The Year of the Poet XII May 2025

Featured Global Poets

Swayam Prashant * Ngozi Olivia Osuoha Kazimierz Burnat * Deepak Kumar Dey



Bittersweetness Bittersweetness Empathy Lillies Sadness Sunflowers

The Poetry Posse 2025

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

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

The Poetry Posse 2025

Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Teresa E. Gallion hülya n. yılmaz Noreen Snyder Tzemin Ition Tsai Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo Jackie Davis Allen Mutawaf Shaheed Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava Alicja Maria Kuberska Swapna Behera Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Kimberly Burnham Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.

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

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

General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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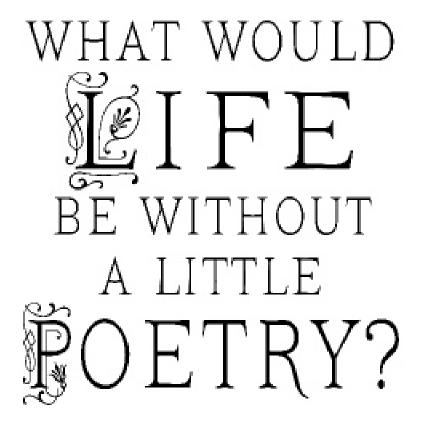
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

$T_{able of} C_{ontents}$

Foreword Preface	ix
	xiii
Emotions	xv

Resilience ~ **Grief** ~ **Self Doubt**

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	7
Jackie Davis Allen	13
Tzemin Ition Tsai	21
Noreen Snyder	27
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	33
Mutawaf Shaheed	39
hülya n. yılmaz	49
Teresa E. Gallion	55
Ashok K. Bhargava	61
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	69
Swapna Behera	75

Table of C ontents <i>continued</i>	
Albert Carassco	81
Kimberly Burnham	87
Eliza Segiet	95
William S. Peters, Sr.	101
May's Featured Poets	107
Swayam Prashant	109
Ngozi Olivia Osuoha	115
Kazimierz Burnat	121
Deepak Kumar Dey	127
Inner Child Press News	137
Other Anthological Works	181

Foreword Empathy in literature

I would like to draw attention to a topic that is not only close to my heart but is also fundamental to our human experience - empathy. Empathy, the ability to understand and share the feelings of another, is often described as the cornerstone of human connection. It is the bridge that allows us truly to connect with one another on a deeply emotional level. In a world that seems to be increasingly divided by differences in opinion, belief, and experience, empathy reminds us that despite our differences, we all experience joy, pain, love, and loss in similar ways.

As a poet, I have always believed in the power of words to evoke emotion, to spark understanding, and to inspire change. Through my poetry, I strive to create moments of connection, where the reader can step into another's shoes and see the world through their eyes. In literature, it's a bridge connecting the reader's heart with the characters' experiences. Through stories, we live countless lives, understanding emotions and situations far removed from our own. When we empathize with a character's plight, we're training our hearts to extend the same understanding to real people. But empathy is not just about understanding someone else's perspective; it is also about taking action. It is about using our understanding to guide our interactions with others, to treat them with kindness, compassion, and respect. One of the most beautiful aspects of empathy is its universality. It transcends language, culture, and ideology, binding us together in a shared experience of humanity. When we extend empathy to others, we not only enrich their lives but also our own.

Empathy is not always easy. It requires us to step outside of ourselves, to set aside our own preconceptions, and to truly listen to what others have to say. It requires courage and a willingness to be uncomfortable. But the rewards of empathy are great. It allows us to form deeper, more meaningful relationships, to foster a sense of belonging and community, and to create a world that is more just, compassionate, and understanding.

As we gather here today, in this beautiful city of Prague, let us recommit ourselves to the practice of empathy. Let us strive to see the humanity in one another, to listen with open hearts and minds, and to act with kindness and compassion. The poet Maya Angelou said:"I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." Let us strive to make others feel seen, heard, and valued, for in doing so, we create a world that is more beautiful, more just, and more empathetic.

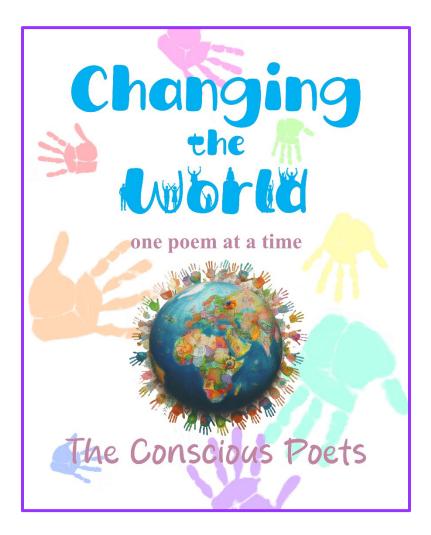
In conclusion, literature is not just an escape; it's a mirror reflecting our deepest capacity for empathy. It teaches and inspires us to extend our hand,

understanding, and heart to others. Let's continue to read, not just for pleasure, but for empathy, for understanding, for a better world.

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Now Open for Submissions

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com



Preface

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

Resilience, Grief, Self-Doubt



Bittersweetness Empathy Bittersweetness Lillies

Sadness Sunflowers

Is there ever pure joy without a tinge of sadness, regret, or guilt? Is bittersweetness everywhere? This is the question posed by this month's poems. The three emotion prompts are: Bittersweetness - A mix of joy and sadness in memories; Empathy - Understanding and connecting with others' struggles; and Acceptance - Coming to terms with oneself and life's realities.

How should we process mixed emotions, when things are good but not perfect or things are terrible but some good comes out of the mess? Should we pretend as Jennifer Lee says in Holding It Together? "Pretend happiness, even for just a little while... Faking sanity, with this smile..., Acting is for the better, The only way to hold it all together..." Or is it better to tell the truth and see that nothing is only one thing and that our perspective and experience colors everything. See the beauty and the mess. See the reality of it all.

Should we ask ourselves not is it true or real but is it useful? Does it help anyone to hold a particular belief or way of being too tightly? Can we accept the reality of what we see in front of us with the conflicting edges, as Coral Rumble says about Alzheimer's in My Name? "Grandma says she knows my name, just not at the moment when I came to see her, but she hasn't lied, I know my name is locked inside." We are lucky when we have our parents and grandparents well into adulthood but sometimes there is fear and sadness as we see them and ourselves age.

Do we as Maggie Smith says in Good Bones, make the best of what our life is? "I am trying to sell them the world. Any decent realtor, walking you through a real s-hole, chirps on about good bones: This place could be beautiful, right? You could make this place beautiful."

Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote that if the stars came out only one night in a thousand years, that night would be considered an astounding spectacle, a wonder of the world, and anyone alive would stay up and behold them in breathless awe — and yet, there they are each cloudless night, no less miraculous for being so frequently visible.

What do you see in your life that is worthy of breathless awe?

Kimberly Burnham Spokane Washington





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

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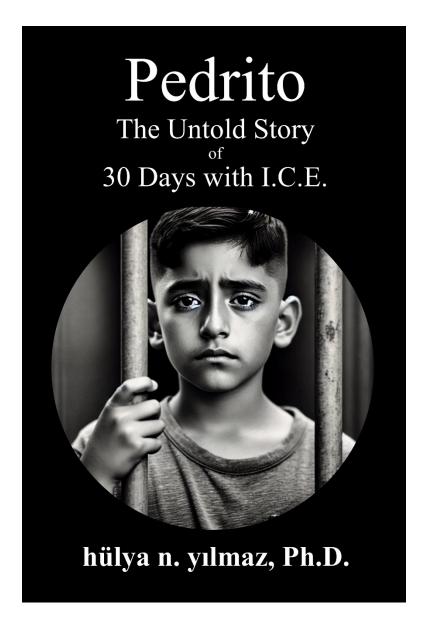




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

Coming Soon . . .



Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet XII ~ May 2025

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

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

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

Pots

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

The Year of the Poet XII ~ May 2025

Letters to my Muse

For Kit Shye Marlow

The closeness of your skin comforts me You honor my quiet with one of your own Keeping my words attached to The paper as my paper Must be contained in notebooks You free my mind To wander across worlds and return With arms of letters I use some and then Save the others for you For creativity breeds and nothing is useless Letters Comfort I find this in your space And the graciousness of your breath I imagine how this will sound When I speak them to you at their birth When they are ready to be heard Until then you nurture them with kisses Unexpected kisses Welcomed kisses One day the letters in my heart Will come forth And you will know that I too Love you.

Mothers

Spicy tomato apple reds Beside cool greens Bronzes and golds with blues In between Black and white and earth strong browns This is the color of our queens Her lips purse into small smiles As the music sings her blurs This is her vibration Mother sun and daughter moon Rock that baby bye In a knowing of everything life And easy as a Sunday afternoon We are birthing colors Hands clasped to share the power Vibrating in drums and the Siilvery metallicism of the winds A circle of beginning and endings In drumbeat of the woman

Alicja Maria Kuberska

The Year of the Poet XII ~ May 2025



The Year of the Poet XII ~ May 2025

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).

Bittersweet

Joy and sorrowbound together for centuries, sway gently on the same swing of feelings. Joy disappears when sorrow soars, but as it descends, joy rises high and fills the air with laughter. Up—down, up—down, for centuries the swing creaks, refusing to stop. It knows that stillness would let nothingness devour both laughter and tears. Then the heart turns hollow, like a deafened bell suspended between bittersweet thoughts.

Empathy

"Don't tear a butterfly's wings," my mother said-"it won't fly, and the pain is real. Can't you see how much it fears you?" I remember the insect from my childhood a burst of colour, a fleeting beauty, taking flight from my palm. Later I came to know pain, when a drop of blood bloomed on my finger and a rainbow shimmered through tear-filled eyes. The world shared its feelings with me. Now, sorrow and injustice weigh heavy, while another's joy lifts me into the sky. To understand, to touch a thought, to feel, to open heart and mind wideto enter the soul of anotherthat is what my mother taught me.

Meta

Once I learned a truth of life— Better is the enemy of good. I know how hard it is to stop, to abandon the endless chase for one more dream. Colourful ads coax us to consume: "This shade is in this season throw away your old jeans, your faded blouse. Only violet suits the violet world!" But I don't like violetit speaks of sorrow and mourning. I prefer last year's blues and greensthey bring peace and joy, like a sunny sky, or the first leaves of a birch. To accept yourself is to find delight in every passing moment, to wear what you lovefashion be damnedto look into the mirror with courage and step out of the race for nothing at all.

Jackie Davis Allen

The Year of the Poet XII ~ May 2025



The Year of the Poet XII ~ May 2025

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bittersweet

Reluctantly, I acquiesced.

Shy, with my mother's prodding, Her encouragement, I told him, "Yes. I will go to the prom with you tonight."

I was more nervous than excited.

Had ever two words passed between us? An "Excuse-me" as we filed out of Algebra II class?

Unlikely.

But here I am, four hours, Into the acceptance, fear mounting. My first Prom, my mother giddy.

As if she were attending! Not me!

Fortunately, with the steam iron At the ready, a silken ball gown, Pressed into its beauty, I slip into it.

Its elegant shape enhances mine.

No coquettish quips at my disposal, Whatever will we talk about? Why did I say yes to either of them?

I pull up my long white gloves.

My mother smoothes a stray wisp, Of my bouffant hair, back into place. A pause. Then a photo to memorialize.

"You'll be happy to see this one day."

Bittersweet, the memory It has since become. And yet, time erases the adolescent pain.

I'm remembering my Wallflower personae;

Abandoned by my Prince Charming, My dancing shoes unused, The truth of the age now reveals that

Which I wasn't able, then, to access.

Empathy

Sometimes, Sometimes unknowingly, Empathy is extended By a smile, a hug, a card, a gift. As a "just because", without any reason. Without the giver having any idea Of the greater significance to the recipient.

