

The Year of the Poet V

April 2018

Featured Poets

Salah Abu-Lawi
Swapna Behera
Norbert Gora
Naime Beqiraj

The Nez Perce

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sattari * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallon
Faleeha Hassan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV April 2018 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

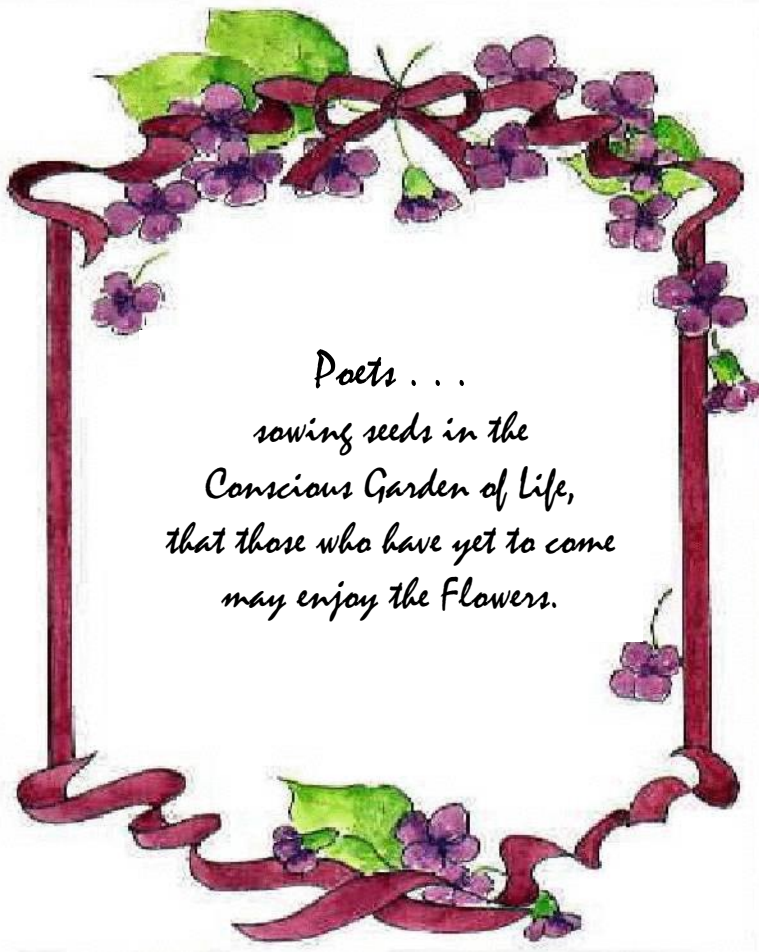
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>xi</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>xix</i>
<i>Nez Perce</i>	<i>xxv</i>

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	7
Jackie Davis Allen	13
Tezmin Ition Tsai	21
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	27
Kimberly Burnham	35
Elizabeth Castillo	41
Nizar Sartawi	47
hülya n. yılmaz	55
Teresa E. Gallion	63

Table of **C**ontents . . . *continued*

Faleeha Hassan	69
Caroline Nazareno	77
William S. Peters, Sr.	85

April **F**eatures 93

Salah Abu-Lawi	95
Swapna Behera	107
Norbert Gora	113
Naime Beqiraj	119

Inners **C**hild **N**ews 127

Other **A**nthological **W**orks 141

Foreword

The Nez Perce

*Transcending Spiritual Evolvemement – Divine Care
Concepts of the Weeyakin*

Chief Joseph, Nez Perce at his surrender in the
Bear Paw Mountains, 1877

“...I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead, Tu-hul-hil-sote is dead. the old men are all dead. It is the young men who now say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people -- some of them have run away to the hills and have no blankets and no food. No one knows where they are -- perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever,”

"When I think of our condition, my heart is heavy. I see men of my own race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country or shot down like animals.

I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If an Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If a white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to talk, think and act for myself -- and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other then we shall have no more wars. We shall be all alike -- brothers of one father and mother, with one sky above us and one country around us and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands upon the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race is waiting and praying. I hope no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people. Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht has spoken for his people."

Excerpts from Chief Joseph: The Biography of a Great Indian, Wilson-Erickson, 1936.

The Year of the Poet resides through heart and lives breathing from the poet's divine musings; opening all inside super consciousness; sharing knowledge to expand and eternal cultural bridge - merging all transcendently. We may live, therefore, through the poet's visionary experience. Poetry channels from a universal core into collective soul; letting go, while ever holding on and flying through the poet's words, gifted poetically, we arrive too, within the divine – inside all of poetry's breathless breaths. We live our spiritual reenactment that is timelessly related well within what is known and unknown; finding the sacred transcendental-connection. We flow into touches with the spirit-world.

Such a glimpse is easily found, too, inside the Nez Perce cosmology. "The Real People" have always had a unique connection through their loving and natural understanding of the relatedness of spirit through nature; living and valuing all that is living... as the spiritual divinity breathes - giving for the entire human being - channelizing a deep and loving personal connection. We meet our living "spirit guardian" who is reaching into us to teach from a placeless place and helping us meet to understand the known and unknown. Soul is always living forever within our surrender to truth

and peace and meeting us in our pure freedom, via one's individual Weeyekin.

The Weeyekin holds a revered place among “The Real People”. They find their soul-surrender residing forever inside their initiated heart. The Weeyekin walks and breathes in the mundane and supernatural worlds; finding way to meet and offer core blessings as described as the Nez Perce Weeyekin System. The Nez Perce enlist their powerful mystical faith; giving heightened reverence for the Great Spirit to come and fully abide within; giving initiated elevation through one’s Weeyekin; helping us traverse the timeless beyond. From a young age, one is gifted such a divine “spirit-guide” and touched inside soul. Such a “spirit-guide” is well equipped for greeting our lifetime’s mystical journey for learning. This evolving acquisition of a “spiritual-guide” so lovingly abides within one’s initiated heart and assists them faithfully for helping cross-over freely via their sacred evolution. One is uniquely provisioned for understanding life’s pilgrimage and helped throughout by grace in the development of limitlessness of being.

Such a mystical emergence lives dynamically on, and the Netŕitelwit or "Real People", the Nez Perce, actively convey this respected belief on every level of interventional ability; relating well they link within the internal spiritual view for expanding all from the collective depth of soul.

Thus, understanding one's prismatic spiritual core, the Nez Perce realized that every living person and thing must breathe interconnected as life-strands to feel and grow through truth. They believed that life is wondrously woven to find the guiding helps from these “spirit-ones” that arrive - positioned within one’s loving heart-core as described and celebrated through Nez Perce sacred cosmology. One's Weeyekin merely enacts what is ever needed for thriving to help one know and understand the divine universal principals that evolve within a person - rightly flowing through the worldly and nether-realms too. Existing always and residing inside heart, one need only meet and understand through their sacred heart and human psyche, their Weeyekin. As such a ‘spirit-guide would know the way and help one to learn how to interrelate for caring to spiritual evolution and thus refining them from all previous manifestations. Such powerful transcendence is offered to the “Real-people” for providing essential worldly perception that ceremonially heals through understanding life, just as it comes for living through us all.

The Nez Perce have a deep cosmic cosmology that lends ever so poetically. We are living alive for honoring spirit’s support through our cosmic being. The Year of the Poet provides a mere witnessing from the poet’s active musing perspective and it is these voices of our living dreams that extend through life’s entire - in joys and sorrows via the sublime and natural reflections

interwoven through all poetic breaths. Poets often reveal what relates well within. The Nez Perce's in-habitation of their Weeyekin shows such a capacity for the entire humanity to evolve into care via supernatural breathing and interacting within the caring guidance of our sacred guardian-entity. The Weeyekin thus survives today; living for all eternity and integrating for the entire evolution of our sacred inter-relational being. The Weeyekin arrives alive, continuously coming and going throughout; flowing-spirit – we will rise onward through the metaphysical breaths - surviving timelessness throughout all timeless incarnations; helping upliftment. We are guided via the spirit-companion through our changing material structures, mediating love to go beyond this life's pains, joys and perils – offering healing in the mundane and altered states, we may transcend and meet with everything beyond the limited time separation. The "Real People's" mythic past thus remotely transcends to precede all mystical relation within the vibrant and vital breaths of the human present.

Such a time separation must be breached. It can be done so by the living divine inter-relational aspect that provides so generously through from one's supernatural entity; coexisting within and transmitting love to live an ongoing peaceful contact - merging respective spirit into the ordinary human. Nez Perce oral traditions, known as *titwatitnáawit*, reinforces this deep spiritual

belief that one's sacred connection is never lost within their relationship with conscious mythic time and it is readily available for deepening transcendence onto life's continuum between the two possible worlds. The more immediate value of titwatitnáawit, importantly imparts the need for the spiritual evolution to meet through an unalterable active "spirit being" or Weeyekin – deepening for the support and elevation of super consciousness for its loving and fundamental transference of knowledge. We must traverse the worldly activities while seeing caringly into how life will have to be lived and relate this well within the heart for the wellbeing of each living inhabitant too. Additionally, the Weeyekin catalyzes us for radical evolution within the basic spiritual human values, aiding on every level too, our strengthening that deepens us through perception for finding our sacred living balance for the entire welfare and betterment of all.

Every breath lives spectral vibration
for illumination
forging spiritual-integration on
sublime union with bliss
sparkling the cosmic flame of eternal
consciousness
dancing earnest reenactments for
spiritual liberation.

Moving forward inside all-caring
aspects of the Divine
loving spirit shape-shifts on the "Real
People's" merging
blazing light-sparks inside love's
ascendant eternal flame
growing seedlings into flower -
returning all to seed again.

Jen Walls

International Poet/Author,
Literary Reviewer/Critic from
Saint Paul, Minnesota, USA

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Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? Once again, this is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the 4th month of our fifth year of publication . . . I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after *Cultures* of past and

present. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

In closing, we would like to thank you for being an integral part of our amazing journey.

Enjoy our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

From our house to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse
Inner Child Press

DS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry effort.

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

**For Free Downloads of Previous Issues of
The Year of the Poet**

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



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





Nez Perce People

Nez Perce Tribe

Niimípuu



No Horn on His Head, a Nez Perce man painted by George Catlin

Total population
3,499 (2010 census)

Regions with significant populations
United States (Idaho)

Languages
English, Nez Perce

Religion
Seven Drum (Walasat), Christianity, other

The Nez Perce /,nɛz'pɜ:rs/ (autonym: Niimípuu in their own language, meaning "the walking people" or "we, the people") are an Indigenous people of the Plateau who have lived on the Columbia River Plateau in the Pacific Northwest region of the United States for at least 11,500 years.

Members of the Sahaptin language group, the Niimípuu were the dominant people of the Columbia Plateau for much of that time, especially after acquiring the horses that led them to breed the appaloosa horse in the 18th century.

Prior to "first contact" with Western civilization the Nimiipuu were economically and culturally influential in trade and war, interacting with other indigenous nations in a vast network from the western shores of Oregon and Washington, the high plains of Montana, and the northern Great Basin in southern Idaho and northern Nevada).

After first contact, the name "Nez Perce" was given to the Niimípuu and the nearby Chinook people by French explorers and trappers. The name means "pierced nose," but only the Chinook used that form of decoration.

Today they are a federally recognized tribe, the Nez Perce Tribe of Idaho, and govern their Indian reservation in Idaho through a central government headquartered in Lapwai, Idaho known as the Nez Perce Tribal Executive Committee (NPTEC) as a sovereign nation. They are one of five federally recognized tribes in the state of Idaho. Some still speak their traditional language, and the Tribe owns and operates two casinos along the Clearwater River in Idaho in Kamiah, Idaho and outside of Lewiston, Idaho, health

clinics, a police force and court, community centers, salmon fisheries, radio station, and other things that promote economic and cultural self-determination.

Cut off from most of their horticultural sites throughout the Camas Prairie by the 1863 "theft treaty", confinement to reservations in Idaho, Washington and Oklahoma Indian Territory after the Nez Perce War of 1877, and Dawes Act of 1887 land allotments (today some Nez Perce lease land to farmers or loggers, but the Nez Perce only own 12% of their own reservation), the Nez Perce remain as a distinct culture and political economic influence within and outside their reservation. Today, hatching, harvesting and eating salmon is an important cultural and economic strength of the Nez Perce through full ownership or co-management of various salmon fish hatcheries, such as the Kooskia National Fish Hatchery in Kooskia, Idaho or the Dworshak National Fish Hatchery in Orofino, Idaho.

The US Forest Service cites over 300 academic works on the Nez Perce between 1877 and 2005. Robert McCoy explores the "creation" of Nez Perce history as told by Anglo-American scholars, missionaries, and settlers to develop a regional identity (Pacific Northwest) that was integrated into a national framework of the West, the Manifest Destiny of the United States and global capitalism. Using secondary and primary sources from the 1870s-1940, with special attention paid to the "silence" of Nez Percé and other Plateau people's voices, McCoy unpacks a "history" that, as Yellow Wolf said, was told to "please themselves". However, there are some very good sources on the Nez Perce.

Aboriginal Territory



Original Nez Perce territory (green) and the reduced reservation of 1863 (brown)

The Nez Perce territory at the time of Lewis and Clark (1804–1806) was approximately 17,000,000 acres (69,000 km²) and covered parts of present-day Washington, Oregon, Montana, and Idaho, in an area surrounding the Snake (Weyikespe), Grande Ronde River, Salmon (Naco'x kuus) ("Chinook salmon Water") and the Clearwater (KooS-Kai-Kai) ("Clear Water") rivers. The tribal area extended from the Bitterroots in the east (the door to the Northwestern Plains of Montana) to the Blue Mountains in the west between latitudes 45°N and 47°N.

In 1800, the Nez Perce had more than 100 permanent villages, ranging from 50 to 600 individuals, depending on the season and social grouping. Archeologists have identified a total of about 300 related sites including camps and villages, mostly in the Salmon River Canyon. In 1805, the Nez Perce were the largest tribe on the Columbia River Plateau, with a population of about 12,000. By the beginning of the 20th century, the Nez Perce had declined to about 8,500 due to epidemics, conflicts with non-Indians, and other factors. A total of 3,499 Nez Perce were counted in the 2010 Census.

