

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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inner child press, ltd.

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The Year of the Poet II September 2015 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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WHAT WOULD

LIFE

BE WITHOUT

A LITTLE

POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

its Patrons,

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



Foreword

Here we are at the beginning of a new school year
This will be the first experience for so many youths
This will also be a continuation of one's education
Whether you learn from handed down traditions
Or from the halls of our learning institutions
Education is as vital as food shelter and clothing

September turns the leaves new colors
An open mind will turn the page of wonder
From drawings on cave walls
To the carved words in stone
The passing on of knowledge is the greatest gift

So join this collection of gifted writers
Experience the collaboration of varied views
Education goes beyond the book

There will always be roadblocks in life
And the basic ABC's won't always do
Lessons learned from the darkest of situations
Brighten and enlighten the hearts of many

In closing but forever moving forward
We the artist for The Year of the Poet 2015
Welcome you to pass on your knowledge
To the world

Peace and Blessings

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Preface

Kudos to all the members of The Poetry Posse, The Monthly Features and our Readers. We are so grateful to be here as we now are in our 21st month of publishing. This journey has truly been an honor to partake in for me as not only a Writer / Poet, but as a Publisher as well. Month after month the poets who have participated have set their lives on the sidelines to share with the world their thoughts, their feelings, their insights and their vulnerabilities. The hope, i believe for most poets is that their words connect with those who take the time to read their offerings. Some will consider our words and allow them to resonate within them, some will share them with others, while others will be moved to cause, moved to action.

There have been many wonderful Featured Poets along the way of this 21 month journey, and as always, all issues dating from January 2014 are available as a FREE download at Inner Child Press's Web Site. We also offer print copies for those who still embrace the nostalgia of wanting to touch and feel the realness of a book.

I thank you all for sharing this journey with us all.

Going forward we have embarked on another important journey which is World Healing, World Peace 2016. This is our 3rd such effort on this theme of healing our world, our humanity. There still yet remains on many fronts a divide amongst us. Perhaps the Poetry cannot resolve all the issues that affront us as Human Beings, but it sure is a damn good beginning. Poetry has a unique Way of connecting our realities to art and thus softening the blow that

consciousness often brings when we have to confront our lives.

This effort of World Healing, World Peace 2016 is open for submission to anyone who wishes to contribute their Poetic Voice to the reconciliation of our humanity. For the submission guidelines, please visit the World Healing, World Peace Web Site at :

<http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com>

I thank you for indulging my words and thoughts

Bless Up

Bill

p.s. All back publishing since January of 2014 are available in Print and as a FREE Download at :

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

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

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

~ wsp

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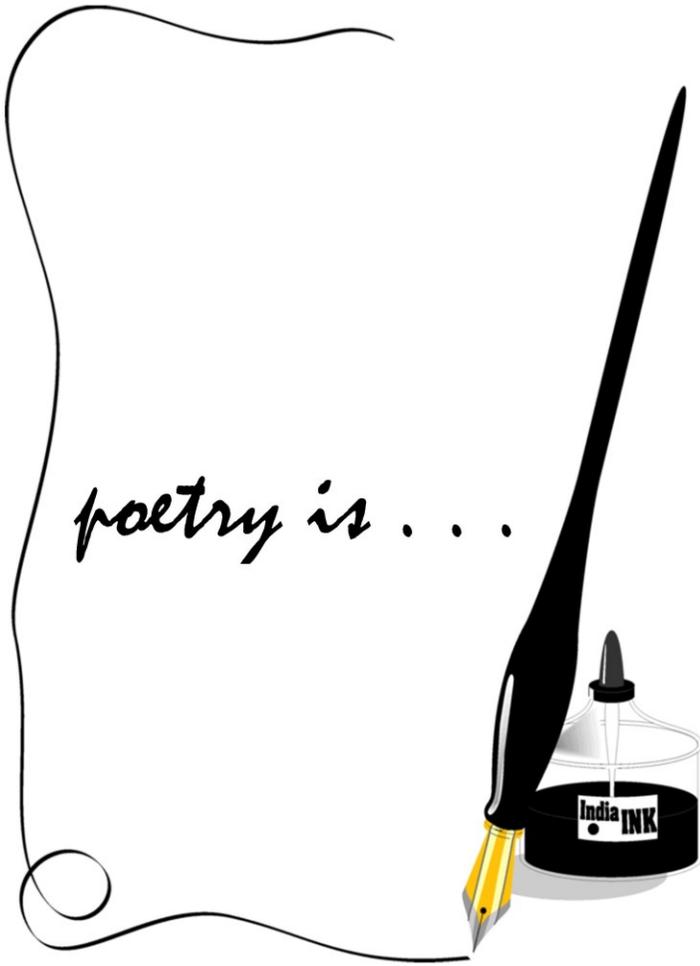
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
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~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

The diversity of thought, flavor, in depth artistic expression is consistent with the varied backgrounds, life experiences, individual styles presented in this mosaic called The Poetry Posse.

I invite all who appreciate poetic expression to partake of this artistic banquet that runs the gantlet of styles while addressing the contemporary issues that impact on us individually and collectively. “The Poetry Posse” is a collective comprised of sensitive, concerned, humanity loving people who happen to be gifted artists.

~ Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Gail
Weston
Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"

&

Notes from the Blue Roof

available at Inner Child Press.

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Protect my Daughter

How can I begin to explain
from whence and where this feeling came
to a girl child living in the twain
of day's sunrise and moon's wane
who's never had in her veins
A kindness leave a permanent stain
from knee to hip occluding brain
how to distinguish between the sway
of those who are kind from day to day
and those who tease to push away
That would take her soul in little vain
many times over and over again
until in darkness she must abstain
from crying tears of choking chain

How can I begin to explain
all the experiences that make this plain
as weather telling needs a vane
to show the wind outside of pane
Her heart must be newly arraigned
to let the spirit guide and change
her destiny that was ordained
after fellow students' mean campaign
the time must be taken to retrain
a life that had been detained
by holding on to too much pain

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

How can I ever begin to explain
the cycle of a tired refrain
as far as I can ascertain
these daughters must be regained
For it is true and pretty plain
that growth requires a brand new lane
the living of life, they must retain
to reach the goals of their aims
the story has become mundane
we draw these daughters against the grain
for it is grace and prosperity that they must claim

A School Blessing

Another year has come

School begins anew
Children are excited
Here on the island
Often we forget how an
Overstanding of life
Leads to their success

By the graces
Love yourself everyday
Every life matters
Sing songs of goodness
Sway with the tides
in each day there us wonder
Never let go of your heritage
God will see you through

A note from the blue roof

We always think that we are first awake
and sometimes we might be the first
to greet the day
from showers and kitchens and
park benches and roofs
i often find when leaving
my dreams that so much is
already going on
readying to escape my notice
when the traffic starts moving again
the stillness and calmness of the blue
is no longer a transient
part of my day
instead it anchors my place
in this place and
as much as summer was a respite
for lazy morning ministrations
i know soon that your new faces
will turn upward to find me
watching you head off to school

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert
'Infinite the Poet'
Carrasco

Albert "Infinite the Poet" Carrasco



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

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My boy is college material. He's been an A student since he was little. He's been on honor roll's, he's been awarded by principles and been the school valedictorian a few times... I love this child of mine. Elementary, intermediate and high school, which he's in now was free., i never had to worry about tuition fee's. We are praying that one of the schools he wishes to attend gives him a full scholarship. I tried to save for his continued education for years but when you live in poverty it's not easy. There's only a few months left in his final senior semester and i barely have five grand all together and the schools he wants to enter are forty thousand and better, its unfortunate that my financial situation can prevent him from reaching excelsior. He tells me not to worry and that if he doesn't get into a prestigious college that he'll still succeed and make me a proud mother. He told me to save that few thousand for the future so i can chip in and help him with my grand children's tuition, because he'll be working hard to end our family's oppression. I did save that money... I was so happy i was able to, its not that I'm just happy to keep the money, I'm happy because a full scholarship came through making his and my dream come true.

Back To School

Haircuts and hairdos,
New uniforms, sneakers and shoes.
Composition books,
Chapter books,
Scrap books,
Pencils and pens,
Protractors and rulers,
Knapsacks and book bags on wheels...
It's that time of year,
The summer was cool...
But now it's time to go back to school.
They're either just starting,
Or entering a higher grade,
They'll be old friends,
And new ones to be made.
The first day everyone will be talking
about what they did in the summer,
Relaxing,
Bike riding,
Boat riding,
Traveling,
Picnicking and partying,
And how all the fun ending is a huge bummer.
Right now they might be a little sour,
But in June 2016 they'll be smiling,
As graduating scholars.

A business major

They looked at me with belittling eyes, some couldn't help but to laugh...with the "Is he serious face" as I stepped into the place. My threads weren't up to par by their bar, my hygiene might not be the best because they still haven't made bathtubs and showers in cars, They're are judging me...the interviewee. I shake it off, although being in this position is new to me. Excuse me sir but our bathrooms are for employees only, someone yells from the crew of gawkers. Thank you, but I must correct you, that's a restroom, a bathroom would have a bathtub and I'm not here for either, I'm here to see your employer. Sorry he's not giving out applications at this time. I say... that's understandable, I go in my back pocket and take out the folded interview date letter...thank you for your time and your unwelcoming welcome, now may you please get him. Here comes the employer... Mr Rivera... Yes sir... Come with me. The interview begins. Mr Rivera you left some fields blank but other than that your application is impressive. Yes sir I know and thank you. I was wondering why you didn't put an address? Sir, because I don't have one. I'm currently living in my car. May I ask why? Yes sir you may. I am going going through rough times. I left my old job and instead of depleting my bank accounts, I sent my family to live with my mother in law since her house is paid in full while I find a better job. it's been four months traveling doing so, times are hard. But... Mr Rivera your credentials are outstanding, thank you sir. I went to school for years to earn that doctoral degree, I won't settle for less and I want my children to be just like me... Aim high and shoot for the sky. The interview finished. I left without the position I wanted. That's okay, because of my knowledge of business I'll be back tomorrow not as a worker, but as a partner to give this business a make over, First thing will be employee etiquette... Never judge a book by its cover.

