Featured Global Poets

Kapardeli Eftichia * Irena Jovanović Sudipta Mishra * Til Kumari Sharma

Renowned Poets



~ Imru' al-Qais ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Mutawaf Shaheed Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Noreen Snyder Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed * Swapna Behera Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Kimberly Burnham Tzemin Ition Tsai * Eliza Segiet * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

The Poetry Posse 2024

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

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

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

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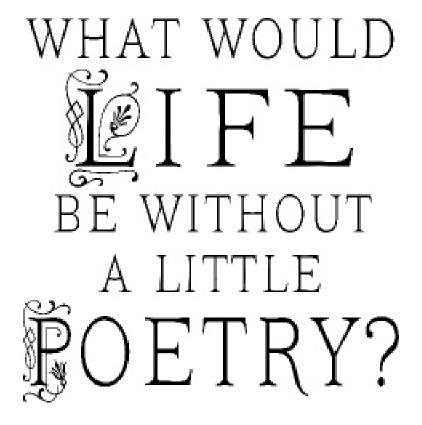
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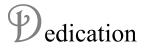
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Imru' al-Qais

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Foreword

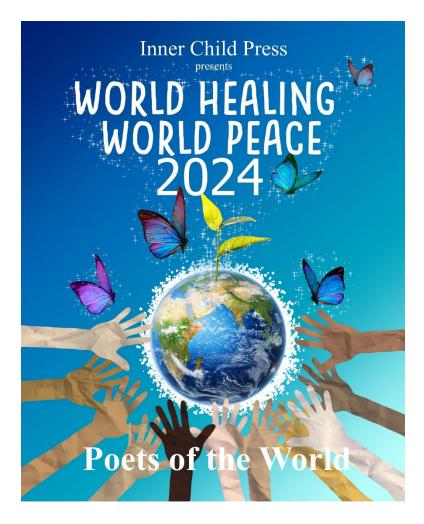
Renowned Poets Imru' al-Qais A Pre-Islamic Poet

I chose this poet because I have traveled to the area he was born, where he was raised and probably where he was inspired as a young man. He was born in pre- Islamic Arabia. He is considered the father of Arabic Poetry. He was born in 501 A D died in turkey 544 A D. He didn't live a long time by today's standards. He was able to establish himself as an important influence during and after his life time, in the field of poetic expression. During the Islamic period he was acknowledge as a major figure in the world of poetry. The Arabs were known for the great memories and it was through poetry, many historical events were preserved and remembered. He was the author of one of the seven odes in the famed collection of pre -Islamic poetry, The AL MU'allagat was a style he was credited with inventing. There many poets who in the Islamic era who became reciters of the Holy Quran and memorizers of the sayings of the Prophet Muhammed (PBUH). For many decades a poem was selected to be located on the corner of the

Kaa'bah. Im-ru lived in Constantinople Moved to Ankara, where he fell ill and died in 544. He was on his way back from seeking the Roman emperor's help in taking back his father's kingdom.

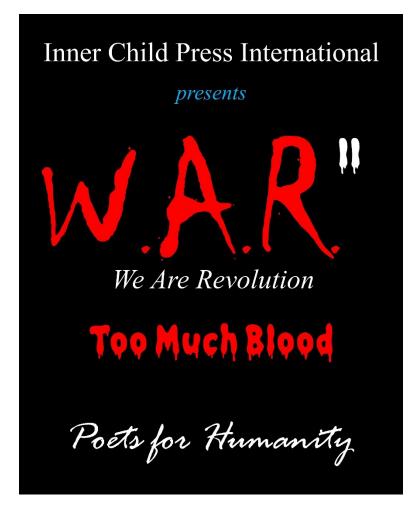
Mutawaf Shaheed

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Preface

We, Inner Child Press International, The Year of the Poet and The Poetry Posse welcome you.

WOW... a decade +. We continue to be excited as now finishing our 11th year of Production for The Year of the Poet.

This particular year we have chosen to feature renowned poets of history. We do hope you enjoy. Read ~ Learn.

For those of you who are not familiar with our story, back in 2013, a few of us poets got together with the simple intention of producing a book a month. That was our challenge. Since that time the enterprise has blossomed and brought forth a fruit that seems to keep on growing as evidenced as we enter 2023.

Our purpose is simple. Through our lyrical words and verse, we not only wish to share our poetic works, but we also have the poetic naiveté to believe that we can assist in the growth of consciousness of the things that have an effect our collective humanity. Therefore, we welcome your readership. For more about what we are attempting to accomplish, have a look at our Publishing Web Site ... <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>. If you would like to know a bit more about this particular endeavor please stop by for a visit at : www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet

Over the years, Inner Child Press has been socially active to bring awareness and catalog through literature the things that have an impact upon our world and its inhabitants. We have solicited, produced, underwritten and published quite a few volumes to that end. For more insight you may wish to visit : <u>www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-</u> <u>market</u>. If you are a writer, poet, or activist, you would be advised to keep a eye out for upcoming volumes should you desire to participate. All readers are welcomed as well. Note, that there is a myriad of published volumes that are available as a FREE PDF download as well as available for purchase at affordable prices.

We at this time extend to you our well wishes for your own personal journey and hope that you consider including us as a travel companion.

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Renowned Poets

Imru'al-Qais Junduh bin Hujr al-Kindi

(501 AD-544 AD)

December 2024

by hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.



Imru'al-Qais Junduh bin Hujr al-Kindi is generally considered to be the father of Arabic poetry. He has been acknowledged by the Prophet Muhammad, by 'Alī, the fourth caliph, and by Arab critics of the ancient Basra school as the most distinguished poet of pre-Islamic times. By some literary critics, the origin of the Arabic ode has also been attributed to this poet. His famed *Al-Mu* '*allaqāt* is a collection of his seven odes originating from the pre-Islamic, i.e., the Jahiliyya period of Arabs.

The first six stanzas of *Al-Mu* '*allaqāt* find Imru'al-Qais in deep melancholy as he stands before his beloved's former home. The lovesick poet honors her memory while he stresses the impermanent human condition:

Let's stop and cry over the memory of a lover and a place, in the drop of the valley between Dakhul and Haumal

And Taudih and Mikrat. Their traces haven't been wiped out from what wove them back and forth between the southern and northern winds.

Look at antelope droppings on its alleys, its tracks like seeds of pepper

As if it's only been a morning since the day they departed, and I'm at a nearby thorn tree, splitting desert gourds,

And standing near it are my companions on their travel animals, saying, 'Don't suffer from sorrow, remain firm.'

But my healing is a matter of spilling tears. So, is there a trace here from a reliable artist?

At this point, I will dare a quantum leap from AD to our times in order to build a "reliable" (line 13) bridge between the Bedouin poet of our focus in this month of December 2024 and us, The Poetry Posse and the featured poets. For I view the status of each of our contributors as that of an "artist" (line 13).

 $\diamond \diamond \diamond \diamond$

Selected Sources:

Encyclopedia Britannica The Hanging Poem of Imru' al-Qays The Poems of Imru' al-Qais

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hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita, Liberal Arts (Penn State, U.S.A.) Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International (U.S.A.)





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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$

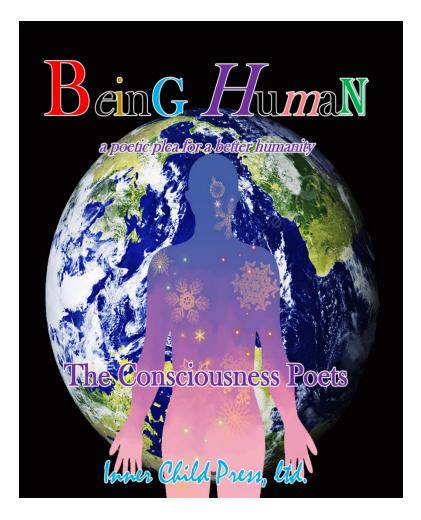




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

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Gail Weston Shazor



Gail Weston Shazor is a lover of words. She is fond of the arcane, unusual and the not yet words.

Coining words at an early age, there was often a bit of trouble with teachers, but she always had her mother and aunt to back up her choices in expression. Born in Mississippi, she spent her early years with her grandparents. Each of the four left very careful influences on her pre-schooling. She learned in turn how women worked in and out of the home and how men worked in and out of the home to support the family. She learned that a lack of proper schooling was not the only way to learn and understanding life was a great teacher. As in most rural families of color, women had a greater chance of formal learning. Both of Gail's grandmothers read out loud to the family whether it was the bible or the newspapers and important documents to their spouses.

Gail Weston Shazor has authored (so far) Notes from the Blue Roof, A Overstanding of an Imperfect Love, HeartSongs and Lies My Grandfather's Told Me. The number of anthologies is too many to list with the premier accomplishment of one of the contributors to The Year of The Poet. Gail will always lend her ink to community projects and will purchase the books of fellow poets in the Inner Child Press family.

YWHW

i say YWHW from You i breathe Your very name into my mouth And the whisper covers the air i taste You name yourself everlasting Alpha and Omega Am that you Am and It is sufficient for my limitedness And i breathe after You-Abah In the midst of my day In the middle of my life i find that You are here In the same place i find myself It is not that You have ever left i moved And now that i have returned i say yes And draw close to You For in this i am refined after my rescue Storms rarely run in a straight line And i have been buffeted around And i have run headfirst into the wind Even though You told me no i could not hear for the listening To my flesh senses So my doxology has become this i am greatfilled to the inked And to the said And to the whispered breath of You i say yes to the wind across my face The salty sea on my lips that flavors My independence of dependence For You are my choice

This one of abundant living in the midst Of practicing to yield to You i am your child of water i am your adult of giving i accept who You made me to be So i live You in my waking And in every love of my life i expand, reach and fill much farther Than i can ever hope to do alone And though i am not perfect You Are

standing in the wilderness shouting

I am here, arms wide open Waiting on my creator to Speak Talk Move Give Me something for you So that I can be obedient To fall on my knees in fasting Eating only the words of Life Death Birth Stillness With all the power of first And all the waiting of last Beginning and end The words of the crafter Poet Writer Lyricist Deliverer And I will ink it quick Placing it everywhere you are So that you can see and hear

What is in store for you Me They Us All There is never a time

When the word was not offered Only when it was not received And not called forth to teach Truth Wisdom Correction Love For that is our purpose And why were made And what we have been Ordered to spread among Ghettos Cities Fields Hearts Til all has been healed I remain Jusbill in the Wilderness

wake up

You knead my soul Until my bones ache I hear your cries in my sleep And yet I cannot find you in the morning In the full awakening of daylight For that is when you are muted When you can be seen Unaided by policies and laws And it is too hot to be awake Too cold to move around Too arid and windy to wander about Too weak to move against the tide In the before You hung around ghetto corners Waiting on programs Stood at the end of long rows Waiting on conscription Sat in the back of the room Waiting to be aborted And covered in coal dust Yet they say they are here for you A shell game of benefits Have you looking for the misdirection Because you know it's there

You have seen it And have felt it And have tasted it Like bile in the back of a dry throat I hear your cries In my sleep

On the edges of darkness into daylight I want to soothe you Rub your back and circle Your belly with the span of my heart I will bring you clean water to drink If you don't hide from me When I am consciously aware That you do not enjoy The freedoms that I do The love that I do The dissension and confusion that I do Because you do not live In the comfort and safety of knowing That some things are only dreams And my heartache will ease My bones will heal and my belly will Be filled If not today, then tomorrow But you Will always long for us to Wake Up

10

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

Imru al-Qays

Arab Prince

The stars shine with a cool glow over the desert. Between grains of sand, longing slips through. The wind tirelessly erases traces of past time and mournfully sings a song of parting with a beloved. In the silence, verses of love and desire are born. Memory replays the happy moments of lovers. Memories take on a bitter taste like the ripe fruit of colocynth. Centuries have passed, yet the zephyr still whispers love spells. It inscribed the poem on the stone at the Kaaba, so letters of gold would capture the beauty of the desert and feelings.

Lecce

The city of stone lace resembles a bride dressed in a baroque gown – seemingly modest, yet rich. Whorls and flourishes adorn the snow-white fabric. The young girl walks among the sculpted garlands of altars. Into a wreath of oak leaves she adds the Latin word *leccio*. Here comes Venus, born of foam – the patroness of artists and lovers. She needs no golden adornments to shine in the temple's dim light.

Autumn in Belgrade

The city sprawls between two shades of blue. It seeks solace, silence in the arms of the Danube and Sava. Against the clear sky, the orthodox churches domes gleam. Into the rustling of lush plane trees are weaved the solemn songs. Time does not hurry to take away the city's Art Nouveau charm. The wind arranges arabesques from leaves, the sun gilds balconies and roofs.

Tsar Alexander I gazes from the portrait in the hotel lobby. He was here yesterday and will be tomorrow – he will not abandon the white city. See you in the future. The autumn wind will lead me here. I am like threads of spider silk drifting on the wave of events.

Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose* and Art, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz in 2019, *No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass*, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of Inner Child Press, Itd.

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

Who Was He?

He was a young man, in his prime. Most likely, handsome! He was a prince-of-a-guy! Wealthy, and yes, he had a roving eye!

A bad boy, living for the moment, in search Of the pleasurable, the forbidden, enjoying the good life.

A playboy, no stranger to the scandalous, he was a smooth operator,

With a penchant for the ladies-of the night.