Feelings, emotions, are often hidden.

Words are not always needed, or Voluntarily forthcoming, perchance due To sorrow, sadness, depression, loss. Perhaps a desire not to share for fear Of appearing to boast, brag, or self-promote? Acts of kindness express heart's gift Of love and affection, interdependent Of the need of the giver "to know".

Situations are not always shared.

Sometimes, what we say or do, expresses an Empathy that lifts the spirit of a stranger, or Someone we know slightly, friend or foe; A family member or co-worker, without our Having any idea how much it is needed. We don't always know if our kindness Has made a difference. Just remember:

We are all in need of empathetic care.

Acceptance

It happened, unintentionally. I had the best of intentions in mind, Something to please my mother, Her party dress, freshly ironed.

While she was visiting next door.

As an adolescent, unknowingly, The iron setting too hot, A sizzling sound, a burning, gaping Wound tragically opening up the bodice.

The scent was as horrific as the scene.

Tears abundant, plentiful Though they were, nothing able To turn back the clock of my mistake. No way to erase my mothers anguish.

Her silence, the shock, it was unbearable.

Apologies made, insufficient, I wept. I begged, pleaded, ignorance. Ready To accept penalty for my guilt, my offense. My Momma just selected another dress to wear.

She never mentioned it to me. Ever.

20

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

The Memory of Water, the Silent Flower

Water never knocks; it simply gathers quietly behind the door,

Like a cup of thoughts left uncollected from last night. Moonlight passes over, leaving fingerprints of tranquil ripples.

You ask, is it a tide?

I say, no, it is the wave that once embraced the shore,

Only to retreat, leaving behind a ring of sand and an empty chair.

Not every drop of water will flow from the eyes;

Some, along the walls of the heart,

Slowly seep,

Silently carving the layers of time's rock.

We learn to hold water, learn to evaporate,

Learn to say "I'm fine" in the crowd,

Like learning to grow a flower in a broken cup

That needs no rain.

This flower has no name, no fragrance,

But it remembers the language of the clouds,

And knows that the riverbed inside you has never dried.

Water is the plant of time,

Needing neither sunlight nor roots,

It sprouts through memory,

And bears fruit through silence.

The Slant of Time, Covering the Misspelled Name

Before ink meets the page, you believe yourself a mountainbut once the stroke is drawn, you are only a trembling line of river. A name, once written, feels like a borrowed fate, yet always misread, misspelled, mistaken. Time offers no corrections, only the silence as you revise yourself again and again. Your true name is not in any registry, but in the wrinkled scrap you almost threw away. Some write dynasties across lifetimes, others, doubt themselves in the fine brushstrokes of marginal script. "Too light? Too heavy? Not me enough?" You think setting down the pen is the end but Time. it draws a slanted line across your page. Not to erase, but to leave space for you to write again.

Above the Folds, a Faintly Visible Route

We were all once paper white, fragile, spread open and folded by time. At times, an unnamed hand folded us into a small boat, drifting down the channels of childhood, vanishing into the undercurrents called reality. Yet some paper, even when damp, torn, and marked by the lines of history, chooses to unfold once more beneath the sunnot to return to its original flatness, but to allow each crease to become a coordinate, writing directions within the fragments. These papers have learned not to yearn to be poetry, but to quietly exist behind it, like a map, for others to fold, unravel, lose their way, and rediscover. Not every tear needs mendingsome cracks are themselves a route, uncharted.

Noreen Snyder



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

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

Empathy Is...

When you meet someone, whether it's at a store, a park, a restaurant, or any other place; greet them with a warm smile and say, "Hello! How are you today?" Let's spread some positivity and make someone's day a little brighter. You don't know what he or she is going through. So let's be kind, gentle, loving, understanding, and be a friend. Show empathy and let that person know he or she is valued.

Acceptance

Concentrate on the present not dwell on the past. Accept who you arethe good and the bad. Some traits you cannot change so accept it what it is. You will find more inner peace, accepting your choices you make, deeper and rejuvenating sleep, and less stress not worrying so much That's what acceptance is.

Best and Worst of Times

Best of times

were you and I together

missing those days.

Worst of times when you are no longer here with me.

Elizabeth E. Castillo



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a coauthor to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

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Empathy

In quiet moments, hearts can meet, A bridge of kindness, soft and sweet. When eyes connect, a story shared, In silent whispers, souls laid bare.

A gentle touch, a knowing glance, In shared burdens, we find our chance. To hold each other, to understand, We walk together, hand in hand.

A world that aches, divided so, But empathy can help us grow. With open hearts, we sift through pain, And in our kindness, love will reign.

So let us listen, let us care, For every struggle, we can bear. In simple acts, our strength will rise, A tapestry of shared goodbyes.

Shadow Dance

In the quiet of the evening glow, Shadows dance on paths we used to know, Laughter echoes through the gentle trees, Whispers of time carried by the breeze.

Moments cherished, yet tinged with pain, Softly falling like a summer rain, Each smile painted with a touch of grey, Bittersweet memories linger, come what may.

The warmth of embraces, now just a sigh, Photographs faded, as seasons fly by, Yet in these fragments, a treasure resides, A tapestry woven where love never hides.

Though time may dim the spark we knew, The heart holds fast to the joy and the blue, In every heartbeat, in every tear, Bittersweet memories forever near.

Echoes of the Past

In quiet corners of the mind, Where echoes of the past unwind, Memories dance like fading light, In whispers soft, they take their flight.

A child's laughter in the breeze, Chasing shadows, climbing trees, Days of sun and endless play, Captured moments, here to stay.

A photograph, a sunset hue, Each glance a story, old yet new, The scent of pine, the ocean's roar, Remind us of what we adore.

Time may fade the colors bright, But in our hearts, they burn alight, For every joy, each tear we've shed, Builds the tapestry that we thread.

So let us hold these treasures dear, The smiles shared, the whispered cheer, For in each memory, we find our way, A light to guide us day by day.

Mutawaf Shaheed



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

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

New Sensations

Is it your power or my weakness that has me longing for the new sensations? Maybe it's a combination of the two?

I'm coming from the land of giants just to visit who? I didn't know what to expect, I never thought it'd be you.

I find myself ignoring my logic and submitting to overwhelming whims. They swim inside my head. Then abide in where I thought I'd find a safety valve.

As I come closer to the edge of what I consider it, it has me within it's grip. What I did, slid through my mind like a new sensation often does, if one, can capture one.

Never sure about a mind set that will survive the desire to achieve something higher. I can't be confident I'll be able to escape my lower desires.

Unable to describe what they are, Is a for another conversation. For now, I remain subjugated to a new sensation.

Delighted

Something about the candles light Tonight, has it shining different than the nights before. What hid in the mist can't hide anymore. As I examine the hours, I hear you laugh lightly, it left me sort a smiling.

Lying here with you, I have come to terms that there is only so much love we can give and take, we won't take any of it with us. We weren't built that way.

Keeping my imagination under control makes my health a lot better. A cavalcade of voices offer me choices, every now and then there comes a visit from the common cold.

Unable to hide from the things that abide inside me, I watch out for the stuff outside, making sure they don't try to rusticate inside and attempt to dominate me for any length of time

Constantly improving on the technics, on how to more effectively to block low blows. Trying to guess what tests comes next? There's less of a guess if you read the text, where the answers come and go.

I see some entity using the clouds as a shroud,

they don't particularly care for me. What can be salvaged from the ravages of time? The quicker we come to the point of all this, the sooner we can relax.

When eliminating the but, if, maybe, luck , chance, understanding that sooner come before later, knowing there is no need for a moderator, eliminates any doubt, that has been used against us. Love is situated in the middle.

What it means and how you feel is only real to those who feel it. Can it mutate, if so into what? Left alone to choose a champion never knowing what that means. Not to worry, because everything with us is temporary...

Sorry, I didn't mean to drift, I am delighted to be here with you again! These other things I would not dare share, or whisper in your ear.

You and I

Paper plums and graphite trees, I did all of this for you and me. I moved some ice bergs to our favorite lake, so you and I could share a little drink. I didn't know our house would sink.

I changed the course of rivers, and built some dams. Can't you see how smart I am? My friend and me created an income stream, by selling dreams and make believe. By having many tricks up our sleeves there's a lot of things we achieved.

The rivers, we turned red white and blue, sweetheart I did this for you! I stole and tricked some folks from other shores and brought them here do your chores, to be my whores.

They had the nerve to think they'd be free, the constitution never said that to me. Well, I couldn't really read or write good myself, So, I put that up on my shelf. I knew I was right because I'm white. I'm the cops and the robbers too.

Ain't anything the bleeding hearts can do. The high court said that I could shoot them too. Who do you know that could take my place? My grand-dad and his old man, told me, I was from a superior race. No need of a high IQ, to do what I do.

The land I took is getting dryer by the day, what the Hell, is wasn't mine anyway. I'll be safe, as long as the negroes continue to pray to papiermache,'you remember, that's the crap we sent their way.

I marvel at how stupid people can be! The stuff I do to them, and they still can't see, they sit there and hope I'll leave them alone. I sit and watch them and throw them another bone.

48

hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

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

having missed

several of their early ages, sadness envelopes me today; actually, many a day, but then they both send me their pure love out of the blue, and i notice the sunshine as well as the clouds alongside of which i am lifted far above the ground

while i still take in the precious memories of their unforgettable baby smells, i feel thrilled to be able to hug on this joyous day and beyond my gorgeous grandchildren of a lovely 10 and a lovely 8

Hypersensitive

It's not a self-diagnosis. I have been told this fact many times.

The suffering of a living being Gets me down every single time.

My sorrow does not disappear fast. It lingers on and on. It just lasts.

"I'm an empath," some people say. That much, I truly understand. I, too, can say so out loud. However, when the object is my self, I act as if the self does not exist. I act as were "hypersensitive" my only name.

exaggerating

we laugh and we cry often, without asking "why"

we contemplate, and we comment then react to the reactions of others

we like the "Like" and the "Love" choices on social media's virtual realities

we get angry, even quite upset when we see we haven't been read

we fail to pause and think legibly about our futile attempts at popularity

we engage in arguments of no-end with the countless trolls and bots

it's just so that we exaggerate

Teresa E. Gallion



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

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

The Pendulum

Joy and sadness are the pendulum we engage. A balancing act that requires a learning curve. It is a bittersweet embrace given to all souls.

Love enfolding and love loss, a blend of sad and cherished moments build our strength to keep on walking.

We can only learn and grow, when we experience the highs and lows driving the highway of life.

Wake up each morning and massage your muscle memory. It is waiting to expose you to the light.

Empathetic Maneuvers

A soft blanket lies on the ground embracing your words and mine. Eco's of joy massage your sorrows. Sweet whispers raise your spirit.

We are entwined in the moment that binds my heart to yours. Beyond the veils and masks, you feel the strength of my love.

My gentle touch is always there bathing you with love and understanding. Inhale the fragrant blooms around our blanket. Embrace the compassion flowing to you.

Simple Act

She scatters words across the meadows and whispers sweet notes to the grass. Smiles bend like a wind-blown kiss.

This is not the first-time words ran through the forest landscape. Flowers enjoy that special touch too.

That is the beauty of acceptance. Everything and every being is touched by that simple act of love.

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.

An Unwilling Prisoner of the Past

This feeling that something was missing made me despise myself – St. Augustine

I'd like to find her but I can't.

I feel I found her at times. But then she is gone.

This bone-deep grief cannot be fathomed.

It has been an ingrained persistent pain if you can understand.

I remember that moment, in detail. Am I all that has gone wrong and all that has not. I have become a prisoner of the past.

I see a figure rising, looking out at me wanting to say nothing, or too much. Evading and returning.

Does she not like to be revealed the one I took as my daughter.

She's gone and she can't hear me calling her back.

