Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The Ygar of the Poet IX September 2022

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2022

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet IX **September 2022 Edition**

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2022

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Climate Change and Weather Patterns

Wind and weather patterns comprise the focus of this month's issue of our publication. Being rooted in the field of literature, related quotes from literary traditions of various cultural entities came to mind. The following statement by C. S. Lewis, a British writer who held academic positions in English literature stood out:

"You find out the strength of a wind by trying to walk against it, not by lying down."

we would now be capable of withstanding "the strength of a wind" of which C. S. Lewis refers to by doing merely that which he asserts. Like the frequently cited words by other literary individuals – often as romantic notions, his personal view, too, goes against the mainstream occurrences of our time. Across the globe, scientists "find out the strength of a wind" by studying intensely the corresponding patterns. The correlation between wind and weather is obvious to us at the basic level: A change in wind results in weather changes.

In view of our current realities, speculating about our own strength against the power of a wind will be in vain. The wind speaks for itself, along with weather which it impacts directly. What, other than clinging pointlessly to the myth of our own strength against such a power, are we doing in order to make peace with this force of nature? We choose to deny the proven facts about the climate change.

There is no point in getting into the well-known details of the disturbing discoveries of scientists when the changes in wind and weather patterns are concerned. We all are skilled in reading, listening, observing and deductive reasoning. Available sources are in abundance. We only need to stay attuned to our surroundings and to the destruction of nature which we, as in the entire humanity, have been prompting.

Good luck to us all while we continue to be delusional about our power to withstand "the strength of a wind [. . .] by lying down." Or better yet, by remaining in our comfortable slumber of denial.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita, The Pennsylvania State University Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, making our way onward through the year of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#105) represents the 9th month of our ninth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

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

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

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

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

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

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

Climate Change Wind & Weather Patterns

from Kimberly Burnham

September 2022

"If you really think that the environment is less important than the economy, try holding your breath while you count your money."

~ Guy McPherson



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patterns - geograph.org.uk - 1023526.jpg



Photo Credit: Flickr https://www.flickr.com/photos/vattenfall/4270899001





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 . . .



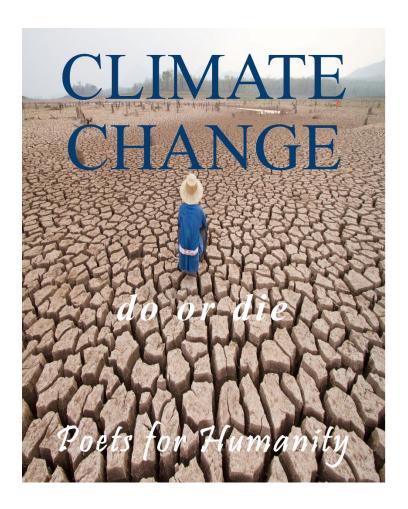




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

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Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

Winds of Change

Noise

Brushing, scourging

Offering, Sometiming, Piercing

Fiery, Whooshing~Deafening, Peace

Oftening, Morning, Consoling

Ashy, grey,

Silence

Dragons

To be able to sleep at night I need to reconcile The goings of the day The silence is much more bearable Than the untruths that Have become the norm My lies are no less pretentious And far less pretty For I act as if there Is nothing wrong When there is nothing right The strain of going out And coming in frays me And I no longer want to Be here in this space Subjected to rules that belong To no one else And punishments that have No basis in reality And how did I become The monster on everyone's shelf For now I will sleep But even dragons awake once in a while

Can't sleep

He awaits me In corners and blind alleys Full tilt neon boogie In get back blues I speak His name loudly Damn near scream his name In a delta rhythm Heel clicking on sidewalks Broken glass sparks Moist and hot In a basin of water His power over me Strong and relentless So I run faster, wider My hips sway stactically Pearls on the river And blood in my veins Ridiculously Drawn towards his light As if I didn't know better I confessed To my preacher I just knew A longing like this Had to be a sin He only agreed And wiped electric Off his chin In that tired knowing Of one that has Been full before Has been sated

At the table No blessing for me Just a pat on the hand Even he was afraid Of a new embrace That could start Him to moving Into the void, again Still I speak Him into being Ordered and Disordering my words Staining my radiance In a swirling mist Allowing the water To cover me To fill the spaces He left open Cleansing vowels My reflection Breaking shadows Into more shade I'm ready To cross over Spitting the flavor Onto the pavement Rebukement Of the taste On the tip Of my tongue My flesh is weathered And bears the mark Of his days Across my belly Around my hip I span the length

With fingers spread Until prints Coil together in A nest of promises Unfulfilled sacredness Trembling at the edge Of a passerby's irises Sightless again And I just want The scent of him In my mouth To quench this thirst This knowing This lightening Scorching my breast The dawn is near Though I know I won't sleep again Closing my door On the life outside And drinking tea In a broken cup I am ashamed At susceptibility Of words spoken In whispers Wrapped in linens And perched on windowsills Holding the pain Behind my smiles He comes to me In lonely thoughts But I know hear For I no longer **Believe** In love

Alicja Maria Kubgrska

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



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

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

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

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

Gale

Man, where are you gonna hide when you hear a whirlwind roar outside your window? It is Mother Earth who sent the elements against you. She wants revenge for all the wrongs done. The time for negotiation is over.

Who will help you? Where will you escape from your comfortable world?

Propaganda

Propaganda is doing well It pretends to be a friend with the Truth but holds a Lie by the hand

It will add something here, and it will subtract there. It will keep silent about inconvenient matters and it will polish reality.

In a deluge of vague information it catches people's minds and consciences like stunned fish in a pond.

On the edge

The light went out between our pupils and life paths have become unraveled.

We meet sometimes on the edge of our worlds, where pale shadows from the past arrange memories from the bits of time.

Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sifting Sands, Blowing Winds

Whether or not Man has a hand In the waving of winds Sweeping across the land

Is it not fodder
For introspection, for contemplation
As to what it is that man can do
To stem the tide?

Patterns carved, going back To ancient time, In the minds, so too, difficult If not impossible

> To change, like habit Becoming political. Rock not the boat, the one Filled with didacticism, the one

That commands, do this, don't do that.
Take a stand, no matter the facts:
Mother nature works her magic...ah, sigh....
For some, good; for others not so.

Do the best you can: Love your neighbor, yourself, Regardless of sifting sands, opinions Wind storms, or not,

Cling to your faith And trust in God No matter, yes no matter Which way the wind blows.

Introduction to Poetry I

Jill's in fourth grade, Her teacher, like a judge, Sits behind a decades-old, dark desk. She rules with iron will, presides Over a multi-hole, drilled-paddle.

Prepared to use it, she frequently does,
For any violation. Or infraction.
She announces, in English Class:
"This morning we will be studying poetry.
Pay attention," she commands.

They do. Jill does. She thinks she may faint.

The air is sucked out of her chest.

Her straight-A report card is in danger.

Her reputation, too. Her Daddy's shiny gift,

A silver dime for an A, is also endangered.

To her smiling mother, Jill whines, "One lesson in poetry does not a poet make. Nor does one violin lesson, a virtuoso make."

No way to escape, so, with pencil, eraser, And multiple sheets of paper, Jill goes to work.

The next morning, Jill's name is called, She dutifully recite an eminently, forgettable-ditty. Jill parrots something to the cadence Of Roses, are Red, Violets are Blue. More red, Is Jill's face than is the yellow of Wordsworth's daffodils.

Jill will never forget how small
Her poem made her feel;
Neither will she ever forget, especially
How William Blake's poem, *The Lamb*,
Filled her heart with joy.

Introduction to Poetry II

The air stifling, devoid of inspiration, two steps ahead
In class assignments, she is bored
Beyond any sense of relief.
Suddenly, startled, she is brought to attention,

By the judgmental one, sitting on her throne.

Her heart leaps into her constricted throat

At the command: "Pay Attention!"

Presiding over the kingdom of fourth grade,

She issues a decree:

"Turn to pages 29-22, and read. Silently.

Your homework tonight is to write a poem.

Tomorrow morning, you will recite it before the class!"

She feels like the air has been sucked out of her chest!

Despite the inevitable waste of paper, Excessive erasures, and smiling parents Offering no help, no suggestions, She pens an eminently, forgettable ditty.

The next morning, she recites her poem
To the cadence of "Roses are Red, Violets are Blue".
More red is her face than is the yellow of all
Of Wordsworth's daffodils.

Long forgotten is her verse, yet never Will she forget how small her efforts made her feel. Nor will she ever will I forget how "The Lamb", By William Blake, filled her heart with joy.

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



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

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

Teasing

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

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

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

Falling on the naked body distinctly

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

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

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

The fate of sand and dust

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

Twilight paints you gold

lest the earth be too pale

Teasing hands, so soft

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

Entrust that sunset to persuade for us

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

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

Fluorescence On The Desk ~ Toyohama Coast

The moon is silent, but it shines, agreeing with me to turn off the excess of the small lights in the house Evil waves hit the shore, come to eavesdrop in person After so many years, the old couple, tonight Taking the blame of stand aloof from the world that once settled

Toyohama Coast did you ever conspire How much twilight should be dyed red to betray an unrequited feint

Maybe, the extravagance that shouldn't be there in the first place

With a small cup of sea salt coffee, condensing the memories of the Slow Stone Ladder

Half-silver hair did not block the shyness of young girls Saddle vine purple flower, smiling under the moonlight The autumn colors are far away, and it took a lot of timidity to settle the gang of thinly dressed guests.

