Featured Global Poets

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

Renowned Poets



~ Langston Hughs ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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

Year

of the

Dogt XI

June 2024

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

The Poetry Posse 2024

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet XI June 2024 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2024

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Publisher Information

1st Edition: Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

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ISBN-13: 978-1-961498-26-6 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

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!



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

Renowned Poets

Langston Hughes

Diamond

Yes, a human diamond just to get average folk to appreciate exceptional quality. Such a human be one Langston Hughes. Born a diamond destined to be of rare gleaming polished exceptional excellence, Such a human was and remains to be just that, B: Feb. 01, 1901 Joplin, Missouri, US D: May 22, 1967 New York City, NY, US family abducted by slavers into slavery in the United States, North America. By that time so called Negros were so called free but in reality, that is far from true then and now. He grew to be an artist of great talent of multi genre including poetry, writing, novelist, essayist, dramatist.

raised in the midwest he relocated to New York City as a young man. once he cultivated his career fine tuning his god giving gift. Gaining notoriety, he also became in civil rights specifically regarding the plight of Africans in America then known as negroes and were treated as less then human were deprived of God given rights. He eventually became committed to being an activist in a strong growing stronger Civil Rights Movement. He by then living in Black Harlem as an artist and activist was well respected in Harlem and beyond. He was at the forefront of a then surging Harlem renaissance in the areas Langston excelled in. there is much more that could and should be covered in all his multi areas of art and activism that can not be done here but one and all should look up a mass of details concerning his meaningful life significant contributions.

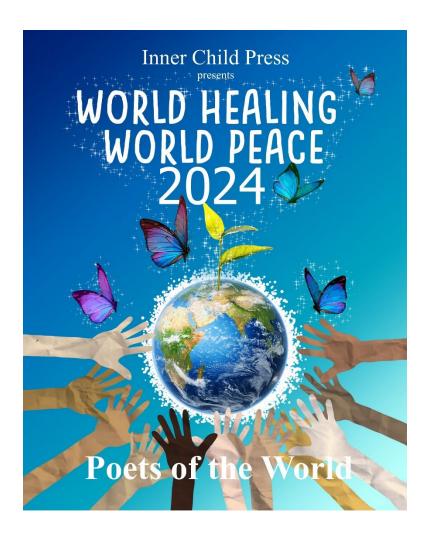
We artists are a part of an ongoing monthly publication for more than 10 years curtesy of our publisher Inner Child Press headed by William Peters Jr. himself a poet laureate, the monthly

is titled "Year of the Poet, Poetry Posse" also feature a theme of the month for the entire year. This year we feature notable gifted people who's various contributions to mankind have made a difference. This year the month of June features Langston Hughes. To obtain copies go to innerchildpress.com

Also available on Amazon Books. Thank you and be well, safe, happy. Guided on the straight path.

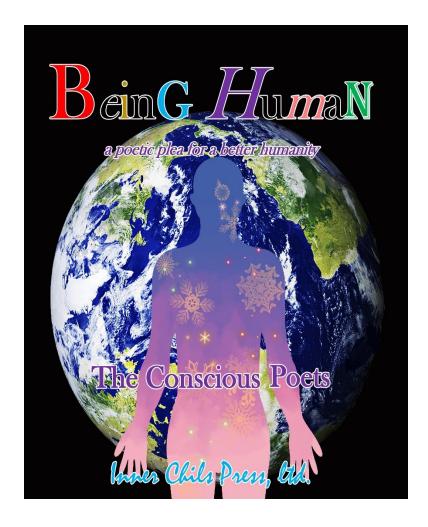
Shareef Abdur Rasheed Poet, Artist, Activist

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<u>www.innerchildpress.com/world-healing-world-peace-poetry</u>

Now Available



www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthologymarket.php

Dreface

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

WOW... a decade +. We continue to be excited as we have now crossed over into our 11th year of **The Year of the Poet**.

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

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

Our purpose is simple. Through our lyrical words and verse, we not only wish to share our poetic works, but we also have the poetic naiveté to believe that we can assist in the growth of consciousness of the things that have an effect our collective humanity. Therefore, we welcome your readership. For more about what we are attempting to accomplish, have a look at our Publishing Web Site ... 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

Renowned Poets

Langston Hughes
1901 ~ 1967

June 2024

by hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.



"We younger Negro artists who create now intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame. If white people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, it doesn't matter. We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. The tom-tom cries, and the tom-tom laughs. If colored people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, their displeasure doesn't matter either. We build our temples for tomorrow, strong as we know how, and we stand on top of the mountain free within ourselves (from "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain", a 1926 essay by Langston Hughes)."

Langston Hughes, whose ancestors were enslaved African women, was born in Joplin, Missouri. He brought his first poetry, short stories, and dramatic plays into being while he was attending Central High School in Cleveland, Ohio. In the early 1920s, he traveled through West Africa and Europe, and lived in Paris and England. At the age of 23, he returned to the U.S.A., and to Harlem, when he was 28 years old.

Hughes was a notable figure of the Harlem Renaissance. His essay, "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain" has been considered a manifesto of the anti-hatred socio-political and equality-driven movement. Starting with *The Weary Blues*, his first book of poetry (1926), the focus of his

influential work has been on the African American experience within the context of a racial consciousness without hate. In addition to poetry, he wrote novels and plays, and columns.

The Weary Blues is significant not only for being Hughes' first poem collection to be published, but for representing one of the pivotal points of modernism and of the above-mentioned Harlem Renaissance. As for the contributions of the Harlem Renaissance to the blossoming of African American art in direct relation to the awakening of the public, the Hughes poem, "I Look at the World", expresses it all: moving away from the "fenced-off narrow space" which has been forced upon the African American existence; "silly walls" that must be torn down, and "[t]he road to find" on which to realize the power of one's "mind" to "make [t]he world" within.

I Look at the World*

I look at the world
From awakening eyes in a black face —
And this is what I see:
This fenced-off narrow space
Assigned to me.
I look then at the silly walls
Through dark eyes in a dark face —

And this is what I know: That all these walls oppression builds Will have to go!

I look at my own body
With eyes no longer blind —
And I see that my own hands can make
The world that's in my mind.
Then let us hurry, comrades,
The road to find.

*This Langston Hughes poem was published 79 years after its creation. Written in pencil in the back of Hughes' books, it was found in 2009.

Selected Sources:

Langston Hughes."The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain" (1926)

Langston Hughes. *The Weary Blues* (1926) Langston Hughes. "I Look at the World" (1930) *National Museum of African American History and Culture Encyclopedia Britannica* History.com

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita, Liberal Arts (Penn State, U.S.A.)

Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International (U.S.A.)





Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action . . . for you are the Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted . . .

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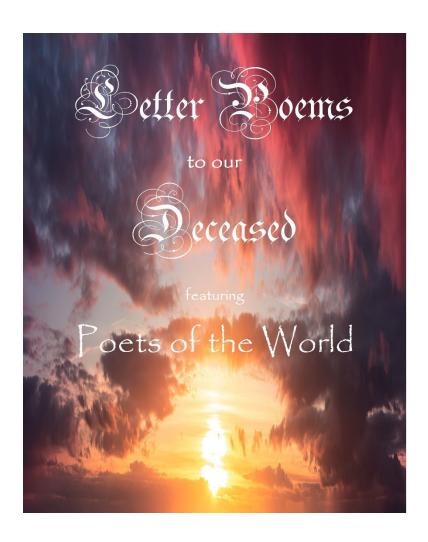




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

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Gail Weston Shazor



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

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

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

Black Man

Born of earth's brown clay Not to be reimagined In the noon day son

We have earnestly We have earnestly awaited Your smile to warm us

I
Am proud
Renaissance
Bearing your touch
In the street darkness
Penning ink just for us
And we circle around you
For your warmth is a negro warmth
In the greatness of all our black men

Go forth and teach those who would learn And leave something behind for those who aren't ready

Awake

Awake Asleep We are open some days and not on others naps come earlier and earlier in the morning when we should be about business but we sleep only to awaken just before the clanging bell and not ready to be we sleep yet once again until our hearts are quickened and fears drum in our skulls panicked until we are assured it was only a bad dream and lulled back to sleep with a false sense of security sold on the days that we are open but not on the days we aren't that we truly need to be awaken to Asleep Awake is it day or night is it wrong or right and my sons are dead and my daughters are dead and i can no longer say i dare not chose sleep for that is when they come

in order to speak i must be Awake

Blue Rocks

I am rooted to this earth My feet long for you Achingly so and I stretch The edges of my unbound Future into the shape of you My parent who is Neither father nor mother But older than The Word God, nameless And yet without story I can feel the soil turn So I push my hands Under the ocean Though full of life coral beds But I take nothing save A few memories and leave All the new ones for Babies waiting to be born In schools of colorful Rainbows swimming by Every time I approach The beginning of new Turns and twists of words My steps show an uneven wear And it's too late to change Erase the marks in the sand Straight lines become circles My prayers take on definition As does my pain In fasting of pine and shrubs Arms thrown wide In a semblance of flight

And even at the edge
Of mountains and cliffs
The ocean anchors my heart
Devotions promised
Views from behind the cleft
My fingers reach for solace
Deep within and there I
Touch the contentment of God

Alicja Maria Kubgrska

The Year of the Poet XI ~ June 2024



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).

Langston Hughes

The blood drew strength from its springs colorful like a Harlem mosaic and from beautiful dark faces

It pulsated in the temples like a stream when there were insults and bad words. It foamed like a river on rocky steps when a man despised a man.

We all bathed in the river waters, built houses on its banks, sailed along the sandy beaches, moored our boats at the marina when a storm came

Everyone has their own river and reality. Vistula, Euphrates, Nile, Congo, Mississippi have different landscapes but the same water color, people have different color of skin but the same blood's color.

Another day

I'm moving from today to tomorrow. I'm crossing the thin line of time - memories in one pocket, in the second, hopes and dreams.

The clock is ticking
- one second and it's a new day.
I have crossed this threshold many times.
The timeline was bending limply
like a willow branch rocked by the wind

Wiser for the past day, stupider for the wasted hours I'm heading towards the future dragging the increasingly heavy past behind me.

I'm moving forward. From a holey pocket written pages fall out. I lose myself along this way

Existence

A bit of light trapped in matter

- eternal and impermanent

A voice born in silence

- the breath of a scream into a dead body

The eternal cycle recorded in the tree of life

- good and evil, birth and death.

Man, the proud lord of creation

- fights for everything, leaves with nothing.

Jackiz Pavis 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, ltd.

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

A Noble Gift

Dreams infiltrate the body, They succor. They nourish life. They lift up the soul.

Climbing or knocking down obstacles, They grow powerful wings, That soar high over the rushing waterfalls.

Passion exudes intensity, Overrides expectation Of color, class.

It surges ahead of society's norms, And immoral attempts to squash determination. Still, there are moments of rejection. Tears.

Intention of resolve wrestles, struggles To proceed with aspiration, And with talent's goals.

Breaking through wall of negation, Bruised, yet triumphant, Intention Searches for the promised rainbow after the rain.

A safe place to lay
To rest the troubles, and
A poetic way to incorporate the past.

Pen and ink paves from voice, a pathway! It is a rewarding, well-deserved, noble gift. It soothes A portion of life's ills. And some of effort's pain.

breathe

embrace the essence of life,

kiss all cares away; inhale only the sweetest scents. twirl, like in a dance that empowers feet to greet happily the day. find a way to play

see the busy sidewalks,

listen to the tongues clicking, sense the intelligence streaming a combination, a taste of frosty stranger's arrogance; ignore fumes of insignificance

lift up winsome spirit's face.

lay aside harboring angst, increase now dancing's pace; join in the family orchestra exuding attitude of quietude, precocious in the knowledge that you're flying higher, far beyond.

see the butterflies, the bees

rising up on history's breeze. adopt forbearance, fortitude praying a congress-less of politics,. and its indeterminate season, turn away from evil's position, be wary of admiration.

peruse common sense's ledger

claim only brilliance of insight.
adapting independence's favor,
climb ladders of opportunity, crown your head
with a wreath of remembrance
in the parlor of critical analysis.

consider probability's reason.

accept personal responsibility unencumbered with weeds; overcome any thought of delusion's actions, cast off subjective negativity,

a new day is here!

put on fresh clothes, march towards the band whose rhythm calms the heart. discard recriminations, regrets, step out in faith, be brave.

believe the best is yet to come,

be not bitter, lest your demise arrive to seize the spirit of your soul. celebrate each day as an opportunity to enjoy a new direction, a new season;

breathe, acknowledge life.

the grass is growing greener, branches of grace are reaching out in welcome, like songbirds. so, embrace their different colors. be happy; sing songs of joy

invite peace, within, without,

share insight of perspective and its perfumed fragrance. infiltrate every crevice of society's derision and its spurious shouts with acts of loving kindness

pray for the derisive, the divisive,

they serve as malicious deterrents to living a life of productivity. so, celebrate life and live! give thanks, jump as you are able, for joy!

be glad for a job well done.

choose to pocket colors, green, silver and copper saved from discernment's commonsense. and, with banners of pride raised high, be inclusive, not exclusive

It's Not All About You

Long awaited, the tears Long dried. Long time waiting Waiting for such a long time.