She never was, or it only looks like that.

About New You

It's been so long since I was at this spot and now I am back.

The water is flowing swiftly. Deep coldness.

It makes me tremble and shiver. It makes me cry and smile at the impermanence of life. To feel the current

you have to step down. Its force will carry you if you let it though I don't know how far.

Brother, I scatter your remains here. I look as it goes with the flow.

You have become someone entirely new a photograph hanging on the wall a garland of flowers a shadow of what you were once.

Tears tide inside me. Only those who love know of it.

I wish you'd come back . . .

Morning Prayers

Out of the quarrel with others we make rhetoric; out of the quarrel with ourselves we make poetry — $\sim W.B.$ Yeats

Folded hands rise with hazy breaths become shapes on a windowpane.

They convert to teardrops and flow down in streaks as the sunrays embrace them.

Watery strips elevate my soul make me flow gently silently.

Hungry for a change salivating for better seasons I hold on.

Delays and frustrations twists and turns circumvent changes to occur.

It was a monk, I learnt who created the pretzel an acknowledgement to our circular complexities.

68

Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

Links to her works:

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

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

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

The Paradox of Tears and Joy

As you bid adieu to the fleeting sun, Moments dissolve to the fiery hue, The touch of the whispering breeze, Is an echo lingering like a gentle ache.

It's like love so sweet at full bloom, But when the heart breaks its vows, The tears flow in the river beds, Somehow, eternal dreams are not ours.

Bittersweet threads, weaving day and night, Sweet Lilies don't bear honeycombs for everyone, Through tears that fall from a gloomy day, Can be a triumph and joy for a mother who bear A child in her womb, To cherish a life, And the celebration of a poignant journey.

The Empathy Force

A silent bridge is there When you have nothing to say, A heart that listens, Is a soul in tune with the open field, It gives light to a darkened room, Or music to someone's doom, To feel one's shoes and hear their fears, To be happy in their joyous fame, To see one's stormy veil off the ground, Empathy yields as you mend the petals Love takes root when shared like flowers.

The Gift of Acceptance

The current flow of a stream, From the clear sky after the storm Your feet stand on where paths must go, Live it and carry your vision. Acceptance is a steady art, Carving caring minds and patient hands To lift the stories: You Are Not Alone!

We etched a world of Love and Peace.

Swapna Behera



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

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either you get bitter or better

the birds twitter have no concrete home never they go markets they have two tiny wings to fly that is all they have they can make nests have their own language they are the survivors who fly from Siberia to your zone in winter they have no electronic gadgets to measure the distance or heights you have everything you need sometimes your accessories are precious than you in the name of peace you create war, kill and experiment on money time energy do you have time to heal yourself there is no time for you you are the slave of yourself sitting in the global market your identity is just a number the human being within you is lost you went to moon, space and sea in search of a better you but the best of you is still singing we have to make a team to delete all odium and celebrate the coronation of love

Empathy vs Sympathy

along the lissom tide the smell of the news paper the legacy of trees or villages nakedness is a divine gift sacrificing ego, superego ruffled hair and those innocent eyes sing the ecstasy entering the zone of darkness I know; each hemisphere has a new agenda I know; each child has a story to tell where is empathy? the lady on the wheel chair needs empathy an infrastructure to grow certainly not a seminar lecture or any power point data presentation research scholars are moving around the orphan boy is feeding the street dog someone has thrown the biscuit packet from the running bus now both are happy with broken biscuits who has seen tomorrow? every moment someone is crucified every moment a tree is cut a river dries up carrying loads of garbage empathy with action has to be activated sympathy is thematic human race is marching forward an unseen Heaven is smiling crossing every border

accepting a honeymoon

Jasmines spread on the bed the bride with croquette gown sits like a huge pumpkin couple of months ago the groom went to see the girl Aha! Her pretty long hair with flowers curl her smile was hotter than samosas on plate eyes met and he smiled the girl was happy for his teeth so white must be too romantic using branded tooth paste since that day he had all dreams to fore play with her hair on the first meet on the dreamy night he raised her veil Lo! Behold she is bald!!! explained she, 'It is coz of typhoid'' he screamed with anger you a cheat! tongues twisted; his denture slipped dreams broke like crispy golgappas big in the glass box; sour when crashed both faced opposite with tear and fear the wig and denture slept hugging each other accepting the honeymoon with a song of jinga la la

(Samosa is an Indian snack)

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

Bittersweet Empathy Acceptance

I lived a life that would seem like a movie to others, I know if I could get on the big screen my nightmarish dream of reality would pack in cinemas, I can see it now "the life of and urban poet" under Tyler Perry's studio, Sony or Paramount pictures. It'll be bittersweet. A story of harsh and complicated trials and tribulations, actions and reactions of trying to end poverty by hustling on New York streets. Living a life of crime and witnessing destruction and flatlines was Lessons learned to be taught as education. Where I'm from monetary oppression runs rampant, which usually leads to drug traffic, drug habits, the penitentiary, cemeteries and the cause of insanity. I know the outside of the underworld would watch my life and the lives of many before and after me with empathy, I've been twenty years clean but my mind is still in recovery... I was strung out on misery, the ghetto was my company. I am the drug dealer you want your children to be around, I know I'll be granted acceptance by the masses due to my influence and lyrical substance on substances created by my thoughts manifested into sight and sound.

Memory

My memory amazes me, I can think of a point in time and remember people, places and conversations vividly. I can hear voices, my memory also has excellent sound quality. I can go back to an argument/debate and get the last word in, because in that memory their last word were their last words, so they're unable to respond. I can go back to good times to see smiles and laughter and repeat those times over and over, because I will never be able to see or hear those visions and sounds out of my head in the future. I can feel energy in my memories just as physical chemistry but mentally. I mean who ever is in my thought feels like they're amongst me, spiritually. I constantly reminisce about my sandbox brothers from another mother that passed from sickness, suicide and murder. I wish I had such powerful vision that I'll be able to see angels and hone in on hell on earth to heaven frequencies so I can hear and speak to them. If that was a possibility I wouldn't have to just rely on my fond memory, I'll just stop what I'm doing, tilt my head toward the sky, speak, look and listen.

Not just a rhyme

I don't just write rhymes, I write visions between lines, I spit experiences into mics, Where there's darkness, I am light, Outside hears me, Insiders read me via my published books or kites. Infinite is the epitome of my genre of urban poetry. I'm talking about poverty, trap, decades long sentences in the (pain)itentiary and Sunday trips to cemeteries to visit victims of the ultimate felony. I tell my story of my life in the game from the beginning to the end without glorification, I can't edit the truth because the ink in my pen is nonfiction. so when you read me or hear me writing or talking about how I was street dreaming, how I was in the kitchen whippn that Benjamin badder, how i had money on top of money, how I had sport cars with turbos and superchargers, how my neck hung with Lazarus, crucifix's and Santa Barbara's, how there was constant gunfights for control of red stained green paper... I'm doing so to get the attention of those trying to blow as well as those already cuttn and cookn blow because if you tell someone hungry for money that, that life can be theirs... that's all they need to know. That's a part of the truth. There are gains but the loses outweigh them. We dreamt together, we stood cheffn and baggn together, chains hung, we shun together, we got on highways and looked at rear view mirrors and saw a hazard light motorcade of japs and Germans purr'n together. One by one I carried all of them on my shoulder as a pallbearer. That's also the truth. That's the fuel to my fire and the reason why I meticulously organize letters adding pros and cons together, I've dealt with too many triple days of rain, so I teach the Ying and Yang of the game with my pain to change the futures weather.

Kimberly Burnham



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

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

On Waking in Portland

This morning, I woke in my cousin's guest room in a city not my own but familiar now like a coat I borrowed for a season

The clinic waits just down the road. the work—still mine. hands remembering what they've practiced for thirty years how to touch pain and teach it to loosen its hold

I meant to retire. I meant to sit longer with the trees read more books work in the garden living the life of someone with no appointments

But the world whispered come back so I did and each day I learn more

Today I will tend to another family. for a moment, bound by care

There will be progress. a child's gait

smoother than yesterday, a body more at ease in its skin. changes that may outlast me a gift I can still give

Still, I miss home a six-hour drive away in Spokane my wife. the hum of a quiet Spokane morning. my desk waiting with pen and paper

But joy lives here too in the practice, the pride, knowing that legacy does not need a grand announcement. sometimes, it is the simple, steady doing of the thing you were meant to do

Home

No one leaves home unless the heart insists. unless the road rises up and says come

Sometimes, we are lucky we leave home because the world has opened its arms to learning, to longing, to the wild pull of adventure

We grow in the leaving. our roots stretch a seed blown away but we carry an invisible thread back to the place that held us when we were small and if love waits there we are luckier still

No one leaves unless something ahead glimmers a job, a welcoming place with peace or the promise of it Even if the work is heavy and no one else wants it

Even then we leave home

No one leaves a loving home unless they experience another kind of love brave and vast. the kind that wants to nest If we are fortunate,

we land in a country where that love is allowed to stand in the daylight, where the laws and culture see it and say, Yes

But some are not so lucky. falling in love in the wrong place at the wrong time the wrong gender but still we leave home in hope of a new place for love

No one leaves home without the sky cracking open or the earth shifting beneath our feet we flee because bullets have found the schoolyard because the night is too loud danger too near

And still we hope. that the new place will be quiet. that the sky above it will hold only stars not fire

That the door will stay on its hinges, that the word "home" will not be rewritten once again in terror

The Woodpecker

Last night, I heard him a presence, a rhythm deep in the trees, drumming old wood for insects or simply to say: I am here.

This morning appeared through the window the Northern Flicker noisy architect of spring

A red crescent graced the back of his head, a dark bib draped over his lungs his body a canvas of speckled light all cream and ink and motion

He landed then startled at the bird bath filled just yesterday a gift meant for him

I held my breath. a creak of the door he flew then perched on the fence, eyes watching he swoops in towards the water again comes and goes in a a skittish pulse of feather and wing, though earlier he pounded the trees here I am, let the world listen

And still, he vanishes at the whisper of a door the most common of woodpeckers spectacular just the same a flash of beauty eyes following him back into the woods

Eliza Segiet



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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020,

International Award Paragon of Hope (2020),

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

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

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

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Award - World Poets Association (2023).

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

The Family Pulse

In the rhythm of life, there are hardships and moments of peace, thickets and flowering meadows, sorrows and joys.

After sleepless nights, spent by the bed of a sick child, the time for peace has come. The starry sky delights you again.

Before, no one looked up, the dim light of the nursery was enough to soften the pulse of the family.

Problems take away the need for the beauty that's around us,

Their absence illuminates even the shadows of the trees, and awakens the desire to act.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Proof

We are not made of clay. We have a visible body and a hidden heart – these are our true attributes. After all, clothes reveal not much more than our taste. To truly show yourself, you must see Others.

Understanding the Other and extending a helping hand is proof that there is – Man in a Human Being.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

The Green of the Grass

Were there words that could soothe the loss?

Her mirror of reality was one-dimensional, always reflecting absence. On that June day, she made a decision.

And...

...she began to see the green of the grass and the blue of the sky. The future was born.

The beginning of a full life – is a smile.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Bitter - Sweet

In life we have somewhat become aclimated To accept the Bitter With the Sweet

Some times We lie down And accept the fate Our existence yeilds unto us ... At other times We fight against What may prove to be The inevitable

I have found that When life gives unto me Lemons To just add a little sugar

Wanted

Like most sentient souls That express through the flesh, I wanted, But I failed to be believe

My desires ruled my kingdom And like small brush fires They were easily extinguished

As they say, The flesh is weak, And to this I can attest To this lower self of mine That exists it seems To serve temporal things

The children laugh The bees pollinate And collect the nectar Only to be stolen by Future realities

Wanted

Such is the purpose Of Flowers and Butterflies WrittenInPain

Together

It was not what I expected, But she allowed me To have a presence in her life Anyway

Each day, each night I am blessed ... We rise Together, We lay ourselves to rest Together And all in between We are Together

This is the foundation Of a special type of love. There is she, And there is me And Together We are one Together

May 2025 Featured Poets



Swayam Prashant

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha

Kazimierz Burnat

Deepak Kumar Dey



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, Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written ten books including *Heart of Love* (poetry)(published in USA in March 2023); *Premras Amrit* (poetry in Assamese) and *The Sky Conquerors* (2024).

