Featured Global Poets

Christena Williams * Hilda Graciela Kraft Francesco Favetta * Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon

Children : Dífference Makers



Ruby Bridges

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * Eliza Segiet * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed Teresa E. Gallion hülya n. yılmaz Kimberly Burnham Tzemin Ition Tsai Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo Jackie Davis Allen Joe Paire Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava Alicja Maria Kuberska Swapna Behera Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Michelle Joan Barulich Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.

In order to maintain each poet's authentic voice, this volume has not undergone the scrutiny of editing. Please take time to indulge each contributor for their own creativity and aspirations to convey their uniqueness.

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hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. Director of Editing ~ Inner Child Press International

General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

past, present & future, our Patrons and Readers & the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword Children: Difference Makers Ruby Bridges

A Symbol of Civil Rights Movement

February is chosen for a reason. February is National Black History Month. It serves as a commemoration of essential stories of America. These days, we not only celebrate the successful and notable black scientists, astronauts, scientists, inventors, artists, and activists of the past; we also remember them as great influencers in literature, arts and as history changers of all times.

The Poetry Posse Family enfolds evoking poetry anthology to the gem of Mississippi: **Ruby Bridges.** These concerted rhythmic literary creations traverse to uplift diversity in unity.

The history records that Ruby Bridges became a courageous little trailblazer. At the age of six she was the youngest of a group of African American students sent to all-white schools in order to integrate schools in the American South in response to a court order. She was the only black student to attend William Frantz Elementary School in New Orleans. It was only Barbara Henry, a white Boston native, who willingly accepted Ruby; all alone in her class. It was also noted that Ruby have eaten lunch alone and sometimes played with her teacher at recess, and she never missed a day of school that year.

According to Mati S., *Civil Rights Leader* emagazine editor, "Ruby faced blatant racism every day while entering the school." Many parents kept their children at home. People outside the school threw objects, police set up barricades. She was threatened and even "greeted" by a woman displaying a black doll in a wooden coffin."

The web resources are also showing Bridges's photographs of her going to school which inspired Norman Rockwell, an American painter and illustrator whose works have a broad popular appeal in the reflection of the country's culture, to paint *The Problem We All Live With*. Bridges had also written a memoir, '*Through My Eyes'*, and a children's book, *Ruby Bridges Goes to School*. Her real story, *Ruby Bridges*, written by Toni Ann Johnson was shown in a television film in 1998.

Ruby Bridges formed a foundation in 1999 of appreciation and respect for all differences. Ruby got a statue at William Frantz school in 2014.

Her story ignited a lifelong call to racial equality, girl and women empowerment and human rights. The Poetry Posse is celebrating her life, works and legacy to the world.

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis

Preface

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

We are so excited as we are now in our second month of our **10th** year of monthly publication of our enterprise, **The Year of the Poet**. For those of you who are not familiar with our story, back in 2013, a few of us poets got together with the simple intention of producing a book a month. That was our challenge. Since that time the enterprise has blossomed and brought forth a fruit that seems to keep on growing as evidenced as we enter 2023.

Our purpose is simple. Through our lyrical words and verse, we not only wish to share our poetic works, but we also have the poetic naiveté to believe that we can assist in the growth of consciousness of the things that have an effect our collective humanity. Therefore, we welcome your readership. For more about what we are attempting to accomplish, have a look at our Publishing Web Site ... www.innerchildpress.com. If you would like to know a bit more about this particular endeavor please stop by for a visit at :

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

Over the years, Inner Child Press has been socially active to bring awareness and catalog through literature the things that have an impact upon our world and its inhabitants. We have solicited, produced, underwritten and published quite a few volumes to that end. For more insight you may wish to visit : <u>www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-</u> <u>market</u>. If you are a writer, poet, or activist, you would be advised to keep a eye out for upcoming volumes should you desire to participate. All readers are welcomed as well. Note, that there is a myriad of published volumes that are available as a FREE PDF download as well as available for purchase at affordable prices.

We at this time extend to you our well wishes for your own personal journey and hope that you consider including us as a travel companion.

Bless Up

Bill

william s. peters, sr. Poet, Writer, Activist, Humanitarian

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Children Difference Makers **Ruby Bridges**

February 2023 by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.



Just 63 years ago, not even a whole lifetime ago, in 1960, Ruby Bridges walked past hateful protesters to become the first Black child at a Louisiana school – and was then taught alone for a year. Look at the image of a child thrust into the limelight, a pioneer who will make life better for millions. Imagine yourself, the first to do something that was right but not popular, how would it have changed you. How would you change the world.

Bridges' first day at William Frantz elementary school in New Orleans is a study in vulnerability: a tiny girl in her smart new uniform, with white socks and white ribbons in her hair, flanked by four huge federal agents in suits. Hostile protestors, parents, other children, and the media yelled names and racial slurs. One sign reads: "All I want for Christmas is a clean white school." One woman held up a miniature coffin with a black doll in it. A defining moment of the civil rights movement, popularised further by Norman Rockwell's recreation in his 1964 painting <u>The Problem We</u> <u>All Live With</u>.

Before Ruby Bridges was born, the US supreme court issued its landmark <u>Brown v Board of Education ruling</u>, outlawing segregation in schools nationwide. Six years later states in the south stubbornly refused to act. When nine African American children enrolled at the <u>Little Rock school in</u> <u>Arkansas in 1957</u>, it had caused an uproar. President Eisenhower had to call in federal troops to escort the children through a mob gathered outside the school. Three years later it was Louisiana's turn. Bridges was one of six Black children to pass a test to gain access to formerly all-white schools. But two of the children dropped out and three went, on the same day, to a different school. So, Bridges was all on her own.

