

# The Year of the Poet IV

August 2017

## Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino

Kitty Hsu

Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

## The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Rismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The  
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of the  
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**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Pose 2017*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

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hülya n. yılmaz

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**General Information**  
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**August 2017 Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

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WHAT WOULD  
**L**IFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
**P**OETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

*Janet P. Caldwell*



*Alan W. Jankowski*

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.*

# Foreword

Have you ever wondered what your soul's mission is? As poets and writers, we are the instruments and the “vessels” of the Divines’ unspoken words which should be bled on paper to be able to send His message to the world.

Is being a poet or a wordsmith a privilege or an obligation? I believe as poets of the world, it is our Divine Calling and a great responsibility. For every word our muse bleeds can affect the emotions and perspectives on life of our readers. Poetry is one of the mediums we can resort to if we want to be inspired, to be encouraged, and also can help heal hearts and souls. Can you now just realize how a great and noble responsibility it is to be a writer or poet? Let me further illustrate that in a quote: “Anyone can write but not everyone can create that crystalline moment which can make a heart skip a beat and dig deep into one’s soul.” – Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo.

With the advent of the advances in technology, we can now readily share our works to people across the globe and there should never be a reason not to be able to express ourselves well and spread good words and cheer especially to those souls who most need our words of encouragement.

My love affair with poetry began when I was still in grade school and from then on, it had been my “escape”, my companion during lonesome times, during times of strife and cheer. From a very young age, I must say I already knew in my innocent heart what would be my destiny. I feel very blessed to have been gifted with people whom I consider as my Soul Family- one of which is Inner Child.

Through the years, that I have been part of the Inner Child Family, I caught myself consciously evolving- not just in my writing but in discovering my Ultimate Calling which led me to embrace my Higher Self. As I always say, I am forever grateful to my Inner Child Family which made my journey as a writer/poet truly enriching and liberating.

August is a special month for me, being my birthday month so it's not a coincidence that I'm the one designated to write the Foreword of the August 2017 Issue of The Year of the Poet. I believe there are no mere coincidences and accidents in life- everything has a Definite Purpose.

This month's issue of The Year of the Poet will still be another enticing, exciting, and explicit showcase of soulful poetry from the wonderful and talented Poetry Posse Family along with the masterpieces of all our Featured Poets.

Let me end this with another quote I composed:  
“My poetry is written in the shadow of trees,  
embraced by the moonlit night, witnessed by the  
blooming flowers by the valley; perfected by time  
as they will be passed on and spoken of both  
lovers, of seekers like me, and those who believe  
in One True Destiny.” – Elizabeth Esguerra  
Castillo

Love, light, and blessings dear readers, friends and  
supporters of The Year of the Poet!

**Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo**  
Contemporary Author/Poet/A Positive Inspiration



*Now Available*

[www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php)

# Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Well, here we are, August, the middle of our summer vacation / season. It always seems to end too soon. Such is life, year in, year out. Soon, for those of us who have children, we will be shopping for school supplies, clothing and or uniforms in preparing for the new academic year and fall semester.

Our mission here in this effort, *The Year of the Poet*, is to seek to bring communities closer together by creating familiarity amongst us all, This should be the focus on our humanity, regardless our persuasion, Spiritually, Intellectually or Physically. A good place to start is right here amongst *we the poets* ! This *mindset* in time will affect others, beginning with our readership, and be then passively passed along through our interactions with others.

This month's featured global poets this month are Jonathan Aquino of the Philippines, Kitty Hsu of Taiwan and Langley Shazor of the USA. I am sure you will enjoy their poetic offerings

We ask you to share the *Light*.

*Building Cultural Bridges*

Bless Up

*Bill*

PS

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

Available here

[www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com)

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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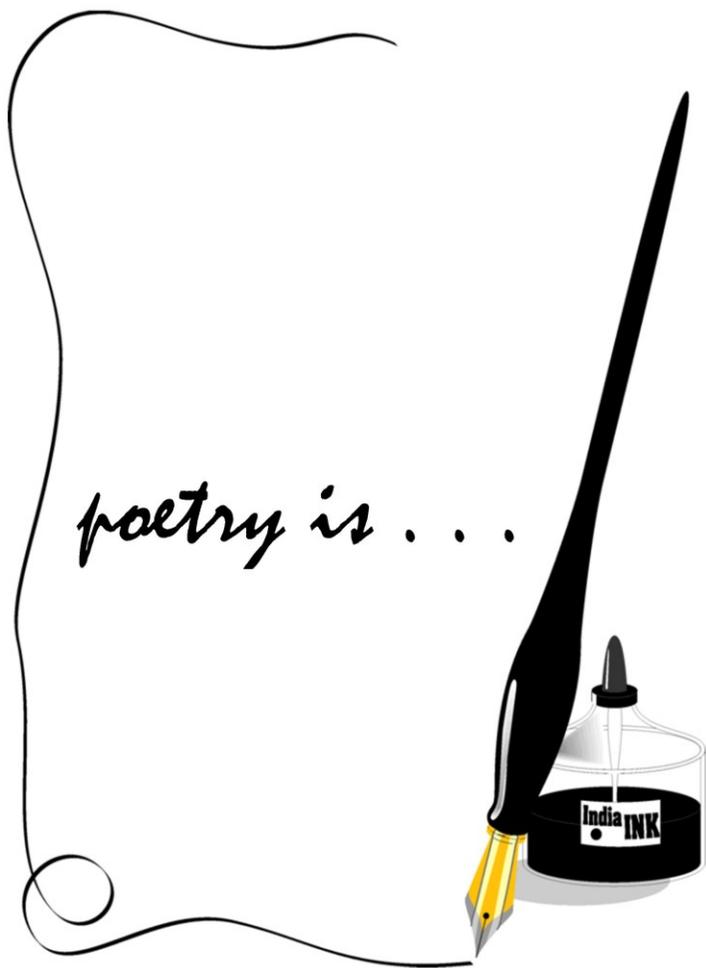
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has 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





# The Hazelnut Tree



**Hazelnut** is the nut of the hazel and therefore, includes any of the nuts deriving from species of the genus *Corylus*, especially the nuts of the species *Corylus avellana*. It also is known as **cobnut** or **filbert nut** according to species.<sup>[1]</sup> A cob is roughly spherical to oval, about 15–25 mm (0.59–0.98 in) long and 10–15 mm (0.39–0.59 in) in diameter, with an outer fibrous husk surrounding a smooth shell. A filbert is more elongated, being about twice as long as its diameter. The nut falls out of the husk when ripe, about 7 to

8 months after pollination. The kernel of the seed is edible and used raw or roasted, or ground into a paste. The seed has a thin, dark brown skin, which sometimes is removed before cooking.

Hazelnuts are used in confectionery to make praline, and also used in combination with chocolate for chocolate truffles and products such as Nutella and Frangelico liqueur. Hazelnut oil, pressed from hazelnuts, is strongly flavoured and used as a cooking oil. Turkey is the world's largest producer of hazelnuts.

Hazelnuts are rich in protein, monounsaturated fat, vitamin E, manganese, and numerous other essential nutrients.

The many cultivars of the hazel include 'Atababa', 'Barcelona', 'Butler', 'Casina', 'Clark', 'Cosford', 'Daviana', 'Delle Langhe', 'England', 'Ennis', 'Fillbert', 'Halls Giant', 'Jemtegaard', 'Kent Cob', 'Lewis', 'Tokolyi', 'Tonda Gentile', 'Tonda di Giffoni', 'Tonda Romana', 'Wanliss Pride', and 'Willamette'. Some of these are grown for specific qualities of the nut, including large nut size and early- and late-fruited cultivars, whereas others are grown as pollinators. The majority of commercial hazelnuts are propagated from root sprouts. Some cultivars are of hybrid origin between common hazel and filbert. One cultivar grown in Washington, the 'DuChilly', has an elongated appearance, a thinner and less bitter skin, and a distinctly sweeter flavor than other varieties.

The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III

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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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  
available at Inner Child Press.

[www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)  
[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)  
[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## Knowledge

Laying open palms  
They trace the lines  
At the joinings  
Blessing the ungrown spaces  
Waiting to be filled  
With the prayers of ancestors  
The wisdom of caresses  
Soothes the soul  
That has not yet  
Come into knowing  
The lessons felt  
All too well in bones  
Stretched and fashioned  
Into that which spells  
The path to be trod  
As female, girl, woman  
Fingers spread the wisdom  
In anointing circles  
And there is no end to learning  
How to soothe the necessary  
Of every situation  
Into that which is passed  
From old to new  
Uniquely  
All women know  
It is only a matter of method  
In how knowledge is passed  
It is a matter of love  
That it is

## Kinpath

The words run round me  
sibilantly honey smooth  
Colors collide coquettishly  
In this side of the diaspora  
We long for villages everywhere  
for brightly painted cloths  
And the long sound wanting  
Of a people waiting  
It's true that some were lost  
before others  
And boll replaced the cane  
By the water's edge

Stories that are colored  
bear passing on and across  
It is this one and the sameness  
of oceans, rivers, waterfalls  
that bear witness  
To a forged passage  
of colonolistic lives  
Ones that have never  
Born the fruit of content

Their words run round mine  
and I give them  
the ones that I learned  
under the same hot sun  
of our stolen parents  
and i smile at our similarities  
of a rustic life  
and while we think  
that we are very different

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these shared memories  
make us kin

I do not like okra  
In the callilou  
So I politely decline  
When it is offered  
I do not like okra  
in the gumbo  
So I politely decline  
When it is offered

I love to hear you speak to me  
So keep talking

## aint nobody worryin

There is something distinct  
About the smells of the kitchen  
Savory or sweet  
Each memory has its own taste  
A pinch of salt, a pinch of cheek  
Smiles often come wrapped  
In dishtowels and oven mitts  
Walking through the neighborhood  
You can tell which momma is home  
By the scent of garlic and onions  
Or cinnamon and sugar  
Allspiced rising to greet  
Your nose above the clatter  
Of the cars moving along the road  
And despite your quickness  
You can't keep up with the daylight  
That calls you inside to eat  
Just a little something  
Straight from the pot  
Sipping on the stirring spoon

After leaving your shoes at the door  
Your purse on the chair  
Careful not to let it fall  
On the floor  
Because you don't want to be broke  
As the old mothers tell you  
And you are comforted  
In this warm place  
This safe room of creation  
In the center  
The hub

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

The womb of this house  
And after having taken care of  
Everyone else all day  
After having to be black all day  
To have risen early  
To plait hair and fix breakfast  
You close your eyes against  
The rough palm of a mother's hand  
Easing your fallen hair back into place

*Bismay  
Mohanty*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

It took as long as decade for him to come to the forefront in the poetic world. An engineering student, a poet, a blogger, that's all Bismay Mohanty is about. Even though currently graduating in Computer Science and Engineering he aims to be the most beloved poet of the world. His works magically connect natural sceneries with romance, society, human tendencies and give rise to a sea of literary beauty. He loves to narrate his expressions and learning, therefore actively participates in literature sessions. All his dreams came true when he was nominated as a feature in YOTP by Inner Child Press.

He dreams to establish media to encourage writers and poets worldwide. Also, he aims his poems reach people all over the globe.

He can be mailed at [bismaymohanty.97@gmail.com](mailto:bismaymohanty.97@gmail.com)

## Discovering you

As the clouds float up in the sky so high  
Blushes away from me a girl so shy  
That every day would have been a dream  
A prince comes to wake you up and I would be him  
To make the sun spare you from scorching light  
I would wake up and toil all day all night  
My journey of life is colored with embellishment  
The uncountable dreams aren't colossal  
But a small fragment to be lived in amazement  
To be amazed and live amazing  
Has come as a way to live a life salvage  
Billion expressions of my words for you made  
Every line in your love is an adage.  
Discovering you turned life into a love spree  
Discovering you has helped discovering me.

