# Featured Global Poets

Kay Peters \* Carthornia Kouroupos Andrew Kouroupos \* Faleeha Hassan

# Children : Difference Makers



# **Ryan Hreljac**

# **The Poetry Posse 2023**

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



# **The Poetry Posse**

inner child press, ltd.

# The Poetry Posse 2023

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

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

 $\sim$  \*  $\sim$ 

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

# **General Information**

## The Year of the Poet X June 2023 Edition

## The Poetry Posse

#### 1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2023

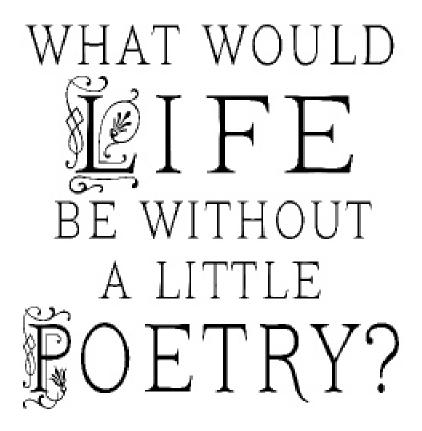
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Publisher Information 1<sup>st</sup> Edition : Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

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ISBN-13 : 978-1-952081-98-9 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99





# This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

# æ

# 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

Ryan Hreljac

"Jus give me cool drink of water fore I die" Ms. Maya said.

And sometimes it is just that. The need to quench a longing for something so basic in life that we can't imagine living without it. Water is a basic component of living. Everything around us, including us, is made up of large amounts of water. We cannot survive without it.

The access to this life sustaining element, although essential, is often unavailable to large populations on the earth. Given man's proclivity to pollution, containment and even hoarding has created a world where we must go in search of water. Where rivers once flowed now sit houses and factories. Where waterfalls were once free to carve paths across our landscapes, we have created man-made recreational parks and such where the privilege can go to see what we have prohibited to the poor. Our featured free thinker and doer has understood what many have not. We need to ensure that water and other necessities are available for everyone. It may take one to plant a seed of refreshment. It may take many to dig a well. It may take a government to break a dam. It will take a world to turn back the environment.

What we don't have is the luxury of letting someone die for a cool drink of water. Needs cannot always be a desire.

Gail Weston Shazor

Author ~ Artist ~ Humanitarian

# Preface

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

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

For those of you who are not familiar with our story, back in 2013, a few of us poets got together with the simple intention of producing a book a month. That was our challenge. Since that time the enterprise has blossomed and brought forth a fruit that seems to keep on growing as evidenced as we enter 2023.

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

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

# **Children** Difference Makers **Ryan Hreljac** June 2023

## by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

Hreljac has been working to make clean water accessible to people in poor areas since he was six and first learned about the issue. He began by doing chores to earn money to send to organizations building wells in poor countries before starting <u>Ryan's Well Foundation</u> when he was 10. The charity has brought drinkable water to over 800,000 people in 16 countries. Ryan's Well Foundation also partners with schools to educate children about the situation.

"Freshwater is but a small fraction – about 2.5% of the total water on Earth. Precipitation is the ultimate source of freshwater. If the world's water fit into a bucket, only one teaspoonful would be drinkable. 864 million people lack access to an improved water supply - approximately one in six people on earth. 2.5 billion people in the world do not have access to adequate sanitation; this is roughly two fifths of the world's population. Millions of women and children spend several hours a day collecting water from distant, often polluted sources. Almost two in three people lacking access to clean water live on less than \$2 a day. Globally, more than 125 million children under five years of age live in households without access to an improved drinking-water source, and more than 280 million children under five live in households without access to improved sanitation facilities." ~Ryan's Well Foundation







Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action . . . for you are the Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted . . .

 $\sim wsp$ 





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$ 

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# Gail Weston Shazor



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

#### Author of . . .

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

#### Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

## Bearer

Mother Rain called me from sleep just now She sent the wind to whisper across coconut fronds Of her impending arrival My pillow no longer soothing I rose to answer It had been far too long since we greeted Unimpeded and natural under a night sky With just a thought to a towel I tiptoed out in joyous solemnity Without hesitation to submerge into The capturedness of her Cool, inviting we waited together On the wildness to come My limbs drifting lightly My back settled against the stone Gracefully Greatfilledly Gently As I faced the heavens And then she came The water bearer for whom I was born With enough to cover all In refreshingness In the loudness of cleansing I felt so Until my skin felt new Until the weariness washed away Until my soul felt eased I gave it all to her And she accepted unconditionally The things I no longer had need of I stood under the wet without fear

While the ghosts behind The mist stained glass Danced in time to a music That only they could hear.

#### **Fading Memories**

i can't remember i have tried to call to recall just how you smelled on the day that i handed you your very first grandson i can't remember just how your mouth moved to form a smile my hands touch my face often but it doesn't feel like i don't remember you did i panick at the thought that soon, probably sooner than anyone can even imagine i will not think of you with this pain and i will only think of you when that girl child cusses and my sister laughs and the aunt tells the stories of the baby sister she loved and then the time will come when it's only the holidays when i long for you to make the dressing and greens but my sister will make it for me and it will taste the same but different and I will long the same but different and i panick every time i lose another memory of what our hands looked like held together

#### Watch me Now

I always wonder if The pieces of ink I have tucked away In the short corners Of where wall meets floor And the memory speaks Will find their way Out into the open life And will you hear me In broken English and Broken wants for this companion And I picked up today That things happen when They are supposed to But what if We don't recognize The sup-position? You speak to me around The words you choose to Want to need to share And I hear you In the small voices Even though it is a strain To decipher the warning From the laughter "Watch me now" And I do For both the instruction And the caution So i fall back to the corner Of where the wall Meets the floor

Wrapping the syntax That I have gathered Of small snippets of words Around the silvering hair That I now possess And I wonder If ink is a proving ground

# Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

#### Ryan Hreljac

Life-giving water

In the desert, the cracked soil begs for a downpour The cloudless sky is sparse in rain Clouds follow different paths and they rarely dance above the gray land.

The merciful mother Earth gives people the gift of oases and underground rivers. Artesian wells make dreams come true about clean water and fertility.

Everyone can help and like a child offer a thirsty man one drop of clean water and hope for a better fate

### Collegiate church in Kruszwica

In the autumn gilt of leaves, on the banks of lake Gopło, the stone collegiate church fell asleep.

Time stopped at the threshold of the temple. It doesn't go inside and freezes motionless.

It paused the hands of the clock so that everything will continue as it was centuries ago - in the ancient beauty of history.

The lake tells legends and myths about mice in the tower and nymphs, It plays stories with waves.

The wind weaves in the twigs of forked willows the words from Przybyszewski's diary about nostalgia and autumn sadness.

The church far from the city does not follow the rhythm of life. It is rooted in history.

I come and go. I touch the mighty walls. I am a fleeting moment.

## afternoon with mom

a summer day blooms in an old photograph a smiling girl is sitting on a stone she has a meadow bouquet of wildflowers chamomile petals whisper to her a fortune about her beloved

on the next one a happy couple in the park is walking together into the future there is a little sun between them their mystery of the black nights

next to me an old woman in an armchair has faded eyes without hope look at these pictures mom time has stolen everything from you and over a half from me Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Water, Water

Friends, neighbors, family, In need of water. In need of money. Needing clean water to drink.

Organized actions help The poor, they who like me, in need Of wells; like what I remember From my own youthful days.

From effort, from passion The dream fulfilled, Not just with the little of insufficient funds But also from life's need and effort.

Without clean water, What is life? Without ideas, needs, What are dreams?

Without action, effort, The status quo remains. With purposeful intention, action, Dreams manifest themselves.

Clean water, ah, clean water! Satisfaction for mankind. For the physical thirst, but also For the spiritual thirst. For survival.

## Island Music

I can hear the island music, The waves gently slapping And sliding against the beach, The sun slowly slipping down From and into the blue. I see her golden grace Embracing the earth, Speaking to me. Yet making not a sound. Beautiful is the vision, That is but a figment Of my imagination. Even still it comforts me. It is where I go In turbulent and troubled times. To meditate and reflect Upon God's blessings, and to consider His goodness to mankind. Away from my island of rest And far too near to my residence, Afoul presence of evil attempts To destroy, with malice, The flowers that desire only to be. Despite the clamor that would Drown out the music, I lift up my voice. And pray for peace.

### The Sultry Hours of Longing

Here I am, stuck in the same old place, A stubborn briar festering and aching From choices made, without thinking.

Though some did prick my conscious And the sting, lo, it is still with me; Yet it, I ignored...

The warning signs for the heat Of the night fell upon me; And there in the moonlight garden,

Anticipation was so enticing To the eyes, to the taste, And to the feeling.

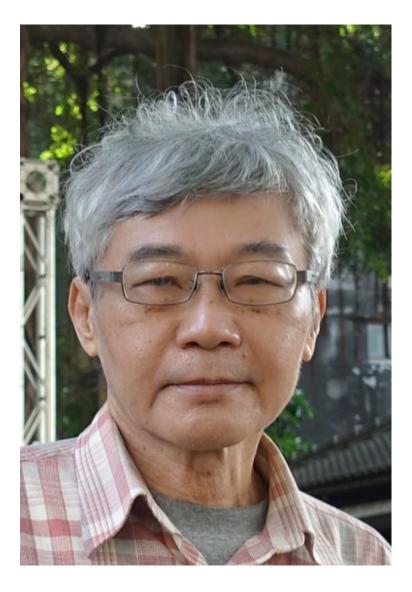
And savoring it, Yes, savoring it, I was overcome...

Stricken by the longing, The passion of its bliss, I fell into the forbidden tryst.

And, lo, I am aching for more... Another taste of your lips, For more of your touch.

I am longing for one more dream like this.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

## Autumn Water

Now, the weather has just Turned into sunny The old fisherman stands alone, bent arms cast a pair of cuffs Beg for fish but not for wind Not at all afraid of the past diving into the waves of smoke Only want to ask, which hometown is the most memorable? Why don't let the fish tired of swimming tell me Carrying a jug of wine with spray, loosen my hair A sea hibiscus, poked Everything is so casual, why does this Always happen when the autumn water is not awake?

