



# 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 Nazareno \* Jen Wall  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfreda Ghee  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The  
Year  
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December 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Passé 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

hülya n. yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

Jackie Davis Allen

Alicia Cooper

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Janet P. Caldwell

Jen Walls

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**General Information**  
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**December 2016 Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

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WHAT WOULD  
LIFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

*Janet P. Caldwell*

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

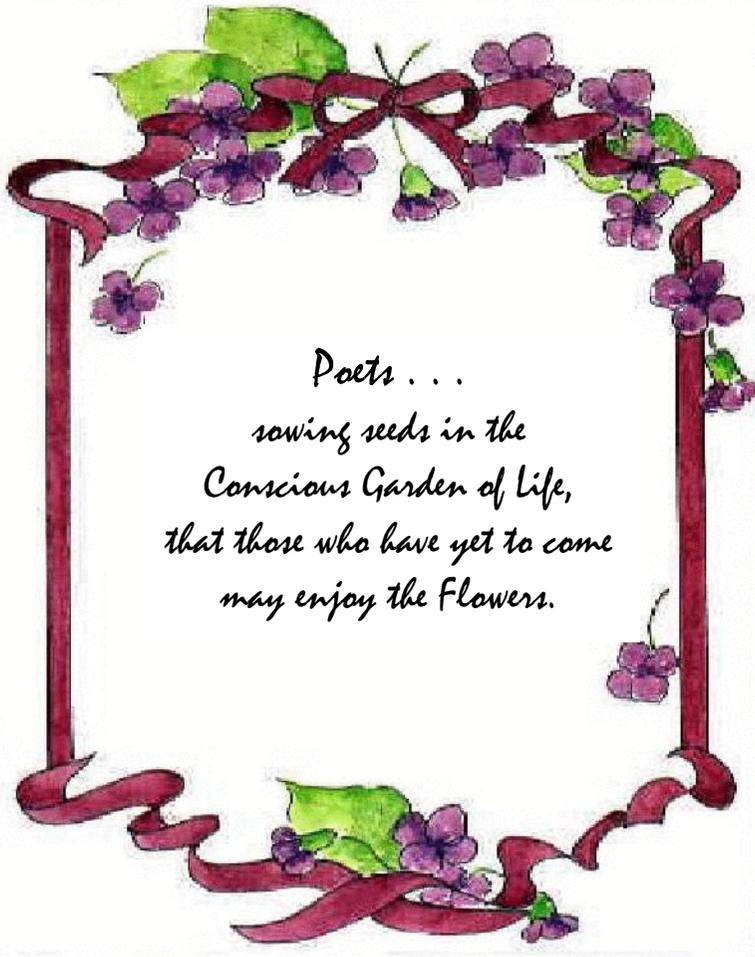
the Power of the Pen.



*Janet Perkins Caldwell*

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



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

# Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

As we come to a closing of the year of 2016, it calls for us to pause and reflect upon all that has transpired during this year. For me personally like most of us, there were some “Ups” and some “Downs”; this is part of life. When i consider what we do here as The Poetry Posse, i am so grateful that we have been blessed to share our words with you . . . and we are equally thankful for you.

For us at Inner Child Press and The Poetry Posse, we suffer still the loss of our beloved Janet P. Caldwell. She was a firm part of the foundation of all the Inner Child represents in theory, spirit and the offerings of our words.

Moving forward into the new year, none of us truly knows what it will bring. Many of us will be making resolutions to greet what is to come. All that i can say or offer in the form of advice, is to put your best foot forward and make certain that the shoe it wears is of love. And always, in all ways show the depths of your compassion in not only your words, but your deeds. Our world and each of us will be the better for it.

Wishing each of you the best in all your coming endeavors.  
May you each be blessed.

Bless Up

*Bill*

*PS*

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# Foreword

As we head towards the beginning of the fourth year of the monthly *The Year of The Poet*, I am grateful for this community built by wonderful poets and even more remarkable human beings. The poetry created in this collection serves humanity, uplifts spirits, tells it like it is or at least how we see it, stirs emotions, shares diverse ideas, and births an abundance of love into this world. We are attempting to create a better place to live and work and play with our poetry.

Last month we lost a magnificent poet and one of the kindest, gentlest souls on this earth. Janet, you are missed. We will continue to strive to bring sense to the tragedies in this world and inspire those around us in kind and gentle ways to foster peace and love and health for all people.

Poets see the world in a unique way—through our hearts and minds, through our connection to words and people, and through a keen ear listening for bright spots, turning phrases, and what matters most. To the reader we say: read our words, listen for what touches you or inspires you to be a better person. Grow and love more than you ever thought

possible. The world is an amazing place. We welcome you to share in this creative wonderful world.

Kimberly Burnham

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*Now Available*

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*Thank God for Poetry  
otherwise  
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

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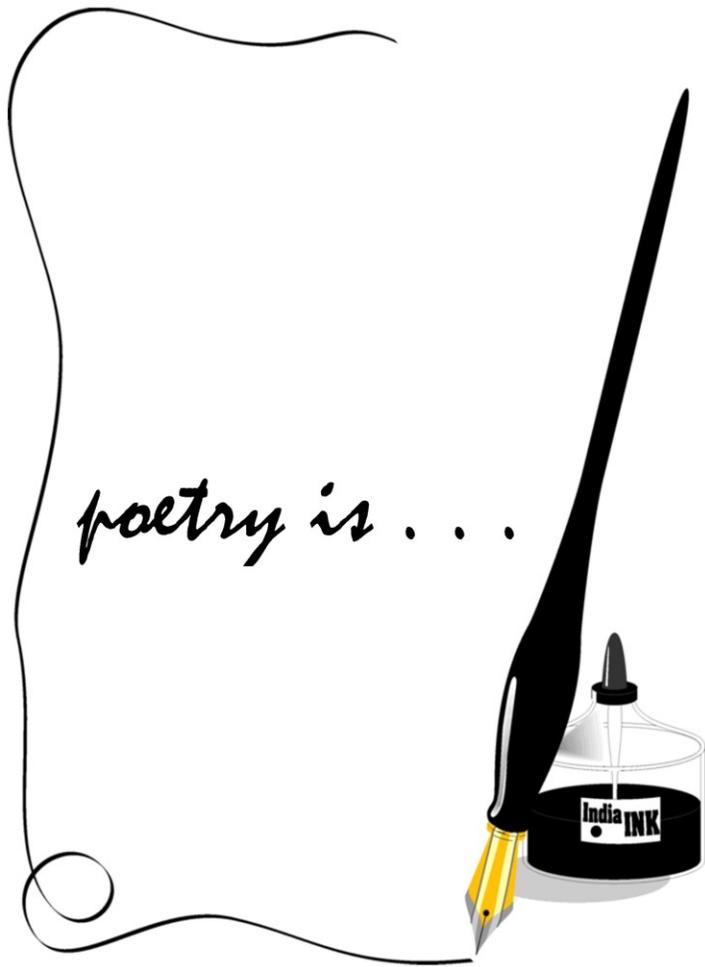
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the  
enchanting magicians that nourishes the  
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our  
words that entice the hearts and minds of  
others to believe there is something grand  
about the possibilities that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



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December 2016

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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

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.

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[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## A Winter's Tale

We have no snow  
Nothing to blanket the sky  
Save the rising sun  
And still I am chilled  
At the possibility of  
Cold uncovered limbs  
In the quiet of the night

You speak in riddles  
That ride upon the west wind  
Unresolved whispers  
Floating above the heads  
Of the unbelievers  
And I want to touch the truth  
Hiding inside the clouds

I tried to write your name  
In my favorite blues  
When everyone else  
Is wearing the color of goldenrod  
I sold a piece of my soul  
In the summer of my youth  
And the sea has yet to return  
The missing to me

Gently, paper lanterns  
Light the sky at full noon  
I cannot compete with their shine  
Even when they are not needed  
I stay on my path  
And so my limbs are uncovered  
Quietly

## The Snow Blows in the Dark

The snow blows in the dark  
Across a tired land  
Earth folds into sleep  
As barren limbs reach for  
The warmth of distant stars  
The cobwebs of seashells  
Etched into a covering quilt  
Fools the skin into thinking  
Caribbean thoughts  
Ones of sand and sea and mauby  
The horizon of dreams  
Is faraway it seems  
Where warm skinned men await

The cotton is cool against cheeks  
And the sky is still blue above  
As the comet lights a path  
Into long ago memories  
The thought of which brings laughter  
To a moth's wings  
Whispers of forbidden love  
To the one that is held  
And for the time  
It is a sufficient truth  
That lives under the fantasy

## Touch Me

You withstand the storm of me  
The me that rages through the thoughts and emotions  
That grip me in my insecurities  
The storm that takes minutes and maybe hours  
To get tamped down and placated  
You touch the rage of me

You hold the loss of me  
When I forget to take out the trash  
Because I am still reading the most interesting thing  
And you have to remind me that I forgot  
Gently and with the tenderness I so need  
You touch the thought of me

You touch the ideal of me  
The me that can't find the level  
That balances the expectations to the given  
You see through me until I can't  
And you only wish the best of life  
You touch the hope of me

You touch the arches of me  
Only you can stand in those places that intersect  
The coming out and going in  
When I leave you and I must  
And return to you and I will  
You hold the most of me

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

You touch the verb of me  
The words that constantly move  
From fingertips down to parchments  
And I cannot be stilled water  
My nouns keep ebbing and flowing  
You touch the changing me

You touch the love of me  
Not the one that is written on cards  
Or shown in 60 seconds of film  
You love the greatfilledness of me  
The wondering and grace of me  
You choose the best of me

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

Janet P. Caldwell has been published in newspapers, magazines, and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies. She was in the process of currently editing her 4<sup>th</sup> book, which was written and to be published 2016. She also participated in a video project for the BBC. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

To contact Janet

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

## Death Becomes Her

(Bill)

Death becomes her  
she sure looks good  
in that coffin  
resting for a change from the anguish endured  
and for sure  
the demons per sue no more

(Janet)

She was bruised and beaten  
the limelight did not suit her  
she was a gentle soul, you didn't know  
the lady who hid behind a mask,  
with a straw up her nose.

(Bill)

she was seducing the shadows  
who induced her to hate herself  
reduced her wealth of fate  
where her soul begged  
like a three legged dog  
for that golden fire hydrant.

Piss on them.

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(Janet)

No demonic howls (in her mind) now;  
only songs of grace, she is wrapped in the love.  
The kind that she searched for, she was never wrong.

The spell no longer holds sway  
she dances and sings to her own song.

And now there is peace.

(to be continued)

## Freedom In Love II

In love there is a certain freedom  
that I have never allowed before.

First, I loved myself,  
then I was able to give to others  
and their gifts to me, I did receive.

I had to believe  
that love was meant for me  
I needed it, I deserved it . . .

And to free myself from the walls  
and chains that I conceived.

I did this slowly,  
I forgave myself  
for denying me . . .  
of the greatest gift of all  
the gift of love that set me free.

I chose to experience what God  
had intended for me.

. . .  
Can't you see?  
We, sometimes are wrapped  
in our own self-made misery.

Self indulgence and pity,  
pushing others away  
the loss of belief,  
the loss of humanity.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

The loss of me.

With self-forgiveness and acceptance  
absolution has always been mine.

Here, ready for me to open my  
heart and hands, simply receive.

I was so blind  
as to the power that I hold  
inside of me.

Simply Believe.

It is no mystery.

## Speak To Me

(a collaboration of Janet and Bill)

(Bill)

in the near quiet of my soul  
there is a music  
and barely audible whisperings  
telling me  
“there is more”

many times  
my life is too busy  
to pay attention  
to the details

and there are times  
i desperately long  
to hear those sweet incantations  
that are surely heaven borne

i find my significance  
in the voices of those  
who would take their divine time  
to instruct me  
on the way i should go  
the thoughts  
i should think  
the feelings  
i should embrace

all of that good cloth

Speak To Me

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

(Janet)

Speak to me . . .  
of Empty Holiday Stockings  
full of promise . . .  
and gifts that require no Earthly Utterance  
but are strong of substance.

Whisper to me . . .  
of Horizons just beyond  
the mili-second sunset  
where Birds Of Paradise Glide  
and Doves are well known  
for their peaceful crooning songs.

Sing to me . . .  
the words of Inspiration  
that lift me up  
and let me sing  
my song, with it's strange chorus  
only known by God . . .

and . . .

possibly the Enlightened Ones  
who shift in and out of sight  
with third eye acquity and the ease  
of fairies on wing.

Fly with me . . .  
to the Mother Planet  
where there is no time  
and we safely dance  
on the rainbow razor's edge  
where truth lies  
on every distant shore.

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Awaken me . . .  
from this dream  
of harsh perspectives  
into my own reality  
where butterflies dance  
this has been my cry  
forevermore.

(bill)

i too have these longings  
that are no longer willing  
to lie passively  
at the gate of my desires

they refuse to sit by the fence  
and watch the blossoming  
of sweet fruits  
in the gardens  
of dreams that are dying  
for the lack of nurture

the vitality of my youth  
remembered  
but no longer lived  
in how i approach my day  
i lament

have i wasted too much time  
seeking my own image  
found in passing faces  
passing times  
passing joys  
that indentured themselves  
to my hauntings  
instead of my realizations

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yes oh Spirit of the Father  
Angels of Mercy  
speak to me  
tell me of thy plans  
for this life  
that slowly slips  
between the fingers  
of my once firm grasp  
speak to me

(Janet)

I too had wondered this very day  
had I wasted too much time  
on coarse habits that lead to  
nowhere . . .  
except devout decay.

In my wondering, wandering  
and pondering ways . . .  
I finally quieted myself  
and heard ancestral whisperings  
of assurance . . .  
that my path was straight.

The messages came to me  
as clearly as Montego Bay.  
Gentle voices, like many waters  
stirring and I heard every one.

“My child, my Child,  
you are beauty divine  
you are love's breath  
every moment, everyday

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may . . .

no misstep was taken by you  
it was all in your guided plan.