## Separated

Behest the heart  
Even when we are far apart  
My world longs to clash with yours  
Never seen my eyes so wondrous  
My love for you such fabulous

I loaf wondering your huge home  
Seeking your sight in the balcony above  
Fail to get you sometimes  
Still I hallucinate as if you look to me  
The unscathed memories with you I see

No one over me ever had become omnipotent  
Meeting you owes its aftermath to my mutant  
Now that you reign over me,  
My mind, my body and my soul  
I provide no hindrance to conquer it all.

## Solitude

My present disposition dearth hue  
A feeling constantly impales through  
The solitude is what I curse  
On endless roads, I want to rush.  
Loneliness has many a times given bliss  
But right now, I want to end this.  
Thirst for company is made lusty  
Innovations have all become musty.  
A deadening mindset prevails  
As if search for humans fail.  
Prohibit me from being utter lone  
Let these days be easily gone.

*Lackie*

*Davis*

*Allen*

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## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline 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 college.

Graduating from what is now Radford University, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education, she taught in both public and private schools.

Residing in northern Virginia, she revels in spending time with her husband in their get away home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent in Appalachia.

A lover of hats, she has worn many. Following her 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 with books, always seeking to learn more.

In 2015 she authored her first book, a collection of writings penned over the past decade. Well received by family and friends, both near and far, her book, "Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art is available from her website [jackiedavisallen.com](http://jackiedavisallen.com) or from [innerchildpress.com](http://innerchildpress.com)

## Summer Exhibition

The lovely ladies are attracting attention,  
Wandering, as they do, through my garden.  
Sweetly perfumed and radiantly adorned  
Gowned in royalty~ red, gold, purple  
And white. Accessorized with emerging  
Emerald green, it is a sight to be seen.

On top of the whitewashed picket-fence  
A spectrum of colorful songbirds perch.  
Are they resting, or are they thinking  
Of searching for something to drink?

Fierce blazes the sun, it ignites the way  
The ladies twirl, they swaying in step  
With stirring tunes, the music of which  
Turbulent winds speed up the dance.  
Shadows give way to puffs of white and gray~  
Inspiration for clouds releasing their angst?

Fleeing the downpour, birds seeking refuge  
Rest in cozy nests in and amongst the trees  
The earth is ever joyful, the weeping sky  
Agrees with the gentle summer breeze.

Peaceful and quieted is the night, for now  
The storm has passed. The time has come  
For the lovely one, in virginal vining-white, she  
Twining the rickety garden fence. Blooming  
Beneath the celestial orb, she proudly keeps  
Watch over summer's sleeping exhibition.

## A Turn in the Road

Walking by your home, the lights no longer on;  
I think of you, the two of us, moments of intimacy.

Forever, I think, they will be a part of my heart.

The nights are dark and long, and still, your home  
I pass by, hoping to see your car in the driveway.

My mind revisits, too, the things we used to do.

Moments spent cuddling, dancing, talking, loving~  
Resurfacing fondly, they dissipate into the mist of loss.

For months I've heard nothing from you.

Was there something that I said or did,? Or didn't do?  
Should I pick up the phone and call you?

## Pretty Please

The verdant trees were acquiescing,  
Bending down to their naked knees;  
The storm was raging ferociously, just  
Any old way it pleased.

Torrents of rain dripped, dripping drops,  
Steadily streaming down, drenching wet,  
Sparing neither his prayers or his fears.  
Nor the evening's nightgown.

Convicted, trembling, he shuddered  
To think how the stain on their relationship  
Had rendered him a pauper. The price  
He was paying gained him nothing but loss.

It was his conscious that was accusing him.  
He had apologized. Still, he felt a great need  
To compensate in some tangible way~  
For his blundering insensitivity.

Like a gentle breeze, the spirit of forgiveness  
Swept across the morning; and tiptoeing  
Into the room, his lady love placed a kiss  
On his cheek. And embracing him, said,

“Won't you smile, pretty please?”

*Albert*  
*Carrasco*

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## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non-ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong < > right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men < > life.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

## Dig deep

If I dig too deep it'll be self incrimination so I keep these underground verses above the surface to avoid any sort of investigation. Yeah I talk about guns, crack and dope because I retired and lived longer than the statue of limitations. I'm using experience as education to lower the high rate of indictments for months of directs and observations. My run in the slums was viewed in the lime light, now I roll in the darkness to keep out of sight. Living history in this game is rare, infinite is an art of facts. The hood and archeologist dig me. Never sold weight, had tumblers for them keys, never went out of town, for what, ot stacks was made easily in NYC, vials to slabs to straight chips of cookies to feed pookies. One's, fives and tens all went to my shorty, when balln count'n them is annoy'n, before the money machine the math for twenties, fifties and hundreds was done on residue triple beams to break points off with the team. The crew is thick, jetted from the bricks to 145 for Willie burgers and half and halves, body'n the strip, godfather blazn while fingers and them shined foreign whips. watches and bracelets on arms, necks with Cubans holding diamonds, sigs, berettas and rugers, we was so gone, above dons, we all blow it with hazards blinkn in one motion back to pelan, bosses and gunners disappear while everyone else plays position, ya know infamous living in the slums.

## Rebellion and revenge

I'm going to break the cycle, that was my mentality, because I'm a minority I'm supposed to live in poverty?, na, I'm breakn the chains for my family. At the moment I knew I'll let a lot of people down but in the long run I'll be idolized. Somebody gave me a shot, I color advertised, prison nor near death experiences removed the dollar signs in my eyes, I was beyond the point of no return, the next to blow, it was my turn, made a Millie by the bitty as the team burned a box of fifty five daily. I was far from financial freedom because of all the trials and other hustler tribulations. Bails and lawyers had to be paid, had to get new doors and locks after raids, chip in's for headstones when the game fucked us and someone got eternally laid. Drugs and guns were a deadly mix while brewing destruction, there was no direction so my revenge for so much loss is directing Suns from the slums. I'm throwing ink on the facade, yeah you can make tons of money but 99% go with God, that one percent is split fifty fifty for men in the yard and the lucky ones still out here with me... Are you prepared for those odds?

## #Infinitethepoet

I'm from days of holes in the walls from the days of crack and heroin wars, kg nines, Mac tens, elevens, three eighty ppk's, nikkas will let shit fly just to see if you return the gunplay. Stamps and colors, New York blocks and upstate towns, ring leaders with no clowns, bloody sheets on gurneys from blood drench gowns, dudes are letting off full clips and Vic's are gettn hit with every round. Da seven one eight the home of one eight sevens, CHP, home base to misdemeanors that grew into felons because of gettn caught with bundles, packs and heaters over and over, two twenty, attempts and murder, bail money, bond property, head of class retainers, ya know significantly more wins than loss lawyers, Kept the best of the best sketch artist and investigators to unravel lies made by c ciphers, they tried and tried but buildn a case against me was hard, I stood on my job, the only one that'll judge me is God, I prayed for my blasphemy, please forgive my sins and continue to protect me, all I knew was hard. It was an ill reality chasn the fantasy, I'm walking over near OD bodies in crack houses and shootn galleries lookn for my homies, I married the streets for rich or poor, in bad times I showed my loyalty, through good times I stood in the cut tryn to solve the algorithm of the next tragedy.

*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . .  
is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties  
were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his  
own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for  
love. He became the observer, charting life's path.  
Taking note of the why, people do what they do.  
His writings oft times strike a cord with the  
dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined  
bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal  
or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way  
that stimulate the senses.

<https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer>

## A NICE DAY

So long I've whispered and mentally spoke  
so often I'd choke on my hopes  
I've painted my thoughts through various media  
I've talked to myself never seeing you

From a phone call to a wedding ball  
a chance meeting gave me my all  
I fell into what I've fell out of  
Never doubting love

Smiling from ear to ear  
No more grinning here  
I'm humming tunes from the sound of music  
I'm treating this love as exclusive

Elusive no more freeing locked doors  
So much to explore  
Love is in abundance  
Ah the sweet taste of oneness

And we are not done yet  
Every obstacle is a joy to climb  
When you're free of clinging vines  
But cling to me this time

The way we intertwine  
That's divine intervention on extension  
Not to mention distant division  
Love made the decision

We complied

## IT'S ORGANIC

Somehow the petals of a rose makes me sense its texture  
The rays of the sun caught in time  
Streaks of light etch the ground  
A shard of glass reborn as a charm  
Discarded sticks from treats morphed to hold them all

Thoughts in sync  
Experience becomes one  
My water taste sweet

I'm on a cleaning spree  
I'm remembering me  
Two I's are becoming we

Moonlight symphonies  
Have you ever heard a star?  
Coffee grounds speak to me  
Cinnamon triggers memories  
I taste the clouds so sensually

Love lives in every ounce of matter  
Lives matter  
There is no formula  
Love forms us all

## PEACE THROUGH WORDS

We ride with pride from every corner of the world  
Shared thoughts of unity in every community  
Oh you gotta love it  
A posse with a clear purpose  
Spreading love be it text or cursive  
Once a month in a love observance  
We write to fight social injustice  
Spread the word about oneness  
It takes only love to fund this  
But fun this is  
Love is not a business  
Love is the business  
Sharing  
Caring  
Daring to be better  
We have our stormy weather but we weather the storm  
We wrote poems for the disenfranchised  
For the too often chastised  
We love what we do  
It doesn't cost to be true  
It cost to be blue  
Let us cheer you up  
Let us tear you up knowing we are the ones who care  
Love is bringing us together from everywhere

*Shareef*  
*Abdur*  
*Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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>

## DIVINE INTERVENTION!

may soon be descending on ungodly folk, rebellious  
nations  
living in haram relations, living for the next sin-sation  
oppressing their own souls not to mention creation  
ignore the truth if you want, but the truth won't ignore you!  
think you can perpetually rebel against divine decree  
without repercussions?  
consequences bout to be rushing to you and yours  
the subject of flushing, cleanse the earth of harmful  
mankind will be coming to you sooner than you think  
all your plots and plans will crash in the drink  
life flash by in a blink, just a stain on the radar screen  
laugh now, latter scream  
life just ain't a dream sweetheart  
rehearse the verse divine, read the sign  
typhoons, tornados, tsunamis, hurricanes, wild fires, heat  
going  
through the roof, water supply bout to die  
you need more proof?  
throughout time, history mankind's behavior been no  
mystery  
as well as emergence of warners from amongst them  
sent by the maker, creator, giver of and taker to be as a  
savior  
mercy bestowed as undeserved favor through time always  
at a time when mankind was at a low  
low on the spiritual flow, got caught out there in the come '  
n ' go  
lost the god fear so the warners came near with the message  
clear  
reminded all those far and near to make receiving Allah's  
pleasure

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their career

know that this world is temporary, always be-s that way  
till Allah(swt) takes it all away and judges the multitudes  
on

Judgement Day

now is such a time to remember when the earth and its  
inhabitants

are getting ready to get up out of here

as that judgement day draws near, signs clear

don't fall in love with this dunya over here, any second now  
you may

be leaving my dear

any minute now the earth inhabitants will disappear and  
ooooh sooo

clear the reason for being here will appear as the sorting out  
about to

be carried out

how will your outcome turn out?

food4thought = education

## mechanism...

outlined in a manual of instruction  
to avoid malfunction or total destruction  
working parts of machinery, systems determine achieving  
that which it was designed to do  
depends on proper use that requires knowledge of what to  
do  
how to do and what not to do so as not to abuse, misuse,  
cause damage that cause demise of ability to function as  
designed  
so it is with your body, spirit, mind created, designed soooo  
fine  
it would be a crime, reference: Which of the bounties of  
your lord  
will you deny?\*

to take a beautifully made design sublime and abuse,  
misuse  
choose to lose out on the reason you and i was brought  
about,  
created with perfect functions, mechanism because you  
decided to get caught in a schism that put your mechanism  
at risk  
can't we look at the picture and see something wrong with  
this?  
as in all machinery with mechanism, working parts we also  
came with a manual of instruction to refer to, adhere to,  
made clear so we can function in accordance with why we  
were put here in the first.  
read the book\*\* rehearse the verse, maintain maximum  
function without schism with the flow of effective  
mechanism