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

www.janetcaldwell.com

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

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

License to Superiority

I met a man 'on the job' who had several degrees
and letters behind his name.

Not to mention being licensed by the state.

He was careless, hateful and
possessed no communication skills.

We had equal job descriptions
and I had wondered about his pay grade
but loved my job and stayed.

After a time, I handled all of the clients
while he sat in his office, read and complained.

I enjoyed the people coming in and out
of our little 'institution' and they loved me.

After a few weeks, he left
and moved onto greener pastures,
and I took his office, c'est la vie.

In my first year, I had increased sales
by 30 %, with no paid advertising,
simply more satisfied clients gained,
by word of mouth.

In time, the state demanded
the licensing of myself
and others like me.

I took the test, passed with flying colors.
It gave me no special license of superiority.
My sense of duty and skills were always there.

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

One has to do what one has to do,
but a lot of educated men and women
have come out of the public library
than many universities.

C'est la Vie!

Never Stop Learning

My advice to both
the young and mature
is to never stop learning
of this, I am sure.

Stagnation is a disease
of sluggishness, the state
of life's quality is lazy and dull.

It makes me think
of these times, our days.
When we choose to let others
do our thinking for us
while we play and act
as mindless, *puppet-ing* parrots
dangling from their string.

A dangerous game, no doubt.

So, let us come out of the shadows
and the prescribed box,
to read something new,
and to question everything
that we thought we knew.
Allowing a different point of view.

Let us meet the beautiful people,
far from our comfort zone.
To glean a bit of knowledge
and wisdom from them.
If it resonates, apply it.
If not, no harm done.

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

With all of life's wonders
and the people we have met,
we must never stop learning
even as we arrive at death's door.

Arriving with our own conclusions,
from adding all of the infinite goodness.
And we did subtract the less
lost it, and tossed it
into that deep chasm
of some ancient abyss.

But more importantly we multiplied
love and understanding
knowing it is wise
to leave that door open
and to never stop loving.

With open hearts . . . we never stopped learning.

Never Grow Up

The freedom of wonder
and the sheer joy that I see
in the eyes of my grandchildren,
while playing outside
always make me smile
and warms my heart tremendously.

Now, that *child-like* wonder is contagious too!

Soon, I am laughing unabashedly
as I watch them
jump up and down,
losing diapers
and scraping knees
while running all around.
I too, must join in the fun
with unrestrained glee.

Keenly we watch
as the butterfly dances,
then stops on a flower
for a refreshing of sorts.
While observing something
that I cannot smell or see.

I have a feeling my grandchildren
are in on this secret of freedom.
Ever curious and always teaching,
my granddaughter whispers gently to me.

“Granny, never grow up, stay and play with me.”

Jackie
Allen

Jackie Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

Comes the Night's Gift

Night is quiet
 except for the rain's pitter patter,
Words appearing on the page
 amid the computer's click and clatter;
Unwrapped thoughts, such a treasure.

A story or a mystery,
 which ever is it to be?
Perhaps neither
 just my muse and me,
A gift in and of itself.

Time and time again
 my muse hovers round
Until effort brings forth words
 in poetic form or not.
Whatever will it say?

Try and try again,
 practice and they will come.
Words, and more words,
 one has to reach out for the gift.

They have been there all along,
 have to seek them to find them,
To move my muse in the direction
 that others can see
What it is that is within me.

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

Now read and digested,
 savored and in print,
Delight is in the effort~
 revealing
The manuscript.

What? No manuscript?
 A poem, you say?
Matters not to me
 for in expending the effort
I have found the greatest of contentment.

Note:

The satisfaction that comes from pursuing an education can be life changing. Whether one chooses to enroll in formal studies, takes workshops or seriously invests in self study of one's craft, there are many avenues one can take. So, seek out and find opportunities that appeal to you or perhaps to a hidden desire, or dream. When you find an opportunity, don't just stand there in front of the door. Open the door and enter. You may just discover that you are on the journey of a lifetime.

You can always try another door. But remember, the rewards of education are earned by those are willing to do the work.

Jackie Allen

At the Precipice

He stood at the precipice
Of leaving behind his childhood,
Taking with him his intelligence
To venture out into the world.
The path foreign, far from his mountain song,
Narrow and fraught with obstacles
Of apprehension, and, of the unknown

All too suddenly he found himself traveling
In a caravan with strangers,
Each sharing a goal blessing~
Each of them but a lonely sojourner
In a struggle of mutual destination~
The music of which is to say,
Striving towards higher education.

The muse of the morning found him low.
Gently she begged him to arise,
And to choose the door to where he needed to go.
Knowing not the answer nor how to reply
And certainly not having the key,
He hesitantly tried each and every door,
Expecting no success, confidentially.

He began, himself, to wonder
If anything magical might transpire.
Earnestly praying not to err,
Was surprised to find that one door opened,
Which should have calmed his fears.
Yet, he was shocked to discover
Just how far behind he was
From his newly found peers.

Hope for the Future

Gathering courage to keep on seeking,
Keeping on keeping the faith~
Knowing, believing I will soon find my way.
Despairing, desiring better days, better pay,
Beseeching God, pleading help,
Climbing the stairs, both up and down
Yet never reaching anywhere near the top.

Relinquishing path of doubts, drugs,
Stumbling actions, falling down
Getting up now, changing course of action
While trying each day to begin anew.
Reaching out, accepting, earning accolades
Seizing chances to climb higher the ladder,
Discovering I have made new and better friends.

Coveting truth's inspiration,
Motivating my way towards the top
Succeeding little by little, I am, with God's help
Working towards the goal, night and day,
Persevering, the key within my grasp,
Finding satisfaction in truth's knowledge
Effort revealing my path in a new direction.

Achieving my GED, enrolling in college
Polishing up my etiquette, working ethically,
Honoring myself and loving whom I've become.
Discarding victim's revengeful sad sack,
Relinquishing pride's perilous seat
And placing my hands back into my own pockets
I am the hope of the future.

Jackie Allen

Tony
Henninger

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

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

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

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

Tony Henninger

SO SIMPLE

Lay your weapons down.
There is no need
for all the crying.
Why can't we all
share the crown
and save ourselves
from dying?

We were not created
to destroy,
but to cultivate our world
for all.
Why can't we live
together in peace
and take down
these walls?

When it should be
so simple
into each other's hearts
to fall.

TINY WINGS

With a song in a child's heart
let each wonderful new day begin.

Let it take us far away
from the gray of our everyday
that we may cherish rainbows again.

For the unconditional love
a child to us brings
it is our responsibility
to end their sufferings.

Give each child a loving home
and fill their empty bowls
with love enough to sustain
their hearts, their minds, their souls.

Let them spread their tiny wings
with knowledge and truth
and remember how wonderful
time was in your own youth.

Oh, how wonderful ,
to be a child again...

Tony Henninger

CHOOSE

Mothers are crying.
Children are dying
From all the fighting
Man seems to delight in.

Don't turn your eyes away,
it may not be you today,
turn around and stay,
hear what I have to say.

If the wars do not cease
and build a lasting peace,
all will be gone
with no one to carry on.

Please, think twice
or we will pay the price
for our arrogance and pride.
For not letting love inside.

We must embrace our differences.
We must bring down the fences
Separating us and making us blind.
Let compassion rule your mind.

See the beauty in each other.
Have respect for our brothers.
And sisters too must be equal
for Man's story to have a sequel.

It is your choice whether to exist
Or fade away into the mist.

Choose!

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

LEARNING EXPERIENCE

The school of hard knocks
Trial and error
Parental guidance
You simply say whatever

Everything you were told
Came to fruition
Armed with all the facts
You still didn't listen

Many fingers have been burned
After being told it was hot
Most every child does
When they were told do not

Matters of the heart
Now that's a tricky situation
There are so many anomalies
Despite ones education

Behavioral variations
Social complications
Even sexual orientation
Love is a realization

Education never ends
Experience and knowledge
Is our only defense
To live a life that make sense

Back in the day

There was a time when learning was crucial
It was a matter of survival and you listened
To who was teaching you
A certain plant could cause illness or death
You learned quickly which one was best

This applicable education
Without a lot of variations
Humanity was in syncopation
The villages had a beat

Learning by watching teaching by doing
No child left behind was proven
Skills past down for generations
The lessons were learned with determination

Education was absorbed
It was retained, it remained relevant
It wasn't done just for the hell of it
It is vital in the structuring of a society
And it's so much more than ABC's

Philosophers, scholars, mathematicians
Apothecaries even dietitians
Moms and Dads and the village chieftain
All had a hand forming the greatest invention
The only true perpetual motion machine
Education never runs out of steam

Matters of the heart

Love is the strangest emotion
It can be felt without devotion
In some cases it's a learned process
In other cases it starts and then it stops
You can love a person forever
You can lose that love in a moment
You can be taught how to hold it
Even asked to show it
Some claim it's unconditional
But if conditions change
Well some learn that's not true
So many study love and all its intricacies
Is love a living breathing thing?
Love is treated like an entity

Experience is key
What works for you may not work for me
I've seen love in an abusive relationship
Love and abuse; that's confusing isn't it?
I've seen folks do all the right things
Love is absent from their hopes and dreams
What you think you won't apply tomorrow
How can you learn what's unteachable
So many search for love
Some wait until it finds them
Is it really love that binds them
In matters of the heart
There aren't really any institutions
Religion maybe a solution
And if you find that too confusing
Try love at a distance, without ever visiting.