"Self-indulgent" to an excessive degree, his actions, his reputation, heaped flames of shame upon his father's head.

Hungry, always, ever, thirsty, he sampled temptation. Yielding to its attraction, a striking figure with generous gift of gab,

He could be found night or day, beneath the influence of the vine.

You wouldn't be surprised to discover, that from an early age, that young man began penning poems, perhaps some rhymes.

A singer of song, he may have had a melodic, lilting voice.

Tragedy, like a dark cloud, descended, and as fate intervened,

He, his life, his conscience, and his attitude changed.

Motivation came, to exact revenge, in retribution, a way to seek retribution for his father's death, his father, the King! To exact revenge, he had to act. And so, he did.

You might be forgiven for thinking him a modern-day performer, actor, composer. But no, he was the son of a King!

Inspiration for this poem came from reading Wikipedia, about the prince Imru' al-Qais.

As Thorns in Achilles Heel

Didacticism, how wide the prevalence, The essayists, handmaidens, imparting bias, Propaganda tainted without truth, rhetoric, Painted with Stalinist prose, nothing else.

Their dreams, fruitless, impotent by negligent intent Overtly dependent upon riding backs, by those Whose dreams are devoid of a fiscal conscious, Robbing Peter to pay Paul: a fatal design.

Ignorant of the fact, or from avarice, greed, That which one sows is that which one reaps. Chanting, whining, liberally, literally, their Knuckles worn bare, in pockets not their own.

An insidious cloying fever, heads bowed before Fame of the drawing card, a cult of those For whom personal responsibility belongs only, Solely...(they chant)...to the other side.

Has common sense withered and died, that a Nation of sheep are led in race over the cliff, By one, in disguise, each one coveting, jealous, Wanting, claiming that to which he has no right?

George Orwell and 1984 have come and gone, yet The vision, about a body left unchecked, remains. The Wolf still lives, wields control, pronouncements Are as infected thorns in a nation's achilles heel.

Self Portrait

From all of the colors, which ones will you Use to paint your likeness, your self portrait~ The colors of kindness, of loyalty, The colors of forgiveness, of great love, Or, will you paint in self indulgent shades?

From which of your most pronounced attributes Will character evolve as true likeness? Will your pose be dark or cheery, a face Transparent or concealed behind deceit? Does it matter which colors will be used?

Within the framework of your humanity, There exists traits, both the good and the bad, Some highlighted by notoriety Some hidden, like secrets in a diary, Waiting, praying that they've been forgiven.

A book by its cover, we should not judge. Yet, why then do you, with your self portrait Discard some images as unworthy? Are you ashamed to face mirror's disgrace, Deny the extent of your vanity?

You peruse the contents of books, so too, The illustrations and ask yourself, Is there a price to pay in the painting Of a self-portrait? And, if there is, what price need Anyone to pay to paint each and every day?

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

Remembrance of Chang'an

Upon halting my steed upon the broken bridge,

The wind bears scents afar, Qinhuai's shadow gleams serene.

It floats so lightly, as if thy graceful sleeves do dance.

The willows of Chang'an, where we once walked, laughing as petals fell,

Now remain but a desolate terrace, bathed in cold moonlight, recounting partings and tangled fates.

The gentle rain enshrouds, yet temple bells pierced the shroud,

Softly drawing the echo of the whispered tones. Before the sacred lamps, I did a beseech, yearning they

form restored to light.

Amidst the shadowed mountains, countless deities rest in their azure calm.

The pine winds murmur, might they carry dreams where we meet anew?

Would I not offer a thousand cups of pure tea, in tribute to time long departed?

Time flows onward, beside the River Luo, I hear songs crest waves, catching lines of fishermen's lore.

The lotus sways, weaving itself into yesterday's dust.

Might the clouds, perchance, know?

Thy light-footed steps-

Hast thou borne thy soul to join their ethereal shapes? And the waters—have they ferried my lingering dreams to thee?

The night's lamp dims, at last, the candle's tears fall, Yet undying is that which—

Is etched into the very marrow of longing.

Chang'an's walls, lofty still upon my backward glance, But all else, the people, their stories, are gone. The lone crane wails: the fractured clouds seek their retreat. Should we meet again amidst the rivers and mountains, Let strings of the zither weave our words, And moonlight yow to heaven and earth: our hearts bound

And moonlight vow to heaven and earth: our hearts bound, unbroken.

Lofty Aspirations Across Millennia

From humble lands I rose,

With blade and steed, clad in chaos-stirring green.

Under the Han banner, I swept binding foes of the northern plain,

Sword's edge gleaming bright across nine realms.

Against tempest waves, I struck.

Time flows, its autumns fleeting beneath the mist of borderlands.

Through the swirling paths of Shu, clouds ascend,

Lances fall, tents scatter, resounding cries echo deep.

With golden arms and iron steeds, who dares not kneel? On Taishan's peak I stand,

Singing boundless tunes, defying saddle-bound invaders.

No bowing brow, no servitude to fleeting power.

Let trials sharpen my blade, deeds carve mountains asunder.

This life seeks but one—an enduring name in the annals of time.

Heroic spirits, fleeting as dreams,

Leave vows etched upon swords and scrolls,

As the Yangtze roars eternally through the ages.

Lonely Journey in the Yellow Sands

The morning wind sweeps past,

The Yellow River churns, its waves coiled like dragons. Endless desert stretches forth,

Camel caravans take on the shadowy form of the Great Wall.

Countless footprints of the past are scattered by the wind, In the fleeting moment of time,

Ancient legends are lost upon this silent, desolate land.

In the vast desert, a solitary plume of smoke rises straight, As the setting sun turns the earth a golden hue.

Like the carving of time's blade,

Light and shadow intertwine to paint a vast, empty scroll. The traveler journeys a thousand miles,

Only the stars guide him north and south.

Each star, like a lantern in the eyes of an old friend, faint, yet eternal.

Beyond the frontier, snow presses down on the poplar trees like silver robes,

Each snowflake that falls carries with it the cold of the past, The poplars silently stand guard,

Blooming the sharpness of life in their solitude.

In Guanzhong, plum blossoms bloom fiercely, defying the cold winds.

The traveler steps boldly, unafraid of the perilous path, Each step as though traversing the tunnel of time,

The unwavering strength within,

Crossing thousands of mountains and rivers,

Only to behold the grandeur of the Nine Provinces.

The other shore of the spirit is the source of all dreams and desires.

In the eyes, a thousand leaves and flowers, The vastness and magnificence of the earth, Every sunset and sunrise serve as a guide to the journey ahead,

In the boundless desert, he seeks only the invisible faith to lead him onward.

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Imru

B 496 AD D 565

son of tribal king born Arabia very complicated deep poet from young age loved sensual poetry loved wine loved many women king papa didn't threw him out eventually king assassinated by opposing tribe wine drinking poet, women chaser became a warrior seeking to avenge the death of his father he conducted a sustained attack on the Asad tribe for years all the while he was considered the greatest poet in pre-Islam Arabia he continued to write love poetry also, tearful remembrance paying tribute to his fallen comrades coming from seeking more military aid from a Caesar that Caesar got word that Imru was having an affair with his daughter he gave him a garment as a gift laced with a poison that gets into the body through the skin it killed him while traveling on the grave of a women, he laid dying and said whoever from near or far who has soil over their body are kin,

wild

what the hell more madness the better so much for majority rule if majority acting a fool would you get on a plane piloted by a madman who never flew a plane if the majority of passengers said take-off, would you? the population contains deaf, dumb, blind, bias tribal zombies humans void of humanity seeking the good and plenty the wrong way they created their own prison cell what the hell locked themself in self-inflicted cult members already doing time in the prison of the mind majority rules even though majority fools? democracy or dem a crazy?

Life in a Nutshell..

welcome to a glimpse of heaven/hell just a taste of where you may dwell haste makes waste so contemplate well before you choose where forever you decide to reside remember your fate that awaits from which no one can hide nor shuck, nor jive square your life away before you die you don't know the day before it arrives then it will be too late to strive when your fate without warning arrives so you go ahead and ignore instead, like you got rocks in your head so you act like life will last eternal until the angel of death shows up getting personal now what ?.....datz watsup! the day for which we should prepare for and pray your soul's taken gently and your destination is the kingdom paradise, good 'n 'plenty, milk 'n 'honey no more evil world and all its fake monopoly money

Norgen Snyder



Noreen Ann Snyder has been writing since she was a teenager. She writes a variety of different topics. Her favorite poetic forms are Sonnets, Blitz, Haiku, Tanka, and Free Verse. She always learning different poetic forms.

Noreen Ann Snyder is a poet, writer, and an author of five books, (four books are co-authored with her late husband, Garry A. Snyder.) Her poetry is in several Inner Child Press Anthologies. She is the founder of The Poetry Club on Facebook.

Imru' al-Qais

Imru' al-Qais, an Arabian poet, the wandering king His dad kicked him out of his court because of his poetry and his style of living, and that's how he became the Wandering King. His poetry reflected his life experiences, love, loss, nature, and warfare, the inventor of so many styles, including the Qasida, the Classical Arabic Ode. He's the father of the Arabic poetry. His masterpiece can be found in Mu'allaqat, (The Hanging Poems.) His poetry is raw, the kind where you'll say "Wow," one-of-a-kind, talented poet, the one you won't forget.

Reflect

Reach until you cannot stretch. Roar loudly like a lion. Reduce the negativity and refuse defeat and despair. Reflect who you are and what you want. Respect yourself and others. Rejoice and be glad you're alive.

Be Inspired

Time to mend not the end just a beginning pick up the pen, and write like it's your last night. Write from your heart and soul, write from your guts deep within. Just pick up the pen let the pen guide you, let the ink drip forming words. Be inspired, get inspired! Don't be afraid! Be you! Just write and write, and speak, and speak. And remember read and read to get and to be inspired.

elizabeth e. Castillo



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a coauthor 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.

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Facebook Fan Page

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In the Shadows of Imru Al-Qais

In the desert's heart, where the sandstorm sighs, Beneath azure skies, where the lone hawk flies, Imru Al-Qais traversed, with a soul made of fire, His heart a wild steed, with a spirit to aspire.

Lost in tales of love, both bitter and sweet, He penned his longings in verses complete; Of a maiden so fair, with a gaze like the moon, In the echoes of night, he'd whisper her tune.

By the gushing springs and the palm trees' shade, He'd craft his lament, where lovesick dreams played. With a lyre of stars, and the breeze as his guide, He'd sing of his passion, with the dunes as his bride.

But the winds would not tell of his joys or his pains, They carried his verses through mountains and plains, And the world became witness to heartache's embrace, As the poet found solace in poetry's grace.

O Imru Al-Qais, in a realm forged by fate, With the weight of your love, bore a soul desolate, Yet in every heartbreak, a legacy blooms, For the echoes of longing find life in tombs.

So let the sand swirl and the stories be spun, In the tapestry woven, your spirit shall run, For the heart that knows sorrow, in beauty takes flight, In the shadows of history, you'll shine ever bright.

Velvet Moon

In the velvet cloak of night, The Moon hangs high, a silver sight, A lantern casting gentle beams, Illuminating whispered dreams.

She sings to tides, a muse of seas, A guardian of secrets in the breeze, Her craters tell of ages past, Of lovers' vows and shadows cast.

In her glow, the world transforms, Fields shimmer, and the wild norm swarms, With fireflies dancing in her light, A ballet woven through the night.

Oh luminous orb, you wax and wane, A playful lover, a dance of gain, You guide the lost with your soft embrace, A tranquil balm, a timeless grace.

Beneath your gaze, the heart confides, In starlit whispers where hope abides, You cradle dreams, both big and small, A witness to the rise and fall.

So here I stand, in reverent awe, As you cast your gaze, without a flaw, Oh Moon, my muse, forever bright, A beacon of wonder in the endless night.

Nature Goddess

In the cradle of the cosmos, where silence softly breathes, Lives a spirit clad in green and gold, in gentle winds she weaves,

Her laughter ripples through the rivers, her whispers dance with trees,

For in her arms, the earth awakes, beneath her watchful ease.

The morning sun awakes her heart, with a symphony of light,

Awakening the blossoms, painting fields in colors bright. From mountain peaks to valleys deep, her canvas stretches wide,

With every shade of life she breathes, in her embrace we bide.

She cradles clouds, and stirs the seas, with storms that roar and play,

With tender hands, she nurses life, at night and during the day.

A tapestry of ecosystems, every thread a story told, Of ancient roots and feathered flight, in her arms, life unfolds.

Yet in her eyes, a glimmer shows, a worry, deep and real, For as we claim her cherished gifts, our greed becomes the steel.

Oft have we dulled her vibrant hues, defiled her sacred ground,

Forgotten that the pulse of life in harmony is found.

With every tree we choose to fell, with every river run, We test the limits of her grace, beneath the sinking sun. But still she offers second chances, with resilience, she

stands tall, A reminder of our fragile bond, the tether that we call.

So let us heed her whispered calls, in every leaf and stone, To cherish what is given us, and not to stand alone. For Mother Nature's heart is vast, her love, a ceaseless tide, In unity, we find the strength to walk, together, side by side.

Mutawaf Shahggd



C. E. Shy has been writing since the seventh grade. He continued writing through high school, until he became more involved in sports. After his graduation, he worked at the White Motors Company where he wrote for the company's newspaper. He started a column called: "The Poet's Corner." That was his first published work.

www.innerchildpress.com/c-e-shy.php

Dust Storm

Caught up in the storms of dust, bringing sayings with winds at their backs.