"Don't follow the path. Go where there is no path and begin the trail. When you start a new trail equipped with courage, strength and conviction, the only thing that can stop you is you!" ~Ruby Bridges

"Racism is a grown-up disease and we must stop using our children to spread it." ~Ruby Bridges





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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

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Coming April 2023

Inner Child Press International & The Year of the Poet present





Poets of the World

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

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Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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little pieces

I want to write little pieces Very few lines with very little imagination And even less truth I want to live in few words So that when I speak such I can't be taken seriously Because who never finishes their thoughts Much less their sentences I want to dangle participles And end my angles in prepositions Allow me to be confused also So the world can thrive on some Half ideas and may bees Buzzing around on horizons Looking through windsouls to Free a few imaginations to soar I need to be inconcise and unclear Use double negatives and liberally Sprinkle nons all over the place Reigning drops of crowns on paupers And use only half my wit It will only take some consonants And a lot of vowels, maybe all of em To change the books that have been written I will tell lies wholeheartedly While I sip on lemongrass tea I promise to be outlandish Somewhat entertaining, but only a bit And want things no one can do That no one has dreamed of yet I will drop little notes in preschools

And write snippets on playground walls In every city's ghetto language I will write little pieces In very few words With lots of spaces in between them Room to grow child's ideas And use crayon for lots of coloring In or outside of lines, in or outside of rooms Please Lord, allow my words to become less So that someone else will have the needed Space to change your world for the better

Ablution

I am anticipating how I might feel upon awakening These days are not always a day of ease As I anticipate the time of peace After a long week's work I choose to reflect on other lands As I worship the Creator of everywhere William calls this "unbroken truths" I know that he gets how I feel When I am opportuned to awaken With the warmth of the sun Pending behind the sunrise Any night is one we could have shared Talking and often complaining about the day I treasure the moments when we are silent The companionable way we Sit by side by side without touching Understanding that the quiet is welcome And in that space we are healed Of the rigors of our separate lives The energy you resonate solacifies The edges of my raggedness And I am beyond still and satisfied In that space and at that time I gift my devotions to the day Understanding that I will always Spend solitary time alone And I would have it no other way While my time with you is important Even sacred My time with me is primary My time with God unconditional And I don't think you would Want it any other way

Caretaking

Sometimes you let go When it is not your turn to Be the one in charge Trust in the tall faith That everyone can show the love That you yourself feel Her hands move different than mine

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

Ruby Bridges

What colour is more beautiful? White or black? White socks and a white ribbon in the hair of a little black girl or black socks and a black bow in the hair of a white child?

It was the adults who sorted pupils, they built a wall made of hatred and superstitions. The coffin with the black doll did not stop the changes. Rust-like time has shattered the iron rules of old order and prejudices.

Ruby Bridges survived, she didn't yield She walked boldly across the rickety bridge to the inaccessible world of white Louisiana Alone - on her own like a little black dot on a white background

She repeated the mantra every morning :

- leave fear and sadness at the door of your house

- defeat the wavering and hostile crowd with a smile

- step confidently into tomorrow

and fight for a better future for other children.

Letter to A

Dear friend

We were like foreigners wandering the streets and alleys of an unknown city in an autumn downpour.

Similar to soaked sparrows we took refuge in a roadside bar. Rain tapped on the glass stanzas from a Nosside's poem, washed down the makeup from the face, cheap gilding and tinsel of words.

The past added some bitter taste to our coffee. It was an unexpected chance to know the truth, to put together a mosaic from small gestures, deeds, facts. New portraits emerged from the semi-darkness. We pasted the next pictures into memory.

Thank you - You let me find comfort in the warmth of your memories, feelings. We sailed away like sailing ships into a dark night, an unknown future. You will conquer more oceans, I will look for a quiet haven.

Fall leaves

The death of one man is a tragedy. The death of millions of people is a statistic.

Joseph Stalin

The autumn sky swelled with rain, Thick clouds swallowed the sun and the ground frozen with cold, covered itself with a red quilt woven from the dried grasses.

Foreigner

Don't go into the wood. Every tree points in the wrong direction. Will-o'-the-wisp leads to the swamp. A dry twig will betray you creaking underfoot.

You will not find a bridge between yesterday's misery and tomorrow's wealth without touching today.

Don't trust smugglers of people. Banknotes rustle in their words. Promises are like leaves - they will rot and turn to dust.

Don't believe politicians playing on the chessboard of the world. You are an insignificant pawn. They will sacrifice your life in this game.

The forest and the sea hum alike. They engulf more lives and they hide in their bowels dreams and nameless graves.

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Jackie Davis Allen


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

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

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

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

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose* and Art, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz in 2019, *No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass*, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of Inner Child Press, Itd.

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

Finally

It was September, the first day of school. In the halls of education, for her kind, The doors were barred. Education deemed, legally, unequal. For some like her. But why? She couldn't understand.

As if from clanging bells, aggressively, Like dogs and mad-men barking, Trouble was brewing, more than in her mind. A six year old, beginning her first year. She was standing, waiting for entry. On the steps. Guarded, protected by right of recent law.

The doors sprang open! Accompanied by screams, And shouts of those who were offended! By those, who, would her entrance deny. It mattered not, For, finally, Common Sense grafted Onto a document granted her entrance, The first ever of its kind.

How long had it taken? She knew not. After all, she was but six years old. Wearing a fancy new dress, shiny new shoes. The bravery of her friends and family, Cheered her on. Yet, much clamor, dissension Filled the headlines. To her people's dismay.

"A little child shall lead them." So it is written. And a little girl began education's journey.

History eventually opened more doors. And, The headlines revealed the news. As if the world unaware Of the most cruel and inhumane treatment, suffered, By a people. The deprivation of fairness too long endured.

Good Samaritan

Sitting in her automobile, The air conditioning humming. In the parking lot she waits, fortunate To have found a parking space. She's waiting, watching the clock, waiting For the moment when she must go inside.

The Hospital stands, historically, As a comfort station, offering care. It's a sheltering place, For those ill, needing help. For those seeking healing, a cure, hope. Even for those who are unaware.

As a visitor, she's neither a stranger. Nor is she family, or a patient. She's weighing The next few moments, Wondering what to say. Praying for guidance.

She's praying that she can come up With some words, something To soothe the fears. Of the lonely one, The elderly man in Room 303. He's had no visitors for at least a month. Neither any family remaining.

His days are drawing close to the end. She smiles, and enters his room.

Once Again

To bed he goes, Perchance to sleep. Alas, the cicadas chirp, incessantly. Their song an annoying lullaby, Not necessarily pleasant. Nor to his liking.

His heart beats, Intermingles, like always, With the insect song. A rhythm that paces Frustratingly, it seems, The whole night long.

Darkness drifts down, Deeper, darker. A dark blanket drifts, then falls Over his weary, dog-eyes, The stars, the moon smilingly, Whisper goodnight.

Morning suddenly arrives, And to his utter surprise, It is the barnyard rooster's cry That rouses him. Much too early, he thinks. It seems as if he'd only Just closed his eyes.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai comes from the Republic of China(Taiwan). In addition to being a professor of literature at a university, he is more committed to writing poems, novels, and proses. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text, an International editor of "Contemporary dialogues" literary periodical in Macedonia, and Vice-Chairman of the International Jury of the SAHITTO INTERNATIONAL AWARD in Bangladesh, and a columnist for "Chinese Language Monthly" in Taiwan.

In a wide range of literary creations, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels, and writing articles or poems about the feelings of nature and human beings. He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 55 countries and have been translated into more than 24 languages.

