The Year of the Poet XII

November 2025

Featured Global Poets

Zainul Husain * Robert Allen Goodrich Valderrama Hong Ngoc Chau * D. Wahida Hussein







Anxiety Columbine

Peacefulness Peace Lilly

Grief Orchids

The Poetry Posse 2025

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

November 2025

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

The Poetry Posse 2025

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet XII November 2025 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2025

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

R

The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Anxiety ~ Peacefulness ~ Grief

In this issue, we set the poem's focal motif on three interlaced states: Anxiety, Peacefulness, Grief. They are not the poles of a simple opposition, but three waveforms upon the same sheet of water: a fine tremor that tells you the wind is present; a long swell that sets the measure of the waters; and an undercurrent that carries off the moonlight no eye can see. What the poet confronts is never a single emotion, but their drift, each drawing the other, each becoming the other's context.

Let us begin with anxiety. What makes modernity "modern" is that we are compelled to face choice and possibility head-on. Kierkegaard once named anxiety "the dizziness of freedom": you stand at the edge of the possible; looking down, you tremble, looking ahead, you cannot quite retreat. Anxiety is no defect, but a keen organ for perceiving change. It reminds the poet that every stroke of language is a choice among forks that cannot be retraced.

Now grief. If we understand grief as a kind of work, it speaks in two grammars within the poem: outward naming of what is lost, persons, places, times, and inward carving of fissures, how the "I" has been altered. The former relies on narration and designation, giving readers a visible locus for mourning; the latter borrows mirrors, shadows,

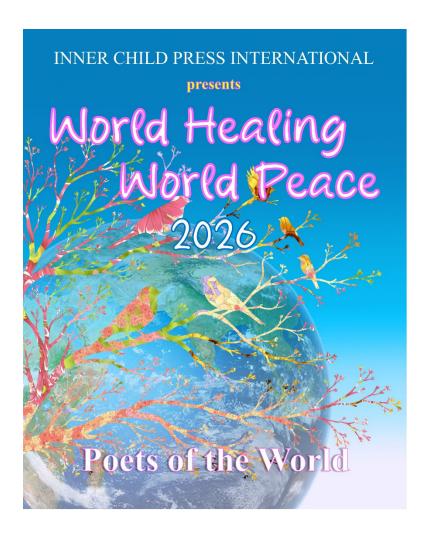
echoes, turning the hollowing of the self into a legible structure. Literature's task, perhaps, is to devise an order of words that makes pain shareable, without erasing it.

Peacefulness is not the antonym of grief, but the craft of passing through it. It asks not for anesthesia but for contemplation: let the hand of language loosen; let things bear witness to themselves. Wang Wei's poetics offers a paradigm, simplicity, blankness, the mutual forgetting of self and thing. The Peacefulness of that "realm of nothing happening" is the capacity to return the world to its original speed. Practically, Peacefulness often depends on sparse lexical density, low-contrast imagery (moss, shadow, wind, water), and the gentle mood of subordinate time-clauses. If anxiety shapes rhythm and grief shapes structure, Peacefulness shapes the interval, the white space between words, like a small square of light in a courtyard.

Therefore, as you read this column, think of it as a multitrack recording: anxiety's treble, grief's bass, Peacefulness's ground hum, all at once. You may not become "no longer sad" or "no longer anxious," but you will better understand their grammar, when to slow the tempo, when to leave a noun in the light, when to let a single comma stand in for a thousand words.

Tzemin Ition Tsai

Now Open for Submissions

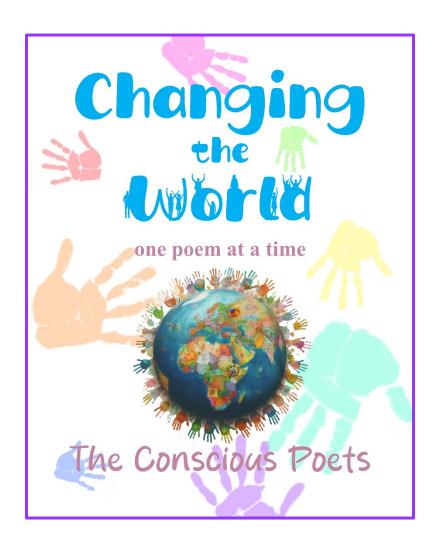


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Preface

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

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

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

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

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

know a bit more about this particular endeavor please stop by for a visit at:

www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Anxiety ~ Peacefulness ~ Grief







Columbine

Peace Lilly

Orchids

Where are You and What Moves You?

This month the themes are anxiety, peacefulness, and grief. How we deal with each feeling and how to achieve inner peace.

In the instructional poem 'How to Be Alone,' Padraig O'Tuama writes, "It begins with ... listen and close, nothing lasts forever ... you are in the only body you are in ... where do you feel anxiety in your body? ... you are such an interesting conversation." Consider the jump off line, "I am in the only body I will inhabit ... "What comes up for you?

It is also interesting to contemplate the body component of anxiety. Recent research correlates a lack of proprioception (the sense of where you are in space) and anxiety. The thinking goes, if you don't know where your body, joints, heart, toes, etc are in space that provokes anxiety. Consider the jump off line, "I know where I am, I am ..."

Those of you who have been following my journey to find and write poetry about the word for peace in 10,000 different languages know that I believe that if every person in the world contemplated peace for three minutes a day, we would live in a much better world, one where each person gives and

has respect for each other and for the world around us. This month envisage what you can change in your life so that you can experience a deep sense of inner calm. What do you have to do or give? What do you have to learn or share? What do you have to let go of or give away?

Grief has pluses and minuses, a sad feeling for something or someone that you had a chance to love. The deeper we love the more grief at the loss. Phyllis Cole-Dai in 'In Line at the Grocery Store' writes, "I miss the tenderness, the man ahead of me whispers to his cart, ... to me, in tears behind my mask." What do you miss? Who do you share your feelings with?

I am in the process of moving from Spokane, Washington to Portland, Oregon. I am in that liminal space of not yet fully leaving Spokane and not yet missing my friends, my seaberry trees, the new maple leaves on the trees outside my bedroom window in the spring. I have not yet fully embraced life in Portland, the quirky restaurants, the green gardens nourished by rain, new friends yet to be made. I am in a place of grief over the anticipated losses but also excited for the opportunity to reinvent myself in a new place where I will still have my wife and dogs and the warmth of the life, I have built for myself.

Look around, what makes you anxious? What can you do to find and create peace? What do you love, and grieve? Explore these themes in your own life as you read poetry from the Inner Child Press Poetry Posse. There is peace and calm in understanding another person just a little bit better through their writing.

Kimberly Burnham, PhD (Integrative Medicine)

September, 2025 Spokane, WA & Portland, OR





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

\sim wsp



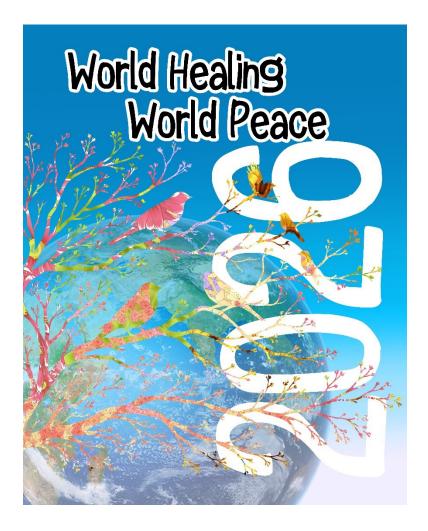


Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

Open for Submissions

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Gail Weston Shazor

The Year of the Poet XII November 2025



The Year of the Poet XII November 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.

Oh Death

Matthew 13:30

Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

Out of the corner of my eye A shadow briefly passed And only just for a second A refraction of light I should not have seen it No one else seemed to have Or were too afraid to acknowledge A moving darkness in the sanctuary Cloaked in blindness A momentary patch Over the third sight Of the multitudes of pew sitting folks The hallelujahs were loud The lights grew dim in the noon hour And it seemed a hot chill passed While we all called on the Lord Weeping for private dreams Praying for private wants Ignoring private needs

And the reaper walked unmet
To the tares hiding
In amongst the wheat
I averted my eyes lest
He would find me wanting
Offering to make a crossroad deal
Though I knew full well that

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This is now the harvest season And I understood the word mercy In that moment For maybe I hadn't done it right But I am still favored as wheat And at the dimming of this morn Death passed me over

Used to Be

I used to love only you Sometimes you loved only me One, two, many or just a few As uncountable as sand in the sea

My heart grew lonely, my soul blue The actual number never really mattered And I tried over and over to talk to you Tho truly hurting, you heard only chatter

Not coming home or spending late nights The missed calls and many messages ignored The multi day arguments and weekly fights The lies and excuses from your mom and boys

Did I fail you as a wife, your kids as mother? I was always there to see to everyone's needs What's between us has only gotten uglier My heart has become too numb to even bleed

So I packed my clothes, books and lotions Gathered up my gifts baubles and beads I can take all this to another location But I leave behind all that I used to be

Pain is weakness leaving the body Cipher

1+2 equals 2 2-1 equals 2 No matter which way I cipher The three it always ends up two I cut it in half and like Abraham I can't bear the thought of Only getting a portion of What I am deserving of Three minus two equals two I have counted days and hours And now even months Until two plus one can equal two And time is divided Into waiting for the next time Until one becomes one point five On the sidelines looking For the plus sign that would join Reticence into conviction Of more than a missed call Or a mussed kiss on two lips Two plus one equals one It would seem that wisdom Would dictate the inequality Of becoming one Paired as soloed For longer than expected The blackboard eraser secrets The one in a longer division and Yellow chalk cancels wings Over indivisible brackets One plus two equals one A rolling stone dropped

The Year of the Poet XII November 2025

Chips against mathematical truth And no matter how damaged It is still just one One plus one plus one equals two But maybe two minus one Equals a matched pair

Alicja Maria Kuberska

The Year of the Poet XII November 2025



The Year of the Poet XII November 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).

Night Terrors

On a starless night the wind sings differently. Leaves tremble with anxiety, branches bend with fear.

The hooting of an owl fills the dark hours and the blackness of the clouds falls silently on my sleep.

Don't wake me now. Let the sun rise, tickling with its rays.

I am a child of light.
I don't want to be afraid.

Peace

To desire nothing, to think of nothing, to abandon worries, concerns, anxiety about tomorrow. To free thoughts from chaos and emotions that vibrate like strings. Let the false tones fade and silence fills the being.

Scorched feelings allow me to forget, to accept the inevitable.

Sadness

Sadness put on a black dress, wrapped flowers in the mourning sashes. It allowed a final farewell - the touch of a hand as cold as ice, closed eyes without a gleam.

Silence has settled in this house. The telephone and doorbell are silent. Something remains of yesterdays - forgotten slippers stand by the bed.

Time has stopped and rushed forward. Time didn't take you with it, Mom.

Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Grief

The pain of loss, how it wells up Inside, like a slow moving volcano: No way to predict the when, how Or why it comes. Only that it does.

A dark veil has draped itself over me.

The shock, the denial, the disbelief! Zombie-like, wide-eyed, my days And nights have become as one; They wear my mourning clothes.

The chill of loss stings, bitterly cold.

A ghost unto myself, I am a lost child. I want to bury my head, my thoughts Between pages of the newspaper, Sorrow 's most futile experiment.

Will life ever return to normal?

No longer do I find joy or pleasure. Little interests me, except sleep. I wear a thick mask trying to hide The deep pain of a personal loss.

Oh! Why did it have to happen?

I go to pick up the phone. I need To tell you how much I miss you. How much you are loved. Instead, I am reminded that you are no more.

On bended knee, I pray for relief.

Hours become days. In turn, weeks Morph into months. Eventually, Time's calendar marks the years With distance, the pain lessening.

Anxiety is the deterrent to my hope.

Hope thrives on love's intention, Memory softens, gently returns With comfort. It soothes old angsts. Like a miracle, the sun comes out.

The sky is blue. I am, again, myself.

Anxiety

My Momma, she done told me, "Don't you be worrying about stuff; Just do your best, and leave the rest To God." Sound easy to say, or to do?

I tell myself, I'll try. I'll lift up a prayer, Do something that's fun, creative; maybe Tackle a project I've too long neglected. Try not to think about the problem.

My Momma, she continued to say, "If you worry needlessly, over nothing, You've wasted time, energy and effort. On the other hand, if you worry...and,

If the worst does happen, you've sadly Placed yourself in the unenviable position Of probably worrying again. A second time! Is it worth worth suffering all that anxiety?"

Resilience

Caught up in circumstances, Not of my own making, I'm grieving, Torn to pieces. I'm in shock. In disbelief.