Cabin thatched peak terrace, a meadow, and a sea facing

Cabin thatched peak terrace, a meadow, and a sea facing each other

If it weren't for it, with a swagger break in with a lantern A love assassin, a flying bug In the darkness, lamenting the wonder of life? To stir up the pranks that stir my mind, pulling out the exclamation that I had forgotten for thirty years

Be bold, my feet that were no longer young Like a pair of two melody fair who met for the first time, they danced their limbs ecstatically In an instant, I seem to understand that turbulent dance song

The beautiful wind of the Toyohama Coast is enough to make the night cooler

One Afternoon

A windy afternoon
After the rain, the air is sweet
Looking up to the sky alone, the pupils of the sun hanging
high
Until the shadow of the palm tree slants in, the cloud does
not return to the window

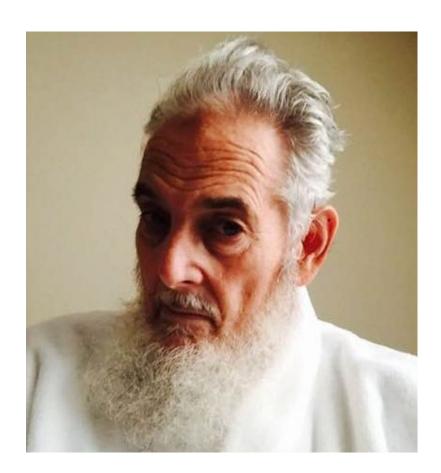
The thunder outside shook
Just fell asleep after a lazy nap, hearing the sea tell the story
The radio is on, playing old songs
Old and sweet touches my heart without company

There is still a cloud left on the balcony
Sitting cross-legged listlessly
Behind the house, the beach is lonely
Looking into the distance, invite the waves and coffee cups to contribute their foam

Under the unblinking gaze
A half-open drawer, an impulse
Folded letter stacks from old photo bundles
Wait for a person, a poem, or a poem written by that person a long time ago

I read the sound of the waves on the seaside street Again and again When some sobbing voice began to flow down slowly The doorbell rang, and soon wiped the tears from my eyes

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

What's a little poison?

oooh nothing just maybe cause dire consequences talking desecration of this beautiful home planet earth created with no flaws in perfect balance that is what it's maker facilitated so, humanity can and has benefited immensely without anything they did to deserve it been that way since earth's creation time memorial fast forward earth is sick poisoned by greedy injecting poison into the air, soil, water knocked off the balance it maintained that afforded us all a tremendous planet to live and prosper, thrive ditto: temperature rose in our waters warmer waters affected weather which became extreme

floods, fires, hurricanes, tornadoes, etc., causing enormous, deadly results getting worse by the day what y'all worried about just a little poison

work

running on a treadmill running but yet still mileage took you to nil yet you maintain will to maintain will system stacked to stay on your back instead of means to an end end becomes the means things are not ever quite as they seem just out of reach for a simple human being who attempts to connect time and again heartfelt but you know what they say when something doesn't work and you expect different results crazy indeed like trying to revive a corpse that got no pulse will to survive, trying to stay alive, an impulse but dead bodies don't come back alive and..., treadmills don't take you for a real ride

Blossom..

in the light of the sun pedals open to receive light, life, sustenance from 'Al Rizaq' Thee Sustainer the one who does as he please just by saying 'Be' and, it is the giver of life, giver of death has power over all things and when he wants a thing he just says 'Be' Bees pollinate flowers minute after minute hour after hour the beauty, magnificent all by the command of 'Al Wadud' Thee Lover unlike any other giver of love like no other giver of life and death, and punishment, reward life, given from the beneficent in awe we must ever remain grateful to the one and only lord we don't see, but do see and stand as witness to the power and results of, Be

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet IX ~ September 2022



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Line in the Sand

Drawing a line in the sand

a new pattern

something to grow on

hold on to

like a lifeline

or a friend's hand

lovingly think of what is

right for us and future generations

Too Late

Late, it is not too late for change change that moves us forward in progress progress saving the life of all of us us, a group of like-minded individuals individuals bound together creating a planet a planetary pattern of survival survive, thrive, grow, and learn before it's too late

Wind, Rain and Energy

wind-blown rain quenching crops energy waves crashing power hungry homes

Clizabeth Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Wild Card

There is something in the wind Brings shivers to my spine, As the weather disturbances I watch before my very eyes I realized the effect, Of climate change everywhere.

For even the winds that go, In different directions The irregular weather patterns around The wild card they say, Can be deemed as harmless Unless it uproots trees But there's so much more than these.

Wall Flower

He was a castaway from the land of nowhere,
Deemed as different from their caste
Ridiculed, stoned to death, persecuted
But his Light still shone for others
There is this certain flow of divinity within him,
The Masculine and Feminine energy
Envelopes his very being
A wall flower to some, for he enjoys his time alone
But they do not understand
Their energy drains every bit of him each time.

The Moon's Eye

The lookIt captures the essence of this dark night,
The enchantress dressed in white
With her cloak shimmering across the horizon
Look up to the skyAmid the gray clouds is the Moon's Eye,
Staring at you intently
With its iris focused on your shadow
So let the spirit of your divinity flow.

Jog Pairg



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Erosion Of The Soul

I was afraid of the beach Never thought about the water Wind blown sands wear my skin down I look older than before

I look upon these evaporated seas Scorpions and sand fleas I'm hoping you're afraid of these They'll eat your flesh and bury seeds

I never thought about the water Afraid of drowning Afraid of fire Afraid of fading away with no body

I made the best sandcastles
I had the worst dogpaddle
What's worse than having thirst
And salty water isn't worth imbibing

The hands of time, the sands of time Ingredients for a sheet of glass Every year it wears me down As I flip the hourglass

Back- And- Forth

You were never there
Your excuses were the worst
This was the last straw for me

I've tried to tell you You always assume the worst Leave if you must I don't care

The scent of your light Fragrances never smelled so sweet Who said auras were not fresh

Fresh I may become
But I sense something else wrong
I think you may have a cold

Sultry nourishments Lovely visions in the night Of us in sensual play

Take me down there love Grab hold and take my hand please I'll show you where I live at

This was the purpose Humanity as a blend You and I are a great fit

Look at them in love There was a time they could not My bible says love all men

Even the raindrops Love to linger on your face Like my fingers tip toeing

Kiss me dry my love Each kiss is like surrender taste my beard it tastes of you

I wish she were mine I'd know how to love her right If only for a few days

The grass was greener I should have keep my mouth shut She's insatiable stop please

Giving A Wide Berth To Birth

It's not my burden to bear Bear down as she growled I think it's twins up in there I bought a single berth crib I need a wider one here

To, produce; to endure without resistance. to support, hold up, to wear what you wore once before they called you big bertha you had ass galore

Now that you've birthed your burden you want to try for one more? On these frequent seas I don't care for the shore

No kidding please let's try once more I've built a berth large enough for four We'll need an ark before the waters rise And the earth shall be no more

hülya n. yılmaz



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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

storms

sitting on the porch breathing in the soft breeze

a rare occurrence these days

fierce wind storms forced the age-old trees in the back to bow down so much so that the property owner started to cut them off of the ground that frail human attempt failed miserably the branches, as thick as a tree stem, stayed strong

for the time being . . .

lately, they are gasping for air, maybe their final ones another explosive storm will surely make its way

exhausted, those trees are doomed to cave . . .

today's weather report

what do we expect to hear a short time away from now? how gently will the winds blow? where will they gather as cyclones? when will they destroy yet another country?

the weather report states, "Stay inside! Block all windows and glass doors! Ferocious storms are approaching your area."

no longer "my brother wind"

we poeticize

the wind as were it our kin

think anew again

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

Riding the Wind

The wind use to whisper. Now it screams because we do not listen.

Wake up humans, wake up. Have you noticed the changing weather patterns?

Have you noticed? The mouth of earth is so dry. It cannot swallow.

Listen to the silent screams of the rivers you have loved to death.

They are going into hiding deep beneath the planet to wait for the revival.

It comes after the apocalypse when the renewal waves ride on the wind again.

Floating With Karma Baron

My Spiritual guide gives me a love smile, encourages me to move. You step on my path and I freeze. You tease me and leave me broken. I fall, struggle to get up and keep going. I whisper thank you in the wind.

You are the Karma Baron and I am committed to roll with your blows with all the feminine power I can muster.
If I pass the test,
I get that much closer to God and I do not have to return to earth again.

Treebeard Smiles

The smell of earth fills our lungs as we walk in my secret garden. I hug my friends' slender trunks,

medium trunks and heavy weight trunks. My ears hear squeaks with joyful noises. Those are thank you notes made for me.

My little blue/green eyed princess cannot hear the songs of Spirit coming from the trees.

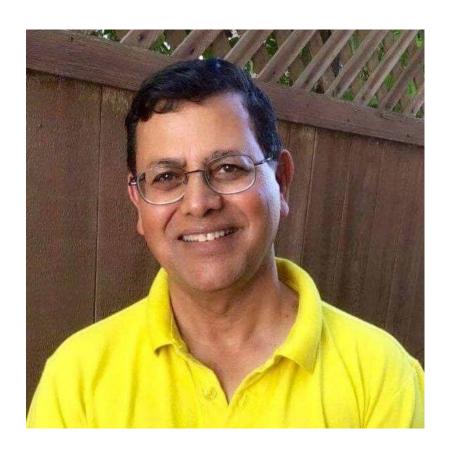
Her ears are not tuned to that frequency. She is afraid to open her wings to let the sound into her heart.

But she feels the intensity of the love energy walking the forest of Treebeard. Enough to help her for now.

She is not ready to go deep within her soul to pull the inner child out of the darkness into the light.

I ask the trees to sing for her to help her find her way. Treebeard smiles with a big cheese.

Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

Wind and Weather

Observe the climate changes see intensity of drought and rainstorms feel the flames of forest fires smell the polluted air taste nonorganic foods there you'll find what has happened to winds and weather.

Look between the oceans and sails there you will find the wind. Look between the eyes and maps tracing shipping lanes there you will find changing weathers.

On the isolated beaches waves scatter into spray like watercolors on a canvas.

But for how long?

Luminous Life

Fireflies flash and streak through a summer night A spectacular lightshow to seduce prospective mates.

Some species of fungi glow in dark In the perpetual darkness of the deep sea.

Firefly squids, jellyfish light up in a bluish swirl and gradually dissipate as if they are dissolved.

Mysterious lights generated by sea organism to fend of predator, lure prey and Attract mates: fight, flight or light.

The oceans are life Let's protect them.

Take Me

I come to you and leave behind my home... snow-capped peaks forest streams roaring waterfalls running rivers to dive into your depths to merge in your love.

I come to make you soul of my senses eyes of my sight feel of my lips sound of my laughter aroma of my breath rhythm of my heart taste of my tongue.

I come to you and leave behind my fears my doubts my vulnerabilities.

O my love take me as I am in your arms hide me in your folds forever.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anachanua.

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

Links to her works:

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

apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

Wind of Fire

Flipping on the lost pages
with consolation of glimmers
While my pen drops
Its last ink,
Weaving dots of shadows
of a wounded heart.
Memories evoking the last word,
Where I was lost, because you were just a dream;
Skimming notes where I borrowed
From the rainbow flashes,
All brimming stories are like tornadoes
From your mystical colors,
The symbolic wick
from the touch of nothingness.

the deluge of black vultures sprinkle true love and light in the sea of mercy-- flowing freedom, the utopian seal is a wind of fire; the air in our elysian fields in my heart's long and stable space.

Miridical

(The Wondrous Self)

Be not afraid Of the stains on your shirt, Of the scars on your face, Of the wrinkles on your neck and forehead, Because, you are the epic youth of every cracked perfection; Be not disturbed When others become storm, When others blow like hurricanes When others bizarre snaps Turn tumultuous bumps of life. Be the love. When everyone seem to be dark matters In their selfish galaxies, Be the light, When all seem to fade Like black holes... Be you, the dazzling gem From the ruthless seismic waves; You are miridical. The wondrous selfless sun!