Like other Plateau tribes, the Nez Perce had seasonal villages and camps in order to take advantage of natural resources throughout the year. Their migration followed a recurring pattern from permanent winter villages through several temporary camps, nearly always returning to the same locations each year. The Nez Perce traveled via the Lolo Trail (Salish: Naptnišaqs - "Nez Perce Trail") (Khoo-say-ne-ise-kit) far east as the Plains (Khoo-sayn / Kuseyn) ("Buffalo country") of Montana to hunt buffalo (Qoq'a lx) and as far west as the Pacific Coast (ʼEteyekuus) ("Big Water"). Before 1957 construction of The Dalles Dam, which flooded this area, Celilo Falls (Silayloo) was a favored location on the Columbia River (Xuyelp) ("The Great River") for salmon (lé'wliks)-fishing.

Enemies and Allies

The Nez Perce had many allies and trading partners among neighboring peoples, but also enemies and ongoing antagonist tribes. To the north of them lived the Coeur d'Alene (Schitsu'umsh) (ʼIskíicu'mix), Spokane (Sqeliz) (Heyéeynimuu), and further north the Kalispel (Qlispé) (Qem'éespel'uu, both meaning "Camas People"), Colville (Páapspaloo) and Kootenay / Kootenai (Ktunaxa) (Kuuspel'úu), to the northwest lived the Palus (Pelúucpuu)

and to the west the Cayuse (Lik-si-yu) (Weyíiletpuu - "Ryegrass People"), west bound there were found the Umatilla (Imatalamłáma) (Hiyówatalampoo), Walla Walla, Wasco (Wecq'úpúuu) and Sk'in (Tike'éspel'uu) and northwest of the latter various Yakama bands (Lexéyuu), to the south lived the Snake Indians (various Northern Paiute (Numu) bands (Hey'úuxcpel'uu) in the southwest and Bannock (Nimi Pan a'kwati)-Northern Shoshone (Newe) bands (Tiwélqe) in the southeast), to the east lived the Lemhi Shoshone (Lémhaay), north of them the Bitterroot Salish / Flathead (Seliš) (Séelix), further east and northeast on the Northern Plains were the Crow (Apsáalooke) ('Isúuxe) and two powerful alliances - the Iron Confederacy (Nehiyaw-Pwat) (named after the dominating Plains and Woods Cree (Paskwāwiyiniwak and Sakāwithiniwak) and Assiniboine (Nakoda) (Wihnen'ípel'uu), an alliance of northern plains Indian nations based around the fur trade, and later included the Stoney (Nakoda), Western Saulteaux / Plains Ojibwe (Bungi or Nakawē), and Métis) and the Blackfoot Confederacy (Niitsitapi or Siksikaitsitapi) ('Isq'óyxnix) (composed of three Blackfoot speaking peoples - the Piegan or Peigan (Piikáni), the Kainai or Bloods (Káínaa), and the Siksika or Blackfoot (Siksikáwa), later joined by the unrelated Sarcee (Tsuu T'ina) and (for a time) by Gros Ventre or Atsina (A'aninin)).

The
Year
of the
Poet V

April 2018

he Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

This is a creative promise ~ my pen will speak to and for the world. Enamored with letters and respectful of their power, I have been writing for most of my life. A mother, daughter, sister and grandmother I give what I have been given, greatfilledly.

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"
&
Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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Aqua

The water is a force
Stronger than nature
Elemental and Fierce
It's depths call
And everyone answers
Though we patently try to ignore
The crystalline calm
Beneath refracted light
Glittering above a loam
That we enjoy from a distance
I never tire of watching
Though it may seem to some
That I am actually seeking
From way above
Any answer it may offer
On how to converse this world
Without apologies
Creating a path
Where none before existed
And widening a way
Formerly constricted
By the boundaries of obstacles
On such a one, I am found
Before casting my soul
Upon the waiting waves

PallBearer

You drift slowly
In this moment
Trailing fingers
In the current
Ignoring the spray
Of the many voices
Buffeting the air
Solemnity rides along
The creases in your jacket
And darkness is carried
From knee to knee
Of the trousers
Worn too often in this season
Of faithful service
To those beside you
You have been carefully
Tended to this day
With a quietness
And gentle touches
To ease the passage
For the weight you carry
Is borne in your heart
Not to be measured
In the solidity of stones
For at the waning of life
You bear peace.

Cycles

Etheree

Black

People

Know two things

Instinctively...

Squalling coming in

And when this life is done

We take our leave of others

And pass them to celebrate us

With loud laughter and raucous symbols

So that even God knows that we are now home

*Alicja
Maria
Kuberska*

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: “The Glass Reality”. Her second volume “Analysis of Feelings”, was published in 2012. The third collection “Moments” was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - “Virtual roses” and volume of poems “On the border of dream”. Next year her volume entitled “Girl in the Mirror” was published in the UK and “Love me” , “ (Not)my poem” in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled “The Other Side of the Screen”.

In 2016 she edited two volumes: “Taste of Love” (USA), “Thief of Dreams” (Poland) and international anthology entitled “ Love is like Air” (USA). In 2017 she published volume entitled “View from the window” (Poland). She also edits series of anthologies entitled “Metaphor of Contemporary” (Poland)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, the USA, the UK, Albania, Belgium, Chile, Spain, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, Czech Republic, South Korea and Australia. She was a featured poet of New Mirage Journal (USA) in the summer of 2011.

Alicja Kuberska 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.

Portrait of Rose

A picture on the easel played a symphony of colours.
A girl emerged from many dots and lines.
The painter immortalized her beauty on the canvas.
She was the lonely rose from the Little Prince's planet.

Long strokes underlined the gentle curve of a slender neck
and the softness of round breasts
under her transparent blouse.
He wove rays of the sun in the unruly strands of hair,
falling as a heavy cascade of black on her neck.
On her moist mouth, slightly opened,
red passionate kisses bloomed.

Happiness sparkled in the half-closed eyes of the model
- gold droplets suspended in azure.
Love and passion in the Crown of Thorns create
Masterpieces.

Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu

As a child she saw the Saints smiling at her from her Book
They beckoned to her and invited her to join them
They told beautiful stories about war between good and
evil,
About sacrifice, love and fighting one's weakness.

She followed her vocation and her dreams.
Her former life like an old dress she discarded in a
Macedonian city.
She went through the Irish chill to reach India,
Choosing the sun-burned land for her new homeland.

In the slums of Calcutta she found the suffering God,
His torment hidden in the wounds of the poor and the
lepers.
She did good deeds without the noise.
It was like throwing a pebble into the ocean,
The circles in the water spread more and more.

She turned her dark, religious habit into a sari.
The white butterfly of love and mercy hatched
And the sky painted her wings with a blue ribbon.
An Albanian girl named Agnes left,
Sacred Mother Theresa from Calcutta was born.

In Morocco

In the African sun, the heat settles like dust on the hands of clocks,

it slows down the modes and the next hours are barely moving on its face.

Moments like sand from a broken hourglass leak out unnoticed.

The wind grabs particles of minutes and spills over the desert area.

The slow pace of life acquires new shades and meaning

- I enjoy mint tea in the Moroccan cafes

and keep my eye on the colorful crowd of passers-by,

I arrange stories in colorful arabesques from my memories.

Inshallah repeats an old man with a wooden rosary,

and in the bony fingers, prayers and beads pass.

I've learned to wait and not ask impatiently for tomorrow.

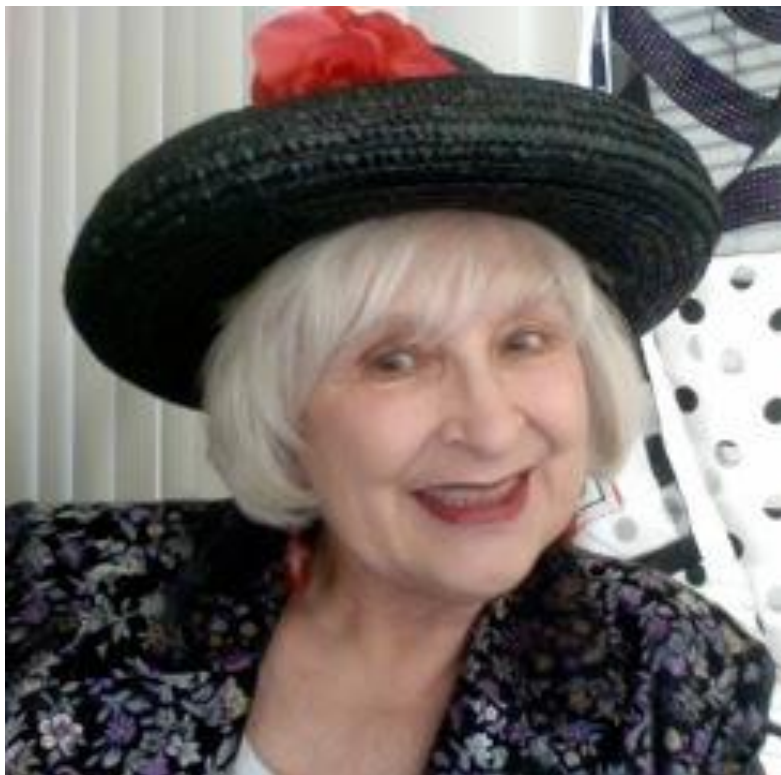
I drift slowly on the great unknown of the flowing time.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

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

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

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

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

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art*, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz.

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

Looking Back at the Past

The Nez Perce, Indians, horsemen
both women and men: hunters
and fishermen, their homes crafted
with ingenuity, nature providing
materials readily available for homes
wood, sticks over covered with reeds
grasses, skins, all sought
or wrought from need

They hunted deer, buffalo, and eating thereof
made from them their clothes and when
building hunting tepees
over draping poles with their skins

The “longhouses”
provided shelter for upwards
of twenty to forty natives
there they also hung meat
to cure, to, dry, an area
in the roof left open
to let the smoke out
let the air in

Salmon, berries, roots, ven moss
summer’s food, later farming, raising corn
wheat, potatoes, pumpkins, more
some melons too, I wonder which kind

In religious matters
they danced, worshiped
sang and prayed
to some form of a god

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Christian missionaries
strived, tried their best
to instill new beliefs
in the natives' hearts and minds

Their clothing, the Nez Perce's attire
woven from necessity
became as collectible art
A gentle people
having no need for war
Chief Joseph, a Christian
and their leader, along with his people
they wanting only peace

They fled from the soldiers in Walla Walla
into Montana, returning years later to Idaho
to roam on foot and on horseback
the many acres of land they owned

The culture
and art of the Nez Perce
are valued for their antiquity
for their beauty
as crafted from God given talent
They have survived
treasured, and are collected
by many generations

Today the Nez Perce continue to live
on a reservation in the western state of Idaho
where a great uncle of mine, born in 1888
bereft of a stone, lies beneath a lone tree

In Need of a Good Night's Sleep

Lo, the girlish golden-glow of the sun
Hath hidden her familiar face
Even the distant mountain peaks
Are aghast, so unforgivable is the way
The day hath irreversibly, unsympathetically
Found her essence erased, replaced

The black curtain, heavy, velvet, and silent
Now opens, reveals the surrealistic scene

Where moon, where stars, comets, lend not
Their brilliance or insight; alas, I venture
Into the soul of the unknowing night
Where I find no relief, no recompense
For a journey fraught with obstacles like
The frozen lake of tribulation's disbelief

I carry with me myopia's malcontent
From which my blanket offers no warmth

Round bout morning, feverish and sick
My sanity having not prevailed, dare I attempt
To promise, either my alter ego or myself
To pursue lessons contained or visions
Unexplained? I am weary, yet they linger still
Cold and hard as I lay on exposed cracks

Convoluting as it may seem, I am at the mercy
Of the night doing with my mind as it pleases

One Man's Dilemma

He wrote from legitimate need
Within his greed
Judiciously, as one
Ineligible to satisfy the one
That lay, voluptuously
On top of the rumpled sheets

Beguiling eyes, some half closed
Others fluttered
Seductively, both
Demanded that he confess
As sin, the one whose life illicitly
Fell outside the lines of the legal pad

The deadline dawned nearer
The image became more clear
And contemplating his notes
He bade time
The more solicitous, to compose
Better the reason for the rhyme

It was his mystical muse
Who put little faith, little store
In the way he settled the score
Between the maid and the mistress
A grievous mistake
That left him bored

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Tzemin

Ition

Tsai

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Tzemin Ition Tsai Taiwan, Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is an associate professor at the Asia University (Taiwan), editor of “Reading, Writing and Teaching” academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries and have been translated into more than a dozen languages.