His poems have also been published in several international anthologies like *Being Human* (2024), *Love Letters in Poetic Verse* (2023) and *Light-Bringer* (2024) and in journals like *Impspired* (UK), *Open Skies Quarterly* (USA), *Raven Cage* (Germany) and *The Year of the Poet* (USA).

Email ID : swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com

To Afru With Love

Your lips are red

So is your love

Nay, your love is so red

You need no rose

O O my love,

You are a red red rose !

A Piece of My Heart

I took the snap of an image reflected in my heart and put the photograph on display. All came and praised it profusely. It must be the photo of a Queen of an ancient empire, they said. I painted a portrait with the colours of my heart and put the painting on display. All came and admired it endlessly. It must be the painting of Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love, they said.

I took a piece of my heart and carved a sculpture out of it and put it on display. All came and were enchanted with its beauty. It must be the sculpture of a divine angel, they said.

No one said that it was of you for no one had ever seen you. You were always in my heart and had never come out.

The Heart-shaped Rose

You are my heart-shaped rose you flower in the seeds of silence in solitude you sing in the pendulum of swinging eternity you dance in the whirlpool of courting warm waves. You are my heart-shaped rose you love, you flirt, you come, you go but you live in the heart of my imagination forever.

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha



Ngozi Olivia Osuoha is a Nigerian poet, writer, thinker, hymnist, and an award winning anthologist. She has authored 28 poetry books, all published outside Nigeria. She has published over 350 poems, articles and essays in over 50 countries. Some of her pieces have been translated in over 16 languages. She has some books in foreign libraries including the US Library of Congress. She is Best Of The Net and Pushcart Nominees. She is a graduate of Estate Management, with some experience in Banking, Broadcasting and tailoring.

Borno Is Not Damned

There is a dam, that needs a ram It is flooring and fluctuating, No, Borno is not damned.

It breathes and snores, raging in anger Flooding aloud, and chasing the crowd, No, Borno is not damned.

Foot, boots, and hoofs on the roofs, Daring the days, endangering the genders No, Borno is not damned.

Land and sea at won with each other Men and beasts in total commotion, No, Borno is not damned.

Dam, you can take the ram And spare men and women, Dam, you can take the ram And spare children and property.

Borno is not damned Dear Borno, you can't be damned You have had more than enough, Arise and shine, shine and rise!

Please let Aso rock on you Rather than Alo flooding you, Oh Borno, let your shine shine again.

Borno The Home Of Peace

Borno will not be damned These raging waters shall settle, And your land shall know peace again.

Borno, the land of peace Ahoy! How alloys destroy, Bullets shall never again rock For peace is now come!

Borno, these waters shall still, No more shall dams distress you Floodgates of heaven shall water your seed.

Borno, look at the rainbow The shine is here The day has come Oh, the dawn is risen.

Borno, the land of peace You shall not sink Lift up your gates, And let this newness emerge!

This sweeping shall be, never again Receive pureness and brightness Borno, enough is your pain Peace, be still Calm for calamity.

Dear Dele Farotimi

To class, eloquence, and intelligence I write. To truthfulness, clarity, and talent, still I write. To wisdom, knowledge, and versatility I also write. To a great gift, I humbly write, It is indeed an honour to write you.

The sincerity in your mission And the clarity of your facts, The weight on your passion And the volume of the quest; I write to honour your rarity.

The maturity in your vision And the uniqueness of your voice, What an honour to write this!

Above tribal sentiments and religious bias Despite cultural boundaries and occupational hazards Beyond selfish interests and personal goals; Oh how blessed the womb that bore you!

I love how hard your words are; concrete I like how black you are; unwashable. I celebrate the man you are; legend. I appreciate the Africa in you, hero. What an honour to write you!

Kazimierz Burnat



Kazimierz Burnat is a prominent poet, essayist, translator, journalist, literary critic, and culture animator born in Szczepanowice on the Dunajec River. From 2015, president of the Lower Silesian Branch of ZLP (Polish Writers' Union) in Wrocław. Creator of scouting for difficult youth as part of *The Untrodden Trail*. Guardian of Places of National Remembrance; his life mottos are: remembering the dead—the source of longevity; doing good—the path to humanity.

Author of 23 books of poetry, including 7 translations from Czech and Ukrainian, and over 60 collective books with translations of works from these languages, as well as Belarusian, Russian, Slovenian and Hungarian. He edited and provided an afterword or introduction to over 90 different books. Co-author of approximately 370 anthologies and monographs. Translated into over 43 foreign languages. Instructor of literary workshops, juror of competitions. Organizer or co-organizer and active participant of numerous national and international festivals and literary meetings. For years, organizer of the International Poetry Festival "Poets Without Borders" in Polanica Zdrój. Initiator and organizer of cultural cooperation with the National Union of Writers of Ukraine. He received several Ukrainian Literary Awards for translation activity and popularization of Ukrainian literature abroad, as well as for his own literary output and significant contribution to the revival of spirituality and culture of the Ukrainian nation. [...]

Retreat

I am afraid of lost time it intensifies the malaise of an escape into creativity and one needs to immerse oneself in it compulsively desperately to enslave fear out of books building a barricade against the massacred truth against hatred

writing – a nightmare I have become a poet requiring correction and changes pinch authenticity

I must necessarily engraft wild words overheard in dreams to anew be able to express myself and the world in the best possible way

Translated by Anna Maria Stępień

Not death separates people, but lack of love. ~ Jim Morrison

Love is wild flowers simplicity-colored

the sky's clear azure

soul and flesh entwined by a flimsy unity

it is you and him in the glow of trust showing the common path to Sesame

love is an ebony tunnel with bedazzlement at the end

not seeing will arouse new sensations

Translated by Anna Maria Stępień

Wrongheadedness

Discouraged by waiting for prosperity they abandon the pretense of bonds

though unripe are the common fruit ready to pollinate wayside flowers already burdened with a flaw

distrust makes them the carriers of hatred indwelling the innermost resources

and so nestled into foreign tenderness hearing the pulse bubbling of leaky hearts they savor the image of unfulfillment

from breathlessness souls grow blue

the final wake-up call for a compromise lesson

Translated by Anna Maria Stępień

Deepak Kumar Dey



Deepak Kumar Dey, son of late Dr. G. C. Dey and Late Surama Dey, hails from Bagdia, Angul district of Odisha, is an ardent lover of nature and avid worshipper of poetry He was a student of chemical engineering but passion of poetry attracted him to search divine bliss in nature. Since he has crossed many ordeals in his life and hazardous brusqueness yet he finds supreme God's benevolent presence and prudence. He never looks for social status or recognition. Through soulfulness he seeks Almighty's abundant grace and mercies. In arrayed words he weaves the magic of mirthful munificence and glory of God. He gives in before the God to be in His pupillage. His poems have been published in 65 national and international anthologies and many UGC approved journals; in both Odia and English.

Solemn Proclamation

Solemn I am, privately wish -To be a gardener To enthrone some flowers to bloom-Of consciousness; Omni direction will be exhilarating By its fragrant beautifulness; Individuality shall stand over-Summed love and abundant fearlessness.

Solemn I am and do aspire-

To be a sculptor And to do up a fine architecture-By an artistic calligraph, Which will have no line on vast Canvas, Connected with edgeless Geographic perimeter; After all, there will be - be all And end all; compassionate stall, Few and far between cultural call.

Solemn I am, for cause of purity I wish to be a poet-To write in black and white Such a poem of which-Every word will utter for liberty; And by speaketh utterance Will be vanquished all ill substances From human beings' mind, And the whole universe will be-Blended in season and out of season.

History

History is sleeping in deep slumber Being tired after prevailing undone As if no work is left to be done in future.

In frantically toxicated blood of earth Everything is dead or tired That was supposed to be transmitted As if there is no death further.

Slunk off history is lying down straight like dead, A green field is tangled into womb of sky, Which is not visible farther; Softened and heart-rending life Is wrapped up by slightest snowy feather. Neither light nor darkness is found, Stranded and silent greenish field And only there is ocular capital and shield Of screaming history.

In deep sleep is history As if there is no absurd work, Devilish massacre or clattering from soldiers, Unlawful mockery and unmannerly behaviour Or booming from hunger eater and scorching fear Or shrilling voice in crackling condolences Nothing will be happened, Neither unholy exploitation nor extortionists presence.

So innocent than a dead man The physique of history, And limitless wide open vast green land Dilated in outdated dreamless hand Upon evergreen breast of darkened sand.

Gambling ogre and demons have returned back to history, Not a single dust particle will be seen in oblation at death of history.

Have they reached at home!!

Only this message: 'They had set out ', Have they reached at home? This python like road is outstretched Unendingly, No one is at sight.

Still, Unlike vibrating rails sound, If ears are put on curvy ground, Rush in rash so fast who could?

Had their feet been dissolved on way? Is not this vibration of a heart -Approaching to comely childhood, A butterfly - cliche to a statue?

This's heard about ongoing battle But no news when it will come to an end. Shaken hands looking inwards with lifeless, Wedded promise turns to wind up warfare song, Assurance that's turned Gandhari will be sung; Slowly if they're lifeless, for whom and why; Who is friend and who is enemy, Where cantonment is unseen to eye.

They had waved upon to deal with, On barefoot, bullock cart to battle ground To reveal violent take Arrow filled quiver and bow Armour of readiness to make To triumph over heads; To win was different, On strange canvas feet did melt.

All feet have not returned back Some slided along mirage Becoming poem and epitaph's Last stanza. If anyone finds their synopsis Let it know to any poet; May he compose gist and sing a ghazal During mid-day or lonely night.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

30 May 1945 ~ 11 February 2025

The Butterfly Effect "IS" in effect

Inner Child Press News Published Books

by Poetry Posse Members

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

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

KREW ŻYCIA The Blood of Life

Eliza Segiet

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

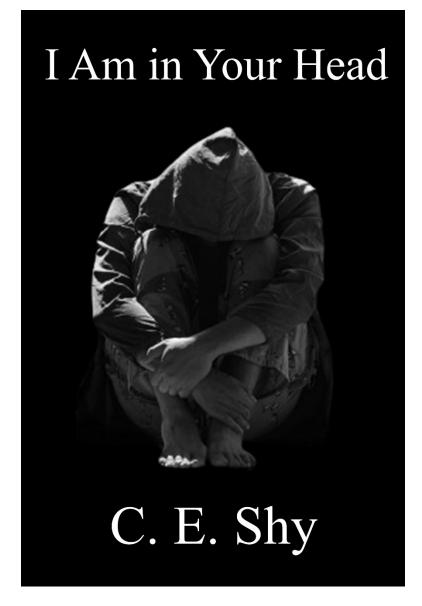
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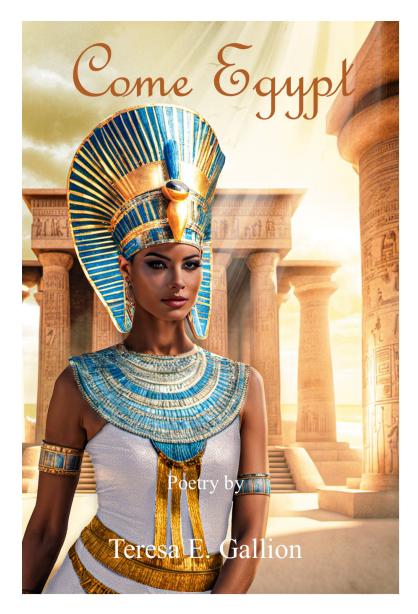
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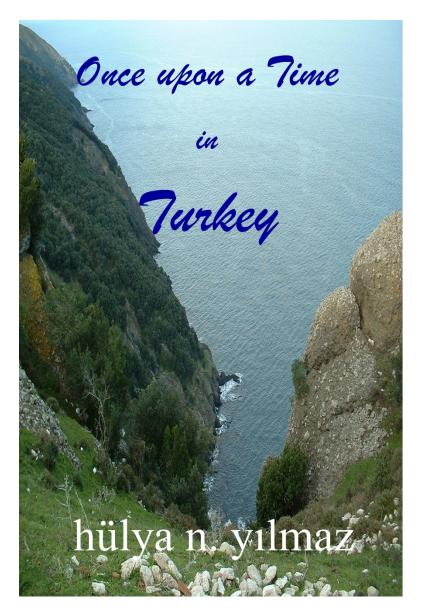