Sophrosyne

Truly adore the beauty in you,
Your character brings true happiness
Because you are happier, when you see others
Being free, smiling and laugh
Like there is no tomorrow.
Your healthy state of mind
Gives back limelight
Because it is all for one, one for all show!
Truly grateful of the life
Blessed by the nature,
Nourished by good and bad experiences
Because you are the timeless non fiction
Unwrapped from feign and myths.

Swapna Behera



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

swapna.behera@gmail.com

arcane blood drops

On the forest path footsteps of our ancestors carrying seeds of mysterious plants saplings of bamboo Mother Nature hugs them trees celebrate; the leaves vibrate sparrow's nest hangs from the palm tree carrying the serene silence of the jungle ants spread their antennas air in motion converts to be the wind tornado creates storm the strata of the planet shakes there is malfunction in the wardrobe of the mother Earth terrestrial wind decreases flood, droughts create turmoil wind and weather pattern change greenhouse gas emission cause global warming reduce, recycle and reuse the resources save flora and fauna listen to the tears dear listen to the arcane footsteps feel the blood of our ancestors

my granny's quilt

she sleeps there
covering the multicolour quilt
each vacation that I go to the remote village
where she stays
she asks to bring the old used clothes of the members
that are rejected by them
never any new scarf or blanket
I have seen this mysterious patch work quilt on her body
summer or winter
rain or hot
It gives a smell of her body odour
patch work prints are stitched
by her shivering hand with a big needle

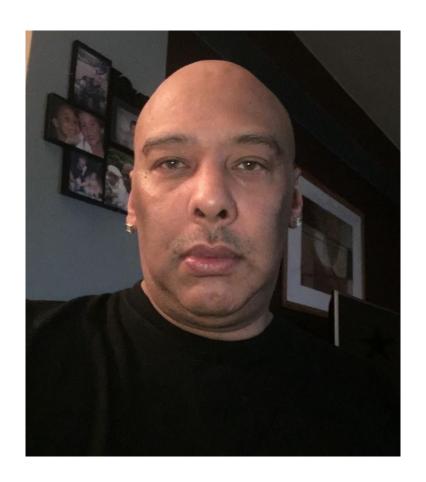
her children are rich and affluent can buy expensive fur blankets in one or two occasions they had gifted but she vehemently refused aggressive she is we laughed at her insanity perhaps she is miser! the quilt has all the colours of cut pieces joined some have polka dots some geometrical designs with small flowers or teddy bears she has collected them from rejected blouses, baby shirts, towels, bed sheets or from my father's shirts she remembers the anecdotes of each piece each Christmas gowns, every night she sleeps on it rather she covers the quilt over her body

she clings each fold and proudly points at each piece remembers the owner and occasion today her great great grandson is in military he asked "Dear granny; why are you not throwing the old dirty ditty filthy quilt?" "No not at all; never ever say this again darling this is the quilt that carries the fragrances of all the oil that was massaged when you were a baby your mother's blouse father's towel torn or rejected all have lives that I live with I get the soft touch of each I love those magical feelings I feel you are near me"

miscarriage

miscarriages of spring epiphanic trauma in the horizon dignity is barbequed mountains melt factories blow smokes wall lizards move around refugees dream of their land fire burns in the borderline life gets no time to heal or deal the Earth, sky and ocean oozes fire the melody turns into memory vital languages become vintage cacophony the miscarriage happens bit by bit in decimals and the breathing stops....

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Wind and Weather Patterns

Rain Rain go away please come back another day. Climate change and weather patterns affects different areas, If it rains non stop we'll have to deal with drowned crops and some communities in different regions can be flooded by this same phenomena.

A huff and a puff won't be able to blow some homes down but a torrential hurricane will rip homes right out the ground.

Property will go up in a spiral and in seconds those home will need to be picked up with machinery, shovels and muscle.

Oh my, it's sweltering hot. We all love summer days. We'll be in a pool or laying on the beach tanning, enjoying the suns rays.

We are not stationary so we when it gets too hot we pack up and move to cool shelter, Plants and trees also appreciate the suns rays but they can't pack up and leave so too many days of intense

Higher temperature burning branches and leaves could cause forest fires

Release the Pain

Poetry is my release of pain. My agony is knowledge so when released for the EYE to see, its wisdom gained. In my memory bank there's many joyful times, but the joyful times quickly get overshadowed by the memories of those last goodbyes before closed casket, and that dreadful trip to the cemetery driving slow, interrupting morning traffic. Where im from in these new york slums, most died young in the hustle to overcome poverty by cooking, grinding, and pitching in and around housing authority. Everyone was trying to get rich by any means, there was many teams stacking green pursuing the American dream. In the pursuit, there was war and casualties left blood streams. It was a race to the top, guns cocked and triggers were squeezed, then it was a tux with folded hands wrapped with rosary beads.

Spoiling You

Spoiling you will be easy, I just need to get to know you and start creating our story, every second that passes will be a second deeper into our history. I'm easily addictive, I know how to kiss, hold, love, and protect, I'm a passionate man to be descriptive. I'll uplift while holding you down. I'm not looking for temporary love or a one night stand, I'm looking for someone who needs a real man. Is that you? Are you the one? How would I know? How would you show me? Prove it to me, Lights camera action, let's make movies. Hair, hands and feet will always be done. Gas, light and rent will always be paid, so if I think you're the one, you've won.

Eliza Segiet

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

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

Togetherness

Interwoven with a web of impurities succumbs to transformation.

It is her to fend for herself alone, she's not able to give a breath to everyone. She tries. She still tries, but the free-handed cleansing of her trees, feeding with exhausts solicitous finishing of futures of the still living — and of the same — Mother Earth gets more powerful.

It swaddles us in what we feed her. Reaches the limit the waiting for transfusion of wisdom.

The agony of the globe accelerates. When will finally grow silent aggression towards Earth? Are we in the midway already? In the global hospital handicapped – due to human's fault – The mother is silent.

We'll shout out. Let's awaken togetherness of breath, without oxygen will come the end!

Translated by Ula de B.

Stigma

How do they feel now those who survived the war?

Then in fear, in hiding, now – not any different.

When pestilence began exposing its might, they were saying:

- War was worse.

Today they prefer silence.

How to compare enemy, which can be seen, heard, to the invisible, hard to annihilate, who at any day can soundlessly lead into nonexistence, into a dark, underground galaxy — with stigmas of *coexisting conditions*?

How to compare undercover schooling with power and infirmity of online learning?

They thought, they don't have to educate themselves more.

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They were mistaken! It's study time again.

Learning how to live, to stay alive.

Translated by Ula de B.

State

To the memory of victims

The real world, somewhere behind the windows of uncertain, uncountable time.

For how long? How much...

How many more people have to fall into the abyss?

Above all reigns the demon of death.

New rules: pay attention to breaths, don't greet with a kiss, no vigils at funerals.

How long's it possible to do – nothing, to live?

The peeks of infections, statistics of living and dead, tables of cases, wavering graphs, cities, nations, anchored ships

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- the crowned reality, which nobody expected.

Everyone wants the state before.

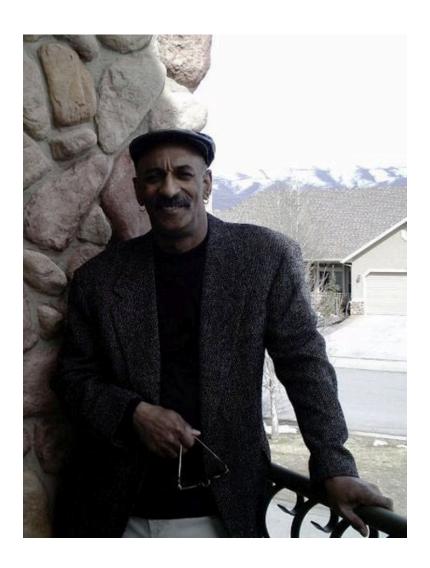
To return! To - ret - urn!

And if...?

Will anything remain from what was?

Translated by Ula de B.

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

When will we learn?

"I am not afraid of storms, for I am learning how to sail my ship."

~ Louisa May Alcott

I took a deep breath And I attempted to hold it forever Hoping that all of my troubles Would go away When I decided to breath again . . . But I could not hold it forever!

Brother Wind is waiting,
Waiting on the soil
To uneroded itself
And become healthy again
After the damage
He was forced to do
Because of 'our' negligence

I am far to ignorant
To be afraid of the storms
That I have created
But in reflection
I pray that some day
We will learn
And sail our ships accordingly.

.

In the meantime . . . be afraid, be very afraid, For a bogger storm is upon us.

As

As the steam from a boiling pot, The fog of the early morn, The fragrance of the spring flowers The vapor of my 'being' ... here Shall pass away.

The pot will become dry, The sun shall rise And the flowers will wilt And give way To the essence of time

As the mind of man
Can hold but one thought
At a time ...
Choose wisely.

....

Who amongst us May take more than One step at a time Regardless of ones planning Or dreaming

One heartbeat Is all that we have, One breath We all share alike

I was hungry, But I was limited to but One mouthful, one swallow At a time....

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As was my thirst abated Much the same.

As I contemplate
This life of mine
The memories I conjure
Are but one at a time
As are the sensations ...
No man nor woman
Can love and hate
Simultaneously

As though I pray, But One word at a time My 'Want' seems to Have no end

I once vied and declared That I shall live forever, And that I shall Within the united constrained confines Of this one eternal life

As I contemplate these simple musings, As I assert these pontifications, I am ultimately left with but One analysis ... 'As' ... As so it is. As so it shall be!

Am I?

Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept?

~ Song of Solomon, 1:6

I am black. I am beautiful And we chanted "Black Power" In those days long past

They say ...
'Water will always
Seek its own level',
So be mindful
Of who you are

Am I powerful?...
More than I know!
It must be so,
For it seems That
The entire world conspires
To suppress that 'Black Fire'
That burns in my soul

For some
If we all were eliminated,
That would be alright with them,
But know, yes know
There are some things
That can not be done

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I am the Son of Sun's,
I am Ramses,
I am Moses,
I am Solomon,
I David,
I am your Jesus,
I am Mary ...
You are the sacrilegious one,
For from truth
You hide... you are
Truth denied,
As you remain indifferent
To her presence

Color borrowed
In your tanning salons,
Skin cancerous exposures
With your 'Coppertone' ...
Braided hair, Botox,
Lip-Ass-Breast-Hip implants,
But where is the 'soul-seeds'
That have a need
To be planted
In this run-down
Garden of Life?