The smoke of our old home rises curly

I squatted down in front of my grandfather
My grandfather was using that burning red hot iron
To brand marks on the herds
Every wrinkle on his face, and the white hair atop his head
Clearly visible
I asked him
Why is that place where smoke spirals at the foot of the
mountain
No longer our home?
It was converted into an enemy barrack

He shook his head
A gleam of wry smile flickered across his lips
He pointed to the grass way down the hill surrounded by
the lakeshore below the valley
Like a carpet dotted with colored flowers
They did not miss any terrain
They did not stop in front of the lion's heels
The view had been extended to the door of our home--
The home we will never go back to again

Although the mountain lives without us
Those hidden rough stones on the road
And the cold spring water
Forge my strong physical strength and I will drink the cold
spring
Even if my throat has long forgotten the sweetness of
jujube
I'm afraid have to accept the fact that
we'll never be able to return our old home forever
And ignite a thriving kitchen fire,
I ride on horseback,
Lead the bow toward the sky
Attempt to shoot down
The brightest star in the sky

That Winding Creek

Trickling water does not know to hurry up
Silently and slowly along the bottom of the river clear as
silver
Little fish were already secretly saw
Frightened to escape into the mouth with a whirlpool of
small pool
No longer close to me
The colored birds that jump between branches
Never be so timid

Through the sunshine chased away
Morning fog also tolerate a glimpse of shock
So hard to climb the trunk has been lying there for a million
years
Stripped naked
Learn that way
Also want to lie down a million years from the bottom of
my heart

Bare feet stir up the bottom of the sand
Poetry in my hand but so careless fall down
Just let it go and drift
Has been placed in the mood of poetry long enough
Behind from far asymptotic, those miscellaneous noise
were getting bigger and bigger
Got up and left, dressing my clothes, then entering the
mundane world again
Like a grain of sand quickly fall back to the river bottom

Rallying Cry

I faced

The unfathomable ocean I always think when I was a kid
Rallying cry: After all, when can I conquer you
Ocean answered me with a burst of tidal sounds

I looked up

I tried my best to come to the exotic sky
Rallying cry: In the end, when to complete my research
That sky back to me a whole slice of countless nebula but
completely silent

I could only keep silent

Walked back to my own rental housing with my head
hanging down
No longer cry: Try to persuade myself, endure all the
yearnings on one's mind
Let my teardrops hanging on the hook tip of the verses one
by one

Turned suddenly thrust

Facing the unattainable far shore hidden in the night
Shout loudly: After all, you can't stop me
Back to the dream homeland which I yearn day and night

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

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

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

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

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

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

Nimiipuu...

the walkers who came out
of the forest, bush
thousands of years ago
roamed the vast land
that was their home
northwest territory
they say Washington, Oregon,
Montana, Idaho, Nevada
dem who took their land away
dem who rob, kill, steal
from indigenous souls
they were there long before
the one they call lord came
from Maryum's womb
you mean you didn't know
French explorers, trappers called
them Ne Perse then Nez Perce
means " pierced nose "
they are in their tongue " Niimiipuu "
the walking people, we the people
who came out from the forest, woods,
bush
Lakota brothers called them "Watopala "
canoe people
fished in "Chinook Salmon Water "
Snake, Grande Ronde River
the walkers latter raised, rode horses
hunted the Buffalo in Montana
fished in Big Water for Salmon
Pacific coast, Columbia River
home all of 17,000,000 acres
they were many thousands now less

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

then 5,000
strong civilization dem who walked
out of the forest single file
Nez Perce "The people " together
community, thriving, clean living,
successful in trade, warriors,
the people, family, community,
robbed of their land as was their
brothers in these so-called Americas
became The United Snakes of AmeriKKKa
for black, brown, red, yellow
land of the free where the buffalo roam?
stolen what was their home Nez Perce
and the rest
kidnapped Africans can also attest, testify
as the bones in the earth soaked with
blood, tears over years now dry
and the question remains the same

WHY?

food4thought = education

motion...

of your flow
breezes by easy
wind blows the scent of
rose petals that,
settle right under my
nose
when flowers grow,
blossom, i smell your
essence in gardens
not unlike your own
delightful, lush, full
harvest ready to be
picked, ripe for the taken
my senses reel from the
sensual aroma emanating
overpowering, dominating
time, names, places become,
became a blur in my memory
rendered numb, from your
blossom in full bloom
enters the room
without your physical
presence, takes me to
another level
essentially numb
eventually one with your
essence that speaks to me
in tongues that i understood
though perhaps no one else
would feel
the flame did not have
their name.
the flavor is not the same

Whispers...

*Waswah

into the heart of man
all man, mankind!
comes the whisperer
whispering into the
heart making farseeing
all that glitters, Leeming
this world offers up on
a gold platter
hiding the meaning!
hoping you forget
the meeting, the hour
when you meet the glory,
the power!
the standing! when the
sun is brought closer and
closer yet, till you almost
drown in your sweat!

this one who suggest,

"obey your flesh"
"obey your flesh"

using "desire"
to open doors to
the fire!
soul is yours
no more!
in the process
lost the bet,
flunked the test!
you forget all about

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

your... Death!

he then withdraws
like a "Whore"
after a score
goes out and about
seeking out...
more!

jump them
pump them
glitter, shining stuff!

never is enough!

been caught
soul bought

the "Whisperer"
once more
made the gleaming
farseeing!

scratch where you
itch,

now you his

bitch!!

food4thought = education

*Waswah = He (Shaitan) who whispers into the heart to
entice
with what is evil and destructive and make it
appear farseeing.

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions>
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham>

Eyewitness to Peace

Imagine entering a room full of peace
'Eyewi in Nez Perce
be an eyewitness
see peace everywhere
does it change the way you walk

As you witness peace
a smile a handshake
a friendly wave
it is there in the air
together we breath

California Condor

Fifth-graders learning about conservation
get to bestow a power name
on a California Condor
at the World Center
for Birds of Prey in Boise

Winning with Piyopyoot' alikt
a Nez Perce term
bird alighting

187 entries 27 schools
suggest Eyewi Nez Perce peace
Wewexp Nez Perce spring

Inspiration a film
California Condors flying
the Grand Canyon
smoothly the large birds
descend and land

Piyopyoot' alikt lives and lands
at Condor Cliffs her male companion
to be named next summer

Peregrine Fund raises condors
releasing them wild
near Arizona's Grand Canyon
to inspire more children

Innaaissttiya Peace in Blackfoot

Waiting writing at a carwash
into the wash bay
soon as the young couple
has finished
a large pickup truck
proud bright blue chrome
shiny in the sun

Glacier county license plate
the other side of my mountains
dress, complexion, shape of their faces, demeanor
all tell me they are Blackfeet.

.
Another handful of quarters
I could back up
look for another
save a couple minutes

But two little kids in the cab
five or six years old
Dad stops washing
sprays soapy water
on the windows wherever
the kids appear

I see delighted
two extra dollars
playing games with his kids
I watch write enjoy
a found Paul Burnham story

.

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

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

Nomads on the Plateau

Nimi'ipuu they are call themselves,
People of the Plateau as they are known
One may find them from season to season
Out and about, travelling and wandering,
Buffalo hunting, salmon hunting at the Celilo Falls
Traversing the Snake River, Salmon, Clean Water Rivers,
Leading an eccentric nomadic life.

Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekt, leader of the tribe,
Chief Joseph, Young Joseph he was called
Protected and fought for Wal-lam-wat-kain,
Nomads on the Columbia River Plateau
Wearing breech clothes and deer skin dresses,
Sheltered by oval-shaped long houses and teepees
Close to nature, nomads on the plateau.

The Supernova in the Night Sky

People come into our lives to hold up a mirror,
A reflection of who we truly are
Illuminating the beauty that already resides in us
Some can be iconic sparks of enlightenment,
To help us sing back the lost melody in our hearts
When mere words have gone mad and the rhythm drums a
different beat.

There are simply those who amplify the light,
And reflect where it originated from- the Source
The angel in the night who rescues us from the darkness,
Teaching us to love ourselves once more,
And to bring out the Empathic Soul in us.

The magical moment when you open yourself up to
connect the Cosmic Dots,
When the alchemical marriage of the Divine Feminine and
the Sacred Masculine takes place
And this paves the way for you to embrace your Higher
Self- a destined conduit to the stars,
The supernova in the night sky where you witness a
crusade of fireflies with wings emitting Pure Light,
This is when the Legend of a New World takes its daring,
mystic flight!

Stand for Peace

I dream of a world where only love prevails
Where there is peace shared by one and all
Despite the diversity that separates one from the other
How I long to live in a world where everyone consider each
others as friends not foes
Where the word hate would be forgotten
A world in pure harmony where each individual will stand
for peace
Where even the birds and the wild can roam freely on the
face of the earth
Without fear of being hunted or preyed on for selfish
motives
I stand for peace without being ridiculed or discriminated
for the color of my skin
To be in a world where there are no wars which divide and
destroy nations,
A world where the young generation can have a bright
future ahead
A world enveloped with pure peace and serenity.

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator, essayist, and columnist. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He is a member of literary and cultural organizations, including the Jordanian Writers Association (Jordan), General Union of Arab Writers (Cairo), Poetry Posse (U.S.), Inner Child Press International (U.S.), Bodgani (Belgium), and Axlepin Publishing (the Philippines). He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in numerous countries, including Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, Palestine, Morocco, Egypt, and India. Sartawi's poems have been translated into several languages. His poetry has been anthologized and published in many anthologies, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Bosnia, Italy, India, the Philippines, and Taiwan.

Sartawi has published more than 20 books of poetry and poetry translation. His last poetry collection, *My Shadow*, was published in June, 2017 by Inner Child Press in the U.S.

For the last seven years, Sartawi has been working on poetry translation from English to Arabic and Arabic to English. This includes his Arabic poetry translation project, "Arab Contemporary Poets Series" in which 13 bilingual books have been published so far. He also has translated poems for a number of contemporary international poets such as, Veronica Golos, Elaine Equi; William S. Peters; Kalpna Singh-Chitnis; Nathalie Handal, Naomi Shihab Nye; Candice James; Ashok Bhargava; Santiago Villafania, Virginia Jasmin Pasalo; Rosa Jamali; Taro Aizu; Fahredin Shehu, and many others.

A vision Quest

Advancing eastwards
all alone,
the nine-year-old Nez Perce lad,
tired of fasting
and walking on,
stops for a while.
He rubs his tired eyes as he looks far ahead
and catches sight of a mountain top.
“There, there you are,” he smiles,
“I must get there,” he tells himself,
“for there, I know, is the sacred sphere
where Wide-Winged Eagle will be my guide.”
He reiterates his chief’s commandments,
“I must go forward,
never turn my back
I must walk softly,
the serene night I mustn’t disturb
I must hearken to all the whispers
of the Great Spirit
and if my feet are pricked by thorns
And my moccasins worn or torn
I must embrace the pain.
and never complain.”
He heaves a sigh, as gold nuggets glisten
within his chest,
and marches on.

The Flying Mare

She came up trotting
like a little filly
and climbed upon
my back
she held my neck
and tweeting like a little bird
she asked:
daddy!
them mares... can fly?

O yes honey
but only when they have grown
wings.

Daddy, I had a dream
that me, I was a flying mare

Sunshine, I said,
you must hide your dream in a box
then dig a hole
under that tree
and bury it there
and mark with a sign
your hiding place

When you grow up
and a lady be,
look for the sign
dig up your treasure
and there you'll find a pair of wings
wear them
and fly!

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Daddy, she scolded.
are you kidding me?

No, no, honey...!
I'm only kidding myself,
for I too had a dream.
When I was but a little boy
my mom told me
that dreams must be placed
in a tiny box
and hidden
under a tree.
I hid my dream
but made no sign
And ever since then
I've been looking
under every tree
hoping to find my missing dream!

The Heavy March

O March dear March
why is your heart
becoming so hard?

Oh, how you've always
traversed this land
with softer steps!
How boughs
and stalks
and leaves
and grass
have waltzed
with your west wind!
How your mist
sprinkled the air around
with fragrant dew
How drops of rain
Kissed blossoms' lips

But now you come in a new attire
your clouds pass by
with eyelids closed
and your sun scorches
all my dreams.

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

hülya

n.

yrsmaz

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Born in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz presently serves as full-time faculty at Penn State and as the Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press. Her academic publications dwell on literary relations between the West and the Islamic East and on gender conceptualizations within the context of Islam. Dr. yılmaz had her formal initiation as a creative writer in the U.S. Her published works include *Trance* –a tri-lingual book of poetry, *Aflame* –memoirs in verse and *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* –a poem collection she has co-authored with Demetrius Trifiatis. Poetry by hülya appeared in excess of fifty international anthologies.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Links

Personal Web Site

<https://hulyasfreelancing.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/>

in the Netherlands

as it is said, “Sinterklaas”,
the winter holiday season of the Dutch
marks an occasion when gifts exchanged
are enriched through vocalized poetry

on the “gift night”
family members gathered
read the poem they have received
hence each is endowed
with a priceless piece of art each year

how precious then is what we are all about?

we
the family
called The Poetry Posse
are awarded the same gift
from January through December

to share among us
but also far beyond
the daily gift of poetry
for each month has many a day
does it not?

Nimi'ipuu

the French
named them "Pierced Nose"
the ignorant
happened to find it befitting
such a limiting tag
the signaled practice however
is known not to have been wide-spread at all

othering the other "Self"
what's new?

rivers have understood them
the lower Snake River
the Clearwater
the Salmon
as have streams and high plateaus
but also nature's other gifts of abundance
berries roots a wide range of game
to which they would ask for forgiveness
for having had to kill for survival
while the French and non-French alike
continued their Nez Percè-butchery
among other acts of carnage
to pierce noses . . .
perhaps

horses were discovered in the 18th century
by this warlike-growing North American tribe
to its peoples alone does the gift of breeding belong
of the largest horse herds in the continent that is
including the distinctively colored Appaloosa
a most popular breed in today's U.S.A.

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

looking at them with robotic eyes . . .
one should not neglect an add-on to this tale
what was (or may be still) their linguistic grouping?
we had better not forget our manners!
encyclopedias deliver detailed data on “Sahaptin”
even add this tongue is also called
Shahaptin and Sahaptian

imagine

if only we had this insight before

we would have . . .

“Indian People Are Still Here”

Otis Halfmoon of the Nez Percè tribe maintains, and adds: “We are not going away. It is time that The newcomers to this country started paying Proper respect to the elder status of the first nations.”

Chief Joseph: “Every animal knows more than you do. White men have too many chiefs. Learn how to talk, Then learn how to teach.”

a nation whose population
marked its intent to live in peace
yet was forced to dress in war-wear
for the U.S. government
began to shoo it away
way down below
onto reservations

in the words of the reservation doctor
he died of a broken heart
his countless appeals
to federal authorities
had after all
failed

“I am tired of fighting . . . from where
The sun now stands. I will fight no more”,
uttered by In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat,
“Thunder coming up over the land from the water”,
Or, “Chief Joseph” as he now is known to us,
the still proudly ignorant populace

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

that erodes more of his land
night by each dark night
day by each darker day

let us recall the times when we have died . . .
a death by a broken heart

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

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

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

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

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

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

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

Indigenous Survivors

Beautiful indigenous people of the Columbia River Plateau in the Pacific Northwest, your reign of more than 11,000 years should be honored.

Known for your famed Appaloosa horses. History tells us you bred them and they thrived across the great northwest. You dominated economically and culturally in trade and war with other indigenous nations.

The French explorers came and changed your name from Niimiipuu to Nez Perce. This marked the beginning of your decline as explorers, land grabbers and outsiders begin the tide of annihilation of all indigenous people across the Americas.

Today you are the Nez Perce Tribe of Idaho. Reduced to a reservation as a sovereign Nation. From approximately more than 12,000 to 3,500, you are still a force on planet earth.

You remain a distinct culture in the 21st century. Your survival is in your skill hatching, harvesting and eating salmon. Your economic asset comes from fish hatcheries in the state of Idaho. A testament to strength, determination and adaptation.

Spring Teaser

There is sweet music playing in the woods.
I must go to feel heaven beneath my feet.
You may go with me, only if, you can hang
your baggage on the tree limb at trail entrance.

