The Year of the Poet XII July 2025

Featured Global Poets

Mennadi Farah * Aklima Ankhi Niloy Rafiq * Petros Kyriakou Veloudas



Nostalgia Lillacs Wisdom Purple Iris Fearlessness Gladiolas

The Poetry Posse 2025

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

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

The Poetry Posse 2025

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 Kimberly Burnham Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.

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

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

General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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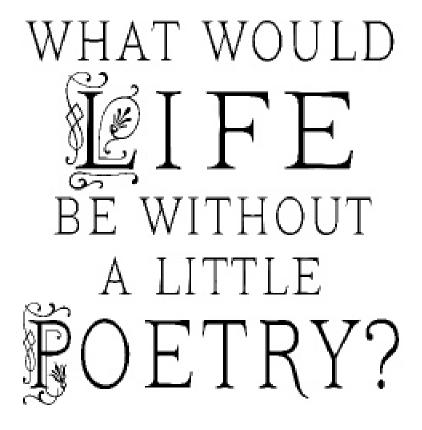
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This Book is dedicated to

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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Nostalgia ~ Wisdom ~ Fearlessness

The Poetry Posse

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Foreword

Nostalgia ~ Wisdom ~ Fearlessness

I find it difficult to write about an abundance of positive things, in the times we live in, in the place we live in. Everyday experiencing a lot of emotional changes that occur throughout my travels through the land. Being away from the fray affords me time to ferret out the items that are beneficial verses the detrimental thoughts that are awash in the public arena. Being able to figure how to deal with disappointment is easier when there are minimal distractions. Managing expectations, after a long time of doing so, keeps you off balance at times, because sometimes you think that you are free to be what you can be based on your abilities. It's a struggle, but your mental balance depends on you being constantly aware of your surroundings and having a constant awareness of what you are up against. It would be very easy to lose your self-esteem and mental stability if you forget. Looking back at the events that have delivered us this point in our lives has been filled with good and not so good memories. I can find solace in knowing the people in my life for the most part have supported and encouraged me.

I can look back and see some of the mistakes I made. I got by in many instances; it wasn't because I was clever, it was somebody didn't hold it against me. The accumulation of knowledge doesn't make you wise. It is when and how that knowledge is applied that can be considered wisdom. Knowledge is a tool that can be used in the wrong place, at the inappropriate time. The library is full of books of knowledge, not one of them can use wisdom. Being able to discern when is wise to use a hammer or a wrench is wisdom. To be fearless in a situation where one should use discretion is foolishness.

Being fearless isn't just a physical act. Analyzing a situation, then concluding that in order to achieve a particular goal, an objective, knowing the risks involved, then doing it, is to me fearless. Speaking the truth in the face of a tyrant is fearless to me. Doing an act that saves a life with the chance one could lose their own life, is fearless. All acts that are similar to those can be considered fearless. I think for a person to think and act beyond pre-constructed borders fill the bill as well. Having to navigate these emotions is a challenge we must come to terms with at some point in our lives or the lives of our loved ones.

Mutawaf A Shaheed

Preface

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

As we now are in our 12th year of monthly publications for The Year of the Poet, we continue to be excited.

This particular year we have chosen to feature a collection of human emotions. We do hope you enjoy the poet's perspectives on these subjects. 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 ... www.innerchildpress.com. 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

Nostalgia ~ Wisdom ~ Fearlessness



I have been exploring a new city and find myself nostalgic for the familiarity of places I know well, where I have lived for many years. Lisel Mueller explores nostalgia in *Sometimes, When the Light*, saying "sometimes, when the light strikes at odd angles and pulls you back into childhood ... something secret is going on, so marvelous and dangerous that if you crawled through and saw, you would die, or be happy forever."

There is also something nostalgic about the summertime, of days of freedom to explore the world around ourselves or the inner worlds of memories. As you read this month's offering consider what you have learned in the past or what you wish you could bring more fully into the present, or even what you are so happy is in the past or how you learned something, so valuable that you think about it as you look to your future.

The second theme is "Wisdom" or insights gained from life experiences. The meaning of wisdom is evoked by a quote from 1700s Japanese monk and poet, Ryokan, "In all 10 directions of the universe there is only one truth. When we see clearly the great teachings are the same. What can ever be lost? What can be attained? If we attain something, it was there from the beginning of time. If we lose something, it is hiding somewhere near us."

Fearlessness is the final theme this month. We can each look at our own lives and gently encourage ourselves to embrace new challenges confidently and courageously. In *Earth Prayer*, Mark Nepo says, "... Let us, when swimming with the stream, become the stream ... Let us live deep enough till there is only one direction... Let us have the courage to hold each other when we break and worship what unfolds..."

Join us as we see and translate our past and look for ways to be more adventurous, courageous, and always kind. Together let us seek ways to understand each other more fully, without fear, and create a world we can all be happy in.

Kimberly Burnham

Integrative Medicine Spokane Washington





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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$

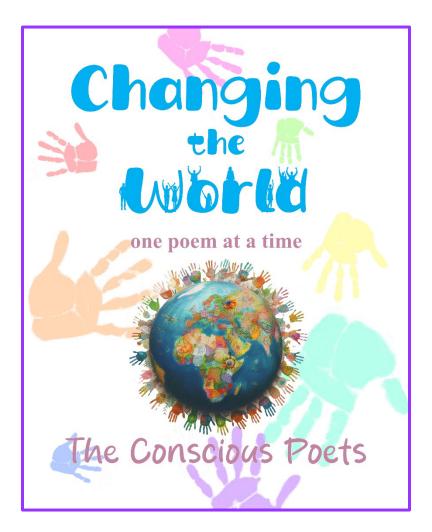




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

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Gail Weston Shazor

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The Year of the Poet XII ~ July 2025

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.

Wristwatch

Hopeful Here I am though Lost remain Faded ribbons Black on navy Lost you with life Shelves dusty on Gifts kept Life tuned in itself Sadness of passing Keep creep time ~Wristwatch~ Time creep keep Passing of sadness Itself in tuned life Kept gifts On dusty shelves Life with you lost Navy on black Ribbons faded Remain lost Though i am Here Hopeful

Waiting

Every man is born of woman Of mothers and grandmothers Aunts and sisters Nurtured in the belly of hands Palms to palms held close Inter-joined and together Touching hearts and souls Becoming one with the world Born of prayer, of God A desire for us In that we can ever continue To be raised up in the image of love Before your name was spoken I knew that you would be called to me A legacy provided at the dawn I never understood how my mother Felt about the birth of your father Until now When I look to the east for your arrival Like the anticipation of the sunrise After a restless night's turning My hands await the curve of your fingers I want to hold your soft face against mine I want to smell of your innocence And kiss the top of your head To feel your little heart beat rapidly As if you are in a hurry to grow up And yet I would not have you afraid To Live Good To experience all that life has to offer The exceptional, the bad, the tiresome I want you to know the people I love So I will endlessly tell you stories

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While you sleep in my arms, on my lap And often beside me in church I will give you poetry, my words And even though I cannot sing We will raise the rafters in voices We will call out prayers And yes, the humming jones For happy has its own unique sound It is the sound of God It is the sound of family It is the sound of me Saying I will love you always.

Eat Out Your Pots

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Feed me goodness From the pocket of your apron Make each cut with precision And hollow a space for faith I believe That there is enough salt Enough love for a plenty So I will stretch my feet under your table To wait Until the sizzle comes From behind smoke furls I place my hands in my lap for Long ago I learned that elbows belonged In other spaces than the table The rhythm of pots and spoons Soothe me Your flavors are beautiful to watch You move around the space Of creation's hearth and even When served hot or cold In each of its order My belly is satisfied And my heart is full

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Alicja Maria Kuberska

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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).

Hunger in Gaza

I eat grass. It grows on land scorched by shells. I swallow sand. I am like all those who died in line for flour. Flour and sand, grass and wheat so alike, yet so different. I cry from hunger, despair, helplessness. No one hears me, no one sees. I live in a city of the dead. Millions of glass eyes watch me --indifferent and cruel. A screen of glass separates two worlds: the safe one, anchored in comfort, and the open-air concentration camp. Stone hearts, blind eyes, silent mouths ---the fed will never understand the starving. With my last breath, I will scream the truth fearless, it will shatter the glass world.

History

It judges all with justice, opens the eye of wisdom in the triangle, studies the life of man with care, and weighs the weight of word and deed. It keeps the names of the chosen in the memory of nations, stands unshaken as a guard of moral reckoning. It sees genius in works once scorned, lifts the humiliated, casts the mediocre into oblivion. It honours the ridiculed painting of sunflowers, listens, moved, to forgotten melodies, and marvels at the beauty of words written by mocked poets — beggars in their time. It barely mentions the names of mighty rulers in long tales about a humble carpenter from Nazareth. It celebrates the young Indian prince who gave up glory and gold for enlightenment. Defender of truth — incorruptible, impartial, it names things plainly, despising lies and hypocrisy. Like a stone monolith, it rises from the ocean of time, while the eternal wind sifts the chaff from the grain.

Beyond the Bug River

I summon the stories of love for the native soil, of those who have gone. The cherry orchard is gone, the bench beneath the old apple tree, the horizon whitened by buckwheat bloom. The wooden cottage with its bread oven stands in old photos like a ghost. The sagging fence could not bear the weight of history. In the soldiers' cemetery in Kołobrzeg, on a modest plaque — my uncle's name. An eternal watch by the Baltic Sea...

Jackie Davis Allen

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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

Nostalgia

Through the Looking Glass of Time, Memory serves up bits and pieces Of Wisdom, often gained From forays into the nostalgia.

Invited to accompany my husband, we went To London, to a formal gala, including Dinner in the grand ole Painted Hall, At the Old Royal Naval Academy.

I had to find someone with whom I could leave my school-aged sons. For a week. Not an easy task. Goal, Accomplished! Next, a gown.

In USA, in February, summer Attire was already showcased, for sale. London promised cold weather. Nowhere could I find what I wanted!

The night previous to my departure, My sewing machine and I perform A miracle! A gorgeous sleeved gown. Peachy-pink, haute couture-like!

My husband's airline is separate From mine. In case of the tragic. A snowstorm of great magnitude Surprises the Washington DC area.

Friends couch, my bed, after flying From Dulles to NY, and back, My hubby is just leaving for London! I'm left behind!

Next day, plowing through DC snow, My friends deliver me back to Dulles, And I'm flying off to NY again. On Standby, I obtain 1 of 2 last tickets.

I'm in pain. With great difficulty, I drag My overloaded suitcase, catching The eye of a friendly stranger. An answer to a bad-back's prayer.

This kind lady assumes responsibility For my luggage, and hers. Arriving in London, exhausted I sleep half the day away.

Maneuvering through the streets Of London, on my own, queuing up, Trying to understand the English, Spoken by the British: I persevere. It's like I'm in a foreign country!

The weather is glorious, my new Leather coat on my arm, few To no photos, my memory, stores the Repository of the upcoming week. Trains, automobiles, double-deckers,

Hovercraft, subway, airplanes, people Met from all over the world. A poet-Seat-mate, by name, Jessica de'Este. And the realization, that in London, I am unknown.

No one would think It strange that I am wearing colors,

Unfamiliar, purple, new to me. And the realization, that in DC Few know me, neither would they

Worry about what I wear. Once My plane lands back in DC, a plan: My first shopping trip will find me Purchasing a blouse, actually, two. And you'd not be surprised that one

Will be yellow. The other purple. Of all the adventures, the experiences, The person I was before my trip To London returned home wiser, Much less concerned with minutiae.

Wisdom

What to wear, what to take on my trip? A formal event, winter in England!

Weary from traipsing up and down Various shopping centers, checking out Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom, Lord and Taylor, I finally decide nothing the have will suffice!

The dress shops are stocked With spring, summer apparel!

What shall I do? Already informed, Winters in London are cold, Sleeveless and strapless gowns, A southerner, I'd freeze!

Never one to admit defeat, And actually having no other option, The night before my flight, I dust off my sewing machine.

Peachy-peach, multi-ruffled, Long sleeved, a cumber-band waist, I model it before the mirror, and Pack it inside my suitcase.

Fearlessness

Not one to venture Out into the unknown, I pulled On a fake impression of confidence. And down the elevator I descended, To queue up for the bus. A double decker.