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peace/harmony/love are divine things of mercy from the  
king  
of kings, only he alone who sits on the lofty, heavenly  
throne

food4thought = education

\*Qur'an Majeed, Surat Ar-Rahman # 55

\*\* book = Qur'an Majeed, The book of Allah(swt)

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peace..,

don't come easy even when summer's breezy warmth  
squeeze me  
birds ' n ' bees intrigue me, all food for soul that feeds me  
but in the midst of it is evil elements lurk in shadows,  
lord only knows what evil flows from realms unknown  
waiting to pounce at the right time to spoil what peace  
derived  
from lord's mercy bestowed in the beauty that glows  
from array of creations we've come to know, though  
mankind's  
gratitude is slow as his attitude grows cold as the seconds,  
minutes come and go  
his arrogance shows  
so in the heat of summer's glow we all too often come to  
know  
mindless violence blows up peaceful silence  
such is the evil one's science designed to eradicate peace  
' n ' quiet, love, harmony, gives way to mayhem hummin' a  
evil hymn  
yes this is also what summer brings in  
such is modern civilization that has a penchant for  
self-annihilation what the hell is wrong with lord's  
humankind creation seemingly on the verge of massive  
purge?  
may the Lord have mercy. Ameen!

food4thought = education

*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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, acupressure, 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>

## Romeo and Juliet, African Style Conservation

Cheetahs fear huge dogs  
except one tiny cheetah cub all alone  
a woman rescues him  
when a man kills his mother

Romeo raised with Juliet  
an Anatolian Sheppard pup  
together like pack mates  
she lays her head on his back  
he playfully raises a black and yellow spotted paw

All grown up  
she barks at every cheetahs  
save for Romeo  
together they chase off the fear of extinction  
changing the space between  
the wild world and farms of Africa

The past is cheetahs killing cattle  
farmers killing cheetahs  
shooting these carnivores  
onto the endangered species' list

Today Anatolian sheppards  
raised with cattle claim the herd as family  
barking off cheetahs  
run - run 70 miles an hour away from this farm  
the huge dogs guarding the future

So all can live  
as happily as Romeo  
and his Juliet

## Hippo Baby A Day or Two Old

Look out on the water  
the wind whipping by  
feel the speed of the boat  
gaze at the distant spray of a waterfall

And suddenly there he is  
a hundred pound baby  
the size of a large dog  
miniature next to his mother  
petite pink ears twitching

Delighting people in passing boats  
who travel thousands of mile to see him  
in the Zambezi River  
for this moment a few days after his birth  
soon he will weigh tons  
grown on water plants and shoreline vegetation  
above the natural splendor of Victoria Falls

Today he is cute and tiny  
drawing awww from those who see him  
as he splashes up diamond rainbows  
then basks with egrets and water bucks

Forget not he is born wild  
territorial and aggressive  
responsible for more African deaths  
than lions and rhinos  
take pleasure and give respect

## Lioness Almost Tame

For now many generations  
lions see humans in jeeps  
roaring around the countryside

Tawny cubs playfully coming near  
taking their cues from momma  
the lioness watchfully relaxed

Humans taking delight  
hearing her before she is seen  
in the thrill of a short distance between  
a lioness calling for her pride  
appears out of the dense bush

Two old males rest after stuffing themselves  
on a water buffalo stuck in shallow watering hole mud  
and news of a pride of lionesses and cubs  
suddenly there in the grass

The guides talk excitedly  
last know locations exchanged  
a line of jeeps  
waiting turns a few at a time  
visit the lioness and her cubs  
as babies learn they have nothing to fear  
from humans in jeeps

Enchantment comes with responsibility  
to be that human  
protecting the environment  
for generations of cubs to come  
to be the one  
from whom there is  
nothing to fear

*Elizabeth*

*E.*

*Castillo*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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>

## Moonlight Chaser

Immaculate white sphere from above  
The Eternal Light illuminating the lonesome night  
I pay homage to your Herculean beauty,  
This madness for you cannot be equaled  
A self-confessed selenophile from the very start,  
Your grandeur has caught my delight.

The growling of wolves can be heard from a far  
As this haunting night casts a spell,  
Bewitching hour dawns at midnight  
As the moonlight chaser's shadow lurks from behind,  
You can hear the sound of splashing waves  
Reminiscent of the past love that shook your senses.

The moonlight chaser suddenly appeared from out of the blue  
As the velvety moon changes its color to a different hue,  
He danced with the white shadows enveloping his surroundings  
While cherubs and seraphims played an acoustic music in the Heavens,

Waiting for his ladylove to manifest under the moonlit night  
Wearing a peaceful countenance, knelt down and sang a soulful serenade.

The tide came rushing to the shoreline keeping his soul at bay  
While the night clouds are caressing the Moon, his sultry voice permeates the air,

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With the eerie wind chill, harps can be heard humming  
down the Earth  
Time takes to a halt as Angels descend from above,  
A blinding Light pierces the Sky with an Eternal Glow  
And it came to pass the Ladylove of the Moonlight chaser  
arrived at the Predestined Time.

## Silhouette

At a distant horizon my mind drifts away  
cascading shadows follow me everywhere  
even in my dreams where your silhouette haunts me  
your smile still lingers, those eyes that seem to tell me I  
should stay  
In the afterglow, I can still see traces of splendid moments  
we had  
Cut short by destiny as hearts kept distance with words  
which remained untold.  
Your sultry silhouette haunts my every breath  
Succumbing to love's call even if it will be against all odds  
There is something about the way you make this heart  
quiver  
Always bringing me back to you no matter how far I roam.  
That wicked silhouette framing a broken soul  
Pierced my deepest core the moment I had to let you go  
But only time and destiny can foretell if ever this yearning  
will lead me back to you once more...

## **The Purple Knight**

*In Memoriam of Prince*

Your music is an ode to a wondrous world  
Your rhythm echoes through the hearts of many  
Immortal lyrics still linger as your songs are being played  
on the air.

The Purple Knight, a legend you are,  
With a music style quite different from other artists  
You taught us how to embrace our true selves  
And continue to change the world with a memorable  
legacy.

The Purple Knight, the Prince of music,  
You will go down in history with your songs as pieces of  
inspiration  
Our Purple Knight who sings sweet melodies even in our  
dreams  
You left sparkles of magic in every verse you sang,  
And these will never be forgotten even as the years will  
pass us by  
The Purple Knight, you gave us great music, your  
masterpieces  
We thank you for the wonderful contribution to humanity.

The Purple Knight with purple hues spread over the  
horizon  
You are one great inspiration along with your melodious  
tones with the different rhythms of life  
The Purple Knight, you will be in our hearts and your songs  
will forever be remembered

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Generations will come and go but your name will be  
standing on a pedestal  
“Raspberry Beret” will be one of the last song syndromes I  
will be playing on my mind  
The immortal “Purple Rain” whispers a lullaby to my ears  
every now and then  
There will never be a farewell to your melodies, our Purple  
Knight.

Anna  
Jakubczak  
Vel Ratty  
Adalan

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. Polish poet, journalist and the main editor of e-Magazine *Horizon*. Student on journalism and social communication at the University in Szczecin. In free time author on the website

[www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com](http://www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com)

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. Her poems were included in a few American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2016” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House „Avenue U Publications” and She started to publish her poetry in the cycle "The Year of The Poet" since 2016. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styra University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

She’s interested in philosophy, literature, psychology, music, mass media. Her hobbies are: cooking, reading books, learning foreign languages, translating and traveling.

In 2013 she published her debut volume: „Ars Poetica”. At now she’s working on next books: volume “Conversation at night”, novel “Wind of hope”, collection of stories “Gates of subconscious” and fairytales “The squirrel’s stories from the old larch”.

## Delicate

*For Arsenie*

Do you remember the other night,  
there were no stars or moon.  
We preferred to go beyond paraphrase  
than dabble in Romanticism.

Silence betrayed more  
than the engraved line.  
You tried to hide the grief  
and I did try to understand the loss of the soul.

We touched with the fingertips the catharsis,  
do not separate from each other.  
I felt what it is the mark of eternity,  
and the desire

to write on one of the pages,  
just like (not) trivially:  
*you make I can smile every day,  
despite of the clouds.*

## For a stranger

*For Arsenie*

I dont know who you are  
and where you come from  
or when I meet your lips  
you remind me the fog  
just only for a moment  
and tomorrow  
unrecognized

although I can hear the steps  
and heart still urged  
can see what I just  
could see  
I dont understand

why you with seconds  
knock on my door  
a stranger

(I think) loved  
eternity  
humanity

with poen  
the stranger

## Dolce minore

*for Arsenie*

I will hide in a melody  
tapped on an old piano  
(will try to listen)  
maybe you will try to listen very close  
and found out in the dur-mol race.

I will hide in the melody  
dreaming to become a favorite  
in delicate adagio  
nature of the lioness is dormant

hide because music is life  
the lyrical accompaniment  
and ranges of love  
although it has two ends

after each crescendo  
time comes for a moment of delicato  
for a moment to re-awaken  
passion

sit down and play  
according the heartbeat  
close your eyes  
you are in your world

da capo al fine

*Nizar*

*Sartawi*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator and educator. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He holds a Bachelor's degree in English Literature from the University of Jordan, Amman, and a Master's degree in Human Resources Development from the University of Minnesota, the U.S. Sartawi is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, General Union of Arab Writers, and Asian-African Writers Union. He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, and Palestine, and Morocco.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His poetry translations into Arabic include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; *Searching for Bridges* (2013), poems by American poet Margaret Saine (2016) *The Talhamiya* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Nathalie Handal. His Arabic poetry translations into English include *Contemporary Jordanian Poets*, Volume I (2013); *The Eyes of the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015, 2016), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb; *Haifa and other Poems* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Samih Masaud; *The Pearls of a Grief* (2016), poems by Lebanese poet Abdulkarim Baalbaki. He has also been working for the last four years on a translation project, Arab Contemporary Poets Series.

Sartawi's poems and translations have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Italy, the Philippines, and India.

## Braille and Bullets

Moving the oil lamp further  
away from the window  
she squats  
on the kitchen floor  
turns over the potato cubes  
in the greasy frying pan  
on the grimy brass primus stove  
she adds some salt  
and turns them over again

The four-year-old kid is still trotting  
from corner to corner  
dee dee... dee dee...  
urging his broomstick.

In the distance  
shouting  
and shooting...  
she looked at her child  
still trotting and shouting: dee dee...

She knew they were in town  
she knew they were coming  
and  
her sack was ready  
she turned the wick of the oil lamp down

A blind volley of bullets  
whizzed  
through the dilapidated window

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She subdued a scream  
looked around  
ran for the sack  
threw it on her shoulder  
grabbed the little kid by the waist  
ran out of the backdoor  
and disappeared in the dark

Back in the kitchen  
the brass primus stove was still  
roaring...  
the potato cubes  
cooking...  
the flame from the oil lamp  
flickering  
On the wall opposite the window  
the tale was chiseled  
in deep Braille alphabets

\* \* \* \*

## The Young Terrorist

A passer-by:

“A little corpse  
immersed  
in thick dark red  
covered with dirt”

A doctor:

“the right arm crushed to pieces  
A deep hole on the left side of the head  
a mass of brain checkered with blood”

A police report:

“A knife was found  
near the corpse  
with fingerprints... “

Who knows whose!

\* \* \* \*

## Hunger Strike

Hungry...!  
but you grow  
and day by day  
your dreams grow too  
you sing for the dawn  
and the dawn  
bestows on you  
glad tidings  
new risings

you sing for the clouds  
and the clouds wave to you  
with lightning, thunder  
and rain

Famished...!  
but your children grow  
The sun listens to their dreams  
and writes them down  
in his eternal records

\* \* \* \*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

*Len  
Walls*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

Jen Walls is an award-winning author/international poet/literary reviewer/critic; bringing soulful love inside joyful heart's radiance; pulsating us deeply inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first poetry collection, *The Tender Petals* released – November 2014, through inner child press, Ltd. USA. Her second book of co-authored poems, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combined to offer divine nature-inspired spiritual poetry released – November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive inside renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa, and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, from Writers International Network (WIN - Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia on May 27, 2016. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. with her loving family.