Spring has set the trail ablaze with color.
I cannot miss the lilac, red, orange, yellow
and green carpet on the hillsides.

I want to sit in the meadow filled with
green delight and colors flirting
and just stare at those hillsides
waiting for my annual adoration.

Spring is such a teaser
after winter's long sleep.
Think about joining me if you dare.

Moving On

I will sleep in the Jemez mountains
on Tuesday after the rain massages
the red rock and the sun comes out.

I will rise like a phoenix on Wednesday
at sunset. My new body will run naked
in the ponderosa forest. The wind will
give strength to every bodily part.

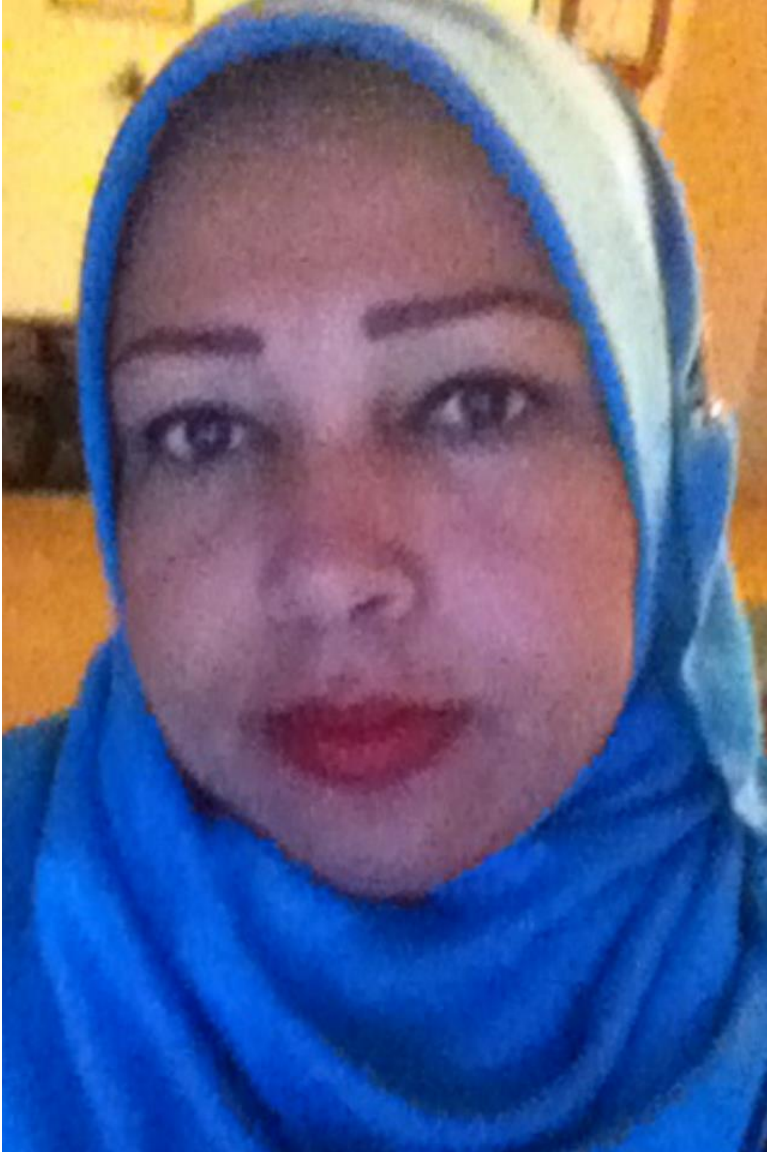
I will lay down to sleep by the largest tree
in the woods. I will rise in the shadow
of morning smelling like vanilla and
butterscotch and hug the ponderosa.

You will regret leaving me by this tree
as that scent will never caress your nose again.
I am free and the trail offers open invitations
for a seeker headed for the open road.

Faseeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

She is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwright born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha is the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature, and has now published 20 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain, Korean, Greek and Albanian. Ms. Hassan has received many awards in Iraq and throughout the Middle East for her poetry and short stories.

Faleeha Hassan has also had her poems and short stories published in a variety of American magazines such as: Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum, Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaming mamas, The Galway Review, Words Without Borders, TXTOBJX, Intranslation, SJ Magazine, Nondoc, Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Courier-Post, I am not a Silent Poet, Taos Journal, Inner Child Press, Atlantic City Press, SJ Magazine, Intranslation Magazine, The Guardian, Words Without Borders, Courier-Post, Life and Legends, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Indiana Voice Journal, The Bees Are Dead, IWA, Poetry Soup, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, Philly, The Fountain Magazine, DRYLAND, The Blue Mountain Review, Otoliths, Taos Journal of Poetry and Art, TXTOBJX, DODGING THE RAIN, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, NonDoc Philly, DRYLAND, American Poetry Review, The Fountain Magazine, Uljana Wolf, Arcs, Tiferet and Ice Cream Poetry Anthology , Dryland Los Angeles underground art & writing Magazine , Opa Anthology of contemporary , BACOPA Literary Review , Better than Starbucks Magazine , Tweymatikh ZQH Magazine , TUCK Magazine and Street Light Press

Email : d.fh88@yahoo.com

Lets call it a tree

What I am drawing now is not a shadow
The cloud surrounded my last, saved days
And everyone I have known suddenly vanished
The storm lasted longer than necessary

Yesterday I spoke to my mother
I reached my hand at night
and removed from her the curtains of sleep:

- The seeds of pomegranates have split
- She replied: one will remain. It will not end in the mouth
of a cockerel,

many more will grow from it.

- I am scared- I told her.

Surprised: she said:

- a poet and you're scared?

- I'm sad, I told her.

- These are habits of poets.

- I worry even for the wall of the sky.

- We build the sky with a word just like they demolish it
with a word, you're my word.

This is what my mother said.

As the others rest, sullen under the shade of their wishes,
I seek the tree that still has not awakened from its sleep
The one that left us such thin shadow
It does not give us safety from the heat of our sins.
And I now
Spin the snow into a mask,
And prepare myself for the what's to come - which is still
far
And name myself, happiness.

Two Doves

Every time my father is late from the Battlefield
Sickness strikes my mother
and I tour with her the hospitals of Najaf.

I write to him come 'back to us now,
Make your sergeant to read my words: I am about to die'.

He returns my letter, laughing:
'We are the amusement of the blind man'.
Oh you River of Jasim, you tore my years
between my father's supposed victories
and my mother's wishes in the emergency room;

they used to take care to plant hope in her mind
by sticking on the glass door,
two notices that say: (awaiting death certificate).

Her heart ages so fast
I vomit from hearing the chants.
Every time the presenter says 'victory is on the horizon',

My grandmothers' eyes rise to the ceiling,
she hides a mocking smile.

With rage I scream at the screen 'no victory's coming'.

She whispers: 'god is generous'.
'You sound like my father when I asked for a new toy'.
She quietens and we contend,
Awaiting his return before a new battle.

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Fearing that a last fight can end the life of a dove.

.....

Footnotes:

*Najaf: an Iraqi city, where the poet was born and lived most of her life.

*River Jasim: is a river situated between Iraq and Iraq, the location of many battles during the Iraq/Iran war.

A Southerner

Oh I forgot.
The war that left us for two seconds
Yes, only two seconds, I forgot to throw a stone after it
- As my mother said-
So it returned with all its might
and swallowed us whole
A southerner
Of shyness and apples
Wars grilled me on their fires
No
I don't fear the beautiful face of war
The letters make me a liar
And paper whiteness mocks my words
...
I am southerner
Sadness grinds me to make the scents of sorrows
And jaded by windowsills of houses where birds don't visit
I ask
When will my heart mature?
...
I am southerner
I sleep little
And dream between one heartbeat and another
That a branch leans over
And asks: who will replace the art of spying by revealing
identity?

A southerner
I know the meaning of similes in politics
And the pungencies of onions
They both evoke my tears.

Translated by Dikra Ridha

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, born in Anda, Pangasinan known as a ‘poet of peace and friendship’, is a multi-awarded poet, journalist, editor, publicist, linguist, educator, and women’s advocate.

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen’s Initiatives Member, Association for Women’s rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada ‘‘Amazing Poet 2015’’, The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

Western Wilderness

Retrace the flight of
Nimipu, land of the people
Where Oregon and Idaho
Bursting corps of discovery
A valuable past beyond borders.
People herding horses,
And they became equestrians,
Found gold is salmon and clearwaters,
Whereby, they built their culture
A golden flame of the braves!

Until we meet, Oregon!

as i stretch my arms
to reach you from the big hole basin
unzip the warring prairies
of shadows and luminescence,
i frequently speak
to vermilion stars,
that i rise to believe
in greatness.

Emit timƏ

The momentum
Records the recycled jiffies
The episodes of memories
Reactivate the paces and faces
Of aging golden relics
From epochs of warriors
To the seasons of melting rays
As I possess the chances
Of gyrating auroras
In my hands.

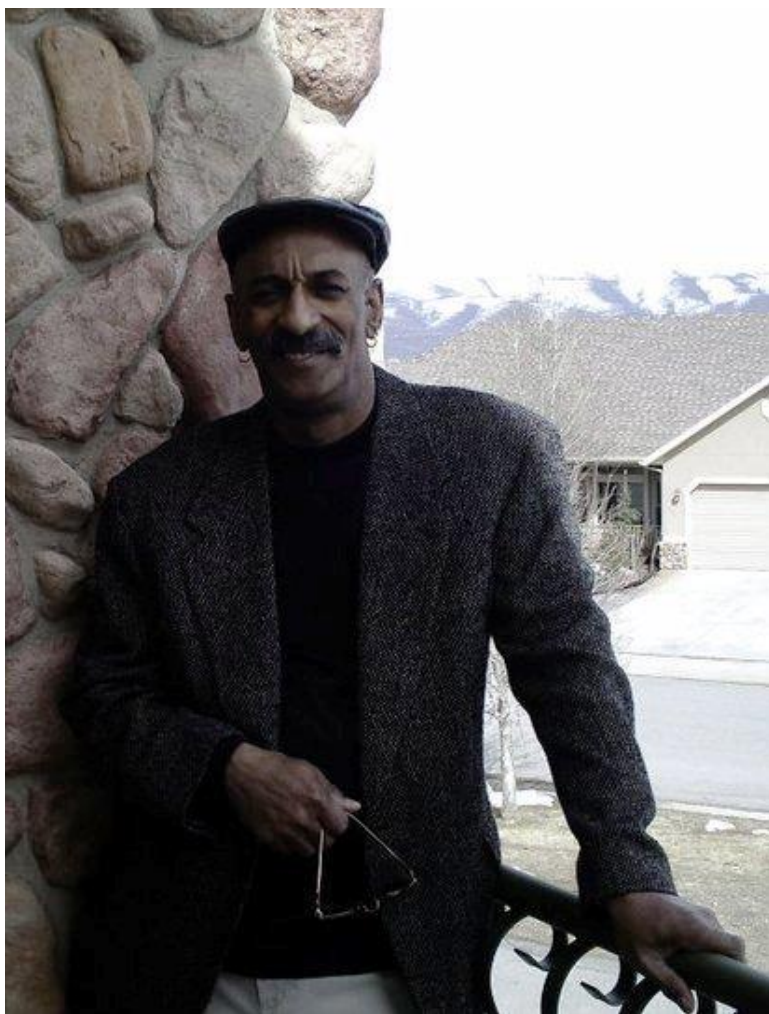
The clock's grimace
Pulses the mind
To find
The remaining
Beauty of the day
As time emits
The reason to stay.

William

S.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 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

Nez Perce

We did not label ourselves
As . . . “Noble”,
But we were an honorable people . . .
We were warriors
Of life,
Of the spirit

We falsely imagined
That there was only
1 Creator,
And He created us all
The same

We prayed on it all
That we may be granted
An understanding
That exceeded our circumstances,
But it did not come

The winters became longer,
And hunger prevailed
In our villages
For our hunting grounds
Had been soiled
With the greed of the settler
And the avarice of the “Blue Coats”

We question now
If their Statesmen
Were that at all,
For the only “stately” thing about them
Were the lies they so freely spoke

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

We are the Nez Perce . . .
We have lived with honor
Since the Buffalo came
And we shall do so
E'en though they are now
Small in number
As are we . . .
But we shall remain
Through all time
Nez Perce . . .
An honorable people

Conditions

Children dying
All over the globe
Greed running down the
Bloodied streets
Scavenging for more

Vultures sitting on thrones
In palaces of ill intent,
Hawks serving their purpose
Making the kill
So that they can feast
On the ignorance
And apathy
Of “We the people”

New weapons created . . .
For what purpose ? . . .
Don't we have enough ?

In the meantime
There abides famine.
Disease,
Homelessness,
And a myriad
Of not yet named maladies
Waiting to be created
By the demented ones
Of Big Pharma,
Government,
Global Corporations
Just to make more sales,
Have more power

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

The days of a champion
Are dead,
Now we need Gods . . .
Yes in plurality,
But not those of the flesh
Who vainly believe themselves
To be so

Propaganda seems
To be the new education module
Amongst the people . . .

Any new News ? . . . huh

Kleptocrats without tethers
To any form of morality
Are drilling holes
In the bottom of the ship
That we all must inhabit

Sooner or later
They will start casting
Those they deem useless
Over the sides
Into the seas of perdition . . .

Oh. They started already ?

Is Thomas Pynchon
As prophetic as
Orwell ? . . .

One can only hope.