No matter how tired, Whatever was said, Everything denied.

A time of sorrow, of strife And of grief, Mind unable to process anything,

Other than disbelief.

No matter what was offered In consolation, Nothing gave relief.

So, why the long arm
Of depression, to others,
Seems, now, more like a transgression?

Tzgmin 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.

Verses of the Unbowed Freedom

In the fatigued night, I persist onward in my march. Unbowed earth, recklessly blossoming spring's floral arch. The dreams, guiding hopes scattered in the somber shade. I stand willing, a voyager sketching in luminescence the nocturne masquerade.

Silently I dig deep, safeguarding freedom within my heart's domain.

Preserving my genuine essence, resistant to be ground in disdain.

This quiet chant gradually awakens the long at rest other shore.

The deep currents of the river, nourishing life's ceaseless core.

Adorned with stars and moon, I twirl with the wind and the sea's spree.

In dreams, my poem and distant wanderings will inevitably ascend to be.

The vast expanse of sky is capable to accommodate all desires and plea.

I am the fearless lines that paint our future to see.

I question not where the Milky Way has decided to have me drift and stray.

I only hope that solitude is held at bay in this boundless cosmic array.

Ode to the Sea

How many lives and secrets, O sea, you embrace, In your vastness and your depth.
Your waves,
Your rhythm and melody,
Your wind,
Your breath and spirit.

How much change and mystery, O sea, you consume, In your calm and your fury.
At times gentle,
At times shifting and mysterious,
At times cruel,
At times clear and murky.

How much beauty and grandeur, O sea, your canvas paints, In the direction of dreams.
The stars are already out,
The water forces the vastness to let the wind through,
Your mournful sigh,
Carves through the ships beneath the starry sky.

I long to sit here on this steep cliffside, Greedily and without satisfaction, Watching, you give Such precious and valuable meaning to life. Drunk on your inspiration and emotions, Carrying our stories, Our song, night after night, Our ode to the sea.

An Ode to the Trekker of the Pinnacles

Turning my back to civilization's incessant clamor, I set forth alone on the path of tranquility,

Guided to the crevices where colossal trees stoop in deference.

Beneath the canopy of leaves, sunlight dares not to probe, With the clandestine whispers of the wind comes the faint sigh of the mountains and streams.

The brooks are akin to silver-threaded ribbons, continually threading through the verdant drapery,

Filling the solitude's interludes with melodic whispers echoed in song.

Within the untouched wilds, time comes to a standstill, Unwritten narratives are etched into the heart of the sky's cleft by the wilderness.

The faint rustle beneath my feet composes the symphony of the winding mountain track.

I, a humble seeker swept up in this cosmic dust,

Immerse myself in the iridescent glow of the star cluster.

Echoes resonate clearly through the valley, maintaining a poised cadence,

A melodious concert as graceful as the lullaby of birds, as gentle as a drizzle,

The tales of ages etched deep into the smooth stones and into resolute, towering trees.

Much like the petite exertions of insects nestled within the thriving foliage,

Meet life's blueprint through nature's trials and abundant bestowal.

Each leaf, each avian, each spring,

Narrates the melody of evolution, celebrated over the decades.

The carefree existence has already gifted a spectacle of awe.

Yet, under these exceedingly tranquil cliffs, The stern starry expanse continues its relentless scrutiny over the never-ending journey ahead.

Only within these brief lines of verse, do they find their own narration.

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

Langston

marvelous gifted artist extraordinaire giving as well to oppressed sons and daughters of Africa abducted including Langston Hughes blood gifted one gave to release Africans from bondage in the snakes meant more then fame when love of blood freedom lights flame say his name Langston Hughes read his life study it celebrate him

As i...,

muddle through zoo of mediocrity wow i just saw a real live hypocrisy man what a monstrosity so i stepped back took a quick flick then continued on my trek through the zoo encountering creatures of all stripes, hues using each other using the "other" abusing the " other " i stopped and said " Watsup the animals haven't been fed?" actually instead it turns out dem kept \$#!+ in their mouths but never satisfied so said the little sign in front of each cage describing the traits of each and every purveyor of greed, hate and they all seemed to have eat plenty to fuel their lust to seek to attack, love, honesty, trust but as all their respective signs explained "they never have enough"

Delusional

became usual, not unusual alternative reality has become normal mentality? lies became true, world on crack or under voodoo attack? your damned country ruled by a maniac that's a fact speaking of facts, facts ain't fake, fake ain't fact,

you got that?

(((NEWS FLASH)))

truth, reality, sanity, morality, normal healthy mentality under attack! That's a fact!

meanwhile the elected representatives sworn to uphold standards of righteousness, serve the people turn their back act like don't look now but we might see/smell something foul

that make ya say " what you gonna do now? " with a crooked smile as if to say " Dam we love denial " don't mind if dem slam the whole dam country in a dung pile

as long as they maintain their collective insane off the ciazain lifestyle!

meanwhile mr. commander in deep doodoo continues to sling it

the morans under his leadership continue to eat it the folk of ignorance, hate who make up his base continue to spew it out their face like "He doing a great job, right? " just as long as white = rules over subjugated sheep everythings gonna be alright as long as white rules and sheep sleep

" we never gonna stop keeping a maniac on top even if the whole dam world blows up as long as he represents and gives white supremacy respect " = DISGRACE! DENY! DENY! DENY!

stay deaf, dumb and blind to the fact that it's not economics

but it sadly remains that RACE is the main concern of this place

and isn't it sad that the sick perception you've had is a lie because there is no such thing as race period. That's why! it's a myth, don't now nor never did exist!

this lie evil designed by shaitan (Satan) to divide, thus conquer all of us

because he knows a healthy, folk/nation thrives, grows on love,

diversity, tolerance, inclusion, trust

beware there's a cancer here that will cause this fabric to tear

that's the curse if you ignore the sacred revealed verse* then we're doomed to succumb to ignorance and fear...,and don't forget hate

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU CHOOSE EVERYBODY LOSE!

wake up AmeriKKKa and become America before it's to late

^{* (}READ: Qur'an: Surat 49 Al-Hujurat 'The Dwellings': 49,13)

Norgen Snyder

The Year of the Poet XI ~ June 2024



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.

For Equality

(In honor of Langston Hughes)

Langston, an American poet, novelist, playwright, social activist, and columnist who's the leader in the Harlem Renaissance, and Father of the Jazz Poetry will never be forgotten.

He stood for keep rising up and hope.

He was a poet for the people, all people.

He stood for equality equality for everyone.

There should be a special day celebrating Langston Hughes for he is special, a special poet and man.

Like Rolling the Dice

Sometimes in life
we take risks and chances
with our lives
whether it's for the good or the bad.
It;s like rolling the dice.
It's a gamble we take.
We need to stop and think,
think wise and smart
before we gamble our lives away.

Spelling Bee Contest

I remember when I was in Junior High School, I entered the Spelling Bee Contest; hoping to go all the way to the top, to the Nationals. But I didn't. It started in English Class. There were several of us. It finally came down to this girl and me. After several rounds, I beat her in the Spelling Bee contest. I was the happiest girl alive because she was always bullying me. Everyone thought she would win but I was determined to prove to them that they were all wrong. I beat the bully, not physically, but in a Spelling Bee Contest. That was a VICTORY for me with all capital letters.

Clizabeth 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 co-author to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Jazz Poet

An influential poet of his time

His works depict the joys and hardships

Of the noble working class.

Hughes, a defining figure in the 1920s
With verses etched in the hearts of many
His elucidations of Black American life
Made him a respected icon of the Harlem Renaissance.

Life is a Piano

Tune in to the rhythm of the times the tides dancing and chirping birds sublime Life's piano keys are overused and yet you can create tones out of the forgotten notes. The sounds left me breathless sinking in a world of endless madness The high pitch often startle me out of the blue while the low tone leaves a footprint of a different hue. I look up to the heaven's above while the music of my heart is carried by the blowing wind an overwhelming, calming presence on me reigned. The piano music filled the tranquil air anew my thoughts goes out to you casts in a lighted avenue her angelic voice still lingers in my peaceful memory singing in tune with each tempo and melody.

A New Frontier

A new day dawning upon us as a sunny morning greets me, after the storm, a rainbow beholds thee promise of a new tomorrow for life isn't just a load of deep sorrows. Welcome hope in your heart, cast away swirling doubts along the frontiers, open your fortress to new possibilities. Don't just dwell on such life's oddities listen to chirping birds perched on tree's dainty branches. See the flowers bloom on such lovely prairie, live as if this would be your last day on Earth unleash the inner child in you longing to break free!

Mutawaf Shahggd



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

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

Working on the Memories

Sometimes I hear the muse of Russell Atkins and Langston Hughes.

Hearing the difficulties being recited of former times.

Leaving now

back to then. I wonder if the flowers smelled the same? If his words

pointed fingers at those who were to blame.

Dealing with the conflicts with pen in hand. Finding a kind of peace

then a soft place to land. Being a part of reviving all our artistic skills.

Showcasing them against an oppressor's will. Slow walking, tip-toing

through the maze of mad men trying to steal tour gift, then say it is his.

The streets of Harlem filled with the rhythms of the times. Bringing

grandpa and grandma's blues back alive. Minds sharpening minds,

trading quips and lines. Never allowed to forget the demons laying in

the shadows, whose IQ you knew would love to destroy you and the

and the rest of our kind.

Pastels

I was never able to make the distinction between your inner or your outer beauty. The moment I focused on one of them the other would manifest itself. My dreams scream telling me they are both the same. I just could not hold them outside the frame. I can never concentrate on the class without my imagination involving itself. I manage the chaos it brings.

Presenting me with scenario after scenario. Telling me that everything is okay, it is possible, that I can achieve, I can grasp you and define you and be by you too. At the same time, my pen has restrictions. It runs dry from time to time out of minds ink. Your curves are been thrown at me from angles I've never experienced or seen before. You are standing still, yet still moving.

The lines that define you are way too fine for me to fix. My fingers lock around my brush, as I blush, while trying to capture a small smirk at the corner of your mouth. Warmer than normal is your breath than mine. Departure is an art form I must decline. Facing an oblong reality makes my gait harder to master.

I don't want to stumble and fall on your face. My flow is subtle. Using red dye to inflame my raw passion. Unable to explain the things that are laced up in my chest. I feel threatened by how I perceive you. Something in your eyes, tries to assure me that my geometry is off, that math is not a path that will help me configure you.

Are you a painting or a photograph? That I don't know. I see the variations of the colors in your skin. Your words may hesitate in leaving your lips, my lips wouldn't leave. Maybe you are a composite of everything that's good? You seem to move as the light in the room reflects your different moods. My emotions swing like a pendulum as my eyes blink.

I saw you wink at me! This picture of yours, should only be displayed the top floor of the Louver or at some other artistic sanctuary. I carry your hue in my head.

Abiding

Listening to songs all night long that make you want to kill yourself. Mind coming up empty trying to remember all the friends who are almost all gone. Talent scouts told you they going to help you out. Lunging, hoping you hit the bull's eye. Falling short because you fell in love with the hoe next door.

Never stood a chance between the preacher and the teacher. Wrong dreams reach out and touch you. The only beach you can reach is the one with the broken glass and tin cans. Targeted by everyone who can see you. Caught in a draft that left your cousin dead cold. Made to remember names that share the blame for your horrible conditions.

Staring in the face of daily night mares, hopes seasoned with hot sauce prepared by the id monster named sir Galahad. Slipped on the slipups. Left turns kept you running into the circles that surround you. Playing like the obvious doesn't exist. Mind switches flipped every second of the day while you crave the

Xmas trees your brain nourishes all the time. Finding happy hours are only ten seconds that grope slippery slopes. Wearing trends like beads and bangles. Thoughts tethered, unable to escape the rape. Sleep walking, wanting things you can't handle. Flailing in place, trying to keep the pace in a race, you don't qualify for.

The ideas you had were too big for your pants. Your cup got run over just as you were about to take a drink of tap water. Can't sidestep the images that should make you sick and tired. Inspired by liars. Brain can't dig Trane. Spiritual growth held down by figments of a demon's imagination. Inviting your eyes to see the Xmas lights, so you miss the one at the end of the tunnel

Making decisions on promises made by deviants. Nothing but a tree in the human forest to be build stuff you hardly benefit from. Polyester dreams plastered in your head that keep saying what they said. There should have been more to your ambitions than retirement. Old movies stuck in your craw. All of your dreams went up in flames back in Tulsa Oklahoma.