Contact Jen Walls:

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<https://www.facebook.com/jen.walls.7>

## LOVE'S HEARTBEATS

Listen to heart in a most holy song.  
Hear it singing long inside us  
touch into divine heartbeats.

Listen so deep, that we will pray quietly  
to begin to hear all love, if we are so kind  
and humble - flowing ever gently and discreet.

Listen to this awesome light, extending heights  
within love, indescribable and indestructible,  
gift love's peace – loving grace with Loving Beloved.

Let us quiet from desire - stilling the mind;  
devoting every all, we will come alive  
inside love's call, open forever - sharing great care.

Live only the truth of every moment  
devote action through Love's directing heart.  
We must respectfully walk further inside  
step upon the guided path - meet Divine's Love.

Lift freely within all, we will be so guided  
know devotional love that speaks.  
We will be ever fresh and new,  
burst within his true sacred lotus petals.

Open into his loving heart of bliss,  
give love's tenderness into full surrender.  
We will be every kindness that is forever true,  
pray to know love that's gentle, soft and sweet.

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Find Divine's pure breaths through devotion,  
cross over ocean - go past heart's liberation.  
We are to be forever - living love's heartbeats  
live-free as love's peace at Beloved's loving feet.

## DEEP-BLUE

Swim ocean currents  
arise in heart with soul's depth;  
flow water-flow rest

Calm with care - lift grace  
taste forever pure fresh air;  
seek love's face - breathe free

Find the bluest blue  
at sea grow turquoise wishes - shine peace;  
vibrate colorings

Cry wet tears from eyes  
let salt not lose its savor;  
release clouds - pour-through

Share heaven's blue-dew  
kiss skies with gentle rainbows;  
gift bliss of deep-blue

## OVER POUR

Over pour heart's room  
plant deep for bliss - ocean's seed;  
cross on mystic blooms

Bring eternal ray  
leave your feelings for this world;  
live all - nothing stays

Open where joy gives  
love into life - hear heart's call;  
care-quest onto peace

Rise free - make love's flight  
travel heart-song, day and night;  
fill and then empty

Expand soul's gifting  
flow with breaths - watch waves lifting;  
grow great heart and be

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*Hülya*

*n.*

*Yılmaz*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

A Penn State faculty in Humanities, published author, literary translator and freelance editor, hülya n. yılmaz started her formal writing career in the U.S. after joining the Nittany Valley Writers Network in Centre County, PA. Her poetry made its first public appearance in the OLLI Magazine, *Pastiche*. Dr. yılmaz' academic publications include an extensive research book on the literary relations between the West and the Islamic East, a chapter for a book of critical essays on Orhan Pamuk – the recipient of the 2006 Nobel Prize in Literature, and several treatises presented at national and international conferences.

Outside the academia, hülya has authored *Trance*, a book of poetry in Turkish, German and English, and co-authored another collection of poems, *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* with Demetrius Trifiatis, professor of Philosophy from Greece. She finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper self and writes creatively to attain and nourish it.

### Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

## fragments

outside the birth chamber  
skinny  
sickly  
a routine

at talking age  
basic vocabulary  
commendable mastery  
timely on the whole  
standard questions after all  
“Whom do you love more, your Mom or your Dad?”  
“What do you want to be when you grow up?”  
“Are you listening to your brother?”

*i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .*

secondary school  
the city bus  
a freak corners me  
in front of everybody  
rubs himself  
against my shocked body  
my school bag  
a quick shelter  
being clueless however  
i freak out  
once i make it home  
shrieking non-stop

*did i become a woman now?*

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“No, Sweetie! No!”

*i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .*

high school  
    ballet  
    modern dance  
    folk dance  
    co-ed disco trips  
    fun with other youth  
    well-behaving  
    forever dependable

“Your friends are good people, darling, but you must still be mindful about how you handle yourself. Trust your brother. He is going to have a talk with you. Listen to him carefully. He knows boys his age the best.”

*i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .*

amid college applications  
    saving it all for marriage  
    every step of the way

“You know, darling, those fields of study are not good career choices for a woman. Think about all the traveling you would be required to do. Our country is not ready to see women hold such professions. Besides, you should not have a career that might interfere with your future husband’s.”

*i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .*

nearing college graduation  
    two engagements  
    platonic relations only

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“You are now engaged to be married, darling. Men do not like ungroomed women. Your appointments are all set. Make sure to take care of all that body hair. Then there is the ‘thing’. You know that we have full trust in you. Wherever you are. Still, do not forget that men always want to be the first.”

*i will always be a good girl and make you all proud . . .*

marriage

no fault  
on his account  
a pure heart  
how does it go though?  
good-heartedness  
does not a woman’s love make  
losing the authentic self  
close to dying inside  
in fact  
dead  
in many ways

un-married

safe  
secure  
reserved demure  
through and through  
staying vacuum-packed . . .

## Once upon a Time,

there was once  
a five-same sized-car-wide parking space  
let us say the allowed space is  
five-same sized-car-wide

no-brainer, right?  
each driver parallels the other's car,  
staying inside the lines

the first driver arriving however  
takes up one-and-a half parking slot  
the second stretches over  
the next one-and-a half  
now, feeling also fully entitled  
the third cuts corners for the fourth;  
angry at time's poor timing,  
the fourth settles for the last stall

but wait!  
did this poem's opening line  
not just say  
that the allowed space  
WAS five-same sized-car-wide?

no-brainer, right?

well, think again!

## just a key

it was the family car  
the brother was to drive it  
mother and daughter  
adorned the back seats  
the father – a non-driver  
took the seat next to the son  
driving skills of the  
two beloved skirts  
guided them all  
in a self-imposed silence  
with no transmission key  
in any of the manicured hands

### INTERMISSION

the couple's car  
breathed far beyond  
its single-lung-capacity  
under the sole autonomy  
of its male passenger  
with no duplicate key in sight

after each ring went on  
to its own destiny

### INTERMISSION

a flat came first  
–a pretense-home  
a quaint house then  
begged to be owned  
euphoria beat its own record

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

a key landed thus  
in utterly bright cheer  
on the over-dusted veneer  
of the newly solo-dancing skirt

ecstasy doused itself  
in the spirit of the self  
and began to escort it  
to marvels yet unlived

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gassion*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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>**

## Repeat Performance

Her tears are the roses  
multiplying in love's garden.  
His primal howl seeks an embrace.

He cannot catch the wolf  
whose prayer for broken hearts  
serenade the moon.

Last night's ghost dreams chill hopes  
as demons invade his space.  
He wants to walk in her tears.

How to escape from dream's prison  
weighs heavy on his heart.  
Tears wash his face clean.

Compassion comes for him,  
lifts him in its arms and  
takes him to the garden of love.

## Pure Dive

Rocks masturbate hard against sand.  
Their pleasure shines with radiance  
against first light of morning.

The river flows in blended lyrics  
polishing stones with bliss  
as every frosty wave gurgles.

Her imagination runs wild downstream  
to catch magic moments as the river  
sings in staccato and touches

the next leg of innocence to caress.  
She cannot resist the urge  
to dive into pure elixir.

A rush to eternity to satisfy  
natural rhythms and tune the body  
to the divine touch.

## Moon Ring

The moon rises  
to light their evening  
and bless their sacred branch.

They have met this way  
for many years,  
beaks touching,  
a unified kiss of love.

Such bonds are never broken,  
protected by the inner light  
of God's universe.

Their song of gratitude  
is an ancient call  
to all love birds  
riding the winds of planet earth.

*Faleeha*

*Hassan*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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

Faleeha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

Her poems and her stories published in different American magazines Such as : Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum , Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaminmamas, The Galway Review, Words without Borders, TXTOBJX, intranslation, SJ .magazine, nondoc ,Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW , Courier-Post , I am not a silent poet, taosjournal, Inner Child Press , Press of Atlantic City.

d.fh88@yahoo.com

## If I was a poet

I would have sneaked to you  
From the pores of net  
I would have wrapped you in a prose poem that lacks in  
precision  
I laid you to sleep under the covers of my bed  
Quietly.

So if love was to engulf me  
And a longing rises from my soul  
I stretch the fingers of my hand towards you  
And I dabble with the words if the poem  
Letter by letter.

If I was truly a poet  
I would have limped to the God by now  
And sat by the foot of his throne  
And held on to it  
With both hands  
And whispered: you the greatest, grandest, most beautiful,  
most wonderful and capable,  
Create a lover just for me

I mean for me only

But I know  
That my prayer will not be answered  
Not because is it impossible  
But more than that really  
Since I have never known  
A man  
Who has never betrayed his lover.

## Lament

My city is the violated  
Streets torn by desires  
of the kingdom,  
Despite our numbers  
That surmount gold bullions  
In the prince's room,  
We fall as we walk  
While our sheikh\*  
- God save his soul -  
Thrived on our blood,  
He spread the skins  
To perform his prayers.

.....  
\*Sheikh: is a revered old man, an Islamic scholar, an elder  
or the Wiseman of a tribe.

## Let's 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.

*Translated by Dikra Ridha*

*Caroline*  
*Nazareno*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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 4<sup>th</sup> 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).

## Cœur de Ceri

want to write to your heart  
and will never be gone  
it will remain  
in you.

i want to be part of your heart  
and will never be gone  
it will live  
in you.

i want to be the heart of love  
and will never be gone  
it will be  
always you.

my love, my life

it is love  
to find you  
in the sunrise  
within your sunset,  
it is life  
when i breathe  
your air in mine  
every dawn  
of becoming,  
life of love  
and love of life.

yesterday, before the sunset

call it once, twice or even how many times  
of repeated mysteries  
in the premises of unmistakable truths  
wanting winner's wands  
to get inside fortune gates  
there are prompt approvals  
sometimes set to wait,

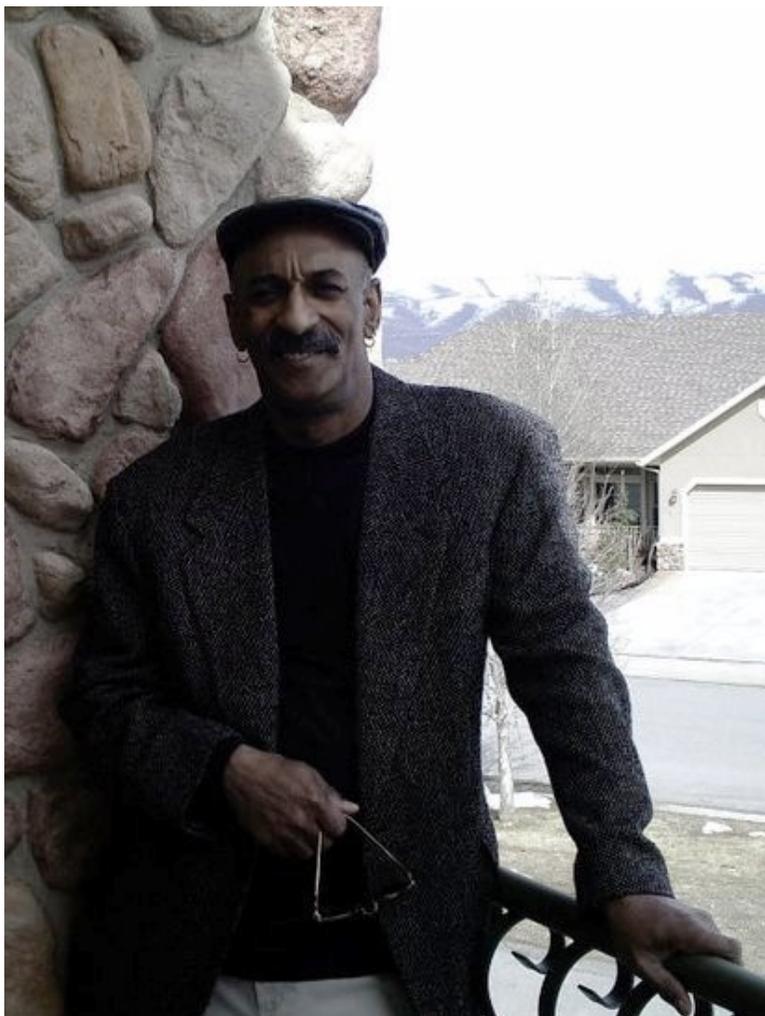
yesterday, i saw it clearer  
before the sunset  
how it flown to the chants of tasteless chords  
how it burnt the unwanted words  
how it went to the channels of adversities  
how was the brand new day  
is brought to bless like sunrise,  
the emergence  
of a new rose.

