

The Year of the Poet III

September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber

Abhijit Sen

Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Passé 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

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General Information
The Year of the Poet III
September 2016 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2016

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

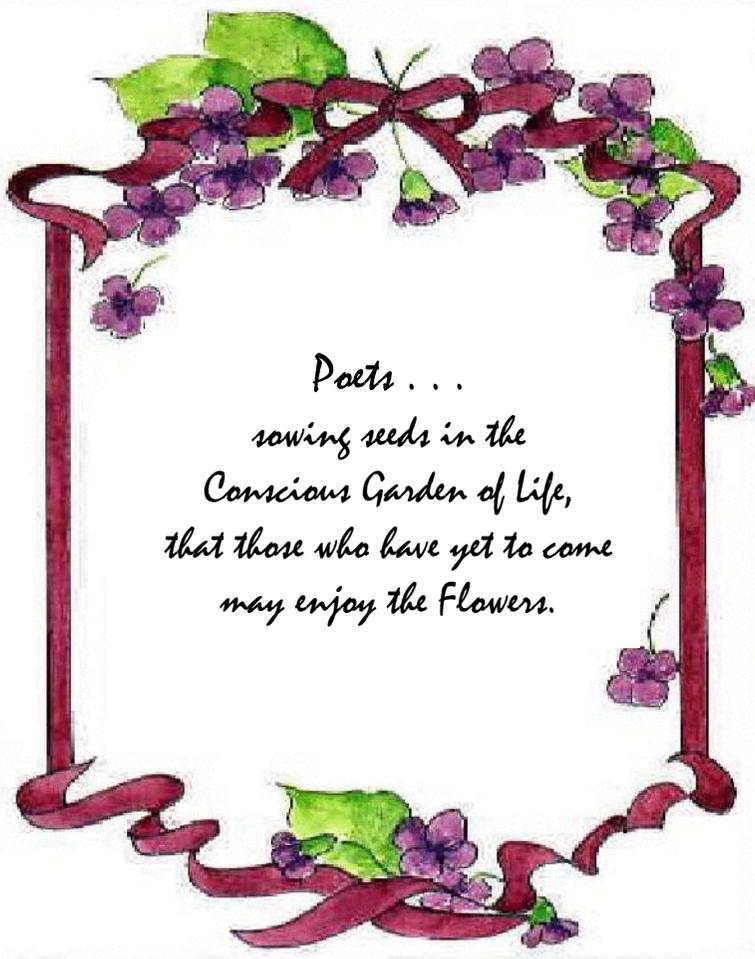
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

Preface

Greetings Family,

This month i have decided to change things up a bit pertaining my usual preface. This month in Acknowledgement of “The Kosovo International Poetry Festival” which sadly so i was unable to attend, and “The Morocco International Poetry Festival”, which i will be attending and having the opportunity to meet Poets from all over our wonderful world, speak, and share some poetry, i offer to you a poem. This poem expresses my desire to write that special poem that epitomizes the hopes i have for humanity. Also note that our beloved Gail Weston Shazor is in the process of collecting submissions for our third anthological installment of “I want my poetry to”. This anthology focuses solely on the vision we have of why we write and the motivations to do so.

For more finite information, please visit :

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/i-want-my-poetry-to-volume-3.php>

So, without further ado, here is the poem titled “i want to write some poetry”

i want to write some poetry

i want to write some poetry,
you know, that kind of poetry
that makes people feel beautiful again,
that makes them lose all their angst
and self-incrimination
and makes them want to hug each other

i want to write some poetry
that eliminates all fears
we have about social integration,
that poem which sets asides the perceptions of differences
in our politics, gender, ethnicities, religions
and any other institution
that causes us
to become spiritually kaleidoscopic
in our interactions amongst each other

i want to write that type of poem
that immediately releases us
from all preconceived notions
of class and rank,
that instantly evokes
and immerses us
in the chasm
of unfathomable love

i want to write that poem
that gives permission for us
to cast aside the Band-Aids,
crutches, and temporary fixes
and allows us to confront our brokenness
that we may begin the journey towards healing
and being whole again

i want to write that poem
that our leaders
and the elitists feel compelled to read
and begin to question their motives
of greed, power and indifference
and come to a conclusion
of just how offensive they have acted
toward their brother and sisters,
their fellow man

i want to write that poem
that sings of harmony
to all the people and beings of the earth
and gives cause for eternal smiles
to be permanently etched
upon each of our hearts

i want to write that poem
that puts an inextinguishable light
on the senselessness of
war,
famine,
strife,
disease,
deceit,
and other inharmonious traits
we have created betwixt us

i want to write that poem
that restores our souls
to its rightful divinity
and teaches us to walk unencumbered
and erect
in and with an unerring nobility

i want to write that poem
that awakens us
so we come to succinctly understand
without question
what the term “humanity” really means . . .

i want to write that poem
of congruity,
that all hearts can sing and dance to
with never ending smiles and unmitigated joy
frozen upon our countenance

i want to write that poem
that makes us all glow,
that dispels all darkness
and casts all of our misgivings
into the abyss of forgiveness & forgetfulness

sigh . . . some day . . .

Yes, some day
i will write that poem
because i believe !

i am going to write that poem . . .

. . . can you write one too ?

“if you can not be the poet, be the poem”

right on !!!

© 29 July 2016 : william s. peters, sr.

www.iamjustbill.com

Thank You

Bless Up

bill

Love and Blessings

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

Foreword

“What is the role of poetry?” This question is often raised and discussed by critics, professors, students, linguists, philosophers, psychologists, scientists, etc., and of course by poets themselves. The same question suggests or even imposes itself again and again on poetry forums, conferences, symposiums, interviews, seminars, classrooms, literary saloons, and other types of poetry events and venues.

Thinking of some of the various responses to the question opens our eyes to the learning possibilities and opportunities that poetry makes available for us. If we believe, for instance, that poetry is written and read for its beauty, we may try to have a better understanding of the language since language becomes of prime importance. If we argue that poetry should always deliver a moral message, then we might want to learn how to reinforce morality. And if we insist that the main purpose of poetry is to explore deeper meanings or truths, then certainly we are expected to glean some philosophical insights. Learning will also occur whether we believe that poetry can help us understand the world around us or give precedence to self-discovery or -understanding. While the former encourages us to try to comprehend the complex relationships and deep mysteries of our world, the latter urges us to explore the intricacies and complexities of the human psyche. Even if we view poetry as a means of escape from the evils of our world, we may seek to develop our spirituality, so that we may be able to cope up with the dominance of materialism in our culture.

This month, by focusing on education, the Poetry Posse family is exploring a new horizon that offers infinite possibilities. I humbly invite every one of you to read with passion, to enjoy with all your senses, and if possible to ask yourself once in a while: What have I learned from this poetry collection, this poem, this stanza, or this line?

Nizar Sartawi
Poet and Translator

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING
WORLD PEACE
2016



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

Now Available at . . .

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

~ wsp

Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>vii</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>xiii</i>

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Janet P. Caldwell	9
Jackie Davis Allen	17
Albert Carrasco	25
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	31
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	37
Kimberly Burnham	43
Elizabeth Castillo	49
Alfreda D. Ghee	55
Nizar Sartawi	61
Jen Walls	71

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

Hülya N. Yılmaz	79
Teresa E. Gallion	85
Demetrios Trifiatis	91
Alan W. Jankowski	97
Caroline Nazareno	105
Alicia C. Cooper	111
William S. Peters, Sr.	123

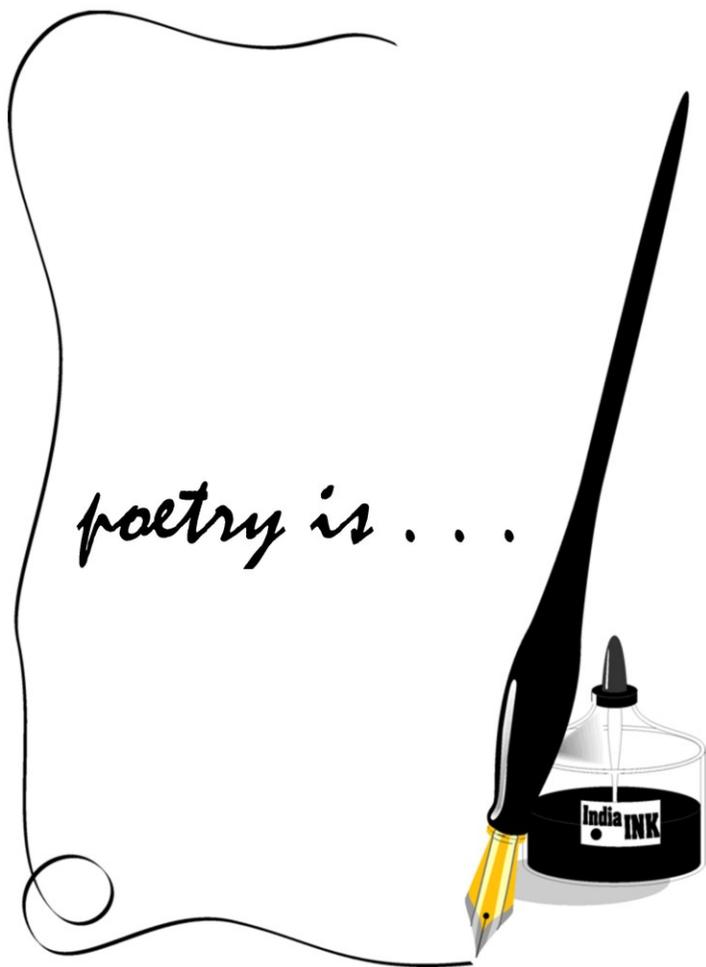
September **F**eatures 137

Simone Weber	139
Abhijit Sen	145
Eunice Barbara C. Novio	151

Other **A**nthological **W**orks 159

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



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

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

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

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

Island Refractions

Today i lied
not to someone else
but to myself
the sun did indeed shine
and i am greatfilled for the warmth
but i also like the rain
for its chilliness
i could have just said anything is good
what i really want is to be
the water me
the one that stands in the ocean
and feels the caress
of the tides
moving
i watched my reflection in the puddles
it refracted
on the stairs as i went to and fro
from one place to be
and one place not to be
my image changing instantly
i wished to be pretty before this day dawned
now i understand
that this need was never true
it is a lie
like others i have told myself
and did just this morning
sigh
yet i am silent in face of happiness

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

save the ink that spills
across the whitespace
of clean paper
in such contrast to my
high yellow clearness
and i am black
i have confined myself in a mental slavery of need
someone come save me
some poet tell my story
let me look in your ink
and see the me
that i long to be
mirror me this...

Jazz in the Park

It's hot
The music floats under the kenips
Threatening to ripen the bunches
As they hang
Salsa beats to move hips
Men with long forgotten partners
Appearing to dance
With transitioned loves
Smiles stealing a sweet memory
Of the days when only the band
Broke to swallow a cold beer
And wipe a wet forehead
Hands never still until stilled
My mothers speaks of those nights
Under a sweltering sun
The only breeze, seldom
I can hear the skirts swirl
Against the melodies
The men in Sunday brogues
And knife pleated trousers
Because, well because
This is an occasion
May it happens less occasional
The rhythm still moves
The beat is still strong
And the night remains a memory
Of singing scat under the stars
And it
Is hot

Blue Roof Longing

My roof calls to me
And I cannot answer
There are things I need to speak
And leave there
Fears that are of a
Whispering sound and
Joys that require shouts
In a bright cerulean hue
Disconcerting concerns
That may or may not matter
In the long term
But seem huge in the now
I need to speak to my
Abba Father
In the quiet space
Where I have connected
My voice to His
The Blue roof is where
He holds my heart safe
So until I am healed
Of this latest misgift from nature
Of this latest misstep of the flesh
I will wait
For the spots to disappear
For the breathing to even out
For the clarity to show itself
For the Father's voice
To become clear
In my ordered steps
To realign my path

My Left Foot

Senryus

It wanders nightly
Until I become startled
At your being close
But yet you don't move
No longer surprised like me
Of discoveries
The moon shifts slowly
So that it covers others
Under the night sky
My left foot always
Finds the crook behind your knee
Syncopated breath

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Janet P. Caldwell has been published in newspapers, 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. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2016 and a video project for the BBC. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

To contact Janet

www.janetcaldwell.com

The Mechanics of it All

Just because a tire is flat
why do you toss it away?
And because a muffler has a bit of rust
what's the point in burning it to ash
or letting it become more and more
in disarray?

