The Year of the Poet XIII

November 2026

Featured Global Poets

Faleeha Hassan * Jerzy Stasiewicz
Dr. Debabrata Maji * June Barefield



Aboriginal Australian Peoples

The Poetry Posse 2026

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Til Kumari Sharma * Caroline Nazareno * Mutawaf Shaheed
Elizabeth Castillo * Teresa E. Gallion * Noreen Snyder
Ashok K. Bhargava * Swapna Behera * Eliza Segiet
Tzemin Ition Tsai * Alicja Maria Kuberska * Khalice Jade
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.
'building bridges of cultural understanding'

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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

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November 2026 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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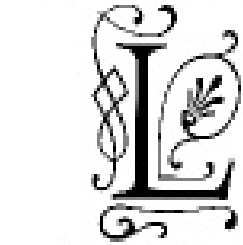

BE WITHOUT

A LITTLE



Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen

can effectuate change!

&

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future,

our Patrons and Readers &

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

The Aboriginal Australians

"I am the rock, the tree, the animal
I am the rain that falls
I am the land you stand on"
Jack Davis ~ Aboriginal Australia

"Tree is my brother
holds the sky for me
I hold the water for him
Together we are country"
Gurum Gurum ~ Tree Poem

Aboriginal culture of Australia is the oldest continuous living culture in the world i.e. nearly 65000 years old. According to them land is not owned: you belonged to it. Every mountain, river has a story and a spirit as well. Dreaming stories explain laws, morality, survival skills, they have the oral tradition without any script and have a complex family system.

An amazing feature is how they saved the culture for such a long time without any book and school. As they have no script; they stored knowledge in three formats.

1.Entire continent is mapped in songs.

2.walk and sing; for example, song tells water hole two kms turn at emu rock. If one forgets words; one die in desert so memory is survival. One song line is five hundred kilometres in map.

3.Dot painting is used as password. Sacred design is hidden under dots
kids see animals in the paintings. Elders see law. So culture is open but protected like one locks phone but wall paper is public.

Kinship is maintained. Every person must learn hundreds of relatives. totems and duties is system breaks knowledge is lost Marriage rules forced to travel and exchange stories. Elders sit with babies and speak languages like bird's nest. For climate they fight fire and prevent it. They dig deeper to find the hidden source of water. They know underground soaks rock water holes. They read the ants and birds to find water in the desert. They grow hundreds of crops with their indigenous knowledge

We are isolated but they are connected.

Aboriginal law says no one is ever alone. Their totem rule is strictly ethical that speaks every species has a human guardian. Natural conservation law is the rule.

No police is needed.
We think in short terms but they think seven generations.
We fight fire: they prevent it. We dig deeper: they find hidden water.
We grow one crop; they grow hundred.
We take all: they take half.

Modern civilisation knows how to make more but they know how to make it last more for future generations.

Love and peace in aboriginal culture is not a slogan. It is law called Kanyini, Ngapartji and Makarrata Country is the mother. Love for kin is the spirit. If you look after the country; the country will look after you.

They are the peace makers, peace transmitters and peace protectors. Peace is to exchange when two tribes meet. They exchange songs and gifts. Carved stick carried by messengers always guarantee safe passage of three hundred kilometres across enemy land like U.N passport.

Collective responsibility is the CORE aboriginal law. Not my responsibility but our responsibility is the law. If one breaks all suffer. No judge can sit on chair. Everyone sits in circle on the ground. Equality is the motto.

Judgement is to heal and not to punish. A message is always sacred. Totem law is peace with nature. Art is their library. Their contribution is not in buildings but in survival. Dot painting is not decoration it is an encryption. Under dots is the sacred map of water holes. Only elder can read it

Each language is an intrinsic value
Each culture has its own hall marks
Each culture has a greater contribution towards our civilisation
Each indigenous knowledge is enriched with vast experience and they are the trend setters
We have to respect them and learn from them. We have a collective responsibility towards the Mother Nature and Greater humanity.

Poetry is the living song of human race .....

We respect the humanity. We respect the voice that stands as a pillar for justice, life, peace and for the growth of civilisation. Let there be coexistence beyond any disparities.

Each year “The Year of the Poet” takes different themes. This year 2026 is a yearlong poetry memoir for our civilisations. The Inner Child Press with its mission of building bridges of cultural understanding takes the responsibility for global peace and harmony through poetry with International Anthologies.

We respect the land, nature, folk tales, culture, music, literature, perceptions, ideas, thoughts, language, art, artisans and all ethnic groups of the world beyond the borders.

Since the theme of the world Poetry Day 2026 is Poetry as a bridge for Peace and inclusion we express our respect and gratitude to the trend setters those who have accepted human challenges and contribute our civilisations

Literature has undergone a tectonic change as Artificial Intelligence has replaced human creativity in many ways. We express our deep reverence to all the apostles of this time zone who have solved the situations, saved human lives and helped the economic, cultural social growth of society.

Let there be coexistence beyond any disparities.
We appreciate the designers of literature and language for peace .
Let our determination delete all sorrows from this planet,
Let us listen to the tears
Let our indigenous skills be respected and preserved for future generations,
Long live global peace ….
Long live the eco skills of the aboriginals.

“I love you as I love the land
your hand is my hand
your heart is my country
we walk together, we never part
Jack Davis ~ Love Song

Swapna Behera

Cultural Ambassador of
India and South East Asia for Inner Child Press International.

Preface

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

We are now nearing the end of our 13th year of monthly publications for **The Year of the Poet**, we still continue to be excited.

This year of 2026, our themes have been about various civilizations. As we month by month poetically explore many current and past cultures, I hope you will join us.

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 2026.

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

The Aboriginal Australians



This month we travel with our words to Australia considering the poetry of the Aboriginal peoples.

In a conventional poem, a refrain may return with the same words to reinforce a theme. In these Yolŋu songspirals, returning is also a way of renewing relationships: a whale is connected to a person, a journey, a place, and an ancestor; a cloud is connected to water, Country, community, and life. Their Yolŋu custodians describe songspirals as living cultural practices that help sustain relationships.

Aboriginal Australian poetry encompasses some of the world's oldest continuing traditions of poetic expression. Long ago, Aboriginal peoples developed sophisticated forms of oral poetry

through song, ceremony, storytelling, rhythmic language, and relationships with Country—the living connections among land, water, ancestors, plants, animals, and people.

Aboriginal poetry may be sung, danced, accompanied by clapsticks, associated with a particular place, or understood through ancestral narratives and obligations. The sound of wind through eucalyptus leaves, the dry crackle of grass, the movement of water across stone, and the calls of birds may contribute to its imagery and meaning.

Australia has hundreds of distinct Aboriginal language varieties and many different cultural traditions. Here are just a very few of Contemporary Aboriginal poets who write in English, Aboriginal languages, and combinations of languages.

Oodgeroo Noonuccal (1920–1993) from the Noonuccal people, Queensland formerly known as Kath Walker, was a pioneering Aboriginal poet, educator, and civil rights activist whose 1964 collection We Are Going became the first published volume of poetry by an Aboriginal Australian. Her direct, lyrical protest poetry combines repetition, communal voice, environmental imagery, and the emotional contrasts. Her work encourages us to consider, “What memories do you have of your people? Who do you consider your people? Are you connected by blood, by life, by choice? What connects you to your people?”

Ali Cobby Eckermann (born 1963) is from the Yankunytjatjara and Kokatha peoples of South Australia. She was separated from her birth family through adoption and later reunited with her mother and son, experiences that deeply inform her writing about the Stolen Generations, family, identity, and healing. Her lyrical poetry frequently uses short lines, emotional restraint, Aboriginal English, Yankunytjatjara words, and imagery of desert landscapes, wildflowers, birds, and the powerful silences between people.

Have you ever been separated from family? Separated by silence, by loss and then found them again?

Lionel Fogarty (born 1958) of Yugambeh heritage was raised in Queensland, Australia. Fogarty grew up in the Cherbourg Aboriginal community and became an influential activist-poet whose writing confronts colonial violence, land rights, imprisonment, and the survival of Aboriginal languages. His experimental poetry transforms conventional English through disrupted grammar, unexpected word combinations, Aboriginal English, repetition, and surreal imagery. “First houses were here by natives nice and right to season / changing by dreaming winds rain hot / people’s names ... / Dromana man reclaim names first foremost.” He pushes us to consider, How do we use our words? Is it for protest? For justice? For love and community? What do we reclaim with our words?

Ellen van Neerven is an award-winning Aboriginal writer of Mununjali Yugambeh and Dutch heritage whose poetry explores love, queer identity, family, language, and connections to Country. Their poetry combines intimate lyricism, and humor with attention to the sensations of hunger, desire, touch, breath, and the rhythms of everyday relationships. “What you know about our people / Where you hear it from? / Is it from the gecko’s mouth.” They ask us to consider how we learn of other people and what we bring to our poetry. What two energies do we hold within? Are there two nationalities, cultures, languages, passions, or politics. Do the two bring a richness to our life and words?

Kimberly Burnham

November 1, 2026
Portland, OR / Spokane, WA

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Poets . . .
sowing seeds in the
Conscious Garden of Life,
that those who have yet to come
may enjoy the Flowers.



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 . . .

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

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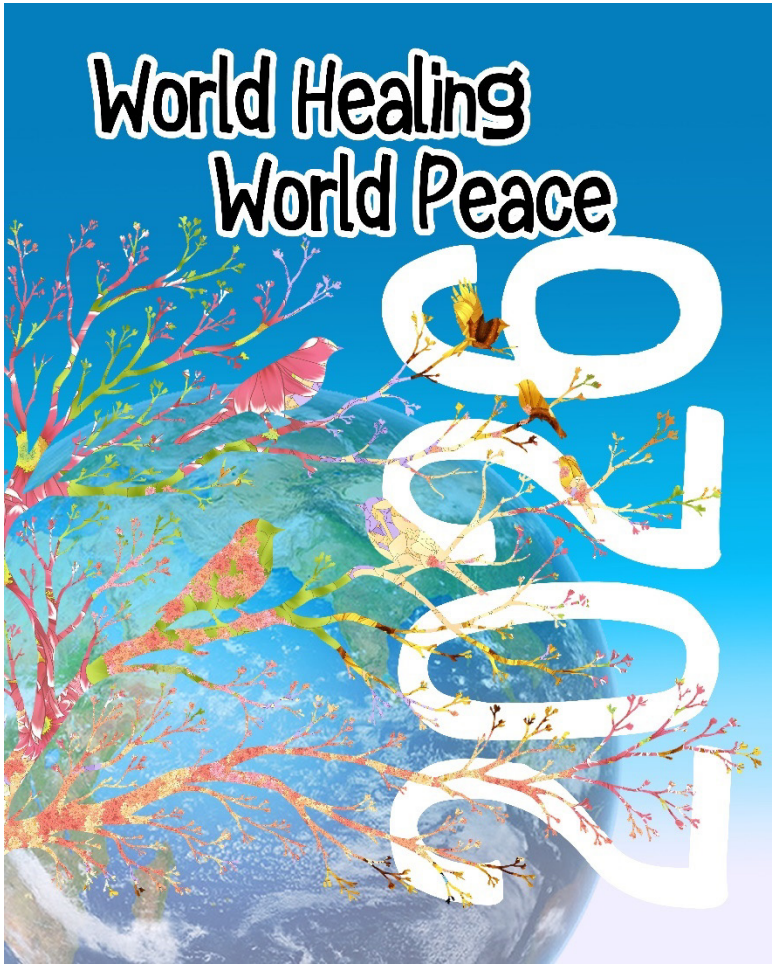

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Gail Weston Shazor



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

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

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

Brittle

Days move into hours
And hours into minutes
Until seconds are really
The only thing that matters
When you begin counting breaths
That have become
Too painful to breathe
Intrinsically I am aware
Of the minutia of being me
In spaces that you cannot see
Behind walls invisible to looking through
And yet I cannot see the things
That makes up the unwantedness
That history tells me you see
Within and without evaluation
I stay behind the words
That would have the best of me open
It's a lonely place this aloneness
I can hear my laughter and
I wonder who she might be
Because I do not know
Tears crystallize in my vision
I know this is the same effect
That frost has on the earth
But instead of making this clay
Iridescently attractive to you
It only serves to make me
A brittle plain pottery

Spaces

I lift my fingers one by one
And watch the light prism
In the left behind spaces
Between swollen knuckles
The new bee sting makes
My throat itch
But I ignore the constant
Movement of the swallowing
So often accompanied
By an uneasy swelling...
But back to the light...
Kaleidoscopicly I watch
The greys and browns of storms
Mix with the red hot embers of pain
And I wonder how four small letters
Can expand to this
The muscles no longer
Are mine to command
Memories fade at the birthing
Each time I try to recall
What it was like the first time
I find that a fist is not possible
For that would leave
Too many open spaces uncovered
So I hold my pain, my life,
My love together
In open surrender
Under the palms of my hand
I once read about a man
Who took shrapnel
To his gut
He held his intestine inside

By splaying his hands
Across his middle
I wonder if he too
Could see his grace slipping
Through all his cracks

Time

Days move into hours
And hours into minutes
Until seconds are really
The only thing that matters
When you begin counting breaths
That have become
Too painful to breathe
Intrinsically I am aware
Of the minutia of being me
In spaces that you cannot see
Behind walls invisible to looking through
And yet I cannot see the things
That makes up the unwantedness
That history tells me you see
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That frost has on the earth
But instead of making this clay
Iridescently attractive to you
It only serves to make me
A brittle plain pottery

Alicja
Maria
Kuberska



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

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

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

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

Aboriginal People

Shaped from clay, light, and dreams,
they listen to the whisper of trees,
speak of life with a drop of water,
bend tenderly over a clod of earth,
and sift time through their fingers.
Uluru rises towards the sky,
touching dreams and the distant past.
Ancient stories endure upon the rocks.
The ancestors return in song,
their voices carried through the millennia.

Hadrian's Villa

In Tivoli, time crumbles the walls.
Slender columns
still gleam white among the olive groves.
Through an opening in the vault,
the earth watches the sun's passage,
while centuries sift beneath our feet.
The villa — a testament to power —
still awes us with its vastness,
an echo of splendour past.
In autumn, it blossoms among oleanders,
mirroring itself in still pools
and offering respite from the heat of the day.
Hierarchy survives in colour:
red for the emperor,
black and white for his friends.
For the servants, no colour at all.

A Sense of Wonder

Everything fills me with wonder.
I never cease to marvel.
With a child's innocence,
I keep asking why.
Everyone rushes somewhere,
striving to scale the heights
of fortune and fame,
amassing riches
to last a thousand years.
And I simply pause,
watching in silence,
marvelling at the world.

Til
Kumari
Sharma



Til Kumari Sharma is internationally awarded poet, essayist, story writer, reviewer, translator and so on. She has got numerous awards through writing around the world. She is a best-seller amazon no 1 poet. She is a featured- poet around the world. She is a poet in world record book " Hyper poem". She has got World Creative Hero Award from LOANI. Anyway she is world famous author who was born in Paiyun 7- Hile, Parbat, West Nepal. Now she is in Kirtipur Kathmandu. Her portrait by Ukeme Udo is famous.

The Aboriginals

The native people of Australia are aboriginals.
Before 65000 years, people used to shift Australia.
They were widened to continents.
They extended trade business, varieties of cultures and religions.
They spoke more languages.
They were traditional or conventional.
They had inherited the thing from Asian
means they migrated from Asian cultures.
Many aboriginal people spoke English
though they had more than 250 varieties of language.
It is one of the oldest cultures in th world.
Coming from East Asia the aboriginals are wide in concept and tradition.
Their genetic past shows their wide journey of life.
They have deep relation to land.

The Area of Tears

Tears as rivers remove veil of patriarchy.
To enslave artist is a kind of criminal task.
The artist is no one's bride and lover.
Just the freedom removes the deceptive lover or husband.
The rivers seem huge to block veil.
As the time is gone without any true lov,
Veil of patriarchy is deceptive and false love.
This tear has brought huge flooding to lose the dirt of sound.
Tears heal veil of bride.
That is unhappy culture to cover eyes to see truth.
The rivers throw arrogance of lovers.
The uneasy veil is unhappy cover of culture to enslave artist like me.
The red veil is the cage to female.
It is taken only by female.
That red veil enslaves the desire to be in loss.

Veil of Crime in America

The unsecure position for people in American land is criminal task.
Showing pistols and gun in shop, home and road
by unknown people by covering mouth refer weak law of America.
It should lead ethically not to show this criminal task.
The world is home and citizens should be good.
The gun should be thrown.
The pistol should not be given.
Everybody has right to live.
The citizens of other countries should be taken legally.
The life seems higher part then.
Those who take pistols and guns must have humanity to throw them.
So, America should be safe for immigrates too.
The immigrates and original citizens should be secured enough.
Pistols and guns should not be allowed to take and shoot.
Color discrimination should not be there.
The poor and wealthy people should be treated equally
and employment should be given for all and to those pistol takers.
Then people and country are safe.

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.

Stars Sewn Into The Red Earth

Deep in the red earth, a song has never ceased,
older than rivers, lighter than the first footprint.
Seven sisters weave the contours of the land
into a journey strewn with ancestral sparks.
Ochre cliffs preserve the shadows of their flight;
through the gorges, the wind recites forgotten names.
The elders sing of water hidden underground,
and even in drought, a way home remains.
Eucalyptus leaves incline their blue-green ears
to hear how the soil remembers all beginnings.
Every rocky hill is a chapter left unclosed;
the southern stars awaken within an ancient tale.
This is no heaven beyond the reach of mortals,
but a sacred vow borne through generations.
The song crosses dry riverbeds and centuries,
asking of time not eternity, but remembrance.
So long as one red grain of sand remembers home,
the Seven Sisters' starlight will wander, yearning,
through the unforgotten heart of the earth.

The Other Side Of Eleven Ships

In 1788, the sea had not yet learned to plead,
as eleven ships bore an empire's laws and rust.
The chill of England clung to prisoners' brows;
the long voyage ground their homeland into salt.
Chains measured the dawn of an unfamiliar continent.
Some had stolen bread; others had lost their names,
their sentences weighing against a mother's call.
Across the shore, the Eora people's cooking fires
had risen through the dawns of countless generations.
Two destinies met where the tide withdrew:
one seeking a life, the other forced to yield its home.
Axes fell; the eucalypts bled their silent years,
and a new city's foundations buried ancient songs.
White sails receded, as though suffering itself
had finally reached some distant, merciful shore.
Only the sea wind, moving over stone, still asks:
Whose freedom was purchased
at the cost of another people's home?

The Swag No One Claimed

Queensland, 1895: drought had turned to iron.
The setting sun spread the sheep station wide
like a faded contract no one meant to honour.
A wanderer carried his threadbare swag
across a wilderness emptier than his pockets.
Beside a billabong, he kindled a small fire;
a boiling billy spoke in place of home.
An old coolibah lowered its weathered boughs
to shelter a traveller whose name was lost.
A stray sheep stumbled into the hungry dusk.
Hooves drew near; a policeman's badge caught
the pitiless gleam of an indifferent sky.
Who bore the guilt of one poor evening's meal?
He left no defence, surrendered no soul,
and gave his final shadow to the darkened pool.
Matilda wandered on through the immensity of years,
though few remembered the hunger in that battered swag.
Even now, the wind lingers beneath the coolibah,
as though unwilling to abandon what the song forgot.

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 ofThe Poetry Club on Facebook.

Aboriginal (Australia)

The oldest living culture on this Earth
spans more than 65,000 years;
message sticks (not letters
but carved symbols on mulga wood)
are complemented by oral messages.
Didgeridoo (musical instrument)
an iconic symbol of Aboriginal Australia;
only men played it.
These are some of the things
that Aboriginal are famous for.

Missing

Where are the babies, the children,
the teenagers, women and men?
Where are they?
Please, tell us, where did they go?
How can they just vanish into thin air?
An untouched coffee cup on the counter,
A phone ringing into an empty room,
A bed that stayed made all night.
It doesn’t feel like a home now;
An eerie silence fills the house.
Somebody knows something,
but why aren't they speaking up?
Break your silence.
Whistleblowers, witnesses, shadows in the dark-
Your truth is the key
to someone else’s freedom.
There is someone out there,
drowning in quiet grief right this second,
not knowing how their child, brother, sister,
mom, dad, wife, husband, grandma, grandpa,
niece, nephew, aunt, uncle,
or their friend, neighbor, co-worker,
is doing, or where they are.
Seconds feel like hours,
Days blur into unanswered years,
And the world keeps spinning
While their lives stand still.
They don't know if they will ever
get another chance to say "I love you!"
and hug them,
or create more memories
with them or ever see them again.
They don’t know if they are safe or not,

If they’re hungry or not,
or if they’re alive or dead.
Some never made it back home alive,
and those who make it home alive,
at what cost? At what cost?
Their lives will never be the same again.
Healing takes time, but
forgetting the nightmares they have been through?
I don't think so.
Even in the deepest shadow,
We refuse to give up hope.
We hold the light until
they find their way back.
Let's bring them all home
alive and safe, to their loved ones!
I pray each one has their own
guardian angel to bring them
back home without harm,
alive and well.
Each one’s life matters-
needed, wanted, and loved.

~ * ~

Thanksgiving

A day to give thanks,

And be grateful you’re alive

To be with kinsfolk.

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

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Facebook Fan Page

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The Earth Remembers Their Names

Before the cities learned to rise,
before the roads divided the silence,
there were footsteps upon the red earth,
and the earth knew every name.
The wind carried stories
through the branches of ancient trees,
while the stars became a map
for those who listened to the sky.
They walked where the rivers whispered,
where the rocks held the warmth of yesterday,
where every living thing
belonged to a greater circle of existence.
Their hands knew the language of the land,
their hearts understood the seasons,
and their voices carried memories
older than the written word.
But history came with unfamiliar shadows,
with borders drawn across belonging,
with children taken from the arms
that had taught them how to dream.
Still, the earth remembers.
It remembers the songs,
the sacred places,
the wisdom passed from one generation
to another like a flame that refuses to die.

In the Voices of Elders

teaching the young to stand with dignity,
in the determination of communities
to reclaim what history tried to erase.
The song was never truly gone.
It waited in the red dust,
in the shadows of ancient gums,
in the heartbeat of Country,
in every act of remembering.
Today, let the world listen
not only to the sorrow of the past,
but also to the strength of those
who continue to create,
to teach,
to protect,
to hope.
Let respect become more than a gesture,
more than a speech delivered in passing.
Let it become the courage
to acknowledge injustice,
to honor living cultures,
and to make room for truth.

For the song of Australia's First Peoples

This is not a song of a vanished world
It is a song of survival,
of identity,
of belonging beyond dispossession.
And across this ancient continent,
beneath the same immense sky,
the unbroken song continues—
carried by those who remember,
and those who will never allow
their heritage to be forgotten.

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

Originals

Holding on to what was done
for many, many decades. Saving
those traditions from being gone.
The history lives on through all
attempts to erase what belonged.
Recalling the heroes of yesteryear.

Showing how they had no fear.
Centuries of resistance, by establishing
their claims. Naming places and people
who stood on the great plains. Debunking
false claims. Writers and fighters became
the same thing.

Unraveling the lies that had been told
about some people from other places,
who were so bold, laid claims to a land
that they stole. Still in a struggle to this
very day, while the intruders try to
keep them at bay.

Goal Tending

Sitting at the bus stop. Lost his hope in hip hop. The bank repossessed the drop top, but
the sounds in his head won't stop. He was still young and had to get a job, so he could
get married to his old heart's throb. Started writing things down on his lunch break, a
big smile appeared on his bright face. It would be a matter of time before he be back in
first place. Being made to take some time to readjust his mind. To let the lessons linger
something at which he could point his finger. The world he faced was ruthless. This was
a period of instruction.

The job wasn't his dream ,it was only a stepping stone to a bigger scheme. The work he
was doing, was not it, by no means. He started this journey at fifteen. He never
considered what may be up ahead. Wanted the world to know what he said. Many of
the things he encountered he never read. Remembered the last pass he caught for his
old high school quarterback. Now, that same dude was on his back, the system had
ordered him to attack.

Ran into some OG, told him that some weed would help him see. He saw Jamal at the
project hall who said get that non-sense out his head, stay focused on your goal don't go
down that rabbit hole. A lot of stress on the road to success, do your best, put forth the
effort and God will do the rest. His pen began to win the hearts of the people. With

every breath the message had depth. Every stroke of the pen he was getting back to
where it should have been. In he back of his mind he wished his dad was alive to see
what he turned out to be.

Annoyed

I been in the space of here and there before. Enhanced promises , turned out to be just
justified lies every time. Your voice was strong, but your words were weak. Your stance
was wrong. Standing there starry eyed, being Pied Pipered into a state of confusion,
endorsing the forces that malign you. Using, I went to Disney land as a motto… I hope
you do excuse me if I don't say CHEESE!

In the midst's of all this I'm trying to find, you. I was interrupted by the deviant news. On
the other side of the music, mystery and magic ,you were supposed to be there.