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site

[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

## Almost Blue

Sitting here  
Absorbing the ambiance  
Fire Flies dancing  
A rose wine  
And Chet Baker ....  
Almost Blue,  
But that can not be

The universe speaks softly  
To my soul  
And I am realized  
In this extended moment  
Where time has lost it's meaning

The companionship is  
Beyond any beautiful  
I can remember,  
For the past has past  
And the moment I call Now  
Has inebriated my senses  
And my sense

Here is where I am  
Dancing in the ambiance  
Shining my light  
As the Fire Flies  
Have taught me

## Consciousness

It was that time of day  
Again  
You know what I mean,  
When our 'Myself' awakens,  
Stretches  
And surveys its surroundings

Today I think She is a she,  
For she began to caress me  
In a way that aroused something,  
Yes something  
That needed attention

Being the challenged one that I am,  
I found it pertinent  
To be quiet,  
Observe,  
Listen,  
For I would surely miss something

I pulled out my pen,  
And began the frantic search  
For a suitable writing pad

Yes, I was taking notes,  
For I did not want to miss a thing

In the silence,  
There was noise  
In the stillness,  
There was movement

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In the confusion,  
There was clarity  
In the chaos,  
There was order,

But I could not make sense of it all  
For my empiracle consciousness  
Once again proved its feebleness

So I closed my eyes  
To the world,  
And in the darkness  
A light was borne,  
The music began to play,  
And my toes started to twitch,  
And a new rhythm was born

I saw the firmament above,  
And that below,  
And here I was stuck betwixt the two  
Resonating a duplicity of expression

I was the string upon the harp  
And She, my Muse played me,  
Struck me, plucked me  
And a melodic discordant symphony was born  
And I called it a poem

Consciousness

## within it all

many of us meander  
through our lives  
seeking purpose,  
and validation . . .  
here and there

not knowing who we are,  
or who we may become  
based on extrinsic values

we spurn our innate intuition  
to be accepted  
in the crowds  
who like us  
are seeking the same things

who is it that was taught  
that the greater of all things  
is within you . . .  
and has always been

you could not see God  
nor the miracles of life  
if you did not have your own eyes . . . .  
So LOOK

the treasure of all things  
lies within

it is the seed that defines the fruit  
and its promise  
of the sweetness  
yet to come

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it is the heart of man  
that casts away shadows  
that humanity may prosper

it is your God-ness  
within you  
that makes a way  
for the goodness  
we erect  
that all may enjoy

your inner thoughts  
dissects, dissuades and dissolves,  
the issues and challenges  
that life presents  
along your path  
that growth will come

these things are no secret,  
but somehow  
we have relegated our power  
to obscurity  
for we have deemed  
it is better to fit in  
to the pocket of misery  
with company  
than to stand alone  
in our own brilliance

# World Healing, World Peace 2018



[www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com)

## Submission Guidelines

1 Poem

Microsoft Word Attachment (**NO PDF's**)

12 pt. Times Roman

Titles Underlined

Single Spaced

Maximum 30 lines

Picture of Poet (no avatars or icons accepted)

Biography 50 words or less with maximum 2 Web Links

**Submit to :**

[worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com](mailto:worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com)

Submissions open from September 1st ~ December 31st, 2017

Publishing for International Poetry Month April 2018

[www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com)

Project Manager : Gail Weston Shazor

Underwritten by Inner Child Press

Opening for submissions  
September 1<sup>st</sup>, 2017

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August  
2017

Features

~ \* ~

Jonathan Aquino

Kitty Hsu

Langley Shazor

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

*Jonathan  
Aquino*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

Jonathan Aquino is the author of five books: *Fisherboy*, *A Celebration of Life*, *The Way To Inner Peace*, *A Child of A Lesser God* and *Why The World Needs Heroes*, all published by Smashwords. His poetry, stories, essays, and magazine articles have appeared in major publications. His radio plays have aired in DZRH. He lives in Cebu in the Philippines. His philosophy is summed up in Ralph Waldo Emerson's *On Self-Reliance*: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages."

## Reverie

I heard a song from yesterday,  
remembering someone who is far away  
as the moon smiled down upon me,  
tonight, lovers kiss and poets dream,  
sweet silence beside a golden stream,  
blessed sleep like soft leaves from a tree,  
amazing grace, everlasting love,  
faces from the past left behind,  
spirits rise from a sacred river,  
gentle sigh from the breath of forever,  
a lifted veil from the corner of my mind;  
Silent whispers in my memory  
brings peace and comfort to me.

## Journey Through Wastelands

### I

For too long I've been on this desert  
a young mariner on dry land  
a nomadic Bedouin in cactus land;  
Deceitful mirages have become my world.  
I long to soar with the eagles of Jove  
to be one with the eagles  
to be one with Jove.  
But this lot is that of Job  
the Old Testament pawn;  
suffering under the same twilight  
suffering under the same dawn.  
But the forces of the universe have not conspired  
to bury me in numbing ice  
or burn me with searing fire.  
I'm not the last nor the first  
destined for this path of agony  
that which drove the weak to perish  
achieving oblivion  
though their own actions.  
But still, listen to me,  
may their souls hear my words:  
an anvil is worth a thousand words.

### II

I have seen too much death;  
Will I live to see mine?  
Who will bear witness  
to the death of my mind,  
to the murder in my mind?  
Am I still alive? Or is my life  
like an afterimage of the sun,

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or like a vision of the blind?  
Angels are real we are told,  
and demons are midwives' songs--  
but I wonder. I don't want to grow old  
believing it's the other way around:  
that Satan rules the heavens  
and God is six feet underground.

III

Unspeakable tortures I have known,  
still I choose not to cry  
and I choose not to die.  
They can make the lifeforce flee  
compound to dust this mortal body  
and bless with ashes the indifferent sky  
summoning my spirit, like a skylark, free.  
Even with hoops of steel  
my soul the grave cannot steal;  
for Death is an old friend,  
like the flame within the spark  
like the silence within the dark.  
For the Grim Reaper I hold no fear  
He that took the ones I held dear;  
But still I remain, have immersed deeper  
into the illusions of this dimension,  
though I tried to break the chains,  
the tentacles of maya, the bonds of delusion;  
For I have become weary of the shadows,  
moving shades in the walls of the cave,  
dying to soar, like a convict nearing the gallows.

## Beginning Today

I.

Beginning today,  
I will start all over again;  
yesterday is a dream,  
today is a reality,  
and tomorrow is a vision;  
on this day,  
I'm letting go of the past  
and taking hold of the present  
in order to shape the future  
to what I want it to be

II.

Beginning today,  
I will rediscover  
and appreciate my uniqueness;  
there has never been anyone like me,  
in all of history,  
and there never will be;  
I am looking in my eyes,  
and for the first time,  
I am seeing who I am,  
I am getting re-acquainted with me,  
with my own inner self,  
and it's a wonderful feeling

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II.

Beginning today,  
I will conquer my emotions;  
I shall be the master of my fate  
and the captain of my soul;  
through alignment and serenity,  
I have achieved peace with myself  
and with the whole world around me

*Kitty*  
*Hsu*

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## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

Author HSU,Shih-Ting Master's degree graduate, Kaohsiung, Taiwan, graduated from Masters, majoring in art history and museum science, on weekdays in addition to the study of art history, but also for the poetry, prose and art criticism and other literary creation, published in the journals.

My pages areas follows:

<https://m.facebook.com/KittyHsu.us/?ref=bookmarks>

<https://m.facebook.com/hsting.arts?ref=bookmarks>

## Ripples

Seen living in the worl--  
why thought to be--  
blooming for anyone--

In the patches of waves--  
I stared at you in the sudden rain faraway--  
Dogweeds floating freely--  
In the quietly lonely universe--

Emerging above the waters--  
As she shedding tears in the green grass lake stirring the  
traces of ripples--  
In the morning densely waving--  
Spreading endlessly expending ripples--

## Fragments of Dream

What's your flight time lag and standard?  
Is it staying in the circle of the dream,  
Is it shuttling in Ithe steam horn?  
Or following the seagulls,  
Lingering between the roaring deep blue and green seas,

You, let me unable to catch the transition of the flight time  
lag  
Love, with its pan deep blue, light blue and grey white,  
It, because the fleeting time and tide shuttling  
Its setiments floating on the surface in the shallow waters  
The shy abd coy face timidly stirring smiling ripples  
Therefore, at last...I was smiling.....

## Sometimes

Sometimes, Love is like a nightmarish shadow,  
Wanting to love, and the love fails you,  
Wanting to hold it, it's too elusive to catch.

Sometimes, Love is like poppies,  
Sometimes floating so carefree,  
Sometimes it does away,  
Sometimes it gets drunk like playing a part in a drama.

I very much so feel like getting a drunk!  
Also wanting to see the nightmarish shadow in my dream,  
Let me forget about the impermanence in human lives,  
Let me be forgetful of it--  
Even in the episodes of a novel ,  
There's a sensational, everlasting love and ageless story,  
With an imaginative perfect definition still not found.

So what?  
Sometimes,  
I'm immersed in this state of paradoxical and controversial  
meaning--  
leaving only empty memories.

## Tinea or Ring-worm Hard to Treat

An Intractable it Unbeatable Tinea  
Please pardon me, OK?  
Even if God He is for us,  
Empowering us joy and happiness and thistles and thorns,  
Positive or negative numbers many if which add up to sum  
or not  
this original stone in the deep pit,  
Unable to show the crystal-clear and lustrous color like a  
morning dew drop,

Love is like this intractable, unbeatable ringworm  
Waiting for the meteoring stars to be falling down to the  
earth,  
There's a period of time or timeless.....

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*Langley*  
*Shazor*

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## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

Langley was raised in Bristol, VA; currently residing in Abingdon, VA, he is actively engaged in both communities. Serving as a board member of the Barter Theatre as well as other civic and legislative organizations, Langley is an advocate for performing arts, education, community involvement, and sustainable economic development. Before joining Bristol Virginia Public Schools, he worked as a process engineer, specializing in system automation, data mining, and platform development before moving on to operations and strategic planning. His hobbies are writing, film photography, and physical wellness training. He has a deep appreciation for culture, history, philosophy, science, and religions. An avid reader, he is passionate about learning all that he can and imparting that knowledge; breaking down stereotypes, creating social awareness, enlightenment, human rights, and helping those less fortunate are his life's quests. Langley has a particularly strong burden for empowering today's youth and encouraging their interests in the arts. A lover of all things antiquated, he is an avid typewriter collector, something that has only fueled his affinity for writing and encouraging others to write as well. Typewriters being his tool of choice for his craft, Langley has been able to bring a forgotten medium back to life and give it relevance in this, ever growing, digital world.