The people of the world  
know not, who you are  
and it is not your place  
to convince them

just be . . .  
the light of your Father  
who exudes brilliance  
you too illuminate  
without knowing

and time is but a fallacy  
continue as you are, with we.”

This, they spoke to me.

*Lackie*

*Davis*

*Allen*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

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)

## On Maine's Rocky Shore

The wind announced its frenzied presence;  
its salt-spray taste led the way to the cliffs.  
The sky and the ocean danced wildly  
like in a dime store romance.

From deepest cobalt crashing whitecaps  
smashed and sprayed slippery kisses against  
the stoney breast of the morning;  
she yielding without complaint.

Foamy greens spat with pearly mist of gray  
thirteen sea gulls stalked with greed's need.

They plundered treats from easy tourists  
who had invaded their space.  
A vessel, its silhouette fading,  
floundered and crashed head-on into sky's  
red face despite the ancient warning, that  
all young children know.

## A Light Within the Darkness

Coal dusted, coal wasted, he was a heroic and noble man.

A promise, a gift, given without thought of recompense,  
A smile, a kiss, a tentative tear, a hug held most tightly  
To the weary chest, lest weakness be somehow interpreted.  
His was a language of cloistered times, known to a few,  
Like light within heart of sacrifice, weighted as pitch-dark.

Before the morning light, with all his might, he labored.

O drunken orb, the full moon illuminated the roof, but not  
Between the cracks nor inside the coal mine, yet it kept  
secrets.

When homeward bound he came, heavy, yet silent as mute  
Night, yet inside his heart his music sang from its fame;  
Some songs, hymns of praise, all with unconditional love.

As if fueled by need, his light burned both day and night.

O, bounty of his love, his humble house brightly aglow,  
To know him was to know his life's essence, and, though  
Extinguished now, of an age, his incandescence still glows;  
Witness the light of all those for whom his labors paved  
The way, they reflect, now, the image of his passion for  
life.

His luminance infused all that dwelt within his embrace.

Note:

For Juda Jackson, to honor the memory of her father.

## Tough Love

My dear children I'm here to encourage you  
to discard, once and for all time, your pacifiers.  
You whine because the other side won?  
I understand you're angry, but grow up;  
you're an adult now and its time to pull up your  
big boy and big girl responsibilities and forsake  
your selfish and sometimes criminal acts.

Son, it's time for you to measure up, time to assume  
a level of maturity commensurate with your age.  
Your incessant temper tantrums are unseemly.  
Go now to a quiet and safe place; think about how  
you can pursue your education or how to find a job.  
Consider how you can handle disappointment  
without resorting to fee, or not, paid violence.

Daughter, I understand you're angry; you didn't get  
your way, and your party fell flat on its face.  
You can still dance to the tune of a different drum:  
get a job, get an education, learn about values, honor  
and respect for the American flag, and for those who  
do not share your beliefs. It's time to stop and examine  
your morals. Time to change your attitude.

My children, I'm sad that you've been fed a progressive list  
of entitlements and further poisoned with faulty beliefs.  
You are not entitled to a free lunch, a free this, or a free  
that.

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Listen. Remove the chains that hope to keep your ethics,  
morals,  
honor, and respect enslaved to greed's power. Wipe your  
eyes,  
roll up your sleeves and be done with violent actions. If  
you choose  
you can be a part of creating peace; choose the healing  
process.

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*Albert*  
*Carrasco*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

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>

## Reflection

Every time someone would die, I wouldn't cry because I told myself that they're free from hell and that I gained more Angels. I did that so often, it feels like I'm walking in the heavens on earth. I want to remake "ghost" instead of Demi, whoopi and swayze, it'll be all my homies and me, the theme would change from a lover missing a lover to a brother missing his brothers, I'll be the one with the power to converse with the crossed over so I can relay messages to sons, daughters, wives, fathers and mothers...when I'm alone, we'll talk to each other. If only that could be reality. If it was i wouldn't be stingy, I'll share that gift with other families. I'll travel world wide so loved ones can tell loved ones that they're by their side through every stride... I already know this, that's why I continue to ride. To those of you that lost loved ones and been living between a rock and a hard place because you can't hear or see a face...they're right next to you, you just have to close your eyes, look and listen, memories and imagination mixed together brew mental resuscitation.

## Conclusion

I watched ghetto pharaohs turn to urban kings, i saw kings get overthrown and become peasants, I've witnessed the death of those trying to be the strongest and the survival of the wittiest. Not everybody has throne capability, most live for the moment instead of longevity. OG's told dudes not to do this and that, they did this and that, the reaction to those actions was state greens or being sent back. Infinite took advice from retired millionaires, those that fell off and those that became religious, I learned the ups, downs and was prayed for by those that use to live blasphemous... Their prayers worked, I saw my father, literally, I saw Alfred when I was almost merked, he said AL take care of your mother, I opened my eyes to see a crying mother, no worries daddy one way or the other ill prosper, the only thing that'll stop me is murder. White lines turned to many flatlines, white crime. I thought Coke was silent but in the last reaper round life support makes fatal sounds...beeeep... Eternal sleep. I can't say I've been to hell and back because I still live on the surface of it, that's why it's magma not phlegm when I hock spit, when it cools its concrete imagery on the life of rock for young G's

## End

It's been a good one. New business started, new adventures began, new people are surrounding me, completed goals of mine left room for more to monopolize my time. In order to have new beginnings there has to be endings, well the first day of January is getting closer and closer for us to say au revoir to yesteryear. Endings aren't always bad, being able to chuck up the duces to 2016 healthy, wise and strong makes me glad. I overcame a lot of obstacles to get where I'm at, I call it an "infinite" cycle, all things come to an end, just not my words, when I die I'll write in heaven, attach weight to my eye cloud so my words can descend to mortal men.

*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

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>

## BEGINNING OF THE END

I'm throwing in the towel  
Smiling for the miles just ain't my style  
I can taste deflection from all directions  
Hesitation is more than a pause  
I'm more than a cause  
"Go fund me"  
But don't run me for interference  
Enjoy your experience  
You don't need a ticket out  
There ain't nothing to figure out  
All paths in life my cross to different routes  
My cup runs over  
Enjoy the new flavor  
I'm cool with leftovers  
I don't do vapors  
Tis but a few memories I do savor  
You didn't make the list  
So here's the gist of this  
I'm throwing in the towel  
Smiling for the miles just ain't my style  
I can taste deflection from all directions  
Hesitation is more than a pause  
I'm more than a cause  
"Go fund me"  
I can't be that onesie holding up triplets  
Must be a bad clutch  
I'm feeling the slippage  
I usually say it's me  
This time I'm pointing fingers  
I'll be damned if I'm going through the ringer

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

I'm not demanding but I do claim respect  
You've gone from vital to the usual suspect  
Oh yeah the wheels are turning  
Mm what are we learning?  
I'm throwing in the towel  
Smiling for the miles just ain't my style  
I can taste deflection from all directions  
Hesitation is more than a pause  
I'm more than a cause  
"Go fund me"

## I FEEL A DRAFT

It never occurred to me that the window was open  
I was listening for the knock of opportunity  
I was a victim of the rock in my community  
Wasted time never goes without impunity  
I didn't have a dime and some company was suing me  
In terms of hustle and flow, I wasn't fluent see  
Getting by with just getting high had ruined me  
There was a time, now dig this I thought about tomorrow  
Then there was that time when I smelled smoke I'd follow  
The man I should have become was a just a shell and  
hollow  
I look back at time at times and it's a little hard to swallow  
This persona of cool was just a fool, with tons of regret and  
sorrow  
I tried prayer, which led to doubt which showed me that's  
not what it's about  
I felt a change of air in the room, I picked up a pen and  
wrote out where I'd been  
I wrote, again and again, life's woes became my prose  
Experience was my deliverance a deterrent against the cold  
That knock never came, and chances are it never does  
A higher power does exist sometimes as a whisper  
Sometimes as a slap saying man, get yourself together  
However the wind blows  
I felt that draft from an open window.

## AN OLD CHAPTER

And the pages flip back  
I remember that  
Somethings there feeling.  
I remember that night  
The darkness consumed me  
I lead her to her destiny  
I knew it would be the end of we  
And truly we never began  
Just merely started some things  
Blood flows to my want to know  
Now I know she embraced my darkness  
The hardest part is letting go before we start this again  
Who can truly appreciate you?  
Judgmental superficial fools?  
Never understanding the whole of you  
The total you  
The soul of you  
The role you play  
In the story of you  
I'd like to say, I had a hand in your discovery  
Maybe I'm just a bead on your rosary  
You're surely a link to my poetry  
And my stories that be about you  
No One is the wiser  
Including you

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

*Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

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>

deerp..,

in the bowels earth's caverns heaved  
something hard to believe  
scum covered blood lovers  
some believe never had mothers  
bottom feeders rose up to be leaders  
others eventually got to be in ships  
crossing seas  
raided motherland stole human beings  
kidnapped, beaten, raped, many died who  
tried to escape  
brought to work land devils take  
treaties fake made to break  
earth soaked in blood of the people  
evil men steal use kidnapped souls to  
pick earth's yield those stole souls bound  
in steal  
some believe these were ' good ol days ' for  
real  
buying ' n ' selling human beings let's make a deal  
so dam Amerikka how would you feel  
if the script flipped 4 real  
and ya'll got to know how the whip feels?  
on your back in the killing fields  
maybe you become strange fruit  
when the pendulum swings back to you

food4thought = education

into..,

light went man who was hidden in dark  
wiped eyes looked surprised  
never before saw life had much more  
now thoughts were to embark  
interesting how mankind can linger in ignorance  
unaware that's what it is this warped perception  
where did it come from?  
was it within, was it taught by kith ' n ' kin?  
what then do one do to undo  
what seems like spell of voodoo, clouds hanging  
over you  
going about not knowing false from true  
what's the matter with you?  
but wait you emerged one day from dark cave  
where you lingered a slave to stuff man made up  
something you thought was real but real false  
bottom to top  
walked into sunshine bright, your mind's eyez  
received light  
to your surprise there is beauty to life  
so that before your demise you can fly like kite,  
feel real living right  
maker showered you with his light, mercy, mercy, mercy  
on you  
and you stopped looked around and said  
" life is beautiful, damn if it ain't real meaningful, blessed,  
light of truth conquers darkness of ignorance  
breaks chains, blind see, remove yoke that bound me "  
love found, first myself then some mo folk, (insha'Allah)  
as lord wills

food4thought = education

## reflection..,

time to ponder on time that flyzzzzzz's  
introspection  
soul, body, mind inspection  
marvel how fast time goes by  
in a blast  
yesterday what you called the future  
is now the past  
all a blurrrrrr how the years past  
and of course leaving less sand in our  
hour glass  
is time so elusive, something we can't grasp?  
do we live every second, minute, hour like it's  
your last?  
how can one do that you ask?  
by taking the time you still got to task  
learn from the past  
respect how little time we're here  
reflect on..,  
people you knew who disappeared  
and a day coming soon when you'll be there  
and there goes another year  
where's sense of urgency coming from  
the god fear?  
remember all will be called to answer how we  
spent our time here  
this gift of life bestowed, undeserved, strings attached  
being grateful to the bestower of life and all that implies  
inevitably the price we must pay for our time  
before the day we run out of time, no mo sand  
reflect, respect time!

food4thought = education

*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, 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 face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions/>

<http://www.InnerChildMagazine.com/The-Community-of-Humanity.php>

## Recycling Poetry ... Found Poems

Found poems are made  
created, tugged into being  
from the words of others  
poetry found in the collective  
made conscious  
bonding with the other  
through their words  
becoming mine  
in this case  
the words have rallied  
from a hundred documents  
about the brain

Poetic words dancing  
spinning  
rearranging  
recycling the words  
changes the meaning  
transforms the results  
what do you want  
to be different  
to be  
part of the collective voice

Create  
a visual poem  
take found words  
color around the letters  
creating art that reflects  
ideas

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

cover over the syllables  
no longer needed  
recycle them into the vastness of color

The mind reads  
paints the words  
from page's heart  
the heart creates  
a new pattern  
as the hand circles  
repatterning the color  
engaging the senses  
in this intuitive  
delightful process

Look around  
see wisdom's beauty  
in another's words  
upcycle this year of papers  
reuse recover  
additional value added  
where we have  
found poetry

## Wake Up

Any eyes able to be opened  
affect breath remembered  
control  
dealing with one sign of feeling  
want  
the brain responsible and significant  
all humans must go through  
the regular rhythm of the day  
wake up

—Found Poem Inspired by Parkinson's Disease  
HANDBOOK pg 13 American Parkinson Disease  
Association, Inc.

## Representation

Predictors of identity  
cyclical  
personal  
control of beliefs  
can be the nature of perception  
effective at controlling symptoms  
short and long  
with diminishing distress

Many participants found  
greater reliability  
explore the nature of beliefs  
face-to-face  
an interesting find  
the structure of support  
show acceptable reliability

—Found poem inspired by Hurt, C. S., C. L. Julien, et al. (2015). "Measuring Illness beliefs in neurodegenerative disease: why we need to be specific." *J Health Psychol* 20(1): 69-79.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

*Elizabeth*

*E.*

*Castillo*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

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>

## Endings are Beginnings

For every thing in the whole wide Universe  
There is a Genesis – the start and dawning of a new day, a  
new frontier  
And like also for every bit here on Earth  
There is an ending which is always inevitable.  
Conclusions are not always about goodbyes  
They may serve as a door to infinite possibilities  
Endings are pathways to beautiful beginnings  
That lie ahead waiting for you to embrace  
The constant changes in your world.