Pacing the floor, reliving the tragic news, All I want to do is to pretend it didn't happen. Just as impossible as turning back the clock.

I struggle through the days, the nights. My prayers repetitive, jumbled, incoherent, Except to my Maker, who knows me, my heart.

My mind is like a screen, upon which The movie plays loud and long, horrific With imagination painted in technicolor.

A newspaper's headline catches my eye. From sunrise to sunset, I peruse the script. Line by line, page by page, passing the time.

Until, I find I've come to the last page. Of the classified advertisements! Oh my! (An attempt at burying my head in the sand.)

Eventually, realizing I can't keep this up, I decide to act upon one of those ads. (Going back to work might help.)

I'll use my gifts, talents, and give back To others. With God's help, true healing Will come. And joy will return as my friend.

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 Shore Where Ripples Decide

The window ledge is a measuring stick, measuring every hesitation of the day; the doorknob is cool, proof the air has not chosen a direction.

The city's clock slices the future, minute by minute; the comma on a paper cup is a reef in open water; my sentence is unfinished, yet my heartbeat rushes ahead, off-tempo and unsure.

A butterfly turns over in the book, did I dream the butterfly, or did the butterfly wake me?, its feelers extending again and again along the spine. At the corridor's end, the wind pushes the curtain notch by notch. bamboo shadows on guard, reading what goes in and what

The tea has cooled halfway; mist practices calligraphy on

the cup's wall. Between one door and another

Down at the lane's mouth, a vendor drags the last note

stretching near and far into a longer rubber band that snaps back to strike the string in my throat.

I become a thought pinched by the frames.

goes out.

Who is playing a flute inside the body? A triple-reed, a hurried mode.

I press my ear closer to myself and hear the marching boots of sentences kick at stones. If someone were to knock just now, allow me to stand half a step longer on the shore, to let the ripples decide for themselves which way to go.

One Courtyard's Width

Return names to things:
a tree is still a tree, water still water;
a shadow needs only to be set where it can move slowly.
In the courtyard, a small square of light falls on moss;
time naps like a fish upon a stone;
a breeze turns the page,not arguing, only turning.

Write the late afternoon with the thinnest lexicon. Tea, neither hot nor cold; clouds, neither near nor far; distant hills like a sentence that requires no punctuation. Wang Wei's blankness is not emptiness; a sparrow's hop across the step completes a brief verse.

Bring the breath back to its original speed, let the room's ground-hum align with the world; the voices of things lower their contrast and remain mutually audible.

Definition, perhaps it is only this: between speaking and not speaking leave one more courtyard's width, so that a single falling leaf can write the autumn a little more slowly.

Lighting a Smaller Lamp

From today onward, there is one bowl fewer, one chair fewer.

The umbrella behind the door remembers the habit of your hand,

yet will never again hear your shout that the rain has stopped.

After Qingming, the paper ash turns back in the wind, like a line in a letter that was never sent.

I try to name what has been lost, a street, a bridge, the tone of a season,; I also try to carve the crack inward, to hold your name beneath my tongue, to let silence practice speaking in my mouth.

The mirror no longer summons me, leaving only a shoulder and an empty chair sitting together. Night smears the room's corners into dark ink; the desk lamp prints a ring of warmth on the table, like a tide that has not fully ebbed.

Grief learns how to light a smaller lamp; not to remember harder, but to admit that memory, at its own pace, will move through the seams of our bones and our clothing.

When the bell-sound flows slowly from the temple square, I raise the clear water in my cup to the far distance, not begging for reversal, only asking it to carry away the edge of the sting.

The river runs from the east; we plant a lamp on the bank. Someone passes, sees the faint light, and understands: it is still possible to walk a little farther.

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.

Peacefulness

No longer do I
grieve of the past
but I have this inner calm
of the present and the future.
I have a new adventure
in my life.
I feel so happy and
so peaceful about it.
It is an awesome feeling.

The Poet (Trinet)

Poet searches

for truth

through his/her poetry, no lies.

Listen to the poet bares all

want answers

find it

telling you.

Butterfly (Bob and Wheel)

Butterfly

such a beauty to see

and let's watch it fly! Fly

high, my friend, and be free.

Don't want to say goodbye.

Elizabeth E. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

The Weight Beneath the Moon

There is a trembling beneath the ribs a silent orchestra of wings beating against glass, as though the soul has forgotten how to rest inside its bones.

Grief walks in barefoot, leaving wet footprints on the heart's corridor. She hums a song of absence, and every note echoes the names we no longer say aloud.

Anxiety, her twin made of smoke, whispers of all that could break, of stars that might fall out of orbit, of hearts that might stop mid-beat if we dared to breathe too deeply.

They meet in the dark corners of thought, braiding shadows into garlands, weaving storms out of silence—a sacred alchemy of ache.

Yet, in this quiet unraveling, something luminous hums beneath the pain—a pulse older than sorrow, older than fear.

It is the moon remembering its own darkness, the tide surrendering to its pull, the self learning again that even the shattered pieces reflect light when the night is deep enough.

When Dawn Remembers Our Names

There will come a morning when the sky opens its palms—soft and golden, like forgiveness finding its way home.

The stars will loosen their hold, and fall quietly into dreams, their light reborn in our eyes as we rise from the dust of yesterday.

The rivers will hum with knowing, their waters whispering, you have endured, and every tree will stretch toward the horizon like a prayer finally answered.

We will walk barefoot on the edge of time, feeling the pulse of the earth beneath us, ancient and alive, reminding us that all endings are only pauses in the breath of creation.

There is no sorrow the sun cannot untangle, no shadow too deep for the dawn to enter.

And when we stand again in the hush of first light, we will see ourselves as the stars once saw us—flickers of eternity, learning once more to begin.

The Secret Language of Light

Happiness does not arrive with a trumpet it drifts in quietly, like the hush before dawn when the world still dreams in color.

It lives in the breath between thoughts, in the shimmering pause when sunlight touches a leaf and the leaf remembers it, too, is alive.

You cannot chase it—
it is a river without banks,
a melody that hums only
when the heart stops searching for sound.

Happiness wears no face, yet it gazes through every eye—
the old woman watering her garden, the child tracing constellations in puddles, the wanderer who finally stops walking and feels the wind become his companion.

It is the quiet awakening of the soul, the divine laughter of atoms that recognize their place in the dance of everything.

To feel it is to stand inside a ray of sun and know that you are not separate—you are the light, remembering itself.

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

After Thoughts

All I was trying to do, was what I thought we had agreed to. I was born in the USA just like you, so English was our common language.

Maybe you whispered something that I didn't hear or understand? I guess I couldn't see all the insecurities that hounded you, because I didn't have any that bothered me.

I found out along the way, when something was good for me it wasn't good for you. Tit for Tat started to become a common thread.

Stuff outside of me became important to you. You were still looking for things I thought you found.

I was trying to build on the understanding that it's us, back to back against the world. I found out it was just me, because you weren't around.

I couldn't possibly be angry with you even upset or sad. Seems people like you, are just my lot, but I hope not my destiny. I'm grateful that was all this temporary.

Circle Games

Out of the clear blue comes whose is pursuing who. Not understanding that you and your daughter too are cannon fodder.

Life on the edge of space seems to be getting tighter, as you look for another place to plot. Finding more and more fans of your plans for making a human less than a human.

Eating the apples from the government's branches, increasing the chances of you becoming the next zeros. Following the flung stuff, like acupuncture. Listening to the bells and whistles as they jingle.

Sorting through the porkchop patties, wondering if Bo is your daddy. Choosing beasts for heroes that know not of your existence. Marinating in zilch, and proud of it.

Your soul held a vigil while you ran after the Ginger bread man. When you caught up with him, he gave you your patty cakes, after he licked the frosting off. Coming up short has to be normal for you by now.

Not only saying holy cow, you worship them now. The only way to sell a lie, is you must

know the truth, that, just doesn't feel right. A pint of something goes well, with saying the hell with it!

Morals to the stories don't take long drawn out examples, unless you are trying to justify why you said it. I know your shadow knows even when you can't see it

Working on the Memories

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

Hearing the difficulties being recited of former times.

Leaving now

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

pointed fingers at those who were to blame.

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

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

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

through the maze of mad men trying to lift your gift, then saying that

it is his.

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

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

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

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

rest of our kind.

hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

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

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Tears Stuck in *Araf

Thrown into the deepest depths of such darkness
That the attacks of evil bury us under unending artillery.
It is a heavy downpour on the soul of the good-hearted.
Its smoke signals are spread across the globe
For every murderer to record their echoes.
Additional armament supplies are in plentitude.

I have no worldly possessions.

My eyes' salty drops, however, are with me in abundance, As there is no time for me when they are not needed. Still, they do not flow down my face freely! For my compassion has been tagged as "against the common good."

There now exists a file labeling me as an "anarchist."

Scorching my entire being like acid rain, Floods of my tears remain stuck in Araf.

^{*}According to the Islamic belief system, "Araf" is the place between heaven and hell, depicting a state of being when the soul is caught between a rock and a hard place.

when time stood still

are you claustrophobic? you did very well the last time the process is the same only the stitches will be in the way

staples on the skin pain in the abdomen severe nausea feverishness high anxiety . . . extremely high . . . about the night of the intruder who entered my room in the hospital ward

acutely aware now of that tightest and loneliest mini-tunnel

besides even breathing hurts

the better choice, Ma'am, an MRI is unfortunately not doable too early to discard your stitches

finally, I am back in my room, home away from home for the last several weeks, tucked in safely

wait, wait! oh. no!

another urgent procedure just became a must we are sorry, but no need to worry

this time, it's surgical endoscopy you did well under general anesthesia, after all

so . . . it's a setback not a major one but still . . . a setback

you are a unique woman they say to me once and again you can return to your home at last

Peace Lilies

Leaf 3 fell on August 5, 2016

sometimes i drink two in a row but not both at once, like you used to out of your *Babiş-cup as reserved only for your Turkish coffee

i recycle the same demitasse for the second round, rinse the inside and the saucer after my fortune-telling attempts

of course, i laugh at myself for that ritual for i learned not to take myself seriously anymore those few minutes i set aside each time my most memorable simple pleasures of life accompany me, around a small table setting for Turkish coffee, surrounded by priceless company who are only visible to me . . .

Leaf 2 fell on March 28, 2015

quite often, i take my mind to a ride to your birthplace of my particular pride in its all-forgiving, all-accepting serenity, that tiny corner of the world protected my sanity compassionately during my months of live autopsy no one else but you unpained me with your right dose of verbal Anesthesie

i no longer have a home phone i got rid of it after prolonged silences on the other end for i was desperately yearning to hear your "*Hülişim!"

your precious Sinop's Divan Cafe is intact, in utter relief i hear two large plates of Revani still play hide-and-seek with us under scoops and scoops of ice cream "home-made vanilla!" we both silently scream you then ask for a generous serving of your most favorite topper of desserts as you always did with a mischievous smile Sahne – but the real kind, please you add as usual, and your dark brown eyes assume the color of your childlike shine

Leaf 1 fell on May 7, 1981

he loved me as everything you meant to him because i am your legacy, he would say without ever tiring, he tucked me in with his courageous love for life his call would come in on the verge of each of my stormy vibes, never skipping a beat

your little-girl picture appears frequently before me these days countless years since could not cloud my awe how strikingly beautiful were your emerald green eyes!

i want to unearth your older pictures my orphaned self gets colder and colder i need you and the windows of your soul for i just must once again become whole

^{*}Babiş is a term of endearment with which I often addressed my late father.

^{*&}quot;Hülişim!" is a term of endearment with which my late uncle always began his phone call.

Teresa E. Gallion



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

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Anxiety Is

Anxiety is a slow burn that scorches the echoes that feed the brain.

An uncomfortable tilt embraces the body, forces compliance.

An uninvited guest slips into your space during a dark midnight rain.

Your morning coffee trembles down your throat demanding you fight the poison.

You hear your heart singing. Now listen to the melody and order anxiety to leave.

Captured Peace

The forest trail is a walk in solitude. A crackling of pine needles sings beneath the feet touching earth.

Every tree smiles in evergreen with open branch arms to receive all souls ready for hugs.

Morning light shimmers between trees creating a welcome mosaic that says enter and be blessed.

Your heart beats to rhythms of the wind flowing pass.
A sacred quietness embraces you.

The forest hears you though no words pour from your lips. It just listens to the message of gratitude that flows gently from your soul.

The Shape of Grief

Grief is a harsh reality that smacks hard on arrival and declares pain as ruler for a while.

The fight to get on with life shakes the core of resilience and still we survive.

The impact of loss is precise in the moment of striking. Sometimes the will to live experiences unique challenges.

That ache to the bone is nourished by time. We do not get over loss. We learn to live with it.

