

The Year of the Poet IV

September 2017

Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberry

Ameer Nassir

Christine Fulco Neal

Robert Neal



The Elm Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pose 2017

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General Information
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September 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell



Alan W. Jankowski

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

Foreword

Nurturing the heart, mind and soul: Empowering the Humanity

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz enunciated, ‘Make me a master of education, and I will undertake to change the world.’”

True enough, education is indispensable part of our lives. We need to gain knowledge, to learn and to further our studies efficiently and effectively.

We are indebted to our parents who sent us to school to learn. Luckily, we had the opportunities to tread the floors of quality education. Thank you to our dedicated teachers who gave so much time to teach us. We felt honor-bound with these sense of achievement and self-fulfillment. But, let us redefine the true success or identities from these achievements, let us teach our children to face setbacks and endure the quandaries of life. Consequently, they become the power of meaning!

We are the voice of true education at home, in school and in our community. We are agents of change. Embrace possibilities, merge in cultural differences. As we cultivate and give proper

nourishment of a hungry mind, we should also plant into their hearts a garden of values. Soon, they will sprout as well-rounded individuals. Yet, we still have much work to do. Education is a struggle and a life-long pursuit. There are more people striving to get great opportunities as we are experiencing; may the government fully give extra focus on the educational reformations and transformations. And steadily, there should also be a self-initiation on how we could enable access knowledge and progress.

Let us learn to empower one mind, one heart, one soul at a time. Nurture the humanity with encouragement, inspiration, guidance, and love. Let's serve our generation, the 21st Century, committed, unselfish citizens beyond the cutting edge.

The Poetry Posse Family also shares their masterpieces in consortium about Education in this September issue.

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Our theme for this month of September is education. We require that the members of *The Poetry Posse* write at least one poem centered around that subject, however that does not go to say that you, the reader will find that most poetry can be educational in some form or another. As a reader, one has the opportunity to peek behind the curtain and immerse themselves in the spirit of the poem and the poet as well. I have found that poetry has the ability to capture me with its words and expressions allowing me to visit places of thought, remembrances and visualization i may not have considered before. Some times poetry can provide a clarity or a different perspective on some aspect of my existence that may be novel or profound. At any rate, it is educational in the grandest sense.

This month of September a few of the Inner Child Press authors / family; hülya n. yılmaz, Shareef Abdur Rasheed and myself will have the opportunity to visit the country of Kosovo and commune with our brother and Director of Culture, Fahredin Shehu who is also one of our authors. Fahredin is our host for the 3rd edition of The Kosovo International Poetry Festival. We are so excited about this opportunity, for not only do we

have the opportunity to get together and ‘break bread’ together, we will meet poets from all over the globe. This is a grand opportunity to ‘build bridges’ of culture and learn more about our fellow human beings. From Kosovo, my journey will continue to encompass Tunisia, Morocco, Macedonia, India and Jordan where again i will be blessed to visit with another dear brother in Nizar Sartawi who is also an Inner Child Press Board Member. When i think about such opportunities, i first am so grateful for the blessings, however beyond that, i being filled with an insatiable hunger to learn look forward to what i may gather and thus share by way of my writings. I do believe that most *true* poets live the same way, eyes open, looking, observing, listening to what the muses have to offer that they may lend it unto the world.

So in conclusion, take the time, read what we have to offer, and enjoy the journey.

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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

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

Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>ix</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>xi</i>
<i>The Flowering Dogwood Tree</i>	<i>xix</i>

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Bismay Mohanty	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Albert Carrasco	23
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	29
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	37
Kimberly Burnham	45
Elizabeth Castillo	53
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan	59
Nizar Sartawi	65
Jen Walls	73

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

hülya n. yılmaz	81
Teresa E. Gallion	89
Faleeha Hassan	95
Caroline Nazareno	101
William S. Peters, Sr.	107

September **F**eatures 115

Martina Reisz Newberry	117
Amir Nassir	125
Christine Fulco Neal	133
Robert Neal	139

Inner Child News 149

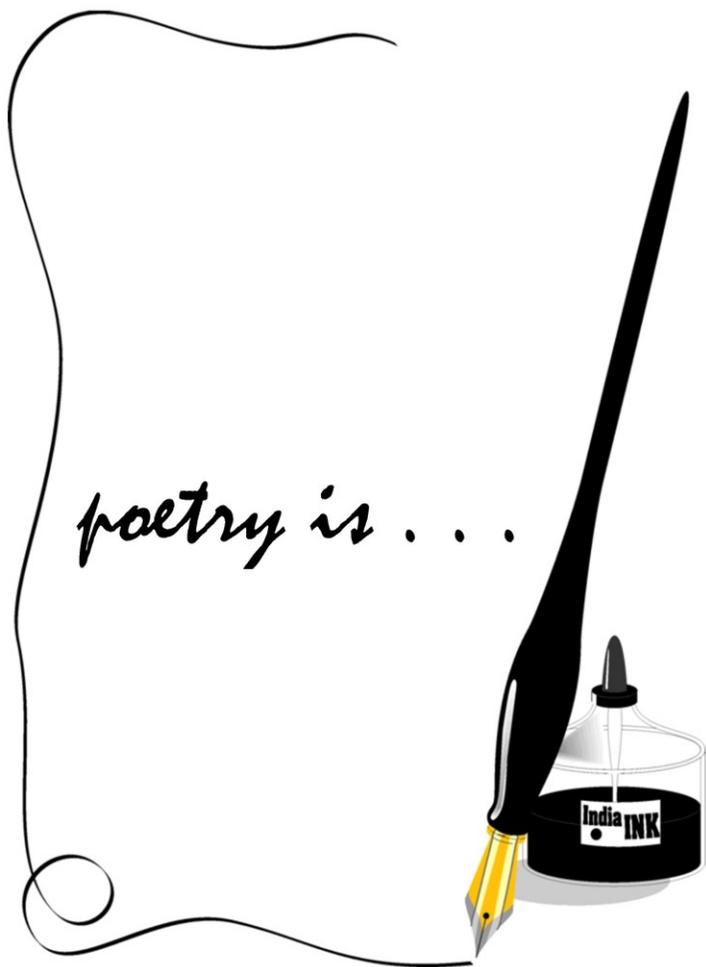
Other Anthological Works 159



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





The Elm Tree



Elms are deciduous and semi-deciduous trees comprising the flowering plant genus *Ulmus* in the plant family *Ulmaceae*. The genus first appeared in the Miocene geological period about 20 million years ago, originating in what is now central Asia. These trees flourished and spread over most of the Northern Hemisphere, inhabiting the temperate and tropical-montane regions of North America and Eurasia, presently ranging southward across the Equator into Indonesia.

Elms are components of many kinds of natural forests. Moreover, during the 19th and early 20th centuries many species and cultivars were also planted as ornamental street, garden, and park trees in Europe, North America, and parts of the Southern Hemisphere, notably Australasia. Some individual elms reached great size and age. However,

in recent decades, most mature elms of European or North American origin have died from Dutch elm disease, caused by a microfungus dispersed by bark beetles. In response, disease-resistant cultivars have been developed, capable of restoring the elm to forestry and landscaping.

There are about 30 to 40 species of *Ulmus* (elm); the ambiguity in number results from difficulty in delineating species, owing to the ease of hybridization between them and the development of local seed-sterile vegetatively propagated microspecies in some areas, mainly in the field elm (*Ulmus minor*) group. Oliver Rackham describes *Ulmus* as the most difficult critical genus in the entire British flora, adding that 'species and varieties are a distinction in the human mind rather than a measured degree of genetic variation'. Eight species are endemic to North America, and a smaller number to Europe; the greatest diversity is found in Asia.

The classification adopted in the List of elm species, varieties, cultivars and hybrids is largely based on that established by Brummitt.^[5] A large number of synonyms have accumulated over the last three centuries; their currently accepted names can be found in the list List of elm Synonyms and Accepted Names.

Botanists who study elms and argue over elm identification and classification are called *pteleologists*, from the Greek *πτελέα* (:elm).

As part of the sub-order urticalean rosids they are distant cousins of cannabis, hops, and nettles.

Etymology

The name *Ulmus* is the Latin name for these trees, while the English "elm" and many other European names are either cognate with or derived from it.

The
Year
of the
Poet III
September 2017

The Poetry Posse

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"
&
Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Time

There comes a time when your world gets quiet enough that all you can hear is the beating and the breaking of your one heart. ~ Ann Voskamp

Time stood still
while the sand ceased to move
and it became hard to swallow
with dry lips
The silence quickened
every heartbeat
cleaved in twos
one half firing after the other
and not in synch
Along the edge of the ocean
I can no longer hear your voice
with each crashing wave
the energy is spent
and courses along my spine
Until it is hard to stand still
I would twist the hours
to fit what I want
ignoring what it is that I need
and the morning comes
Just to shine a light
in the middle of my twos
It is only at night
when my one part sleeps
that I no longer feel divided

Field of Dreams

promise
That I will remain
watchful Through the night
Trim your lamp in safety
You will be cared for
When you are at your
Most vulnerable
For the sound of your resting heart
Continues to break mine
Run your fingers through
The grass bowed under
The weight of my affection for you
And when you awake
I will be here
Cooling your pillow
and Smoothing out the crinkles
In your slumbering limbs
Willing you to see me finally
So that I may love you
Even more

Passing Legacies

I wonder who else died today
Did they pass quietly away
Or try to hold on til no longer alone
With tears in their eyes

Are there other families grieving
Chests hurting from tears spent unexpectedly
The “oh no’s” and “my lawds” stuck on dry lips
Do they hurt too

In all the places, in all the world
Someone died today
And perhaps the world they died in
Was better for others having lived

I wonder who else died today
And this loss can seem so much more
Because it is our loss, our collective tears
Twice removed through the iconoclasm

And the newly dead today
Will be relegated to obituary readings
And too overly pungent flowers
To mask the mask of death and stench of fear

And will they hurt less
Than the pundits waxing eloquent
But not sparing a word for that son
Passing in the path of angry metal

I wonder what you will do today
After picking out burial clothes
In infant sizes for pictures
That will never be developed

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

It will be said that your stopping talking
Did nothing to solve the problems
Of being who you are and where you are
But the silence need voices to be heard

And are there powerless words written
Without momentum for change
Responsibilities do not end with the period
It starts off the stained parchment

I wonder who else grieves today
Knowing, would you dip
Your own quill in the blood
To scribe the words of a blessing

I wonder who else died today
The lesson is there for us to learn
Not just to see and repeat
We must move our hands and feet

I wonder if you knew who died today
And with no one left to look up to
Does one step over Gabriel's trumpet
Without the notion to learn to play

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

It took as long as decade for him to come to the forefront in the poetic world. An engineering student, a poet, a blogger, that's all Bismay Mohanty is about. Even though currently graduating in Computer Science and Engineering he aims to be the most beloved poet of the world. His works magically connect natural sceneries with romance, society, human tendencies and give rise to a sea of literary beauty. He loves to narrate his expressions and learning, therefore actively participates in literature sessions. All his dreams came true when he was nominated as a feature in YOTP by Inner Child Press.