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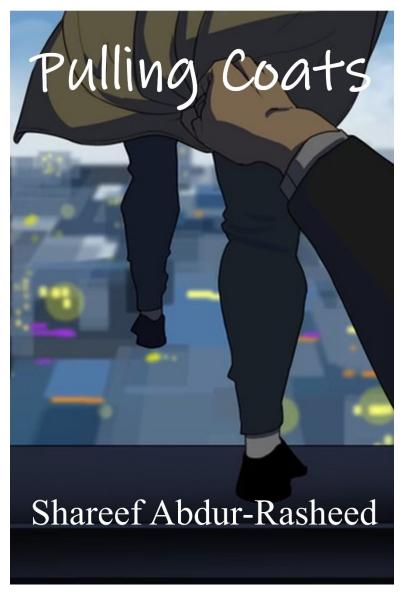




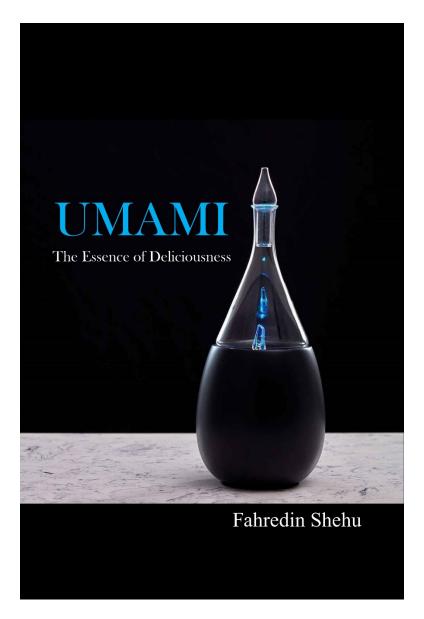




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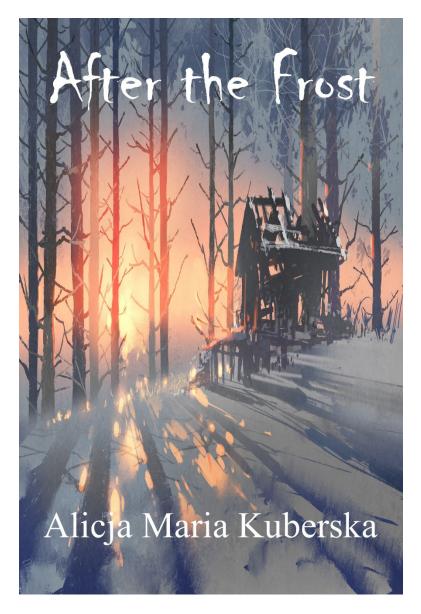


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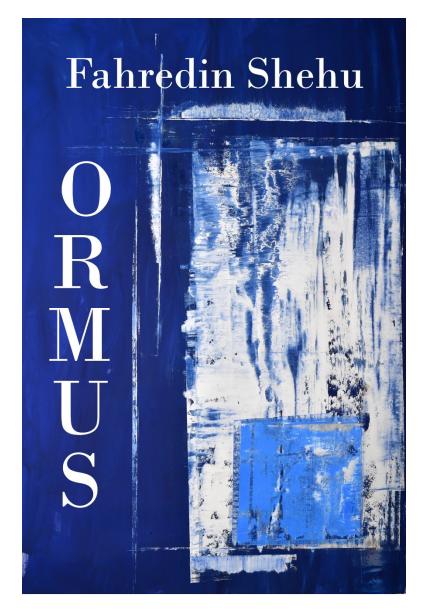


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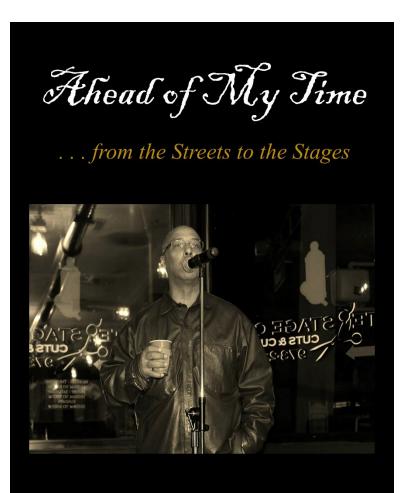
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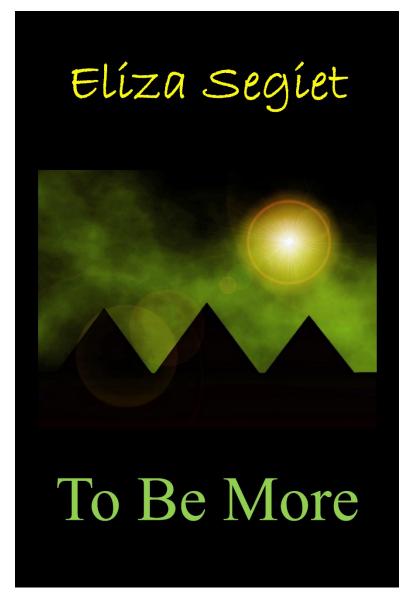
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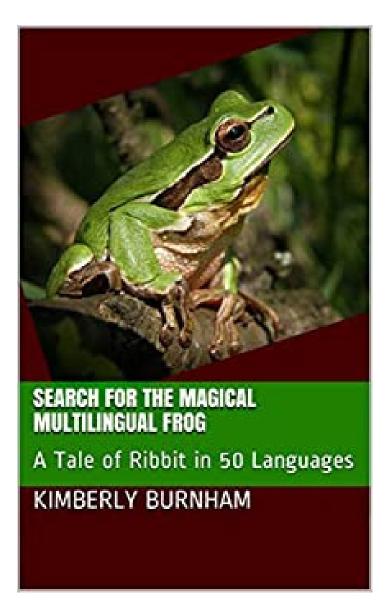


Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

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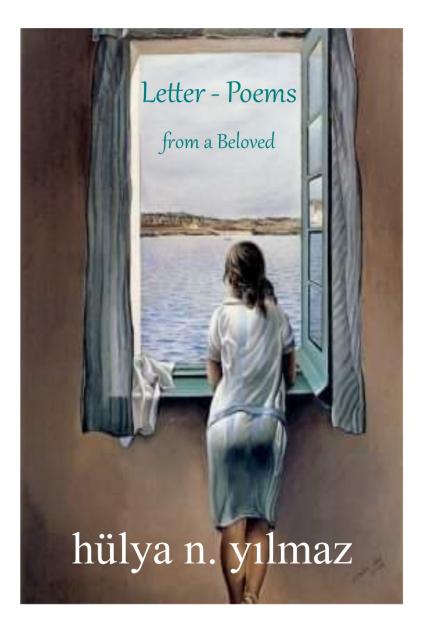
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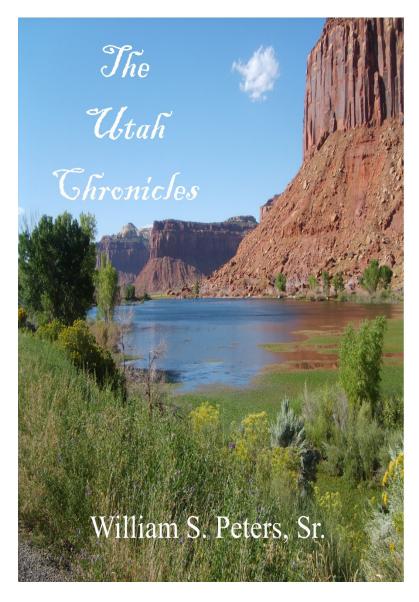
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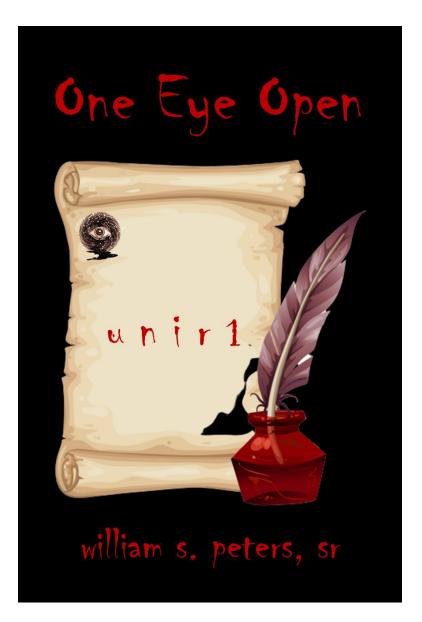


Inner Reflections of the Muse

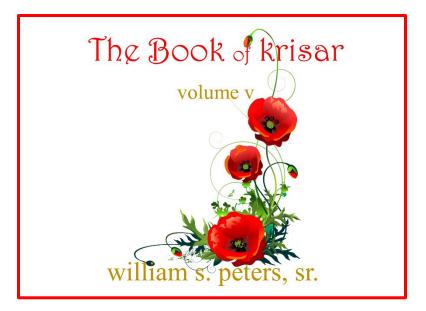
Elizabeth Castillo

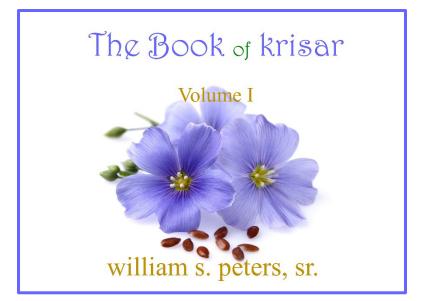


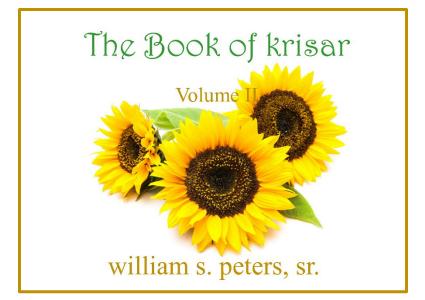




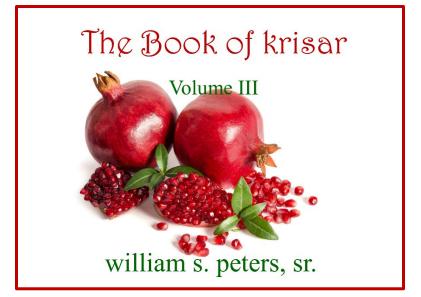
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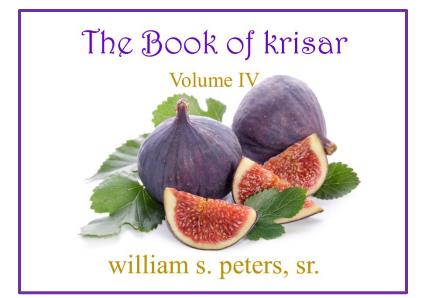