Too late to learn anything from grandma, what she knew you blew while in pursuit of what you were never going to get. Your prayers were blown to pieces in Birmingham Alabama. Old neighborhood gone to the dogs that won't let in there again. On the grand scale, mediocrity was all you were able to gain. The bar that was set for the next guy, was too high. You tried, they all went to sing with the pied piper. All you can say now is, F it den man!

hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

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

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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

consciousness

born to be taught how to think and act

No questions, please!

schooled to parrot a curriculum to a T

No questions, please!

grown above and beyond an indoctrination . . . if ever neared a conscious circle . . .

"I have a question!"

Assigned Existences

Somewhere someone has the nerve to draw on a blank canvas a sketch of your life; yes, YOUR life, dictating to you how to live. The same canvas, then, is made public.

The sketched you now have a broadly-recognized image. YOU yourself, however, have been silent all along.

Somewhere another someone takes it upon him-/herself to lend you word fragments and poor grammar. Utterly popular has become that song, taped on your behalf in absentia.

The recorded you now have a broadly-recognized voice. YOU yourself, however, have been silent all along.

When, do YOU think, will your existence be worthy enough to begin to live YOUR life per a design created by YOU?

"Silly Walls"

While reading on Langston Hughes, A long-overdue realization knocked on my door. At first, I thought it was wearing its Halloween costume Of three heads: Mizaru, Kikazaru, and Iwazaru.

I then noticed that the door was still closed.
The large mirror in the main entry of my home
Was eyeing me ever so intently.
Finally registering the "silly walls" of my clueless mind,
I abandoned my role in the *theatre of the absurd* for good.
Mizaru, Kikazaru, and Iwazaru no more!

Tgrgsa C. Gallion

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Teresa E. Gallion was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to Illinois at the age of 15. She completed her undergraduate training at the University of Illinois Chicago and received her master's degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She retired from New Mexico state government in 2012.

She moved to New Mexico in 1987. While writing sporadically for many years, in 1998 she started reading her work in the local Albuquerque poetry community. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, bookstores, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and the State of Oklahoma's Poetry Festival in Cheyenne, Oklahoma in 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and anthologies. She has two CDs: On the Wings of the Wind and Poems from Chasing Light. She has published three books: Walking Sacred Ground, Contemplation in the High Desert and Chasing Light.

Chasing Light was a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at

http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

Dear Langston

The dreams are still alive. The birds are still learning to fly. Hope has eternal feathers that fan the flames of motivation.

Children of the night are beginning to learn their history.

Some want to forget the negative buds that bloomed around their ancestors.

The good, bad and ugly of technology has created a revolution across the planet and the children learn new ways of massaging the earth with pain.

They will survive the apocalypse and begin a new birth ritual on earth. Perhaps we may see from the heavenly planes if they can heal from broken pieces and embrace unity across the world.

Wisdom Notes

The coming and going of clouds tell stories that some may be able to hear. Take time to rest and contemplate God's love in a bird chirping,

sunrise over your camp, flowers running in a mountain meadow, water lyrics of a river flowing pass. All have teachings engraved in clouds.

The natural order of things are clustered in those moving clouds. The time and place for you is now. Grasp and hold it for a second. Let your emotions flow into the wind.

Revelations come after the rain in the colors of the rainbow.
Study each color with gratitude and reverence.

Sometimes we must walk in the dark to get to the light. It strengthens our Spiritual potential to expand and grow. Soul develops and unfolds with hardship for life is a jungle walk and a garden walk.

Embrace living to the fullest so you do not stunt your growth. That is a heavy suitcase to carry. The struggles you face are growth opportunities.

Always listen for the sounds of God in nature. This expands your soul with golden wisdom coins. Love and open your heart to God's love.

A thousand tales are singing next to your pillow while you sleep with indigo dreams.

When your body awakens in harmony with soul, know that you were bathed in Spiritual light.

Your Soul whispers in your ear a thousand messages of love. Listen.

Touch of Grace

An excited muse tells her to drop words on the blank page and a river of joyful tears begins to float lines across the space.

The touch of grace fills hearts. Words rise from the page on the fingertips of Spirit.

Every Soul sparkles in love's light. Spirit takes us into the Temple of the Beloved and says, *kneel to feel grace embrace you*.

May I wash your feet in sacred water? We say, yes to Light radiance. Glows on our faces tell a sacred story of ecstasy from the Beloved's touch.

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.

I, Too

for Langston Hughes: a leading voice of the Harlem Renaissance

Growing up in a white world, vicious like a hangman's rope, he smiled and never gave up hope.

Who he was not his doing. He broke status quo to flow as a river to reckon with his woe.

Revolting against racism, he declared: "I, too, am America"

Chance Meeting

we met we parted in such a short time

what am i for you? what am i to you?

a coincidence a smile an embrace a scent of skin what if we never meet again?

or we plan to meet but the airplane never arrives with me what will be left of me for you?

a headline in the newspaper a dusty memory, a tear or a heartache forever

Nico Asher

Where are you Where do you roam I wonder If you search for A Dadu* to call your own I've been broken-hearted I need your presence To shine a light upon My soul and warm My heart with your Affection and Laughter Can you hear My Whispered prayers That one day soon I'll find you I will hold you in my embrace Lift my eyes to yours I will Touch your face With my hands Softly, gently that The essence of Your existence is Real and here to stay Beside me every day For the sake of love And happiness Be mine for eternity!

*Grandfather

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno 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

The Bard

Langston Hughes works deeply with his soul
His pen spoke of hopes and sorrows
His verses rolled like rivers
From weary hearts to freedom's goal.
He wrote to mend, to make them whole.
With every line, a truth unfurled
Where every man, woman, boy or girl was heard
Could dream and live a vibrant life
A tapestry of a colored world,
For justice, equality, and right,
Langston Hughes, a poet of might,
His mind built a dream come true
The seeds of the future in his poetry glow!

The Control Wheel

(Power on a Borrowed Time)

The days command the iron fist Upon a throne of a borrowed time A figure casts a shadow, Of high, feeling flighty prime Halls of Power Rangers; A crown of thorns and a scepter's weight Decrees of fear dominate, There were missed rides, In an empire of the lost, Lies a void, a dark pilgrim, All grips were tight control; As the rivers of timeline, Flowing a current to influence minds, Calling power to lead, No one would trust a deceitful feet, A lesson learned a tale to tell, That power bends a hypocrite's trail, Divine truth is the path of an honest soul, Lead with a heart, purpose and honor!

Frame of Mind

In the gallery of the mind, frames hang wide, Each a window to thoughts, memories reside. A frame of joy, painted in vibrant hues In shades of the night, there lies sorrows. One frame holds anger, its canvas a molten haze Beside it, a calm sea, in a tranquil phase. A frame of depressed strokes, frightening wake Near a portrait of fear, an explosion of guilt. The mind's curator walks the silent halls, An exhibit of emotions unfolds. Sometimes dusting off the untold culprits, Sometimes hanging new ones, happy feat. For every frame alters the portrait within A filter for life in different shapes, Different colors binding light, Such is the power of the frame of mind!

Swapna Behera

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

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Web Site http://swapnabehera.in/

Langston Hughes: the dreamer

hold fast to your dreams life is for living death is for dead half of the world groans to give dreams to the other half on a train while crossing the river Mississippi at the age of seventeen he wrote the famous poem of the Harlem Renaissance he is the mento of jazz poetry segregation and colour discrimination his theme with conviction he says "I,too, am America" equality was his dream for human rights liberty his slogan his open letter gave the clarion call to all workers to kill the lies of colours he was an engineer of chemistry so prominent a poet raised voice against racism reflected the culture, music, language, music a dream deferred is a dream denied he is none other than James Mercer Langston Hughes an American poet social activist, novelist, playwright and columnist a true leader of Harlem Renaissance

who cares your falconeering?

your eyrie is just the ghost-house the gravity of your past your broken dialects cynical metaphors guileful essays penetrate my heart how dare you expect the territory of my body? you have crumpled my dignity and identity my thoughts are recurrent the key of the palace is lost deities can never live inside the rocks a nest can be built up on the grass the umbilical cord also speaks ominous scripts can be written on the pillows of pyres now tell me what will you choose coins or roses? a cemetery needs just a few tear drops and certainly not the bundle of dollars

a broken harmonium

the queen passed away the princess of a small kingdom playing raga Bihag was her crime she loved to smile close to her heart was the harmonium it was thrown away she was a singer queens have no rights to sing in public the harmonium her father had gifted with German reed; a rare classic instrument she learnt to play but had to obliterate her passions to adopt the arrogant customs she loved forests, rivers, springs squirrels, goats loved to swim or run loved to live play tennis, badminton with her brother but alas now she is married at the age of twenty she must obey the mandatory rules to live with the glittering necklace of ancestors hide her face whole day under the veil the queen decelerated her soul every moment she was lost, missed her harmonium peeped the night sky searched the stars

a melancholy crashed her fragile soul butterflies and colours are missing only a big vermillion mark landmarked her visual space the harmonium missed her soft fingers epiphanic tragedy lost both a woman and her music a woman is a living melody isn't it? raga Bihag deleted the existence of the harmonium the queen was on the pyre someone threw the German reeds on the fire the last melody was dancing in tandem with the fire

e.g- Bihag is a Hindustani classical raga usually sung between 9 p.m to 12 am

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

Langston Hughes

He traveled from Joplin Missouri to Lincoln Illinois, to Cleveland, Mexico and then to Harlem New York City where he was an household name with his poetry. His poetic grace reached world wide acclaim and his impact changed East 127th street to Langston Hughes place.

Mr. Hughes forte was black life in America, his pictures were painted with bright colors as he depicted music, laughter, culture and how they've suffered. His prolific style mixed with jazz gave his works Pizazz. His voice was recognized immediately upon his delivery. All you had to do was hear a few words from a sentence and you knew it was Hughes. The impact Langston Hughes made on the literary community will last for eternity. I've been to many events where

Speakers mentioned his name and spoke on how his poetry touched them deeply, and how his views from his pen is their motivation. His face alone is poetry, you can see his imagery on the walls of your local speak easy. He has earned numerous awards and medals for art that's written with his pens soul. Whether it's a novel, short story, play or poetry Langston Hughes was definitely a literary anomaly.

Emulate the 8

Dudes try to emulate the 8 but peeps can't see my reflection in them. The bar is set to high, they can't pull up. I mean they try to live as if they're gettn that bag, as if they drip with swag, as if they're respected when they're basic... sons, I'm an international living legend if I must brag. I over stand, if I wasn't me. I would want to be like me, but we are not the same, time would have to be rewinded so you could grow up in poverty like me, lose a parent at twelve and deal with mourning pain, go through all the emotions, motions and rebellion that led me to the game. I want to stop shootn and look to the left or right and see your muzzle flame, I want to stand back in the kitchen and see you turn coke into hard caine, I want to see you boss up and have bells ringing when they speak your name... I know that'll never happen even if we could rewind time because dudes wouldn't be able to hold on to the reigns in the streets i reigned. I'm a ghost so when I do pop up and dudes see me they get star struck or frightened, I'm always on point but when I make appearances my senses are heightened, the grip on the pipe tightens, don't start none won't be none, dudes don't want smoke with me, if they do I'll hit em with the entire dispensary. I always come in peace but because of the life I lived my head will forever stay on a swivel like I got beef.

Urban Griot

I am rocks and stem, heron filled needle, I am fast or slow depending on whether I'm down or blow, if I'm not bent over like an n I'm speeding to leave and speeding to come back again. i am cause and affect, both sides of addiction. Hands grasping bars while doing time looking out the window at freedom, impatient times waiting on fam and friends to take time to drive north to see them, gang wars, Stabs wounds and blades to carve skin. Bodies cold to the touch in bags, families putting names on those John Doe toe tags, rooms full of friends and family going down memory lane while ducts release pain. I stand at the feet staring at faces on the rock at the head after throwing down flowers for the dead, stitches and staples couldn't hold souls in after they bled. Fly bird fly, flights never stopped, I looked up so many times I've seen doves in flocks. I am a finger on a trigger, a squeezer, a runner from 12 trying to avoid 25, been there done that, tear drops under eyes, I'm about that life, I do it for team or the price. Stomach growls, I'm drinking water for dinner not to quench my thirst, it's only the 15th, so it's a water and ice diet till the first, we eat lovely for a couple of days, but it's hard to ration food when your last couple of meals were cubes out of ice trays. Poor government assistance to feed the poor creates pockets of government resistance that will do anything necessary to end the traditional curse of growing old in poverty since birth. I am drugs, I am jail, I am death, I'm a killer, I am poverty, I am infinite the poet, a griot, an urban anomaly.

Michelle Joan Barulich



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

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

Langston Hughes

A central figure in the Harlem renaissance

A major poet to novels, essays, and plays

He had wit and intelligence.

To explore the black human condition

In a variety of depth

Hughes was the first black American

To earn his living from only his writings and his public

lecture

His life was full and varied.

Hughes greatness comes from

His anonymous unity with his people.