He dreams to establish media to encourage writers and poets worldwide. Also, he aims his poems reach people all over the globe.

He can be mailed at bismaymohanty.97@gmail.com

A satire on education

In the prayer assembly today,
A group performed a play
Standing too far behind
I could hear the voices
But not see the faces.
The tones sounded familiar
Still beyond my identification
The rows and columns
Being too numerous
And I too tall.

Gave up my attempts
To see who the actors were
Who spoke too smartly
“A clean India makes a happy India.”
Elaborated how they participated
In the Prime Minister’s campaign
To make India clean;
Cleaner than ever in fact!
Sweeping up roads and
Removing garbage, they claimed.

An air of influence flowed
It seemed.
Students and teachers all
Listening in clear attention
When it ended and all began
To move,
I got to see who
Performed the play.
They were some who eat at my bench
And leave away without cleaning.

Meet me in the sky

O beloved lady from future fantasy
I find the earth too noisy.
There are a million things to share
Your whispers may echo I fear.
Draped in blankets of clouds will enshroud
Candidly as we dream without a crowd.
Will you learn flying so high
Come spread wings, meet me in the sky.

If fate takes me somewhere far
Even when I leave home not for war.
All our dreams may get shattered
And hopes of peace and love fade battered.
Remember, you have to see new ones
As you too know that life comes only once.
Be strong and say the nostalgia goodbye
Have patience! You will meet me in the sky.

Flying the jet planes was your goal
Later, years with me prayed your soul.
But today when you await me and held the rosary
It breaks and the news of the Jaguar jet crash brutally.
Remember the next day devoid of my presence
You shall be a warrior as you were till hence.
Fight all battles bravely till the day you die
We will go for walk to eternity when you meet me in the
sky.

I wish 26th Feb was my last day

In this world, full of fake smiles
And real sorrows underneath the skin
The day would be my last
To see happiness over faces
Of all those who are forgotten
for an entire year and uncountable needs.
May my time begin with partying.
Cakes and calls making me significant
And the night would end
A new morning shall come
which I will find as good.
Smiles on the faces wishing me
Which often go ignored.
A joyous demand of treat
for this special day
when I was born decades ago.
26th night it's all going to be same.
My words filled with thankfulness
to all those who took the time
To wish me on social network.
And time descends
With time, everything will be back
The reasons of being special shall fade
As I get a day older.
Today was a joyful day
And all good things happened.
I am happy seeing these happy faces
Tomorrow my worth shall be gone
Before I see the true shades of man
Let me cherish the falsity of emotions
One last time and today was it all
I wish 26th was my last day
No more illusions I will have to live on.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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.

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 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
And delve into her innermost
Most confidential thoughts

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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, 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
pontificators, do-gooders, enablers, 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

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Albert
Carrasco

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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>

Worrisome

Right now there's many worried children.
They're worried because their household is working on a
tight budget,
there's a lot of things they want,
but may not be able to afford it.
To the young world image is everything,
he looks nice,
she looks nice,
people saying he/she are looking like last year is what they
fear.
They don't want to sit at lunch solo,
they want to be amongst the popular kids considered the
status quo.
It's sad that not wanting to go to school because of
appearance,
is something that runs through many minds,
"if I don't get new pants,
shirts,
sneakers,
caps
etc,
I'll cut class so no one sees me".
I know well and it isn't easy.

It's the first day of school

What classes do you have? Yay, we're going to be together again! We've been in the same classes since elementary, time flies, hopefully it will remain like that during these four years in junior high. There's a bunch us. During the summer we still see each other, we are neighbors.

We go to the beach, amusement parks, camping, fishing or will just meet up in the local park and have a day of sport playing. Us being close, made our parents close, we're a huge family.

You could see the excitement in all of our eyes, guys drooling over girls, girls drooling over guys, we are all in awe over the schools size. We're freshmen and It was huge. It's something new to us. It was like a Minnie city in a big city. The halls were long and wide, the stairs steep, in between bells you can hear a stampede of feet, the rooms looked like little auditoriums, the students were all dressed nice and neat in uniform sitting calm. we're young adults now, the elementary days are gone.

Back to school

Don't cry ma, I don't need new clothes for school. Don't worry I still have space in last year's loose leaf to write in. I can tape my folders back together. I still have my pencil, pens and sharpener. No mom we don't have to borrow, we will get everything we need in one of our tomorrow's. I don't need a lunch box, just pack my sandwich in my nap sack. Mom don't worry about bus fare. I'll walk, in about a week or so my bus pass will be there. Don't worry mom I got this we will be ok. Mom why are you still crying? Mom says... I wish I could do better for such a good kid.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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

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

LEARNING CURVE

I had no clue not even an idea
A person from another place
Shared my fears

I had no clue not even an inkling
A person from another place
Shared my way of thinking

Diversity is universally
A necessity for invention

I had no clue not even a thought
A person from another place
Shared what I was taught

Little by little
Different views weren't so unusual
So often diffused by local institution's

Cultural inclusion dispersed cultural delusions
My education was improving
I started losing programmed conclusions

Knowledge flowed freely
Unbound by bigotry
Literally and figuratively
Education has a hold of me

25 TO LIFE

It was dumb just a pack of gum
Thought I was having fun
With a look real bb gun
I got caught on the run
Never killed anyone
Mistaken identity, nah son
Easy target on the corner market
Someone used a real one
I just fit the description
Of a lawless addiction

False witnesses said there he is
The actual culprit got jury duty it appears
25 years to think about what I had done
Fun at the expense of others
Dumb because I followed
All the bull that I swallowed
From the intent of others

Listen up my brothers
You're under a microscope
Don't look for hope create it
Dimensions of a cell
Dispenses common senses
It's never too late to listen
Educated in prison

NO VOTE IN D.C.

Welcome to the Nation's Capital, where the taxes are
actual
The attire is casual though there are those in business suits
So astute in the ways of the political machine
So aware of what it means to dangle a carrot on a string
We cast an invisible ballot, our voice doesn't matter on
Capitol Hill
I guess it just makes us feel like we're voting for real
Now we can still vote for a Mayor or the lesser council
member players
But say you vote for a bill, it gets passed by landslide
appeal
The people have voted, tally's quoted and duly noted
It just doesn't bode well the representatives ideas
So that I'm clear...those are the peers we've placed in office
Those are the ones who make these highways and byways
And neighborhood lawns, with billboards and posts
On how they will help us along....I'm I wrong for thinking
This vote thing is supposed to help us?
When we actually vote for something that may benefit us
They try and change it, for some political gain.
And in the November rain when they try to campaign
We supposed to forget about that little change.
We aren't the people, it's all about them
What kind of democracy are we truly living in?
Don't make it a vote, if you can change your mind
whenever
Don't campaign in my city...ever

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Take your banners and your fliers, to an environmentally
friendly dump
You're playing cards with our lives, and we just got
trumped.
You flat out reneged, that's cheating you dig.
But that's the congressional way, no matter which party is
big.
You're scared to place on the ballot what the people want
Your political advisers aren't conveying our thoughts
You're more concerned how to look with the members of
your party
Can't be politically correct
For the politically suspect
Vote in D.C. Automatic reject

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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>

Going back to School?

fact is you never left, lessons all around you to smell, see,
hear
to not to, one would have to be spiritually dumb, blind, deaf
your life is a school if you see it through the prism of the
creator's legislation known as " The Golden Rule "
to leave a human being with nothing to believe one would
have
to be a fool locked up in a self-induced prison
knowing right from wrong lies at the heart of it
already built into the fitrah* meaning when you got here
it was already with ya
but as you grew and came to know human kind tried to
go against the natural flow
calling lawful, unlawful, wrong, right, right, wrong, day
night,
and on ' n ' on the same ' ol ' song
most troubling, insane to try and live and die, living and
dying
against the grain
causes hearts and minds to harden ultimately leaving all
body, mind, heart,
soul in pain
in this life it's already painfully made plain
in the next life the fruits that it bears are abundantly
made clear , caution: poison fruits here
brought by the one who planted poison seeds
all the signs were there but refused to heed
proof, evidence clear but wouldn't believe
if you already lived, rocked steady, recieved this precious
education already be elated you've received a degree
of truth that already renders you already graduated
more than all the prestigious institutions that men

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

hold high

but mix truths in with lies

the degree you receive for indulging in true belief,
forsaking the fake not 4 real for what's heaven sent true
real deal

congrats in order if that describes you because you didn't
become one of the ^educated fools from uneducated
schools

again seeing through a spiritual prism: A simple question,
what is knowledge without wisdom?

*fitrah = nature,

^educated fools from uneducated schools = a lyric in a song
performed and perhaps written by the
late Curtis Mayfield

food4thought = education

Just When...

will men be men and speak the truth to power
not concerned about who they will offend?
to that end now is the hour to focus on leaders
who seemingly deceive us
then they actually say " why don't they believe us? "
take the case of Mr. Fake President and all the rules he bent
and watch his cronies carry out the orders they get
" LIE,LIE,LIE,LIE and don't forget to LIE,LIE,LIE
you got to cover up for the guy who you put on the top as
your
great white Messiah/Fuhrer to re-establish White Might
like
hooded marauders with torches riding in the night bringing,
people of color folk a gift of good quality rope placed tight
around the necks breaking, cutting off air, leaving dem to
swing
in the muggy night southern air. It's that fake a\$\$ Orange
Man,
gonna bring back the glory of days gone by when white
men
bought 'n ' sold humans like gold bullion
let's all sing swani river and drink moonshine survey tree
branches
watching brown bodies do slow dances at the gala gallows
throw down
we can sell some chances for free square dance classes
oooh just the thought of white supremacy restored brought
about through

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Mr. Pimp of AmeriKKKa's fine Republican whores, ladies
and gents all
dem who stand by watching good 'ol ' United snakes slowly
die under their
watchful eye, not a whimper never mind an outcry
sad, too, too bad there was potential in the country we
citizens held dear
but it's death is imminent when the leadership in it won't
grow a pair
to stand up and say " enough is enough " start packing
orange man
back to NYC you go!
or perhaps a stretch in the can when the evidence leaves no
doubt
time to grow a pair and throw the bum out
question: Just When? is what i'm talkin' bout.

food4thought = education

Sound...

of laughter penetrates the air feeling good everywhere
drowns out the sounds of fear that drains the hearts, souls,
brains

living in a world of turmoil, constantly lies fed

living on a powder keg

could be living like the living dead

should try giving not taking instead

good food for the heart ' n ' soul

could a fool understand their earthly role?

now you know the answers ' no '

listen to the sounds profound

that resonates from heaven to ground

thunder, lightning loud

rain splashing window pane coming down

from the cloud

birds singing praise penetrates morning haze

how much mercy bestowed to all souls

undeserved, never owed

but oooh does the fool know enough to

be grateful?

is that the sounds of lives being ungrateful, wasteful?

question: where's the love to counter hateful?

answer: from above comes the love dear faithful

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." 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 global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions>
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham>