Besides my heart drumming its beats In my ears, trembling, I mounted the steps. Strange! Where was the driver of the bus? And what language was he speaking?

The kindness of a native, A stranger to me, translated The Kings English, insuring That I got to my destination: that of Hiring a tuxedo for my husband!

Arriving back to the Hotel in Kensington, Breathing a sigh of relief, I thought About purchasing a diary to record My first foray into the unknown by myself. Instead, I share it in this poem.

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.

The Well of Memory

Once, a well stood—not for thirst, but to cradle a fading shadow as the moon fell softly.

Wind, light-footed, passed like someone who slipped into the ancestral house, forgetting to close the dust-heavy door; the leaning beams still drowsed with rain dripping through our grandfather's silence.

The well held no emptiness, only depth deep enough to swallow dusk's entire song as twilight paled on the wall and fireflies punctuated grass.

Before time could place its brush, a breath painted across three nights with no reply; you called it night's forgetfulness, but left behind shoes too small to have walked far.

Memory doesn't always rise from relics, sometimes it's a thread of sound lifted from sleep, unspoken, where one becomes the echo of another.

The well remains a blank page of a letter unwritten, waiting for someone to kneel and whisper the name they never truly left.

The Lamp in the Dark

Who burned before truth spoke not light, but an unsigned scrap slipped from the unfinished Book of Rites, igniting questions meant to sink between dynasties. This lamp rose not from night, but from a crack where wind broke a stroke in stone, a trace that no longer trusts its footnote.

Its glow leans toward an untended shrine, where moss thickens old laws and the dead no longer speak through names wisdom has quietly left its wooden throne. Thought lingers as a blurred fragment behind Han tiles, the scribe long vanished, leaving only one stroke to ask who placed the heart beyond the land.

What we called wisdom was not rule, but the blank in a torn Shang Shu, a plea folded in gold-threaded robes, unread, faintly glowing. Still the lamp burns—an unoffered scroll murmuring in ancestral dark: I am no warning only the page that cannot be fully remembered.

The Books of Burning Red

Who sought to seal all voices in crimson flame? Where smoke of unfinished wars still climbs, And the Yellow River bends—its hush undone, Breaking the chains that silence built with time.

Fearlessness is not the stance upon high walls But the gaze, unshuttered in the shards, Where shadows fall through broken tiles, Still watching storms reshape the forms of gods.

My body's veins remember ash, Inscribed by books the fire could not forgive. No more I walk the path of warmed stone, But thread the nameless cracks of wilderness.

The pages fall, like scattered wings of verse, And in the smoke, a song is born—undying. A bird with tattered feathers, yet it sings, Unweaving ruin into radiance.

For what remains is left to future eyes: That walk through fire without retreat, And stare into an endless vault of sky, Where years burn red beneath their feet.

I am the dragon forged in flame, Unfolding wings that do not fear the wind Ascending through the tempests' change, Above the shifting face of time.

Noreen 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.

Simpler Times

Remembering the simpler timesplaying outside, hopscotch, kickball, dodge ball, swinging, tether ball, yo-yo, clackersA (before they were banned), playing on the school grounds after school hours. Back then, schools had no fences around the properties. No cops in schools. Reading and writing, playing with dolls, playing board games, spending quality time with family, having meals together with no cellphones, no internet interference. There were rotary phones and party lines, and pay phone booths too, heavy floor TV sets with no remote controllers, heavy floor stereos with record players. Neighbors watched out for each other. We knew our neighbors. Oh, those were the simpler days we will never see again. Oh, how sad that is!

Wisdom

Wisdom comes from God

and His Word, Holy Bible.

Let God speak to you.

Respect With Love

honor my dad honor and respect respect and love respect always always there for us always my dad dad worked hard dad is loyal loyal and honest loyal to the end end of the day end of the beginning beginning and the ending beginning to understand understand my dad loves us all even me understand my dad now now I wish I knew before now I do have regrets regrets not my dad regret it took a long time time to celebrate my husband time to celebrate my dad dad is lovable dad is kind and strict strict for our good strict with love love for my dad and my mom love for my family family outings family get-togethers together we will succeed together always

always and always always be my dad dad and mom brought me into this world dad and mom forever are true true to the end true to my mom mom and dad's love mom and dad I am grateful grateful and blessed grateful and thankful thankful for my dad and my mom thankful to God God knows God blessed me with love love my dad and my mom love and respect respect dad

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.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Nostalgia

In quiet corners of my mind, Old echoes softly play, The laughter of a summer day, Where time and joy entwined.

Beneath the shade of apple trees, We'd chase the golden light, And every whispered breeze Would hold a world so bright.

The smell of rain, the taste of pie, Each moment vividly remains, Like starry nights that whispered high, Carried on familiar trains.

Yet as the seasons fade away, And memories begin to blur, I find a peace in yesterday, A gentle, sweet murmuring stir.

Though paths may lead us far apart, In heart, those days reside, A tapestry of warmth and art, Where nostalgia won't subside.

Beautiful Memories

During the wee hours of the night, Where shadows dance with whispered light, There lies a treasure, softly twined, A tapestry of day and night.

The laughter of a summer breeze, The echoes of familiar tunes, Moments floating like autumn leaves, Beneath the watchful, silver moon.

A childhood game beneath the sun, The secrets shared with trusted friends, Each fleeting glance, a story spun, That time, like sand, gracefully bends.

The scent of rain on thirsty ground, A gentle touch, a fleeting glance, In every heartbeat, love is found, In all these memories, we dance.

Though seasons shift and faces fade, These snapshots linger, soft and clear, In every joy and every shade, Memories hold what we hold dear.

Hope

In the quiet of the morning light, Hope whispers softly, taking flight. A gentle breeze brings tales untold, Of dreams awaiting, shimmering gold.

With each step forward, the shadows fade, Life's canvas brightens, color is laid. Through stormy nights and trials we face, Hope's shining beacon, a warm embrace.

In the heart of struggle, a seed is sown, With faith and patience, it's ready to be grown. Like flowers blooming after the rain, Hope rises stronger, born from the pain.

So hold it close, this flickering flame, In the depths of darkness, it's never the same. For hope is the song that our spirits sing, In every moment, it offers its wings.

Mutawaf Shaheed



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

Record Player

I just came to listen, I don't have anything new to say. Let the record play. Almost ran out of breath, nearly fretted myself to death. No, no just let record play.

I've back since last June, didn't come home none too soon. While I was away, you didn't let the record play? Tell me, did anything change? Looks like all's the same.

Where are the things we built, where is the self-confidence? How did fear get in here? Just let the record play again and again until you remember the ember that started the fire that burned all night.

What happened to the desire to make things right? Sit back but, don't relax and try get the thing we said, back in your head. Who told you we were through?

What music you been listening to? Can't you answer anything, the bell doesn't have familiar ring? You don't want your manhood back? Everybody dies at the end of the day.

There are more people dead, than there are alive. What you living for? How did you and Tikka wind up with each other? I can't seem to find a single good brother.

I did talk to brother Blair from his wheel chair, he still carried his strap in his lap, He said, he don't get around much anymore. A lot of down dudes done gone on to where they were supposed to be.

He said he was glad to see me. There is only one garment store left in town, if I ever get there, he'll see me around. It's located close to brother Ahmed's old shop. Man, those were the best years yet!

Right down the street from where they boiled the pot. Those days will never be forgotten. The last thing that brother Blair had to say, was 'little brother Bey, you got a lot of gray, just let the record play it. We don't have to say anything anymore.'

Stray Thoughts

It seems when my thoughts stray, they find a way to lay next to the memory of you. Sometimes sunset triggers the dream mechanisms.

Then, when that happens, I'm twenty again. Knowing now, that period was inadequate, as it relates to what I understand today.

We were only allowed to skim the surfaces, never knowing the depths that were there to explore. We should have done more.

I remember doing all I knew, that's what I could do, it got through to you. Life kept presenting wedges and gaps. Managing the relapse, redoing, recapping.

Kept throwing things in the way. Had me forgetting what to say. Sitting where and when I didn't want to. I was thinking I saw you in some places where I knew you wouldn't be.

Never learned how to trick my mind. I was on hold, and you were walking another way. Somebody else had your attention. Sedition, crossed my mind in front of my eyes.

I couldn't understand why I couldn't have you! I kept looking back, I could barely see you. I was being pushed away by my destiny's clock that kept

ticking.

I was learning how not to second guess me, making some adjustments, straightening out the curves and short comings that short circuited me.

I found some doors that wouldn't open back then. My thoughts would never leave you alone. Southern breezes would leave traces of you in my beard.

I concocted stories I knew weren't true. E flat, brings me closer to you. Having me achieving things that were really impossible to do.

Sensations, imagination that can't be controlled, surely brings about the madness. It, sits from time to time on the other side of my room.

I can't control the venues where I see you, or wipe away the tears that hide inside. Happiness is surrounded by sadness that takes advantage of it.

Too many so longs, not enough happy to see you. I do think I'll see you again somewhere along the way. Yesterday seems so long, long ago.

I stopped looking, because I know you ain't there. I looked forward and saw some of this a long time ago, now, I can't look back.

Tea Time

I stare at my naked violin that sits in the window sill, waiting on the wind to play it again.

The strings seem to anticipate the arrival of a storm. That was the last thing it may have remembered, when I dropped the bow on the greasy wooden floor.

It was trying catch the last note, as it landed near a table's crooked leg, near the broken kitchen door.

Dark clouds gather, matter of factually, exactly where I want them.

Winds went someplace else this time, and forsook the violin.

I gather my rosin, bow and Stradivarius, off I go back to the chamber, I thought I escaped some time ago.

hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Professor Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, a published author, ghostwriter, and translator (EN, DE, and TU; in any direction). Her literary contributions appeared in a large number of national and international anthologies.

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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Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

Her Kazachok Dance

Mom is on my mind again. My admirably composed beloved.

"She is too beautiful not to be so," Dad would say. Totally in love with Mom.

Also in her Kazachok dance on the beach-road of Erdek late one night.

My brother back in the bungalow, deep asleep. I, on the other hand, back then, an utterly free essence, eagerly applauding. My little hands' claps, exalting me to my heart's content. The no-curfew month of that summer listening in to my standing ovation ecstatically.

Ahhh, the sea! The spectacular Marmara sea, head over heels with Erdek's gracefully aged trees and the town's other natural beauties.

Marmara, too, was admiring Mom's gorgeous frame. It was keeping even the slightest breeze in a tight grip. Not even one ripple was in sight; lest Mom's steps would miss.

Not even one ripple in sight, eh? Oh, this is nothing! I surely did exaggerate and adorably did manipulate reality a little bit way back then.

That summer night, Mom seemed as if her feet were swept by a trance. Willingly, laughingly, and uninhibitedly, she was not merely existing but rather living for the first time by being.

I cannot remember one other moment when she had let herself just be.

A Gentle Breeze

Lowers itself onto one arid leaf. Thirsty for the attar of a new breath, the leaf has been awaiting patiently the first wet drop from the sky underneath the layers of the frozen white.

The breeze whispers wise promises and unlocks Pandora's box after she carelessly leaves.

She has been tricked!

No ills or fears ooze through this time. Love begins a joyous dance, and hope, dreams, and smiles recover again.

Fearlessly, Goethe calls out, "Muses, help me with art, To suffer joy's pain!"

Ludwig Uhland's painless joy cuddles all around under a gentle breeze, "Oh, fresh scent. Oh, new sound! Now, poor heart, fear not! Now everything, everything must change."

have you ever . . .

touched the Sun?

"madness," you would say at once even if you were asked in a dream

yet . . .

its proximity is ecstatically freeing

all-immersing are its rays of light

sheer layers of tulle, its cocooning heat

when you leave, your shine is as bright

no, i am not losing my mind!

i should know . . . for i have touched the Sun

furthermore . . . the Sun touched me

not only did i not die of that incredible conception but i also returned with a firm determination to shed fear, guilt, and self-depreciation, along with assumption, blame, and expectation

Ah!

its proximity was ecstatically freeing all-immersing were its rays of light sheer layers of tulle, its cocooning heat when i left, my shine was as bright

Teresa E. Gallion



Teresa E. Gallion is a seeker on a journey to work on unfolding spiritually in this present lifetime. Writing is a spiritual exercise for Teresa. Her passions are traveling the world and hiking the mountain and desert landscapes of the western United States. Her journeys into nature are nurtured by the Sufi poets Rumi and Hafiz. The land is sacred ground and her spiritual temple where she goes for quiet reflection and contemplation. She has published five books: Walking Sacred Ground, Contemplation in the High Desert, Chasing Light, a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards, Scent of Love, a finalist in the 2021 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards and Come Egypt in 2024. She has two CDs, *On the Wings of the Wind* and *Poems from Chasing Light*. Her work has appeared in numerous journals and anthologies.