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

The people need reparations !
Do so and leave !
These are our conditions

Remember, remember
The 5th of November

Dance Music

Her heart was terpsichorean in nature
And the music of her soul
Flowed effortlessly
Touching all
That abided in her presence . . .
People and things

She was the epitome of loveliness,
Her nature exuded a joy,
Most did not comprehend,
Nor did they care to,
For her very proximity
Brought a certifiable mirth
To their hearts

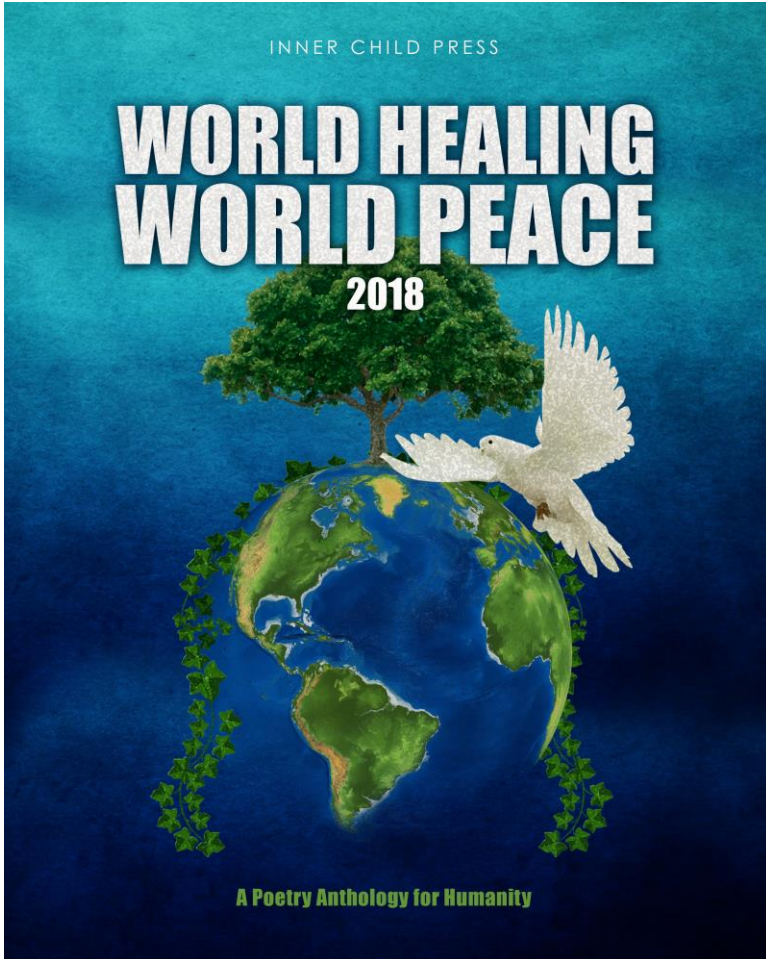
Her countenance was soft,
Her fragrance was invigorating
Her voice was mesmerizing
Her touch was enchanting
Her smile was enslaving,
Yes she was a culmination,
Of creation,
An emanation,
Of the elation
Of the divine
And she was mine

She is my dance music

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www.iamjustbill.com

World Healing, World Peace
2018



Now Available

April
2018

Features

~ * ~

Salah Abu-Lawi

Swapna Behera

Norbert Gora

Naime Beqiraj

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Salah
Abu-Lawi

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Salah Abu-Lawi is a Jordanian poet of Palestinian descent. He was born in Zarqa, Jordan in 1963. He started writing poetry in his early teens. He is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, Arab Writers Union, and numerous literary groups. Abu-Lawi made his debut in 1988 with a poetry collection titled *I Wish I Were A Stone In Your Hands*. Since then he has published a number of poetry collections, including *Clouds Paint My Biography* (2008), *I See Trees* (2010), *Talk Be Exalted* (2103), and *A Palestinian Inscription On The Roof Of Damascus* (2017).

Tupelo I

The singing birds in Tupelo never go to sleep
The singing birds guard our dreams in the dark that we may
guard them
when the master of rhetoric rises up
The singing birds may send their chirps here
as they please
for unlike our singing birds, they are blessed with peace

Tupelo
Or should I say the heaven where God promised to send
believers?
a city of dreams sleeping on the palm of water
The lakes within and around
are akin to the clouds of spring embroidering the gown of
the skies
Black eyes there
and green and blue
capture the hearts of the pious
Fully-clothed women there are
and naked ones
and what the heart desires of mirth and singing
clusters hanging low
and other ones kissing the lips of clouds
swans, geese, ducks...
all species of birds
as God hath in the Holy Book spoken of paradise
People who grow up but never age
as though life were created for youth
Why, then
O God of the heavens and earth
have you made it so facile for others
and made our abode in hell till Doomsday?

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Tupelo

I and a few strangers here are dumbfounded
People going hurriedly to work pass by
Like bees they pour into the arms of nature
surrendering to their dreams
planting the vineyards of the day
for a little glass in the evening
on the balconies of friends
dripping with joy at the tunes of Elvis
or dancing
when wine unleashes their souls
People here
black, red and white –
just as their trees are united –
bear life together
together they get over their painful memories
and death in an age that almost dispersed them in the dust
When you live in the heart of your enemy
you realize how often the earth ascends like a heavenly
steed
and alone in the sand you wait for prophets
When love triumphs
people triumph
for the enemy resides within us
so long as we dwell on our back steps

Tupelo

a witch's green shawl

Tupelo

a blond drunken horse
a shade for those who have lost their shadow in the crowd
The singing birds in Tupelo never go to sleep

Tupelo II

I said:

“What should I call you?”

She said:

“I am the rain of eternity
lightning of the beginning
thunder of the end

awakening of the violin at the dance of desires

and I am the image of poetry

the part that has been spoken

and the part that words could not contain

“Perhaps I’ve gotten a little older

but as age increases

the opposite increases further, and so do memories”

I said:

“Let bygones be bygones”

and I became conscious

as though I had come back from poetry in a flash

or risen from the well before I was perfected

then was taken unawares by a rainy moon on the beach of
moments

I never disbelieved in seagulls

to chant what comes to mind of my alienation

I was not a believer

to rid myself of the impurities of my veins

I had no confidence

in my soul’s trustworthy sparrows

“Do you see me as her like?”

she asked

“the waves of her smile borrowing the place

and my whirl growing bigger”

I said:

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

“You don’t look like anything else
We will remain on a date
I am absent in time
and you are the substitute for features.”
“I don’t like substitutes,”
she said.
“I’ll spread my water forests for your eyes
till you finish your prayer.”
“It is the sea between you and me,”
I said
“Come out of the showers of my clouds
Come out of my eyes
Come out of my ablution
Come out of my boyhood
so that wishes may inscribe me
as a by-passer akin to a fable
like the tornado that struck your soul yesterday
“I’ve come
though there is no settlement
for him whom whirlwinds breastfed with their sorrow
and so he rose above sorrows
“I have not come as an invader
for I am the lover of my inspirers, the singing birds
“I have not come as a displaced person
for the distant places of exile will suffice for my gasp of
death
“I have not come as a tourist
for I bear the sea in my lung
“I have not come at all
“Whenever despair tried to kill my steps
I called on more steps for assistance, and so he died
“I’ll go back for a drop of light in my place of exile
to release the partridge of my questions

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

for the fields that you know have woken up
as the chant of a life.

“Is it the tears
or morning rain?”

She said:

“So I won’t see you?”

and she disappeared in the mortal question

akin to a star disappearing in clarity

akin to a moon disappearing behind the swarm of darkness

Singing birds in Tupelo never go to sleep

Tupelo III

I was all alone there
wrestling with the god of my emptiness
commanding him to prepare for me the shadow of a
sparrow
where I may hide my secret
Between me and myself there was a great distance
a memory
and a country
that I drag behind a spirit
I metaphorically call mine
that I may meet in my alienation
I was all alone
disturbing the calm of the city with memories
birds were around me singing:
"too-too-to-too to-to-too- too-to-too-too to-too-too"
like an Arab who recites a lengthy classical poem
whenever he is possessed by his jinni
I was a broken bird there
but I am not
I bear my sorrow to Tupelo
as she walks rapidly like a sandgrouse walking towards
water
not conscious of the hunter of memories
nor aware of how he suffers
Whenever thunder roared in the sky
I remembered my fear
and the water reproached me as it sewed a dress for my
soul that I never put on
Black is the dream around you
Be its whiteness

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

I said:

“I love you, O water
but sand has calcified between the fingers of my memory
releasing lightning between me
and the fields of a morrow that I wait for expectantly”

I was all alone
nature around me was knocking on her trees
Was I born to a red woman
that I must die here?
Or am I not myself,
The earth whispers to me
"I don't see that you are a stranger"
and I remember I saw the lake
a while before along the side of the highway
The water of the lake looked like me
and so did the foreign trees
and the grass
as it flew from the fountain of my eye
upon every wandering
"I don't see that you are a stranger"
“But my heart is a bird,”
I replied
The land didn't have enough room for my face
nor was there enough room among the faces for a stranger
I was all alone,
and the bottle of wine divided me
between what I saw and what I believed
so I leaked out on the beach of wakefulness
as a thread of wine
confused between what is real within me
and what bears resemblance to it

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Tupelo
is the moonlit night of a poetess
Tupelo the yellow echo of a song
and she is a fairy who doesn't like marble
The singing birds in Tupelo* never go to sleep

translated by Nizar Sartawi

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

*Swapna
Behera*

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasy B World Fellow Poet in 2017. At present she is a manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literatti.

The Rag Pickers Euphoria

Here sleeps the rag picker
On the footpath of a metro
Tired of picking plastic bottles
Tins of coke, squeezed Birthday balloons
He dreams of his Birthday and smiles
From where he picked the Y chromosome!

Here sleeps the rag picker
Tired of picking yellow bread and Dum Biryani
from the extravaganza marriage party
Dreams of a plate of hot boiled red rice;
The fragrance of lentil soup
Dreams of a destination
Where he won't be a scavenger every day
But can dream about spilled milk
In the open courtyard

Here sleeps the rag-picker
Tired of picking the plastic flags
Of hartals for child rights or of Independence Day
That the country celebrates
He dreams of a country
Where he can have a pillow to sleep
And a permanent bed
And weave his dreams peacefully
For dreams are so blissful
in the waves of the salty oceans on cheeks...
Here sleeps a rag picker...

Where is the partition dear?

The diaspora of a decrepit texture
Do you fly or swim?
There is always enough place
in the horizon for all to shine
The river can never be divided by brick walls
Water murmurs; air whispers
Soils may have fences
But the pollen grains
will fly, cross countries
The jungle will upload oxygen
The garish festivals here or there
The diligent dimples of every child
Smiles in the morning;
Dreams every night
So where is the partition dear!!...

The Juvenile Time Zone

The illuminated satellites
With floundering credible numerals
The robot with a portable heart in the briefcase
The synthetic salad on the plates
Malfunction of the globe's wardrobe
Dissolving glacier
The radiating reading glasses
The planet will hire a story teller and a Love Guru
The lucrative smiles of granny
from the frames of the heritage
A peeping melody of a canary bird
From the horizon
The last hibiscus in the park
The lost tiger in the cemetery
Love, the costliest spice
in the diaspora cuisines of treaties
Little eyes gazing to ozone
with the mask of oxygen
The diaphragm of time will crack
The impulsive butterfly will fly
A fairy will reborn as a Banyan Tree
Rag pickers will dance with books
The mothers will hold digital progeny
The Earth will celebrate a new dawn
The squandered forests will spring
the Anthems of a new Time Zone...

Norbert

Gora

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Norbert Gora is a 28-year old poet and writer from Poland. He is the author of more than 100 poems which have been published in poetry anthologies in USA, UK, India, Nigeria, Kenya and Australia. He wrote two dark poetry books - "Globe bathed in horror" and "Darkness in the End". His writing contains light emotions, happiness and dark, dreadful experience of life.

Weblinks:

https://www.goodreads.com/author/list/14606147.Norbert_

Gora

<https://www.facebook.com/norbert.gora.94>

Forgot to tell you

I forgot to tell you
mute the dreamer player
you drown out the sheep sounds
in my head longing for rest

I count up to three
and just can't go on
but maybe the fourth
can bring this dream

what did I tell you?
I just forgot.

So I remind you
to mute the dreamer player

Apostrophe to the end

I can barely reciprocate your glances
as the lake filled with drops of questions
with every whisper woven of anxiety
the light of the fire called life
is extinguished

vanity and emptiness
as the summer storm
they break off the branches
of my existence

being is nothing more
than these several grains
in the hourglass of meaningless time
there is always a desert of death
at the bottom

Love doesn't need words

when I look in your eyes
absorbing incentives
offered by the world
I see the palette of emotions
created without words

we exchanges smiles
symbols from the canon
of seemingly ordinary gestures
but their true nature
is more beautiful than
the set of maxims
that have been spoken

love doesn't need words
descriptions as wide
as the endless space
a few glances
in the coat of silence
drowns the symphony
of ambiguous sentences

Naiime
Beqiraj

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018



A Well known poet from Kosovo. Professor of Literature in Haxhi Zeka University, Peja, Kosovo.

October 2014 ongoing – Ordinary Professor “Fama” College

Publications and presentations

- **“Mbi Siparunt”**, collection of poetry, Rilindja 1990, (award for the best student Poet book);
- **“Maket Kosove”**, collection of poetry, Sfinga, 2000, award for the best creative female poet, awarded at Meeting of Albanian Poetesses;
- **“Njomja e fikut”**, Poetry collection, Kosovo PEN, 2009;
- Presentations at several Albanian poetry anthologies, as well as in French, English, Italian and German, in: “Taket e larta”, “I kujt je atdhe”, “Rojtari i natës”, etc,
- **Jury member** in several literary events, in and out of Kosova;
- Published in literary reviews in Albanian Language: Jeta e re, Fjala, Sfinga, etc.;
- Member with publication of writers society “Write now” in Amsterdam;
- Participated in many cultural and literary events in Kosova, Albania, Bosnia, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Poland, Turkey, Croatia, Montain Negro and won first, second and third prize;
- **Voluntary activities:** participant, screenplay writer, and creator of humanitarian concerts with Humanitarian Association “Nënë Tereza” in Germany (2004, 2005, 2009), for healing of Kosova’s children that suffer from hard diseases

THE MOON

Tonight I would kiss you just unwillingly
There where even you wouldn't guess
Unwillingly is better
Especially when it rains

With the sunrise full of spring dews
You'll climb again raved by love
Sleeping with the Goddess

You halted not just because I wanted
But I said so and you trusted me oh insane

This Moon escaped somewhere, or it hide after you

I wasn't overfed by a night

AMADOU

We stood on the oath of words that were never given
With unuttered longing mixed with the rain
A mileage rushes to catch one more pace
New oblivion burdens my shoulders

Grass-leafs in the night were separated
Took the form of departure
All promises flew vane away
Only the longing was taking the amadou of waiting

Lips and shoulders pound only for a voice
While we could hear it in one or another knoll
We hide in fairytales for another age
Dab as dreaming to touch your hand

TO MOM

There is happiness bread and
Street is savored
Then when the stomach has a feast
Each time you approach
Feeling the taste
From the distance

How beautiful seems to us
The mountains too
When reigning with fortuity
With a slow descent
To a molded bread
And a white path

They came
Bringing joy
Each time we draw near
We sanctify the gusto
And the soul

You feel cramp
When is a lack of bread
And a path
When they are recently brought
As obvious discernments

To a straight
Bread and road
We do return
Every time the hunger aches
And temptation
Visits our night-hag
Parts of skin
Again and again

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Good night Mom
Yu pave me a hard path
You gave me a light bread
And taught me
That angels doesn't stay on the road

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Inner Child Press

News

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen

Gail Weston Shazor

hülya n. yılmaz

Nizar Sartawi

Faleeha Hassan

Albert Carrasco

Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

William S. Peters, Sr.