Clare De Lune

It's got a hold on me, every time it comes around I don't know why, but it takes control Clare De Lune why do you have a hold on me? I will never know maybe it's because I'm the sixth sign of the zodiac Clare de lune, controls the tides and the blood rhythms To touch, to feel a brand-new life it awakens me I can feel electricity all around me I always knew that the end of the page was trying to capture more Fifty-five hours and you will be gone To put a magical spell over someone else Crime and mystery will be at hand Crystal clear memories will haunt me in my dreams Is it a wonder that I ask?

Feathers and Tappy, A Remembrance

How I miss you both Time has not healed Just has passed slowly I will always cherish The time we had All the laughs we shared How intelligent both of you were How I learned so much from you both It's funny how some people will never know How special pigeons really are The connections that we had made And the bonds that we had will never be broken We always be connected, and you will always be my babies We will see each other again Fly high and be happy Feathers and Tappy Love you my little angels from above.

Cliza Segiet

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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).

Pride

In memory of James Mercer Langston Hughes*.

What colour of pen were the lines written with, and what hand wrote them – left, right, white or other? It doesn't matter.

The colours of poetry, make you stop and think about the words.

Implanted in his youth, a sense of racial pride allowed him to see the needy, neglected, oppressed black Americans.
Their culture and experiences described in his texts, showed that there is no division — it's the people that matter.

* The poem dedicated to the memory of James Mercer Langston Hughes - American poet, social activist, novelist, playwright, columnist. One of the pioneers of a new literary art form called jazz poetry.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

A World of Longing

Over silence and tears, suddenly you realise that it is coming.
Uniformly accelerated movement walks, then rushes, then gallops, it cannot be stopped.

The world is slowly shrinking, and it takes away everything you have, leaving behind emptiness and pain. New unknown world of longing does not enchant you! No more hope for time together

- for tomorrow
- forever
- until death.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Signs of Time

Embraced by gentleness of words, aroused by beauty she sets imagination into motion.

She didn't know if – as before – it was just the waves talking to each other. Did she really hear them?

I know
that she could live
in a place,
where crystalline sand
covers her wet feet,
where the signs of time are enshrouded by a wave.

The sea could drown out her memories.

Translated by Artur Komoter

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

Langston Hues (Hughes)

I call him Hues,
A surname of honor,
For
There were colors in his work
Color in his words,
Color in his life-style
Color in his presence

If one would but stop for a bit And put aside Their own monochrome world The color of this spirit, This man Will invade your soul

Langston Hughes
Was his name,
But . . .
I call him
Langston Hues
For he had color
Which still prevails
Unto this day

Unspoken

There are words
Floating, hanging in the ether;
Questions, declarations
And idle conversations
That could have been voiced,
But have lost the opportunity,
For those who I wished
To offer them unto
Are no longer with us

At this juncture, this time
My heart, my soul is
Subjected to never be
Completely fulfilled
For I either
Had not the courage,
The time,
The inclination;
Or I was far too busy
Doing me
Instead of paying attention
To the things
That matter so much
Now

There are parents, Loved ones, Friends And a myriad of others For whom I could have Picked a few flowers And offered them

In a time of Meaningfulness, But yes, As I said a bit before, I was too busy

I now am destined
To speak these words
Into an unknow ether,
A void of non-understanding
Where I am facetiously
Hoping, praying'
They are heard
Along with my quest
For forgiveness

.

And my prayer is simply
That though I spoke not the words
At the most opportune times
In the past,
That they hear now
That which was
Once upon a time
Unspoken

Being Human

For the most part With dignity we lived. Yes we too have had Our ugly moments, Reactions And callousness

We did strive a bit
To love those whom we felt
Did not deserve it,
And discovered inner treasures
As a result

We fought battles Against our indifference As we attempted to understand The illogical And the stupid

Compassion has become Somewhat of an art form As we have designed ways To exhibit Our self-described Noble character

Though it is evident
What we are as a species,
Being Human
Is always a challenge
If we choose
To open our eyes

Funny thing

About the truth of it all Is we are very adept At surviving ourselves Well, most of us are

.

Delusion is quite the valuable tool

Many times I sit, And sometimes reflect, Some times project While taking an inventory Of 'me' Quite the undertaking if one Chooses honesty ... But for me Before I finish reading The entire book I tire of the brutalness of the 'Self critique', But somehow I Am OK with me For most moments, The other moments I choose to sleep

So, here I am
Still striving for progress,
Seeking, searching surreptitiously
For the path to absoluteness
And I still have
This abiding feeling
That I am still lost
Sigh so much for
Being Human

Jung 2024 Featured Poets



C. S. P Shrivastava

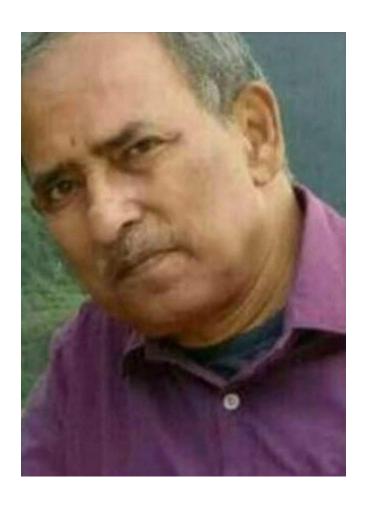
Maria Evelyn Quilla Soleta

Moulay Cherif Chebihi Hassani

Swayam Prashant



C.S.P Shrivastava



Mr. C. S. P Shrivastava has authored 'Shekhar's Poetic Musings', is a seasoned bilingual poet. His published poems are highly acclaimed nationally and internationally. He has received The Gujrat Sahitya Academy Award - 2021 & 2022 besides the award of Rabindra Nath Tagore Literary Honors from the Seychelles Government. 'The Christmas Literary Honors, 2023' has been awarded by 'Motivational Strips', an international literary forum of high repute.

The clouds are terrifying.

When the clouds are dark n terrifying Looming large on the earth n horrifying The world won't listen to poetry n music

There won't be portrayal of Peace pics There won't be Nature 's rhyme Humanity wud be crying 'gnst the crime

The crawling humanity then is dwarfed At the feet of the concealed crime And breathes bubbles of left out brine

Swayed out of the nauseated eyes Blurred with bluish n red in the up rise Nothing wud then tend to you as surprise

As such you can't conceal the ghastly crime And smile behind the mask at the goody time And serve the servings to the brim

Let's not stay in rest in the given nest At other's behest

Till such time
As we breathe free.

The ripples of youthfulness...

Brimming wz brilliance Marking mirthful moorings The dawn of an exquisite era

The youthful carelessness With candid n careful awareness The lingering longings wz freshness

The fulcrumed fathoming
Yet scaling the unscalable height
Can just by will n wish move the might

Sourcing incessantly the youthful spright From n points of existential delight Swiftly flashing in winking eyes

The vibrant yet serene scenic sight Bunch of lotus lavishing Stars in the skies

The spirit let it dwell in swell All time in me or you or all Irrespective of the cage...

The ripples of youthfulness!!!

Immortality with affirmity.

Immortality is the only certainty Even beyond existence n nonentity

Let the creation fizzle out to air
The unseen presence of something is there

To recast presence of the positivity From out of the null and negativity

Embedded strangely beyond comprehensions Unto the psyche you get regular reverberations

The formless grains ingrained ride n reign Feigning anonimity to humanity n refrain

Vouching to hibernate across aeons Rise and rise again like neons

And prove the invincibility of immortality From the bosom of inertia with affirmity.

Maria
Evglyn
Quilla
Solgta



Maria Evelyn Quilla-Soleta, or 'Eve' to many, gives thanks to Poetry. Evelyn's first love is writing, when, at six, she wrote her first poem in a school paper. In college, her forte was writing feature articles, personality sketches and poetry. She was a freelance writer to local women's magazines before publishing her first book on poetry called "My Twenty Poems". Her second book on poetry, 'Finding My Heart', was an Amazon success! Her third book, 'Chasing Sunsets with You' is another heartwarming stellar! Many of Maria Evelyn's poetry has appeared (or is forthcoming) in different journals and anthologies. Motherhood is a subject close to her heart and what inspires her to write. She has a good eye and ear for the peculiar details of everyday life- endearing in her lack of pretentiousness among the trivial and ordinary matters around her. Evelyn's husband Danny, her four girls Andrea, Guia, Daniella, and Laura; and beautiful granddaughters, Tala and Mayla, (with a grandson coming soon!), are her inspiration to pursue this first love of hers, Writing!

f-o-o-t-p-r-i-n-t-s

Foot prints. Everyday, they are behind me. Up and down the stairs. Exactly eleven treads multiplied by many. I leave a lot on the toilet's floor, no matter the hour. At the base of the refrigerator door. There are more by the garden, under the hibiscus shrubs. They are left by the narrow gate, harshly brushing the doormats. Car's pedals have them. On the bed's mattress, my favorite spot to write my thoughts. A lot of them are on the kitchen sink's floor, and a few ones by the long antique mirror. Footprints, like shadows, are very silent. Do they feel Pain? The pain of being walked on?

Sunflowers

I gathered armful of sunflowers today;

Oh! How could they be so tall like me!

I called them my sun worshippers of the East;

Quite a handful of bright, yellow feast!

I smelled their aroma of wood mountain spice;

Perfume from their round-shaped petal pies.

I beheld in awe! For to distant gold meads;

Stood rows of the rarest pale wild weeds!

I was amused watching these coral discs dance;

Pink sunflowers, too, I met by chance!

Have You Kissed A Sunset Yet?

her name is Sunset. she thrives in the west. her purple afterglow passes over hills then covers the oceans breathlessly fast. it is so beautiful.

are you a lover? because she is! in the skies' murals, she glows in hazy pink and pale tangerines, bewitching every wanderer who becomes her ardent admirer.

"stay awhile," she hastens.

"embrace me before I join the moon,
before I am draped by the stars like studded pearls.
before I play with the ebbing tides
in the hush of the night.

come, hug me tight. kiss the colors that I show. I am warm, but now I am fleeting.

Fleeting, Slipping, away through the shadows!" Moulay
Cherif
Chehihi
Hassani



Moulay Cherif Chebihi Hassani from Morocco. He is a author, Writer, Poet, Columnist, and Translator.

He writes in his spare time, because writing is for him a springboard and abundance of inspiration. A stream of passion, of emotion that haunts him amply.

In 2020, he was appointed by StoryMirror as Literary Captain and Ambassador of Anglophone Culture. And in 2021, he was named Author of the Year.

He is the author of two collections: " UNDERTOW OF MEDITATIONS" and " QUEEN OF MY HEART".

Fiery Flame

Desperate love, a fiery flame; Burning bright with no one to blame; Heart on fire, can't control the desire, A love so strong l, its hard to retire.

Days and nights, filled with despair; Longing for a love that's always there; Aching heart, searching for a start; To a love story, that's torn apart.

Memories of the past, linger on; A love so sweet, now it's gone; Wishing for a chance, to start anew; But the love that was, never grew.

Tears fall, as the heart cries out; For a love that was, never in doubt; Desperate love, a paintful state; Hoping for a change, to rekindle fate.

The heart still beats, with love so true; For the one who stole it, out of the blue; Desperate love, a tumultuous ride; Hoping to find, a love that won't hide.

In The Stillness

In the stillness of the night; I think of you with all my might; My heart aches with love so true; For the one I miss, that's you.

The memories we shared so dear; Bring me joy and also tears; For thought you're gone, our love remains; A bond so strong, it eases pains.

I long to hold you in my arms; To keep you safe from all harm; But until we meet again; My love for you will never wane.

So know that though we are apart; You're always with me in my heart; And every day, I'll think of thee; My missing love, eternally.

The Light of My Life

My Madonna, my guiding light, Your presence fills my soul with delight, Your beauty shines like the morning sun, In my life, you are the chosen one.

Your gentle touch, a soothing balm, Your voice, a sweet and calming, In your embrace, I find peace, My heart sings with joy, it never ceases.

Your eyes, like stars light the way, Your smile, like sunshine on a rain day, You are the light that guides my path, With you, my future is filled with mirth.

My Madonna, my love, my life, In your arms, I forget all strife, You are the one I adore, With you, my heart is forevermore.

In your presence, I find my peace, In your love, my soul finds release, You are the one who holds my heart, My Madonna, never will we part.

Swayam Prashant



Swayam Prashant (pen name of Dr Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack district, Odisha. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written seven books and two booklets. They are: Evaluation of Textbooks in the Teaching of English; Values in Life; Knowledge Tree; Haiku from the Garden of My Own (poetry); Live Like a Man (poetry); Premras Amrit (poetry in Assamese); Virgin Land Impregnated (a thematic study of Canadian folk songs); Joy of Love (a unique booklet of love poems) and Heart of Love (poetry)(published in USA in March 2023). www.facebook.com/swayamprashant.prashant

Email ID: swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com

Baring Your Beauty

Many people do not love you because, they say, you hide everything - from top to toe.

They do not know where to find beauty in your body, where to look for it or which part to touch first.

