Featured Global Poets

Ayham Mahmoud Al-Abbad * Til Kumari Sharma Michael Lee Johnson * Sylwia K. Malinowska



Love Gratitude Contentment Red Roses Blue Hydrangea Azure Bluets

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. The
Year
of the
Poet XII

June 2025

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.



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

The Year of the Poet XII June 2025 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2025

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

R

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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Foreword

Love, Gratitude, and Contentment

Love, gratitude and contentment are the theme assignment for The Poetry Posse.

Love comes in many forms. Love for God and Jesus. Love for your spouse, your partner, your girlfriend, or boyfriend. Love for your child, parents, siblings and love for your relatives. Love for your friends. Love for all people in this world. Love is universal. Love can change the world.

Gratitude is being grateful for your loved ones and being thankful that you are alive to see another brand new day. Gratitude is being thankful for the smallest, simple things in your life. Being happy, joyful, and bliss. There is always something in your daily life to be thankful for no matter how life can be cruel.

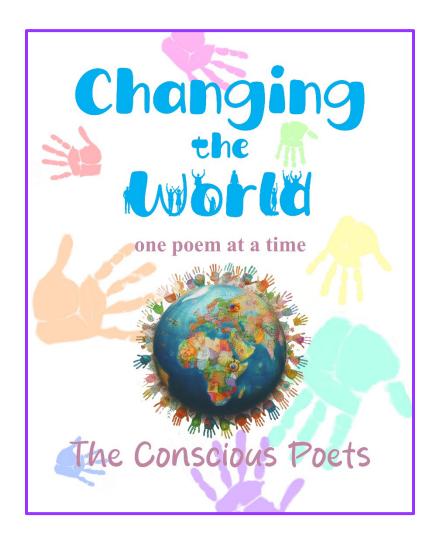
Contentment is having inner peace, and happy with yourself. No one is perfect, and we all make mistakes, yet you are still contented with your life. You are happy and satisfied how far you have come.

In my humble opinion, love, gratitude, and contentment go hand in hand. Put the three together and they can change the world.

Noreen Snyder

Coming Soon

www.innerchildpress.com



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: www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-market. 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

Love ~ Gratitude ~ Contentment







Love Gratitude Contentment Red Roses Blue Hydrangea Azure Bluets

In 'All I Cannot Save,' Adrienne Rich portrays all the creatures she loves. "My heart is moved by all I cannot save, so much has been destroyed. I have to cast my lot with those, who, age after age, perversely, with no extraordinary power, reconstitute the world."

Gratitude and contentment often accompanies awareness of what we are lucky to have in our world. Sometimes what we have is huge, beautiful, or amazing. Often it is the little things, the small joys that make for a wonderful life. Alison Luterman in 'Consider the Generosity of a One-Year-Old' writes, "If you were outdoors she would hand you a dead beetle, a fistful of grass, a pebble, by way of introduction or just because. And if, a moment later, she wants it back, it would be for the joy of passing these simple symbols back and forth, freely offered, freely relinquished, This is me. Here is who I am."

In this volume of 'The Year of The Poet,' we share who we are right now, right here, and what we love or are grateful for, as well as what brings us contentment and all the things that make life meaningful. Our themes for this book are Love, Gratitude, and Contentment.

We offer up the stuff that we appreciate, each in our own unique way. As Barbara Crooker says in 'Praise Song,' "Praise the meadow of dried weeds: yarrow, goldenrod, chicory, the remains of summer. Praise the sun slipping down behind the beechnuts. Though darkness gathers, praise our crazy fallen world; it's all we have." What do you see around yourself that should be praised?

Each of the poets have focused on some aspect of their lives, bringing forth a cacophony of meaning and showing us that we all love and appreciate in our own way, making way for each person's way of loving the world. What do you enjoy and value about your world?

Really look around, as Roger S. Keyes encourages "Hokusai says look carefully. He says keep looking, stay curious. He says there is no end to seeing. He says look forward to getting old. Don't be afraid. Look, feel, let life take you by the hand."

Do you look forward to getting old? Explore what you look forward to. What message is the world giving you right now?

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 . . .



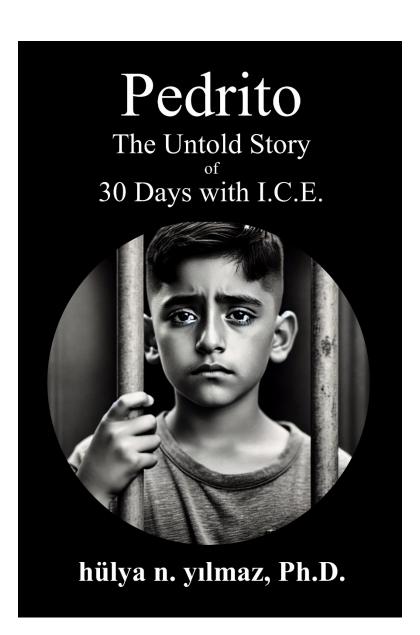




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

Coming Soon . . .



Gail Weston Shazor



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

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

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

Emancipation

I lost the title in my thoughts
So jumbled together as they were
Fleeting around the edges
Of memories, old, new and coming
Gone are the days
That we separated each other
By skin color

And when my generation dies

You will have to find colorism in a book

There is no forbidden love

No love that we have to be jailed for possessing

I can remember being bi-colored

High Yellow

Mullato

Mixed Race

And I only think on bears now

Would I fear a polar bear more than a brown bear?

Are my white relatives to be feared

More than my black or

My Indian tribe,

I don't think so

I wonder if sisters on each side

Of the Berlin Wall would genetically change

To enemies

Or did the Tutsis gain education because

They favored the Belgians more in complexion

Than the Hutus

All sharing a common language

For thousands of years with the TWA people

Why is a house slave better

Then a yard slave

Or a field slave

800,000 rumors on African soil

1 little girl on Mississippi soil

Who has never seen a bear free

Taught that life labeled dangerous

Had to be caged And still clinging to the thought Of Native ancestors that all life Is cherished life I drink water now And ponder on the life that calls to me From the margins Jumbled together as they are Whispering to be heard This started as a Happy Mother's day piece And so it goes All women are wisdom bearers And they exist to share the knowledge Whether actively birthing or not As they teach the children All children To see life **Question life** And protect life So bears can continue to exist Free So we can continue to exist Without labels Free

Carnival!

The day was warm and festive
And while I stood
Anticipatingly
Alongside the side of the road
I watched the kids
Mimicking my impatience
Stepping from foot to foot
Fanning the heat away from my face
Looking down the street

We could hear them all The steel drums And brown arms rocking the frames So tenuously attached to parents I smile at the younger me-s Knowing that very soon Happy will burst across our faces At the first site of Color Color intertwined with Swaying hands And wind driven movements Inviting us to join in the dance Us wishing we had feathers And sparkling shoes to step Away from our drab lives in

The island shook under the vibration Of so many souls at play The watching and the watched Plumed for the day in the rhythm Of Carnival

7 cubed religion

Palm Sunday now has come and gone Where should I be on my road? The one that leads to freedom Or at least to forgiveness Isn't that what we practice During this week called "holy" Maybe it just takes me to church

The store full of frock buyers
Searching for the perfect hat
To match the shoes that you found
And the fun house mirrors swirl
Until even the devilish
Faces in the regular pews
Can be made to look pretty

We greeted others with hugs And then a kiss for each cheek I check for the smear of paint On the inner palm of hands Maybe new paint since Sunday After the promise of palms May have moved you to action

Greet me with Jesus loves me Jesus fed the multitude With what will you nourish me Have your hands become dirty Will you stand with while I cry Wipe my tears with your satin Or have your eyes become blind

Abba Father, You are Lord But whom do You so favor I used to be a Baptist I used to be Methodist

Now I just want to be yours Find in me a wildling heart Free me from the lock of bricks

The world is moaning loudly
And the jews are down the street
And the gentiles are there too
And everyone closes doors
Their religion is now safe
From the ones who need the Christ
And the church people sing loud

Spending this easter morning Where land parted from water And altars grow in desserts And the sap runs loud in trees I will wait for Him outside With my hands dirty of love Doing, cause He said to go

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

Love

Love me unconditionally.
For you I will be
Water, air
The sun, the moon,
And the stars in the sky.
See me
The same way always.
Do not heed the years,
The first grey hair
And the wrinkles under the eyes.
You know
That when the body ages
The soul stays young.
The interior radiates beauty.
Love me for being me.

Far Happiness

Happiness needs very little space - a house with a family, a garden and several adjacent streets are enough.

It likes to sleep in the shade of trees, wrap itself in the aroma of flowers, talk to bees about the hardships of life and echo birds in singing.

It floats in the aromas of baking, hides in a piece of fresh bread and bubbles in a cup of milk.

Sometimes it picks ripe apples in the orchard, spits cherry seeds at a distance, peeps into the pots in the kitchen, stirs a spoon on a plate with some soup.

It laughs loudly or giggles softly, dances and jumps up and down humming favorite songs.

From time to time it flies kites, plays football with children, hugs its favorite teddy bear at bedtime

In a refugee camp, in the crowded tents there is no place for happiness.

Stubborn – it returns in dreams and like an echo reminds of the good times. The longing calls for return to its homeland.

The Islands of Happiness

dreams come true in the Bahamas

let's go there where the wind brushes the green hair of palm trees the huge ocean murmurs sleepily the golden sand remembers footprints and the sun disappears in blue water in the evening

before the black butterfly appears we have time to write a few lines of a poem and to share our thoughts like a slice of bread

only there we can entrust our secrets to the stars

Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Gratitude

As a young girl, a teen, What passed for love, really wasn't.

Tender in years, experience lacking, Words unable to confess until Multiple Heart's-aches had healed.

As an older teen, determined, I grew With hindsight of knowledge,

A child's understanding of Puppy Love. Increased emotions, highly charged them. Time and age transform youthful sentiments.

Anger, resentment, and hurt fade, turn Into gratitude for the greater good.

Love's reciprocal relationship Ensues with age, eventually. It must! Thanks be to God.

Adolescent entanglement left behind, Experience now offers up possibilities.

Commitment

Getting to know you,
Getting to love you,
I stumbled over the building blocks
Of Puppy Love, and adolescent expectations.

I nursed my aches, attempted To soothe my pains. With new and varied experiences, Time became my friend.

Healing from past bruises, I nursed my wounds; my eyes cleared. My heart accepted the need To be true to myself.

And then, true love appeared.
Accepting, not rushing,
Taking care to know each other,
We're grown stronger, closer with the years.

Love

I'm in love, for the very first time, No pretense, no need to pretend That I am anything other than what I am.

Free, free, at last, no make-up required To notice the bee to my flower, As one, we're in a symbiotic relationship.

I'm in love, I'm in love, Though the years have turned my hair A shade of whitish-gray.

My waistline has expanded, So too the numbers of our family; Of our years together, more than a half-century.

From riding the high waves Of our fresh, abiding love, now We bask contentedly in each other.

From the mountains to the valleys, From the skies to the seas, As best friends, love binds us together.

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.

I Carry Your Yes

I carry your yes like rain that never falls, Yet floods all my smallest silences. The world—blue, green, hushed—leans When you whisper me. I become a candle dancing In the grammar of your hands. No map, no moon could ever Unkiss this gravity. Even stars, those well-behaved punctuation marks Of the night, blink When you pass. You rearranged the sky inside me— Moved constellations I didn't know I kept. Love is not a song, It is the voice beneath the voice, The pause between the chords, The breath before the name. I would build a house out of your laughter If wind permitted. I would trade every alphabet I know For the single touch Of your unspoken syntax. And when I sleep, The dream wears your face But never calls itself a dream.

The Old Barrow

I followed the furrow where the barrow once stood, Its handles weathered thin as my father's knuckles—Oak-smoothed, and blessed by callus and time. He wheeled it like a prayer through loam and clover, Spilling seed with every turn of breath.

The wind is honest here, still full of him. It hauls old names from hedgerows and fieldstone. I hear them creak beneath the boots of dusk, Along paths worn thinner than his Sunday shirt. When I stoop to gather the broken ploughshare, Rusted red as a robin's breast in March, I know the earth remembers everything—And I am grateful it forgets nothing.

Laundry Day in April

My neighbor folds shirts with the same reverence others reserve for prayer. She lifts a sleeve, smooths it like an old sorrow that no longer needs words. We do not speak of money, or fame. or what didn't happen. Instead, she hands me a fig from her backyard tree, and says, "It is enough this year they didn't fall before ripening." The cat sleeps under the laundry line. A plane passes overhead, but no one looks up. Somewhere, someone wants more. Here, we sit on cracked steps and sip tap water as if it were holy. The sun drapes itself across the fence, not asking anything.