Blending in with the mirage sown by the dust. Thoughts blasted by sand

making issues clearer, nearer to being transparent by the poet's magic

hands. Clear night skies. Eyes focused on lights that arrived a billion years

ago. Too far away to grasp their meanings as they twinkle off and on.

Imagination working from hot to cold. From a land that was told by sages

from ages long ago. Fulfilling a destiny written before he wrote a single

curved line in the sand or any other place in the land.

Almost Maybe

I think I can find a little refuge in the ink, to let my thought's rise and sink as they will. Looking for comfort on the bottom line. Trying to seek shelter from some subhuman beasts. At least for a decade or more. Unable to understand or define a life form created from crime.

Sperm packed with germs let loose to undermine human kind. Almost no clean water left to drink. Not enough letters to describe what kind of creature you're standing next to. your blood is not enough to fix a freak's need to fulfill their unnatural needs. Serving time with slime while I try to find some breathing room.

Still being dazed by the familiar phrases that justify their very existence. Watching the mischief makers describe made up situations, while their soulless bodies are put on hold until they catch on fire. Ambitions filled to the brim with filth. The people mind's lined with laminated lies, no need for open eyes, if they open them, then all they'll see is rated X TV.

Misery sells, the media is full of it. Holding dreams together with scotch's tape, in the background are flawed landscapes designed by rape artists. The rights of today are the left overs of tomorrow. Falling further and

further from the center of attention, when words of beauty are spoken of, your name is never mentioned. If I saw you, like you see yourself, I'd be blind to.

Rated triple AAA in destruction. Scurrying around the earth mind boggled, disrupting everyone and everything you see. A tour guide to genocide and it's practical applications. the poster boy for horror stories. Nobody counts, they are just numbers in a perpetual stacked deck. Voices raised high, asking the reasons why their babies must die?

You smile and grin saying, let them say it again. Let them scream on to the top of their lungs. They can't do a damn thing about it. That's their conscience, not mine. Next to them standing in the line is a killer of mine. They have a voice, not a choice. I can't remember ever telling them that they did! You, don't think you actually have a seat at this table? Do yah? Not even almost maybe.

Alleged

It's been alleged that this country is mine. Where is the deed that I can't seem to find? Why would I pay taxes to someone so unkind, if this spot where I live was really mine? Reaching for the pencil that will help me erase the shades of gray.

The ones that don't want to go away. Some of my ideas may viewed as being cynical. Knowing that they aren't reckless, assists me reaching the pinnacle of the influences of what my words will do.

Can't stay away from the ER because he won't stop lying. Reality represents me, if and when the truth is told. It won't be told by them about me. Being twisted and bent out of shape are the new dimensions that align themselves with the mischief makers.

Sentences constructed sent out like mis- guided missives. Shopping with conmen, make what people buy much easier. Manipulated minds can't seem to find a straight path to anywhere.

Standing on a square suffering from round house kicks. She found joy derived from the pool boy, after being dug from the bottom of the barrel. He

should have lowered his expectations and his gaze then been happy with the minimum wage.

When they got finished, she screamed, RAPE! Nothing one can say that would Make it go another way, because being screwed up and astray is their path to heaven, by the way of a flawed perception.

Doing to others what they have done, means, don't do it to them, just keep doing it to others. Married to the idea that they have been divinely guided, they should never have to suffer.

Human sacrifices strewn all over the globe. Animals, insets, flowers and plants don't stand a chance against the pests among the sub-human branch.

Cutting no deals with cut throats. Avoiding conversations with back stabbers. Another day of staying above the fray, this is the way to keep my values intact.

No more unlocked doors or walking down the streets after dark. The parks close now by the time the sun sets. That's the time when the miscreants get lodged and let loose, to become the things that go bump in the night!

I wish I didn't have to walk with my Glock! Using words full of deception to acquire his neighbor's processions. That kind of logic is completely sick and incoherent.

These are the things that happen when the brain drains and is left without any kind of direction. Crimes committed are then acquitted, depends on who the hell you are?

In your case, the facts are omitted, so you can't get with it, or get a chance to even know who the heck you were or who you now are.

hülya n. yılmaz



Of Turkish descent, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Professor Emerita (Penn State, U.S.A.), Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, U.S.A.), and a trilingual literary translator. Before her poetry and prose publications, she authored an extensive research book in German on crosscultural literary influences.

Her works of literature include a trilingual collection of poems, memoirs in verse, prose poetry, short stories, a bilingual poetry book, and two books of poetry (one, coauthored). Her poetic offerings appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors.

hülya writes creatively to attain and nourish a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, a traveler on the journey called "life" . . .

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disillusioned

pity to all who like i think that one could return to some thing or someone who was built there before, who breathed there before

Imru' al-Qais lived through such a despair times and times again his beloved, no longer in her old place, filling her lifeline with an empty space

al-Qais' odes or "hanging poems" would not suffice to replace his utterly-felt heartache

pity to all who like i think that one could return . . .

cemeteries

the blame is on me each time, i have missed the burial ceremonies of my loved ones

did i lament their void? did i cry in their absentia? did i feel like an inadequate human?

i still do at each of my breaths

these days, i seek only those stories where i, as the antagonist, visit cemeteries to pay my due service to those beloveds of mine who passed on - sans my dearly loving presence

snow

flakes larger than life

upon the freshly cut grass

nothing permanent





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

Response to Imru al-Qais Poem

The stars open their curtains to expose you in night's light while you take what is not yours. After the long night, your love will beg for mornings kiss to the earth in the stream of first light.

The dust of weariness cannot hold you back. The birds in the valley serenade you. You will not confess today that you took everything from this woman and left her in cold, bloody sheets.

Because you could not face the truth. Love cannot be forced with violent overtures of power. In the long run, you lose. Left to the ages with an empty heart.

Seasonal Massage

Fall teases on approach, then rushes like a whirlwind as colors fall to earth. The soil is flush with fullness. Hunger is released to the wind.

We cling to the last massage as fall folds into winter light. A sudden cold, dampness brings a wave of gray skies that lull us into sleep.

There is always reason for hope. Spring always comes with a flame of sweetness to kiss the meadows. Our nostrils tremble in spring's smell.

High Stakes

You cannot shake off the anxiety that chases your bones. That is your sign to work hard. Change is coming.

Swallowing becomes difficult. Indigestion sings in your chest. Transformation is biting at your heels. That is your sign to move forward.

Open your arms. Accept your blanket of desire. The truth wants to lay its head on the warm blanket you hold.

Look into your third eye. Spirit is waiting to initiate you. You must walk alone into your new realms of joy.

Ashok K. Bhargava



ASHOK BHARGAVA is a poet, writer, inspirational speaker and a literary consultant. He has attended poetry conferences in Italy, Turkey, India and Philippines. His latest book "Riding the Tide" about his battle with cancer has been translated and published in Arabic, Hindi, Telugu and Bengali languages. He is a contributing writer to several anthologies worldwide including World Poetry Almanac 2014. He has been published in numerous print and online magazines.

Ashok has won many accolades including Poet Ambassador to Japan, Kalidasa International award, World Poetry Lifetime Achievement award, Writers Beyond Borders Peace award and Tapsilog Leadership award for his community involvement. He is founder of Writers International Network Canada Society to discover, nourish, recognize and celebrate writers, poets and artists and to assist them to network with the community at large. He is the author of eight books of poetry and one anthology. He is Artist-in-Residence at Moberly Arts & Cultural Centre and also co-edits the literary section of The Link Newspaper.

The Lost King

For Imru' al-Qais

Waves of restless sand dunes rock tribal loyalty avenging slayers of the king.

For the slain father he renounced his passions poetry, wine, women and fought to extract revenge in blood.

He spent the rest of his life to regain what was lost..

I imagined asking what he missed most. He answered, pointing to the fingers writing poems.

He didn't miss scandalous orgies or wine but poetry that his father didn't want him to write.

Let it Go

Life is always shifting, forming. Nothing lasts forever, let go of fears. Alone at night, I sing to myself -What looks real isn't real, let go of it.

Let me tell you I'm living a life that was about to leave me quietly without fanfare hugs or kisses.

I'll not let it go without celebrations, giggles and laughter.

We are all made up of broken and mended hearts.

So we must thank God for all the joys and blessings.

We are so lucky to have food to eat home to live family to love and friends. Could the garden of Eden be any better?

I'm a Tree

holding the soil like deeply held eco-secrets in my heart.

I sing with winds I whisper with rivers I fly with my leaves I dance with clouds I'm a tree.

Love me hug me don't dismember my limbs I am your friend I'm a tree.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

Among her poetic belts include **Gabrielle Galloni Memorial Panorama International Youth Award** 2022, Panorama Youth Literary Awards 2020, 7th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada ''Amazing Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua. Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

http://panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazarenogabis/

https://apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

http://www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras /id1181.html

Wanderer's Whisper

(Tribute to Imru' al-Qais) Imru'l al-Qais, The King of Wanderers, He was born into royalty, His name echoed in the desert, The Tales of Thrones soared, His words are as sharp as warrior's blades, But his heart adorns his home of love, The starlit canopy worn grips of fierce, His soul roamed like people's song, The rebel poet's unspoken desires Were written in the stars. His verses paint the crowns of humanity, His legacy is a timeless channel of poetry.

Omoiyari

Sometimes the world of words fall short, Silence speaks volumes, The spaces between us were misunderstood, Like unbound footsteps And raging paces, If you don't mean the words uttered, Your feet stomped one's despaired road, It breathes like a bridging soul, Rushing care lingers and empathy shapes our world, the gesture finds a gentle spirit, a call beyond ourselves, to embrace all.

(omoiyari- is Japanese concept that means empathy, compassion and deep consideration for others)

Pathways to Excellence

Here's the journey we take, Stride to find the best of luck, The era of Enlightenment flashes doors Of opportunities, of possibilities, We cross the miles and find the ship, That sails the ocean of breakthroughs, Finding innovative solutions and learning, Like great minds move mountains, Open gates that trailblaze the myriad schemes, Where synergies of triumph are resounding bliss, We stand strong, we walk along.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a trilingual poet, translator, environmentalist, editor from India and author of seven books of different genres including one on children's literature on Environment. She is the recipient of International UGADI AWARD 2019, honoured from Gujurat Sahitya Akademi 2022, 2021 International Poesis Award of Honor as Jury, Pentasi B World Fellow Poet, Honoured Poet of India from Seychelles Government and International awards from Algeria, Morocco, Kajhakhstan, modern Arabic Literary Renaissance of Egypt, International Arts Council Argentina etc. Her stories, poems, articles are published in many International and National magazines and ezines. Her poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 67 languages. She has received over 60 National and International Awards. At present she is the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child and the life member of Odisha Environmental Society

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Imru al -Qais: the father of Arabic poetry

Imru al- Qais Junduh bin Hujr al- Kindi the pre Islamic poet from Arab born at Najd in the late sixth century the last king of the kingdom of Kindah passionate about love author of the Muallagat (hanging ones) suspended odes in the framed collection expelled twice from his father's kingdom for his erotic poetry he invented the techniques of qasida his themes were on love, loss, longing, desert landscape Arab chivalry, seduction of women, victory of battles, skills with swords and arrows each line is the combination of two verses each called a BAYT a melancholic poet he was whose poems written on golden letters on the scrolls of linen hung on the walls of the Kaabba in Mecca symbolic they are with vivid description indeed, he is a classical poet and father of Arabic poetry

When a transwoman speaks

"On the subject of sex, silence became the rule"

FOUCAULT

I am a sleeping beauty my beauty trapped inside the cage of my soul with the body of a man I need a red gown and lipsticks I may not have breasts of a woman I wish to be a mother What an agony I face for my gender dysphoria and discrimination I am not a beggar or sex worker Why should I be segregated? Why can't I reveal my gender identity? I am a good dancer, a public speaker need to express my grief, my potentialities to work for our culture, humanity and sustainability of nature Just give me an opportunity I can teach, reach beyond all boundaries Here I dedicate my life to all the humanity Don't ever irritate me or humiliate I am a queen who has overcome the transit period Now I celebrate the peace zone after my surgery Hold my hand dear community We will walk together discuss with me of any political, sociological issues I too have my views, my rights as a part of the cosmic entity as you all are don't throw stones at them never ever try to make them the sex workers they are intellectuals recognise their existence

after my death, I know the police will write my gender identity

Yes, I am a transwoman who glorifies creation I too stayed in my mother's womb for nine months crossed the painful journey with memoirs of experiencing loss of acceptance discovered myself reconciling my past and present my vulnerable gender fluidity transitioning is a journey and not the destination "help me to grow" is my appeal empathy or sympathy both I don't need I just wish to live in my own way with my ear rings and of course with my voice that I am a trans woman a beautiful creation I am your friend forever

Oneirataxia

I flow

to meet my destination carrying the dead saliva of ash, resurrected dead body on the pyre I am a river by the way

I stand as a pillar my voice truncated green monologues surrender clouds drizzle the vision is clear Save the flora and fauna I am a mountain by the way

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

Imru Al-Qais

What looks like waves of water made of crystal like powder mixed in sand is usually the back drop of my land.

Standing here I sigh of content as I stare at the sky because it's heaven sent.

I was a prince that turned into a poet of kings, in exile I understood why a caged bird sings. When no one was around, "I" was found, "I" is my emotions put into sound.