For many you are flat, unattractive.

In fact, they don't know that you wear four kinds of covers with seven kinds of inner wears which put everything under lock and key.

They shrink from even tasting the opening. They must slowly, softly but firmly take off your dresses one by one

with the help of the tools of the grammarian of the structure of your body.

It is not easy to touch your soft pulsating heart where lies hidden the real beauty.

They do not know

that only by holding a mirror to your image that your real self can be discovered and enjoyed.

one must enjoy the music of your tone which is sweeter when it is indirect.

Hide and seek is what

your beauty and your dresses play.

One must uncover the camouflage layer by layer to discover your real beauty and love you.

One must tear away your shells

to smell the fresh fragrance of love,

the love that is more intense, more passionate

and more durable and lasting

than the love of any human body

no matter how much more beautiful it may be.

I love you -

I love you poetry

though you are unlovable to many.

The Inexhaustible Wealth

I sat on the beach looking at the sea and listening to the roars of waves breaking on the shore. I was in a meditative mood and wanted to imprison them in my soul and carry them home while my one-year old son was walking around me with his tottering feet, playing with sand. My reverie was broken when he lifted a handful of sand from the seashore and offered me as if he knew my wish which I had in my meditation BUT all the sand slipped through his tiny fingers; to satisfy him I opened my purse and told him to give me what he had brought. He shook his fingers into the purse; nothing was there except only ONE particle of sand. He smiled as if he had given me a treasure of wealth!

In the meantime twenty five years has passed.
My son has completed his education.
And when he stood there after touching my feet seeking blessings
I opened my old purse to offer him something as a gift O what a wonder!
amidst other things
a particle of sand lay at the bottom of the purse giving out bright golden radiance ...
I suddenly remembered the day on the beach twenty five years ago...
I looked at the particle of sand turned gold

(which had been all along with me since then without my knowledge) and then at my son's face ...
And lo! I realized that to bring him up he himself had given me inexhaustible wealth!

For My Wife Who Won't Read This

(I)

What I am going to write if they read all the wives in the world would jump to attack me. It'll be a good sign if they really do for they will prove that they are a clan themselves and can stand together from the Olympus to the Himalayas from Mississippi to Tigris from Nile to Huang He or from Niagara to Elephant Falls or even from the sky to the sea.

(II)

She does all that which I do not like; does all the opposite.

If I am East she is West, if I am North she is South.

She does not write; neither she reads what I write but prods me to write books for students that will sell and fetch us money.

She is all against writing poetry and more so 'love poetry'.

If I write on 'love' she thinks I am in love with some 'other' woman. If I write on 'life' she calls my philosophy unnecessary and useless.

(III)

It is of little significance to me whether the food is tasty or not. A kind of Indian hermit is the person that I am. But she loves spicy food and what she cooks is tasty. She relishes it and makes me relish it. She does all the household chores. While she is busy with them I take the chance to scribble love poetry (even if she dislikes it). I cannot write proper names (even for the sheer music of the words) for they would be directly scolded by her over phone if their names coincided with the names of some acquaintances of mine whom she knew. But she spends most of her time for our child and gives all her attention to him in order to bring him up properly. That is the best part of her I must admit. O yes, this is far more important than her loving my love poetry!

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

The Butterfly Effect



Inner Child Press

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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.

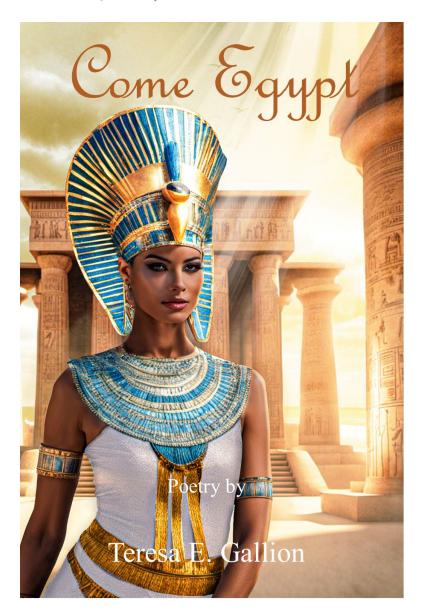
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Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.

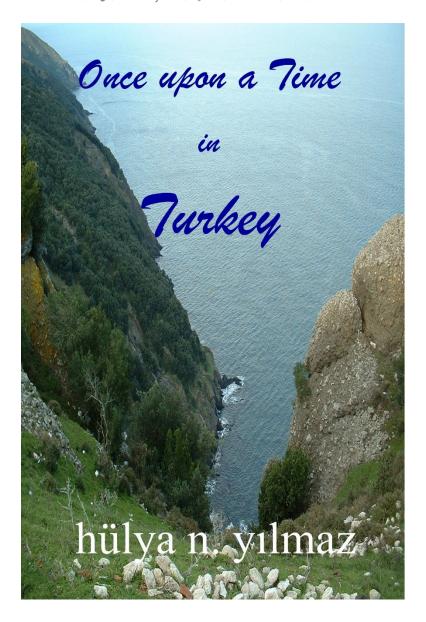
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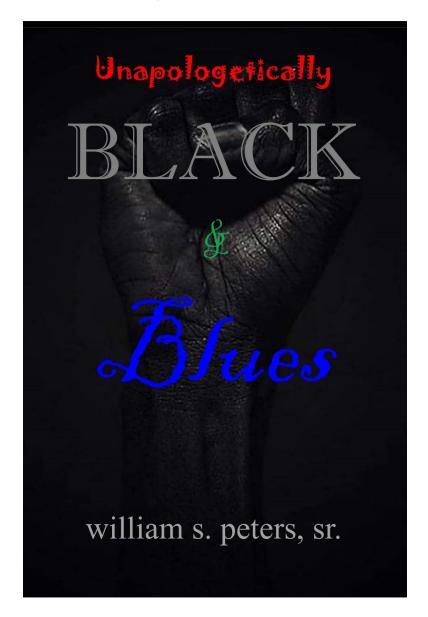
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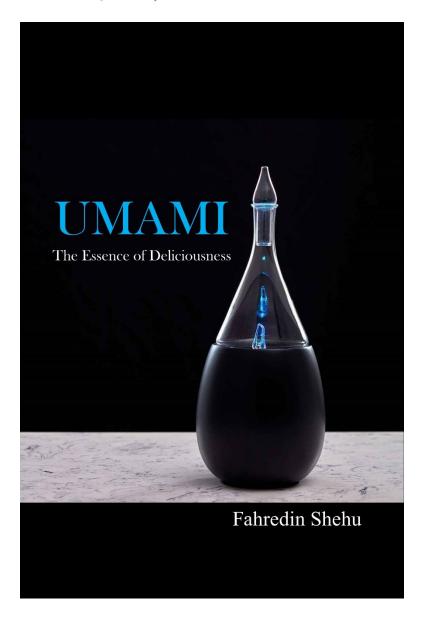
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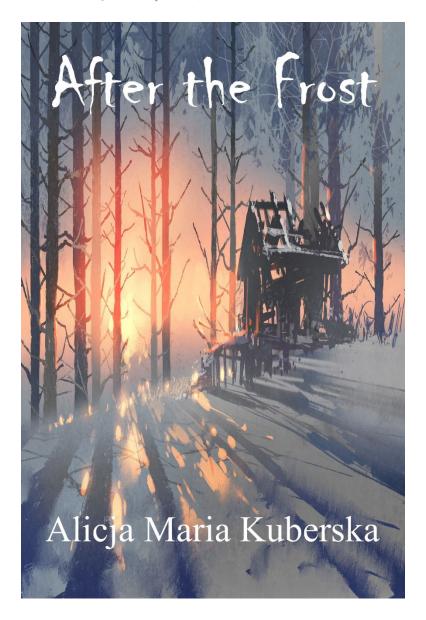




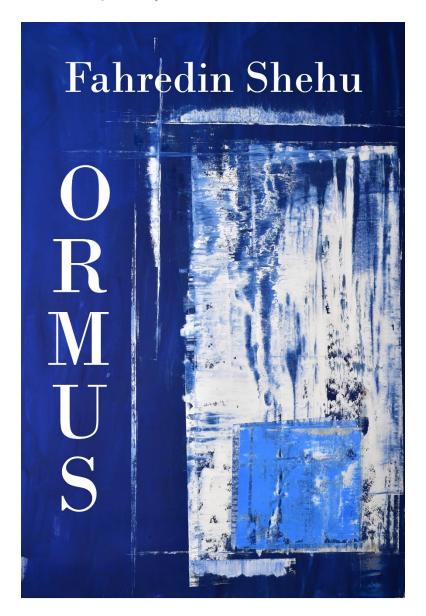


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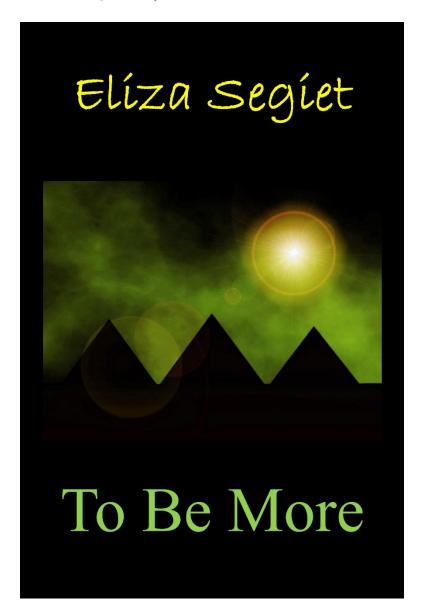
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Ahead of My Time

. . . from the Streets to the Stages

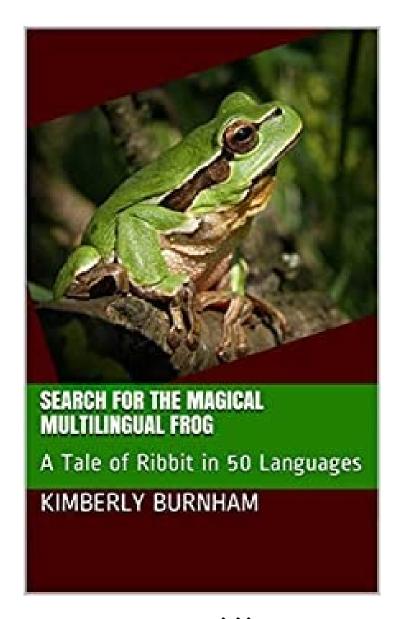


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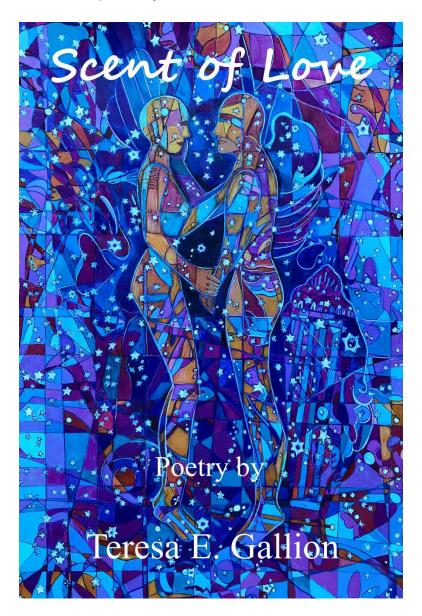


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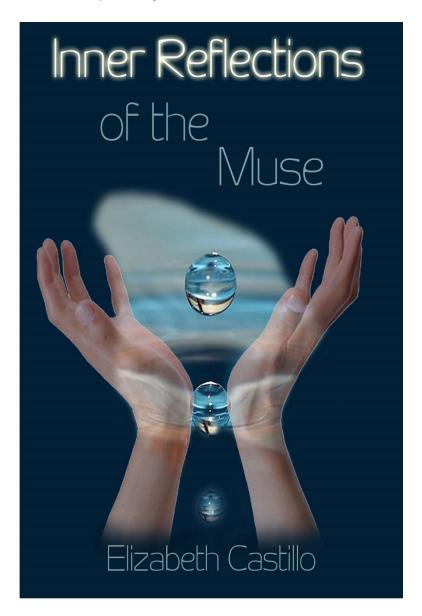
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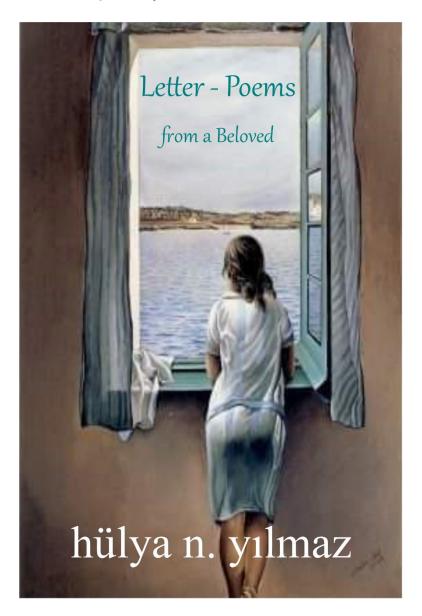
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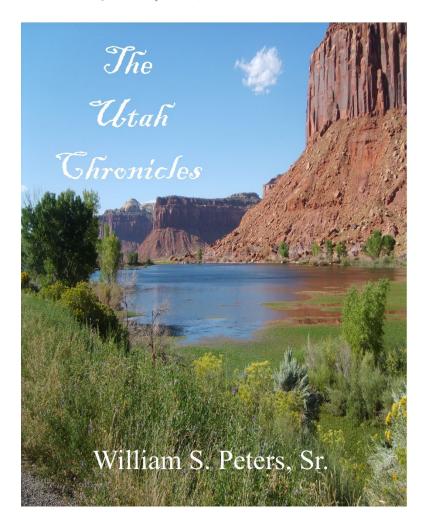
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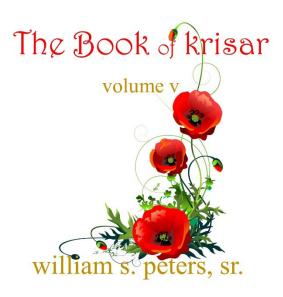
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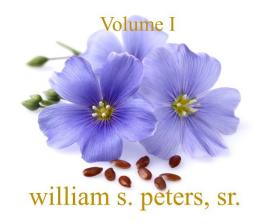
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The Book of Krisar