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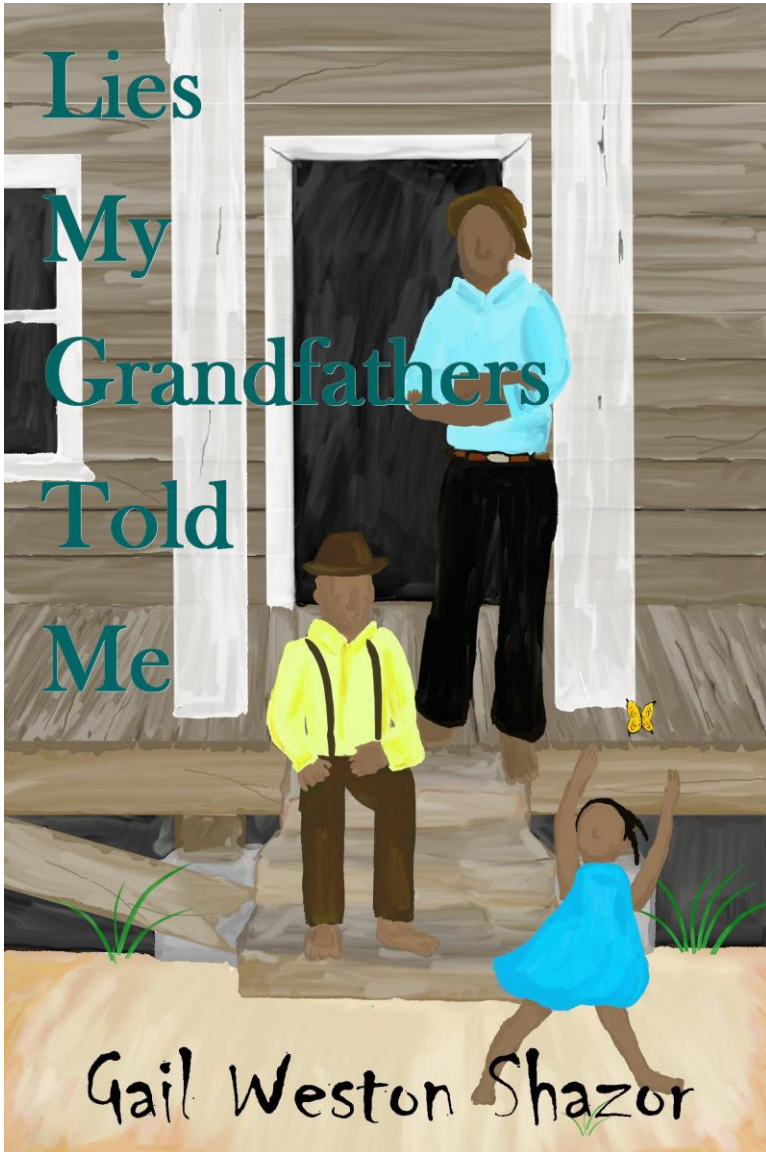
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Jackie Davis Allen

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Afflame



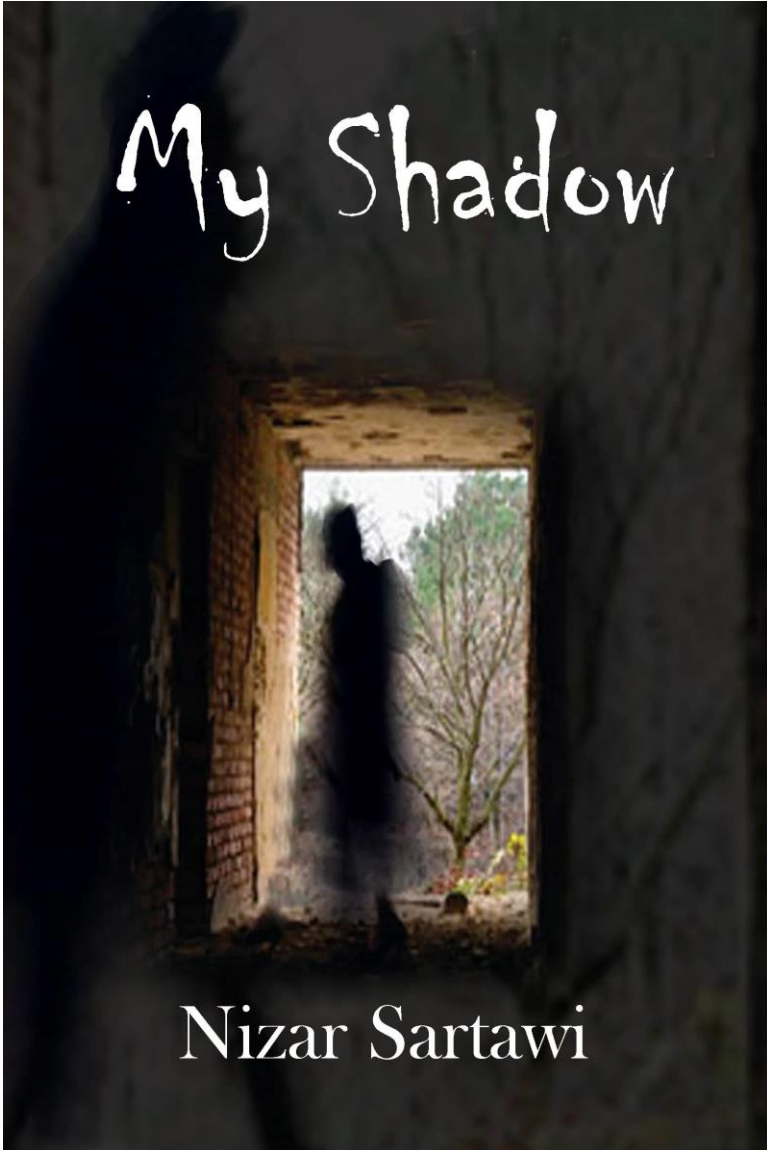
Memoirs in Verse

hülya n. yılmaz

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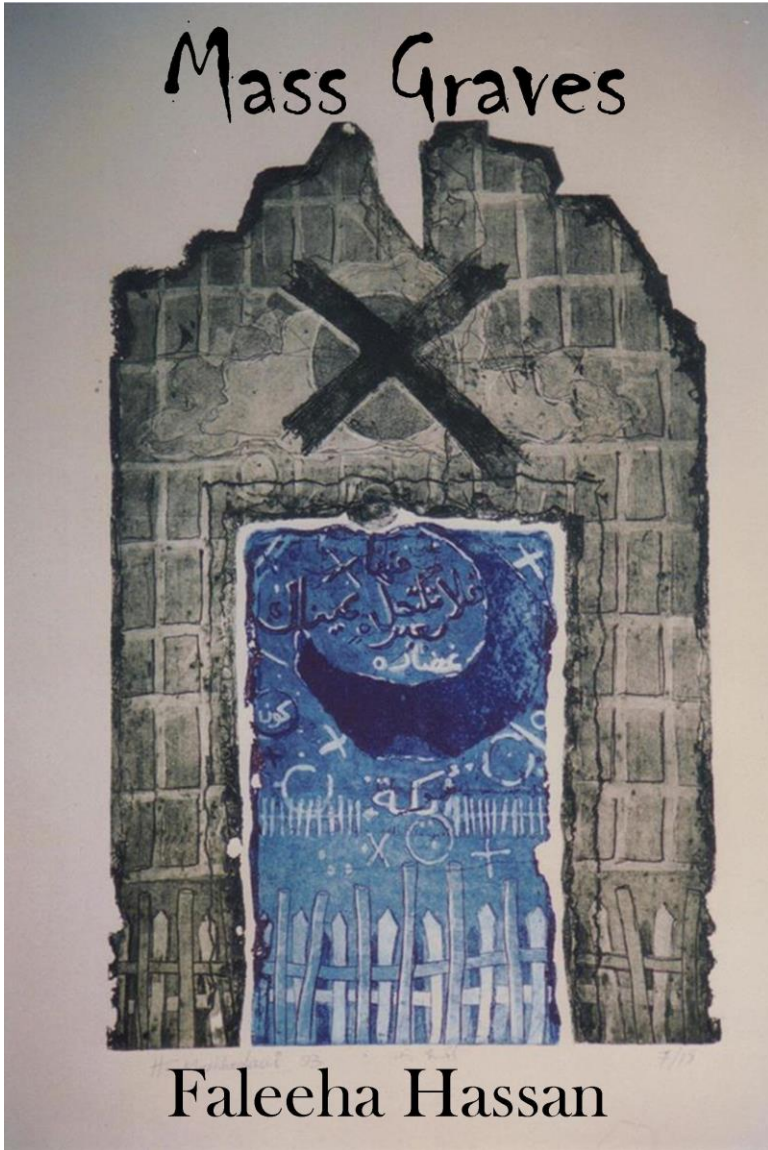
My Shadow



Nizar Sartawi

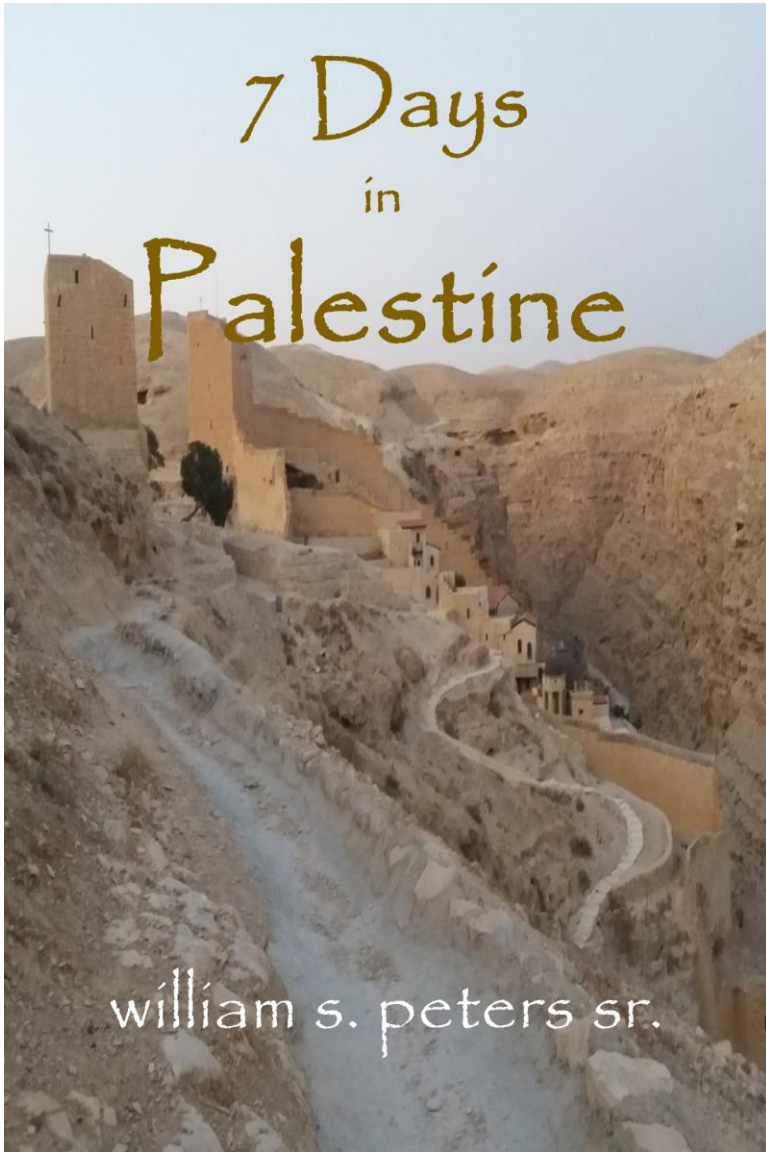
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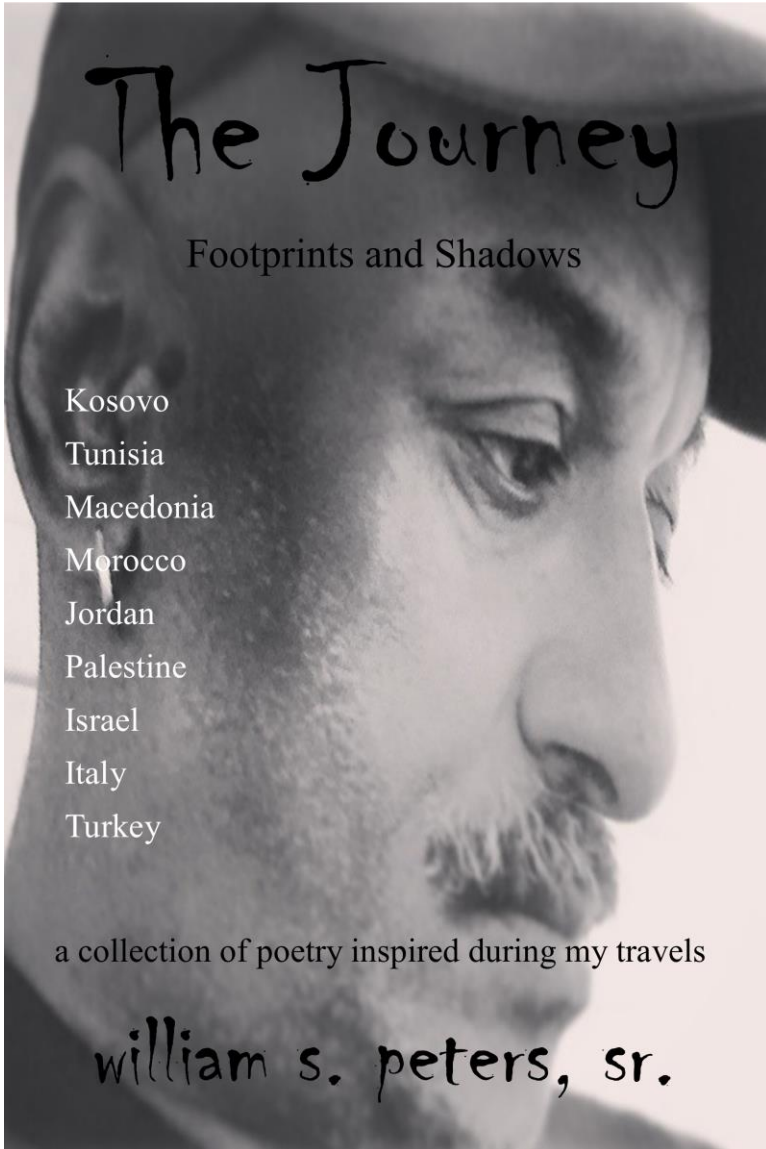
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Coming in 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Coming in 2018