Body Smarts

Education in movement
runs through us all
dancing skipping flowing
gracefully carried
in the body
inspiring words
a blur of motion

Culture in movement
shoulders its own corridor
on the backs of symbols
syllables tapping drumming pounding
out the rhythm of life stirring

Blood flow learning the path
winding
hauling nutrition
oxygen's inflow
and outflow
as experiences shift
what the body knows

Medical Etymology

Latin's acetum or vinegar
combines with bulum
a suffix symbolizing
an instrument
transforms *acetabulum*
a cup shaped part of the hip socket
reminded Romans
of a vinegar cruet

Umerus from Latin
omos in Greek
shoulders the word
shaped into *humerus*
a bony upper arm
ends at the elbow
near the funny bone

Metacarpal bones
after or beyond Greek's meta
bones of the karpos
tiny interlocking structures
the wrist bending flexibly

Words winding through
fields of history
like a vagabond
vagus nerve
a Latin wanderer
throughout the gut
sourced as vague and vagrant

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Words rolling around in the mouth
below the *zygoma*
a Greek bolt or zygon yoke
the shape of cheekbones
giving way to
bony names

Fastening Peace

Make peace
end the quarrel
in a shared
commitment to the world
paix calm tranquility
peace a word from Latin pax
the verb pacisci
becomes the noun
to bargain for
agree upon
pangere fixes and fastens

French paix
Spanish paz
Italian pace
romance cousins
cognate descendants
a Proto-Indo-European root
pag or pak
fasten peace in several hundred languages
modern English page fang impinge propagates
ancient Sanskrit has pasa a cord or rope
ancient Greek pegnynai fixes makes firm
Iranian or Avestan pas a fetter
chaining us to peace

Another descendant
pact
peace is an action

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

binding us together firmly
through words
a waltz of language
takes work to tie up the accord
and keep it fastened
in peace

Elizabeth

L.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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>

This Is Your Legacy

Knowledge and wisdom are essential in this fast-changing world of ours,

Not just to keep up pace and find one's niche in this spider-like web of life

But to leave a legacy worthy to be remembered and hailed as an inspiration

Intelligence without wisdom is lacking in substance,

For wisdom springs eternal as life experiences are the best teachers.

Education- how you mold the minds of the young,

To be great minds in the future, to be torch bearers

Of a world enveloped at times by darkness,

Education- how you create geniuses

To make this world a better home for the coming generations

Education prepares the young minds to be great legends in the fields they want to excel in.

The Rain Reminds Me of You

The rain reminds me of you
Every droplet signifies the cleansing feeling you brought,
The dewey aftertaste that lingers on the branches of trees
Aromatic fragrance after pouring down putting an end to a
dry spell.

The rain reminds me of you
Not because you only gifted me with grief but of shedding
a new light,
For the rain also symbolizes a fresh frontier, a new
beginning
The promise of growth after sprinkling the Earth with
Hope.

The rain reminds me of you
When I am at the pinnacle of my love for you,
King Sun had to hide behind your shadow and parted the
clouds

To give way to your reign, to showcase your enigmatic
prowess

Leaving me in deep revelry, embracing the moment.
You keep on flooding the ground like the time when your
charm engulfed my heart

You are like the cleansing rain showers
That gives life to fragile valleys and lonesome rivers
The antidote to a thriving stiff mountain range
Bringing back lush greeneries to a dull sanctuary
The rain reminds me of you
For our moments were captured in every drop.

My Right Kind of Wrong

Once upon a time, you became my right kind of wrong,
A beautiful disaster, you stole my heart from me and never
gave it back
The Knight in Darkness who showed me the Light of Love
with his own frailties;
The phantom who captivated the heart of a damsel
I wished to dream of my twin flame each night
But you are still the One who showed up every time.
It seems no matter how I silence the cries of my heart
Your promise of love still lingers and still haunts me
The Moon from the distant view is a witness to our love
which was halted by Fate
But only Destiny will tell how this love story will really
end.

Anna
Lakubczak
Ves Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. Polish poet, journalist and the main editor of e-Magazine *Horizon*. Student on journalism and social communication at the University in Szczecin. In free time author on the website

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. Her poems were included in a few American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2016” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House „Avenue U Publications” and She started to publish her poetry in the cycle "The Year of The Poet" since 2016. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styra University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

She’s interested in philosophy, literature, psychology, music, mass media. Her hobbies are: cooking, reading books, learning foreign languages, translating and traveling.

In 2013 she published her debut volume: „Ars Poetica”. At now she’s working on next books: volume “Conversation at night”, novel “Wind of hope”, collection of stories “Gates of subconscious” and fairytales “The squirrel’s stories from the old larch”.

Ars Poetica

I will not write a poem
within ten minutes as th proverb says
in a few days
in unaffordable years

life passes so quickly
between the seconds fall down
pieces of moments
half-written

branches of lines in cycles
fragmented intimacy

I will not write it till the next Christmas
although I started at my birth day

eternity will write it for me.

I know your melody

I will not write
trivially about love
sweet and sickly lyrics
which like to repeat

for what hell
I have to include into the lines
flowers and full of the moon
when with no convulsions
I can tame with gesture
banality

you probably already sleep
I leave a guitar next to you
where I carved (not) poem
closed in two words

Filia maris

Petting sand
closing lyrically sea
cooling feisty spirit.
The conjunctiva exploring space
I am looking for a trusted astrolabe.

The wind combing tangled hair
compass sense – it whispers.
Childishness response
like praline I want to explore the world.

Throwing away the skin I see
at the horizon flows latest sailing.
Impulse piercing through the body
I move grab the fate in my hands.

I am the daughter of the sea
the rebirth of the waves.

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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 international forums and festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, and Palestine, and Morocco.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His poetry translations into Arabic 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; *Searching for Bridges* (2013), poems by American poet Margaret Saine (2016) *The Talhamiya* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Nathalie Handal. His Arabic poetry translations into English include *Contemporary Jordanian Poets*, Volume I (2013); *The Eyes of the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015, 2016), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb; *Haifa and other Poems* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Samih Masaud; *The Pearls of a Grief* (2016), poems by Lebanese poet Abdulkarim Baalbaki. He has also been working for the last four years 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.

Reward Mirror

Students of Law
owe much of what they know
to an Amorite young man
who loved to play with clay
when he was a child

At eighteen
he became a king
and Mesopotamia lay at his feet
but never could he
abandon his childhood passion
to craft tablets out of clay

On one tablet his stylus wrote:
“If a man put out the eye of another man,
his eye shall be put out.”
and wrote again:
“If a man knock out the teeth of his equal,
his teeth shall be knocked out”

Today they call it: “the Law of Talion”
“An eye for an eye
and
a tooth for a tooth”

a mirror punishment

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Great Masters of Law!
Heirs of Hammurabi!
Is there no room
in your talionic justice tomes
for a reward mirror:
Love for Love?

* * * *

As If

(In response to a friend)

You say:

“As if you did not know what I meant!”

I say: “As if....!!!”

Because...

because I'm wrangling

with my doubts...

begging them to stay away

from you

and away from me,

that I may come closer to you

and you to me

Is that the illusion of mirage,

a mere wish?

By Lord,

– my boyhood companion –

what felony did I commit

that you impeach me thus?

Were you moaning

and I was singing?

Were you famished

as I filled my tummy?

Were you thirsty

while my cask brimmed

with liquor?

Weren't your concerns mine?

Wasn't your joy my joy

and your misery mine too?

Why then has your heart changed,

becoming hostile to me

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Where is that pledge –
the pledge of friendship –
that lasted between us
for eons?
And let's assume that
I wronged you
– just let's assume!
Cannot our bond intercede for me,
O my accuser?

* * * *

translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

The Little Kumquat Shrub

Green gorgeous child
standing shyly
amidst your tall proud sisters
and cousins!

Loosen your loin
sweetie!
Let the moist soil
send up
into your veins
the fluids of love

Spread your soft limbs
Let the August sun
toughen your tender boughs
Let his beams
polish your leaves with light!

Open your dainty white blossoms
Let the bees
whisper to them the secrets of life

For soon you will be
a little woman
with emeralds green
waiting for the fall
to show their golden glory

* * * *

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

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

<https://www.facebook.com/jen.walls.7>

SOUL'S KISS

Weave peace on joy's loom
splash eternal bliss-perfume;
burst forever-blooms

Race and pace with stars
shine in gaze - ignite heart's blaze;
flame inside love's run

Search awakening
find each way to get along;
watch as a witness

Bring beauty-flowers
sing happy peace - splendid grace;
spring purpose-filled life

Blaze the heart's center
greet with beauty-breaths of bliss;
light freedom - soul's kiss

LIGHT UP DAY

Give peace consciousness
bless grace of heart's beauty-blooms;
open eyes and see

Bask breathless rainbow
whisper loving hues through soul;
greet the morning's dawn

Feel the light arrive
sail on course-less course unseen;
spread wings - float bliss flight

Care to dance love's sun
touch with heart - coming to be;
pray gently ~ lift free

Live humanity
wake love for its healing-course;
watch dawn light up day

SEA OF KINDNESS

Caress inside a most subtle soul light
into wonderful miles of smiles

Regulate breath through in-flows
sparkling out for a million suns

Splash with the waves dissolve
run within tantalizing tingles

Spray onto ocean's currents
mingle upon heart's breeze

Teach beyond these new eyes
see inside soul of soothing bliss

Send embrace to zestfulness
fly a kite of fervent kisses

Sip spiritual dews - drizzle into rain
call for surrender's insight too

Bud-sprout with sunlight-fire
bless each shift from desire

Be the hug, kiss, squeeze
release heart's healing peace

Calm the trance - dance deliciousness
disperse clouds - afternoon's delight

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Quicken breaths of lightning-rays
burn out every rage and worldly wildfire

Chant compassion's mirth within vastness
pray alive - drench heart's sea of kindness

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

A Penn State faculty in Humanities, published author, literary translator and freelance editor, hülya n. yılmaz started her formal writing career in the U.S. after joining the Nittany Valley Writers Network in Centre County, PA. Her poetry made its first public appearance in the OLLI Magazine, *Pastiche*. Dr. yılmaz' academic publications include an extensive research book on the literary relations between the West and the Islamic East, a chapter for a book of critical essays on Orhan Pamuk – the recipient of the 2006 Nobel Prize in Literature, and several treatises presented at national and international conferences.

Outside the academia, hülya has authored *Trance*, a book of poetry in Turkish, German and English, and co-authored another collection of poems, *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* with Demetrius Trifiatis, professor of Philosophy from Greece. She finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper self and writes creatively to attain and nourish it.

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

Her Passion to Learn

The Dolmuş was full,
Minus one seat in the back.
Passengers were either hiding
Their double bodies inside them,
Or were unwilling to stir
In the late-summer-heat.

I looked at my lifeless companion –
Hers actually,
Her valise,
Left behind for me to carry back
After our emptying it together
At a snail's speed
Of my addictive manipulation . . .

A young woman finally moved.
First, the suitcase went in – then I.
The driver's mouth mumbled out
His tense impatience.