September 2022 Featured Poets

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Ngozi Olivia Osuoha

Biswajit Mishra

Sylwia K. Malinowska

Sajid Hussein

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Ngozi Olivia Osuoha



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A poet/writer/thinker/tailor, award winning anthologist, has authored 23 poetry books, featured in over 60 international anthologies, published over 250 pieces in over 25 countries, has been translated and published in over 8 languages. Her books have been archived in the US Library of Congress and other libraries too.

Ends Of The Earth

I wake up and wail as I ponder Crying to understand what life is all about Yet I find little or no answer As I get lost.

Under the shadow of trees, I am not free Yonder the window of doubts I try to sprout Beyond I reach to teach but within ditch.

Upon the ends of the earth, I run I grab voices to shout aloud I borrow noises to ring the alarm hearken dear earth upon my homeward way.

From the ends of the earth I mourn
Seeking peace and love to live
consoling myself shamefully in pain,
Lo, here pegs the lungs of a child
a child buried amidst life and plenty because he was hated.

If I Ruled You

Give me your neck let me strangle you so that you would know I am your ruler, and a tormentor.

If I ruled you, you wouldn't breathe because I would deprive you of air and nostrils, I would blind your eyes and shut your mind you know I am your ruler.

I would skin you alive and butcher you just give me a chance, you would like it, this life you live is uncalled for, you dare not.

If I ruled you, I would vomit on you that way I would be the lord and king, If I ruled you, no need for your voice nor word.

Jezebel

Jezebel, got married to Abel She built a brothel for citadel And he raised an altar to alter all.

Jezebel stole a holy pole And her pole was a hole, Abel, a Fidel in whole He sacrificed and was sanctified.

Jezebel, the plotter and rioter Destroyer and spoiler, Abel, the cleaner and teacher Learner and lifter.

Jezebel, a coiled cobra Abel, an able army Parallel, opposite and unlike Both, in a forced marriage.

Biswajit Mishra



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Biswajit Mishra, is a, hitherto, unpublished writer, barring a poem and short story in a community literary magazine. He had sporadically written poems both in English and his native language Odia and has recently started working on a compilation writing 365 poems in 365 days. He is a company executive currently living in Calgary, Canada with his wife Bharati, having lived in India and Kenya in the past.

These poems are part of the compilation which was started mid-February 2022. The number that precedes the title of a poem refers to the day out of the 365 days that the poem was written on.

Singing alone

The song is melodious, when he sings alone,

free from accompaniment.

Just the singer, who writes, composes, and sings, and listens

alone knows it.

Isn't that adequate? But he is greedy,

or generous,

that he is looking to share,

for the joy is enormous, that he has seen, to be contained in just one,

or unsure of himself looks for appreciation, with eyes set on external validation,

thus finding internal invalidation and in the process loses the song, killing the seed for new sprouts too.

A Sequel to Kipling's "If"

I chanced upon it again today when I sent it to my son, as words of motivation.

Then, I started musing when I reread the poem, how relevant is it today!

It's pertinence sure hasn't eroded at all over hundred years.

Now, I try to fill the hundred odd years, from comptometers to computers, from candlestick phones to cellphones, from telegrams to texts.

:

If we can be religious without being too proud of our religion, or better still, if we can be spiritual without being religious;

if we can love our country without needing to hate others';

if we can be free in our mind and respect the freedom of others;

if we can have empathy without a prerequisite of the same from others;

if we can be grateful to an act of kindness without feeling the pressure of an obligation, for kindness is not a loan to be returned to the lender,

rather is a legacy to be passed on to another,

like a baton to be handed to another runner even though not from our team;

if we can love all without being too conceited about it, nor with any expectation to be felicitated; if we can be honest without feeling ourselves as an exception,

for honesty is a natural trait we are born with and not being so is a deviation;

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and finally, if we can learn from history but free ourselves from it and not be boastful of it, for it is a line on water that is gone in time,

as a wiseman had said

"You cannot step into the same river twice";

then, ours is the universe and everything that's in it, and what is more, we will be Humans, my children.

Learning to Appreciate a Flower

A beautiful Rose stands yonder, firm in a supple posture, wherein a gentle breeze gives a mild sway, with wafts of her mesmerizing scent effusing. And you stand whining about the thorns, oh aficionado! Do you not know, a rose, as pretty as she is, comes with her shield of thorns? Open your eyes and see; they are just charged with protecting her body, but for the one that appreciates her beauty, hindrance, there's none.

Would you care to heed my advice, and cease being a grumbling gardener, who tries to become her master, and performs his duties, like a drudgery, demanding a return that he can possess? Fool that you are, don't you know that, all possessions fade away, eventually?

But don't ever become the owner either, who takes care of the flower as a hobby,

with a tacit intent of filling his stock of boastfulness, or to cut her from her stem to fill his vase to adorn his abode, or to pack her into a bouquet to please another, losing the beauty that was his to relish, for the ownership goes through a cycle too, and there comes a time when it's gone.

My friend, just take my two cents, and stand like a friendly neighbor, afar- not too far though, then, see the beautiful rosy cheeks, waiting patiently for a whiff to come and bring you the lovely aroma.

The Year of the Poet IX ~ September 2022

Imbecile me, I think now, to hark my own words, and come up with an idea;

why not we both make an agreement, joining together to become a plant ourselves,

finding a place to be near the Rose in the same garden, and do nothing,

not interfering,

just being there, giving her the space, yet, not the distance, lest the Rose sends us her intoxicating fragrance, and what's more, we may be lucky,

only if we don't wait with expectation, for when a soft wind comes.

she may sway idly caressing our face leaving a gentle kiss!

Sylwia K. Malinowska



The Year of the Poet IX ~ September 2022

Poet, occupational therapist, activist for the legalisation of psychoactive plants and mushrooms.

Through her work she calls for the freedom to decide for oneself about one's body and mind. She writes about love and respect for oneself, people and the world.

Her texts have appeared in press publications such as "Poetry Today" and numerous books published in Polish, English, Bulgarian and Turkish.

She is, among others, the author of the texts for the photo album by Beata Cierzniewska entitled "Cognition", presented in The Cooper House Gallery in Dublin. Her poems have also been presented in a joint project WAKE UP painting & poetry night at In-spire Gallery in Dublin.

Exist

When you awaken the force in you.

When you realize that there is a great force in you, that beauty is you.

The strength is you.

Sensitivity is you.

Truth.

Force.

It's you.

When you feel you're all you've been looking for, you're full, the source of everything.

When you touch the corners of your existence.

When you dive into yourself and don't look away.

When you swim somewhere on the verge of non-existence.

To places that aren't there, but are inside you.

When fear takes over your being,

That you stop being in it, stop existing, understanding what it is to be.

When you wander in infinity.

When you cross all boundaries.

When you understand that there is no turning back.

When you give up.

Simply fall.

Cease to exist.

When you feel a real touch of yourself that hurts because being who you are hurts you.

Then you will really feel, touch, experience your beauty.

That spark.

Force.

Strength.

This unimaginable miracle.

Beauty.

Yes, that beauty.

Your existence.

Yourself

When you dare to touch yourself at least for a moment, with a small fingertip and not to look away.

Even though fear will crush every nook and cranny of your mind and the truth will hurt.

When you feel that there is no other way, that there is no turning back as you swim towards trust, towards light, even though you do not know what awaits you and fear takes away your speech.

When you risk your whole life and stand behind you. When you manage to take at least one tiny step, one!

Then.....

You will see the truth about yourself.

And you will feel your beauty

Strength

And power.

And only then can we give another person a chance to see the real us.

To get to know us, to touch us, to experience us.

Because only then do we have a chance to experience the feeling of a deeper bond.

Because only then will the other person have a chance to see not only the façade of ourselves.

Because only then will we give them a chance to really get closer to us

Beautiful

Beauty is a power flowing from the knowledge of our nature. The brightness of the heart, the light melting in the distance. Empathy and sensitivity in looking at other beings. It is a conscious value and intention that comes from the heart in action. This is following the voice of the heart when the whole world screams...no.

It is the forgiveness that gives solace and acceptance that brings peace.

Love, someone makes us great and the power that allows us to go on.

This certainty pushes you in one direction although the common sense pulls you by the neck.

And although we do not know the future, we do not know what will happen next and we do not know why we are here, we know that it is our identity, the individual color that defines us in everyday life, separating the light line from the million others.

This power of striving for harmony and not perfection is beautiful

Sajid Hussgin

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



Globally published, recognized, acclaimed, awarded, appreciated and featured, Dr. Sajid Hussain hails from Pakistan, was born on 01 02 1969 at Morgah Rawalpindi. He is a well-educated and multidisciplinary Poet, Admin of many poetry groups. He achieved membership of World Nation Writers' Union, Kazakhistan and Camara Internacional de Escritores and Artistas (International Chamber of Writers and Artists) based in Spain appointed him as the President for the CIESART Headquarters in Pakistan .He is Master Trainer of "Low Cost and No Cost of Science Material" Homeo Doctor, senior teacher of Chemistry in FDE, and Ex-Principal of Jinnah Public School Morgah Rawalpindi . He has done several courses and received many certificates from UNICEF, CIDA and USAID, FDE programs. He was awarded with certificate of Literary Performance in year of 2021 from Gujarat Sahitya Academy India, awarded with honor of Golden Pen, Excellenza, 59 years of independence Honorary award from Trinidad and Tobago and world cultural Freedom. He is a promising Poet already participating in innumerable poetry contests world-wide, he won many certificates of excellence, the list of his achievements and titles he has earned is quite long. His poetry is published in world famous print and electronic magazines, journals, newspapers, websites, blogs and anthologies. He is author of Acquits of Life, Parlance, Cloud Nine Fantasia.

Tides of feeling

Distress knocks every day for strife, Cry of joy over the vitality of life, The joy is such joy that brings with sadness, Such entangles create mist of sternness,

The worries upon the soul spread, My heart is so upset that I overfed, Every grain may prayer for my grief, That all my matters may set relief,

Not as unreasonable as you shade, Deeply unflattered sorrow's cascade, Entirely lost in that faculty of purpose, In the least surprise wholly in arduous,

Buzzing like a swarm of bees on nights, As dry as a reed my heart reignites, Flames of pierced thoughts raise the blain, From fined threads of my pain,

Melting the form of all my unease, A ghost from darkness of my deportee, Takes wheels of grinding mill of my fret, With sound like breaker strolls with my cabriolet

Dies as leaves fall swimming swans of my sigh, Through silent haunted woods of my melted cry. Strings struck by the tides of feeling, Shake unnoisy waves of concealing.