When your mechanic suggests a tune up
do you shrug your shoulders while crying?
The wringing of your hands to chafing
is telling my ole friend
as if there is no answer.

And do you throw that car aside
for a *tarnished lay-away, lay-away*
let me get away,
gotta go fast and feel good today?

Have you paid an exorbitant price
for a *new* car with regret.
Are you questioning your decisions
and thinking how you should have stayed
and fixed it
instead of *playing it shiny, thinking it safe?*

Have you seen that car lately?
Have you seen her run?
She's tuned up, new treads and paint
the joy of her own imbibing
is blindingly shining.
Far, far away from that maddening crowd.

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

It makes one wonder about
the mechanics of it all
and right out loud!

Listen Well

This summer has taught the world well
about life in Biased and Privileged America.
The projectile vomited lies
oh the *superiority* of it all
and the Tri-Trump-phiant stories we sell.

And themselves, the lookers on
shake their head and wonder
how we are so proud of living, lying testaments
on an Olympic and universal stage.

I cringe at the good ole U.S. of A.
the mockery of freedom
is a stench to my nostrils
as fair play is non-existent
in many, many cases.

And the bullying of other countries
runs like blades
gouging and scraping my throat
because I cannot swallow
the venomous and poisonous lies.

America is sadly akin to that trumpish gnad
loving only herself
with her superior sons on top.

While so many are scraping the ground
with little to no relief found.
Listen well, listen well.

There is another story to tell . . .

Archaic Blood

Lying in the coffin fortune teller
I listened as the noises came and went.
Some like mantras, others banging
and clanging to wake the dead.

Maybe me and I wondered
what my fortune would be.
As this pain has been so hard to bear.
I thought that I could ride it out
or lose it down that
tree lined lane somewhere.

The lost and found kept bringing it back
so here I sit shattered inside, with no-one
to tell...ignore the shadowy figures
and the voices just won't quit.
I am just sick of this shit!

I wonder if the MRI will reveal
the source of my *real pain*.
You know, in my gut, my aching heart
with blood pumping insane.

I think that I know already
as the *archaic blood* drains
my darkness away.

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Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



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Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline Allen or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia. As the next eldest daughter of a coal miner father and a stay at home mother she was the first in her family to attend college.

Graduating from what is now Radford University, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education, she taught in both public and private schools.

Residing in northern Virginia, she revels in spending time with her husband in their get away home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent in Appalachia.

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

In 2015 she authored her first book, a collection of writings penned over the past decade. Well received by family and friends, both near and far, her book, "Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art is available from her website jackiedavisallen.com or from innerchildpress.com

Night and Day

With eyes glistening blue, and voice quite
and still, he smiled,
his handsome face aglow.

Across the landscape, beneath, varied shades,
with dark shadows following...
too many to behold.

In his stride, his attitude was as unpredictable
as a tornado, yet on this day
he was slyly shy.

Challenged, all the flowers, buds and blossoms
danced with him, enhanced
by the weather's eye.

In patches lush and bountiful, with arms askew,
they danced merrily beneath
the weeping willows.

The hours reverberated with chromaticity
of disharmony, yet, he and his mischievous blue eyes
stole the show.

Lo! A lull fell all around his garden; falling asleep, he
nevertheless, was mindful of the pale face
of the indulgent moon.

Despite howls of vociferous winds, heaven's jeweled
blanket cradled him and his friends
all the night long.

Love's Cup of Tea

Sitting on a shelf
Were various mementos of the past,
Some treasured collectibles,
Traditional, vintage, antique,
Or newly discovered,
They rekindled precious memories

Of the elderly one,
She bending over the stove, her teakettle
Whistling its tune in the air,
An invitation to come hither,
Rest for a moment, please stay
And have a cup of tea with me.

Oh, the stories she could tell
If there had been more time.
But no, she is no more.
It was in her little bedroom,
Near her library, where we found her diary
Covered with dust.

The key that unlocked
The many pages found most of them
Bleeding with ink.
What were the thoughts she held closest
To her breast? What intimacies
Might the entries reveal?

We stood around her beloved,
Well worn writing desk
Wondering what should we do.
Should we cast aside all
Propriety, delve into her innermost,
Most confidential thoughts?

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Should we look into the well
That made her heart leap with joy
Or weep from loss?
Should we invade her privacy?
What secrets might her century-long dance
With life betray?

The task was conveyed to me,
The only surviving female.
And, while discernment played a game
Of hide and seek,
It was serendipity's face to face
Encounter that found me

Preparing to pour myself a cup
Of tea, the intoxicating scent of lilacs
Filtered through the open window.
It was then that I realized
What it was I should do
With Granny's personal history.

So as to protect the treasure
Against potential mishap,
And, intending to continue my morning ritual
Of tea, I picked up the book,
Thinking only to move it to safety,
Away from harm.

A yellowed slip of paper tumbled out
And fluttered, landing on the floor.
I shivered, the curtains at the window, too.
I read the words, "My darling girl,
This is my gift to you.
Do with it as you please."

Buried in the Sands of Beeble-Babble

When upon an evening's slumber, heads
prayed wings to transport them to a place
called Utopia where they might quench their thirst
from waters that seeped down from the hills.

There, hopefully, lying in pools between
rocky cliffs, a beam of light might bring forth
enlightenment's wisdom and thereby
break its silence and awaken
from nature's deep its mysterious keep.

A mis-mash of perceptions, a bevy
of faces, politicians, leaders, liars,
teachers, astronauts, some doctors, they
stood there like zombies, their hands trembling.

Their chests heaved like hearts in the midst
of a panic attack, but alas, still they
waited for guidance, for intervention.
mute sheep, they fell asleep on their feet:
a foolish desire for hope's introspection.

Devoid of caution's consideration,
a voice broke through the confusion, it came
with a word of warning, a prophecy:
The sky is falling, dawn is bleeding out.

A ferocious red stain bled, and darkened
the crystal ball, filling its globe with dread.
Despite accumulated knowledge,
they cried in unison, "Oh, no! Oh, no!
Why has the world turned itself upside down?"

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Albert
Carrasco

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

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>

Back to school

Summer is fading.
It's time for that ten month stretch.
Pens, pencils, books and backpacks,
Replaces beach and pool laps.
New teachers,
New friends,
New courses and classes.
Old classmates aged and look more mature,
Everyone meets where they met before...
Hey look, there's the posse,
We all greet, hello, hi, peace, namaste.
For some it's new start and for others it's the beginning of
the end.
What school did you come from?
Where are you going to start your career.
Some dread 16 years... Omg that's so long
Others can't believe it's their last year... Omg that went so
fast.
There's a week left of supply shopping,
Then it's back to school.

Knowledge reigns supreme

I know many intelligent and talented individuals. Some graduated magnum cum laude, others didn't have that opportunity. Nevertheless enlightenment is what both sort for and possessed.

It's a beautiful thing to be able to go to the school of your choice to further your education. If that's not possible for whatever reason, we can still elevate but we must go above and beyond the norm of diligence to achieve self taught intelligence. Nothing is impossible but the word, thinking you're inferior because you didn't have a "teacher" like a prestigious school scholar is absurd.

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

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>

BACK TO BASICS

We traveled through snow covered streets
We traveled through neighborhoods
Where we might get beat
There was no backing down from education
We ran the gauntlet and our dedication
Let's just say we had motivation

A shop owner would not hesitate to tell on you
A wino would let on what you were up to
It was a struggle just to go to school
Many lives were lost to ensure that too

Today is no different
Just a stronger element of violence
A little less neighborhood guidance
Yet the road to education is provided
We hide in the standards of today
We made strides in the old ways

Back to basics maybe passé
But it paved the way for today
It was a struggle just to go to school
Many lives were lost to ensure that you
Will have an education to improve you.

A LESSON IN LOVE

I always knew what to say
I grew complacent in that way
A few words here and there didn't cut it
I'm in love interrupted
The abruptness of it all
I couldn't see her tears fall

Something as simple as good morning
Something as passionate as good night
Silence is not understood in loves light
Loves right where it is
I need to handle my business
I'm feeling a little dizziness

Thrust back into loneliness
If I'd only just said hello more often than not
If I could only just hold on to what I've got
I'm hot with fever
I just can't leave her
She's the receiver of my words
Words she haven't heard

I'll start with good night
Tomorrow I'll say have a great day
I'll be consistent with it
Like in the beginning of all lovers way
If there's a breath in you
Even if you're on the go
Take a moment to say hello.

THE LOST FILES

You ever wake up from a dream wanting to jot it down
As soon as you reach for pen and paper it can't be found
They were so vivid so real even surreal
Are they moments just for you not meant to be revealed
Sacred places visited
A body only you can love
Have you smiled at someone knowing they were the one?
What dreams might come true
Sacred places visited
A body healed in out of body travel
Your mind unravels
Time swings the gavel
Your vivid trip ends
No words from the pen
No sliver of evidence of where you've been
Just a crease on your forehead
A small impression of where you laid
Maybe a sweat soaked tee from the role you played
Oh to remember a dream just to have another one
Lost files lay in a pile until the next day is done.

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

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

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

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

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

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>
<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

connect..,

plugged into the source, creator of course
or flounder away lost in the sauce of muck,
mire, fuel for the fire
slaves to the craves of desire
in the lands of liars more than desert sands
disconnected klans, bands who never stand
to speak against injustice of man
corrupted systems comprised of evil
as i walk through the valley of death i fear
no one but the high and mighty
as i fight the lower self in myself i must connect
i must respect, remember, reflect the mercy,
guidance, love, protect from above with the mighty
connect, plugged into love
fly with doves. Glide divorced of pride on the ride
to the gardens of bliss far above the madness
of this disconnected exist,
and all the lost souls who think life is this
disconnected no juice for use.
lights out in darkness those who didn't heed
the need to connect
who didn't stop to reflect
on the light of the connect

food4thought = education

quest for knowledge...

fueled by desire to acquire
the best, most popular yet
are often misguided in this life
of tests, strife, hardships cut
deep like a hot knife through
butter
people acting more like sheeple
being lead to the slaughter
lost souls galore, border to border
human race off to the races looking
for answers in all the wrong places
void of investigation will never fail
to fail the scrutiny of examination
pursue in haste, race mindless
masses mistake fake for guidance
passed gas mistook for real cash
you can take to the bank
amount to a fake take
somebody just pissed in your gas tank
leave a pile of zeros that add up to
you've been played
that's what amounts to a fools payday
like knowledge without wisdom has
created worldwide schisms
when you look for guidance from a ism
you will first find the needle in the haystack
before you get any wisdom from that
and that my friend is a fact
that's why the number of educated fools
from uneducated schools are stacked
you'll never find wisdom 101 in their
curriculum
only basic 101 keep on trickin' 'em!

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

YO...!!

Do you know how many died so
deaf, dumb and blind can glide
over the finish line?
can't blame a lame for trying, right?
regardless of who died
out of sight, out of mind
just keeping their eyez on the prize
partakers in the giant lie
perpetrated by human being haters
private, quite participators and nations
putting profit ' an ' gain over flesh ' n '
blood, life ' an ' limb again and again
da politrix of the Olympics
" there's gold in dem der hill's so who
cares who we kill.
just giving thanks for all the minds that
draw blanks
as we laugh, hoot ' n ' holla all the way
to the bank "
greetings from us little ' ol' billionaires
from the think tank ".....SUCKERS !!

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, she discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions/>

<http://www.InnerChildMagazine.com/The-Community-of-Humanity.php>

Gratitude

Enough ... I have enough
don't forget even for a moment
urging me to see what is real
conscious awareness of insight dances around me
a blessed being
trying to learn gratitude a lifelong lesson
invisible bonds, fragile, and resilient
olympic proportions of abundance
now I hold this feeling of gratitude deep inside

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Nature

Evades simple definitions teaches enjoy life's complexities
drumming, thrumming, energetically buzzing
unusual strands create survival and pleasure
challenging my adaptability
a home, a place of healing, love all around
teaches me to appreciate the rain
it is my nature I seek to understand
on a walk in the trees I learn be tall reach for sunlight
now I see the edges where nature blends with me

Light

Education rarely happens without light
darkness' opposite draws in joy and details
understanding symbolized a light bulb coming on
creativity in the light to read, see, and share
awakening to natural light within each of us
the firelight, shimmering bioluminescence, moonlight
insight when sunlight comes on inside
one dream letting in and out lights swirl bright
now I see the beauty, color, and variety in me

Elizabeth

L.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

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

Changing the World

The pen is mightier than the sword –
For it can help change lives in an instant
Effectuate transformation to an ailing world –
How can we be instruments of change?
Education, an important aspect of changing lives
Knowledge gained in school, wisdom attained in life
experiences.
Changing the world at a glance is not possible
If we set aside learning from the very beginning.
Your pen would be more powerful,
If you armed with knowledge because of hard work and
perseverance
Help change the world, help educate the younger
generation
Spread the value of attaining good education.

