The Year of the Poet X July 2023

Featured Global Poets

Rajashree Mohapatra * Biswajit Mishra Johan Karlsson * Teodozja Świderska

Children : Difference Makers



~ Bana al-Abed ~

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.

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The Poetry Posse

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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.

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet X July 2023 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2023

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



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

Bana al-Abed

I am honored to write the Foreword of The Year of the Poet's July Issue about the 7-year old Syrian refugee, The self-declared child peace activist Bana Alabed is a modern-day hero and a global symbol of the youth's bravery and courage in standing up for their beliefs.

Utilizing Social Media and with the help of her mother, Alabed took to Twitter the documentation of the Aleppo siege amid war-torn Syria. Born in 2009, Bana al-Abed is a Syrian refugee whose experiences of the Syrian Civil War in Aleppo caught global attention to her and her country, Syria. With the help of her mother, Bana tweeting messages to the outside world on September 24, 2016, using Twitter. Within just two days, her updates had gained major attention and the hashtags #StandWithAleppo, #HolocaustAleppo, #MassacreInAleppo, and #StopAleppoMassacre trended as Bana tweeted at world leaders.

This was one of her trending tweets: "This is our house, My beloved dolls died in the bombing of our house. I am very sad but happy to be alive. — Bana Alabed (@AlabedBana) November 29, 2016.

In this issue, you will get to peek into the minds of Global Peace Poets and how they get to depict Bana Alabed's account of the Syrian siege and how she became the Voice of Aleppo at a tender age of 7. I believe that even the youth of today can emerge as change-makers in our world in their own little ways. Let us get to listen to their pleas and words and be their voices.

Get to enjoy reading the eclectic collection of lovely, and enriching pieces from both the Poetry Posse and our Featured Poets of the Month in this epic July Issue.

My warm congratulations again to everyone for yet another wonderful issue!

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

Author/Poet and Visual Artist

Dreface

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

We are so excited as we are now offer unto you our seventh month of our 10th year of monthly publication of this enterprise, The Year of the Poet.

This particular year we have chosen to feature children who made/make a difference in enhancing the lives of all humanity. Read ~ Learn.

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: www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-market. 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.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Children

Difference Makers Bana al-Abed July 2023

by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

Bana al-Abed: Young people using social media may not seem life-changing, but one look at Abed's Twitter page will change your mind. At just seven years old, she documented her life in war-torn Syria to call attention to the atrocities happening there. With some assistance from her mother, Abed has called upon world leaders to take action.

"I am very sad. Education is very important, but many children do not go to school because of wars and hunger. My mother and teachers taught me to read and write. This was very important for me during the war in Aleppo. We could read together to help us forget the war and I also kept a diary." ~Bana al-Abed, 8-year-old Syrian girl.







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 . . .







Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

Now Available

Inner Child Press International & The Year of the Poet present



innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor navypoet1@gmail.com

Socialness

In

Just one

Mirrored

Moment of time

We can ask questions

And maybe get answers

Media moments that tick

Incessantly across our lives

With no time to really think on things

We cannot find solutions to problems

Sky falling night...caída del cielo nocturno

"for in my moment of doubt she returned to me as beautiful as a lanterned sky falling night" Kevin Bigham

I heard you call my name And while I watched you waited I waited as well For the path was not lit for me The beauty of the night sky Mesmerized my heart And I felt like I was falling towards you With all that I ran away from healed Fracturedness made invisible The scars of judgements over my physical Washed away with the passing But it wasn't until you said my name That I knew that you wanted me No needed me, in that moment I am black and beautiful And my heart quickened for you Out of light and into the darkness Of a moon shining brightly Against the sky falling So sweet the music of stars Crowning your aura of neccessiment And in this moment I have returned to you whole

He oído que llamar a mi nombre Y mientras yo miraba esperaste Esperé, así Por el camino no estaba iluminado para mí La belleza del cielo nocturno Hipnotizado mi corazón Y me sentí como si estuviera cayendo hacia usted Con todo lo que me escapé de curado Fracturedness hizo invisible Las cicatrices de juicios sobre mi físico Lavo y se llevo con el paso Pero no fue hasta que dijo mi nombre Que yo sabía que tú me querías No me necesitaba en ese momento Soy negro y hermoso Y mi corazón se aceleró para usted Fuera de la luz y en la oscuridad De una luna que brilla intensamente Contra la caída del cielo Tan dulce de la música de las estrellas Coronando su aura de neccessiment Y en este momento He vuelto a vosotros todo

Mississippi

I can never tally all that you gave me
The lives that live on in my laughter, in my tears
Those who have come and gone before
Memories that bring both joy and pain
Fish fries and coconut cakes and on each
Fourth Sunday, humming jones greeting
Those headed out to meet up with Jesus
At Provident Baptist Church

Of my dear papaw who carried my spirit Inside his Prince Albert can close to his right hand Side pocket of Sunday's best striped overalls That we bought on our annual trip to Webb Off route 49 and 32, after a trip to visit The Cascilla cousins on his side of the family

Of mama who rose up early just to make The G biscuit and coffee and cream Who let me pack my papaw's lunch And sold moonshine, regulating with A 22 piece stashed in her apron pocket Who everyone called ma'am, even us kids

Love covered the feet of granddaddy snow
As he searched through Charleston General
With the fear that I couldn't be found
Though I slept with the white babies, snug and sound
Who ran a jook joint on Saturday nights so the
Black folks could let their hair down after
Hot days of working in the cotton fields

And Pearl, who folks say I look like and act like With my plain spoken, straight ways, nosey always Searching for something more than what life has to offer Wearing pants in town, around the courthouse square and Down by the piggly wiggly, sunflower and the chinaman's Uptown, trading with the folks, summer peaches and gossip Fresh and ripe as the sun on the back of her hatless head

The neighbors, family and friends, them white folks and some That was neither and both depending on who you ask Fields plowed long and straight waiting on seed Fireplaces and slop jars, rifles and aprons, gavels and gloves Front porches that stretched round and covered the edges Of your heart, soul and spirit cool in the evening and a place For shelling purple hull peas, snapping beans and listening to stories

Getting your hair combed after Saturday baths in the foot tub

You, who have been have been my constant companion When I talk with my mother, my father, uncles and aunts I am back walking down the street, chewing bubble gum And seeing the familiar faces who knew me always as T and Snow's granddaughter and so and so's cousin You are my memory bearer, life cradle, my bone keeper Even now, when I turn right off 55 and head down 32 And the blacktop is shimmering with heat like smoke Whether in car or mind, I am so much closer to being home.

Alicja Maria Kubzrska

The Year of the Poet $X \sim July 2023$



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).

Letter from Syria

Dear World!

Please, don't forget about Aleppo, about the bleeding Syrian land. Remember, children still dream of peace there.

Do you know what the words mean: airstrikes, destruction, hunger, displacement, dead? And I miss my peaceful childhood, my family home (whose image I keep like a talisman in my memory). Look, I have no family heirloom. Everything burned and disappeared.

I don't know if I ever come back from a distant land to the ruins of my home. I would like to have wings like a bird and soar over desert and war.

Yours

Bana al-Ahed

Composition

Time plays its strings and tangles the threads together - past, present, future. It converts notes to seconds, minutes, hours, and its melody flows in a wide stream to the planets, stars and all living creatures.

In its rhythm, the moon appears and disappears The constellations, galaxies spin, the universe expands and contracts, and through human memory as through a leaky hourglass days, years, centuries, millennia pour. They fall with a murmur into oblivion.

Truth escapes through small gaps. We forget where we came from and we still don't know where we're going in this crazy dance procession

Kruszwica almanac

I can see on the cover: the old Mouse Tower, shining surface of the lake, park alleys in Kobylniki village.

Between lines I can hear nostalgic hum of lake Gopło and emotions tangled in poems.

I flip the pages and the absent speak - immune to death and transience

Time has stopped

- moments frozen forever poetry touches eternity.

Jackiz Pavis 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

Just Because

...she's a child, not yet, even, a teen; that doesn't mean she hasn't a heart for others.

...her mother listened, helped to document her young life in her war-torn country; and some of the world leaders listened.

....they listened to the cries of the people, and with support a little girl awakened others to war's turmoil, to its pain

...a child's heart, ah, yes. It called out and made a difference; and despite her young years, she's made a difference; today, poems penned, lift her up. Just Because.

All in Less Than an Hour

Deep in the well Of Momma's sorrow, troubled-waters Overflowed gentle banks.

She's grieved And aged more Than a hundred years.

Have you not Heard her wailing? Heard her crying?

Like a two sided sword, Dark is the evil That cut a wide swath,

Then hovered Over her little children. Then claimed their young lives.

Lost in great grief, As old as the fields of time, She wanders.

She's searching.
She searching and praying
To find some sign of life.

Beside the Peaceful Waters

A river runs beside the dream, the stream Polluted flows ardently, the fading Flowers downcast, dead...
Yet generations are ever born anew To its show.

Unfurl the flags! Release the prisoners Of peace! Should not freedom's sound, Its colors sooth the soul that forever breathes, And dreams only of love And peace, for all?

A hiding place, within, without... a servile Sentry stands with arms at the ready.

Tenuous time measured, He looks askance At the awkward-amulet and its path. Does memory still revere the aged Or the efforts of our fallen heroes?

Or of their cause So bravely fought? How often forgot is the high cost That documents only A little of a country's sacrifice.

Has freedom's way been lost? O, my soul, will There be any relief from warring ways?

Alas, illusion dilutes dreams of peace. As pure as a virgin's innocent smile, Somewhere a stream Rests silently, Love filled, increased.

It resides in the hearts
Of those left behind to guard
And insure freedom's view.
Lo, the flower of peace
Rises above the wicked.

It still resides in places, where the powers That be, have not yet planted their seeds of evil...

Where petals struggle to remain intact.

Tzgmin 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.

Peek Into The Sky

The sound of the waves over the beach rising and falling Sunny rain why didn't you fall generously

The pine trees are so tall, and the slanting shadows rotate with the sun

The top of the mountain in the distance, white clouds like snow

No dust at all

The affliction on the shoulder

Not an easy burden

imitate the overlapping rocks

Sojourn in this Wonderful Terrace

Through my tear-free eyes, guide my greedy eyesight Looking at the clouds and mountains poorly, nature will also sprinkle beautiful articles

Lure me to pick it all up

Before I lose it completely

Reverse my silent head

Let everything in the mirror be reflected up side down A flock of swallows flies low, the intent to peep into the sky is like an immortal's whispering

The sky is connected into one piece, all eaten into my eye sockets

The mountain's broken clouds are green, and the water flows on both sides

I can't beautify everything with beautiful words

Even pair with this amazing view

The scenery is so chaotic now, I wander around and admire it

Forget the handover of the old man who lived on the cliff Don't urge, don't urge

I'll surely be back when the wind blows again

The Grass Has Just Turned Green, The Herd Of Deer Competing For Color

The tent was left ruthlessly, and the clouds drifted away The car passed through the valley of the mountaineering, and turned around several times

Only then do I feel suddenly enlightened like the zenith In the early spring of the prairie, the green is well-proportioned, why blue dark and ignorant? Who is snatching the colors under the blue sky? Whose herdsmen are fighting to step on the grassy plain? The sun is quiet and the wind is gorgeous The green trees weigh down, the eagle hovering overhead Floating among palm hills and mountains

The mountain, towering and steep, surrounds and does not return

Orchid Island looks east to the mist, located behind the Pacific Ocean

People in the world pursue prosperity and wealth and grow old

How to know the elk's leisurely among the grass?