The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

The Book of krisar

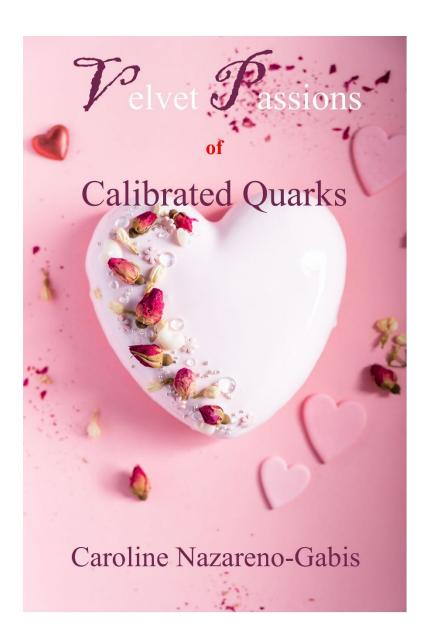


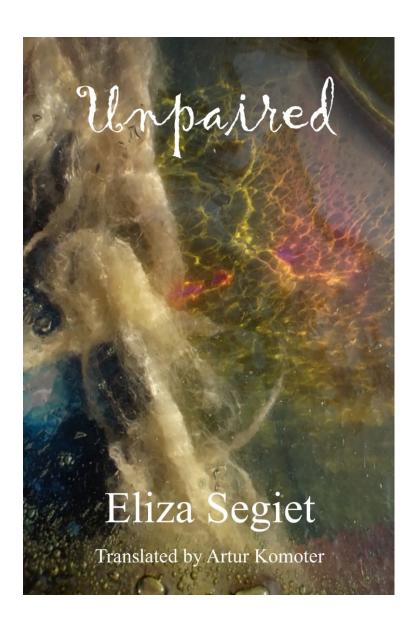
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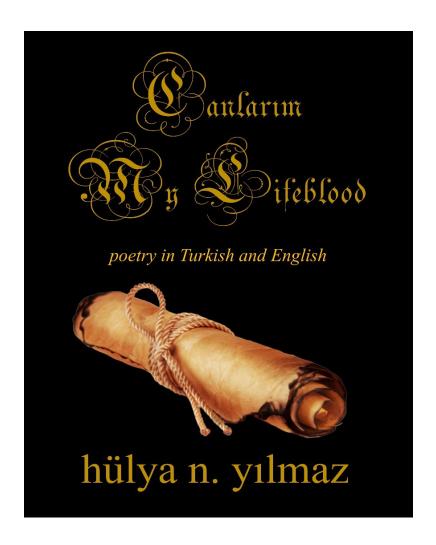


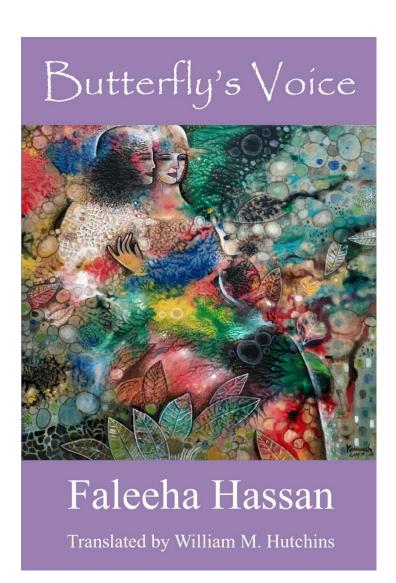
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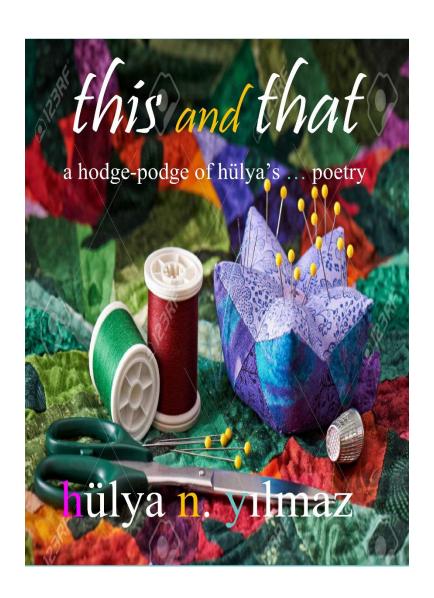


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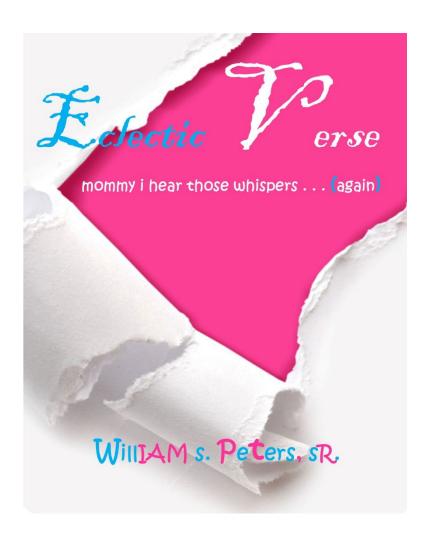
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



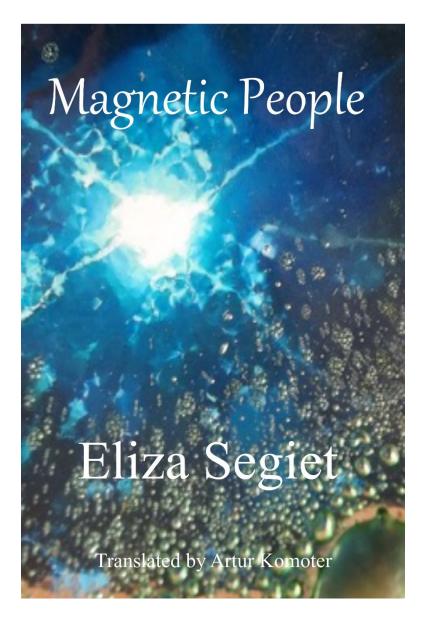
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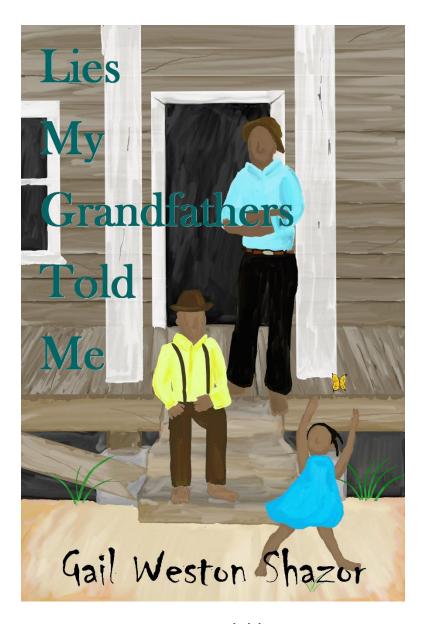


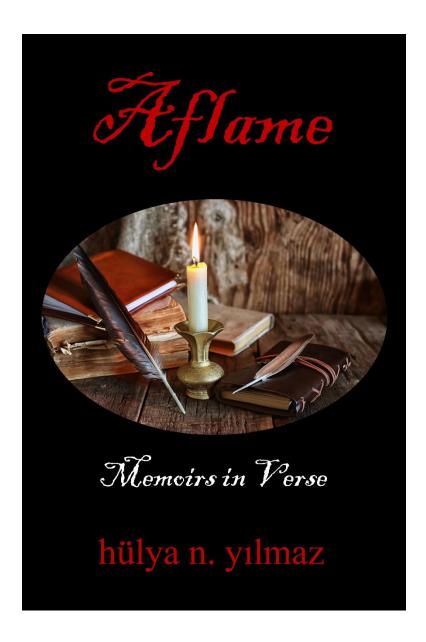
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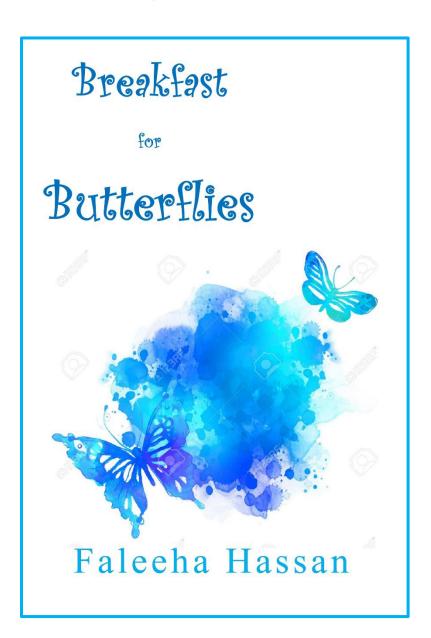


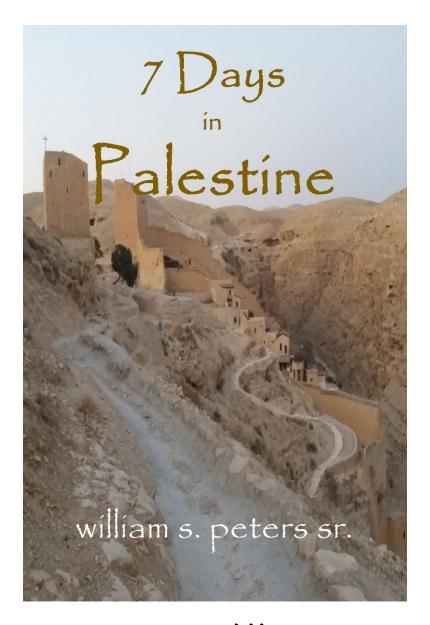
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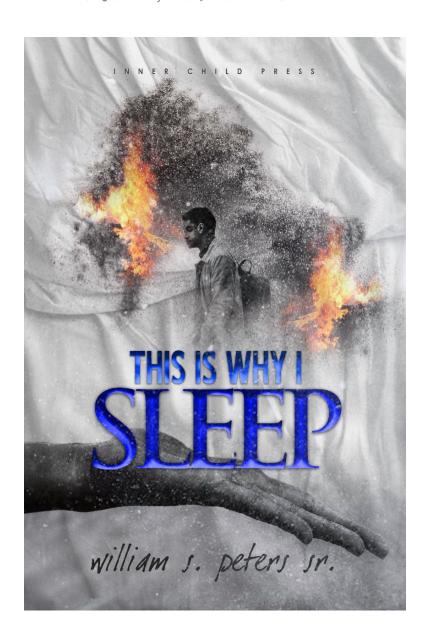




