



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 Sartaoui * 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.

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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
The Year of the Poet III
December 2016 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LI F E
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
PO E T R Y ?

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

&

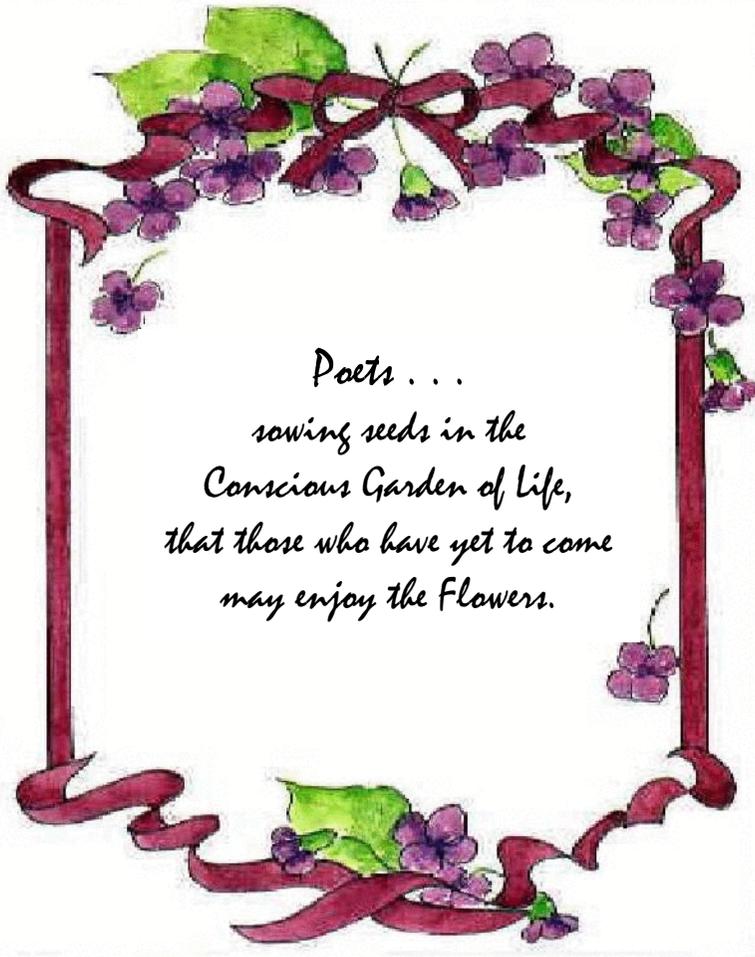
the Power of the Pen.



Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



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

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

I want my poetry to . . .

For more finite information, please visit :

www.innerchildpress.com/i-want-my-poetry-to-volume

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

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

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

INNER CHILD PRESS

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WORLD PEACE
2016



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

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www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available

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

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

~ wsp

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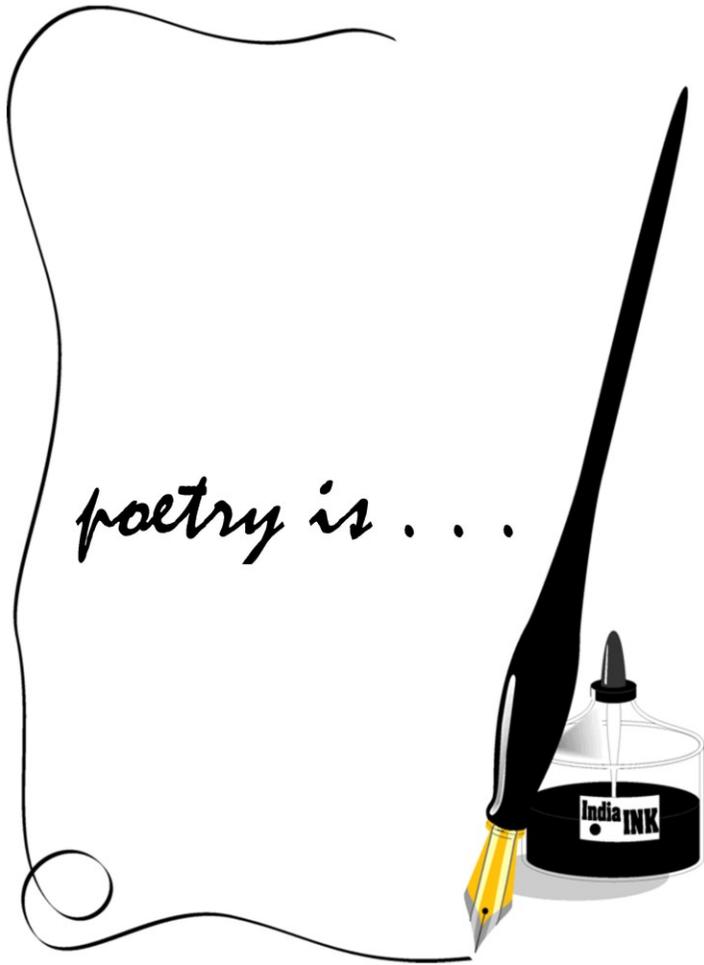
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has 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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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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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 4th 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



*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.

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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

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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 or from 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

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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

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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

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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

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Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016



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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*

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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

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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.

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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.

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... 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

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* 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;

<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



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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

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

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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

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

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,

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016

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,

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016

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



The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016

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

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.