The Unintentional Cover-Up

I have no intention Of dismantling The clear truth Hidden under black and white One step of darkness and Sunshine One step of blue mud with prints Dust and the wind follow the horse's feet How finally to Overcome the trap lying in front of your eyes? Keep watch over How many ruthless sorrows are in the world? Once you have extra thoughts Why not let the beautiful dazzle bird sing a psalm My heart takes care of itself Silently allow That thing must go through a roundabout way Let float and sink alone How many joys and sorrows wander the road? White socks, new uniforms, and white ribbons in the hair Vulnerable to fight Let the hateful protesters cower behind The goodness of the future Placards are like frost in the cold Black doll Can little girl Bridges only rely on herself?

Under The Moon

Under the moon The sun rises so late The mountain mist hides the remnants of rosy clouds

There is a light boat floating in the pool Like a flower boat in a painting That piece of a white cloud on the shore is entrained with a red glow, not light or scattered The willow tree on the bank looks at the calm waves, waiting for the mountain rain to come Someone alone Someone walking with someone

The west side of the bridge is in the north where the hookah is full There are customers everywhere Spring comes quietly under the crowd and the shade of flowers The wisps of willows secretly fill those whispers Not to the lake Flowers don't laugh at my loneliness

Last time, the past with the lover is unforgettable The pool water now becomes desolate Doesn't the night moon feel cold when is soaked in it?

The Tree Shadows Are Deep And Heavy

The mountain god gently blows me a breath of wind Blowing away the connected mountain peaks into sharp vision

Light clouds and heavy trees are against the blue sky Swaying the green plains shade all over the mountains

The car on the number six road is driving fast The mountains are moving away quickly How many times have I seen the gods descending? Didn't even have time to leave words of gratitude.

The ninety-nine separate peaks of the ninety-nine peaks Jumping flame The pines on the cliffs by the Wuxi River are lush Pebbles stretch all the way across the riverbed Quietly hatched for millions of years Just waiting for The figure of the long mane sheep A blue-bellied pheasant sings from the acacia tree

The clouds in summer show the steepness of Qiduo Peak Colorful clouds don't know where to go down to Puli Fog and a cool breeze poured through the open car windows The bamboo leaves and twigs in the distant mountains stir the autumn wind That unbelievably beautiful scenery of A winding mountain purple path The sun is gradually brightening in the east West Ridge, Clouds are getting brighter Going out or into the valley seems to find its own way The lonely call of the ape Shouting cut off the bottom stream of Wuxi Valley

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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 :

https://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1 https://zakirflo.wordpress.com

Ruby

became diamond, pearl shines, sunshine angels were escorts in fire, troubled waters shield of righteousness from spears, arrows attempting to stop little 6-year-old from going to school in some dam nightmare Louisiana was in 1960 demons were intimidated this tiny still a baby was David to Goliath 1960 land of African bodies swinging in the breeze from terror trees a time when you were supposed to be on bended knees little diamond Ruby little 6-year-old escorted by Federal agents so she can learn her ABC's behind cotton curtain didn't bend no knees forgot to say please forever precious gem diamonds can't touch

race to bottom

humans are aliens from outer space, concept disgrace right down to its base, Rima facie on its face peoples of earth what you've been taught is fake simply put, there just isn't no such thing if one researched with open mind one would find the maker of human beings calls us all " Mankind " and in his wahi (revelation)* says " Oh mankind i made you into tribes and nations that you may know one another not despise one another because the best of you are those who are the pious, with Taqwa (god fearing) obedient to the Tawa from the maker to who he made, that being nations of his creations * Oh mankind i made you from one single pair, a man and a women(Adam wa Howa, aws) and from them came many men and women no talk of " Race " any place from the creator, architect recognize due from me, you all me, you the word "Race" in and of itself reeks of subliminal evil to create the me and them, us and that " other " always looking at that other them, us never as a sister or a brother designed by definition the face of evil the devil himself the Shaitan (Satan) to hide the master lie to mislead, divide mankind that's why you will find even those with brilliant minds way, way behind in correctly understanding this monumental ((LIE)) of all time!

this lie has been the reason why mankind has failed to close the gap between tribes and nations because when you call dem " Races " all attempts for lasting peace has and continue to fall right on its face futility all over the place trying to close " The Gap " when you refer to human beings as this ' n ' that ' Race "

Dem

known as humanity prone to exhibit insanity exhibit vanity plain to see inconsistences in dependability, upholding moral responsibilities behold the human frailties oooh how much they say woe unto the finger pointers who point fingers disjointed as though they were anointed with oil, pass holy water in the toilet don't need erasers for mistakes never made none for heaven's sake sound sooo cleaver but fake as dem flip ' n ' flip all over the place dem known as human race need much mercy, grace to overcome dem traits before it's too late, before it's much too late

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Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada; and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 80+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

https://healthy-brain.medium.com/bears-at-the-window-ofclimate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

When I Was Three

Just a little older than I Ruby Bridges walked past hateful protesters becoming the first a Black child in a Louisiana school

I was three so I don't remember when I was six no one barred my way none to said stay away

I lived in Bogota, Colombia all around me children barred from buying uniforms and books needed to lift themselves from poverty denied an education not for the color of their skin but the emptiness of their pockets

My parents taught me to give education gift the ability to learn to lift the other to share my own luck always for I have enjoyed the opportunities of education and am responsible to extend it to all

Words Like Peace, Pax and Tho'da

We give words meaning imbuing them with power teaching others to love or hate

We give words sense in one language "pax" or peace in Latin but means to shoot and to thunder

In Atakapa, a language of Louisiana where peace is "Tho'-da" as in "Tho'-da on-ķi-tha i" we are peaceful toward one another

Peace in a Good Southern City

In the language of the Alabama spoken in the South "Oola" means town, village or city "kano" means to be good or pretty to be good at doing and to do well as in "oolakano" literally city good or village beautiful or settlement fine also means to be at peace, to be friendly and peaceful

There are many other good things "Holtinaya chakanohchoolo" I'm good at arithmetic "oolimpalimáilok chakanofíinào" I'm going to be fine if I sleep "Kanolàha" it's going to be better

Together we can learn and grow and do better

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

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Child Heroine

Bridges-

She taught us to "never judge anyone from the outside" For if you are being authentic to others, There is no need for you to hide. An innocent 6 year old girl that time Bullied in school because of her skin color But forgiveness and bravery was instilled in her heart.

A child heroine-Born to be the voice of poor children of color, Evil comes in different shades and hues But Bridges showed us how it is to be true.