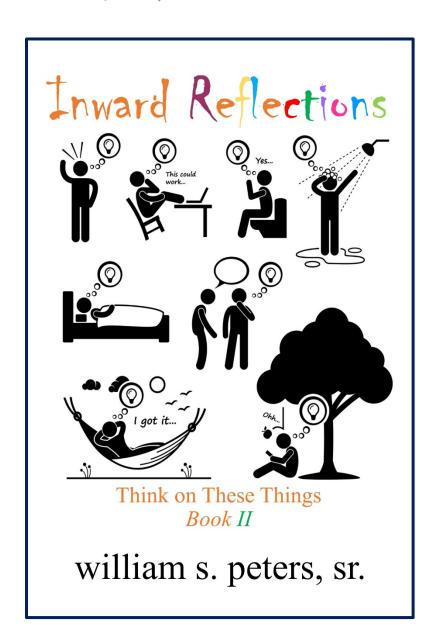
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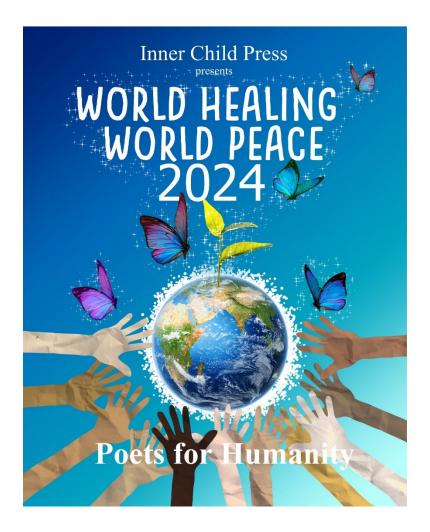
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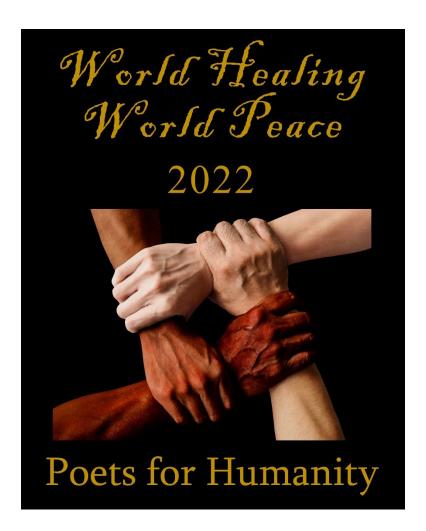
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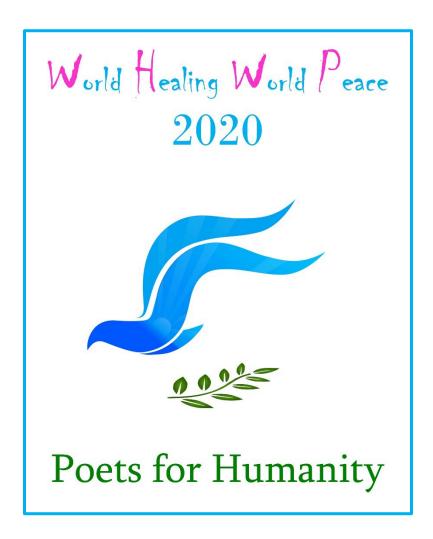


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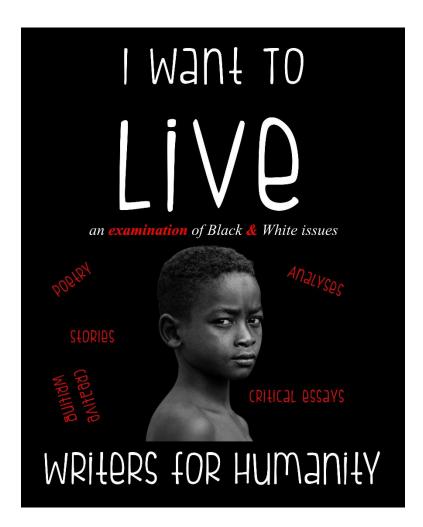
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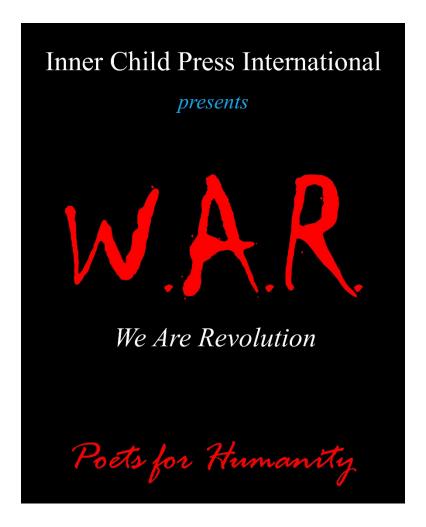
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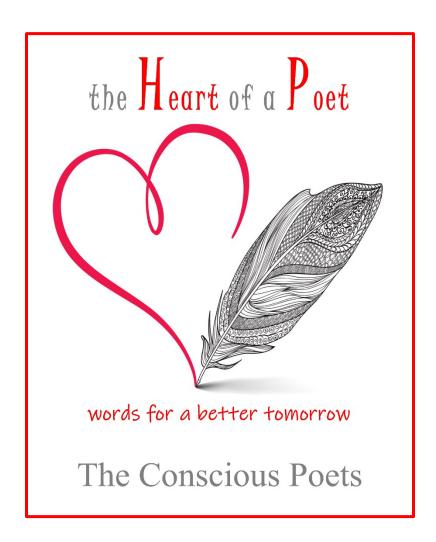


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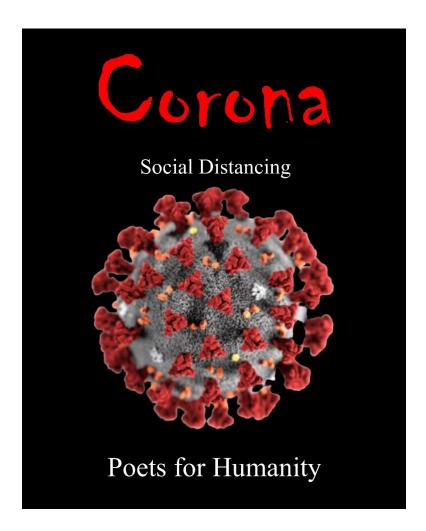
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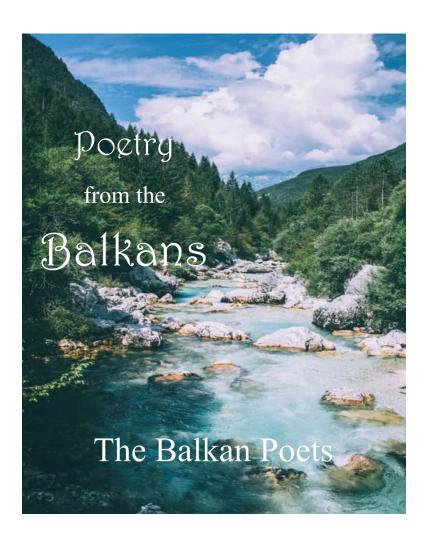
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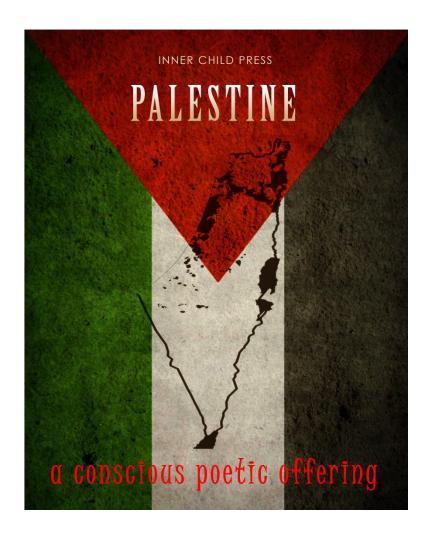
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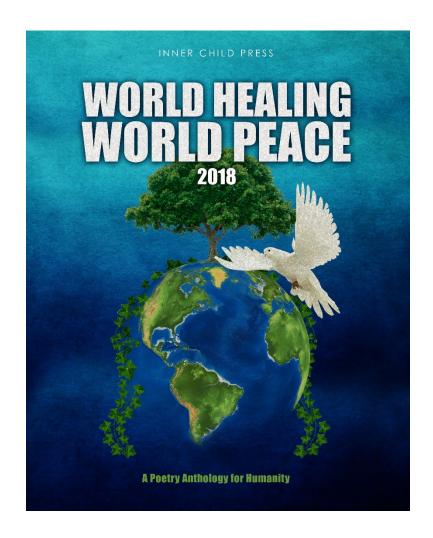
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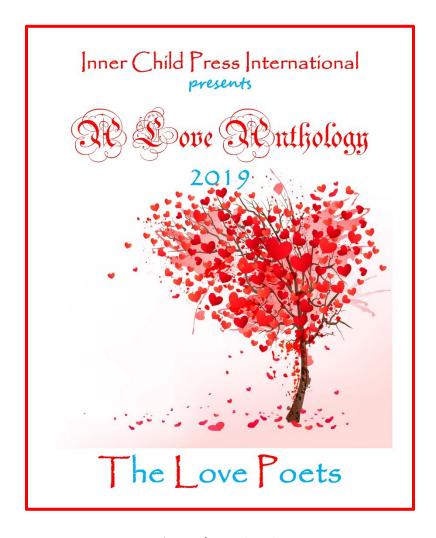
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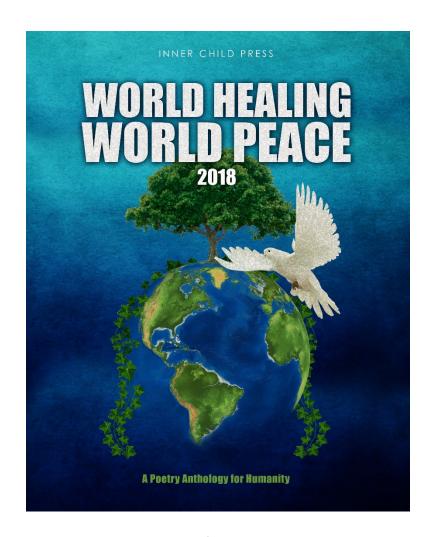


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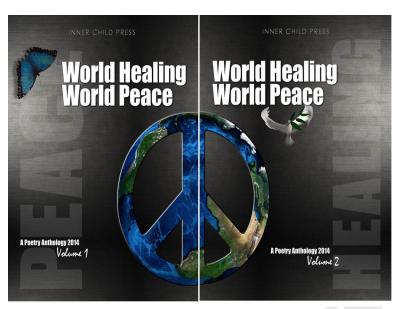


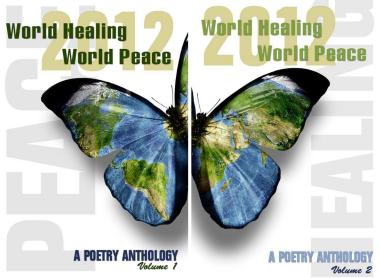
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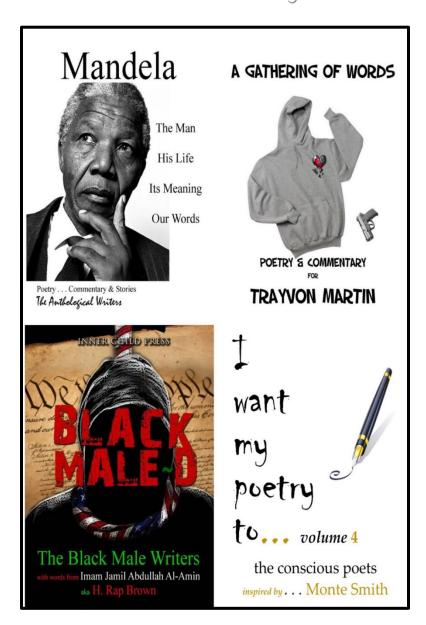


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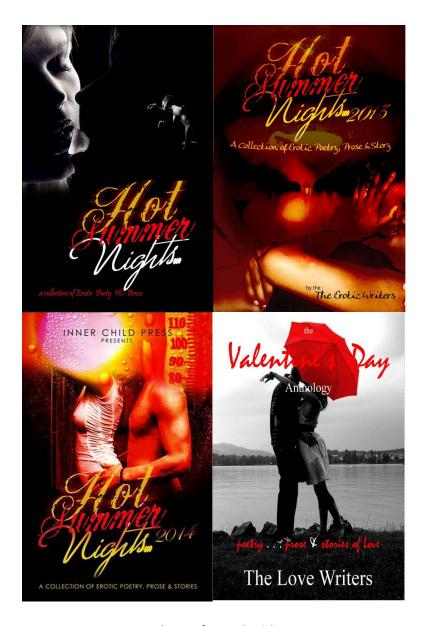
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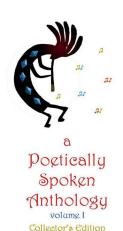
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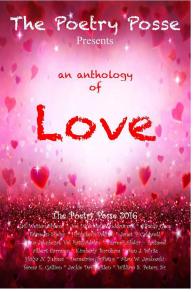


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the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

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The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Glory Wild Care September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Dealey Dosse

Samie Bond * Call Weston Shazor * Albert* hinfliret Corracco * Siddertha Beth FieroSame Pc. Caldwell * Same Bugg Boerfeld * Debtie M. Allen * Tony Herninger
Soe DeVerbal Minddencer * Robert Calbons * Neetu Wal * Shareeh Abdur-Rasheet
Kindherty Burnham * William S. Peters, S.*



THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



The Paetry Passe

Jamie Bond * Cail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Herninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Cibbons * Neetu Wali * Sharee Abdur-Rasheed

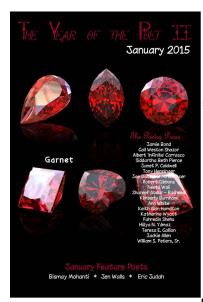
Kirchen Denghows & Holling S. Reform On

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

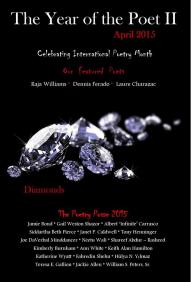


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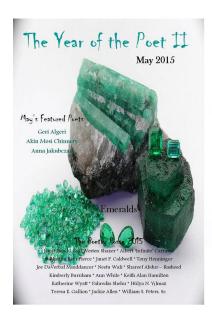








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The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015

June's Featured Poets



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce * Jamet P. Caldwell * Tony Hemminger De DaVerbal Minddancer * Neeth Wali * Shareef Adam * Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faluredin Shelm * Hillya N. Yılmaz Teresa Ecallion * Jackie Alan * William S. Feters. Sr

The Year of the Poet II

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



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carranco Siddartha Beth Terce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerhal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burulaun * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Kutherine Wyalt * Fahredin Shehu * Hillya N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Felers. Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



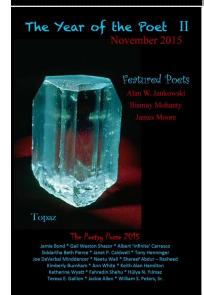
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert † Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Jamet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerhal Minddance * * Neetu Wali * Shareet Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyalt * Faltredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S Peters Sr.