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.

Being in Love

To love and to be loved back by a special person like walking through a field of daisies with the breeze hitting me gently. If I could, I would walk up to the nearest cloud and shout, "I'm still in love with my Teddy Bear Darling and he's in love with me too. I want people to experience what it's like being in love. Oh, what a bliss, joy, and happiness

Gratitude

At 67 I'm thankful for waking up each morning, being able to touch the floor with both feet and standing up without any help.

Making my own coffee and drinking my delicious coffee. Being able to cook my own meals without problems.

Being able to read a good book or a magazine and writing poetry, and being involved in the poetry community.

Being able to inhale and exhale air without any oxygen tank.
Walking outside to feel the breeze or the hot sun against my flesh.

I don't know how long I have on this Earth, but I'm eternally grateful to God for keeping me alive and allowing me to see another beautiful day.

Contentment (Haiku)

Having inner peace

and satisfied who you are

and where you're going

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

Flight of Love

In the quiet glow of evening light, Two hearts converge, their spirits bright. With every whisper, with every sigh, Love takes flight, like a soft lullaby.

Hand in hand, through paths we roam, In every smile, we find our home. Contentment blooms in the simplest things, Like laughter shared and the joy it brings.

The warmth of your touch, a reassuring grace, In your embrace, I find my place. The world may rush, but here we stand, In this moment, perfectly planned.

Melodies of life play sweet and low, In the garden of love, our hearts will grow. With every dawn, we'll start anew, In a dance of dreams, just me and you.

So let us cherish what we have found, In love's gentle arms, forever bound. Contentment lives in the little things, In every heartbeat, our happiness sings.

Empath

In quiet corners of the heart, An empath weaves, with gentle art, A sorrow shared, a joy expressed, With open arms, we are caressed.

They walk with shadows, feel the light, In every laugh, in every fight, A mirror held to souls in pain, With whispered kindness, healing rain.

A tender touch, a knowing glance, In the chaos, they find the dance, They hold our stories, large and small, And catch the tears when raindrops fall.

Though heavy is the weight they bear, Their spirit shines, with love to share, In every heartbeat, every sigh, An empath's gift is to empathize.

With thread of gold, they weave the night, Transforming darkness into light, And in their presence, hearts expand, As they embrace us, hand in hand.

Gentle Soul

In the stillness of the dawn,
A gentle stir begins to rise,
From shadows deep, the light is drawn,
As dreams dissolve and hope complies.

Awakened soul, embrace the day, Leave behind the veil of night, With open heart, let worries sway, And find your path, illuminated bright.

Each breath a promise, fresh and new, As whispers chase the fading stars, The world awaits your vibrant hue, A canvas wide, no walls, no bars.

In quiet moments, hear the call, The melody of life unfolds, Stand tall, for you can have it all, A tale of courage yet to be told.

So rise, dear soul, and take your flight, Into the arms of morning's grace, For in your heart, a spark ignites, An awakened journey, time to chase.

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

Did You Forget?

Exercise then rest. Breakfast brunch. I never look for inspiration it usually find me when I'm looking.

There are certain sounds that bring it around. I try to attract it sometimes sometime it works. Avoiding jerks, works really well.

Too much passion is like too much wine. Making love is like drinking water, one cup is not enough. I'm grateful though!

Oh, by the way this is the last day of summer. Or did you forget in the midst of our slumber?

Red Lined

At night I write fulfilling my pens appetites. When I sleep it puts red ink on my dream. It tells me to say to the dream, "I'll see you later." The light is too bright, so record it on my phone.

It was hard to record my wins and losses. I am satisfied with being balanced. Every now and then I worry over words that get lost along the way, trying to find my pens mind.

There are words, when found the only thing you can do is scribble and figure out later what the heck was said. Go on write them down.

I laugh when I remember the paragraphs that were driven by cups of coffee. The batteries are low and I have to go. The dream that was postponed is still there waiting.

While We Can

Hey grandson walk come with me while we can, talk with me while you can.

I may be able to point out some things you don't see. I can tell you some stuff you don't understand.

I will give you some knowledge that will put out front of the crowd.

I'll show a way you can side step trouble and stay out of jail, to keep your parents from posting a bail.

I know right now you think you know. If you take this walk with me, you'll see you don't.

If you apply what I teach, you may survive. Asking your friends, don't bother, until they take a walk with their grandfather.

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" . . .

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

infinite love

i may have been 10 or 11 a classmate was passing around a notebook "write in here what you think 'love' is," she said

a lifetime has passed since that day's recess i remember how awkward i felt, though - trying to define "love" and want to hope that my words have never made it out of that page

"love" cannot be defined; it must be experienced, lived as i have before, during and after the birth of my One and Only,

my daughter of physical beauty, coupled with an all around beauty

another lifetime went by, with my precious child by my side

then came her time to be a mother - a magnificient Mom, at that

first, a boy and less than 2 years later, a girl

i have now entered my final lifetime surrounded by the love of my 3 true gems and my love for each one of them

"love" being experienced, lived

how not to confine "gratitude"

have you ever felt so grateful that your heart started to beat faster your eyes sparkled out of their sockets your mouth dried up like parchment paper your feet picked up their speed to a solo dance your voice, in a soft whisper at first, rose to the sky and composes its unique melody

"thank you, Universe thank you for letting me be one with you!"

the homeless man

one cardboard
one torn blanket
two hole-filled socks
only one shoe
a scruffy dog
being fed scraps
scraps he had found
in a trash bin on an alley

curious, the child passing by with his mother, asked: "why don't you eat the scraps?" "i had an apple core this morning but my loyal partner was without food since yesterday. So, it's his turn now."

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.

Website: http://teresagallion.yolasite.com/

Grateful Heart

The morning glows below a blue sky. A breeze whispers across the patio. Gratitude slaps me from cheek to cheek as a spring breeze serenades my ears.

The smile on my face may be contagious. Love wants to explode from my heart and hug you beyond human emotion. The morning melody is a gentle touch.

It lingers like a soothing massage, softly teasing a grateful soul. If I go to sleep, do not awaken me from this joyful noise.

Gratitude will carry me where I need to be. Sitting with love and laughter at the Beloved's feet.

A Thousand Steps

Love is a thousand steps plus one. Let us start walking now to get ahead of those billion lanterns lighting up the sky.

You are my anchor as I walk this pathway. I will only be afraid, if I cannot feel your presence.

I am bound to your commitment to stay close to me through all the shadows and valleys that burn.

The pulse of the Infinite hugs the chambers of my soul. I feel one with the undefinable spark of light from Spirit.

A symphony of silence touches me. I want to Dance with the light, embrace the sound current and feel love flow through me.

Breathe Contentment

Contentment is like a giggling river happily running in the water. It is the cousin to a field of daisies swaying in the wind.

It does not promise anything. It simply touches you deeply, catches you dancing with daisies and giggling from deep within.

Contentment is a captured moment that holds the soul tight.
You open your eyes wide and float in a river of bliss.

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.

My Secret Garden

Morning sky promises glossy pink color of the sunshine and a brand new yellow-green sprout a taste of honesty continuity brevity precision beauty born after yesterday's harvest that hints the secret of reincarnation while fingers snap a newly formed bean.

After watering I become air invisible.

Flowers dance with the words life is for sowing not the expectation of harvest.

The past has its own predicaments for the future happiness there is pain in being ignored the way eyes look back.

So much good so much bad. It is the bad we remember to replace one negativity with another. How quickly life changes direction.

Why

You call me egoistic fool. There's no point in turning my insides out anymore to show I love you and to make you believe in me.

And here I am writing another poem morning after an agonizing night thinking about you.

Making a cup of tea gazing out the kitchen window exhausted hoping that day will be better.

I have shown you how I feel inside but you ignored as if you saw nothing.

I tell you how my soul bleeds by your behavior.

I tell you how I pray for grace and receive pain.

I tell you how I die every time you look away yet here I am victim of my own actions.

I confess
I try hard not to judge anymore.
I don't pray anymore
unless undressing my soul
is a prayer.

The future is all there is. My gift to myself is past memories. Ephemeral yet they still provide context saving my life.

My Useless Words

Without you
I exist in the confines of a wall
I have built within myself.
Expecting it to last
Until the sun rises.

I exist Like an abstract poem Full of crazy metaphors Outlandish Rhymeless.

I know you are there at the bend of the path. I wait for you to appear. Not knowing when Maybe tomorrow or maybe never Yet I keep waiting.

One day I might find you Walking in To undo the past To bind us together Again.

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

Forelsket

When the orchids bloom,
It dawns a world so calm,
A quiet spark that trembles inside,
It breathes a love divine and free,
The warmth of its fire glows and burns,
Moments rush like waves,
But the beating current and love hush
Let it sing and dance eternally!

Moledro

(deep connection to the artist's work)
Let me be a fleeting brush
A gentle, soft thread
That trace is like sweet pea's petals
Pressed in the pages,
Let me be the echoes of gratitude,
That capture your ears to listen well,
And will linger in your imagination,
A weightless touch that time will bear,
Let me be the gems engraved in your mind,
The ghost of grace that haunts you,
That hums in quiet air,
A promise left everlasting,
So let them rest where memories sleep,
where thankful spirits are called for keeps.

Pneuma

Breath of Life

Your presence is woven everywhere,

Unseen but felt,

The pulse of everything is in place,

Under the boundless sky,

Footprints may fade,

But the imprints you make,

Lifts a heart in a full circle,

A sacred air that comes in open doors,

The gift of contentment through the years,

A mortal's breath of life.

Swapna Behera



a trilingual poet, translator, Behera is 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

Email swapna.behera@gmail.com

Web Site http://swapnabehera.in/

I am in love - - -

love is in the air love is in the moon love is in the flowers love is in water because love is life

love is in the hemisphere love is beyond the galaxy love is at home love is in the ether because love is a star

love is in the ocean love is in the clouds love is in the Sun love is in the forest because love is the Nature

love is in the heart love is in the body love is in the soul love is in the mind because love wants to live

love is in the crowd love is in the solitude love is a woman love is a man because love needs love

love is in the hospital love is in the graveyard love is in the school love is in the orphanage because love is a soul love is in the church

love is in the temple love is in the mosque Love is in the Gurudwara Because love has no religion

love is mine love is yours love is theirs Love is ours because love is a feeling

love is a smile love is in tears love is a day love is a night because love is beyond time

love is a vision love is a mission love is a sacrifice love is a fragrance because love is mellifluous

you are in love
I am in love
the river is in love
the love is in love
because love is in the air - - - -

aroma of beatitude

aroma of life moments in Paradise

aroma of love the layers of nimbus

aroma of sorrow the domain of ego

aroma of words the voyage of the dictum

aroma of emotions the legitimate rainbows

aroma of fear royal escorts of the track

aroma of lust intent vicious passion

aroma of beatitude perfumes of gratitude

aroma of light may be melting self silently - - -

How I wish!!