Kaleidoscope

I get lost in oblivion Seeking myself in another dimension, Before me a mystic kaleidoscope world appears Inviting me to enter a different realm. I hesitate at first, bewildered, Then I heard a soft whisper Telling me to give in The facade seems alluring, Tempting my soul to immerse in its world. The mystic kaleidoscope lives in my whole being Resurfaces at the crossroads of one's life Leaving you confused if you would heed or not.

Law of Attraction

What I think of, I become My words convey my thoughts And thoughts can manifest in time, Each one has his own perfect rhyme Nothing in this world is a mere accident For everything has a purpose even a small incident.

What your mind focuses on, Will become reality as time draws near This teaches us not to succumb in dire fear It is written in the stars, in the Book of Life Be mindful of your words and deeds.





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.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

It Cost To Learn

What are we or where would we be Without an education? I question this nation about its segregations' Equal among the people, as long as they're By themselves

Enter Ruby Bridges, who was about to enter hell a 6-year-old black girl on her way to school escorted by federal marshals, despite court rules

It wasn't that long ago, not really! denying a child an education, because of her color. It wasn't that long ago, not really Ruby Bridges attended an empty class

It wasn't that long ago, That I listened to Ruby Bridges speak on it. It was at that moment I felt her raison d'état She's not 6 anymore, or the subject in a painting. She tells her story so that history remains intact So that history, maintains the facts So that eventually. We can get past being white or black Where a person's character is the only factor It cost to learn, it easy to burn bridges Ruby paid the price, now she helps build them.

A Toast To Love

Here's to the clinking of long stem glassware Traces of red lipstick around the rim It was a celebration of frustration An accumulation of too many chances (if you will) Love begins beautifully and often ends ugly Not this time, this time love failed to fail

This time, love carried over into a new beginning On a day set aside for candy and hearts Flowers and cards, teddy bears with a flair I'll toast to love, past and present, future and beyond.

I'll pen a poem and coin a phrase I'll raise my glass and sip the contents For love is not a contest, tho often contested At times a confession delivered too late The compatibility factor rarely, determines loves' fate and there's nothing like a good bone.

There's nothing like a good phone, to place a call To say hello and I love you all In closing I'm toasting to you. I'm thrilled you found love, I have too.
You Can't Take It With You

We leave behind things no one truly wanted but us, and self-reflection comes at a heavy price. There's hope in the future for those who remain Words live on, and generations read the past. What do we leave?

Books and diaries, journals, and pictures An occasional quote or two, something to remember us by. And as we say buy (sudden or expected) The youth of the world may achieve our dreams

Making a difference as opposed to deference How relevant will we be? How prevalent are the things that we leave If you can't take it with you, do you here-by bequeath, do you pray your soul to keep, before you sleep, that final sleep?

Of all your worldly possessions, How many could be a blessing? How many could be a lesson Sometimes we feel like less than But listen! I believe the children are our future. hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz is a published author, literary translator, and Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International. Her poetic work appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at various literary events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, WIN honored yılmaz with an award of excellence. Since 2017, her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* – a U.S.-wide poetic art exhibition. hülya finds it vital for everyone to seek a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, a traveler on the journey called "life" . . .

Writing Web Site <u>https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</u>

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steering a course

date: November 14, 1960 world region: Louisiana, U.S.A. place: William Frantz Elementary School defining moment: desegregation societal labels: white; African-American

in the midst of a roaring crowd and in plain view of faces – deformed by hatred, a six-year-old girl chooses to steer a path of her own

when she thus defines the moment, history marks her bigger-than-life-presence: no more the all-white nonsense!

A Motto Is Associated with . . .

Ruby *Nell* Bridges *Hall*, the desegregationist six-year-old Ruby Bridges of the 14th November of 1960:

"Racism is a grown-up disease and we must stop using our children to spread it."

1960-2023

What, exactly, has changed in 63 years? . . . for the better, that is?

"A change is gonna come", Sam Cooke sang soulfully in 1964 1964-2023

What, exactly, has changed in 59 years? . . . for the better, that is?

colorblind

those who study the medical phenomenon claim that color blindness is mostly seen in "white boys"

hmmm . . .

many a "white boy" in AmeriKKKa surely seems to be immune to it





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

Remember Ruby

I want to say your name. Ruby Bridges! Fear, forbearance and fight.

Me at the tender age of ten holding a clenched fist in front of the black and white TV. Cheering for a little colored sister. Proud of you for walking with so much boldness and valor. Angry with the big people trying to hurt you.

I want to say your name. Ruby Bridges! Mighty, brave and strong.

Every conscious soul awakened must hold the banner of love. Feel the determination of a child who walks against the power of an institution that could kill you merely for the color of your skin.

I want to say your name. Ruby Bridges! Leader, visionary and warrior.

We forever owe you honor and respect for making a difference at the tender age of six.

I want to say your name. RUBY BRIDGES!

I Could Dance

I run in the river of peace. Hear the angels sing in bubbles caressing the rocks along the path.

My smile hovers at the edge of the water with a strong desire to leap into a cold melt.

God is not through with me. Be patient, hold my hand and linger in the magic of the river's flow with me.

I could dance with God alone. But I would prefer to have you with me and we dance with God together here beside the river.

High Notes

The mountain speaks to my soul. Calls me to love with no distinction between a blade of grass and a rose.

Each has a message that rubs love notes up the side of my leg.

I shout into the universe. Thank you, friend. A 360-degree view smiles, sends kisses on the wind train.

Sometimes I must touch myself, ask the body what the soul knows. Am I really here with the Beloved?

For every low moment remembered, the high notes always whisper in the breeze.

Come to me, Come to me Beloved child of spirit.

You earned the gift to stand on top of the mountain and feel God's love surround you with the light. Ashok K. Bhargava



ASHOK BHARGAVA is a poet, writer, inspirational speaker and a literary consultant. He has attended poetry conferences in Italy, Turkey, India and Philippines. His latest book "Riding the Tide" about his battle with cancer has been translated and published in Arabic, Hindi, Telugu and Bengali languages. He is a contributing writer to several anthologies worldwide including World Poetry Almanac 2014. He has been published in numerous print and online magazines.

Ashok has won many accolades including Poet Ambassador to Japan, Kalidasa International award, World Poetry Lifetime Achievement award, Writers Beyond Borders Peace award and Tapsilog Leadership award for his community involvement. He is founder of Writers International Network Canada Society to discover, nourish, recognize and celebrate writers, poets and artists and to assist them to network with the community at large. He is the author of eight books of poetry and one anthology. He is Artist-in-Residence at Moberly Arts & Cultural Centre and also co-edits the literary section of The Link Newspaper.

Fight for Equality

For Ruby Bridges

A tiny black angel revealed herself with four messengers, under the blooming Acacia and Elms in the school yard.