Clouded, I had to wait for the tragedy to pass by on the way to someone else, before I
could see. Our initial embrace time didn't erase. My imagination was given permission
to go its own way, it chooses to stay while I continue my search for thee. I was drawn to
the old orchards where we used to be.

I try to separate myself from the loneliness as tags along behind. The birdbath still holds
water the birds still bathe there, remember we built it from scratch. Nothing can ever
match the emotions we exchanged, in a place we considered strange at the time. It was
a place where coincidence waited. It was a space where I could re work words to give a
deeper meaning. Abrupt meant slow. The air there carried the fragrances of peaches. I
hope you do remember.

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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Asia . . . Over 50,000 Years Ago

One of Earth's oldest existing civilizations . . .
Aboriginal Australians, including Tasmania, that is.

As of 1788, however, home to disastrous epidemics, land confiscation,
Evictions, settler oppression, and occupier aggression . . .
In the brutal hands of the British colonization.

Starting in 1910, 60 years-long elimination of thousands of Aboriginal children from their families . . .
Again, under the rule of the British colonizers.

Shall we do the math?
For what purpose?
When much has been re-written by those who solely held the reign?
True history: Erased.

“Dreaming”

Or “Dreamtime” . . .
In sum: Spirituality and
The system of law as created and maintained
By the Australian Aboriginals.

Not to exclude their long-established practices
To honor their ancestral people and
Their timeless loyalty to the land.

Quite the opposite of what we in the West
Are quick to trivialize as “those primitives,”
Right?

HAIKU

not homogenous

hundreds of unique nations

self-sustained systems

Teresa
E.
Gallion



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

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

An Aboriginal's Moment

Her feet gently touch the red earth
as she walks the sacred ground
of her indigenous ancestors.

A dry creek sucks up the moisture
from a delicate monsoon rain.
The Spirits of the elders
sway in the breeze.

She listens for their voices of wisdom.
Totally open to the present moment.
This is her daily morning ritual.
A showcase of gratitude and respect.

To the Awakened

Love floods all the boundaries,
protects me and I am still blind.
Love floods all sideroads with light
and I still cannot not see.

I shut down.
Give my resignation
to two-legged creatures.
Stamped humankind, I resign.

Earth Mother rolls in tears for me.
I walk in her footprints
never ending my plea
for understanding.

She says, bend your knees 100 days.
Stand up and walk out of the forest.

I wear a sacred scarf,
armed with grace, ready
to offer love to all
who are awake.

Beloved's Touch

Some days my feelings are fragile.
My heart is tender.
Tears beat against stone.

Tenderness is a real flower
always available for me.
Compassion runs down my side

looking for a place to land.
I wander in the forest of life
looking for you.

Desperate for the touch of grace,
my soul gently says,
purify your thoughts

and the Beloved will touch you.
You will float in harmony forever
on wings of a divine embrace.

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.

A Civilization Without Walls

Oral wisdom endures
as words carved in stone—
on the breath of elders,
through songs and stories
shining like stars.

Rivers and forests, too,
carry promises
for generations yet unborn,
their wisdom held
beyond pages and armies.

A civilization is not
what it builds to last,
but what it learns to preserve—
in memory,
in the earth,
in the lives it touches.

Breath on Glass

Morning prayers
rise in hazy breaths,
forming shapes on a windowpane.

They gather into teardrops,
sliding down in quiet streaks
as sunrays embrace them.

A quiet longing stirs—
the soul reaching beyond itself,
yearning for something unnamed.

These watery trails
exalt my soul—
and I begin to flow,
gently,
silently.

Water Remembers

Today is a colorful day—
blossoms bend in an arch
in the perfumed, fresh wind.

Silken sunrays warm the skin,
while birds circle above
in melodies of delight.

I step into crystal-clear water
that has absorbed
the ashes and bones of my ancestors.

It makes me realize
that I, too, will reap eternity here
when it receives my ashes.

I see distant things
as if they were near,
and hold a distance from what is close.

Truth must be seen
as it is—
not as I want it to be.

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-nazareno-gabis/

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

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

Mirabai

She walked away
From the courtyard,
Her rebellion in the palace,
She left the gold, silk and duty,
She drank the green poison
Like a sweet water from the mountain spring,
Like a nectar of the heavens,
She danced in the the dust of Vrindayan,
Leaving a trail of yellow saffron,
And the echo of her love.

Orenda

Hidden power breathes,
Within the mystical garden,
beneath the earth,
Rooted deep in Gaia’s face,
every petal and ancient stone holds a quiet mystery,
pulsing with a ceaseless energy,
We feel it in the air—
the intangible waves of a shifting tide,
cresting through the silence,
to mirror the light of an awakened soul.

The Kavi in Me

I give birth to a universe of words,
In my veins begun to stir,
It strikes diamonds in my chest,
My hands write on digital sheets,
When I'm in joy,
the scripts rhyme mnemonic smiles,
When I'm in pain,
My head turns a painful bomb,
When I'm so lost,
my shadows blur the royal sun,
The moon dusts fill the unshaken dome,
I write the words to bridge
The distant sky,
To the islets of dreams,
Where all revere the frost and fire,
The voice you scream in the rebirths of histories.

Swapna Behera



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

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dedicated dots of aboriginals

dots are visual languages
identity of land
connection to history
and lore
dots act as maps
medium of telling stories
enlivening culture
forms of expression
symbolic patterns
dots are energy fields
powerful aura around the design
to obscure information
lay underneath like WIFI
secret or sacred
what should be in public domain
protection to allow stories
to be disclosed or protective
contemporary art form
ancestral stories, landscape
sacred knowledge protecting
restricted meanings from outsiders
dots evoke sense of shimmer movement
or spiritual energy
a legacy is made in sync with dots
from deserts to canvas
from body paint to designs
half a century's journey
and the dots still smile…..

encounter with a voice

I heard a voice
above the soil
a sobbing
a hissing may be
an apology
that rises to the sky
as curly as the smoke from the cauldron
the confession of a protagonist
I wished to get up
from the deep slumber
red marks through out my body
that I carried
from the voice
crackers in my dead vein
ribs bent; a few broken
the gift of that sadist
there is a thin line demarcation
between
democracy and dictators
love and lust
rights and duties
protest against injustice
is not that easy
the voice killed me
I wish
let there be no masks to hide
the killer is sitting
on my grave
in the dark nights
regretting
I am inside the coffin
and do you know
the paranoid says another lie
“I love you”

a river is dying

you dumped ashes, flowers
immersed clay goddesses
 flushed the multicolour garbage
dead bodies
the river was pure
crystal clear
 ran as a teen aged girl with its divine beauty
 no dust
thin slender body
beautiful as a fairy
but you the perverted humnabeings
so called intellectuals
built AI, data centres
that need gallons of water for cooling
the river carried your trash
as a pregnant lady
carrying your sin
your holy dip in the foamy water
 full with bacteria and virus
why at all you rape a river?
is it because she is the silent voice of the civilisation?
water can never be created
drops are blessings
a river is dying every moment
listen to the tears ….

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

The Aboriginal

How do we have to fight for reconciliation of our rights in Australian society when our ancestry goes back sixty thousand years. Our footprints are buried under land like early man. We walked freely under the stars and over mountains, there were no borders for generation after generation. That all changed when strangers sailed onto our shores on ships to create laws, change our language and like rouge dictators, they claimed ownership. They tried to erase history with their stories, they tried to silence language, break families and push people out the country. No matter what, the truth could always be found, when somebody cuts a tree the roots still grow underground. They removed children from their mothers but you can't separate the spirit of ancestors, they built fences across the land and called it progress, but the land remembers who walked it first. Generations carried the scars of what was taken then peeled those scars as education for the next generation. We shouldn't need reconciliation, we just need respect of our history from our nation.

Illuminating

When my fingers tap keys like middle men my third eye illuminates a beam of light like the bat signal but in the shape of the infinite emblem, the streets are poison and unfortunately many men will be bitten and can't be saved with anti venom.

Around every corner danger waits, everyday there's a new tally on how many souls the reaper takes, somewhere in the hood there's tears dropping at wakes, one minute you're here and in the next second you can be considered the late.

Killers will leave your body in an encasement for that bag, for clout they'll say they killed so and so when they body brag, some will give you a toe tag for the proper price tag, no one's safe in the slums when it comes to filling safes with red funds.

Redrum redrum there's a bunch of alcoholics with extendos and switches on guns, if they hit you and you try to escape, they'll walk you down after the run, the four devil possession will make wives widows just for fun.

The concrete jungle doesn't have lions, tigers and bears oh my… they have walk by, ride by and drive by's, riches correlates with death in facade eyes, to own a block bodies will continue to drop and there's no way to figure out the algorithm of who's next to have "here lies" on rock.

dyslexia poetic

The sirens dissipate, he's laying there, Help him help him, She stopped yelling , she ran back to her building, she went back in the elevator, the elevator goes up, she runs back to her door, she rises off her knees ,"baby my not no" , the phone goes back to her ear, she says hello, ring ring, her sons friends says "shot been junior", she's cooking, she's preparing the food, she's washing dishes, mom goes food shopping, son goes to see his new girl, He's going with his friend, the argument ends , the bullets come out of junior, the bullets go back in the gun, he shoots, an argument pursues, the ex boyfriend pulls a gun, the ex boyfriend answers , son and his friend knocks on a girls door.

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

Winged Return

A red-tailed hawk sits on a fence post
between Spokane and Portland
between the home I am leaving
and the home I am becoming

Her feathers hold the colors of desert earth
her eyes search the grasses
for the small movement of dinner
for the life that will sustain her flight

I am moving too
searching for that which will sustain me
where I will put down roots
where I will no longer need
to drive between two homes

Two years I have traveled this road
one more year to go
one more turning of the seasons
one more year of watching
young ones grow their wings

The hawk lifts from the fence post
opens her wings to the wind,
leaves the wood behind
but carries the earth in her feathers

I drive west again
through the dry brushlands
past sagebrush and sun-colored grasses
past hills that hold the summer heat
past hawks waiting on fence posts
for the movement of life

The road turns toward the river
flowing through the Columbia gorge
the wind follows the water
paths in the ancient earth
toward the lush green of Portland

I have followed this river
through two years of changes
through brown hills and green hills
through rain and sun
through the leaving
and the arriving
and returning again

Spokane holds the memory
of gardens and owls and dogs
Portland holds the promise
of roots leaning in, deepening

And between them
the Columbia keeps moving
carrying mountain water
carrying the desert
toward the sea

Two years of traveling
one more year of returning
one more year until the teenagers
finish their high school days
gather their own strength
test the air beyond the fence
and fly toward lives
I cannot yet imagine

I am measuring time
in monthly journeys

in school years
in the changing colors of the gorge
where a hawk belongs to the ground
and to the wind

I am here between wings and roots
between the life I have lived
and the life I am becoming

The Geese Remember the Garden

The geese are flying south again
their voices falling through the autumn sky
calling across the fields
following the turning earth

They settle in the nearby hayfield
fold their wings against their bodies
lower their heads to the stubble
and rest upon familiar ground

The geese remember the straight pathways
between rows of perennials
the dark earth turned by careful hands
tender spears of asparagus
goji berries following pink flowers

The geese remember two rows of fruit trees
apples and pears among the plums
clusters of elderberries
seaberries shiny orange bursts

Beyond the fence, the white willow
lifted its pale branches into the wind
its roots drinking deep
beneath the changing seasons

The geese remember the dragon garden
plants grown through one long summer
to nourish a small bearded dragon
a garden planted then became a book

They remember seeds sent to strangers
people who loved the earth

who believed that something small
could grow into something beautiful

A seed is a kind of journey
a journey is a kind of seed

The geese know something of this
leaving one field for another
one resting place for the next
yet they return
The geese understand leaving
they rise when the season turns
following the ancient pull
toward warmer fields
toward open water
toward the place
where winter will sustain them

This evening as I drive home I see
the geese are gathering
in the hayfield again

One lifts its head
another opens its wings
a third calls into the cold air
and the flock begins to move

The geese know the way south.
the willow knows the way down.
the seaberries know the way toward light
and I am learning
the way forward

Where the Dogs Dream

Three dogs sleep beside me
their breathing soft in the evening
their bodies curled into familiar shapes
their paws resting after a day
of running on the land

Two snore
one stretches a paw
toward something only dreams can touch
perhaps they are already walking
through tomorrow morning

Perhaps they hear the rooster
calling from the neighbor's yard
the children's voices rising
from the preschool across the street
the rustle of tall grass
against their shoulders

The dogs are dreaming
the land is waiting
tomorrow we will walk again

Wally, the big boy
ninety pounds of Rhodesian Ridgeback mix
strong shoulders, a deep chest
long legs ready to run
his nose already searching
for the stories left overnight

Peanut, the young one
a two-year-old Black Mouth Cur mix
a Texas hunting dog
rescued at five months
all curiosity and quick movement

her body still learning
how to contain so much life

And the old girl, Maple
eleven years of English Shepherd wisdom
who knows the paths
the familiar smells
the places where the rabbits hide
and perhaps knows more
than the other two
about the pleasure of coming home

Three ways of knowing the world
three hearts beating
at different rhythms
and tomorrow
we will walk again
the land full of stories
I cannot read

A rabbit passed here
a deer stood there
a small creature entered the grass
another disappeared beneath the soil
the dogs read with their noses

I call them home
a bag of treats in my hand
a small exchange
between species
a piece of food
for a moment of attention
a familiar voice
for a turning head
a little reward
for choosing to return

But perhaps it is more than treats
that brings them back
they know
the sound of my footsteps
the shape of my voice
the comfort of being together.

And tomorrow
when the rooster calls
and the first light reaches
the tall grass
three warm noses
will greet the morning
and we will begin
again

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 Fănuș 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).*

Monolith

Ancestral spirits
have left a footprint of the past there
– “Dreamtime” –
a legend carried from generation to generation.

A bodily trace,
forever sleeping within each of them.
Rituals call back primal ages.
It is a magic
that
opens before them a glimpse of ancient stories.

They know
the Earth is the mother of humankind,
and people stand equal with nature.

This balance and this symmetry
once gave them – and still gives them –
the sense
that the bond of all living things
is a single being,
– a monolith.
– a testament that tradition and myth
are for these nomads
– sacred.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

The Lost

In the mossy forest,
lost wanderers
look for the path of peace.
To get where the end will be the beginning.
Where
the cries are of joy only,
tears of emotion,
where the sky is bright.

To walk,
to know no prejudice,
heart to heart,
hand in hand.

Step by step
– together to freedom.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Living in Harmony

Being human
requires no luminosity
nor altars.
Being good is the core.

– Living in harmony with the others
is the sense of being,
enabling them to co-create.
It's the gift
that makes prejudice to fade.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Khalice Jade



Khalice Jade, born Saliha Ragad, is an International Peace Ambassador, author, and engaged philosopher. Awarded the Excellence Prize for Peace in France at age 11 and recognized by the newspaper La Voix du Nord, she has published over thirty personal works and contributed to fifteen international anthologies, eight of which she directed. Passionate about cultural diversity and human understanding, she uses poetry and prose to inspire, encourage reflection, and promote peace, celebrating the richness of human experience and sharing a universal message of openness, harmony, and compassion.

The Singing Earth

Beneath the red sky where the desert spreads,
The earth whispers, telling ancient tales;
The wind glides, caressing rocks and trails,
And each step revives a breath that threads.
Songlines trace paths of stories untold,
Water appears, fleeting, in hidden streams;
Life pulses through dunes, hills, and dreams,
And man listens humbly to memories old.
Thus I walk, confidante of sacred lands,
Guardian of whispers and hidden strands,
And my heart receives the ancestors' voice.
In gentle light and scents carried by air,
I feel the power of the moment rare,
And the Earth's voice unites all my choice.

The Time Of Dreams

Beneath the stars' gaze, spirits awaken bright,
Aborigines speak to the deep night;
Songlines trace the world's dreams in flight,
And every gesture holds the guiding light.
The fire crackles, and songs rise and swell,
Ancient stories drift with the wandering wind;
The earth breathes, keeper of time's end,
And man learns to read life's silent spell.
Thus I gaze, confidante and aware,
At the breath of stones and ancestors' care,
And the time of dreams unfolds within me.
In dune light and forest scents' embrace,
I discover echoes of gestures and space,
And living memory inspires and guides my pace.

The Spirit of the Goddess

In the red desert where breath persists,
The Goddess of Time traces sacred songlines;
Spirits watch over exalted lands and shrines,
And each step of man honors the tryst.
Rocks whisper the secrets of forebears,
The sky bends to the songs of stars;
Rivers, wind, and sand reveal afar
Gestures linking life to human cares.
Thus I walk, confidante of this land,
The gods' breath guides my deep hand,
And man learns the wisdom of the circle.
In the light of dunes and constellations high,
I feel the strength of ancient traditions nigh,
And the goddess' spirit unites all acts nearby.

William
S.
Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Aboriginal

Original or not
The dreams of the cosmos are told
To we who reside here

Resonant memories
Or secrets told,
Who knows,
So they call us what we are, are not
Yet we are once again

Original or Aboriginal
Flip the coin
And perhaps knowledge
Will reveal it’s self

A Poem for Mary

By chance or fate
We came about
To know of one and other

I could feel her suffering
Suppressing her light,
Her joy,
But we can not allow this
To endure,
For sure

There is work to be done,
That of the heart
Which instructs the soul
Along in its journey

Mary knew this,
Mary is from that time
Where we the people
Do this

To lament
Is but a moment,
Like a star
In the heavens vast

Shining
Giving of its light
Where it may

Mary is like this,
e'en through the pain
of her own
which at times
she does own

and denies
in the streams
of concurrence

I write this poem
For this servant,
Mary
For she is a warrior
In spite of it all,
She answers the call
Regardless the cost
And the pending
Seemingly loss-es
She must face

And in the face of it all,
She is still Mary,
Standing tall,
Resolute
Without refute . . .
She is a poem
To be recited,
Cited,
Sighted
By those who would see.

A dimension apart

There a moments
When "Profundity"
Takes a peak into our consciousness
To see if we are awake
And we are not,
And her twin sister ...
"Revelation"
Keeps her mouth shut

There are times
When "Compassion"
Tickles our hearts
Begging us to come and play with her
In the playgrounds of humanity,
And we shun her,
For the time at hand
We mistakenly surmise,
Is not our problem

These things
Are of the spirit,
Which always prevails
Throughout time
Over the machinations
Of Man's thoughts
And inclinations

You would have thought
We would have learned
By now,
But sadly
We are still but children
Stumbling along the same path
In the garden life-scapes
Of our " human" expression....

If you can dare call it that!

Our civility has be bargained away
For a supposed life of leisure
And dreams of opulence

We forego our blessings
Of divine cognizance
That we may cling to the illusion

What does it take
To awaken,
That we may understand the dichotomy,
The difference
Betwixt the finite,
And that which is ...
Everlasting?

No, it us not about your religion,
Nor is it about the iconic figures
You edify
To give your life meaning

Truth is so much bigger
Than the messengers,
Yet it is a simple premise

It matters not the name you call,
Or who stands at your altar
Where you worship

No, truth, the unimpeachable truth
Of existence
Has only 1 name,
And it can not be uttered
By a tongue

Of this world,
For this world
Vibrates in
A dimension apart,
As does at times
Our hearts,
Our consciousness.

November 2026 Featured Poets

~ * ~

Faleeha Hassan

Jerzy Stasiewicz

Dr. Debabrata Maji

June Barefield


I
FLY
because
I Can
. . . said the Dreamer to the world.
www.iamjustbill.com

Faleeha
Hassan



Faleeha Hassan. is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, and playwright born in Iraq in 1967, who now lives in the United States. Faleeha was the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature and has now published 30 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosnian, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spanish, Korean, Greek, Serbian, Albanian, Pakistani, Romanian, Malayalam, Chinese, ODIA, Nepali, and Macedonian. She is a 2018 Pulitzer Prize nominee and a 2019 Pushcart Prize nominee.

Member of the International Writers and Artists Association.
Winner of the Women of Excellence Inspiration Award from SJ Magazine 2020,
Winner of the Grand Jury Award (the Sahitto International Award for Literature 2021)
One of the Women of Excellence selection committees 2023
Winner of the Women's Arts Award 2023
Member of Who's Who in America 2023
SAHITTO AWARD, JUDGING PANEL 2023
Winner of the HerStory Award from the Women's Federation for World Peace, New Jersey, 2024
Cultural Ambassador - Iraq, USA, since 2018
Cultural Ambassador and worldwide literary advisor, PEN CRAFT Bangladesh
Honoured to be appointed as a 2024 Peace Ambassador by the Universal Peace Federation
Member of The Founding Mothers Global Women's Congress 2024.
Member of IARP, The Arts and Cultural Programs Coordinator 2026

Email: d.fh88@yahoo.com

Combat Divers

Long Ago, I Asked My Neighbour
What does it mean
to be a combat diver?
Here does one perish upon the earth,
or on dry land?
He kindled his inner soul with the ember of his cigarette,
and we began to listen.
He to the thunder of bombs that ripped his youth to the pieces yet demanded more
I, to the brittle rustle of my dreams being crushed.
Only war could answer my question,
when I found him,
a forgotten corpse adrift in the River Jasim*.

……..

- The "Jasim River" is small in Basra, southern Iraq, near the Iranian border. During the Iran-Iraq War, numerous battles were fought around it, claiming the lives of a vast number of soldiers from both sides.

Political Speech

You owe me.
Pay your debt from before I was born,
and after I am gone.
Give me barrels of oil equal to the weight of my bones,
my flesh,
my fat
before decay, and long after it.
Grant me diamonds, measured against my fingernails;
and my hair which surely, in your kingdom, will be turned into precious stones.
You must make me the shrine of your dreams,
the compass for the directions of your days.
I command:
Sleep—
until each of you is indistinguishable from the earth itself.
Walk—
until rivers forget how to flow.
Stand upright—
until you harden, standing forever.
And let no one dare imagine moving even the breadth of a heartbeat.
You must.
You must.
You must.
Or else my being will go on expanding into eternity,
Clogging the pores of heaven,
Withholding even the atoms of air from your lungs.
You will pray that I disappear.
But—
I shall not.

To a King

Who told you it was your right to reserve for us another share of war?
The corpses of yesterday's disappointments are still decomposing in their silence.
While you lie down beneath the moon, acting youthful
Dreaming of which virgin will soon be born.
The blood has already turned to henna on mothers' palms.
Meanwhile, you adorn your mornings with suns that never set.
As for me, O fortunate,
well-guided king—
like the rest of the common people—
I have nothing to shelter me from you except my heart.
So, O great king ,leave us,
I beg you.
Let us try
to forget your name.
Leave us for one brief moment on the margin of hope.
Let us, if only by lying to ourselves, attempt to smile.

Jerzy Stasiewicz



Jerzy Stasiewicz, born in 1968 in Miechów (Lesser Poland). Poet, prose writer, dramatist, reviewer and essayist. Dedicated to rescuing the vanishing tradition of the Polish countryside, which he expresses in his verses. Author of poetry books *Zapach mojej ziemi* (The Fragrance of My Soil; 2002, Wroclaw*), Szukam własnego cienia* (I Am Searching for My Shadow; 2005, Krakow*), Poezji tom III* (Poetry Volume 3; 2009, Krakow), *Powróciłem* (I Have Returned; 2018, Krakow), a drama – *Pojednanie* (Reconciliation; 2005, Wroclaw), a tale – *Własny kąt* (My Own Nook; 2011, Warsaw), as well as *Po co komu krzyż* (Why Would Someone Need a Cross; 2015, Warszawa) – poetry and drama.

In 2008, he was awarded The **Decoration of Honor "Meritorious for Polish Culture"** (Polish: *Odznaka Honorowa „Zasłużony dla Kultury Polskiej"*) by the Minister of Culture and National Heritage of the Republic of Poland.

Honored with the Gustaw Herling-Grudziński literary award, and a Pegasus Pen.

His works have been printed in Lithuania, Germany, Czechia, Bulgaria, Ukraine and Greece.

Along with his wife Violetta, he is the host of literary meetings ***Z bitwą w tle*** (With a Battle in the Background) in Nysa.

Member of Polish Writers' Union (ZLP).

Translated by Anna Maria Stępień

The Clock

Clock hands carry the truth
one can see it in my mother's silhouette
in her swollen legs

The gaze freezes on a great-grandchildren photograph
ripens in the shade of the night
shivers with the eyelid of memory...

Life returns in the candle flame
losing words uttered in the youth –
Yet their pulse burns within me
with the gift of verse

… with a milk mustache I can recall my childhood
a door creak names of the saints
the anvil sound hoofbeat on our road
with the milkman's calling

The silent clock drives slumber away
with the ashes of whitewashed cottages
the bells echo foretells a downpour

Translated by Anna Maria Stępień

In the Footsteps of Franz Kafka

I've been on the Golden Lane.
And the tiny house of Yours I've seen,
where you created, Francis.
And a hundred towers of Prague
And red roofs
And a cathedral's vastness of Gothic
And an eagle in the cathedral...