How I wish my prayers, my words fly from me to nature receive the energy of love and care

How I wish my prayers fly from one nation to the other to sing and console the distressed to delete the jealousies and envies and all wrong memories

How I wish to cheer up every soul that I meet to be responsible for the nature, for the globe, for me for the humanity

Forgive me oh Lord my impatience, my intolerance forgive me for the things that I couldn't complete give me the strength to protect the nature and me bless the little children sick in the hospital give me the fine impulses, the vibes to live for others

Help me oh Lord to explore my inner strength to praise the beauty of others to analyse my own self to look into the need of others to be grateful

How I wish

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/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

Love, Gratitude, Contentment

Love is the highest form of understanding yourself as well as someone else, before we can love others we must learn to love thy self. If love was spread all over the world there wouldn't be any suicide or murders, we'll all have each other's back regardless if we're white, black or any color in between and live as brothers and sisters. There would be no borders, the only thing that should separate us is water, not language, religion nor colors. Imagine a life like that. There will be global gratitude, hate and war wouldn't exist, anywhere we travel respect will be shown at the highest magnitude no matter the meeting point of longitude and latitude. Joy and laughter will be contagious, the feeling of being welcomed without judgment would be infinitely continuous. Repetitive love would last forever if I keep loving you and you keep loving me and he keeps loving her and she keeps loving him etcetera etcetera. Unfortunately life isn't like that right now but that doesn't mean that we can't make it that way, I have hope and I pray that one day there will be universal contentment throughout every continent

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

Saving My World

"My heart is moved by all I cannot save" ... a line from Adrienne Rich

I can vote but I can only know what is in my own interests others, family, dear friends have their own view of how to save the world

I cannot save a friend from the pain of divorce any more than I could save myself from broken relationships in the past I can only look forward and do better in my own relationship I can learn from my own history

I cannot save the deer from the cold on a late fall day a deer the color of my beloved rescue dog Wally grazes in the field on fallen leaves and the last green of the season

I cannot save the green leaves falling in deep piles in patterns of yellow and red concentric circles around the trees overlapping creating interest

I cannot save the kitten on Nextdoor in desperate need of a new home without causing an uproar in the house balancing the needs of our old cat and two rescue dogs

I cannot save all the papers that come in the door magazines, flyers, paper from our printer one day I might need this information I tell myself but for the sake of my heart I must let go of what I cannot save so I can love what is still here in my world

Praise Song

Praise the bunnies running wild in the front garden staying away from the dogs in the backyard Praise the violinist and guitar player at the jazz concert as the music carried me away from my stressors Praise the Jewish community trying to do the right thing struggling to find the way forward from war Praise the rain falling this spring on the rhubarb, strawberries, onions and the apple trees covered in white blossoms turning to red fruit

Praise the sunlight sparkling off the leaves wet from the overnight rain

greening up and nourishing the land

Praise the dandelions brightly sprinkled through the lawn providing food for the bees and honey for my table Praise the wind blowing in the trees bringing rain clouds and change, new opportunities, and spinning metal art Praise unconditional love and the broken path that led me here

to a place of peace and gratitude
Praise stepchildren, hope, and learning
and children everywhere planting and growing the future
Praise books and knowledge and ways to share
what bits I know about this world
Praise dogs, cuddly companions even on dark days
with a big warm body, wet tongue, and irrepressible
curiosity

Praise art, this beauty manifested, copied, created, a reflection of what is good in the world Praise boxes and bags, containers for the stuff of life I am not yet ready to let go, even seeing that I am holding too much

Praise drums, beating out the sound of the rhythms in my hands and in the earth Praise poetry giving an outlet to emotions, gratitude, and love all with the space to create my world a new each morning

The First Day

"You tell me to live each day
as if it were my last. Why not
live each day as if it were the first—
all raw astonishment"
—Linda Pastan, Imaginary Conversation

Before I live each day as if it were my first I have questions

Would I still know what I know learning from my history trying to do better failing sometimes but still living the best version of myself

Would I still be able to talk, communicate know things I learned as a baby or teenager when my parents in jest put on the fridge "leave home while you still know everything"

Would I have stuff, a wardrobe of comfortable pants and button up shirts to choose from on each first day books to read, podcasts to listen to a bicycle, the one I rode across the country but now don't make time for as much

Would you be beside me would I know that is where you have been for the past 12 years my love and appreciation still growing each day as I look at our wedding pictures

Would I know how to work as a manual therapist and remember all the techniques, acupressure points, names of muscles and bones, how the blood flows

and nerves communicate, telling us about the newness in the world around us

Would I know how to write, styles of poetry, how to share my heart, and what I love, or grammar rules and different languages all remnants of my history on earth

Would I know how to drive, obey the rules of the road where the kids school is or the grocery store what time I have to leave the house to get them there on time

Would I have the seeds I bought last week to plant sunflowers and squash or the cans of cat food would I know he tries to trick me into giving him three cans a day rubbing himself on my leg and crying as if he is a starving stray but we only give him two cans plus unlimited dry food

Would I see the pieces of foil on my desk and know it is to prevent the cat from jumping up knocking over my tea, would I know I prefer herbal tea that I grew up Mormon and never developed a taste for coffee

Would I know how to keep the kitchen kosher that the red edged utensils are for meat and blue plates are for dairy the glass can be used for either one

Would I know the password for my phone or computer what games are my favorites or what chapter I am working on in my latest book would I get an email saying a long lost relative has died

and I just need to pay \$200 for the mailing fee on the inheritance would I know it is a scam

There are so many questions I have before committing to living each day as my first but I can easily commit to more astonishment, appreciation and joy in the living of my life

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).

Above All Else

Clairvoyant, raven-black beauty foretold the future, reading it from the roar of the waves. Standing on the bank, she whispered to the bride-to-be: — Don't do it. He will...

She stopped. She saw her tears, the fear of a day with a double: I will.

She sensed the woman's anxiety,
her fear for her unborn child
and the future

— without a future.

They both knew
that a ring on her finger would not make life easier,
and a child's peace of mind was the most important.

It's worth
to give oneself fully to someone
you have not seen yet,
but already loved above all else.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Diamond

When fate comes with a smile,
even
bad weather cannot hinder
the shining hope.
Between the possibilities of choice,
we find a diamond,
granting tomorrow

— the brilliance of reality.
Bliss fuels existence,

melancholy takes away the meaning of dreams.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

The Color of White

Snowdrops
showed their beauty —
this
magic possessed her mind.
The flowers heralded the end of winter.
The long, cold evenings
were to be fading into oblivion.
She didn't like this time of year —
she loved the sun,
it brought hope,
life and a colourful
joyful future.

Her

- peace had the color of white,
- the rising sun brought joy.
 She loved embracing the summer, it was her encouragement to
- act,
- create,
- be happy.

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

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Love, Gratitude, Contentment

I reached out my hand Seeking to touch Love once again

I was and am ever thankful To still be able To do so

This is my contentment To be able to try To love

Love, Gratitude, Contentment

Unrequited

It was a
Supremely special serendipitous Sunday
When i first played my eyes
Upon her countenance
My God did she have an aura....
I could even see a
Light filled golden halo
Floating gracefully
About 8 inches
Above her head

Church, though I did not attend,
She instantaneously captured my attention,
And I nailed myself
To a proverbial cross
And begged for forgiveness
When I first laid my empty eyes
Upon her countenance....
I thus became
A wanton vagrant
Smitten by a need
I did not understand ...
I knew with a heart driven certainty
That i wanted to know her

The image of her Became my salvation For i learned A new meaning of Unrequited love.

Re-Fractal

Refractal reflections Of a life gone by And we humans oft ask The question 'why'

Patch-quilt dreams Of hopes to come Neglectful we are Of our holy sum

We Were created to conquer Yet we oft times lie In await for an end Where we believe we die

We are strong and powerful But we only suspect Our Soul's potential Awoken not yet

As time goes by And its illusions embraced Truth is a fear Rarely by us faced

But somewhere deeply buried In the soul of us all Is a power and knowing Awaiting our call

Nowhere is it written
That we were born to accept
This maleable fate
That is quite suspect

Let us gather ourselves people And press ourselves forward For this novel we now write Is only the fore-word

Telling of content Yet to unfold When we fulfill the promises Spoken of old

I believe soon come the day When we open our eyes And the truth of our divinity Will be fully realized

Re-Fractal

June 2025 Featured Poets



Ayham Mahmoud Al-Abbad

Til Kumari Sharma

Michael Lee Johnson

Sylwia K. Malinowska



Ayham Mahmoud Al-Abbad



Ayham Mahmoud Al-Abbad is an Iraqi poet and academic, born in Al-Alam (1987). Ph.D in Translation. His poems were translated into English and published in the book (Voices from Iraq) in USA. Member of: Union of Writers in Iraq.

His poetic works:

- A Shy Dance, Baghdad 2015.
- Before the World Goes Extinct, Baghdad 2019.
- A Memorial Photo in Paradise, Basra 2021.
- -His translated works:
- Articles and Lectures, Oscar Wilde, Baghdad 2021.
- Studies in Pessimism, Arthur Schopenhauer, Baghdad 2022.
- -Discourse and the Production of Knowledge, Van Dijke, Damascus 2023.

A Mole on Your Right Cheek

Someday,

I'll wave to you from a distance

When you look at the end of the bridge

You will surely know me.

Because I came to you with one arm missed by war,

And with a lonely heart, but with many fingers it sculpts to pick up what fell from the baggage of poets,

And when you are looking forward, I assure you, when you are looking out from the Bridge of the Martyrs

I'll catch you with my lonely arm

I hide you in my left pocket

Like a missing page from an ancient pagan book.

Someday,

I will tell you about the depression caused by your absence

And about empty valium tapes

And the picture I drew for you

With long hair and two dimples

But it doesn't quite match your features

When I first saw you in Mansour.

Tonight,

I will promise you

Like a catholic covenant between two lovers

When my voice pulls you

To the climax of the dream

I run my fingers over the phone

And I will pick you up something from the slanderers.

This is how you go to sleep

But me,

I'll just take a valium pill

Then I contemplate the virtual our selfie that we captured together

On New Year's Eve.

A Rare Disease

Before I sat in front of the ear, nose and throat doctor, I used to recall all the Ayas I had memorized of patience for affliction.

The doctor said: you have strained your ears to hear the anthems, and this will cost you a lot of time and money in the treatment journey. I sighed for a long time before answering with a rare poetic awareness:

I can renounce four senses at once, but keep my hearing forever. I want to persevere in hearing my beloved when she says: "Good morning, my most beautiful poet".

Then all my five senses are complete.

The Last Scenario

A child playing with a matchbox. So what ?
A guard at the gate of a city ruined by the plague.
And what?
An obscure poet writes bad poems.
I count my losses in the first week: Another rose died in the garden.
Emotional crisis in Gemini.
Rumor has it that I'm leaving with a heart attack.
 No
Not your face
Which doesn't light up my life twice.
I will die immediately
And I crash
Like a paper letter in a mailbox.
I put my heart on the dream
And launched a telescope over Baghdad,
I want to accurately measure the beam of your face
As you read my poem,
And I gather from you countless
Of light
And fragments of words.
Stranger between four walls
Stranger inside myself
My room is completely empty of you,
completely devoid of me,
I am, without you, a lifeless being.
My flaws: a boat that is tormented by time

Til Kumari Sharma



Ms. Til Kumari Sharma is Multi Award Winner in writing from an international area is from Paiyun 7- Hile Parbat, Nepal. She is known as Pushpa Bashyal around her community. Her writings are published in many countries. She is featured-poet and best-selling co-author too. She is a poet of World Record Book "HYPERPOEM". She is one of many artists to break a participant record to write a poem about the Eiffel Tower of France. Her *World Personality* is published in *Multiart Magazine* from Argentina. She is a feminist poet. She is published as the face of continent (Cover Page of Asia) in *Humanity Magazine* of Russia. Her writing had started from Kirtipur, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Beauty of Nature

The extreme beauty in the universe is nature.

There is sublimity with spirituality.

The glory of life flourishes here.

Nature is the supreme mother of the heart,

Shining and dancing around the universe.

Nature is colorful and magnetic source.

She heals our wound and pain.

She nourishes the mind with positive scene.

Nature is the supreme beauty in the earth.

She is glorious beauty in her inner and outer source.

Her beauty motivates to make me artist.

Her beauty keeps me near her excellence.

Her inspiration is my source of living.

Her cuteness invites me near.

I am the nearest and the dearest lover of her.

Where spirituality flourishes there.

Her sober appearance glorifies my art.

Her pure and virgin body is appraisable everywhere.

That purity I write for her beauty.

Her loyalty is my inspiration to write.

Tomb of Earthly Eternity

The glorious tomb of mine was before my birth.

That was decorated with shining glory.

The tomb was like heaven to flower my art.

The green soul was planted to have frequent birth.

Tomb was little home to keep my privacy.

Love was lost and kidnapped before my birth.

That I took the words to furnish my lively birth.

My tomb was really different than others.

The another birth appears with hard struggle as I felt in the grave.

After birth, I see no true people around me.

The life of the people spends with every faults and money.

Like hell, the people are living

With materialistic joy and showy beauty.

Wisdom is chaos in this earth.

Fashion is the foremost physical joy.

I see better my former tomb.

I see that the art flourishes there highly.

Tomb is not finishing life.

It gives memory of past life.

Still I love my tomb which does not make life as ashes of desert.

But flourishes there the art of eternity.

Wounded Love in the Battlefield and Hierarchy

Love in reality blooms the life.

When success appears.

When separation, wound takes place.

The love of conflicts is like hell of death.

There is not any love when mind and heart are not one.

Love is sick when deception arrives.

Love is breathless when lover exchanges many partners.

Wounded love is poison to kill.

No weapon is needed to loss life.

Silent enemy is deceptive love.

That is not possible to turn again in the same battlefield to get separated love.

Then beauty with eternity enters in the art of tears.

When deception appears with hate and negativity, true love disappears.

Hierarchy and caste bring the conflicts in love.

City and village are becoming battlefield of conflicted love.

To endure deception is great light to art.

Wounded battlefield is no need in love.