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Nostalgic Moment

I close my eyes, focus on my childhood home. Soft colors of blooming flowers sway in the summer heat.

I can smell the red clay dirt a short trek uphill from my humble house. I want to taste that dirt again after an afternoon rain.

What is it about getting older makes you daydream in reverse? I savor childhood images that embrace me in memories.

The Light of Knowing

Wisdom floats in the water. It gathers momentum in the ebb and flow of a river. Listen carefully to the chatter.

The river always has a message with droplets of knowledge expelled as it flows downstream.

You can only hear the lesson when your body is ready to embrace the soft harmony that dances pass you.

Your soul archives the messages you are not ready to receive. They are given to you in a light breakfast overtime.

One day you wake up and wonder. Where did all the knowledge enter? You smile because Spirit has fed you patiently.

Something About You

Your eyes hold a strong gaze focused and unwavering. No one dares to step on your toes.

There is something about you that carries heavy weight no one can touch nor define.

You walk with calm confidence with a head held high. Your voice never seems to shake.

When you stand still there is a quiet light that hovers around you.

Sometimes I wonder if love, simply and gently, is your signature of grace.

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.

Our Last Chance: Fearlessness

At my age uncertainty remains: will I reap a harvest from you?

This is what I learnt from life it's no good to delve in the past when you love someone.

The past is never far behind it lurks secretly soft and heavy.

The future can't necessarily be a logical progression of the present even if it is.

Call the fears about uncertainty wrong. If we cannot assume a brighter future, we have died already.

It's just incredibly petty if we choose to react by not talking anymore. Now is the future. Let's call ourselves alive.

The Ultimate Connection: Wisdom

If I have to convince someone to love me then that's not my place.

Life is too short to waste energy on anything that isn't mutual.

I don't fear growing older. I don't want just to please others.

At this point in my life, I choose peace above everything else.

Don't beg for attention or respect. I don't want to be in anyone's life out of obligation.

You see rain first, or hear it.

Anywhere rain is, that place lush green and wet,

beckoning seasons with possibilities.

I don't want to turn back. I will simply keep going

until I become the air.

Changing the World

We can change by knowing the change lives within us.

Dance with steps based upon things as they now are.

Or dance with dreams. I am sure you know

which steps to take that will perpetuate today's illusions or

change everything. A chrysalis transforms flickers, flutters and floats

a butterfly from flower to flower. We can begin a process of changing

ourselves and that's all needed to change the world.

Caroline '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

Yesterday, A Rewind

The moments tilt slowly It's a blur of a ghostly feel Swinging in my mind, Like the first sweet kiss of amber, A sense of where each soul belongs, I walk through a meadow, Where I recall my childhood days, Playing in the rain, Playing with the bamboo sticks While singing '' Rain gently falls'' The stories of our grandparents, Flash in memories, The sepia thoughts, white and antique, The solace of a yesterday's face.

The Wisdom Whisperer

you are the invincible Minerva, dispersing wisdom, as you equipoise the paladin's dissension; your hourglass brings sand of synchronicity, because you are a messenger of truth; you are bulletproof, undeniably, you mastered the art of war; your novel dream is a wellspring of breakthroughs, you galvanize great minds, and recreate orchestrated temples of undying hopes; you have the eagle's' wings, and as you soar the skies, you lead more flocks to find and reach their own heavens.

Gaia's Strokes

The requiem is sang When the whirlwind carries The autumn leaves on the ground Spilled words in mnemonics Clusters of nature and sceneries Sculpt our lips to kiss the empire of stars, Now become a banquet of poetry, In the galaxy of pen and paper, Flowing like the mysteries of change, Amidst reflections over confusions, The Phoenix sow the blazing Truth, That all wonders rise and shine After the darkest hours. Illumination built the castles of mighty legacy, Then, each one, play the character New breed, new breath of paints Allowing Gaia's love to spin In the streams of creation. Pilgrim of Tears Hades's artificial svelte grounds

Adorning cinnamon and wild piquant teas

Awaiting extract pomelos

And ambrosia for the gods

In an ancestor's Venusian vineyard,

Spring water flowing

As it leads to an appearing

Dream. A banquet of greens and aubergines

Hundred islets surrender in my sleep,

Caravans of gravels, castle sands and truckloads of corals Alienate my feet,

Knowing how this happened,

My dearest ocean is dying, When those obsidian oils color the hyacinths black Breath is nothing, A solstice in coffin, If only tears could Restore seas and streams, I would cry a zillion times, In our courtyard Where all eyes become rainbows To filter indifference.

Swapna Behera



a trilingual Swapna Behera is 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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lullabies of nostalgia

the soliloquy of lugubrious steps there is always a victim the mountain that holds constellations flowers carry the surfeit honey signatures terminate empty cages time itself is a miracle wrapped in green conversations phenomena of birth and death pages of massacres there is a celebration and reflection the silhouette kitchen enacts the prosaic drama harvests lullabies of nostalgia womb of time weighs the sunlight no one wants to be a dictator we are dissolving centuries singing the legacy of a new song la la la la yes, memories march forward ...

autobiography of the fossil

fossils of the seasons sing radiant love; parameters of wisdom curving of languages the vigour of whirling voices

fossils of the mask a monastery that speaks of meditation, peace the doldrums of Scriptures turn into consonants of my blood and sweat I become the rising sun if granted to reach the fidelity

fossils of women decipher the progeny silent hunger spills the enigma of the village subterrane jungles dance and dance to make a civilization fossils make me the crown princess the precious flowers unfold petals to become pearls

Why should I be afraid?

I am the voice voice of the promises the thunderous waterfalls eternal song can you throw stone to a song the melody is echoing why should you worry? ubiquitous lamp lit in each corner just have trust o yes, let us forget the coffins that carry violence impingements of history I am the voice voice of the living and non-living beings I am the BEING not a grave I am a hall mark I am a statement I am the Alpha and Omega I am the day I am the night I am the music the mystic beauty the dance the banner of socialism either in grave or in the cradle

I am the expression I am the bride the sky

the fullness

the grapevine the wisdom the innocence why should I be afraid of?

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

Nostalgia

Contraband littered the surrounding buildings, graffiti was art for its walls, dry dog and human urine was everywhere, it was like a layer of wax on the floor. You'll see someone doped out slumped over, while someone else is sick in need of a fix but they don't have money so they're offering sexual favors. Gun shots echo, herds of people flee the scene, lights flash and sirens scream, there's a moment of silence then the hood is back to its same routine. Radios in windows blared oldie but goodies when they were fairly new, old Plymouth station wagons with the wood paneling held entire families and a few friends too. Swings, monkey bars and slides were full of young kids playing, older kids were running fulls dunking and laying, older folk were smoking and drinking while playing dominoes and chess listening to what ever music the window dj's were mixing. I grew up in a poor and rough community but we lacked in money we made up with lots of love for each other, things changed, luckily my mind holds vintage ghetto nostalgia

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert (PhD in Integrative Medicine) and award-winning poet, Kimberly Burnham lives with her wife and family in Spokane, Washington. Kim speaks extensively on peace, brain health, and "Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program." She recently published "Heschel and King Marching to Montgomery A Jewish Guide to Judeo-Tamarian Imagery." Currently work includes "Call and Response To Maya Stein an Anthology of Wild Writing" and a how-to non-fiction book, "Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets."

Follow her at https://amzn.to/4fcWnRB

New Narrow Streets

Sometimes, inches from a parked car, another idling ahead, the street a tight breath between two frames of steel and rubber, I wish for backward motion I look over my shoulder to what is behind me

I wish for Spokane, my home for the past 12 years where the small streets whisper their familiar names, where intersections appear no signs, no rules, just the miracle that we don't crash when we all believe we're the one meant to go forward

But I am not there. I am here in this blue and white hydrangea filled city where the streets tangle like ivy and even the GPS doesn't always know which turn is mine

A friend says if you can't navigate Portland's narrowness with speed maybe, this place isn't for you

Still, I inch through like water along a rocky bed finding its new shape around stones polished with age

I look up as a hawk wheels overhead. crimson blossoms reach over a fence waving as I drive in my brain new pathways light up with adventure and the need to arrive not just somewhere but to someone I am becoming

This is the life I have chosen and with each careful turn, I say to the world: I am still moving still learning how to belong to a new place

The Healer Child

A retelling of a Bajoran myth in the deep dusk of Bajor, when the last star flickers before sleep, the two-headed Malgorian moves through the pages of old tales

One head turns toward the black earth wanting only to plant, to watch seeds sprout, rising green under the gaze of the sun

The other sharpens its blade longing for the hunt, for glory fueled by fear and hate the roar of power over peace

Even now, the citizens still whisper as the fire cracks: "which head speaks louder in you?"

But this is not only myth this is the day we live this is the hour when insights circle our heads like birds

"Tay'ma," they say "peace" seeking more than words finding courage to make "Tay'ma" a verb an action, forgetting we return to the narrow path of our old quarrels forgetting the cost

forgetting the child who watches the healer must be found she is any child

Where is the monster so heartless they cannot sheath their weapon before the gaze of innocence old men with trembling hands women whose grief spreads like tree branches they will all gather in her name

Not because they believe but because something in us remembers a lullaby, a kind word a lush garden before the war

And in that memory the Malgorian stirs its warring selves watching the child

One head will see the other will hesitate and in that pause, the world might begin again

Strong Man

Women say language is the marrow of the world, the soft bone that tells us how to live supplying us with oxygen

In Anuak, a strong man is not made of fists his "liver is strong" a flow of courage beneath the ribs

In Iu Mien, to be courageous is "to blow up your gallbladder" scattering fear like feathers in the wind

And when the world weighs heavy do not be discouraged the Iu Mien say, "do not let your heart go cold" heat your heart with kindness and compassion

In Newari, dismay is simple: "hearts discouraged" not broken not dead just in need of sunlight and a hand to hold

In Mandarin, bravery is calm and fearless "tănrán wújù" a still pond with no trembling a place to reflect on the world around us

Nowhere, in any language, is courage called the absence of caring nowhere is fearlessness cut from tenderness

Let us remember: the organs are not metaphors they are truths we carry inside us, beating, filtering, warming, speaking quietly powerful in the mother tongue of the body

Eliza 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).

Glimpses of Joy

He often pondered, what if things had turned out differently. Unreal mornings could have become real and painfully obvious!

Horoscopes were on his side, the fortune teller whispered that... not to mention the dark-haired gypsy. Everything was going to be finel!

Rare glimpses of joy gave him hope. He – half man, half just a body – knew that his life would turn grey, but despite everything his thoughts wandered toward colors, he fought.

He succeeded!

He began to believe that he could.

The prophecies didn't help, only the strength of mind and hard work.

He rose - to begin to be. And he was - to give strength to others

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

A Bitter Heart

One can study, gain knowledge, but will there be someone to discover the signpost which can whisper how to live?

With her bitter heart, an aging body and hearing loss, she still didn't understand why she had made so many mistakes in life.

She is wiser than her younger self, that self from many, many years ago, but there will be no time left – for her future self.

Her reflections could help those who have yet many years to live.

How to prove that the time lived has given her the right to wisdom which she can nurture others with...

They don't want to listen, because

- she's old,
- she's stupid
- she doesn't know!

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Challenge

Who, if not him? Too late? Not for him! He loves challenges. The hardest ones are the easiest for him.

When someone says: - You can't do it! That's the real challenge!

He froze at the very thought of what he was going to do. To forgive? Not easy. To prove? No. He found a goal – to defeat himself! He made it!

At night, he no longer thought about what had come before. Though he'd never forgotten, his memories would keep fading more and more.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

William S. Peters Sr.



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

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Personal Web Site

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Nostalgia ~ Wisdom ~ Fearlessness

I nostalgically think back on my life, And the many fruits That I had the opportunity To gather During my its experiences

From my fears and doubts I learned to be fearless For survival was paramount

In my many failures and shortcomings, Wisdom introduced itself To alleviate my woe, But did I always listen . . . No!