Muscle memory becomes a force to live with appreciation for all the good times in our treasure chest.

We move from sad tears to happy water massaging the face as we move closer to adjusting to the bitterness of loss.

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.

Even in Shadow

Deflated and punctured, I hold on to hope for a few drops of light just enough to stir my soul.

Let it pour gently, like rain that forgets to fall, filling me with dreams that shimmer, even in shadow.

Come—take my hand without words. We'll dance, not for eyes, but for the rhythm inside us.

Our voices will rise—
not as questions, not as prayers,
but as stories
meant for the wind, the birds, the whales.

Peacefulness of Action

Peace is not the silence of voices, nor the absence of pain. It is the quiet strength to sit with what is—without resistance, without retreat.

Peace is not agreement in belief, but the freedom to let others be. It does not demand sameness; it invites understanding.

A peaceful life is rooted in presence— where each moment is met fully, without clinging to the past or fearing what comes.

Peace is a soft discipline: to respond, not react, to listen before speaking, to walk slowly, even when the world runs fast.

It is found in the space between thoughts, in the breath that returns you to now.

Peace lives where acceptance begins.

Ash and Smoke

Morning breaks along the eastern edge of the sky, and I move out through empty streets, heading the other way.

If you catch up to me, I'll tell you:

Love hides in the ash and the smoke—long before it ever becomes light.

Reality is not what the eye sees, or the ear hears, or the nose detects.

It's not the mirror, and not the image.

It's the thing itself—the weight of presence before it is named.

It's not inside you, and it's not outside.

Reality exists only in the act of realizing it.

Wake up, you who seek to know. The wind cannot be seen.

To feel its movement, you must stop moving.

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

Beta Blockers

The quiet battles begin
Little sentinels are eager
To thrum the heart,
Whispers of perturbed crescendo,
Every imagined pause,
Interplays from nauseating spotlights—
Grief and grace soliloquy,
Between the leaping overtures,
Between tremors and trembles,
Within the storms attended,
Overthinking doesn't heal,
It gives you the taste
Of antidepressant's voice,
Then, suddenly, hush
Peace is playing.

Sangfroid

The sky unravels The inner and outer flares, The sirens of chaos pulling at the seams, of your stillness. But you do not cringe, You defend yourself, You sip your coffee with courage, Taming your ribs, With calmness As you wear the soft linens Of the morrow, When fleeting robes usher Cold and summer metronomes, Beneath the heavy lift, Letting silence pierce The emptiness in the moonlight.

Bottling Up

The art of containment
Doesn't spill so easily,
Like rain from the nimbus clouds
Too proud to cry heavily
And reach the soil,
Sometimes it settles
Hovering the throat,
It smothers the Adam's apple
And grief creeps to your eyes.
You fold that remorse into a napkin,
Hiding your face in your pillows,
Inside the glass thins with restraint,
Pressure builds remorse,
Promising a cathartic strength.
Your smile is full of unsaid things,

Break free. Resurface.

Swapna Behera



Behera is trilingual a 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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excuse me....

Anxiety is a silent killer or healer

excuse me I am a sex worker I have no time to waste I am over stressed to handle the lust of customers no time to sing lullabies for my baby anxiety for my baby, for her career for her wellbeing, for her marriage for her identity in search of the name of her father etc..... excuse me I have no time to listen to the tears tears of the nature tears of the down trodden lo! behold I have become a robot my emotions, my love is vaporized anxiety replaces the diagram of a country the horrendous cry here and there someone is thirsty to get a glass of water someone in the war field craving for the blood excuse me I have no time to define love issues have overpowered my sentiments I am a robot with the brief case dwindling between money and family like the pendulum with tons of garbage in my brain excuse me have you seen my heart? missing since years you filled it with turbid stress I don't complain the media covers rape, murder, corruption

I am worried for my teenage girl
I pray the beautiful world
where is your charismatic strength
that can wipe the stress of each child,
each woman, each soldier
each plant, each bird, animal or river?
can't we enjoy the rights to smile?
smiles are beyond borders
griefs are not grievances
they are the agendas to clean mental garbage

micro dialect of peace

micro dialect of peace celebrates a middle-class menu with flickering candle light in the dining table a farmer's smile to see the first monsoon, first harvest a mother's milk a soldier's kiss on the forehead of his wife after the cease fire an enemy's apology a friend's strength in the graveyard peace transmits, generates and sustains a balance sheet to show the ardent growth prayers galore to express gratitude heals excruciating pain a simple breath a sojourn journey from cradle to the cemetery crossing the bundles of abhorrence peace is a new language, a responsibility

Is grief a volcano?

grief is the shadow or the Sun death asked to life "Are you in grief?" life replied "Not at all I am holding the Sun and not the shadow" the mountain asked the sand "Are you in grief?" the sand said "Not at all I am your existence today or tomorrow I flow and glow in the river just wait and watch" the pyre burnt and the ash asked "Are you in grief?" the ash replied "No, not at all I am still living in the veins of the plants" Is grief a volcano? the lava replied "I am the fossil to give birth to a progeny where there is deep grief" there is certainly love. love and love

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

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I remember walking home from school wondering if they'll be dinner, that was my daily struggle as a minor. The school lunch wasn't great, but if there was no food at home when I got there, I could say at least I ate. That's how I tricked my mind so my belly wouldn't be growling because I was hungry. I know i wasn't alone, there was a lot of families living in poverty in my community. We didn't know if there was going to be a meal at the end of the day, we didn't know if we'll be able to pay the rent where our heads lay, we didn't know if candles would have to flicker at night because we didn't have light, we lived with that type of anxiety.

We dreamt of how life would be on the greener side of the grass, three meals a day with surplus supplies of food to last, top shelf liquor to celebrate a wealthy life while tapping champagne glass, automatic rent and light payments because we're never short on cash. Eviction notices would be a thing of the past, cabinet's will be full and fridges wouldn't just have ice and water along with baking soda to absorb hollow odor. Life would be bliss with that sort of peacefulness.

Some get the opportunity to get out of poverty and provide better lives for their families,

They no longer have to dream for the norm, they can live out fantasies. I wish that was the same for everybody. So many grow up in poverty and died poverty, the struggle never came to a cease, lives were lived with a lot of hope and equal amounts of grief.

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

The Only Body

I am in the only body I will inhabit lucky with the privilege of health of only a few aches and pains from the experience of the last 68 years

Lucky that my brain and mouth work together to communicate with ears to listen and understand the people I love and all the people around me

I am lucky to have opposable thumbs to hold those I love to scratch my three big dogs and open the cat food can every morning for Moonshadow

Lucky to be able to see my maple trees the green buds popping in the spring and the orange and red of fall the deer, soft brown rabbits and the quail that inhabit this land with me

This is the only body I will inhabit I don't know the future but my past is filled with luck and love and meaning

Dancing with Eagle Feathers

Out of the morning hush, a feather waits not fallen, but placed a gift from the sky, from a bird healthy and strong in flight whose wings know the shape of peace

Let us find it let us give it away. let it be the beginning of something mended let us dance our welcome to the stranger, to the neighbor to the one who has walked a long road to arrive here in our home

In the language of the Heiltsuk of British Columbia words bloom like springs first snow bells "Háyałut" to make peace with "Hikqú" to reconcile, to return from the edge of a quarrel "Yáyáwala" to offer a gift when peace is made a dance of welcome and "Qvúsa" to place an eagle's downy feather on the head of another as if to say you are safe now you are home

Let us learn these words
let them dance from our mouths
like cedar smoke
let us dance as the eagles with grace and hospitality
giving us all peace

The Comradery of Conflict

Peace is not always the hush of a meadow the red gold of sunset sometimes it is the breath between two voices the listening before the reply

In Lhomi, a language carried through the high passes of Nepal peace wears many names shades nuanced with the culture "स्पीच or sjiwa" a word for peace like a soft wind brushing the cheek "ŋíŋsaŋi" is pleasure braided with peace like old stories shared beneath a thatched roof

"Dzhjamik kekmik" is peace and quiet the silence of snow falling on a path no longer argued over and "मीच्युक्-कीच्युक् mitsjuk-kitsjuk" is a lonely place also meaning peace and quiet as if solitude when chosen brings both peace and a longing for loved ones

Let us not forget that even in the bustle even in the comradery of conflict there is a longing for stillness

And sometimes the most generous act is to learn the name of peace in another's mother tongue in this mountainous land where "ढाङ्सीली" [dʰaŋsili] means cool, refreshing cold and calm

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 Winding Path

When the wind of worries blew into the corners of her life, she never stopped believing that she would manage it all. Even though she feared she might not bear it, she got used to the daily struggles. They became a challenge – Solving problems is my specialty. Even when the winding path was hard to go through - she kept going. She did not give up! She felt strong. Though sometimes, from exhaustion, she trudged with unsteady steps, she was like - a diamond. - a corundum.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

She was a woman!

A New Beginning

When the sting of reality

had stopped tormenting her,

she thought about herself.

She knew it was worth

reviving the will to live.

To turn the smoldering into a flame,

sorrow into joy,

and the end – into a new beginning.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Experiences

In the chaos of longing she recalls her Mum

- how she spread love
- how she gave everybody a piece of herself
- how she forgave, understood and helped.

Still, she kept forgetting that communing with the muddy life of those in need was not a gift she'd been granted but a swarming exchange of her own life path, that could have been the light, for the path of darkness.

She didn't know that in order to sow heartening grains in others – one mustn't neglect one's own needs.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

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Personal Web Site

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Searching for Alms

The chanting of the Buddhist Priests
The ringing of the bell
In the church steeples
The call of the Muezzin
For prayer
And I stand here
Searching for alms

My soul is hungry My spirit is thirsty And my consciousness Is expanding, For I am in need of more, And the Taoist understands

I am still yet a pagan
Walking unknown paths
That have been well worn
Into the garden
By the many before me
Who are also lost in the void
Where only a false solace lives

Do not we humans Have any recognition Of the truth of Peace And his sister ... Love

We practice our failures In selective silence While embracing the noise That life feeds us As a certifiable way

To salvation, But we bleed not For the cause

We sing praises To empirical things And their manifestations Thinking And somehow convincing ourselves That all is well While the fires of hell Burn all about us Consuming the very air We breathe As we continually Choke and suffocate On the wisping smoke Of the dreams of man We thought Once had promise

Reach out and take my hand
Oh divine One
That i may trust once again
In what may come to be
As the morrow sun rises
To kiss our maleable aspirations

. . . .

Let me quench my thirst As I drink of the untainted Early morning dew That magically wash away The lusts of our yesterdays

Yes, I have sinned More than I can ever recount,

And my heart was filled at times With avarice
And impure desires,
But know, that was
My persuasion, not my intent
Which is why I find myself
Yet again another day
Begging, pleading,
Searching for Alms.

Every Day Since

Every Day since
I have been inclined to dial your number
To give you a call,
Knowing that you will not be there
To faithfully answer
As you have done
In the past . . .
God knows how I miss those conversations

Every Day since Your face Has been etched indelibly In my thoughts Day and night, Night and day

Every Day since
There is a longing
For yet another embrace,
Another conversation,
Another exploration
Of ideas
And their creation

Every Day since
I picture you
In your White Kufi,
Your White Thaub,
Reminding me of your Taqwa
As you rest peacefully
In the Barzaak . .
May my prayers be heard
For your safe journey
To Cennet

Every Day since,
There is an abiding numbness,
An emptiness,
For apparently
Allah had a plan for your presence
That was not in accordance
With my understanding

Every Day since
My eyes begin to water,
But shed no tears
To run down
My cheeks
To cessate this grief
I bear silently
As I seek a thing,
A light of forbearance
That escapes the grasp
Of my cognizance

Every Day since

The Suffering of Youth

We were supposed to change the world, And we did, Though not necessarily for the better.

We have allowed too many things, Far too many things To manifest without our knowing

The shadows were busy doing, While we were doing life Trying our best to mitigate our way Through the strife that life Often presents to us

We lived under the premise of
"In God We Trust"
As printed on the implements and instruments
Used to bargain away our consciousness
And our freedoms
While enslaving us to the
Procedures and processes
That kept us bound
Upon a path
In an untended garden

We cried, we begged, we prayed and we Worked our way through it all Only to arrive here, yes here, Wondering WTF happened To all those years, Those years of naïve intent, Dreams sent forth in to Unchained and rooted horizons That never seem to draw any closer

We marched,
We protested,
We voted,
We signed petitions,
We voiced our dissent,
We wrote poetry and stories
And so much fiction
Which ultimately became
Our realities

We showed up,
But we did so
In so many wrong places
Leaving minuscule traces
Of our presence
And the significance
Of what we could have become

In the meantime, We danced We sung, We shook hands And embraced.