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

Shareef is the Patriarch of the Abdur-Rasheed Family with 9 Children (6 Sons and 3 Daughters) and 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

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

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

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

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

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

edgeinflation!

edgeinflation!
miseducation proliferation
dumbing down of the nations
what did you expect
from dem with no respect
dem who the people they
neglect
dem who perfer bloodlet
give real education?
only if you have connect
to the few they reserve
feel the rest don't deserve
cause real knowledge breaks chains
so dem can't control brains
that's why it's called freedome
they know so you get none
keeping the staus quo on the go
making sure ya'll never really know
this is the system designed to
confine the mind
as opposed to stimulation, cultivation
your supposed to stay behind.
ya'll send the kiddies off to school now
have a nice day

food4thought!

the flaw..,

called law designed to
keep the poor more poor
or..,
ruin lives, shut doors
keep the poor on the ground
floor
sooo we're talking bout
intentionally flawed
inventions of evil hoards
intended to steal more
from the people
in such a way always concealed
manipulation of the masses is
real!
so tell me..,
how does it feel?
when your all alone
without a real home
naked stripped to the bone
only your deeds you own
marked a target from day your
born
dark mark of scorned, forlorn
flaws called laws passed
on blood soaked floors
with signs saying, congress,
senate, parliament on the doors

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

and their evil members keep
asking for more, more...
if we're gonna keep the masses
weak, disenfranchised, wretched,
poor
keep on passing more flaws!

food4thought = education!

what's the metaphor...

for there ain't no more?
watsup? times up!
get ready \$#!+ bout ta
pop
dumb MF 'ers didn't know
when to stop
screwing up the earth and
other dumb stuff
sooo enough is enough!
times up like it or not
don't like it, tough!
should'a did/said something
when you knew something
was up
like mass murder, genocide,
poverty, racism, nationalism,
poor housing, education,
systemic corruption
dumbing down of the nations
tied into proliferation of
immorality taking shape in
all forms like human trafficking,
rape, real replaced by fake
passing for the norm
look MF'ers this \$#!+ is hardly
a quiet storm
bout ta stay night with no dawn
waking up to a dark morn
damn man you can't say you
wasn't warned

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

you never gave a \$#!+ bout the
scorned and forlorn
now it's your turn to mourn
see how it feels when you wish
you was never born
what's the metaphor for...
#@%^*&(!)_+= ???

food4thought

Kimberly
Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

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

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

Learning to Heal

Last night's fight
fear, sadness, and love
mixing it up

The past stomping in
yelling to be heard
to have its say
crushing the moment
obscuring the view

Everything gone in an instant
home, relationship, garden
all so easily
stolen by the past
welling up

Moments pass as I wobble
on the brink
of disaster
destruction of
all that I hold dear
hurled out of sight
I reach out
but my hands
occupied clinging
to the past

I want to let go
I want to forgive
I want to be whole
again I can't

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

I can
breathe
rocking back and forth
on the swing
in the gentle night air
wishing on stars
at home

I realize safely here
I am
surrounded by love
the laughter of children
now dreaming in their beds
my love grows
unfolding in the coolness
an old dog snores
quietly beside me

She comes out
and we make it right
we learn to see
buttons
refraining from pushing
moving deliciously forward
together again
whole

Kimberly Burnham

What I Learned in the Garden Today

Tiny zucchini
squash
can grow
huge over night
hiding among deep green leaves
fuzzy as they mingle
with sunny yellow orange flowers
waiting their turn to become
huge green vegetables

Bee like the flowery weeds
as much as white apple blossoms
busy buzzing from place to place
sometimes stinging
when scared

St John's Wort
buttery yellow flowers
grow like weeds
in dry fiery heat
soothing achy muscles
doused in flower oil

Along a seven foot fence
quail can easily hurdle
to pick among the plants
seeking insects and seeds
fortunately deer can not

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

Eat freshly planted raspberry canes
need more water
than imaginable
to produce next year
in delicious red berries

Life goes on
planned and unplanned
growing side by side

What I Know

Red is the fastest color
it bounces and winds
but arrives first
making its way
from stop lights
before they turn green

The color of wood
saplings bending in the wind
rough fractal patterned bark
in the spring
tall oak trees
finger-like leaves of maple
green surrounding apple blossoms
white sprigs of color burst open
bringing the news
red fruit is on its way

Nourished by the earth
yellow brown
loamy black
just add blue for growth

An azure lake
surrounded by fields
a ferry crossing
from land to water
back to earth
again
connecting our lives
in color

Ann
J.
White

Ann J. White



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

My Teachers

Nature is my teacher
Rhythms and cycles
Hues and hymns
Quiet opens doors to the heart, passages of the mind
Footprints through the woods – some tiny, some large
Some running, some scratching about
Animals forecast the weather
Owls ever observant – Eagles chart courses through the
wind
Seasons and songs of the wild
Hibernating bears and dormant seeds
What can I learn sitting in my chair – unable to explore and
watch?

The world is my teacher
Food and fashion – spices and traditions
Trade routes and jet streams
Trains and boats and planes
A chance meeting at a cafe
A new friend along a mountain path
Sharing the language of a smile, a handshake – exploring
new foods
What can I learn sitting in my chair – unable to walkabout
and listen?

The kitchen is my teacher
Family traditions passed down
The heat and the passion
Personalities and power struggles
Old ways and new
A feast for every sense
Math making sense to create recipes
A little this, a little that
Sizzling spices, crackling fats, steaming sauces

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

What can I learn sitting in my chair – unable to stir a pot
and savor?

My dog is my teacher
Living in the moment
Taking time to smell the grass
Loving unconditionally
Knowing when to nap
Delighting in wonder and newness
Never holding a grudge
What can I learn sitting in my chair – unable to chase or
snuggle?

Ann J. White

And What Did You Learn?

Hush dear child
As you swim in your amniotic ocean of beginnings and
possibilities
Let me tell you a story as I dance on the horizon of my life
Dance your dreams, dear one
Don't let the naysayers dim your brightness
Be true to you as you reach for the highest star
Fly with the boldest eagles
When the world tarnishes your glow
Polish it with the luster of gossamer wings
Learn the word "no" and use it wisely
Surround yourself with those who echo your love and
tenderness
Close your heart to leaches of darkness who will suck you
dry and bury your ashes in their mire
Run from them
Run to your brilliant self
Fly, my sweet child
Fly wild
Fly high
Fill your world with wonder
Embrace it because it is you

The Page

White, dark white
I sit and stare at the starkness of the blank white page
before me
I sit
I stare
I scream
I whisper
But I can't walk away
I am captive
Pulled by the power of the page
Pulled, tugged and then swallowed
Down the rabbit hole
The White Rabbit's tunnel of wisdom
Words litter the path
Phrases hang like leaves on the trees
Sentences swim down the stream
I tangle with vines of paragraphs punctuated with images
Translucent images of my ideas
Coming into focus and disappearing into the mist
I chase the White Rabbit through the labyrinth of
possibilities
We traipse snowcapped mountains disappearing into the
clouds
Holding on to ropes of commas and semi-colons, periods
and paragraphs
Tumbling down the tumultuous waterfall
Each rock a story, each cranny a secret
Stars twinkle messages
Blink words
Sparkle ideas
I awake with drool on my paper
Messing the ink's imagery of my journey

Ann J. White

Keith
Alan
Hamilton

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

Keith Alan Hamilton

freely accessible and affordable information

do you dream of it
see the need for it
the world of humanity
filled with
the intelligently
progressive process
of freely accessible
and affordable
information
over that thing
called the Internet
so everyone of
We the people
of THE HUMAN RACE
have the opportunity
for education
a chance to succeed
flourish
have an increased well-being
and become a positive
contributor to society
as a whole
say it with me
I see the benefit
of a society
a world community
~ learning together
with the assistance
of innovative technology

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

yepper doodles

a world of us humans
~ undergoing
the lived experience
of freely accessible
and affordable
information/education
energy
transportation
housing
and health care
can provide
do you dream of it
see the need for it
the world of humanity
filled with
the intelligently
progressive process
of freely accessible
and affordable
information
over that thing
called the Internet

peace out

Keith Alan Hamilton

Nature ~ IQ .ORG — It's poetic mission

Nature ~ IQ .ORG — brought forth within the spirit
behind the book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die
! It's poetic mission

We the people
see the benefit
and wisdom
in proactively
helping each other
better help ourselves
to improve
the overall well-being
of
all
humanity
despite our differences
by learning together
ways to increase
our IQ
our understanding
about how Nature
and the earth
systemically work
for the sole purpose
of assuring
the future survival
of THE HUMAN RACE
in spite of
any type of
drastically disruptive
earth change to come

the intelligently progressive process

I think back to the time
before the Revolutionary War
and Thomas Paine
how valuable
that thing called
the printing press was
in publishing the pamphlet
Common Sense
how it helped
the information
the words of perspective
contained within
that pamphlet's covers
to be
more freely accessible
and affordable
for the every day people
to read
to be informed
and to become
better educated ~
~ what a timely
and convenient blessing
for *the people*
back then
'cause of such
they were afforded
the opportunity to
..... be able to weigh
the most pressing issues
formulate their own opinions
and then make