But true love is impossible in this materialistic and money loving earth.

Michael Lee Johnson



Michael Lee Johnson is a poet of high acclaim, with his work published in 46 countries or republics. He is also a song lyricist with several published poetry books. His talent has been recognized with 7 Pushcart Prize nominations and 6 Best of the Net nominations. He has over 653 published poems. His 330-plus YouTube poetry videos are a testament to his skill and dedication. He is a proud member of the Illinois State Poetry Society: http://www.illinoispoets.org/. His poems have been translated into several foreign languages. Awards/Contests: International Award of Excellence "Citta' Del Galateo-Antonio De Ferrariis" XI Edition 2024 Milan, Italy-Poetry. Poem, Michael Lee Johnson, "If I Were Young Again." Remember to consider me for Best of the Net or Pushcart nomination!

I Feel Lightning in Your Wind

I feel light in a thunderstorm. I electrify your touch through my veins. I'm the greenery around your life that breathes your earth into your lungs. I challenge all your false decisions and doctrines with the glory of my godliness. I'm your syntax, your stoic, your ears, your prize. I walk daylight into your morning breath allow you to breathe. I let the technique of me into your brain cells; from the top tip to the bottom of small baby foot extensions. I'm the banquet hall of all your joys, damnation; your curses, your emotions and you're breathing with the wind.

April Winds

April winds persist in doing charity work early elbowing right to left their way through these willow trees branches melting reminiscences of winter remnants off my condo roof no snow crystals sprinkle in drops over my balcony deck. Canadian geese wait impatiently for their spring feeding on the oozy ground below. These silent sounds except for the roar of laughter those April winds geese hear nothing no droppings from the balcony no seeds.

Down by the Bridge

I'm the magic moment on magic mushrooms \$10 a gram, amphetamines, heroin for less. Homeless, happy, Walmart discarded pillow found in a puddle with a reflection, down and dirty in the rain—down by the bridge. Old street-time lover, I found the old bone man we share. I'm in my butt-stink underwear, bra torn apart, pants worn out, and holes in all the wrong places. In the Chicago River, a free washing machine. Flipped out on Lucifer's nighttime journey, Night Train Express, bum wine, smooth as sandpaper, 17.5 % alcohol by volume \$5.56 my boozer, hobo specialty wrapped in a brown bag. Straight down the hatch, negative memories expire. Daytime job, panhandling, shoplifting, Family Dollar store. Salvation Army as an option. My prayers. I've done both. Chicago River sounds, stone, pebble sand, and small dead carp float by. My cardboard bed box is broken down, a mattress of angel fluff, magic mushrooms seep into my stupor blocking out clicking of street parking meters. I see Jesus passing by on a pontoon boat down by the river, down by my bridge.

Sylwia K. Malinowska

The Year of the Poet XII \sim June 2025



The Year of the Poet XII ~ June 2025

Poet, occupational therapist, activist for the legalization of psychoactive plants and mushrooms. Through her work she calls for the freedom to decide for oneself about one's body and mind. She writes about love and respect for oneself, people and the world. Her texts have appeared in press publications such as "Poetry Today" and numerous books published in Polish, English, Bulgarian and Turkish. She is, among others, the author of the texts for the photo album by Beata Cierzniewska entitled "Cognition", presented in The Cooper House Gallery in Dublin. Her poems have also been presented in a joint project WAKE UP painting & poetry night at In-spire Gallery in Dublin. Recently her words have been published in her latest project in the book entitled: "The Power of Truth, about the difficult art of being yourself".

Sywia strives to inspire and heal with words, delving into herself and the mysterious world of nature, bringing out the beauty in humans and connecting with the uniqueness of nature, the thinking and feeling organism, Gaia.

Exist

When you awaken the force in you.

When you realize that there is a great force in you, that beauty is you.

The strength is you.

Sensitivity is you.

Truth.

Force.

It's you.

When you feel you're all you've been looking for, you're full, the source of everything.

When you touch the corners of your existence.

When you dive into yourself and don't look away.

When you swim somewhere on the verge of non-existence.

To places that aren't there, but are inside you.

When fear takes over your being,

that you stop being in it, stop existing, understanding what it is to be.

When you wander in infinity.

When you cross all boundaries.

When you understand that there is no turning back.

When you give up.

Simply fall.

Cease to exist.

When you feel a real touch of yourself that hurts because being who you are hurts you.

Then you will really feel, touch, and experience your beauty.

That spark.

Force.

Strength.

This unimaginable miracle.

Beauty.

Yes, that beauty.

Your existence.

Yourself

When you dare to touch yourself at least for a moment, with a small fingertip and not to look away.

Even though fear will crush every nook and cranny of your mind and the truth will hurt.

When you feel that there is no other way, that there is no turning back as you swim

towards trust, towards light, even though you do not know what awaits you and fear

takes away your speech.

When you risk your whole life and stand behind you.

When you manage to take at least one tiny step, one!

Then.....

You will see the truth about yourself.

And you will feel your beauty

Strength

And power.

And only then can we give another person a chance to see the real us.

To get to know us, to touch us, to experience us.

Because only then do we have a chance to experience the feeling of a deeper bond.

Because only then will the other person have a chance to see not only the façade of

ourselves.

Because only then will we give them a chance to really get closer to us

Beautiful

Beauty is a power flowing from the knowledge of our nature. The brightness of the heart, the light melting in the distance. Empathy and sensitivity in looking at other beings. It is a conscious value and intention that comes from the heart in action. This is following the voice of the heart when the whole world screams...no.

It is the forgiveness that gives solace and acceptance that brings peace.

Love, someone makes us great and the power that allows us to go on.

This certainty pushes you in one direction although the common sense pulls you by the neck.

And although we do not know the future, we do not know what will happen next and we do not know why we are here, we know that it is our identity, the individual color that defines us in everyday life, separating the light line from the million others.

This power of striving for harmony and not perfection is beautiful

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Shareef Abdur Rasheed
30 May 1945 ~ 11 February 2025

The Butterfly Effect



Inner Child Press

News

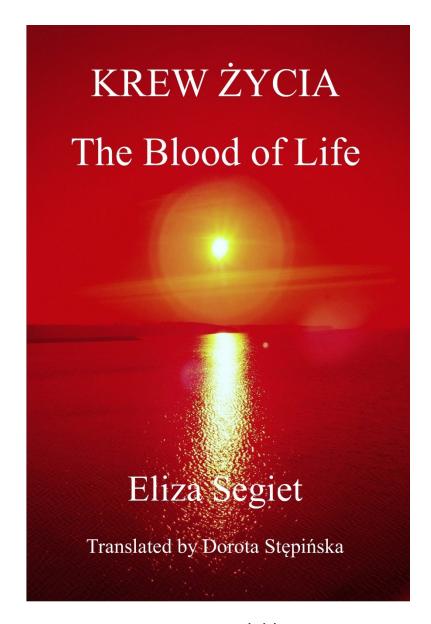
Published Books by Poetry Posse Members

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.

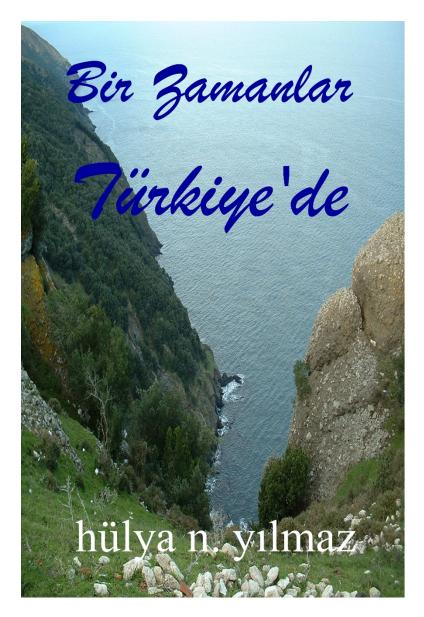
The Year of the Poet XII ~ June 2025

On the following pages we present to you ...

Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion Mutawaf Shaheed William S. Peters, Sr.





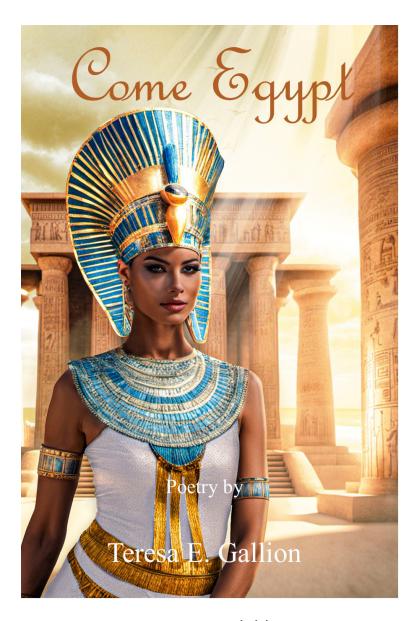


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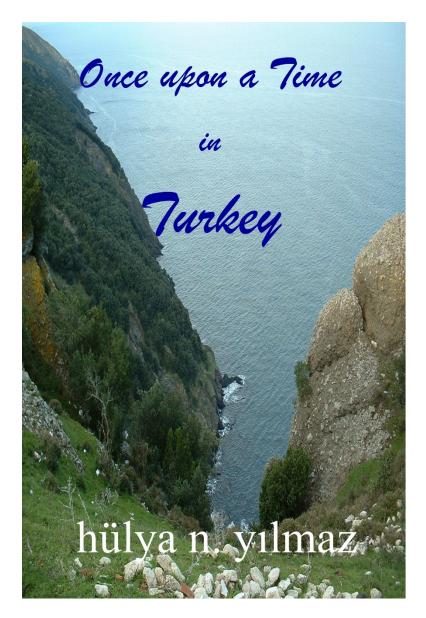




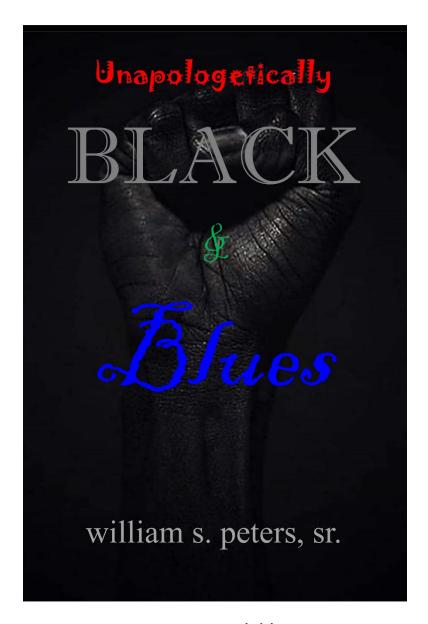
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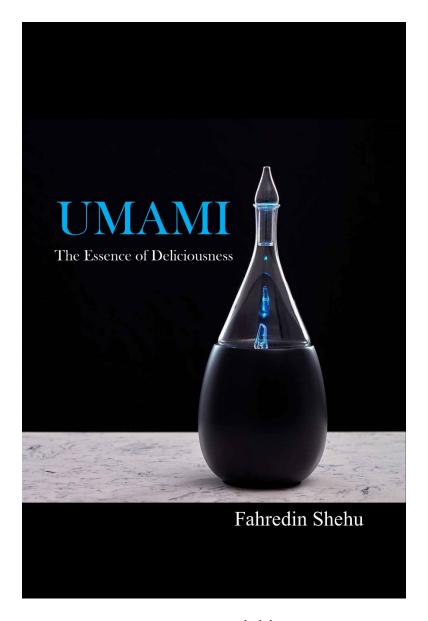
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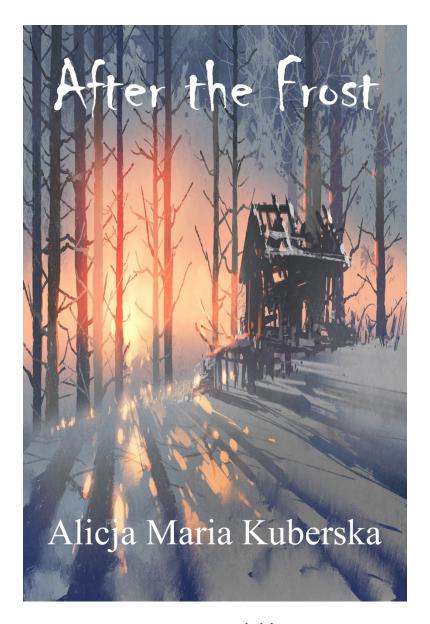
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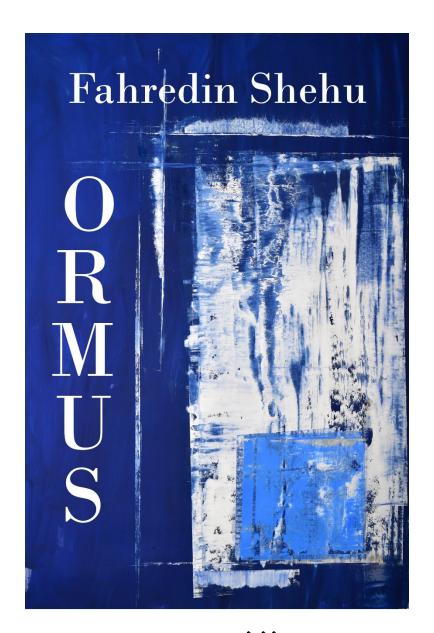