He gave the naked truth, his verse was bare, he was raw beyond compare, the only thing covered was his body with cloth to protect his skin from the sun and sand from his hair. He braved the monsoon of dunes.

In darkness he brought light, when he spoke his poems were bright, verses of love and war took flight, he had a way with words, his similes and metaphors were tight.

I loved and I've lost, but I've gained from the experience, to me it's still a win because we learn from loss, it's like a second chance to begin what we began in the land of Arabian deserts and wavy sand.

The world knew my voice and my story, in Arabia I'm considered the father of poetry.

Caught in the mix

I was caught up in the mix, ya know poverty, the drive to end poverty, cocaine and heroin,

The streets was the blender that spun with the earth's rotation, the end process was bars, burials and addiction in the pursuit of financial freedom. Unfortunately, my story is the same story for many men, there's not a lot of parents that gave birth in New York in the late 60's and 70's that still have those children due to the mayhem that started in the 80's under Reagan.

It feels like a dream but I know it's true when I look at my bullet wounds and all the funeral cards of my crew and affiliates that were also mixed into that deadly brew. When I rewind time in my head, I see visions that should be beautiful but are mostly ugly because most of the images I see are me surrounded by faces of the dead. I'm at that point in life where if I haven't seen a person in a long time and I see a mutual friend I won't ask "hey how's so and so? because I already know how that convo will end, that way I can picture them blessed with no stress and I'll be able to keep the thought of "I'll see them again". The run to reign caused a lot of pain due to life sentences and those dreaded three days of rain.

Masked up

I made sure to load clips with gloves so no prints stay, when the gats up I'm masked up, no prints on the casings of slugs, no face of the blaz'n thug, that's what you call a clean get away.

After made moves pipes were dismantled to put new pins/hammers and barrels to change strike marks and to remove lands and grooves, nothing was garbage, everything was recycled for more carnage. In broad day while pushn hard vay I taught recruits how to shoot, we sent boxes of ammo to the sky over the 20 and the boot, then it was cans and bottles before they was ready for urban battles, had to get their aim right in preparation for gun fights to possess that evil root. I made marksmen, when the timing was right they'll take one shot that'll take out two men... precise precision. They know how to cover their tracks before they leave like dope fiends with long sleeves, I taught em all of that from experiences in trap. It was a kill or be killed time, you had to be ready to die or in order to live on the C and D grind. While you plot on what moves to make next theirs opps plotting your death, I keep on point watching my surroundings, while you're scheming, I'm already red dotting, holding my breath.

Michelle Joan Barulich



Michelle Joan Barulich was born in Honolulu, Hawaii on the island of Oahu. She started writing poetry and songs with her younger brother Paul. They have written many songs in their teen years. She is currently studying Alternative Medicine and would like to become a Homeopathic Doctor. Michelle loves all kinds of animals and birds; she does wild rehabilitation. She has also rescued rock pigeons that make great pets.

https://www.facebook.com/michelle.barulich

Let Us Stop and Weep

Imru an Arabian poet Known as the Father of Arabic poetry As a child he began composing poetry Like many figures of the early Arabia, they relied on stories One of his famous quotes was today for drink tomorrow for serious matters It has been said that after the passing of Imru The Greeks made a statue of him To remember his poetry and his literary and national inspiration.

God's People

I can see myself looking through the mirrored glass I can feel the pain with every breath Somebody says your life is down the street I turn around and I see Everything makes sense Now it connects with our spirit I can feel God's hand touching mine Through times, I have my highs, and I get my share of lows I wonder if I'll ever make it Wishing I could follow in the saint's footsteps St. Jude, I pray to you You are the forgotten one And I had to say all my goodbye's So, I know you understand St. Anthony, you are the finder of lost things Help me find the good in everyone Help me find God St. Anthony, there are many times I think of you St. Mary The Mother of God Your eyes are full of love Teach me what it means Thanks for pulling me through And I dedicate the rosary to you Jesus, You are the best example of a man You are everything to everybody Guide me to be a part of you Jesus, I look up to you and with my burning heart I think of you, And I pray, dedicate, and love you all God's people.

In The Midst of the Night

I hear an angel call A calling for everyone There's no more time to waste And there will never be No more crying from a child's eye In the midst of the night We will be free In the midst of the night We will see A man I knew Had to prepare to fight He wrote me a poem Not more than two lines For he said he couldn't go on He said, if we both make it We will be together In the midst of the night We will be free In the midst of the night All the children too Before the night will fall We will have to fight We will walk through hell Before we see the light before we see Theres a war going on Its hate against hate We will just have to wait Oh, please come quickly I hear an angel call It's for everyone to hear and see Now the stars are falling

And the fog is rolling out I can see everyone Everyone is coming home In the midst of the night It will be our sign The children reunite In the midst of the night We will be free In the midst of the night Everyone will see In the midst of the night We shall be freed.

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Cliza Segiet



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University.

Received *Global Literature Guardian Award* – from Motivational Strips, World Nations Writers Union and Union Hispanomundial De Escritores (UHE) 2018.

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020,

International Award Paragon of Hope (2020),

World Award 2020 *Cesar Vallejo* for Literary Excellence. Laureate of the Special Jury *Sahitto International Award* 2021, World Award *Premiul Fănuş Neagu* 2021.

Finalist *Golden Aster Book* World Literary Prize 2020, *Mili Dueli* 2022, Voci nel deserto 2022.

At the international Festival of Poetry CAMPIONATO MONDIALE DI POESIA (2021/2022) she won the title of vice-champion of the world.

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Award - World Poets Association (2023).

Laureate Between words and infinity "International Literary Award (2023).

Revenge

In memory of Imru' al-Qais*

How is it possible that because of his poetry he was forced to leave the kingdom? The king had forbidden his son to write.... *'It's not appropriate.*'

The son had not yielded to his father's will. The punishment for his disobedience was exile.

He began to live by his own rules. Gambling, hunting, drinking and women became his bread and butter.

The awakening came when the news of his father's death reached him. Still one more day after his passing he continued to play but his reason was already telling him: *Today is for a drink, and tomorrow for serious matters.*** The latter were to mean revenge for killing his father!

He declared: *Wine and women will now be forbidden to me until I have killed a hundred Banu Asads (...).* And he kept his word.

Despite being in exile, he'd decided to avenge the king's death. Perhaps he had realized

that all his father wanted was his son's good
though ignoring the fact
that everyone has the right to make their own decisions.
The son had chosen to write.
His poetry transported him

through the world, through the centuries, to non-oblivion.

*Imru' al-Qais Junduh bin Hujr al-Kindi was an Arab king and poet who lived in the sixth century. He is considered the father of Arabic poetry.

** "Today for a drink, tomorrow for serious business" is one of his most famous quotes.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Grief

Old age may never chance, it has a chance to come around.

In the times when the pace of life is getting faster youth can be overworked instead of outlived. It slips away, leaving insufficiency and grief.

So many, very many lost moments.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Karma

Molded not in the image of others:

- not worse,

- not more foolish,
- or maybe smarter?

These are the ones who choose the path to the beauty in the garden of life.

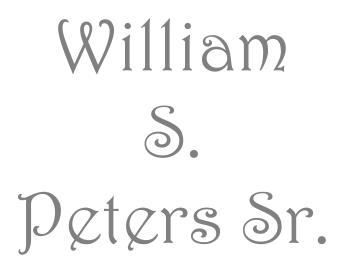
Not those who know where the good is, and where the evil is

but those who feed with good

will gain the furthest.

Translated by Artur Komoter

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Imru' al-Qais bin Hujr al-Kindi

By way of the word, I poetically ushered in The wave of Arabic poetry & Poets Who were to come

I left footprints In the garden Of which I had many.

I am a Bedoin, I am a King One whom even The Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) Paid homage

My words had meaning then As much as they do now

I encouraged the wind To whisper to the souls of men And they have been inspired For centuries past And centuries to come

Come taste of my verse, It is a sweet inebriating wine Like the nectar of the Gods, For his angels Spoke to my soul As I speak to you . . . Hark, listen, I am Imru' al-Qais bin Hujr al-Kindi

Alchemist

With just a little hope,

And some well positioned dreams,

A bucket full of will,

And a heart full of humanity,

And we can change the world!

1 eye blind

A deep rose colored monocle Adorns the left, The right?

Night endures Sight obscures There are no sure- ities That appease our wonder Our quest For truth

The test we face Has a space ... somewhere Out there in the nefarious ether, The never ever neither either Where you nor I Can seem to get to

The anguish Of no light, Only blight seen Demeans our essence, But our very presence Confirms the present, Yet to come, And validates our delusion Pertaining the illusion s Of the past And the future We must face ... Can you taste Your sense of it all

Worry not About the fall, For it has already happened And perhaps ... We are flapping Broken wings Attempting to fly In the liquid soup Of subterfugeous dischord

1 eye blind, The other adorns A deeply colored Rose flavored monocle

Smell the flowers my child Smell the flowers, For therein lies The hope you have yet To grasp.

Poke me in my 3rd eye, And perchance I will know you are here With me

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December 2024 Featured Poets



Kapardeli Eftichia

Irena Jovanović

Sudipta Mishra

Til Kumari Sharma



Kapardeli Eftichia



Kapardeli Eftichia – From Greece has a degree as an art conservator 2021 She has a Doctorate from Arts And Culture World Academy. World Academy of Art and Culture | Facebook International Ambassador of the International Chamber of Writers and Artists LIC, Member of the World Poets' society and poetas del mundo, member of the IWA, member of E.E.A.S.II.H The Union of Greek Writers - Authors of the Five Continents, member of the International Society Of Greek Literatures – Artists - Deel and Pel (the world association of writers in Greece) Panhellenic Union of Writers.

http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013 10 01 archive.html

ΑΓΟΝΕΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΕΣ

Άγονες γραμμές γεμάτες ταξίδια άγονες γραμμές χωρίς αγκαλιές οι σκιές μας μοιρασμένες οι διαδρομές μας πετρωμένες και οι ρίζες μας κομμένες

Άγονες γραμμές ,απολιθωμένες σε συνθήκες ματαιωμένες σε μέρες που τρυπούν και κολλούν στο σώμα με πνοές, ματωμένες

Έρημη χώρα η ζωή μας πάντα θρηνεί την αποχώρηση μας και για τα βελούδινα αγγίγματα θρηνεί που στριμωγμένα ,σε ασταθή ορίζοντα βυθίζονται ,μοιάζουν αγριολούλουδα ξεριζωμένα στο πλήθος για μένα και για σένα

Στην κούραση άνθρωποι σμίγουν ,μας μιλούν και με γυμνά βρεγμένα χέρια μας χαιρετούν στην άμορφη μάζα των χρόνων με την Ηχώ της Άρνησης ,στα φώτα της Πόλης που στολίζουν τα σπίτια και τις κάμαρες μας προσπερνούν

Infertile lines

Infertile lines full of travel Infertile lines without hugs our routes are stony ,our roots, cut off and our shadows, are divided

Infertile lines, petrified in aborted conditions on days that pierce and stick in the body with breaths, bloody

Our life is a desert country always mourns our departure and for the velvet touches he mourns that squished, in unstable horizon they sink, they look like wild flowers uprooted in the crowd, for me and you

In fatigue, people come together, they talk to us and with bare wet hands they greet us in the formless mass of the years with the Echo of Denial, in the lights of the City that they decorate houses and chambers they pass us

Μητερα Γη

Στην χρυσή κοιλάδα με τον απέραντο ουρανό στη γη της αθωότητας Εκεί που τα σύννεφα της σκόνης έλιωναν στο φώς του Ήλιου Εκεί που το νερό του ποταμού σκέπαζε τα γυμνό μου σώμα με τα μυστικά και τα χαμόγελα όλου του κόσμου Και ένα πανέμορφο λουλούδι σπόρος της μάνας γης ,στις ρίζες ενός δένδρου να με καλείεκεί Και τώρα η καταστροφή , η εισβολή ,η ρύπανση Κόκκινη γη ...τα θεμέλια σου σκάβουν άσχημοι καιροί ,και τα σπλάχνα σου καίουν στάχτη και σκόνη ,ζώα φοβισμένα ρίζες νεκρές, έρημα τα βουνά ,η ζέστη το χώμα καίει Οι μηλιές δεν θα έχουν πια καρπούς ,το τριαντάφυλλο δεν θα ανοίξει πια οι μελωδίες θα έχουν σιωπήσει, με κουρασμένα και νεκρά πουλιά Και το δένδρο ,που αλλάζει κάθε εποχή θα μας προσκαλεί να ταξιδέψουμε με τα φύλλα που του πήρε ο άνεμος την αυγή Στην ψυχρή σιωπή και την καταδίκη στην αγκαλιά μου αργοπεθαίνει Η πρώτη αγαπημένη μου μητέρα ,η Γη

Mother Earth

In the golden valley with the vast sky in the land of innocence Where the clouds of dust melted in the light of the Sun. Where the river water covered my naked body with secrets and smiles of the whole world And a beautiful flower seed of mother earth, at the roots of a tree to call methere And now the destruction, the invasion, the pollution Red earth, your foundations are digging bad times, and your bowels are burning ash and dust, scared animals roots dead, mountains deserted, heat the soil burns The apple trees will no longer bear fruit, the rose will no longer open the melodies will be silent, with tired and dead birds And the tree, which changes every season will invite us to travel with the leaves that the wind took at dawn In cold silence and condemnation in my arms he dies late My first beloved mother, Earth

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Irena Jovanović



Irena Jovanović from Zaječar, Serbia (born in 1971) is a Master of Ceramics Design, Painter and Poetess. She has been writing poetry since 1992, and has published her poetry book "Let It Be" with "Inner Child Press" in USA in 2013. She writes poetry both in Serbian and in English, and publishes in online magazines, Facebook groups, and her Facebook page, as well as in printed magazines in her country and abroad. She founded a club for poetesses in her hometown and is leading it, with 30 members of different ages, and poetry reading once in a week.