Dare to ask the geese that are returning home But dare not ask the depths of my heart, unbearable To be cut off by autumn, my Depression after the loss of whirling and scattering Fishing fire determines dusk Listening vaguely to the turbulent sound of the waves Lazy walk, don't be sentimental Getting away from the tsundere of autumn water White hair frost have no intention of understanding However, pointed out everything all in that sneer

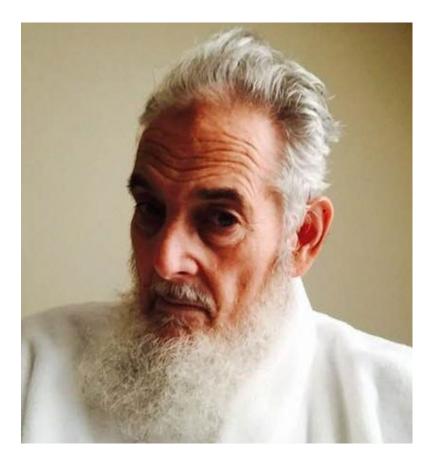
## The Old Fisherman

The morning light pierces this dawn In the distance, a lonely boat dangles on the water At the bottom of the spring river, the old fisherman Only correspond his shadow to the willow Occasionally, a few birds on the beach A few soft sounds, entrained The white flower spiral on the water surface of the catkins, no longer fly That old fisherman pull back his sparse white hair Behold, how the peak draws sorrow? A heart calm and not intoxicated The sound of water waves in the mangrove hypnotizes In a half-dream, talk about the price of perch If not greedy the silence recommended by running water fish fat The laughter in the village flows out Since, far away from the cock crowing and noise With a jug of wine and a threw-hook Neither can find any fish Other than, inviting the howling wind come to fish together What can he do?

# Looking Back At My Youth

Recall How many years? That non-returning departure Today Riding the wind and singing wildly, broken my flute Cherry blossoms all over the street but don't want to get drunk with me Drunk in The irreversible flowing water The wild and unrestrained trail of the past that cannot be traced back Also, can't chase back my temples which gray as autumn If I know Young never again Have to grow old to swallow clouds and draw out dreams? Buy ridicule with the spring breeze Fell down laughing Poor until everything is forgotten Maybe nothing at all is enough to forget everything To make a name can't replace That disheartened, outside the green window That's not like my life should be

# Shargef Abdur Rashged



Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, AKA Zakir Flo was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. His education includes Brooklyn College, Suffolk County Community College and Makkah, Saudi Arabia. He is a Veteran of the Viet Nam era, where in 1969 he reverted to his now reverently embraced Islamic Faith. He is very active in the Islamic community and beyond with his teachings, activism and his humanity.

Shareef's spiritual expression comes through the persona of "Zakir Flo". Zakir is Arabic for "To remind". Never silent, Shareef Abdur-Rasheed is always dropping science, love, consciousness and signs of the time in rhyme.

Shareef is the Patriarch of the Abdur-Rasheed Family with 9 Children (6 Sons and 3 Daughters) and 41 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 17 Girls).

For more information about Shareef, visit his personal FaceBook Page at :

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

# Ryan Hreljac

Ryan Hreljac 6 years old discovered in Africa numerous countries struggled to have clean drinking water he collected as much money as he could doing chores eventually he collected \$2,000.00 which was enough to build a well in Africa he connected with a nonprofit organization that builds wells that provide clean water in poor countries that was the first well drilled in Northern Uganda built by Canadian Physicians for Aid and Relief in just 2 years this 8-year-old Canadian boy raised \$61,000 The Canadian International Development Agency who became aware of Ryan's dedicated efforts matched \$2.00 to every \$1.00 the young boy raised he founded a foundation named after him a registered Canadian charity

Ryan's Well Foundation goal build wells across the globe where clean water was hard to find

His foundation has to date made it possible for almost a million people to have clean water spread out over 16 countries never underestimate what a child can achieve

# Ability

of an underlying force conducting, putting pieces in place, constructing never in haste setting the pace directing the fate of human race inspecting current events one can not conclude by logically coming to an explanation truly because it's simply prophecy being played as not to let the sensationalism fool ya cast of characters in this production will change inevitably that's the consistency of prophecy they all have parts to play so pray every day that their parts don't steal hearts away or souls stole, sold or even given away getting caught up in the hype of the play performed on the world stage everyday characters portrayed are never what they seem there is much more to this picture then appears on the screen know what i mean today the role of Pharaoh is played by orange face with "HUGE "payroll tomorrow who knows Answer: only the creator, orchestrater, coordinator, originator wrote the script with the first creation the pen ink is dried, pen laid down and the play goes on as written and the players that do their parts are temporary but the play always remains contemporary no matter what day, hour players play their parts never have power to flip the real script or even to quit until it appears in the script sounds complicated to understand the script ask the playwright

# murder

bullS#!+ drive bye's let it fly eyeballs high then dem die and don't know why cee? cause dem lived in the information nation so much information caused massive mind, heart, soul inflammation riddled with rounds of bull\$#!+ massive become misfits dem passive medicated by the gases emanated left only flashes of consciousness motivated not enough to possess substance rather than the bull\$#! dumped on us death by bull\$#!+ but instead of bury the dead dem bury the lie instead unconscious living dead zombies remain amongst us

# Kimberly Burnham



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

# Lucky Well Water

I come into my cool house from the 90-degree heat outside in the garden weeding is tough watering the plants is easier the plant I want grow in the sunlight sustained by water from my well I feel lucky I have a well to nourish the beauty around me to drink from the tap to shower after a day outside gardening

# Ryan's Well

At six he looks around his classroom imagines others far away dreams of the water they drink in doom changes the world and what we say

# Blood

Sea salts my veins I can't drink an ocean but must pray for clean rain

# elizabeth e. Castillo



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

#### Web links:

#### Facebook Fan Page

#### https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

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#### https://plus.google.com/u/0/+ElizabethCastillo

# Ryan's Well

At a tender age, Ryan made a stand A Grade One student at that time, He already knew the right of African children To have access to safe drinking water His innocent mind started to wander How he can help them in his own little ways Ryan's well became immortal Inspired the world to keep drinking water safe All because of a young kid who already had the heart To change the world.

# **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 laughter 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!

# The Boy by the Waterfalls

I see you in one of my greatest dreamscapes,

Sitting on a huge rock facing the majestic waterfalls As I emerge out of nowhere in a place called the Ruins, Where an ancient, mystic castle used to stand tall

A witness to a great kingdom's sweet downfall.

A river runs through the debris of this enchanting sanctuary,

Flowing from under a magical bridge where I am about to cross

And there came to view, a vivid and glimmering sight of you,

But I failed to see how you could have looked For your back was facing me while you immersed in soulful serenity.

I missed to behold how your eyes could have stared beautifully at me

Or if you are lonely and needs someone to be just there to listen,

As tears flow down your cheeks looking for answers in beautiful solitude.

I was about to step on the rock you are sitting on to tap your back and say "Hi!"

But then you vanished into thin air and what was left was white smoke,

And the empty space you left- the same spot I sat on and delved into my own contemplation

Then a realization came upon me that you wanted me to carefully view the waterfalls you have laid your eyes on. The waterfalls signifying the ebb and flow of life,

Things happen every now and then, constant changes inevitably take place

Every split second and in the mere blink of an eye, But life continuously flows come what may What matters is how we enjoy our journey, And do not have regrets for what could have been, what might have been But simply cherish how things used to be.





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 cord with the а 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

## Aquaman

Ryan Hreljac, here we go with a six-year-old boy. The story goes: after he learned about the situation, He earned money doing chores to help fund a well He's been working to make clean water accessible to people in poor areas

At Six years old I couldn't fathom or imagine Doing such a selfless act, at six years old I gathered and sold soda bottles, to buy an army man pack; I played outback I played in dirt, Ryan Hreljac put in work Midnight walks, to fetch water for an aunt's well

Ryan Hreljac, sent money to organizations building wells in poor countries before starting "Ryan's Well Foundation" when he was 10. The charity has brought drinkable water to over 800,000 people in 16 countries.

A true superhero to be sure Ryan Hreljac, helped the poor He didn't rob from the rich He helped fund the wishes, and the building of wells to provide water to the many who didn't have any. I admire not envy, Ryan Hreljac The real AQUAMAN at age 10 imagine that.

# Artificial Intelligence

Remember the abacus Remember the slide rule I remember having to use them in school I remember being taught, "You better learn to count your money" I remember being stuck, because math wasn't my forte

Enter the calculator, my little cheap Casio I remember being told, leave your calculator alone. A pop quiz in my math class, I'm feeling a little math-less Eh! Here comes another zero Artificial intelligence will not be my hero

The Roman's weren't hearing Nero I'm not easy to teach so, Hey, I need my AI, my computer tutor My educational prime mover My engine, wherein, I get my where in the world My engines wearing down, not doing my research Can Artificial intelligence truly prove it's worth Cheat codes to be whole, no experiences, truth be told Have you artificially sold your soul? Can you relate to a mate, can you bake a cake? Can artificially predict your fate? How's your algorithm feeling today Remember the abacus and slide rule? Hey, I remember before AI.

### It's Not Impossible

It's not impossible to get along You just have to want it Is someone stopping you from being you Do you really want that Maybe I'll just take your car, I'll bet you'll say, "Bump that"

It's not impossible to live in peace There's probably a leader Who do both sides listen to While their citizens lie there bleeding While their citizens are freezing While their leaders fail to feed them Freedom, has always been a joke You can't even stay woke, awaken, aware

It's not impossible if you care It's highly probable if you dare take a chance Have you ever calmed down an angry man Did you make him listen to what he said Did you point out the consequences Of their foolishness, who rules this mess A fool in gest, and gestures haven't been used, in a while I bet.

It's not impossible to be a good human If your philosophy is to be all you could man What we should and should not What we could and could not What we would and would not It's not impossible to speak the truth out.

# hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

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

Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

#### it is no luxury . . .

to have access to clean water in developed countries

yet . . .

there is no running water for approximately 2.2 million Americans, and inadequate water systems for about 44 million people in the U.S.A.

... as we are close to reaching the middle of 2023

our politicians, aka our so-called leaders on one hand; Ryan Hreljac, on the other

a young individual who cares not about politics but is rather committed to serve millions of people with his Well Foundation program

1,667 water projects and 1,317 latrines . . . completed in 17 countries, enabling 1,344,554 people to have safe water and sanitation

... as he, too, is close to reaching the middle of 2023

## Just a Few Words

"Flint Water Crisis"

Michigan, U.S.A.

April 25, 2014 to present

Needed ASAP: An American Ryan Hreljac!

## a child-like imagination

one foot on the ground the other tip-toed along her wings took them both





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*

## A Legacy of Water

Poor in coins, rich in spirit, dedicated and committed. Born to make a mark on planet earth.

Your legacy staked its claim on you at the age of 6 tender years. You demonstrated the power

of determination and true grit with humble beginnings that led to Ryan's Well.

Clear water still flows in many countries because of your legacy of love.

#### Catch the Wave

The open road is the only opium you need to experience freedom trembling in your luscious body.

Ride your rubber wheels on asphalt and throw kisses to the clouds. They will speak back to you in rainbows and water blossoms.

Look, listen and savor every love stimulus riding the open road beside you. The sky is falling for you. Embrace the gift with love notes.

A low rider in the desert on a highway to nowhere seeks the still solitude of desert spaces that call spirit home.

No need to worry about the distance nor danger. The desert holds the keys to your life. Each key is given when readiness is achieved.

Do not forget to lookup. The clouds stream messages in a consensus around your head. Be vigilant and catch the wave.

## Lyrical Release

Sacred syllables ride up my spine create a flash flood in my brain. Raging ripples spit wild words.