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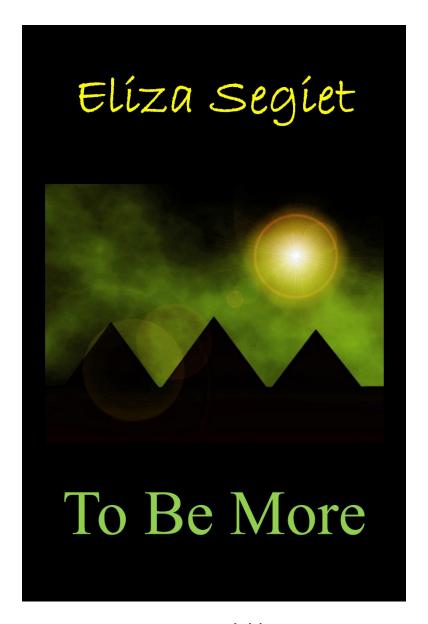
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Ahead of My Time

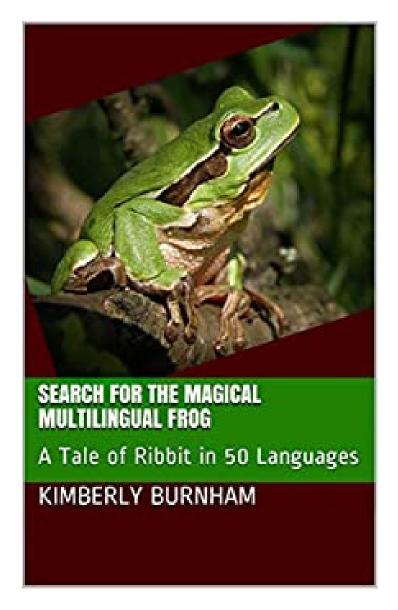
. . . from the Streets to the Stages



Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

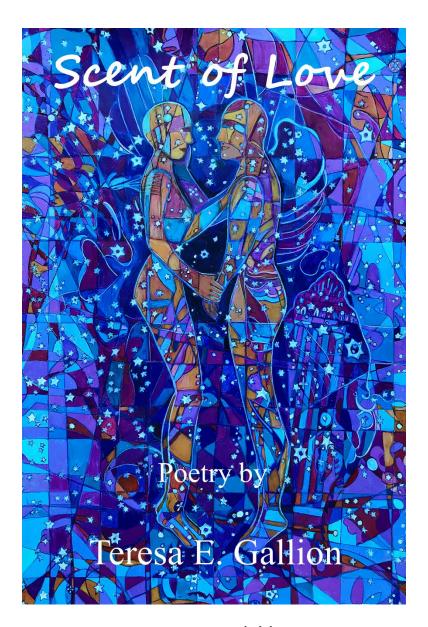


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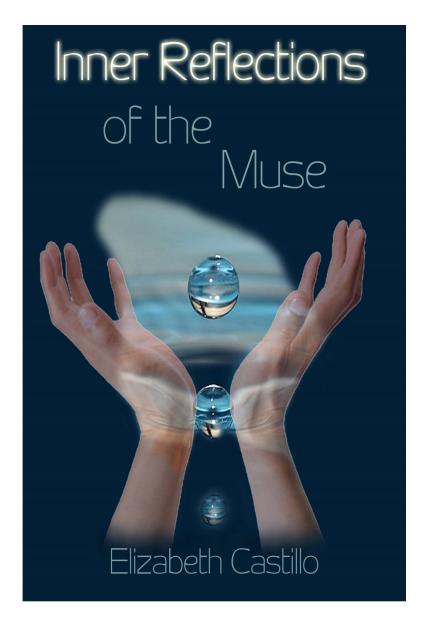


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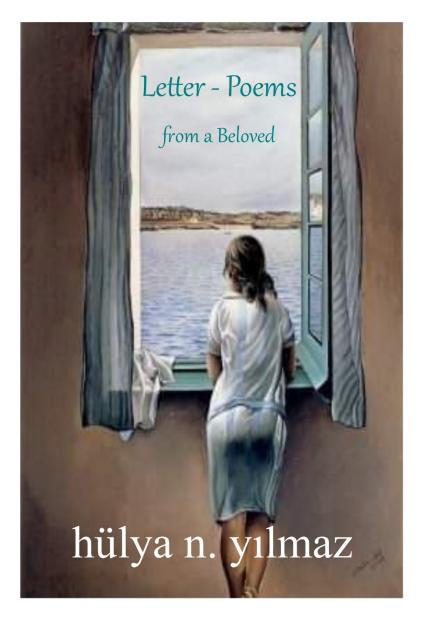
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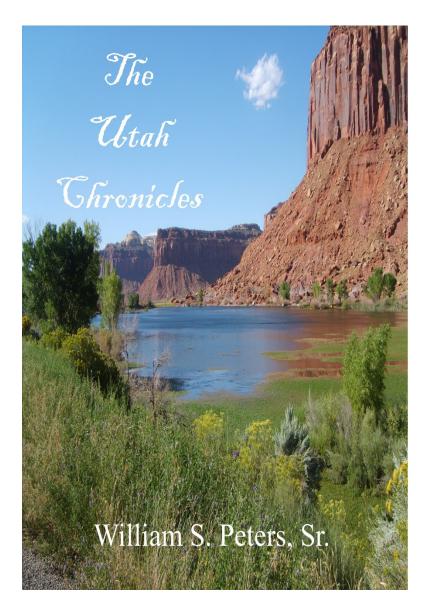
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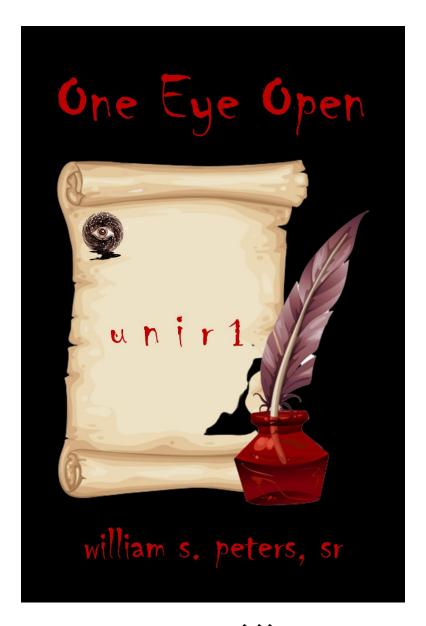
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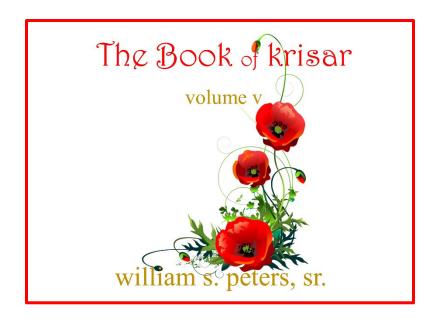
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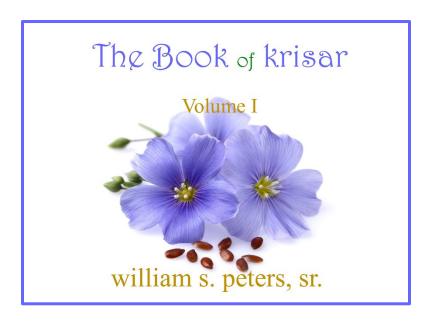


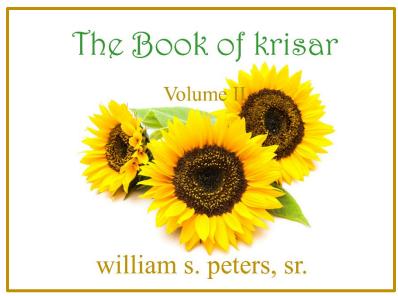
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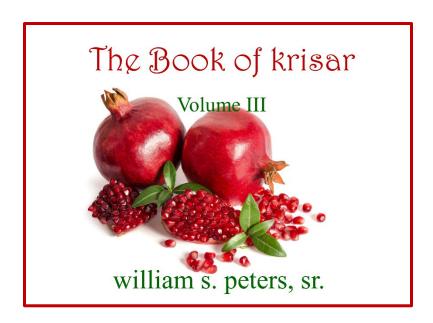


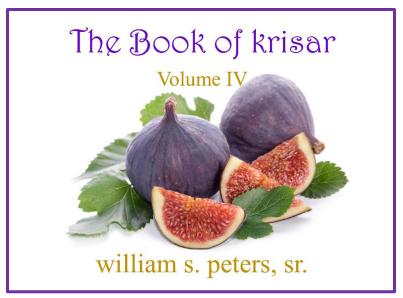
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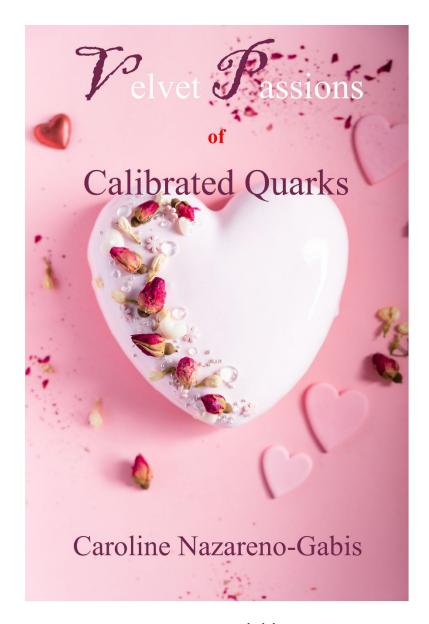


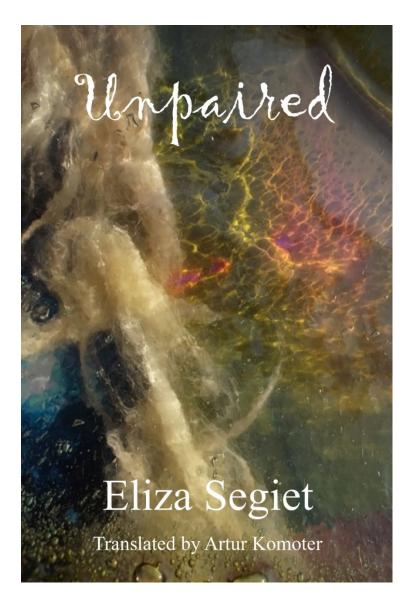


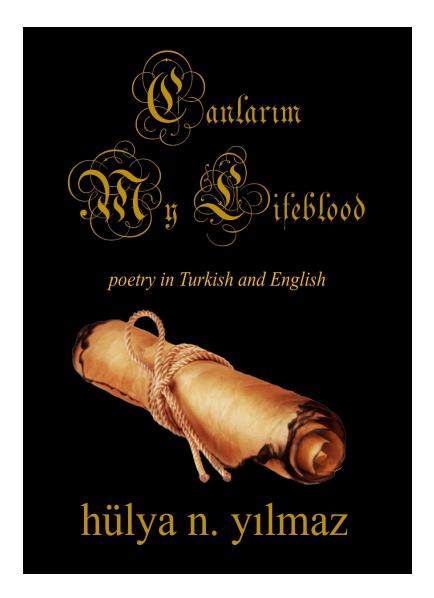




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Private Issue www.innerchildpress.com