Conformity

We act out the roles, Thespians we are, Conforming to ideologues Constructed just For minds like ours

Forced to make choices Of which side of the fence We choose to indulge, While many are immobilized And can not go One way or the other While our thoughts vascillate In the maleable seas Devoid of certainty And moral compass

Today we are, Tomorrow, Somewhere else Chasing rainbows and dreams In search of that elusive Pot of gold

We listen too often To the wrong whispers That hide in the shadows Of our brilliance Which feed on our soul's Celestial and divine light

We seek to attract favor, Albeit darkly influenced... We dress the part

We don the masks and smiles With falsehood While betraying our innate Soul

What expectations do dreams offer When we refuse to stand? To what resolve is Hope When we refuse to walk The path ?

We eat of the gardens Where bitter fruit flourish, And we feed our children the same In the name of One Saviour or another While Mother provides us with All the nurturing we seek

Conformity is easy For it requires no True commitment To the right ways of righteousness, And in some strange dimension Of expression We have learned to Be OK with that Because all around us This modicum of behavior Has become the norm

Listen, The storms are coming, So gather thy will to survive And fill thy closets and storehouse With the sustenance That will feed thee

Thy children, And thy neighbor

Open your hearts, Lay them bare And embrace that spark of light That still shines In the deepest recesses Of thy Holy being-ness

..... Conform not To the ill-winds of deceit, Clear thy mind Of the invasive viruses Of persuasion And walk the know path As directed by ... 'THAT' That seed of inner Truth.

CONFORMITY

Manufactured Wars

What is the purpose. We know, It is an enrichment program That benefits only The powerful... The Banks, The Arms Dealers, The un- straight politicians, The Greed Mongers, And all those others Who hide in the shadows, Those who fear the light ... Of Truth

The casualties ... Our children, The innocent civilians Who are just trying to live, The unknowing and indifferent too

We all suffer the effect In one way or another

Our tax dollars disappearing To the decrepit ones, Lining their pockets And bank accounts Being sent overseas To further the agendas Of the sick ones When there is so much need Here at home

Hunger and homelessness, Deteriorating infrastructures, Education, Healthcare. Care of our aged, Care of our children, Care of us Who foot the bill For the global barbarism Who are the savages, Who are the uncivilized, Who are the hypocrites Telling lies To keep us blinded To support their ways Of degradation, Of despotic ideologies Using philosophical theologies To make us hate on our selves

We are the footnotes and foot soldiers, The statistics Of a maligned history That will never make it To the mainstream Where we walk woke Eyes open Knowing truth In all her naked glory Stories, stories, stories Manufactured and fed Via the machinations of naivety To us 'suckers' Who are content to suckle

Upon the teats of Apathy and indifference While complaining About our negligent complicity Our plight As we willfully witness yet again These Manufactured Wars

July 2025 Featured Poets



Mennadi Farah

Aklima Ankhi

Niloy Rafiq

Petros Kyriakou Veloudas



Mennadi Farah



Pendant 30 ans, Mennadi Farah a dédié sa vie à l'enseignement, guidant et inspirant des générations d'élèves. Aujourd'hui, cette passion pour le partage et l'humanité s'exprime à travers l'écriture, où elle explore des thèmes universels comme la résilience, l'amour et la lutte contre l'injustice.

Elle a publié trois recueils de poésie qui témoignent de son style unique, mêlant émotion, profondeur et engagement. Son écriture va bien au-delà des mots, s'inscrivant dans des causes humanitaires : elle a contribué à plusieurs anthologies collectives internationales, où chaque texte devient un acte de solidarité et de compassion. Ses écrits sont une invitation à l'amour, la paix dans un monde humain

English Version Biography

For 30 years, Mennadi Farah has dedicated her life to teaching, guiding and inspiring generations of students. Today, this passion for sharing and humanity is expressed through her writing, where she explores universal themes such as resilience, love and the fight against injustice.

She has published three collections of poetry that bear witness to her unique style, combining emotion, depth and commitment. Her writing goes far beyond words, embracing humanitarian causes: she has contributed to several international collective anthologies, where each text becomes an act of solidarity and compassion. Her writings are an invitation to love, peace and a humane world

L'étincelle céleste

Loin au fond de l'âme, un brasier sommeille. Une étincelle divine, un feu sacré.

Dans les nuits les nuits les plus sombres, elle reluit, Un phare guidant l'âme égarée.

Tel un phare dans la tempête, elle éclaire, Dissipant les brumes du désespoir. Un fil d'Ariane dans le labyrinthe, Elle nous mène vers un avenir meilleur.

Comme une graine enfouie sous la terre, L'espoir germe et grandit en secret,

Il traverse les saisons, les épreuves amères, Pour s'épanouir sous un ciel clément.

Un joyau précieux, caché dans une coquille, L'espoir attend le moment de briller.

Il est la force qui nous relève,

Le ressort qui nous pousse à aller de l'avant.

The celestial light

Deep in the soul, a fire lies dormant. A divine spark, a sacred fire.

In the darkest nights, it glows, A beacon guiding the lost soul.

Like a lighthouse in a storm, it sheds light, Dispelling the mists of despair.

An Ariadne's thread in the labyrinth, Leading us to a better future.

Like a seed buried in the earth, Hope sprouts and grows in secret, Through seasons and bitter trials, To blossom under a gentle sky.

A precious jewel, hidden in a shell, Hope waits for its moment to shine. It is the strength that lifts us up, The spring that pushes us forward.

Les saisons de l'âme

Dans l'aube naissante, l'âme S'éveille, Sur les rives d'un lac où le silence, Sommeille, Elle flotte légère, comme une plume Dans le vent, Chaque souffle un murmure, chaque Onde un chant.

Le matin radieux, l'espoir Enivrant, Les rayons dansent, lumineux et Eclatants. L'âme joyeuse, s'élance, elle Explore, Les champs de fleurs où le bonheur Implore. Mais la brise tourne, ombres sur le Chemin, Un nuage obscurci s'étend sur le Matin.

L'âme, soudain, se fige, le cœur en

Souffrance.

Les couleurs se fanent, la vie prend Distance, C'est alors un orage, une tempête Sourde, Un tumulte intérieur, la mélancolie, Une gourde. Les larmes se mêlent aux gouttes De pluie, Dans le chaos, elle cherche une Lueur, une vie.

Eclaircie fugace, un rayon Se fraye, Un chemin de lumière, l'âme S'y engage, Elle découvre les nuances, les Teintes de l'existence, Chaque humeur est une étoile, une Danse en silence.

Au crépuscule, l'âme s'assoit, Contemplative, Les souvenirs s'entrelacent, doux et Parfois dérivés.

Elle embrasse la tristesse, la joie, la Colère, Chaque émotion est un voyage, Un mystère.

Dans la nuit étoilée, elle s'élève Encore, La paix s'installe, les tumultes sont Dehors. L'âme, apaisée, trouve son Équilibre, Dans le murmure des étoiles, elle S'enivre.

Ansi, le voyage continu, sans fin ni Repos. A travers les saisons, les humeurs, Les flots. Chaque changement est un chapitre, Une page à tourner, L'âme, vagabonde, danse, apprend A aimer.

Seasons of the soul

In the dawning dawn, the soul Awakens, On the shores of a lake where silence, Sleeps, It floats light, like a feather In the wind, Every breath a whisper, every Wave a song.

The radiant morning, the hope Intoxicating, The rays dance, luminous and Dazzling. The joyful soul soars, it Explores, Fields of flowers where happiness Implores. But the breeze turns, shadows on the Path, A dark cloud spreads over the Morning.

The soul suddenly freezes, the heart in

Suffering.

Colours fade, life takes Distance, It is a storm, a tempest Deafening, An inner turmoil, melancholy, A gourd. Tears mingle with the drops Of rain, In the chaos, she seeks a A glimmer, a life.

A fleeting ray of light Is carved out, A path of light, the soul Embarks on it, It discovers the nuances, the Shades of existence, Every mood is a star, a A dance in silence.

At dusk, the soul sits, Contemplative, Memories intertwine, gentle and Sometimes derivative. It embraces sadness, joy, anger

Anger, Each emotion is a journey, a mystery.

Into the starry night she rises Again,

Peace settles, the tumult is Outside. The soul, soothed, finds its Balance, In the murmur of the stars Intoxicates.

So the journey continues, without end or Rest. Through seasons, moods, The waves. Each change is a chapter, A page to turn, The soul wanders, dances, learns To love.

Escapade

Sous d'autres cieux Où l'amour fleurit, Partons ensembles, Loin de ce bruit. Vers des iles lointaines, Baignées de soleil,

Où nos cœurs unis Trouveront leur réveil.

Loin des villes, de leurs Bruits et soucis, Echappons-nous, vers De nouveaux horizons. Sous le ciel étoilé, Nos âmes se grisent, Dans un voyage Où l'amour prend ses prémices.

Partons ensembles vers Des iles de notre âme, Où les passions s'épanouissent Comme une flamme. Sous un ciel d'émeraude,

Bercés par les flots, Nos cœurs unis danseront Sur des notes suaves.

Loin des sentiers battus, Sous les cieux d'd'azur, Embarquons pour un rêve, Doux et pur. Dans les jardins d'Éden, Où les fleurs embaument, Nos mes s'enivreront De parfums inconnus.

Escapade

Under other skies Where love blossoms, Let's go away together, Far from this noise.

To islands far away, Bathed in sunshine, Where our hearts united Will find their awakening.

Far from the cities noise and worries, Let's escape to New horizons. Under a starry sky, Our souls are intoxicated, On a journey Where love takes its first steps.

Let's set off together towards The islands of our soul, Where passions blossom Like a flame. Under an emerald sky, Rocked by the waves,

Our united hearts will dance On sweet notes.

Far from the beaten track, Under azure skies, Let's embark on a dream, Sweet and pure. In the gardens of Eden, Where the flowers bloom, Our souls will be intoxicated With fragrances unknown.

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Aklima Ankhi



Aklima Ankhi a poet, story teller and a translator, was born on 1 December, 1987 in Mymensingh, Bangladesh. Currently, she is living in Cox's Bazar, Bangladesh. She is a post Graduate in English literature. She is a Lecturer in English. Her poems published in the national and international newspapers, magazines as well as many global anthologies. Her poems have been translated into different languages around the world. She has published a book named "Guptokother Shobdochabi" in Bangla language. She received many certificates and honours from different literary organizations for her outstanding literary works.

Palestine : Crying of a Chital Deer

Flood-Sediment of river water of century The sacred story forage in sonorous folk forest Growing emblazoned impression of chital Deer Illusion of hunter is drunk by smell of musk The subtle tricks of business diplomacy Baneful arrow of vasty charms Brusque conceit, mythical hesitancy Fire of opulence esurien as creepy plant Dissected flesh, clotted blood Wailing smell of burnt kebab is in the air Restock the horrific slaughter house! Sky-kissing wining desire of handsome wit Repression blow out the lamp of wreckage The playground finds out astute whistle of skilled Referee.

The Quilt of Clay

Dedicated to my parents

Believe me, Earth I have come here only to love you. Sit down on the cooling mate of confidence. I fan you slowly for calm down.

Broken nose by the kick has the power of moving air. Great soul beat is in the ribs. Piercing thorn on legs can walk shedding blood. Although eyes acts blindly has a little eyesight. There is no distaste in outspoken tongue.

Earth, how much reassurance of competency you need to love you! Believe me earth, I have come here to love you only. Illiterate wood craftsman who is irresistible lover from whom has taken the first lesson of love. His beloved has taken knit stitch artistic flower of love with her generous skillful hands.

Earth, believe me or not In my life lessons, have learned to love you.

Virgin Mother Mary

Mother Mary a blessed lady ordained God. Be worth with truthfulness hard working and best manners. A great hearted warden of holy Baitul Muqaddas. Virgin Mary built her own entity with devotion.

An earnestly committed soul in God's love. A trustworthy messenger of God's interest and satisfaction. Was a virgin pregnant by holy spirit. Surpassingly honoured and fortunate by God. Mary went torn apart with the public insult and disrepute. Wanted to die and to vanish herself being labour pain. Only Canal of water and ripe date were consolation gift. Virgin Mary brought to this world a divine soul.