The Lamp

I would like to be a lamp of light guiding the paths of others

But how can I do this without starting to educate myself first?

They say knowledge is a treasure which will not be taken away from you

Combined with wisdom from everyday experiences I can be the Light

I can be Source of Inspiration to the young and old

If I am equipped with enough education which I can carry on 'til my hair turns grey

I can be the Lamp of Success, a Lamp of Motivation

To help change the world by sharing what I know and not using them in my own selfish motives

Yes, I can be the Lamp of Light over these surrounding darkness bewildering the world today.

A Noble Profession

What kind of profession is as noble as a saint?
But that of a teacher whose mission is to educate the young
minds
And help build them up to be the future pillars of a country
Teaching can be a tough job and requires selfless devotion
So, tell me what other profession is as noble as this one?
I am grateful to all my teachers during my past student's
life
For they helped for what I am today –
Without their commitment to teach me the ways of life
How could I gain the confidence to face the trials I have
each day?
And we must also come to think of it that we can be a
Teacher or a Student at one point of our lives
We can help teach a lesson to some people in our lives
Or we can be the ones to learn from them as we go along
our journey.

Alfreda

D.

Ghee

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

I was born in Blackstone Virginia. Born one of seven brothers and sisters. Traveled to many different countries being my father was in the Army. I'm a single mother of two amazing boys. I own my own daycare center and I'm working on getting my Massage Therapy License very soon.

I started writing at the end of June in 2011. I had my first book of poetry published in 2012. I'm a firm believer that if you do good then good will consume you and all that you do within life. Throughout my life I must attribute GOD for everything in my life and I am truly grateful for all the HE has given me.....

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alfreda-ghee>

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

Teach

Let time nor space stand still in history
We must teach our young what it means to be black
Show them the people that paved the way for us
Teach them what it was to be held in chains
Express to them not to allow themselves to be held captive
Nor take their freedom in vein

Martin Luther King Jr. didn't march for us to give up
He marched for us to move forward
He had a dream
Now we must walk that dream for him and for our kids
Show them that Rosa Parks set in that seat to rest
And she wouldn't allow people to tell her that
she couldn't sit because she wasn't the right race

We must all come together in unity
So that kids will see that we are one race with a multitude
of imperfections
But we are one. If we look inside and show what's there
It's on accord, one heart, one soul and one love
Let's prove that we can raise a nation of people
That become as one
Or do we want to teach our kids to stay enslaved
by keeping their ears and minds closed....

Learning

Books, pencils and pens
Take up all the kids plans
Math, Reading and Writing
Will put a spark in your mind
Lessons we need to make it through everyday life

Art, Gym and Labs
Mostly fun things to do to mix up the day
Teachers, teaching kids Their ABCs and 123s
In hopes that it clicks from A to Z

Fun in school it's not for fools
Learning is the tools of many new skills
To in still a degree for the use of getting more
Placing yourself in the line of earning
A place on a stand to get your stripes and band

Not forgetting that A to Z is the beginning
Of the lessons that will take you on a journey
That only and education will enhance your thinking
And improve your way of life

School and books
Teachers and nooks
Pens and pencils
Folders and note book
Binders and Crayons
Tools needed to help educate...

School

The first day of school you learn the rules
Getting your notes and antidotes
To solve the problems
Reading and writing to enhance your mind's eye
Focusing on the future that lies ahead

Speaking new languages to impress the teachers
Learning math that equals squared
No fooling around because reading is rare
While learning your history that can't compare'

Sharing in the world's economy
And still learning the states that create our space
The stars and atmosphere is filled with cheer
As you learn the different constellations
And how stars are formed

The variations of difficulty all depends upon you
Studying is the key to your success
Remembering all the information for your test
School is not for the faint at heart
But it's for that want to become smart

Engaging in lessons to expand your thoughts
But researching on your own to find your truth
Thought provoking conversations
Leading to a better future for you and me
Education is the key for a better you....

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator and educator. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He holds a Bachelor's degree in English Literature from the University of Jordan, Amman, and a Master's degree in Human Resources Development from the University of Minnesota, the U.S. Sartawi is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, General Union of Arab Writers, and Asian-African Writers Union. He has participated in poetry readings and festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Morocco, Kosovo, and Palestine.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His translations include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; all three translated into Arabic; *Contemporary Jordanian Poets, Volume I* (2013); *The Eyes of*

the Wind (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb. He is currently working on a translation project, **Arab Contemporary Poets Series**.

Sartawi's poems and translations have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Italy, the Philippines, and India.

a lesson in obscenity

the little
kindergarten girl
came
a little
closer to
the little
kindergarten boy
and whispered in his
little
ear

i love you

the big
eyes roaming the room
now wide open

the big
watchful mouth
agape

never ever again!

waving
a big
bamboo stick

LOVE

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

spelling and counting on her
big
fingers

L
O
V
E

is a
FOUR-LETTER WORD

and that was
the little
kids' first lesson in

OBSCENITY



Between Two Moments

When passion roars
in our bosoms
for mounting on horseback
that breaks through fortresses
or mounting a cloud
to plant in its whiteness
the banners of madness
or ascending a star
to break in its space
the barriers of silence
it's fine to search for a myth
in whose folds we tuck
a few details that
make known our presence
that they may
give a couple of sparks
or light up a couple of candles
or add a couple of sentences
to the lines of our life, confined
between two moments of the spirit's manifestations:

the moment of its rise
in a dumbfounded embryonic lump
and the moment of its convulsion
in a conquered heartbeat.



My Shadow

Oh my shadow how you tire me out
you, the deformed ghost
of the agony dwelling within my ribs...!
How you push me to hide in the dark for fear
of you...!

When your ominous emaciated
gloomy image
chases me
or your clumsy silhouette
painted on my path
paces ahead of me
I feel I'm trotting
in front of you
or after you
against my will
that you are pricking my neck
or pulling me by the nose
And if you beside me walk
I feel a monster lying in ambush

about
to
rise up
on his feet
like a ghoul,
and leap
upon me
and put me
to death

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

All day long I tell
myself:
When my hour comes tomorrow
or after tomorrow
no doubt the angel of death will come
for me alone
and forget you...
and you will attend my funeral
and take part in my burial

And when I'm laid inside the earth
and all my buddies depart
you'll linger a while above my grave
to gloat over my misfortune
and laugh out loud
then go away

Who knows whom you will go with
after me!
to whom the bad luck will be passed!
a human like me, haunted with his premonitions
or a ferocious monster...?



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Jen is an award winning author/international poet; bringing love inside joyful heart's radiance - pulsating us deeper inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first collection of poems, *The Tender Petals* released - November 2014, through inner child press, ltd. USA. Her second poetic collection, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combined nature-inspired spiritual poetry with Dr. Ram Sharma of Meerut, U.P. India and was released November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive in renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, along with her co-author, Dr. Ram Sharma, from Writers International Network (WIN -Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia on May 27, 2016. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota with her loving family.

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

BRING TO LIFE

Embrace loving light
breathe gentleness - revered awe
send a newborn-smile.

Welcome love-knowledge
unfold in the flower-eye;
fly - kiss with dawn-break

Spill joy then take flight
sparkle and tend bliss-caress;
birth across dark night

Rule the mind-time-space
grow past each imagined fate;
be love-true - paint sky

Whisper laughter-joys
uplift to always sing through
cradle silent peace

Feel inside-wonder
live each moment - understand;
center as kindness

Rise with sunlight-call
flow golden living heart-breaths;
refresh perspective

Give respectful care
beam soul-integrity bright;
release - bring to life

SKY-FIRE

Compose bliss-blessings
let's educate one and all
bring soul-breaths - love-peace

Glisten heart higher
journey with liberation;
ablaze color-trail

Lift all sparkling grace
shower starry-tears on face;
kiss-effervescence

Share love in heart-nest
open-flight of everything;
be free bird - soar high

Ride fire of sky
sing wonder - ignite spirit;
melt in the song - cry

Drip with molten-flow
weather heart on winds and know;
reach for love inside

Open tenderly
raise smile upon fragrant rose;
pray with lasting joy

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Invigorate soul
come within - quicken light-flash;
dance life-music - dash

Soothe within softness
sing gentle bliss - everything;
call in moment's now

Rise love-unity
enlighten heartbeats - send peace;
brighten the sky-fire

FRIENDSHIP GARDENS

Breathe love - heart and soul
abide true - past the senses;
live boundless bliss

Flow life's bubbling
caress nothing - everything;
hold on and let go

Blaze on cosmic-show
ride heart-whirls with starry-breaths;
over-pour - express

Climb long rocky perch
flow past clouds - kiss high mountains,
grow soul-singing fields

Burst each blossom fair
shower kindness everywhere;
raise friendship gardens

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Born in Turkey, hülya settled in the U.S. where she earned a Ph.D. in German studies at The University of Michigan. Presently a Penn State liberal arts faculty, yilmaz finds it vital to nurture her passion for creative writing. She authored *Trance, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish* – a platform that welcomed her fluency in literary translation, co-authored *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* (both by Inner Child Press, Ltd.), and contributed to several anthologies with her poems and prose. A licensed freelance writer, hülya has extensive experience as editorial consultant for book-length manuscripts. She currently works as one of the editors for Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Links:

www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com

www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com

education revisited in a trifold acrostic

Catering to no diversity to no differences

Under pressure to mass-bake cookie-cutter norms

Repeat after me

Repeat all together now

In sync everyone in sync

Choir-voices if you'd please

Under pressure to mass-bake cookie-cutter norms

Listen to me first then repeat after me

Under pressure to mass-bake cookie-cutter norms

Much pressure much too much

~ ~ ~

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

lesson one

Erase that thought

Synchronize ideas with your peers

Synchronize ideas with your peers

Over-the-top imaginations

never an ideal order make

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

huddle already just huddle

Over the land and the sky we must trek

merry strong good-willing and in harmony

eavesdropping at each corner to ease others' agony

We will soon unite dark clouds seemingly canyons apart

Out of their hide-and-seek trees they will gaily emerge

rolling with stoic roly-pollies on pebble-rich sands

kneading every breathing kind teaching precious lives

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

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>

Morning Workshop

I am so in love with morning
shadows cast on my patio.
The bold strut of pigeons
move with caution across the yard
to avoid my primal howl.

The musical hum of motorcars
a block away, serenade the peace
hanging out on the patio.
A cup of coffee sits with me
sharing a beat up table
wounded by who knows what.

The weeds rejoice over
last night's rain, know their time
is short before the pulling ritual begins.
I am happy just sitting
with the lessons of morning
flooding my brain space.

Words dance in my head
with no obvious destination.
Today is a writing day
and my pen storms the blank page.

Natural Craft

She releases a rain of tears on the universe.
Flowers drank deeply and vines climb upward
released from their earthly grip sport leafy greens.

The sun would not be outdone. He releases warm rays,
forces back the tears, buds on vines open their mouths
and a color burst takes over the meadow.

The rain and sun smile at a job well done.
The wind struts in, kisses every blossom
and they sway in celebration.

I dance in the meadow with the colors of nature,
a breeze rubs my face and
weights of the world lift from my shoulders.

Preservation

Step light and walk silent,
the night is filled with contempt
left by arrogant day walkers.

We must work hard tonight
to remove the stains
of their greed across the land.

They must not be allowed
to tarnish the earth
our children inherit.

The babies bleed from wombs,
need a place here and now,
a chance to grow and thrive.

We must embrace our stewardship,
educate the next generation
on the humanity in saving the planet.

Demetrios
Trifiat's

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Demetrios Triafitis was born in Greece, studied philosophy in Canada. Post-graduate studies, Université de Montréal. 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.

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

EDUCATION

Wonder ignites mind

Man's awareness bears reason

Education starts

THE PATH TO EDUCATION

The one who,

Much time wastes wandering

Through

The dark alleys of speculation,

The path to education

Is bound to miss!

THE DIVIDEND

His sound investment in education,
having matured,
paid him a dividend :
Knowledge!