Blazed Sentiments

Prevailing sentiment with aspect of uneasiness, Throbs unvehement feelings of its voice, Memories of happy days vanishing in slipway, In faint heart by nature prop oppressed agitation, Cleaning spring soul of sensation, Rolls panorama of life in dispotism, Arresting gleam of insight of haughty disdain, Steps the heels in the stream of walk, Having self-absorption of whispering elements, Gently laid upon to soul of amplitude of life, Contradictory compounds of stinging delight, In dazzling order rhythm the eloquent prophecy, A sad inquiry seems to dwell on gaze, A quick flame leaps from brooded over eyes, A sight for memory to weep over, On the sign of a large contentment, With prompted rebellion of profound sorrow, In solemn glee of supped at absorbed mind, Hung over the deepening eve in breathless calm, Lost itself far away to gray stage, A soft intonation of a zest, Remains destined on a somewhat, A melancholic indolence of its thought, With a sense of a meditative contents. Searches a shifting for harvest of a barren regret, And assail for a new marvel of the sky.

A Walk

In the patter of small feet with light gait, The rustling of leaves side by side, Comes with me with winter wind of esteem, To flourish my thoughts in the velvet of the peach, In a flowing stream with my imaginations, The sounds of winds whisper with me, Those waves are set in motion of turns. Wealth of their company gives compensation me, Setting of winter sun also blazes me, Shadow of great hill is touching mine also, In the up heaved sea of its reflection I can see, The shoulders of enjoying flying leaves touch me, Fresh and green fields while I crossing, Suddenly spring up my impulses making link, With waves of ocean with fitful breeze, Visit of angels then continues between waves and me, Torrents source of imaginations walk with us, Short and far away my thoughts now spread, To fill the East when morning returns, On the top of mountain when I reach, The entire rustling leaves scatter with breeze.

Remembering

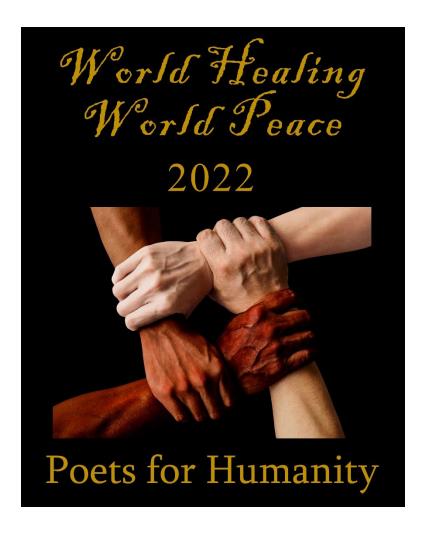
our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Alan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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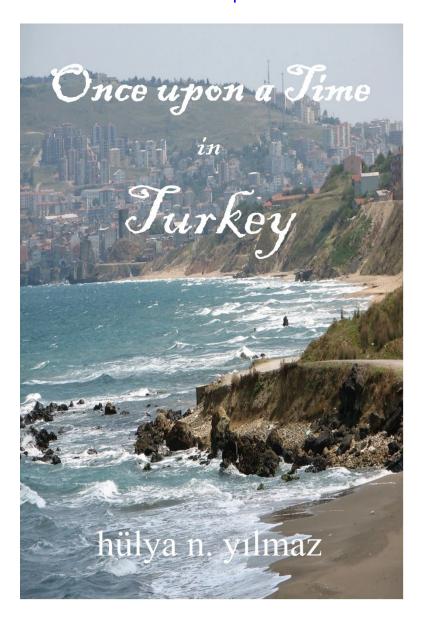
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We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

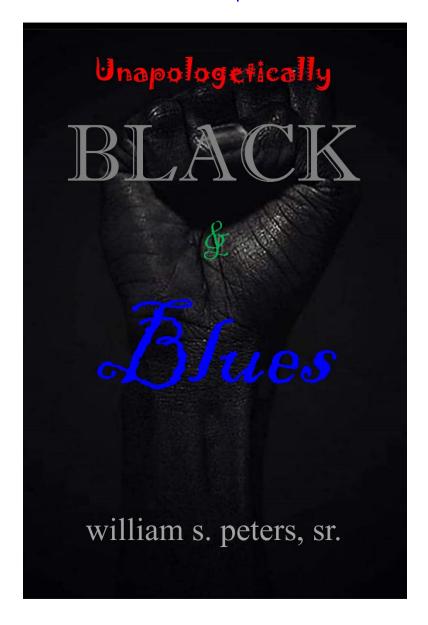
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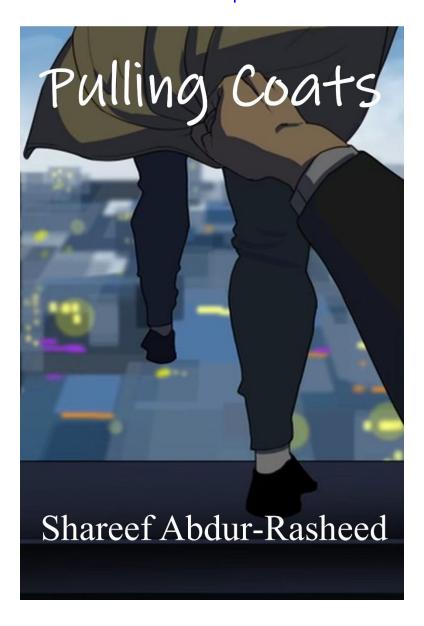
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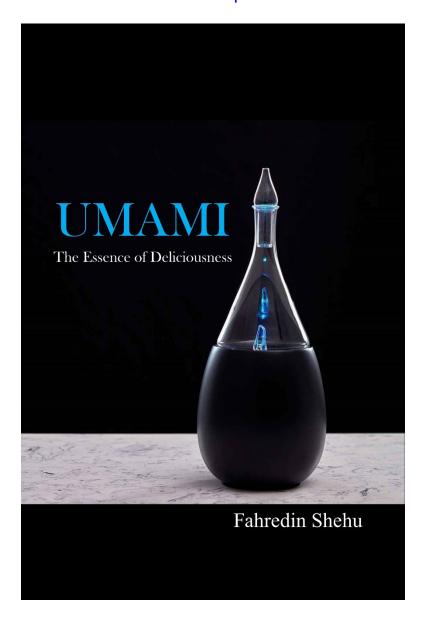
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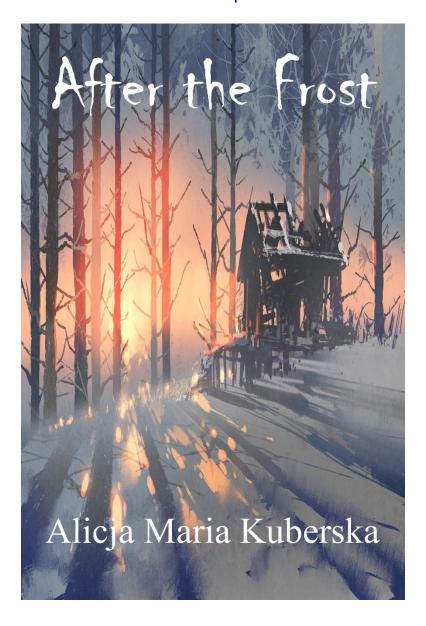


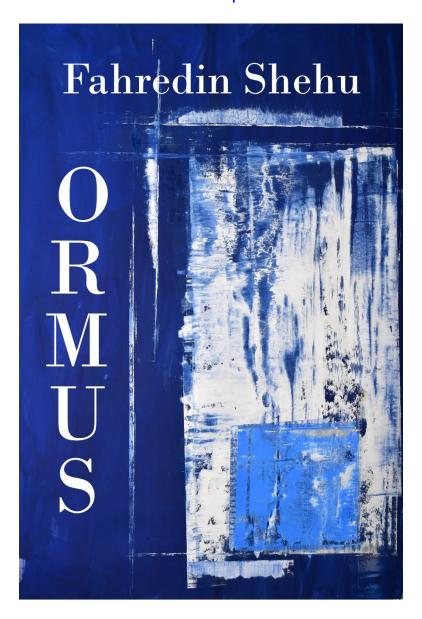
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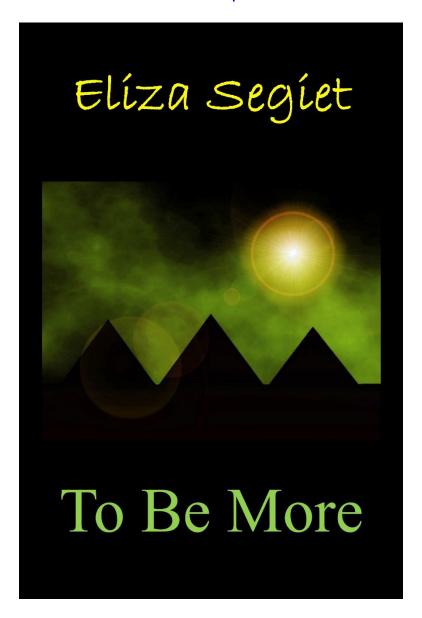


Thead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages



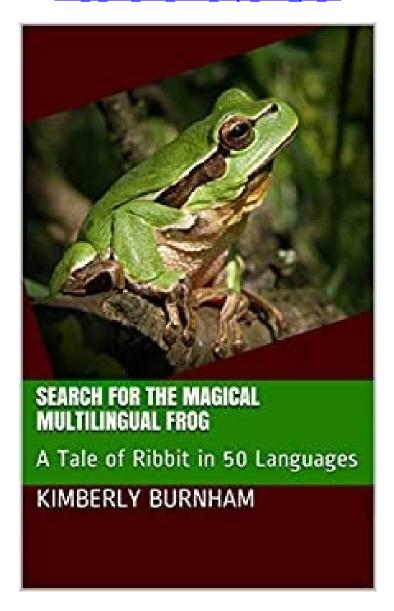
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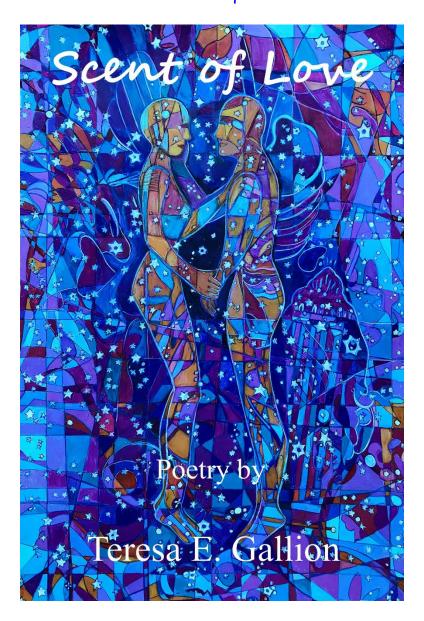
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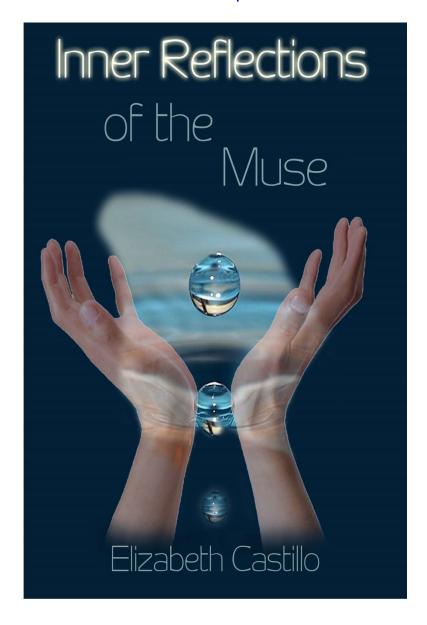
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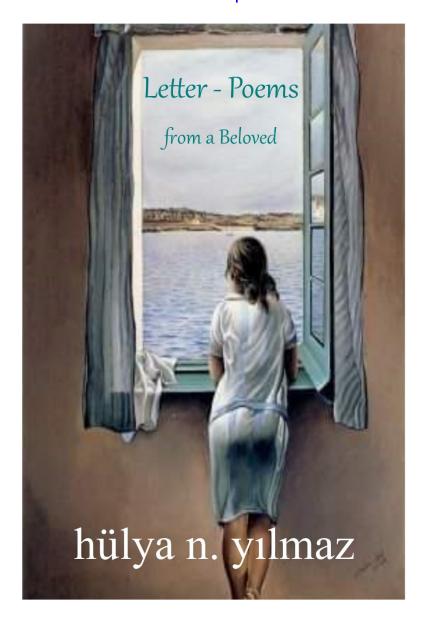