Niloy Rafiq



Niloy Rafiq was born in 6 August 1983 Maheshkhali, Cox's Bazar, Bangladesh. Niloy Rafiq has been writing in the literary pages of local daily newspapers since his school days. Later, his poems were published in national and international literary magazines including various famous little magazines. So far, his notable poems have been translated into more than twenty foreign languages. His English poetry book 'Sun Leaf' has already been published under 'Stockholm Project 2033 Global Leader' by Amazon.His second English translated poetry book 'An Incomplete Kiss" has published in 2024 from Amazon. The number of his poetry books written in Bengali languages are 6 respectively 1. I, the swan float in pure sadness, 2. Thirst's eternity, 3. Salty man's face, 4. Unknown fire, 5. Adinath in eyes, 6. Wax prayer bowed in a clay body. His poetry has a magical, edgy feeling. Poet Niloy Rafiq is like a magician in the extraordinary weaving of words and rhythms.

Contact +88 01745981995 (whatsapp) <u>niloyrafiq@gmail.com</u>

Facebook: niloyrafiq

The Tale of Words

Like the breaking surge of a dream-river's tide, Returns to its origin, a new moon to abide. In jubilant union, emotions blend so sweet, Familiar faces, beloved, in joy they meet.

Guests adorned with love, care, and delight, Doors wide open, colors vivid and bright. Through the dreamer's eyes, the dearest appears, In the tale of words, ancient caves hold beauty that endears.

Reading half-asleep beneath the blazing sun's glare, Poetry still expectant, with birdsong in the air. In the forest's shadowed lair, sleepless swans reside, A story unfolds where time and art collide.

Translator: Nurul Hoque

Dance of Wings

The golden life of sun-scorched earth, Harvest the river Kartoya time on the boats Seeds of fragrance in the beautiful abode, On the road of language, artisans seek their path.

As we go, ah, the scenes! The crafting of paddy, Time's garden painted by word-dwellers, The reflection of roses in green, Butterfly wings dancing to the melody of music.

In the clamor, the evening scent and bees' song, On the shores, the skilled pen appears, In the land of thoughts yet to come, the home of flowers, A distinct city in the school of creation.

Translated : Nurul Hoque

Shantihat

(The Peace Market)

In the sacred abode of the bowed sky, Scattered, bulletridden blood of martyrs, At heaven's gate, in the emptiness of paradise, Golden waves of flowers, the village birthplace.

On silent stones, the eyes are rivers of windows, The raft floats on the hills of water, in the Bankkhali, The great planet of the earth, in shame and disdain, On poetry's verandah, mourning echoes.

In the unknown ancient cave, an eternal body, An array of fragrances, mirrors on the wall, Lost heart's Kaaba, prayer roses, On the path of light's chariot, shadowy Shantihat.

Translated :Nurul Hoque

Petros Kyriakou Veloudas



Petros Kyriakou Veloudas was born in Agrinio, Etoloakarnania, in the year 1977, where he lives until today. He studied humanities at the Hellenic Open University of Patras, department of Greek Culture, He is a European ambassador of Greek poetry in Romania, an immortal academic poet with a university seat at the world academy of poetry and philology AMCL in Brazil. His poems have been translated into many languages and he has received many international awards. of poetry, and his poems are included in international poetry anthologies as well as in the great encyclopedia of contemporary Greek writers Haris Patsis. He is a journalist in the local press (collaborator of Machitis Agriniou newspaper), he is a member of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS OF GREEK LITERATURE-DEEL, His profession is a Landowner.

Painting the Sorrow of the Moon

Peeled moon lies like ripe fruit which are being prepared to shred as a dessert in appetites an alluring night.. the moon with leanings his hands on his head poses on a canvas of stars that of the night the brush he bares his bitter loneliness and inspiration gives the kiss of life on the cheek of the moon illuminating the spiritual heaven of thoughts with breaths of stars in the fight of..life!

Where the Heart of Poetry Beats

As the sweaty ones flow lyrics and the veins of words they do not bow in graceful statues of fear, as much as poetry the heart is pounding the faster they clean them foggy windows of imprisoned emotions... They don't sleep the pains, time does not hurt even the last one at the last moment of farewell where everything freezes, enough from the vein a penny to roll some ink and the poem will wears his flesh giving bread joy and deliciousness...hopefully!

The Pale House

Do not surround the house, don't surround the garden.. No evil dwells in here only rusty memories... Old furniture a pale door that creaks as well as her bones they will invite winter... Do not mute the voice of this sad house the keys are weakly located on a tired wooden table... The curtains are full wrinkles of despair will be delivered patiently in one unknown pleasure .. That's why I'm telling you this house has none address, nor does it belong to humans This house has one stone soul of talking stones and angry dreams... Sometimes by chance they pass passersby, indifferent passers-by in the dust of the crowd..

When it's cold Pagania kati nerveless winters a gray cloud covers like a woolen blanket the guilt of this house They said that in it the house of shadows of souls with sins they burned in the silences at the fireplace of the dreamy subconscious of his ghosts!...-



This is our world ...

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Shaveef Abdur Rasheed

30 May 1945 ~ 11 February 2025

The Butterfly Effect "IS" in effect

Inner Child Press News Published Books

by Poetry Posse Members

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.

On the following pages we present to you ...

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KREW ŻYCIA The Blood of Life

Eliza Segiet

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

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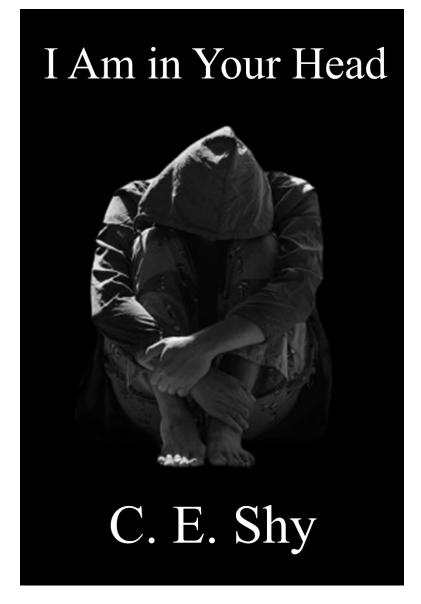


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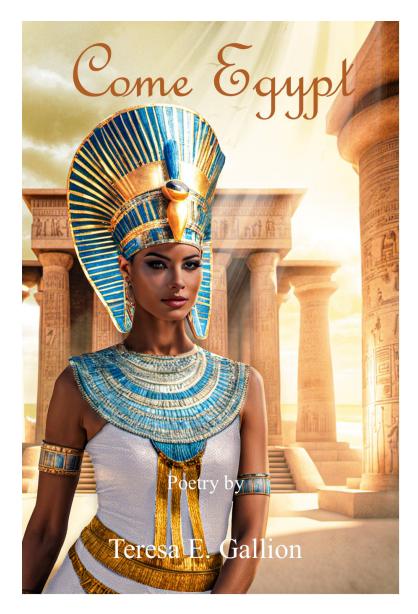


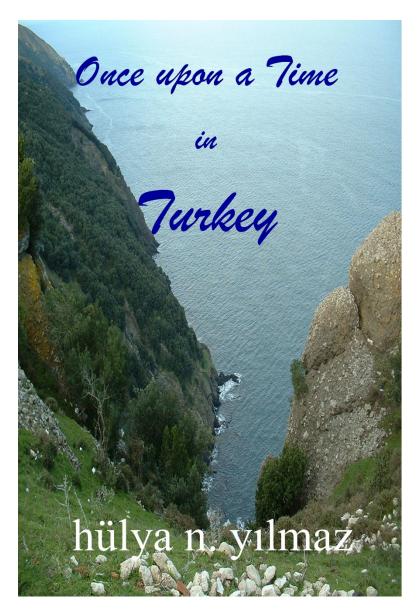
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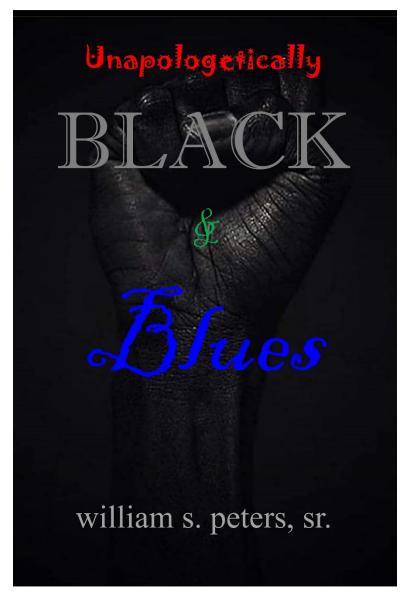
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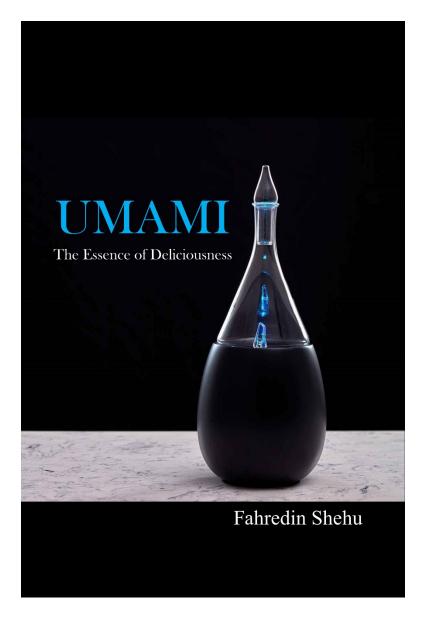






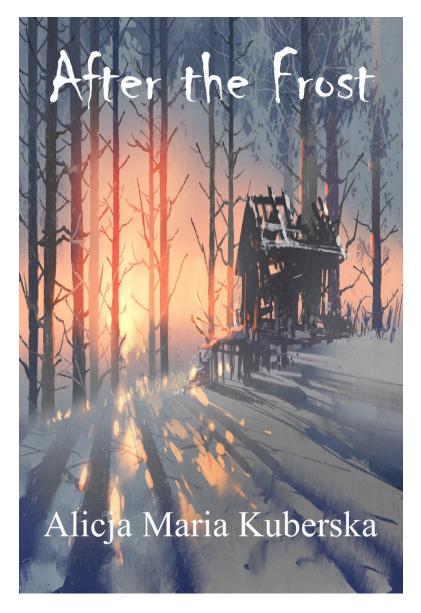
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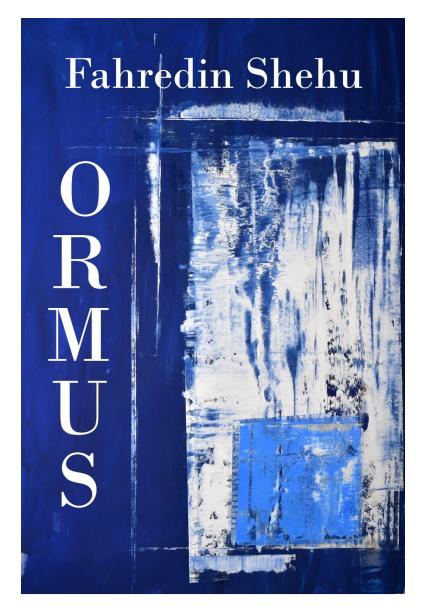




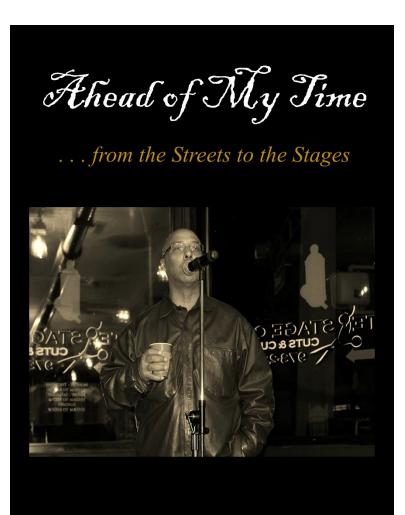
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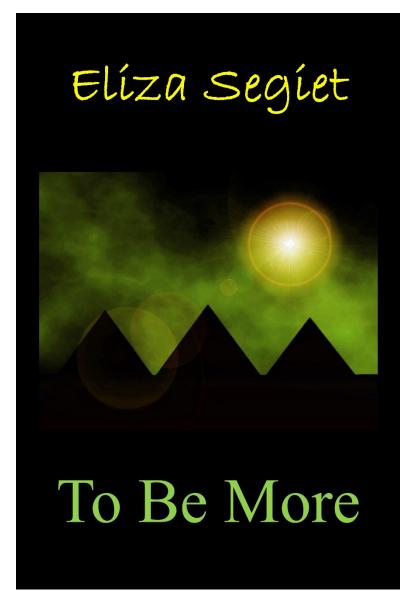
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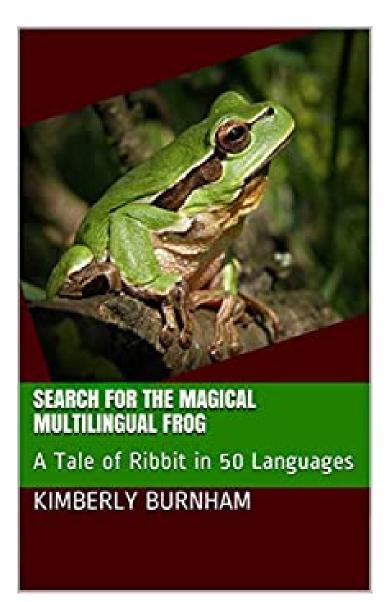