## I Love the Flawed You

You are a beautiful disaster waiting to happen in these  
Herculean nights  
When the velvety red moon screams of bleeding ecstasy  
and gluttonous passion  
You are a train wreck, an immortal born from the  
underworld,  
Where wolves howl in the dark night as ravens flock to a  
deserted place by the hills.  
You are an imperfect human as everybody else is  
But I love the flawed you, your whole vulnerable and  
messy being,  
Isn't this what True Love is?  
And not what the romantic fairy tales we grew up with tells  
us all  
You are not a Prince Charming who can kiss me and make  
me wake up from a hundred years of sleep,  
But instead you can take me right into your own dreams  
and held me imprisoned in your deadly sanctuary  
But I love the flawed you, for you are real while others are  
simply pretentious.  
You are not a Knight in Shining Armor ready to defeat the  
enemy who will take me away from you  
But you will allow me to fight the battles with you knowing  
I am also a Warrior like you,  
I love the flawed you and your imperfections  
Yes, you make me quiver; you make me dream of forever,  
I love the flawed you but I believe that this Real Love can  
transform you perfectly in time.

## Beautifully Fragile

you are a child of the Universe dancing freely amidst a  
world in chaos  
cascading thoughts bewilder your mind but you still stand  
sober and courageous  
you are an illuminating star in the galaxy, an immortal in  
this infinite cosmos  
beautifully fragile with an indomitable spirit, a kindred soul  
searching for Higher Consciousness.

The heavens wrap you around in His loving arms  
As He reminds you how a precious creation you are  
Beautifully fragile, a child with energetic wonder  
A pink orb envelopes your earthly soul  
Waiting for the Perfect Time when you finally discover  
who you truly are...  
Author/Poet Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

*Alfreda*

*D.*

*Ghee*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

I was born in Blackstone Virginia. Born one of seven brothers and sisters. Traveled to many different countries being my father was in the Army. I'm a single mother of two amazing boys. I own my own daycare center and I'm working on getting my Massage Therapy License very soon.

I started writing at the end of June in 2011. I had my first book of poetry published in 2012. I'm a firm believer that if you do good then good will consume you and all that you do within life. Throughout my life I must attribute GOD for everything in my life and I am truly grateful for all the HE has given me.....

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alfreda-ghee>

<https://www.facebook.com/alfreda.ghee>

## Do You Remember Me

We walked together once upon a dream  
You held my hand and I held yours

You kissed me  
I kissed you back  
Just as passionately

You talked to me for hours on end  
And I just gave you all my attention so freely  
It was easy to be so into you

You made me smile  
After all that I had traveled through

You made me laugh  
A laugh that came from deep within

You made my heart beat so rapidly  
That I thought I had sinned

You gave me the gift of love  
When I didn't know how to love

Now I can give it back if you just let me in  
I walked down to the brook  
There you were with a smile  
Upon your face that drew me in  
That's when I knew that I could win  
But what would happen when  
I have to return back to reality again!!!

## Visions

I am impregnated with visions  
Of making love to you  
Forcing my soul to reveal  
What thoughts it harbors deep within

Can you see open your eyes  
To feeling these complexities  
I am embodied into your mind  
Wanting to undergo the changes  
That you are taking me through

Touching  
Stroking  
Kissing  
Stealing moments of magical bliss

I can't fathom this movement without you  
I'm hoping to lie beside you  
And feel the warmth of your jovial words  
Making your presence known  
Filling my morning softness  
With insane pressures of pleasures of you  
Hearing sounds of unsubdued moans in the air...

## Hear Me

Hold me close to your chest  
Listen to what I'm saying in your ear  
Do you understand, that I love you my dear  
I can't express these words enough  
Because when you hold me so near  
My speech don't come out clear

I know that the heat between the two of us  
Can ignite a fire underneath your feet  
But my question is?  
How will you want to put it out..

My love, before this hour begins  
Will you just let me fly  
I'm on cloud 99 making my way down  
If you don't want to hold on  
Let me know.. So that I can go with the flow

You have me under your spell  
Everyone can already tell that we are so gone  
With all this loving I want to share  
I'm sure you will take it  
I know you like dares  
So if you understand what I am saying  
Let's just take this to the upper room  
And fill each other up  
And make this last for a life time  
So it will never end!!!

*Nizar*

*Sartawi*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

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 festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Morocco, Kosovo, and Palestine.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His translations 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; all three translated into Arabic; *Contemporary Jordanian Poets, Volume I* (2013); *The Eyes of*

*the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb. He is currently working 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.

## Leaf

little lonely leaf  
knocking on the glass door  
with your whole feeble  
form  
gaping at me  
begging for  
refuge!

poor purplish fragile fugitive  
tired –  
of running away  
from nook to nook  
threatened –  
by the ruthless autumn wind  
and unheralded rain?  
frightened –  
by the heavy plodding pedestrian feet  
the hideous hooves  
and horrendous hoops?

come in  
tiny timid tramp!  
let's sit  
side by side  
to tell silently our sad story  
and voicelessly lull each other  
to sleep.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

... for I too  
am but a deciduous  
leaf  
counting the days  
before its fall

## Diet

... And take  
our bread too  
O self-indulgent  
for we are  
on a permanent  
diet

## You are in Baakleen\*

Hey you passer-by!  
Linger awhile  
adjust the handles of your watch  
on the rhythm of things around you  
The sun slows down his pace  
as he passes from here  
to fill his eyes with the Chouf foothills

~~~~~

Stop, O passer-by!  
adjust the beats of your heart.  
Here the crowns of Chouf Mountains  
hug the clouds  
here the brides of cedar  
feed from the breasts of the sun  
here is the ascension of love and ecstasy  
here the gods pour their aged wine  
in the mouths of poets

~~~~~

Dismount O passer-by!  
take off your sandals  
for you are in Baakleen

---

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

\* Baakleen is a city located in Chouf Mountains, 45 kilometers southeast of Beirut, Lebanon. I was invited to Baakleen National Library reading in early 2011 to participate in poetry reading.

*Len  
Walls*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

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

Contact Jen Walls:

[mywritegift@gmail.com](mailto:mywritegift@gmail.com);

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

## INSIDE-LIGHT

Run - prance love-laughter  
burst colorings - autumn's beauty;  
blaze with inner-sun  
Grace with moon's teardrop  
wake alive in night's sky-dream;  
reflect soul-sunshine

Give love perfect sight  
sing with the Lord - day and night;  
live peace, truth and light

Love - hold on - let go  
know heart's river - conscious-grace;  
flow love-breaths with Self

Share soul-goodness  
pour care-libations through heart;  
Light inside-light

## LOVE - LIBERATION

Wrap breaths -river's peace  
twinkle kiss - ignite moon-pearls  
lift soul-ladder high  
Fight real inner fight  
go past the wrongs and make love right;  
turn the other cheek

Rise inside mind's eye  
flow breaths - believe in heaven  
sound true cosmic-bliss

Welcome inner peace  
light earth's lamp with love-kindness;  
embrace all as one

Greet soul's equipoise  
wake consciousness - achieve heart;  
love – liberation

## HEART FLOWING

Sweetness is flowing  
with ornamental moon's glow  
floating heart within whole beauty show  
upon magnificence of love.  
Being swept forever clear  
onto soft singing wind's blow  
sailing upon river's currents  
inside auspicious joy-breaths.

Gentleness cries each teardrop  
to pour with ocean-tears - letting go  
drowning away worries and fear  
within consciousness of bliss.

One forever lives within as soul  
with love's knowing for the kind and real  
lifting light flies across a dark universe  
meets unknown cosmic light-realm.

*Hülya*

*n.*

*Yılmaz*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

Born in Turkey, hülya settled in the U.S. where she earned a Ph.D. in German studies at The University of Michigan. Presently a Penn State liberal arts faculty, yilmaz finds it vital to nurture her passion for creative writing. She authored *Trance, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish* – a platform that welcomed her fluency in literary translation, co-authored *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* (both by Inner Child Press, Ltd.), and contributed to several anthologies with her poems and prose. A licensed freelance writer, hülya has extensive experience as editorial consultant for book-length manuscripts. She currently works as one of the editors for Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Links:

[www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com](http://www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com)

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

## acting on impulse

dragged you to yet another tarred road

you know the age-old addictive drill  
start the mourning routine already  
the only route your GPS is set on  
all the way to forlorn places  
those under grizzly glances  
then give out that final air

or...

try covering the lid  
of your costly crock-pot real tight  
let the witches brew inside burn away  
when all is then said and done once more  
just go outside to sing dance laugh and summersault  
until the days of yore

## emergency exit only

a revolving door  
and a push-or-pull one  
wait on guard

the captain has taken his seat  
way ahead of schedule  
the plane still takes off

your eyes opened wide locked on the runway  
your ears eavesdropping on the soaring wheels  
in your mind you are easing the weight of the wings  
forgetting that they are the ones assigned to lift it all up...  
the tail  
in the clouds  
then no more

each of your feet  
a gregarious boulder  
having grown their roots  
right below your left shoulder

it's left for its destination

no standbys...

## the neighborhood creek

i see them

the big and the small  
the short and the tall  
the grumpy young  
and the chipper old

far more often these days

winter is in the air  
but warmth expands inside my sphere  
whenever any of them are a little near

the ground was unwilling but dried up at last  
it has overall been a draining slippery fall  
they now will have a snow white blast  
i let their joy hold my mist in thrall

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gassion*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

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>***

## Renewal

The snow kisses the trees  
and meadow with a soft touch.  
She walks into winter  
with all her broken pieces.

She knows the white blanket  
is committed to provide shelter  
while winter winds bind fragments  
into a new sculpture to greet spring.

The warm winter light  
sinks its hands in her flesh,  
lights candles around her heart  
to attract the waves of reflection.

There is a conspiracy  
between the snow and trees,  
unbroken promises to heal and renew  
everything that comes to the meadow.

The windows ache for spring's arrival  
as they endure exposure  
in the storm that beats glass  
into quiet submission.

## Another Chance

We walk on the edge of the abyss.  
The sea rises like a dragon  
spits light into our faces.

We can see our halos,  
reach toward the glow  
as the tide lifts us.

A ride down the waves  
reveals the lust for wisdom  
beating against the cliffs.

The teacher says, *hold tight*  
*knowledge slaps hard*  
*in rough waters.*

We do not give up  
as the rewards of our labor  
outweigh any fear of loss.

We ride our last boat  
into a new year  
full of hopes and dreams.

## Dreamscapes

Today my gratitude spills over  
like a waterfall of sweet wine  
from vineyards in the Elysian Fields.  
The ecstasy is so sweet,

showers flood my eyes.  
I want to say thank you  
to the universe of love.  
No words come from my mouth.

Hafiz approaches giggling and says,  
*Stop crying girl. Let's dance.*  
My smile stretches across the sky  
as he takes my hand.

We dance until the moon rises.  
I lay my head against a vanilla ponderosa,  
watch him slip away in my dreams.  
Tomorrow is another day for possibilities.

*Demetrios*  
*Trifiat's*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

Demetrios Triafitis was born in Greece, studied philosophy in Canada. Post-graduate studies, Université de Montréal. In 1976 became Canadian citizen. Taught philosophy. Involved in humanitarian and peace organizations. Retired.

Poet and writer. Speaks: Greek, English, French and German. Candidate for the Greek and the European parliaments. Has traveled around the world.

## THE PRIVILEGE

The dawn has arrived  
And  
I am still here:

    Standing  
        Breathing  
            Watching  
                Listening  
                    Touching  
                        Scenting  
                            Tasting  
                                Admiring  
                                    Wondering  
                                        Enjoying  
                                            Exclaiming  
                                                Celebrating  
                                                    Praying

And  
Offering thanksgivings to our Lord  
For  
The unique privilege  
That  
So many have lost:  
TO BE ALIVE!

## GOOD AND EVIL

The amount of good and evil  
Constant remains  
Throughout space and time  
There is  
No more suffering than good fortune  
No more good fortune than suffering  
In the universe and in the human soul  
This is the law of being,  
A constant flux of the two forces  
Expression of a single reality in  
Perfect balance.

The one force cannot exist without the other  
Even if we like it or not  
Even if we wish it or not,  
We have to accept it and live in peace  
Or deny it and live in suffering,  
That is the will of the universe:  
A harmonious unity of the two opponents  
Based on collaboration and coexistence  
Of each individual part  
For  
The whole to be maintained  
Under  
The watchful eye  
Of  
Universal justice!\*

## VETERANS DAY

Oh you blessed souls

That

For us have fallen,

We wish

The loftiest of appreciations for your sacrifice to show

By

Thanking you for the opportunity given to us

To

Enjoy the greatest gift of all

Wich

You have missed:

LIFE!\*

*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

Alan W. Jankowski is the award winning author of well over one hundred short stories, plays and poems. His stories have been published online, and in various journals including Oysters & Chocolate, Muscadine Lines: A Southern Journal, eFiction Magazine, Zouch, The Rusty Nail, and a few others he can't remember at the moment. His poetry has more recently become popular, and his 9-11 Tribute poem was used extensively in ceremonies starting with the tenth anniversary of this tragic event...

[http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf\\_postst538\\_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx](http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx)

He currently has one book out on Inner Child Press titled "I Often Wonder: a collection of poetry and prose." It is available directly from Inner Child at this link...

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>

When he is not writing, which is not often, his hobbies include music and camera collecting. He currently resides in New Jersey. He always appreciates feedback of any kind on his work, and can be reached by e-mail at: [Exakta66@gmail.com](mailto:Exakta66@gmail.com)

## The Conning Of America

A con man rolled into town,  
With a funny looking wig.  
Made a lot of promises,  
Everything will be really big.

He claims he doesn't like immigrants,  
Says they cause a lot of strife,  
But you certainly would never know,  
By looking at his imported wife.

And he doesn't like Muslims,  
And forget it if you're black.  
And as for those pesky Mexicans,  
He's sending them all back.

He says he has a really big plan,  
To cure America's ills,  
But you got to wonder about a guy,  
Who can't even pay his own bills.

He has experience in business,  
His bankruptcies total four,  
And with a temperament like his,  
We'll soon be in another war.

Spews a whole lot of hot air,  
That he can improve the current state,  
Never says anything definite,  
But don't worry it'll all be great.

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He wants to close the internet,  
And the border to the South,  
But if he's going to close anything,  
Please let it be his mouth.