I want to catch and release soft baked words of wisdom, ride sea waves, float down rivers, climb majestic mountains and see the world as a lake of goodness.

I want to mute all voices and massage faces with lyrical phrases that move mountains to shiver, grass to sway in open meadows, rocks to slide down hillsides.

When the sound current of love slaps me in the face, may my arms open and receive sacred lyrics.





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.

## Living Water

Water is in short supply. The old wells are running dry.

No rain falling from above to irrigate fauna and flora with soaking love.

We get to find the ways to survive grow and thrive.

Let's become the pure water that flows down the mountain heads of snow clean and safe to drink adding to life a sparkling glow.

My quest is to become water flow merrily singing thirst quenching and life giving.

## Poetry of Childhood

*Dedicated to the memory of uncle Dine Nath & Uncle Hem Raj* 

Summer is the sweet smell of blossoms in my uncle's orchard.

I'd pick up a ripe pink-orange the best looking mango.

Wash it.

I would not peel it to reveal it's golden pulp.

Rather I will soften it by rolling slowly between my palms.

Then I'd nibble a neat hole at its top and pull the pulp up slowly into my mouth.

I'd do this all while listening to Mukesh (John Denver of India), on the radio, so that the juice could fall freely with a melody into my stomach.

This is the fleeting poetry of my childhood.

### That Moment

(March 24, 2023)

How could one account for it, coming as it did during the conversation, building itself up

in the back of the mind? anger, it lashed the tender veins of heart until they exploded,

ripped spires off humility, tumbled walls of love. Destroying everything that was carefully built. Dignity

was thrown off the sides of mountains. Caustic words roared in back and forth

ripped through lips, blew emotions from across the coffee table. The like

had never been seen. It was the start, the Snapped relations, hurting without healings.

It was a shameful leaving, thrown out. There was not much left behind

that night — bloodied hearts scattered, sentiments whipped to shreds, and the love

the foundation of parental privilege no longer seen. It was a catastrophe.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

Among her poetic belts include **Gabrielle Galloni Memorial Panorama International Youth Award** 2022, Panorama Youth Literary Awards 2020, 7th Prize Winner in the 19<sup>th</sup>, 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> 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

## One Well, Water of Life

Young mind with a big dream Thinks of the future Flowing in reality Water for all To sustain Uganda Safe water and sanitation; Taking actions To effect a positive change Not just for one But for all the creatures Who thirst for many decades.

## 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, & life's enormous blessings.

## Ambushed

trapped.

in a 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



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

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Web Site <u>http://swapnabehera.in/</u>

## Everything is well if there is a Well

a six-year-old boy grade one student understands the devastation Water, water, water the basic need no clean water to drink so people die Says Ryan Hreljac the founder of Ryan Well foundation to educate children about sanitation and safe water to improve the lives of Vulnerable people a life saver he is seventeen countries across the globe have supported his project when he was in primary school in Uganda he raised money, did household work for his community, got the inspiration from his teacher Mrs Prest Ryan at the age of nineteen became a compelling voice to think about pure water for the people he is a crisis manager and a change maker recipient of many awards "World is like a great big puzzle and we have to figure out where our pieces fit" says he "for me it is water, clean water for all to drink" he started speaking in clubs classes and raised fund His Ugandan pen pal Jimmy is his inspiration of WASH project the motto of WASH is

water, sanitation and hygiene awareness of community to take responsibility a grade one student thought clean water is every one's right the boy taught a lesson isn't he a great teacher? standing ovation to this child well done, Ryan everything is well if there is a well near by everything is well if each one gets pure water

## a dozen of red bangles

when I was a child I used to wait for the bangle seller who comes to the lane each week my mother buys colourful bangles how I wish to have red bangles my mother said "This is not the time for putting on bangles you are only five years" I with zoomed eyes wait with patience to grow and have these luxurious red bangles I asked mama "Is it too expensive?" she says "no, but you are too young bangles are not for tiny girls concentrate on studies."

when I became a teenager again, the desire popped up red bangles with golden lines flashed but the answer came so quickly this time my elder sister said "Good girls can have red bangles during marriage time and certainly not before"

when I got married, I had plenty of bangles with all colours of rainbow but have no liberty to choose as someone has all authentic rights over my life to decide my dress or ornament red is certainly a childish choice as was told

when I became a granny again, the red bangles should not be the priority I was too old, it looks so funny my grand daughter said

lo behold now I am sleeping with a dozen red bangles in right hand and another in the left hand each member remembers my choice so, I am happy the only thing is that I am inside the coffin neither can I smile nor express my joy can not thank you enough for these red bangles a whole life passed to get these precious documents is liberty achieved or earned? happiness is so expensive, isn't it ?

## if at all .....

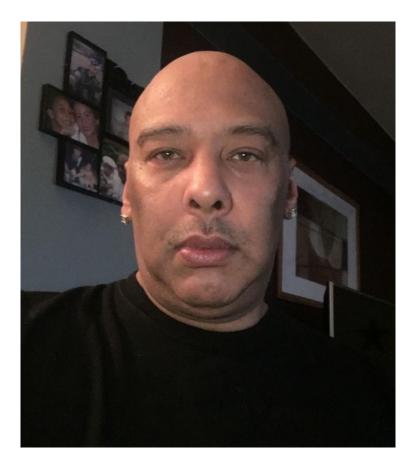
if at all I can conceive a forest I can implant ; extend my roots to reach you to be strong my leaves can give oxygen to all

if at all I can sing the first anthem I can submerge all disparities with love, humility and kindness I will sing for the war victims

if at all I can write my last poem my bones will scream the slogan let there be plants on the deactivated land mines do not ask me to dance on your rhythm I am the dance, I am the song

if at all I can create new alphabets I will dance and sing with new promises for eternal smile .....

# Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

## Infinite Poetry

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

## Ryan Hreljac

My first grade teacher, Mrs. Prest explained to my class that there were Kids around the world sick and dying because they didn't have clean water.

That touched my soul and I was just six year's old. I thought every kid lived as I did.

Happy, joyful and fun times that led to a lot of laughter, I couldn't understand why there was children just like me somewhere struggling to eat and drink as well as

Finding shelter to protect themselves from high heat, bugs and rainy weather.

Immediately I had visions of helping those poor children, that was my plan,

one way or another i was going to lend a helping hand. I did chores for cash,

Hoping to earn enough money to build a well really fast. Unfortunately seventy

dollars wasn't enough to build a well for fresh water. I wasn't going to give up on

them, that first grade project eventually became Ryan's Well Foundation. My drive

to help as a kid continued through adulthood, I graduated from Halifax in Canada

With a double major in International Development and Political Science. After

College I returned to the foundation as a project manager, now I'm the Executive

Director building wells all over so families can have access to clean water.

## Infinite

Hello everyone my name is Infinite! Before it was infinite they called me statistic, that wild puerto rican kid from the south bronx goes ballistic, 5 6 but don't get it twisted, you'll get lifted, besides his Napoleon syndrome, in any hood he's respected as corleon, I say yeah next to diamonds in the rough I'm a Siera Leon! Most drank 40's of ole e, I was straight moet and chandon, wasn't gang banging, we were a bunch of che guevaras, trying to make life more better, threw bombs to my dogs like mike vic, in the boonies in the bricks, our jerseys were guayaberas, turned a nyc housing authority lobby into la perla puerto rico!, with this place if your not familiar, ill just say on vaca this isn't a place I recommend you go. My roots run deep so I planted myself into these new york streets, a few branches sprouted a Whole tree, in a forest unseen. I was a ray of hope to the reys(kings) and (reinas) that couldn't cope, they saw when I came and went, hear none see none, I helped with compra( food shopping) and rent. I know it sounds dark, and wasn't a loan shark, but when there's no stamps or ebt and pockets empty, they didn't mind me lending from what I made in the park. I know some might criticize, by all mean do, I'm not trying to glamorize, nor advertise, that would be disrespectful to the dead men in my crew, my retinas recorded I'm playing it back for you, what I went through, what my crew went through, so maybe some can avoid it. In the hood my names exploited, if there was a hood pope I probably will be anointed, my peoples know I'm an anomaly, moms is christian while dad was god body, moms had me watching david and goliath, while dad made me quote the 1 - 36, and learn what the 7 \* ( is, I went to a mosque and a church, I was reincarnated two times through mental birth but at the same time, I love rice and beans, I just don't do swine. My thoughts run richly rampant reaching reality's realm of righteous religions, my brain rambunctiously races to revive non evolving radical minds

#### Preventing Hurt and Pain

I stood behind a hole in a brick wall taking orders, to owning my very own drive thru/walk thru in housing quarters, sometimes the lines circled the corner, sometimes the entire block, had 20's of powder, or 5 or 10 dollar ready rock, had look outs yelling subiendo and bajando, line watchers blowing covers on 50, enforcers enforcing cop and go, fuck the world were gonna blow from selling blow, when your at the bottom, to the top is the only place you can go, we were young aristocrats claiming blocks like kids playing with hasbro. Moneys bubbling, the diamonds on gold was blinging. we're hood stars, everywhere we went we had respect like young scars, dudes had hoopties we drove luxury cars, I could spend ten grand a day, on chics and bottles, it didn't matter i was gonna still re up tomorrow. Everything was fine and dandy, mothers and fathers still had their kids, they was a family...that was In the 80's, my young blind decisions along with now dead men's opinions ruined family trees. Drugs and guns took the best from me. Now they're urban legends.. I miss them. I'm back to un weave what was woven. after me, my same path was chosen. A lot of the kids in the 718 or now labeled future 187's, my duty is to intercept them from being incarcerated or murdered and left on the same corner they hustle on leaking out red rum. Im trying to change the game, like removing the baking soda and water out cocaine, to prevent future hurt and pain.

# 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

### Ryan's Well

Flowing, clean water For all who thirsts Thank you for helping the poor. Your passion is honored. Your vision is inspiring. Let the water of life continue to flow...

#### The Silent Wind

Where I used to know where I wanted to go And where I used to know where I wanted to roam The news came on a sunny day and that's where it all seems to end Now, tell me where do I begin? What do I do with my life now? What do I do? and where do I go? Can't seem to picture your love has gone away I can feel the pain in my heart and mind Can't seem to shake it off I wear the mask you have sewn together for me, for me And where I used to know where I wanted to roam Run, run with the silent wind behind me Can't escape to another world Can't seem to find death when I seek it The hours seem so long The nights are darker then hell I walk into the distant hall Where the candles burn for you, for me The softness of the music Takes me to you in another time world And where I used to know where I wanted to go And where I used to know where I wanted to roam...

#### Away Unto Me

The light has a secret behind its force Pictures of life know the meaning And the flame of the fire knows how to throw you off The moon lit with caution And every cry you know is heard And every tear is counted And every different road we take will become as one in the end Away unto me I love Away unto me I hate Away unto me I wish The magic of the unicorn Will steal our hearts And children will be wise until the end My hope is like a dream My dream is something I want to be The words play an emotion With every line there's a feelin Away unto me I love Away unto me I hate Away unto me I wish Images reflect in space A time I see you Nine years ago in the past Away unto me Away unto you Away unto me and you...