Being Interconnected

With nature and universe with energies and dimensions with particles and transcendence with vibrations and fractals with Fibonacci Sequence and Golden Ratio with mandalas and water memories with cells, atoms, and subatomic domain with frequencies and creation with sun, earth, wind, oceans moon, planets, synchronicity and all with soul and Supreme soul it's natural to be interconnected with universal codes and ciphers with ancient secrets and mysteries with crystals, rocks, depth and eons with timelessness, eternity, bliss and endlessness with vastness of ideas of the most brilliant mind with essence, substance, purpose and cause with everything possible and impossible at all with life, change, continuity and path it is absolutely primordial to be interconnected with sacred geometry and perfect miracles with DNA sequences and infinite knowledge with inner silences and immersive meditations with fluffy snowflake images and interstellar travels and all knots-woven patterns and plans blueprints, schemes and schedules with time and space, events and stillness with gods, deities, sacredness and truth

yes, it is very much and positively recommended to be opened and highly perceptive it is very good, very best and exquisite it is extraordinarily majestic indeed being in tune, being in harmony being in tao being interconnected

Both Heaven And Nature Sing

Uplifted vibrations of brilliant whiteness purity in perfect, essential crystal clear shiny eloquence of winter wise covers making all nature sleep and rest in preparation for new life burst for spring of joy now meditating so deeply, inside planning, dreaming, getting all ready for the next brand new motion play, performance, interpretation during and throughout this snow-white intermezzo in orchestration of exceptional life symphony now singing in mind and soul high frequencies on sky and ground everywhere so pleasing so neat and delightful so unlimited so fulfilling, so blissful oneiric both heaven and nature intone this ultimate melody of whiteness within the clear mind of ultimate creature... ... creating universe choruses... of eternal whiteness... within sound... vibrating...

Emerald Gardens

Evergreen thoughts deeply diving into the Self recalling peaceful nuances and mildest waves of the attitude of the natural and wild growth echoes listening to miraculous interiors entering emerald gardens of the mind finding tender bliss and openness to the widest ranges of endlessness of eternity of our soul residing in green areas of a heart garden energy beautiful as an unreal dream as an unchangeable fairy tale very brilliant part of a being in any circumstances present and all present in the glory of God laid down in a true beauty in emerald gardens set just for its throne presiding over all appearances offering brilliance unconditionally harmonizing each and every move leading all to the light of the substance residing in absolute undivided fantasy of joy unimaginable realms of utmost experience wonderful, ecstatic, ravishing, astonishing in emerald gardens of Lord's dreams...

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Sudipta Mishra



Sudipta Mishra is a multi-faceted artist and dancer. She has weaved more than a hundred books, as a coauthor. Her third book, 'The Essence of Life', is credited with Amazon's best seller, and her next book, 'The Songs of My Heart' is scaling newer heights of glory. She garnered numerous accolades from international literary organizations like the famous Rabindranath Tagore Memorial, Mahadevi Verma Sahitya Siromani Award, Powerful Women Award, and so on. She regularly pens articles in newspapers as a strong female voice against gender discrimination, global warming, domestic violence against women, etc. She is pursuing a PhD degree in English at Jaipur, India.

Ennui

Oh! I have to walk again on the known valleys of tedium "I am bored now and that's all"

The same sunshine penetrated my skin Giving me a sign of living Again the sun has drowned in the wide unknown

With the soft murmurs from leaves I realize the ritual of the flock of birds Fluttering, silky wings disappear in the sky

Soaring desires tempt me to live Crowded streets chase me with desolate appetites I peep into the empty houses

No more I can see the laughing walls What is left there? Corpses of dead desires hang on the roof

I can see hunger, there The cravings for love succumb to a realm of nothingness A cycle continues

Desperation settles everywhere Clouds of fear cover the sky I silently sip my tears

I submit my empty wishes Upon the arrival of a new day Again I try to hold the hands of Ennui...

The Mute Doll

There was a doll, so beautiful pretty eyes and lovely lips Then came a man Master in the art of stagecraft He played with the puppet The dummy obeyed its master Everything went well The magic was lauded by all The roly-poly toy became everyone's favorite

In the World of Deception, The doll played so well It swayed with the blowing air Never did it disobey the commands It rose to fame With golden wings To touch the sky Suddenly the strings were cut The master died Now, the doll was in foul hands The dumb doll failed to listen to the multiple voices Nobody loved the voiceless, poor fellow Now, the mute doll is left in a glass case With drooping eyes, it greets everyone at the doorstep Nodding its head in a slightly tilted face!

Ignorance

I do not know the reason I can only hear a voice inside me My soul sings a poem, so pure so melodic, stirring A song that speaks the voice of silence That ripples inside my chest Sparkling ideas boil in my mind I just form them and I whisper them in the spiraling wind For reaching out to you all

I console and negotiate with words My untamed mind always struggle To express my conflicting feelings Finally, words explore the game In the game of intriguing thoughts, I cajole my verses to note my expression! Oh, then the weight of my memory Finds a subtle way to release...

Til Kumari Sharma



Til Kumari Sharma was born in Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, Nepal. She is known as Pushpa too. Her parents are Mr. Hari Prasad Basel Sharma (Mayor of Village Assembly in the time of Kingdom) and Mrs. Liladevi Bhusal Bashyal. Her PhD is in English Literature from Singhania University in Rajasthan, India. She has published many thousands of poems, some essays, stories and literary writings from Nepal, other Russia. America, England, Scotland, Indonesia, Bangladesh, South Africa, Kenya, North Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Spain, India and others. She is co- author in bestselling anthologies.

> WhatsApp: +9779749497960 Email: <u>authortilks@gmail.com</u>

Alienated Life Journey

The birth alone is our life. Death alone is our journey to reach. Destiny of everybody is to reach in death bed. No alive ness is eternal here. Body melts in soil. Bone acts as light of earth. Nothing has complete death in real world. Transformation is essential. The birth and death are enemies and friends. The womb of mother is tomb too. It has already structured tomb in womb. So birth meets life in tomb. The harmony is death too. Loss is gain too. Death is guest to take life. Again it brings birth of someone. Soul is taking journey. Spirit has friendship with air and wind. Storm is my breath to defeat death. Life is in journey of death.

Human Agony

The rope of agony is part of life. Smiling is another part of life. The essence is to breathe. The alive ness is our acting in theatre. The dancing is our movement. The light is to see death. Pyre is our destination. It is eternal home. It is light of life. The duty is to regard happiness. Smiling is an art of agony. Tears are blocking happiness. The happiness is brief and short. Grief is built up of human agony. The walls of life are higher. Genuine beauty is lost in agony. To grieve is essence of life. Agony is in the end of life.

Harmony of Humanity

Humanity as light in earth. It is inborn in particular human. The delighting is in humanity in world. Human is higher being in earth. Consciousness is our heart with mind. Humanity in world is huge achievement. The harmony is ornament. That leads world of moral wisdom. The association of world people is humanity in earth. The alienated selfishness is mad point.

Considering other is huge tribute. The life is decorated with cloth of humanity. Then world is our home. No boarder in our friendship is in humanity of world. The wonder is the human discrimination. Humanity does not like discrimination. Love with humanity is our jewel of harmony. The gist of life is to help each other with respect.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

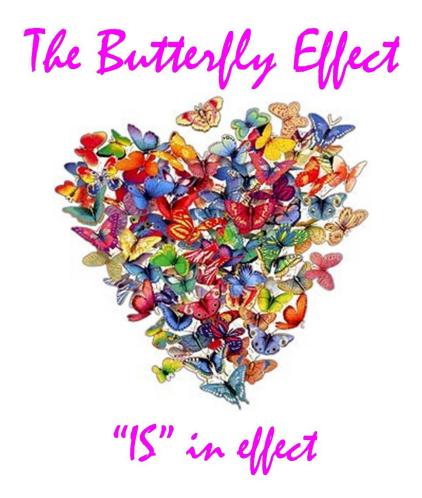


. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

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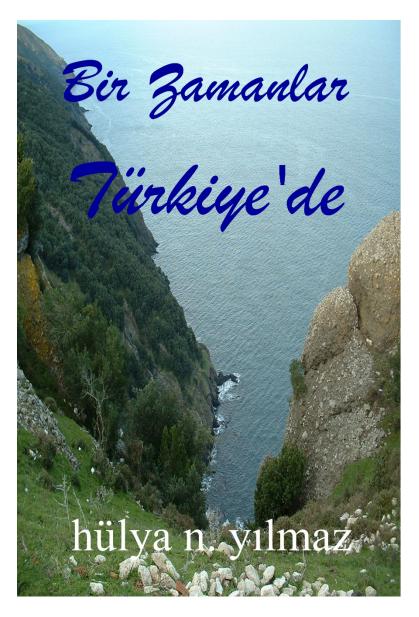
KREW ŻYCIA The Blood of Life

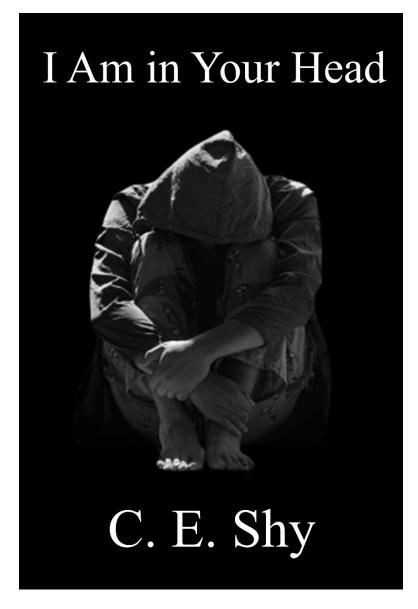
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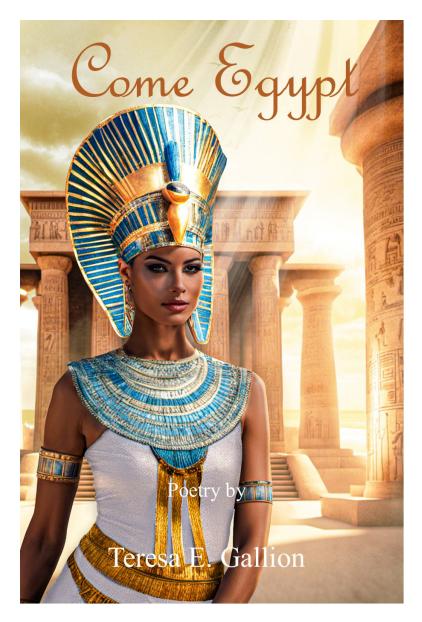


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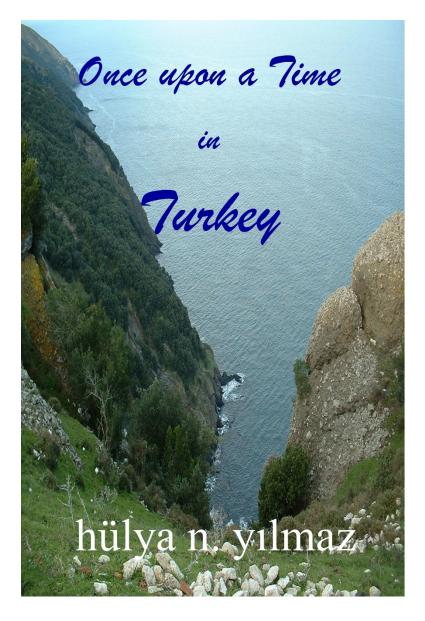




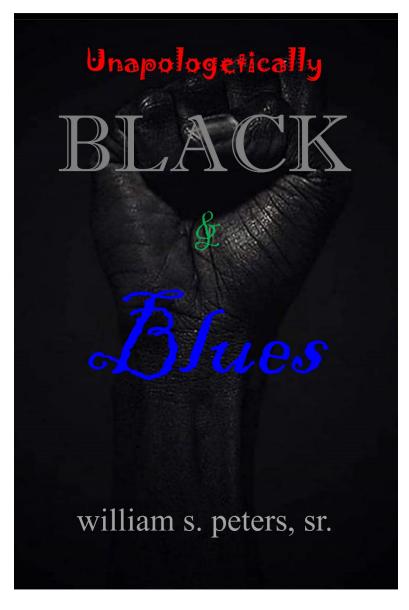




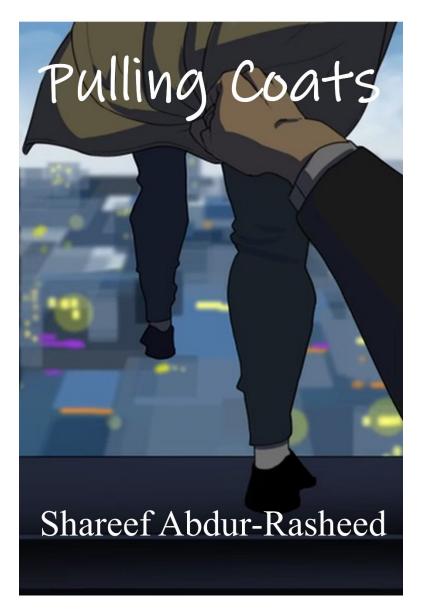
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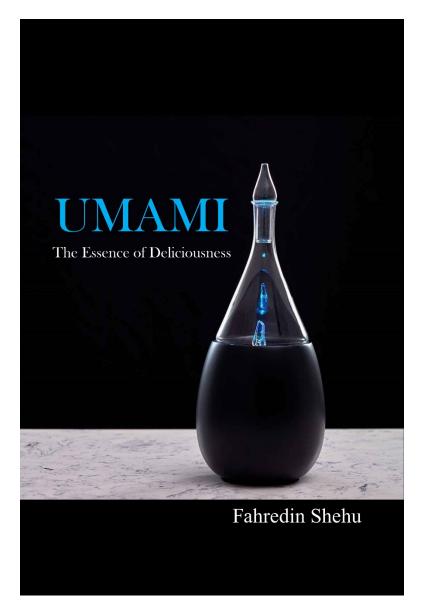