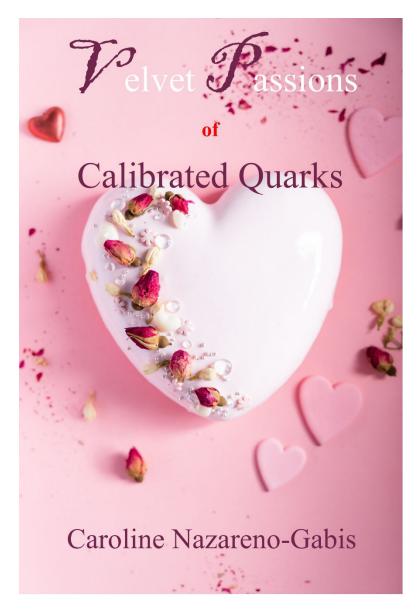


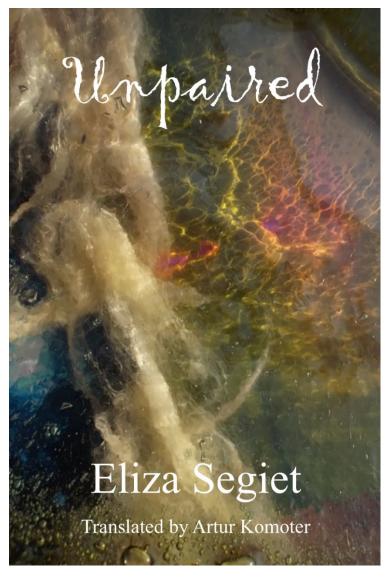
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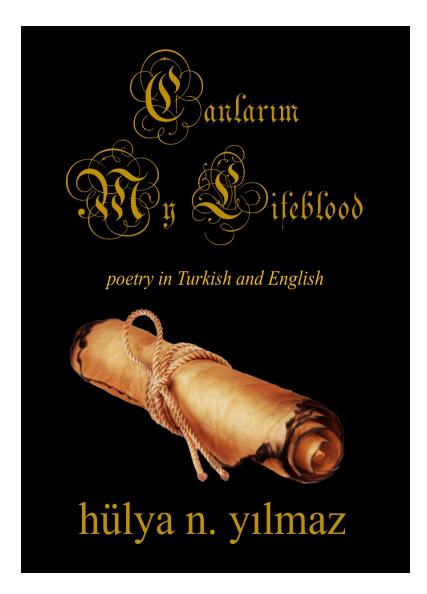




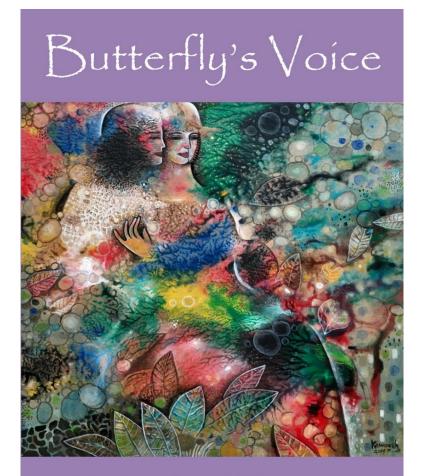
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Faleeha Hassan

Translated by William M. Hutchins

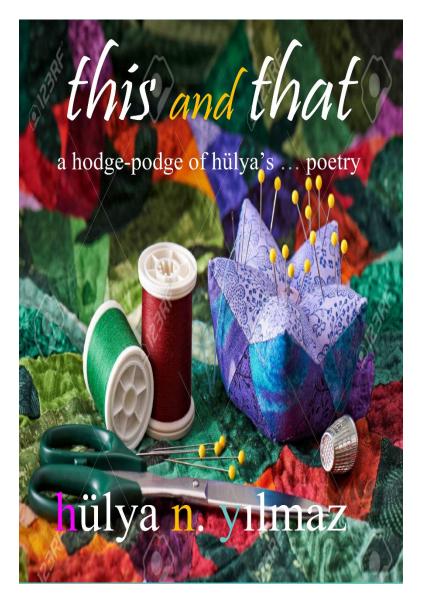
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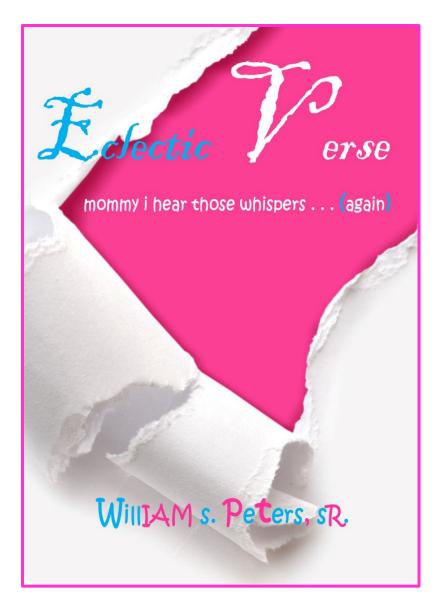
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen

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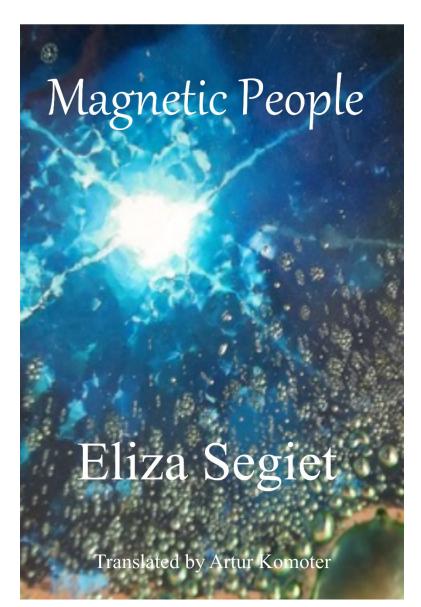




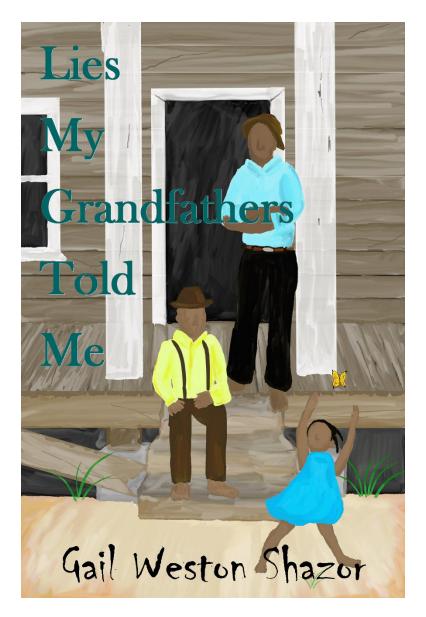


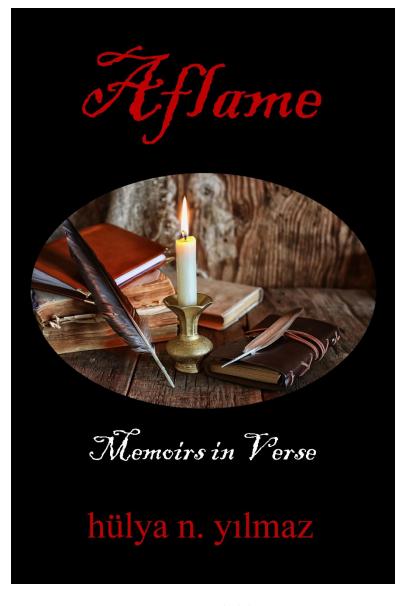
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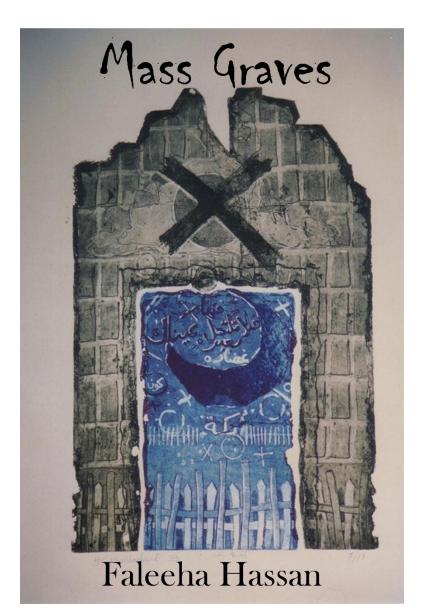
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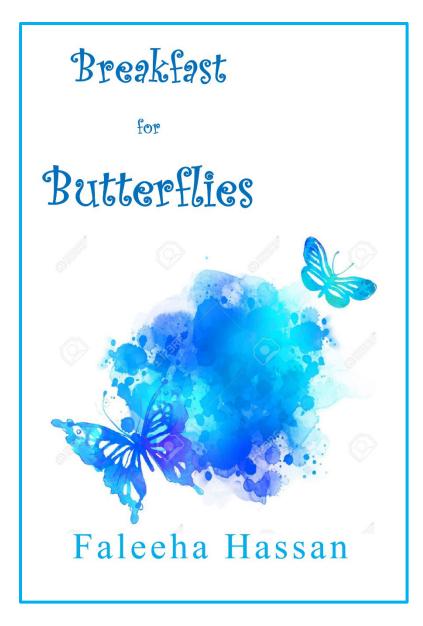




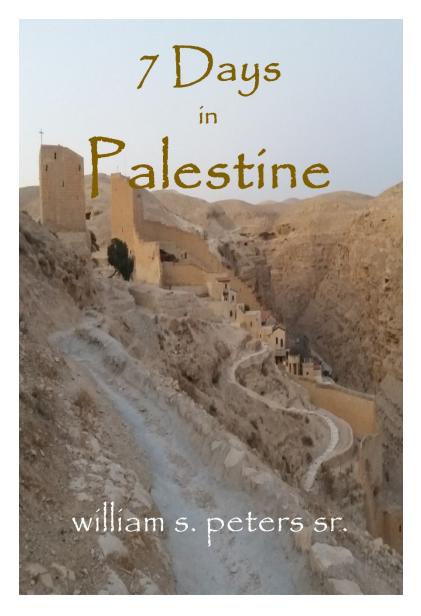




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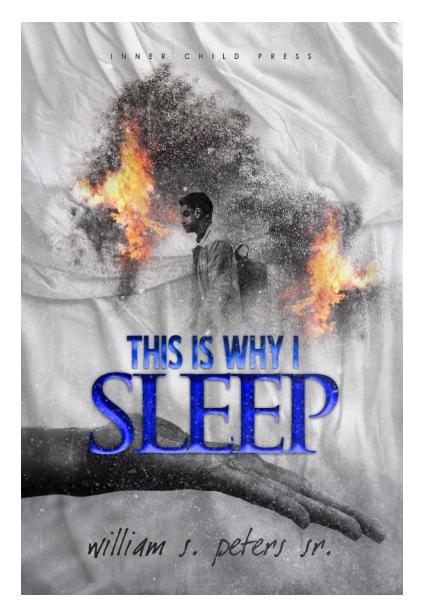


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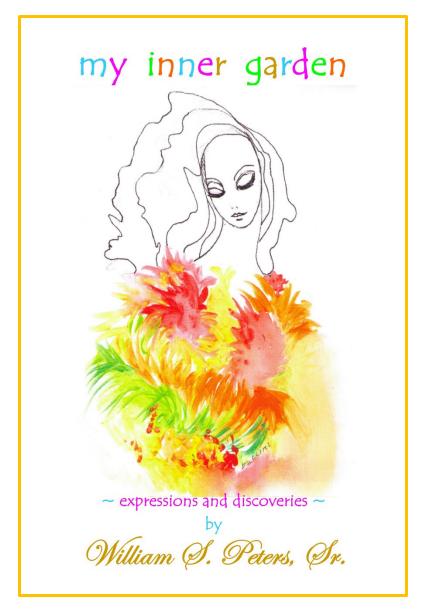