Braided hair with white ribbons, her blackberry skin glowed with indigo lined feathers.

Despite obscenities, threats and intimidations she showed up every morning with a smile.

Fearlessly, she kept on playing the piano keys - ebony and ivory, leveling social inequalities.

Walls of separation crumbled under weight of her determination giving birth to a new social order.

Without a Clue

early morning hazy hours between night and day the chilled silence waits on the sun to burn the fog.

in the morning rush the city streets are ruthless to the clueless wondering how to figure out way around them.

When asking for directions someone said to see everything you look at.

From that moment on I fixed my eyes onto every sign and waited for a miracle to happen.

Soulful Whispers

on a moonlit night I hear silent sounds of a sailboat approaching my heart.

I wait for the gentle glides of her landing.

it's so strange I think she is leaving.

is it destiny or a simple fantasy? Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, author of Velvet Passions of Calibrated Quarks, World Poetry Canada International Director to Philippines is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, educator, peace and women's advocate. She believes that learning other's language and culture is a doorway to wisdom.

Among her poetic belts include **Gabrielle Galloni Memorial Panorama International Youth Award** 2022, Panorama Youth Literary Awards 2020, 7th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada ''Amazing Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua. Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

http://panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazarenogabis/

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

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

Ruby Bridges: Mississippi's Gem To Live With

Gem in your name: Ruby, Your birth was a testimony That no one is left behind, You did not spell Fear in your heart, There should be no segregation Of human's rights, Your tiny, fragile physique Did not hinder your dreams; Education to bridge beautiful opportunities In your county; Courage was your weapon,

Mirror of Bridges, Bridges for so many reasons To equal opportunities, Equal rights and treatment, You built more realizations To a ONE-nation Your lifelong legacy For racial equality.

Querencia

(place of happiness)

you brought me from the rustic countryside to the city of lights, i hugged your affable wide smile, i felt lost in your charms, the drowning passions for mouth watering, delectable orders of chicken, pasta, wedges, salad, and dirty ice cream, reviewed the pontifical and royal statues as i wandered the century old pavements, i etched some crazy stories on your walls, your heart is a lifetime treasure, my home for happiness and vanquishing synergy.

In Your Name

(A birthday tribute to C N Ferrer)

you are the invincible Minerva, dispersing wisdom, as you equipoise the paladin's dissension; your hourglass brings sand of synchronicity, because you are a messenger of truth; you are bulletproof, undeniably, you mastered the art of war; your novel dream is a wellspring of breakthroughs, you galvanize great minds, and recreate orchestrated temples of undying hopes; you have the eagle's' wings, and as you soar the skies, you lead more flocks to find and reach their own heavens.

Swapna Behera



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

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Ruby Bridge; the civil right activist at the age of six

Ruby Bridge goes to school four federal agents escort the six-year-old girl There were placards and slogans of racial slurs The tiny girl of six years over comes the fear The first African American child to desegregate William Frantz Elementary School goes school with new uniform of white socks, white ribbons celebrate the moment defeated the hatred and vengeance Horrible protest outside the New Orleans School Someone shouted "All I want for Christmas is a clean white school" Someone made a miniature coffin with a black doll in it But Ruby Bridge, the youngest activist for civil rights raised her voice, determined she was Racism is a grown-up disease It is horrible and the disease is passed on to the next generation Police set up barricades Ruby was threatened. faced blatant racism But she raised her bold voice for equality and for education She is an author who wrote "through my eyes " Ruby was awarded Presidential Citizens medal by Bill Clinton Her slogan is not to follow the path rather begin the trail where there is no path. Dear Ruby, hats off to you and your valor You are a visionary Kudos to you... Yes, beginning is difficult but it creates Heaven on the Earth ...

That night with thinking disorder

I was flying with my wings to a land where my father was sitting on a chair he called me to take a dictation of a story In the last phase of his life, he had cataract and hazy vision he was speedy and I was slow I was in illusion not picking up his exact words from his toothless mouth But yes, we both were enjoying He died before eight years and recently I was with a seizure attack admitted to a premium hospital Words echoed from a far-off place We both were celebrating with words, verses, plots and themes he was dead. i was struggling with life and death but what a climax celebration! Everything was topsy turvy Fishes were hanging like birthday balloons Glucose saline and drips were injected My veins squeezed to give space to the needles I can listen some whispers while multiple pricks went on I was sinking and sinking My feet were collapsing There was convulsion; loss of consciousness Yet I can see a light from a far-off place Is it a dream? I spread my hand to touch my father Yes, he said "I am with you. Get up quickly. you have to work a lot it was 4 am dawn. The nurse was taking my temperature Whole night my son was holding my palm "good morningmaa" Hence forth I am your father, no tension no worries" I thank Lord

Passions

Passions the perennial flow from eternity bright illumination of the burning fire Fathomed soil germinating civilisation of humanity

The allegory of passion is the parenthesis of life Passions are the catastrophes of a moment or of years In a deep ocean or in a desert A vibration in the existence Fragrances of memory Or frankincense in the monger

Passions are grouched mercers and the metaphors of life Who has measured the perimeters of passions? Neither Adam's heart nor Judah's coins Is the passion a holy sin or a red rose??

Passions Are explicit scribbles of the soul Sparrow's nests woven on the trees in the monsoon At times passions may be fractured or forbidden But a life line of all The passionate love of mine The eternal love of mine - - - - Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

> Infinite poetry @lulu.com Alcarrasco2 on YouTube Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Ruby Bridges

She's black, she's proud and she is strong. i can't imagine what she must've been feeling hearing the uproar of prejudice that was surrounding her, that was verbally attacking her and that was painting a horrible picture of hate, it was so wrong. It was Ruby Bridges first day of school at William Frantz, she was one of six African American students that took an access test to a formerly all-white school and passed, you see her leaving the school alone flanked by federal agents because the other five kids didn't last. Ruby didn't give up a chance to have the school integrated as she was designated, as a matter of fact, her bravery towards scrutiny would start a revolution for equal education, even though her first year of school was held in isolation. She stood ten toes down and by the second-year things turned around, William Frantz held blacker and browner to graduate with caps and gowns. Ruby Bridges got in the door and left it ajar, thirty-three years later William Frantz became an all-black school by far. it's amazing what this frightened child turned activist did. she got even against all odds. you can see how Ruby changed the future, when you study her history.

Reign

I want to thank all yall that got shook to hustle when hustln was all we had, for me there was no way out, im a bonafide hustler, one way or another word to my mother, im going to get that bag.

Infinite is a product of an environment that produced brick flippers, pussy sellers and killers. trial and tribulations led to trial and error which led to trial by juror, im from the birth circa, a crack baby, cocaine was my baby formula.