Keith Alan Hamilton

well grounded choices
yes important decisions
appropriate to
that particular time
and circumstance
from the basis of a more
diversified perspective

as my thoughts now transition
from the past to the present day
We the people
of planet earth
one race
THE HUMAN RACE
in a different time period
now face the most pressing issues
of our day
like earth change
regardless if these changes appear
in forms such as
more violent weather
through global plagues
super-volcanoes
killer asteroids
an increased amount and intensity
of earthquakes and tsunamis
human born nuclear war or terrorism
maybe even the arrival of
unfriendly extraterrestrials
etcetera
similar to the printing press of old
We the people
of today
have the Internet

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

where information
is becoming
more freely accessible
and affordable
for the every day people
to read
to be informed
and to become
better educated ~
so we are more willing and able
to formulate our own opinions
and then make
well grounded choices
yes important decisions
appropriate to
our particular time
and circumstance
from the basis of a more
diversified perspective
about humanity's
everlasting future
and overall well-being
through the intelligently
progressive process
of increasing
our Nature ~ IQ
our understanding
about how Nature
and the earth
systemically work

peace out humanity

Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine
Wyatt

Katherine Wyatt



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

Katherine Wyatt

~do not bind her

*Silk stockings were her preference
yet her friend
preferred fishnets with holes in them
tight black dresses with bones and skulls
boots that laced up the front
and ... ALWAYS...she wore black,
Beautiful with blonde hair, long on one side
shaved off on the other...
activist, lover of people, and an artist...*

She was a womb(man)

*She loved floral dresses
doused in the scent of White Shoulders.
There was a time she wore white lace gloves,
but society no longer observed such tradition.
Under each carefully chosen dress
a bustier that matched in color, tied with satin lace
and garters held her stockings up....
She always chose the finest stockings, washing them
with care,
hanging them to dry near the flower garden
She grew morning glories
allowing wildflowers to seek the sunlight
in her vast gardens
She was classical and soft, with pale white skin*

She was a womb(man)

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

*Some people called her a “tomboy”.
She loved to work on cars, and riding her motorcycle,
loving the wind in her hair
and the power of the engine between her legs.
She scrubbed oil and dirt out from beneath her
fingernails,
slipped off her skin tight jeans
and pulled her concert t-shirts off
tossing everything on the floor.
She never wore underwear, considering bras
akin to the bit in a horse’s mouth
She drank a few shots of Jack and crawled in bed
eager to make love to her man.
He was a very happy man.*

She was a womb(man)

*Flowers are of many colors and varieties,
as different and exquisite as each sunset.
Womb(man) is set in form but not in context
She is living, breathing, shining
an enigma not meant to be bound in roles or qualifications*

*Do not bind her feet,
..wrap her in dark linens
or confine her to being the cause of some great “fall
from grace”*

*She is divine.... in many forms
a force of naturw*

*This is the essence of
womb(man) ...*

Katherine Wyatt

~woman

*She walks through doors of perception
in six inch heels,
shine or lipstick always handy,
Famous faces throw her roses
leaning over, she lifts one from the marble staircase
her tight dress
reveals a perfectly heart shaped ass.
The ivory skin of her breasts spilling...
just slightly over the top of lace
revealing her tan lines*

She feigns modesty with girlish grin

*She speaks of poetry, words falling from her lips
It seems jasmine wafts through the air
intermingled with musk with each pronunciation
She holds command of verse and lyric
knowing how an image
can shape a legacy*

*She wraps her body in silk sheets
sleeping in an ancient way
reaching down for that soft spot
she merges into ecstasy...*

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

*She sings a song in the mornings
bathing in handmade lavender soaps,
only a touch of make-up
as her natural beauty shines through her eyes*

*Starlight and moon flowing
feral and free..
she... captivates
tossing her hair carelessly
making love with everyone
loving only...One....*

*Woman...
that eternal mystery*

Katherine Wyatt

~timeless

*Chandeliers sparkling
flickering refracted light
glistening like her inner essence
that rainbow of golden light that twinkled in her eyes
an endless mystery*

*Dining under moonlight and soft shadows
glowing in the ambiance of candles
she was ancient... yet young..*

*As-they walked slowly under the lanterns
she wore black lace gloves
a broach pinned between her breasts
lace from her corset peeking above a dress
that flowed in organdy around her*

it was an age passed

*Now.... in this timespace
similar in facial features
yet not exactly the same
she is reborn into today's woman*

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

*Still carrying herself with grace
pulling on Levis and Jimmy Choos
her T-shirt showing just enough cleavage
beneath is her lace bra..
peeking above the silkscreen covered cotton*

*They stroll down the pier in Coconut Grove
under the same moon and its shine
her eyes still exude that shine
radiating from her spirit....*

*Beauty.. in all forms
is timeless...*

Katherine Wyatt

~refraction and eternity

*There was fire on the waters
under a silk sky glazed in cloud cover
as the thick summer air
warmed us to glowing*

*Rippling across flaming light
the rumbling of heat thunder
such soft vapors....
a delicate cocktail
of humidity fusion and feminine rain
a sweet, and passionate potion*

*Sun streaming in soft pinks and crimson
half a moon hanging in the sky
as the sun descended, refracting
through the waters and clouds..*

*We kissed there
in that pink and crimson magnificence
blending lips and sky with rainmysts*

*Hands intertwined
we walked back inside,
bodies wet and wanting
making love in a forever summer
beneath a crescent moon*

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

*I caught that moment
wrapped it gently and enfolded it
in my spirit,,*

*How ancient we are
how human
and how nature in its splendor allows us
to (re)member..*

Katherine Wyatt

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

Hülya N. Yılmaz



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

Links:

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

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

Hülya N. Yılmaz

do uneducate

for the gravest need of a clean slate
omit all learned slants especially hate

the first page is where it all begins
unsuspecting minds take in the unknown
trusting not ever questioning...or fearing to

haven't you digested it still
mopping over what's being force-fed
is bound to splash all over your corpse yet

i dare you to include

all those who have been wronged
whose richer histories were pronged
to duly will yours your ignorance and bias
the generational hatred to remain forever sightless

what good do books of supposed instruction serve
if they fall short of hitting the vital nerve

Hülya N. Yılmaz

[begin quote] education

is not the learning of facts
but the training of the mind to think [end quote]

it is no wonder that i wish
in as stubborn of a need as for air
for teachers of all walks of life to heed Einstein
as the so-called facts of our times are a messy lot
with gone-awry instructions running amok all around
but to be cautious still not to mistake one era for the other
because today too many sponges exist
with license to force the purest of hearts
into a one-track mind if not to another

worse...
they are ready to xerox for free
trash labeled as supplementary

unearthing gems from the sands of humanity
is not at all solely the job of archeology
Aristotle acquired the most precious one among all
when he shouted out educate the soul first of all

Teresa
E.
Gallion

Teresa E. Gallion



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

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

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

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

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

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at <http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq> or <http://bit.ly/13IMLGh>

Teresa E. Gallion

Taste the Moment

Sitting on this lily pad,
you and I open arms
to embrace the rushing rain
beading like crystal in your hair.

Rivulets roll down my face.
You kiss a drop of water on my lips,
smile, look through me.
Steam rises from my chest.

You reach out and take it in your hand.
United on a branch of love,
we float in the water of fulfillment.
Hearts roll in a gentle massage.

One body dives into the waterfall
spraying the lily pond.
Everything in the pond is temporary.
We are here to savor the moment.

The wisdom of this pond
flows into us
not as two, but as one
as we discover the heat of love.

Holding the Light

Wind from the mountain strolls the landscape,
finds the goal posts of life's football field,
and bends the grass for those ready
to touch the light of Spirit.

The light's glow exposes the field to all
ready to break from the matter of earth.
God's coworkers roll down the field
picking up souls along the path.

They go special delivery to
the ocean of love and mercy
to bathe in God's love.
Old baggage dissolves.

Refreshed and renewed
the reincarnation ceremony
gives each soul a lantern
to carry a candle of light.

As the first breath of life
is taken in the earth transition,
every soul experiences amnesia,
tries to hold on to the light.

The candle sits in the third eye
sheltered in a memory veil,
waits patiently for soul
on the journey home.

The cycle continues,
birth, death, rebirth
until soul learns, it holds
the light of God's love.

Mountain Meadow

I walk with Rumi
in a mountain meadow,
whisper close to his ear,
What is the lesson today?

*Let's go touch every flower
singing in the meadow.*
I suppress the why
on the tip of my tongue.

The teacher walks ahead of me,
gives each flower a gentle caress.
I follow behind,
touch flowers along the path.

Caught in the ecstatic grandeur
of color bending toward sunlight,
I lose focus on the teacher
sitting next to a bouquet of Aster.

As I trip over a rock,
the teacher breaks my fall,
puts his finger to his lips.
The lesson today is about love.