Alan

W.

Lankowski

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Alan W. Jankowski is the award winning author of well over one hundred short stories, plays and poems. His stories have been published online, and in various journals including Oysters & Chocolate, Muscadine Lines: A Southern Journal, eFiction Magazine, Zouch, The Rusty Nail, and a few others he can't remember at the moment. His poetry has more recently become popular, and his 9-11 Tribute poem was used extensively in ceremonies starting with the tenth anniversary of this tragic event...

http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx

He currently has one book out on Inner Child Press titled "I Often Wonder: a collection of poetry and prose." It is available directly from Inner Child at this link...

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>

When he is not writing, which is not often, his hobbies include music and camera collecting. He currently resides in New Jersey. He always appreciates feedback of any kind on his work, and can be reached by e-mail at: Exakta66@gmail.com

The Teacher

I want to teach my dog,
Some tricks that are new,
Like sit, fetch and heel,
As a dog's expected to do.

But after many hours,
Things are not going good,
For despite all my efforts,
She won't do as she should.

She can't fetch to save her life,
And it's just a little ball,
But instead of carrying it back,
She'll just let it slip and fall.

My nerves are starting to fray,
It seems that I'll never win,
Far from concerned with her failures,
She'll just stand there and grin.

I'll take her out for a walk,
Hoping by my side she'll stay,
But she'd rather sniff the flowers,
That grow along the way.

And if I try to get her to sit,
And stay until I call,
Now she wants to play,
And go and fetch her ball.

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

As if having fun is more important,
Than doing what you should do,
Sometimes I have to wonder,
Who should be teaching who?

No Help At All

I sit at my computer desk trying to think,
I pick up my coffee and start to drink,
I've been up all day and into the night,
Wracking my brain for something to write.

Just sitting around all day at home,
Hoping to write the next great tome,
But my progress has been terribly slow,
The words simply don't want to flow.

I realize to reap the glory and wealth,
My novel is not going to write itself,
It's my own project, I understand,
Though I wouldn't mind a helping hand.

I look at my dog and she starts to stare,
If she has any ideas, I wish she'd share,
I'd gladly give her any credit due,
Even buy her a bone or two.

But she looks at me with nothing to say,
It's clear that she just wants to play,
She goes to the corner and fetches her ball,
I can see that she is just no help at all.

Childhood Lost

What is the price of a childhood lost?
And who is the one to pay the cost?
For the child who's often left alone,
And forced to grow up on their own,
Left at home without a reason why,
While mommy goes out to get high,
For the child who lives in constant fear,
Who wants for love, but none is near,
And left to cry throughout the night,
With no one near to hold her tight,
No sheltering arms to wrap around,
Or childhood comforts to be found,
When compassion is a forgotten word,
And loving thoughts are never heard,
When hopes and dreams have all been tossed,
What is the price of a childhood lost?

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, a native of Anda, Pangasinan, known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, public speaker, linguist, educator, peace and women's advocate.

She was chosen as World Poetry International Director to Philippines by the World Poetry Canada and International. She is also a featured member of Universal Peace Federation, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and World Poetry Canada and International.

She won several International Prizes including "Writers International Network Society-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the *sair-gazeteci* or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

Her prominent poetry have been published in various international anthologies: *For Love of Leelah* (USA), *WOMEN IN WAR* (Africa), *Muse for World Peace Anthology* (Nigeria), *Greek Fire Anthology* (UK), *IMMAGINE & POESIA e-book* (Torino, Italy) *World Poetry Yearbook 2013 and 2014* (IPTRC-China), *Fascinating Panoptic Septon* (Singapore), *Gumbo For the Soul* (USA), *Peace Poems* (USA and Canada) *I Am A Woman*, a tribute to Kamala Das (India), *Women of The World* (Canada), *Just For You My Love Anthology* (India), *The Art of Being Human* Vol. 15: *WHO AM I*, Vol.14: *Insomnia*, Vol.13: *Lucky 13* (Switzerland, Canada and Romania), *Siir Antolojisi* (Turkey), *Who Shall I Make My Wife* (Lagos, Nigeria) and more.

you're the color in the blindness of light

i have rehearsed reading
through the spectrum
wrapping the circle of fire
i can feel your deep breaths
pushing upon the depths
of my bare skin

each jiffy reminds me
the spotlight before my very eyes
the enigmatic touch of your smiles
each drop of endless droplets
of unchanged royal sun
igniting the love of my life

i have stolen the wavelengths
rushing, flashing , blinding me
bedazzled with the unfading distant stars
from the remnants of dark mist
that we both kissed
until forever unveiling the mirrors of the day
the rebirth of our yesterday

recuerdo mi amor

i remember you
every time i open my window
as i hum your untitled song
the first refreshing shower in the morning
you're in the granules i sieve and taste
the shimmering mauve on my pouting lips
the embroidered graphics on my daily kits
the buckles that keep me safe
the untold scent that i really miss
the last bite i polish from my plate
you're just near me
where you are meant to be

i wasn't gone
for you're in my heart i always take
your smile, your tap, your giggles
are my simple happiness
you are sealed
in my shadows
i am life
when you are with me
i am your unborn dream
never lost
to be with you.

NICHE OF LOVE

we go forth from south to north
seeking different shapes from east to west
delineating the rudiments of life
anguish have probed
excrement of our rhymes
the sole inspiration and unfathomable gifts
our badges to search the freeman's niche
living for the truth and love in our hearts
be the truest defending lance and samurai
that is the world friendship we can't deny.

deja vu of friendship blazes and oozes
a rogue can't dictate and ruin the mazes
where all goodwill and serenity breached
freedom of expression is here to prove
even a moribund is now alive
molding its humane move
illuminates the labyrinth of dark mist
those faltered, bewildered and blindfolded.

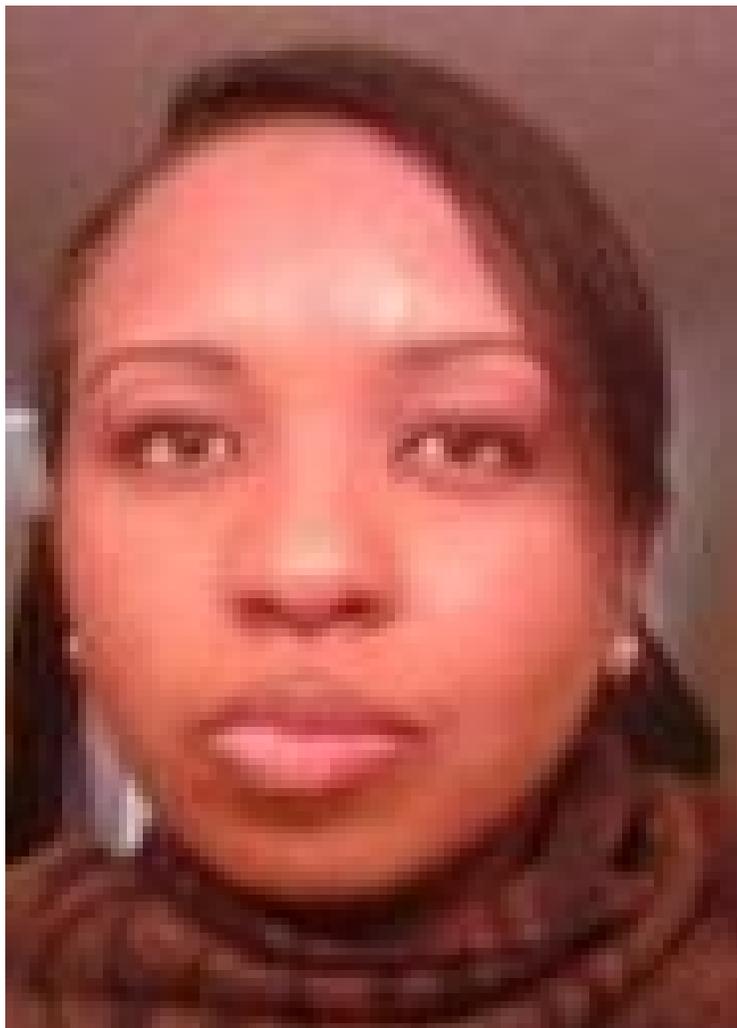
the Armageddon will play harmony
standing still amidst the armament
years and more years to celebrate life
where all the tiniest and huge be one
the epitome of love and life
be existing all throughout the universe
the open book of mankind.

Alicia

G.

Cooper

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

In late 2013, her first poetry chapbook was published with Inner Child Press. A second book, a full length poetry collection also with Inner Child Press, is in the works and is expected to be published in coming year of 2017

You can connect with Alicia on FaceBook

<https://www.facebook.com/alicia.cooper>

Her Book is available here :

www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php

I Am The Stranger

I am the stranger
in my house
This wretched
run-down shack

This hovel with pests
and peeling paint
and dirt floors
from front to back

Shards of glass
from long broken windows
Litter the furniture
and floors

But I never bother
to sweep them up
Cause it's not my house
anymore

Dried blood stains
the ceiling and corners
There's no love or light
in this place

The cold and dark
have befriended me now
In the thick is where
I feel most safe

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

So I spend my nights
in this tomb of a closet
While this house crumbles
brick by brick

Chased into hiding
By a rogue of a man
Who stole my soul
And then buried it

This hair that brushes
My bony shoulders
It's not my hair anymore

These swollen lips and eyes
And thighs
They are not mine anymore

These once voluptuous
breasts and hips
And legs which once
Walked with no limp

They haven't been mine
For a very long time

They now belong to him.

And I suppose that
I should fault myself
For gifting him
the deed and the keys

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

When he had long showed
That I was not his concern
That like my house
He held no favor for me

But I guess in life you live and learn
If you don't perish before you do
I never learned how to save myself
Now I wait for death's rescue

Sadly,

I am a stranger in my own house
And my welcome is rather worn
I hope death frees me swiftly and softly
Before this house is finally leveled by his storm

Sinner Hands

Grandma called them sinner hands
She didn't want them to lay evil on good

So she scolded our own mother for giving us hugs
For fear that her sins would blister our skin

Mama admitted that her hands were unclean
But no more than those of anyone else

But whenever Grandma came around
She kept her sinner hands to herself

She used those hands to rub the backs
Of the men she kept around

And to steer the wheel of the blue Oldsmobile
That she stole from the other side of town.

Those sinner hands held joints and Olde English
Snapped in rhythm to sinner drums

They grabbed the slinkiest clothes from her closet
Then they slipped them over her arms

And later when dope was as scarce as love
They accepted payment from her johns

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Then she used those same hands to hide her face
and mask how shame filled she was

But, Mama was ambidextrous
Those hands had other skills

Her love for us made her clean
it was the potion that cured our ills

She wiped tears with her sinner hands
Cooked breakfast with them, too!