It all started with me out there dolo, it ended with me out there solo, coppn, chefn and pitchn rojo two for five, ya know bogo.

i know the streets well, the painful knowledge gained at times made mommas eyes swell, she dropped window pain tears

for my father, the man that made her a widow and for me because we both was caught up in the game one hundred percent on go.

RIP to the kings in heaven, i was tight at the quitters but as i got older those brothers are forgiven, since i just had to feed my family and not everyone around me, i went into seclusion,

i locked myself away in isolation as self-preservation,

i couldn't let all the deceased die in vain, i promised to ride or die so im never going to give up the life of murder, sniffn, bassn, pill poppn and taps on main veins.

i just went through reinvention, now my mouth is my gun my pyrex is my pen and i have every aspect of the trapped, trapped in my brain. just like the streets, when i write or speak, i reign
Fate

the nightmares ive lived through felt like bad dreams as they played out. i wish the reality of these moments were surreal not so real, why couldn't it have been red rain instead of the blood of my men filling city sidewalk squares like red grout? My adolescent peers and i ran around the bronx to make a million not just try, now most of my adolescent peers are "in" the bronx but their souls rest in the sky. Death wasn't in our blueprint to success, we thought we had the gift of immortality while building a monopoly of dirty money but we didn't so i had to edit the blue print and add fine print "this sort of building gets bloody and deadly". Have you ever had to tell a mother her son got killed? i did. Have you ever had to morgue I.D. a homie? i did. have you ever witnessed the plug pulling of life support? i did and i witnessed the grief set on an entire family. wakes, burials cerebral etched murals, it felt as if every other year someone got taken away, i still celebrate their life on their birth day and mourn on that death date its the ying and yang of a life of undetermined fate

Michelle Joan Barulich



Michelle Joan Barulich was born in Honolulu, Hawaii on the island of Oahu. She started writing poetry and songs with her younger brother Paul. They have written many songs in their teen years. She is currently studying Alternative Medicine and would like to become a Homeopathic Doctor. Michelle loves all kinds of animals and birds; she does wild rehabilitation. She has also rescued rock pigeons that make great pets.

https://www.facebook.com/michelle.barulich

Hooray For Ruby

Dear Ruby thank you for your strength as a little girl and now.

To make us see we are all one.

Bonding with children all kinds of races

Your courage leads others to be kind and learn from love.

Tell Me

Dying too young in this world It's hard to breathe in the clouded air I hold myself back Need to reach you now Some good hearts of men May shed some hope But why are the children crying? still dying?

It's not right It's not fair When you hide the truth Behind the Christmas lights oh, tell me How I've ever begun in this world In this world?

Dying too young In this world It's hard to understand why Refining your goals Upon an empty line With a question in hand

It's not right It's not fair For them to suffer in the desert air Enough damage has been done From the desert sun

Oh, tell me How I've ever begun in this world In this world? oh tell me, tell me.

Bittersweet

..and now your'e tellin me that my love runs too deep And then your'e tellin me I'm coming on too strong

Isn't love funny? And you spend all of my money And call it bittersweet

..And then your'e tellin me I'm not paying enough attention to your needs And then you say I can't be reached

What do you want me to do? What are looking for in me? I have a heart that needs to be filled With your kindess and love But you turn it all around on me

..And now your'e tellin me that I'm asking for too much and then your'e tellin me That you can't live without my touch

Isn't life funny? and you take all of my money and call it bittersweet Isn't life funny? how he calls it , so bittersweet..





Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University. Received *Global Literature Guardian Award* – from Motivational Strips, World Nations

Writers' Union and Union Hispanomundial De Escritores (UHE) 2018.

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020, International Award Paragon of Hope (2020),

World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence.

Laureate of the Special Jury Sahitto International Award 2021, World Award Premiul Fănuş Neagu 2021.

Finalist *Golden Aster Book* World Literary Prize 2020, *Mili Dueli* 2022, Voci nel deserto 2022.

At the international Festival of Poetry CAMPIONATO MONDIALE DI POESIA (2021/2022) she won the title of vice-champion of the world.

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

The Hardship of Creating New

for Ruby Bridges

Ruby passed the exam to school in which the exam on humanity had not been passed by the teachers, the students or their parents. Whole generations, out of habit, had nurtured hatred of those on whom white shirts shone brighter than black ones.

The problem was not in the clothing; it was in the belief that white was better.

Unaware of the danger, an Afro-American girl in the full daylight, protected by big men, succeeded to create normality.

Only years later did she realize that

- What you get at home, you will give to the world.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Darkness

There, where children are hiding from the attacks of hatred instead of playing hide and seal

taste is being lost from colorful childhood.

Callings for help, understanding and normalcy is unheard of. Silent blood does not incite mercy, albeit backdrop of ruins its distinctive color should holler:

Everyone has just one, one way journey into the darkness.

Translated by Ula de B

Emptiness

She stacked the blocks of the future, but she doesn't know why.

She built a house, but inside it's cold and sad.

She hung the curtains, but through the open window blows emptiness.

In the greyness of life she has found doors, but she does not have the key.

From the balcony, she saw a tall wall.

Will she jump over it?

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

I just wanna learn

They told me no But I said yes, I just wanna learn

My pretty dress on My socks and Easter shoes, Dammit, I just wanna learn, My ancestors paid them dues, And we keep paying And paying, And paying, And paying, And paying, And paying

People screamin' at me To go back where I come from,. And I thought, Maybe if we all just go Back to from whence we came ... We may not be on the same boat, But, perhaps we could understand That this land Belongs not to you Nor me, But since we are here We need to get along

You see, my people Still yet sing that song "We Shall Overcome" why? Why does it have to be this way?

I just wanna learn!

Even if it is in the basement!

Just-Us Justice

It most certainly does make us wonder Just what does 'Justice' mean. Is it a system of reconciliation Or retribution for those Who have affronted others?

We the poor, We the disenfranchised We who are without recognized power, We the people of color, Oft times Never get to meet the 'Lady' Who wields the scales Of balance.

..... We are often destined To wait for her big sister, 'Karma' To come along And set things aright ...

..... But in truth, Most times for us, We are not present To see her gift to them The present Of equanimity They deserve.

We spend our lifetime Serving their intent

Be it greed, Be it power, Be it any other thing That excludes the providence Of 'we the people' Who make their 'cushy' experience Possible ...

Is it possible for us, 'We the people' To effectuate a change That is deserving Of every soul, Of all of humanity?

Apparently, Voting does not do it, Nor does Protest, Nor does abstinence Or indifference

••••

So, what exactly Is the solution To this pollution That is eating away At the last vestiges Of our civility? What ability do we need to active To evacuate and purge This rot That is slowly eating away At the whole bushel Of those sacred apples?