## Breathless

A needle in a haystack  
Attached to a thread  
At the end of a can  
Listen to the way it vibrates  
Those waves carry a frequency  
Few can detect  
Hold it close  
Let it whisper sweet nothings  
Tantalize your canals  
With gentle brooks  
Feeling it between toes  
Beneath blades of grass  
At the water's edge  
Carried away  
The breath of Zephyrus  
Sending Cupid's arrows off course  
How wonderfully enchanting  
Once in a lifetime  
Love

-Breathless-

**-May Flower-**

With mispronunciation  
Heritage and cultures  
Brought to the foreground  
These grounds  
With bare feet  
Unintelligible utterings  
Make communication difficult  
A resourceful people  
Keep it from an impossibility  
On wooden cruise ships  
Fleets of vessels  
Cart this carnival of “beasts”  
Shackled to masts  
To entertain the masses  
At the whim of the “massuhs”  
Masked Kings and Queens  
Dance to convey plans  
Emancipation routes  
Sever plantation roots  
Brave souls  
Brave unimaginable conditions  
To sow seeds of greatness

-May Flower-

## Worded Woodlands

I would imagine  
It being like lying down  
On a warm summer evening  
So close to the earth  
You can feel the vibration  
The sound that comes from all around  
It echoes through forests  
Bouncing off trees  
Trapped by leaves  
But always flowing  
Let it tickle your skin  
Feel it wisp  
Stand follicles on end  
It hums in your ears  
Sailing down your canal  
A gondola of symphonic splendor  
Passing by in pianissimo  
Lay for a while  
Listen  
Immerse yourself  
And allow the chirping of crickets  
The rustling of leaves  
To keep telling stories  
Conjuring epic tales  
With every sound they emit  
Welcome to my Wonderland  
I come here often  
Through the door of my wardrobe  
Spells cast  
And you are absorbed  
Compelled to witness  
All the greatness that happens  
In these hundred acre woods

*Inner Child Press*

*News*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

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*

*Albert Carrasco*

*Gail Weston Shazor*

*hülya n. yılmaz*

*Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno*

*Nizar Sartawi*

*Faleeha Hassan*

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*Coming this Summer*



**Jackie Davis Allen**

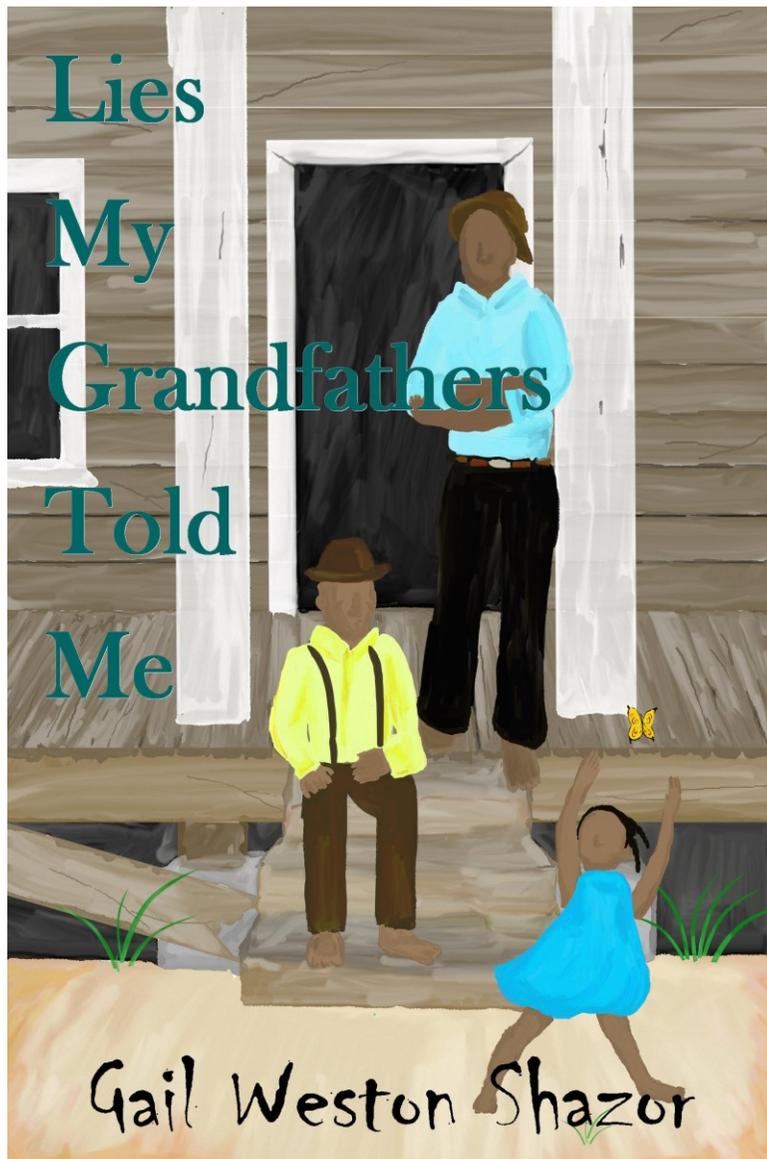
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*Coming this Fall*



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*Coming this Summer*



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*Coming this Summer*

# *Aflame*



*Memoirs in Verse*

*hülya n. yılmaz*

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*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# My Shadow

Nizar Sartawi

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

*Now Available at*  
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# Mass Graves



Faleeha Hassan

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ August 2017*

*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

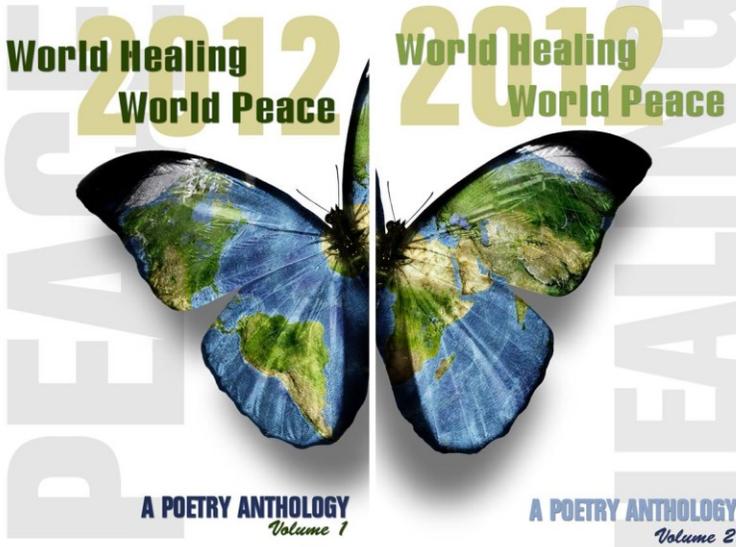
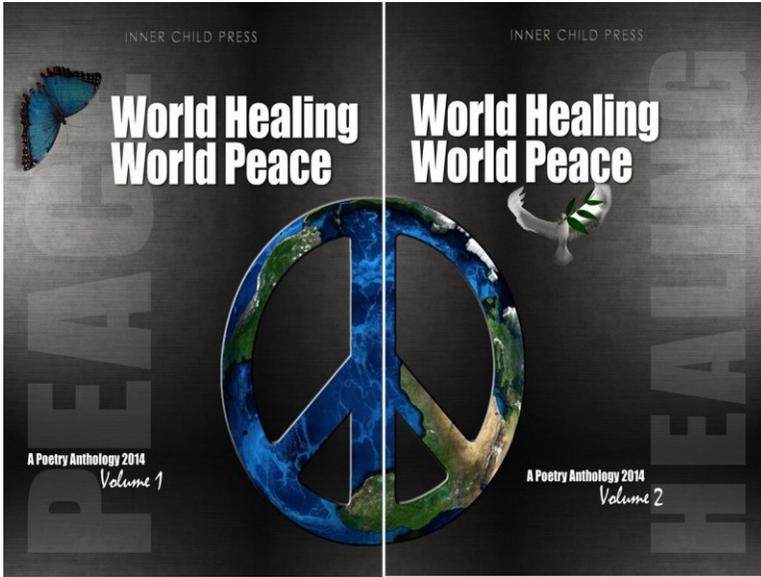
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



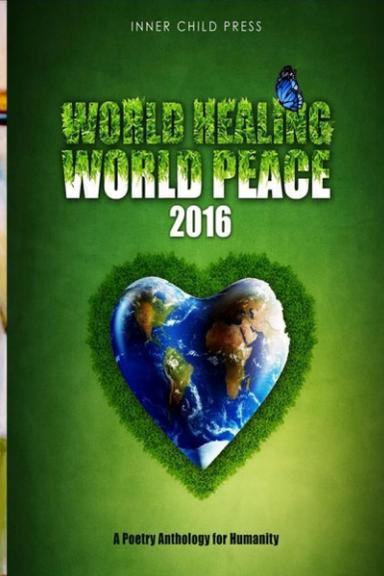
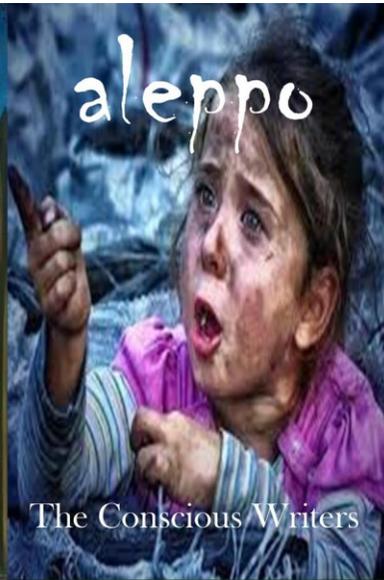
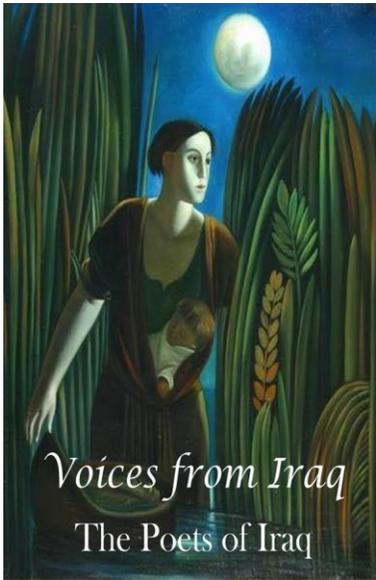
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[www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php)

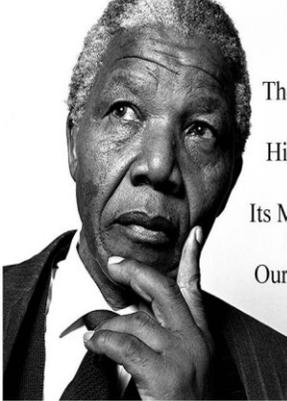
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*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



# Mandela



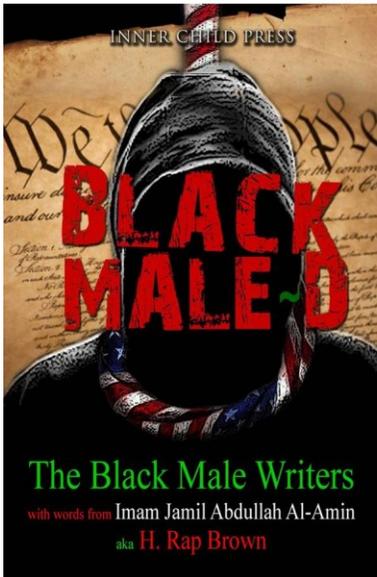
The Man  
His Life  
Its Meaning  
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories  
*The Anthological Writers*