Scatched my scalp and greased it with oils
Colored my fingers and toes with deep rose

And every night she joined them together
To pray for the health of the world

And she prayed for her family and friends and strangers
And those too righteous to pray for her

With sinner hands she bandaged knees
And sewed patches on holey jeans

And dispensed various ointments and elixirs
To chase the aches from my brothers and me

She used those hands to pick an adequate switch
To teach us how to behave with some sense

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

And to pour too sweet Kool-Aid into Styrofoam cups
To help pay for my Cabbage Patch Kid

In her hands, she's held past, present, and future
In those hands she's held pleasure and pain

With sinner hands she's touched that silver cord
And then returned to touch hearts again

My mother is proof that there's redemption in those hands
In sinner hands there is life

Ever grateful that her sinner hands
Spent my whole life holding mine

And We Had To Fight

His face was flushed and slick with sweat
Though the autumn air was crisp
Coarse whiskers stabbed the skin of my hands
As my fingers wrenched the flesh above his lips

They thought that we were meek and would quietly slink
That their presence would do us in
But we were young, spry and fit for hard battle
And naiveté ensured that we could win

Long peeved with praying and singing for freedom
Tired of marching and silent sit-ins
Fed up with drying frustrated tears
From the eyes of disenfranchised men

Bothered by teachings from tattered text books
While our white counterparts enjoyed new
Mad that our mothers scrubbed floors for the lilies
While our fathers bowed before them shining shoes

So, armed with anger and the sword of resistance
We walked the cold streets of downtown
To assert that we too deserved to move as freely
As the young girls whose skin was not brown

So, when they approached with disdain in their eyes
Brandishing those shiny night sticks
Imposing on our space with smirks on their faces
Threats spilling from their pallid, cracked lips

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

I could count each heart beat as they throbbed with fever
Each slight breath was numbered as well
And I made a choice that I would never regret
As their batons promptly rose and then fell

One hand seized the stick of one and gripped tightly
While the other clawed the meat of his face
And memories of past powerlessness ceased
As I held fast to what he aimed to take

And my periphery showed that I wasn't alone
As the others had also joined in
We were punching and kicking and screaming with passion
As if possessed by the spirits of wild men

But in 1965 we were just colored girls
The consequences would be swift and sound
We fought the law and the law had won
But pride swelled as we had not backed down

We were placed in dark cells for many days
But all was certainly not lost
Cause bigot blood had too stained those grounds for once
And to us that outweighed any cost

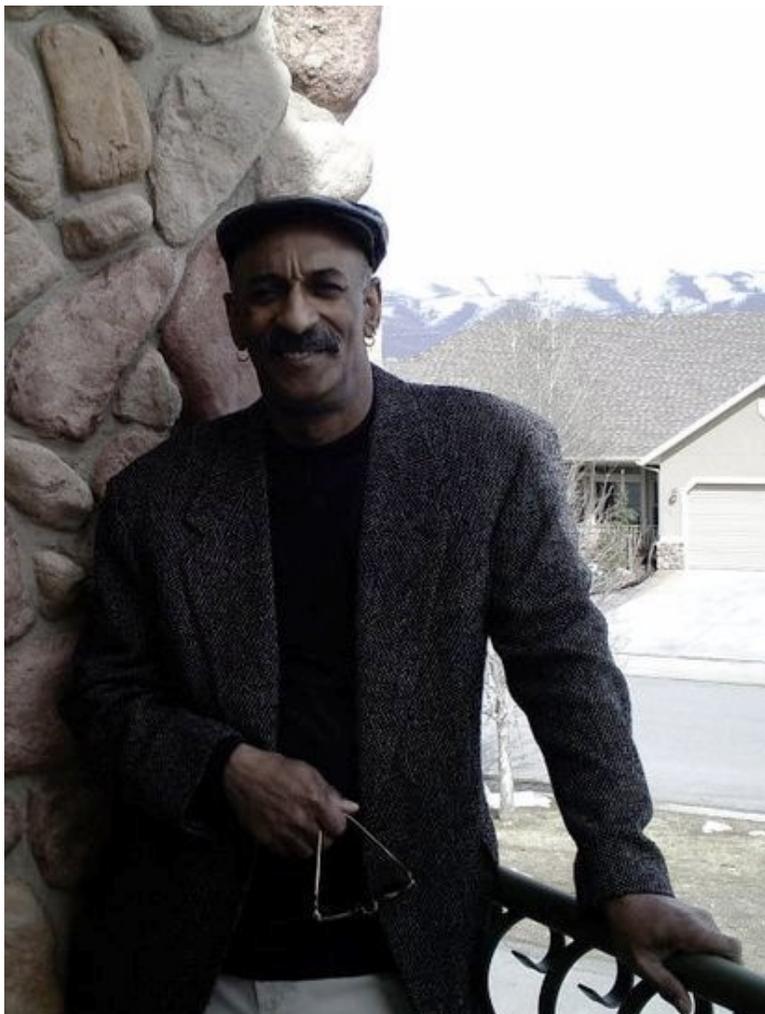
The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 35 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

teach me of love

in this realm
where questions have no validity
for the answers never seem to come
i voice the same concerns
as that of my ancestors
“what of my children?”

in this realm of survival
where delusions are created
just to make it through

in this alternative reality
absent of soulful solace
where the blood of the people
and their trusts
are a commodity traded
from market to market
to further the greed
of that privileged few

i call them the “Families of Famine”
because for countless millennia
these same families
have fed lack
to the people about them
for they think
the world is
all about them

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

the reign of their bestiality
must soon come to an end
and let their breasts be cleaved
with the sword of truth
that all may see
they have no souls

and when our eyes are fully opened
i pray we go on to walk this path
where we come to the realization
that we have been duped into self hatred
and thus learned to hate
all that was like us
and that which was different as well

and this is the story we must tell
our children
truth
we fell asleep
and we called that blind journey
trust and faith
and as we learned
to take that same weapon
of impotence
within to our alchemic source
we beat our plowshares into swords
and the words of power
arose from our memories
our tablets of expression
and our thought
became action
and we dashed that faction
to fraction miniscule
that it could never be again

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

teach that in our schools
 please
teach me of our abilities
not the civilities of old
teach me of true power
 true strength
 true self worth
teach me of love

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 III ~ September 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

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

Today i Teach
Tomorrow i Learn

if one knows nothing
then what is there to teach
but emptiness

when one achieves
the State of Emptiness
and non Knowing
One can be filled with the “Is”-ness
of all things

Today i Teach
Tomorrow i Learn

The Student, The Teacher and The “inner child”

It is said . . . “that when the Student is ready, the Teacher will appear”. I have heard this many times and many times i have reflected upon these insightful words. In my personal reflections, i have also found the inverse to be true as well. When the Teacher is ready, the Student will appear. I do believe that the relationship between Student and Teacher to be truly “symbiotic” . . . interdependent. Both parties must be ready to do their part that the optimum effect is achieved in the sharing of information. They each confirm each other.

When i contemplate the “be”ing-ness of my ‘inner child’, i find that many times this entity is my Teacher and my Student as well. The oddity is that i feel this inner being, i will simply call “me” to be at times “Divided” or at “Odds” . . . and at other times working so close in unison that there is no separation. I know that when i write, that my ‘inner child’ is at it’s peak of spirit. There is a indescribable flow that pours forth from within without glitch nor hitch. In truth, i do not know whether i am writing for the potential Readers or my “Self” . . . “ME”. I do know that all that i share is as meaningful to my path and understanding as i would hope it may be for others. Perhaps that is what the “Christ” spoke about in the Gospel of Thomas when He said we must bring that which is within without or we would surely die. I do know when i put off listening to my ‘inner child’ speak, i don’t feel so well with “me”. Conversely, when i let it flow out, i am on top of the world . . . Spiritually, Mentally and Physically as well. It is at

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

those “Magical Times” that i feel so connected to the “All” of All Things. Thus, in that simple dynamic, i find that within me resides The Student, The Teacher, and The ‘inner child’.

in One Nest . . . Oneness. All we have to do is Listen

Blessings to you all

bill

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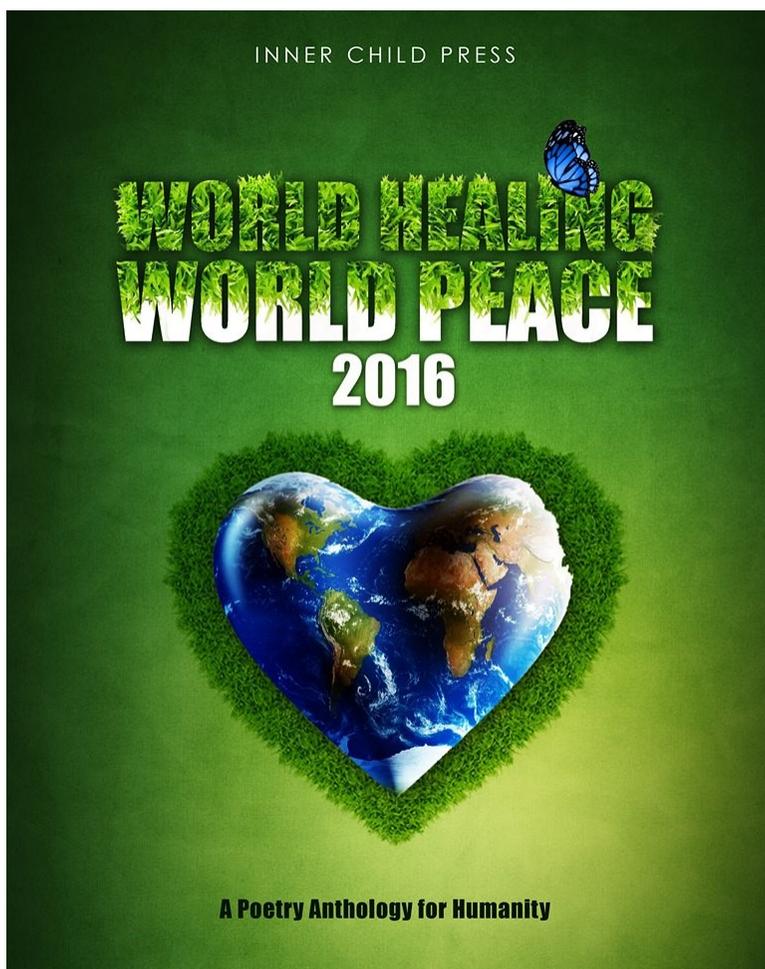
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September
2016
Features

~ * ~

Simone Weber

Abhijit Sen

Eunice Barbara C. Novio

The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016

Simone

Weber

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016



Biography:

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016

Simone Weber is living in Germany. Already in her school time she wrote the first short stories. While growing up, she derides it as a cakewalk. Years went by and more and more stories float around in her head. Ultimately the ambition was born. Meanwhile, she is married and has two children.

As freelance writer Simone Weber is working on other manuscripts and short stories.

Child

Dedicated to Nick G. C.

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016

Long time ago a child was born.
From that day on it was forlorn.
Its life was a hard fight.
Doesn't matter if day or night.
Hard days - pure grind.
Also at night - no rest to find.
The parents should be filled with love in their hearts.
But no support for this child in any parts.
Let the hope never shall fade away.
Even this child will find its day!

Gone

Dedicated to J. A. H.

Forever in my heart.

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My heart is sadly missing.
Missing your love.
Your love has been endless, never bad.
Bad to know you're in heaven now.
Now I'm sad, lots of crying.
Crying for the loss.
The loss of you is strong, but I'm not alone.
Not alone, your children stick together.
Together, you're still our dad.
Dad, we all love you though.
Though you are gone.

Life's not fair

When you're fighting day by day,
for everything and in every way,
make things do that as one chooses,

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016

and you do exactly know this,
what can go wrong in life will do,
just to torment you!
Life always put a spoke in my wheel,
so many times, this sadness I feel,
for all that, where do I go from here?
For all that, I have to handle my fear!
Many times I hate my life, but I will go on,
otherwise the unfair life had won!

Abhijit

Sen

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016

Abhijit Sen, an aspiring theoretical physicist finds time to come out of his world of physics to write poems for himself. The idea of poetic come to his thoughts from the writings of Shakespeare and the songs of Iron maiden and Agalloch. In his poems, he explores different states of minds and emotions; each state having its own charm and strangeness. These different states of mind that Sen experiences provides him good deal of refreshment which he wants to share it with the world, where self-exploration of the reader's mind also remains an idea behind his writing.

He can be contacted at abhijit913@gmail.com

THE KILLER

It was a dark winter
I saw him, the killer
Haunting the innocent and weak
Reasons for such terror, I wanted to seek
When the sun hides in horror
My heart fills with terror
To see him walk down
In search of a victim in town
Each night I witnessed murder
The victim's shouts goes louder
All I did was pray to God
Have mercy on their soul o Lord
It was a cold winter
A dark thought in me did enter
Time to end this slaughter
Frozen winds of land did utter
I am the new divine killer.

THE SAD MAN

A strong aversion to grim places of my heart

Fatuous dreams of love and hate

Lassitude grips me with its fusty hands

The bleakness of my situation

A game of my austere and dubious mind

Cacophony of deriding thoughts

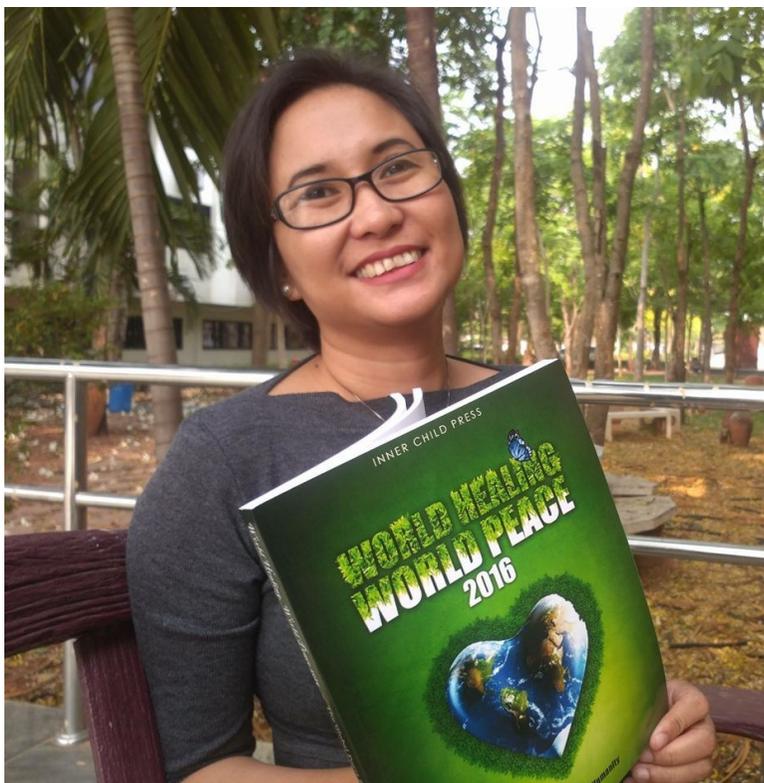
Only an end can alleviate my pain.....