Should just wait And make Some wine From the spoils As we continue to toil As we silently acquiesce To that Just-Us Justice?

Well there is always tomorrow

I summoned my Muse, And she graced me with her presence.

I asked her for a few words, And instantly she began to share

In the midst of her creative elucidations And dictations, She received a call Or a text from an Unknown place Unbeknownst to me And she apologized As she began to flee

You see, I knew that I would See her again, For I am her private fan, And she is my Muse Who shares with me Ecstasy, Joys Pains and Blues

From Tuesday to Tuesday And back again I pronounce, I declare I am but A humble fan Of My Muse Well there is always tomorrow.





"15" in effect





Christena Williams

Hilda Graciela Kraft

Francesco Favetta

Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon



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Christena Williams



Christena Williams, better known by her stage name of Antonia Valaire is a Jamaican Poet, Spoken word artiste & performer, Youth leader, Christian, and award-winning Author of *Pearls among Stones*, *Black Gold* and *Out from Babylon System: Liberation of Mind*. As a spoken-word artist, she has been nominated for an International Reggae & World Music Award (IRAWMA). She has received the Prime Minister's National Youth Award in Arts and Culture, Honoured with a Sarabita Masters Award and twice International Spoken Word Artist by the People of Extraordinary Talent (P.O.E.T). Her social media links can be accessed via: @Antoniavalaire | Linktree

Anarchy

If you do not like the ART Then join the queue, join the critics guide After you had your disgust and disdain Move right along, If it is true and applicable Then it will be taken into consideration.

If you try to put fire to the ART Get it burn, cause a public mischief Then the youths will rebel They will not sit and stay still, but flight and fight They will not be silence, They will not play dead, They will not allow their creativity to be maligned, They will revolt when you vomit.

They are the so called snowflakes cry baby generation challenging boomers,

What a boomerang! When generations clash over choice, Choose to listen, watch, partake or move right along, But No Mam or Sir, we got to ban these books, movies,

songs,

It is garbage at the highest, pilling up and overflowing, Running in cesspools and air waves polluting consciousness,

If you continue to compare, criticize and cause a raucous And join the circus.

The youths have no choice but to yell,

And march in the streets for their voice and creativity not to be stifled.

It is like squeezing my throat, and life seems to have no existence

The existential theory only plausible when life is lived, Do not resuscitate!

My ART is my Oxygen, It is my oxymoron It is my way of life My communication My heart that speaks My language My culture My way of making sense of my world, It is some kind of freedom It is my gift that my faith promised to bring me before royalty, It is every thing It is my psalm to proverbs It is my sadness and pain Joy and happiness My yin to yang, It is my humanity Then if you try to silence my ART, My Heart will not stop, Until we revolutionize the unbalance of power, Stabilize freedom of expression with dignity.

Click Bait

Sometimes I feel angry, It is like my truth is silenced I feel like there is no way out for me, Like my enemies are winning, My hands and lips are bounded by righteous principles. I am always at war with the Being, Do I walk free or make a pact with devil or be? I feel like my back is against the world, Held back at all times,

My truth is what keeps my sanity But it is what provokes my enemies, How do I escape? How do I escape the mental prison of a physical world? I have Christ, but God knows it is hard, No lies, No pretention from me, I am a broken soul seeking asylum in peace, My heart is constantly pounded and tortured by the metaphysical illusions of the world It is a power play, I do not have the master key to unlock the rainbow and unicorn gate, I am playing Queen Moves with a pawn position.

I am bound to hit a brick wall And it terrifies me, Whether or not I play the game of life, It goes on without me. That's just life.

The smokes and mirrors will turn a hero Like Isaiah into a drug king pin and make it stick, The evidence is so compelling, that the lie mirror truth Truth never lies, But it can be compromise, Sold as commodity to highest bidder, And the piper continues to play the revival tune,

I do not make the rule But I have a choice every day, Can right ever be wrong? Is it black and white? Or does it have grey areas?

Ain't I yellow?

Knees tightly held together Bound by shivers and quivers Rings formed around my Iris Black and blue plaster Know no better Expect no better Cutting wrist Ready to quit.

Aint I yellow, Cannot see the silver lining Beneath cumulonimbus clouds Eyes bloodshot Feeling worthless, Have no hope People are clueless to the struggles Of a lost, broken and bruised woman.

They think he is awesome! A stallion and saviour to a Nubian Queen, Many times wished upon a star He would choke on a bone or have a stroke. As he made me hopeless, Almost no fight left Only death awaits us Can heaven open up and swallow me up?

Once had a dream, Had visions Was a woman of great worth and fortitude, Now, was sold a dream that aint worth my life Where can one go to rekindle the woman once was? To be all can be which was told one could never be? Why put your faith in man and chariots?

When it's guaranteed failure Why foolish women like me never learn? Why do we become slaves to ideals? Then it fails and we are still to be blamed Tried to satisfy and be the flower that a bee will pollinate.

Instead I got baseball bats, Hits upon hits like a classic record But a tune despised, A song never wants to listen again. And they will think how yellow I was to stay But they never understand a syndrome Plague in doubt and PTSD. Controlled by a master manipulator, Free me, free me I tell you is a distant and frail cry, A cry so hidden, so screaming, so echoing that is silent To only who can discern.

Will any anyone hear me beneath my make up smile?
My chilling laughter,
Stunning starlet dresses,
My servant attitude to assist at all times.
Do they know I am dying inside?
Screaming through my ears like a ringing doorbell
Can I fight back and live for me?
Is a question that ponders my heart, constantly.
My mind is weary and degenerates perpetually,
But time and time again, it reboots and refresh
And feel a sense of belonging.
I was never yellow just broken.

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Hilda Gracigla Kraft



Hilda Graciela Kraft

Nació en Chaco, Argentina. Profesora. Escritora.Pintora. Diplomada en DDHH y Promoción de Paz. Diplomada en Desarrollo Humanitario y Acción Social. Mediadora de Paz. Medalla de ORO Trayectoria Cultural. Sociedad Argentina de Escritores, Sáenz Peña, 2009. Embajadora de la Cadena Mundial para la Paz, Federación Mundial Grandes Mujeres. Premio a la Trayectoria Literaria, Puentes de palabras. Premio Eslabón en la Cadena Mundial para la Paz. Mensajera Embajadora, Anunciadora y Constructora de la Paz Universal Pacis Nuntti). "Medalla de la Paz", Acción de Paz. Presidente de la UHE Unión Hispano Mundial de Escritores Sáenz Peña. Libros escritos:

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Ritual

En el rocío fugitivo de la aurora hay un ritual sagrado que gira sobre un espejo de agua. Hay nenúfares que danzan cual luciérnagas de luz sobre verdes camalotes con islas de asombro.