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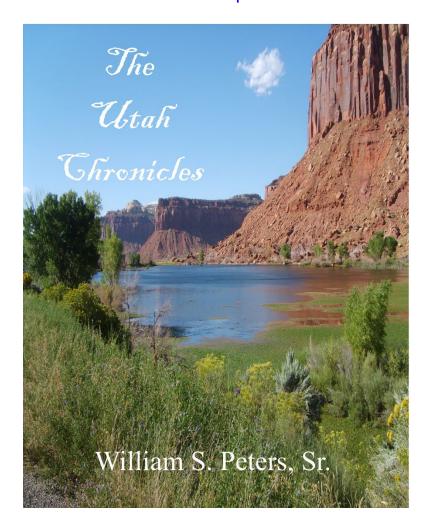
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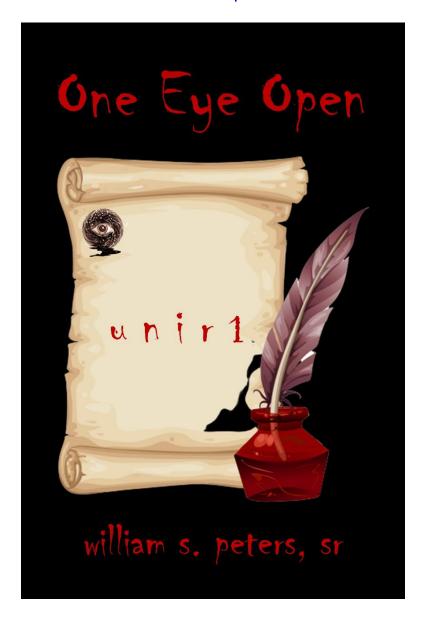






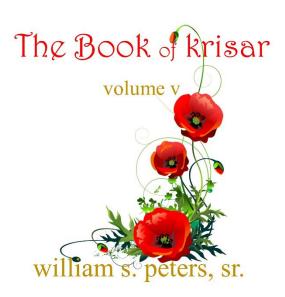
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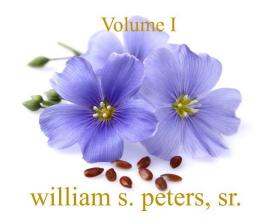
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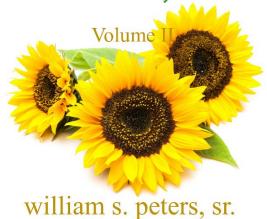
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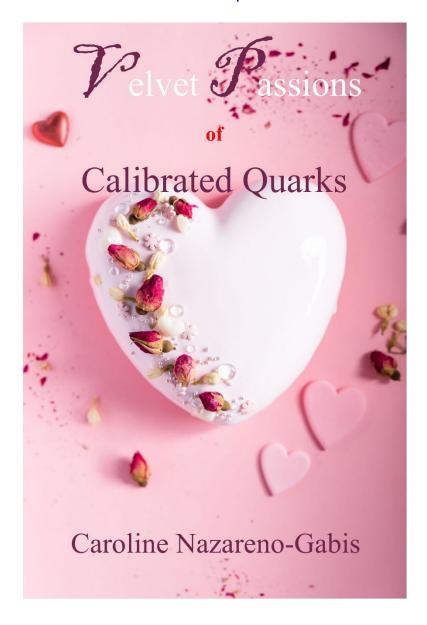


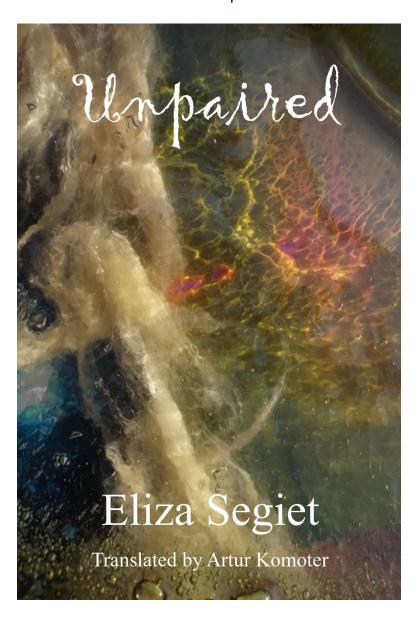
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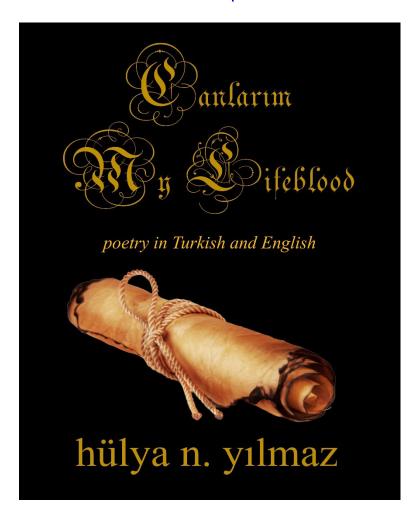


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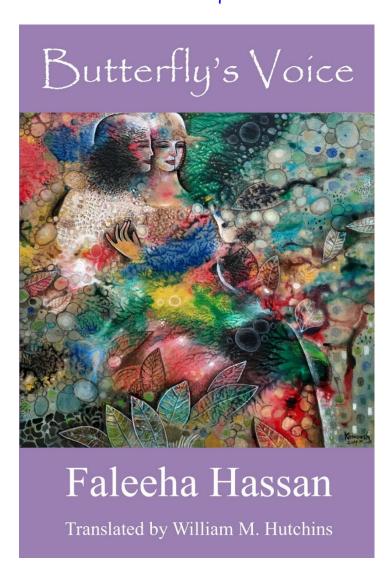




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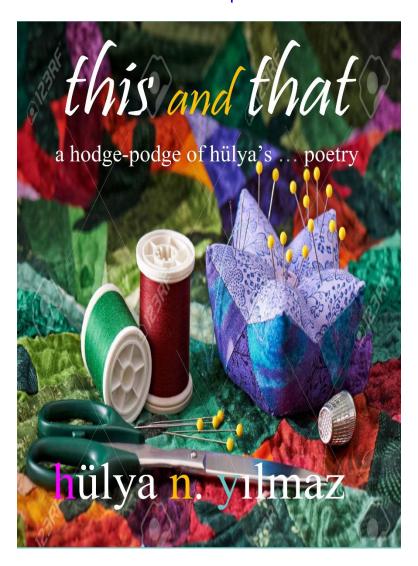
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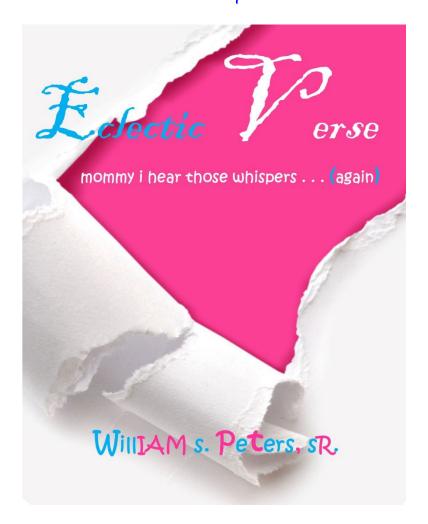


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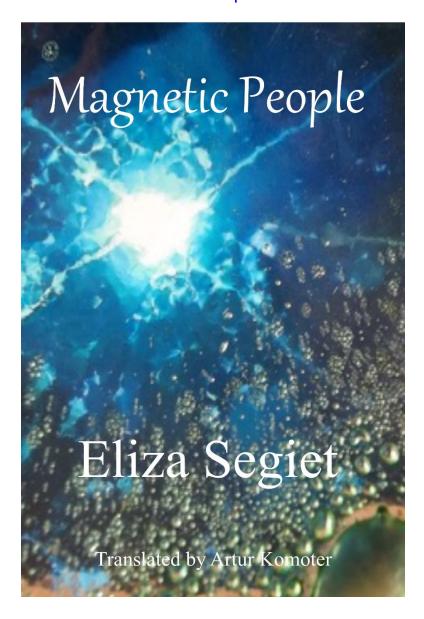