Prague – Kafka's city beloved
Prague – a labyrinth for the condemned one
without end
Prague – prison city

They said You wanted to jump
off the Charles Bridge at dusk.

Translated by Anna Maria Stępień

Dr. Debabrata Maji



Dr. Debabrata Maji's journey is one woven with the artistry of words, the precision of engineering, and the resounding echoes of literary passion. His artistry, rooted in heartfelt emotions and intricate expressions, carved a distinct space within global literary landscapes. Dr. Maji's written legacy is solidified through nine remarkable poetry collections with coveted ISBN. His story is not merely about accolades or achievements - it is about a man who dared to transform life's melodies into poetry, leaving behind an enduring legacy that will inspire generations to come.

The Soul is my Ink

Poetry is the quiet breath
Having it within my chest,
The silent sanctuary
Has in my spirit rests.

It is the ink that flows
In a wounded heart,
Turning every shattered
Has in piece into art.

It is not just words
But it is a blank page,
Like a roaring lion
Having within the cage.

When the world is loud
It is my calm sea,
Poetry is my soul
Before setting me free.

A whisper of dream
Has a passionate fire,
The depth is longing
As my heart's desire.

In every rhythm and rhyme
It can be made whole,
The poetry is the music
It sings in my soul.

A Silent land

It's a land of silent
Likes emerald pine,
Where silver birch
Has it water twine.

It's lakes after lakes
Has a mirrored blue,
Its rocky shores
Has a granite hue.

It's winter beauty
Has a silence falls,
Lights are dancing
Just on the walls.

It's an arctic night
When summer brings,
It's endless sun
Has joyful wings.

The blaze air is crisp
And has it spirit free,
It's rolling woods
In the northern sea.

It has quiet magic
It is deep and grand,
The natural beauty
Always Finnish land.

The Light Within

Not just to fill a mind
But it is real facts,
Education must speed
In technological tracks.

To build an open heart
Essential to understand,
Need to care for all
As the world demand.

Treat it is a garden
But never to be a cage,
Must be a new thought
With a thoughtful page.

To light the real path
Aims to a brighter day,
It is an urgent need of the hour
Always have in a wiser way.

It's value and action
Must be hand in hand,
To heal and to serve
It's throughout the land.

Not just merely passing
But it has a difficult test,
Must be bringing out
Where the human is best.

June Barefield



I don't like biographies. At least not my own. I've written some other stuff, been alive, seen some things, and done some things . . .

Genuinely, I feel as if I really, in all honesty, I haven't done shit! Compared to other people's bios, my "accomplishments" are minimal. I don't like resumes either. After all, little George Bush became president! The people in the United States considered the Harris broad for the office of the Presidency too. Not really "the people," tho, huh?

I feel like biographies are often dishonest. Not always, but often. If I were to write out an honest account of my life, I'd need to make it into a book and sell it along with mirrors to the blind in the cities across America! Perhaps turn it into a Hollywood production, have the late great John Singleton raised from the dead to create and direct it!

United We Stand

“In order we form a more perfect union”
Rid ourselves of these physiological confusions These emotion minus devotion type fusions
Them treasonous muses that come to steal, kill, and destroy unity in unison Like a sleeping GIANT underneath the tranquilizing sun
ONE by one Them come
Dropping out of the sky to form alibi together But to weather the storms of life?
NEVER.
For a time, them lie in pleasure, pleasing one another
Smothered promises underneath stained sheets and pipe dreams Then fly apart like
Them never professed a love Agitated by what it took
Complicated the simple
With the tranquility of a D.C. crook
Took a love that them proposed, hosed it down and killed the rose I suppose it's all just relative
Surmise it mostly speculative This interjection
A perception of this forever-looming Love-question United we stand
But will you stand through it all? I'm guessing no, so DIVIDED we FALL.

Every Star

I want all the women And all the monies All the fun
Lots of mystery And mayhem
One of them, wide body, buckets with plenty of legroom So your girlfriend's real comfortable when she suck it Fuck it!
I want a nuclear arsenal, The governments got one!
I've gotta be able to bust back when them people come I want a personalized introductional path to “God”
A death list
& Transparent skin
I want every single rainbow All the stars
I want to dance out on Jupiter
Blow a little smoke when I dip down past Mars I want all the fuckin' marbles
Every ace, king, queen, jack
A Jeanie in sexy pink panties to hold my marbles in her mutha fucking bottle I DON'T TRUST BANKS!
I want one of them ugly cats with no fur More room to explore
My life may indeed B a blur But NEVER a bore
I want every star All the marbles Everything entire I have nothing But fuck it!
I will never negotiate Ever.

Tell me tho’, what's in your wallet?

Dreamy Enough

Sometimes while chasing my tail, dreaming about a dream, but not quite dreamy enough for me, it seems, I forget to breathe
Held my breath once for an entire week! I just want everything right now, is all
So, when I finally inhale again, I get a little wobbly about the knees I realize these things I want aren't dreamy enough for me!
Sit back and I think of better dreams to dream I hear the birds again
Smell the flowers, and I wonder very deeply about me . . .
I can see the trees, but I forget sometimes to thank God for the shade underneath To simply relax and enjoy a sunrise, and just take in a morning time breeze Maybe spend more time in prayer and meditation to B-peAce
Nope.
Not dreamy enough for me! So, I suffocate myself with me
Arms numb
Legs heavy, but I run
Shadow-boxing with a conundrum Fighting myself about what I think I need Where next I wish to go
My next step Move
What path to take I anticipate Expect
But I don’t know? I just dream
I start to trust in everything but love, and even my imagination begins to suppose So, while I opine inside the valley of dried-up bones and inept clones,
children still smile at me as they walk by Eyes, like sunflowers
The drumbeat that is my pulse races, but eYe manage to dream a dream for them too!
I smile back, remembering small graces, like gentle rain showers, my mother's garden, and the beautiful flowers she loved so much

Hard faces, they pass me by as well, and everytime, I simply hold their gaze
I've come to realize that they're just holding their breath too! Sometimes for whatever reason these hard faces, they manage a smile too
They do!

That's just about dreamy enough to do whatever I think I need to, in pursuit of something I'm unclear about, but not really
Confused? Me too!
But I dream on . . .

Twilight approaches, but I am blind to the sky Holding my breath up the avenue of time Shadow-boxing a conundrum, daydreaming About a dream I can't quite see
Numb
I forget to breathe Dying slowly inside Never conceding defeat
Asking why, and cursing what, back in this space again, not giving a fuck! They think, I must comply
My city street's alibi the question So, I testify w/o answers
Suffocating myself with me Living out this life
Dreaming
Forgetting to breathe.

Random thought:
Before was was was, was was is. Fucked me up too!
Not dreamy enough.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

30 May 1945 ~ 11 February 2025

The Butterfly Effect



"IS" in effect

Inner Child Press

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by

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Jackie Davis Allen

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hülya n. yılmaz

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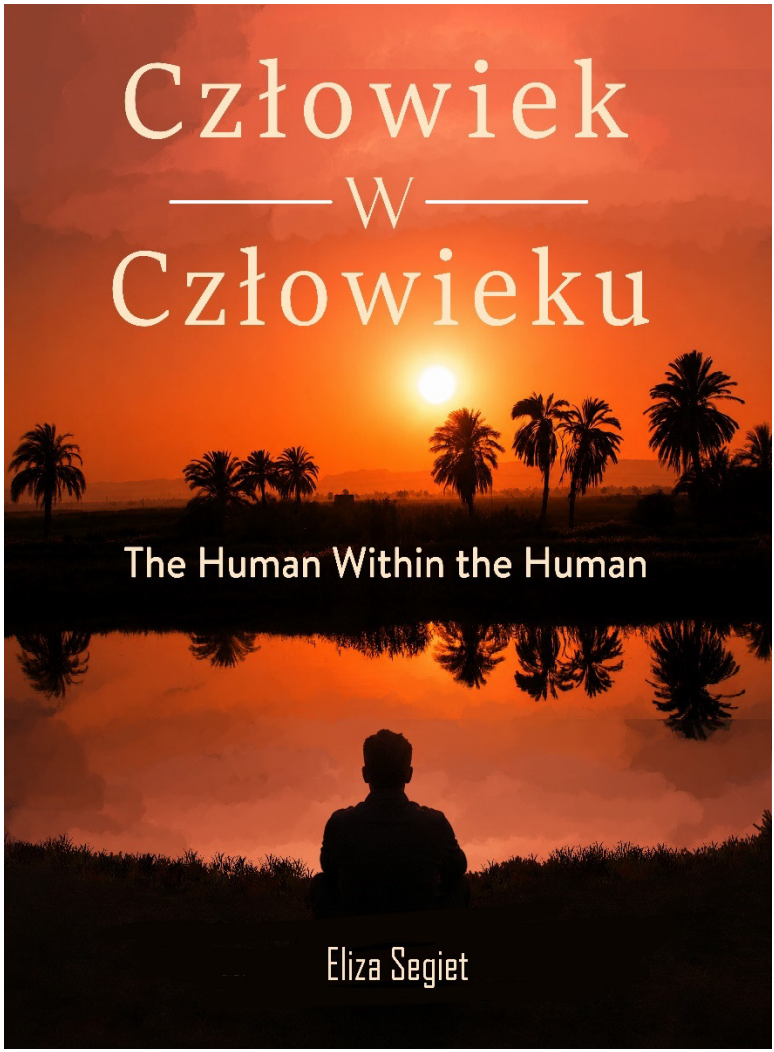

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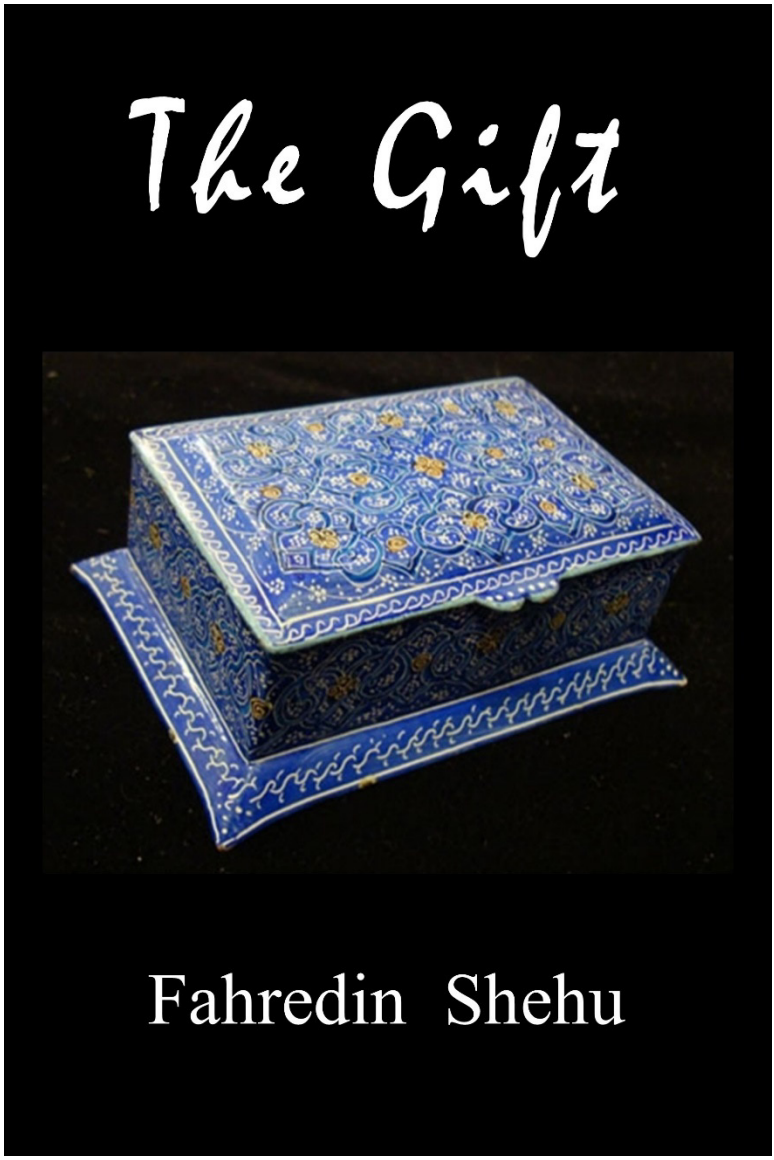

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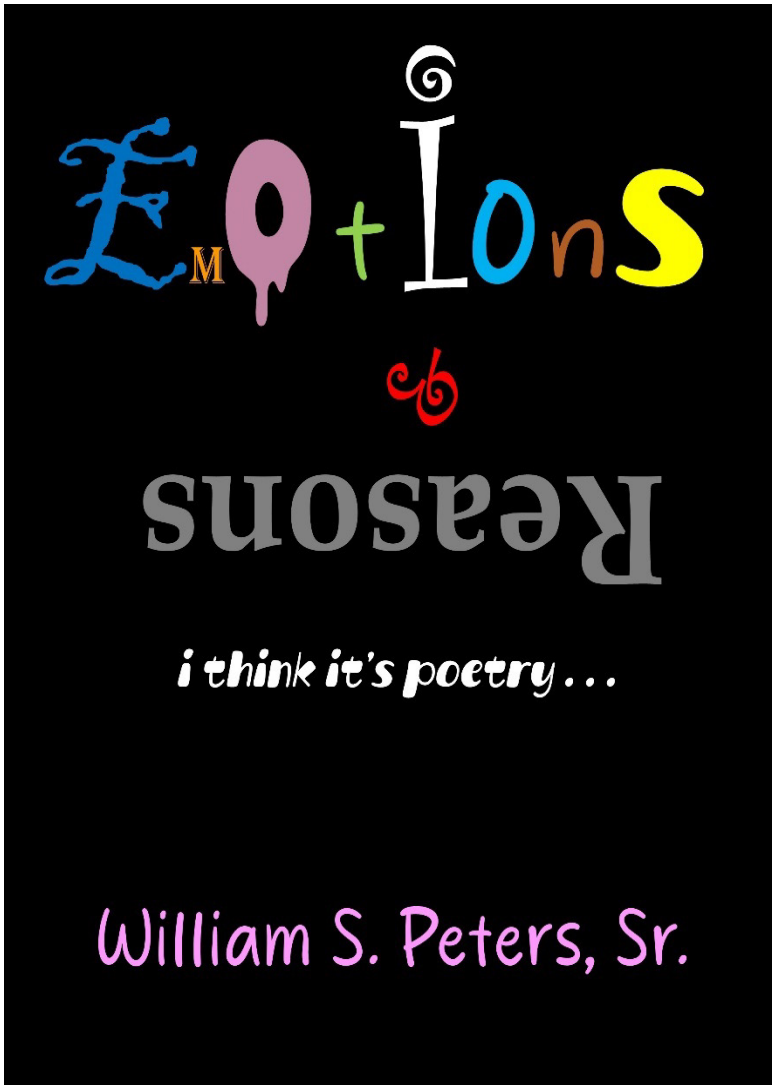

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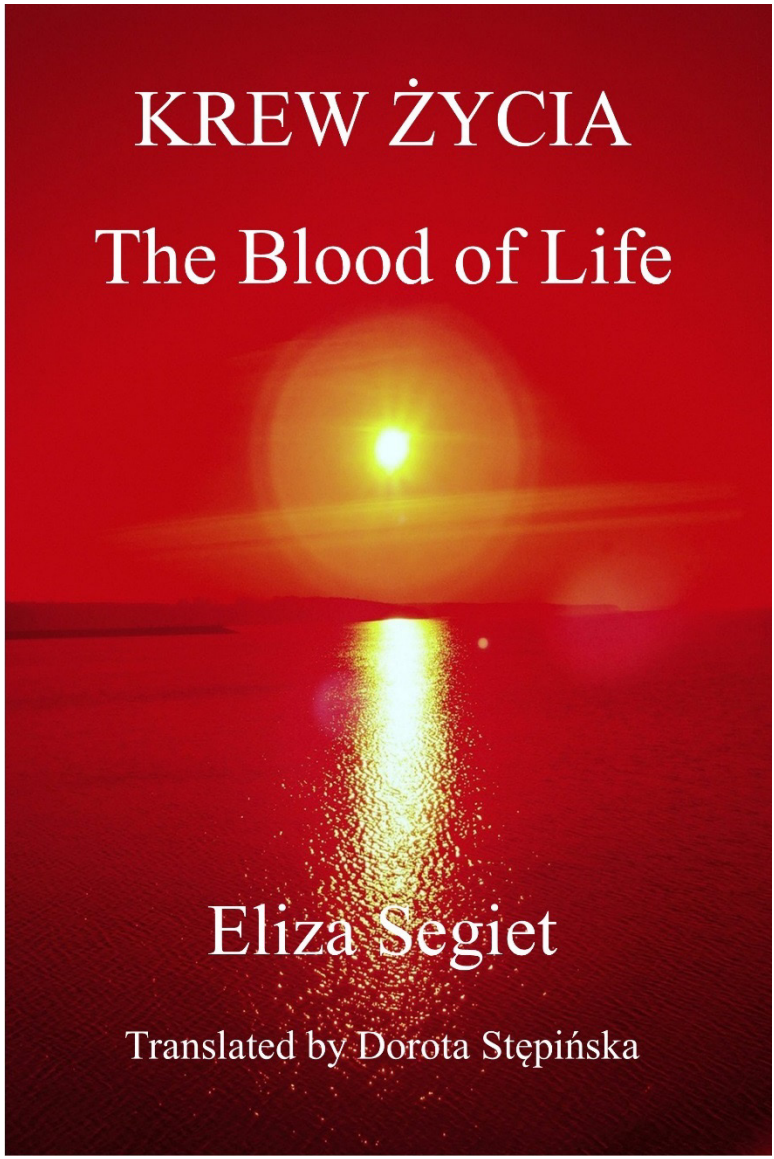

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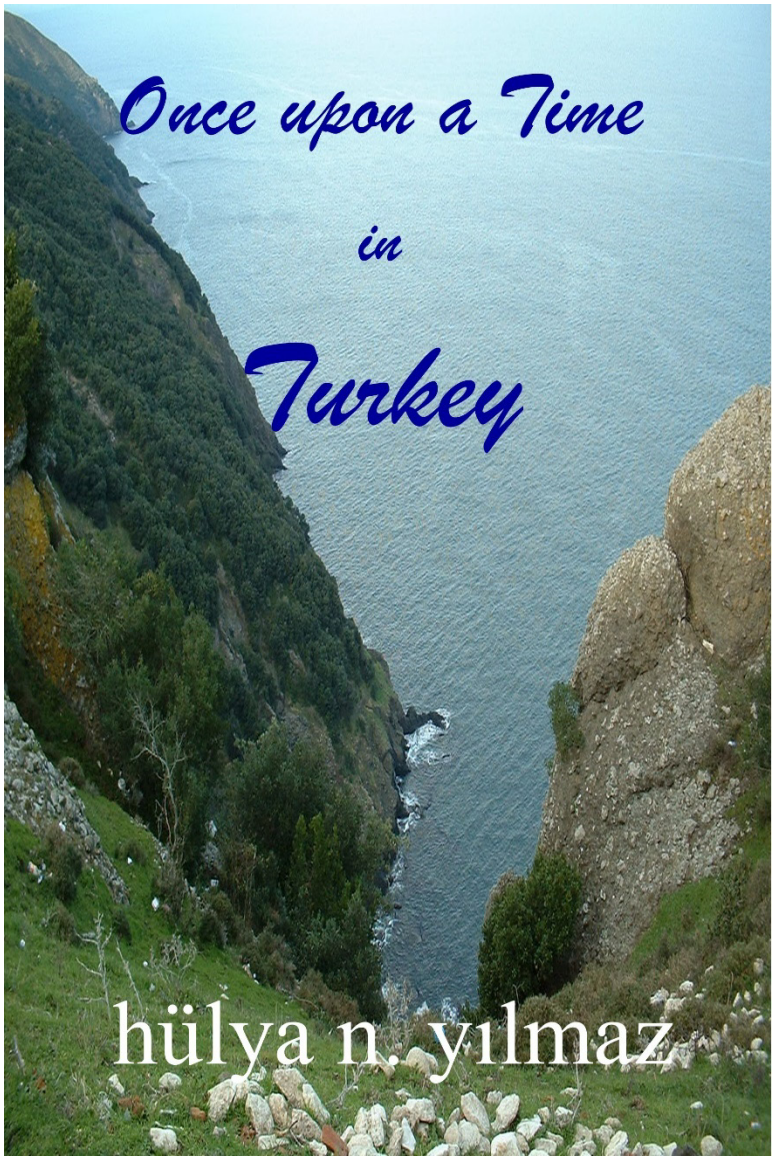

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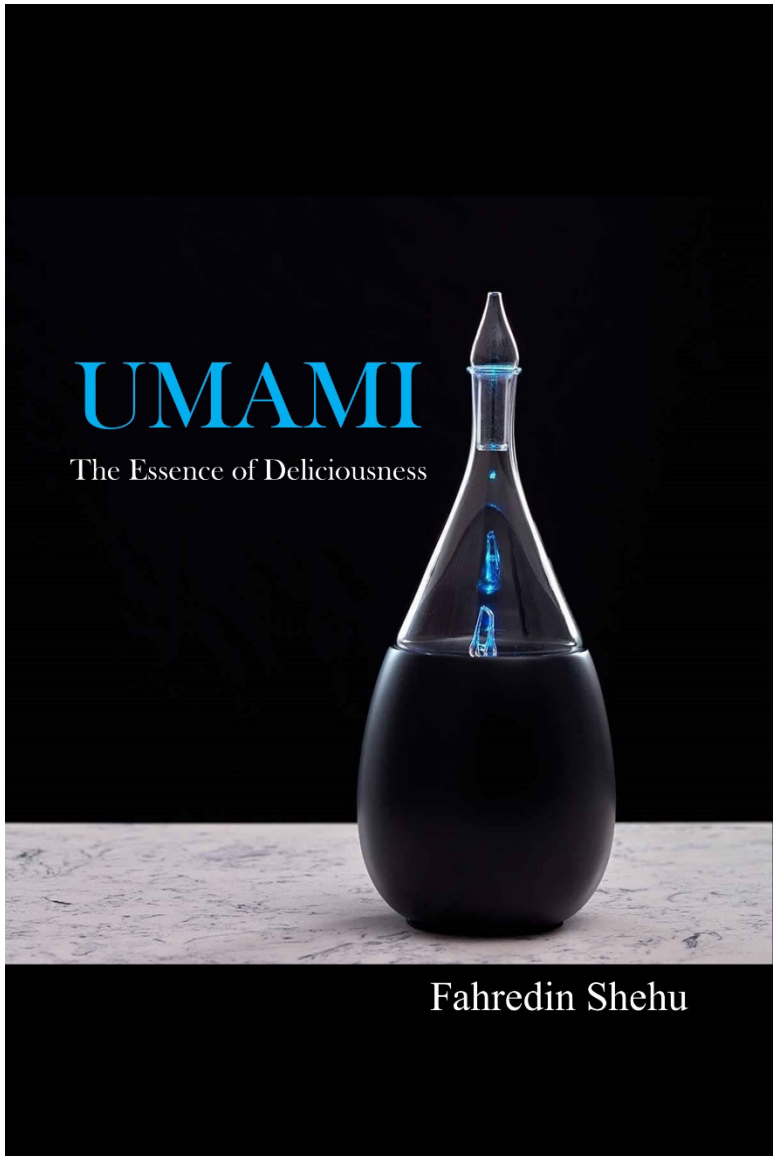