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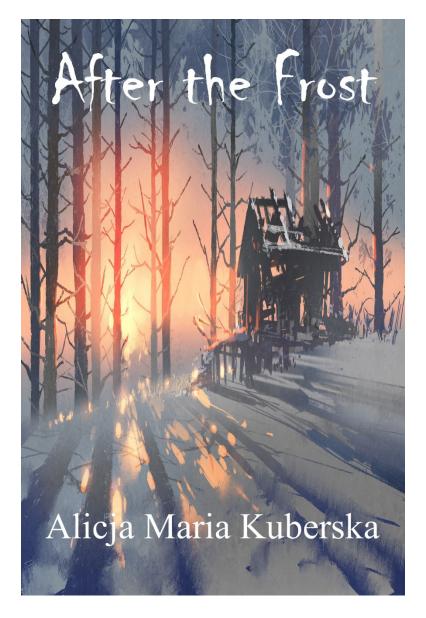
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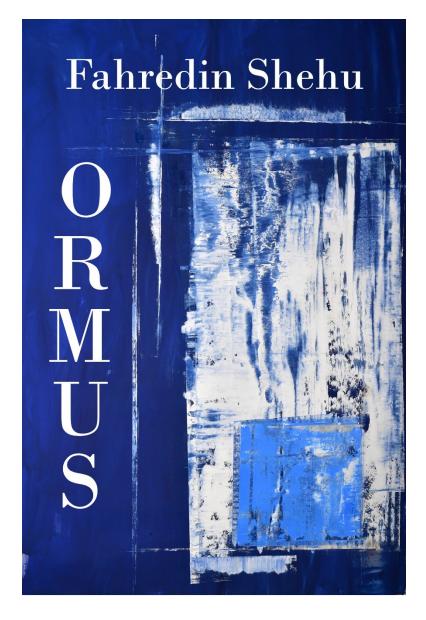
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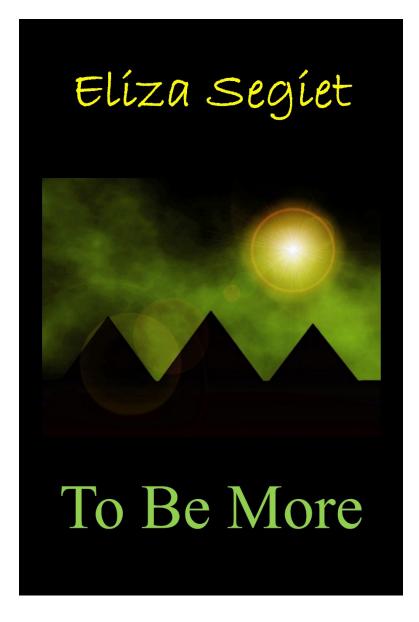
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Ahead of My Time

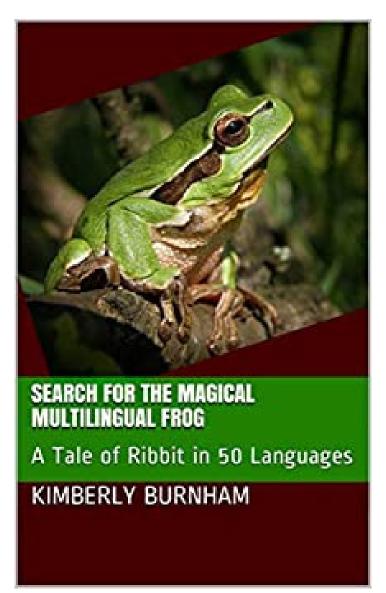
... from the Streets to the Stages



Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

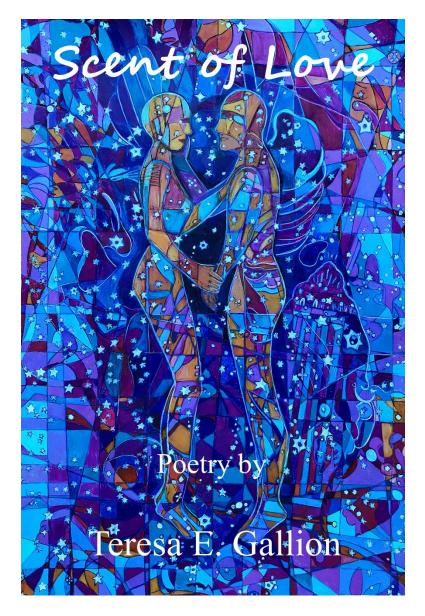


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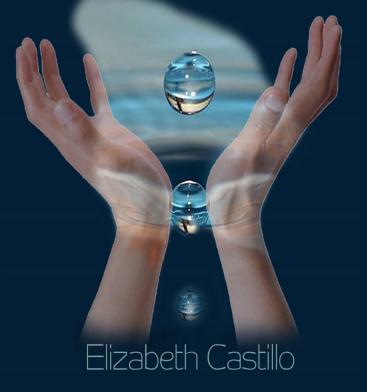
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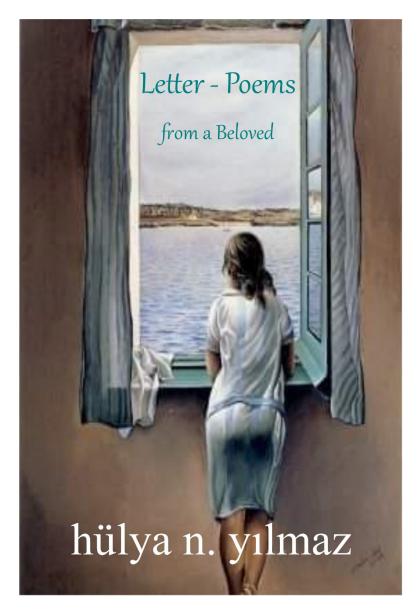
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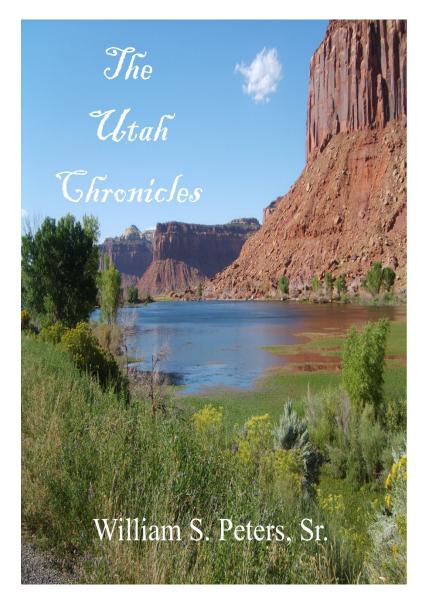


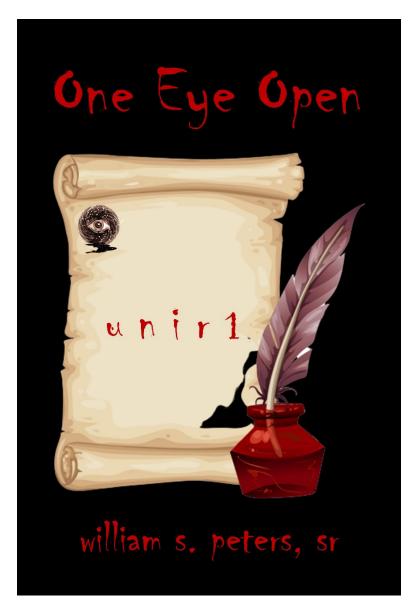
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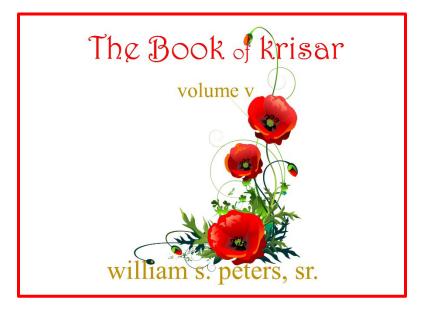
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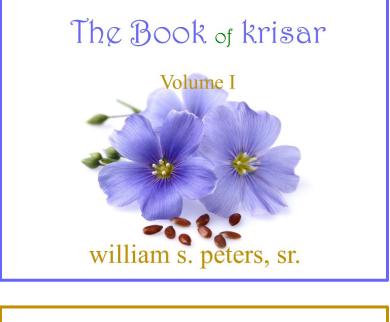


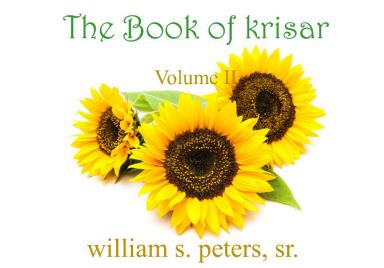
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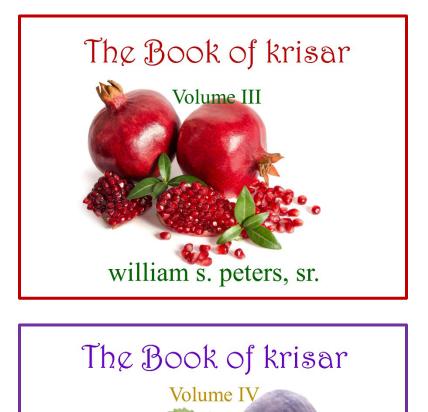


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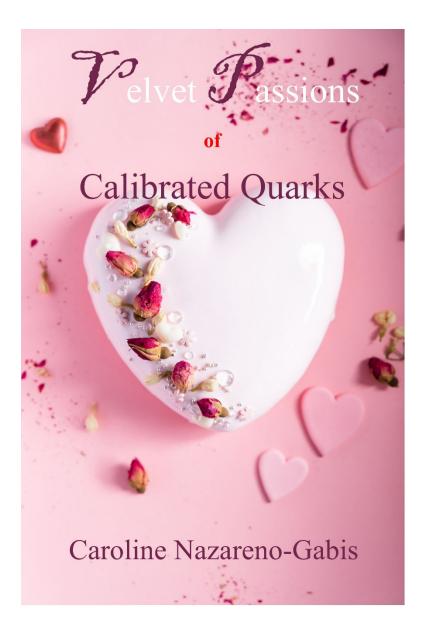


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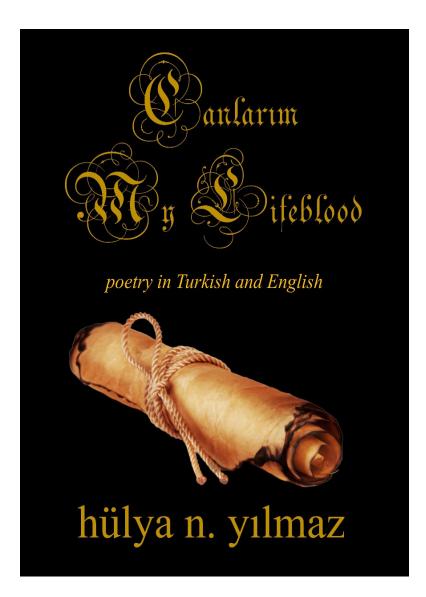
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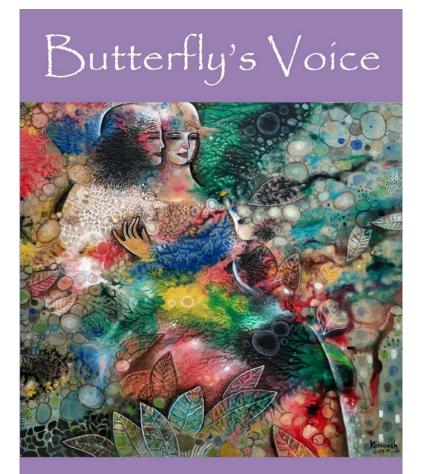
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No Illusions