Oh he makes a lot of promises,  
And they're all as fake as his hair,  
And the saddest part about it,  
Is his followers just don't care.

07-31-16.

## When A Child Dies, The Whole World Cries

Two young brothers are left at home,  
All by their lonesome selves,  
The older one notices a new toy,  
Sitting high up on a shelf.

He climbs up and brings on down,  
What he believes is a toy gun,  
He thinks about the games they'll play,  
Boy this sure will be fun.

He aims the 'toy' at his little brother,  
And shoots him in the head,  
But that gun was not a toy at all,  
And soon the three-year-old is dead.

When a child dies,  
All the stuffed animals cry,  
Alone on a shelf,  
They sit by themselves,  
In a cold lonely room,  
Like a final tomb.

Johnny's tired of being bullied at school,  
But every dog has its day,  
Though all his classmates seem so mean,  
Johnny will make sure they all pay.

The next day at school will be different,  
From a knapsack he pulls out a gun,  
Suddenly he starts shooting his classmates,

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Shoots them in the back as they run.

Soon most of the class has been shot,  
And their young bodies are lying there dead,  
With one bullet left in the chamber,  
Johnny puts the gun to his own head.

When a child dies,  
All the angels cry,  
The tears flowing down,  
On the sad little town,  
It's a cold, cold rain,  
But it won't numb the pain.

For Jose this is the biggest day in his life,  
It's his gang initiation in the 'hood,  
He must seek out a rival gang member,  
With a couple of shots he'll be good.

Jose packs his piece and extra clips,  
And his driver takes him to the spot,  
He takes aim at his helpless victim,  
And another is dead with just one shot.

But that one bullet it ricocheted,  
You hear a young mother scream and cry,  
As she realizes her young son is hit,  
On a cold dark street he is left to die.

When a child dies,  
The whole world cries,  
All lives matter, big and small,  
I ask you people, heed the call,  
Please stop the hate, before it's too late,  
For the future of us all.

10-27-15.

## Neon Sign

I guess I really can't blame them.  
How could they be expected to know the truth,  
When all they see is some well-rehearsed smile,  
That I have been putting on in the morning,  
Like a clean shirt.  
I think I have it down to a science,  
I've been doing it for so long.  
I've polished my act to where I almost fool myself  
sometimes,  
Yet at times the sadness slips through to the world.  
My mother asked me the other day if I was doing drugs  
again,  
As if that ever really worked,  
Things should really be that easy for just once,  
I think to myself, 'How could they not know?'  
And yet at times I think maybe I should just tell them.  
But, how do you express the hurt that goes deep inside?  
How do you express how you really feel?  
When you don't know how you really feel yourself.  
Sometimes I just feel so numb to the world,  
Or maybe, it's just the fear of the unknown,  
As if it could really get any worse.  
Maybe I'm just afraid of giving up my hurt,  
When at times it seems that hurting is all I've got.  
Perhaps the only thing I do well.  
Yet at times I'd really like to tell someone,  
But how could I make them understand?  
Sometimes I think I should just hold up a big neon sign,  
That says 'Hurting' in big, bright letters.  
All electric blue with just a tinge of blood red,

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And then maybe someone will notice,  
And then maybe someone will care,  
But then again, why should they?  
Why should they care?  
After all, it's not their job,  
They don't get paid to care.  
But wait...I know what I'll do.  
As the storms begin to build inside my head,  
Like a thief robbing me of any peace I might have had,  
And as the thunder starts to clamor in my mind,  
It's very dissonance drowning my every thought,  
I'll walk boldly into those very storms,  
With my neon sign held high above my head,  
And as the thunder bursts around me,  
And the pouring rain soaks me to the skin,  
And when the lightning bolts brighten up the sky,  
I will no longer fear a thing,  
For as the lightning strikes my neon sign,  
And the electric shocks surge through my rain soaked body,  
And the pain overtakes me from head to toe,  
It will be the first time I've really felt anything in years,  
Perhaps for the first time ever.  
And as the last bit of life drains from my wet body,  
I will be free at last.  
And as my soul leaves my lifeless form,  
To venture forth into the unknown,  
And the unknown will welcome me with open arms,  
Taking me in like a true friend,  
And the unknown will provide me with shelter and  
comfort,  
Perhaps for the first time ever.  
And as the rains continue to pour down upon me,  
All the hurt shall be washed away,

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And all the pain shall be felt no more,  
For all my struggles shall cease in an instant,  
And every unrequited love shall remain so,  
And every broken promise shall remain broken,  
And all the hatred directed towards me shall miss its mark,  
And every resentment harbored shall be set aside,  
And every tear shall be forced to find a new home,  
And as I look down upon my dead body,  
I can watch all my so-called friends gather round,  
They'll probably rummage through my pockets,  
And fight over who gets my new sneakers,  
Then again, why should they care?  
After all, it's not their job.

12-13-10.

*Caroline*  
*Nazareno*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, a native of Anda, Pangasinan, known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, public speaker, linguist, educator, peace and women's advocate.

She was chosen as World Poetry International Director to Philippines by the World Poetry Canada and International. She is also a featured member of Universal Peace Federation, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and World Poetry Canada and International.

She won several International Prizes including "Writers International Network Society-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).

Her prominent poetry have been published in various international anthologies: *For Love of Leelah* ( USA ), *WOMEN IN WAR* ( Africa ), *Muse for World Peace Anthology* ( Nigeria), *Greek Fire Anthology* ( UK), *IMMAGINE & POESIA e-book* (Torino, Italy) *World Poetry Yearbook 2013 and 2014* ( IPTRC-China), *Fascinating Panoptic Septon* (Singapore), *Gumbo For the Soul* ( USA ), *Peace Poems* ( USA and Canada ) *I Am A Woman*, a tribute to Kamala Das ( India ), *Women of The World* ( Canada), *Just For You My Love Anthology* ( India ), *The Art of Being Human* Vol. 15: *WHO AM I*, Vol.14: *Insomnia*, Vol.13: *Lucky 13* ( Switzerland, Canada and Romania), *Siir Antolojisi* ( Turkey), *Who Shall I Make My Wife* ( Lagos, Nigeria) and more.

## the beginning at the end

through the streets of life  
under the infinite sky  
the daylight unfolds  
the lucid neon lights of the sunrise  
the midday of concealing and grief  
the tapestry of dusky downfalls  
the reflection of the deafening night  
from the shadows of gloaming slumber  
the time of life speaks anywhere-everywhere  
from the womb of innocence  
to the harbors of compassion  
to the shelters of immense freedom  
of a sanguine vagabond  
until the tomb of peace  
is happening within  
and beyond me.

## **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SPIRIT**

*(A tribute to a woman wearing lipstick of freedom)*

The Nile sculpts breathing hieroglyphs in your lips  
Great rivers of strength  
Flowing,  
Dancing,  
Speaking,  
through your veins,  
Your dominance incarnates Existence  
circulating stargates from skylines  
of life and afterlife like waterfall of pilgrims.

Breath by breath, You are the breath of the breathless!  
You are the key circle of flames  
Of BE-ingness,  
The name of complete unimagined wonder  
Wandering from Cleopatra's light years,  
Your boundless Earth-Sky reveals power for the powerless,  
You color the ascending verses and descending verbs of the  
universe,  
You're the mirror of Reflection  
The humming odes behind maquillage on every face of  
youth,  
The ageless epic of your language, the ONE true gift---  
The Poetry of Life.

Your heart's emblem is a sacred epicene  
That glows from the Milky Way of your eyes,  
You, a resonating home of selfless heir of heroines  
Giving Light to Cimmerian shade of beginnings,  
The hallmark of a story within the stories of YOU.

**metanoia**

i ingest stasis  
when time dilates  
from titans to neurons  
of the night's dawn  
in my hypersleep  
and standstills

i am the battlemind  
in the psionic class  
of Earth and Venus  
recycling myths  
of up-down cliffs  
in my nano reefs

i am the unknown god  
of lightyears  
of aeon lives  
herenow, my existence  
is the comeback  
of all beginnings.

*Alicia*

*G.*

*Cooper*



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Alicia C. Cooper is a published poet and aspiring novelist. She has published one book of poetry, has been featured in several anthologies and is a contributing writer for Muzilog Woman Magazine. She is an avid reader and music lover and enjoys traveling and spending time with her family. In late 2013, her first poetry chapbook was published with Inner Child Press. A second book, a full length poetry collection also with Inner Child Press, is in the works and is expected to be published in coming year of 2017

You can connect with Alicia on FaceBook

<https://www.facebook.com/alicia.cooper>

Her Book is available here :

[www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php)

## Lonely Birds Refuse To Fly Alone

It is true that birds  
Of a feather flock together  
Sometimes, however  
A lonely bird  
Just wants any flock  
To fly with.

## Release

Release my *I love you's* into the wind  
They no longer belong to you.

Release the pain of watching me leave  
It is something that I had to do.

Release your memories of yesteryear  
They only gift you pain.

Release my scent, my smile, and kisses  
You deserve to be happy again.

Their load must be heavy; you're bleeding out anger  
Regret is making you weak

So do yourself a justice and let go of the past  
Simply open up your hands and . . .

Release.

## Let Me Always Look Ahead

Let me always look ahead  
And never again turn back  
Lest I become a pillar of salt

And crumble with each rumble  
Of the ground beneath me.

Let me always look ahead  
So that my feet are not pained  
From the long and weary walk

Through spiny thickets of indignation  
And burning coals of bitterness.

Let me not search for answers  
To unanswerable questions  
Yet always seek my truth

Because some things just make no sense  
But truth is always cogent.

Let me not seek shelter  
In a den of iniquity  
Or a home where I'm not welcomed

When the walls are sturdy  
And hearth is warm at my own.

Let me always look ahead, Lord!

Let me always look ahead.

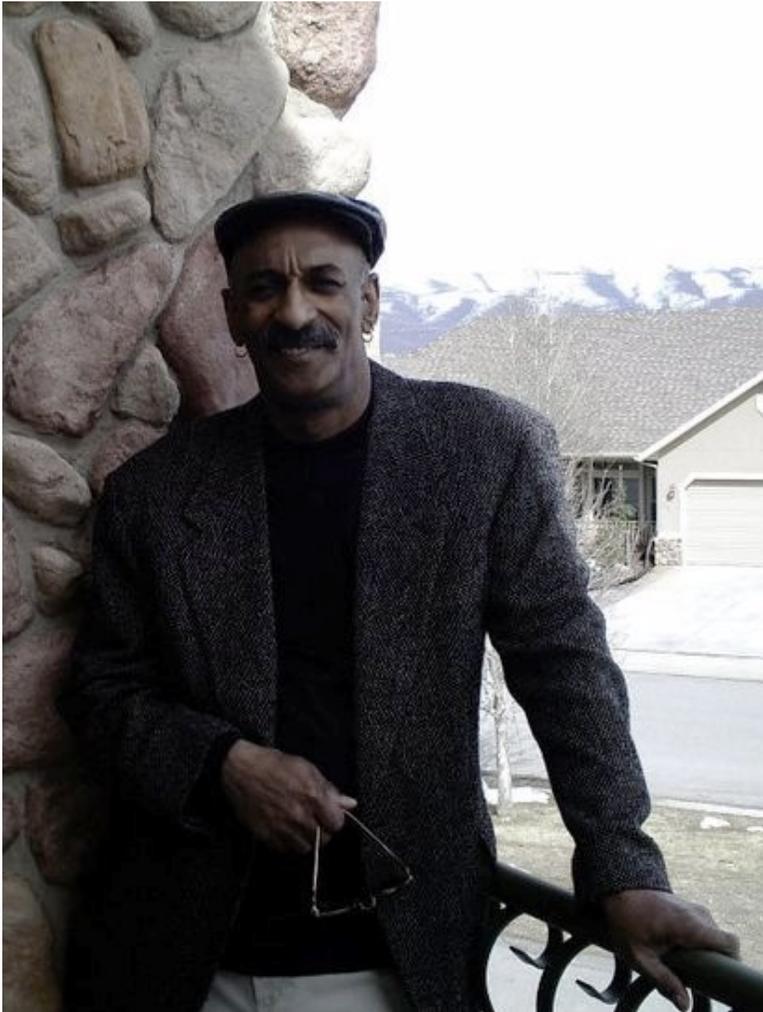
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*William*

*S.*

*Peters Dr.*

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*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 35 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)

## Happy New Year

there have been many mountains  
and valleys as well  
toils woes and anguish  
too many to tell  
but we made it through

i have questioned my path  
in the day, in the night  
i have struggled to understand  
that final insight  
just like you

the world about us  
disease, famine war  
i have asked, "if this is life"?  
what is it good for  
and yet we are here

so another year comes  
is this but another test  
and my only resolution is  
may i give life my best  
i pray you God to hear me

i have had love and i lost  
that a new way may start  
and the truth of it all  
i still have my heart

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so i bow in gratitude  
for here i still stand  
and perhaps this year  
i will understand

that life's beauty is the journey  
and the paths that we take  
and when it all is over  
i pray i am awake

that i may see the sunshine  
and realize my sum  
and have faith in this year  
that the best is yet to come

Happy New Year

'just bill'

**She's gone . . .**

he packed no bags  
and spoke no good byes  
all he left behind  
were tear laden eyes

his visit was over  
his angelic pass expired  
and we all came to know  
that his soul was tired

many a battle  
some won, some lost  
his legacy imparted  
we must all pay the cost

that hope, effort and love  
is our duty each day  
to give life our best  
and take time to play

life may not be all joy  
nor be it full of despair  
and some amongst us would say  
that life is not fair

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but know ye this truth  
that through all time long  
no matter our bounty or not  
we all sing life's song

so awake ye my child  
each day do embrace  
and the time will soon come  
again . . .  
we'll be face to face

i love you . . .

the winter swan . . .