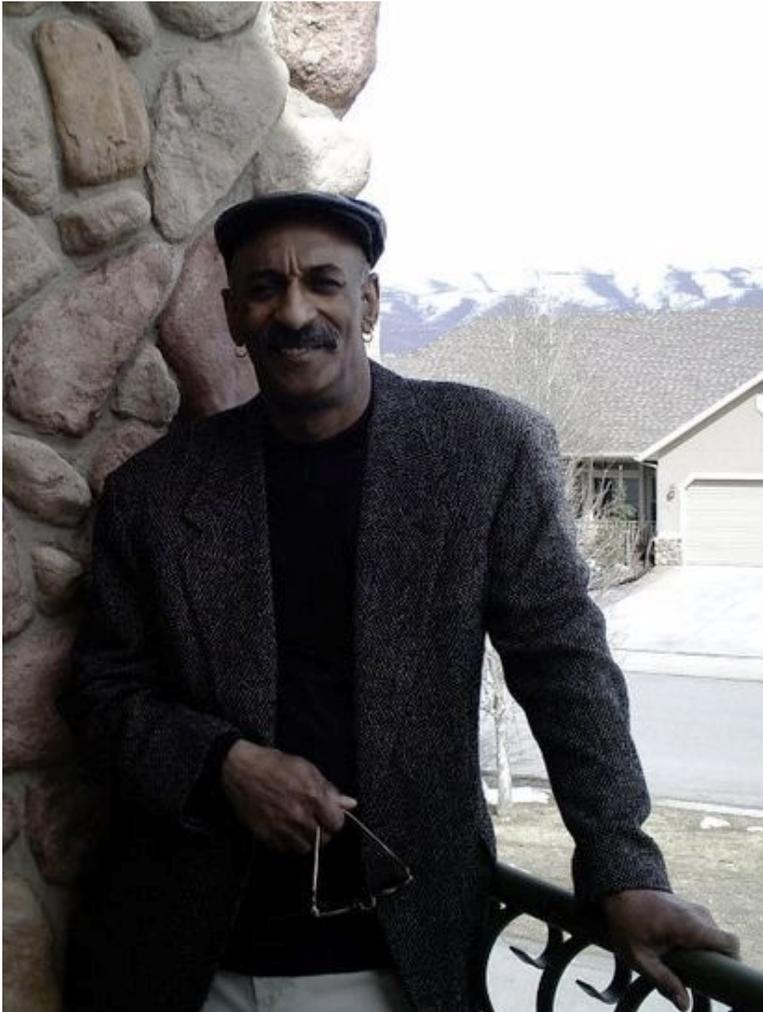
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William

S.

Peters Dr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016



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

Personal Web Site
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

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016

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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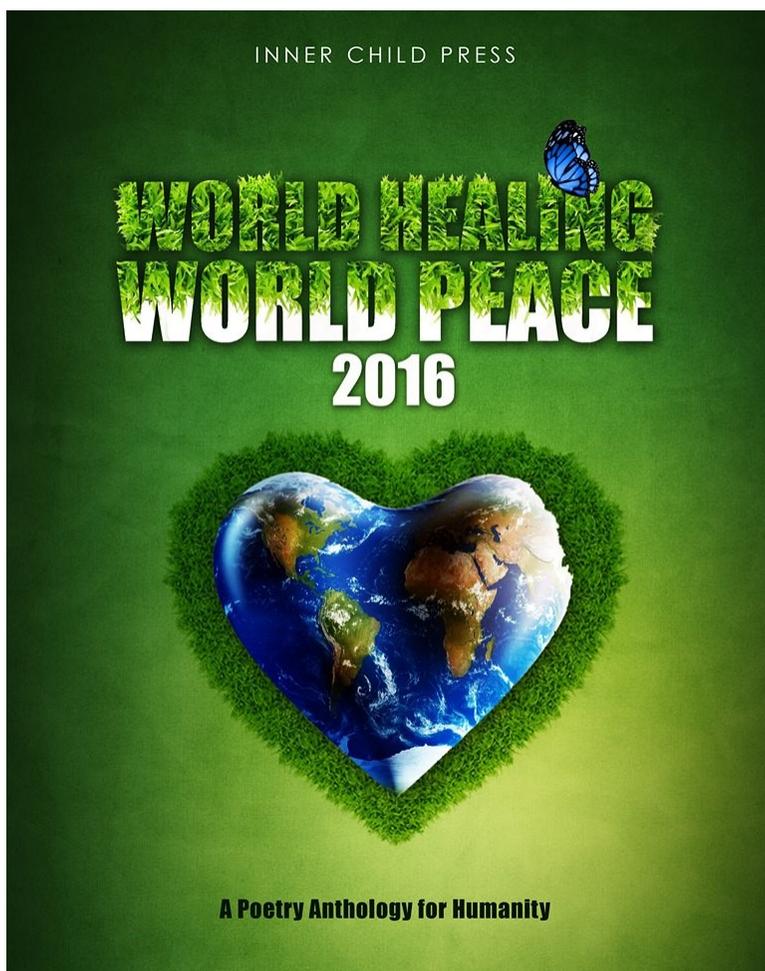
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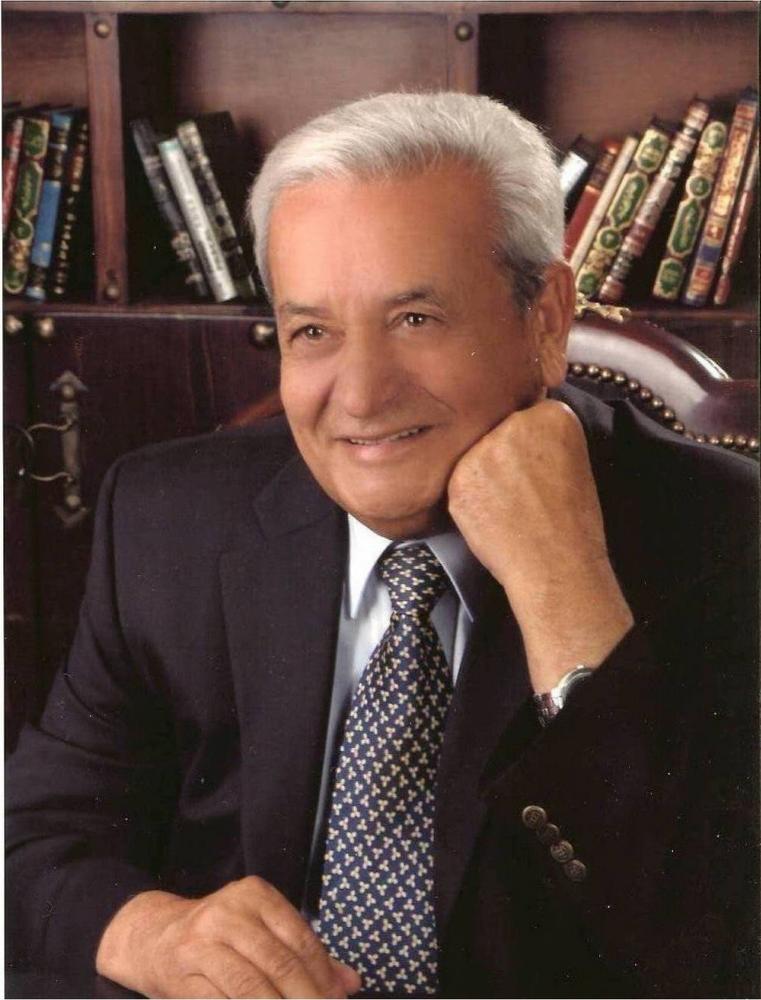