The wind blowing from the sea is warm

Can't let go of the smoke that can't fade away, coil lying on the bed and feeling uneasy

Even singing poems to praise the herd of deer Plum, you old bones, so what you still obsessed with the officialdom games?

Even from today onwards, you can't walk like a deer and read like an ant

Walking on the prairie with joyful singing

Absolutely unnecessary

The ego is trapped in a cage and barely speaks

Ask for the herd of sika deer overlooking the distance

Teach me how to be free

Accompany Me To Greet The Lonely Return Boat

This bay

I watched for a cycle of sixty years

Always calm, except when the ship enters port

Who is meddlesome and lead into the lovesickness?

Nowadays, more and more cars and horses go back and forth

The childhood scene no longer seen

Indulge me, a wanderer in deep autumn, to rest in the shade

Feel different today

Especially

In front of my eyes, like a calm mirror in colorful clothes

Remember?

When you were a little girl

We run on the beach together

You were always restless, going back and forth

At that time

Mother is always waiting at home

Now

The returning clouds are sparse, the mountains and rivers

look like they used to

No mother waiting at home

That layer of mist that couldn't be thinner

But it will really make people unable to get up

Oops

Really make me unable to get up

Always curious

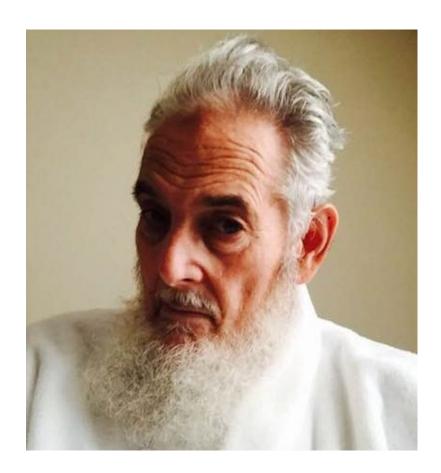
Except for that rainbow

Except for the small boat under the arch bridge

Except for this sea with no any tiny bit of waves

what else did you see?

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

big bana

young girl indeed born 2009 and lived in devastated war torn Aleppo, Syria 2016 7-year-old Bana al-Abed started Twitter account with english speaking mother Fathmah's help gave accounts war crimes brutal Asad regime murdered, tortured thousands, starved, thousands, displaced millions 7-year-old Bana brought all to life with Umi's help until her account grew to near 370.000 who followed. meanwhile the family made it out of Aleppo and Syria though their home was bombed and father injured they made it to Turkey where Bana and family met and was welcomed by President Erdogan who granted them citizenship.

On the strength of Bana's twitter account she latter was a guest at the UN in New York her memoir published by Simon and Schuster entitled Dear World Bana also received prestigious awards in recognition of the impact her account of the horror Bana and her family survived. never underestimate the ability of a child

for the,

lust for this world empty, unfulfilling Very temporary like drilling for water in hell to quell relentless torture that defines it folk want fun throw boundaries away succumb to the whispers bombarding the heart from lord of dark if they only knew wouldn't ever do that satisfaction does not exist in the belly of the beast where delusions never cease got to go to the source of peace conversely where serenity never ceases to ease pain, renewal of earth facilitates rebirth so does the soul revived when plugged in removed sin, tap the source you win live again

written..,

wages of sin is death what thou sow you shall reap whatever goes around comes around payback is a b!+@# it's karma? all profound on the come around y'all think \$#!+ don't matter? just cause a sucker got dough he/she can control the come 'n 'go? regulate the flow? stay on a roll even if dem \$#!+ be raggedy in need of legitimacy we're talking affluency and how it gives folk tendencies drive lives to heart disease it stems from who you please your flesh or king of kings hit the grave your \$\$\$'s stay can't help your @\$\$ anyway you got dues to pay and you will pay dem call it judgement day take it serious ain't nothing to mess with your deeds put on a scale reading accurate don't fail another adage they say you get out of it what you put into it y'all get paid a just wage. one (1) mo time make your bed you lay in it

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-of-climate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Truth

He calls it Truth Social

but the real truth is an 8 year old

a Syrian girl tells her story online

the horrors of war

the value of education

communities pulling together

taking action to bring truth and peace

Peace in Kurdish

H-Hasîtî peace in Kurdish

A language of Syria

Sometime written "hашити" in Cyrillic

In Arabic "هاسيتى" [Hasītī]

Today Syrian seek peace

In their community country and the world

Trade, War and Migration Syrian Jews in Japan

Jews in Kobe, Japan since 1861
first as traders from the U.S., Britain and Poland
then fleeing pogroms in Russia
bequeathing Torah scrolls
in the early 1900's Jewish immigrants
streaming from Iraq, Syria and Eastern Europe
World War II prompts Japan's Counsul General in
Lithuania
issues exit visas for 2,000 Jews
many settle in the flourishing city of Kobe
today communal Shabbat meals are common.
and the city hosts a synagogue

Clizabeth 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 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

Tweet Girl, the Voice of Aleppo

Bana Al-abed, difference maker
Being innocent is not a hindrance
To become a catalyst of change
In an ailing world,
A global symbol, you are loved
As you document your life
In war-torn Syria,
You showed us authentic bravery
You are a child of the Universe
A symbol of courage of the youth.

Love Tapestry

under the beaming crescent moon
a love woven in time has bloomed,
in each of my magical dreams there you are
feeling you near me though you're still far.
this love was designed for just you and me
right in your arms is where I long to be,
we have embroidered each moment sweetly
as this journey continues, our union they are yet to see.
my flapping wings will be your shelter from the rain
as I try my very best to erase all your heartaches and pain,
Me, a girl who lives in a tropical paradise quite a far
is loved by a boy who dwells from the land down under.
our love is a beautiful tapestry
unfolded in front of our very eyes as time passes by oh so,
quickly,

likened to a magnificent sunset at the far horizon the promises and sand castles we built are way beyond. you have given me warmth when my days were so cold and grey

shared me some laughter when the world seems so rude leaving me to go astray

helped me to believe in love again after so many falls I've been in

my Knight in shining armour, you have given me a love I was once searching.

Cleansing Rains

Dewey teardrops from heaven above falling
As I reminisce the life before I've been in
Brings me back memories of yesteryears
Of laughters still echoing and overflowing tears.
My heart skips a beat tuning in with your rhythmic sound
Splattering into bits as you melodiously hit the ground
No, it doesn't mean its pain I always think of when you're
here

But also of cleansing my soul of evil demons I wish to disappear.

A rainbow may soon manifest itself from the distant horizon

Coloring my world with magical hues giving me inspiration After you have dared exit from your magnanimous performance

Giving the stage now to King Sun as another beautiful day is at a glance!

Jog Pairg



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

Bana al-Abed

Who knows what's in the mind of a child, and Children say the darndest things, to coin a phrase.

Bana al-Abed spoke of days, when war tore through the lives of her family.

This amazing little girl told the world, What was happening in real time. Her stories were taken down because, She was thought of as not being a real child

If only we would realize,
Truth comes from the innocent.
These days we circumvent ones common sense.
when the liars are running the government

Cease fire was the sentiment Peace acquired from the words of a child Be inspired by the words of a child

She was tired of the senseless killings She was tired of the bombed-out buildings She spoke out from her Twitter account Bana al-Abed revealed things, and Few are willing to speak truth to power

Out of the mouth of babe's, into policy Most folk of age wouldn't bother see, We should listen to our youth And stop feeding them atrocity.

Who Said It First?

Is it true because I said it first Is it true because I believe the worst Is it made up, because the make-up Is providing a truth that is faked up

Semantics come to mind, and it's synonymous Synonyms, some simply call it spin Saying the same thing only better than them Seems like it's a race to grab the podium Speaking first may cause the worse to follow them

Green doesn't mean what it used to
Blue is up for debate, if you think of it that way
Red, now that's a color meant for Russia
Is Russia still an enemy?
Communism was supposed to be bad
I'm I to believe now, they are friends to be

We broke away from the rule of a king We're just a vote away from a Wanna bee We hope and pray that all men are free We feed into, buy into, lie into power We give comfort to the criminal, the innocent get devoured

does who said it first, give that word its meaning I mean if I chose the same word,
Could I make it mean the same thing?
Or can I do something wrong,
And it's you who gets the blame game
Who said it first, something worth pondering.

They Bloom At Night

Yellow blossoms, pollinated at dawn But they bloom at night I saw a possum hanging round my yard It was noon, and bright

I wish I had a farm, with a pond outback Crickets and croakers sing of key And the moonlit shadowed trees. Spiders and lattices, clinging vines so imaginative I'm lost in thought through peacefulness

I'm lost without these things I wish
What cost have I incurred for this
Simply by using my thought process
I think, therefore I am, Cogito, ergo sum
I reject the plan of man,
ergo, I think his plan was dumb
I am the one who dreams while I'm awake
I'm not the one who schemes for scheming sake
I've seen men take what they won't work for
I've seen men break under mental pressure
Create, because it feels much better.

I bloom at night below black skies and starlight I taste the sweet honeysuckle breeze Sweat tickles when it trickles down your chest I speak in riddles when it's time for me to nest I am a night owl; I wish I had a barn on my farm. I wish I had, I wish I might, I know I may dream it Right! THEY BLOOM AT NIGHT.

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 https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

The Voice of a School-Age Child

War:
Subject to a crooked
process of media-prioritization
on which we rely.
"Breaking News" at first,
then off to reporters' forgotten pile.

People in war-torn countries: Left to their own efforts to survive regardless of the years that pass by.

Have our skins thickened so much that we choose to shield our psyche from the ongoing suffering around us?
Yes! Around us! Today, Syria.
Tomorrow? Perhaps nearby.
Only war mongers know.
We are here as side-liners, after all!

Bana al-Abed,
a school-age child
whose name
world leaders
are now forced
to recite,
because
she chose
to raise her voice
for the entire humanity to hear.

Imagine the impact . . . if we vocalized our consciousness in unison.

Dreaming

As if I were she,

I fly high on my dreams' wings

Evil can't touch me

No Tears

Children should not cry

Tears don't become innocence

Let smiles reach the sky!

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

Syrian Alarm

Seven years old means growing up fast on a war-scarred piece of earth.

Abed's survival is tied to courageous resistance in the face of bombs and bullets.

She challenges the adults of the world who proclaim the title of leader.

Come forth and put an end to the ceaseless destruction of humans longing for peace.

Hold the Earth Close

You may fall in love exposed to ecstasy of pure light even the wordsmith cannot define.

Here in this moment love is a flaming torch burning in the heart.

The blood runs in orgasmic rhythms. Nothing remains in this space but the flame of your essence

and recognition of your sacred beauty. You are the Phoenix rising from a new birth.

You are the sword bearer to protect the new earth that rises from the ashes

of mankind's destruction. Honor your responsibility. Hold the earth close to your heart.

Karmic Switch

I know justice as it crushes violets, burns my garden over and over, hands me a thorny rose.

It sucks my blood, lifts me into the decadent arms of forgiveness. The karmic switch clicks on positive.