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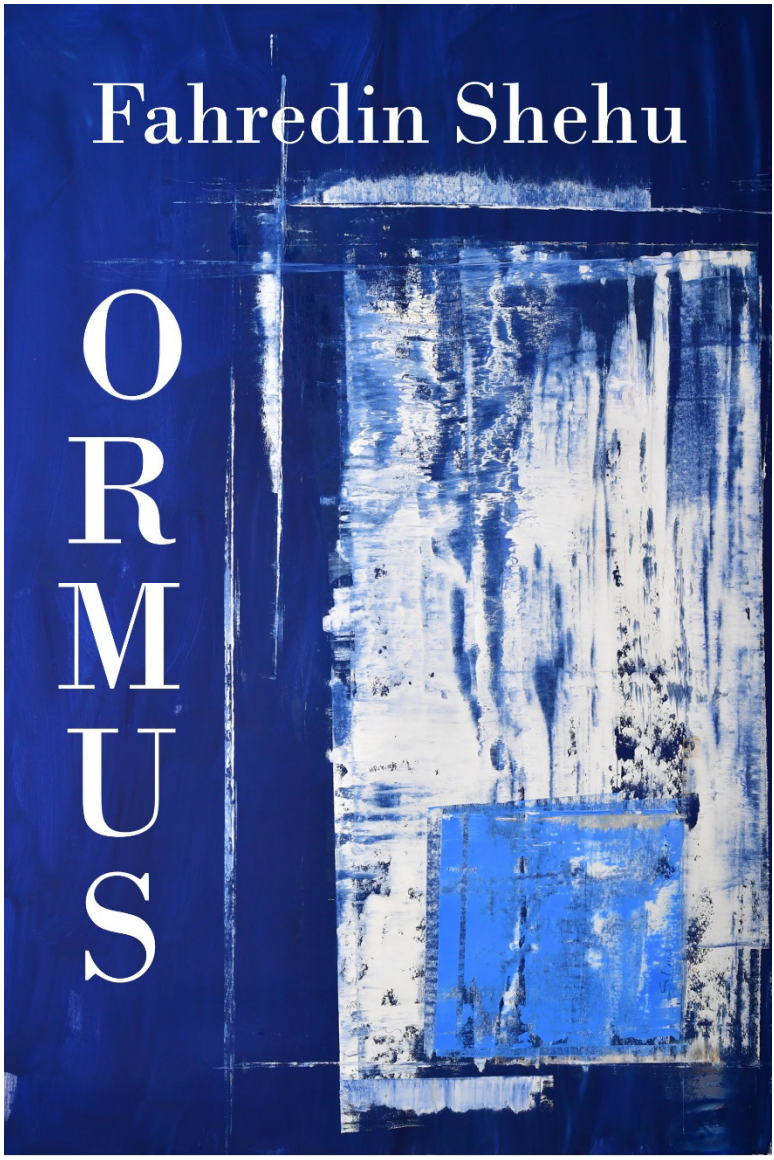

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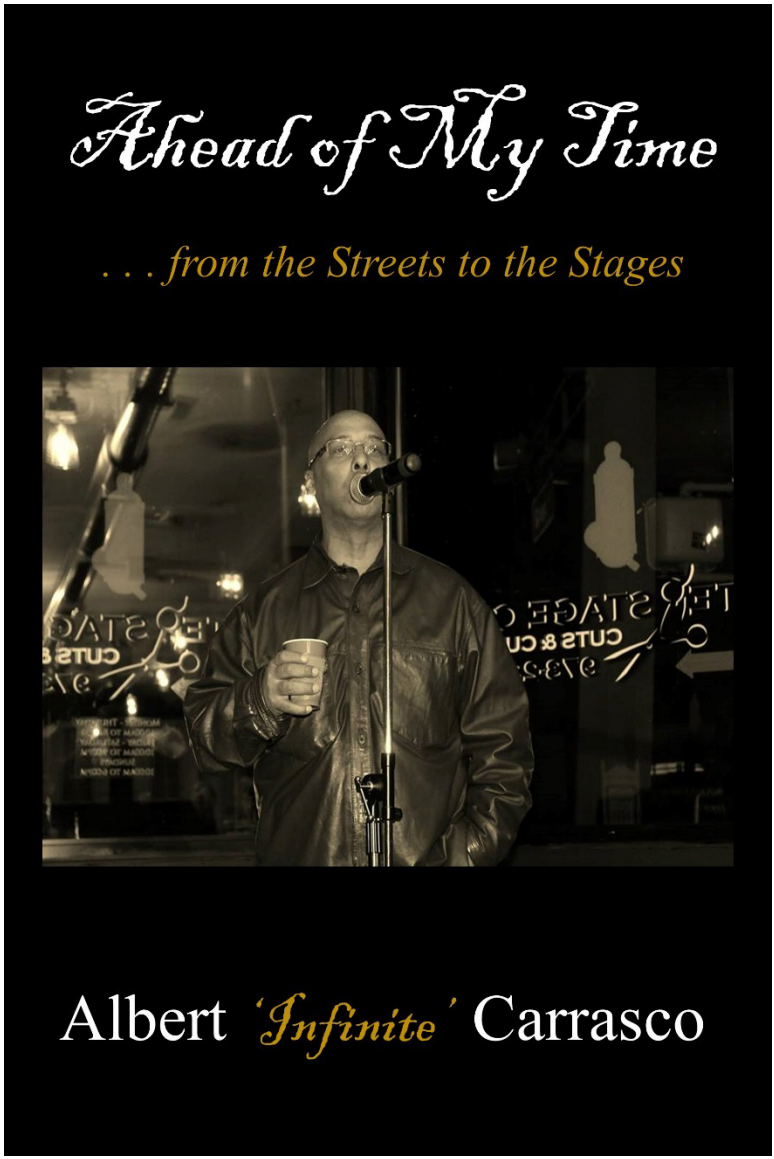

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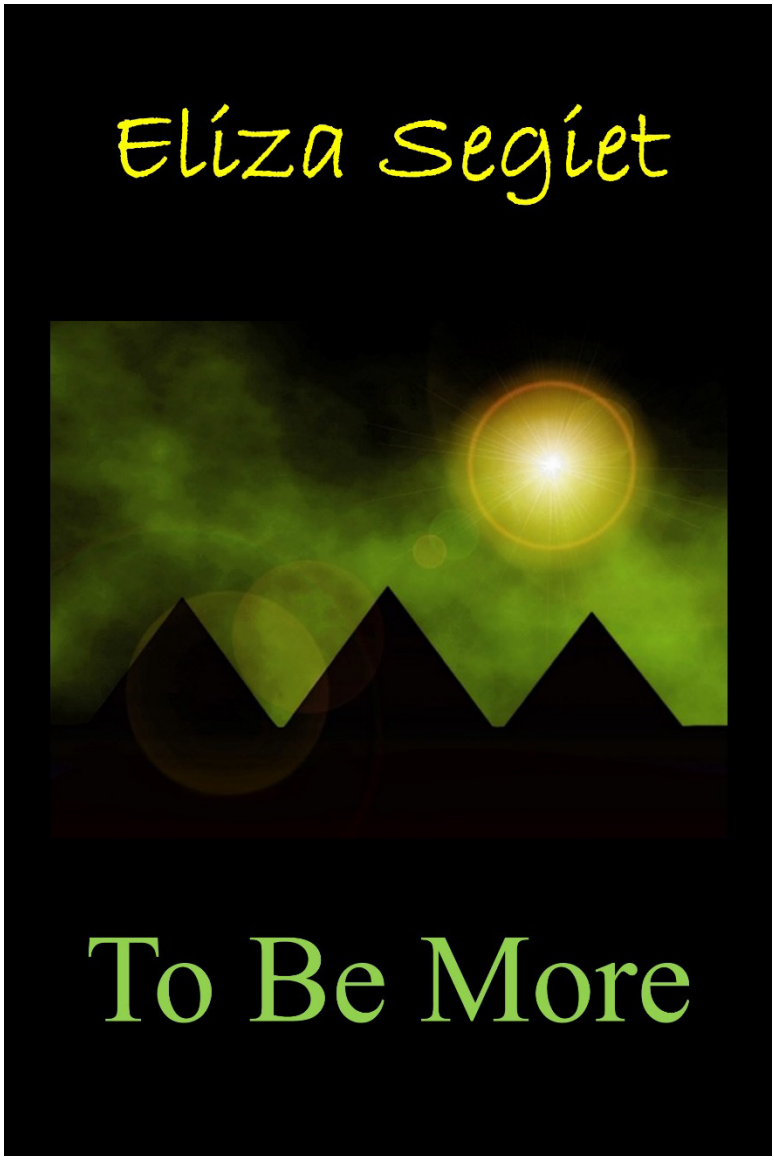

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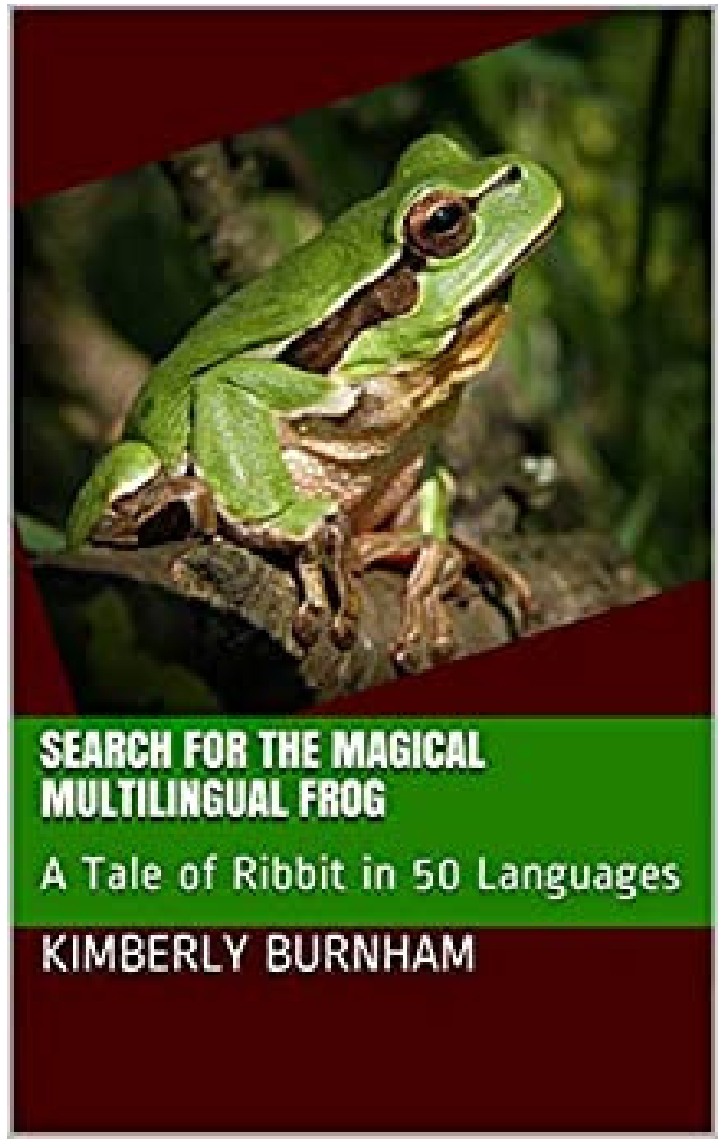

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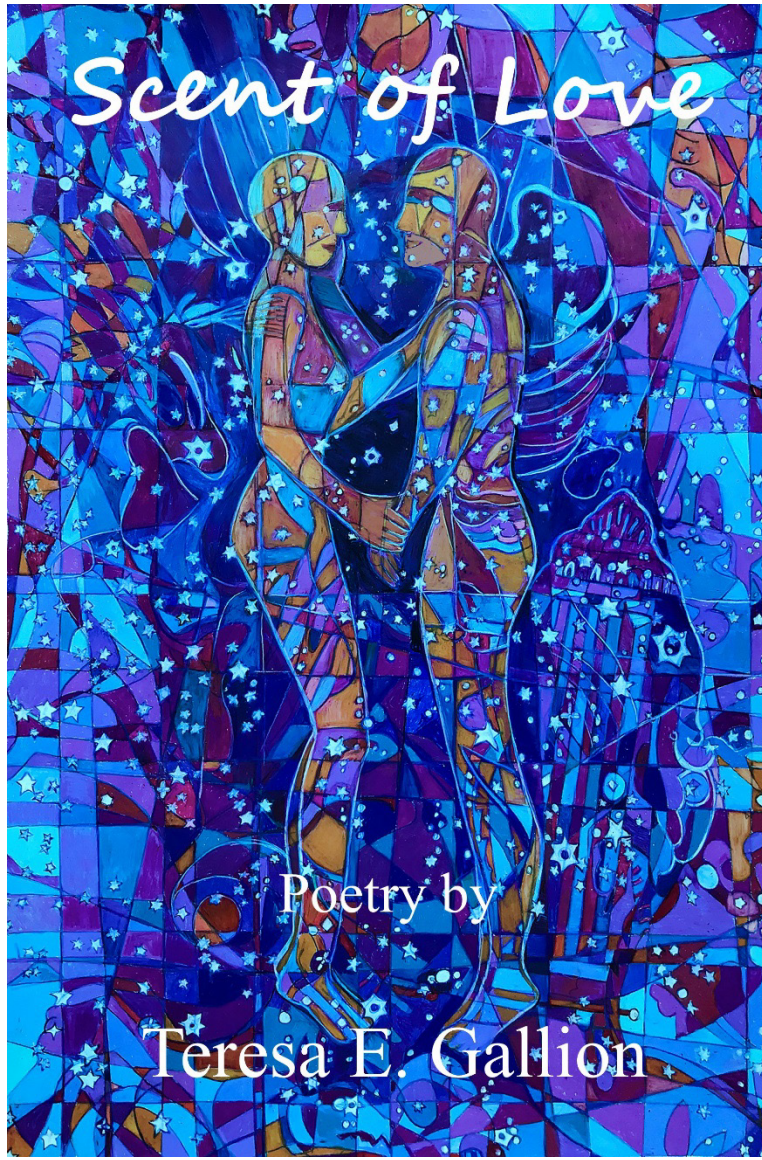

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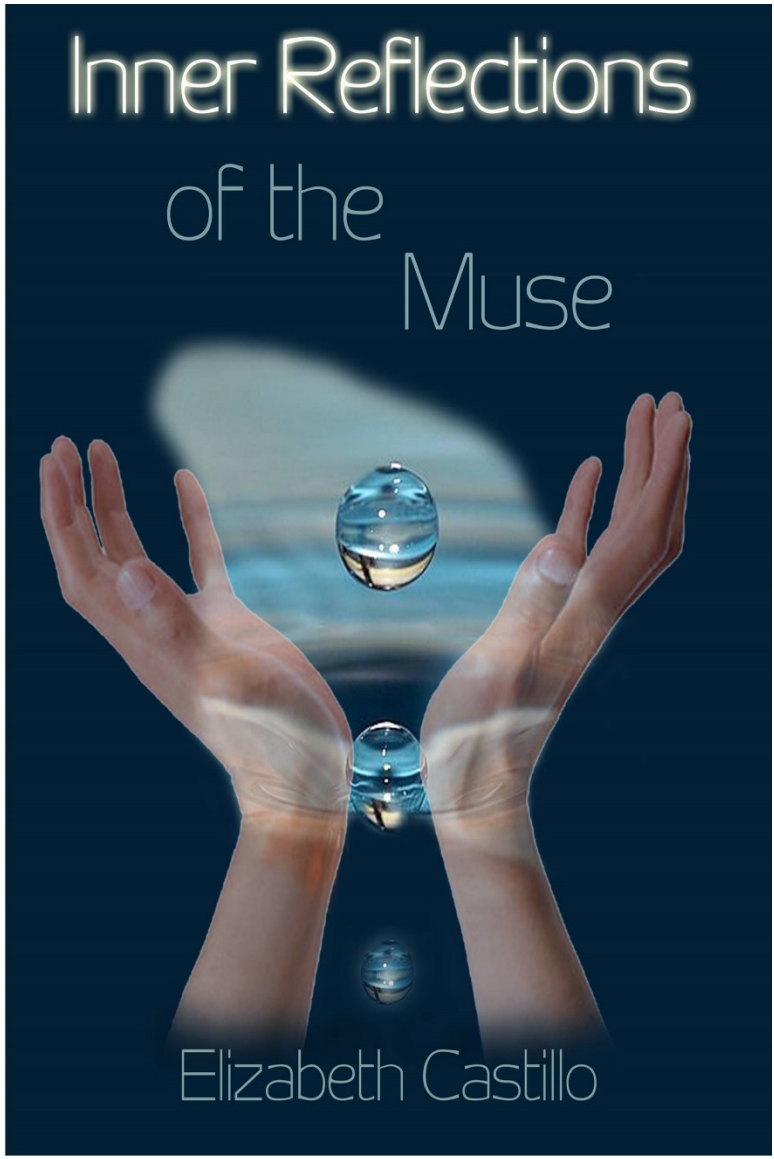

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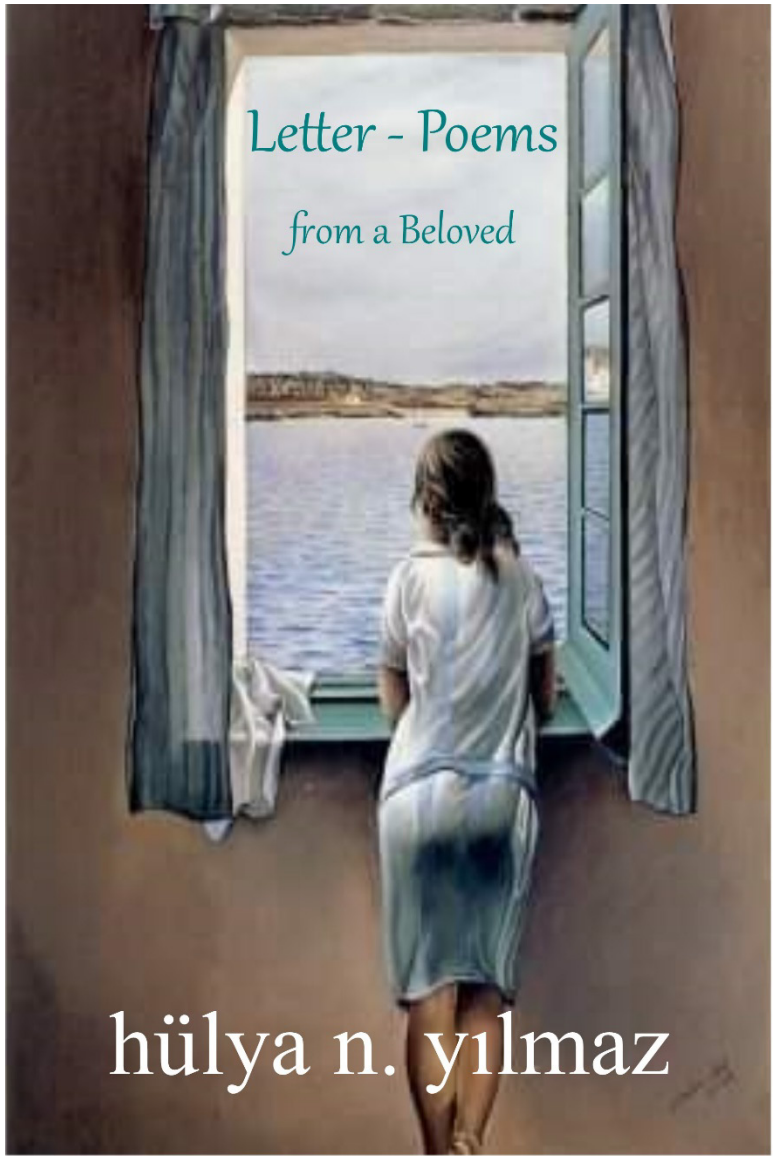

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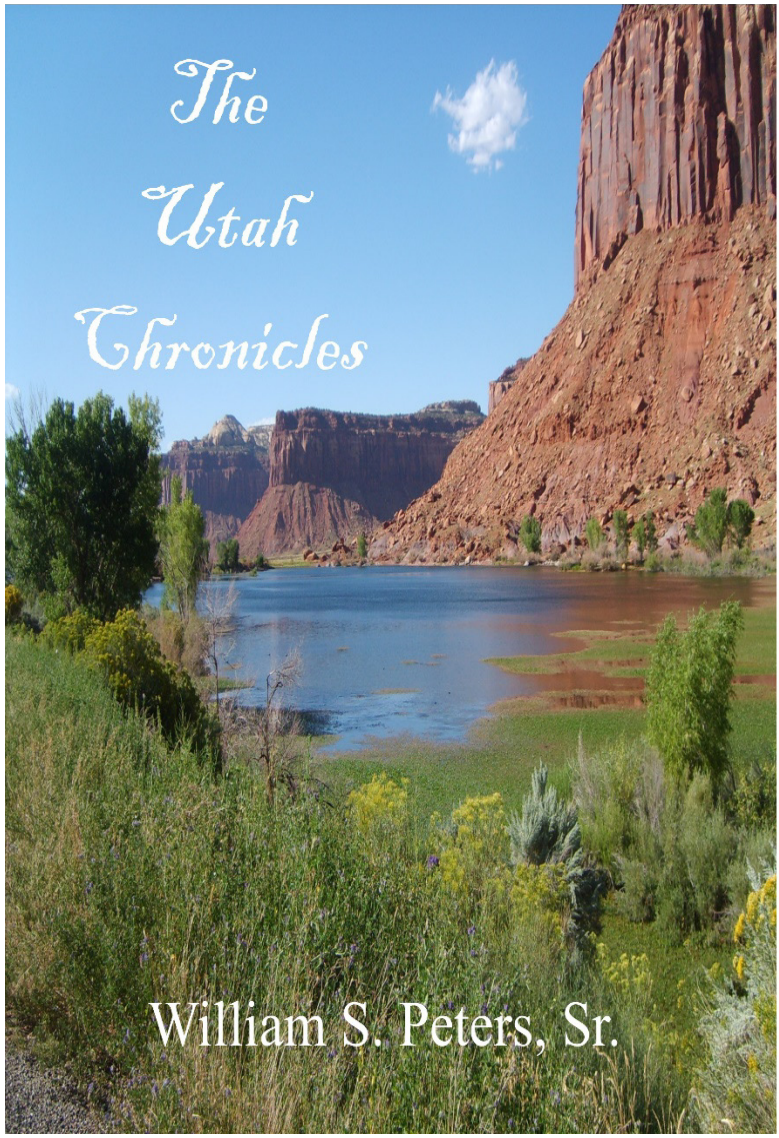

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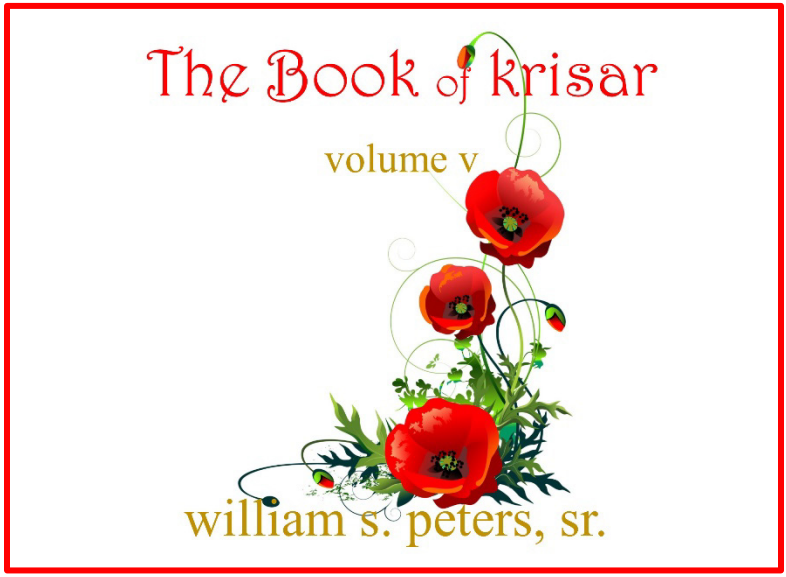

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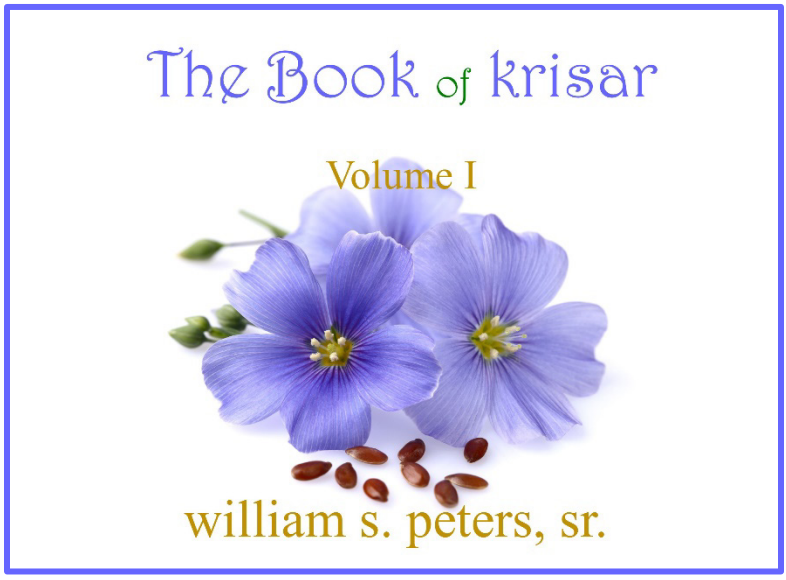