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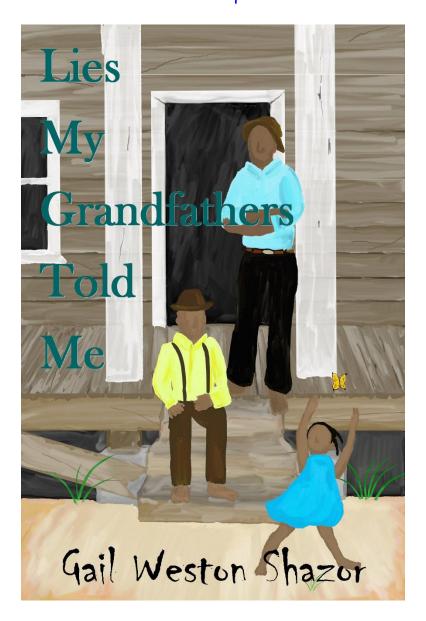
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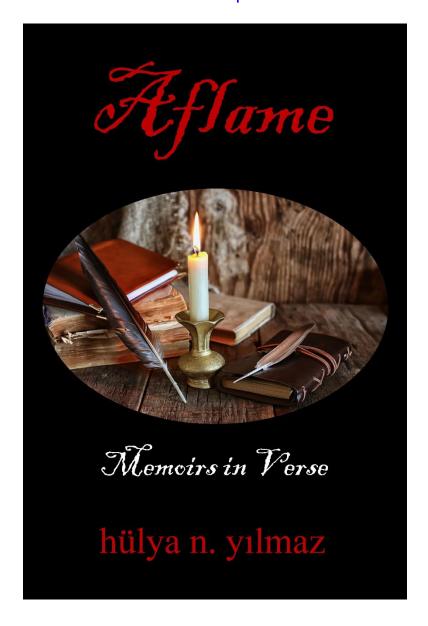


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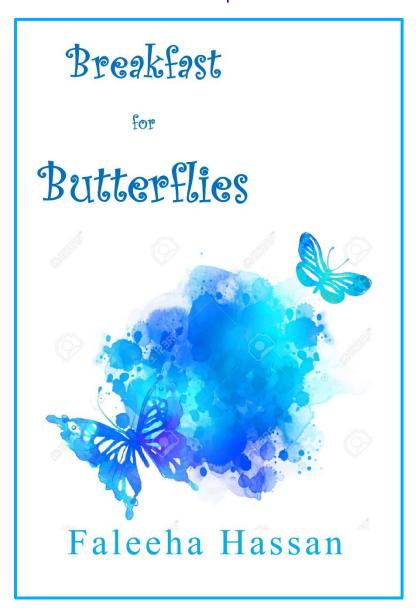
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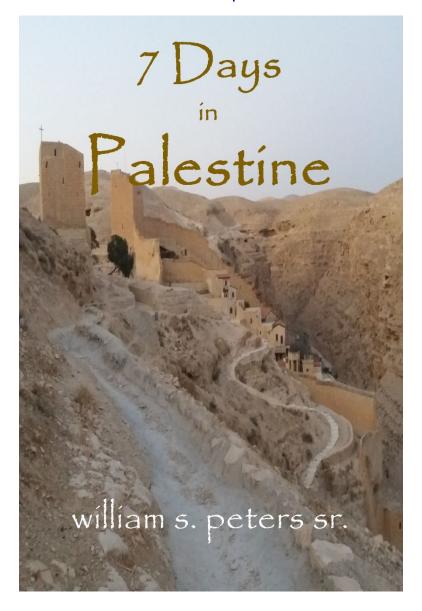




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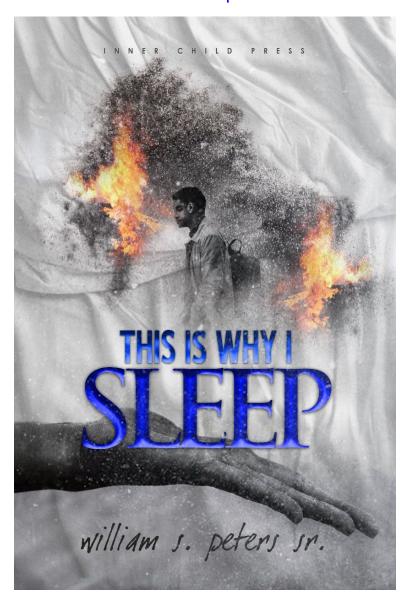


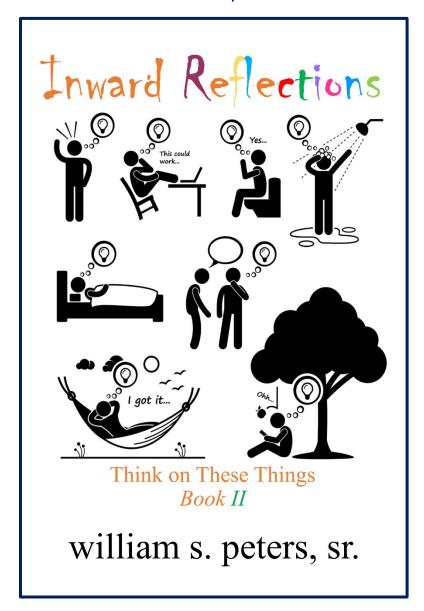


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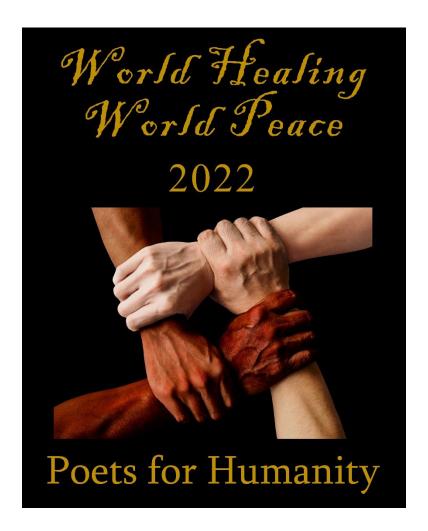


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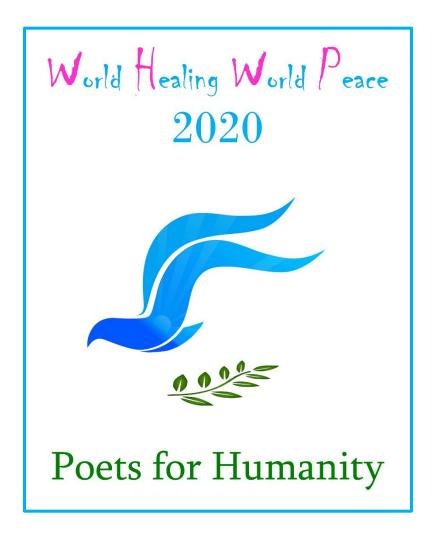
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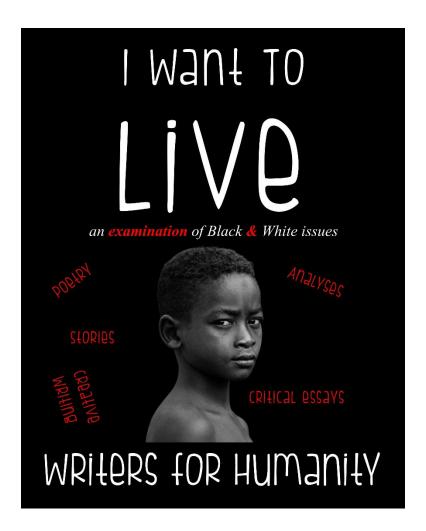


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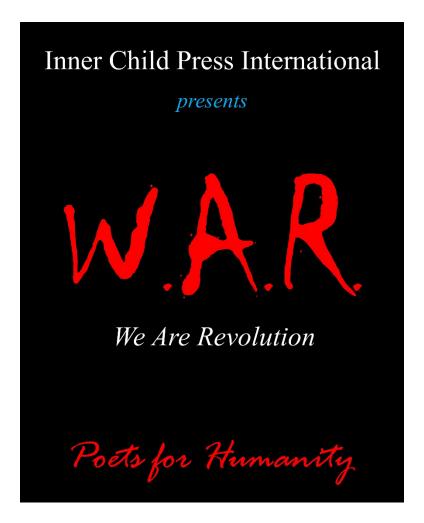
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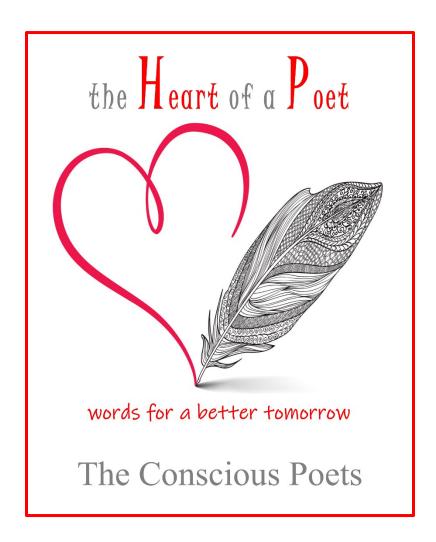
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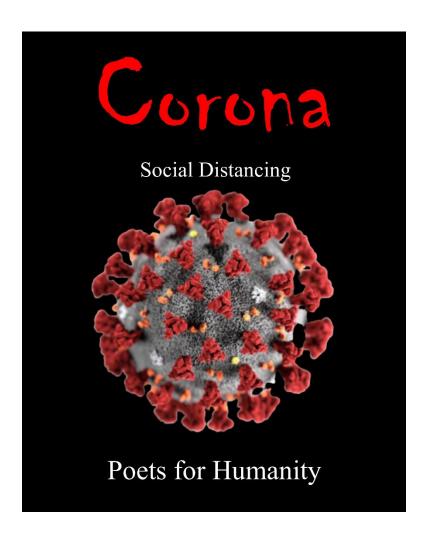
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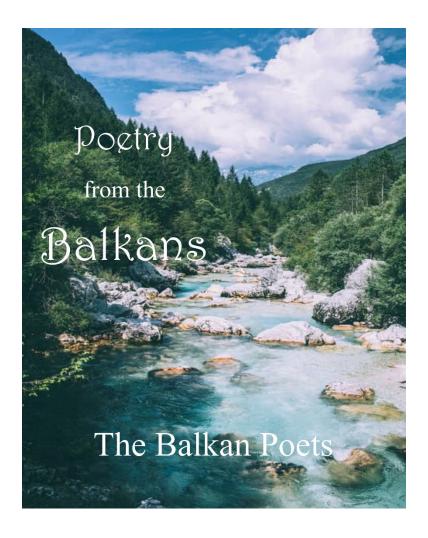
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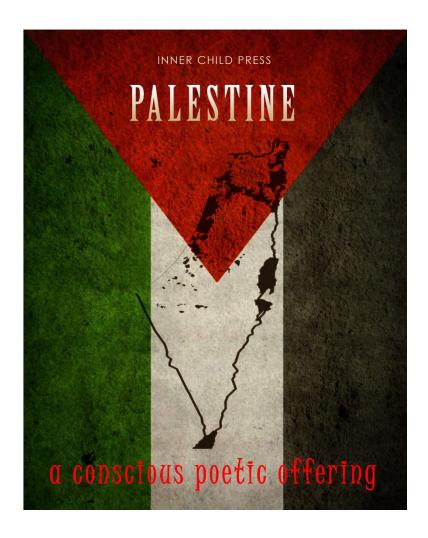