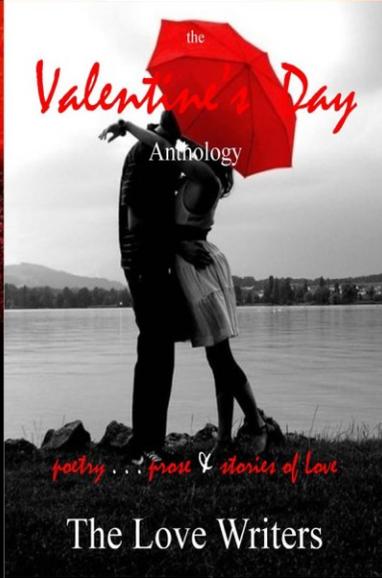
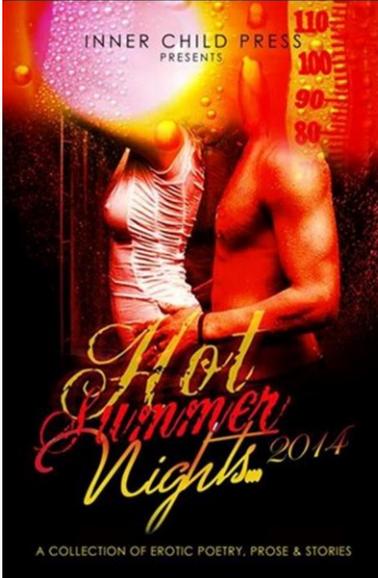
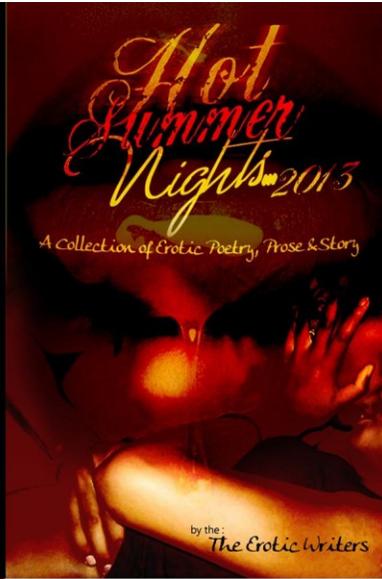
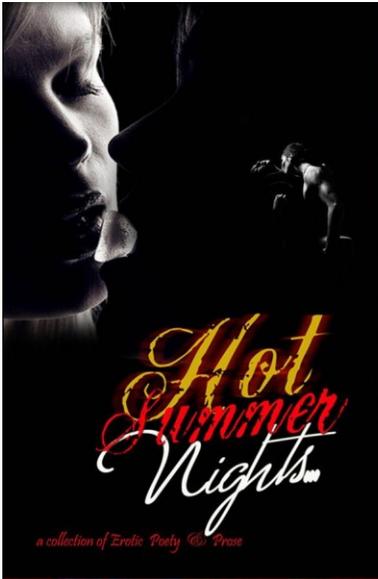
## A GATHERING OF WORDS



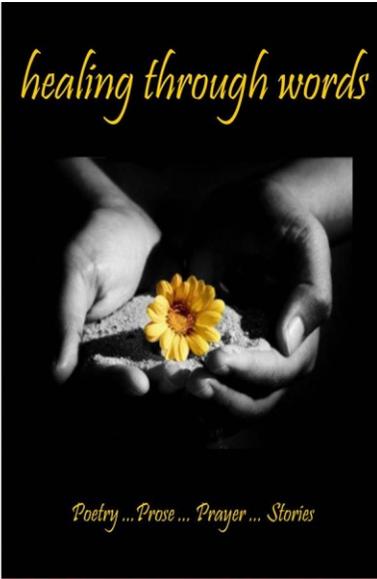
POETRY & COMMENTARY  
FOR  
**TRAYVON MARTIN**



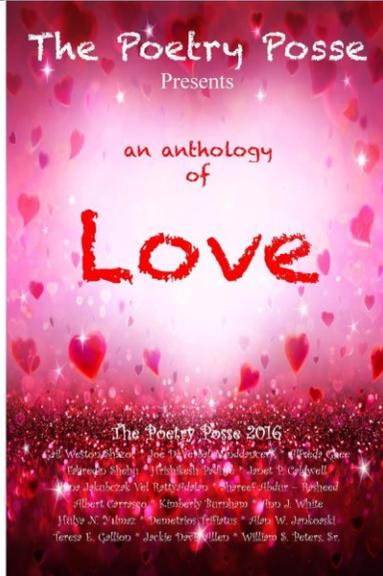
Inner Child Press Anthologies



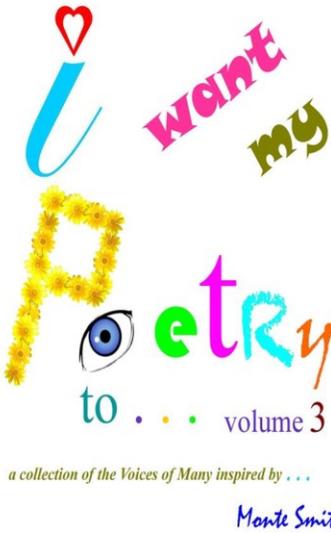
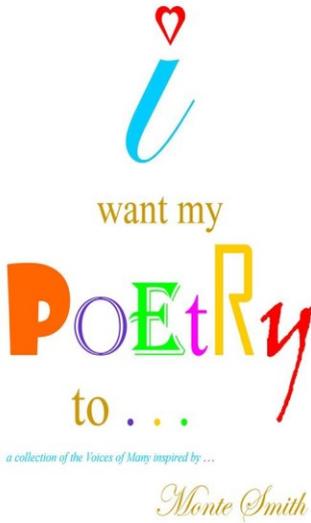
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a  
**Poetically  
 Spoken  
 Anthology**  
 volume I  
 Collector's Edition



Inner Child Press Anthologies



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## 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.

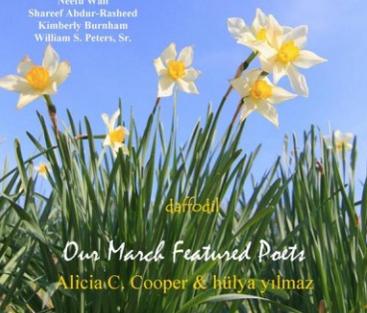
**Our February Features**  
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

## the Year of the Poet

March 2014

**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.



*daffodil*

**Our March Featured Poets**  
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

## the Year of the Poet

April 2014

**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.



*Sweet Pea*

**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'fink Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Mindanoer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nevita Wolf  
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'fink Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Mindanoer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nevita Wolf  
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'fink Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Mindanoer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nevita Wolf  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus  
Asian Flower of the Month

**The Year of the Poet**  
August 2014

*Gladiolus*

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'fink Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Mindanoer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nevita Wolf  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
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*August Feature Poets*  
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins

# 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 Poetly Poets*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intruder' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindandancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wadl • Shereef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



*The Poetly Poets*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intruder' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindandancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wadl • Shereef Abdul-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 Poetly Poets*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Intruder' Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindandancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wadl • Shereef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

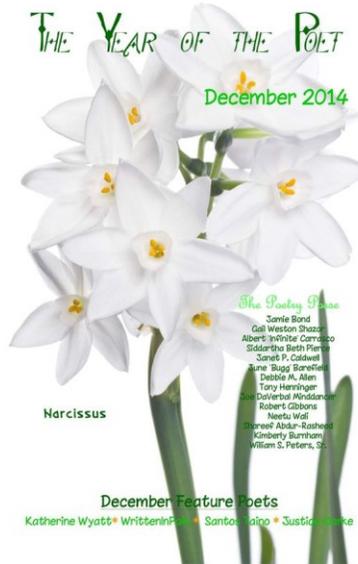
November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



*The Poetly Poets*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Intruder' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Bonefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe Daverbal Mindandancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wadl  
Shereef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPoets • Santos Galin • Justice Drake

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**THE YEAR OF THE POET III**  
January 2015

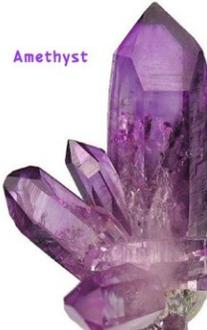


**Garnet**

*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  
Hülya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion  
Jackie Allen  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**January Feature Poets**  
Bismay Mohantfi \* 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  
Hülya 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



**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 \* Hülya 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



**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 \* Hülya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

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



Emeralds

The Poetry Pesse 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 Pesse 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 Pesse 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 Chalasiz  
Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Pesse 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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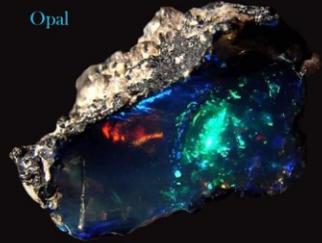
**The Year of the Poet II**  
 September 2015  
 Featured Poets  
 Alfreda Ghee \* Lonnice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



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

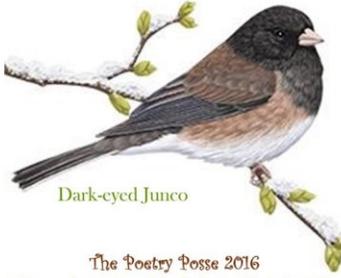
*The Poetry Posse 2015*  
 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
 Katherine Wyatt \*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

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## The Year of the Poet III January 2016

### Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

### The Poetry Posse 2016

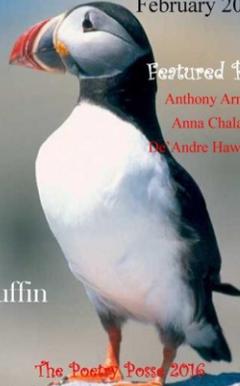
Gail Weston Shazor \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattysvidala \* Anna J. White  
Fahredo Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Joe DeVerol \* Mbdolmeyer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Barnham \* Ann J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Fotinas \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III February 2016

February 2016

### Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold  
Anna Chalas  
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

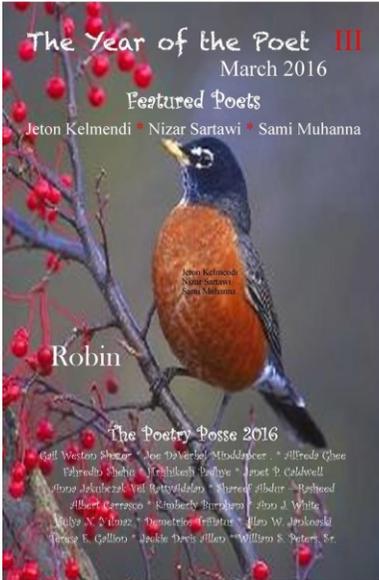
### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerol \* Mbdolmeyer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Fahredo Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattysvidala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Barnham \* Anna J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Fotinas \* 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 DeVerol \* Mbdolmeyer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Fahredo Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattysvidala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Barnham \* Anna J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Fotinas \* 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



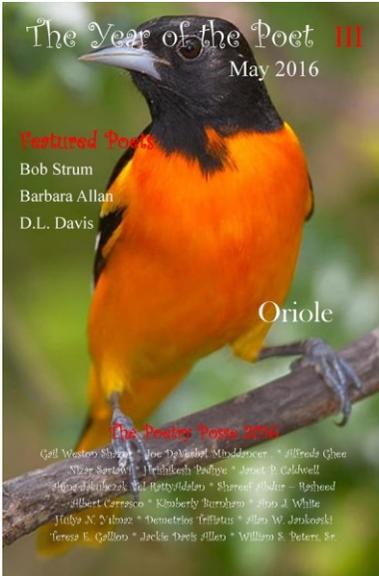
Black Capped Chickadee

### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerol \* Mbdolmeyer \* Alfredo Ghee  
Fahredo Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Rattysvidala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Barnham \* Anna J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Fotinas \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month

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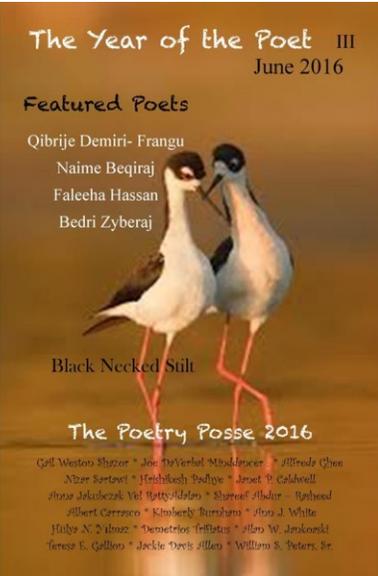


The Year of the Poet III  
May 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Bob Strum  
Barbara Allan  
D.L. Davis

Oriole

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierlet Misdanner \* Allreda Ghoe  
Nizar Sattari \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden \* Shereef Aldine \* Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White  
Hilary N. D'Alonzo \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

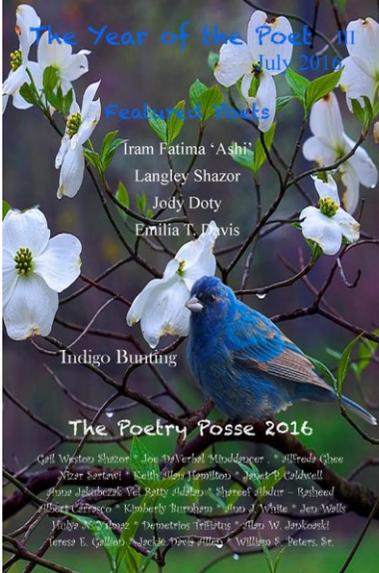


The Year of the Poet III  
June 2016

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

Black Necked Stilt

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierlet Misdanner \* Allreda Ghoe  
Nizar Sattari \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden \* Shereef Aldine \* Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White  
Hilary N. D'Alonzo \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