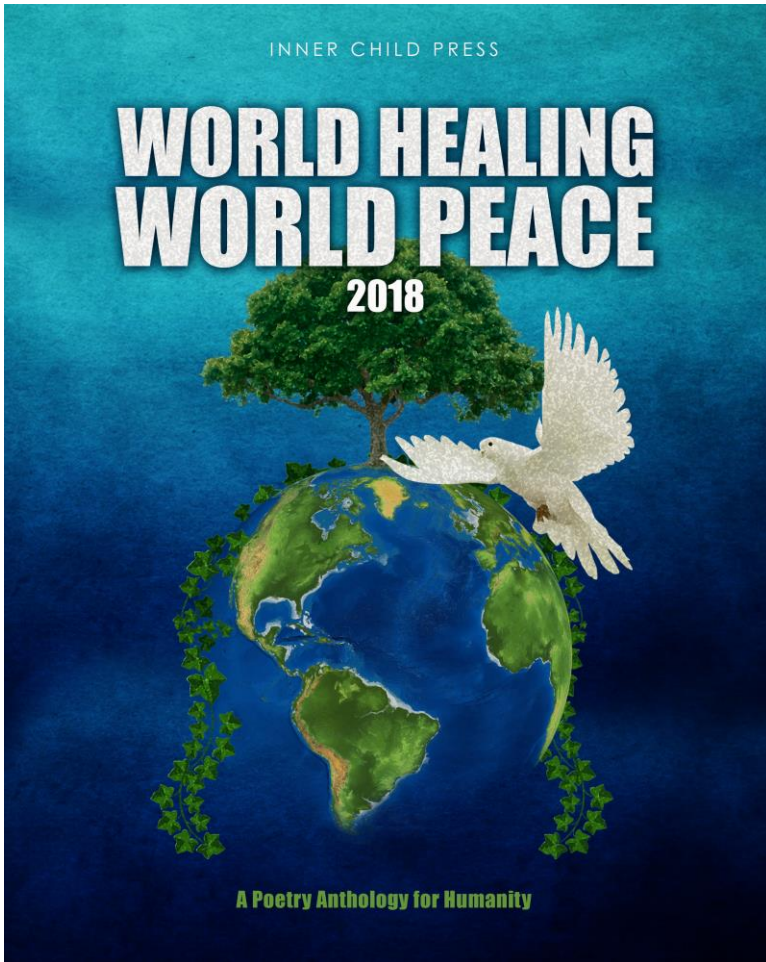
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Coming Spring 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Coming April 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Coming Spring 2018

Breakfast

with

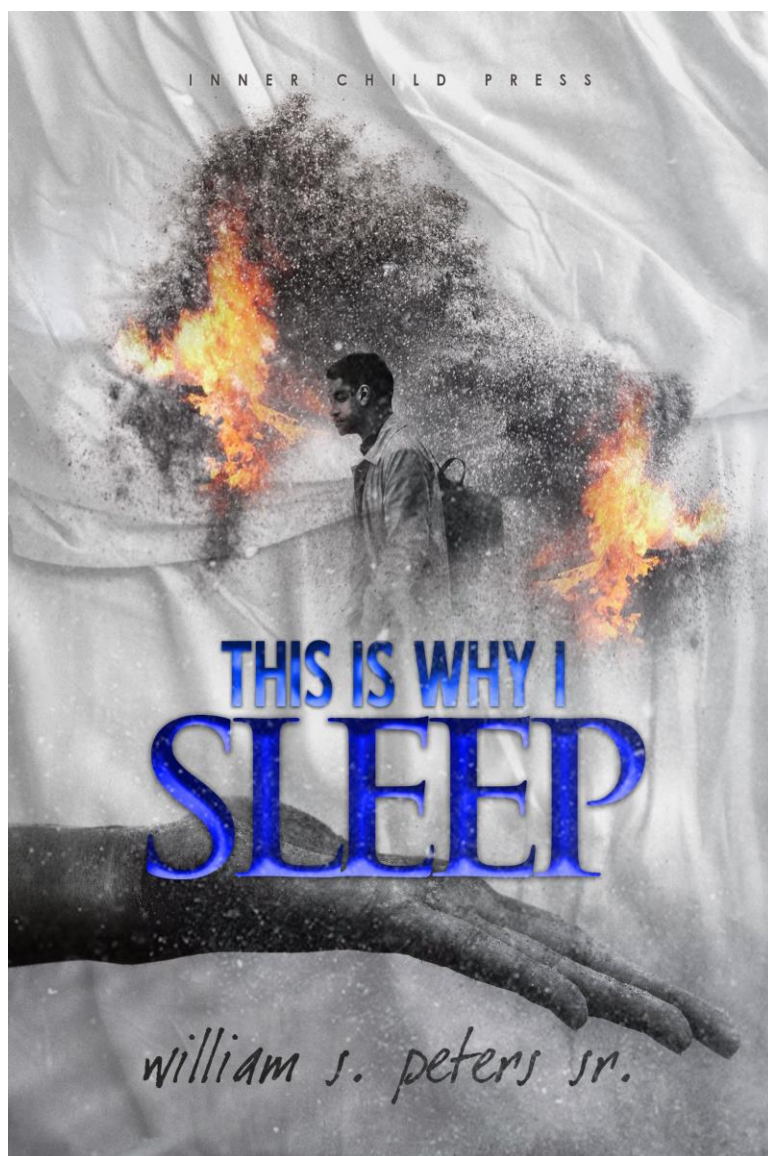
Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan

The Year of the Poet V ~ April 2018

Coming Spring 2018



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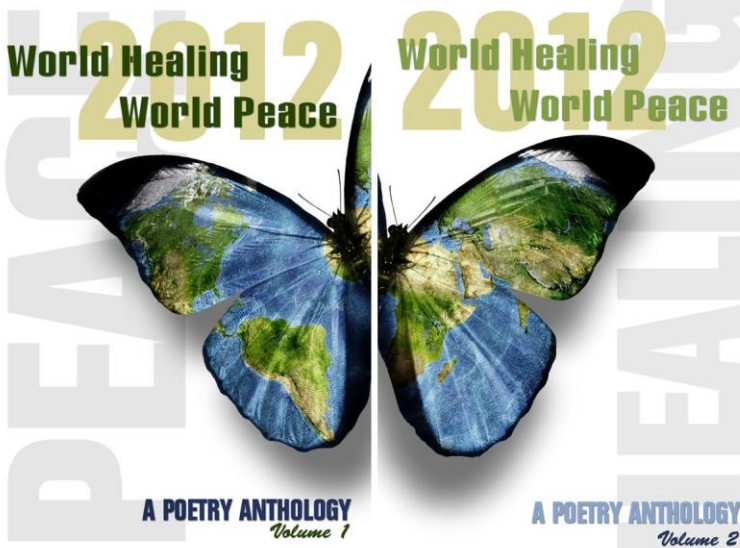
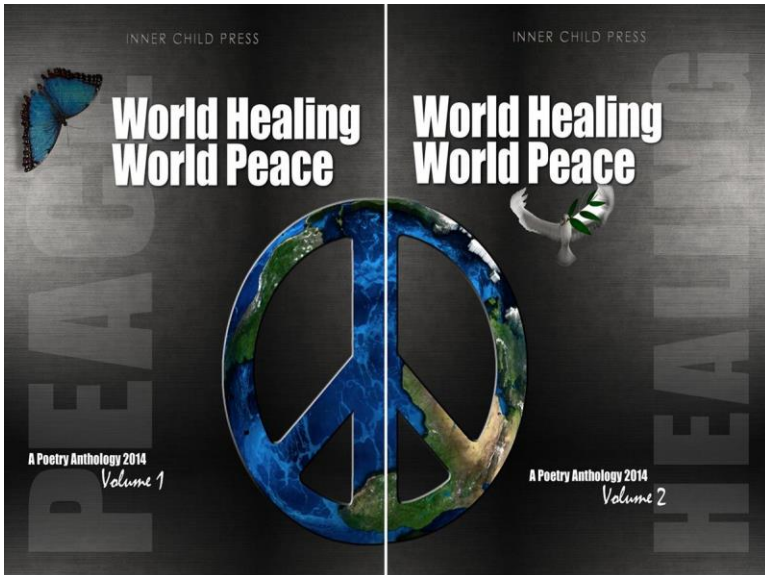
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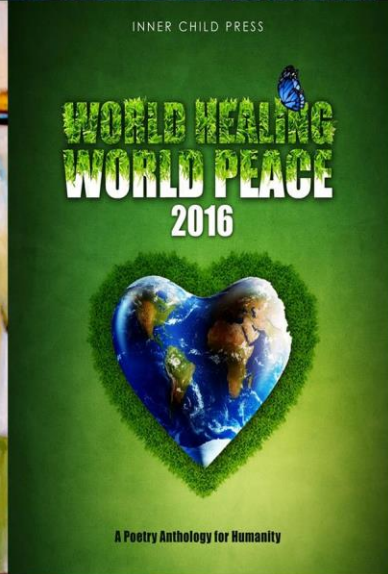
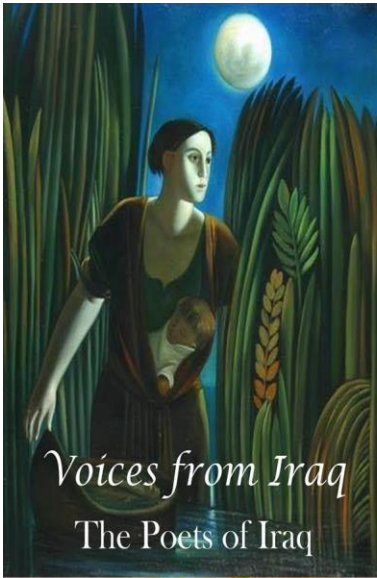
Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php

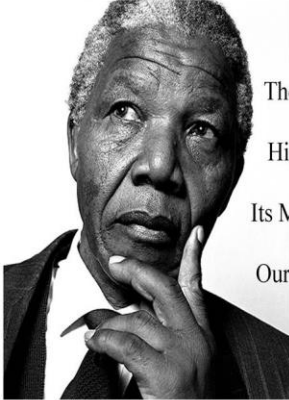
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Mandela



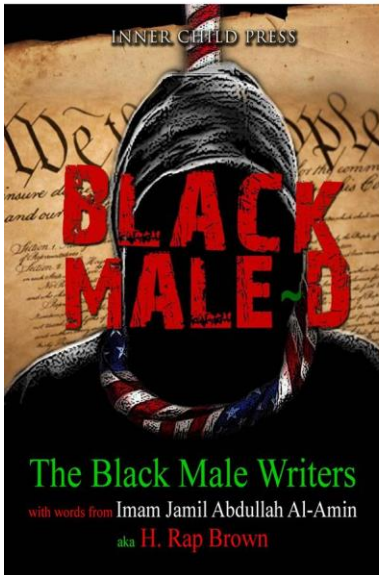
The Man
His Life
Its Meaning
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

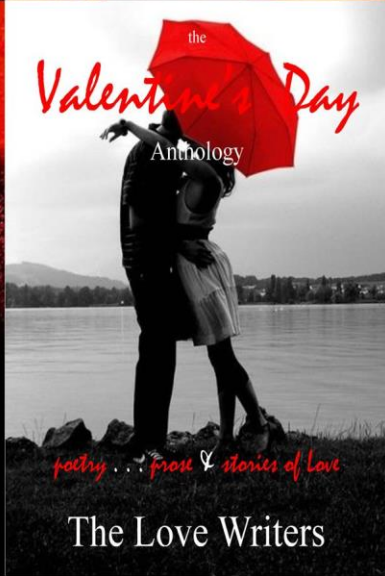
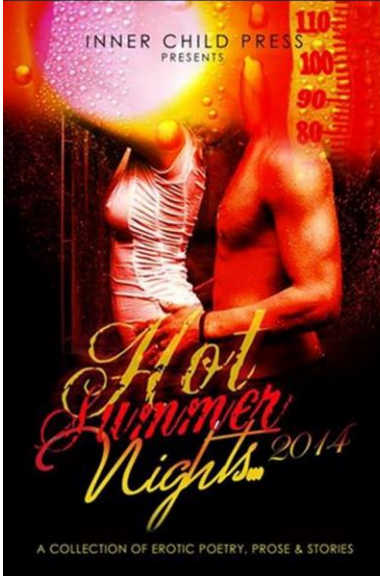
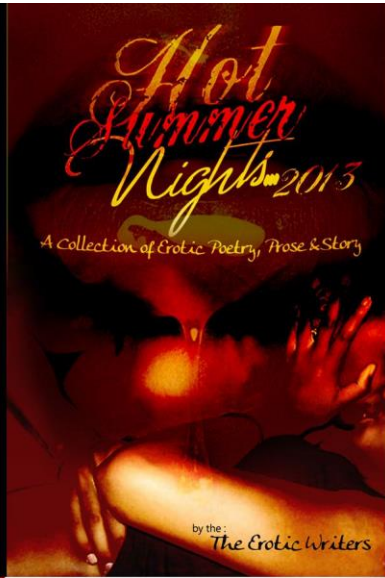
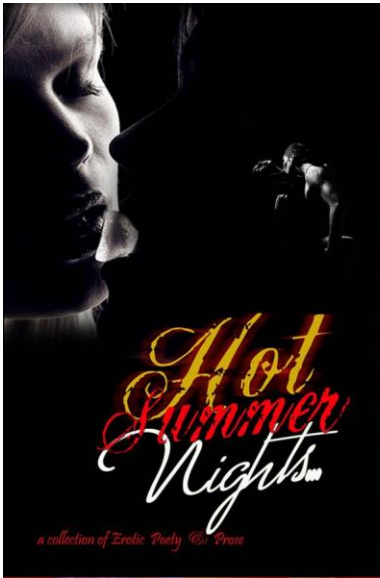
A GATHERING OF WORDS