Before I could escape
The intrusive eyes
On my bumpy path to my seat,
My chin gave away my pain . . .
Dangling tears held on to its edge.

I was missing her terribly already
And not even the first
Of the upcoming 365 days
Was over yet . . .

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Of course I knew
The strength of her willpower –
I had always known
Since she was left into my shaking arms
That hard-winter-night many a moons ago . . .

She has never been one
To just sit around and wait.
When it then came to be
About her scholastic records,
They facing a tainted curve ahead
Due to that one to-go-to waste-year abroad,
If we had insisted on taking her along . . .

She was after all
Still holding her school's top record
As one of the mere handful graduates
Who had in the past 100 years or more
Completed two grade levels at once.

To my surprise
The Dolmuş and I
Made it to my destination.

I stood a while in the intact corner
Of the apartment's entryway,
Before climbing up the stairs
To receive a group hug and
The usual torrential rain of compliments . . .

How lucky of a mother I am
How strict of a high-achiever she was
My passionate life-time-learner daughter . . .

shallow waters

weeks and weeks of carefree days
away from our flat in the big city
a break from traffic-jam delays
to Mom and Dad: "pure serenity"
the majestic sights of the Black Sea
never made us miss our urban-balcony

do you remember our outings
to that outer-worldly lagoon
with its short-enough-for us-trees
awaiting eagerly to pick on
our clumsy let's-fit in-acrobatics ?

how about Akliman
the famed sea corner ?
its kids-tricking shallow deep waters ?
your "only for my little sister"-cape
on your "I'll protect you"-wings over me?

convoys-full of people and food
chitter chatter dozens of laughter

life was a feast to us all
back then

do you remember ?
do you remember any of it all ?

have our ways parted
in that train station of my agony ?

i fail to find my crime still
i guess i must make up one
today

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

while sitting atop my back-breaking pain
in a daring attempt to typeset these lines
to be mailed to you as soon as they are done
in a “no returns accepted”-envelope
i wish in despair and desperation
to begin to warm
my chilled-to-the bone-heart
inside your caring eyes
wrapped up by the same quilt of love
we all were so lucky to take and give
for many a moons ago for many a moons

what a vain hope !

what a died-out wish !

it seems that
our gloriously-lived-lifetimes
have been erased one by one without a trace
and forced upon us all –dead or alive
in masterful disguise
as convincing but fake new diaries

oh the hissing sighs
of those counterfeit lies !

also your words ring in my ears though
how anger-filled you were in your lessons !
your parrot-like recitations of her lectures . . .
that i was a disgrace in getting straight the facts

the irony is
simply this :
i am the one
who knows
how to ethically teach

when you fall into muddy waters

do not try to swim away
do not struggle to get up
just be still a while
leave it best alone

contemplate

what number do your years now reach
have you laughed hard and often
how many cycles of tears
came to you for a visit
were loud or quiet
your screams
has the sun risen
onto each of your mornings
did evenings bring you food and shelter
how caring were your family and friends
have you lived with intensely burning love

muddy waters ?

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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>

From the Bay Window at Many Glacier Hotel

The grandeur of this place is beyond words.
You must see and feel the wonder and peace
that surrounds you. Raise your arms,
lift your voice in praise of nature.

Serene peaks rise in eloquence.
Voluptuous white clouds lay on granite
above Swift Current Lake. Pinch me
with a reality check.

An older gentleman stands facing the lake,
arms behind him, lips tremble “amazing”
over and over again. I look toward him.
Our mutual smiles say awesome.

Imagine glacier concerts that serenaded
this scenery into its current shape.
Just the thought of something so powerful
makes you stand with a humble heart.

Shutters click in rhythm trying to capture
a majestic moment to carry home.
I just stare soaking in the healing.

Step outside and listen to love lyrics
bounce against the shoreline
as the water ripples toward the land.

The only thing I have to give back today
is thank you hugs and kisses.
Nature smiles on me.

Specialized Gifts

There is something special about
being in the mountains surrounded
by regal peaks, lush valleys and

evergreen forests rolling between.
Your spirit soars below a blue roof
and a circus of cloud teasers.

Your stride up the road, through the
woods or cross a meadow is a spiritual
and peaceful walk in reverence beside

lush berries, leaves and bear grass.
Touching the soft leaves creates an ecstatic
bond of pleasure between you and the leaves.

I know why bears love the forest. There is
so much to sniff and eat and the trees offer
great back rubs.

Approaching the boat that carries me
across Josephine Lake brings a twinkle
to my eyes as I scan 180 degrees of glory.

A large moose takes a casual drink,
ignores all the two legged creatures
coming to the boat.

I could stay here forever and never be bored
with the scenic landscape that unfolds.
My gratitude jugs overflow into the lake.

Mother's Survival

Man is the cruelest animal
and addicted to power and greed.
We actually believe we can control nature.

We drill, we dig, we cut, we frack endlessly
across the earth. Mother continues
to cry from the pain of abuse.

Species are dying, trees are disappearing,
glaciers retreating, water over burdened
with pollution, air becoming dirty,

and still we do not learn.
It appears that we will do enough destruction
of the planet to destroy human existence.

Hearts continue to beat in denial.
Nature will dump us in the fires of doom.
Here the healing from bad man voodoo begins.

Mountains, meadows and grasslands
hang on waiting for the good news.
Mother will survive us all.

Faleeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

Her poems and her stories published in different American magazines Such as : Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum , Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaminmamas, The Galway Review, Words without Borders, TXTOBJX, intranslation, SJ .magazine, nondoc ,Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW , Courier-Post , I am not a silent poet, taosjournal, Inner Child Press , Press of Atlantic City.

d.fh88@yahoo.com

The Futility of Protesting Near Bustling Cemeteries

For the Most Important Person in My Life, My Son Ahmad

Preamble:

Take my spirit for your shirt
And use my heart's arteries for shoelaces.

Poem

My spirit patched with raw dreams,
My soft body blemished by war's scars,
My heart crushed and crunched like
Leaves under foot—
These are the sole signs of my existence
In a room that awaits a hurricane
That dreams of unleashing its gales.

My son,
Let me say tonight,
Objectively,
That I can't do anything more.
What happens,
Happens all the time.
What doesn't happen,
Never happens,
But we always paint a comely face
On life's hideous visage.

Remembering

I remember

I was born there,

Near a lingering dream,

When my mother, alone with her passion,

(I 'm alone still, an orphan)

Arranged her dreams in boxes called "us"

And then returned the next morning to

Press her eyes to shed kohl,

While she slept, we lay as naked as a freshly washed tunic

Inhaling alienation as we dried.

The Wagon

So Like a man inured to failure,
We climbed aboard the wagon,
And The driver, only the driver,
Began to listen as the cadence of our deprivation
—Thud. . . Clunk. . . and so on-
-Infiltrated the wagon's pores,
Starting with that first dirt road.
Our lives' parasols disappointed us
When we shared sorrows
Without fancy titles,
while Reaping lethargy and frustration.
It wasn't only the driver, or The horse, or Our heads
That looked meager;
The wagon's outlook did too.

Translated by William M. Hutchins

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

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

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada 'Amazing Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

YOU uniqueness

it's not about changing one's self overnight
when someone tells, you are a weakling;
the symbolic YinYang etched
in every gem you buy
has nothing to do in building a future;
it is you-- who will build the legacy, the epic,
the one & only YOU;
you'll learn lessons from day to day encounters;
and each encounter is a teacher;
as you transcend to reach the apex without borders,
you mean to live the life, you love to live.

butterflies of meaning

everyday
the cocoon in us
is growing,
taking a step
to make caterpillars
of change,
as we fly
towards the chances
one heart
at a time,
we learn to be
butterflies of
STRENGTH.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

a reminiscence...

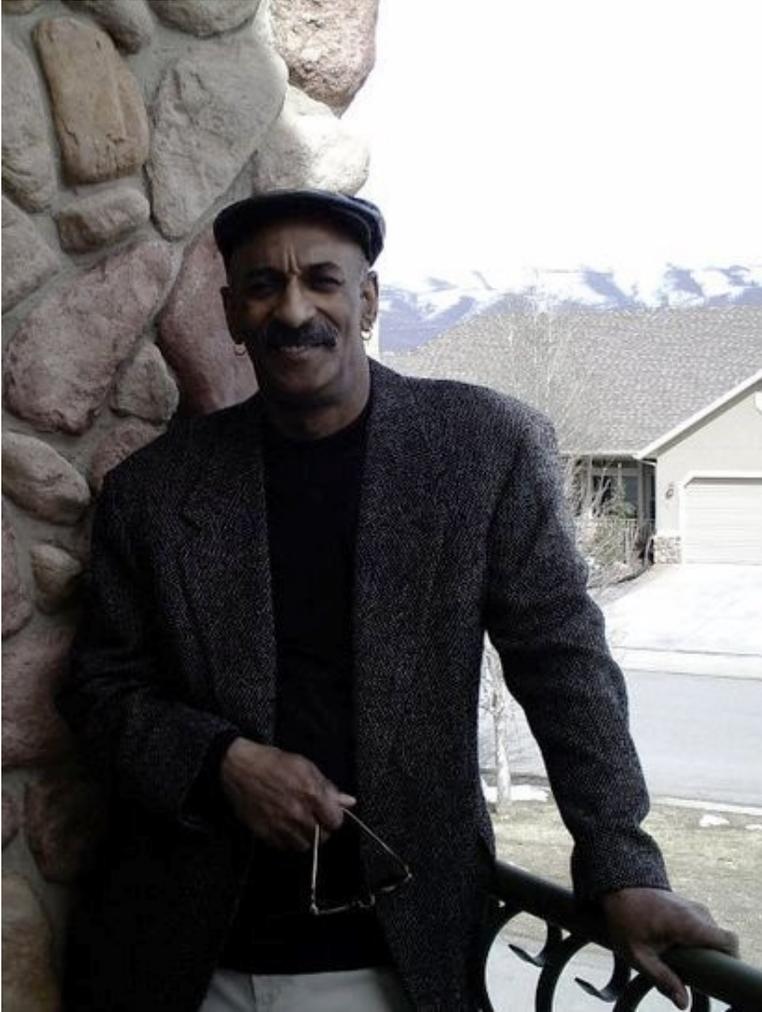
what i couldn't forget to tell the learners—
is to bring out the best in them
break their shells and be confident;
learning is fun, it has all the laboratories
of getting up, moving forward
and creating another laboratory of inspiration.
if you are at the pinnacle, kneel down, touch the humble
ground
where you have been trained;
remember the living bookshelves and living books of your
life
why you are making everything possible.

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 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

School Days

i vaguely remember those day
the first day of the new term
the excitement

there are new people
new teachers
new rules
new clothes
new wonders

some of our peers have moved on
different neighborhoods
different schools
making new friends
spreading their influence
through new presence
having to learn new rules

yes
new rules
new schools

Someone Else's Child

The pain is not as acute
When it is someone else's child

Some do refute
The truth
When it is not
A child of their own

Some will say,
It was well deserved,
But remember
They are someone else's child

I do not believe
No sane mother
Would wish for their own
The atrocities
Someone else's child
Must suffer and endure ...
That is if,
And a BIG "IF"
they should live to see another day

So I am calling humanity out ...
All of us,
To consider
The simple fact
That everyone is,
Someone else's child

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

My prayers are with all the
Mothers, Sisters,
Brothers and Fathers
Who must endure
The atrocities we humans
Express towards one and other

Someone else's child

The hypocrisy is
We wish for others
What we ourselves
Do not wish to experience.