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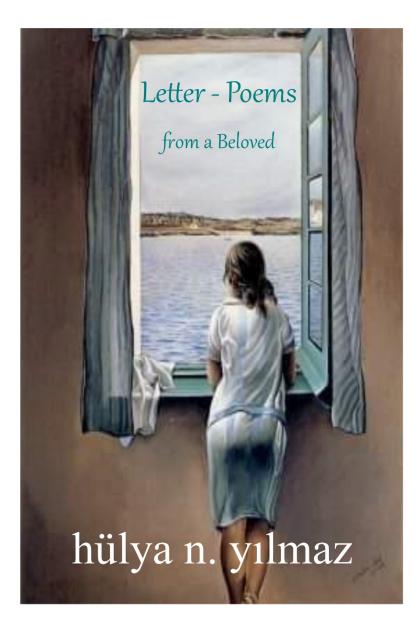
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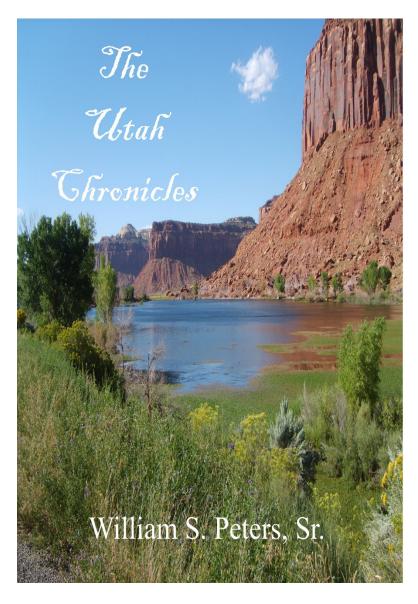


Inner Reflections of the Muse

Elizabeth Castillo



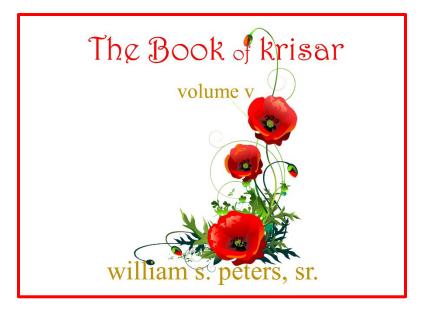
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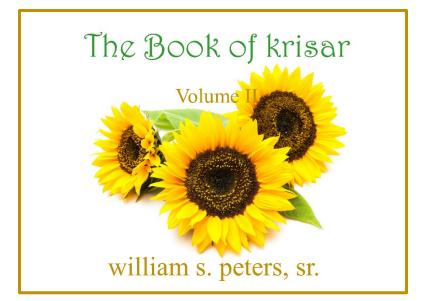
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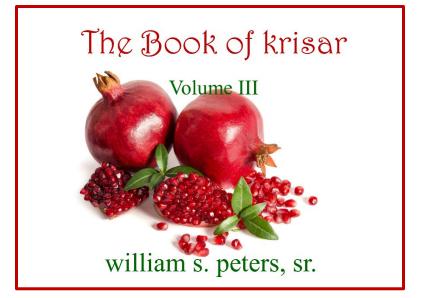


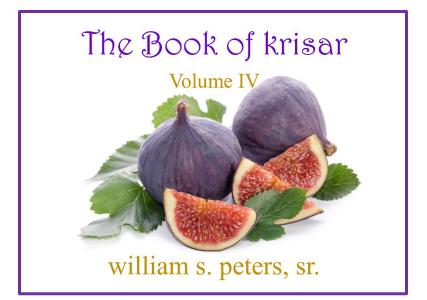
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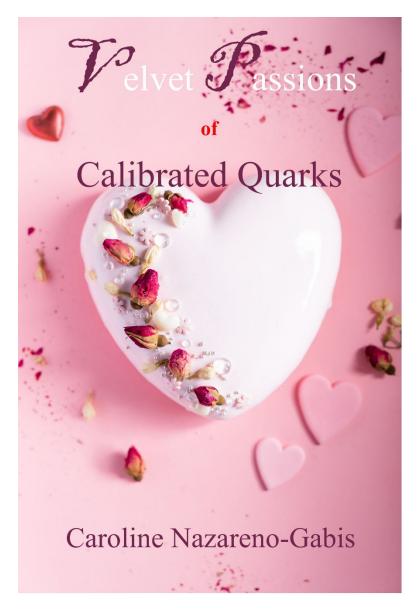


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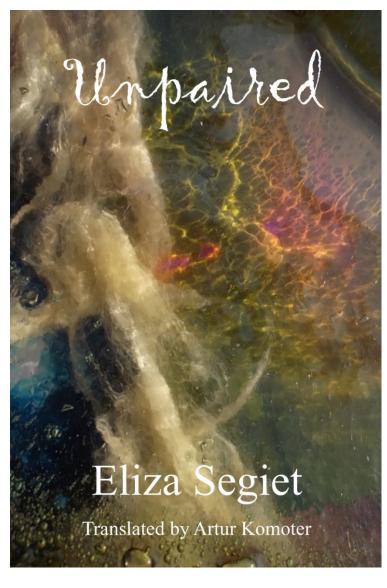


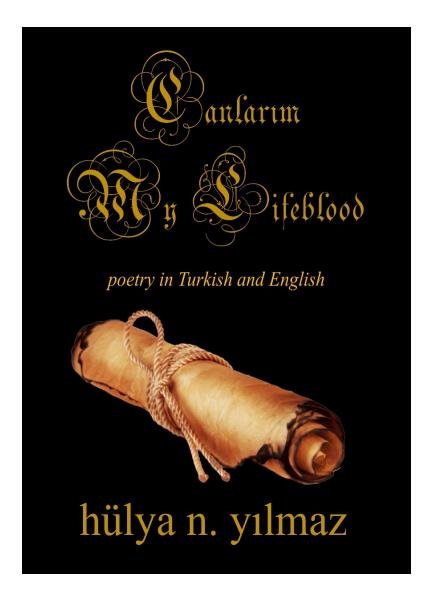


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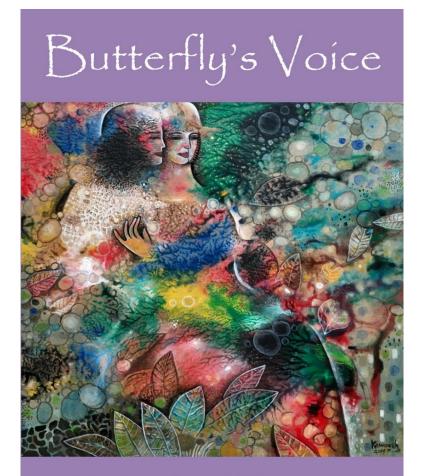


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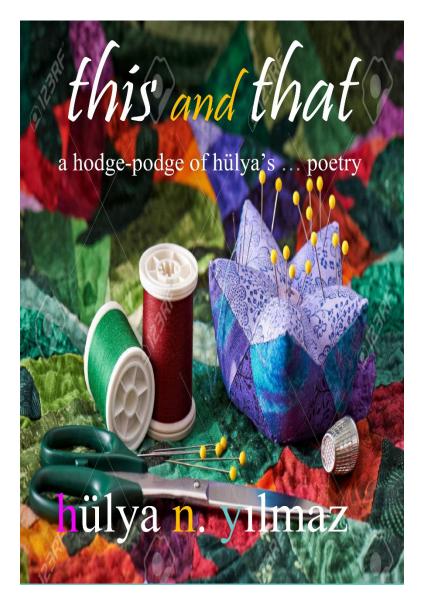
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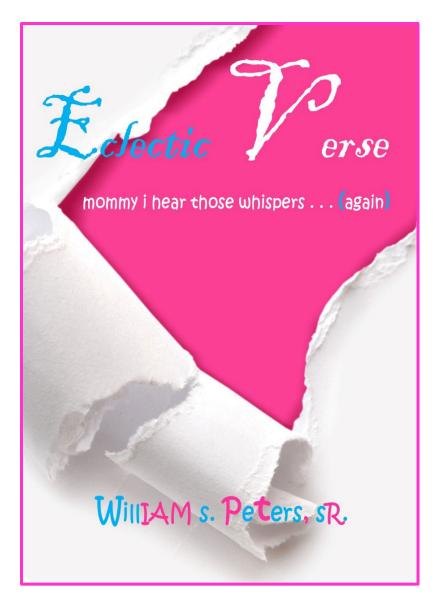
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen

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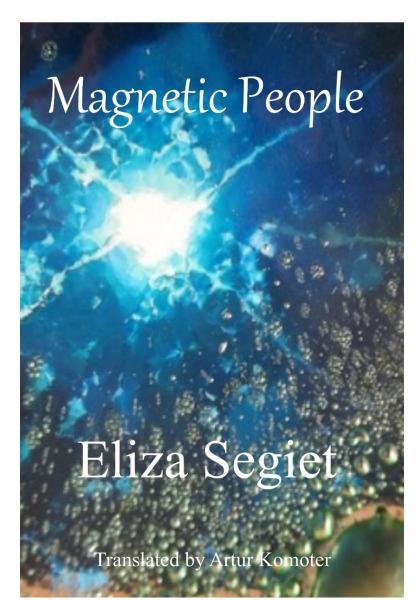




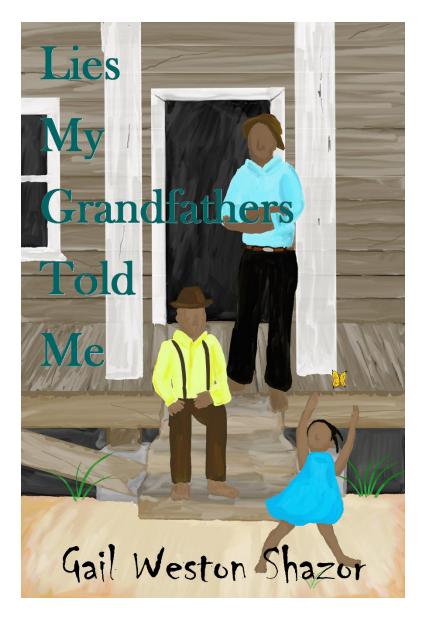


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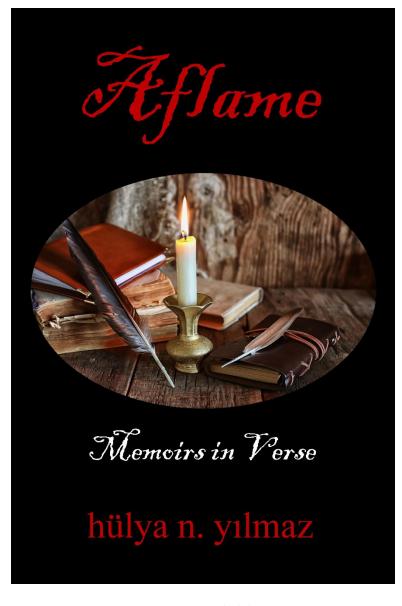
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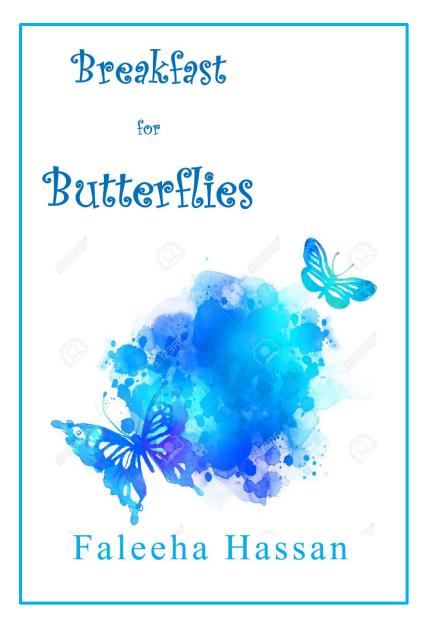