We loved,
We raised families,
We worked,
We paid taxes to the cause
That was supposedly earmarked
For the goodness of the people . . . yet
Somewhere along the journey
We were bamboozled
By the greedy,
As they taught us to blame our plight
On the needy . . .
Well God-Damn . . .

Isn't that what it was supposed to be about?

Our nation, our world is hungry
For the food called 'righteousness'
But there is a scarcity
In the souls of many . . . so it may seem,
But yet still we pray
For redemption,
To be redeemed to those dreams
Where smiles and laughter
From here to hereafter
Are the cause of the day.

In the meantime,
Our youth are as hungry
As I, you, we once were
For a better world,
A world that embraced our humanity,
And the egoic vanity of the demons
Would just go away,
Disappear . . . for ever and ever . . .
And they tell me to vote . . .
And I obediently do so
For another promise
To be delivered,
And that is the legacy that leads us to
The Suffering of Youth . . . continually!

November 2025 Featured Poets



Zainul Husain
Robert Allen G. Valderrama
Hong Ngoc Chau
D. Wahida Hussein

The Year of the Poet XII November 2025



Zainul Husain



Hailing from Bareilly, a city in an Indian state of Uttar Pradesh, Dr. Zainul Husain is an exceptional English language teacher. He is a passionate poet whose profound words touched the hearts of the readers across the globe. Dr. Husain's poetry has earned him numerous accolades on national and international platforms. His poetry collection "Spring of Love" published in 2023 is a testament of his talent and dedication to the art of poetry.

Treacherous Butterflies

Being treacherous butterflies of multitude colors,

They came stealthily to steal

The pollen of my faith.

They robbed me of my body and soul,

Swearing madly, they captivated my innocent heart.

Under the trap of those pretended promises,

They made my life colorless.

They sucked the nectar of my youth

To the last drop,

And filled it with tears, sighs, and moans.

Spring Has Arrived

The rosy dreams of union Now adorn the lovely eyes once more. Nature is engaged In weaving garlands To embellish earth's tresses. Spring has arrived.

The world begins to resonate
With the magnetic melody of singing birds.
The sweet scent of morning's gentle zephyr
Has begun to heal the wounds
Of Autumn's pain.
Spring has arrived.

The goddess of nature has wrapped herself In her most enthralling attire. Every eye is ensnared by the radiance of her resplendent beauty.

The star - crossed lovers have begun to reunite Under the blossoming shade of gulmohar tree. Spring has arrived.

They Say Poetry Is False

When they say poetry is false
With lots of spurious symbols
With multitudes of images and metaphors,
I reply It creates a utopian world
Where soothing solitude
Replaces all hustle and bustle
Where ground of heart
Is soaked with ecstatic showers
And smiles replace tears.

When they comment poetry is fanciful,
An illusion of woven words
Very far from the ground
Of reality,
I reveal them the true face
Of poetry.
It's like an ointment that heals
The wounds of painful reality.
It's a light that illuminates
Even the darkest chambers of loneliness.

Robert
Allen
Goodrich
Valderrama



Robert Allen Goodrich Valderrama (Panama 1980): Poet, writer, essayist, academic creator of the Blog Mi Mundo, Founder and administrator of the Facebook Group Amor por las Letras has participated in more than 100 anthologies worldwide. His books have been published independently on Lulu.com, winner of several awards inside and outside Panama for his poetry, essays, cultural contributions, for human rights and peace.

The Love of My Life

You are the love of my life the most important person who came one day to captivate me with her beauty and catch me with her smile.

You are the muse of my poetry the owner of the beating of my heart of the taste of forbidden kisses and of the absence I feel when you are not here.

You are the love of my life the owner of all my love the muse of my poetry that and more is you.

Until The End of the World

Let us walk together hand in hand to the end of the world my love.

Let us be companions in happiness and misfortune until the end of our days like two eternal lovers.

Let us walk together my love hand in hand to the end of the world and beyond.

We Have

We have to have the courage to be better people to be idealists and ambassadors of peace to fight for a better humanity.

We have to arm ourselves with courage and fight.

Are we going to dare?

Yes or no?

Hong Ngoc Chau



Her true name is NGUYEN CHAU NGOC DOAN CHINH. Her pen name is HONG NGOC CHAU,. She is a Master of educational management, a member of the Ho Chi Minh City Writers' Association (Vietnam) and an Honorary Doctorate in Literature and Humanity of the Church and of Prixton University. Admin member of W.U. P (World Union of Poets), GENERAL COUNCIL level World Union of Poets with MEDAL SILVER Investigator (14th medal of World Union of Poets), VISHWA BHARATI Contributor - India (Vishwabharati Research Centre), International Ambassador of the International Council of Writers & Artists, Administrator, moderator, group expert of many literary forums around the world.

The Power of Poetry

The power of poetry is very great None can describe the soul of it If you are a poet you know this Express your soul as you wish The power of poetry is always immortal My soul is calling out to a lot of people Return to the nature of the sound mind The desire to love life changes new life Share joys and sorrows in the temporary world The love poem I weave for you, my love words Just as I sow hope in the world to my beloved Just as it really is to be forever pure, beloved Poetic language is rich in the emotion of hope I live life the sweet honey of the faith and hope Just as all my heart boldly seeks all the truth Just as I miss you and you miss me so much Reaching many people via power Poetry loads with authority ever Poets create resources of power As for everyone's power forever

Human Values

Human value is a concept Invisible, as vast as depth They are so hard to measure. By money or even a treasure They can't show the human value The true truth of humans, it's true The deep penetration with thinking His lifestyle is laziness in thinking Altruistic life and you have tolerant expression If they love faith they will have fresh affection They Ignite their ambition and hopeful life All over the world always give them smiles 4 They love themselves first over their affection It's an important foundation for a formation They realize key strengths and potential They upgrade their egos to be immortal They shine wisdom and a personality To share and care for a life of worldly Giving energy sources of the same kind. Human values must create all their life 6 Human values must be affirmed How love to treat a life long-term They spend months and years deep Spread the happiness they received

The Freedom of Roses

Under the blue sky, I am like a rose as ever Welcome the sun, being proud in the world Fresh rose petals sparkling with dew drops My fragrance for everyone's love never stops

Roses suck the sweet honey of old fairylands The bright red color shows off my loving man Words of love that no one can stop in reality Enough enthusiasm, freedom, and honesty

Bright red rose buds are flowers of wish In human life, the faith I always keep this Despite vicissitudes, life still has dawn ready My wings are soaring for freedom of poetry

We live strongly for life has more blessings Sublimation poetry pours honey into loving Our happiness included our whole homeland Give our hearts to raise the vitality of human

Passionate love satisfies our desires You are always in my heart forever Together we surpass hardships and truly You pursue a life, you've chosen deeply. D. Wahida Hussein



D. Wahida Hussein, a poet from Iraq, a member of the Union of Authors and Writers / Iraq. And teaching with the degree of Professor in Educational Psychology. She has published five books on the soul, covering educational, cognitive, artistic, therapeutic, and social visions. The poet published three collections of poetry: Hymns to the Daughter of the Wind, In the Unconsciousness of a Palm Tree, and The Motherhood of a Poem. She won a number of poetry competitions and received shields for creativity and excellence in literary forums in the field of poetry and psychology.

The Prophecy of Papers

Papers pronounced a prophecy after my father's window was broken The wind stopped At the moment of conspired night your prayers swept from curtains, and ascendency of longing Which killed all the guards of the city!!! Your fingers be near to rub the rust About a day fined by mud and still trumped To who mocked the aged papers As your heart scandalized by shyness Rearranged laws Which fell from the arm of spider to write proportionality .. a formula about the bones Parted from red Knapp All chemistry in your blood Learn how to explain the rain But it was a time for cactus To understand the magic of your eyes Time for salt to understand The grass of your heart weeping for resurrection Till the hour of twenty five of a day... the directions its quarrel And you know the retreaters in the presence of sin Which imposed on heads I possess the surprise Towards a group of declaimers And you are the picture and light And Jesus who filled with your shadow.

Semi -definition

O'knowledgeable one,, I am without intercessor, And you aren't Dante's son And don't like the salt of my day And standing between me and you The flesh of commandments Beautified me with you,, As a picture, From a blood had left me To a bridge ... Without prophecies ..!!! Am I deviated from the mirrors To adjust... The regret into the portfolio of forgetfulness ..!! I love you on the count of papers consisted the smell of my belongings. And my ribs in a guilt Affected your picture ,.!! First love .. Committing suicide at the late wax And your exile,, Semi-definition as a lonely star.. Which overlooks... On a face that follows me and asks you ,,,!!! Why do you forget all this silence, So I am waiting only for pain, Shedding by your palm.. And remaining of me .. What my fingers wishes .. that you are her companion..!! And all wishes have passed And your heart broke my day, He was near my window yesterday ..

Take off the eyes of fear, And wiping my handkerchief Tears that be far of me.. And the distances from my palm..

Fingers of the Pavements

Bitterly... My voice slips through time, The coat mocks me as I hide within it from the bleeding of a song. Bitterly... My voice slips through time, The school forgets the touch of your brow, Though it stands condemned for the crime of the pavement. We beg you to scream at the paralysis, Outdone only by the eyes of Baghdad. The sun, too ashamed to witness the day You severed your hands, just to prove no guilt lingers on the water water that looks so much like the tears of your heart. No suspicion against the killers. The caller—no, the Tigris— Led their dreams astray, along with the planes. You have no care for the sugar that flies swarm around, while your necktie's only concern is absence. and smoke swallows the country after the night stole away its windows. It was bargaining with her over the tree, as it nodded toward the fate of the leaf. The mirrors do not pass

by your face...
for the anthem has turned to nails,
hung upon the facade,
and the sun's vast reach extended, grasped by the
pavement's outstretched fingers.

Translated by: Riyadh Abdulwahid

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



"15" in effect

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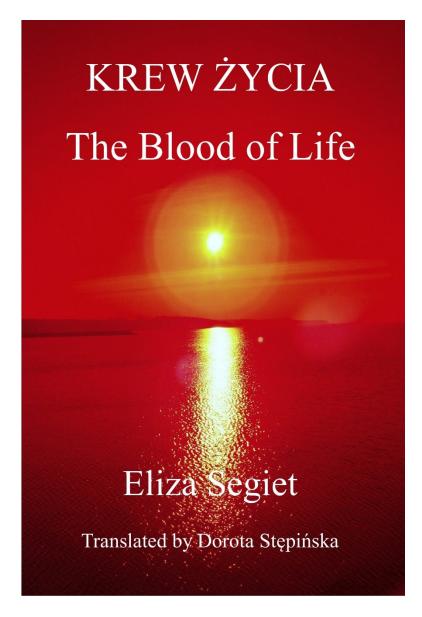
News

Published Books by Poetry Posse Members

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

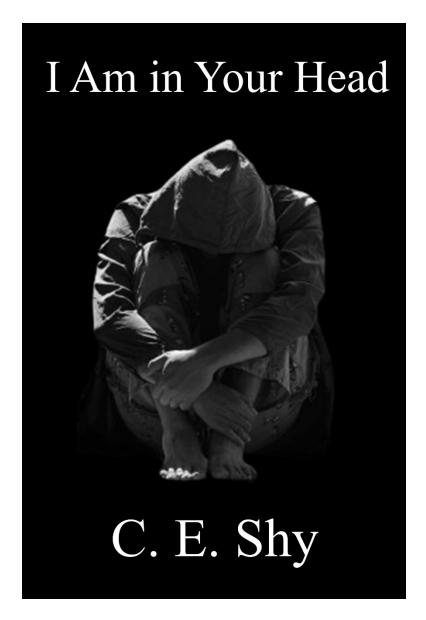
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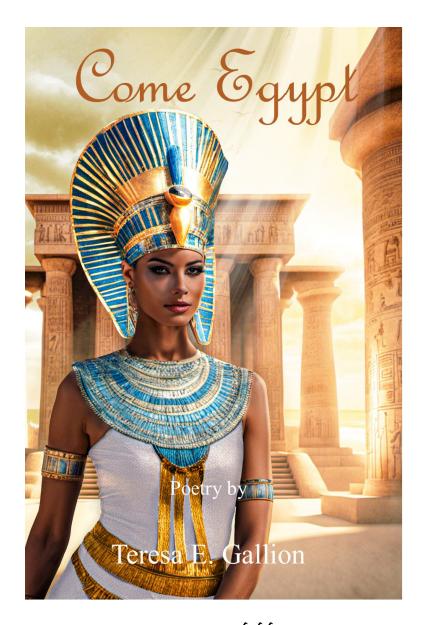