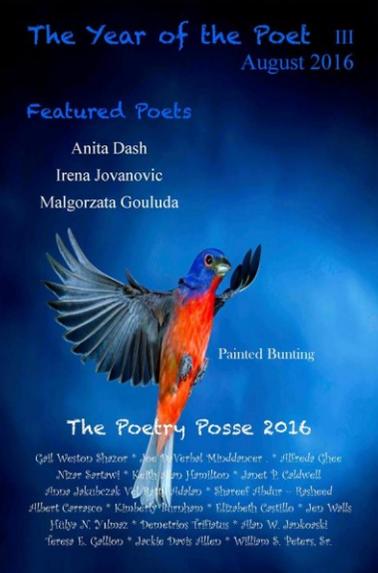


The Year of the Poet III  
July 2016

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

Indigo Bunting

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierlet Misdanner \* Allreda Ghoe  
Nizar Sattari \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden \* Shereef Aldine \* Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White \* Jen Walls  
Hilary N. D'Alonzo \* 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 DeVierlet Misdanner \* Allreda Ghoe  
Nizar Sattari \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Alana Jakubczak Vel Betty Alden \* Shereef Aldine \* Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Jen Walls  
Hilary N. D'Alonzo \* 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. Novio

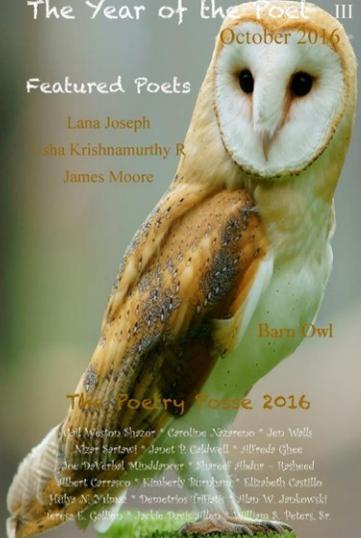


Long Billed Curlew

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghaz  
Jose DeVerbal Muddancer \* Sharon Abbeir \* Richard  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burgham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifotis \* Jilma W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
October 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Lana Joseph  
Visha Krishnamurthy R  
James Moore

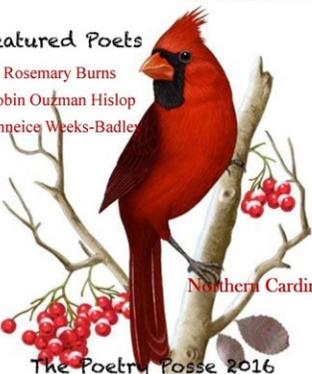


Barn Owl

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghaz  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Sharon Abbeir \* Richard  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burgham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifotis \* Jilma W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
November 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Rosemary Burns  
Robin Ouzman Hislop  
Lonneice Weeks-Badler

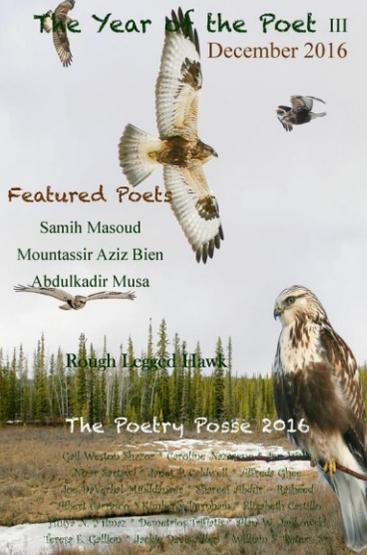


Northern Cardinal

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghaz  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Sharon Abbeir \* Richard  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burgham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifotis \* Jilma W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
December 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Samih Masoud  
Mountassir Aziz Bien  
Abdulkadir Musa

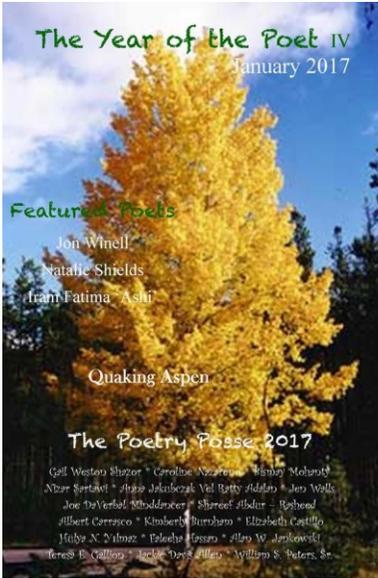


Rough Legged Hawk

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghaz  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Sharon Abbeir \* Richard  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burgham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. Adams \* Demetrios Trifotis \* Jilma W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
January 2017

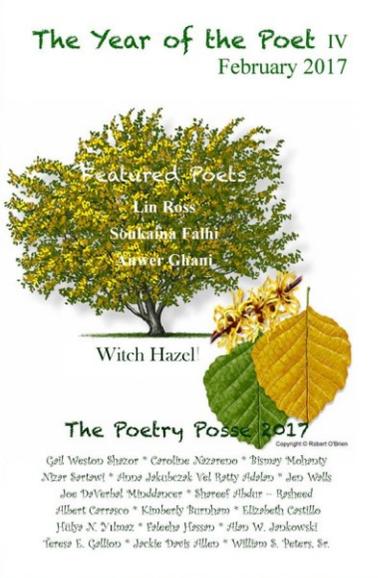


**Featured Poets**  
Jon Winell  
Natalie Shields  
Iram Fatima Ashi

**Quaking Aspen**

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Binmay Mohanty  
Nizar Sertawi \* Stone Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan \* Jen Walls  
Joe DeVierhol Miodowicz \* Shereef Albadir \* Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Bursham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Julya N. D'Almeida \* Falecha Jasson \* Jilao W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
February 2017

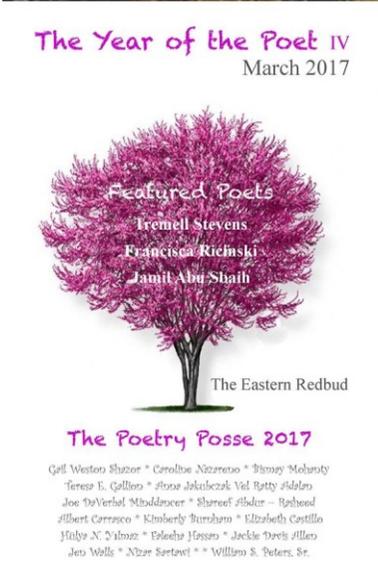


**Featured Poets**  
Lin Ross  
Sohkaina Falhi  
Gower Ghani

**Witch Hazel**

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Binmay Mohanty  
Nizar Sertawi \* Stone Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan \* Jen Walls  
Joe DeVierhol Miodowicz \* Shereef Albadir \* Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Bursham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Julya N. D'Almeida \* Falecha Jasson \* Jilao W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
March 2017

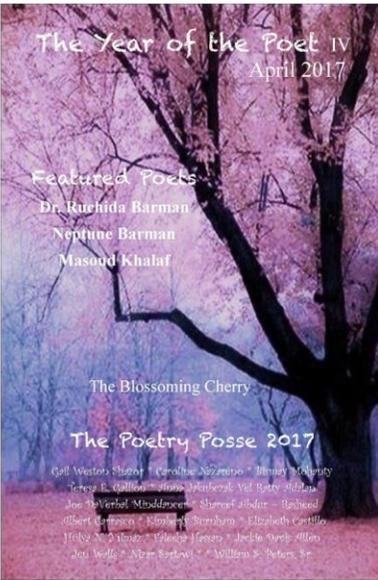


**Featured Poets**  
Tremell Stevens  
Francisca Ricinski  
Jamil Abu Shaikh

**The Eastern Redbud**

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Binmay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Stone Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan  
Joe DeVierhol Miodowicz \* Shereef Albadir \* Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Bursham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Julya N. D'Almeida \* Falecha Jasson \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
April 2017



**Featured Poets**  
Dr. Ruchida Barman  
Neptune Barman  
Masoud Khalaf

**The Blossoming Cherry**

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Binmay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Stone Jakubczak Val Betty Adelan  
Joe DeVierhol Miodowicz \* Shereef Albadir \* Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Bursham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
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# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## 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 Shazoo \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Alana Jakubczak Val Ratty Aldana  
Joe DeVirel Mbadumec \* Shareef alidur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilja N. Vilhoz \* Falecha Hasso \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV June 2017

### Featured Poets

Eliza Seglet  
Tze-Min Tsai  
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazoo \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Alana Jakubczak Val Ratty Aldana  
Joe DeVirel Mbadumec \* Shareef alidur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilja N. Vilhoz \* Falecha Hasso \* Jackie Davis Allen  
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 Shazoo \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Alana Jakubczak Val Ratty Aldana  
Joe DeVirel Mbadumec \* Shareef alidur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilja N. Vilhoz \* Falecha Hasso \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV August 2017

### Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino  
Kitty Hsu  
Langley Shazoo

The Hazelnut Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazoo \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Alana Jakubczak Val Ratty Aldana  
Joe DeVirel Mbadumec \* Shareef alidur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilja N. Vilhoz \* Falecha Hasso \* Jackie Davis Allen  
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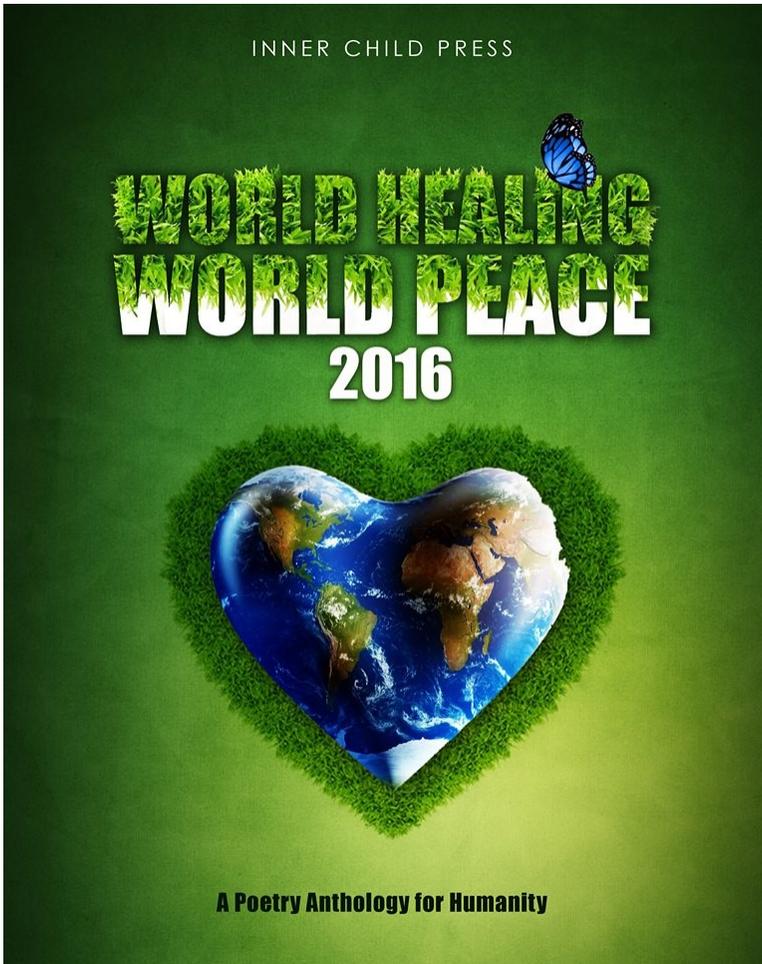
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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



## August 2017 ~ Featured Poets



**Jonathan  
Aquino**



**Kitty  
Hsu**



**Langley  
Shazor**



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