the winter swan upon the lake  
bathed languidly in the solstice light  
it's soul dancing across his memories  
yearning for his final flight

his beauty yet held in weariness  
seasons past and those to come  
yet with duty he preened his countenance  
and gave to life his sum

he overflowed with emptiness  
for a swan was all they saw  
yet he was so much more  
but to be a swan was law

was he bound by his own making  
was this forever his fate  
could he somehow transcend himself  
could he ever pass through the gate

was not he also a keeper  
of this sacred unknown trust  
that beauty comes through suffering  
and love transmutes from lust

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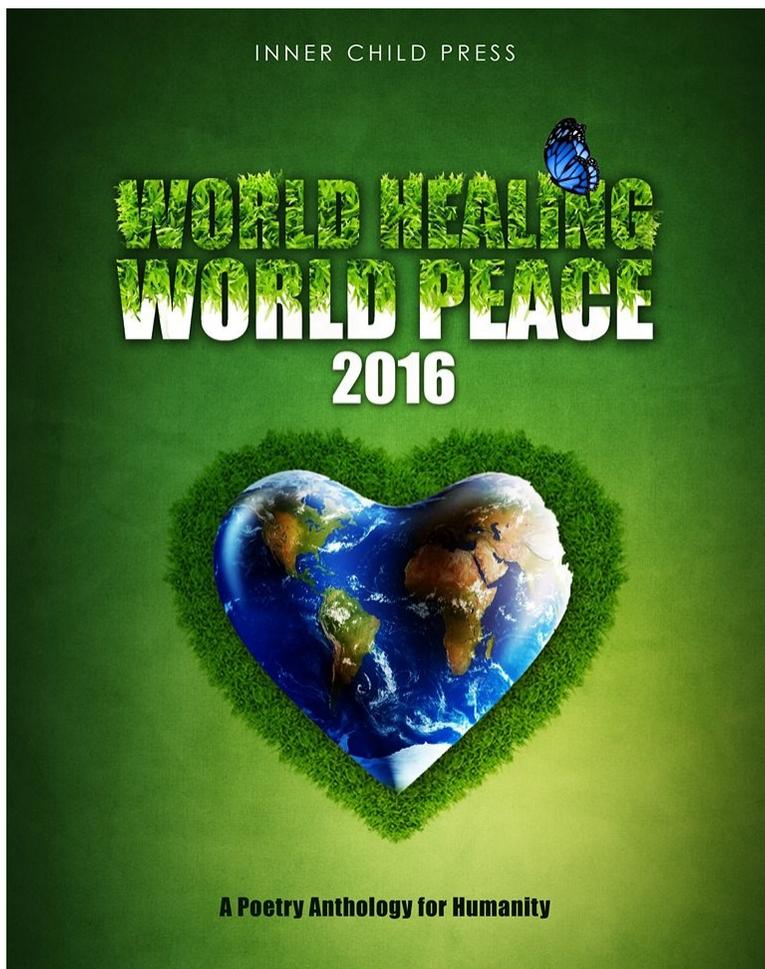
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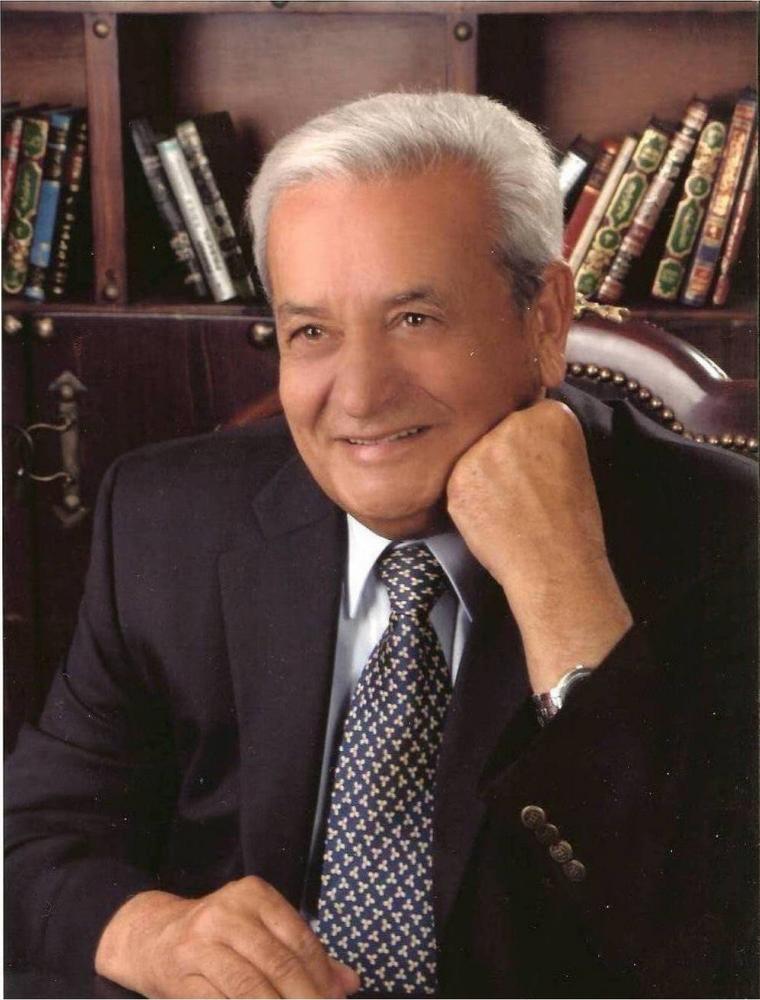


Samih Masoud  
Mountassir Aziz Bien  
Abdulkadir Musa

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

*Samih  
Masoud*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

Samih Masoud is a poet, writer, and researcher. He was born in Haifa, Palestine, in 1938 . He holds a Ph.D. degree in economics.

Masoud is a Member of the Jordanian Writers Association and is the chairman of the Canadian Center for Middle Eastern Studies (CMESC) in Montréal.

He has published a poetry collection in Arabic titled *The Other Face of Days* and another collection in English titled *Haifa and other Poems*, translated by Nizar Sartawi and published by Inner Child Press, as well as a novel titled *Haifa...Burqa a Search for Roots*, which was translated by Bassam Abu- Ghazalah and published by Inner Child Press. In addition, he published *An Encyclopedia of Economics* in two volumes and 16 other Books in the field of economics.

Links:

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

<https://www.facebook.com/samih.masoud?fref=ts>

## Haifa

O my eternal love  
Lo! I come back to you again  
on the wings of clouds  
Lo! I'm here with you  
I tuck my heart into your beach  
and forget the remote exiles  
I spell every part of you  
the sea, the waves, the wind and the trees  
the dew's whispers in the morning  
the winter spouts  
and mirrors hanging on the wings of the wind  
laden with tapes of scenic memories  
that bring the heartbeats back to the heart in the crowded  
life  
and take me back to the past  
In them I see all that I want to see  
the quivering of my bygone days  
sites loosened from the prophets' faces  
around which I go  
morning and evening  
O my city  
Whose tresses rise akin to yours above the passageways of  
heaven,  
and a tender bosom wherefrom the threads of light emerge?  
O my city  
Whenever I come to you, my pride and passion soar  
I go into your mirrors as your waves wish me to  
Never do I forget where my home was  
I bear it as a tattoo in the eye along the paths of my  
diaspora  
When I get there I drop my face on its thresholds

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I kiss it and go around it seven times and more  
From hidden nooks I gather the relics my mother left  
laden with the sweetest memories  
I breathe in the breeze of life  
In its surroundings I hear my mother's melodious voice  
trembling  
It never loses me  
It follows me  
awakens me  
I see my mother  
hugging me with her large bright eyes  
hiding me in her eyes  
her smile emerging as wide as the space  
Here mother quivered on an olden day  
And I started crawling  
Here I saw her  
I spelled her face with love and affection  
Lo! I've come to my house again  
after years  
and years  
It is my joy  
my desired passion  
My heart flutters around it  
goes deep into sorrows  
I feel in its odor all that has passed  
I go back  
putting together the faces of those who had been here  
and then were lost in the paths of humiliation  
I weave sails  
to extend for the them in the whole place  
With these I fill my dreams and bring them back  
to the lap of Haifa  
with the steps of a wild wind  
that lingers not.

## Two Immigrants

We arrived at Avenue Greene in the afternoon  
The Montréal sun, as always in July,  
wore his bright tresses  
loosened with combs of flame  
we sat at La Fayette  
his coffee was boiling  
on firewood cinders  
We sat  
you and I  
retold our tales  
drank coffee  
and sneered  
at the fiascos of Arab leaders.

...

At length  
we went out  
and roamed  
from one place  
to another  
Behold we're now  
near Champlain  
Bridge  
I stroll around it  
here  
with stiff knees  
as you walk beside me  
swaying your glowing bosom  
with poise  
hiding the sun  
from the banks  
of Saint Laurent  
and the bells  
of Notre Dame

...

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

We walked on  
and on  
beneath switched off lights  
Behold, we've arrived at  
Raucous corners  
that humor people  
with songs and innocent  
merriment  
The night never leaves them  
nor does the morning rise

...

We walked  
towards a memorial  
riding above the shelves of the wind  
Lo! We are beside it now  
gazing at a bygone age  
counting the faces of those who  
passed  
from here before us  
the old conquering strangers  
and good old  
Mohawk and Cree Indians  
Here they came before us  
millenniums ago  
filling Montréal's  
horizon and space.

...

And here you  
and I now  
are walking, two immigrant strangers  
in the exiles of the diaspora  
our dreams overflowing around us  
looking for rainy clouds  
to bring back the pulse  
to the migrant  
birds.

## Remnants Of Days

All alone  
on the thresholds of UQAM  
Nothing around save  
the spray  
of days  
shaking within me  
traveling in the circles  
of the place.  
Days  
days  
loosened from dew  
and anemone flowers.  
Do you know  
I'm counting them now?  
One day  
two days  
Filled with her perfume  
I wander  
following her track  
from one place  
to another.  
I follow her  
I race with her  
the peal of my feet thundering  
behind her here  
and there.  
I move quickly  
along the roads  
Here is Westmount  
awake with the night  
To her I come and she to me.  
De Maisonneuve is before my eyes  
expanding before my steps  
I walk through it silently

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No one is there but I.  
I walk  
and walk  
endlessly.  
Here is Maison  
de Jazz  
emerging in the dark of the night  
belted with lights  
Five names it has.  
I see it and it sees me  
now.  
I remember a woman  
who was there  
one evening.  
She swayed in ecstasy  
as she sang.  
I lost her  
Who can  
bring her back  
as I desire?  
I step inside now  
close my eyes  
and hear  
"Strangers"  
in the voice  
of a dark woman  
singing  
singing long.  
Between one song and another  
memories take me unawares  
I go back again to the roads.  
Lo! I'm moving  
again  
with the winds  
running after those days  
running  
and gasping

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in the wide space.  
I roam  
and the gasping wind  
rises up in my chest.  
I count the days again  
Do you know?  
I'm counting them now  
One day  
Two days  
Two  
I feel them from a distance  
I see them hidden  
in the labyrinths of absence  
fragments being spilled  
in the mirrors of mirage.  
With them I spell  
all that  
was.  
I draw the alphabets  
around them  
with a quiver  
laden with questions, one  
after another  
Who are you O ma'am  
for me to stay in the orbits of your eyes  
without shadows  
wandering alone  
whispering to the winds,  
lightening and mountains  
to say what may be said  
and what may not  
and forget my insomnia in Montreal.

*Mountassir*

*Aziz*

*Bien*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

Poet Mountassir Aziz Bien lives in Casablanca Morocco  
He is a romantic and révolution poet. Aziz teaches Arabic  
languages.

Aziz has published three books Triste Musique, J Attend  
and نأذية العزف والوجع

Aziz is an Arabic internationally recognized Poet and  
Scholar whose works has been translated and published in  
French, Spanish, Italian and English.

## Sorry

Within dormancy  
Whispered Spring thin  
Through the lobby of anniversary  
Poems longing  
The perfume of roses  
Ah fragrance of roses parity  
Forget the past  
I forgot my jealousy and pride  
Forgot Lome and Zebra  
And screamed at attendees  
Hey, crazy  
Nothing like you  
you are the love  
Nothing here  
look like you

Inc.?  
It has become a global sense of quiescent  
Is calling  
Swirling in the remnants of absence  
Looking for a smile morning  
Looking for you, O Spirit  
Do not leave the throes Rest Pil  
Of remorse and sorrow available  
Arahami sorrow ... Here's my repentance  
Healing the wounds  
Address absenteeism  
Go back to ... oh Noor Orkney

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

Fjra pleading to you  
Inspired obscurantist  
Being as you wish  
I am here  
Held in Ahqk  
I wait to fall into the Ohoudank  
Oh my flower Rouge

## Illusion

Arum morning  
Encased Baloraj slave  
Fairskh in Ndati  
Enough Talma  
Bury and distress  
In the darkness of pain  
Become blacker not see  
I love fish symbols  
In a sea poem  
Many his fish  
See you blind  
Sleep and wake up  
You do not see only darkness  
Do not leave distress dancing  
And sing without melodies  
Zbihk one  
And many Almabhon  
Arum evening covered with wounds  
Tired of the recent past  
From my struggle with the night  
Hold harm impulses  
Spring calculated all my classes  
I am saddened  
It is in the palm rest Kaloms  
I do not know  
Lost my hopes in shreds  
Appealed Bohema  
Aziz Mountassir