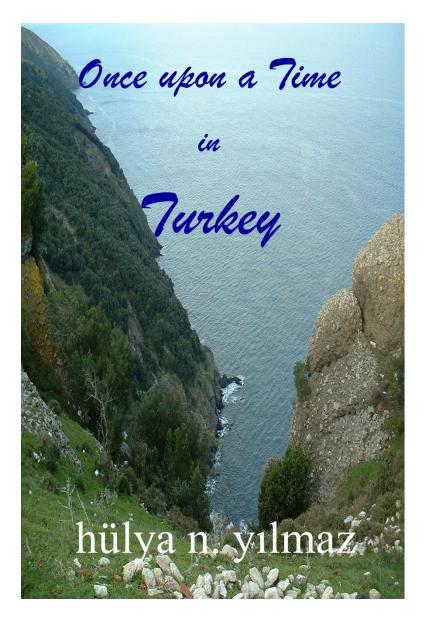
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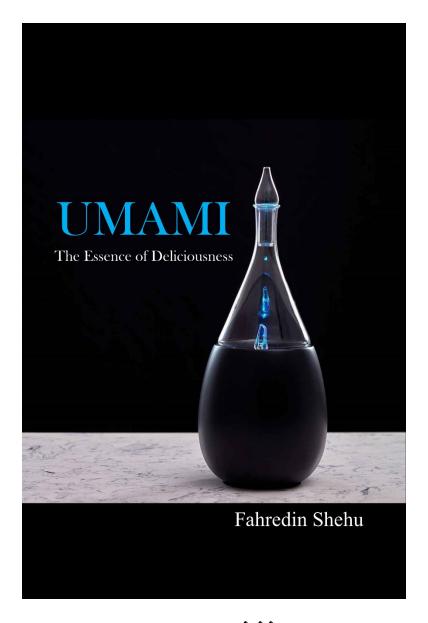
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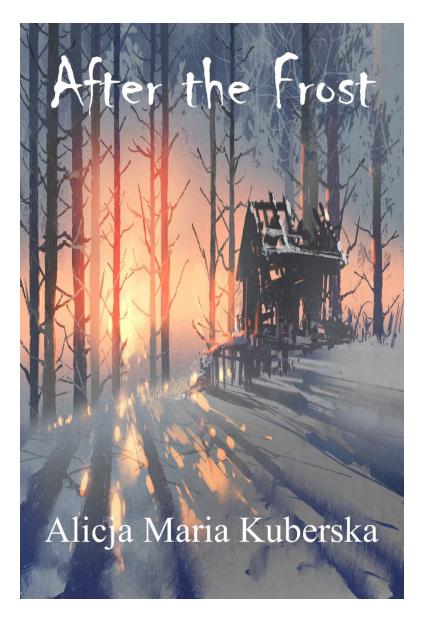
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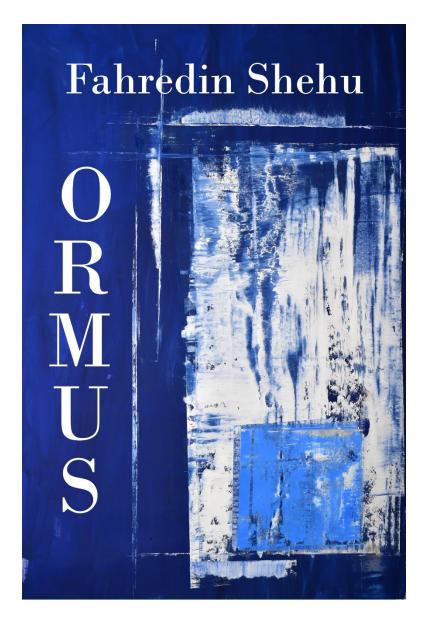




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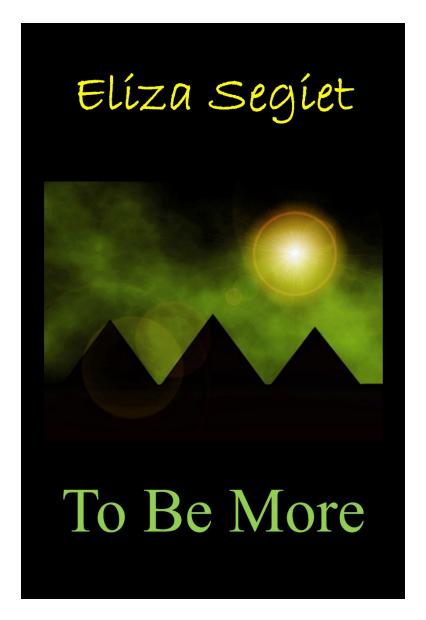
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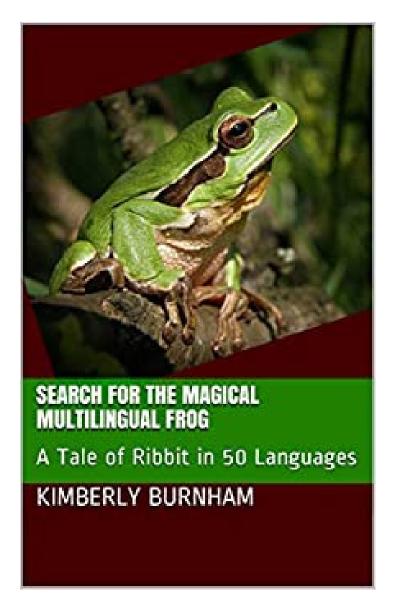


. . . from the Streets to the Stages



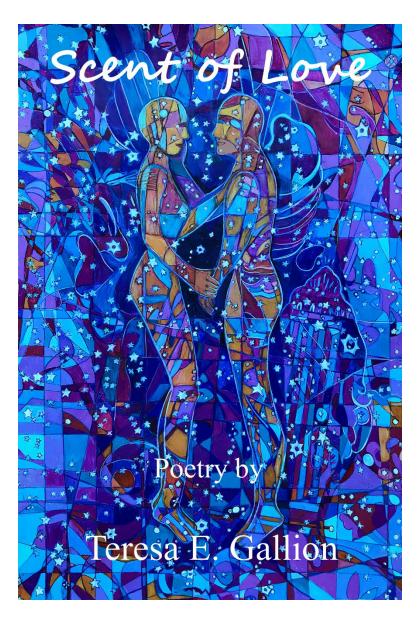
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



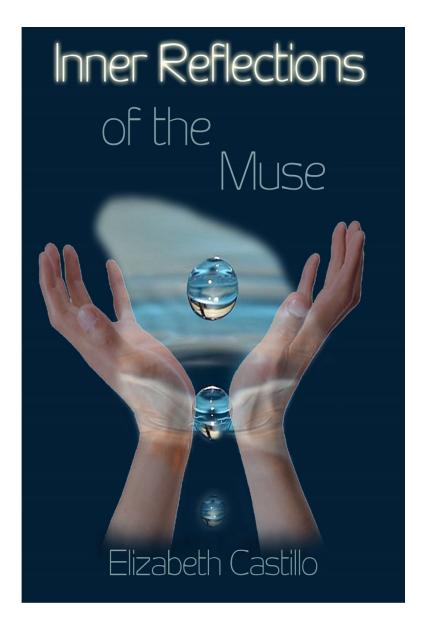


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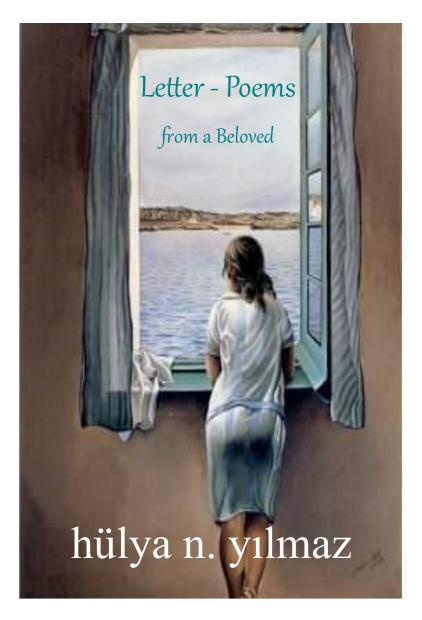
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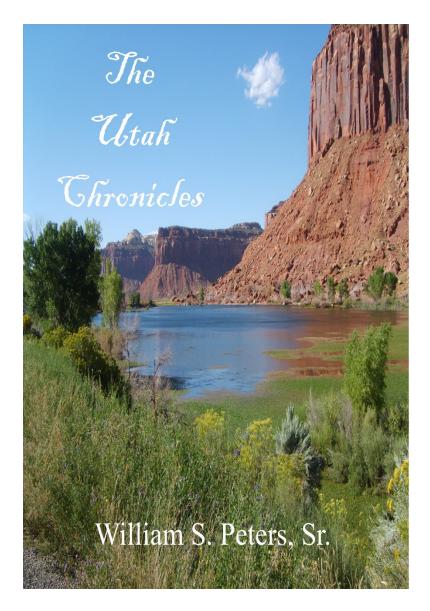
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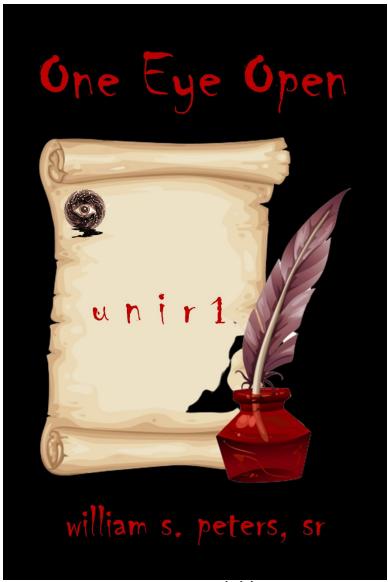
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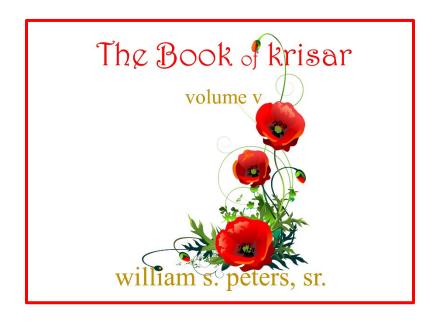
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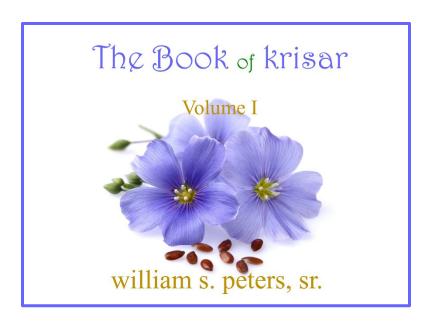


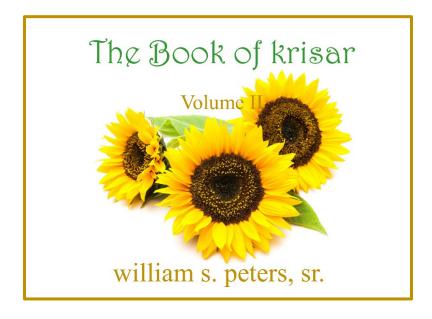
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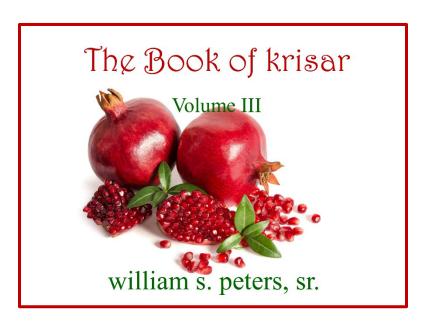
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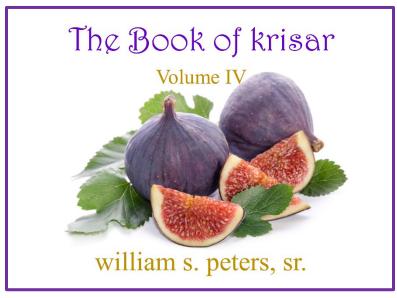