William
S.
Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child :
www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

William S. Peters, Sr.

teach them to be Warriors

a Warrior
heart on his sleeve
living a life of wonder
with expectation
of the coming conquest
and thus the battle
of spirituality
within the realms of the divine
found upon fields of love

feelings restrained
is the Warriors discipline
taught over the ages

hopes entombed
by the same amour
to protect his heart
from the perils of engagement
and shadows
where understanding
and compliance
dare not tread

winning was all that mattered
to conquer love
to conquer affection
to conquer self
his inhibitions
and his cautions
and grasp the prize
held in his eyes
of pending joys of forever
the spoils of love

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

he had no angst
against the Fair Maiden
whose adorations he pursued
there was not a sliver of darkness
just unfettered hopes
of Forever's expressions
of the unending infinite
and eternal bliss

his intentions were unspoiled
pure
unblemished
and as pristine
as the new brook
formed from the new morns dew
that caressed
and kissed the side of the mountain
ushering forth new life
new wonder
new color
new music
spawned in the allure
of creation

all he desired
was a mutuality
found in embrace of love
and she held his vision
for he the Warrior
was captured
by the aura
of her Divine presence

the essence
of this siege
began to unfold
and the story hopefully told

William S. Peters, Sr.

to the children to come
will be of the magic
and the sum exponential
that love effects

let not the suspect
be the finality
when alternative realities
spoil the spoils

let not the taste
of this sweet fruit
depart

let the children
embrace the hearts
of imaginations
with elation
of the prospects of love

teach them too
to dream
to hope
to believe
in it
every finite minute
of their waking life
for that is of the Divine

teach them to be Warriors
of love

Miss Hattie

you could tell
that she possessed many stories to share,
for the wrinkles
at the corners of her eyes
were beyond abundant . . .
she had seen many things.

Miss Hattie was older than any of us knew,
and she knew my Momma
when she was but a small child.

my Momma said, that she was old then.

as children, we did not like to play
around her house or her yard,
for there was a strangeness
that felt unsettling . . .
so we kept our distance

there was the smell of incense
always burning,
along with her Coal Oil Lamp . . .

oh, did i mention
the pipe she smoked,
the snuff she dipped,
and the tobacco she chewed
and the apron she always wore,
tied around her waist . . .
she also wore a head wrap
and stockings that you could not see through

William S. Peters, Sr.

everyone respected Miss Hattie
i guess,
for all the adults
sought her counsel
whenever there were troubles,
from illnesses to other and all
things we humans suffered

i remember when our dog got sick . . .
Chipper was old already . . .
but he was a good dog,
a good friend . . . my best
but i could tell that he was hurting

Miss Hattie gave him something
she said to ease his pain,
and to make his 'crossing the river'
a joyful one . . .
this is how Miss Hattie explained it
Chipper died a week later

we thought Miss Hattie was a VooDoo Woman
and all of us kids were weary
whenever she was around

i also remember when we kids
ate all those berries we found
back in the woods . . .
my God did our stomachs hurt.
Momma took us all to Miss Hattie's house
Miss Hattie gave us all a potion of something . . .
from one of the hundreds of jars
that adorned her house . . .
they were all over the place.

i did not drink mine . . .
my belly ached for a week . . .

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

everyone else got better

i thought of Chipper,
and though i really did love my dog,
i did not want to join him
besides, i could not swim very well,
and i did not want to leave home . . .
not yet

Miss Hattie loved her flower garden,
every day you could find her
doing something
in her yard or
sitting in her wood and cane rocking chair
on her front screened in porch
smoking her tobacco
in her homemade corn cob pipe

Miss Hattie also grew her own food,
and raised her chickens,
for eggs i guess,
and whatever else she did with them

you know how VooDoo women do . . .
dontcha ?

as i grew older, i became less tolerant
of the ignorance i heard
the younger children espouse
about Miss Hattie . . .
she was a good soul
and she had many stories she could tell . . .

you could tell by
the wrinkles at the corners
of her eyes . . .

so teach me

Trench Coat
Silk Scarf
High Heels
Stockings
and a Garter Belt
Red Lipstick
and i will need nothing else
but you
for i am ready
to learn

teach me how to touch you
hold you
mold you
into my heart

teach me to listen
to the whisperings
of your flesh
as it calls my name
speaking the language
of wantonness
and expectation

teach me how to make you
insatiable and needful
just for my seed
that will fill your womb
and spill out
the sweet nectars of love
of this fruit of ours
upon the sheets
of our bed of desires
as you shout my name

The Year of the Poet ~ 2015

i am a gardener
and i wish to till your soils
and taste the spoils
of my toils
as i am plundering your
earthly ways

the fire burns
and consumes me
as i yearn for you
so i turn to you
to teach me
how to harvest your needs
and keep them for myself

teach me how to give myself
to you
rightly
nightly
and daily too
so i can go deep
within me
to touch that deep
within you

i want to explore your core
and let you cure me
of this emptiness i feel
when you are not here

so teach me
please
teach me

William S. Peters, Sr.

September
2015

Features

~ * ~

Alfreda Ghee

Lonneice Weeks Badley

Demetrios Trifiatis

Alfreda
Ghee

Alfreda Ghee



The Year of the Poet ~ September 2015

I was born in October 1971. Growing up as a young child in a big family with 2 brothers and 4 sisters was a challenge... My father was in the military and he was a preacher. My stepmother was a substitute teacher.. My last years in high school were in Germany... I graduated in June 1990 in Germany. I went to Ramstein American High School.. I went to college at West Va. State, studies Criminal Justice, Dutchess Community College, studied Criminal Justice, Ridlley Lowell Business and Tech School, studied Medical Office Assistant and I also went the Hudson Valley Massage Therapy School and I am now studying to take my state boards for my license in Massage Therapy... Today I run my own daycare from home..

I am a mother of 2 wonderful sons 21 and 11 years old...I have a love for poetry, art, music, reading working out and lots of sports...I had my first book published June 1st, 2012 by Inner Child Press.. I started writing poetry about 4 years ago... And it has been a force in my life that keeps me moving forward in all that I do in a positive way..... Using the words that I write to shape my life in love, kindness, joy, peace and happiness....

I am a firm believer in that if you strive to be the best you that you can be and love yourself the best you know how to then the world will be your pen and paper to your voice of showing you the direction you should go into with a positive loving attitude for life....

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

<https://twitter.com/alfredaghee>

Alone.....

She sits in the corner
quietly watching and waiting
only noise heard
was the creaking of the door
sounding off as if it was a bomb
exploding, protruding in her mind
waiting to release the last sign of life

Expanding, overlapping with too many
shades of darkness
not seen by the human eye
floating towards the never ending
whole within the earths soul
turning, burning forming rings
within the dying core of my girth
while the depths of this corner
grows and grows

Darker and darker it gets
as it was fore told by the old
she wonders if his mold will
roost and rot as the flies
feast upon her flesh
scared and alone
as he sits in the corner
because she was left alone....

She.....

She is not the hair you see
on her head
because horses are held in
by a piece of thread
to hold up her little ego
so she doesn't shed a tear

She is not the make-up
she wears
covering her natural beauty
out of despair
because clowns wear it
caked on you see
to be laughed at by me

She is not the expensive clothes
she wears
because most of them are paper thin
because she wants to fit in
with all the new trends

She doesn't know her reality from a dream
because all the fallacies
placed upon beauty
has her confused and misused
all because she lacks
the confidence to know her
true worth
simply because she lost herself
in what she didn't see

Alfreda Ghee

She was asked to be seen nude
but she didn't understand the question asked
because no one has ever taken the time
to want to see her beauty from the inside

He really wanted her to be seen
in the day of light
so she could see her true beauty
shine, while standing naked
outside of the shadows.....

Her Memories.....

Heaven and earth touched her soul
leaving the universe all alone
the GODs saw the light in her eyes
and bowed their heads in honor
of the dead
tears were shed
hearts ached.....

minds were confused
lost in the distance of their thoughts
long was the day she would find
nothing but the dimmed memories
of the past.....

forsaken was the hour
the clock struck three
mimicking the ticking from across the room
banging, clanging, and ringing in her ears
were the sounds she heard
disturbing her sleep
her inner peace
her sanctuary of life...

long gone was the sweet smell
of the trees in the summers breeze
often felt like the kiss of a gentle rain drop
caressing her cheek
so softly like the feathered petals of a flower
the wet grass tickling her feet
like the ocean rolling to make waves.....

Oh the memories the dead will keep.....

Alfreda Ghee

Lonneice
Weeks
Badley

Lonneice Weeks Badley



The Year of the Poet ~ September 2015

Lonneice M. Weeks-Badley was born on November 6, to Oliver and Margaret in Harlem Hospital, Manhattan New York. She now resides in Virginia and is a mother of two daughters, the proud grandmother of three grandsons and one humble sweet loving granddaughter and has her heart captured by the lovely smiles of one great granddaughter.

Weeks-Badley graduated from Essex College of Business, having also attended Essex County College for Business Administration. She received various certificates of recognition for completing the Christian Bible Training. Having attained her Associate Ministerial License on January 7, 2004, she has also been recognized and acknowledged by the Gospel Alliance Ministry in 2013 with her General License Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Presently, the author volunteers as a chaplain, minister, intercessor of the Lord; she writes, is an entrepreneur, and the owner of Rajahne's Gifted Hands at Work Abundance of Unique'Nes/Inspired Books. She lives in humble appreciation of the blessings the Lord has given to her to use her for His glory. It would be most appropriate to conclude her book with her own words on the gifts for which she expresses her thanks daily:

God is the love of my life and I serve Him with all my heart and soul. I surrender all of me to him. I love to evangelize and be saved to be a soul winner, as I help direct the lost ones to the Lord. The Breath (Holy Spirit) of the Highest God lives in my deepest being and I love and respect the Lord, looking up to Him always.