With lightnings sudden strike, my garden takes in new life. Sparkling light kisses every flower.

Strolling in the blessings given, I crawl over double rainbows reaching for 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.

Aleppo

For Bana al-Abed

her childhood eclipsed by the war siege of her city airstrikes destruction hunger displacement

if you listen closely

to Bana her screams lumpy as milk toast

she wants a peaceful childhood no lookback only a new start

Father's Day - June 18, 2023

Every moment of everyday is a Father's Day

I start telling stories of good times like watching Canucks and Senators play at Pacific Stadium.

I remind him of the sandbox-playhouse built for him in the backyard beside the crabapple trees.

I talk about pets: budgies, goldfish, old black lab Buddy and how he'd escape and disappear.

I talk about landing in rain in Orlando to visit Disney World on New Year Day.

Visiting California, rides with Ehren so scared at Knott's Berry Farm, panning for gold at Barkerville, BC, making sand castles at Harrison Hot Springs, collecting sand dollars and starfish at Rocky point Nanaimo Beach.

The time he pushed me along the bumpy wood planks of the Pier 6 San Francisco. Sending him to Boston and New York with Neil and Alyssa.

Stories of bathing until the water tank was empty in Cochin, slipping on the mossy steps and falling in the rapid waters of Ganges

during evening prayers, riding elephant, stretching hands to touch a snake charmer's cobra at India Gate, secretly following Pankaj at Lodhi Gardens.

Aunty Celia's wedding, morning sitting around the burning bamboo sticks, shopping malls of Manila.

I tell him we had fun raising him, weren't perfect, we made mistakes,

but we loved him and we did the best we could.

White Rock Beach

During yesterday's walk at dawn I was hit by the enormity of the silence, a quiet, I have never experienced before.

The moment was lovely and so easily missed, like most miracles.

Beauty everywhere, and it was so brief, so absolute, it filled me with a tenderness, almost unbearable miracle of living in a moment.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno 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

Tweets for Peace

When the siege begins
The rising star tweets for peace
Her heart calls for Aleppo
As the war strikes
It was like a holocaust
Stealing lives,
Everyone knows no place to go,
Just hide and survive,
The bombings and killings,
Destructions and displacements
Pushed the little princess
To shout to the world,
She longs for a peaceful childhood
The tweets won a ceasefire,
A girl's wish for mankind.

Fountain of dreams

somehow, dreams dwell

in the sun, the moon

and the stars,

this time, i stand

beside a fountain

to wish not;

but to discern

the mirrors of the clear blue sky,

and life's enormous blessings.

Ambushed

trapped.

in the quagmire of enmity

and kvetching aubade

at the concealing stilts

of unfounded cults

of clashing blackholes

of dying breathes

of the unforeseen

black and white.

Swapna Behera



a trilingual poet, translator, Swapna Behera is 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

Email swapna.behera@gmail.com

Web Site http://swapnabehera.in/

Bana al-Abed the twitter girl

Bana al Abed the young peace activist at the age of seven a girl from Syria with the help of her English speaking mother worldwide known for her tweets she called for world peace and to end the global conflict when her city was sieged she wrote from Syrian war zone about the horrors of Aleppo the global sensation she was with her twitter updates her doll at the back ground "Please stop killing us" her doll at the background the caption reads "I am reading even if the bomb hits next house" she appealed for peace, food shortage her friend was killed her question to the war mongers we have not started a war why should we pay for it? she is the twitter girl the brave peace activist recipient of The Asian awards the world salutes her

Artificial Intelligence vrs Emotions

machines display but can never foreplay the robust datasets set to solve the problems reactive machines that have no memory and task specific where input always delivers the same output limited memory, theory of mind, self-awareness you can speed up automation, productivity, decision making. solve complex problems, technologies can be used in transportation, robotics, science, education, military surveillance or agriculture manufacturing yet, emotions are precious they cry but never spy neither they hack emotions take care and share excitements to greet grandfather listen, hug, sing folk songs and feel to dine together homemade cuisines tea and chatting; festivals or politics the tone of emotion rises with joy or sorrow but as the name speaks artificial intelligence waits for the command the most loyal ALEXA does the same if it understands the voice profile; if not all hazards Alexa may be the hero but my grandpa is the superhero let there be joy unlimited; let hearts speak more let ALEXA be coronated with love, peace, fraternity let emotions have a long life ...

(ALEXA is the most popular digital assistant tool)

love unknown.....

love unknown makes me a river that flows like the Ganga carrying the ashes of the corpse of Manikarnika Ghat reflects a fertile scenery at Sundarbans

love unknown makes me a tropical evergreen forest where I am the queen I bloom like GulMohar and scatter the fragrances

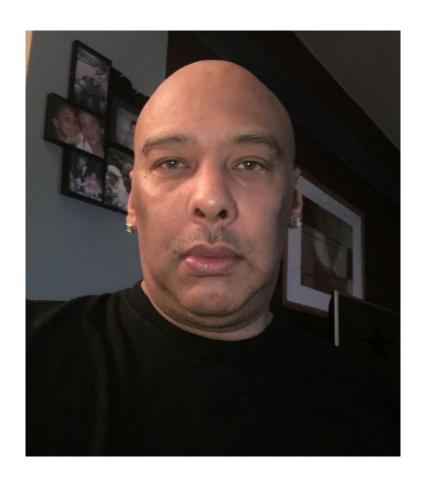
love unknown makes me a bird I tweet the first song of the last war I fly crossing all borders to write the documents of peace

love unknown makes me a Devi I become the bride to be your mother forever

love unknown makes me a rice field a seed gets ready to be harvested love unknown is life a radiant sun that never sets

love known is a myth or mystic melody who knows? better to celebrate for the unknown love more you divide less you die..

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-infinite-carrasco/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

Bana al-Abed

Gun fire along with planes with hellfire and eerie sounds of mortars wizzing over our heads had my family hiding behind overturned tables, in closets and uber beds. Horrific scenery of demolished homes, blown up cars, freshly killed along with decomposing bodies are what my eyes see daily. I see death, I'm forced to smell death, at any time my last breath could be my... last breath. I am a young Syrian girl witnessing the raw atrocities of war and I don't want to experience them anymore.

The world isn't seeing what I am seeing, so I need to find a way to shed light on what's happening here in Aleppo, day to day. Maybe someone can help make the killing cease and turn a war-zone back to a city of peace.

At the age of seven I got an idea of what I could do to help my area, that was to use social media to post pictures of airstrikes, destruction and hunger. I put my idea into fruition and gained over 370,000 followers that couldn't help but to stop, look and listen. I used this platform to reach out to world leaders.

They heard my cries, Turkey and Russia agreed on a ceasefire, during that time my family and I were evacuated somewhere where missiles did not destroy the beautiful clouds floating in the sky.

Hip Hop

I remember when I was young, I used to rewinding tapes over and over to learn lyrics. When the tape deck stopped rewinding I'll use a pencil and manually rewind them to the beginning. It took a long time but I had to memorize my favorite rhymes word for word and line after line. I'll be walking the streets spittn raps back to back as if I was the one the wrote those bars and went to the studio to lay down the tracks. Listening to people who lived like me and looked like inspired me. When I went to park jams I studied the MC, they had the entire community rockn, "yes yes y'all" "throw your hands in the air", I'll always be posted up by the speaker to hear clearer, wishing the MC was me. I wanted to move the crowd. Storytelling was intriguing. Hip hop isn't just music, it's a culture. It's language, it's dance, it's attire, it's life and I lived it. Ebonics. Breaking and popp'n. Pilot markers and krylon for wall and train tagg'n. Poverty led to hell on earth, stamp bagg'n, color slab'n and a lot of casket carry'n. While learning life from gained scars, I didn't know the knowledge I was gaining would be used for urban bars. I had a fascination with rhyme, now I'm putt'n together fascinating lines. I am hip hop and I have a story, so I write and recite non fiction poetry.

Material

I have so much material. infinite is your poetic plug, in the lab I manufacture and on stages, in the booth or where ever there's a mic, I push drugs. my work is potent, Can't lie, when I chef I get high on my own supply. I'm raw, the flow is pure, I'll have ya lean'n or speedn chattn it up with a crooked jaw. Can't cut this, my listeners and readers need the full affect of my urban dialect. I need em strung out on my word play like pill poppers main veiners and pipe suckers bas'n hard ye. I am spoken addiction, where ever I cook up, I'm always asked for a second fix'n. Facts are the only thing that comes out my mouth cause I am the truth, partnas I've been liv'n my urban genre since I was a youth. Packs, gats, racks, raids, war, bids and murder back to back. Large amounts of cash is so easy to gain, the question is can you stand the rain, can you deal with the pain, its gonna hurt to reign, in order to do so you must go hard even when your teammates go to the yard or return to god. The game is costly, I have more friends dead than alive, that's what it cost me.

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

Courageous Bana

A child who speaks volumes about peace

Your words are awakening people

With a plea and pen in hand

Your eyes have seen so much turmoil

Blessed are the peacemakers of this world.

Unfinished Diary

It seems so long ago I was saying close the door, close the door On your way Mother I was a girl now I am a woman Don't tell me to smile There won't be one tonight How can I now? everything in my life is f**** up And it seems so long ago I was sitting in the dark alone Memories do they fade or is it just me? Pages of the diary seem to seap into the walls I left them behind Unfinished diary, its calling my name Can't seem to hide the void or pick up the crashing pieces that fell upon me Memories will they come back to me? Unfinished diary I threw you once away Now your back in my heart And it seems so long ago I held you close And every night my thoughts would be written down upon the unfinished diary I was a girl Now I am a woman.

Middle Ground

All I wanted was some time Some time, to sort things in my mind We were once young and free Didn't have to look back Now, that everyday that approaches me I find myself lost Found out there is no middleground Walking down the isolated road Finding myself choosing once again I hear my lover call We were once young and free but all I wanted was some time some time to make up my mind Finding myself standing upon the middleground We were once young and free Didn't have to look back.

Eliza Segiet

The Year of the Poet $X \sim July 2023$



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).

Bloodless Fight

Banie al-Abed

The taste and smell of peace instead of bitterness and stench of war is not the norm.

Battles run by those greedy of destruction steal the life, peace of mind and joy of the innocent. Unscrupulously, they bite.

It's not important who is hurt — a child or an adult.

To cause pain is what matters.

Even though the oppressed may fight back, too often they don't trust they may win. Exhausted by war traumas, they lose willpower.

Yet, caring a lot about her country and family, the seven-year old Syrian girl began her bloodless, on-line fight.

She shook the world up with the words – *I need peace*.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Mistakes

Believing that adulthood helps was a mistake.

Dressed, yet naked, every day we try to learn what we should know. Daily new challenges.

Seemingly prepared for life, in serenity and agitation – we keep going.

The world of its own mistakes, failures and successes can have a bittersweet taste,

but it is not a copy,

but the sum of our decisions.

- It's ours.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Reason

How many times do we look with amazement at the dawns, dusks? In hope of the glow, we go further.

How many times do we look with amazement at a human?
They suddenly became a sell-out, like paper money useful to others.

We are not surprised by animals – they still have the same needs.

How many times do we wait for something that will break up hatred?

We do not know what to call it.

Maybe good?

Maybe reason?