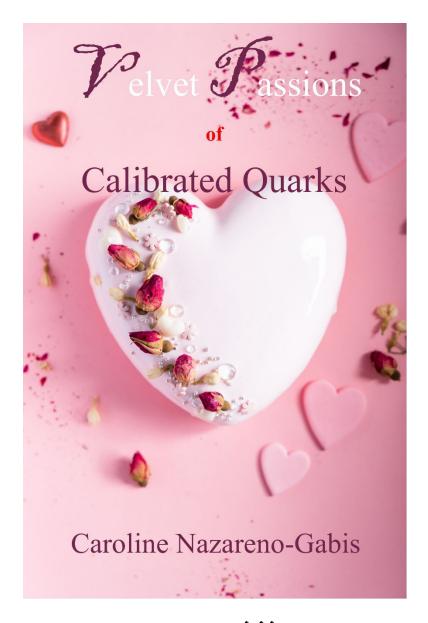


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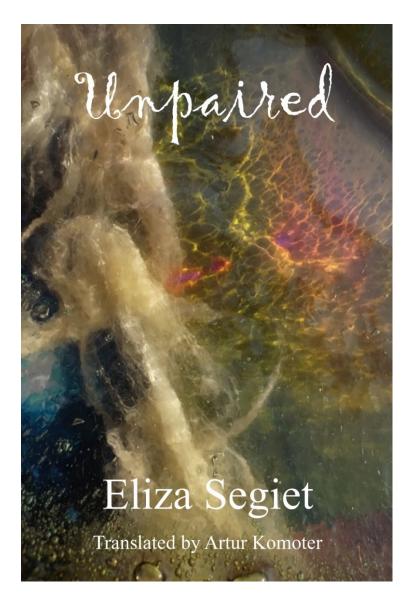


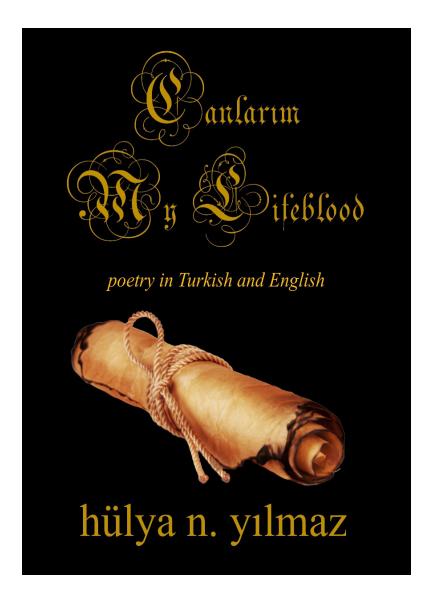


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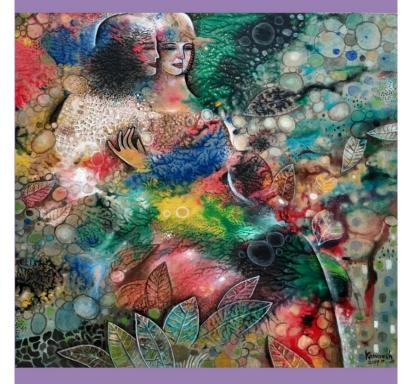
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Butterfly's Voice



Faleeha Hassan

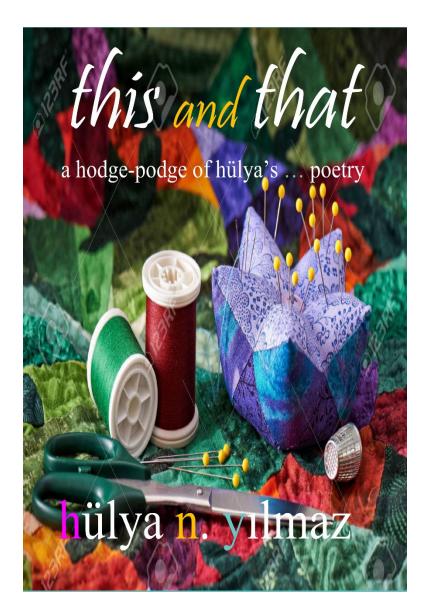
Translated by William M. Hutchins

No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



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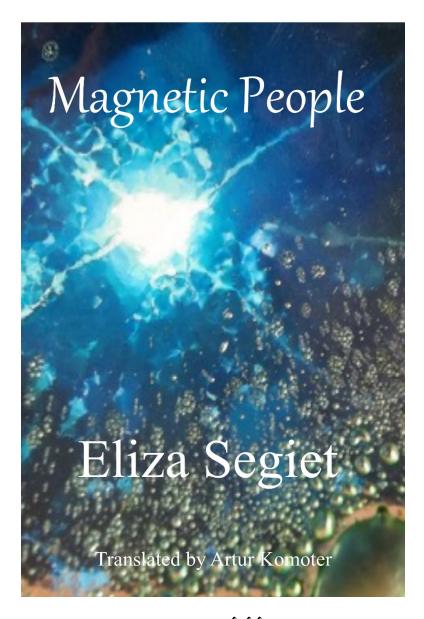


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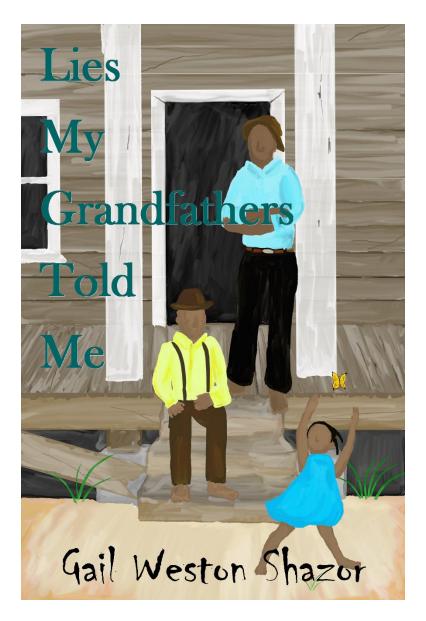


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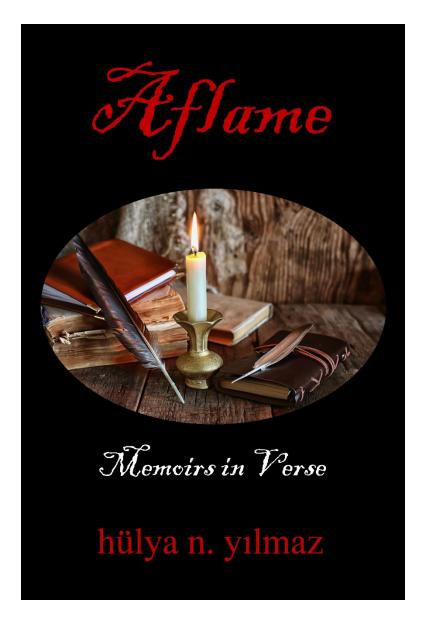




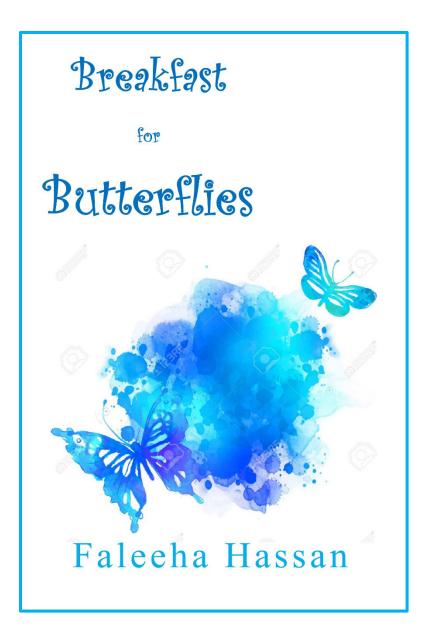
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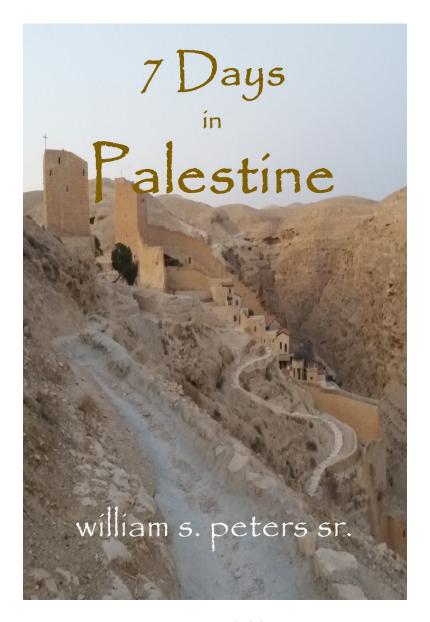


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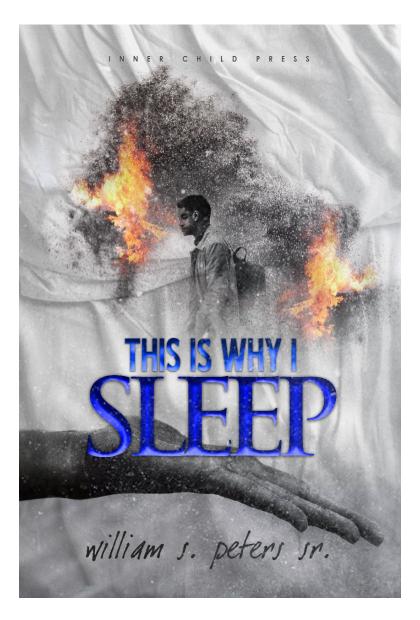






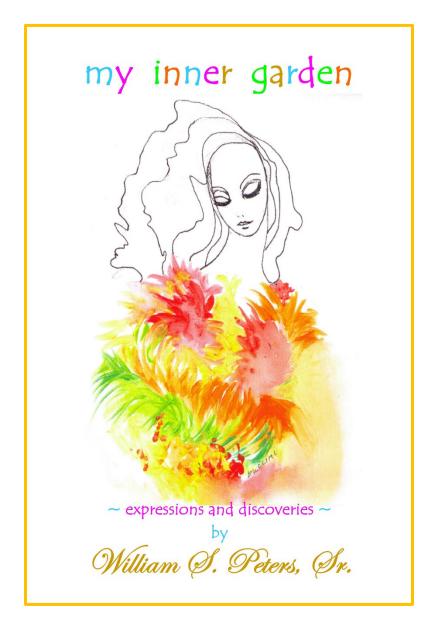
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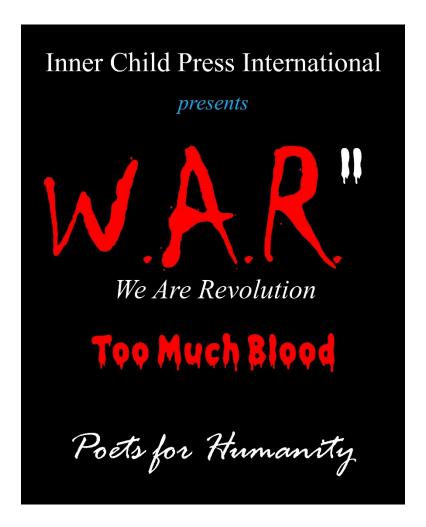


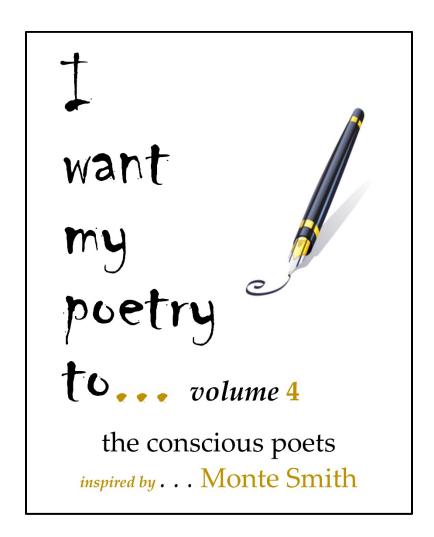
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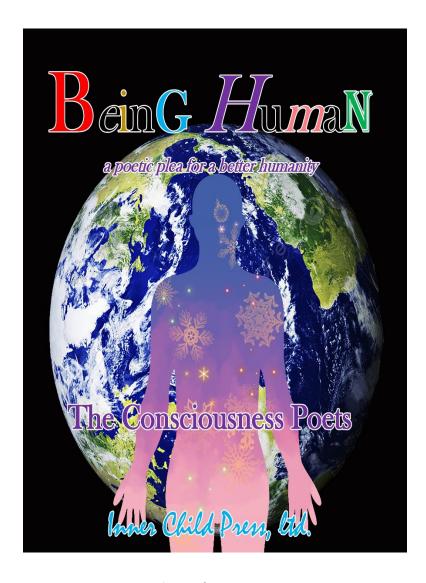
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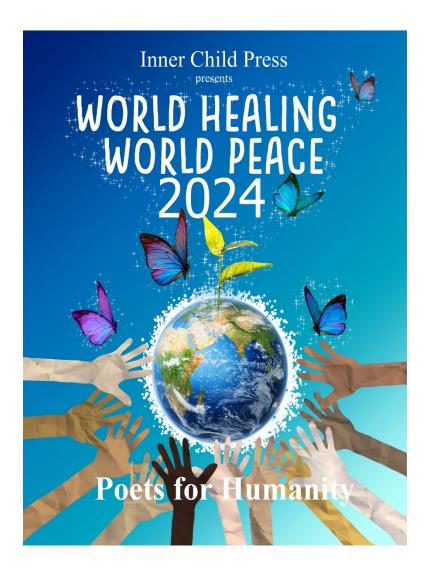