Butterfly's Voice



Faleeha Hassan

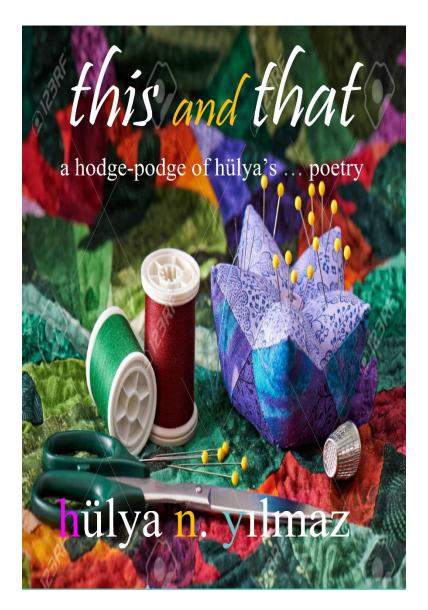
Translated by William M. Hutchins

No Illusions

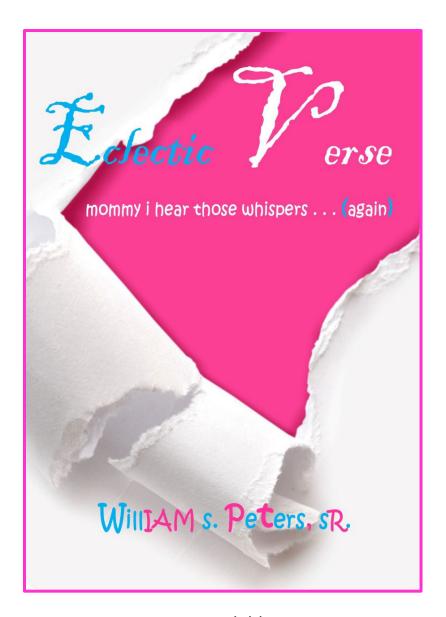
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



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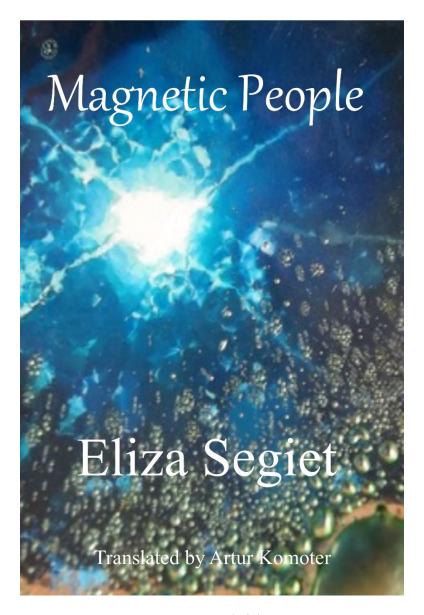


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HERENOW



FAHREDIN SHEHU

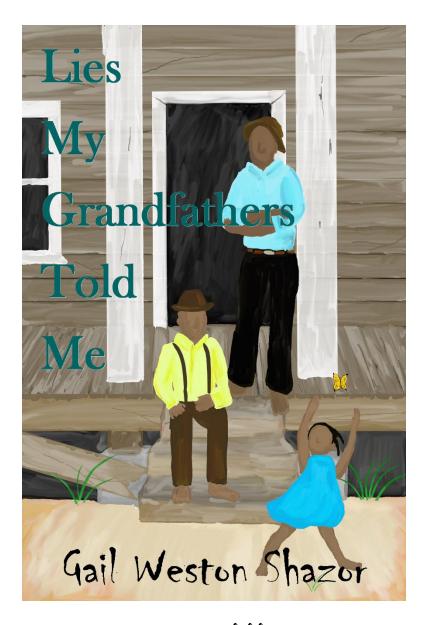


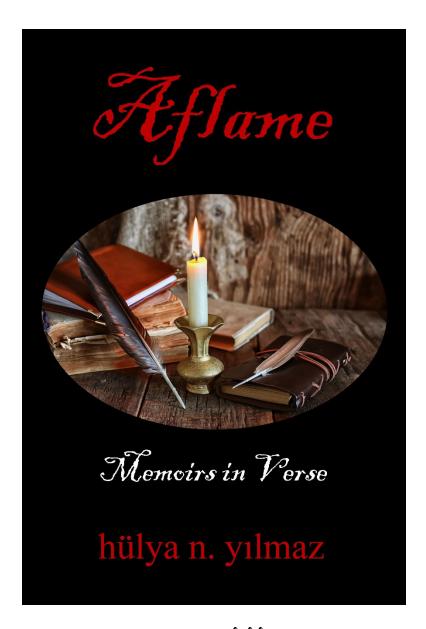
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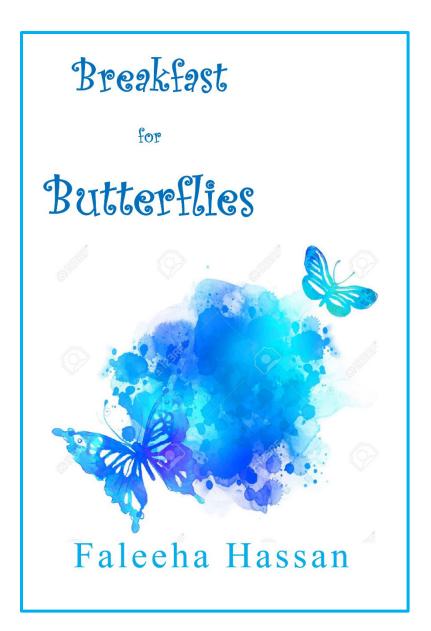
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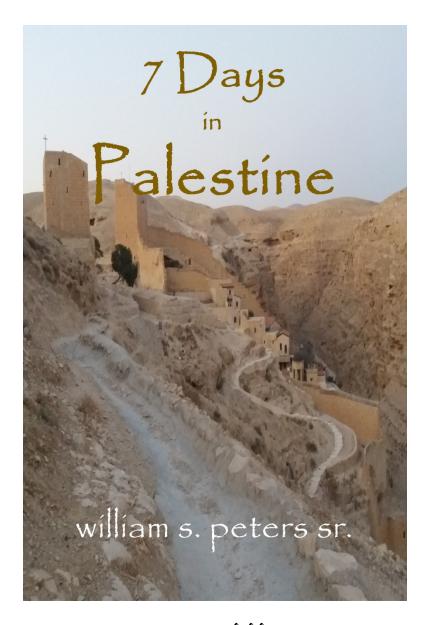
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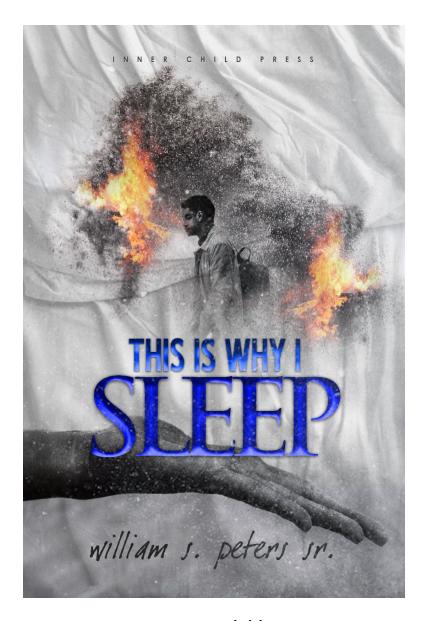




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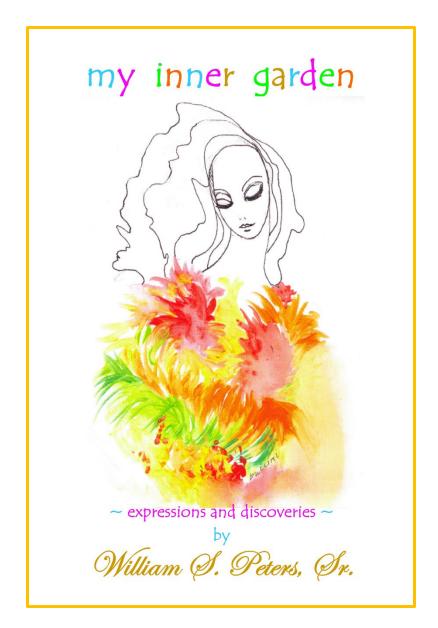


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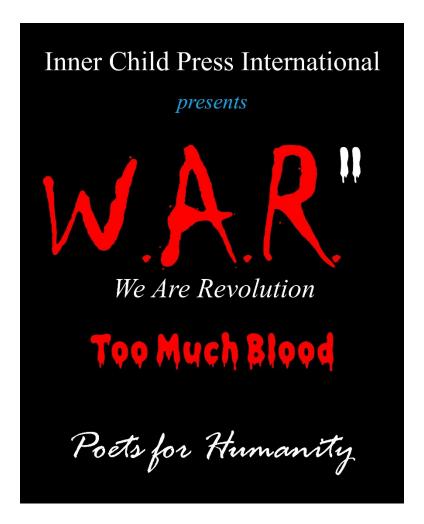
a soldier for



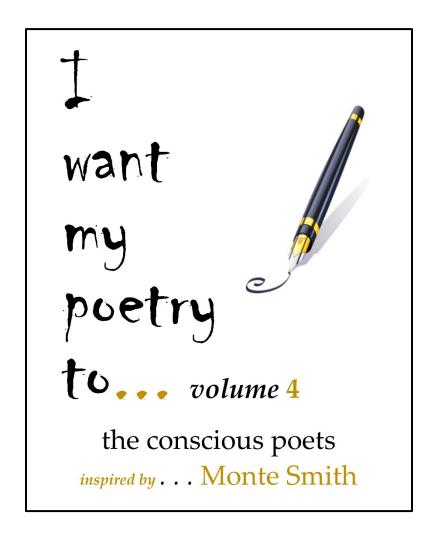
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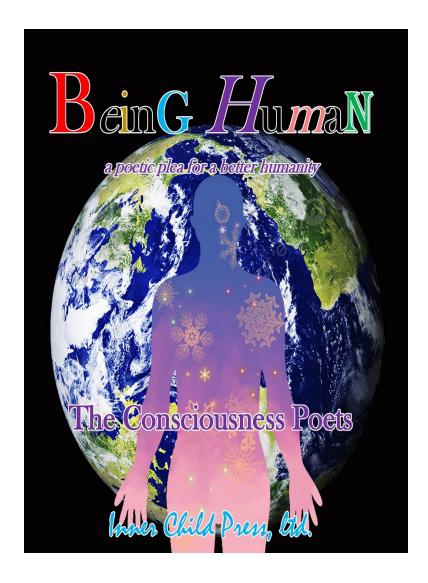
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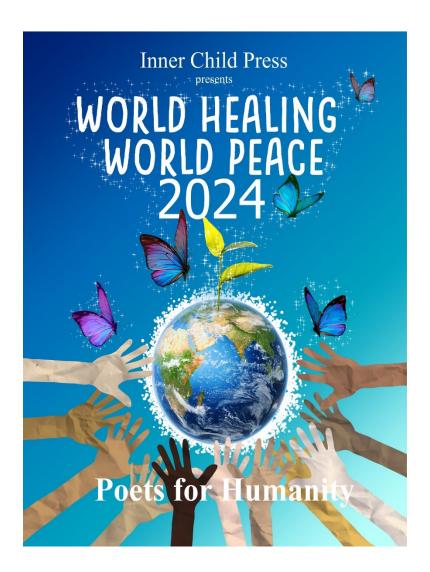
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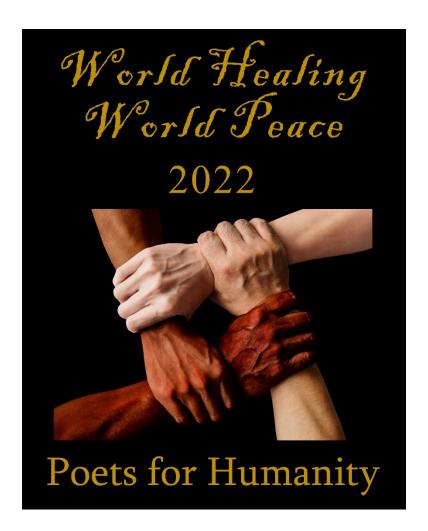


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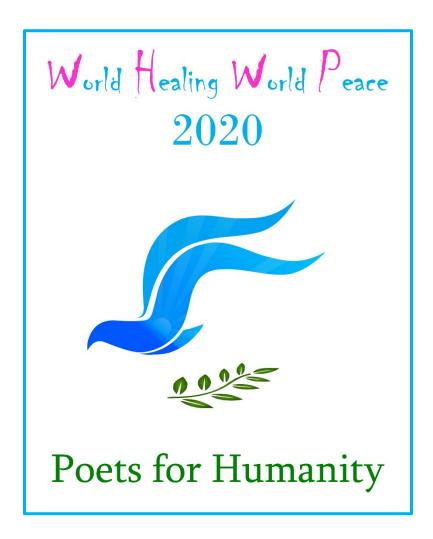