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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

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

World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence.

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

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

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

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

# The Land

To Ryan Hreljacow

When he was seven years old, he learnt that somewhere far, in a place he had not heard about, was a waterless land. -The lack of it, which did not let others live, made him want to act. He started to collect money to help the parched ones.

Now he is happy with what he has made. Those with dried-out mouths before now get their blood of life from the wells he's been building for years.

He's succeeded in what he was dreaming of! He's harnessed something that seemed unharnessable.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

# Triad

Between the multifoliate branches – only for the descendants – a hidden triad of sculpted words:

please, thank you, sorry.

Every day we see emoticons. Hearts, flowers and lack of understanding.

A monitor screen becomes the real world of homo sapiens.

Translated by Artur Komoter

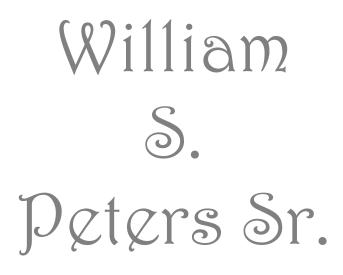
#### Scratches

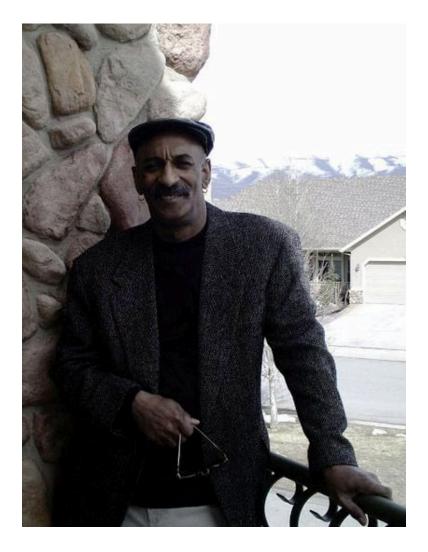
Wishing to gain trust, they take on artificial faces, mythical reality allows to survive.

However, after a while we see that plastic people no longer delight

- they have scratches.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

#### Water . . . Sacred

I thirst, I thirst, But let it be no more, For it is not fair, But who cares?

The river is far away, And all the dirty, muddy waters Have just about dried up

Who will hear our plea O world, Who amongst you all Will hear our call To life, for life

Dig me a well . . . please

Water is sacred, Don't you know?

Ryan Hreljac came, He saw, He conquered, But he can not do it all alone

He heard our plea To be free Of yet another choke-hold, Another burden That circumstance Has placed upon us And more to come If we do nothing Won't you help, won't you hear the plea?

Water . . . Sacred

#### Letting

The great 'letting' Is upon us ....

..... We hold on to things That are better to be Let go, As we let go things We should hold tight to

There are people and places, Things and times, Memories and moments Whose values Are unfathomable At the very least

Who amongst us Can assess with certainty The value of one's experientialness?

We blindly attempt To navigate our lives Only to At some time understand That all things Have meaning ... The good, the bad And the obscure and ambiguous

Life is like a tour Where wonders,

Small and large And in-between Are presented to us To ingest, and/or digest, While the test of life Is always being administered

..... The Proctors Are ever prevalent, So sharpen your pencils And let the letting begin

#### Voice

Across the seas Within the canyons, Upon the meadows Wandering in the Forrest, Dancing on the winds Reaching for the Sun Wrestling with the storms Painting and sculpting the clouds, Running with the streams, Be it but liquid consciousness, Or liquid and consciousness ... There is a omnipresent voice Omniscient and Omnipotent That is indwelling in my Private Omniverse

It speaks to me And I to it As we reflect one And another's countenance Upon the face Of the waters of existence

The Water Bearer is with us Letting loose the spirit Upon the Earth .... I know its soul, And it knows mine.

'The Voice' speaks.... Listen



"15" in effect

# Jung 2023 Featured Poets



# Kay Peters Carthornia Kouroupos Andrew Kouroupos Faleeha Hassan







Kay Peters is a registered nurse, and a retired Oncology Clinical Nurse Specialist. Her poems have appeared in *Philadelphia Poets, Schuylkill Valley Journal. US 1 Worksheets, More Challenges for the Delusional and Philadelphia Stories* 

#### Black Snake

Last summer, at our first encounter it slipped away smooth as black ribbon in the wind.

It lives in our woods, its den the tangle of branches scattered on the bank above the stream

Later when our paths crossed, it raised its head, turned its dark glass eyes toward me

Then glided toward the stream, shaping Ss in summer dust.

It hibernates now with others coiled in a mass to survive the cold.

If it returns with spring and I do not care for its company, it will be I who must slip away.

# The Soldier's Child (World War II)

More frightened by cartoon ants with slanted eyes and bristle-faced foxes wearing swastikas than pictures of planes with painted suns falling from flaming skies or black-booted men marching through ash and smokethe child was told: Help your mother. You must be good. Pray for your father to come home. The child prayed-Daddy, Please come home.

### Hearts

She considers the dimensions of hearts — the giant red heart at the Franklin Institute smelling like a musty classroom its recorded lub-dupp lub-dupp resonates in fiberglass walls schools of children swarm up and down its narrow steps their calls echo through its chambers.

Her heart she knows is the size of her fist smooth and slippery should one care to grasp it at night she sometimes hears its soft lub-dupp lub-dupp whispering as cardiac muscle fibers contract and relax bicuspid and tricuspid valves open and close rhythmic, measured, predictable.

# Carthornia Kouroupos



Carthornia Kouroupos was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. She currently lives in South Jersey with the husband and children. She is an English Professor at Rowan College South Jersey and has an M.A. in the Writing Arts from Rowan University. She writes children's stories, essays, poetry, fiction, and nonfiction.

Carthornia can be contacted at: <u>ckouroupos@verizon.net</u>

#### Brother Where Art Thou?

December 1981. The operation was swift, Preformed with precision and skill, It was as quick as the knock on the door, I answered it. No organs were left out of place, The job was done so well. I was told you were no more, Gone. Not to be found in the tiniest places, Or even in foreign lands. My heart turned to lead and dragged me to my knees, As my red hot liquid turned into small beads of ice cold clots. That forced the river from my soul so deep, So deep, It took many years to crest, Before I could rest, My tattered being, So broken, damaged, wrecked. Didn't know how to pick up the pieces of what was left. I wanted to come to the place, Where you're final home was made, You laid there losing warmth, Until you glowed with an unfamiliar look. I never did, though...I was afraid, Afraid I'd find you, Afraid of what you'd say. I just waited for you to come to me, And you did that very first night. I was happy, And surprised.

You told me it wasn't true,

That they had not done that to you, That you had gone away, Your absence a delay, Until you were forgotten by those who would lay you down, In a hole, Six feet underground. I was so happy to see you, well, And proclaimed my love for you, And as I rose with the sun, The truth pulled back the veil, The operation *had* made a change, So deep within my heart, That when awake I dream you dead, And when asleep, alive.

#### Funhouse

There is a "funhouse" inside of me, with a maze of mirrors exposing the threads in my seams, alterations pushing to get out. I stare, in the mirrors waiting for insight. But, insight doesn't come, I continue to wait, as my alterations increase in size, breaking through the blood stained threads.

#### Stolen Poems

Poets lifting my words, Showing my story telling my plight, Manifestations of my life laid out in plan site, I should have locked my thoughts, So they couldn't have drop from my ears, So many words, so loud, So loud, My words have been lifted,

And laid down on the white spaces of others,

Who claim the fame.

# Andy Kouroupos



Andrew Kouroupos was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. He currently lives in New Jersey with his wife and children. He writes children's stories, essays, poetry, fiction, and nonfiction. He is also a screenwriter whose screenplay was presented at the Sundance Film Festival.

Andrew can be contacted at: akouroupos@verizon.net

#### Dead Poets Society

Bleed us lest our egos bruise from droughts of praise and rave reviews, though fleeting is our verse that shows a flair that sheds our emperor's clothes.

Bleed us and exact our flesh each drop and pound for words afresh, as ransom though our voices die in no name graves where poets lie.

#### Summer Rain

We met without an invitation which never stopped you, nonetheless. A patter on the hospital window, was why I asked you to come in. You stayed outside performing, a tango on my sick room glass, entreating me to brave the raindrops, and join you in your summer dance.

#### A View from the Wall

A monolith I loom over wounds unhealed, as Cain did to Abel, I'm he unconcealed. Four hundred miles of a prison austere, a bastion of hate standing year after year.

Entrenched in the soil I rise heavenly bound, my shadow on Canaan casts on hell on the ground. I'm snaked across village and field commandeered, apartheid of kin for the kindred that's feared.

Injustice I've seen from the back of my stead, spawning blows that are struck from the justice not spread. In courtrooms of might citing ancient of days, claiming browner of skin have no rights to appraise.

Through West Bank to Rafat to home of the manger, I burden the yolks of the natives now strangers. My slabs with barbed crowns piercing spirits and veins, turning dreams dripping red and their freedom to chains.

Stand, I do not without eyes and pricked ears. Feel, I cannot without conscience and tears. I am the Wall who saw Zion succumb, to the beasts of their past and the beast they've become.

# Falgeha Hassan



Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwriter from Iraq, who now lives in the USA. She is the first woman wrote poetry for children in Iraq. She received master's degree in Arabic literature, and published (25) books. Her poems have been translated into (20) languages, her book nominated to Pulitzer Prize on 2018, and PushCaret Prize 2019; Winer of the Women of Excellence Inspiration award from SJ magazine 2020; Winer of Grand Jury Award (the Sahitto International Award for Literature 2021); One of the Women of Excellence selection committee 2023.

Ms. Hassan is the Inner Child Cultural Ambassador for Iraq, USA

Email: d.fh88@yahoo.com

#### Hypnotizing an Iraqi child

Uh my baby As soon as you reach the age of eighteen, you will be in an eddy of the adversity even if you turn into a scarecrow, no matter how hard you try you will not be able to frighten a warplane heading towards you, that moment you will remember your home that the bomb joked with, then dispersed it in flaming shards. You may remember your life, that once the warning sirens screamed turned into a very valuable piece that death needed so badly to complete its collection. You may pray but your voice will be stuck in the shape of your words, try to smile but you remain completely unable to mitigate the devastation that sweeping you down. In the war only the skulls will remain calm, opening their mouths to the end, please, please don't grow sleep tight

#### Snow and Smoke Song

Before you bought her a flower, you should have expected that, It's snowing I'm watching you now Freezing together You and her leaves Maybe your girl now Her mouth flirts with a warmth of cappuccino mug Her body drowning in the folds of a woolen robe But you The closing doors stare at the stupidity of your t-shirt Shaking their heads Just a tree bending to the wind Begging it to be affectionate tonight Not to hurt your bones Like it did with her branches Don't worry Everyone make mistakes He did too He ignored my advice when I said: Kiss the paper and send it to me The kiss is more affectionate than words If you intend to write me a love letter, The years are passing by Planets are fading away And the earth is shrinking from its edges However I haven't seen yet the shadow of the postman's car.