Samih Masoud
Mountassir Aziz Bien
Abdulkadir Musa

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

<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

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III ~ December 2016

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

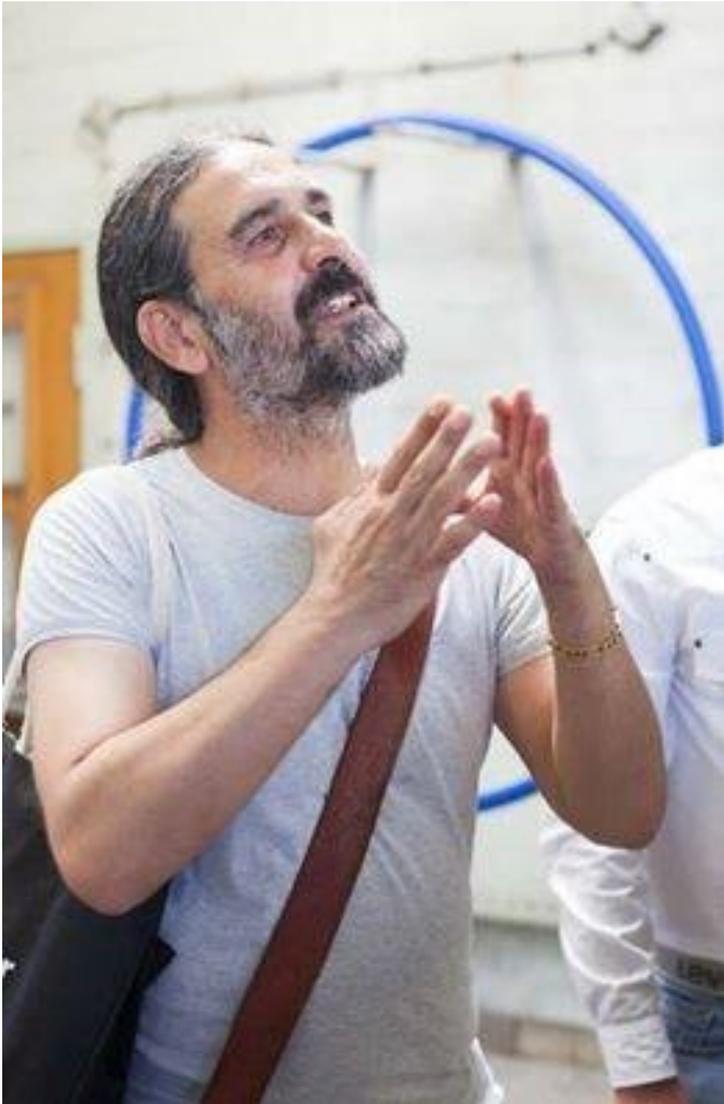
Smoot to the upper glory
Athuabk perfumed
I have traveled to distant places
Aouseltk her iron hands
And I started Tmthala away
But do I know
You are sculpted from ice
Melt warmly Mjaotai
And irrigates it Mjaotai
Upright and curves
And show me your perfume to Gfelti
Long live the words in the mouths of 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, *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! ...