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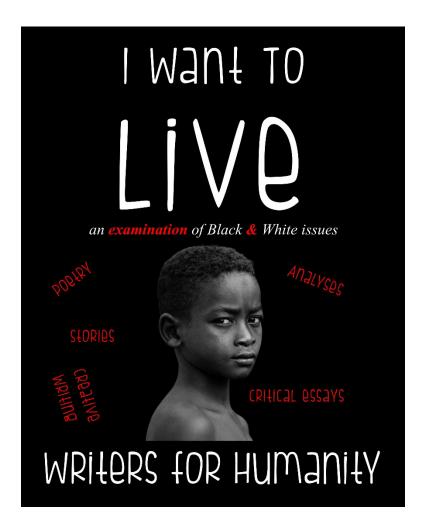
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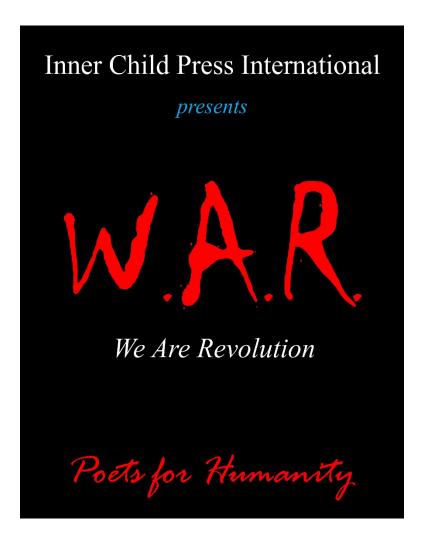
present

Poetry the best of 2020

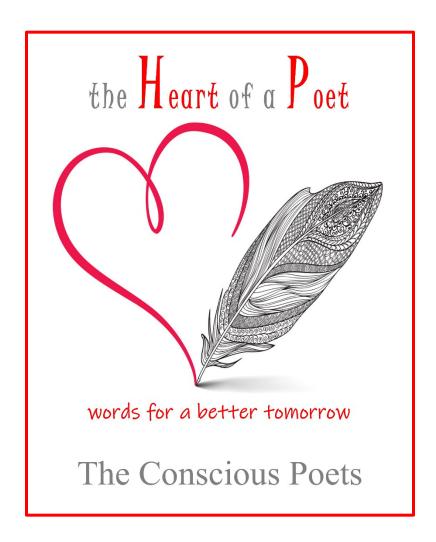


Poets of the World

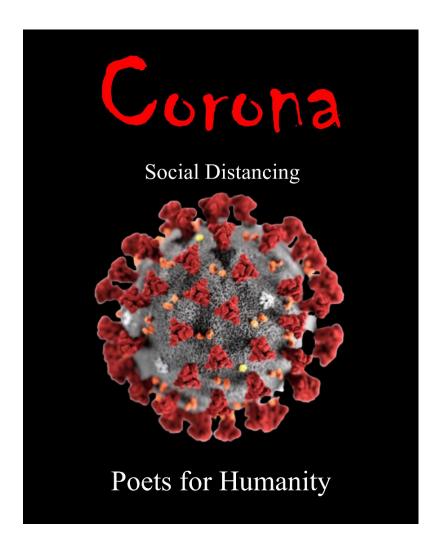
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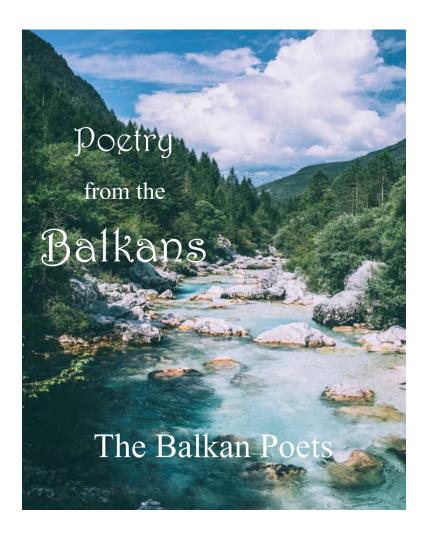
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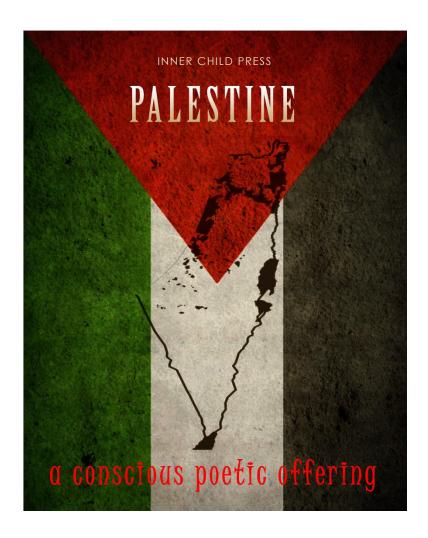
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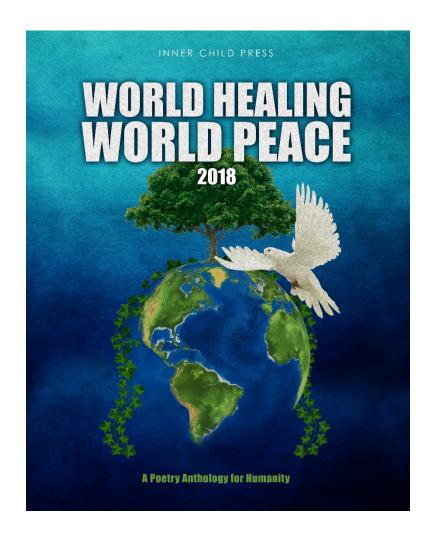
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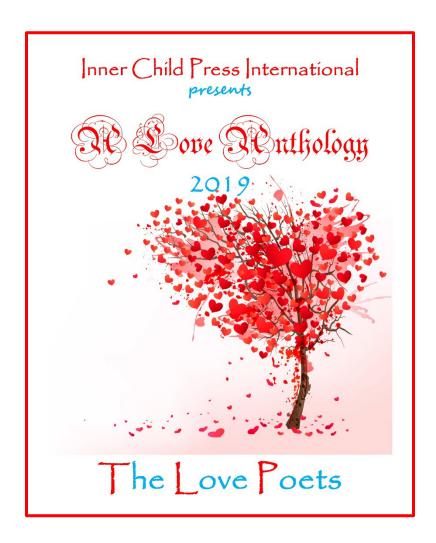
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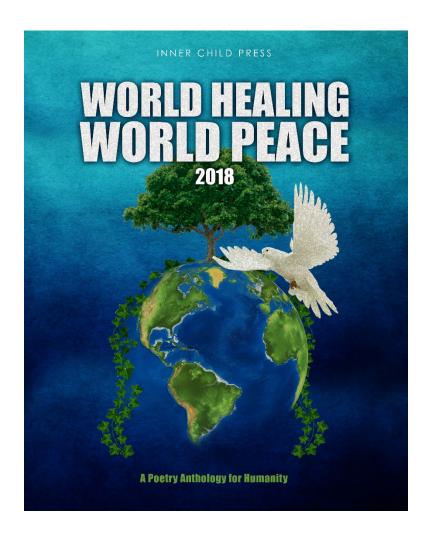
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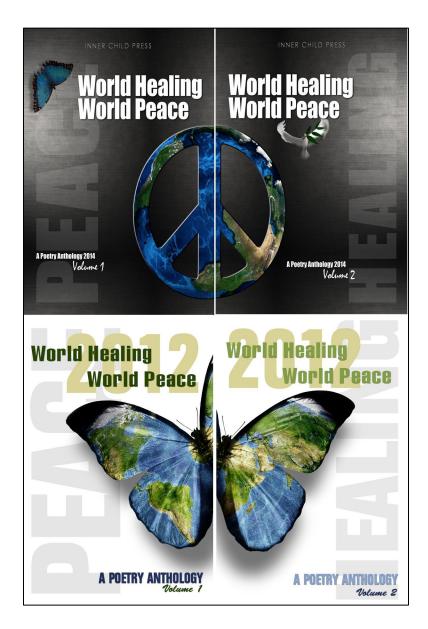


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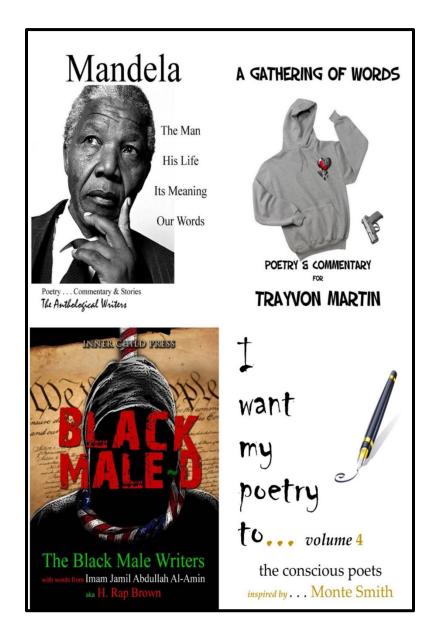


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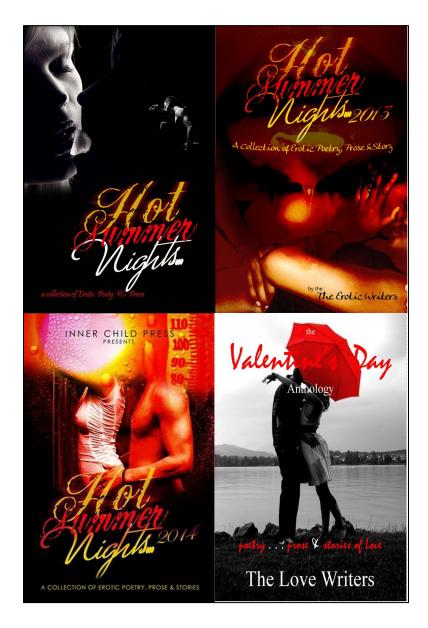
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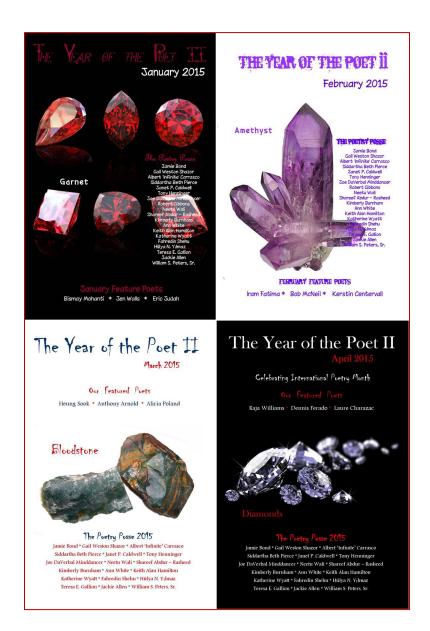
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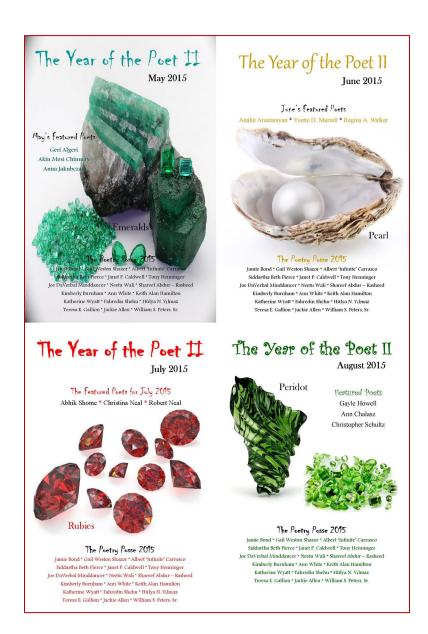
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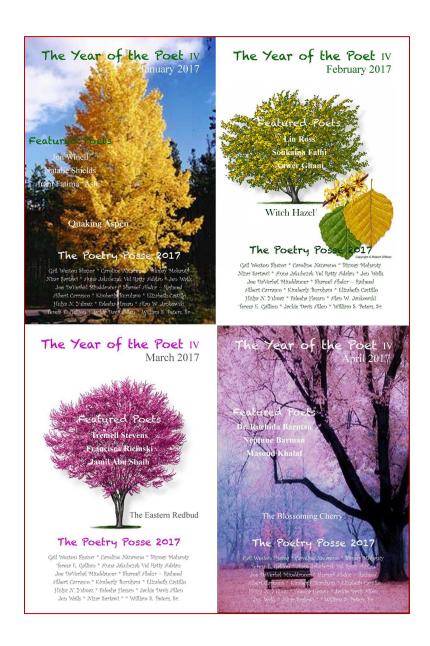
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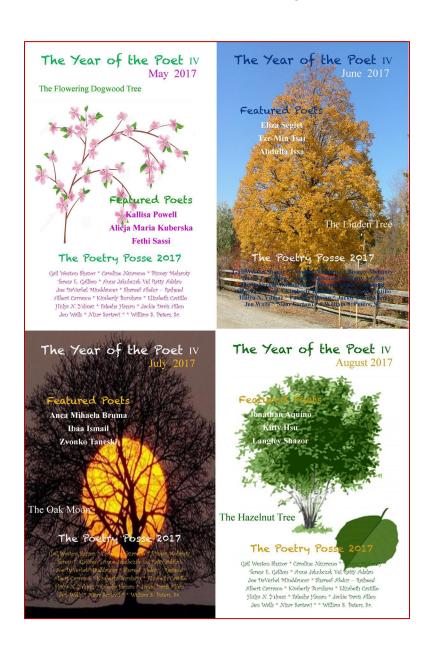
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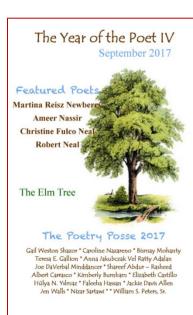
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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV October 2017