#### My Fault

Uh, I 'v forgot it -

the war that has just passed away two moments

Yes, two moments

I forgot to throw stones behind it - as my mom said -

So, it's returned back

With all its death

And

will swallow all of us again.

# Remembering

### our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

# Inner Child Press NGWS

## Published Books by Poetry Posse Members

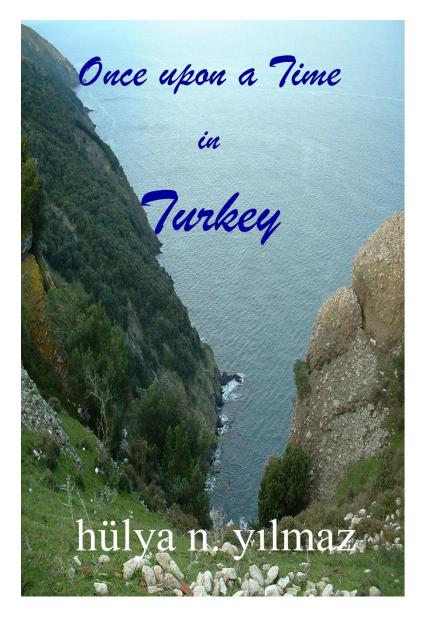
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.

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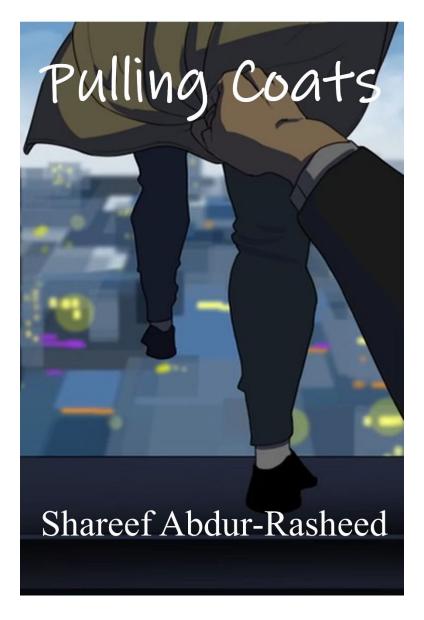
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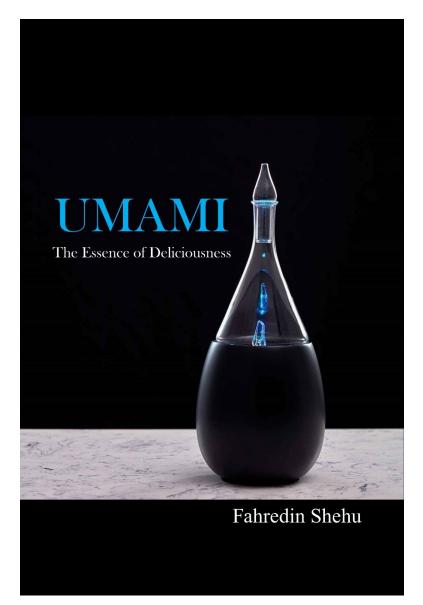
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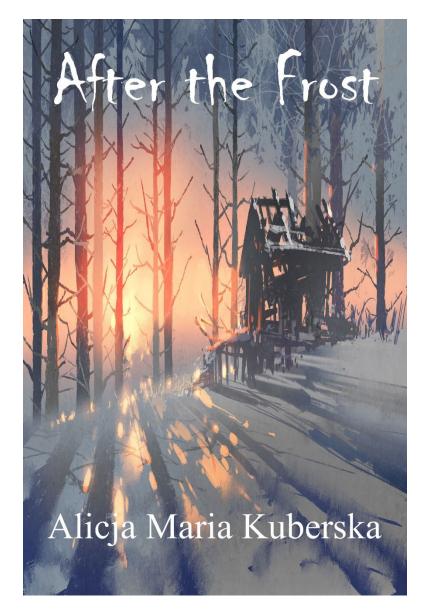
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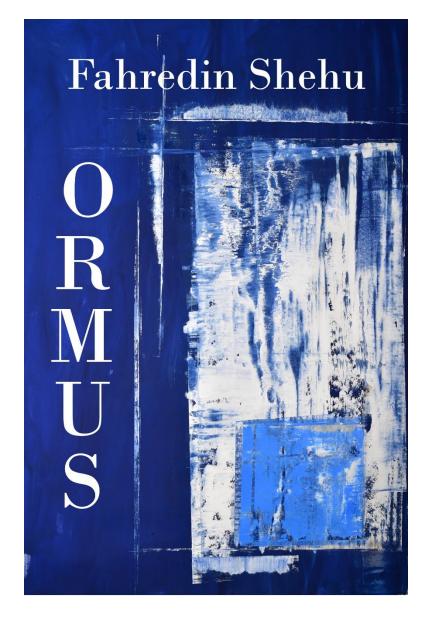
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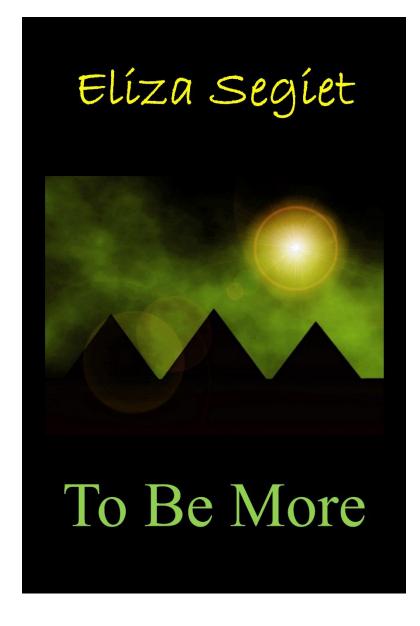
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Ahead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages

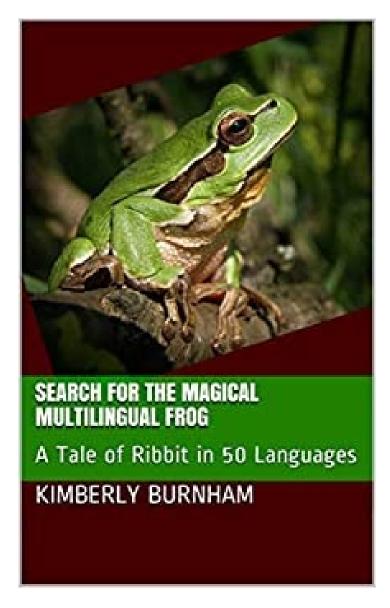


Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



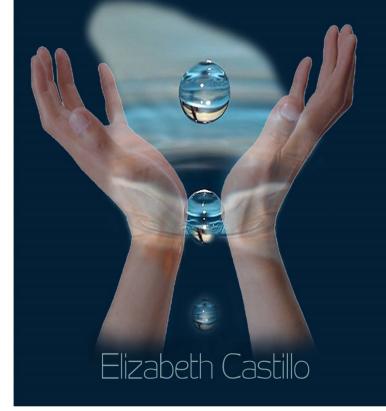
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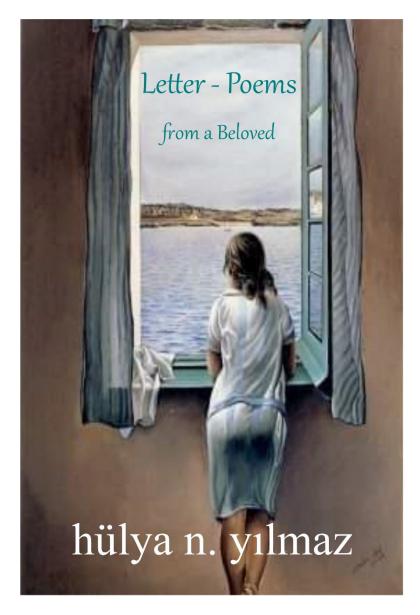


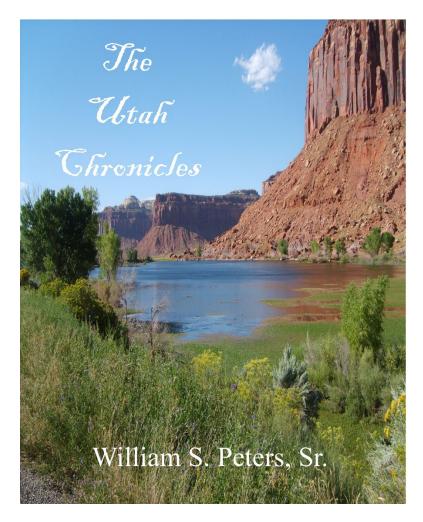
# Inner Reflections of the Muse



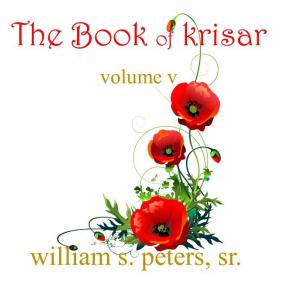
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### The Book of krisar

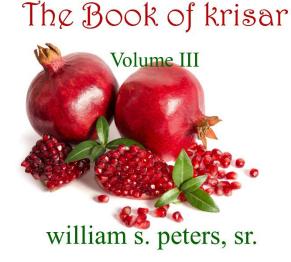
Volume I



## The Book of krisar

Volume

#### william s. peters, sr.



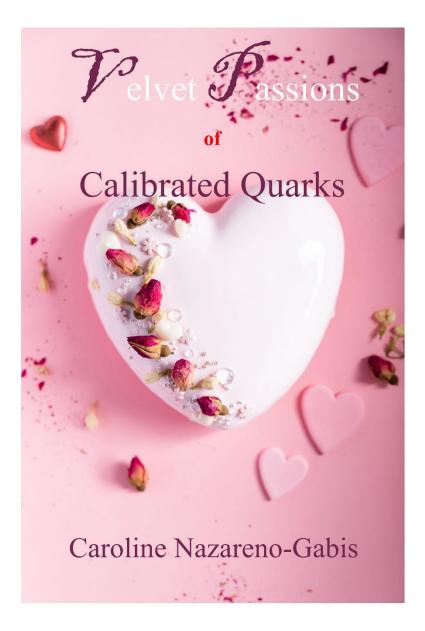
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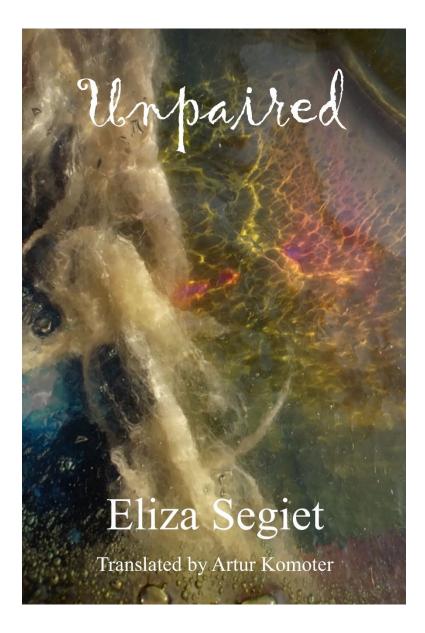
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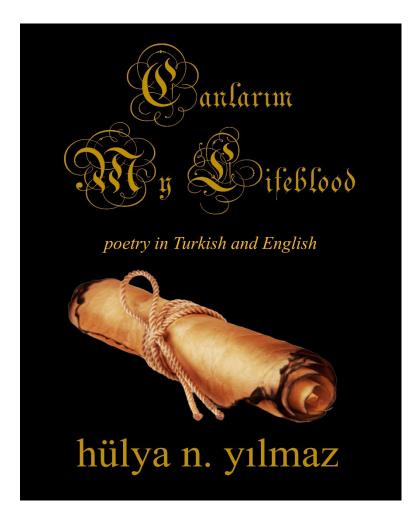