Mamma imma learnin'

Momma, what does this mean
the Cop stopped me and said
i have been seen
with a stolen bike
and they took me to the station
and asked me questions
about you and daddy

what does this mean Momma

i did not do anything wrong
i was just riding my new Bicycle
down the street
to my friend Joey's house
on the other side of the tracks

the people were looking at me
closing their doors
and locking them too
and some of them made faces
and i think i heard someone
call me by my nick name . . .
Jigger . . . but i did not know them

what does this mean Momma
tell me what i did wrong

Momma :
welcome to our world Son
you are being educated

Mamma imma learnin'

World Healing, World Peace 2018



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Submission Guidelines

1 Poem

Microsoft Word Attachment (**NO PDF's**)

12 pt. Times Roman

Titles Underlined

Single Spaced

Maximum 30 lines

Picture of Poet (no avatars or icons accepted)

Biography 50 words or less with maximum 2 Web Links

Submit to :

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Submissions open from September 1st ~ December 31st, 2017

Publishing for International Poetry Month April 2018

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Project Manager : Gail Weston Shazor

Underwritten by Inner Child Press

Opening for submissions
September 1st, 2017

September
2017

Features

~ * ~

Martina Reisz Newberry

Ameer Nassir

Christina Fulco Neal

Robert Neal

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Martina

Reisz

Newberry

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Martina Reisz Newberry has been writing for 50 years. A passionate lover of Los Angeles, she currently lives there with her husband, Brian Newberry, a Media Creative.

Newberry's most recent books are **TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME** (Unsolicited Press, September 2017), **NEVER COMPLETELY AWAKE**, (May 2017, Deerbrook Editions). She is also the author of **WHERE IT GOES** (Deerbrook Editions). **LEARNING BY ROTE** (Deerbrook Editions) and **RUNNING LIKE A WOMAN WITH HER HAIR ON FIRE: Collected Poems** (Red Hen Press)

She has been widely published in literary magazines in the U.S and abroad and has been awarded residencies at Yaddo Colony for the Arts, Djerassi Colony for the Arts, and at Anderson Center for Disciplinary Arts.

WEB LINKS

martinanewberry.com

<https://www.facebook.com/Martina-Reisz-Newberry-Poet-117171498323303/>

Waiting for the big blue bus on grand and ninth

Fall's leer dissolves into winter's grimace and
soon will come my spring, my sweet, favorite child.
Los Angeles' sidewalks and freeways gallop

impatiently down to the ocean to catch
the first redolence of meaning hidden there.
New bright Virgins of Guadalupe show up
on outside walls of liquor stores, mercados.

Other walls on other places are sanded
and whitewashed to be new canvas for gang signs and
huge, black anime eyes. There is no such thing

as *solitary* in March as it lunges,
parries with the sun until speed—then tempo—
patinados usher in lemon-lit air
and long days. I am not sad in spring. I am

commonplace and nothing more than the keeper
of myself, the mother who always loves her
cheeky, consequential spring-child best of all.

ALL DAY, THE SKY

All day, the sky was asking you
where are your hymns of praise.

So, when it is dark, you walk
by the houses on your street,
their eyes open at this one and that one,
sometimes curtained,

but sometimes eye shades up
and you can see the couple in the blue house
with the white door.
She of the blonde hair,

always with the fat pug
in her arms,

he with hair—what there is of it—
plastered on his forehead.
The car in their drive
has two flat tires.

You decide that they are quarreling
(standing as they are,
facing each other) over who will call someone
to come help them.

He says,
Call your brother. Changing tires is he's good for.

Someday, you will walk by
the blue house and everything
will be different there.
You walk past the small house with the tiled roof

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

which is really too heavy for it;
everyone says so.
The people living there are also too big
for such a small house.

They sit in large recliners
and look out at the street,
rarely speaking.
Starlight and floating motes

come from their television
which is too big for the small table
it sits on. The spiky Firethorn plant
outside their garage has white flowers
and then red berries.

This might be something to praise.
The man waters it now and again.

These are the only ways you know to replay
to the sky's brazen question.
Hymns of praise?
Where are they?

The sounds of sleep and shifting blankets
and voices flaring like suddenly-lit matches
reach you and you wonder if
this is a holy life or just a late-night stroll.

Your answer is graffitied on the wall across the way—
symbols you cannot decipher—never could.

LAGOON

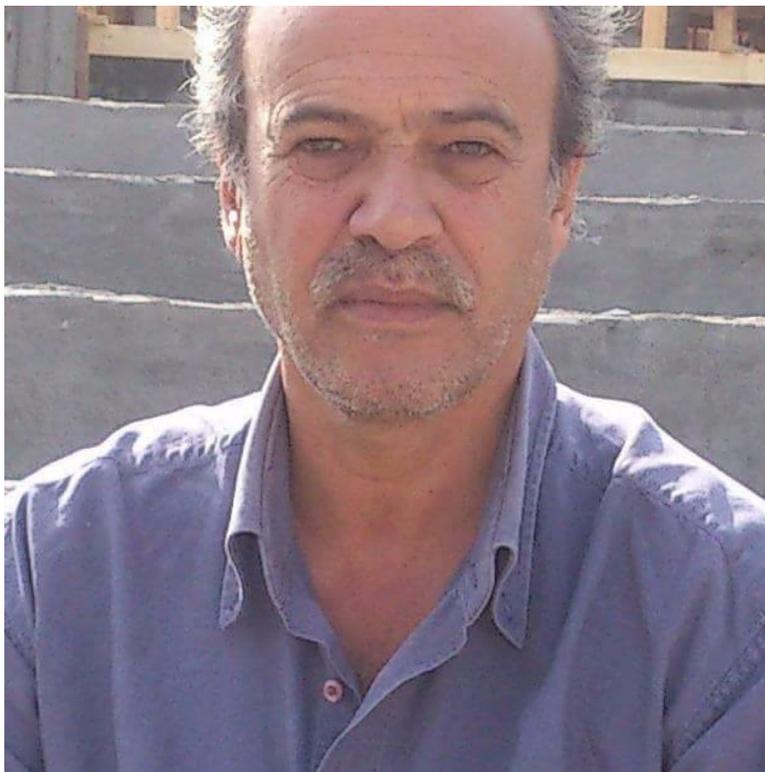
Is a serene heart really
what we're after? A heart like
a mound of dough soon to be
a croissant or a scone with
currants and glazed top? Nothing
equals passion's abandonment
though it leads us to queasy
awareness that all ends in
abandonment anyway.
Everything does. But, if
you don't want your life to be
one of the earth's vacant lots,
you'll abdicate peace and leap
into passion's dark lagoon.
After the water settles,
There's plenty of time time for scones,
— with or without glazes.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Ameer

Nassir

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Ameer Nassir is an Iraqi poet born in 1959 at Ash Shatra_ ThiQar province- Iraq.
His first writings was published in Alif –Ba , the Iraqi magazine in 1978.

His works

-History of my fingers. A collections of poems. 1991

-Familiar stabs. A collection of poems .2009.civilazation publications. Cairo.

-The history of water & women . Open texted poetry .with another poet. Ammarkshaiysh. 2012.
Mesopotamiapublications –Baghdad.

-Letters of your name. Poet. 2016.
Al_Rawssampublications. Baghdad.

The fifth wall. Screenplay which was directed by Iraqi director Ossama Al Shatry.2014
Another poem collections under printing.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Translation: Fatima Naimi

1

Whenever I Say

Whenever I say (I am your tent)
You prick it with needles and say :
The rain had ruined your roof.

Whenever I redeem you
You stitch the blindness from my lashes,
The blindness and the veils

Whenever I stay silent as a dead tree
You infiltrate near me like a young river

What a joy it is
When you pass before me
And here they are, my teary lips
Whispering your name .

Nothing could cure me from you
No words,
No speeches,
No sighs
Not even the ...

Whenever I say (I am your bridge)
The sound of strange feet hits me
While I'm tightened like a bow
between two cliffs .

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Abandoned
In a damp room
Close to a library
Full of poets, murderers and lovers
I turn to my phone and look for your messages
Click one by one,
Like a frightened bird
A bird which has no sky and no land
A bird tired of flying,
and creating melodies
A shivering wet-winged bird ...
It is the same that memorizes by heart all your days
And counts every day your length
It remotely tells the features of your face.
So why do you put all these traps
to prevent a tiny word in the air
from reaching him ?

.....
That's me.
I, who whenever tells you a dream,
The teeth of lying and interpretation bites him
.....

Oh,
How bitter my days are
how lonely I am with , and without you
Perfectly, like a big travel bag
Left beneath the sofa,
Breathes slowly
for its not time to travel yet .

The pleasant letters of " Sargon Boulus "

To Sargon Boulus

beautiful Assyrian

Why don't you , while you are leaving home ,
The home that dressed you with all wounds
gave you your sad eyes
messed up your hairs
and peeled you .

Why don't you, before leaving,
Carve a song on the walls of (Kirkuk Castle)
a scar on a tree in the yard
or a lover in the heart of a lady.

Why did you carry the whole Sargon and leave for good?
You , the beautiful Assyrian ,
who doesn't care about the storekeeper lady in Berlin
nor the owner of the bar in Luxembourg .
When you carry your umbrella
and walk carried by the impact of your style
Poetry hides within you
and walks behind you
but as soon as you hide in your solitude
It goes back to loneliness
and returns to the streets.. to grieve

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

I scream
I weep
I calm down
and I cry on your grave .
Instead of bringing you flowers
with names that I don't know of
Or incense that might disturb the purity of your eyes
I wash your the pleasant letters of your name with tears.
Ser ... gon
Ser ... gon

...

One day
I will have home for myself
I will hold it in my lap
with eyes full of tears I'll say :
Why do you throw us away like onion peels
let us grow on the border like a cactus tree
and wrap us every day in a flag
So we can dream of the taste of the friends .
Azzawi, Fawzi, Abdul Karim, Saadi, Khazal
Khazal, Saadi, Abdul Karim, Fawzi, Azzawi
Jean Demo, Jean Demo, Je .. De ..

Heart

I have a red heart with me

A red heart made of cotton

Lighted by the first letter of your name

I know well

It's only a cotton heart

But I did not let a single day pass

without caressing and kissing it

As if I smell your hair

Christine

Neal

Fusco

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Christine is a published author, editor, wife, and teacher who writes from a perspective of inner depth. Since publishing her book *Journey from Obscurity* in 2011, she has been featured in numerous anthologies and journals, and enjoys taking on editing projects. Christine lives to encourage others to be open and successful, knowing full well life's challenges. Christine lives in the Ozarks with her husband Robert.