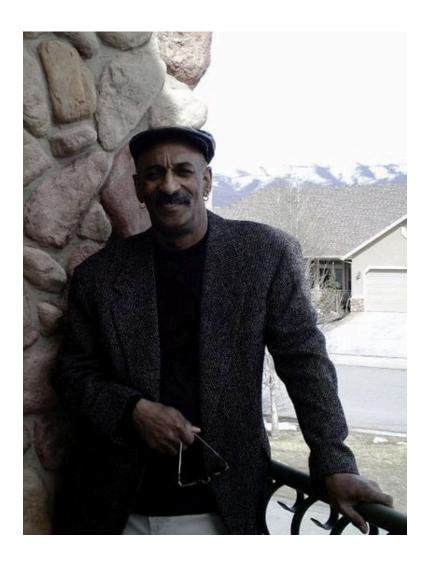
Or maybe just

- tolerance?

People are different, disaccord should not call for a Human-hunt.

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

they die

in Aleppo they die without discretion

they suffer your oppression oh mighty beast of the least who rages against the peace of the people

i have lifted my voice mightily to the heavens in my prayers for love amongst us, yet amongst us dwells the beast the oh mighty beast who cares not . . . but i do . . do you?

and that is what heaven spoke of . . . we must raise our voices . . . we must effectuate the change we desire and it all starts right here with our indignation, our pain, and the suffering of our love

in the meantime . . . they die

the first step to the path unto change lies directly before us.

for Aleppo . . . for humanity for you . . . for i

my Sun is Orange

my morning Sun is orange
The yellow is stained
with the Blood of my People
for that is what we
are reminded of
each day

when it rises from the East to greet the world i see my world clearly

we once lived with a hope that the atrocities of Hate
War
and indifference
would go away
but it did not

my hope has been misplaced somewhere and i can not remember where i have set it down

it might have been that day
i lost my arm
or that day
when my Father was jailed
or that day
when my Sister was killed
she was only 3

no, i think i lost my hope the day my Mother no longer cried

her eyes have been dry
for many a year now
and somehow
by some grace
she still has enough love in her
to hug me
once in a while
through that pained smile
that still adorns her face
just so she won't completely break

there is a noise i hear it is a loud silence that stays with me through my callousness for the gunfire and the bombs and the screams i can not hear them

they have long ago assaulted and killed the dreams of my Family my village my people and it is now working on Humanity

> where is the sanity in this methodology to be found

every day is "Ground Zero"

where i live
every where i look
i see Ground Zeros
and we have lost count
of those who
are no more
because of what you call War

but you and i
never had a dispute
that i know of
If so, please tell me what i did wrong
to cause you harm
that you should exact such wretchedness
upon me
and others like me

i know not of the Politics of it all. i have never met a Politician are they so different than we the people?

if it's Oil
i give it to you
if it's right
take it freely
i will not raise nor put my hand
against that
of my Father's children

there was a time when all i thought of was simply

finding Joy in my life

i have since given up that quest for i see far too much of that other stuff which deserves not a name

my Sun is no longer Yellow but i do pray my Brother that yours is

my Sun is Orange

This is dedicated to all the Villages, Peoples across our Globe who must endure the Politics and Sickness of War.

there is no justice save Karma, a Universal Law fashioned by the Hand of the Creator of All Things.

i consider all the senseless killings, that achieve no end founded in the permanence of humanity

Blood is being let upon the street on a global basis

driven by politics, greed and the media we formulate poisoned perspectives about our lives, the world and each other

our hands have always held the keys to our destiny yet we relinquish control to others, that select few who embody a "God Complex" and wish to serve but their own demented agendas

"My Sun is Orange" for the blood of my brothers and sisters has stained my hope

though the sun rises each day, there is an abiding trepidation of what is to come . . . will it be another war? Famine? Racism? Murders? Hunger?

or some misogynistic asshole gathering his sheep for the market of perdition

i often question Religion.
What respite does it provide en masse' with the allowances of we the people able to mold it to serve our own misguided anomalies and indifferences

the whole of the Planet is sick, and thus the whole of us inhabitants share her daily woe

castrated dreams
minimized realities
and impotent voices of truth
have become our way
yet, we tell ourselves the lies of a promise
each day,
one for which we sacrifice the efforts not

why is my Sun Orange? why do we choose to suffer as opposed to love

this is the question of my lifetime!

Let not the rhetoric of division take seed in the garden of your consciousness, spirit, nor heart.

The Butterfly Effect



July 2023 Featured Poets



Rajashree Mohapatra

Biswajit Mishra

Johan Karlsson

Teodozja Świderska



Rajashrgg Mohapatra



Rajashree Mohapatra is a teacher of Geography by profession. A Post Graduate in History, in journalism, Mass Communication and PG Diploma in Environmental Education and Industrial waste management. Poetry, painting and journalism are her Passions . She writes in Odia Hindi and Englishans her poems are translated into many foreign languages .Her poems and Paintings are published in National and International Magazines. For her Painting is the best mode of creative expression to communicate souls where language is not a barrier. She promoting universal aims environmental awareness and protection of human rights. associated with many Non-Governmental Organisations

An Accomplished Wish ...

The crowd is silent... like stillness by ebb of ocean He sings no more yet looks on without a word.

She dances... Her limbs speak unspoken love They are deep down at the bottom of vale yet unplumbed.

The night melts ...
like frozen shadow
In silence they gaze
Two star-bound spirits spiraling up
into ancient sky
An accomplished wish ,
Yet with no fear to die ...

Storm On Milieu Of Love

Your desire ...
A constant flying of thoughts
A steady flow,
an insatiable thirst of disillusion.

thoughts of possession deflects a reflux by the words of negation, You are still disillusioned wandering into the abyss of darkness.

A storm of revolt rises into the tranquil mind of sea . Your anger soars up to toss . Lives are trapped in the wreck , The boat of life sinks into the labrythine chasm trailing behind the fall of life .

Unto Mellow Touch Of Rosy Lips

In this endless solitude, a faint light of grace in your eyes yet undiminished wrapped in blind fold. like spring's early half blossom of colours.

How pleasant is it to be in your love with pleasing pain . under the glory of the brightest sky,

Life is full of mirthful bliss with mellow touch of rosy lips. Oh love!
Waves of kiss create desires.
Sultry breath inflames wild fire.

Each little step proves stratagem in love . We are the monarchs of ourselves Oh Listen! to the whisper of the soul .

Biswajit Mishra



Biswajit Mishra writes poems predominantly in English and sporadically in his native language Odia. He is working on a poetry collection called "365-Ramblings of an insomniac", aiming to write at least one poem per day over 365 days. His poems' subjects are varied and include nature, animals, plants, spiritual concepts, families, travel experiences. Some of his poems have been written live-on-location during his travels or walks. Biswajit has recently completed a solo driving trip of 4,500 kms camping on his way to Yellowknife in Northern Canada where the Northern lights, that he saw for the first time, inspired him to write the first on-the-location poem, the category of which he calls live poems.

His poems that are included in the current issue, are part of the aforesaid collection which was started mid-February 2022. The number that precedes the title of a poem refers to the day out of the 365 days that the poem was written on. His poems also include the name of the place and date as a footnote.

Biswajit is a company executive currently living in Calgary, Canada with his wife Bharati, having lived in India and Kenya in the past.

Unlit Candle

I make a change today from my routine of writing in the bed and come down to the living room to write my poem. Sitting on the sofa waiting for an idea to pop up, my attention falls on what is in the front.

A large candle sits on our coffee table.

It is that fancy, aromatic kind, that comes in a glass tumbler.

But the fanciness stays intact only until it is lit, lighting it- which is the purpose of its existence, aroma being the side barlike a paradox, starts its depletion, setting in motion the process of its demise.

A question arises in my mind: what needs to be preserved, the unlit candle or the light?

Twilight Sky

I came to draw the blinds of the bedroom windows and caught a glimpse of the northern sky. The pre dusk sky looked like a painting with gentle, long brush strokes of purple, pink ,blue, dimmed yellow spreads, not vibrant but toned down, a serene beauty, as if a melodious song delivered in *madhyam*, a calm, medium, neither too intense nor too soft tone.

The lights, just enough to see the fused spectrum, all blended but distinct, not a blinding iridescent beauty, nor foreboding darkness of the day's end, mellifluous like the trailing music of a song after the words before the end, yet not waning, rather complete in all its beauty at that moment.

Invisible Cynosure

Sitting outside my tent, in a land up north, at mid night, when the moon is almost full, just three days over, looking gorgeous behind the trees, the western horizon has the amber streak, of the stubborn sun, that wouldn't set fully, just hidden but makes its presence known; all different hues and magnificent, yet I am staring at the northern sky until my neck hurts, for something, that comes fleetingly but not with the vibrant colors, that I expect, whereas ironic it is, that a man made tool, my camera, catches the green color of the northern lights.

I am still looking to see
I if I get the colors seen
with my eyes,
in spite of the proof
through the camera,
that has supplied images,
adequate for my bragging,
but not adequate for my ego,

I am looking for the invisible, ignoring the visible beauty in the process, perhaps, the Aurora Borealis is playing snidely, the resident of the land of visibilities.

Johan Karlsson



Johan Karlsson is an after school activities teacher from Sweden. He's working on a collection of poems called "The defender of rhymes". He's grateful that fellow swedish poet Joanna Svensson brought him up to speed regarding this opportunity to write about the climate crisis.

Save the planet - part 1

The bright future Is out of range

If we can't handle The climate change

Our Swedish girl Greta Should be in charge Then the effort The effort would be large

Those who close their eyes... It's absurd Nature is a key ally I've heard

Save the planet - part 2

It sure doesn't bring satisfaction: More talk than action Consume and destroy - in every land And bury one's head in the sand

We need the seas and the trees Clean energy, please Hope instead of fear

And my son doesn't need to shed a tear

Politicians playing it safe when Hoping to be elected again
This beautiful planet could very well die
So step up and take the beam out of your own eye

Save the planet - part 3

This problem is real It's not up for debate Do we act too little? Too little too late?

This problem is huge Just you wait Mother nature Can make a clean slate!

I'd like to hear thrilling music By James Horner Then climate happiness Just around the corner

Tgodozja Świdgrska



Teodozja Świderska, a graduate of Polish philology and postgraduate psychology studies from the University of Opole. Author of three books of poetry: W błysku chwili (Oficyna Konfraterni Poetów, Krakow 2018), W wychyleniu (SIGNO, Krakow 2020), Wytrąceni z biegu (FONT, Poznan 2021) and Dotyk świata / The touch of the Word (NIGHTinGale, Inowroclaw 2023). Awarded and granted honourable mentions in Polish national poetry competitions. She has published her poems in literary magazines, such as "Angora", "Bezkres", "Okolica Poetów", "LiryDram", "Migotania", "The ARCHER", on the website Pisarze.pl, as well as in several dozen anthologies (including international ones) and almanacs. She has repeatedly published articles in education and pedagogy periodicals and in the online bulletin of the Opole Board of Education "Oświata Opolska", which she co-edited. She belongs to the Association of Polish Authors in Warsaw (SAP), Teachers' Literary Club in Opole and the Krakow Confraternity of Poets. Awarded with the Medal of the National Education Commission. She lives in Opole.