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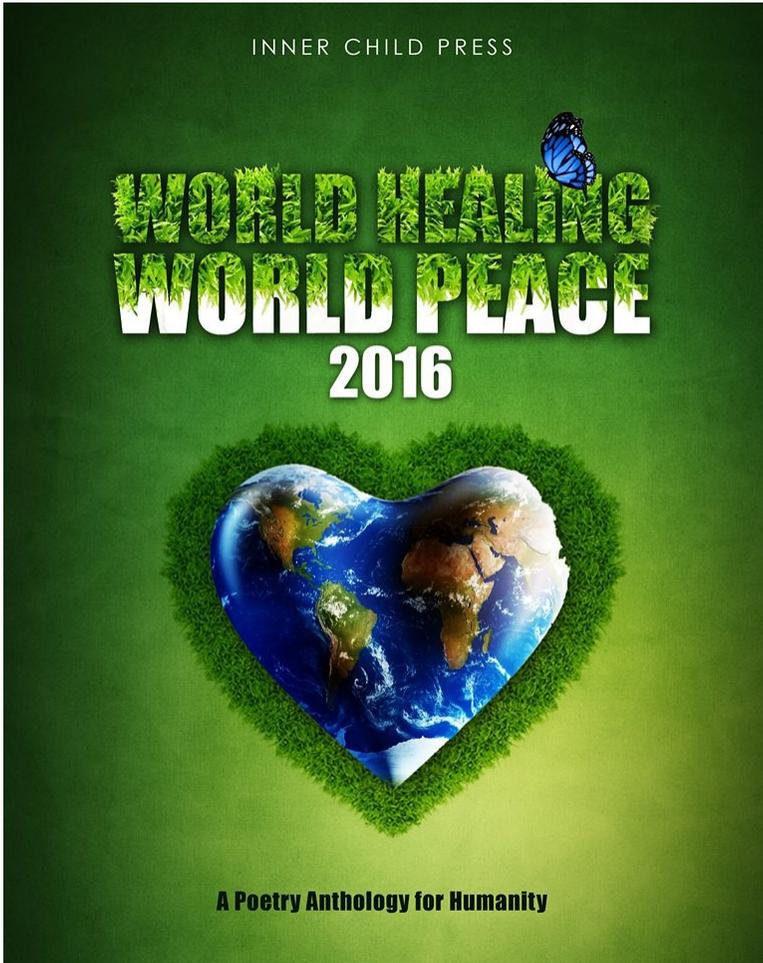
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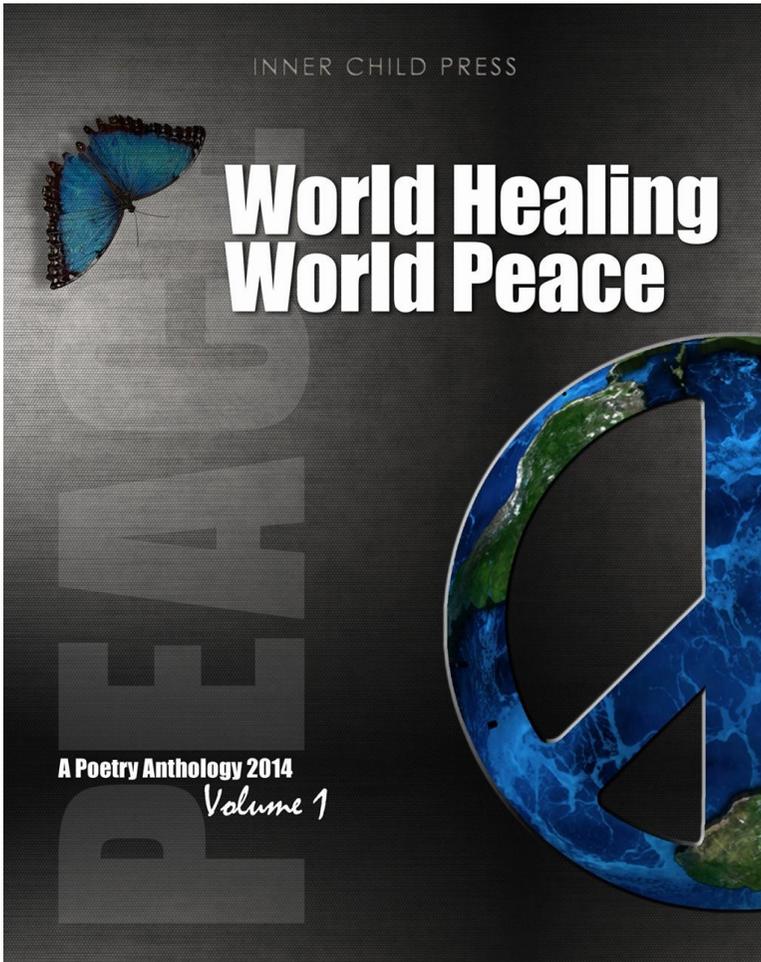
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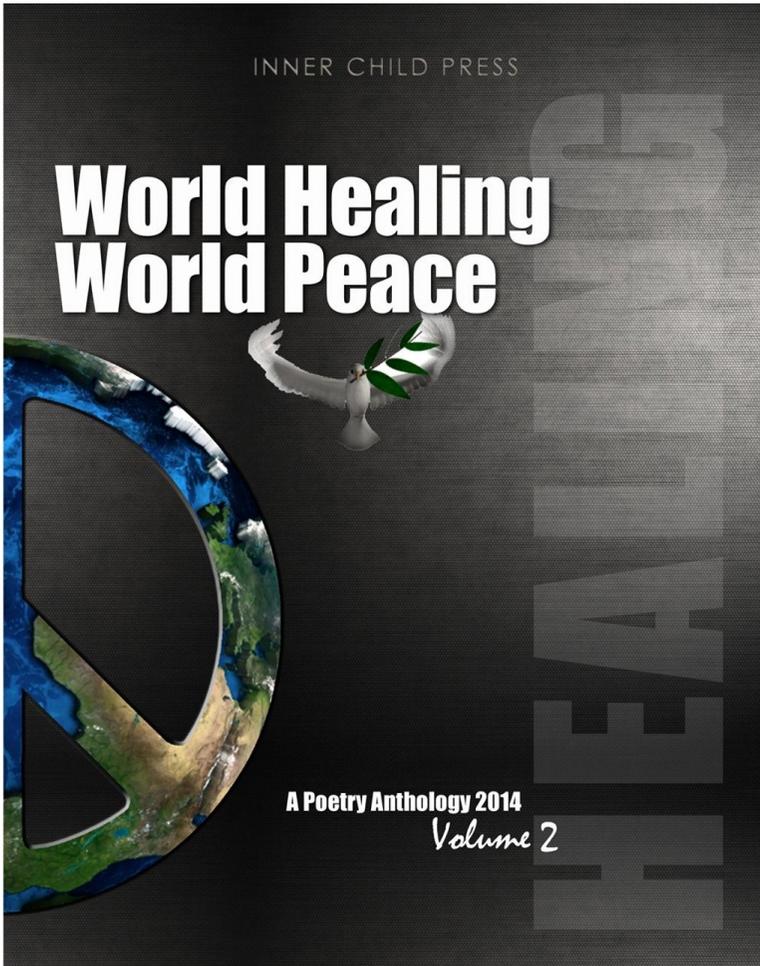
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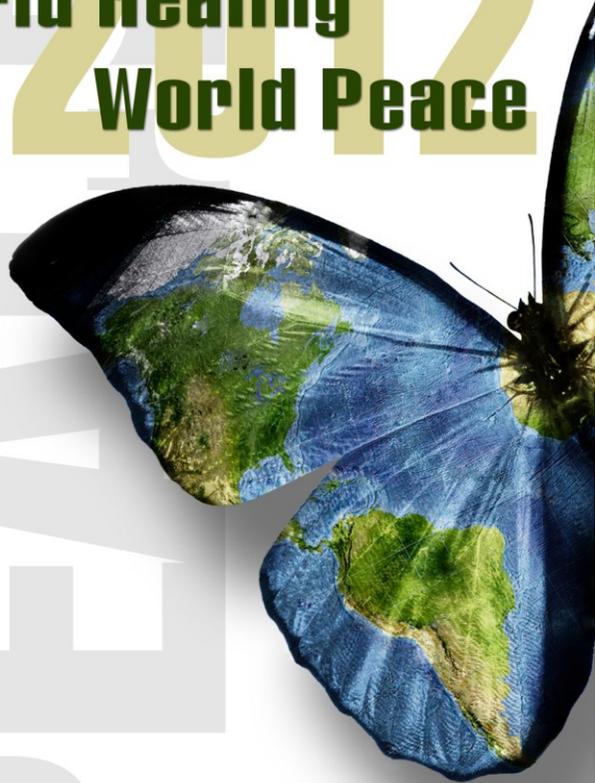


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Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