HEARTS FRONT DOOR

Emotions swell I stand and look at all the ways they flow

With only love beneath my foot while all around they grow

The wave does roar and threat increase, but courage deep
will never cease

To keep me calm, I've been here before...standing at my
hearts front door!

IN THIS HEART OF MINE

Have the roots gone too deep?

These tentacle's hold

And Continue to keep

The Joy that's foretold

From continuing it's sail

In this heart of mine

I need You to prevail

Oh Savior Divine

A GROWING HEART

Stone cold
Rock hard
Cracked mold
Life marred
Light fights
Love's might
Pulls apart
A growing heart
Fire burns
Emotion tense
Tables turn
No defense
Light fights
Love's might
Pulls apart
A growing heart

*Robert
Neal*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Robert is a writer/poet, who Praises God for the gift of writing, and for the reach of it, into the many lives; who've been touched by it! Robert enjoys, spending time with his beautiful Wife Christina, especially, out in nature! Robert also enjoys the intense hobby of photography! And as a humble man; Robert remains dedicated, to the strivings of being human, and treating others, not only, as he expects to be treated, but somehow, by the Grace of God, with love!

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

1

As I close my eyes...
And look through
The mists of times passing
I can feel...
And see
Warriors...
And leaders of old
With a deep sense
Of knowing
As waves of energy
Sweep through
The entirety of my being
With tendrils of
Past hatreds
Sacred memories
Of ceremonies enjoyed
While the imaginings
Bring the scents
Of burning wood
And dust
Intermingled...
With the sounds of laughter
Anguish...
Voices raised in worship
And lament
As betrayals...
And atrocities
Are brought into
Vivid detail
Within my mind's eyes

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Quickening my pulse
And surging my blood
In the veins
That have left it
Pounding
In my head
Where I'm forced
To open my eyes
And blink away...
The horrors
I've glimpsed...
Horrors
Which I remember etched
On the faces
Of these ancients
Who...
If real
Also seen them
Mirrored...
In the eyes of the one
Looking back
In time!!!!

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

2

As I'm transported
To another time and place
I can feel the strong breeze
Cooling my skin
As the ceremonial dances of old
Call to me once again
To step outside of myself
And commence in the dance
Between my soul and my spirit
In ancient ways
That free me from the confines
Of my flesh
To enrich and heighten
This most spiritual of experiences
Free from the corrupt nature
Of the body
In this most sacred form of Praise
Unto The Lord my God
Who guides me to Praise Him so
And allows me to be lifted
By the freedoms that such worship brings!!!!

3

It's with...
Memories of witnessed sunsets
That my mournful Prayers
Echo...
Into the very Heavens
Where my Savior sits...
At the right hand
Of The Father
Interceding
As The Spirit utters
The Prayers...
I'm too broken
To find words for...
As I watch
The perishing of this world
And the morality
And human dignity
Which once was...
And is now falling
By the wayside
As mankind acts out
Their evils
Upon each other...
The land...
And creation...
As a whole
And some...
In their utter lunacy
Try entangling their madness
In a senseless war
Against God

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Driven by demons
From within
Haunted temples
Where the voices...
Of their insanities
Only drive them further
Into the damnation
They're actively seeking
Due to the whisperings
Of an enemy
They're evidently unaware of
In their deceived
State of being
And my howling deepens
As I sense
Satan's laughter
Beginning to irritate
The Lord my God...
Who promises to repay
The atrocities
Acted out by His enemies
Upon His people
And it's with...
Echoes
Still reverberating
Throughout spiritual realms
Of existence
That I can feel...
My Master's compassion
As He hears my cries
For the lost...
And perishing souls
Who I Pray...
Will come

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

To the Saving Grace
Of Jesus Christ
Before it's too late
And they're left to experience
Eternal separation
From God
As they burn
In the lake of fire
I...
Once feared...
I'd burn in!!!!

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

Inner Child Press

News

The Year of the Poet IV ~ September 2017

We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen

Gail Weston Shazor

hülya n. yılmaz

Nizar Sartawi

Faleeha Hassan

Albert Carrasco

Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

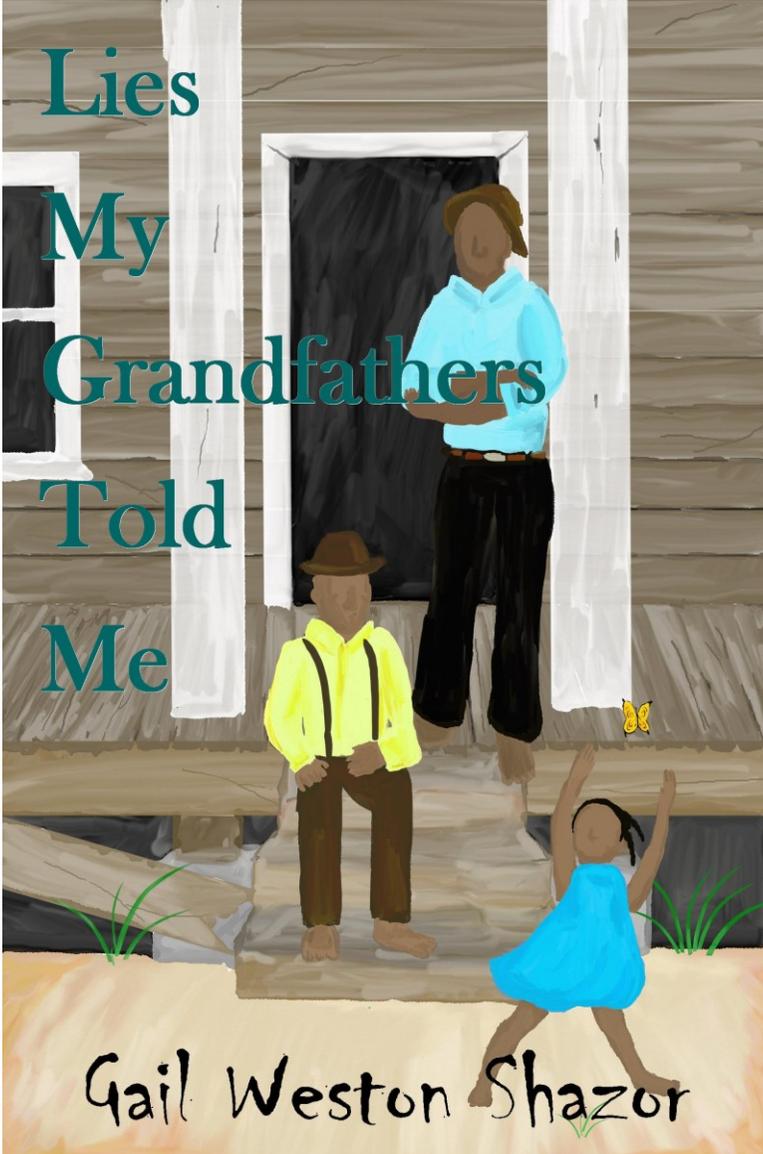
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Afflame



Memoirs in Verse

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My Shadow

Nizar Sartawi

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Mass Graves



Faleeha Hassan

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Coming this Fall



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Coming this Fall



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*Other
Anthological
works from
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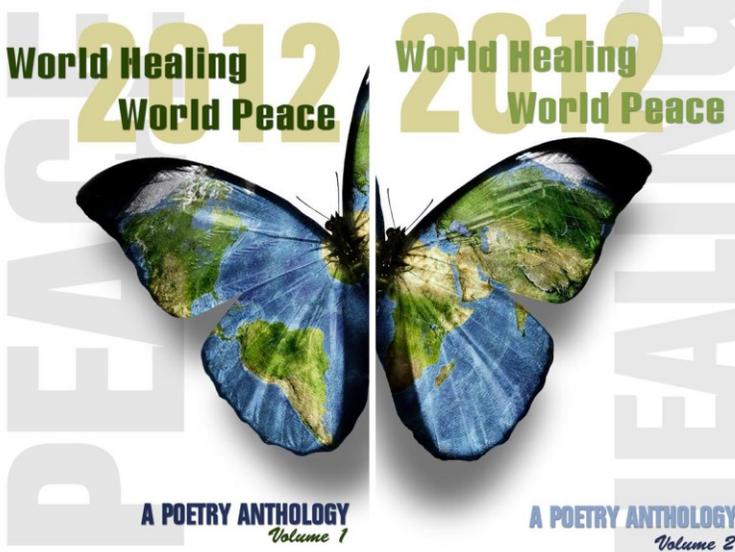
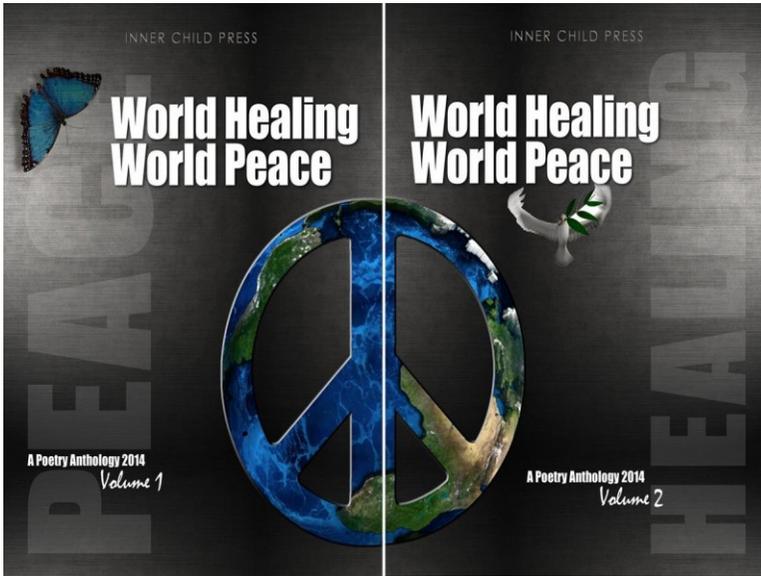
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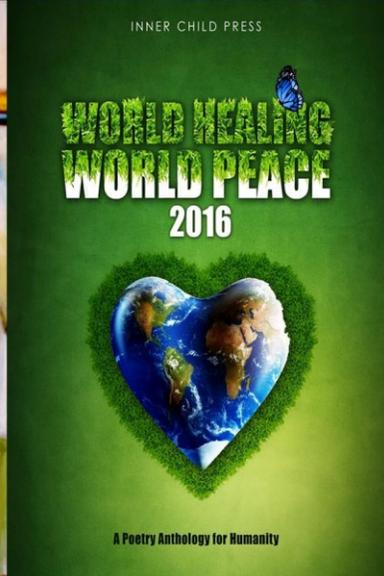
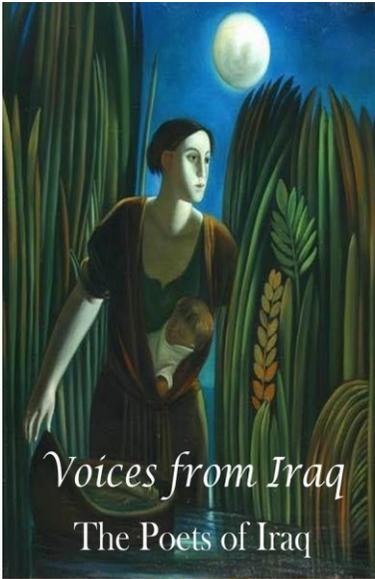
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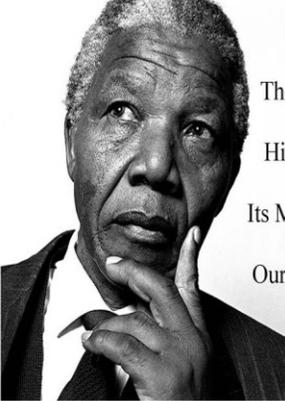
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Mandela