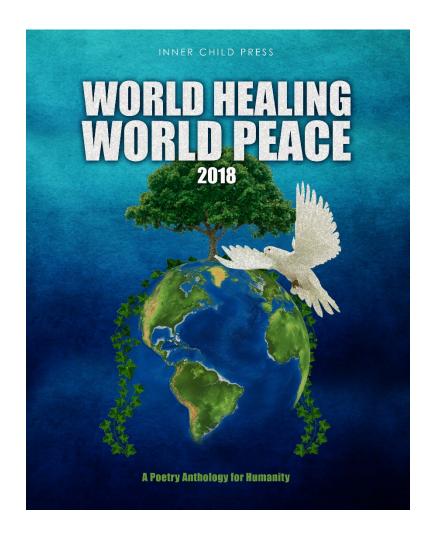


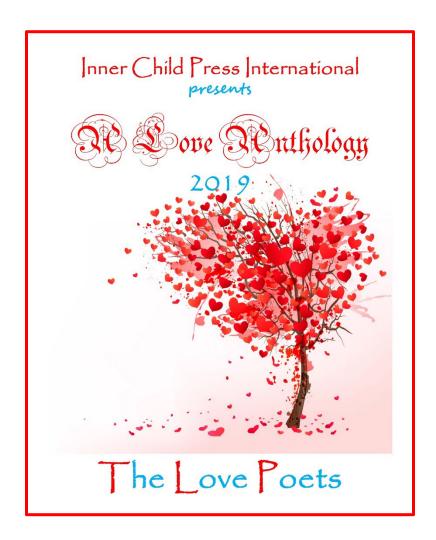




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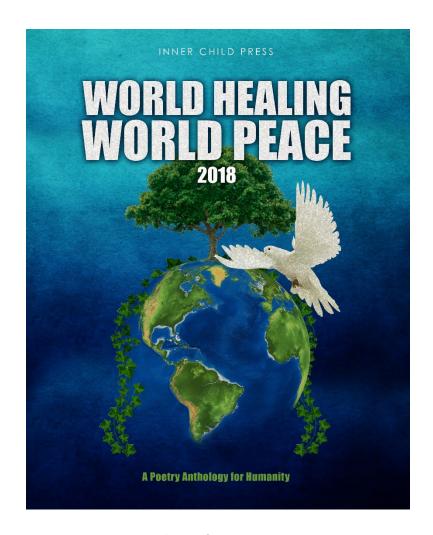




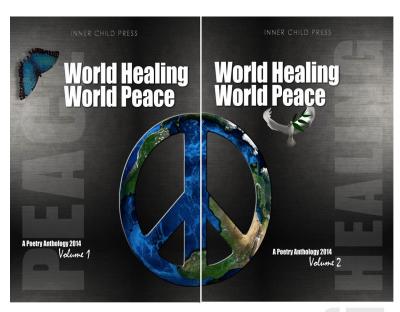


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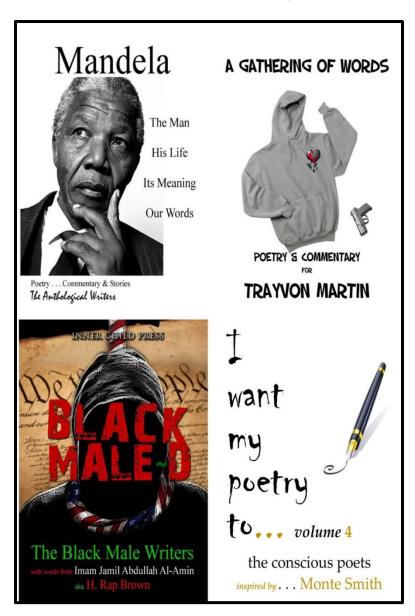


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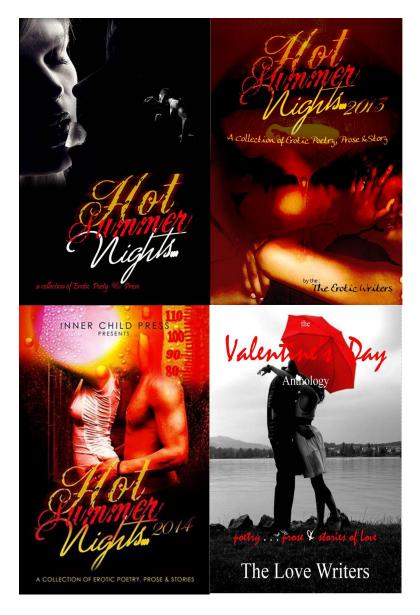
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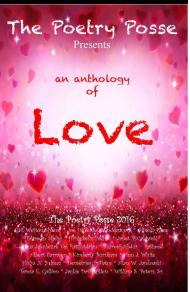
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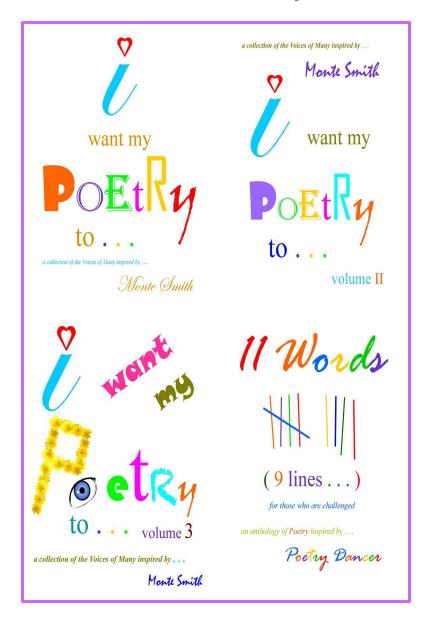




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Shareet Addur-Kasherd
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Robert Cibbons * Neetu Wdi * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

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September Feature Poets

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



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

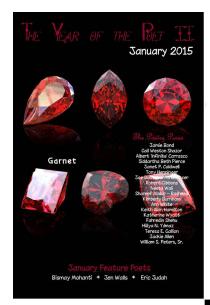
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



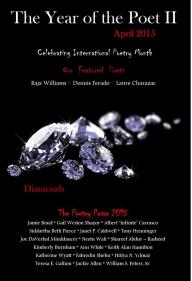


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June's Featured Poets

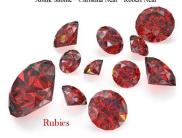
nyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker Pearl

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The Year of the Poet II

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



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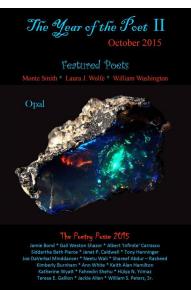


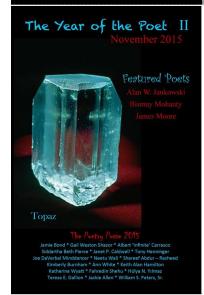
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Festured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



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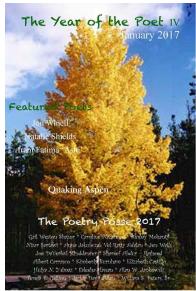
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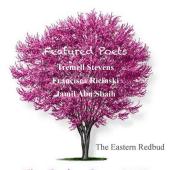


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



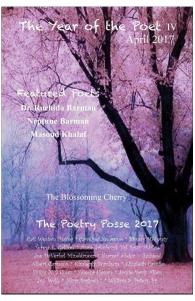
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The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. (dillico * Homa alanhezak Vell Batty Hiddan John DaVarbid Minddapoer * Barned Hiddar - Baghed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Cestillo Hidya N. Yalouz * Estedha Hassan * Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Vellis * Nazar Sattoni * William S. Relets Sr.



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The Flowering Dogwood Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

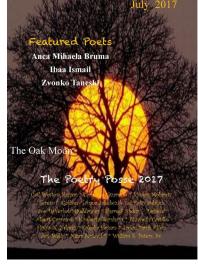


The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Gell Weston Shazor * Ceroline Nazareno*

Terres E. Gallion * Anno alkuluzak Val Satty Adalan
and DeVardel Muddancer * Shareed Iddan * Besheed
Albert Cerresco * Kinbaelty Burnhum * Elizabeth Cestillo
Holps N. Valonz * Esleebe Hisson * Jackie Dreis Alleo
and Vallis * Nazar Sartavit * Vullians S. Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shahn

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



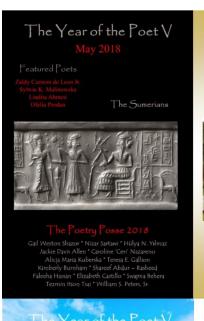
The Poetry Posse 2017

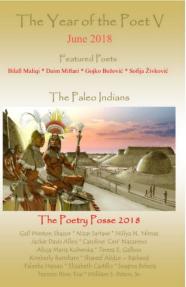
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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Now Available







The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

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

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Shargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, 2

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

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



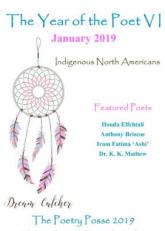
The Poetry Posse 2018

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





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

Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

Featured Poets

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

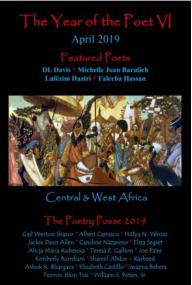


Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

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Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

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The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberiy Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.





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The Year of the Poet VI

November 2019

Featured Poets

Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida



Northern Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Elira Segiet Alleja Maria Kubeska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Pitre Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayana " Elizabeth Castillo " Svapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai " William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet VI

December 2019

Featured Poets

Rahim Karim (Karimov) * Sujata Paul Bharati Nayak * Kapardeli Eftichia



The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Feace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





Celebrating past [Nobel] eace] rize [Necipier

The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Jeace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

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The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace rating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

April 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



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May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



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The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



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September 2021

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



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

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

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November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



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The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Oceans





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The Year of the Poet IX May 2022

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

Climate Change and Birds



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

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

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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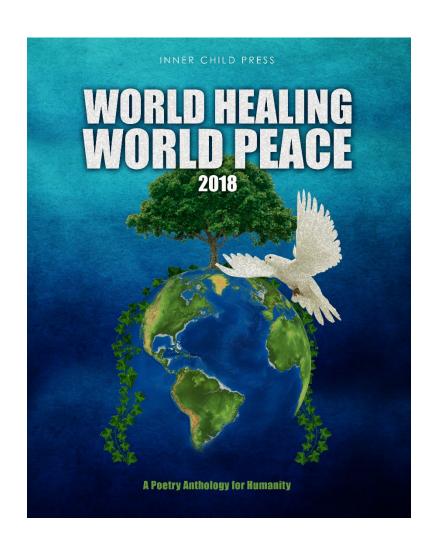
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2022



September 2022 ~ Featured Poets



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Biswajit Mishra



Sylwia K. Malinowska



Sajid Hussein