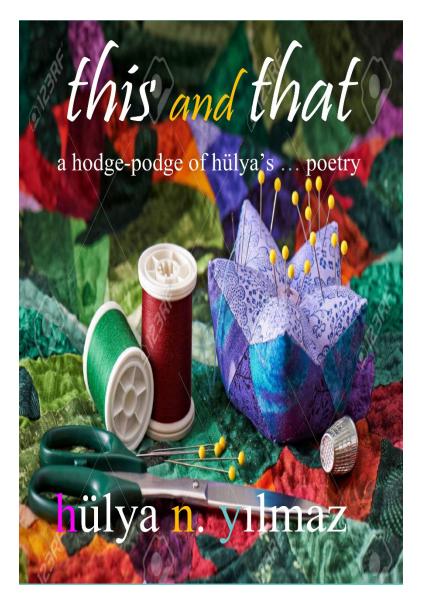
Through the Looking Glass



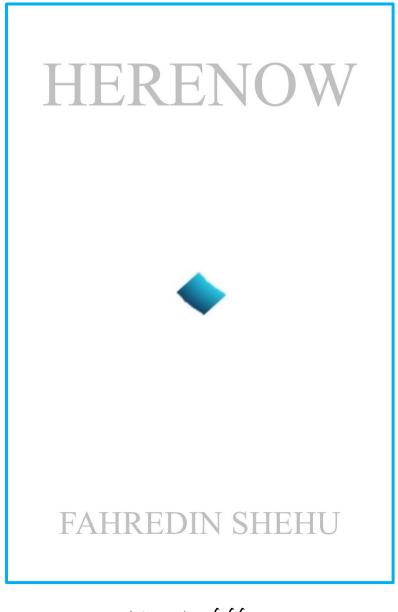
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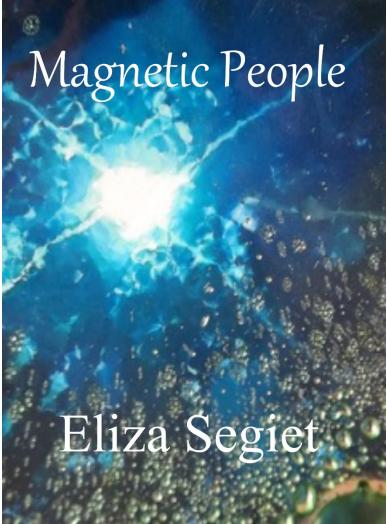
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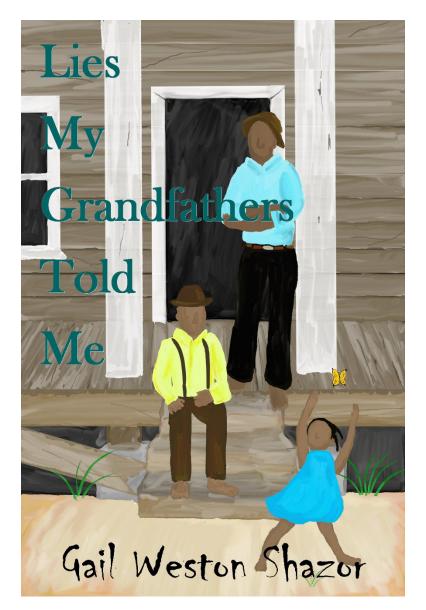


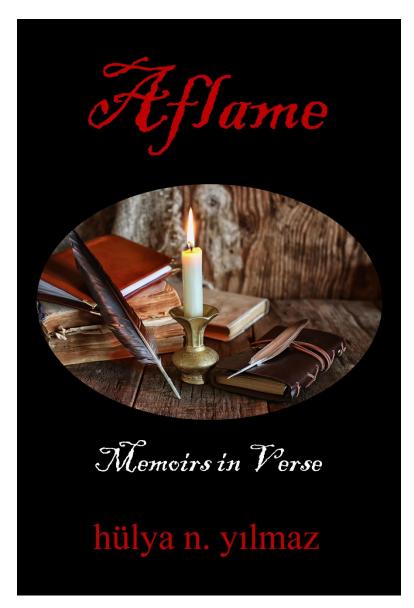




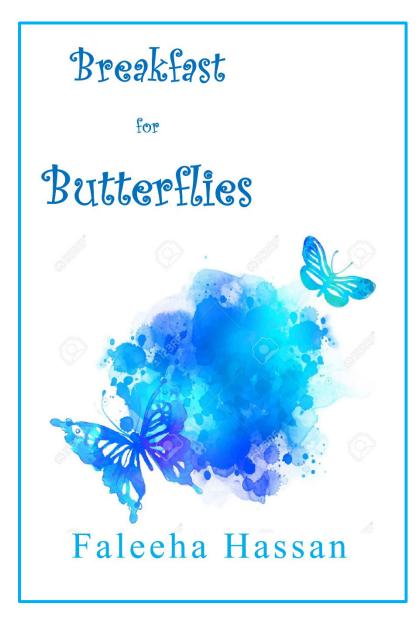
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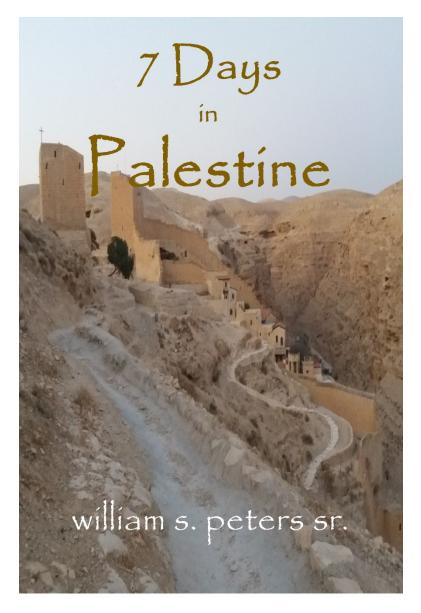


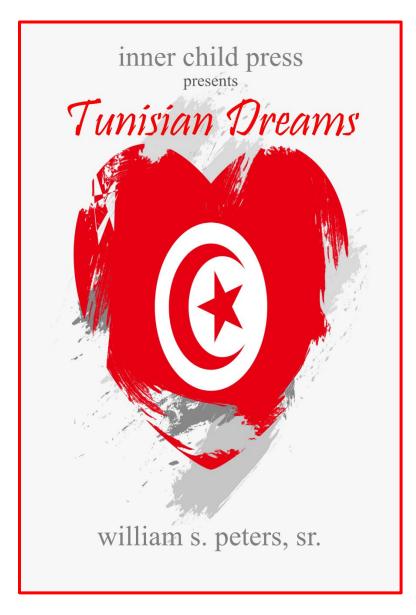












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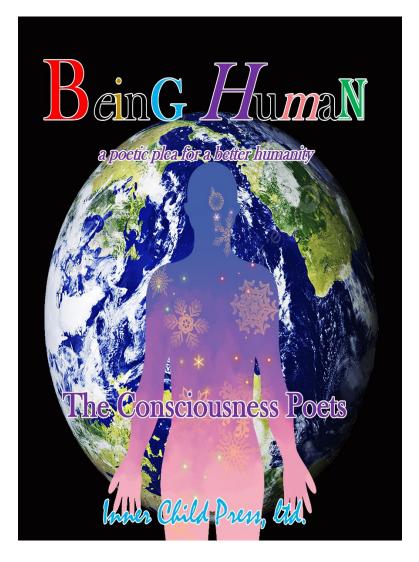
Other

Anthological

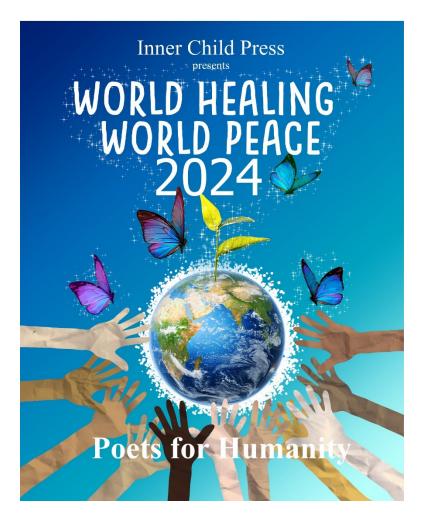
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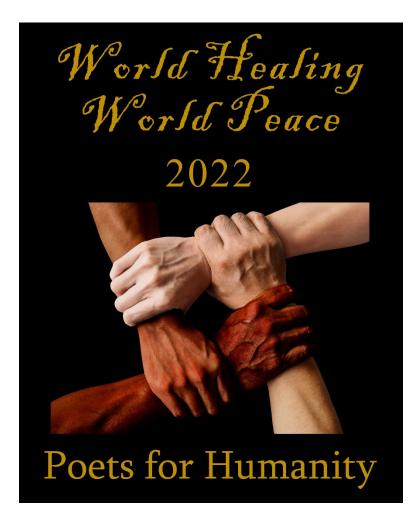
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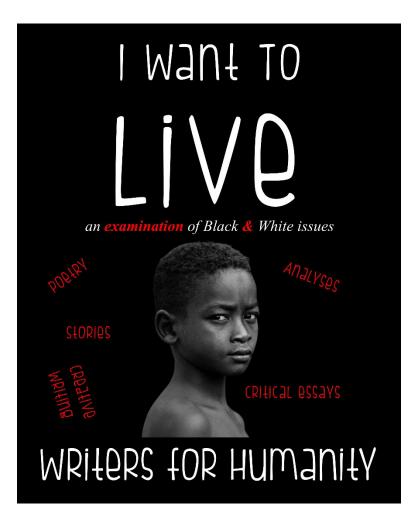
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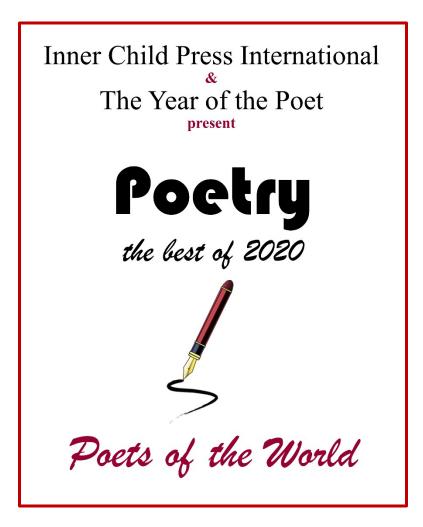


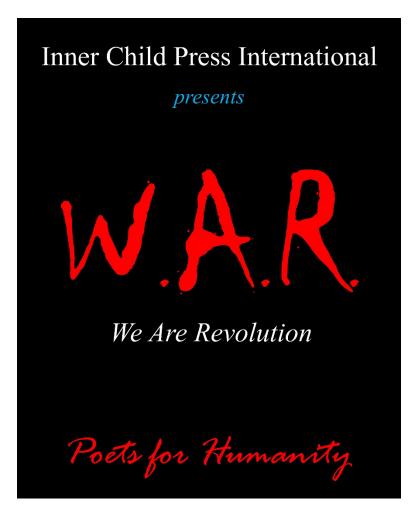
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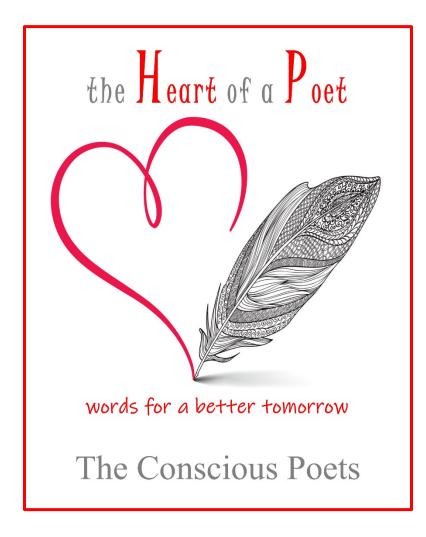


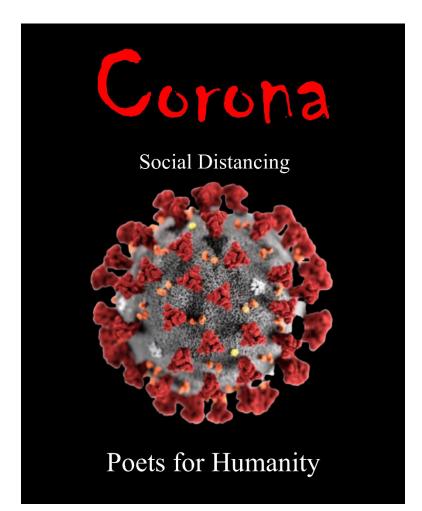


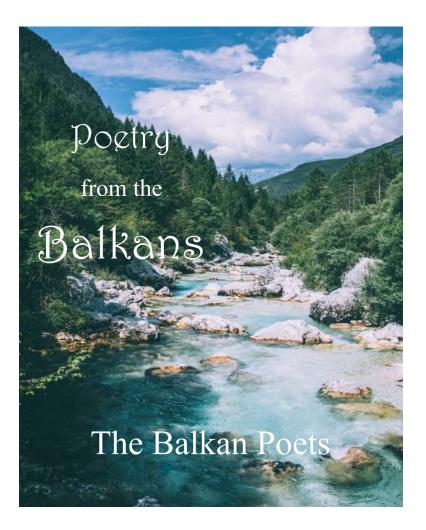


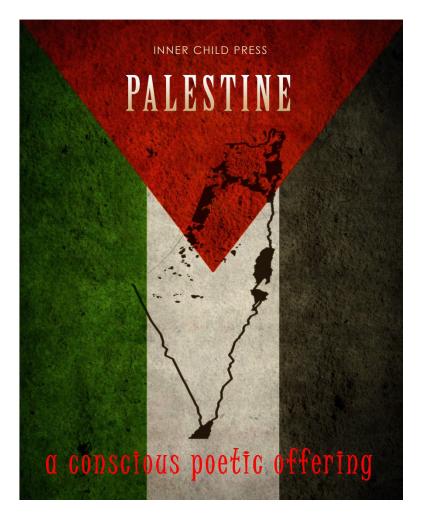
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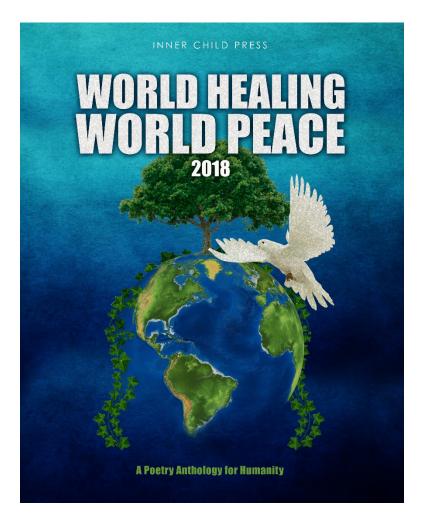
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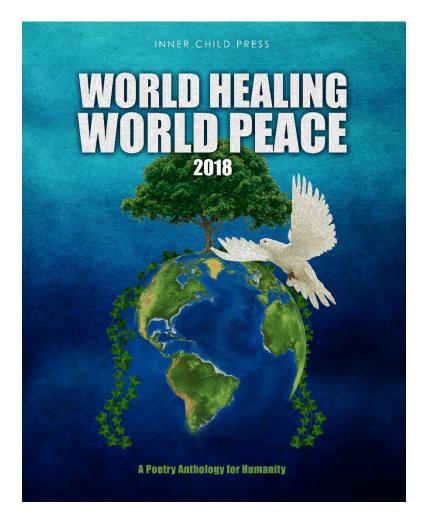