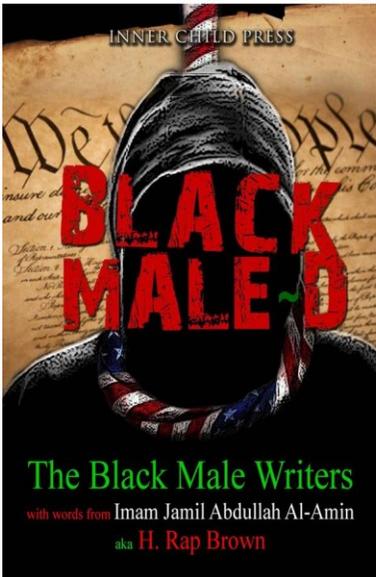
The Man
His Life
Its Meaning
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

A GATHERING OF WORDS

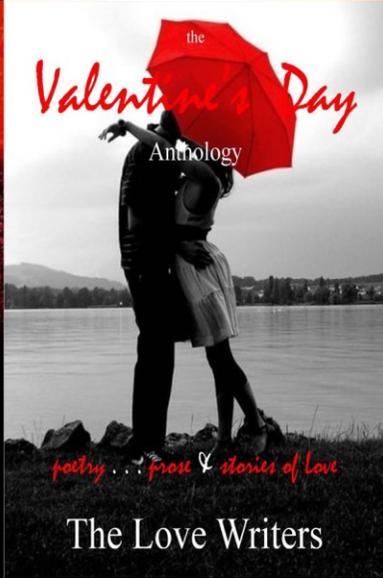
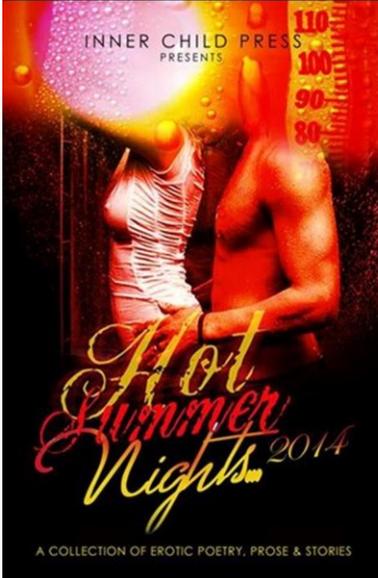
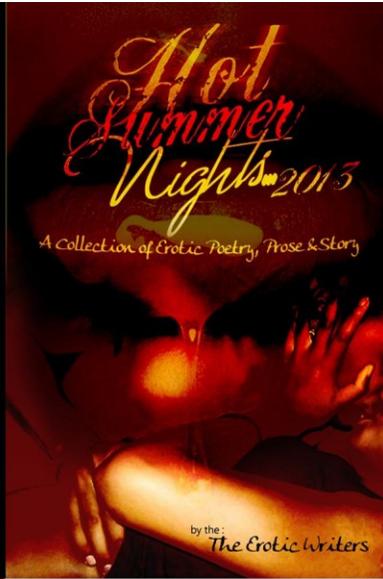
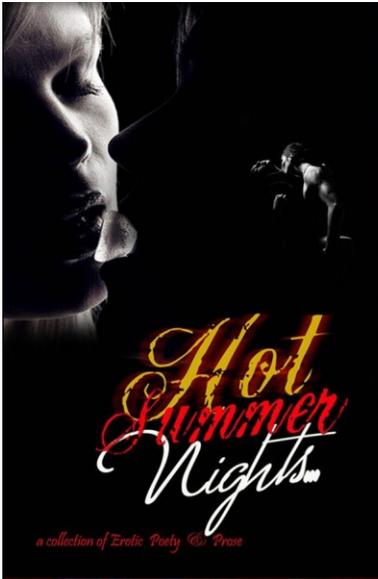


POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN



The Black Male Writers
with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin
aka **H. Rap Brown**

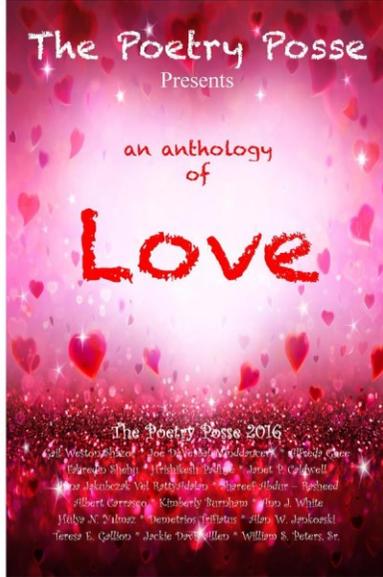
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Inner Child Press Anthologies



a
**Poetically
 Spoken
 Anthology**
 volume I
 Collector's Edition



Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

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

Our January Feature
Terri L. Johnson

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

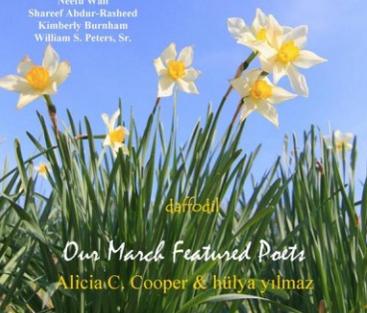
Our February Features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



daffodil

Our March Featured Poets
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Sweet Pea

Our April Featured Poets
Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the year of the poet
May 2014

May's Featured Poets
ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton



Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'fink Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor
Robert Gibbons
Nevita Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

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 Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'fink Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor
Robert Gibbons
Nevita Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet
July 2014

July Feature Poets
Christiana A.V. Williams
Dr. John R. Struim
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'fink Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor
Robert Gibbons
Nevita Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month

The Year of the Poet
August 2014

Gladiolus

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'fink Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor
Robert Gibbons
Nevita Wolf
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

August Feature Poets
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins



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The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster Morning-Glory



Wild Garden of September Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intrite' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Minsdancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intrite' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Minsdancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSandra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intrite' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Minsdancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

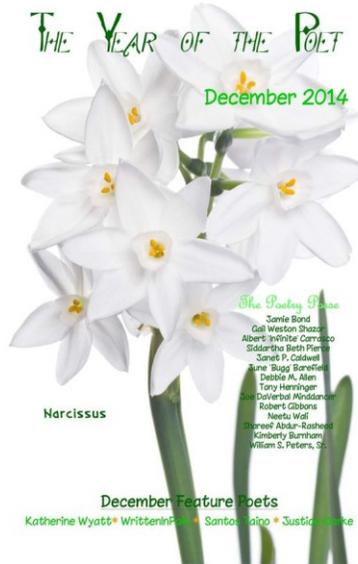
November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Intrite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Bonefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Minsdancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wolf
Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPoets • Santos Galin • Justice Drake

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THE YEAR OF THE POET III
January 2015

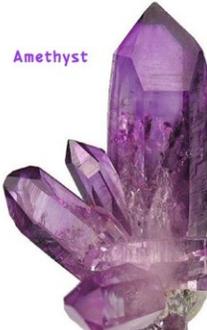


Garnet

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

January Feature Poets
Bismay Mohantfi * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET II
February 2015



Amethyst

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

FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS
Iram Fatima * Bob McNeil * Kerstin Centervall

The Year of the Poet II
March 2015

Our Featured Poets
Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland



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 Shelu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
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



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 Shelu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets
Geri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chimney
Anna Jakubczak



Emeralds

The Poetry Pesse 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 Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
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 Pesse 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 Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
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 Pesse 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 Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Peridot

Featured Poets
Gayle Howell
Ann Chalasiz
Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Pesse 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 Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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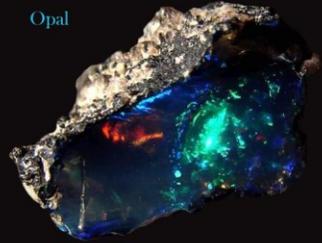
The Year of the Poet II
 September 2015
 Featured Poets
 Alfreda Ghee * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015
 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 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. Yilmaz
 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. Yilmaz
 Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
 November 2015
 Featured Poets
 Alan W. Jankowski
 Bismay Mohanty
 James Moore



Topaz

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

The Year of the Poet II
 December 2015
 Featured Poets
 Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

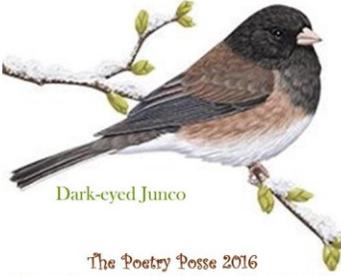
The Poetry Posse 2015
 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
 Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet III January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christina Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

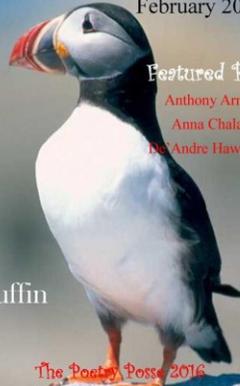
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalan * Aliso J. White
Fahreddin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Mbulaneer * Shereef Albulur * Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Keith Allan Jemillion
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiliatis * Allan 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
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

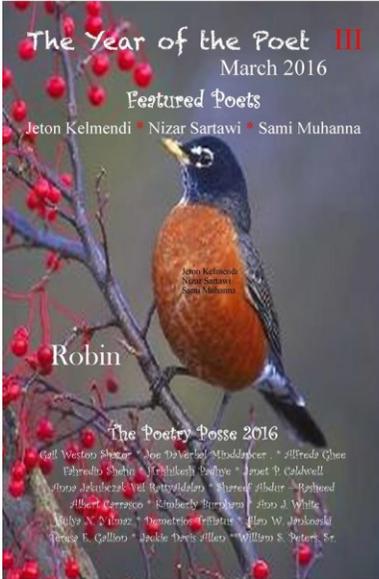
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbulaneer * Alfredd Ghee
Fahreddin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalan * Shereef Albulur * Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Aliso J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiliatis * Allan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna



Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbulaneer * Alfredd Ghee
Fahreddin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalan * Shereef Albulur * Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Aliso J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiliatis * Allan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei
Anna Chalas
Agim Vinca
Ceri Naz