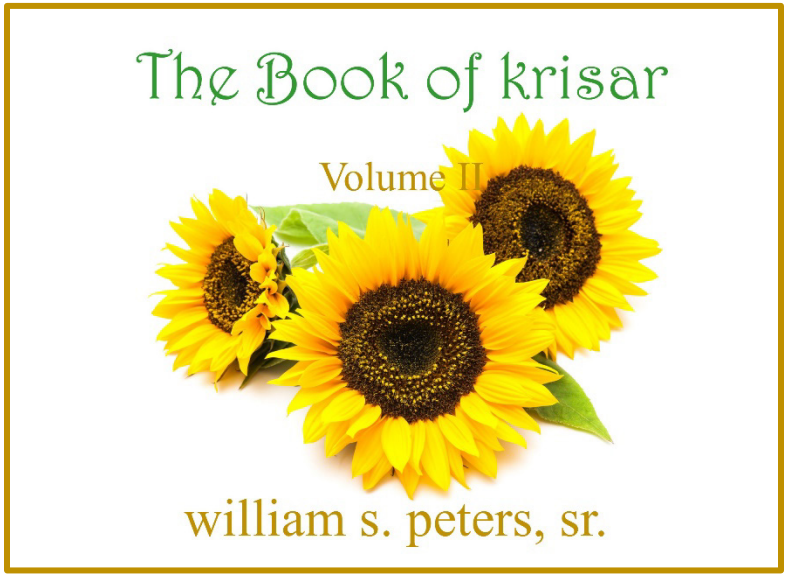

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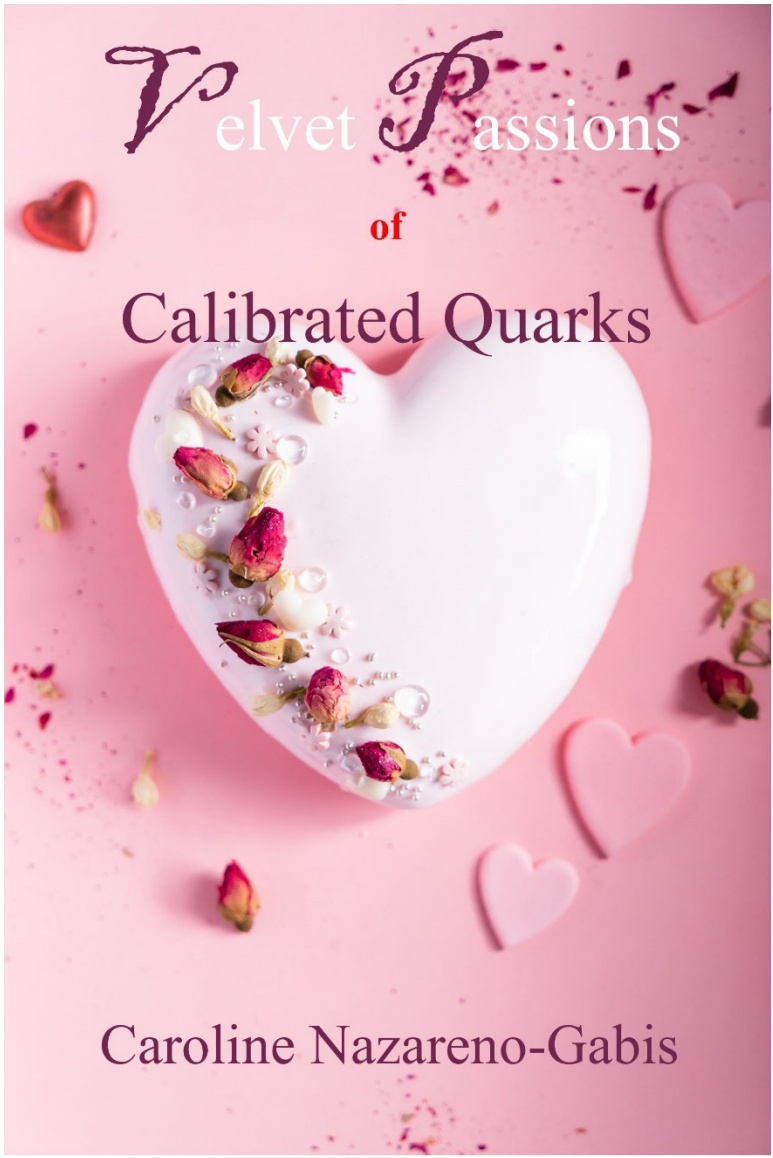

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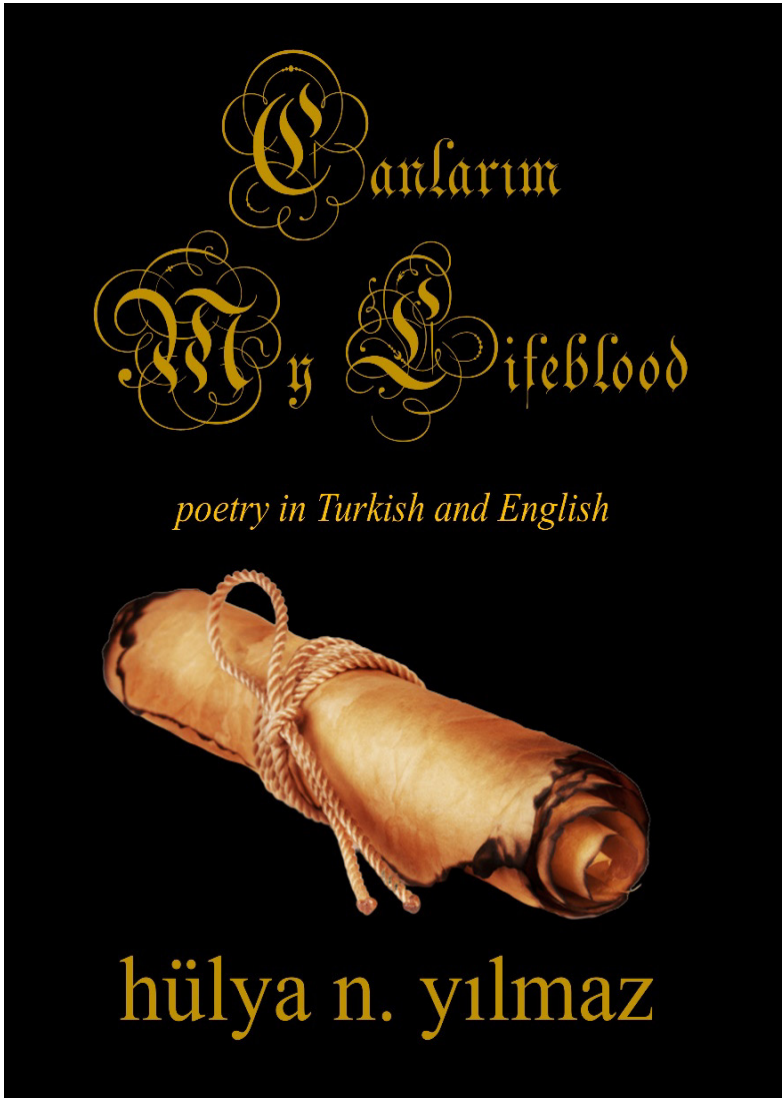

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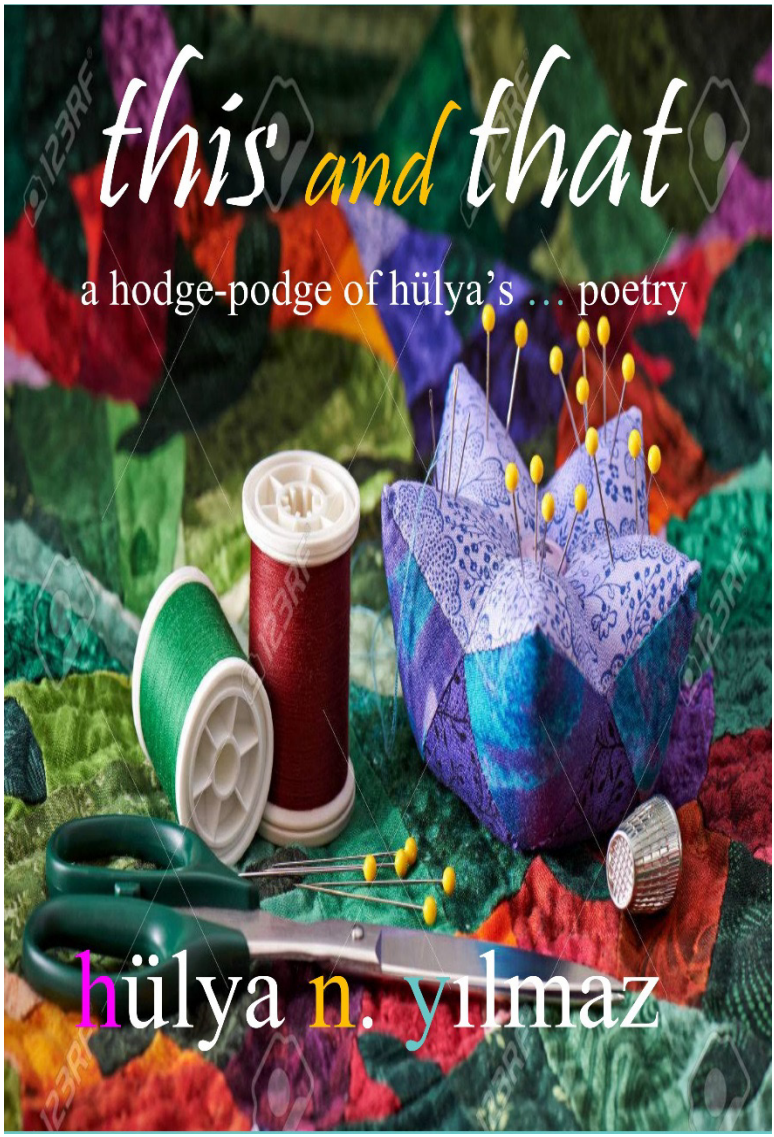

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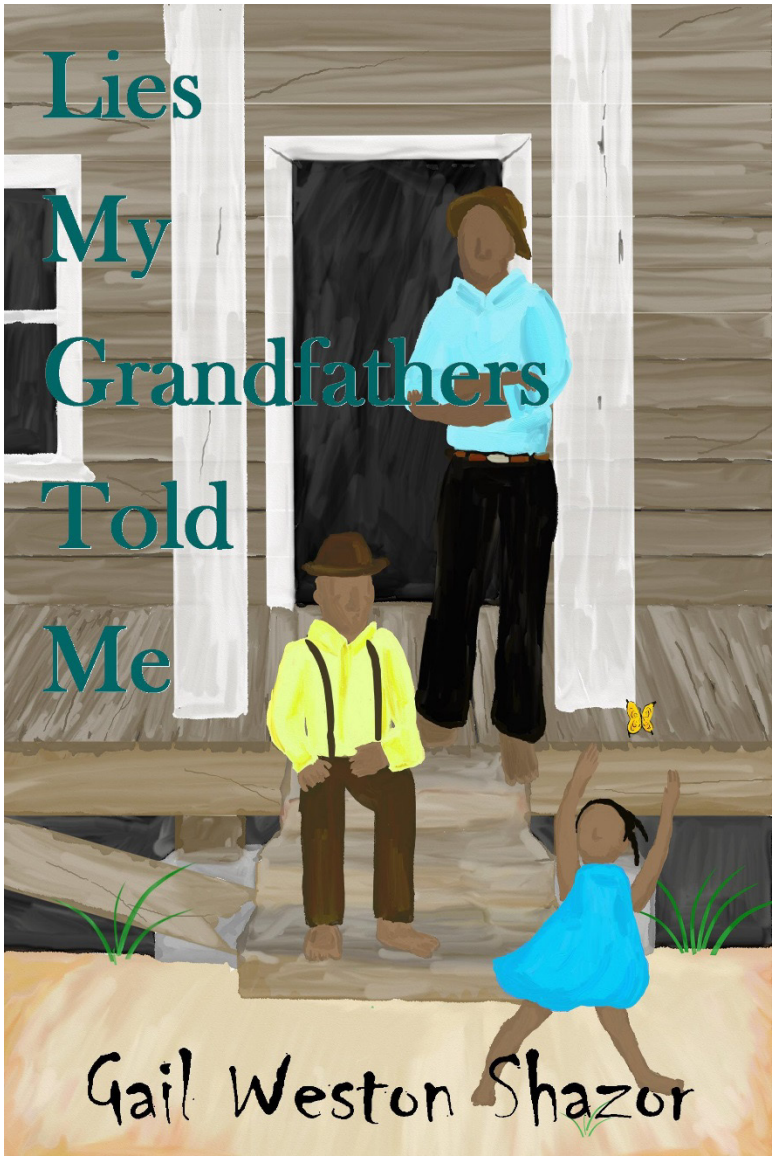

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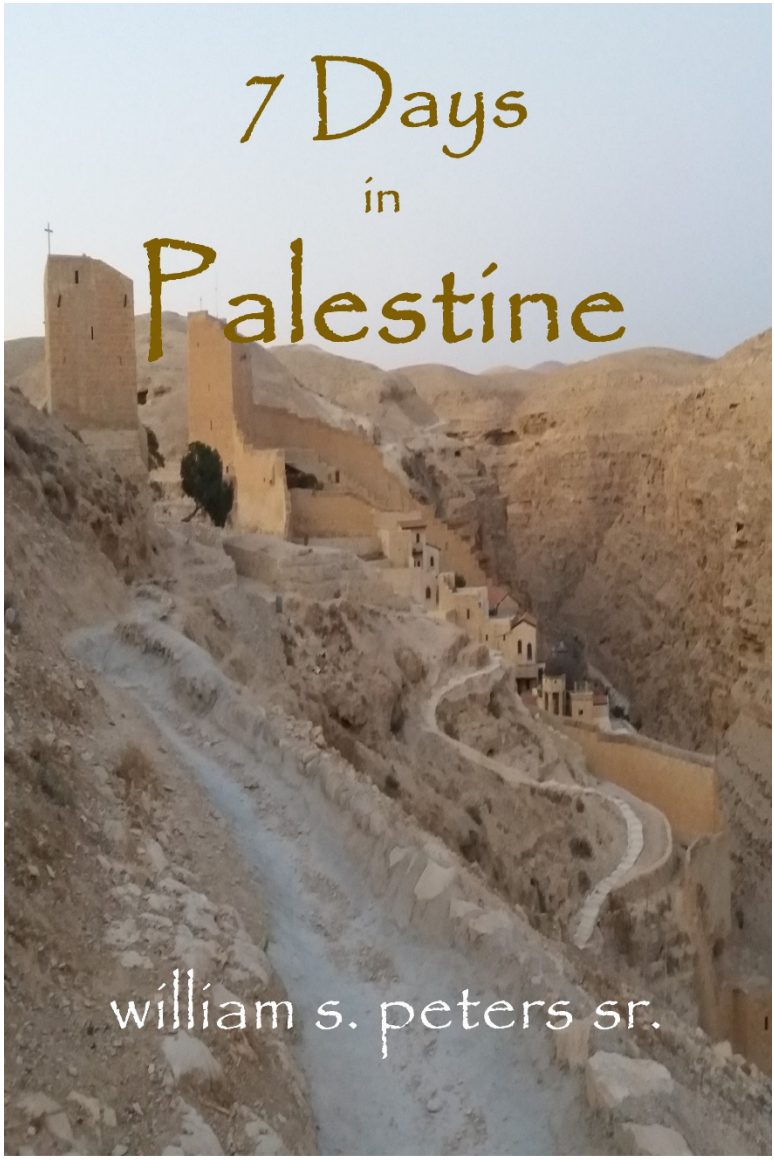

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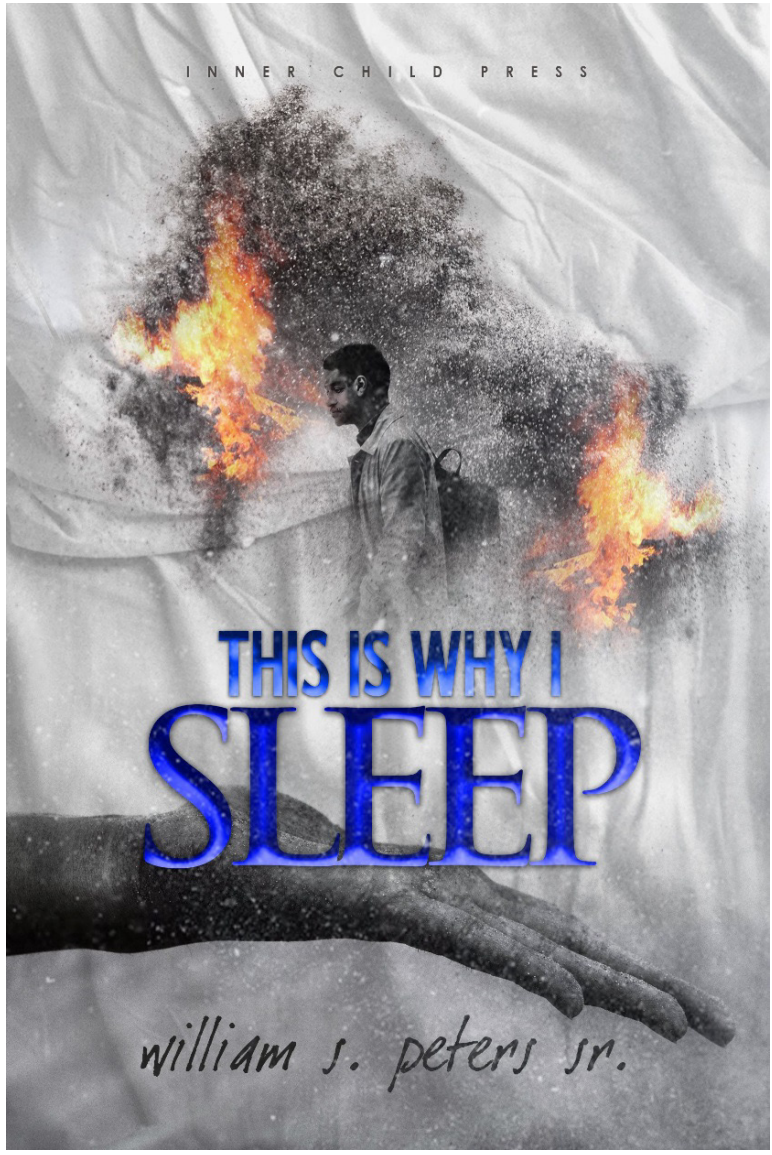

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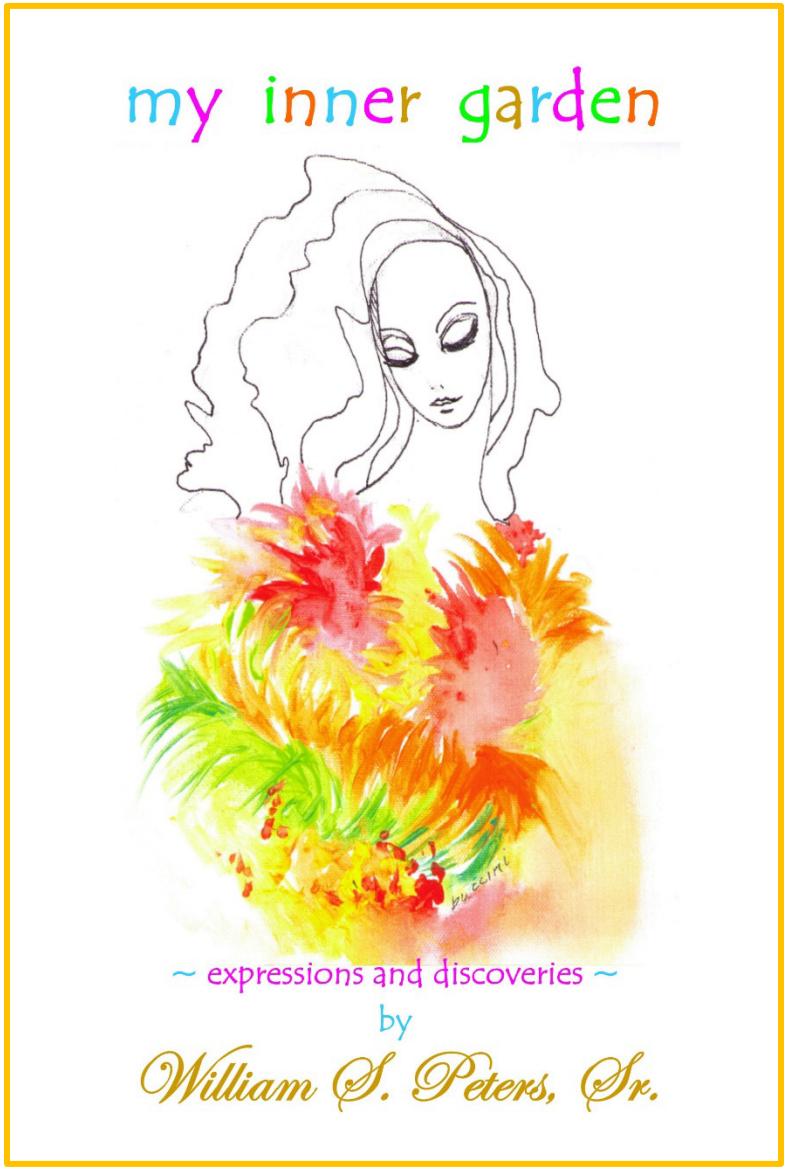

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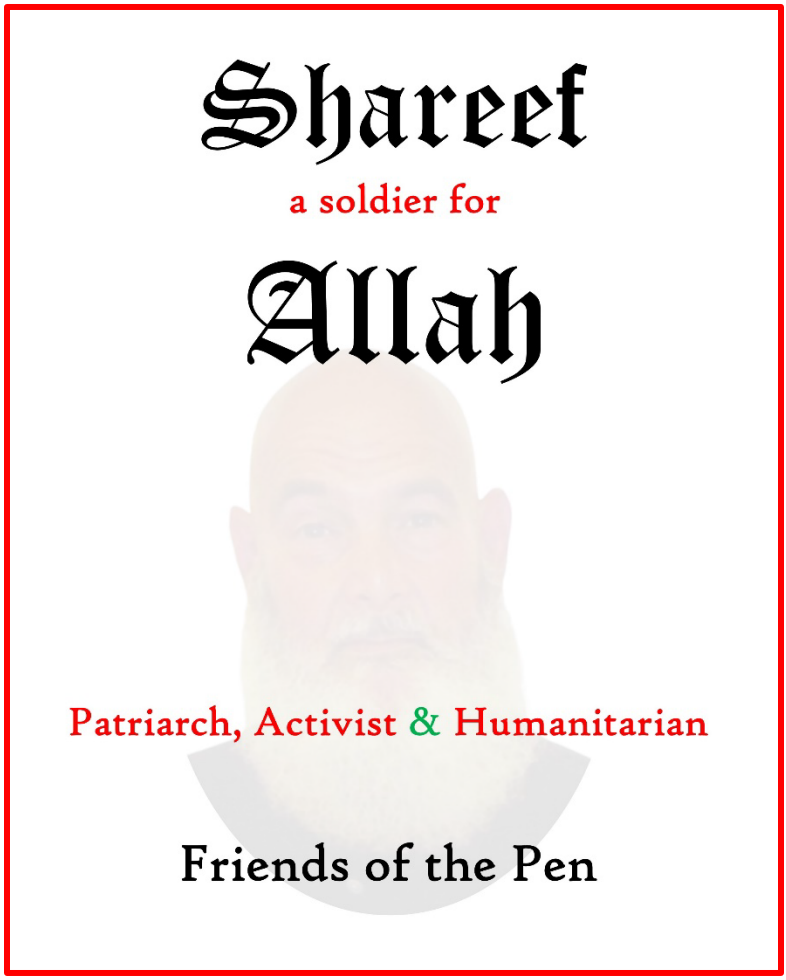

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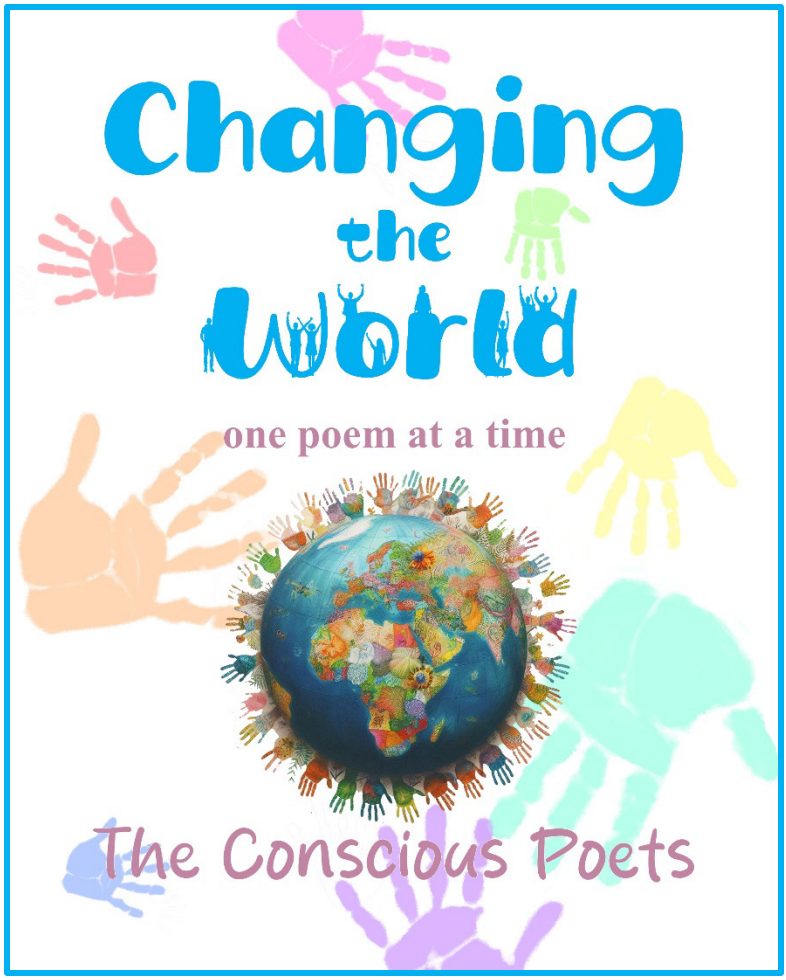