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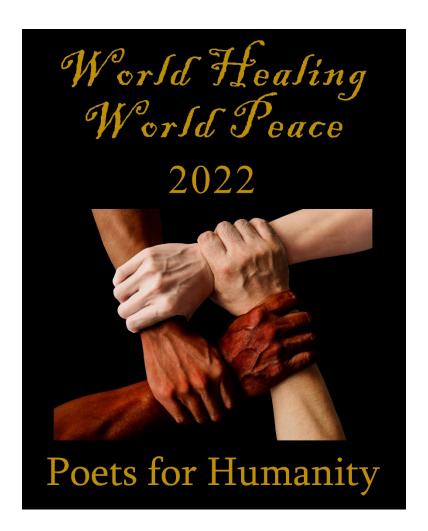


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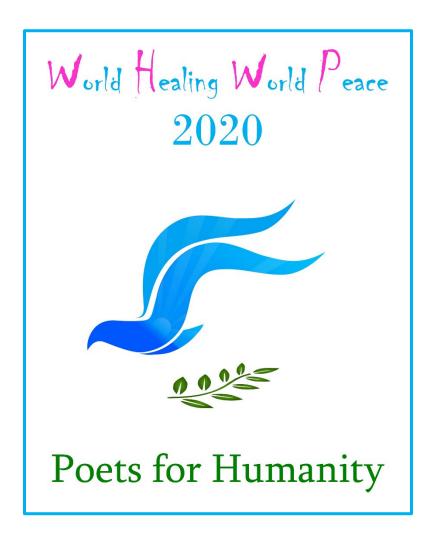
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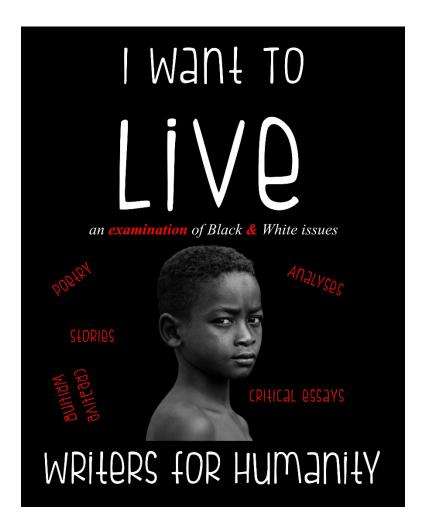


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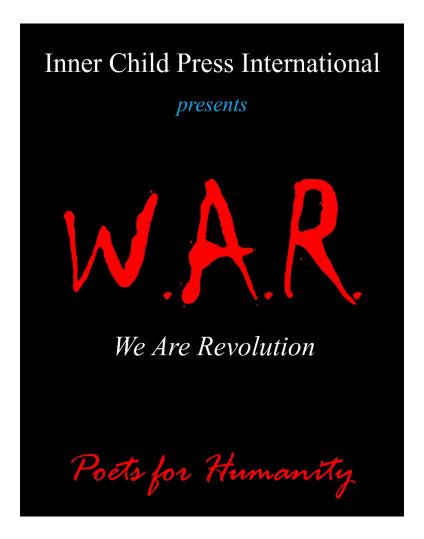
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Poetry the best of 2020

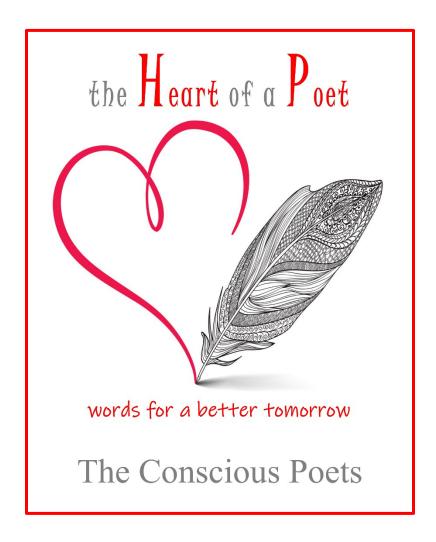


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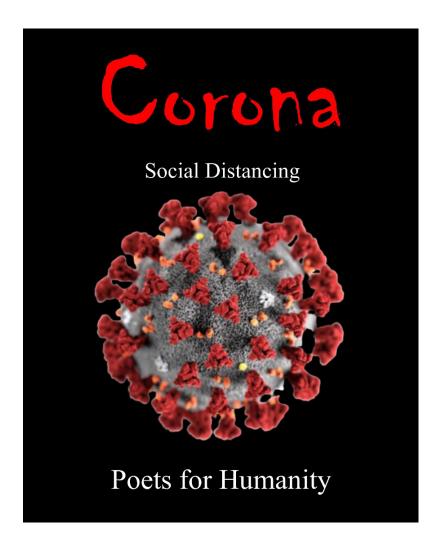
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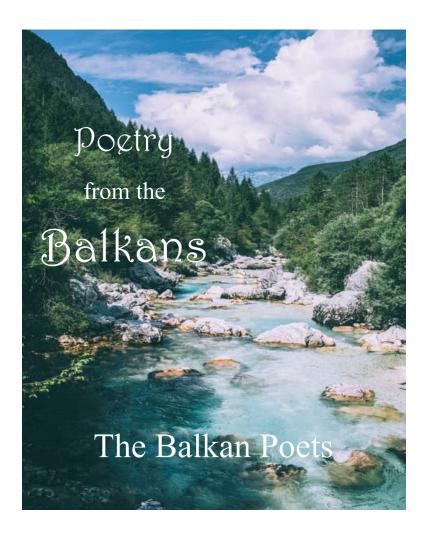
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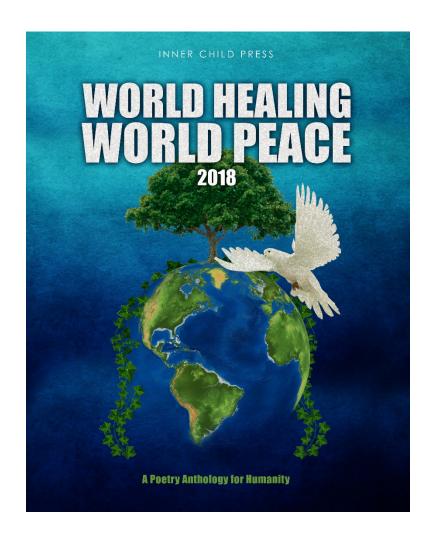
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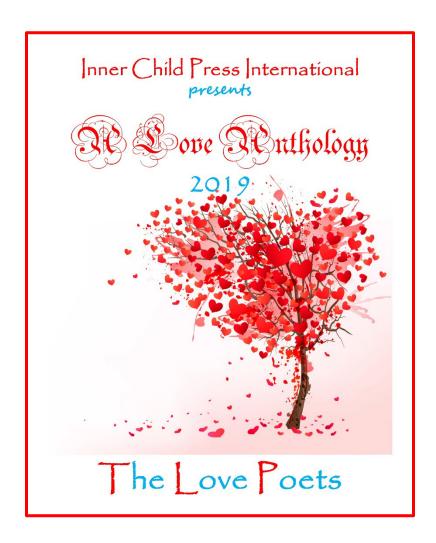
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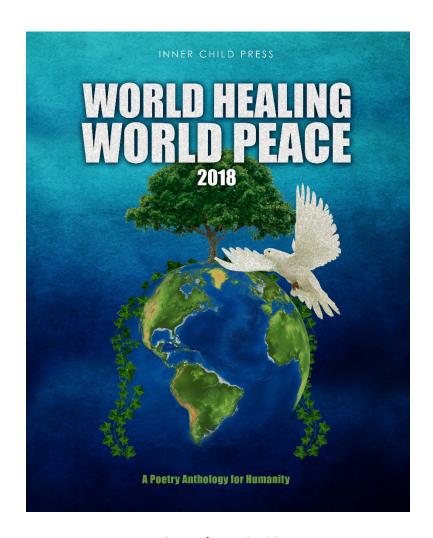
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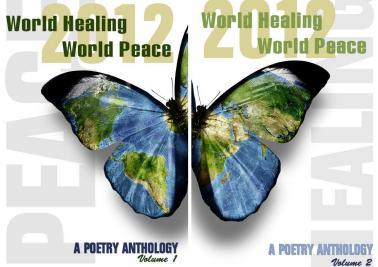


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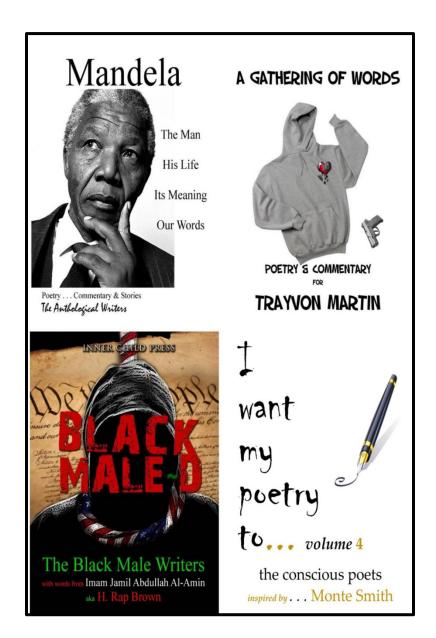


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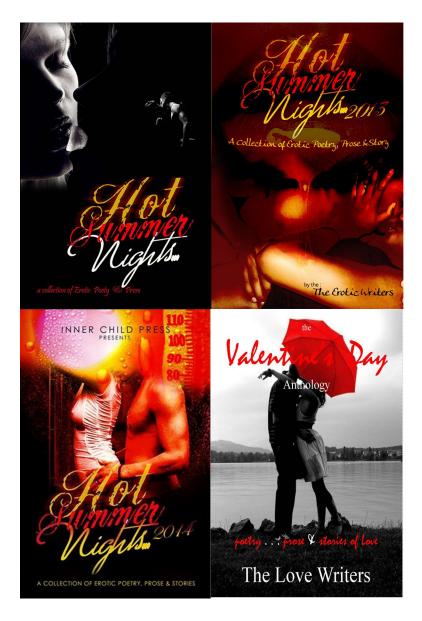
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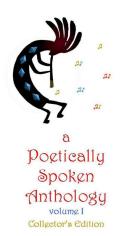
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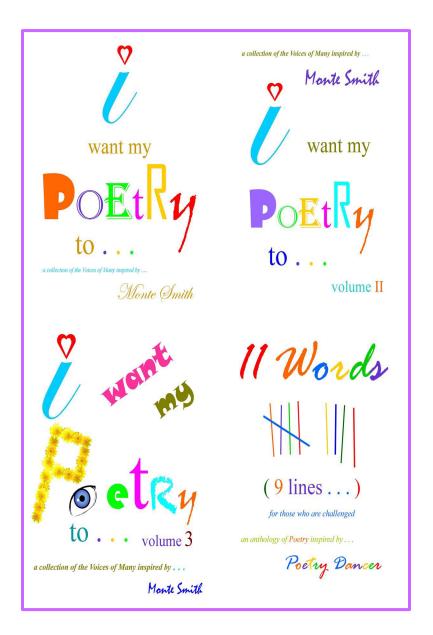








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Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson



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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

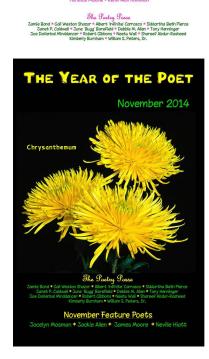


Ohe Vocku, Vocace

Jone Bond * Cail Weston Shazor * Albert Infinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Jane B. Calawel * June Bugg Barefield * Debbis M. Allen * Tony Herringer
Joe Daverbal Mindancer * Robert Cibbons * Neetu Wal * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

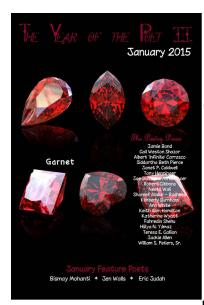
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo





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The Year of the Poet 11

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June's Featured Poets Anahit Arustamyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Berce * Jamet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerhal Minddaneer * Neuth Mai! * Shaureet Albart - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fabredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gaillion * Jackie Allen * William S Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

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

Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend "Gail Westen Shazer "Albert "Infinite" Carrasco Siddarfia Beth Pierce "Jamet P. Caldwell "Teny Henninger go DaVerbal Middancer "Neuth will: Sharcef Albart—Rasheed Kimberly Burnham" Ann White "Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt "Fahreeda Stiehu" Hiliya N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallien "Jackie Allen" William S. Felers, 5:

The Year of the Poet II

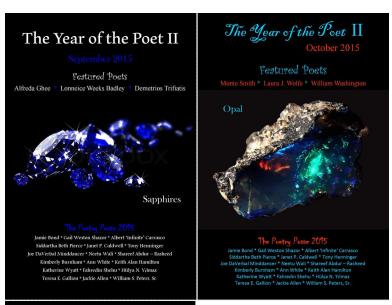
August 2015

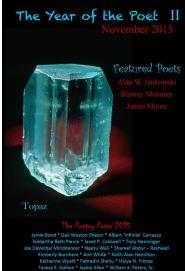


The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Slazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Hemingser Joe Da'Verlad Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Alchur - Rasheed Kimberty Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faluvedin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Feters. Sr.