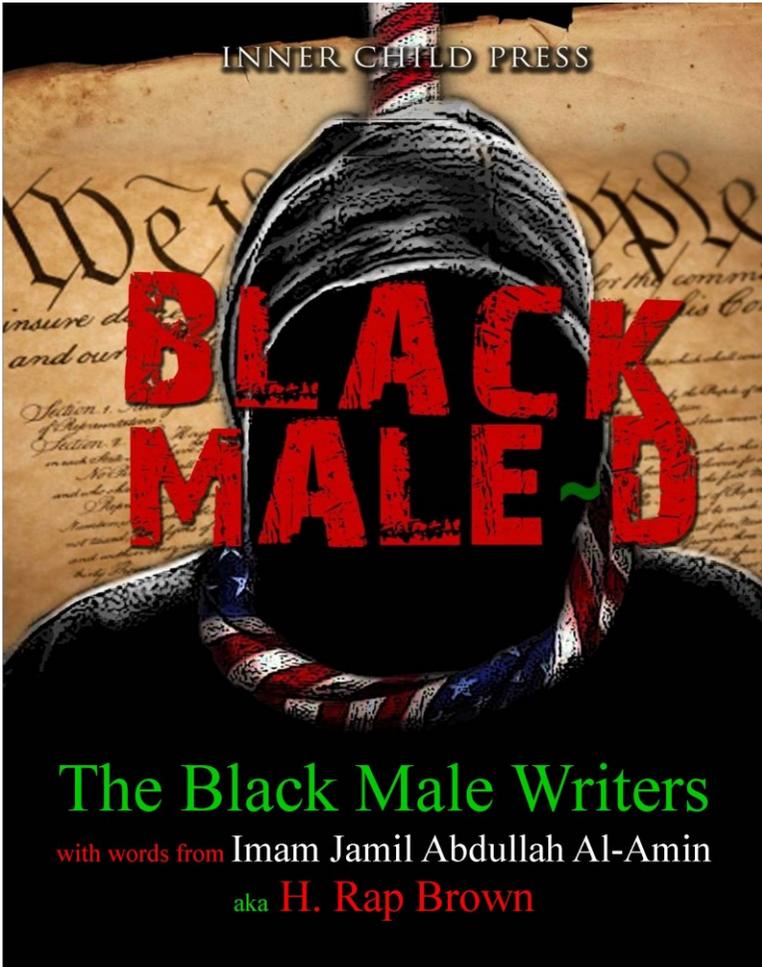
World Healing World Peace



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

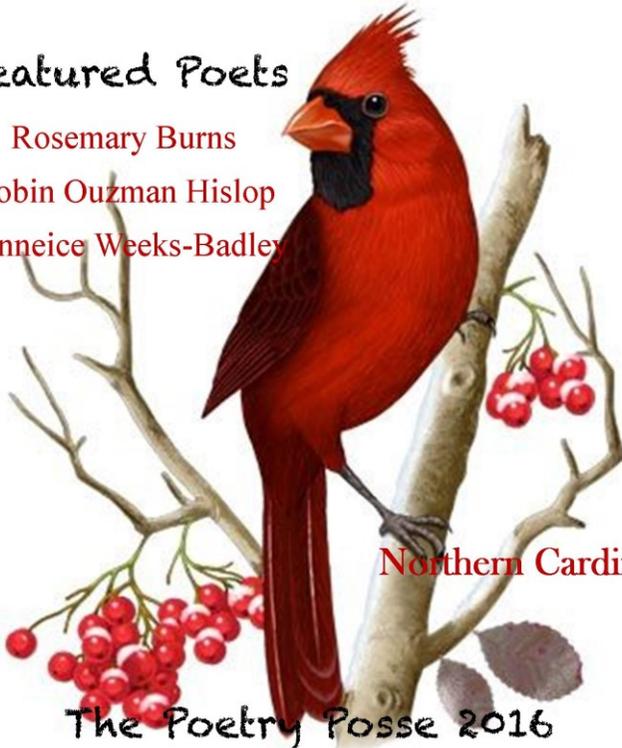
November 2016

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
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * 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
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasaz

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

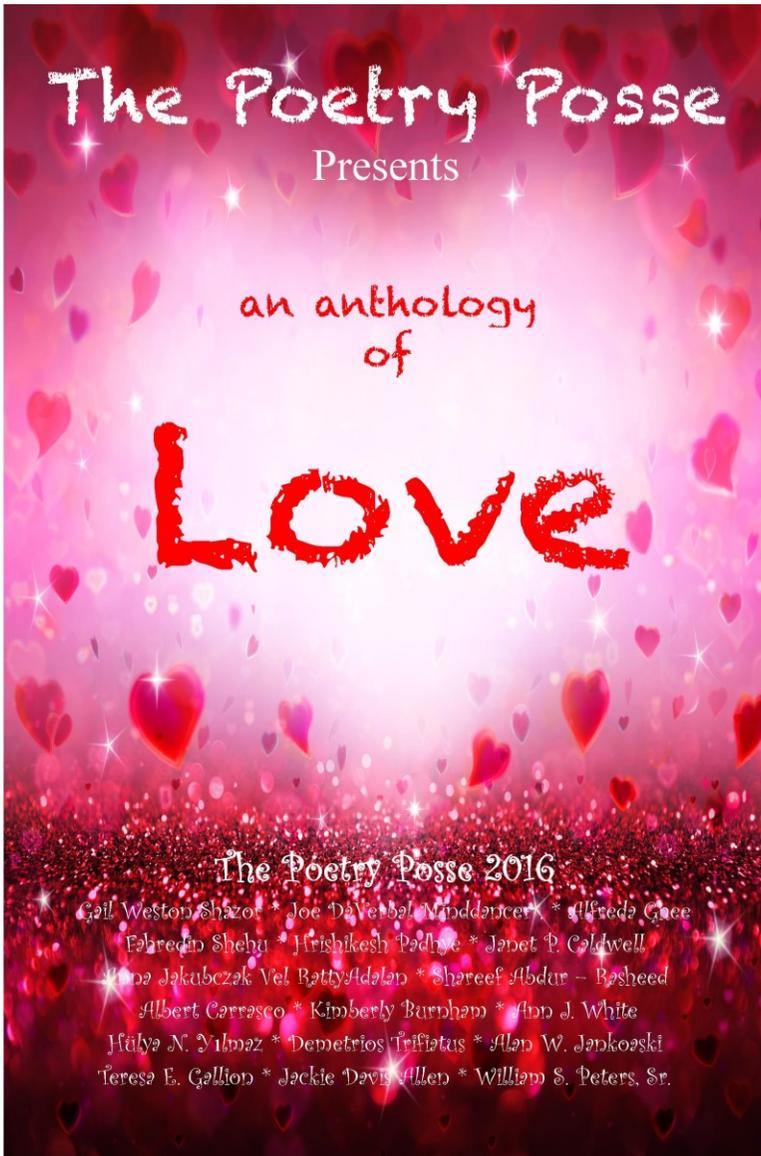
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