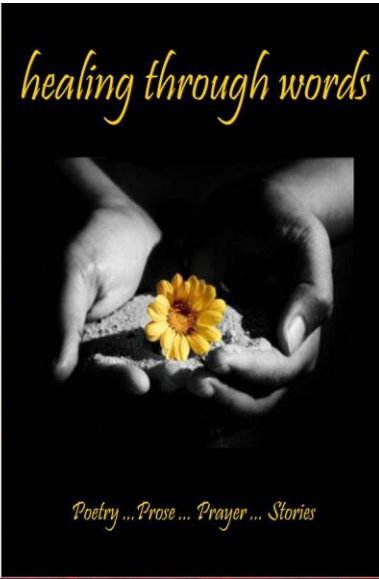
POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN



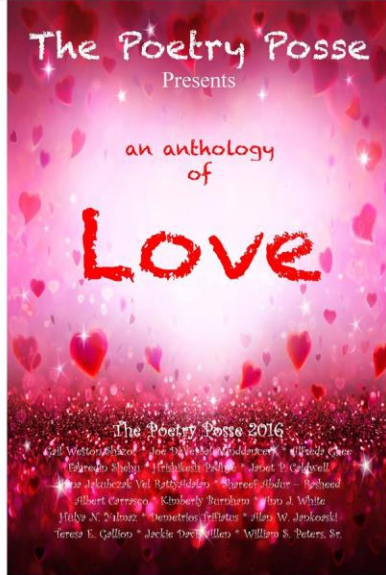
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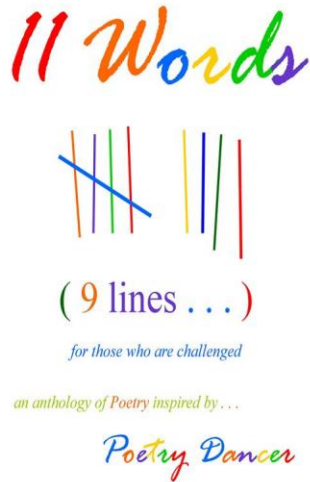
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a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition



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The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature
Terri L. Johnson

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our February Features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

the Year of the Poet

March 2014



daffodil

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our March Featured Poets
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our April Featured Poets
Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the year of the poet
May 2014

May's Featured Poets
ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton



Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor
Robert Gibbons
Neevy Wal
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet
June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets
Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor
Robert Gibbons
Neevy Wal
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet
July 2014

July Feature Poets
Christiana A.V. Williams
Dr. John R. Struim
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor
Robert Gibbons
Neevy Wal
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month

The Year of the Poet
August 2014

Gladiolus

August Feature Poets
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Mindanor
Robert Gibbons
Neevy Wal
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Garden of September Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit's Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindasnor • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit's Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindasnor • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSandra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit's Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindasnor • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poet's Pass

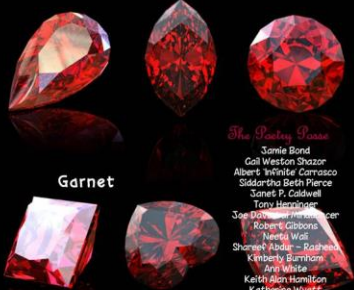
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert Ivrit's Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Bonefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindasnor
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wolf
Sharveel Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPoetry • Santos Galin • Justin Blake

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THE YEAR OF THE POET III
January 2015



Garnet

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

January Feature Poets
Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET II
February 2015



Amethyst

THE POETRY POSSE
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shelu
Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
Jackie Allen
William S. Peters, Sr.

FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS
Iram Fatima * Bob McNeil * Kerstin Centervall

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our Featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac

Diamonds



The Poetry Posse 2015

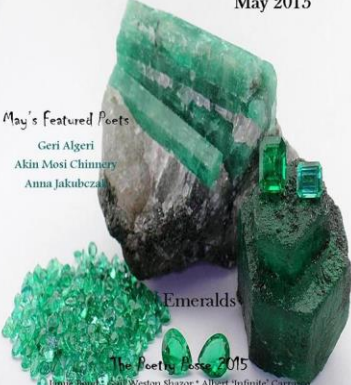
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion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

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The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets
Geri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chimney
Anna Jakubczak



Emeralds

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

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




Pearl

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

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



Rubies

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Peridot


Featured Poets
Gayle Howell
Ann Chaliasz
Christopher Schultz



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

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The Year of the Poet II
 September 2013
 Featured Poets
 Alfreda Ghee * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

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


The Year of the Poet II
 October 2015
 Featured Poets
 Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington



Opal

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


The Year of the Poet II
 November 2015
 Featured Poets
 Alan W. Jankowski
 Bismay Mohanty
 James Moore



Topaz

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

The Year of the Poet II
 December 2015
 Featured Poets
 Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet III January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

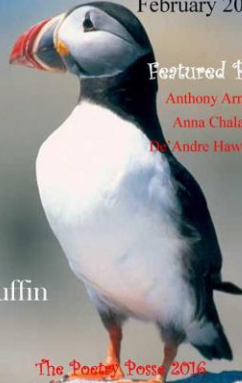
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Alana J. White
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DaVerbal Mindbender * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Keith Allen Jemillion
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold
Anna Chalas
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

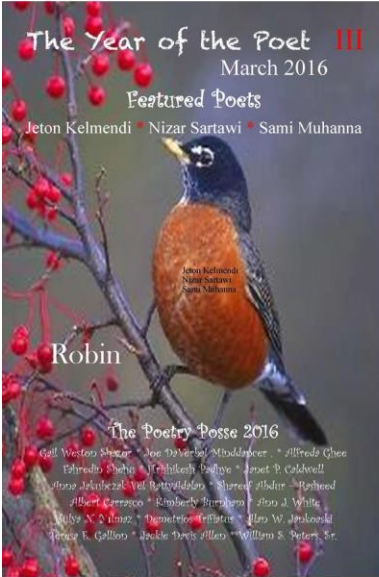
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Mindbender * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna



Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Mindbender * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei
Anna Chalas
Agim Vinca
Ceri Naz



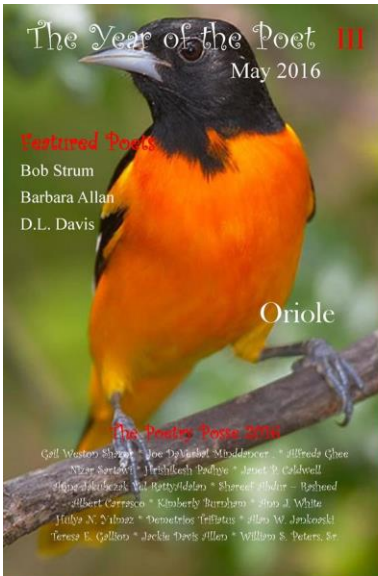
Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Mindbender * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies



The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets
Bob Strum
Barbara Allan
D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzuz Sartawi * Hershkesh Badwe * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldair - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

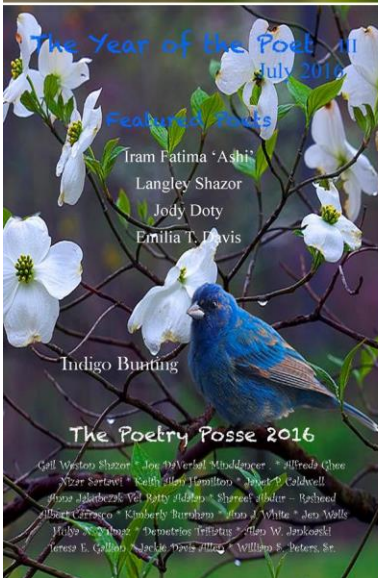


The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets
Qibrije Demiri- Frangu
Naime Beqiraj
Faleeha Hassan
Bedri Zyberaj

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzuz Sartawi * Hershkesh Badwe * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldair - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

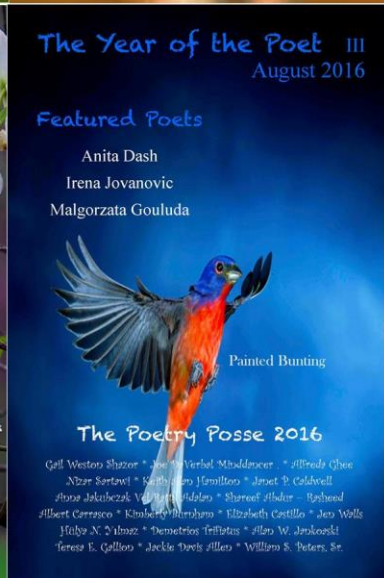


The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Langley Shazor
Jody Doty
Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzuz Sartawi * Kimberly Burdum * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldair - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White * Alan Wells
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets
Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda

Painted Bunting


The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzuz Sartawi * Kimberly Burdum * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldair - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo * Alan Wells
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novice



Long Billed Curlew

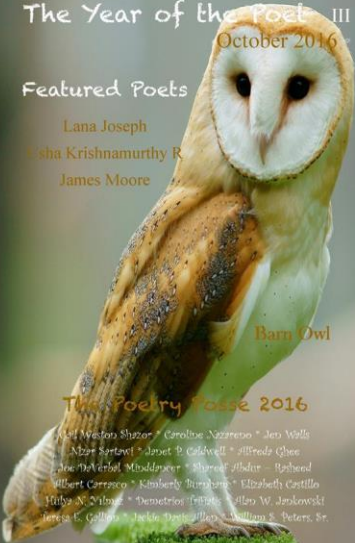
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharon Albur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph
Visha Krishnamurthy R
James Moore



Barn Owl


The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharon Albur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
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The Year of the Poet III
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns
Robin Ouzman Hislop
Lonnie Weeks-Badler



Northern Cardinal

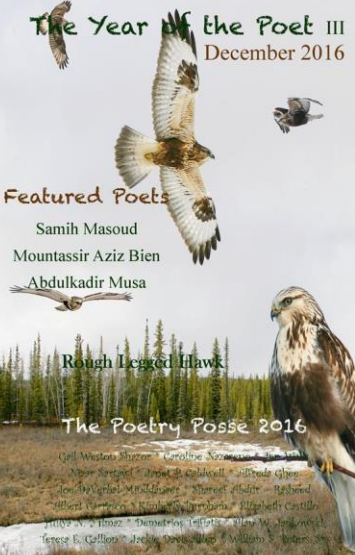
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Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
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Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud
Mountassir Aziz Bien
Abdulkadir Musa



Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

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Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharon Albur * Rashad
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Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

Featured Poets
Jon Winell
Stacie Shields
Iran Fatima Ashi

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Afonso Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalao * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Miodanscer * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Allen W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Doree Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017

Featured Poets
Lin Ross
Soukaina Falhi
Anwar Ghani

Witch Hazel

The Poetry Posse 2017
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Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Afonso Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalao * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Miodanscer * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Allen W. Janowski
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The Year of the Poet IV
March 2017

Featured Poets
Tremell Stevens
Francisca Ricinski
Jamil Abu Shah

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017
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Joe DeVerbal Miodanscer * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Jackie Doree Allen
Jeni Walls * Nizar Sertawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
April 2017

Featured Poets
Dr. Ruchida Barman
Nephtune Barman
Masoud Khalaf

The Blossoming Cherry

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
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Joe DeVerbal Miodanscer * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Jackie Doree Allen
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The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell
Alicja Maria Kuberska
Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #daltos
Joe DeVierbal #mbodanec * Shereef #bdair - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Jilisa N. D'ibozz * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis #llen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV June 2017



Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet
Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #daltos
Joe DeVierbal #mbodanec * Shereef #bdair - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Jilisa N. D'ibozz * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis #llen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV July 2017



Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma
Ibaa Ismail
Zvonko Taneski

The Oak Moon

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #daltos
Joe DeVierbal #mbodanec * Shereef #bdair - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Jilisa N. D'ibozz * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis #llen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino
Kitty Hsu
Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #daltos
Joe DeVierbal #mbodanec * Shereef #bdair - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Jilisa N. D'ibozz * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis #llen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017

Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberns
Ameer Nassir
Christine Fulco Neal
Robert Neal



The Elm Tree

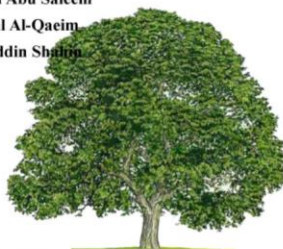
The Poetry Posse 2017

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Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV October 2017

Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shaban



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters
Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



The Tree of Life

The Poetry Posse 2017

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Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017

Featured Poets

Justice Clarke
Mariel M. Pabroa
Kiley Brown





The Fig Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
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<p style="text-align: center;">The Year of the Poet V January 2018</p> <p>Featured Poets Iyad Shamasnah Yasmeen Hamzeh Ali Abdolrezaei</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Aksum</p>  <p style="text-align: center;">The Poetry Posse 2018 Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Tezmin Ition Tsai Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Alicja Maria Kuberska * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">The Year of the Poet V February 2018</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Sabeen</p>  <p>Featured Poets Muhammad Azram Anna Szawracka Abhilipsa Kuanar Aanika Aery</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Poetry Posse 2018 Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Tezmin Ition Tsai Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Alicja Maria Kuberska * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.</p>
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The Year of the Poet V March 2018

 <p style="text-align: center;">Caribbean & Middle America</p>	<p>Featured Poets Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Cassandra Swan Jaleel Khazaal Shazia Zaman</p>
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The Poetry Posse 2018
Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion
Faleeha Hassan * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



April 2018 ~ Featured Poets



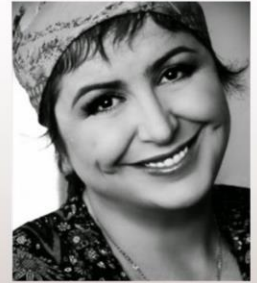
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