BETRAYAL

Alone she left my heart
with wounds, with tears , with memories
Death threatens me now
Past that kills me every moment
In the edge of the world I stand
Dark shadows making their call to me
A final jump into the depth of oceans
Divine water pours into me
To cleanse my body , my soul
An endless walk to the horizon
Eyes searching my love
A rotten body, soul scared with her
memories
Death makes his final betrayal
Peace was supposed to descend upon me
But an eternal wait that now remains
Echoes of my voice telling me the hidden
truth
God's bell now tolls
A new life, a new love awaits

Lunice
Barbara
G.
Novio

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016

Eunice Barbara C. Novio is a Filipino residing in Thailand. She is a free-lance journalist and a poet. She is an English Lecturer at Vongchavalitkul University in Nakhon Ratchasima Thailand. She is a US Correspondent of the Global Nation of Inquirer.net. . She just published her first collection of poetry entitled Maps of Dreams and Memories which is now available at Amazon and Lulu.com. Prior to that, her poems are also included in anthologies. Ms. Novio is also a woman's advocate and her researches are published internationally. She lives with her husband, Josemari Cordova, Kairos and Karina in Thailand with their five cats. Her eldest child Karl Malcolm is in the Philippines finishing his university education

Eden

I wrote your name on a stone today
the only name I can remember
because of its promise
of a garden; where we could reap
the fruits of our labors without
fear; without doubts.

The golden grains sway
in the wind, waiting for
the scythes to cut the stalks
and finally the pearly white grains
on our plates.

But life ended abruptly in April
when the land was thirsty
and your blood nourished it.

But the seeds you planted in our hearts
watered by crimson liquid
were beginning to sprout.

It's been decade since you were gone
and the sprouts have grown,
sturdy, strong, can survive all storms.

We owe you and the others before you
our freedom, our strength to continue
the struggle to gain back the garden
that was once the Eden.

Father, this is how I Remember You

The cigarette smoke lingers
For a while, and vanishes
Into thin air without a trace.
Yet, I still feel your callous hand
That once held me tight
In another lifetime,
In another dimension.
We couldn't hold on
For long,
Because you left too soon
One rainy season
Many lifetimes ago
As the sky broke
And cried.
You are only a memory
Of a little girl in me,
A face you once knew
Even in the crowd,
In chaos, in another world.
I remember you today
When the fire trees start
To turn green, welcoming
The rains of June.
I hear your voice
In my world
Where I'm no longer
A little girl looking
For someone to pick
Me as I stumble on

The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016

The rough ground.
I can now stand firmly
On my ground,
I thank you for
Giving me strength
To leave and to come back
To wherever I am.

Celebration of the Moon

The cool mountain breeze
Soothes my tired soul
The night blanketed in stars
And the moon shining bright
Bathe me in light
Giving me strength
Like those hundreds of Years
When my ancestors
Asked for power
And peace.
As the cold embraces me
The trees dance
In happiness
For once
I am in their bosom
Once again,
The prodigal daughter,
The unwilling *babaylan*.
Then *tala* shines
And showers me with
Soft light until I surrender
My all, my heart, my soul and mind.
The *babaylan* in me has taken over.
I whisper to the trees and they nod
While the moon light shines bright
Gives wisdom to those worshipping
her tonight.

Tala – star or Venus

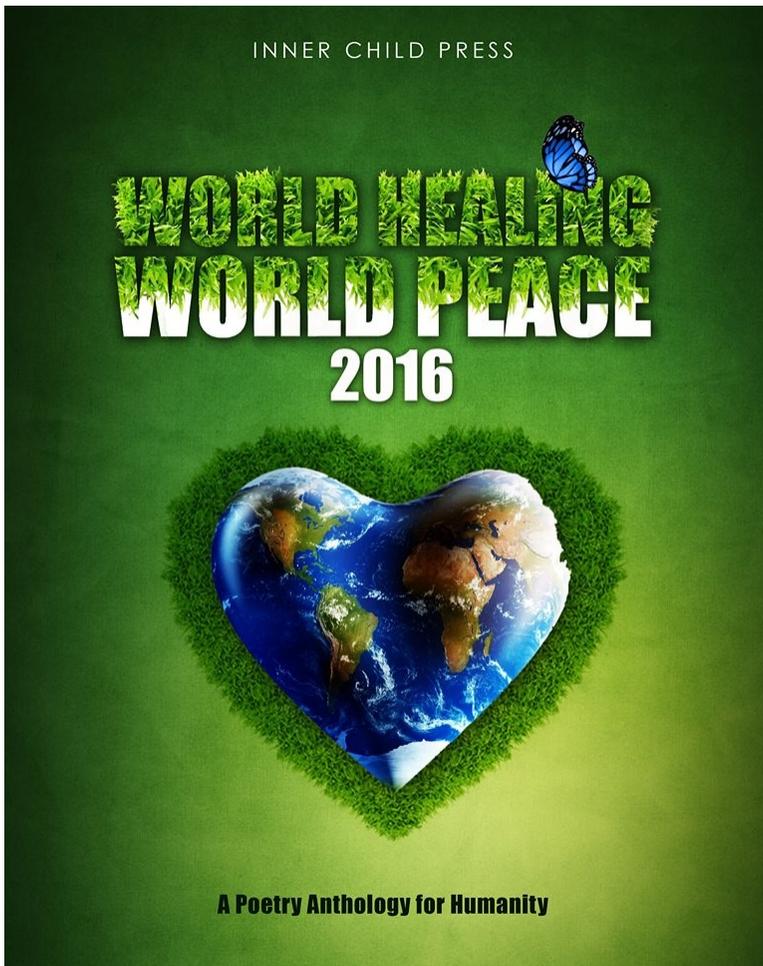
Babaylan- a priestess in pre-Hispanic Philippines

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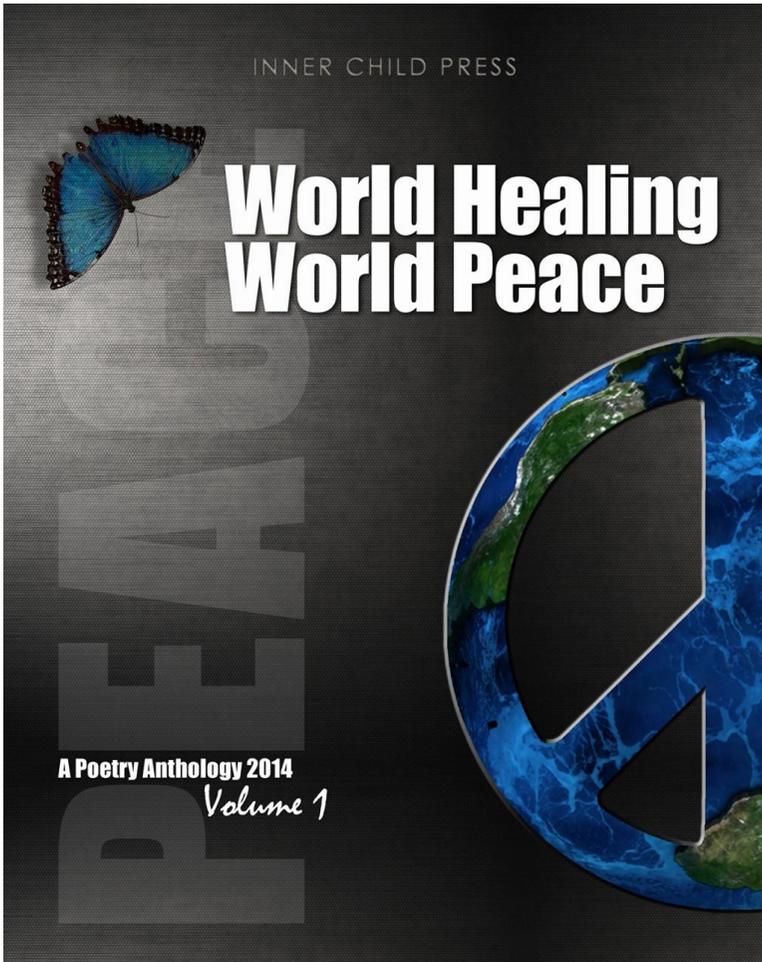
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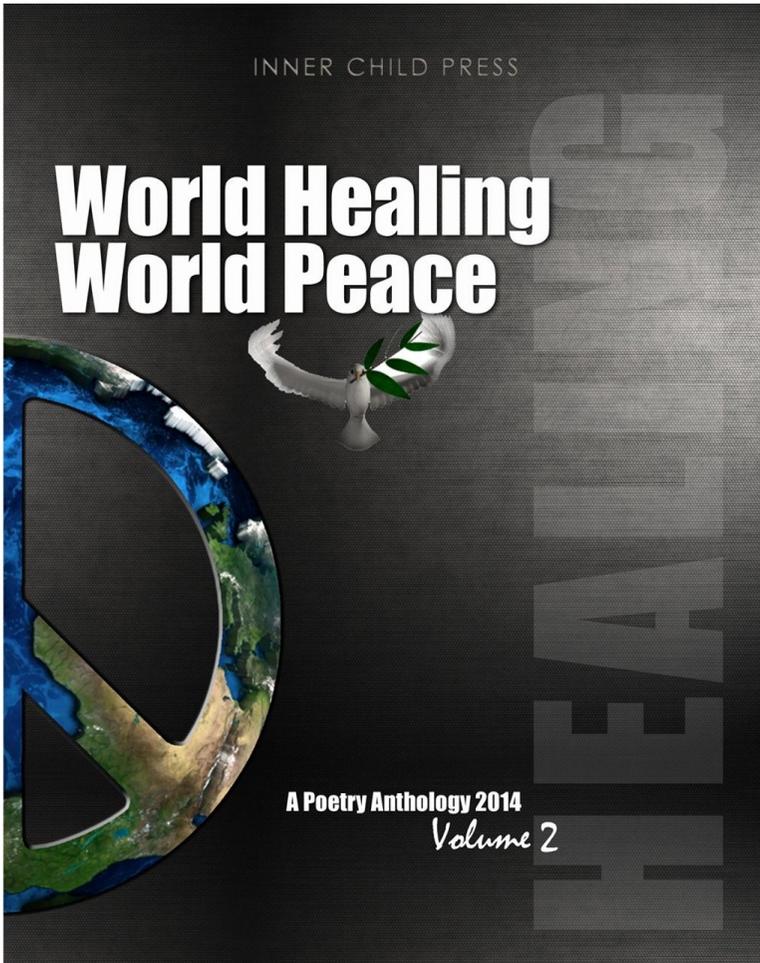
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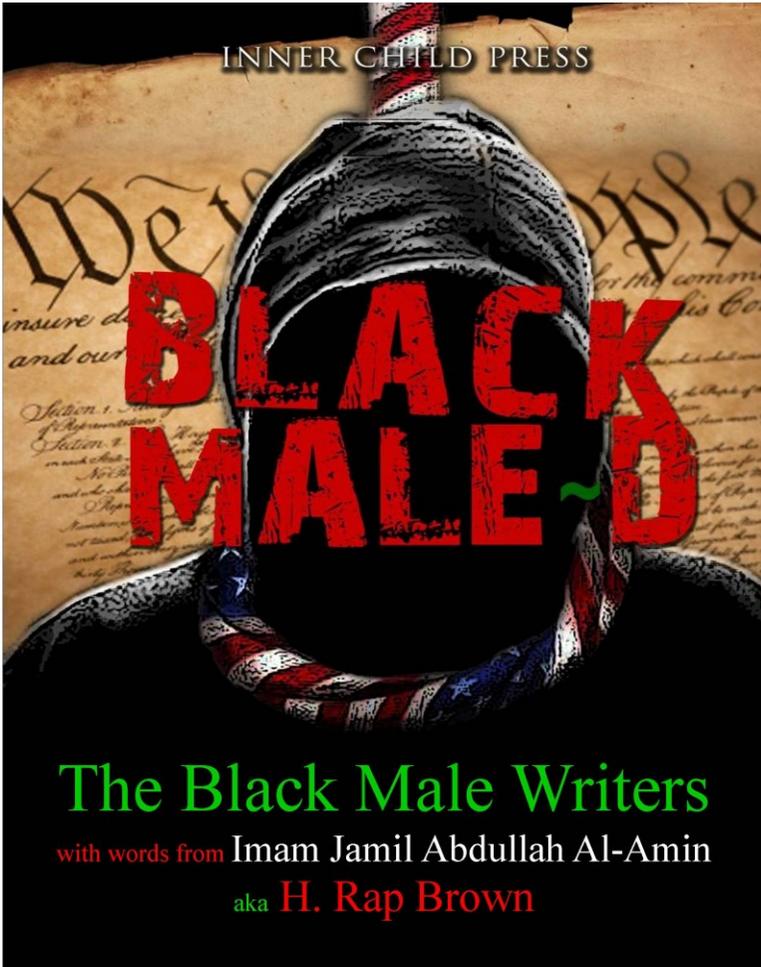
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The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer * Jen Wells
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Anna Jakubczak Val Ratty Adalan * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Langley Shazor
Jody Doty
Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfredo Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Allen Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel. Ratty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Dilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sartaawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel BettyAdolan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbo! * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adolan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalaszc