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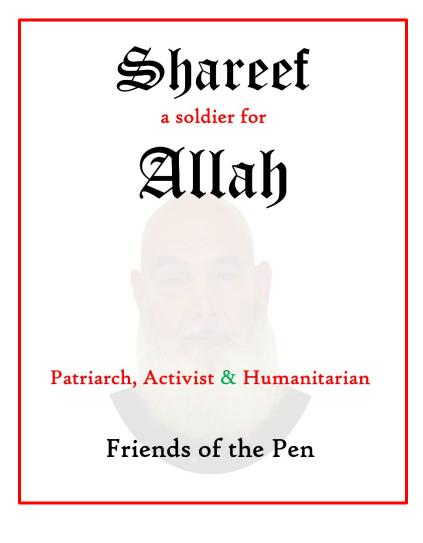


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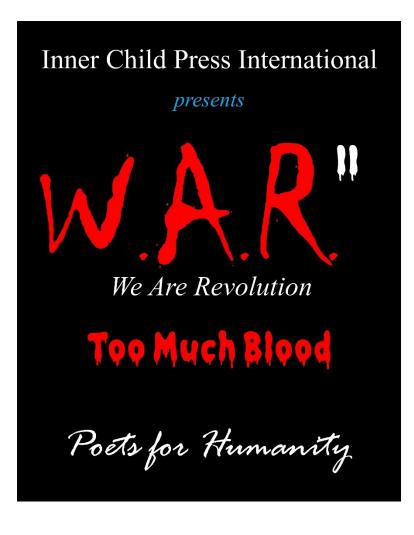
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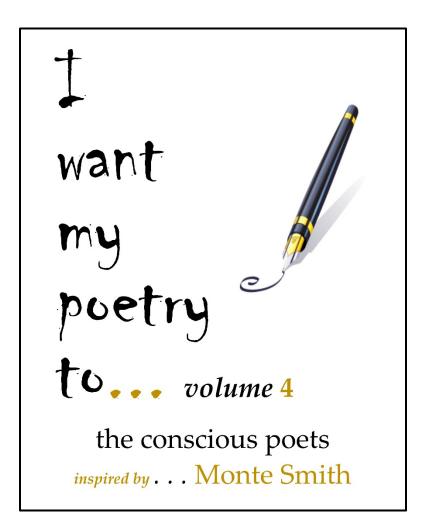
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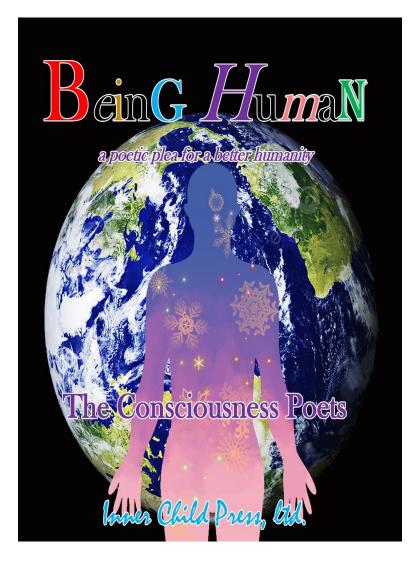


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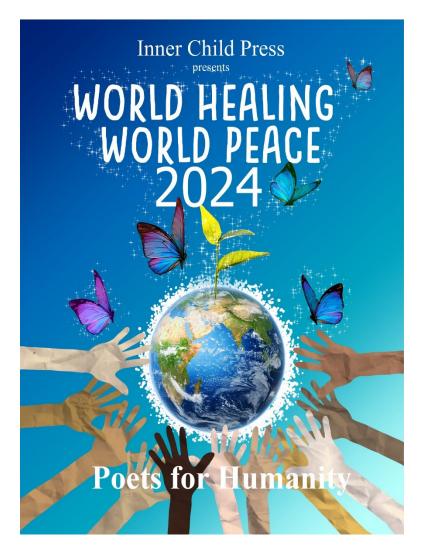




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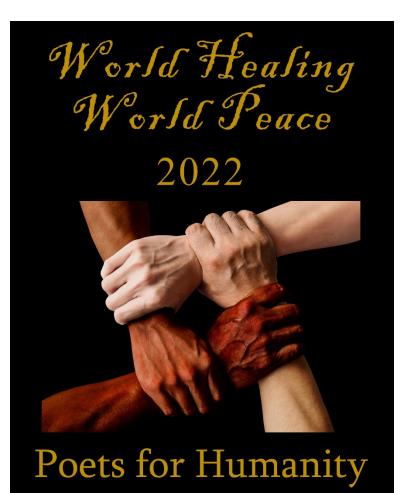


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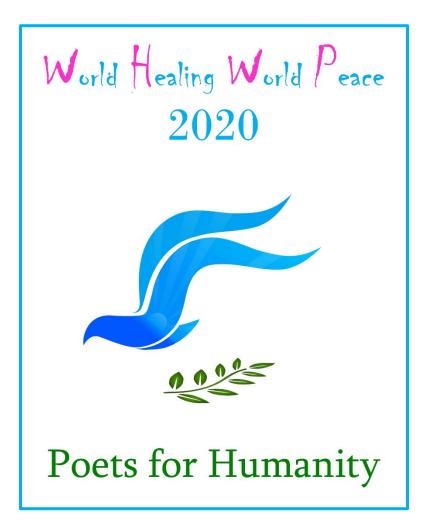


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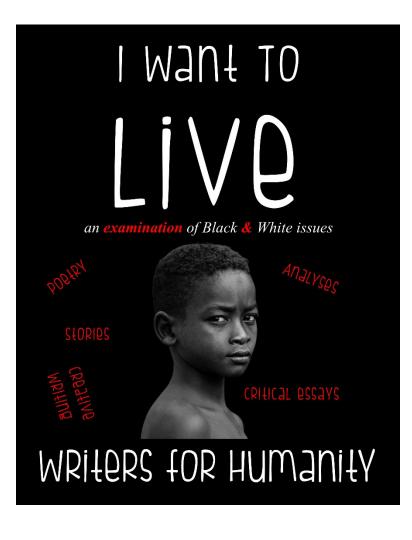


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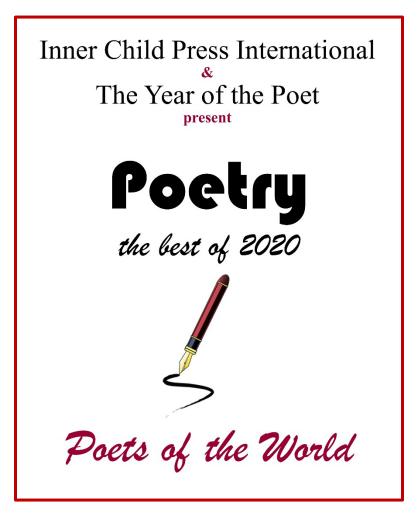


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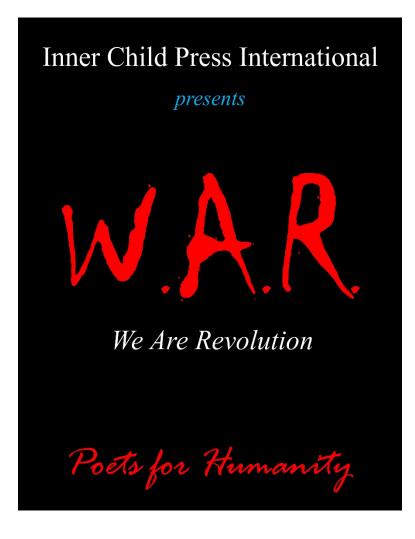
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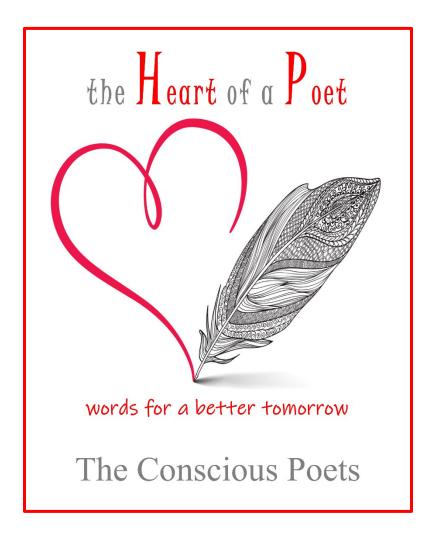
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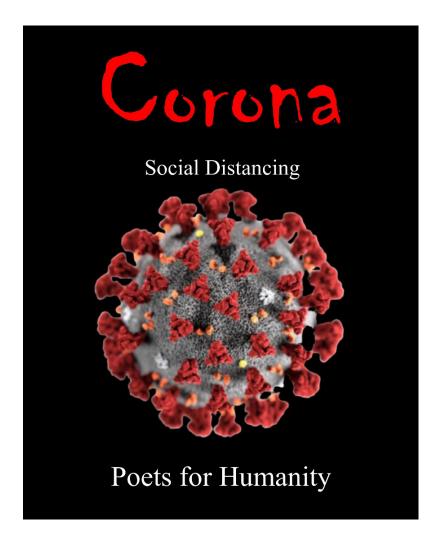
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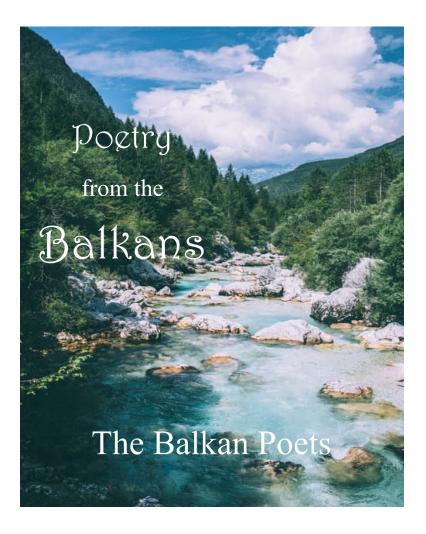
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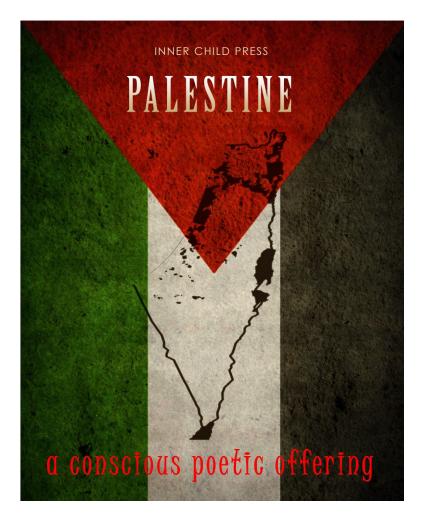
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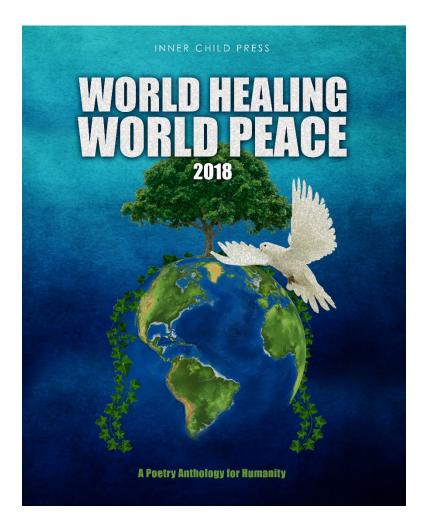
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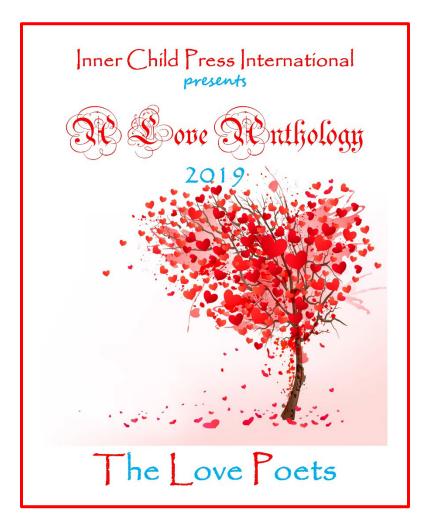