Entonces nacen las semillas de Paz en el huerto donde amanece un horizonte nuevo. Un coloquio de pájaros huele a viento y a sol, como un abrazo tibio sobre un campanario de sueños.

Un vuelo de palomas circunda el Universo y un trazo infinito de azul cielo desprende la revelación del mensaje: Hay puentes de luz que enseñan caminos de Paz la semilla está en el alma.

Y YO MUJER

Con la mirada puesta al horizonte teñido el ocaso celebro el espejismo de la hora, las sombras emergen en siluetas verticales con una mezcla de viento y sonidos y la Paz, la Paz se asoma con ojos de álamos. Ella está en altura de sol y avanza en melodías de remolinos inquietos. Entonces me detengo en el instante mismo de la hora y brego por los sueños con la oración del día.

Tal vez se fuguen los pájaros azules de los campanarios sagrados de la noche y el bosquejo de un follaje tenue sea cómplice de esta bohemia. Tal vez, el Amor nos enseñe el lugar donde habitan los duendes de la infancia esos que se visten de arlequines y van de fiesta con el relato de los cuentos fantásticos, como la silueta de estos álamos, en este Universo de ocaso mezcla rara de piel y de sueños, de grito y asombro como la vida misma.

Y yo mujer testigo de la hora sublime y de éste crepúsculo púrpura descubro la Paz entre las sombras de esta bohemia.

Yo te bendigo vida

Me detengo en la hora que amanecen los lapachos y el cielo unge al viento la oración del día, las hojas estrenan sus sepias radiantes mientras el otoño asoma con sus colores en la paleta.

Ojos amarillos destellan dorados en filigranas de alquimias sagradas y en efímeras pinceladas, descubro los ocres festivos. Entonces canta en el aire una melodía de musas columpiando el híbrido cielo. Intuyo secretos mensajes en el velo de la hora y la tinta se diluye desplegando su mágico vuelo. Mientras y en proyección de paz, cual inquieta letra amada yo te bendigo vida.

Francesco Favetta



Francesco Favetta was born in the land of Sicily in that of Sciacca, i have always loved poetry, writing verses, but above all culture, true culture, food for the soul! So far i have written more than 4000 poems, i also write philosophical reflections and thoughts. In 2018 i was awarded by the Academy of Sicily, Academic of Sicily. I don't like to participate in literary competitions, because culture, in my view: It is Freedom is Free Spirit, it is Soul in Motion, it must never be harnessed!

To date, my lyrics have been published on the international poetic scene: Revista Azahar who edited my first Silloge of Poems in Spanish: Encantamiento y Palabras como Plumas; some of my poems published in The Silk Road Anthology: Nano Poems for Africa; my other lyrics published on the official website of the "Galassia Poetica Atunis", including one in Russian; my other works published on the official WorldSmith International Editorial website; publication of my poems in OPA The Poetry Journal. I founded a theater company in Sciacca: Theatrum Socialis Sciacca. I also founded a Lions Club. Sciacca Terme. Finally, i believe that Poetry will be the weapon with which humanity will make its life free, and furthermore Beauty will always be a truth that will never be buried: from the times and events of daily human life.

Mother's courage

Evening falls in the fields and the wind already calm from the clear sky of black clouds it landed smashing to the ground the leaves yellowed by eternal silences women dripping bitter drops and love torn from the womb. The thousand souls marched proudly clenched fists tied hands serene faces, never dull eyes step firmly in the chest pain of wounded women and humiliated mothers singing the hymn of their only cry they came united in sincere hearts. Crowds cheering open arms welcomed by embracing lives broken by adverse winds voices of freedom and songs of joy the pure souls acclaimed giving them true values and the struggles of a thousand battles expected at the crossing of the friendly fraternal paths.

Open your heart humanity

You open your heart humanity don't skimp do not spare yourself believe in the common good in happy thoughts in freedom of living in love and harmony. Rejoice for your fellow man brother or sister drop the crosses sink your eyes deep inside of your soul. Drink at the source of love humanity of this world your caresses are fertile always give them to the humble and the oppressed children of this land children of life given by Heaven in our days.

They are songs without words the tides of forgetfulness abysses so deep that dwell in the bowels and they teach how to live

inside this life shocked by the violence. The victims of this world are families and crosses around death they dance they are held by the hands desperately they scream the pain and anger of the wounds inflicted by men without faith.

Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon



Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon, poet of Canada

International Cultural Ambassador for Inner Child Press (representing Eastern Canada)

Member of the Regroupement des Poètes Francophones Engagés Pour la Liberté et la Paix (representative of Canada in French in several collectives)

Poem To Lydia

You have just been born, my child. Beautiful wishes at the start. Unsurprising difficulties In a whirlwind life.

You have two brothers and a sister. Will rather be invaders. They will love you all their life, I assure you in poetry.

Grandpa "REGGY" to watch. He looks at you, amazed. Your little hands in his, He will want you to remember...

A thought for his love. Come to him for help. Deliver your heart and your secrets, He promises to be discreet.

I offer you my friendship here. We will talk in a path. A walk in pairs, Decrease your chaos.

You see, life is not easy Despite a very nice home. Much effort from your parents, A good help when getting started.

Good luck Lydia! We are all here for you, for your sister, for your brothers. You have wonderful parents.

What Is Important

After study and experience, here are the criteria:

Sweetness and tenderness in love, Respect despite your sense of humor, The generosity of your heart, Frankness even for an actor.

The depth of your good feelings And your optimism in expressing yourself. Your presence always available Especially during a tough ordeal.

A communication between us, Our equality too, I admit. No superiority for a man Who behaves well, like a gentleman.

Religion or skin color, The capitals or the name of the flag, Nothing is important except the inside, Especially not the outward appearance...

Write In 2022

Writing, my daily passion. As soon as I get up, I say hello to you. Communicate, my reason for living And with my words, I intoxicate you.

My pen darkens my white page. Observation and everything starts. To promote my French language, I create a text that soothes you.

Of course, not perfection. Finding fault: disappointment. I seek quality in all respects By working for equality.

Advocate respect and wisdom, Keeping peace, a wealth. I never run out of topics And amaze many with my projects.

I wish I could live a long time, Braving disease and time. Dedicate myself to those who appreciate, With tact and diplomacy.

WILL ONE OF MY CURRENT DREAMS BE REALIZED?

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

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June 2015



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Iqbal Masih

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February 2023 ~ Featured Poets



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