## Higher

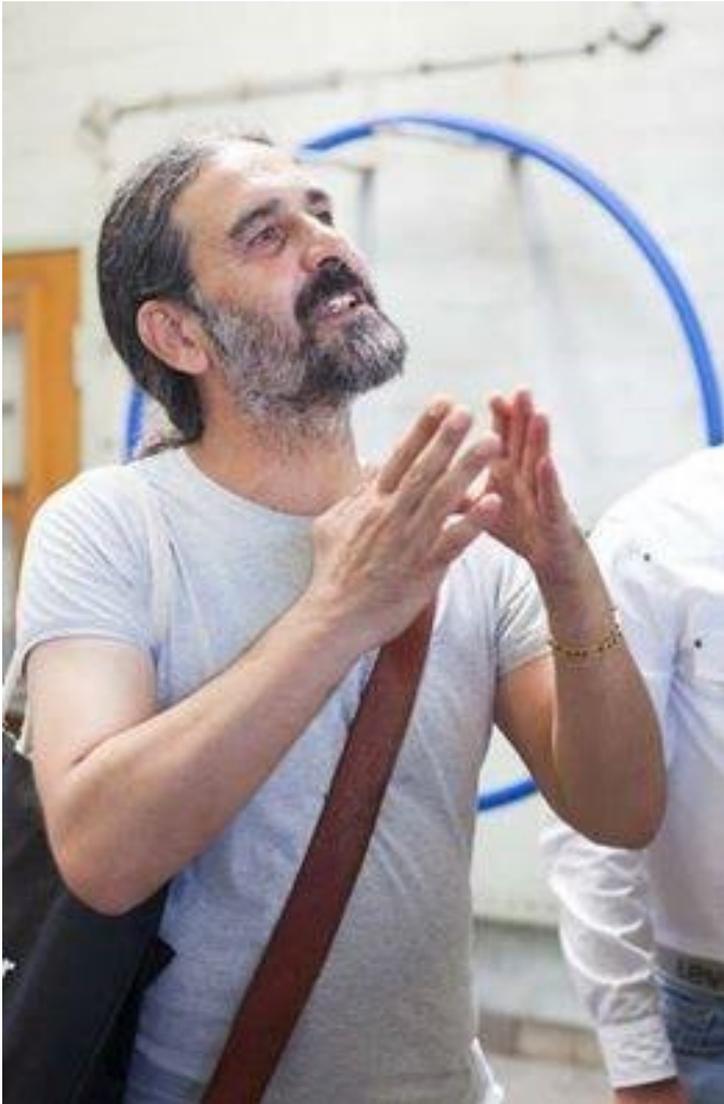
Smoot to the upper glory  
Athuabk perfumed  
I have traveled to distant places  
Aouseltk her iron hands  
And I started Tmthala away  
But do I know  
You are sculpted from ice  
Melt warmly Mjaotai  
And irrigates it Mjaotai  
Upright and curves  
And show me your perfume to Gfelti  
Long live the words in the mouths of abandoned  
And die differences  
The wind blows  
The fall from Vahec saw honey  
I took out from behind the world  
To see my desires Mahaddourh  
Coming from Aalak  
He graduated from the pens we  
Calling for a new generation  
Damned heavy bridges  
Over my body

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

*Abdulkadir*

*Musa*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



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

Abdulkadir Musa, born 1969 in Amude/Kurdistan (North Syria), studied French Language and Literature in Aleppo.

In 1995 he moved to Magdeburg, Germany, where he studied at the Otto-von-Guericke University and worked as a translator and cultural advisor in the socio-psychiatric service. Today, a graduate of the ASH Berlin in Social Pedagogy, he lives and works in Berlin as a social worker.

His lyrics *Your Wings Have Taught Me to Fly* (Semakurd, Dubai, 2007) were published in the Kurdish language, which has been translated into German, Spanish and Polish. His poems have been published in German, Kurdish and Arabic in different magazines and anthologies (e.g. [www.semakurd.net](http://www.semakurd.net), *Volksstimme* and *Ort der Auge*). Main fields of work: poems, prose, translation, free rendering, editorial.

## Short poems . . . For the hand

-1-

To bring his memories to a close  
he puts his head in his hands.  
But his eyes let them  
slip through his fingers.

-2-

A snowman  
and the warm hands of a woman  
What does he know about them?

-3-

In the mirror of her hands  
he saw her image  
in murky water.  
With his hands moving,  
His soul would be cast away  
in the whirl of his fingers.

-4-

His forgetting is like  
the loss of his hands

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

-5-

His hands wont let her go,  
she, who is for him,  
is like his own hands.

-6-

Once he decided  
to free his hands  
he gave away  
his own hands.

## Always you

-1-

Your name  
I do not say  
Not to disappoint the jasmine.

-2-

Your color  
I do not show,  
So that the snow doesn't melt.

-3-

About you  
I've talked,  
Until the flowers bleed upon my lips.

-4-

For you  
I've been waiting  
With butterflies on my eyes.

## Ashes of the heart

weeping  
experiences do end  
You can read it in the eyes of my first lover,  
Or in your last tears ....

So you too will not be a chapter in my story ... ..  
Do not spread yourself in my heart.  
Leave me this loss ....!?

I myself,  
I am a heartless man,  
whose hands are dead from departure,  
deported

Do not kill me completely  
So that I may find a place for my ancestors,  
like a needle-tip,  
then I die a miserable death.  
My nights and the darkness of the spirits ....

What do you say?

You came with the morning,  
reading the hymns of the dawn.  
Lay your heart on my heart for a while,  
the legend of Derwêşê Evdî  
to you I will sing and cry.....!

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*

Not over you,  
Not over me,  
- just to cry –  
so that I myself may wash my eyes clean  
of this filthy world !

Not me,  
It's in your hands,  
if you smoke my heart breathlessly to the end  
like a last cigarette,

And ... with the last sob  
let it become ashes  
In the ashtray of my chest! ...

*The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016*



*Now Available*

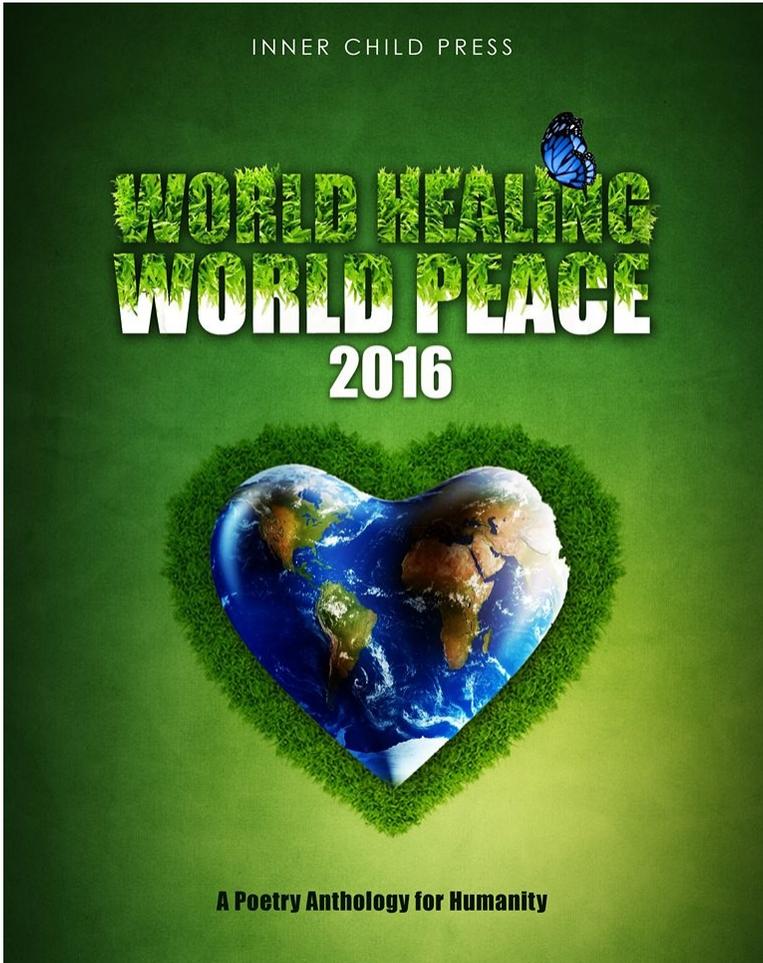
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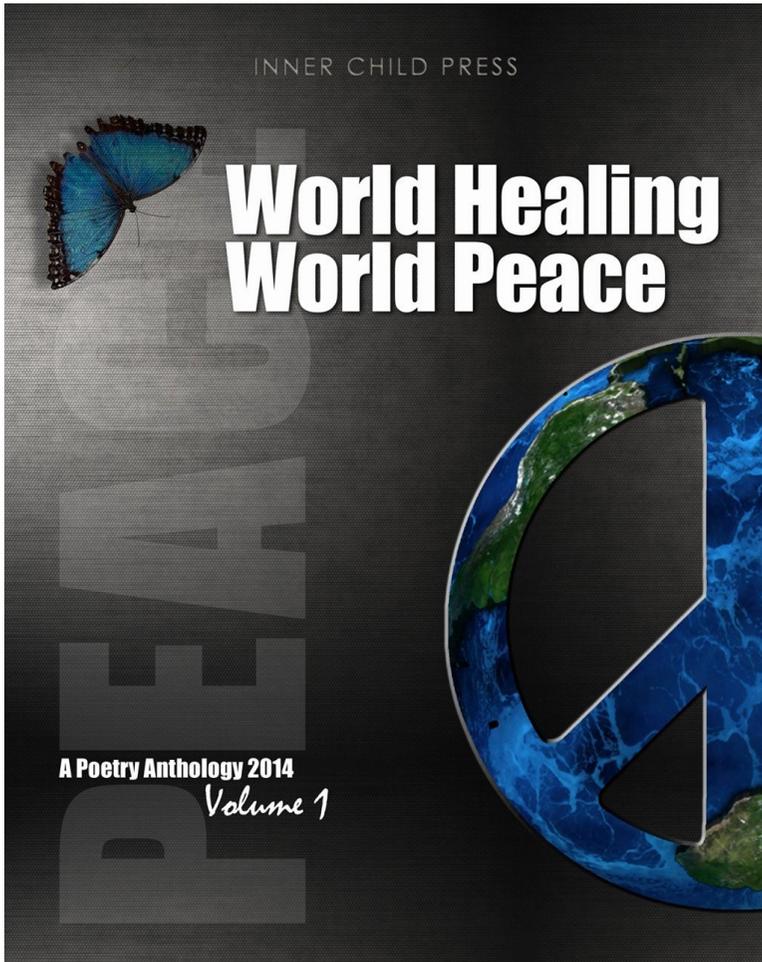
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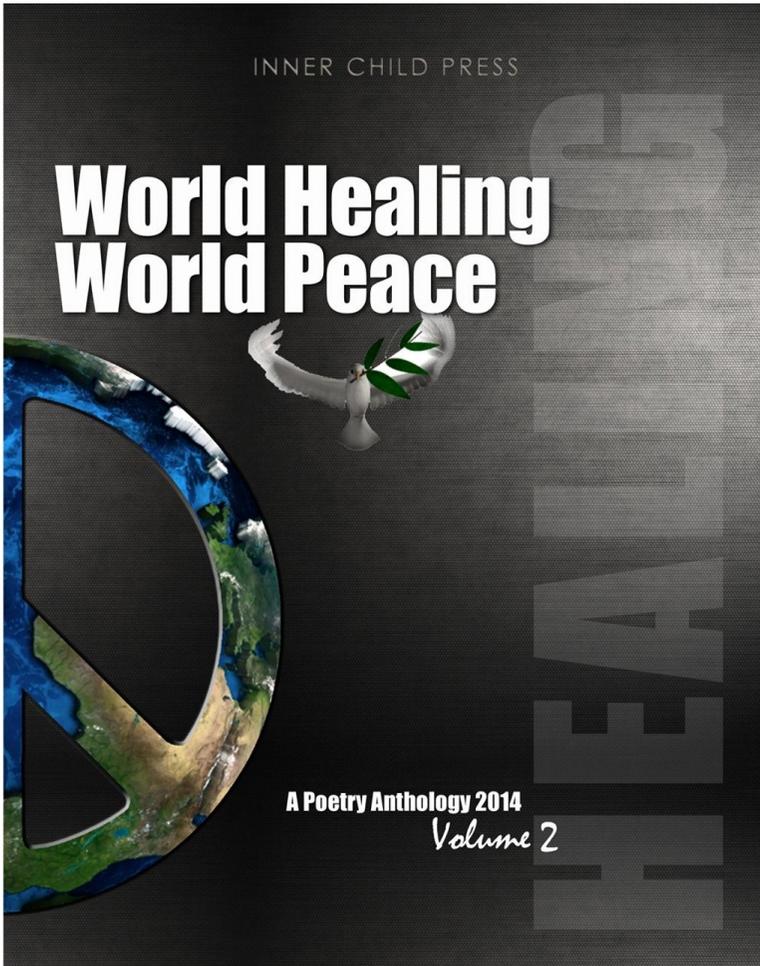
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*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