Featured Poets

Nedal Al-Qaeim



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

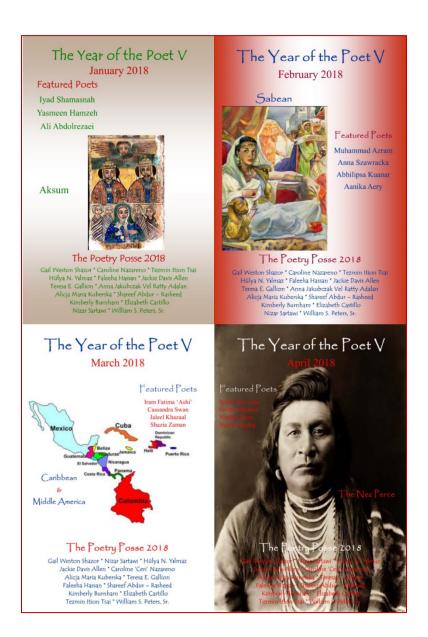
The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

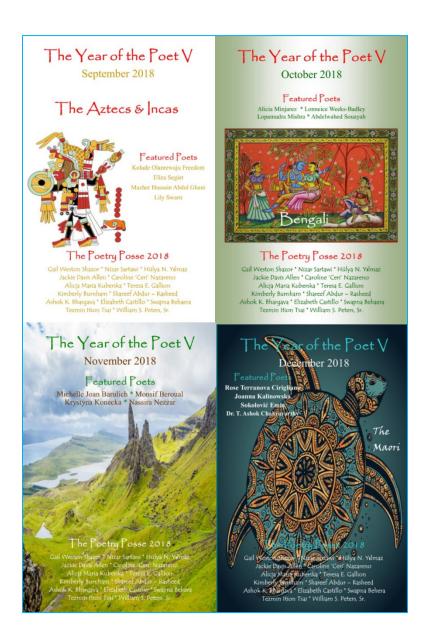
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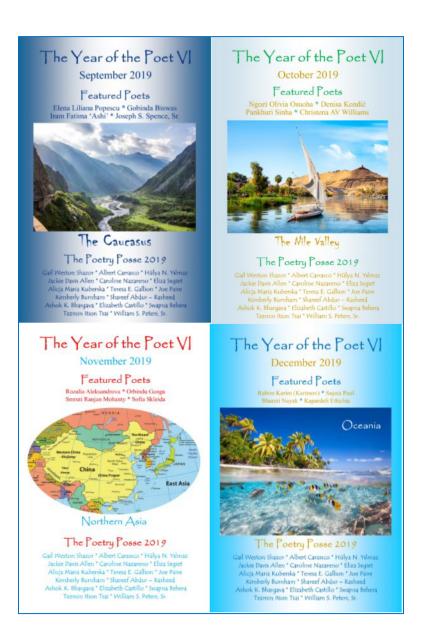
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The Year of the Poet VII The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

Alok Kumar Ray * Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato * Izabela Zubko

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VII The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Poetry Posse 2020

ail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Poetry Posse 2020

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August 2020

Featured Poets

Dr Pragya Suman * Chinh Nguyen Srinivas Vasudev * Ugwu Leonard Ifeanyi, Jr.

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980

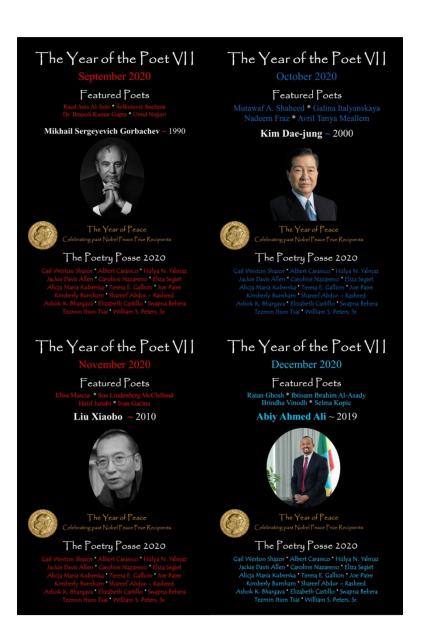




The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VIII 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.

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

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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

April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



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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

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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

.

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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

September 2021

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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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The Year of the Poet IX January 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ratan Ghosh * Christine Neil-Wright Andrew Scott * Ashok Kumar

Climate Change: The Ice Cap





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

Roza Boyanova * Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval Mammad Ismayil * Tarana Turan Rahimli

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

March 2022

Featured Global Poets Dimitris P. Kraniotis * Marlene Pasini Kennedy Ochieng * Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

Alonzo Gross * Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas Monsif Beroual * Carol Aronoff

Climate Change and Oceans





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The Year of the Poet IX May 2022

Featured Global Poets Ndaba Sibanda * Smrutiranjan Mohanty Ajanta Paul * Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Climate Change and Birds



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

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

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

Featured Global Poets Michelle Joan Barulich * Mili Das Anna Ferriero * Ujjal Mandal

Climate Change and Animals



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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The Year of the Poet IX

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

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The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Biswajit Mishra Sylwia K. Malinowska * Sajid Hussein

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

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

Climate Change and Oil and Power





Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

November 2022

Featured Global Poets
Hema Ravi * Shafkat Aziz Hajam
Selma Kopic * Ibrahim Honjo

Climate Change: Time to Act





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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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

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The Year of the Poet X

January 2023

eatured Global Poets

JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Maker:



The Poetry Posse 2023

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The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets

Clarena Martínez 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



The Poetry Posse 2023

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The Year of the Poet X April 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 X September 2023

Featured Global Poets Eftichia Karpadeli * Chinh Nguyen Nigar Agalarova * Carmela Cueva

Children : Difference Makers



~ Easton LaChappelle ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

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The Year of the Poet X

November 2023

Ibrahim Honjo * Balachandran Nair Xanthi Hondrou-Hil * Francesco Favetta



~ Jean-Michel Basquiat ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

The Year of the Poet X October 2023

Featured Global Poets CSP Shrivastava * Huniie Parker Noreen Snyder * Ramkrishna Paul

Children: Difference Makers



~ Malala Yousafzai ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

The Year of the Poet X December 2023

Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turunc * Neha Bhandarkar Shafkat Aziz Hajam * Elarbi Abdelfattah

Children: Difference Makers



~ Melati and Isabel Wijsen ~

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 May 2024

Featured Global Poets

Binod Dawadi * Petros Kyriakou Veloudas Rayees Ahmad Kumar * Solomon C Jatta

Renowned Poets



~ Makhanlal Chaturvedi ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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The Year of the Poet XI July 2024

Featured Global Poets Barbara Gaiardoni * Bharati Nayak Errol Bean * Michael Lee Johnson

Renowned Poets



~ Pablo Neruda ~

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 ~

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The Year of the Poet XI

August 2024

Featured Global Poets
Ibrahim Honjo * Khalice Jade
Irma Kurti * Mennadi Farah

Renowned Poets



~ Li Bai

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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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Featured Global Poets Khalice Jade * Til Kumari Sharma Sushant Thapa * Orbindu Ganga







Innocence Daisy

Joy Marigold

Longing Camellia

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The Year of the Poet XII March 2025

Featured Global Poets

Deepak Kumar Dey * Binod Dawadi Faleeha Hassan * Kapardeli Eftichia







Sorrow Detrmination Frustration Petunias Purple Hyacinth Amaryllis

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The Year of the Poet XII February 2025

Featured Global Poets

Shafkat Aziz Hajam * Frosina Tasevska Muhammad Gaddafi Masoud * Karen Morrison







Curiosity Hibiscus

Minulus

Lonlines Butterfly Weed

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The Year of the Poet XII April 2025

Gopal Sinha * Taghrid Bou Merhi Irma Kurti * Marlon Salem Gruezo







Resilience

Self Doubt

Grief

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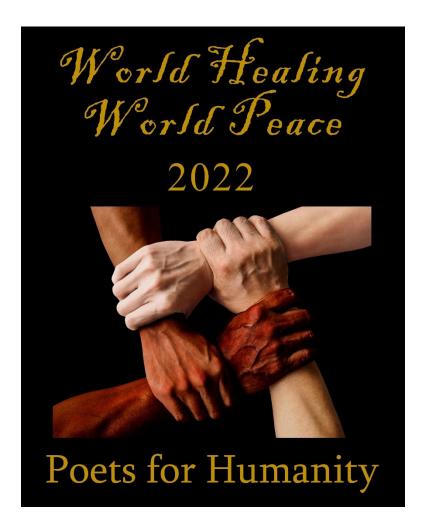
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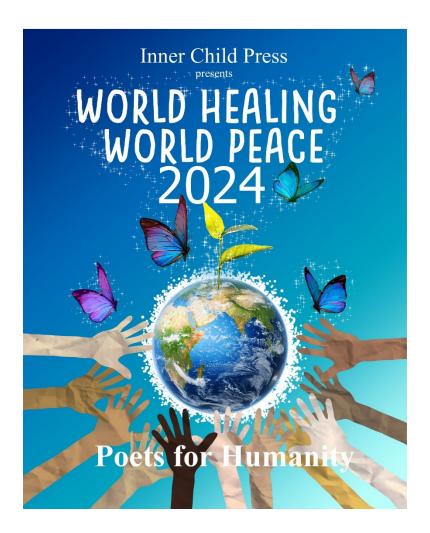
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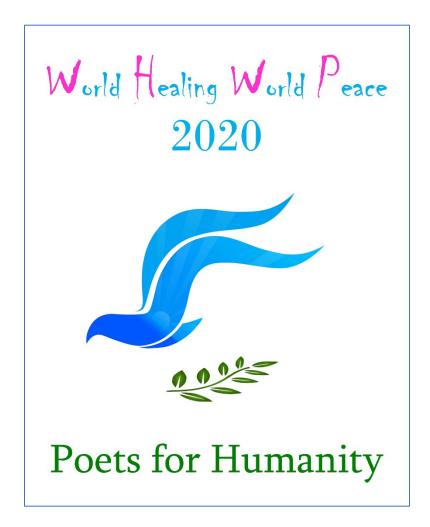




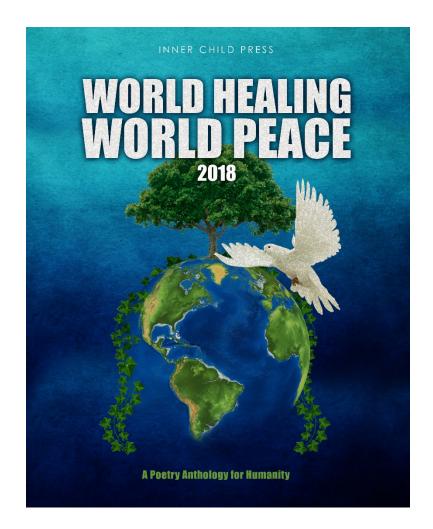
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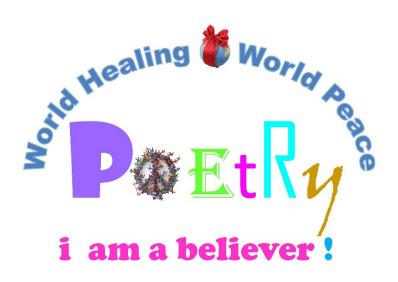
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