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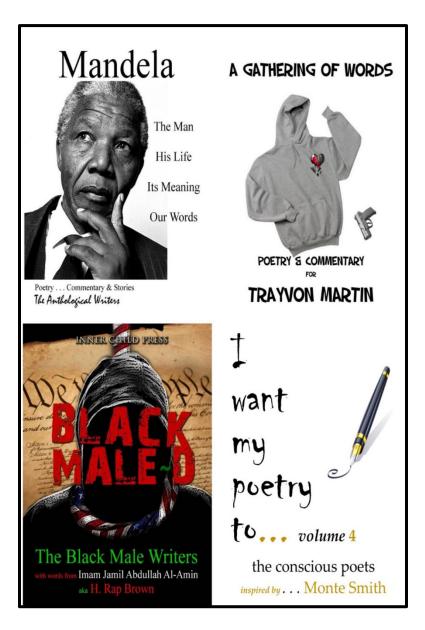
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THE YEAR OF THE POET

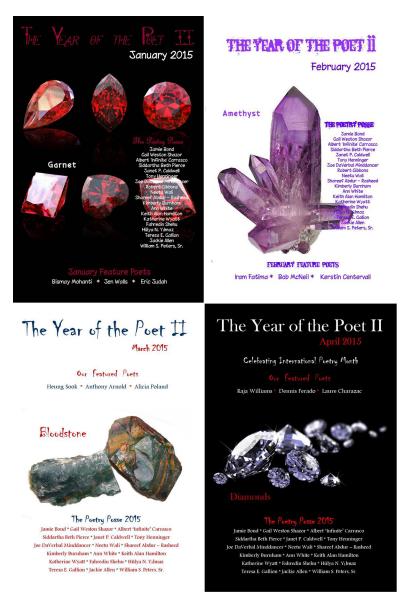
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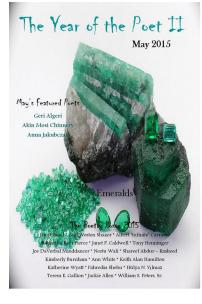
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The Year of the Poet 11 June 2015

June's Featured Poets



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

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



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II August 2015

Festured Poets

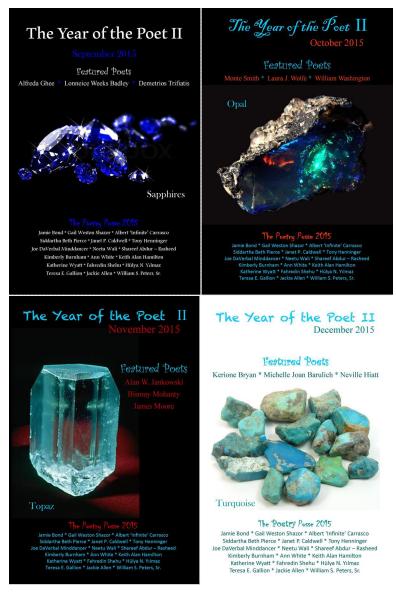




The Poetry Posse 2015

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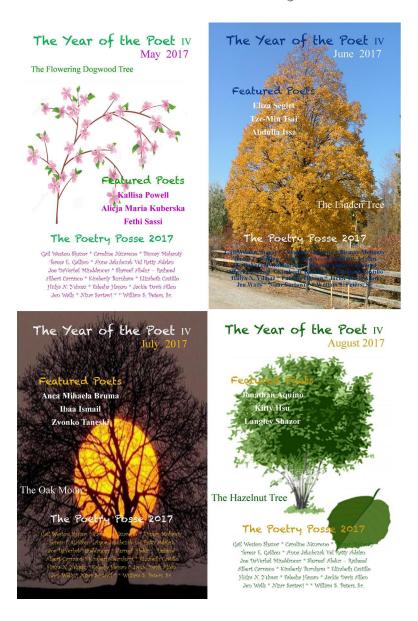
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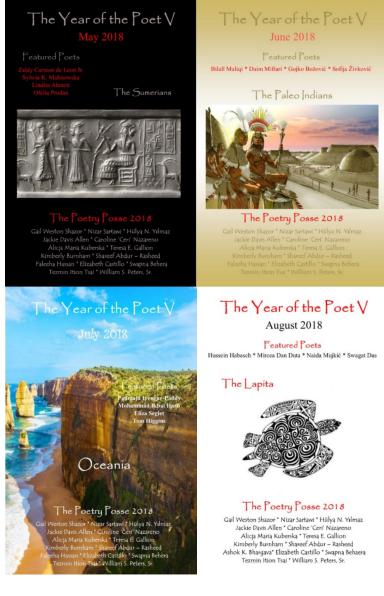
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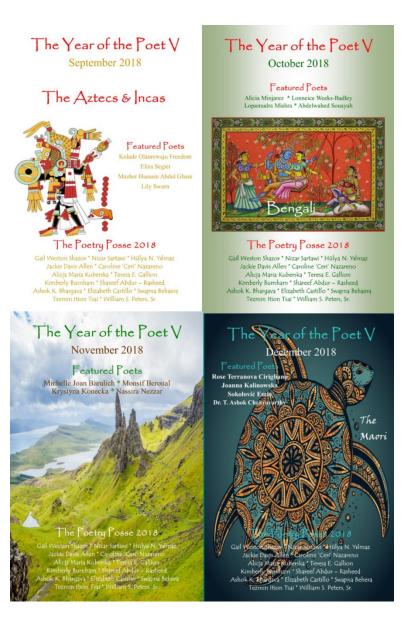
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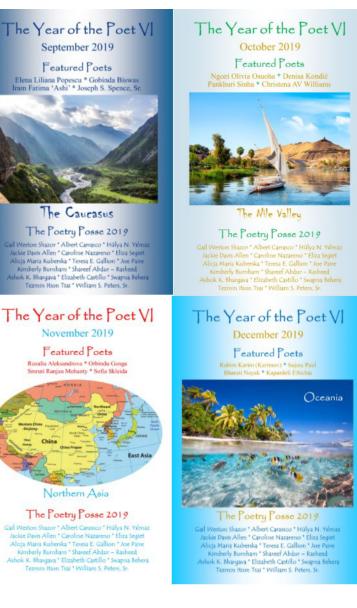
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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan





Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020 Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai ' William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

Featured Global Poets Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan

Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021 Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eira Seglet Alıça Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallon * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareet Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Eirabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



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Kimperiy Burnham - Shareet Abdur – Kasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Beher Tezmin Ition Tsai - William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII July 2021

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

Goncalao Mabunda



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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet VIII August 2021

Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turune * Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha * Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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September 2021

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

Heather Jansch



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November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII December 2021

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

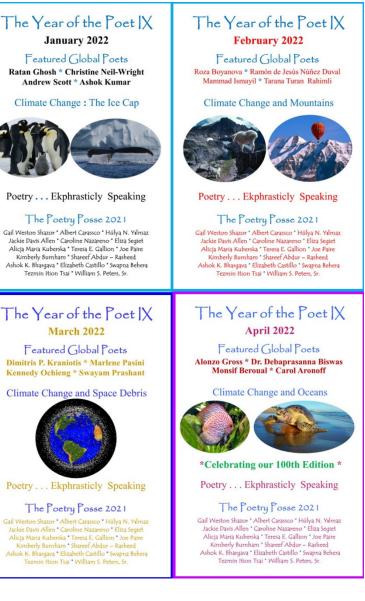
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Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr

The Year of the Poet IX June 2022

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

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet |X August 2022

Featured Global Poets Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

Featured Global Poets Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet |X December 2022

Featured Global Poets Elarbi Abdelfattah * Lorraine Cragg Neha Bhandarkar * Robert Gibbons

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet X January 2023

Featured Global Poets JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

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The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets Clarena Martinez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children : Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

The Poetry Posse 2023

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The Year of the Poet X February 2023

Featured Global Poets Christena Williams * Hilda Graciela Kraft Francesco Favetta * Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon

Children : Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

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The Year of the Poet XApril 2023

Featured Global Poets Maxwanette A Poetess * Alonzo Gross Türkan Ergör * Ibrahim Honjo

Children : Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin The Poetry Posse 2023

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The Year of the Poet XI January 2024

Featured Global Poets Til Kumari Sharma * Shafkat Aziz Hajam Daniela Marian * Eleni Vassiliou – Asteroskon

Renowned Poets



~ Phyllis Wheatley ~

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Featured Global Poets Francesco Favetta * Jagjit Singh Zandu Carmela Núñez Yukimura Peruana * Michael Lee Johnson

Renowned Poets



~ Nâzim Hikmet ~

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Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turunç * Julio Pavanetti Lidia Chiarelli * Lina Buividavičiūtė

Renowned Poets



~ Omar Khayyam ~

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The Year of the Poet XI April 2024

Featured Global Poets Hassanal Abdullah * Johny Takkedasila Rajashree Mohapatra * Shirley Smothers

Renowned Poets



~ William Butler Yeats ~

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Featured Global Poets C. S. P Shrivastava * Maria Evelyn Quilla Soleta Moulay Cherif Chebihi Hassani * Swayam Prashant

Renowned Poets



~ Langston Hughs ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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August 2024

Ibrahim Honjo * Khalice Jade Irma Kurti * Mennadi Farah



Li Bai

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Featured Global Poets Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Teodozja Świderska Chinh Nguyen * Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris

Renowned Poets



~ William Ernest Henley ~

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The Year of the Poet XI November 2024

Featured Global Poets Abraham Tawiah Tei * Neha Bhandarkar Zaneta Varnado Johns * Haseena Bnaiyan

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~ Wole Soyinka ~

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The Year of the Poet XI October 2024

Featured Global Poets Deepak Kumar Dey * Shallal 'Anouz Adnan Al-Sayegh * Taghrid Bou Merhi

Renowned Poets



~ Adam Mickiewicz ~

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The Year of the Poet XI December 2024

Featured Global Poets Kapardeli Eftichia * Irena Jovanović Sudipta Mishra * Til Kumari Sharma

Renowned Poets



~ Imru' al-Qais ~

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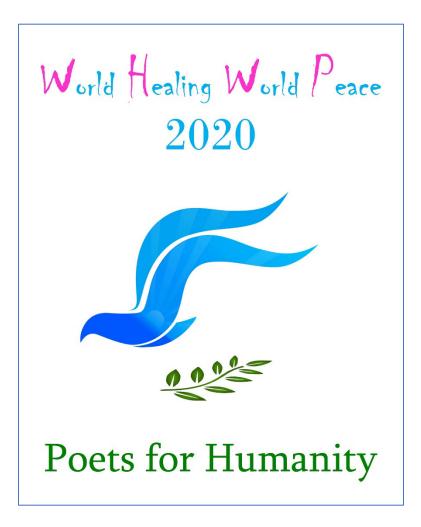
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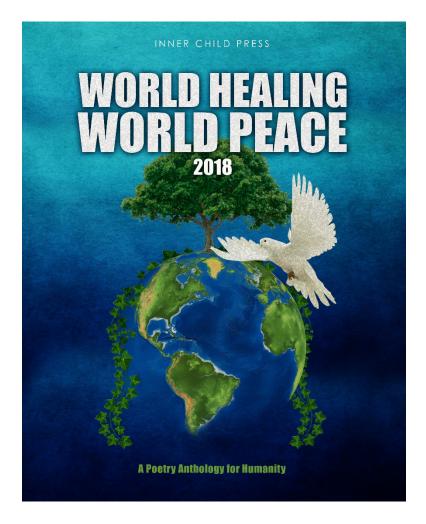
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2024



December 2024 ~ Featured Poets



Kapardeli Eftichia



Irena Jovanović



Sudipta Mishra



Til Kumari Sharma



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