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
Melya N. Dilnaz * 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

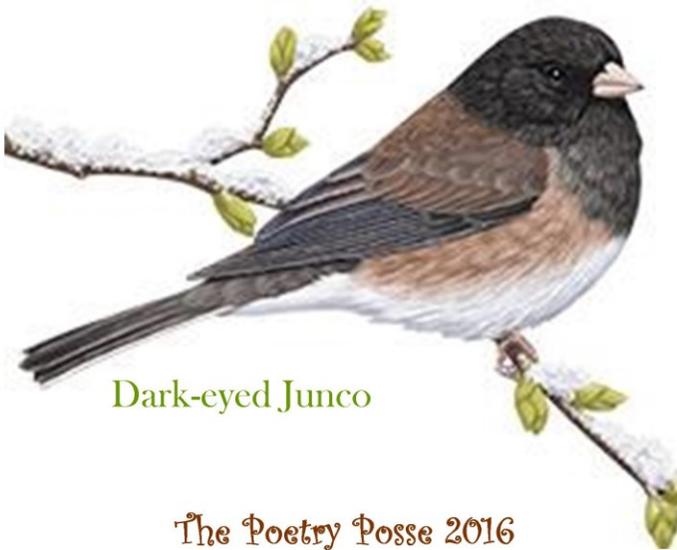
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adams * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * 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.

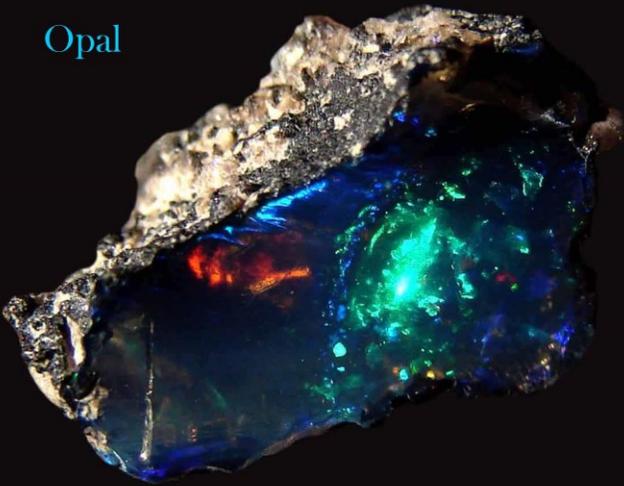
The Year of the Poet II

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.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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



Love & Relationship

Rose

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

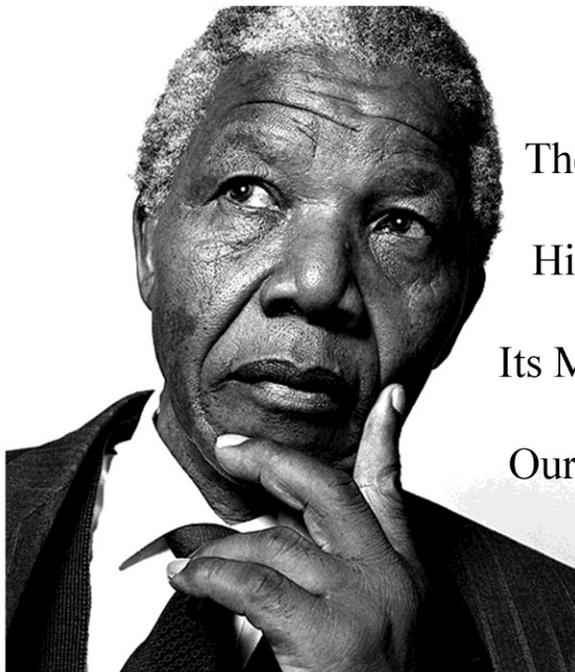
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