A Grain Of Sand

A grain of sand – is life too as long as – it is noticed

Through the fingers of history it pours and sometimes it grates in the teeth At times it gets into our eyes as a concrete being

It may be a small house on the sand and a trace of the feet imprinted

It rests in an hourglass and pinches the foot although long ago the shoe was removed

Notification

People eyeball each other if they do not overlook — In fleeting glimpses the indifference of passing (away)

Sometimes one glance is enough to read the expression of others like a wordless notification

In the eyes badly tamed one can discern calling silent scream (from some captivity)

When you are passing by such pupils – alert – turn back rush to the aid

Count For Today

Tomorrow is overrated
Do not believe the words – from tomorrow for free though the market doesn't lie
Nobody will see tomorrow
If you live to see next morning
– today will wake you up
and it may tell you to forget
about the plans of yesterday

You only live today and you do not die tomorrow Tomorrow cannot be seen by anybody even if they looked out the window went onto the road with the heart looked out to welcome

Do not go away with the words – see you tomorrow just say – I will be back soon It will be easier like that not waiting / not living even to see the end of the world

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Inner Child Press

News

Published Books

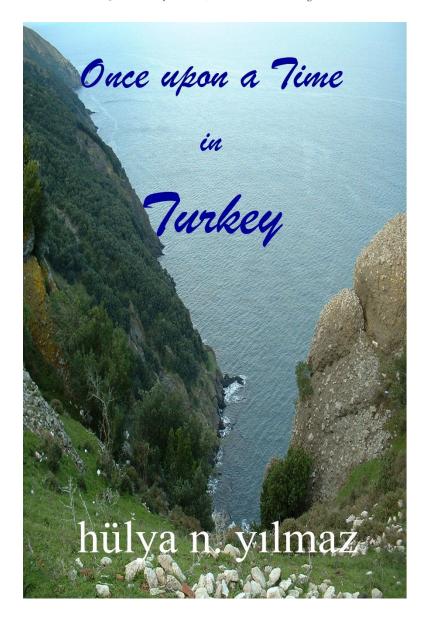
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Poetry Posse Members

We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

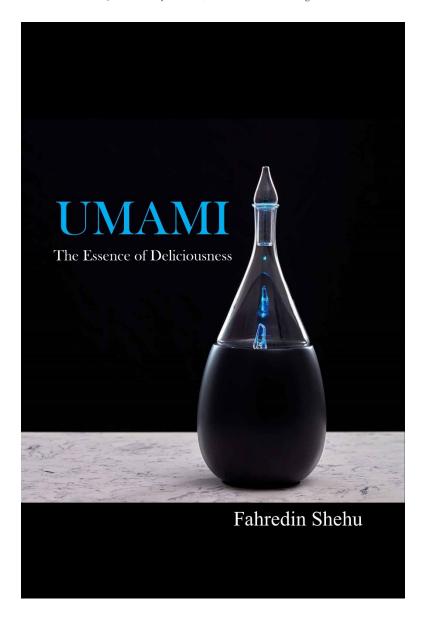
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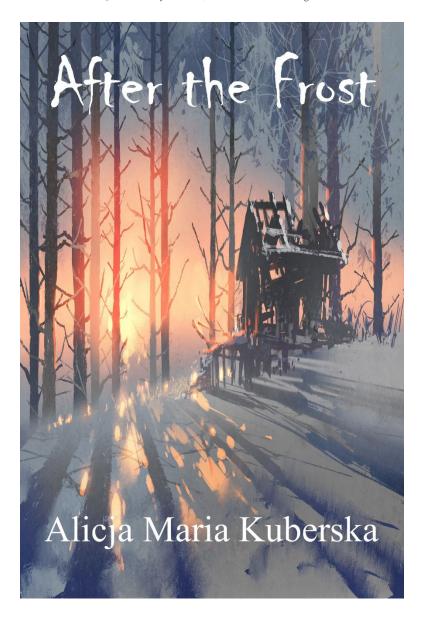




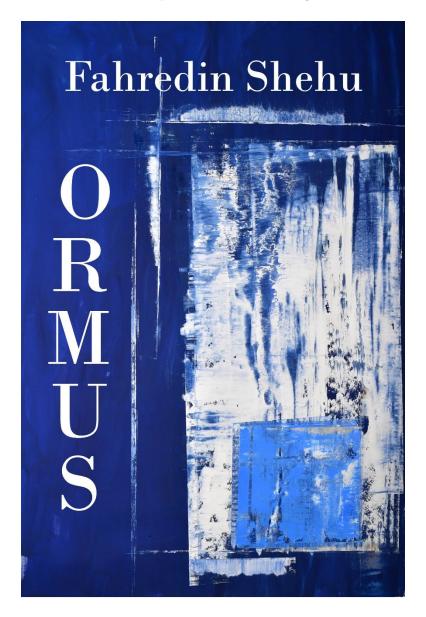


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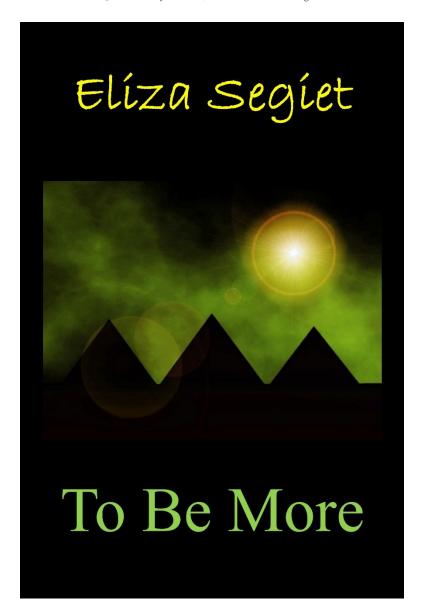
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Ahead of My Time

. . . from the Streets to the Stages

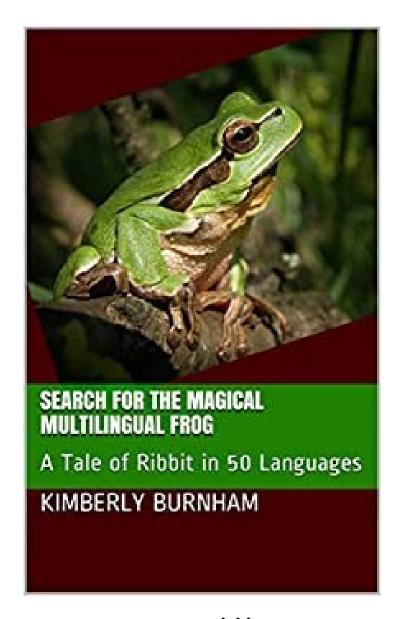


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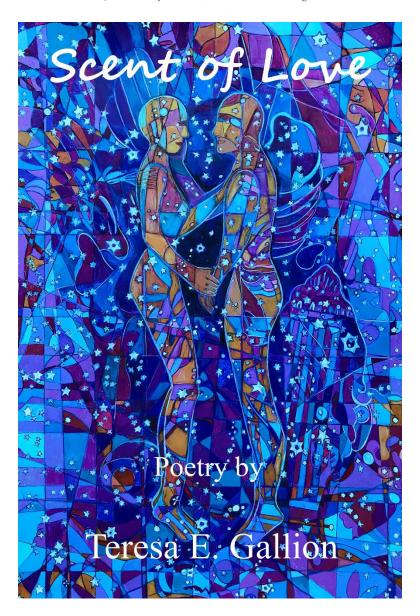


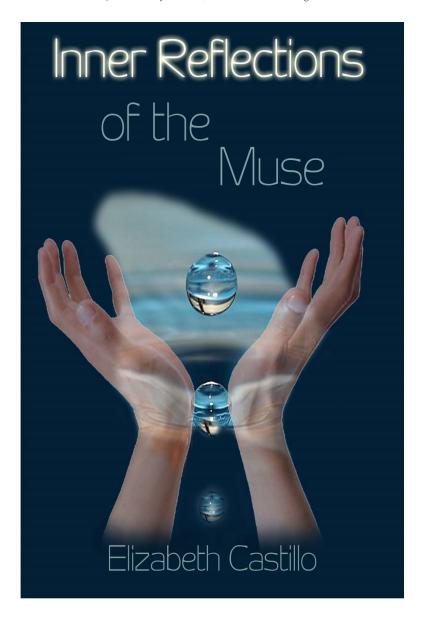
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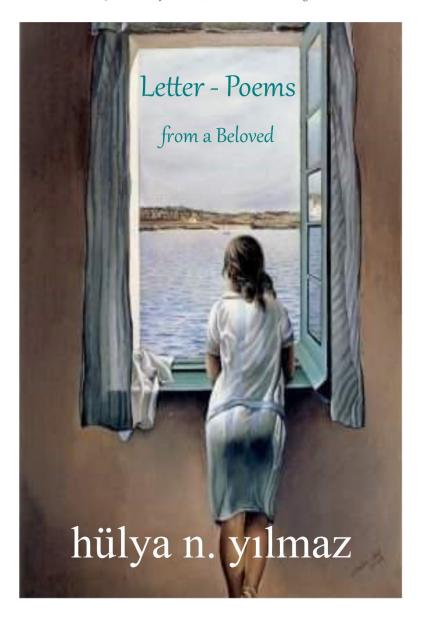


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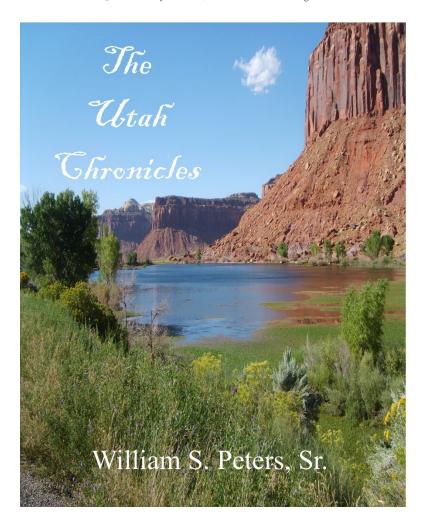




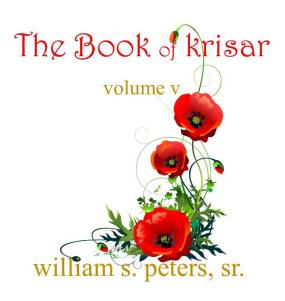
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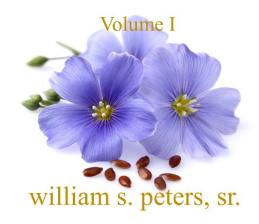
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The Book of Krisar