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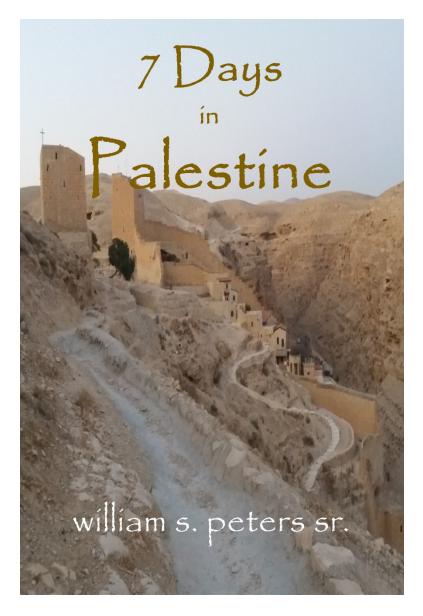






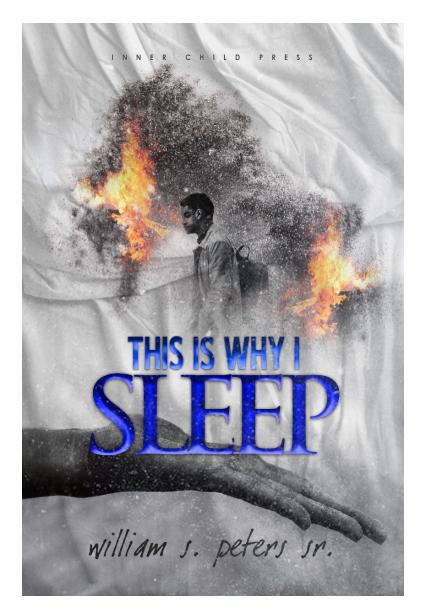
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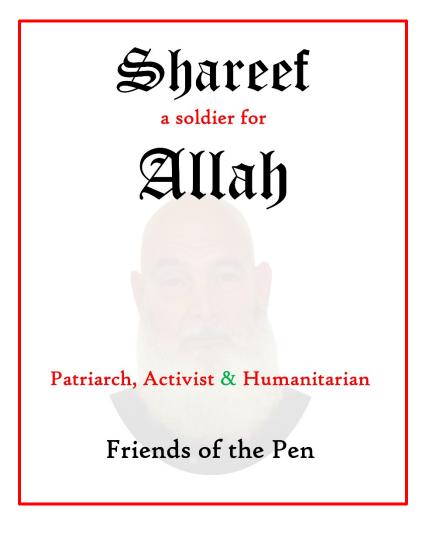


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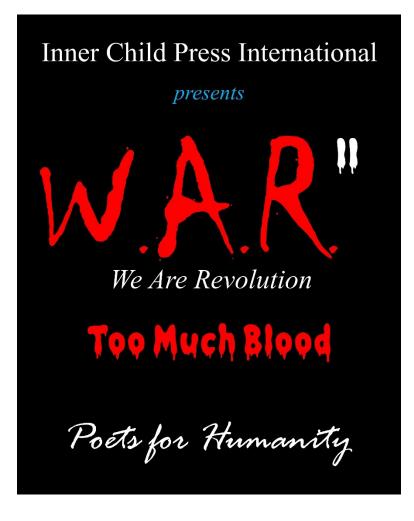
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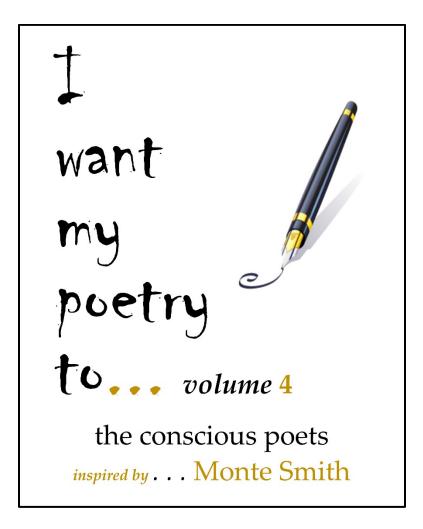
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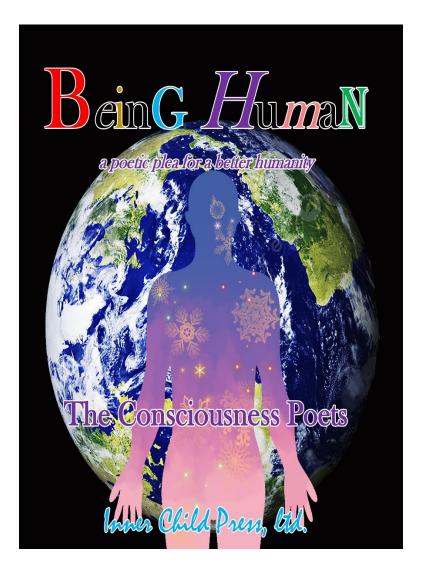
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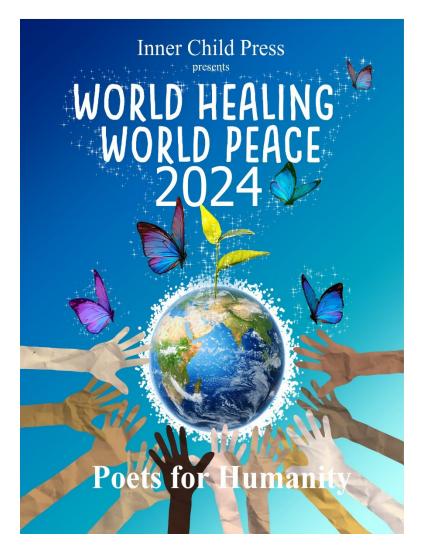
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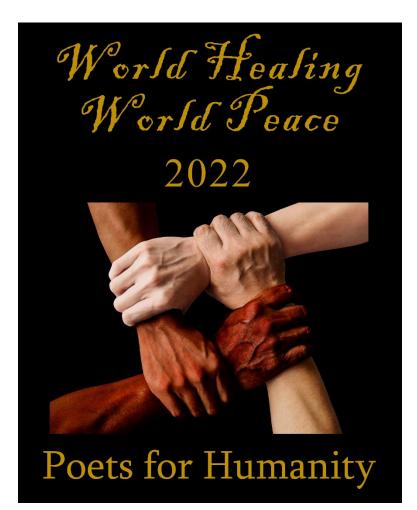


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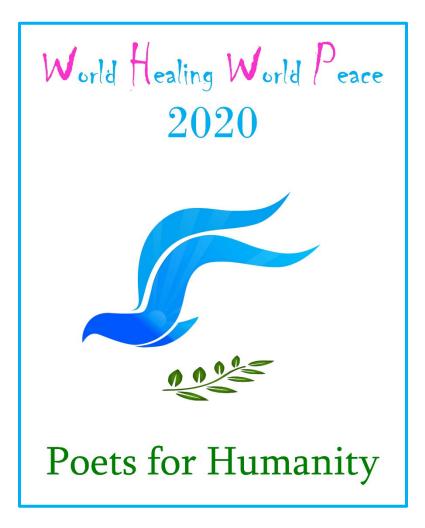


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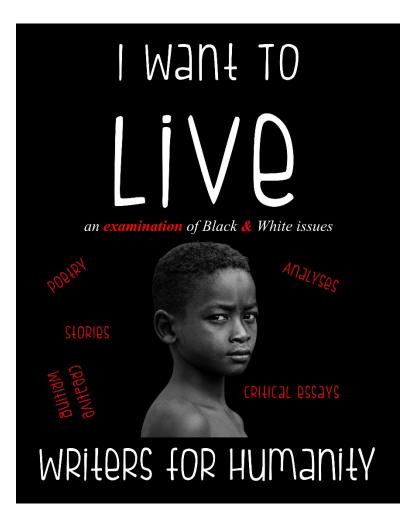


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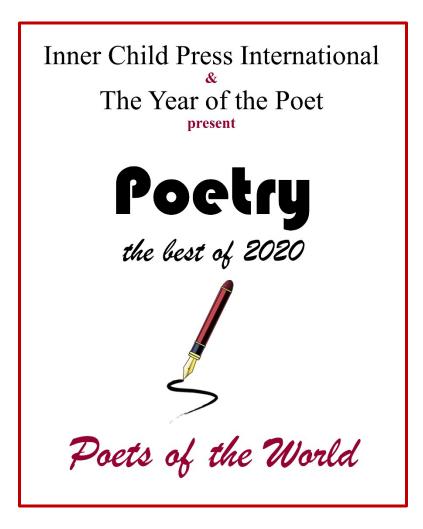


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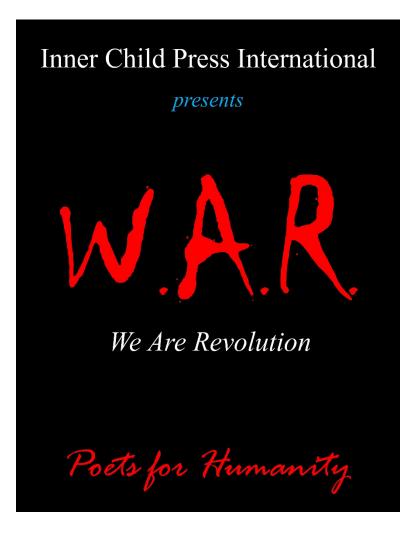
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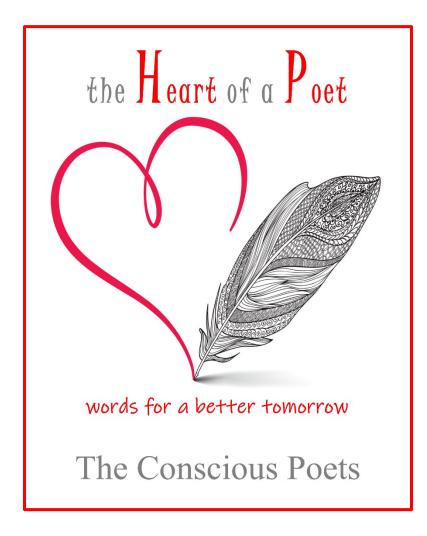


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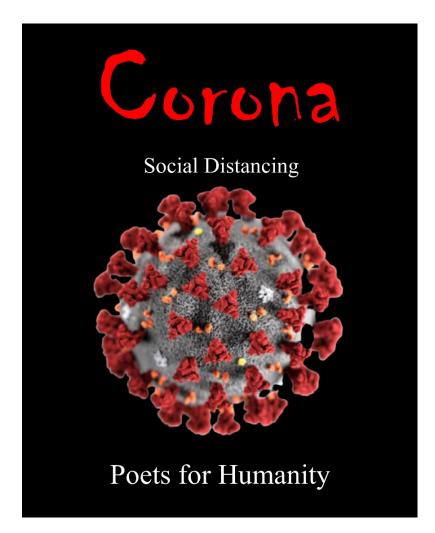