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

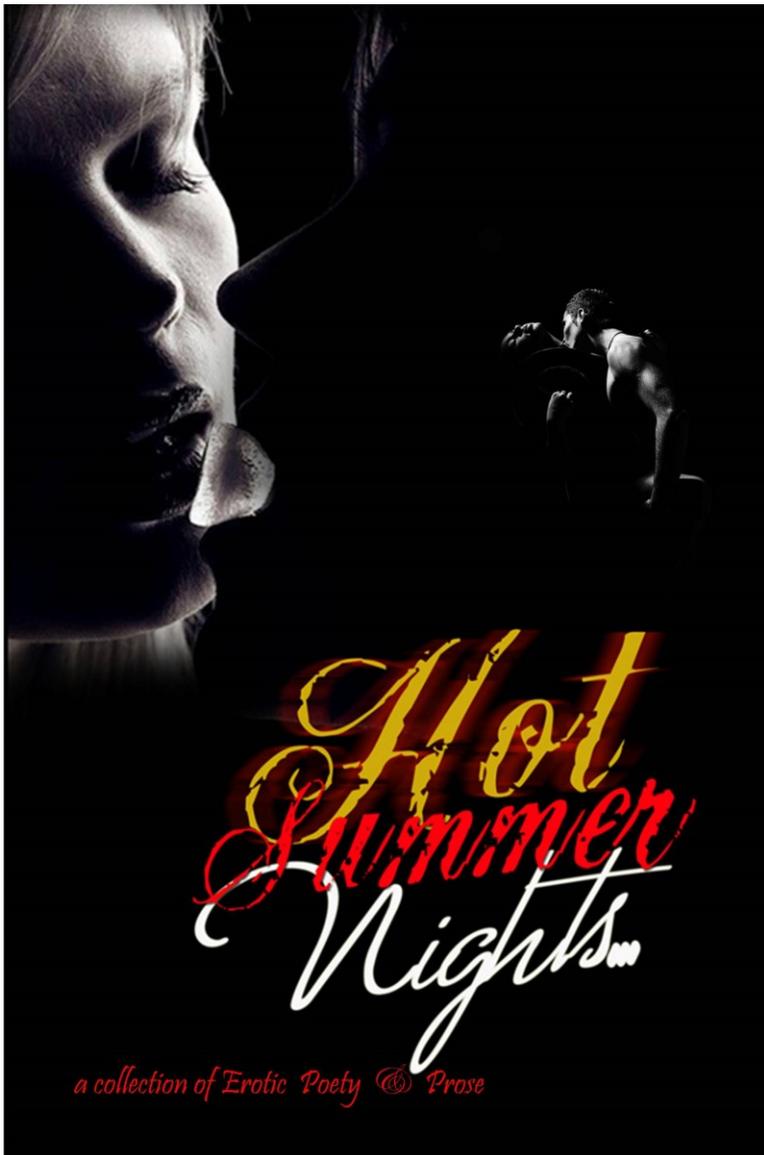
TRAYVON MARTIN

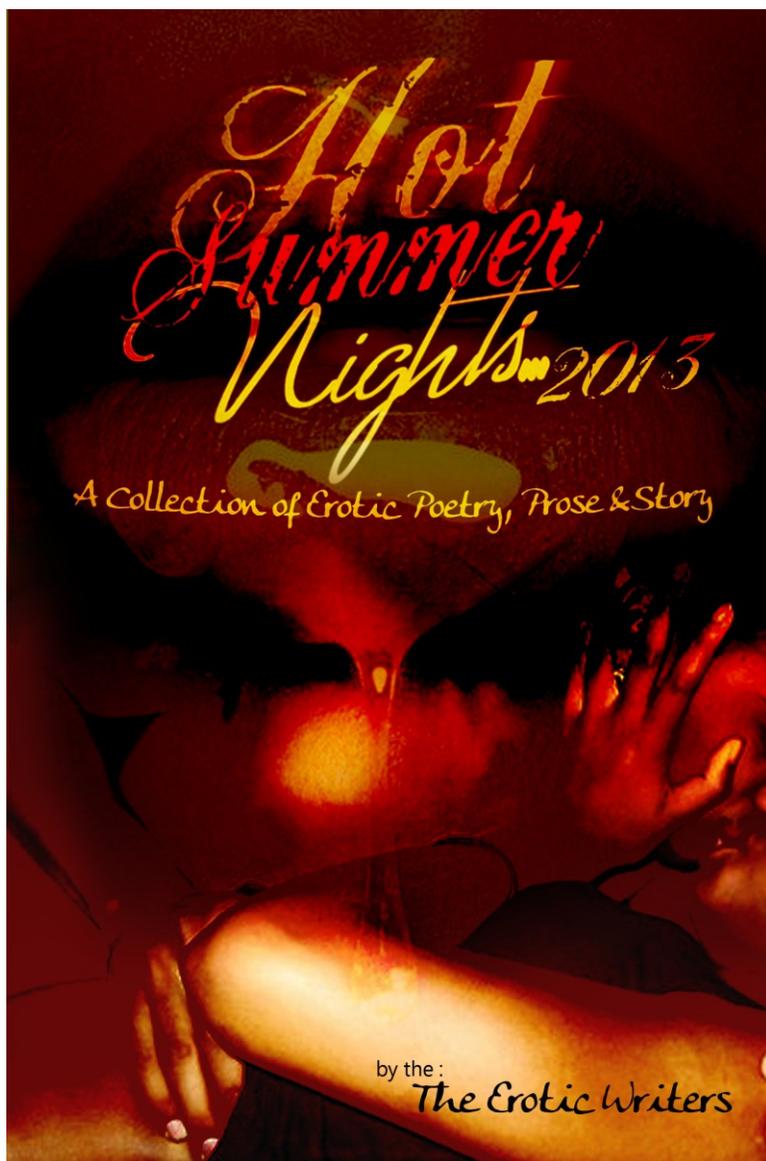
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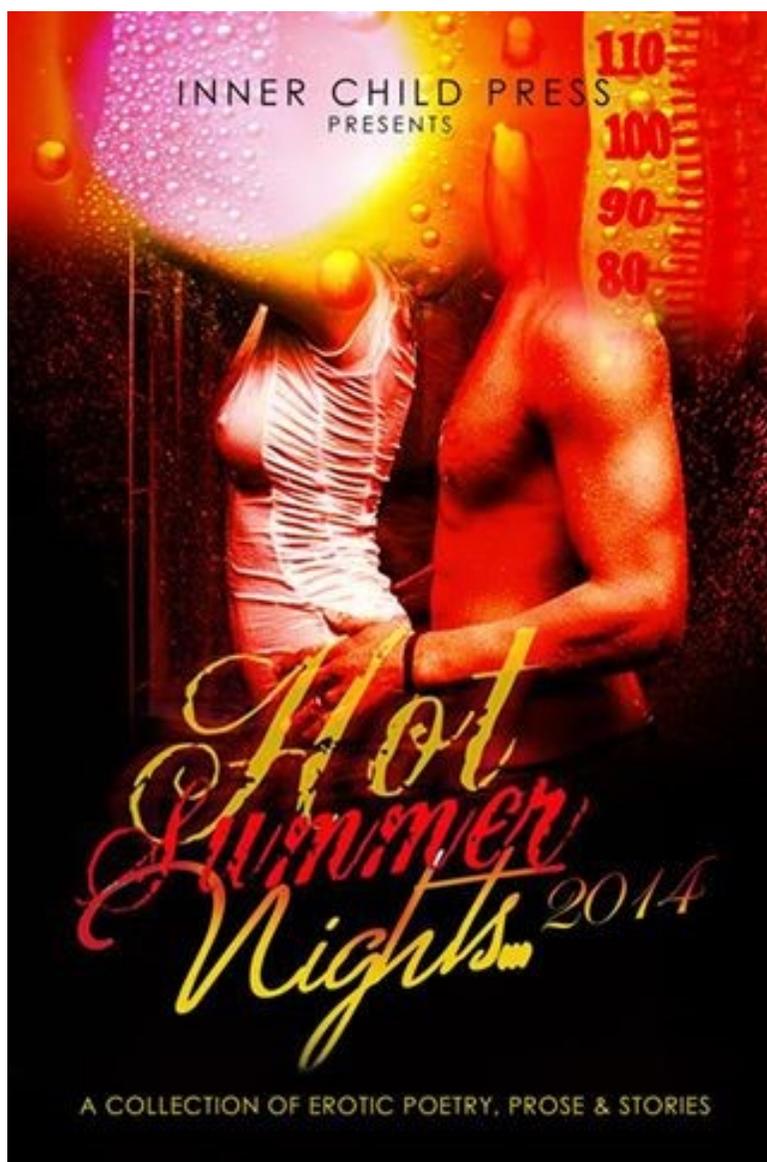
healing through words