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatus * Alan W. Jankoaski

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

celebrating international poetry month

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

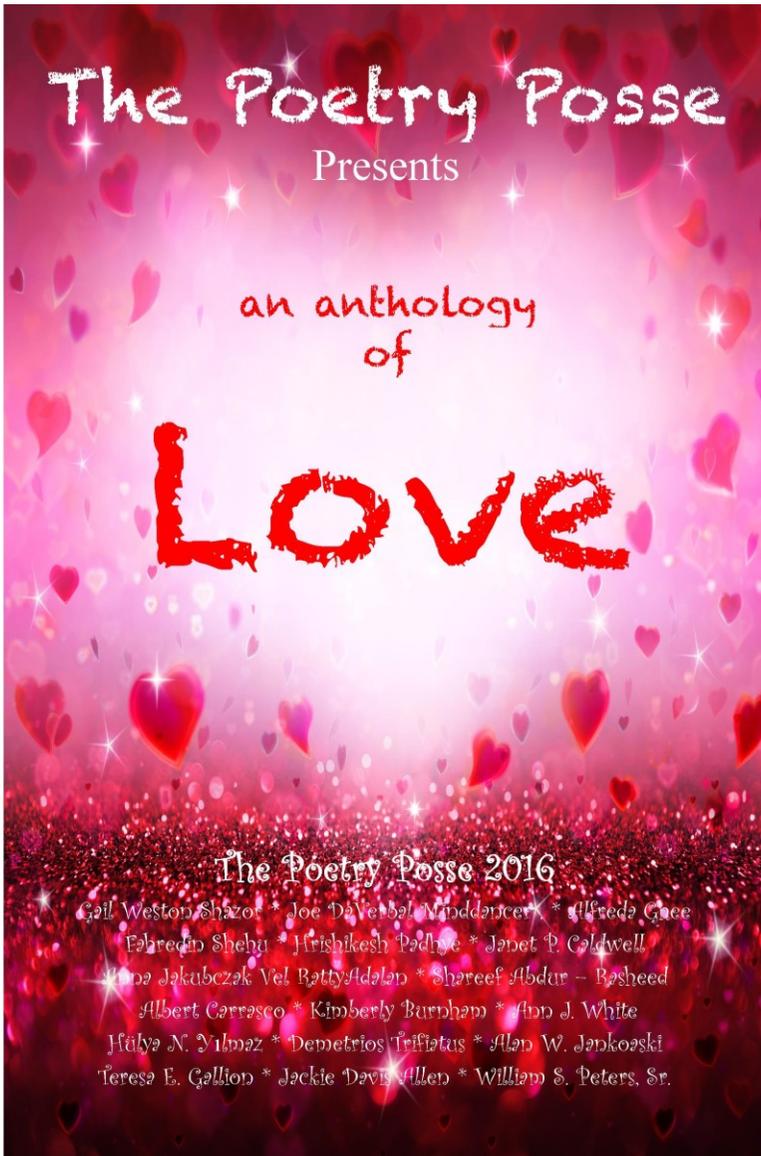
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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Ehredin Shehu * Jirishikesh Pachye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Mülye N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology
of

Love

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeboi Mendenhall * Alfredo Gaez
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adair * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Jfalya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

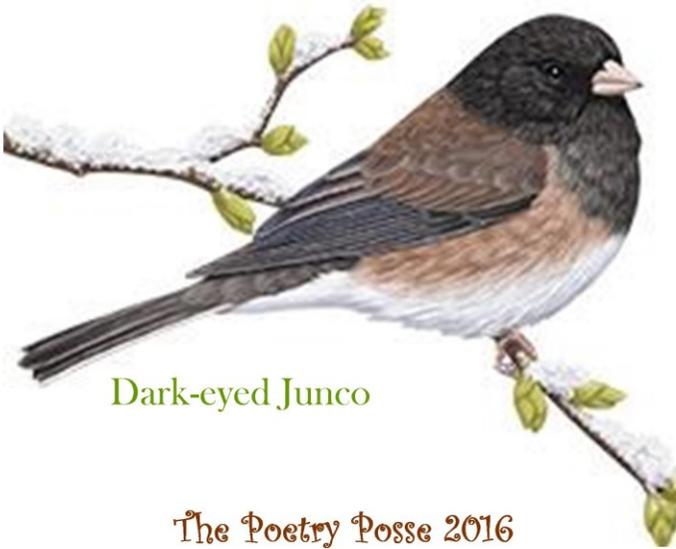
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adams * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Dilmaç * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalen * Ann J. White
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burpham * Keith Alan Hamilton
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

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

November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

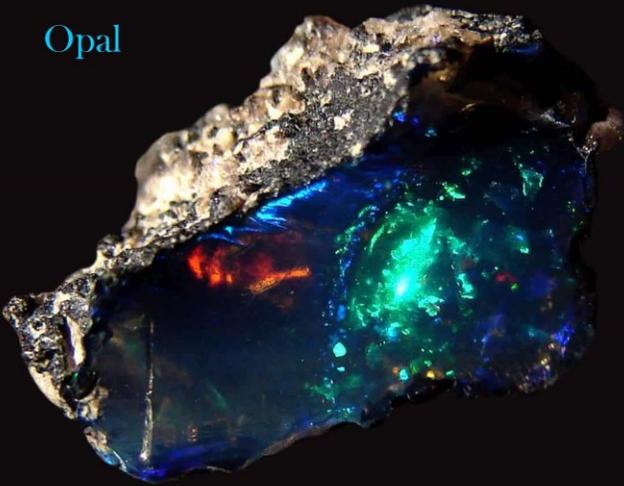
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



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

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 Shelu * 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 Chalas

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
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

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 Shelu * 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 Bhatta 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
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Hemminger
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

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 III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe Dawson-Mintzinger
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 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.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

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 DaVerbal 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 Passe

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'infinite' Carrasco
Siddantha 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
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Berefield
Debbie M. Allen
Toby 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

Jemie 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

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hũlya yılmaz

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 Heninger
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

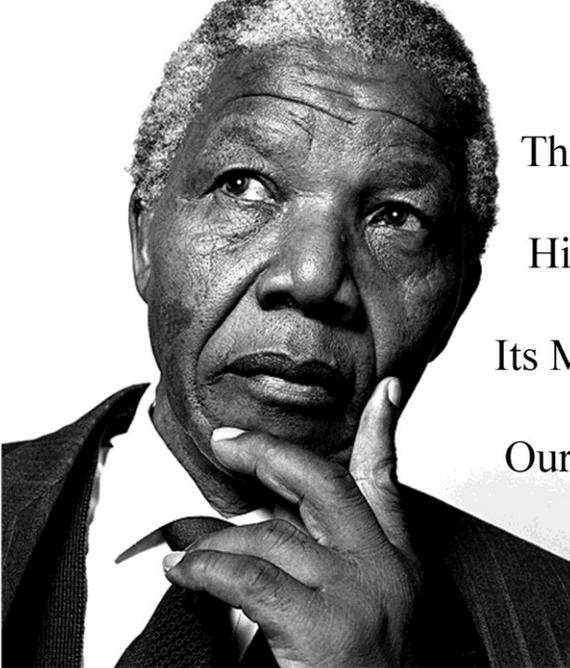
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

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A GATHERING OF WORDS



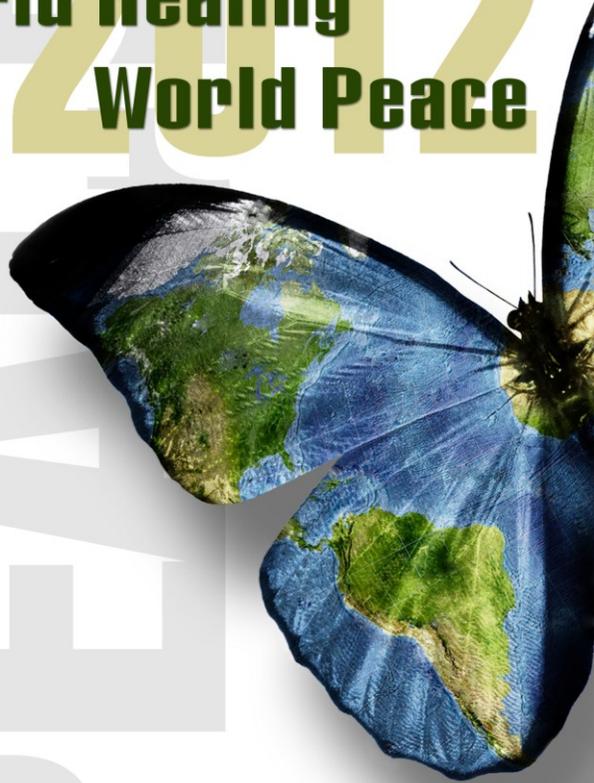
POETRY & COMMENTARY

FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

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World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

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World Peace



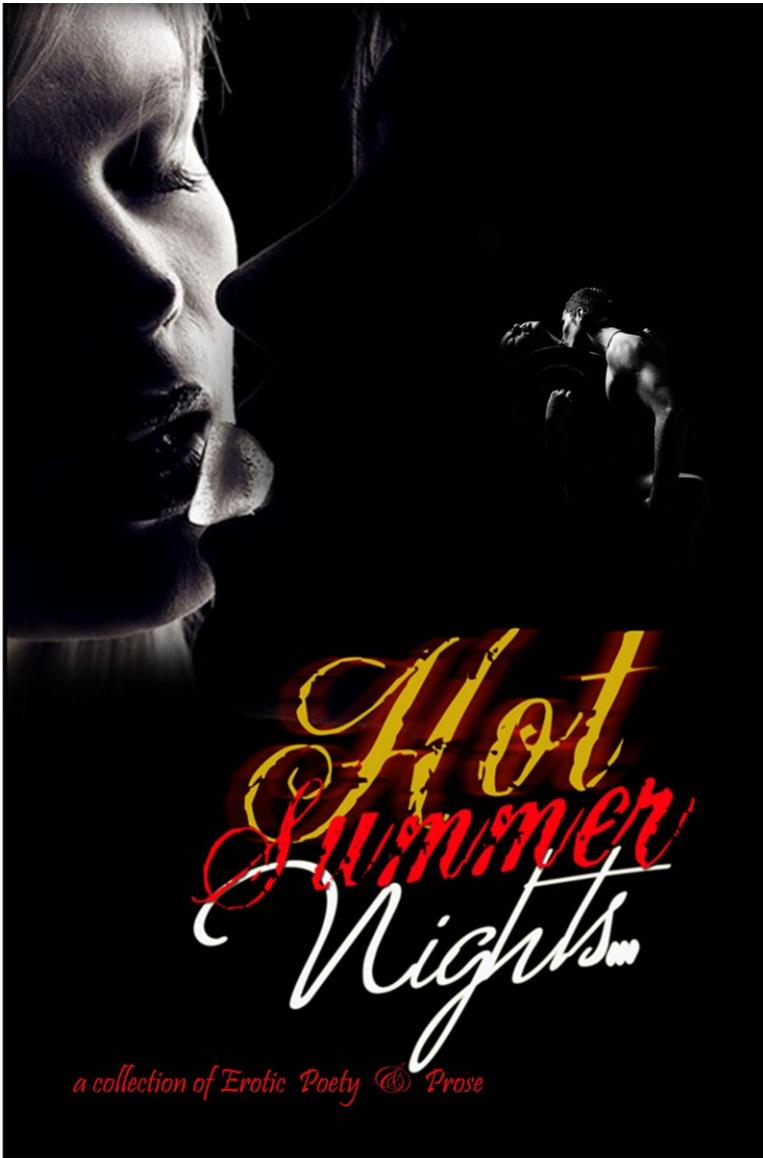
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Volume 2