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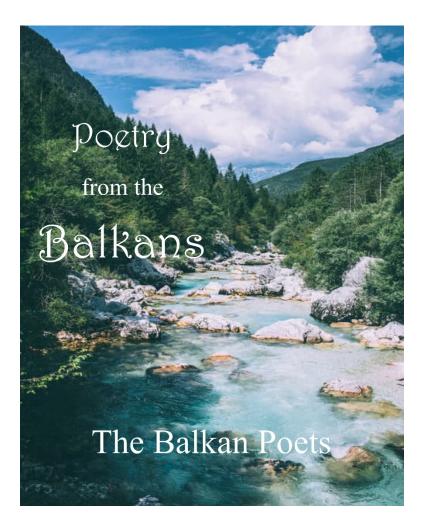
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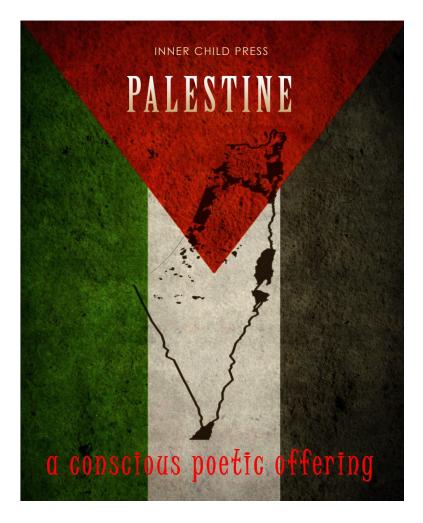
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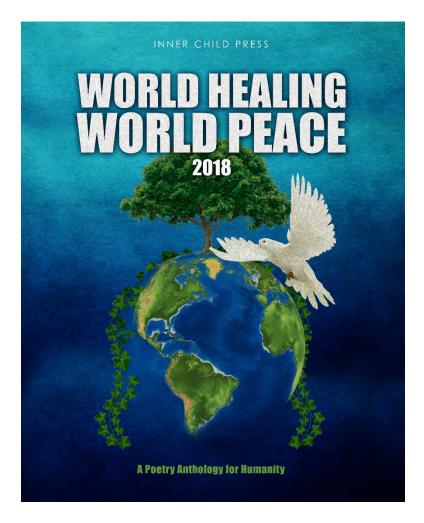
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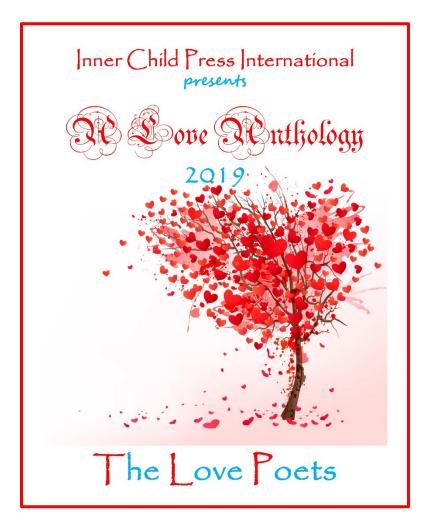
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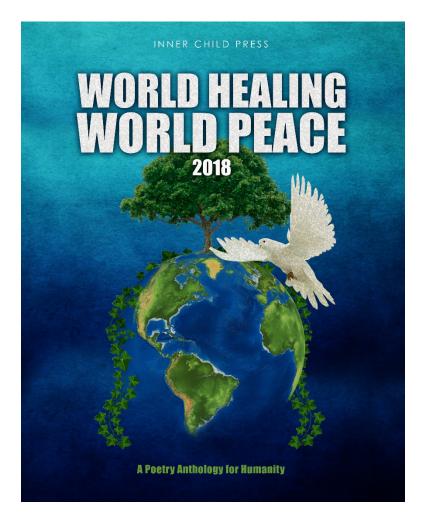
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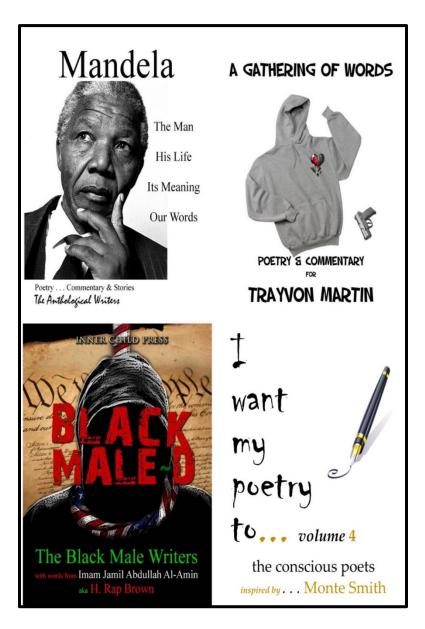


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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

December 2014

bets

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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

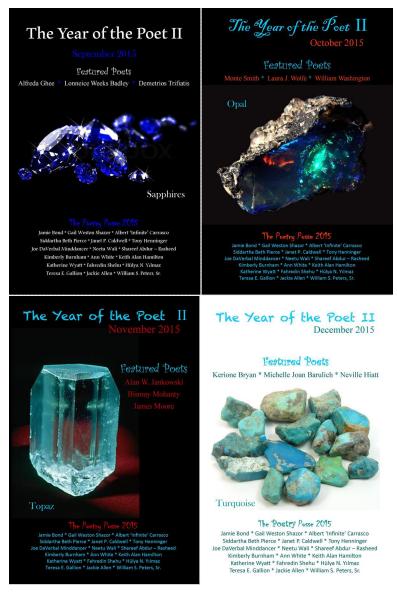




The Poetry Posse 2015

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

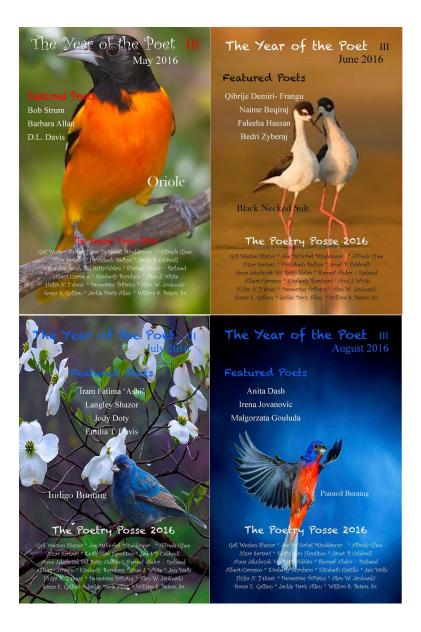
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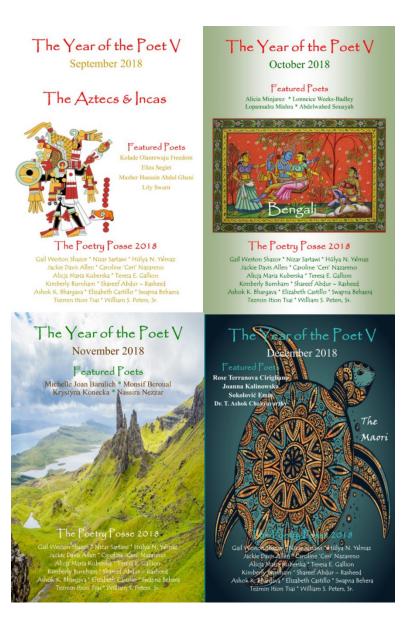
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The Year of the Poet VI The Year of the Poet VI **January 2019** February 2019 Featured Poets Indigenous North Americans Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier Featured Poets Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew Meso-America Dream Catcher The Poetry Posse 2019 The Poetry Posse 2019 Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Éliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr. Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr. March 2019 April 2019 DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Enesa Mahmić * Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud * Anwer Ghani Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan Central & West Africa The Caribbean

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackle Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberiska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Ishareet Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Svapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jacke Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberka * Terese E. Callion * Joe Pare Kimberly Burham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Svapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tai * William 5. Peters, 5.

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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

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

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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



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021 all Weston Shazor * Albert Carasco * Hülya N. Yılın Jackle Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segie Alıçla Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed 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



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021 Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicga Maria Kuberska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ituon Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

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

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII August 2021

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

Mundara Koorang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassoo Hullya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno [°] Eliza Sogiet Alicja Maria Kuberka [°] Teresa E. Gallion [°] Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham [°] Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargara [°] Elizabeth Castillo [°] swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai [°] William S. Peters, Sr.

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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

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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

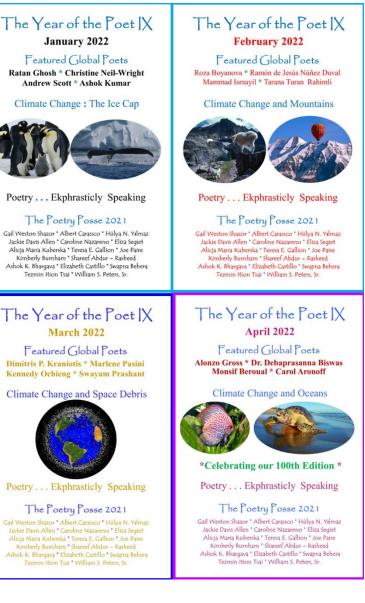
Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr

The Year of the Poet IX June 2022

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

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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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

The Poetry Posse 2022 Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicg Maria Kuboska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Abhok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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Jakie Pavis Allen Carabaco Fuliya K. Himaz Jakie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Sejet Alicja Maria Kuberska, Teresa E. Gallion Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet |X October 2022

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

Climate Change and Oil and Power



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022 Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesha * Terese E. Callion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet IX December 2022

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

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022 Gail Weston Shazor ' Albert Carassco ' Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen ' Caroline Nazareno ' Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska ' Terese E. Callion ' Joe Parie Kimberly Bumham ' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tiai ' William S. Peters, S.

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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

The Poetry Posse 2023

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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

The Poetry Posse 2023

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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 ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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The Year of the Poet XI March 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Nâzim Hikmet ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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The Year of the Poet XI February 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Omar Khayyam ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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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 ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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The Year of the Poet XI June 2024

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

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

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The Year of the Poet XI September 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ William Ernest Henley ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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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

Renowned Poets



~ Wole Soyinka ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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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 ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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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 ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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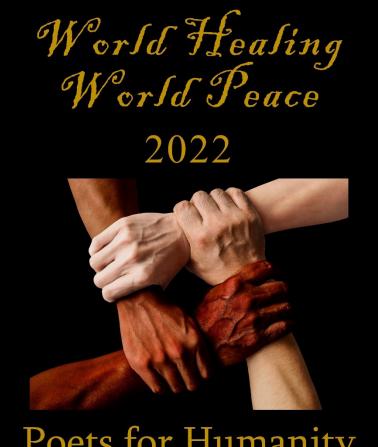
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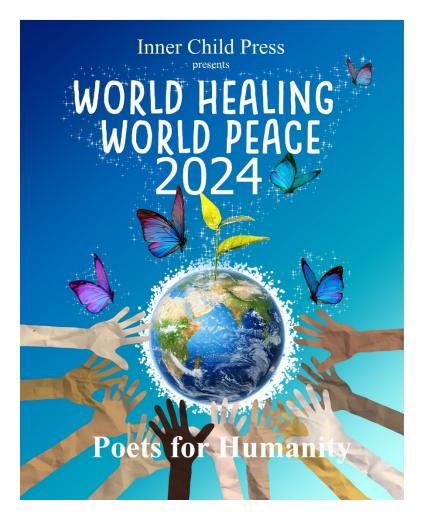
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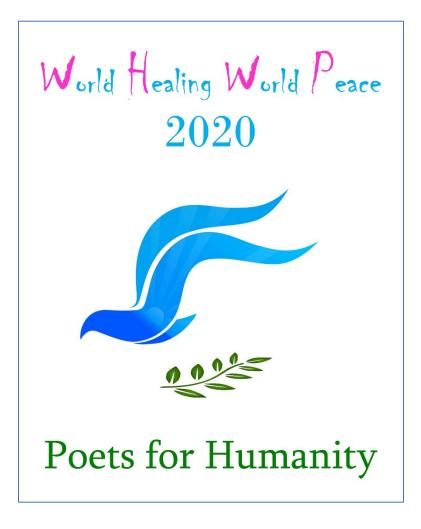


Poets for Humanity

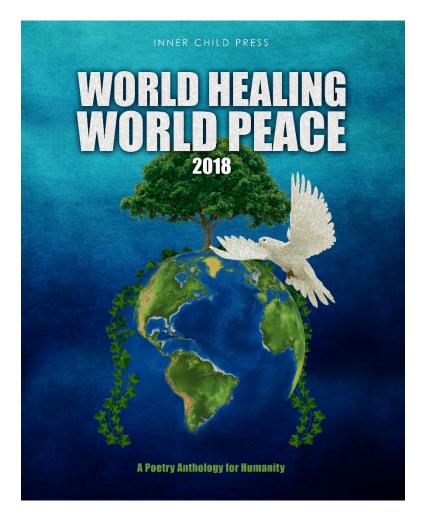
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2025



July 2025 ~ Featured Poets



Mennadi Farah



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Petros Kyriakou Veloudas



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