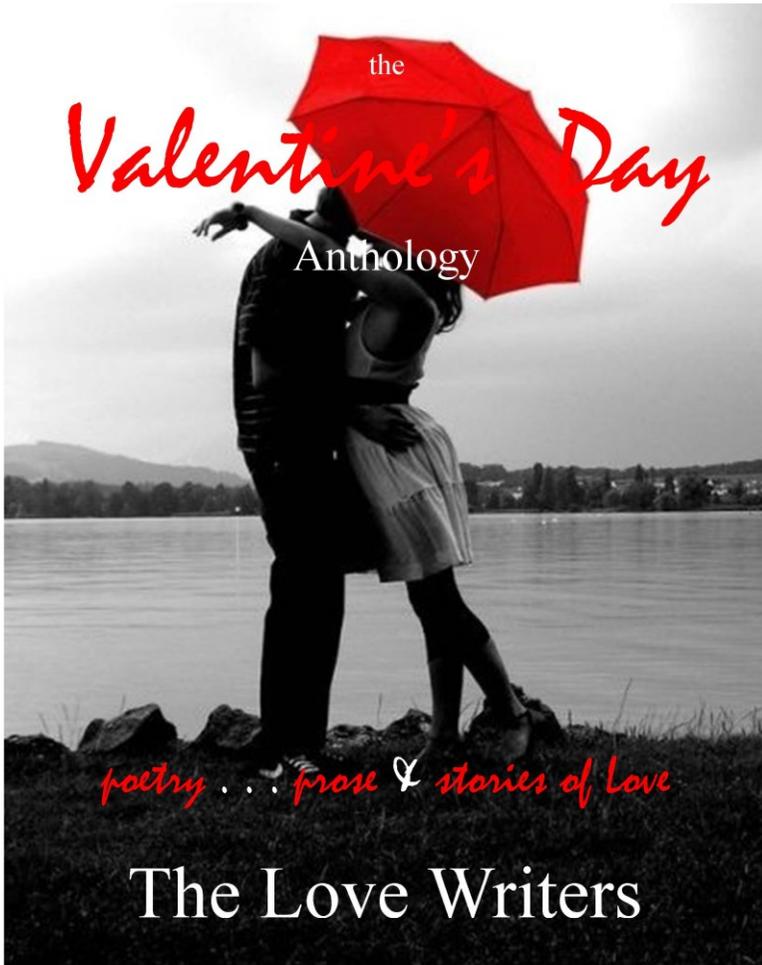
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







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



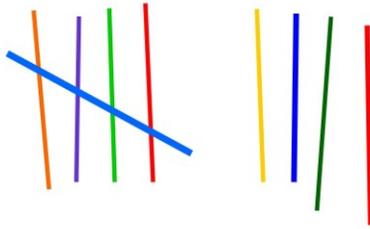
want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**

to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

Inner Child Press Anthologies



a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
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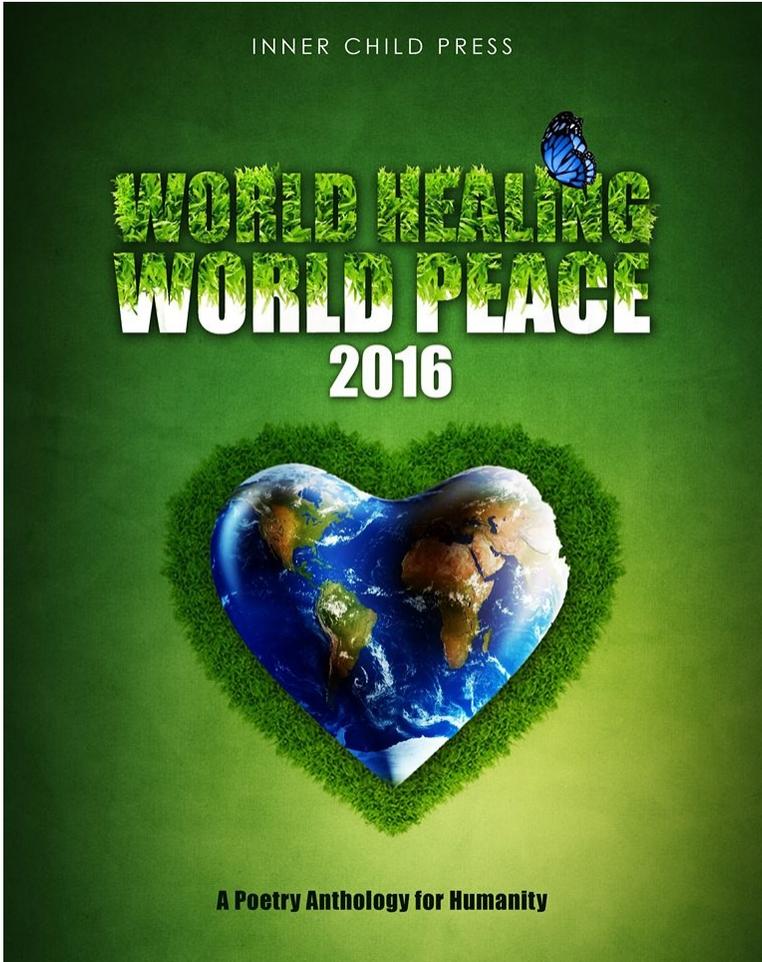
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For more Information

Inner Child Press

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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



November 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Samih
Masoud



Mountassir
Aziz
Bien



Abdulkadir
Musa



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