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The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



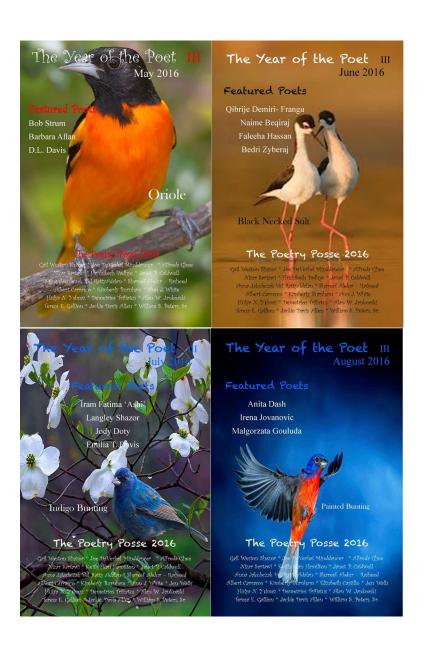
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbil Minddancer * Nestu Wall * Shared Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hüylə N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



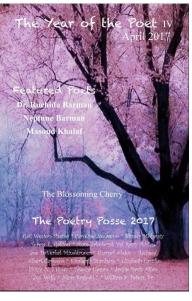
Gell Weston Shazor * Carollas Nazareno * "Bismay Mohandy Nazar Sartawi" * "Binas Jakubozak Vel Rajty Halain * Jan Wells Jan D'Arbid Mindahoner * Shareef Halair - Rajheed #libert Carresco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hully N. Yulouz * Estebul Hisson * Alan W. Jankowski Feres E. Gellion * Jacks Dwis Him * Vulliam * P. Beters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shizon * Caroline Nizareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * Shous alsahezak Val Batty Malan Joe DeVarbid Middapore * Barnest Malan * Baghead Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Buroham * Elizabeth Cestillo Hulyo N. Yalbaza * Bakedha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Well * Nizze saturd * "Willion & Rether, Sr.



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The Flowering Dogwood Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

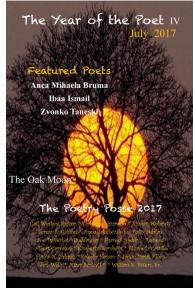
Gell Weston Shazon * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * Home Jakubezak Vel Betty Hidden John DaVerhold Minddencer * Sharenet Hidden * Bishead Albert Carrasco * Kinbeety Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hidya N. Yulmaz * Estecha J Bassan * Jackie Trets Allen Jen Wolls * Nazar Sartoni * William & Refers, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Gell Weston Shazon * Caroline Azarneno *
"Terese E. Gellion * dinne Jekubezek Vel Shaty didelen
Joe DaVerbell Minddancer * Shareet dibelur - Risheed
dilbert Cerresco * Kimbeety Burnham * Elizabeth Cestillo
Jfulya N. Vilnaz * Felenke Jforson * Jackie Dreis Hillen
Jen Wells * Nizer Sertaut * * William S. Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017

Featured Poets
Martina Reisz Newberg
Ameer Nassir
Christine Fulco Neal
Robert Neal
The Elm Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerbal Minddance * Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * * Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerhal Mindalance * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaw * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Salcem
Nedal Al-QaeimSadeddin Shilin

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Terea E. Galilon * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance* 'Shared Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizzi Sartaw* * Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

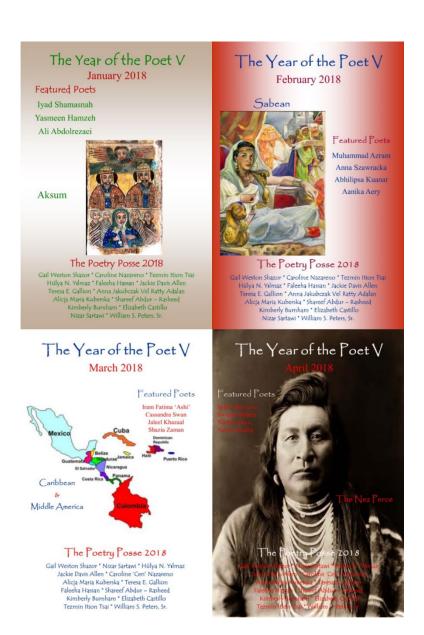
The Year of the Poet IV



The Poetry Posse 2017

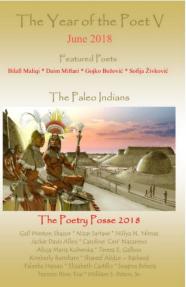
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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The Year of the Poet V July 2018 Figure Fools Puting Fools Eliza Seglet Tom Higgins Occanía The Poetry Posse 2018 Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar satawi, Hally N. Yilnaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline * Cerli Yazareno Alica Maria Kubenka * Teres & Gaillon Kimberly Burnham * Shared * Aktur * Raheed Falseha Hassan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Buon Fasi Avilliam S. Peters, 9r.

The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

Hussein Habasch * Mircea Dan Duta * Naida Mujkić * Swagat Das

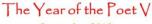
The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Adria Kuberiska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin titon Tsaj * William S. Peters.

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September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Ceri Yazareno Alicja Maria Kubensia * Teresa E. Gallion Kımberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Petens, 2018

The Year of the Poet V

Featured Poets

Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Treesa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shaneef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsaj * William S. Peters, Sr.



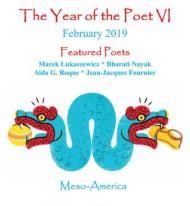


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Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

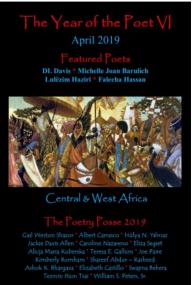
Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazov * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kaberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon * Sai! * William S. Peters, 2008.





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Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberiy Burihan * Shareef Abdur - Basheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VI

The Year of the Poet VI

June 201

Featured Poets

Kate Gaudi Powiekszone * Sahaj Sabharwal
Iwu Jeff * Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



Arctic Circumpolar

The Poetry Posse 2019

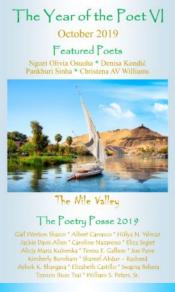
Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion " Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmi Ition Tsai "William S. Peters, S.





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Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bharqava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.



Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VII The Year of the Poet VII January 2020 February 2020 Featured Poets Featured Poets Henri La Fontaine ~ 1913 The Year of Peace The Poetry Posse 2020 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 Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Gall Weston Shazor - Albert Classico - Hunya N. Hunya Jackie Davis Allen 'Caroline Nazareno 'Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska 'Teresa E. Gallion ' Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham ' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhagaya ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai ' William S. Peters, Sr. Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed The Year of the Poet VII The Year of the Poet VII March 2020 April 2020 Featured Poets Featured Poets Rohini Behera * Mircea Dan Duta lisa Dash Dwibedy * NilayroNill Sh Aristide Briand ~ 1926 ~ Gustav Stresemann Carlos Saavedra Lamas ~ 1936 The Year of Peace The Poetry Posse 2020 The Poetry Posse 2020

Now Available

ok K. Bhargava • Elizabeth Castillo • Swapna Behera

Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed shok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hulya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet

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

June 2020

Featured Poets

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





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 Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Bumhan * Shareef Abdur * Pasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr

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The Year of the Poet VII The Year of the Poet VII Featured Poets Featured Poets Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev ~ 1990 Kim Dae-jung ~ 2000 The Poetry Posse 2020 The Poetry Posse 2020 The Year of the Poet VII The Year of the Poet VII December 2020 Featured Poets Featured Poets Ratan Ghosh * Ibtisam Ibrahim Al-Asady Brindha Vinodh * Selma Kopic Liu Xiaobo ~ 2010 Abiy Ahmed Ali ~ 2019 The Poetry Posse 2020 The Poetry Posse 2020 Gimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed ok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera

Now Available

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Si

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 Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



The Poetry Posse 2021

ail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmazı Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham - Shazer 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

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Itton Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Basheed Ashok K. Bhangaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

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

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



The Poetry Posse 2021

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackic Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



The Poetry Posse 2021

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September 2021

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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenka - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kımberly Burnham - Shareer Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera

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

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Ashok K. Bhargaya Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai William S. Peters, Sr.

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska "Teresa E. Gallion" Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera

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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

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai "William S. Peters."

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

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

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

Climate Change and Space Debris



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April 2022

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Climate Change and Oceans





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June 2022

Featured Global Poets
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Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



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

Climate Change and Animals



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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



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Featured Global Poets

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Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





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The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power





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

Climate Change: Time to Act





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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



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January 2023

JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla



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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

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The Year of the Poet X

February 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

The Poetry Posse 2023

Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsqi * Eliza Segiet * William S. Peters, Sr.

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

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Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich *Shareet Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo *Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * Eliza Segiet * William S. Peters, Sr.

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Children: Difference Makers



~ Easton LaChappelle ~

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The Year of the Poet X

November 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



~ Jean-Michel Basquiat ~

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The Year of the Poet X October 2023

Featured Global Poets

CSP Shrivastava * Huniie Parker Noreen Snyder * Ramkrishna Paul

Children: Difference Makers



~ Malala Yousafzai ~

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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 ~

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~ Phyllis Wheatley ~

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Featured Global Poets

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

Renowned Poets



~ Nâzim Hikmet ~

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February 2024

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Renowned Poets



~ Omar Khayyam ~

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Renowned Poets



~ William Butler Yeats ~

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~ Langston Hughs ~

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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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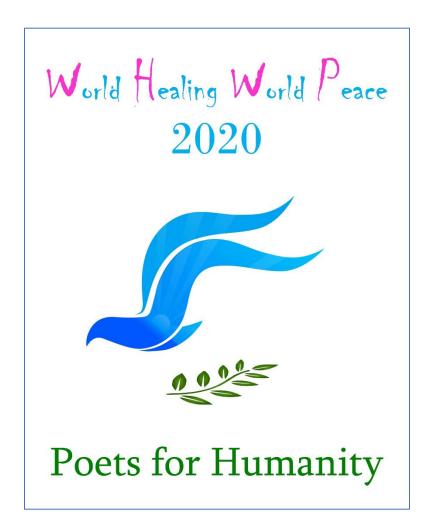
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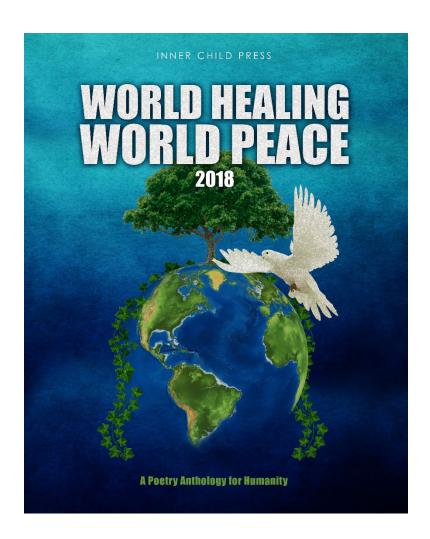
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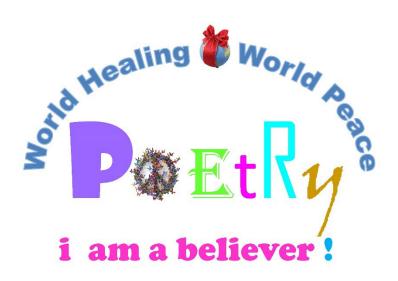


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June 2024 ~ Featured Poets



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Maria Evelyn Quilla Soleta



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