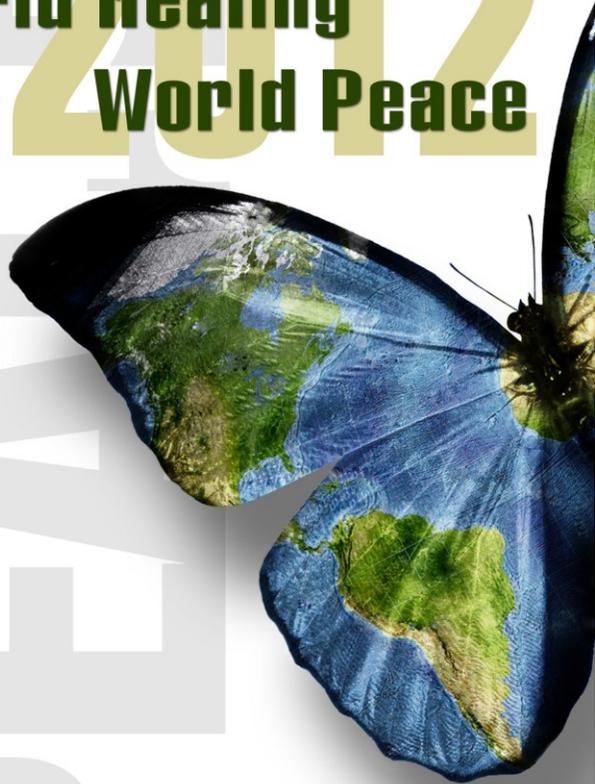


*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

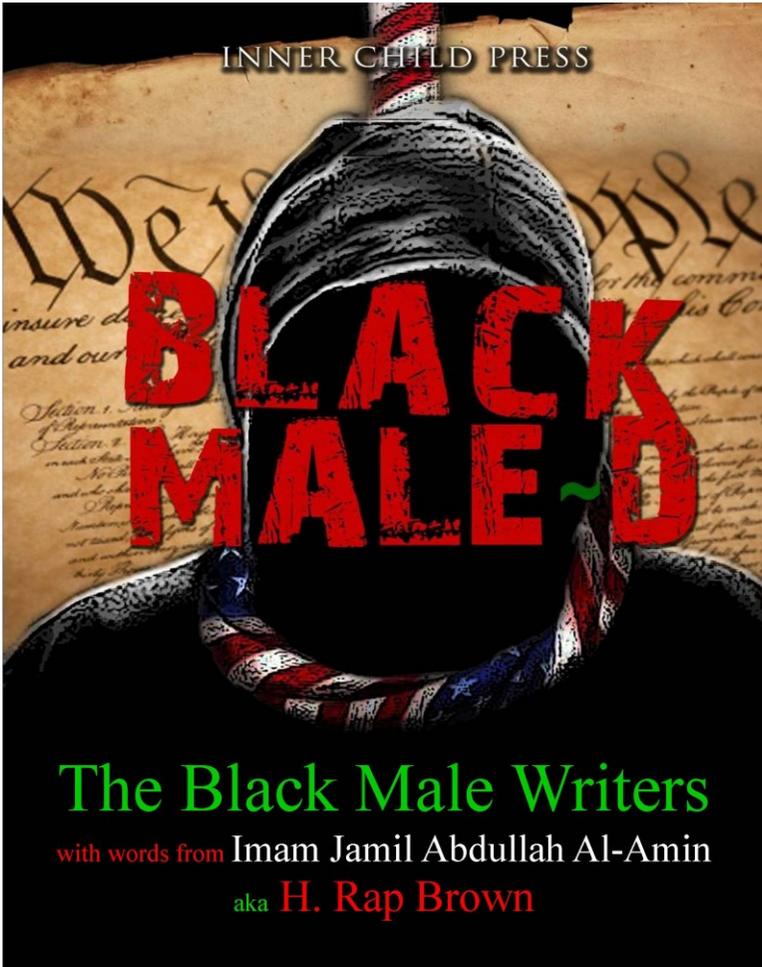
# World Healing World Peace



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

*Volume 2*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



The Year of the Poet III  
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph

Usha Krishnamurthy R

James Moore

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Wells  
Nizar Sattawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfreda Chee  
Joe DeVerbal, Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III

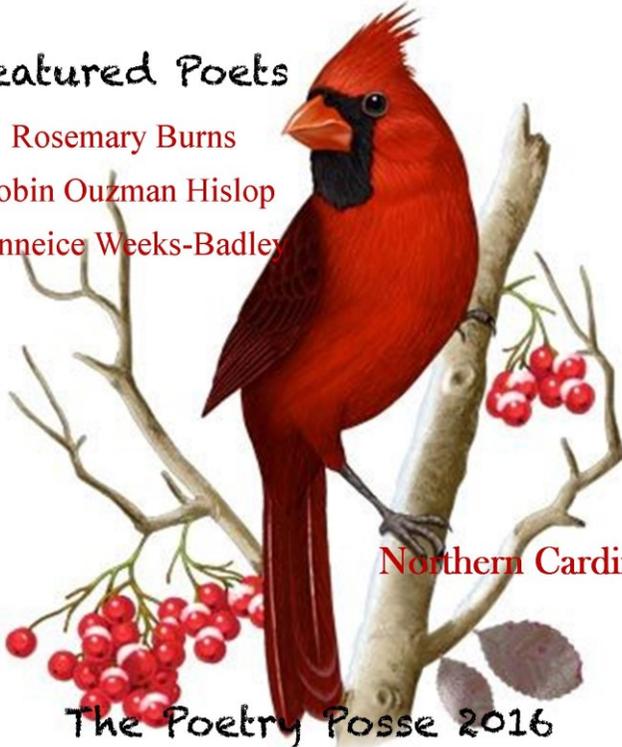
November 2016

### Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonnice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Jen Wells

Nizar Sertawi \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfreda Ghee

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo

Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatis \* Alan W. Jankowski

Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber  
Abhijit Sen  
Eunice Barbara C. Novio



Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer \* Jen Wells  
Nizar Sertawi \* Janet D. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghee  
Anna Jakubczak Val Ratty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiotis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* 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 DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Nizar Sertawi \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Jen Walls  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiotus \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* 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 DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfredo Ghee  
Nizar Sertawi \* Keith Allen Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel. Ratty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White \* Jen Walls  
Hülya N. Dilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
June 2016

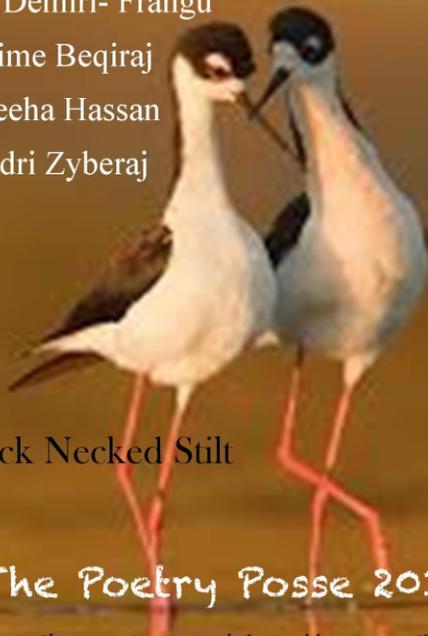
Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Nizar Sartaawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel BettyAdolan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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 DeVerbo! Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Nizar Sertawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adolan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Ifilya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# *The Year of the Poet III*

## Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalaszc

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White

Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatus \* Alan W. Jankoaski

Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

*celebrating international poetry month*

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

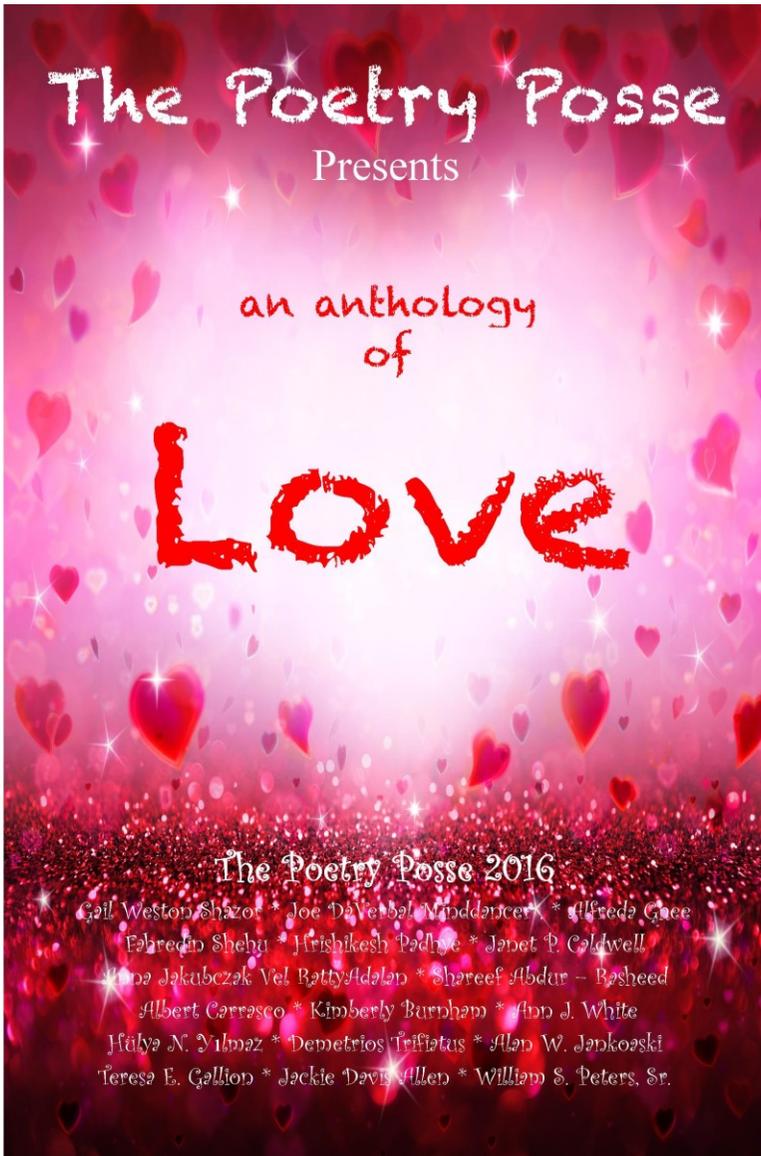
Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfreda Chee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Jirishikesh Pachye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Mülyä N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



# The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology  
of

# Love

## The Poetry Posse 2016

- Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeboi Mendenhall \* Alfredo Gaez  
Ehrecin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalar \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Jfalya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

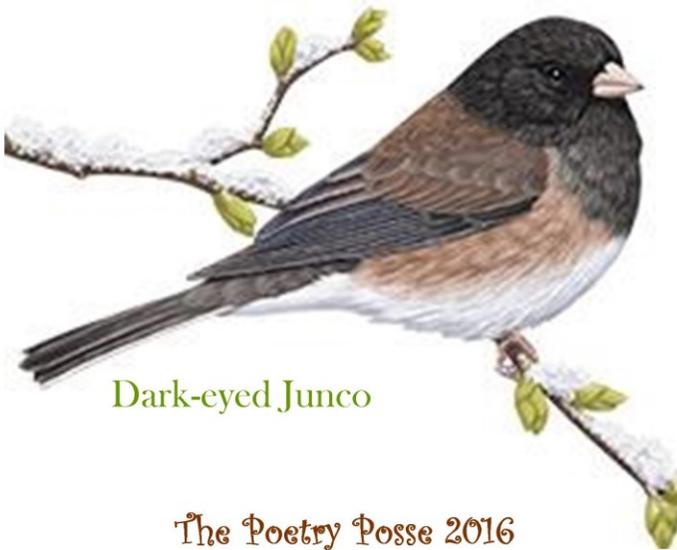
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Dilmaç \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# 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 Betty Adelen \* Ann J. White  
Ehredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet II December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

November 2015



Topaz

## Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

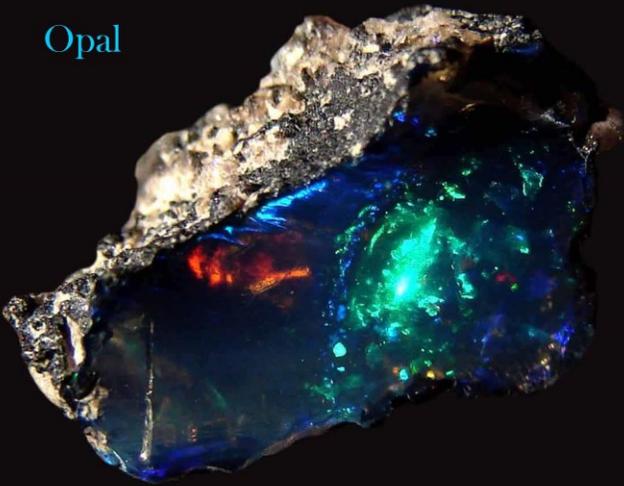
# The Year of the Poet II

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. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonneice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

## Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



## 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. Yılmaz

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 Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's featured Poets

Anahit Arustamyan \* Yvette D. Murrell \* Regina A. Walker



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Geri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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 Dawson-Mintzinger  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
Ann White  
Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt  
Fahredin Shehu  
Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion  
Jackie Allen  
William S. Peters, Sr.

*January Feature Poets*

Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

*The Poetry Passé*

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt \* WrittenInPain \* Santos Taino \* Justice Clarke

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond \* Gill Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco \* Siddartha 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.

## November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman \* Jackie Allen \* James Moore \* Neville Hiatt

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco \* Siddartha 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.

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raşendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## 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.

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passe*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'infinite' Carrasco  
Siddantha 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.

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams  
Dr. John R. Strum  
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Infinite Carrasco  
Siddartha 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.



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



## June's Featured Poets

Shantelle McLin  
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy  
Abraham N. Benjamin

## The Poetry Passé

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.