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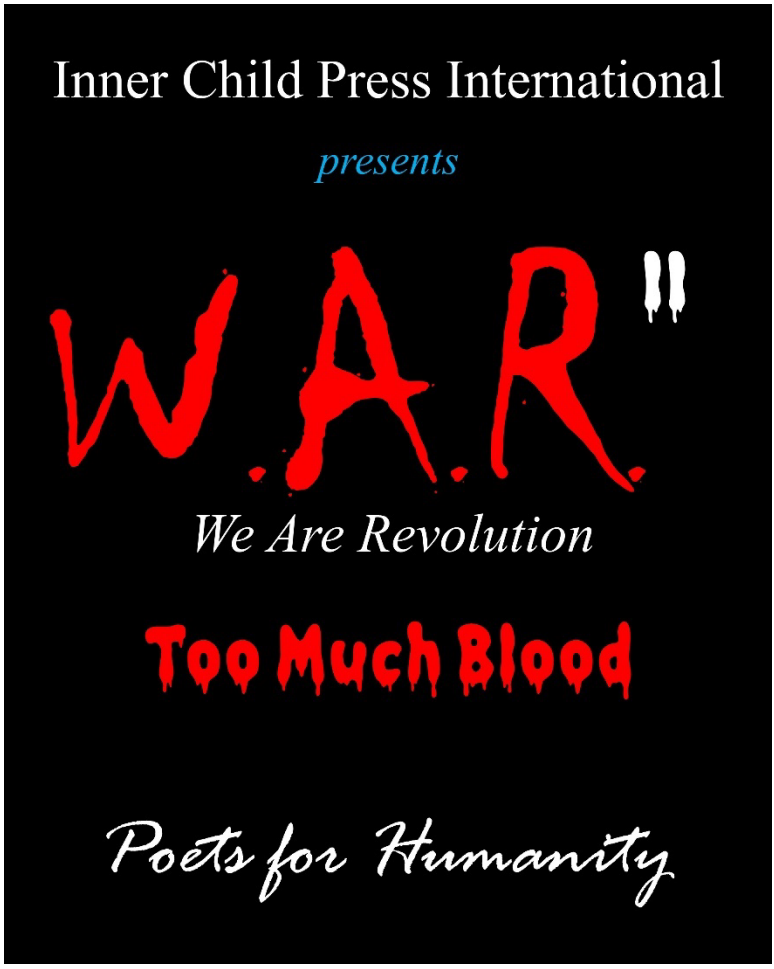

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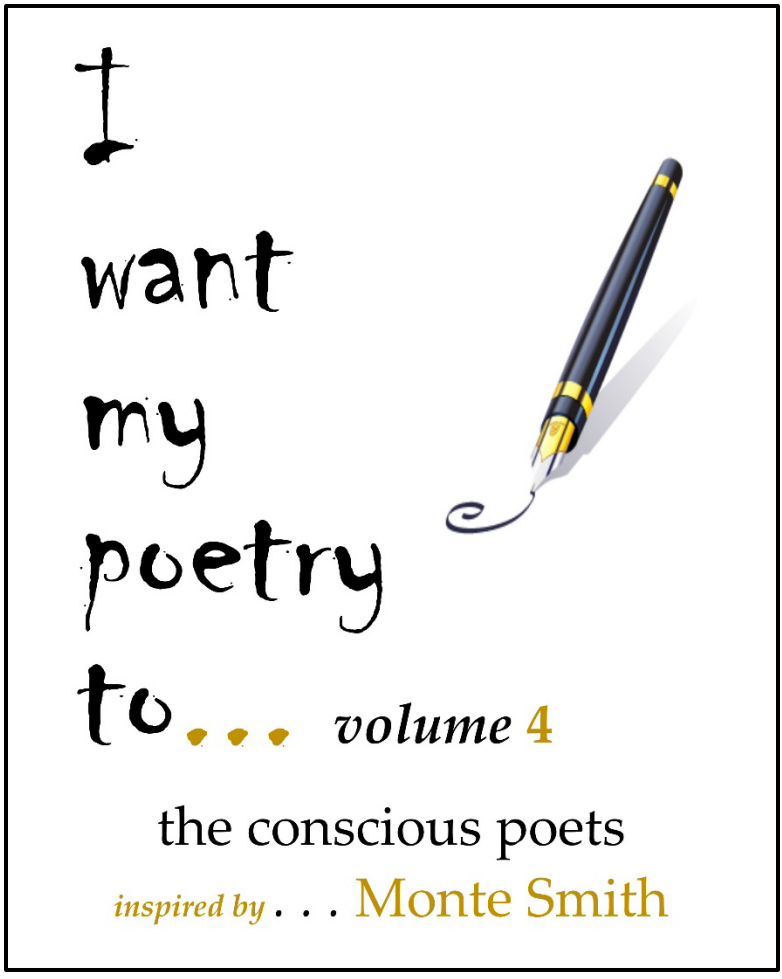

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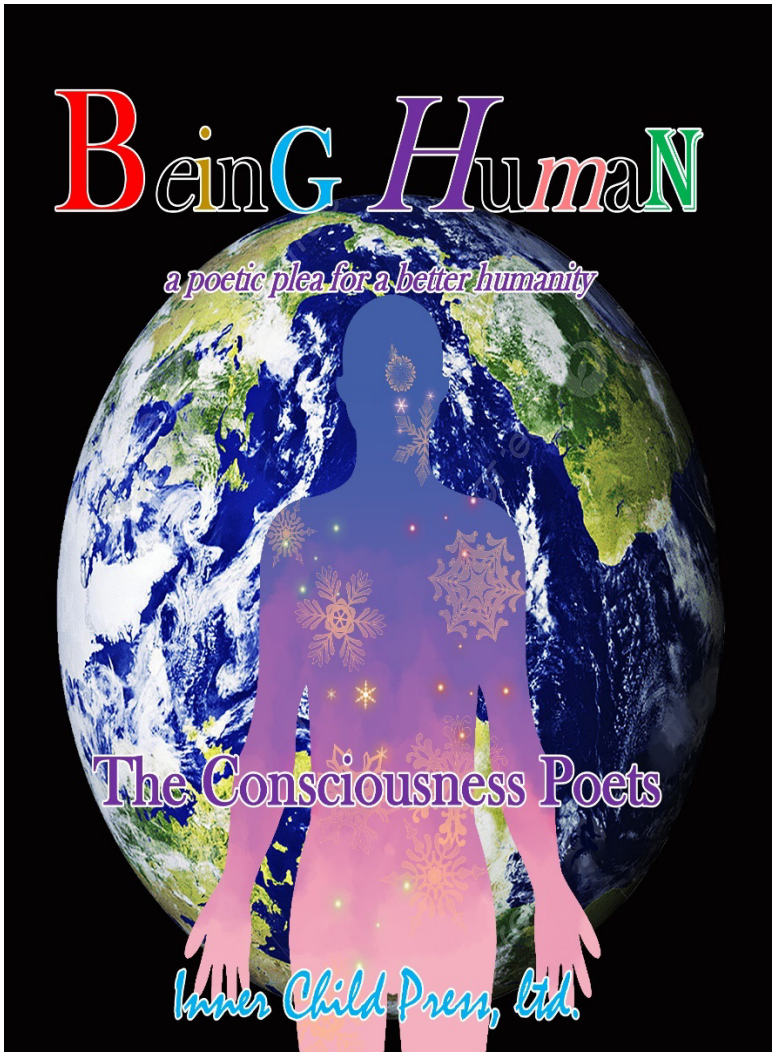

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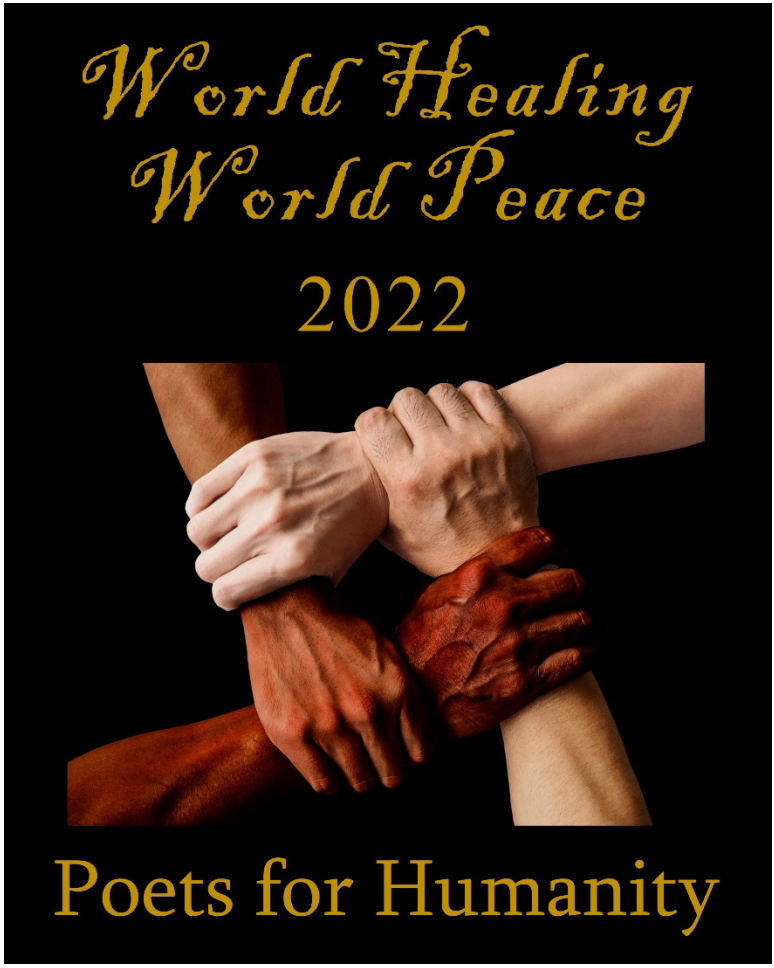

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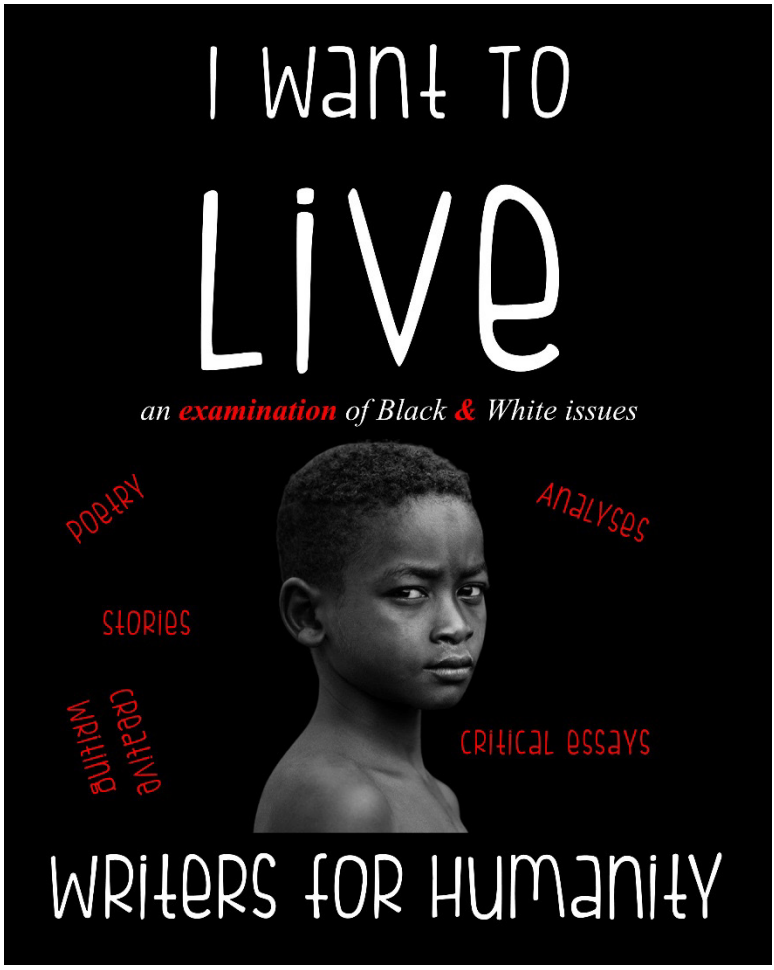

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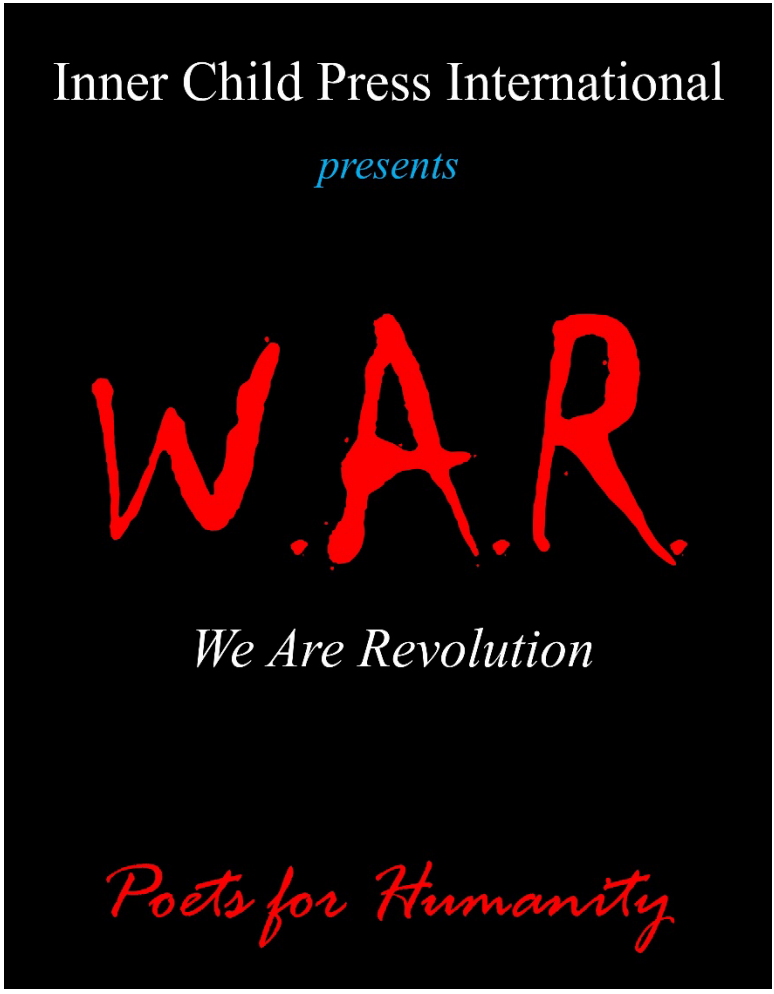

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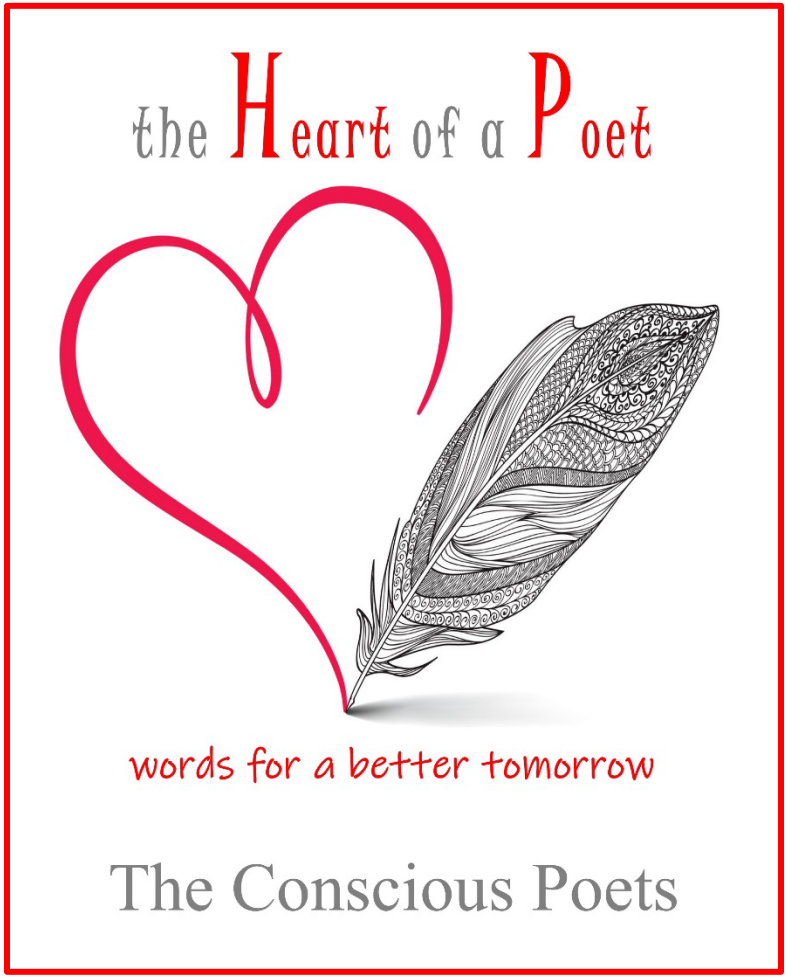

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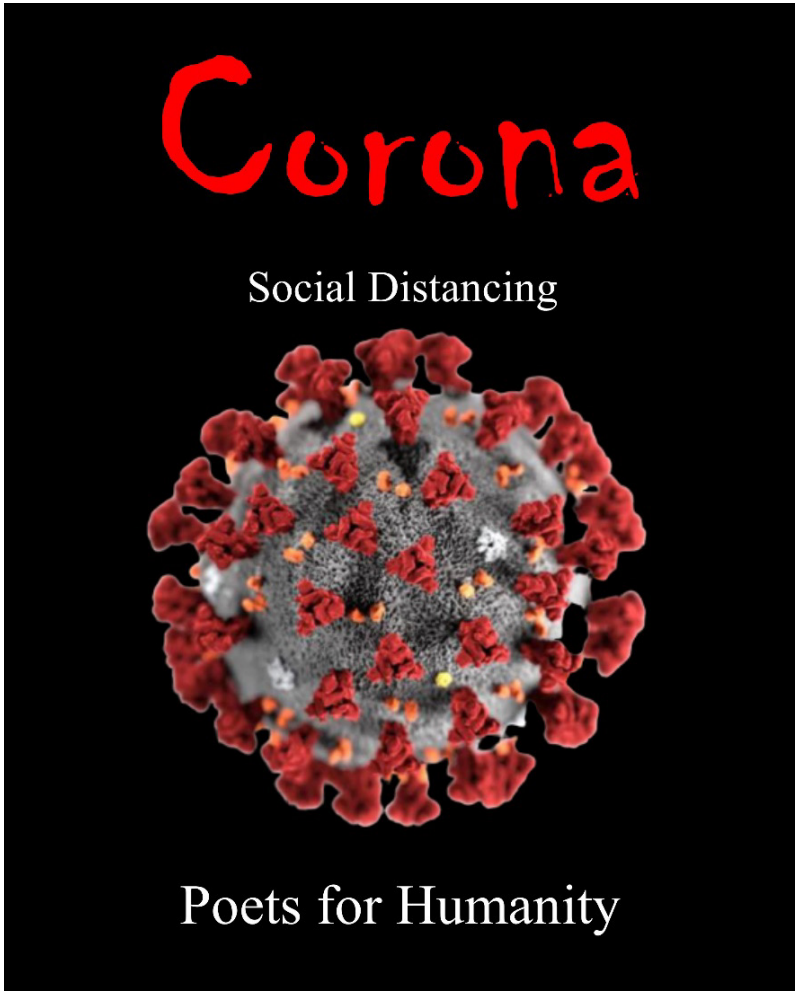

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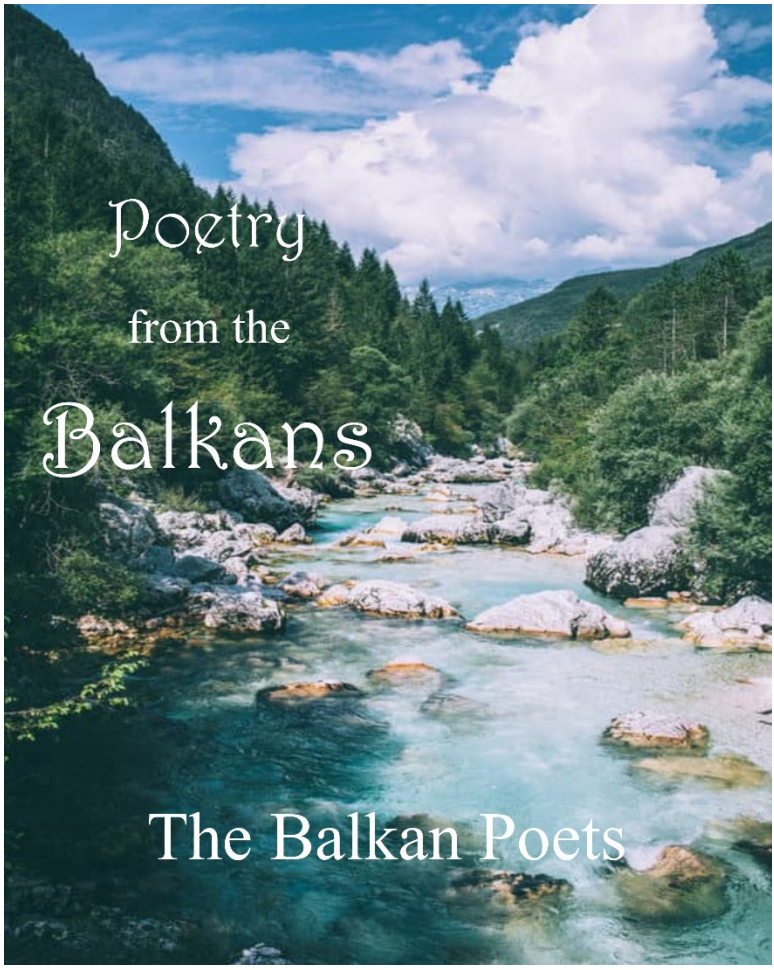

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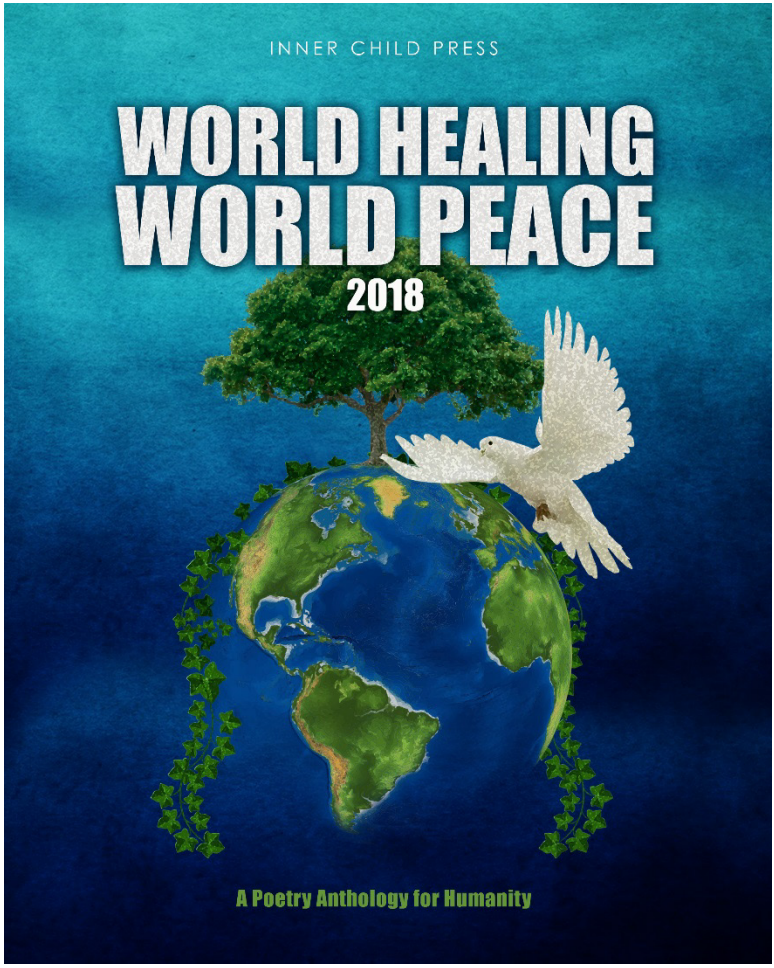