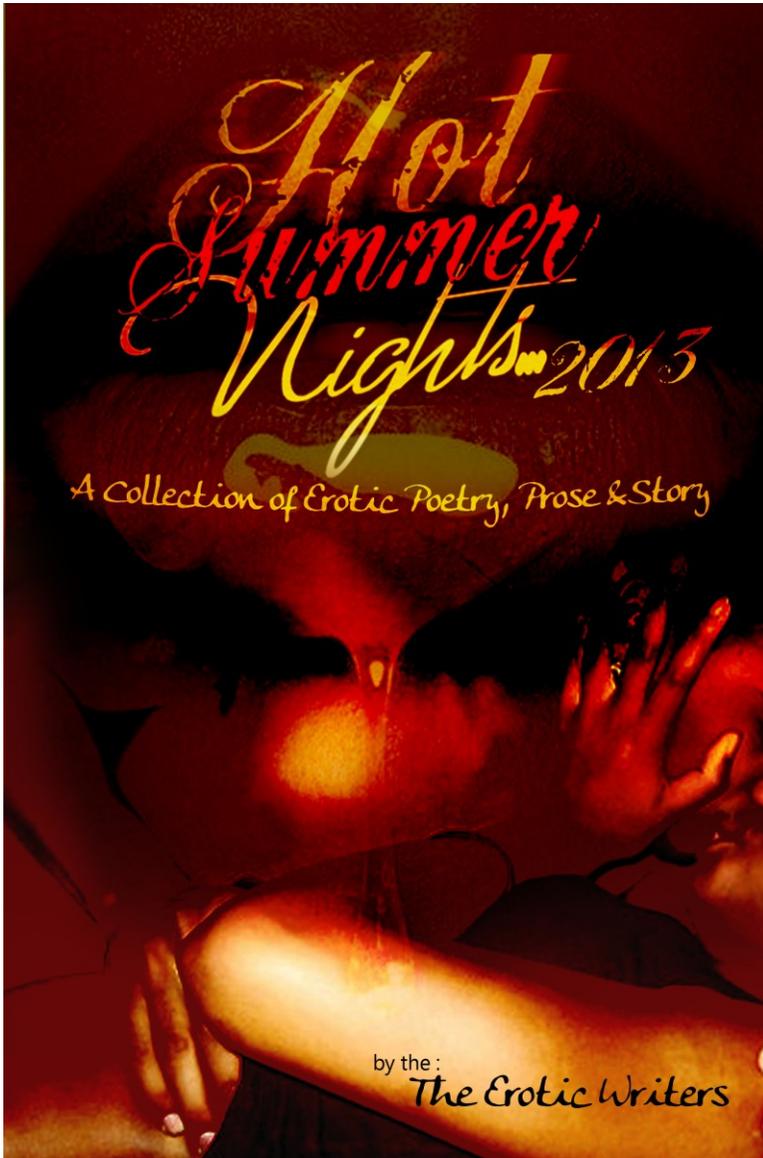
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healing through words



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



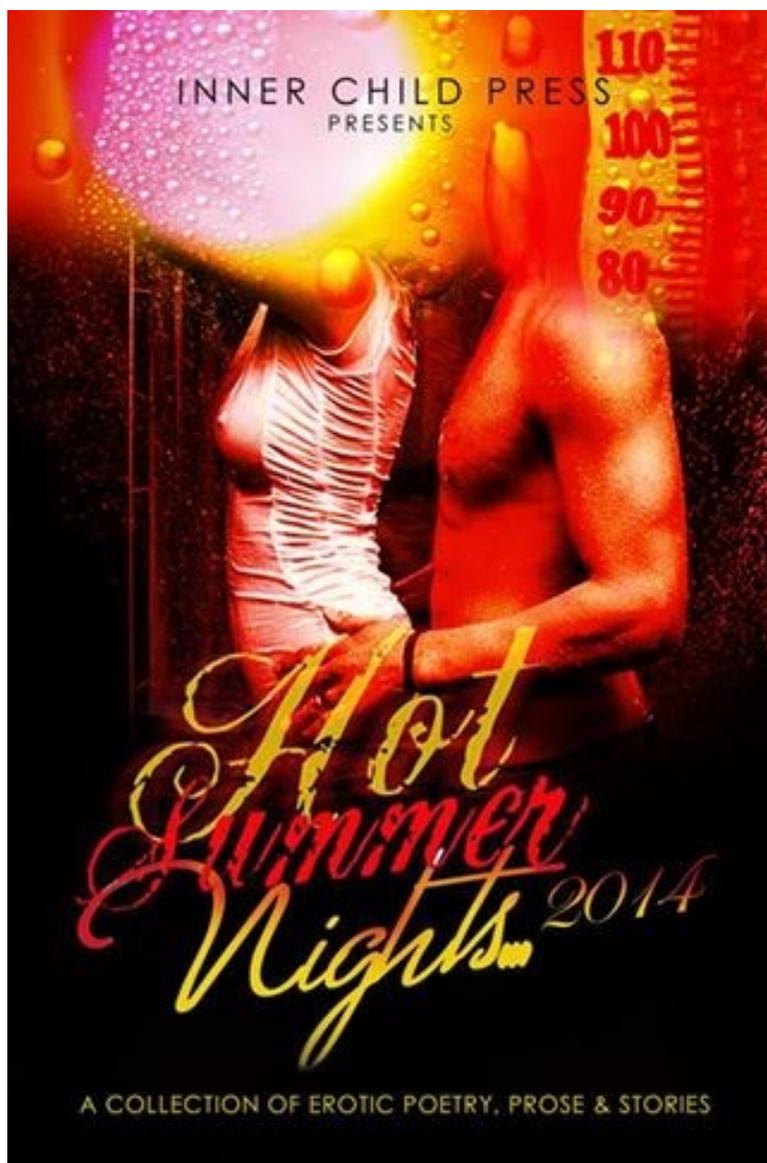


*Hot
Summer
Nights 2013*

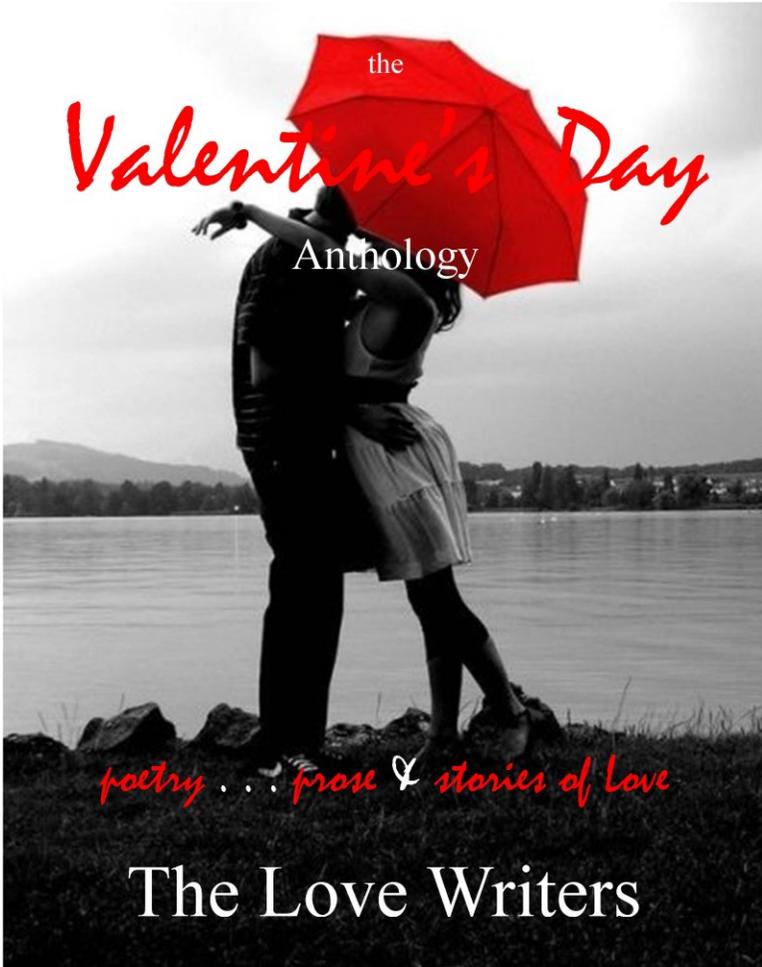
A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story

by the:
The Erotic Writers

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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

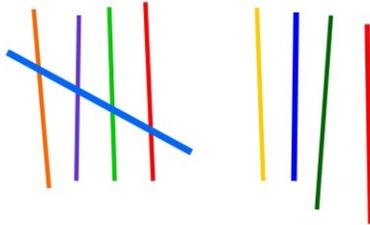


want my

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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a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
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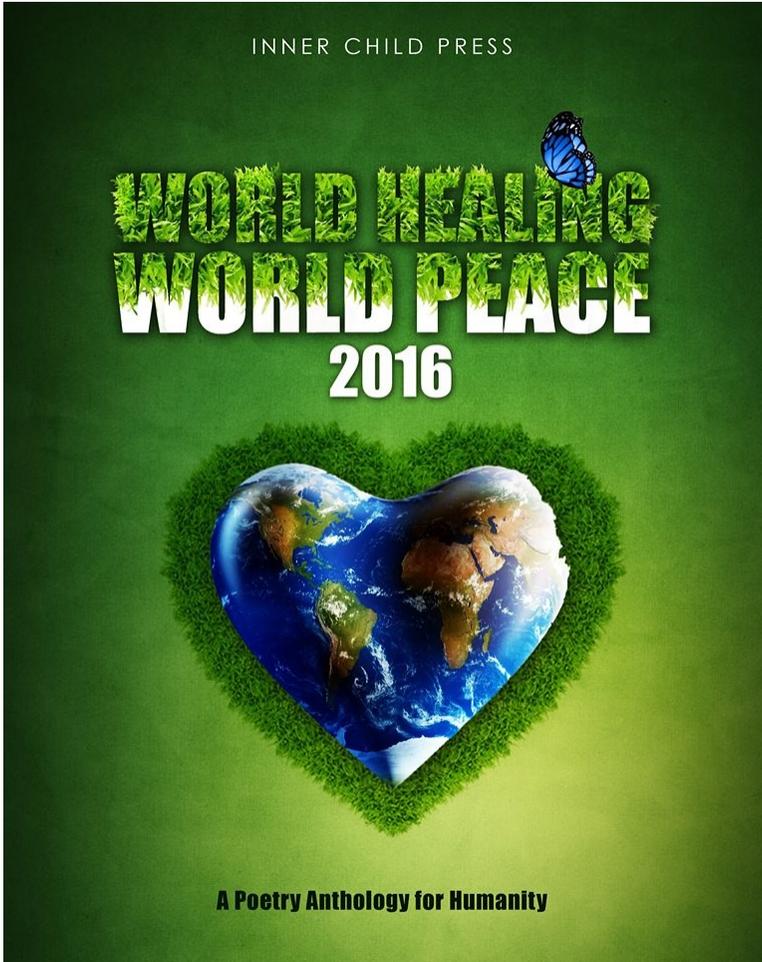
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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



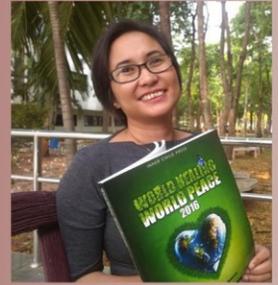
September 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Simone
Weber



Abhijit
Sen



Eunice
Barbara C.
Novio



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