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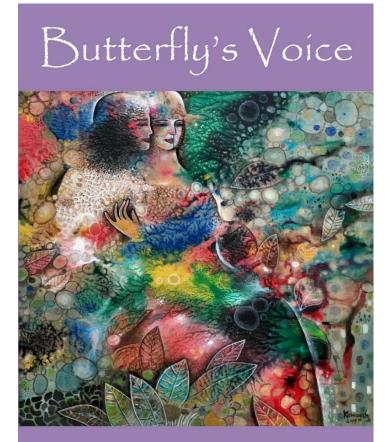


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# Faleeha Hassan

Translated by William M. Hutchins

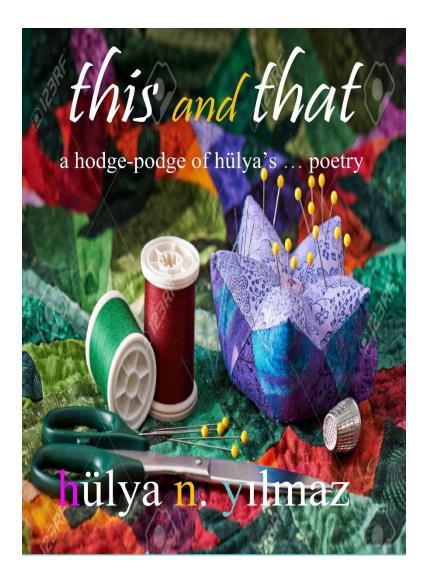
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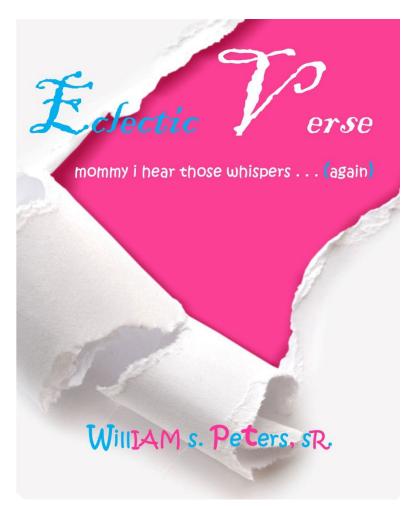
Through the Looking Glass



# Jackie Davis Allen

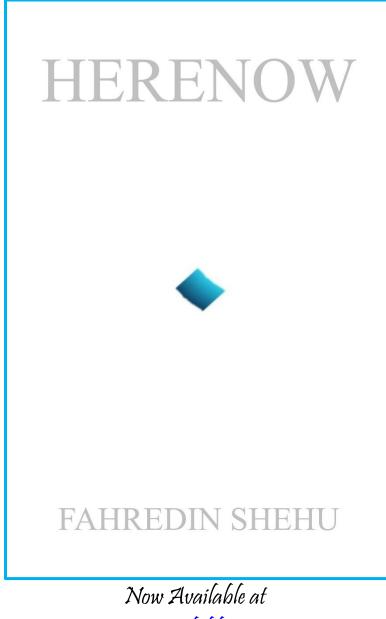


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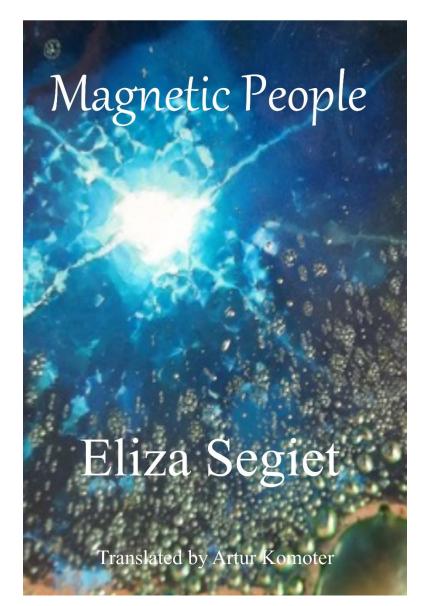


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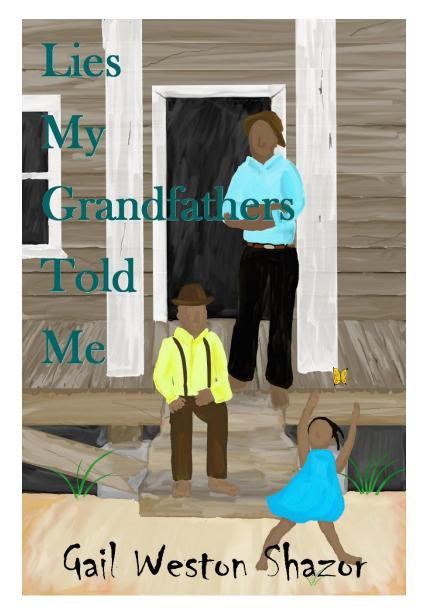


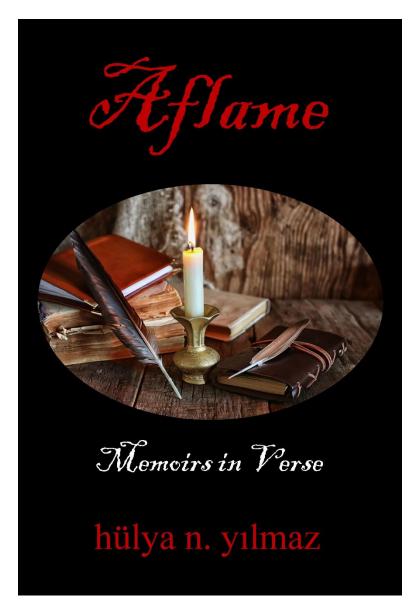


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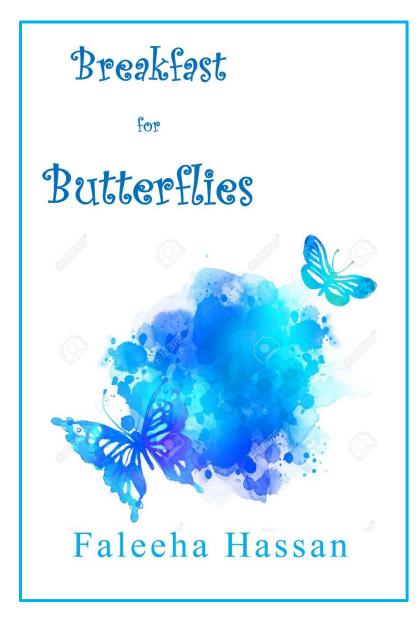