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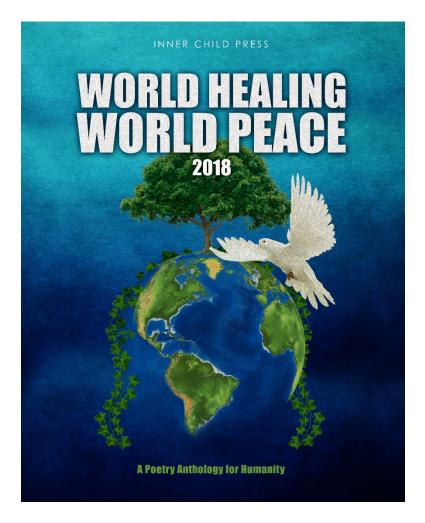
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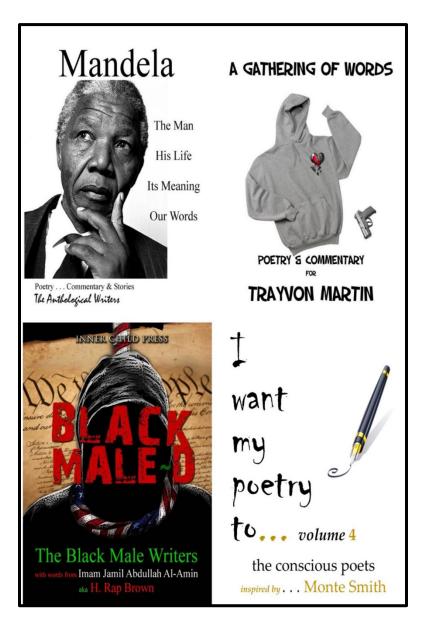
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THE YEAR OF THE POET

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December 2014

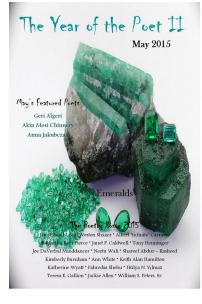
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The Year of the Poet 11 June 2015

June's Featured Poets



The Poetry Posse 2015

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The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

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



The Poetry Posse 2015

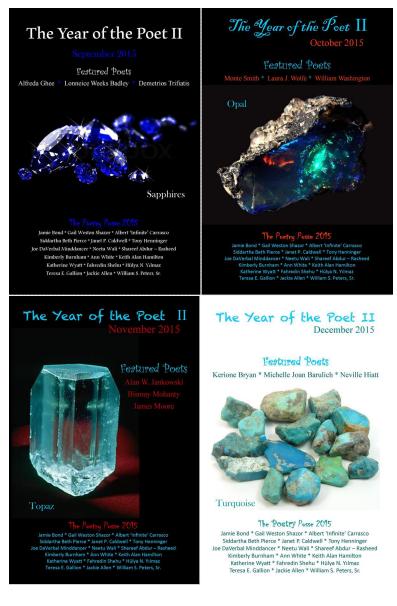
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The Year of the Poet II August 2015



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

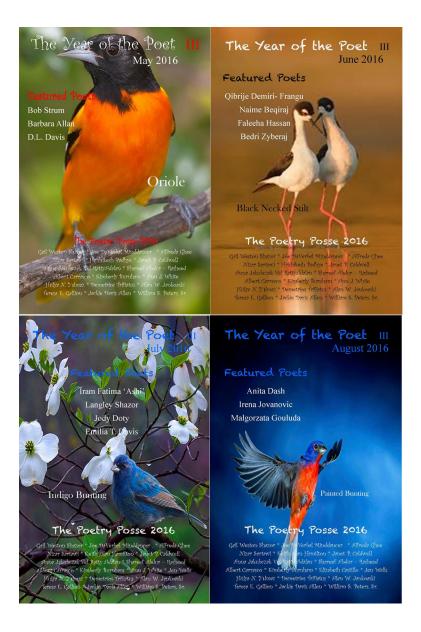
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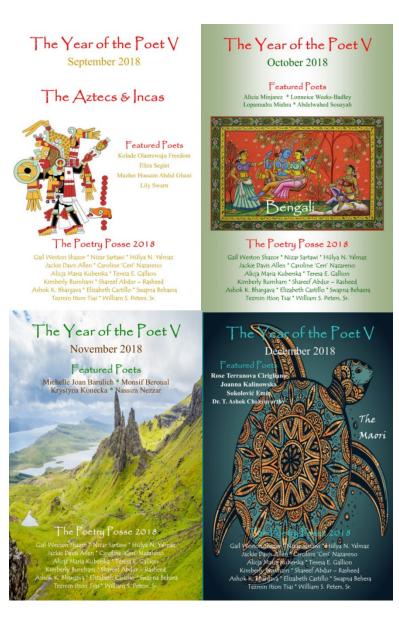
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The Year of the Poet VI The Year of the Poet VI **January 2019** February 2019 Featured Poets Indigenous North Americans Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier Featured Poets Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima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

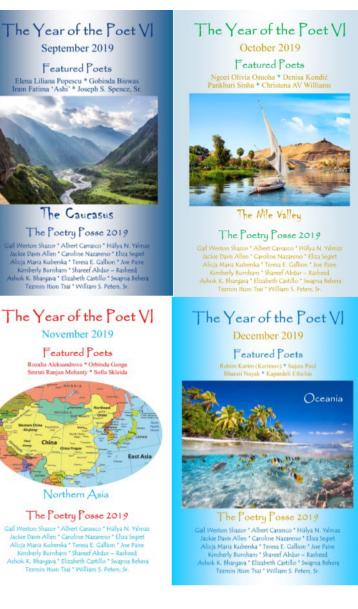
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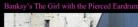


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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

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





Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020 Gall Weston Shazor 'Albert Carasso" Hulya N. Yilmaz Jacke Pavis Alfen 'Caroline Nazareno 'Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska 'Teresa E. Gallion' Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham 'Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargara 'Elizabeth Castillo 'Swapna Behera Tezemin thon Tai 'William's Feters. St.

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

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

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alcışa Marik Məhrski Terses E. Gallion Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Svapna Behera Tezmin ition Tsai - William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

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

Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



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The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

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

Pablo O'Higgins



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May 2021

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

Diego Rivera



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The Year of the Poet VIII July 2021

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

Goncalao Mabunda



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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

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

Rayen Kang



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The Year of the Poet VIII August 2021

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

Mundara Koorang



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September 2021

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

Heather Jansch



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November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



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

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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

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

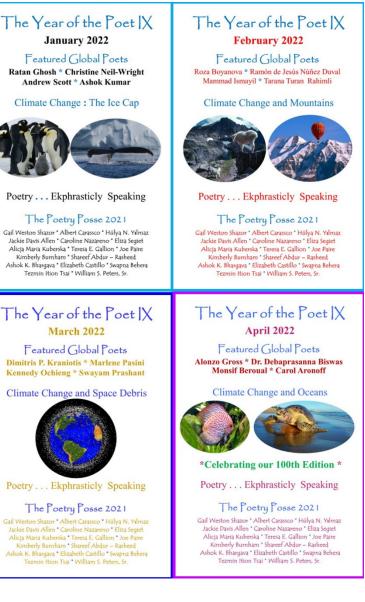
Fredric Edwin Church



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Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr

The Year of the Poet IX June 2022

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

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet |X August 2022

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

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

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

Climate Change and Oil and Power



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet |X December 2022

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

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



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The Year of the Poet X January 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

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The Year of the Poet X March 2023

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

Children : Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

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The Year of the Poet X February 2023

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

Children : Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

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The Year of the Poet XApril 2023

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

Children : Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin The Poetry Posse 2023

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The Year of the Poet XI January 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Phyllis Wheatley ~

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The Year of the Poet XI March 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Nâzim Hikmet ~

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The Year of the Poet XI February 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Omar Khayyam ~

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The Year of the Poet XI April 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ William Butler Yeats ~

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

Renowned Poets



~ Langston Hughs ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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August 2024

Ibrahim Honjo * Khalice Jade Irma Kurti * Mennadi Farah



Li Bai

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

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~ William Ernest Henley ~

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

Renowned Poets



~ Wole Soyinka ~

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The Year of the Poet XI October 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Adam Mickiewicz ~

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The Year of the Poet XI December 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Imru' al-Qais ~

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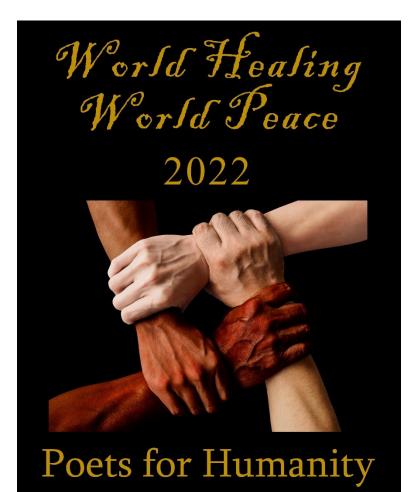
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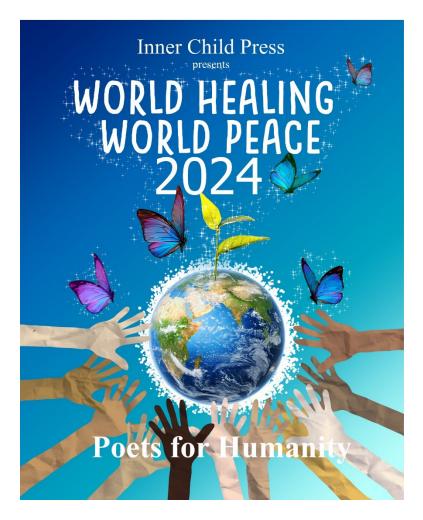
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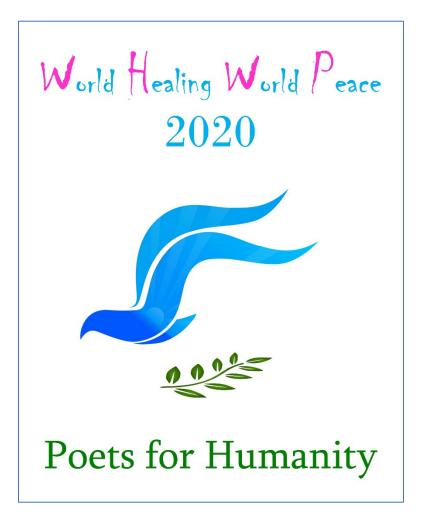




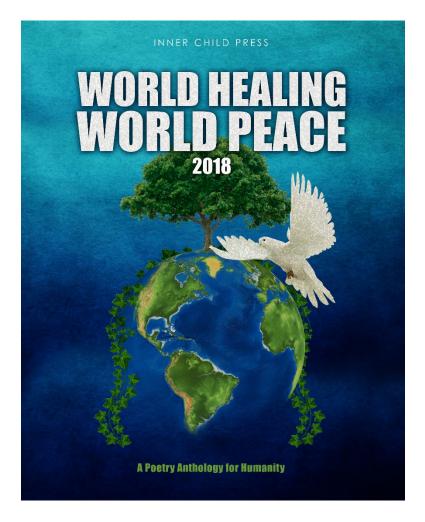
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2025



May 2025 ~ Featured Poets



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