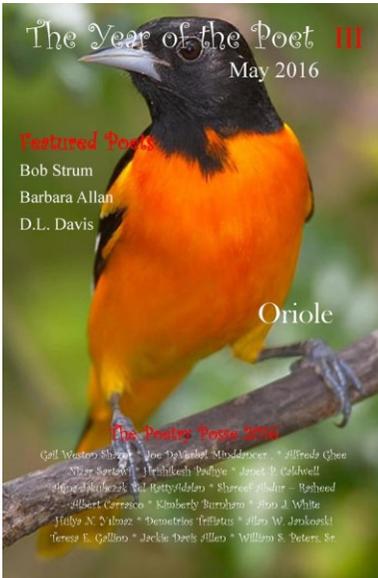
Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbulaneer * Alfredd Ghee
Fahreddin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalan * Shereef Albulur * Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Aliso J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiliatis * Allan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month

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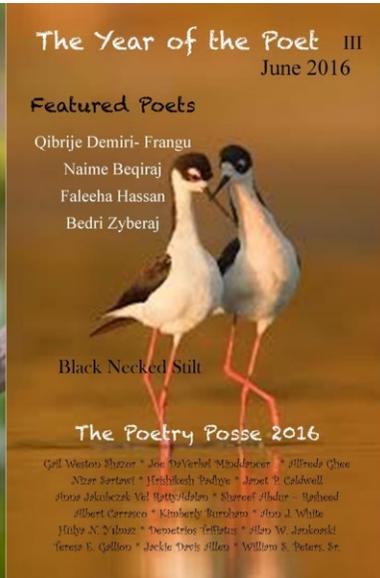


The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets
Bob Strum
Barbara Allan
D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbsalameer * Allreda Choe
Nizar Sarrawi * Hershkesh Badwe * Janet B. Caldwell
Shana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldier - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Hilary N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

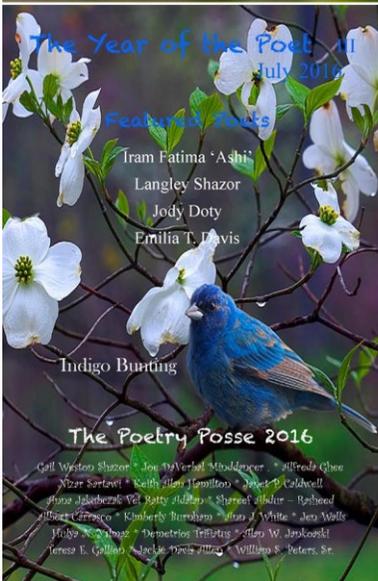


The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets
Qibrije Demiri- Frangu
Naime Beqiraj
Faleeha Hassan
Bedri Zyberaj

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbsalameer * Allreda Choe
Nizar Sarrawi * Hershkesh Badwe * Janet B. Caldwell
Shana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldier - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Hilary N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

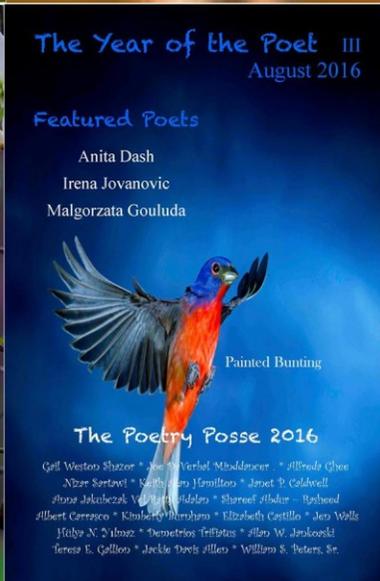


The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Mbsalameer * Allreda Choe
Nizar Sarrawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet B. Caldwell
Shana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldier - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White * Alan Walls
Hilary N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * 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 Mbsalameer * Allreda Choe
Nizar Sarrawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet B. Caldwell
Shana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden * Shereef Aldier - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo * Alan Walls
Hilary N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novas



Long Billed Curlew

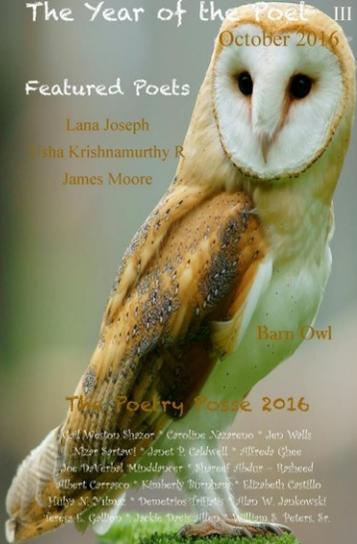
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Mindanao * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Jose DeVeral Mindanao * Shareef Abdur - Basheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Julie N. Albano * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph
Visha Krishnamurthy R
James Moore



Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Jose DeVeral Mindanao * Shareef Abdur - Basheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Julie N. Albano * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns
Robin Ouzman Hislop
Lonnie Weeks-Badler



Northern Cardinal

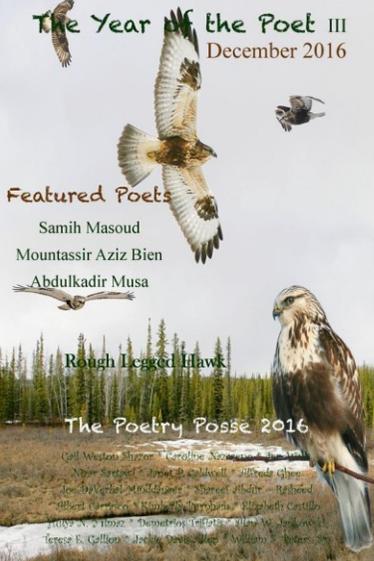
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Jose DeVeral Mindanao * Shareef Abdur - Basheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Julie N. Albano * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud
Mountassir Aziz Bien
Abdulkadir Musa

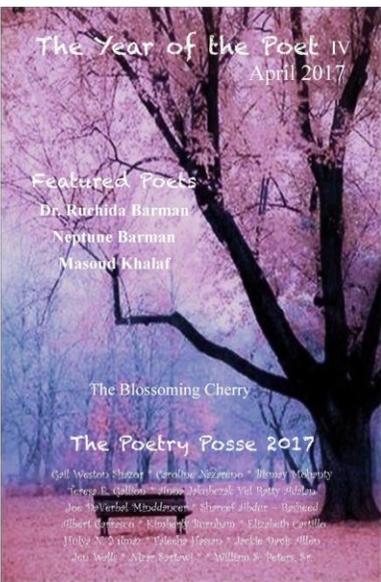
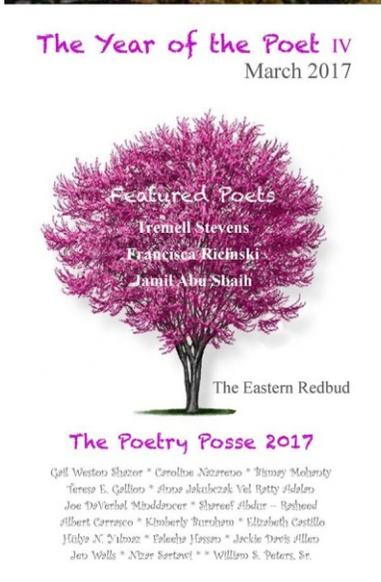
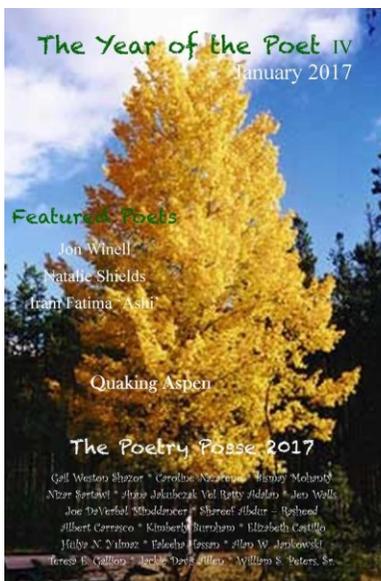


Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Jose DeVeral Mindanao * Shareef Abdur - Basheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Julie N. Albano * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

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Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell
Alicja Maria Kuberska
Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapaty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adlaro
Joe DeVierbal Mbadusere * Shereef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Amico * Falecia Henson * Jackie Davis Allen
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The Year of the Poet IV June 2017

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Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

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Ibaa Ismail
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The Year of the Poet IV August 2017

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Kitty Hsu
Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

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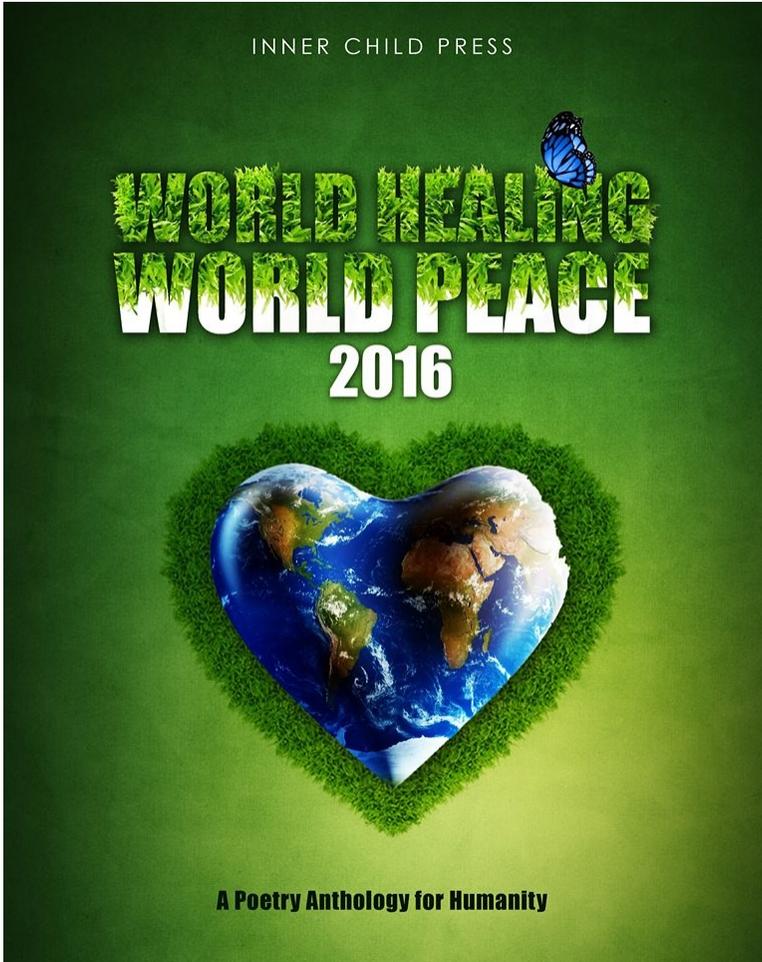
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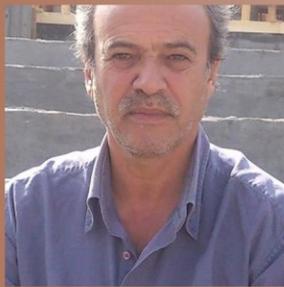
The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



September 2017 ~ Featured Poets



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Reisz
Newberry**



**Ameer
Nassir**



**Christine
&
Robert
Fulco**