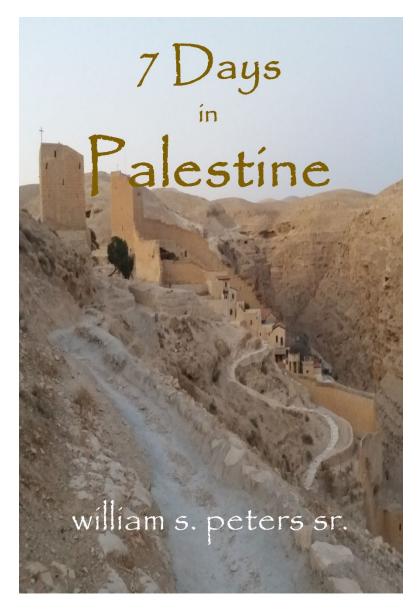




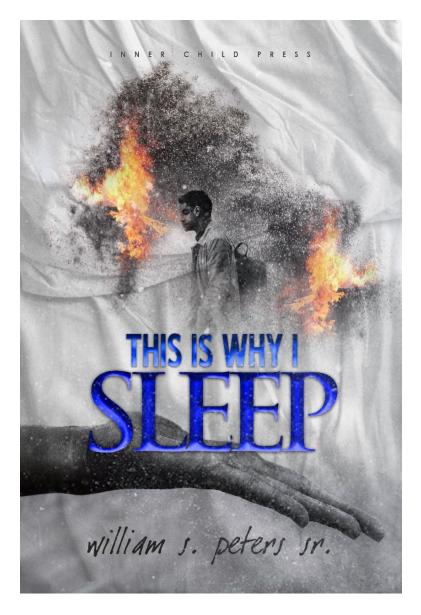




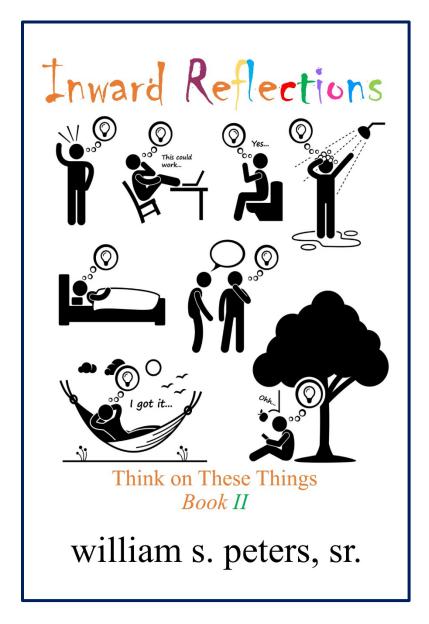
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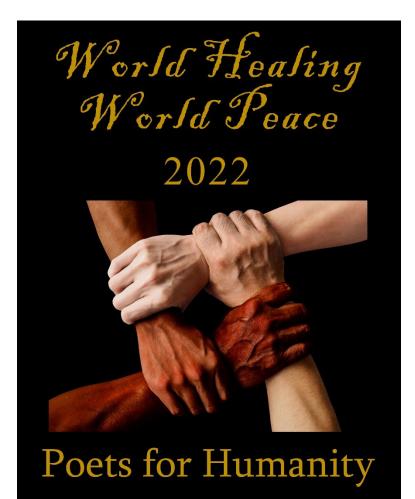
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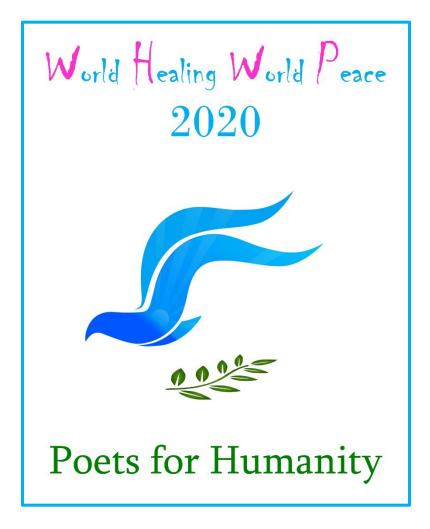
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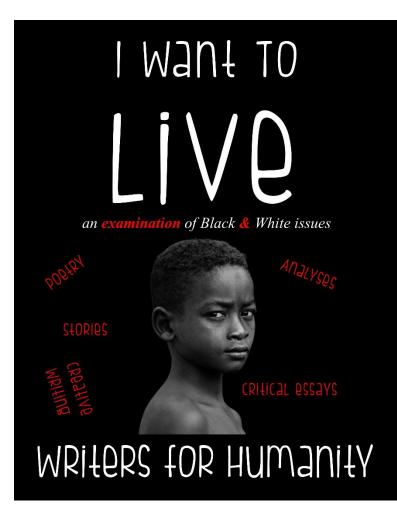
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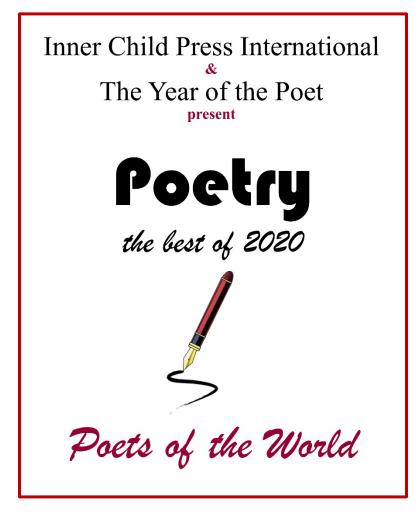


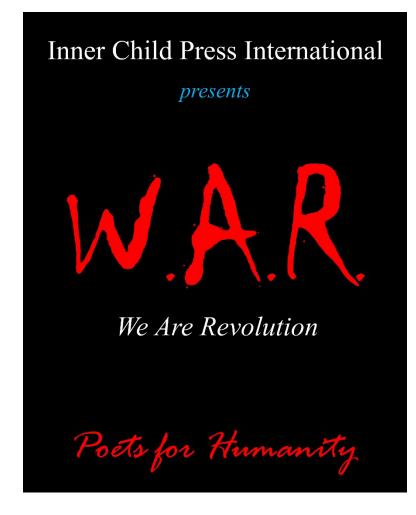
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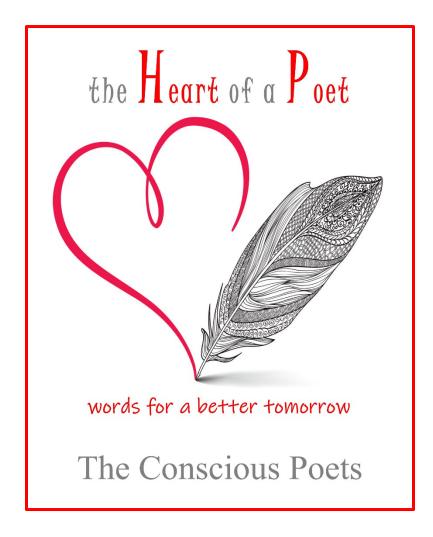


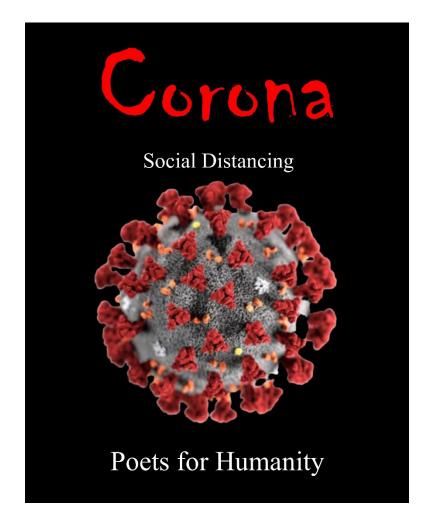
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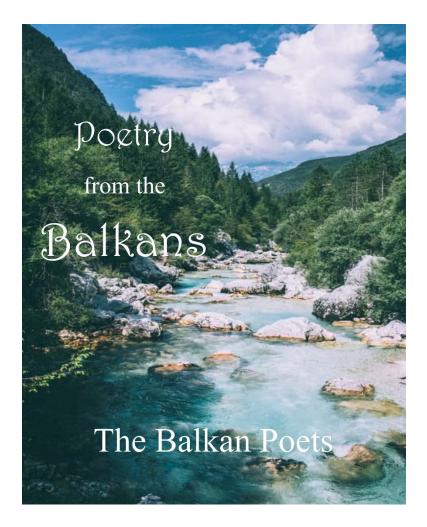








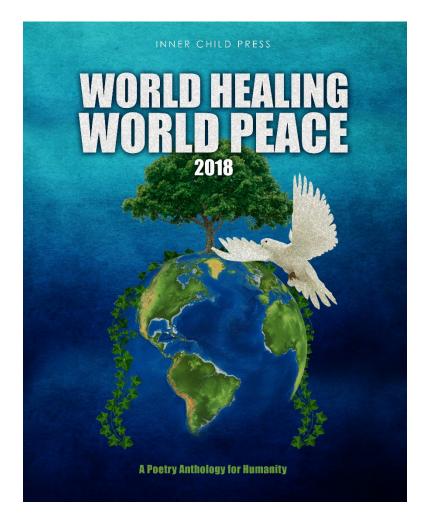




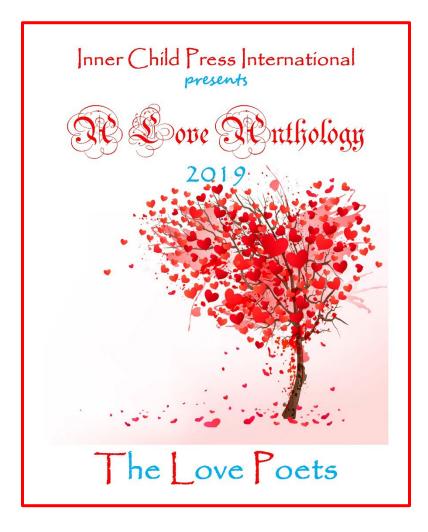
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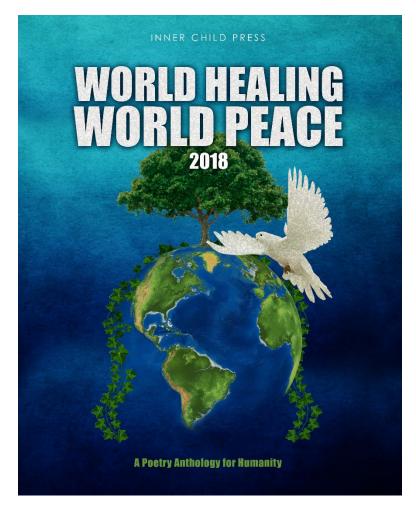
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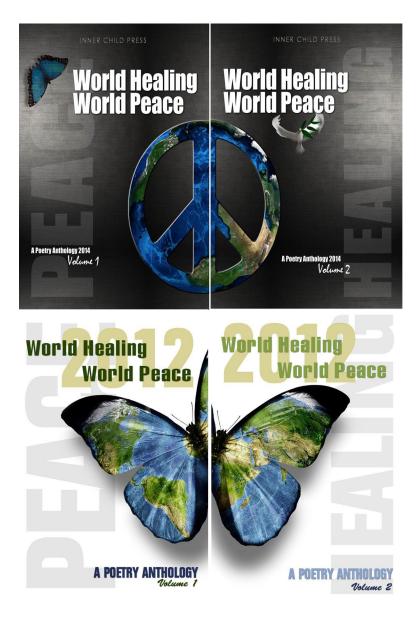
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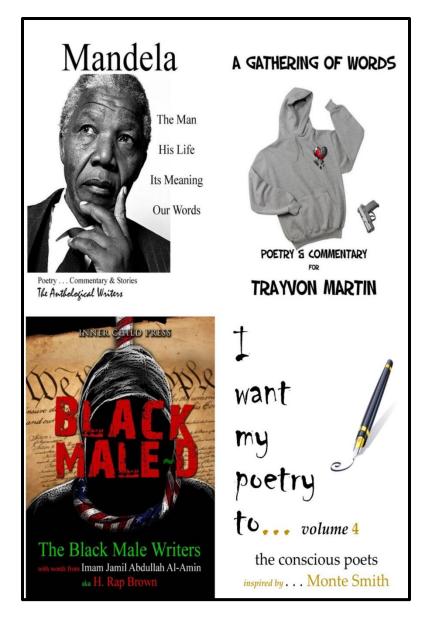
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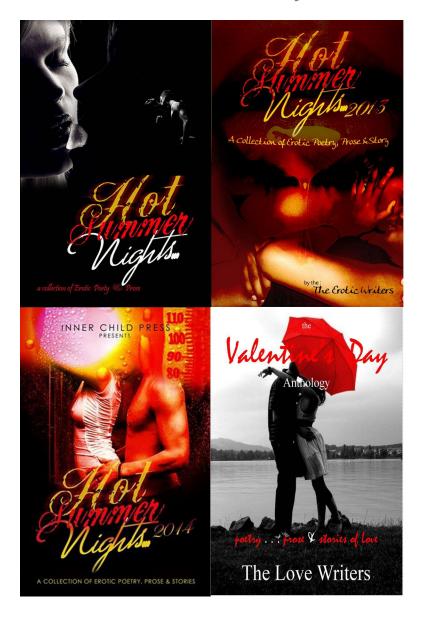
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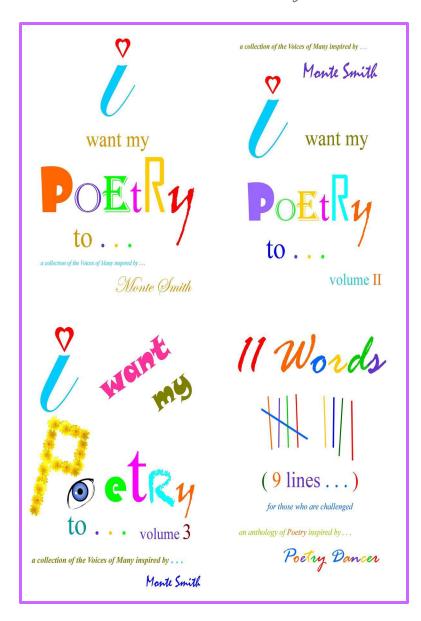
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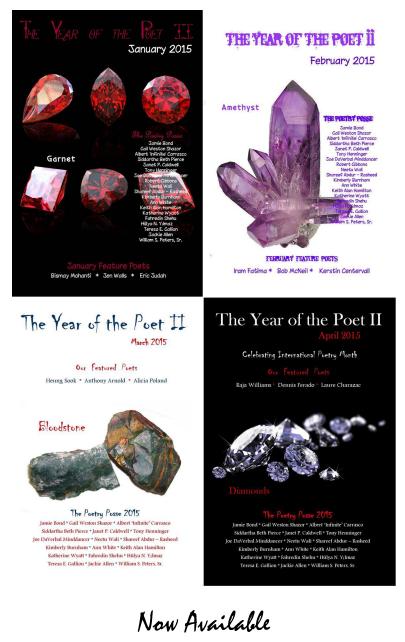
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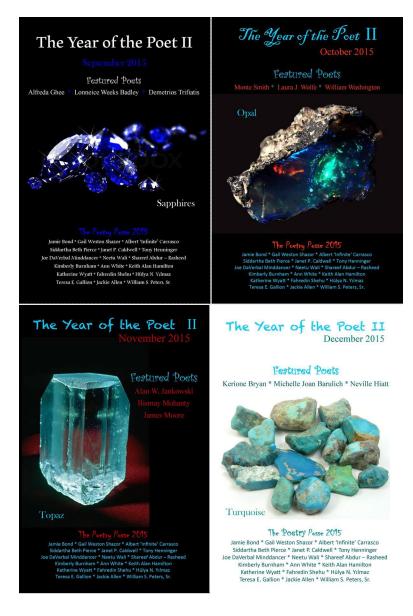