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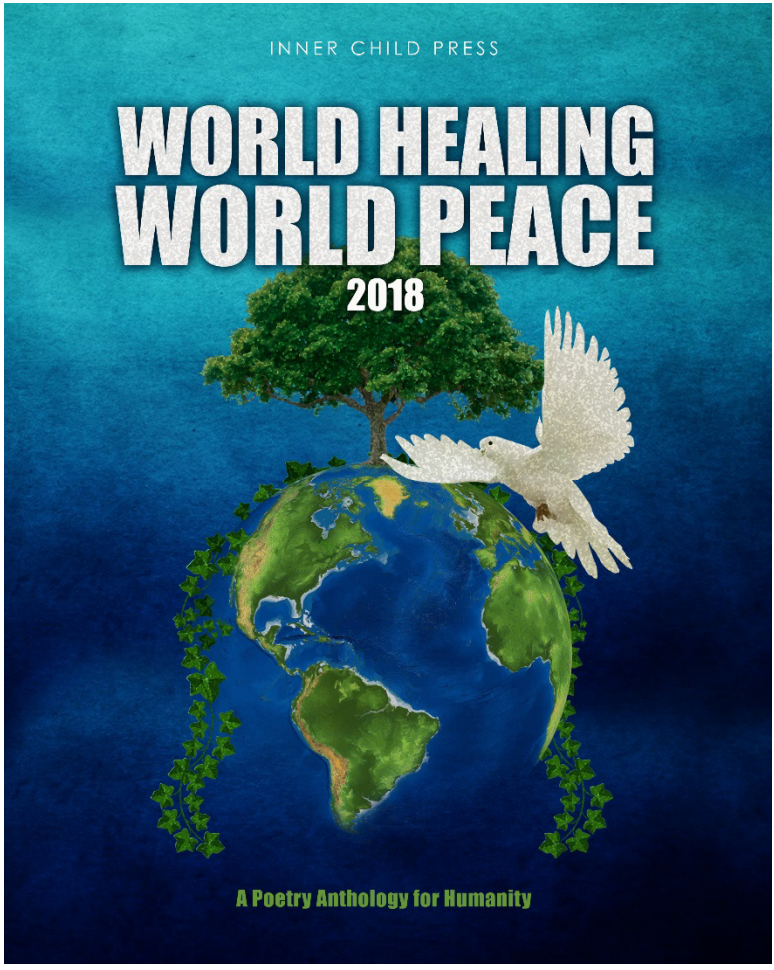

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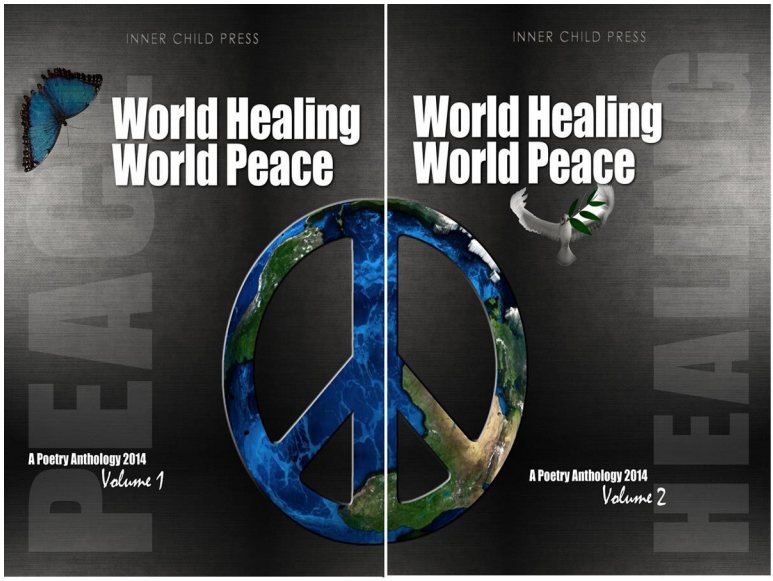



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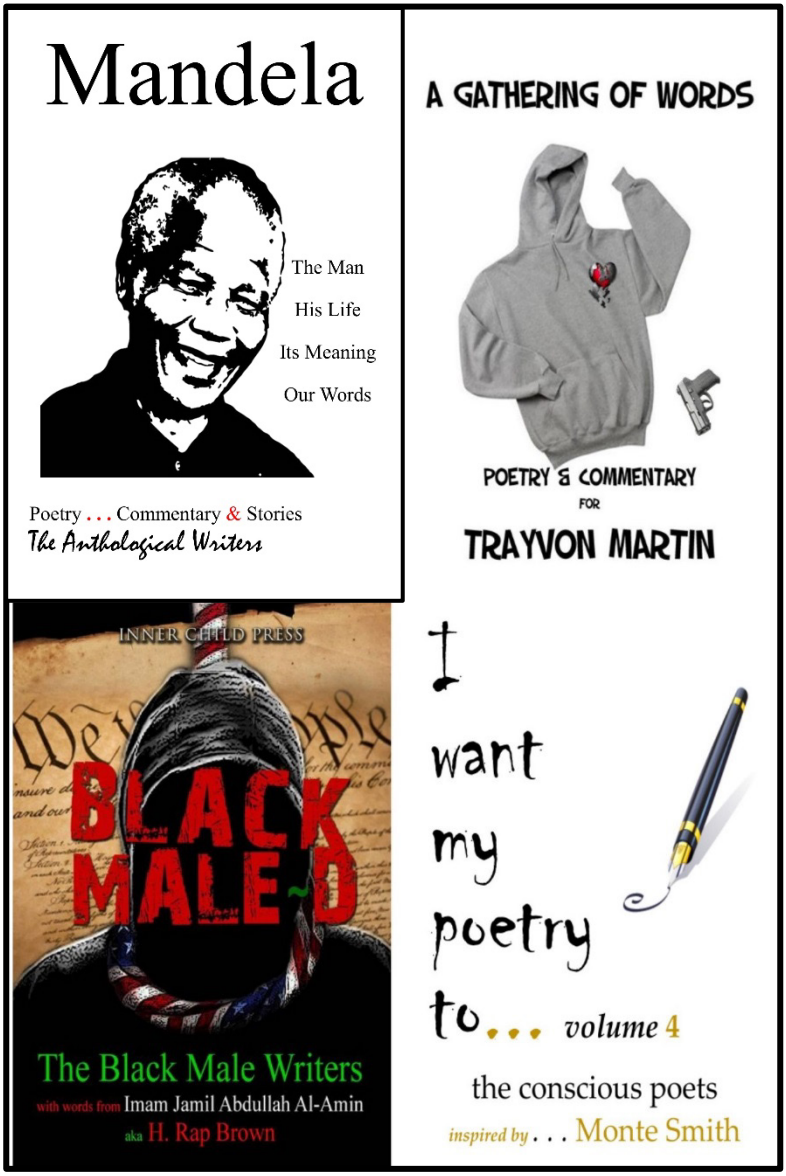

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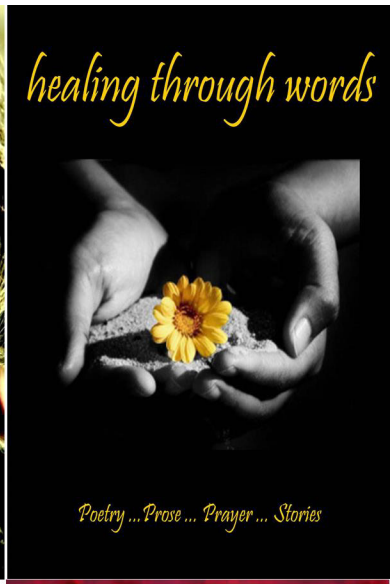

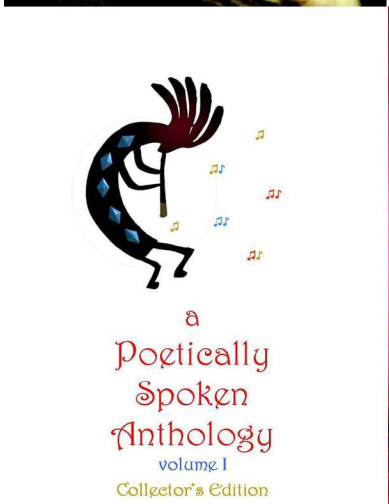

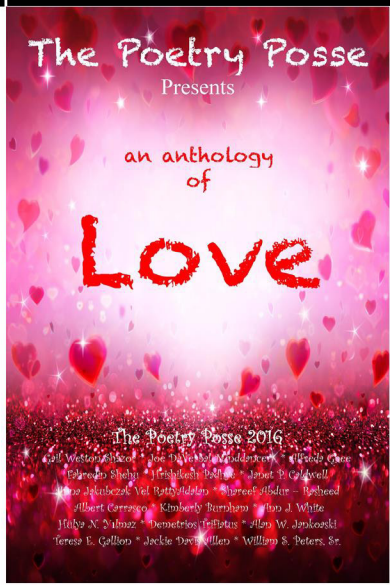

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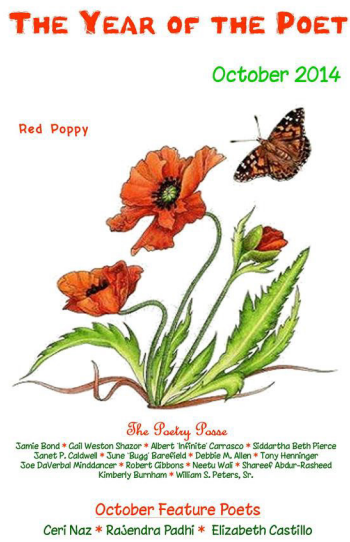

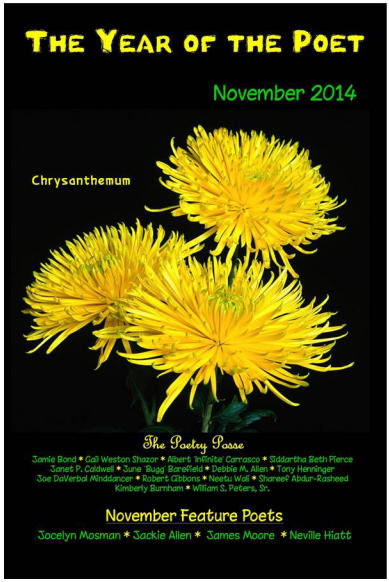



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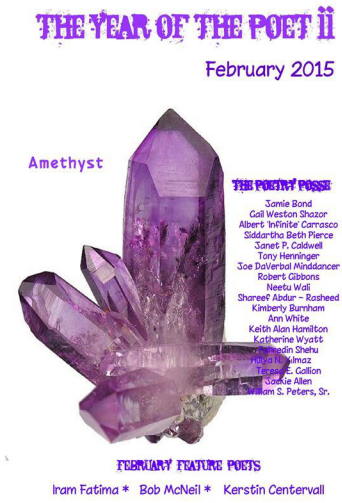



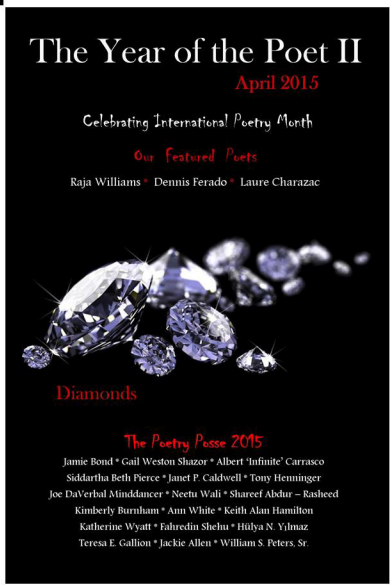

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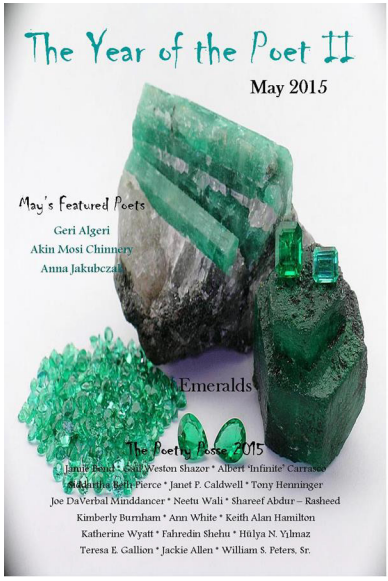



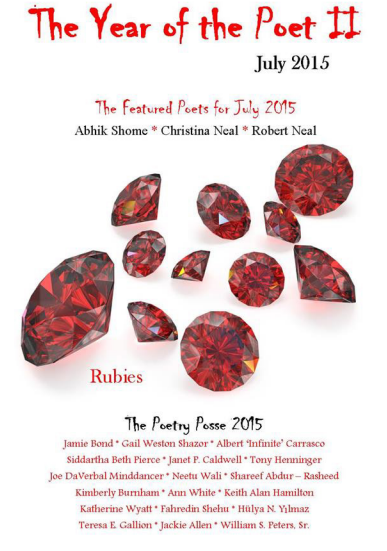



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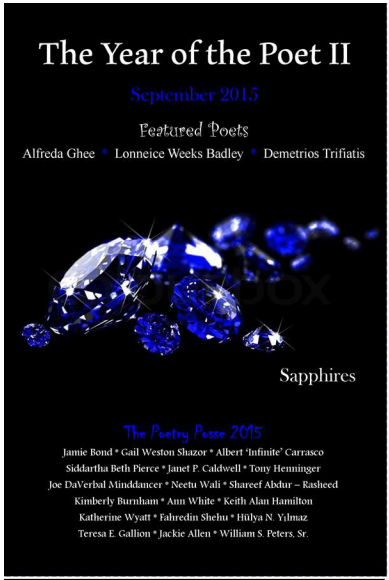



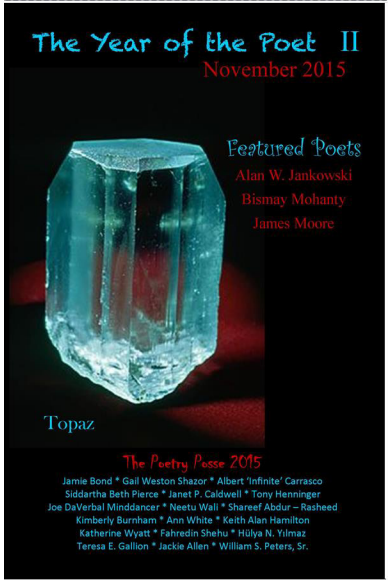

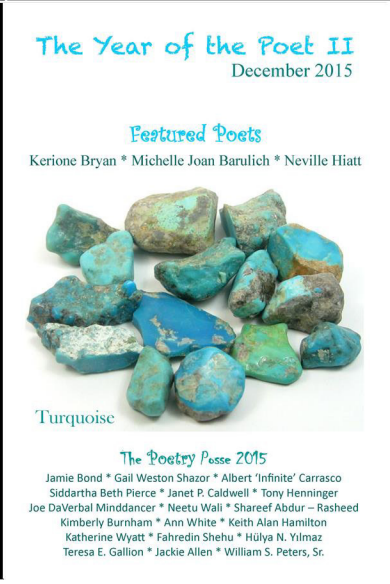

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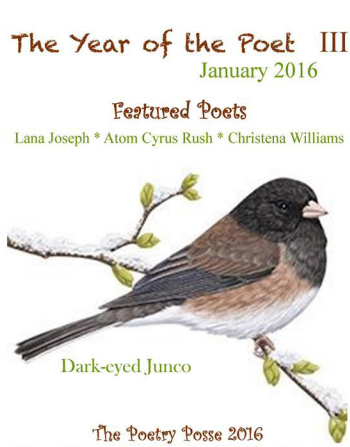

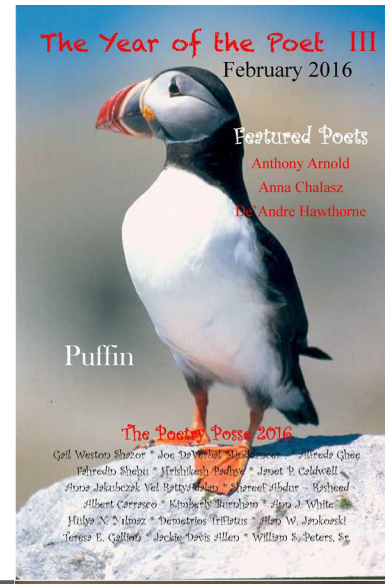

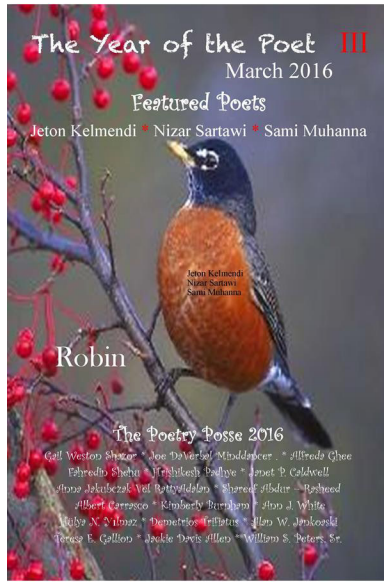



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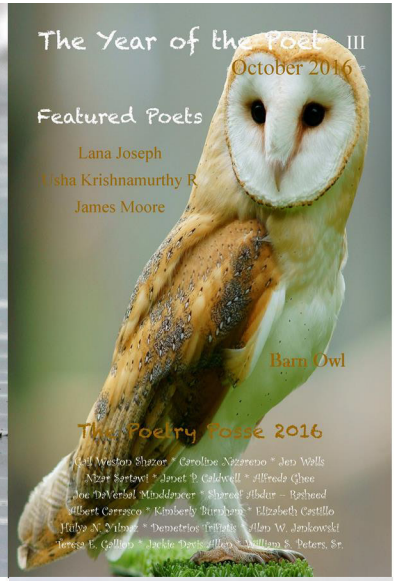

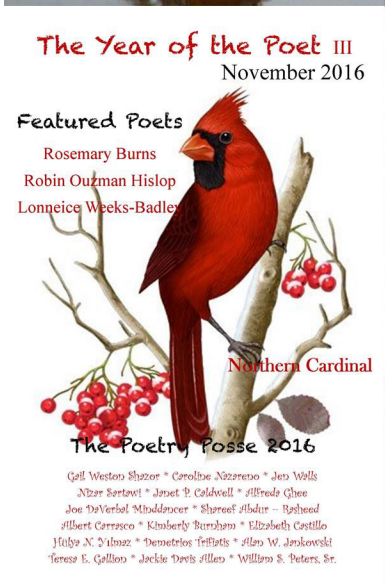

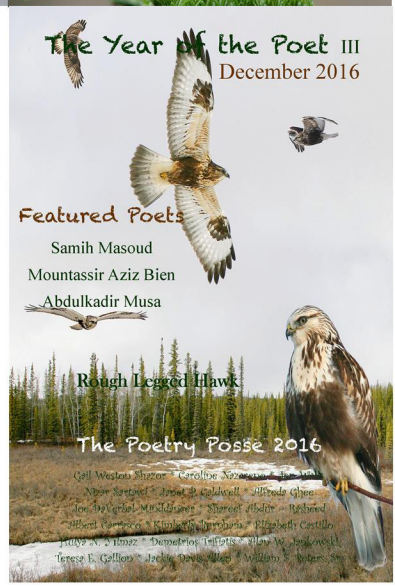

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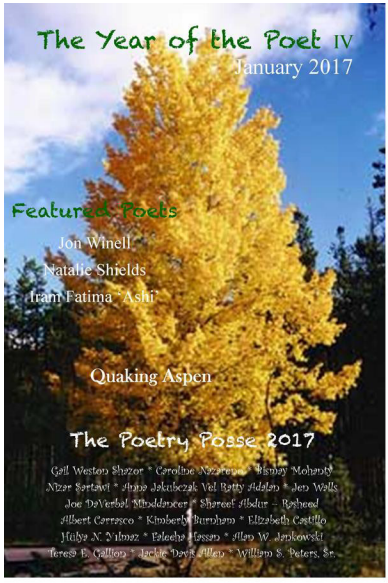



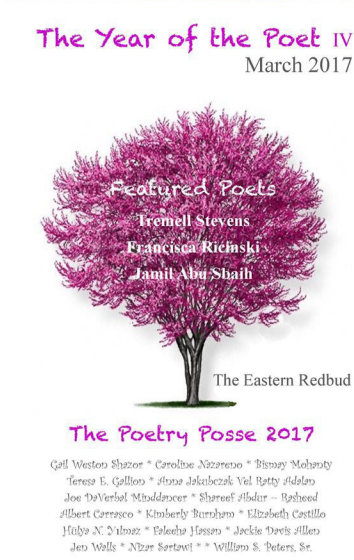

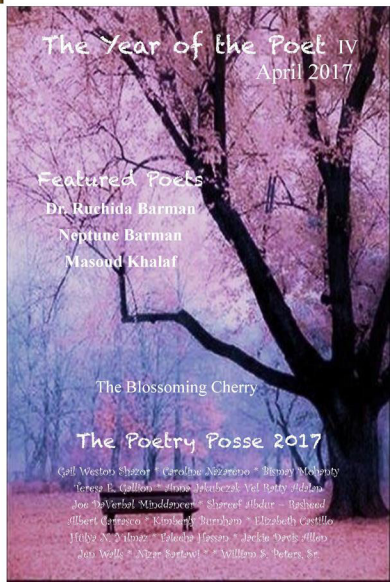

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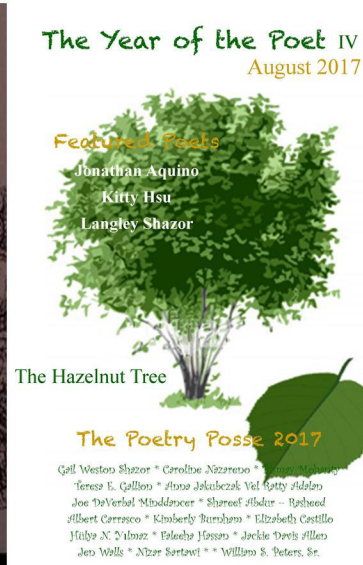

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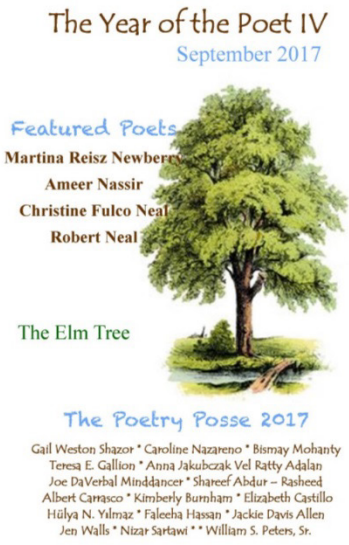

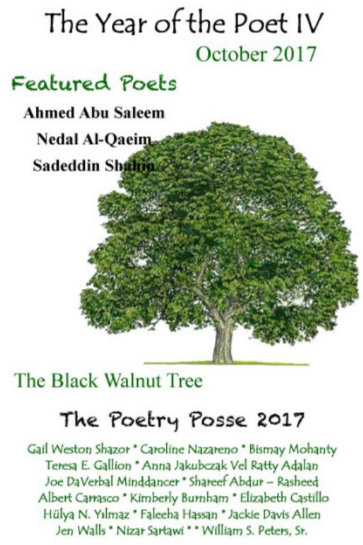

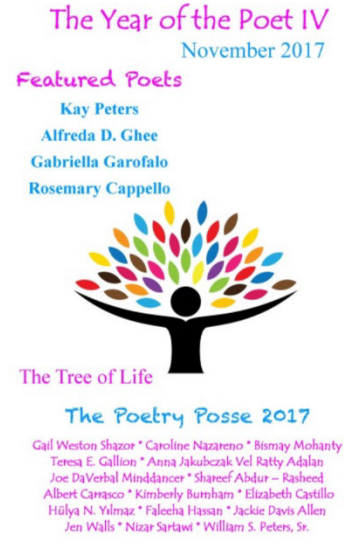

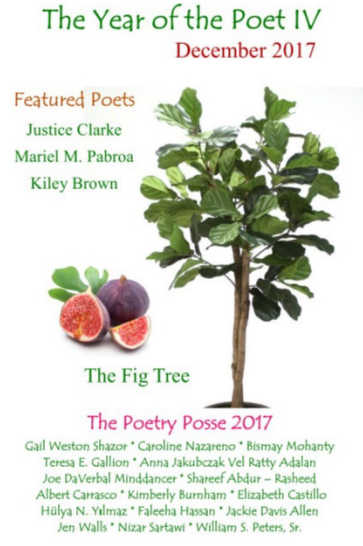

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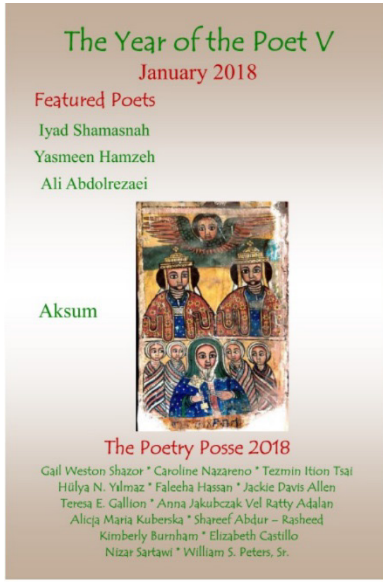