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The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



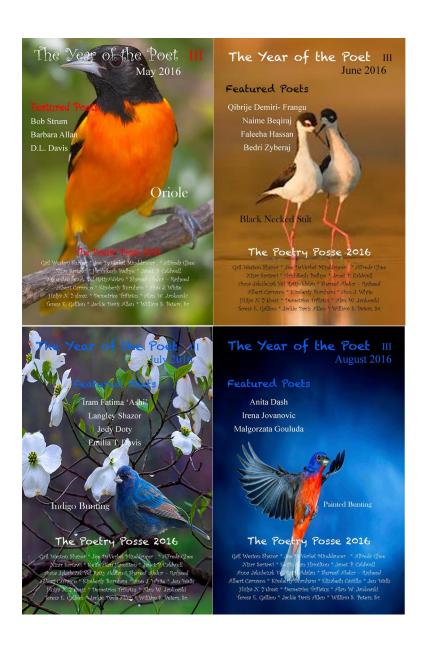
The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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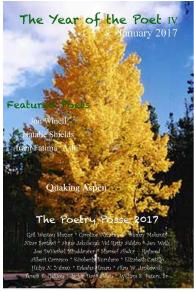
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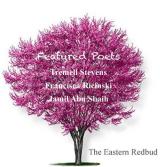


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



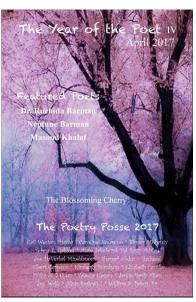
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Allan W. Jankowski "Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. *Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. (Gillion * Home alsohezak Vell Batty Hidden John DaVerhold Minddapoer * Barned Hidden * Baghead Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hidya N. Yulmuz * Estedia Hessan * Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Wells * Nazar Sartoni * William S. Relear, Sr.



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The Poetry Posse 2017

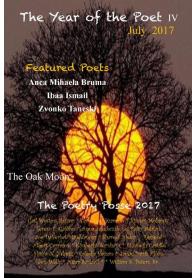
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of the Poet IV The Year of the Poet IV August 2017 August 2017



Jen Wells * Nizer Sertewi * * William S. Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



The Tree of Life

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shatim

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Carolline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * * Villilam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



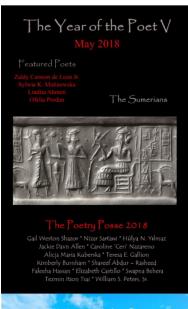
The Poetry Posse 2017

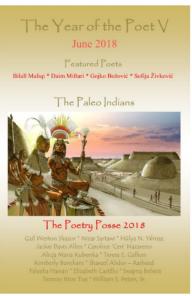
Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerhal Minddance* 'Shared Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizza Srattawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available



Now Available







The Year of the Poet V

August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

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

Now Available



The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawa * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Treesa E. Gallion Kımberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Hiton Tsqi * William S. Peters, 2

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubersia * Teresa E. Gallon Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezzini titon Tsai * William S. Peters, Sta





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Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Ceri * Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bharyaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

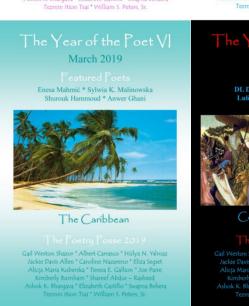
Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava" Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmi Hiton Tsai" William S. Petes, 3





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Featured Poets

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



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Bizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tail * William S. Peters, a

The Year of the Poet VI June 2019

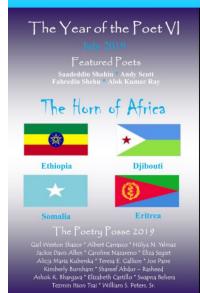
Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2019

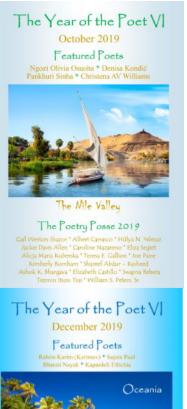
Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai * William S. Peters.





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November 2019

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Elira Segiet Alleja Maris Kubeska " Teres E. Gallion " Joe Pitre Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Raibeed Ashok K. Bhayana " Elizabeth Castillo " Svapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai " William S. Peters."



Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available



Now Available

The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathey

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace brating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion" De Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhangava Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai "Willam S. Petess."

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Elira Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

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Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

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

Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Eardrun



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion "De Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Taja "William S. Peters."

February 2021 Featured Global Poets T Ramesh Rabu * Ruchida Raman

The Year of the Poet VIII

T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan

Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazon 'Albert Carassco 'Hülya N, Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen 'Caroline Nazareno 'Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska 'Teresa E. Gallion 'De Paire Kimberly Burnham 'Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhangava 'Elizabeth Castillo 'Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Allıçla Maria Kuberski - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmiet Horn Sai - William S. Paters a

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberiska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok k. Bharqaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsqi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor - Albert Carassoc - Hillya N. Yulma Jackle Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Termin Itton Tsai * William S. Peters.

Now Available

September 2021

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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion" Joe Paire

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

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Now Available

The Year of the Poet IX January 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubersia " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai " William S. Peters, 3

The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

March 2022

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

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Elira Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsal "William S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Oceans





*Celebrating our 100th Edition *

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

May 2022

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

Climate Change and Birds



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska" "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsaj " William S. Peters, 2

The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

Featured Global Poets

Yuan Changming * Azeczat Okunlola

Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kubeska "Terese E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava" Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai" Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

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

Climate Change and Animals



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kubeska "Terese E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa "

The Year of the Poet IX

August 2022

Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

Now Available

The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicg Maria Kubeska" Terese E. Gallion "Doe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai "William S. Peters, Sta

The Year of the Poet IX

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The Year of the Poet IX

November 2022

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

Climate Change: Time to Act





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kubeska Terese E. Gallion Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhasyava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai 'William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IX

December 2022

Featured Global Poets

Elarbi Abdelfattah * Lorraine Cragg Neha Bhandarkar * Robert Gibbons

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life





Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassoo " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska" "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsaj " William S. Peters, Sa

Now Available

The Year of the Poet X

January 2023

JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant

Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



The Poetry Posse 2023

Gall Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N, Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion Joe Parler Michelle Joan Barulich Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Terrein Wing Tayl Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets

Clarena Martínez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children: Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

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The Year of the Poet X

February 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



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The Year of the Poet X April 2023

Featured Global Poets

Maxwanette A Poetess * Alonzo Gross Türkan Ergör * Ibrahim Honjo

Children: Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin

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The Year of the Poet X September 2023

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

Children : Difference Makers



~ Easton LaChappelle ~

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The Year of the Poet X

November 2023

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





~ Jean-Michel Basquiat ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

The Year of the Poet X October 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



~ Malala Yousafzai ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

The Year of the Poet X

December 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



~ Melati and Isabel Wijsen ~

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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

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

Renowned Poets



~ Makhanlal Chaturvedi ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Pablo Neruda ~

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The Year of the Poet XI June 2024

Featured Global Poets

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

Renowned Poets



~ Langston Hughs ~

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The Year of the Poet XI

August 2024

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

Renowned Poets



~ Li Bai ~

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The Year of the Poet XI September 2024

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



~ William Ernest Henley ~

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The Year of the Poet XI November 2024

Featured Global Poets

Abraham Tawiah Tei * Neha Bhandarkar Zaneta Varnado Johns * Haseena Bnaiyan

Renowned Poets



~ Wole Soyinka ~

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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 ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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The Year of the Poet XII January 2025

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







Innocence Daisy

Joy Marigold

Longing Camellia

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The Year of the Poet XII March 2025

Featured Global Poets

Deepak Kumar Dey * Binod Dawadi Faleeha Hassan * Kapardeli Eftichia







Frustration Sorrow Detrmination Petunias Purple Hyacinth Amaryllis

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The Year of the Poet XII February 2025

Featured Global Poets

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







Curiosity Hibiscus

Fear Minulus

Lonlines Butterfly Weed

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The Year of the Poet XII April 2025

Featured Global Poets

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







Resilience

Self Doubt

Grief

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The Year of the Poet XII May 2025

Featured Global Poets

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







Bittersweetness

Empathy Bittersweetness Lillies

Sadness Sunflowers

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The Year of the Poet XII July 2025

Featured Global Poets

Mennadi Farah * Aklima Ankhi Niloy Rafiq * Petros Kyriakou Veloudas







Wisdom Purple Iris



Fearlessness Gladiolas

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The Year of the Poet XII June 2025

Featured Global Poets

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







Gratitude Contentment Red Roses Blue Hydrangea Azure Bluets

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The Year of the Poet XII August 2025

Featured Global Poets

Ivan Pozzoni * Ram Krishna Singh Ibrahim Honjo * Kazimierz Burnat







Connection Sunflower

Fulfillment Lotus

Hope **Daffodils**

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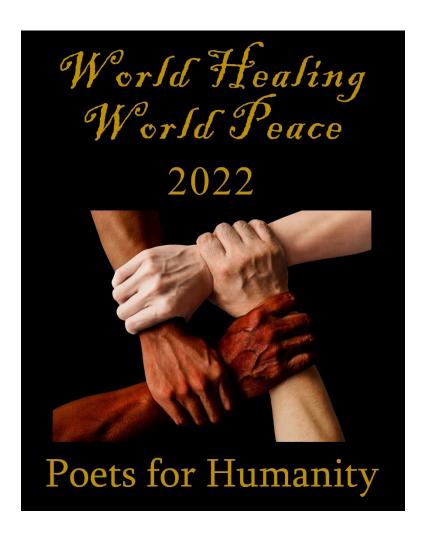
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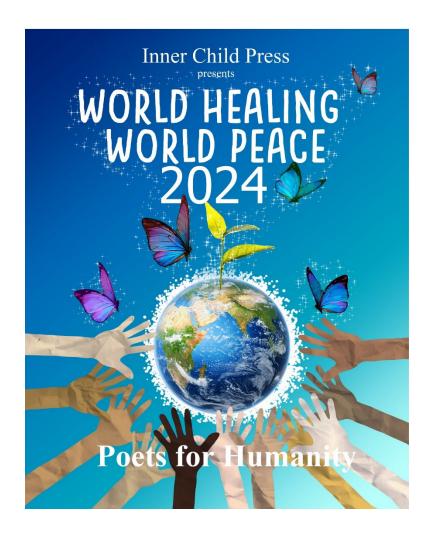
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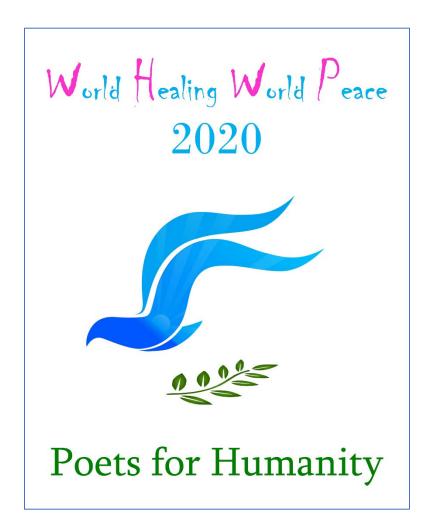




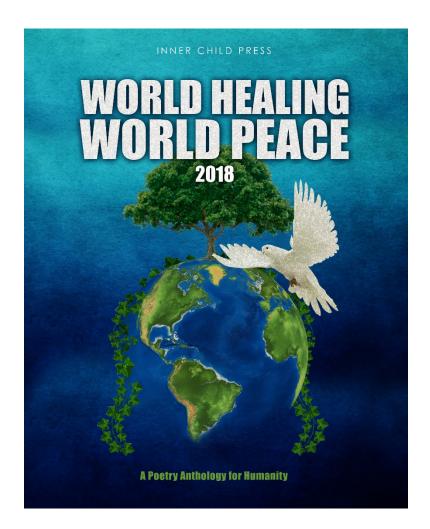
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2025



November 2025 ~ Featured Poets



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