Lonneice Weeks Badley

Temptation To Man

Thief steals things
That is not God's plans
That's Satan's evil disguise to demise

All men, women, boys' and girls' determination
To stop God's hope and revelation
For us to make it into His destiny

The Promised Land paved with gold
And filled with milk and honey
Yes Satan, your lies are evil termination
And sure enough cunning
Temptation to man

A thief steals things
When you go to and fro with no hesitation
To kill our hopes and dreams
But we got news for you
God knows all your schemes
You bring against man's eyes and hands

Let me advise you
A thief steals things
You know what I mean

When you tried your power
In God's highest tower
He showed you at that very hour

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2015

You have no power
To keep us from reaching
God's Promised Land
Built by Him and not by man's hands

I got news for you
You have no power
Unless man allows you the hour
And power to devour the mind

But God gave us power and authority
Through the Holy One
To tell you get thee behind me Satan
You have no power

I'm done with your temptation to man
God has brighter hopes and plans for all men
When we walk and hold His hands
On this earth and Promised Land

Lonneice Weeks Badley

Miser

Miser, miser why do you think you're wiser?
It's a self-thing and you will see
What happens to your things

Read between the line
Or should I explain it this time?

When you hide all your things
Dollar, penny, nickel or dime
Those things will be mine
For you died and left them behind

Miser, miser why do you think you're wiser?
Evils of greed is not your root
The love of money got the best of you
This is what I must do
Share it with others
For this one is no miser
I therefore am wiser than you
In making others happy too

Coveter

Why do you have to
Desire your neighbors' things
Keeping up with the Joneses
Isn't that what it means
Desires to have
Other people's fame
But using your name
That causes you shame
When you can't keep up
And buy the same

Coveter
Why do you have to
Desire my things
You will fall on your face
For it wasn't yours
In the first place

Now you failed
Your desire's race
Stop hating on others
As you use them to blame
How you messed up
And are walking confused
Lost and know not
How to get back
On the right track

Lonneice Weeks Badley

Coveter

Why do you have to
Desire my things
God blessed you with
What He knew you could handle
If you can't do
With the little things
Why, oh why
Reach up for bigger or greater
And know good and well
That was not yours forever?

Coveter

Why do you have to
Desire my things?

Demetrios
Trifiatis

Demetrios Trifiatis



The Year of the Poet ~ September 2015

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

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

Humanity's Curse

Last night, I listened
To the shrilling winds of history,
Telling me tales from centuries past,
Horrible stories of hate,
Suffering and destruction,
Of killings unending,
Tortures untold,
Unimaginable pain,
Of rivers of blood,
Seas of tears.

All works of the appalling war.

I asked myself:
Isn't it about time
Humanity overthrew the reign of this wrathful tyrant,
This soulless dynast of human consciousness,
This relentless torturer of loving hearts,
This destroyer of dreams and aspirations
Of so many generations of the innocent?

Hasn't the hour come yet
To put an end to the misery of war?

How many more centuries have to pass
For us to stand up and fight this monstrous slayer?

How many more countries have to be destroyed?

How many genocides have to take place
Before we are ready to bar hatred,
Ease suffering,
Stop the destruction,
End the killings,

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2015

Eliminate the tortures,
Alleviate the pain,
Dry the rivers of blood and
Evaporate the seas of tears?

Aren't we ready yet
To say enough to agony,
To fear,
To death
But yes to care,
To compassion,
To universal concord?

What are we waiting for
To erect the structures of understanding?

What will it take
To make us pave the highways of friendship?

What more do we need
To build the bridges of love and compassion?

Let us create now the highways and the bridges
That will help us eliminate our differences,
Resolve our disputes,
Find solutions to our problems,
Give answers to questions
That have haunted humanity since its birth.

Thus, at last, we will glorify God and Man alike
By establishing the kingdom of blessed peace on earth
From this moment onward into eternity.

We Are Brothers

Don't look at me
As though I am an alien or a stranger,
Don't let the dagger of antipathy
Fly out of your eyes.

I am your neighbor.

Don't call me a foe, an antagonist or a rival,
Don't roll up your mistrustful sleeves for a fight.

I am your friend.

Don't hold this murderous weapon in your kind hand,
Don't deny me the right to work, to eat, or to live.

I am your brother.

If destiny willed me to be born
On this side of the frontier line,
If my parents wished me
To wear these clothes
And taught me their own dances,
Do we have to be adversaries?

If fate desired me to speak
This tongue foreign to you
And our skins' color to differ,
Do we have to be competitors?

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2015

If necessity decided for us
To live in this country,
In the North, South, East, or West,
Do we have to be opponents?

If I believe in Jesus,
Jehovah,
Krishna,
Buddha,
Brahma
Or Allah,
If this is my philosophy,
My tradition,
My history
And my culture,
Do we have to be enemies?

No! A million times: no!

Please, look at me with new eyes
And throw away your injurious prejudices.
What do you see but a person like you
Who wants, desires and hopes for the same things in life:
Well-being,
Happiness,
A home,
Family,
Some friends,
Some love?

Look:
I walk,
I talk,
I eat,
I sleep,
I dream,
I laugh and I cry.

Demetrios Trifiatis

Just like you.

I'm born,
I grow up,
I learn,
I suffer,
I bleed
And I die.

Just like you.

I'm a father,
A mother,
A brother,
A sister,
A son,
And a daughter.

Just like you.

You see: we are alike.
We are the same.
We are brothers.

Listen to me my neighbor, my friend, and my ally:
I am telling you the truth.
We are the victims of schemes,
Well planned in advance
By deceitful evil-hearted men
Who wished for our destruction.

They, masters of savage forgery, dividers of mankind
Have tricked us throughout history
With well-orchestrated lies
And with treacherous stories.
These intellectually impotent criminals
Have instilled poison in your heart and mine.

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2015

Thus, by cultivating hatred, bitterness and rage,
They managed to shape us to ruthless foes,
To merciless enemies,
To cruel animals.

Please, listen to me! It is true. We are brothers.

Let us therefore with irresistible will cross all frontier lines
That the past has erected between us,
Thus making divisions vanish.

Let us with supreme power break the bonds of history,
Religion and culture and run into each other's arms.

Let us uproot from our tormented hearts thorny mistrust
That was planted there thousands of years ago.

Let us seize ammunition from destructive hatred,
And make war capitulate.

Let us sink the cholera of bitterness
In the affectionate sea of universal accord.

And finally,

Let us unite and march to higher claims,
To incomparable glory
Where peace can blossom today.
Thus, both of us will go to sleep at last,
Fearless of each other tonight.

Paeon to Peace

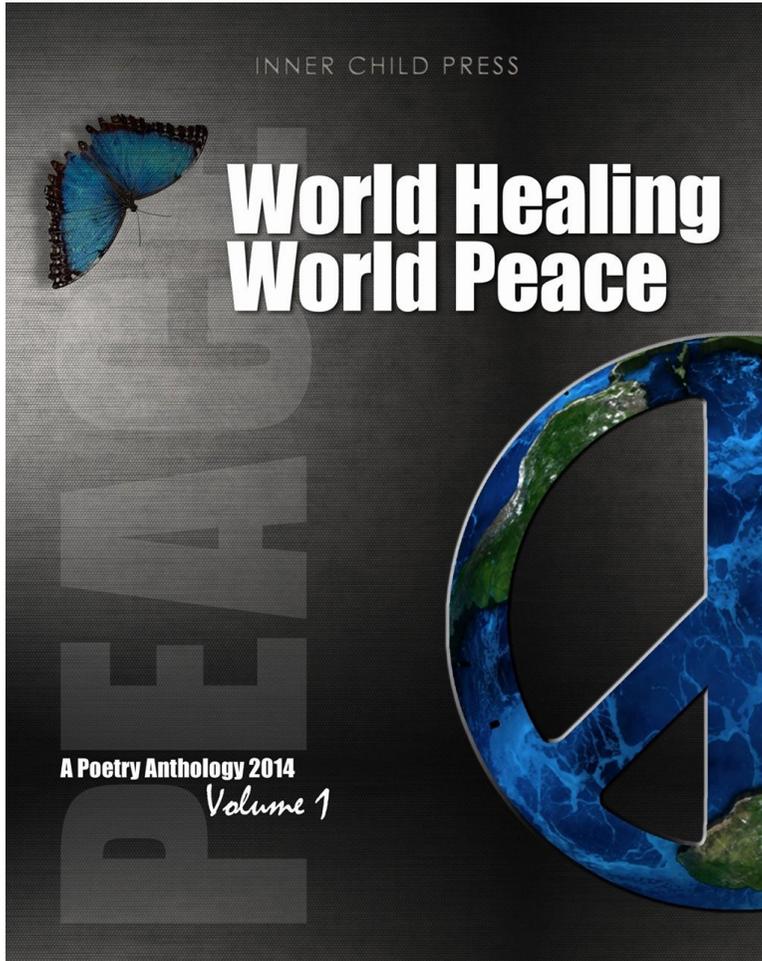
Oh you daughters and sons of Man,
Latent heralds of truth,
Oh you pioneers of hope, peace and mercy,
Sleeping apostles of compassion:
Wake up and join our ever-expanding ranks of love,
You, solemn knights of light!

For it is time that darkness sounds retreat
Beyond the boundaries of earth.