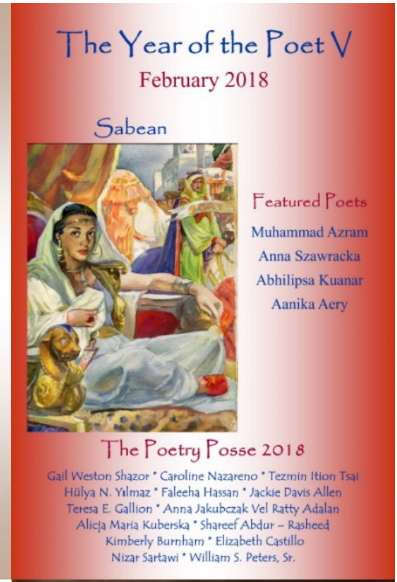



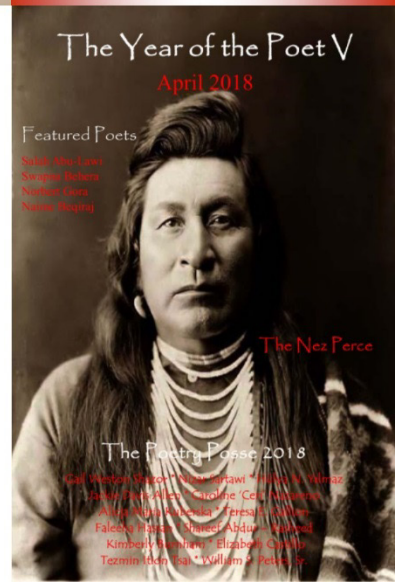

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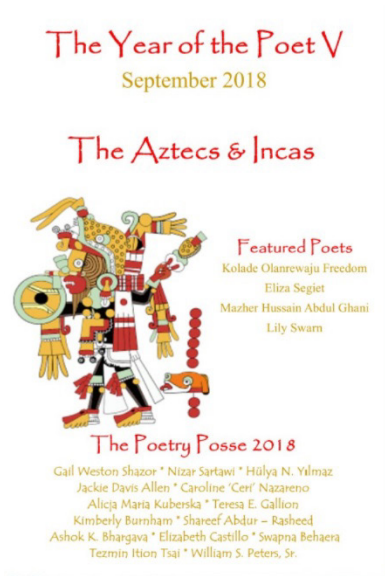

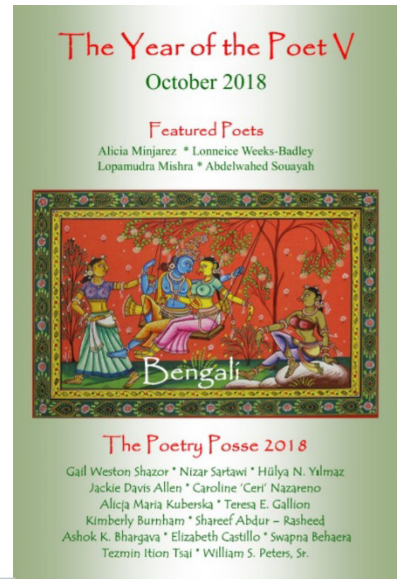



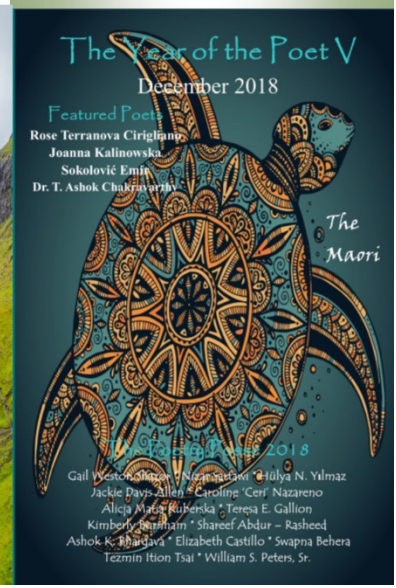

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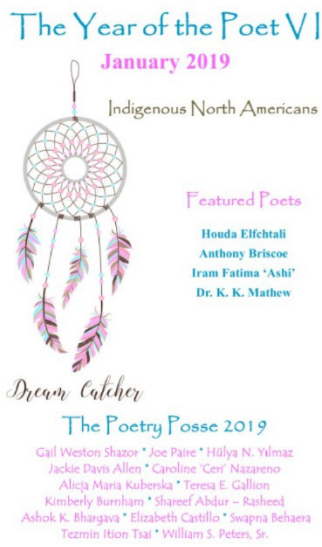



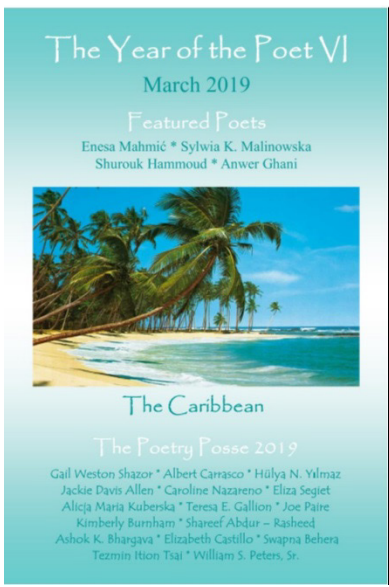

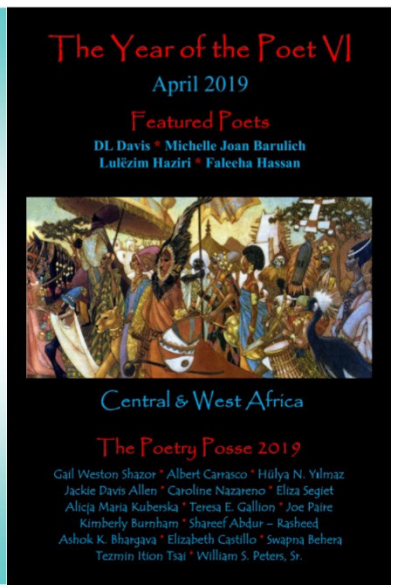

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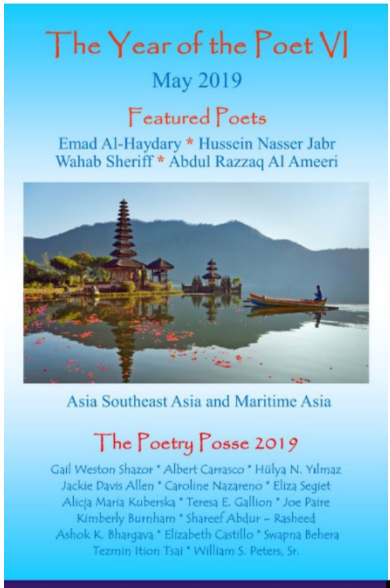

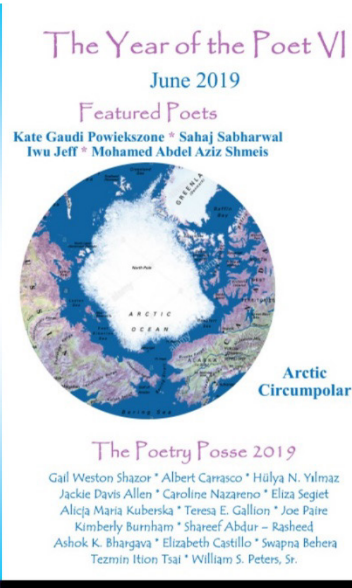





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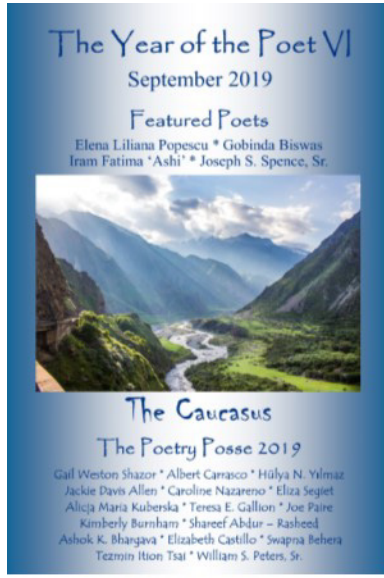

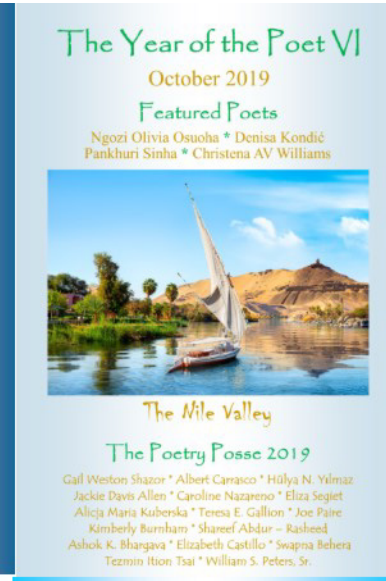





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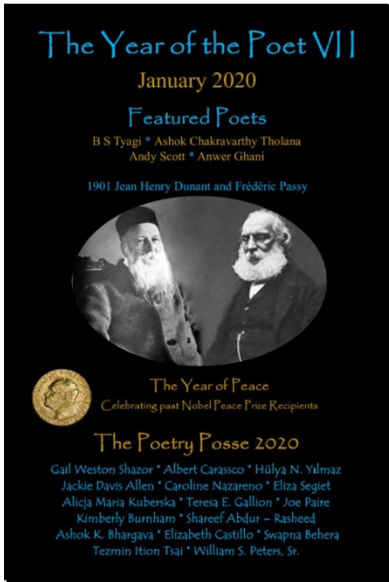



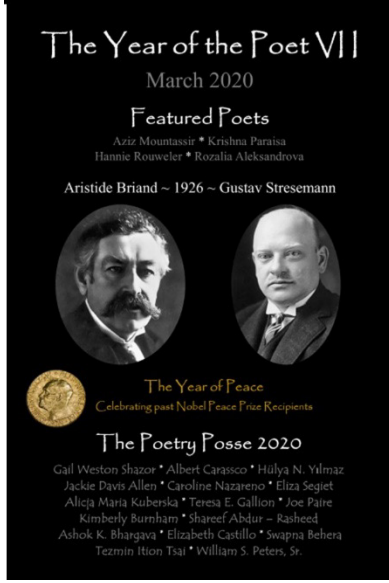

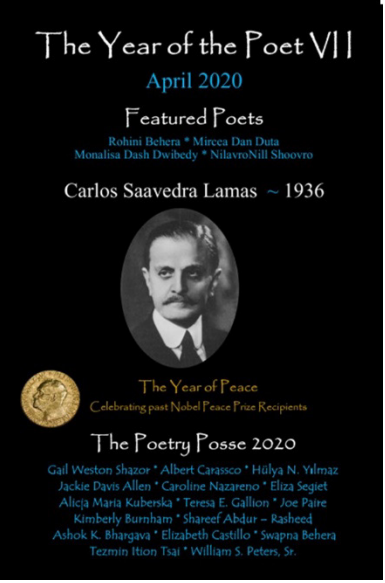

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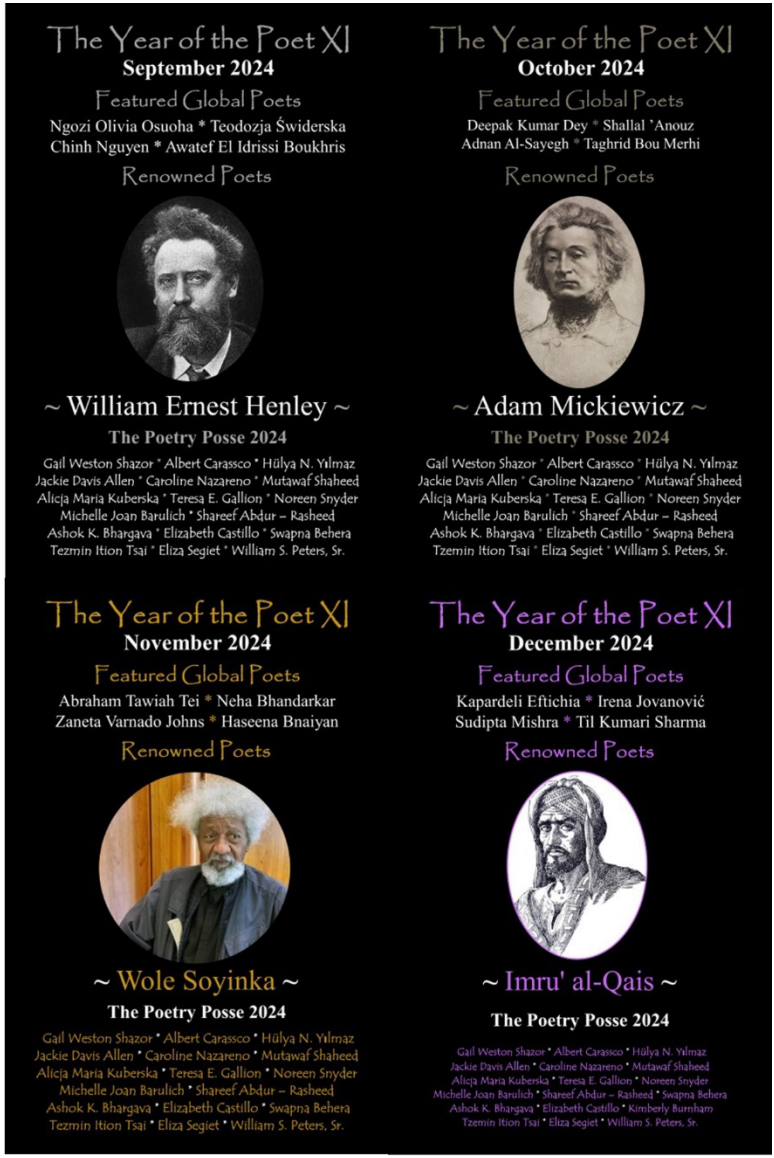

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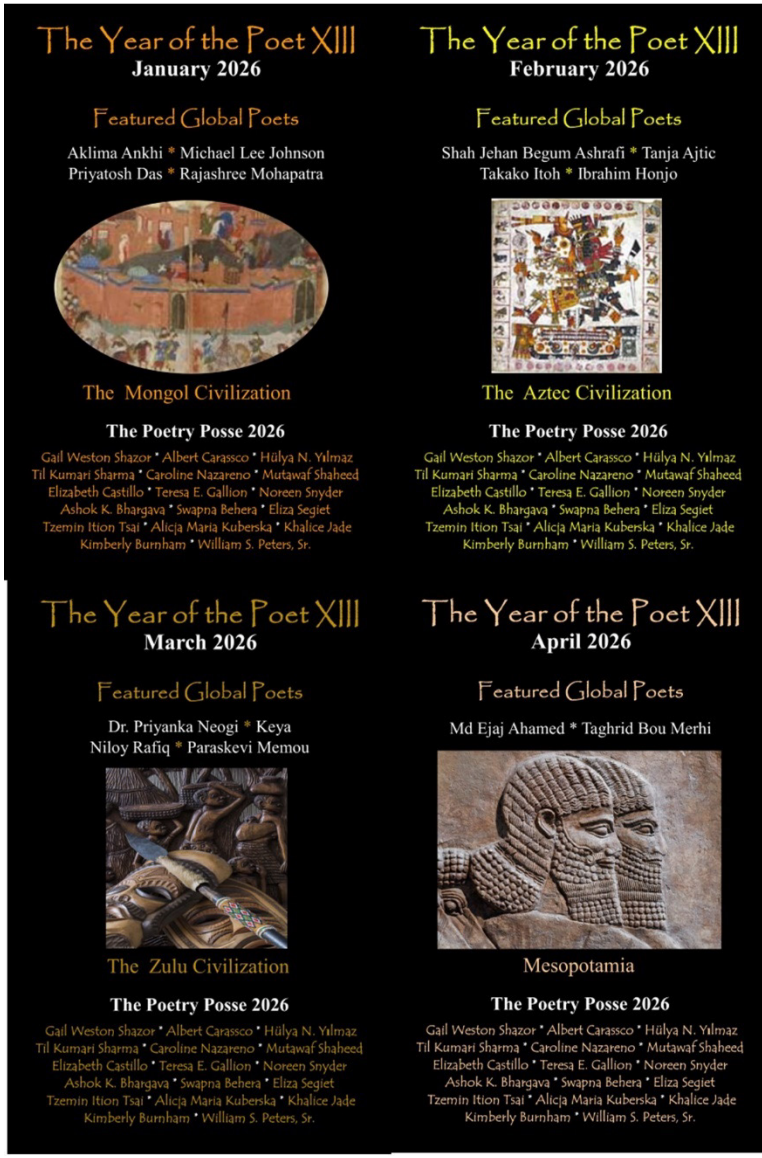

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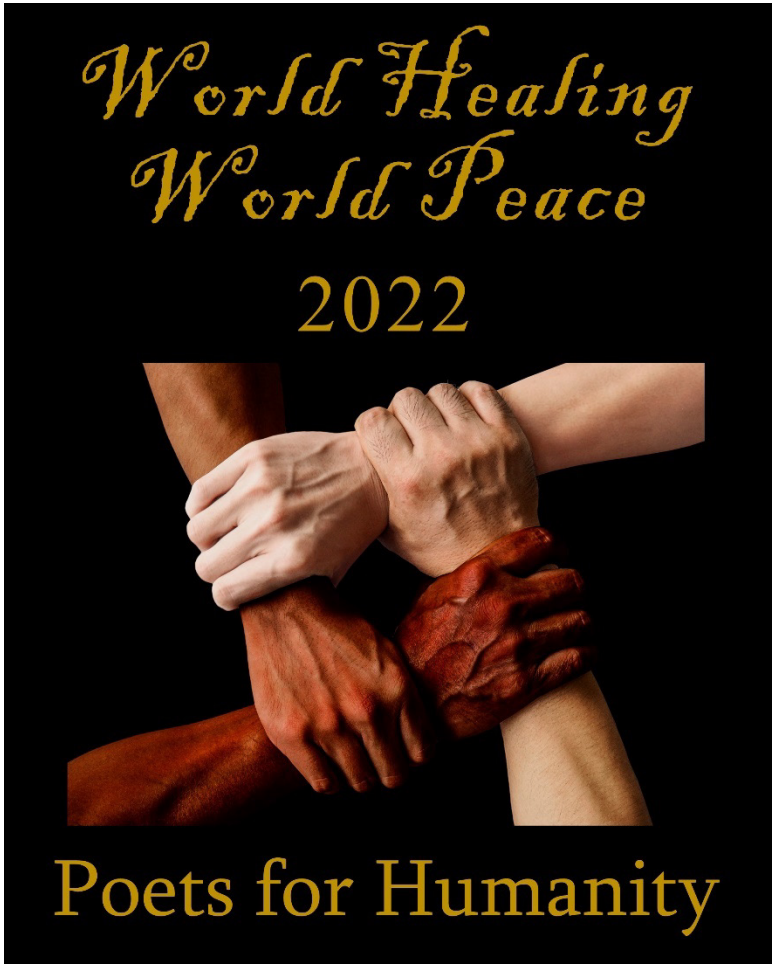

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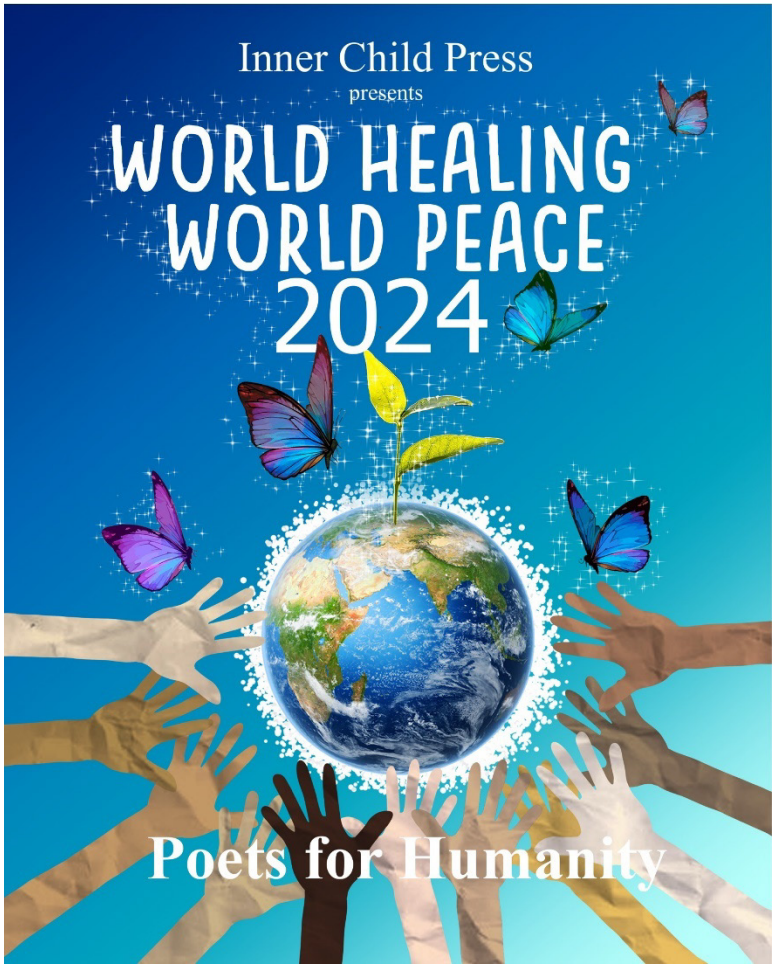

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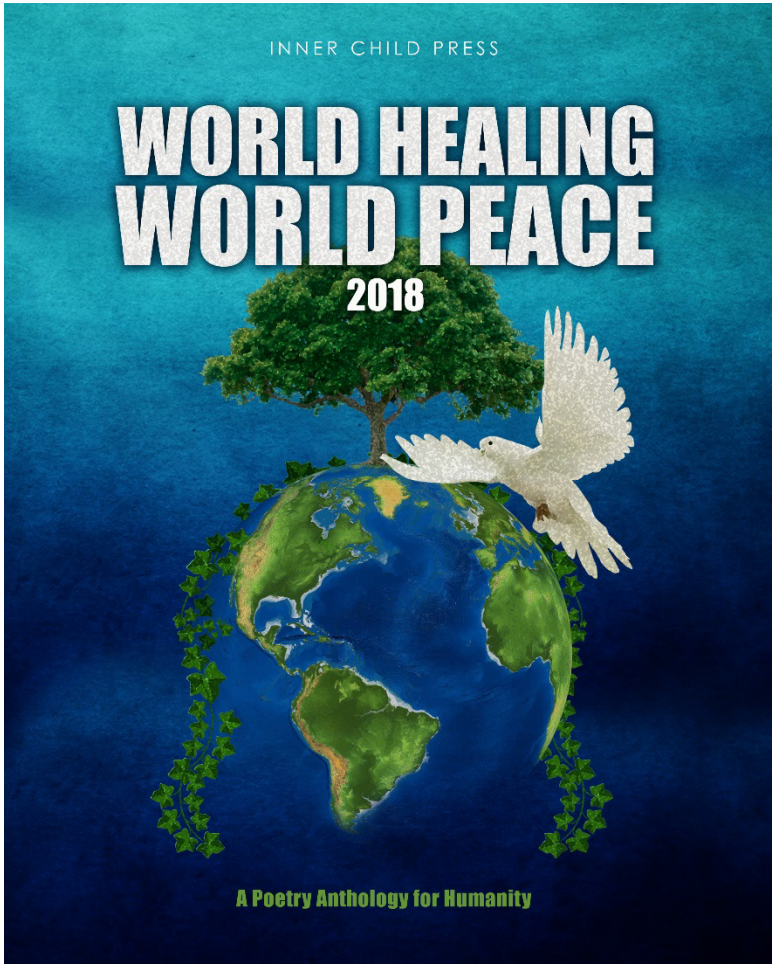

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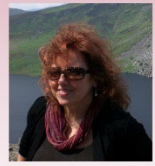

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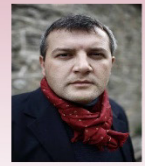

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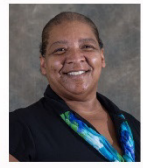

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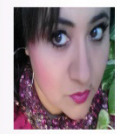

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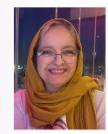

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