The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

The Book of krisar

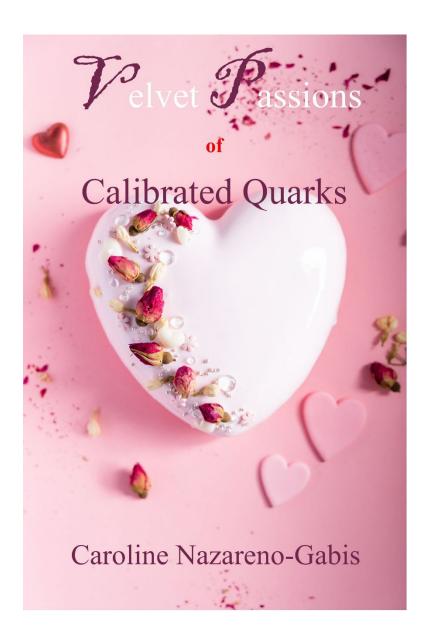


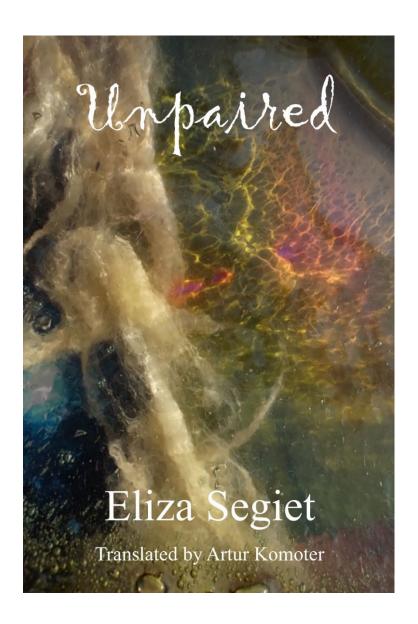
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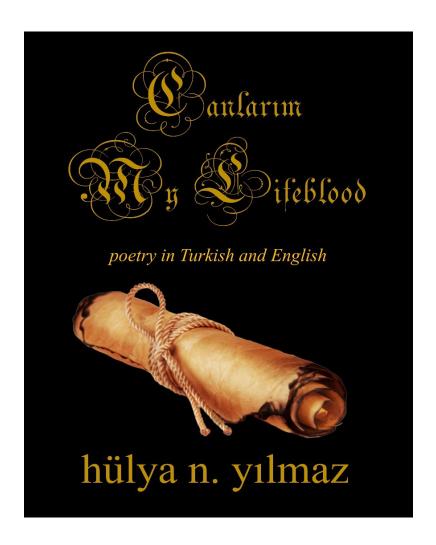


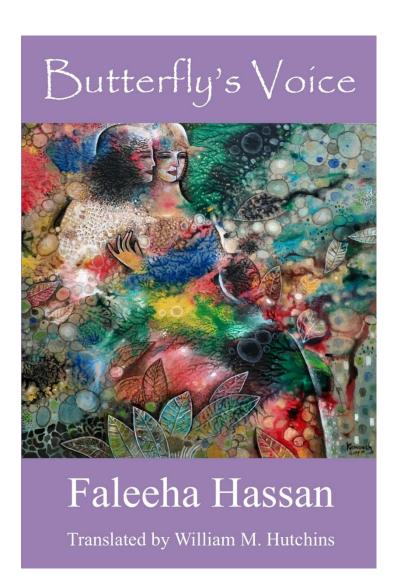
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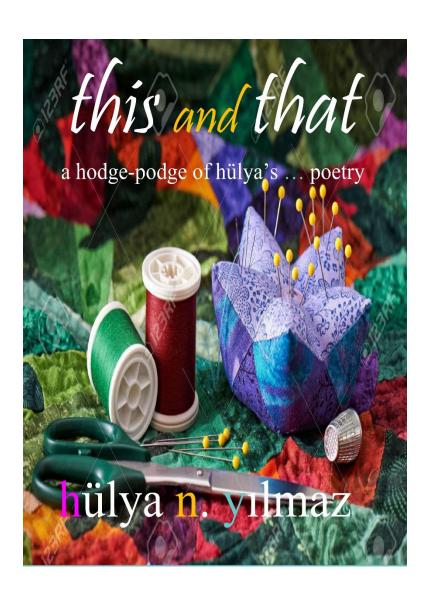


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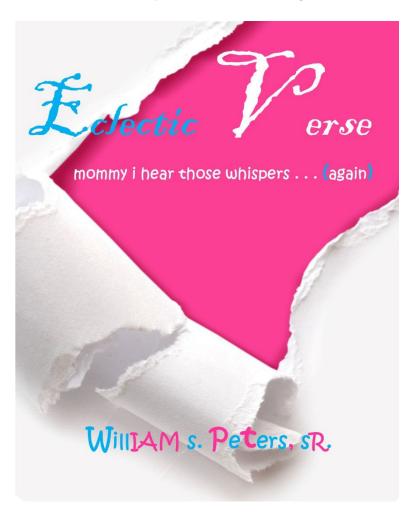
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



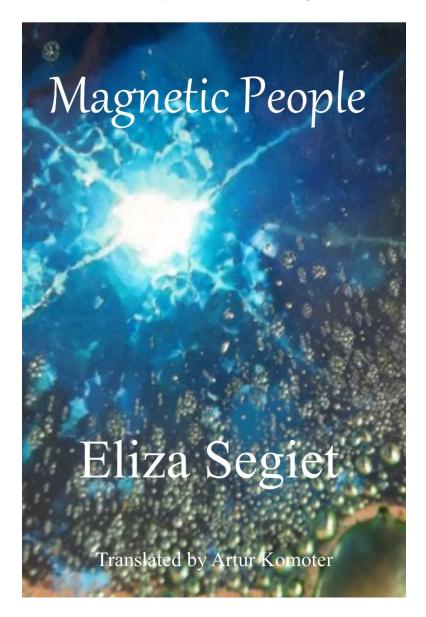
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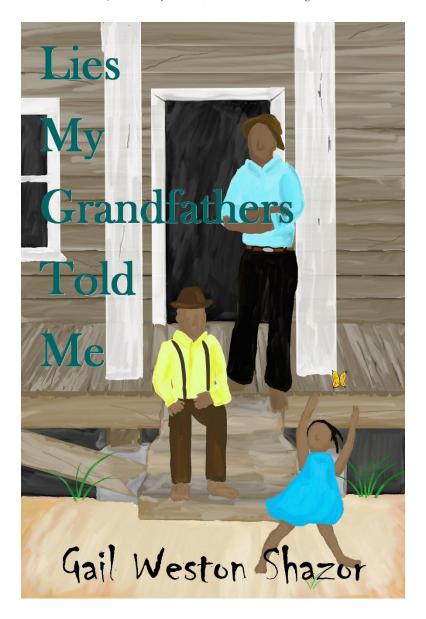


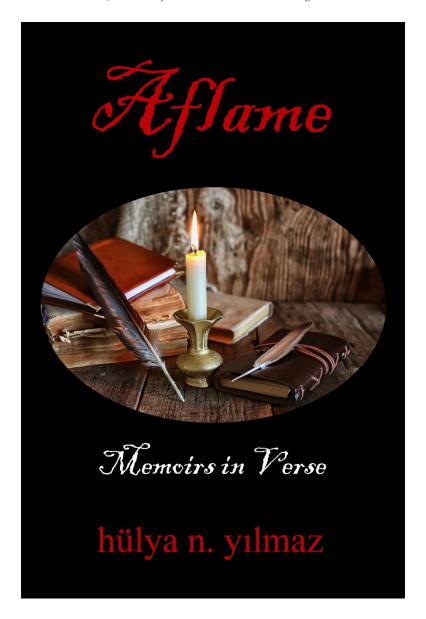
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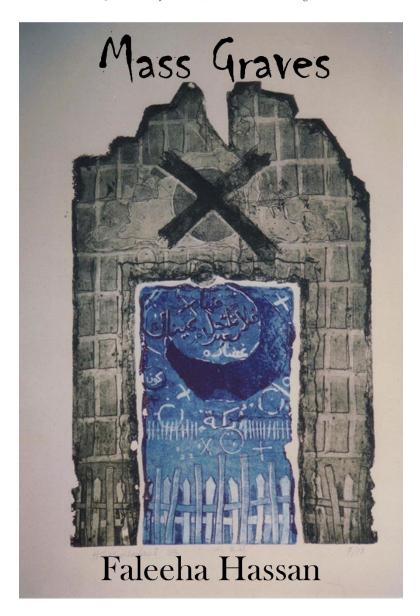


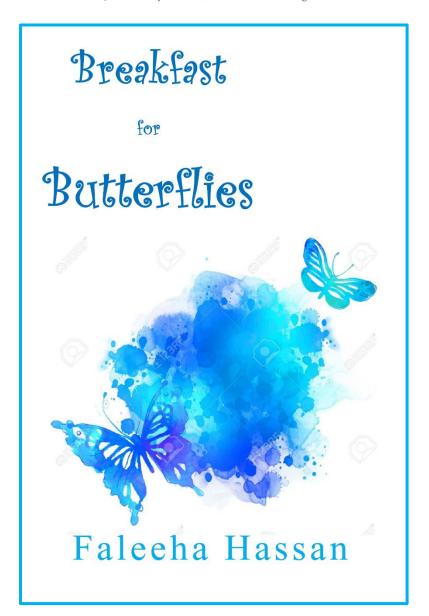
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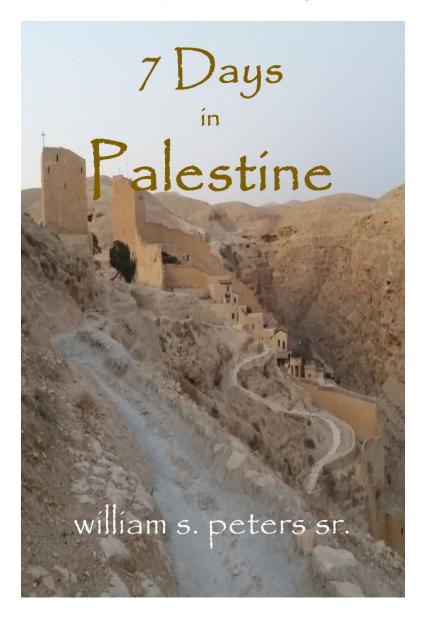
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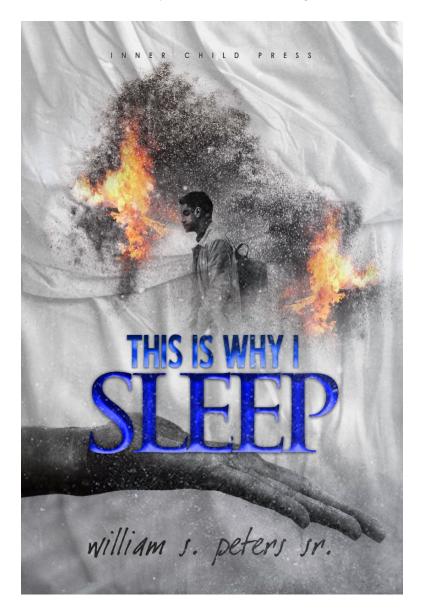




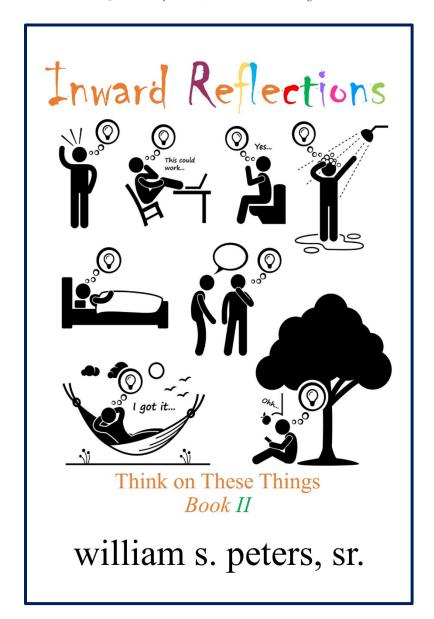
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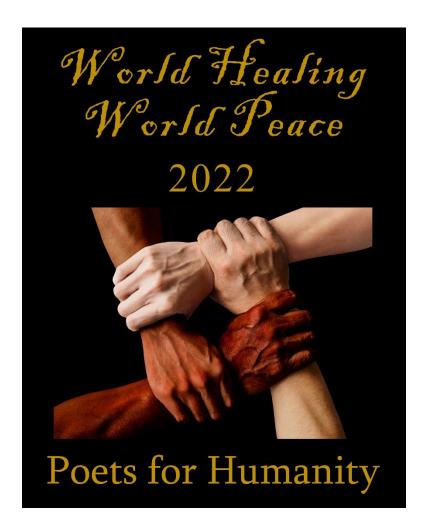