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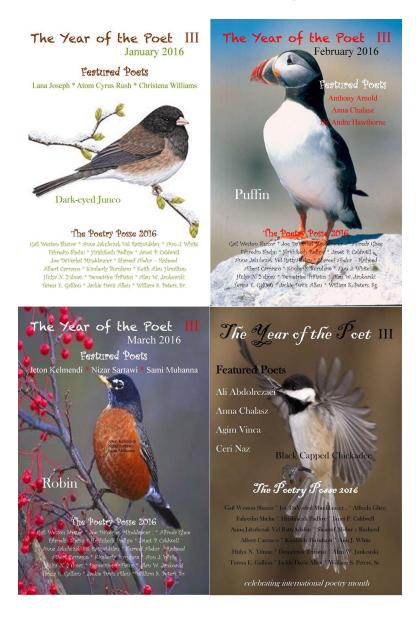
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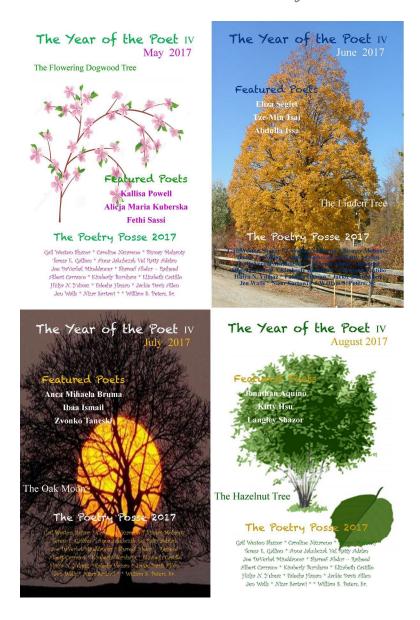
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Featured Poets Martina Reisz Newber Ameer Nassir **Christine Fulco Nea** Robert Neal The Elm Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

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## The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

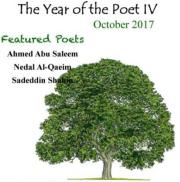
Featured Poets **Kay Peters** Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo **Rosemary Cappello** 



## The Tree of Life

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

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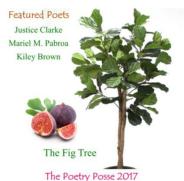


The Black Walnut Tree

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

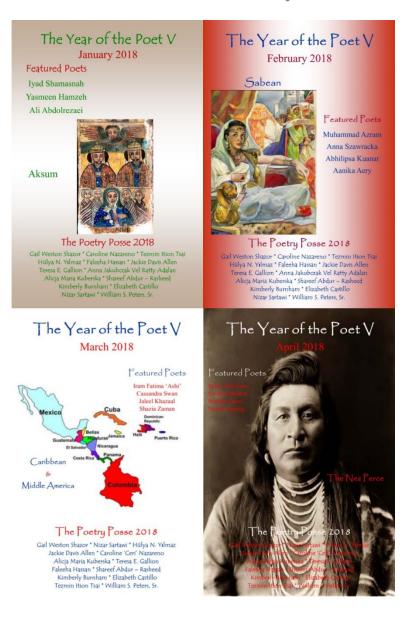
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## The Year of the Poet IV December 2017

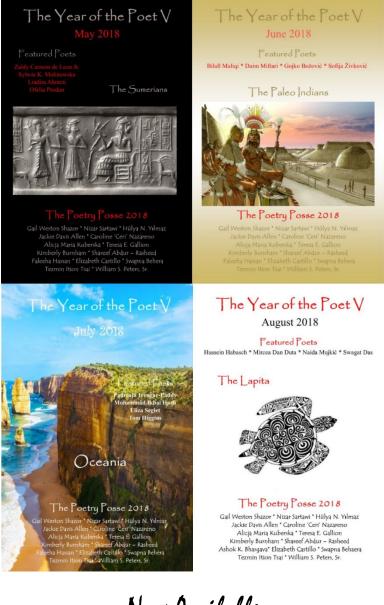


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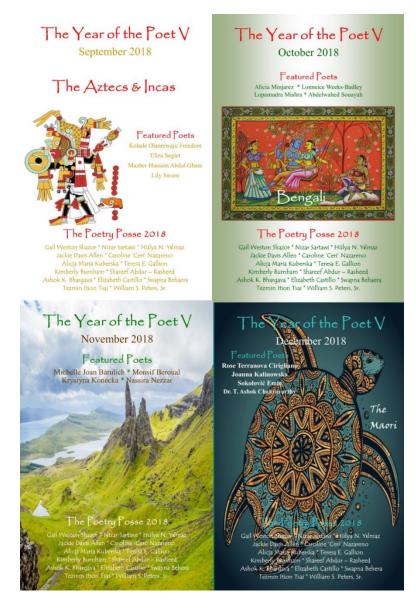
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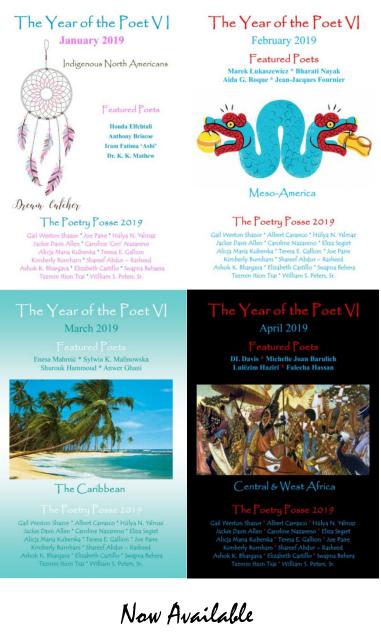
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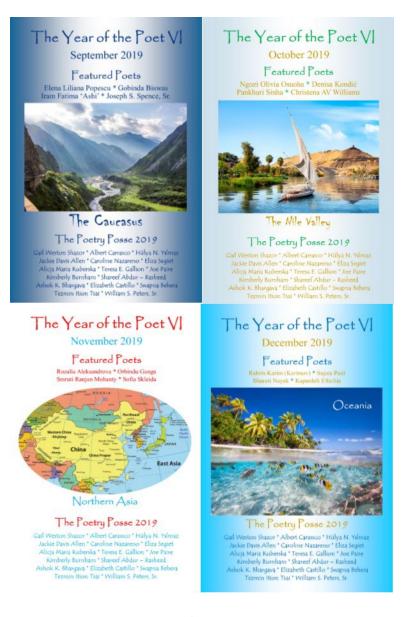


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# The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott \* Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam \* Changming Yuan



### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassoo \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kuberka \* Treese E. Gallion \* Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargiya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Belerg Tezemi thion Taj \* William S. Peters, S.

## The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

### Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno \* Mohammed Jab Luzviminda Rivera \*Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



## Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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## The Year of the Poet VIII February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu \* Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman \* Falceha 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 Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabert Castillo \* Swanna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## 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 Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Marja Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* 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



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## The Year of the Poet VIII July 2021

Featured Global Poets Iram Jaan \* Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha \* Lan Qygalla

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Svapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat \* 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

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rashee Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet VIII

#### August 2021

Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turune \* Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha \* Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

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Monsif Beroual \* Sandesh Ghimira Sharmila Poudel \* Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

## The Poetry Posse 2021

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## The Year of the Poet VIII

## 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 Seglet Alicja Maria Kubenska ' Teresa E. Gallon ' Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham ' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayaya ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai ' William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet VIII

## October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



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## The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



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### The Year of the Poet X January 2023

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#### Children: Difference Makers



## Iqbal Masih

### The Poetry Posse 2023

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## 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

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### 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

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## 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

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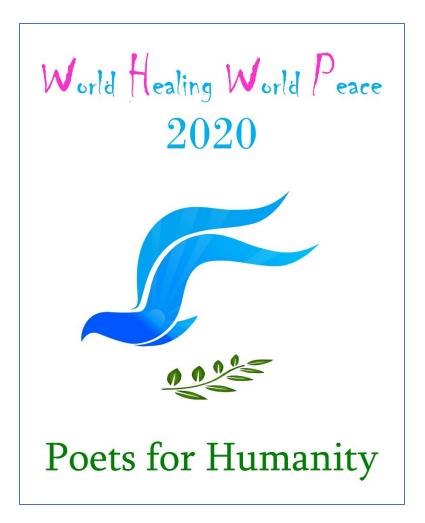
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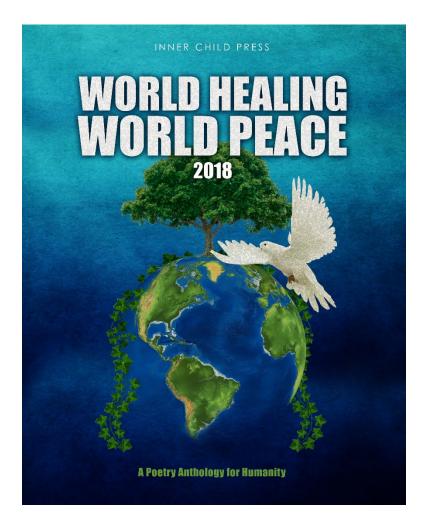
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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2023



# June 2023 ~ Featured Poets



Kay Peters



Carthornia Kouroupos



Andrew Kouroupos



Faleeha Hassan