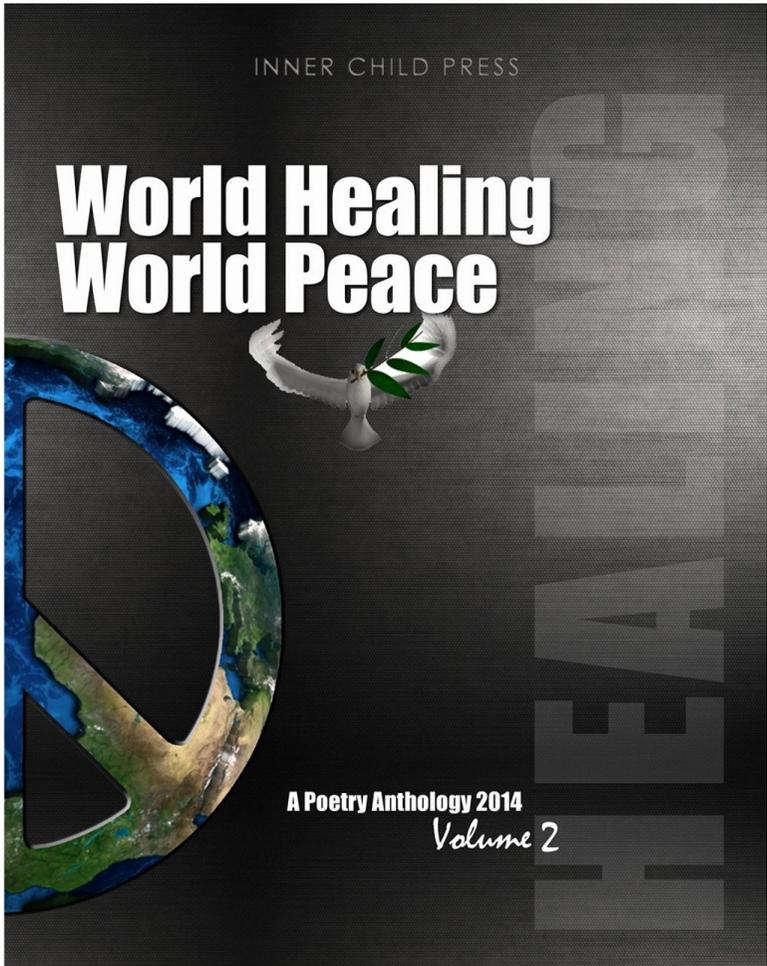
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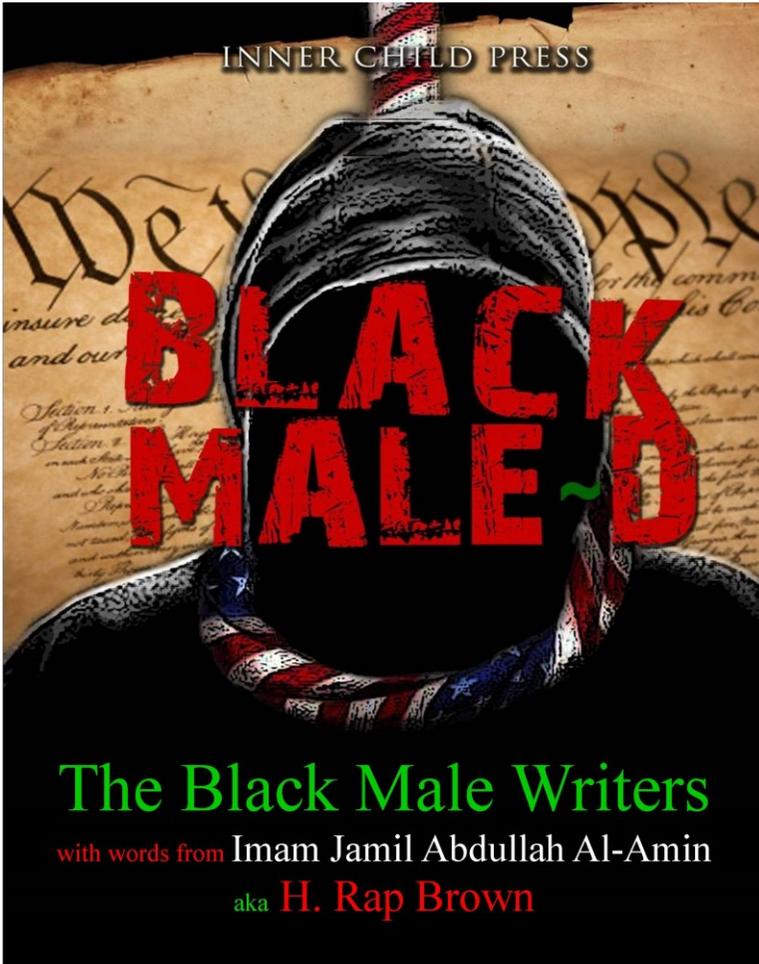
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The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chasz

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET II

February 2015

Amethyst



THE POETRY POSSE

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

FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS

Iram Fatima * Bob McNeil * Kerstin Centervall

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet

The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Pass

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Passé

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hulya yilmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

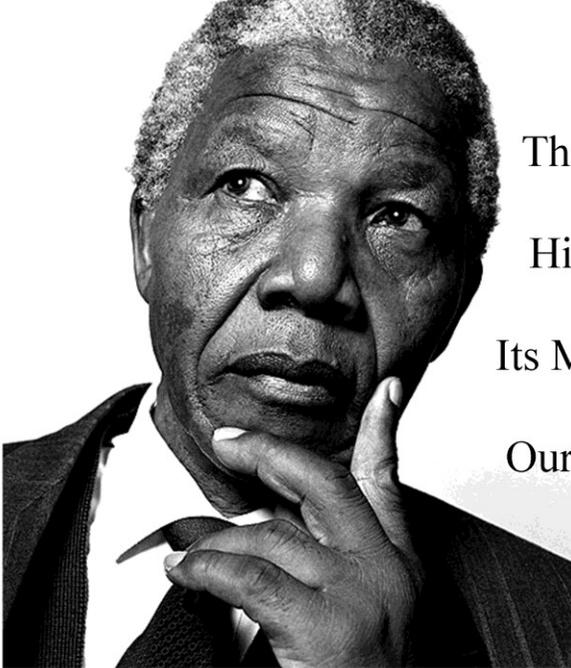
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

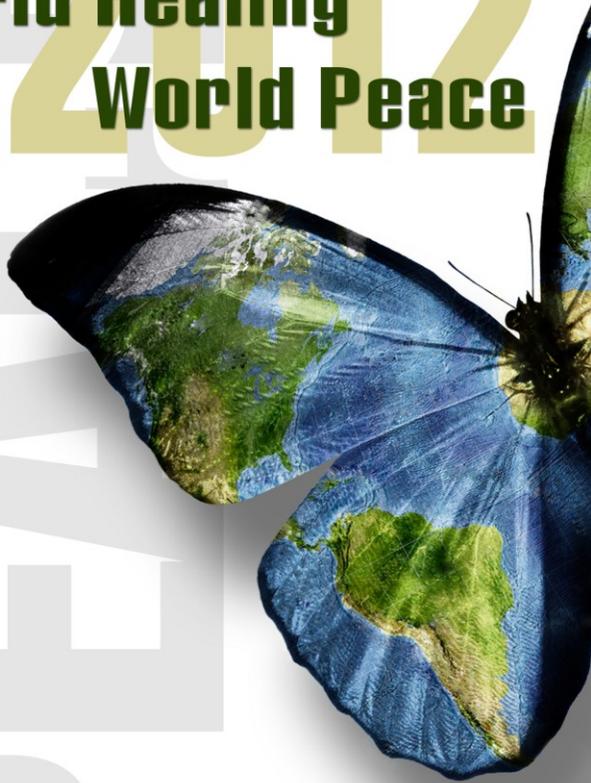
A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Volume 2

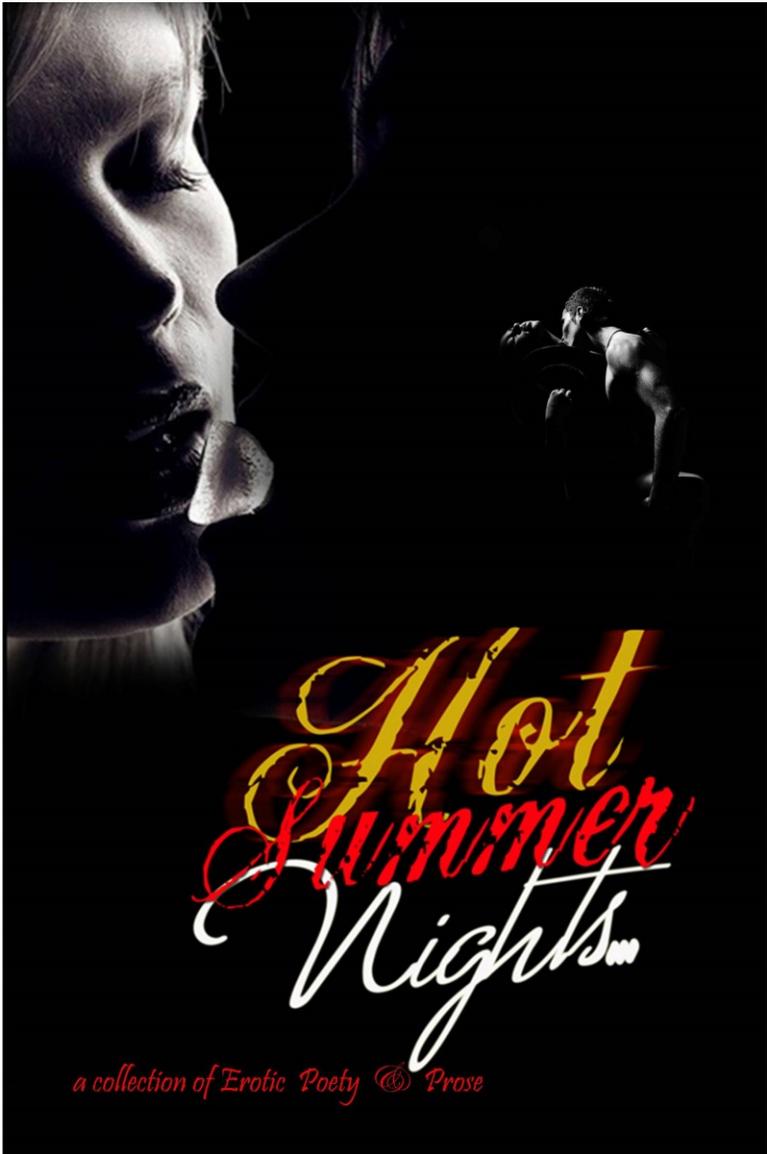
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healing through words

