.com
/the-book-store.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-book-store.php)



Tee Shirts

4

Sale

The Year of the Poet



\$ 20.00

Small * Med. * Large * XL * XXL

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet.php>

This Anthological Publication
is underwritten solely by

Inner Child Press

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

For more Information

Inner Child Press

www.innerchildpress.com



Now Open for Submissions



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

go to Web Site for Submission Guidelines

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

~ fini ~

The Year of the Poet II



October's Featured Poets



Monte
Smith



Laura J.
Wolfe



William
Washington



www.innerchildpress.com