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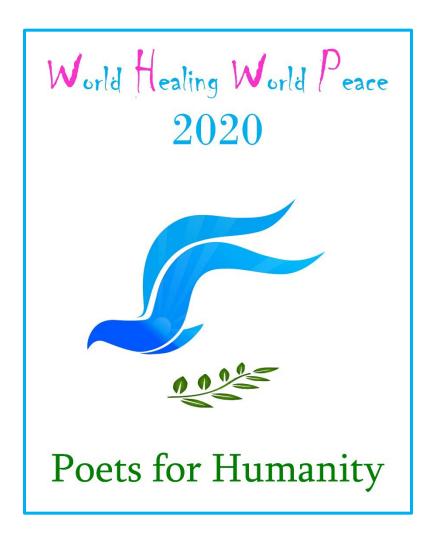
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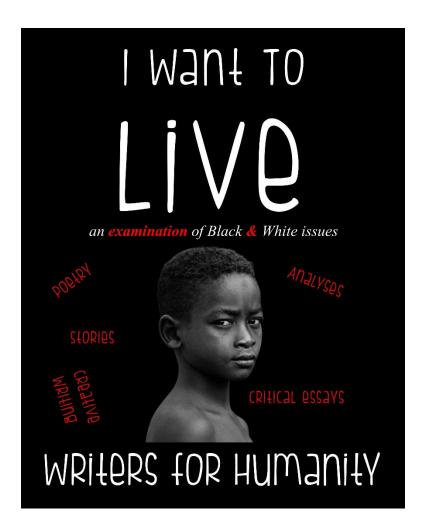


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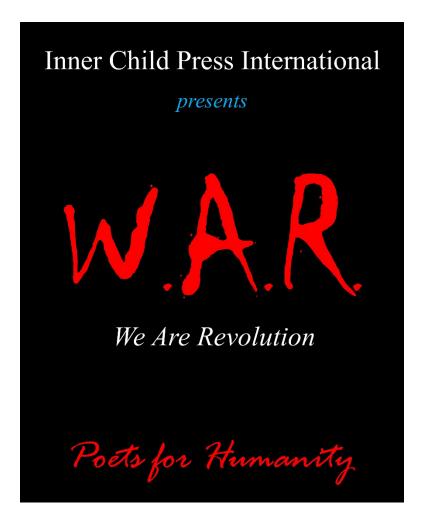
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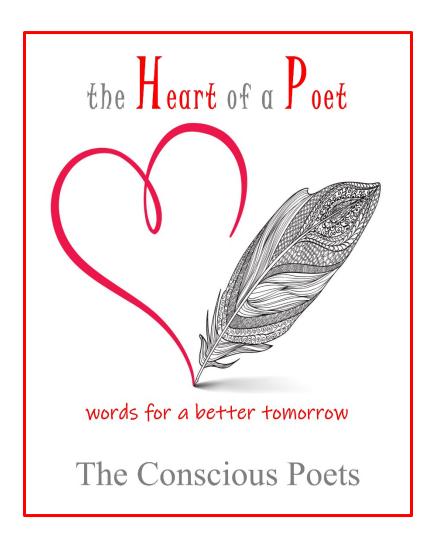
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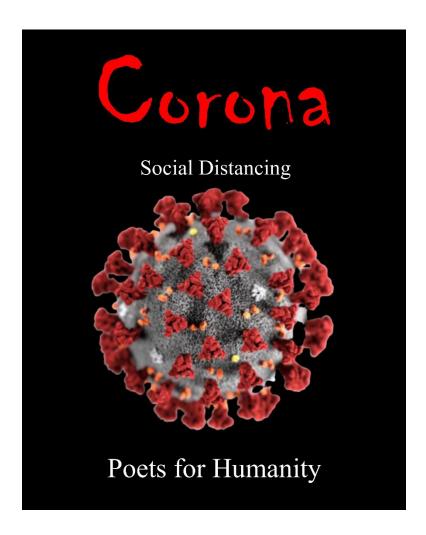
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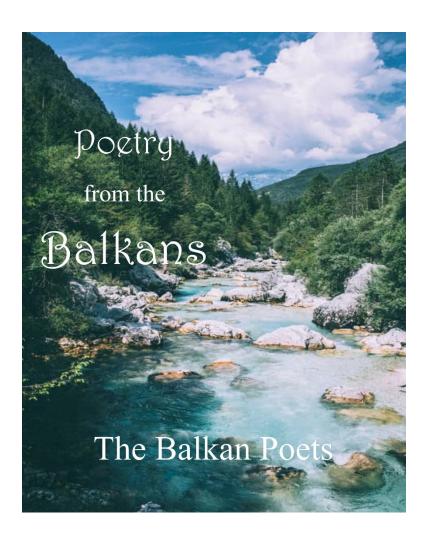
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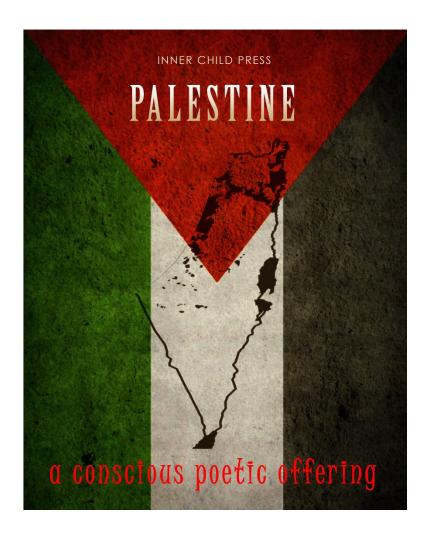


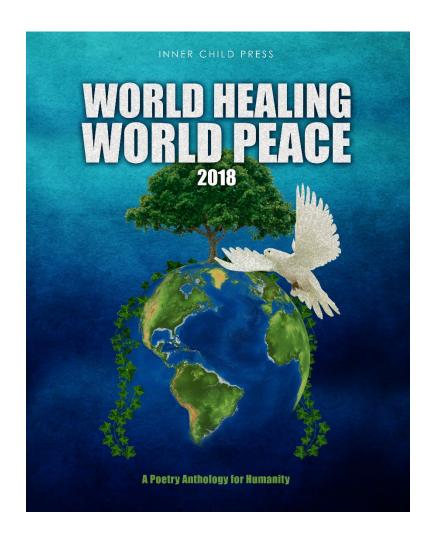


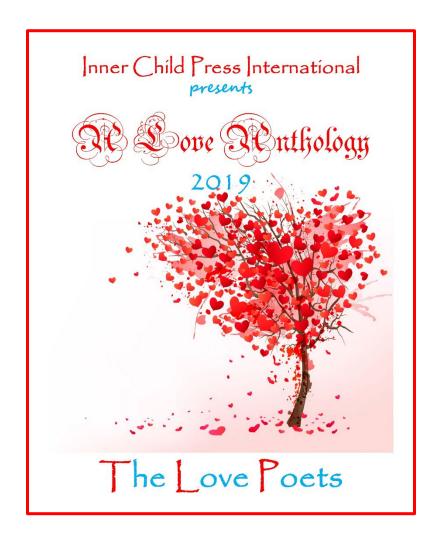




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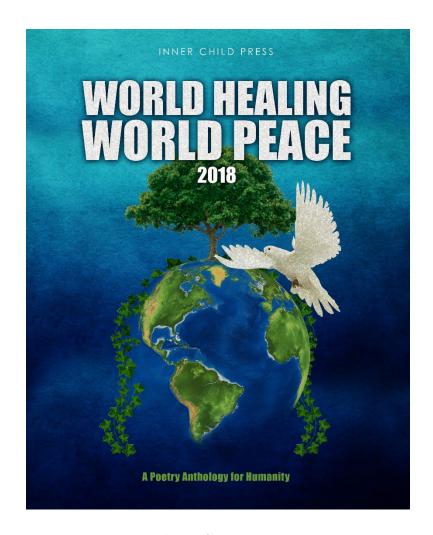




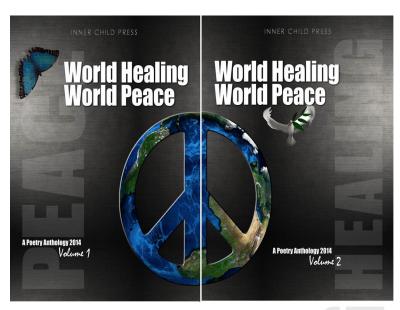


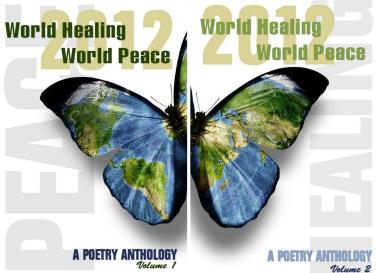
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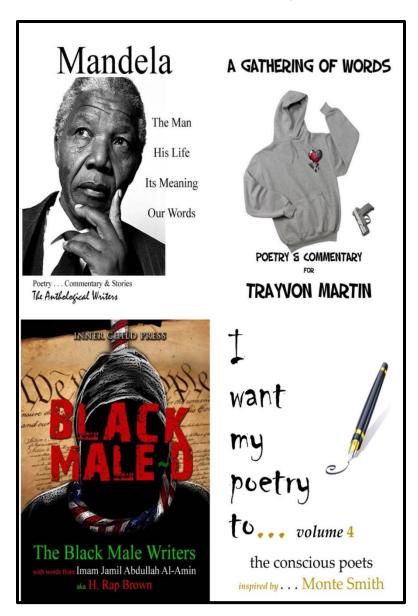




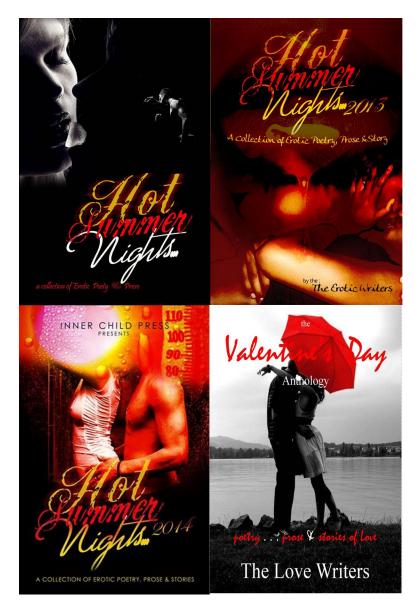
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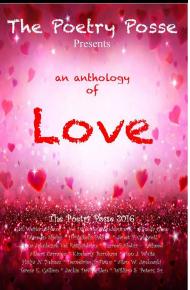
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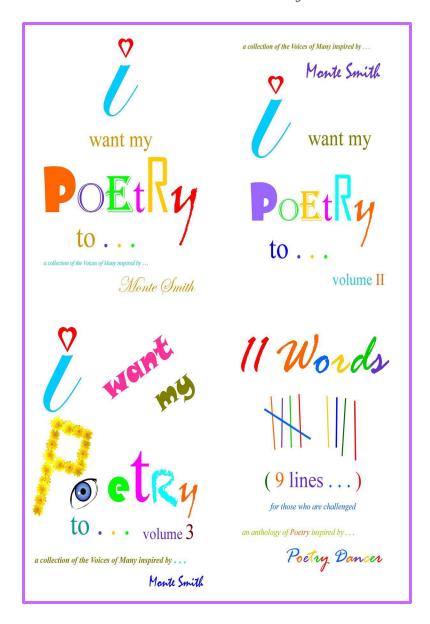