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

## The Poetry Posse

March 2014

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha 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

February 2014



violets

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Heninger  
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

## January 2014



*Carnation*

### The Poetry Posse

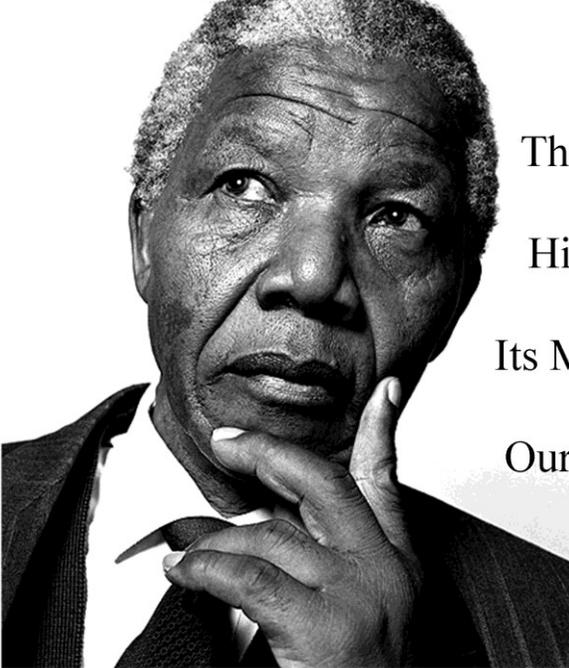
Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

### Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# A GATHERING OF WORDS



**POETRY & COMMENTARY**

FOR

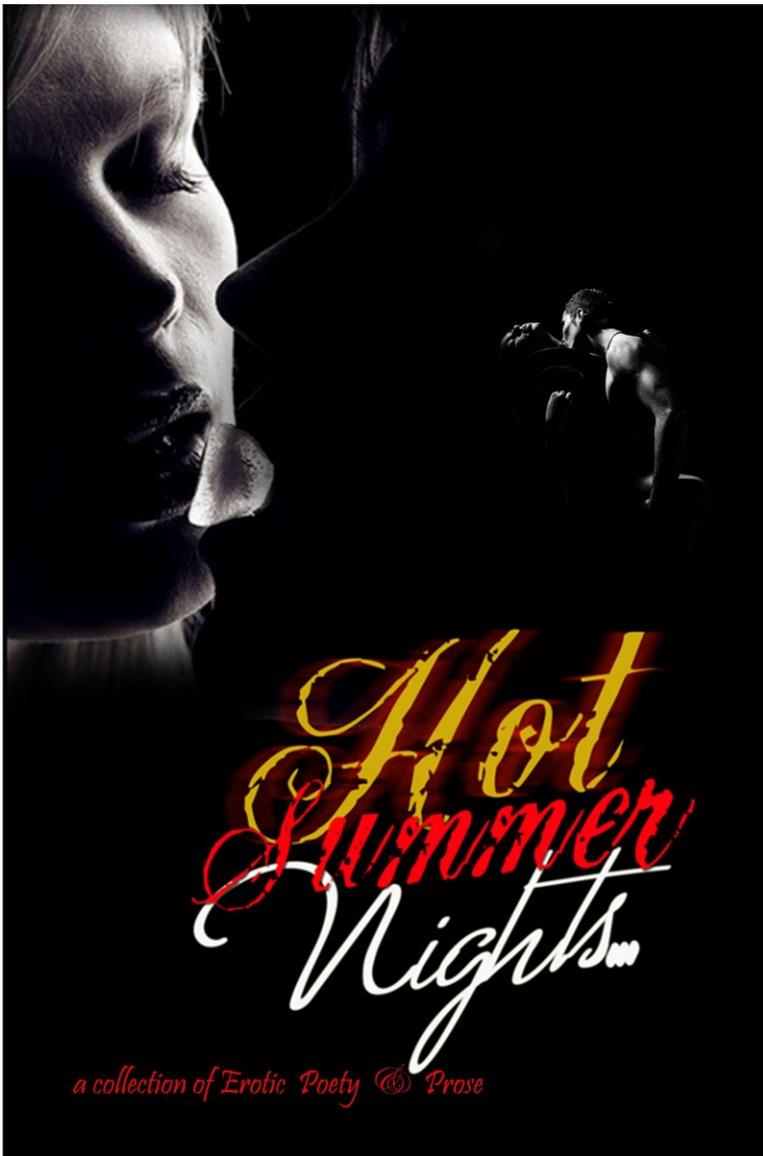
# **TRAYVON MARTIN**

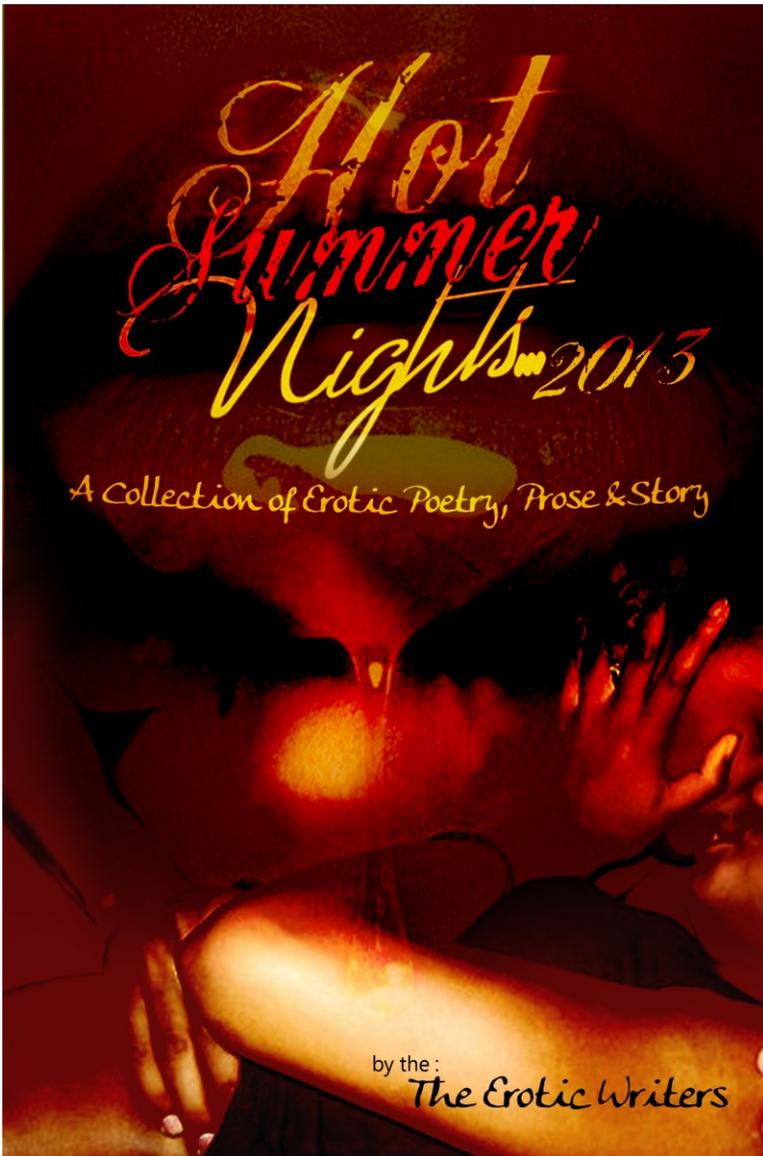
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

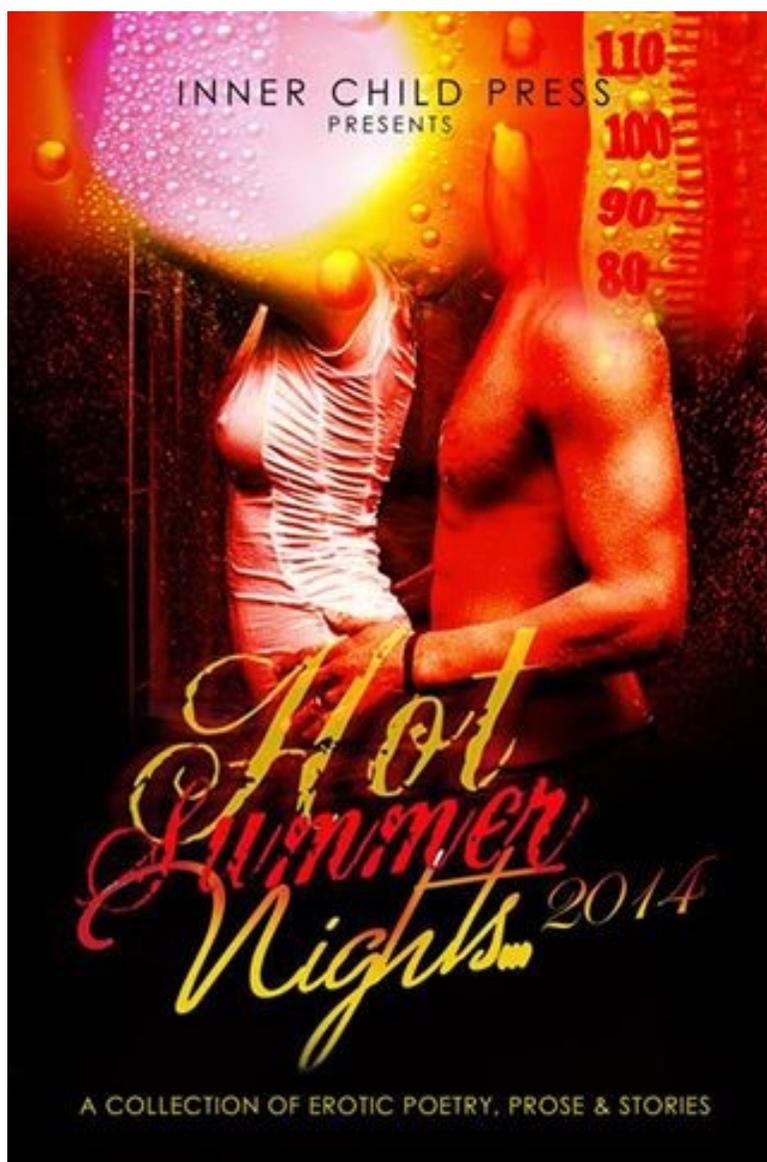
*healing through words*



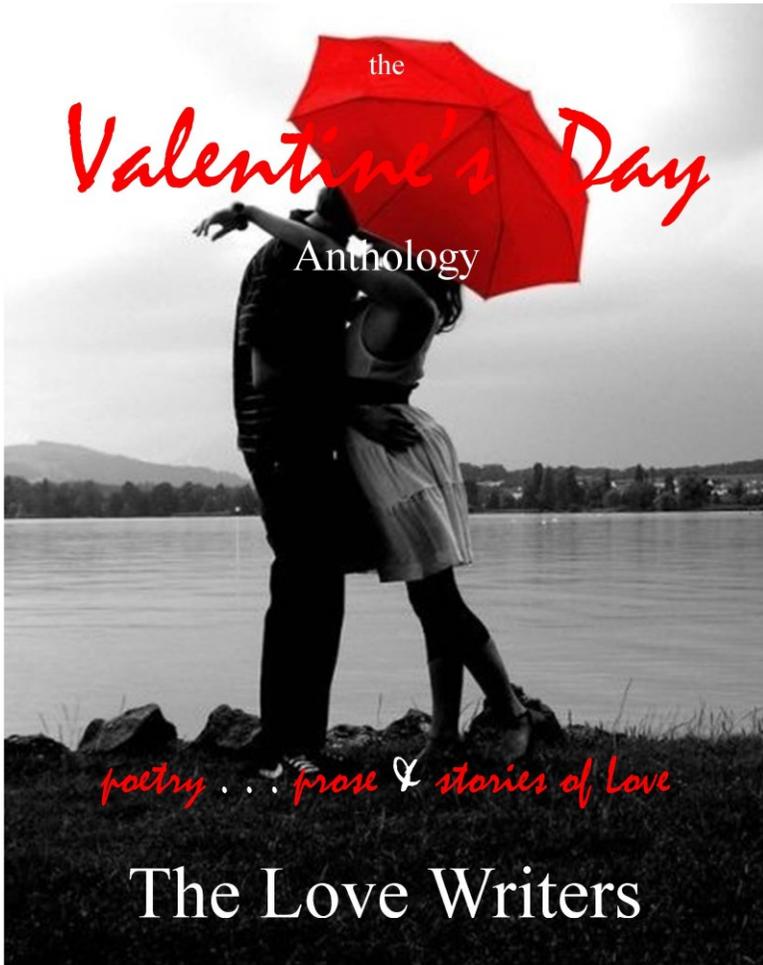
*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*







*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



want my

**P** **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**  
to . . .

*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...*

*Monte Smith*

Inner Child Press Anthologies

*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...*

Monte Smith



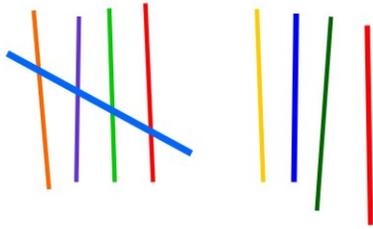
want my

POEtRy

to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



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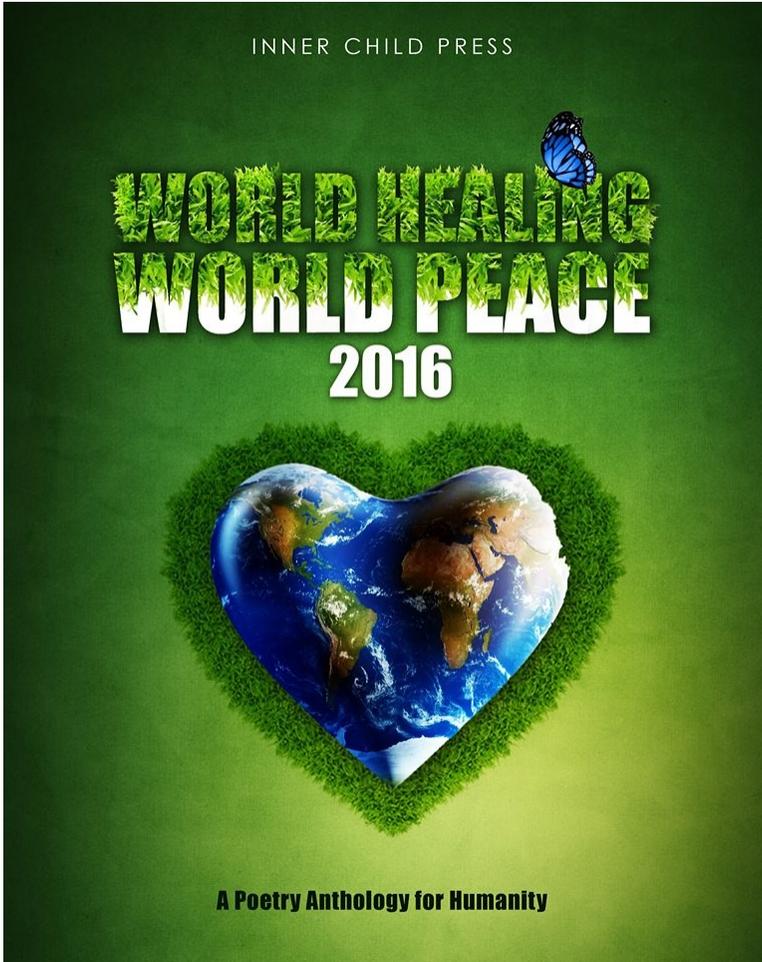
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~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



## November 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Samih  
Masoud



Mountassir  
Aziz  
Bien



Abdulkadir  
Musa



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