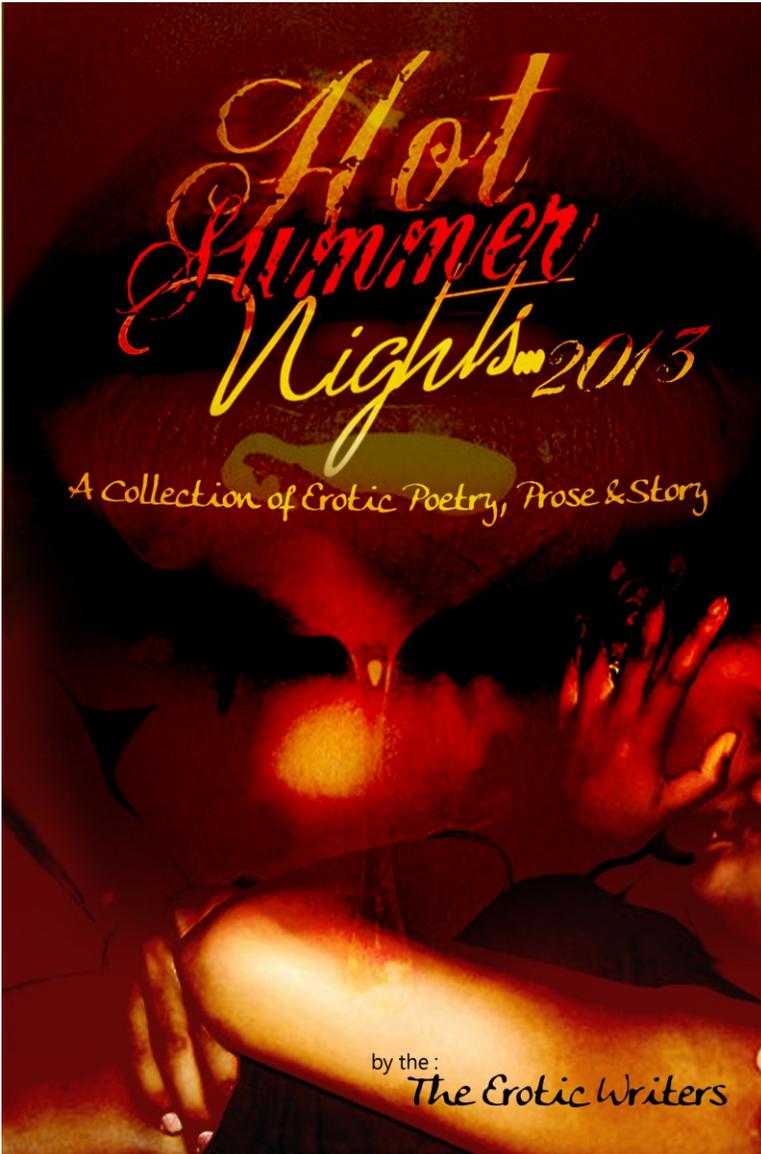


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

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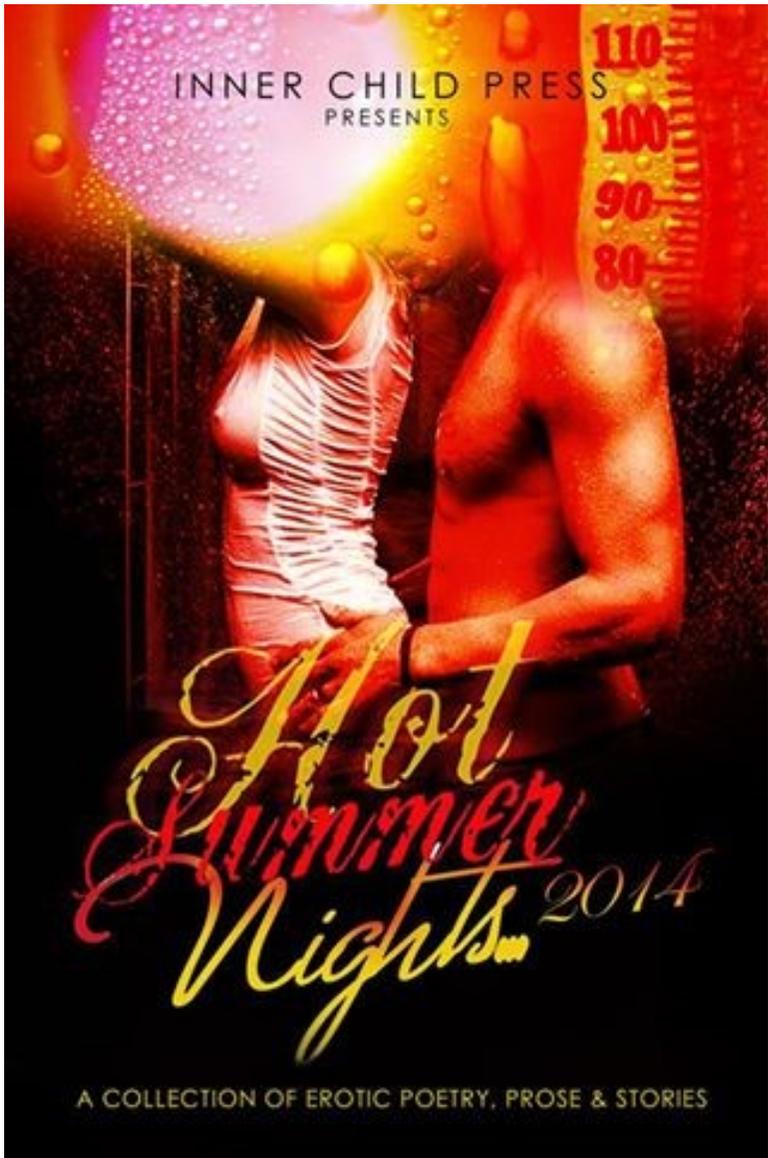


*Hot
Summer
Nights 2013*

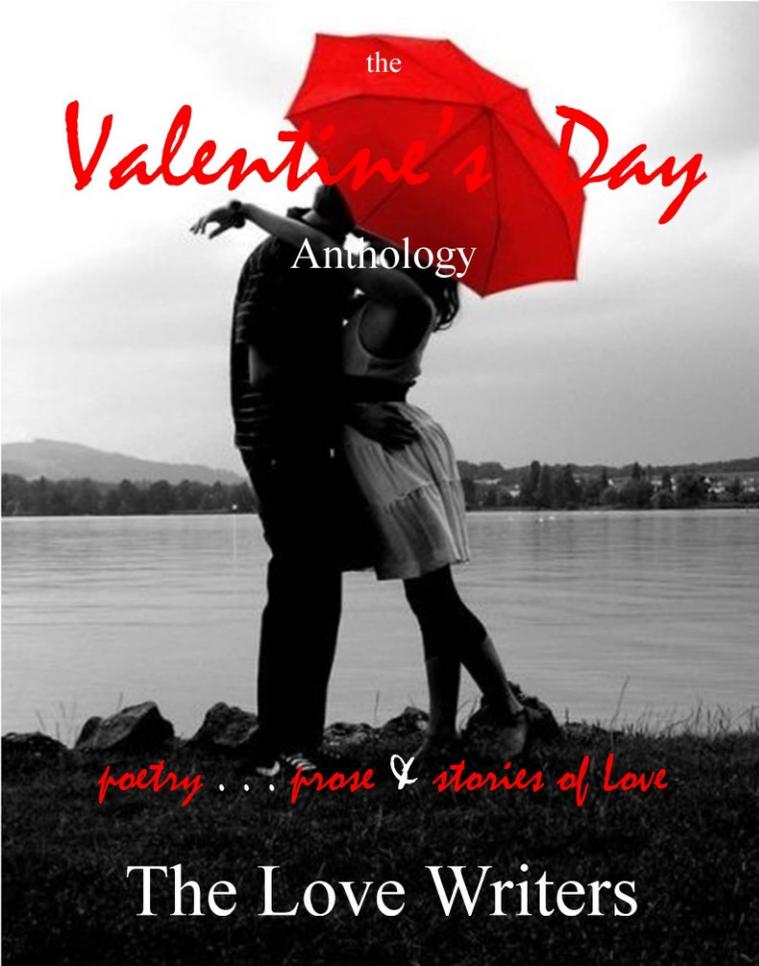
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by the:
The Erotic Writers

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the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies



want my

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

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

Monte Smith

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

Monte Smith

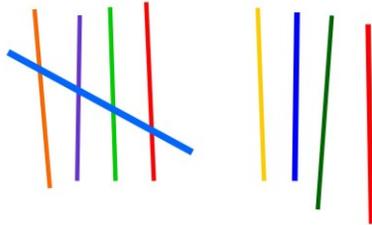


want my

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

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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~ fini ~

The Year of the Poet II



September's Featured Poets



Alfreda
Ghes



Lonnice
Weeks Badley



Demetrios
Trifiatis



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