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Jan Daverha Windfancer
Robert Gibbons
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the Year of the Poet



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The Tooley Toose

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19 Sugg Berefeld = Debbie M. Alen * Tony Henringer
Robert Cibbons * Neetu Wdi * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

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September Feature Poets

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



The Party Passe Samie Bond * Cail Weston Shazor * Albert Infinite Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce Sanet P. Caldwell * Sune 'Bugg Barelied * Debble M. Allen * Tony Henringer Soe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wai * Sharee

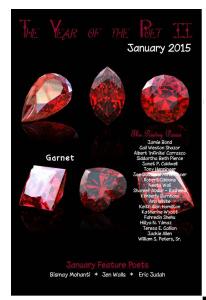
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo





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June's Featured Poets

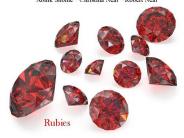
nyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker

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The Year of the Poet II

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



The Poetry Posse 2015

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The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Pearl

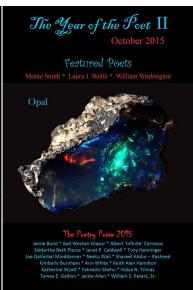


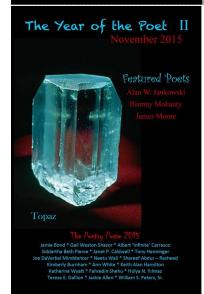
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Featured Poets

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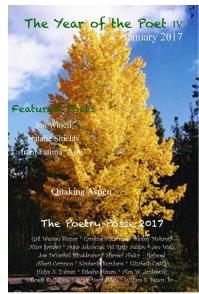
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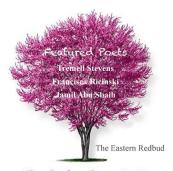


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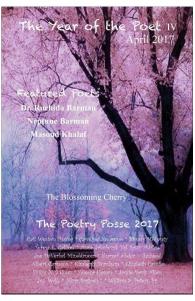
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The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



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The Flowering Dogwood Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shuzer * Corollow Aszerono * Bisman Mohandy Toross E. Gellion * Honos Jakubezak Vell Betty Hidden Jon DeVerbolt Middencer * Sherens Hidden - Bethead Hilbert Corresco * Ethoberty Burnham * Elizabeth Costillo Hilly N. Vilnoz * Felenbe Hesson * Jackie Dreis Hillen Jen Wells * Nizer Sertent * William & Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV July 2017 The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Gell Weston Shazor "Ceroline Nazareno"
Teress E. Gellion "Stone Jekubscak Vel Botty Adelon
Joo DeVerbal Mitodencer "Shareef Stider - Basheed
Albert Cerresco "Kimberty Burnham" Elizabeth Cestillo
Jidlys X. Yubuz: "Eledeh Jisson "Jackie Dreis Allen
Jen Wells" Alber Service "William S. Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerbal Minddance * Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * * Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerhal Mindalance * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaw * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shittiru

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Terea E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Shared Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * * Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



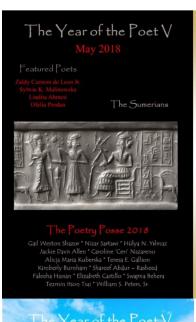
The Poetry Posse 2017

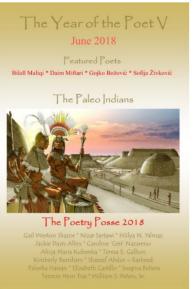
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

Now Available



Now Available







The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

Hussein Habasch * Mircea Dan Duta * Naida Mujkić * Swagat Das

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberski, * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin ition Tsai! * Villiam S. Peters.

Now Available

The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri * Nizareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Treesa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsqi * William S. Peters, a

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

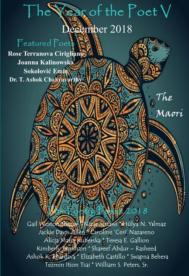
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



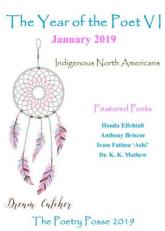
The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Ceri * Nazareno Alicip Amria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, St





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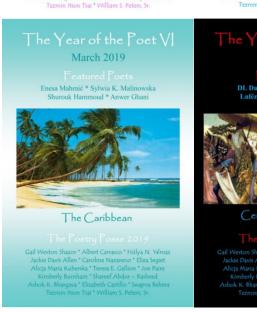


Gall Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019 Featured Poets Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Elira Segiet Alica Maris Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok k Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmi titon Tsal * William S. Peters.





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The Year of the Poet VI May 2019

Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicip Maria Kubbeska * Teese E. Gallion * Jobe Patie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezzimi Hiton Tai * William S. Peters, a

The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

Kate Gaudi Powiekszone * Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff * Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberiy Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.





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The Year of the Poet VI

November 2019

Featured Poets

Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Elira Segiet Alleja Maria Kubeska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Pitre Kimberly Burnham " Shaneef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayana " Elizabeth Castillo " Svapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai " William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet VI

December 2019

Featured Poets

Rahim Karim (Karimov) * Sujata Paul Bharati Nayak * Kapardeli Effichia



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Aliçia Maris Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava" Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmi titon "Sai" William S. Peters, and

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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

Alok Kumar Ray * Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato * Izabela Zubko

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hulya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





elebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipient

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behen Tezmin titon Tsai! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Feace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur * Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Termin Horn Sat. * William S. Peters *

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

Dr Pragya Suman * Chinh Nguyen Srinivas Vasudev * Ugwu Leonard Ifeanyi, Jr.

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace sting past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gali Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliçia Maris Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters, and

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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan

Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Eardrun



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion "De Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail "William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska Teresa E. Gallion Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsal * William S. Peters, 3

The Year of the Poet VIII

April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maria Kuberiska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazon - Albert Capassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet - Aliça Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire - Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed - Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera - Tezmin Hion Tsai - William S. Petess.

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets

Iram Jaan * Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Lan Qyqalla

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Asbok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Itton Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

Alonzo "zO" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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September 2021

Featured Global Poets Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik Heather Jansch



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

October 2021

Featured Global Poets C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera

November 2021

Featured Global Poets Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıcja Maria Kubeska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Sharecf Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ratan Ghosh * Christine Neil-Wright Andrew Scott * Ashok Kumar

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska" " Teres E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya " Elizabeth Castillo " Śwapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai " William S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

Roza Boyanova * Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval Mammad Ismayil * Tarana Turan Rahimli

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, St

The Year of the Poet IX

Featured Global Poets

Dimitris P. Kraniotis * Marlene Pasini Kennedy Ochieng * Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsai * William S. Peters, 2008.

The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

Alonzo Gross * Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas Monsif Beroual * Carol Aronoff

Climate Change and Oceans





*Celebrating our 100th Edition *

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX May 2022

Featured Global Poets Ndaba Sibanda * Smrutiranjan Mohanty Ajanta Paul * Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Climate Change and Birds



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "J. obe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

Featured Global Poets
Yuan Changming * Azeczat Okunlola
Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska" "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham" "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, 2007.

The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

Featured Global Poets Michelle Joan Barulich * Mili Das Anna Ferriero * Ujjal Mandal

Climate Change and Animals



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesia" Terese E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai "William S. Peters, Teres

The Year of the Poet IX

August 2022

Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska" Terese E. Gallion "Joe Patie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Liton Tsai "William S. Peters."

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The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Biswajit Mishra Sylwia K. Malinowska * Sajid Hussein

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kubesia "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, St

The Year of the Poet IX

November 2022

Featured Global Poets
Hema Ravi * Shafkat Aziz Hajam
Selma Kopic * Ibrahim Honjo

Climate Change: Time to Act





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassoo Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kubeska Terese E. Gallion J. De Parie Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsai William S. Peters, 20

The Year of the Poet IX

December 2022

Featured Global Poets

Elarbi Abdelfattah * Lorraine Cragg Neha Bhandarkar * Robert Gibbons

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesia "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai" William S. Peters, St

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The Year of the Poet X January 2023

. ICILIP

JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Johal Masih

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazon - Albert Carassco - Hullya N. Yulmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tai - Eliza Sealet - William S. Peters. Sr.

The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets

Clarena Martínez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children: Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gall 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 Tsa * Eliza Seglet * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet X

February 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Kimberly Brunhan Alicja Maria Küberska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Patre Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hün Tsa! * Eliza Seglet * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet X April 2023

Featured Global Poets Maxwanette A Poetess * Alonzo Gross Türkan Ergör * Ibrahim Honjo

Children : Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin

The Poetry Posse 2023

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

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and there is much, much more!

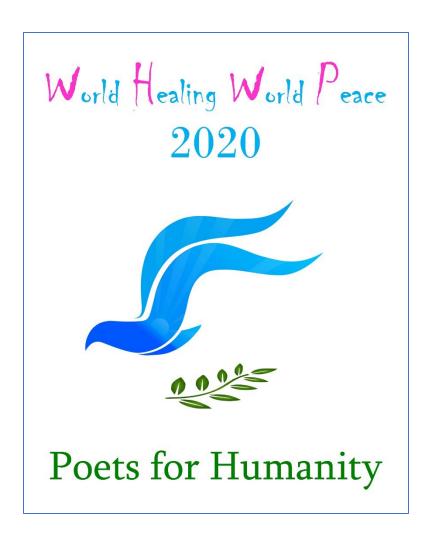
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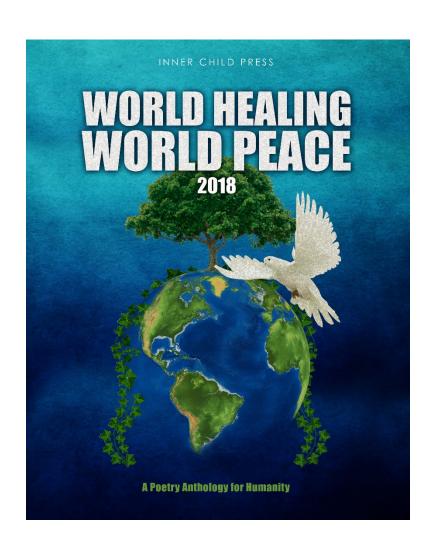
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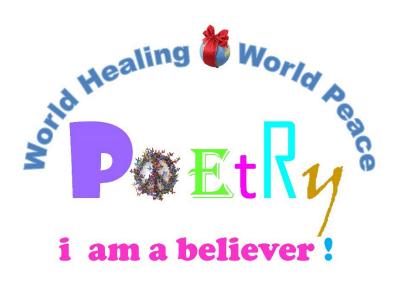
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