Indígenous North Americans

Featured Poets

Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

Dream Catcher

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail 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 Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Poetry Posse

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The Poetry Posse 2019

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 William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . . The Poetry Posse past, present & future our Patrons and Readers the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse &

> the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

$T_{\text{able of }}C_{\text{ontents}}$

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Foreword

Poetry can change the world. Words, language, all the ways to communicate with and listen to each other can transform the world, as we know it. There is so much to learn from the way an individual, a community, or language group uses words.

For example, the words for peace and war are very similar "odriyohdęda'oh" (war) and "odriyohsręda'oh" (peace) in Cayuga, a Native American language spoken in Canada. The government is trying to preserve the language and culture but there are less than 80 fluent speakers left. Peace "Odriyohsręda'oh" literally means the war has laid down or finished. For native speakers the words create an image, perhaps of men laying weapons down or a symbolic "war" laying down in a field where crops can once again be planted and children can grow.

Each of the world's seven or eight thousand languages creates different images, evokes diverse emotions, and carries a unique cultural significance.

In 2019 the Poets of the Inner Child Poetry Posse will breathe life into words creating a kind of visual poetry, arranging the letters to reflect each poet's inner voice manifested on the page while honoring the languages and cultures of many people around the world as well as our own diverse ancestry.

Each month we will visit a different region of the world, finding what is often stunningly beautiful, sometimes tragic and emotion-laden but always insightful and thought provoking. This year as our words journey across the pages and into the world we honor the United Nations which has declared 2019 the International Year of Indigenous Languages.

This month let your eyes ...

"anuhtunyu" (rejoice or adopt peace of mind) in Oneida spoken in the Great Lakes region

"ilihá:lon" (awaken, opening one's eyes from sleep) in Kosati spoken in Louisiana and Texas, US

"dseekshyaaksh" (strut or walk with a flair) in Shm'algyack spoken in Alaska, US

"dladáal" (stroll or walk slowly) in Haida spoken in British Columbia, Canada

"máñi" (travel or journey) in Ioway-Otoe-Missouria spoken in Kansas, US

"ji-k'ein" (jump around) in Tlingit spoken in the Pacific Northwest of North America

"tc'īgagō" (run) in Jacarilla Apache or Eastern Apache spoken in the North America

"nəpəmkawa" (walk or travel) in Abenaki-Penobscot spoken in Maine, US and Quebec, Canada "zdocumb" (dance) in the Nanticoke Dialect of Massachusetts, US

... across the pages of this book, a tribute to Native American languages and cultures.

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.



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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$



D_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As we are hitting another milestone, needless to say, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past Cultures. This year we have elected to continue the Cultural theme. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

In closing, we would like to thank you for being an integral part of our amazing journey.

Enjoy our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding ...

Bless Up

From the home in our hearts to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



Indigenous North Americans



The unfortunate aspect of American history that is taught within our education systems is that it is heavily laden with lies, deceits and misinformation that shades or distorts the truth. This month, January 2019, we *The Poetry Posse* at *The Year of the Poet* are excited to present to you through our poetry a variant version of perspective through our poetry. We hope you find our work insightful and contemplative.

For more information visit

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Indigenous_peoples_ of_the_Americas





January 2019

The Poetry Posse

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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Bovoni Blues

The Dump is Burgeoning Under the weight Of left behinds from Hurricanes that passed On their own tropical tours Of the unlucky Antilles When paradise suspended quickly And each person's life was forever changed Our left behinds mounted up quickly Returning home, we began sorting The broken memories from tears As the mound of yesterdays Rising too quickly The black sentinel, Bovoni, stood Quietly In the Dust

Single Shot Scotch

Scared, the bottle swung free from discontent Cheaper than deserved for a gift But it never lasts long, this wet fear In one drop of clarity, he breathes Protecting the daughter and the wife And even the son corrupted and dying slowly In this world of darkness

Tear filled glass brimming The impotence of that moment Is split by decisions taken Without a proper reference to life A color-filled rage trying to justify Single messages on the airwaves And he is dying slowly trying to be pure

Cheap scotch splashes Into a Styrofoam cup slowly Courage and determination rule the night Plastic impersonations rule the day A mortgage and dreams rule his life And he is never satisfied being A half-cocked cop

It was not that he hated anyone Save himself, save what he was The dram bound the trigger Taught in his hand and mind The pebble sounded a cannon Much like the pea under the mattress The single shot scotch changed him forever

Death comes to the Farm

Daylight and dark The earth turns in infinitum And we make choices So why move my feet When I can do nothing To stop this turning

The photos are laid side by side Witnessing the carnage Of man's fall from grace Wounds open wide Scars not yet formed In a semblance of normalcy

That is anything but normal The rage of impotence At not being master Of the animals on the earth And not realizing That we all are animals

From earth to earth And dust to dust The blood spilled calls out From the surface of the dirt And we are left to wonder Just who is the keeper of who

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: "The Glass Reality". Her second volume "Analysis of Feelings", was published in 2012. The third collection "Moments" was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - "Virtual roses" and volume of poems "On the border of dream". Next year her volume entitled "Girl in the Mirror" was published in the UK and "Love me", " (Not)my poem" in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled "The Other Side of the Screen".

In 2016 she edited two volumes: "Taste of Love" (USA), "Thief of Dreams" (Poland) and international anthology entitled "Love is like Air" (USA). In 2017 she published volume entitled "View from the window" (Poland). She also edits series of anthologies entitled "Metaphor of Contemporary" (Poland)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, the USA, the UK, Albania, Belgium, Chile, Spain, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, Czech Republic, South Korea and Australia. She was a featured poet of New Mirage Journal (USA) in the summer of 2011.

Alicja Kuberska 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.

Karol May and Indians

In prison, a draft reminds about the existence of wind. Air stands in the small space of the clink, it became stifling Behind the bars, in the window glass, the sky changes shades

Sometimes the sun sends a few rays to the cold cell

Thoughts break out to freedom and vast plains to the world where factory sirens do not exist, the starry sky is not veiled by the dark smoke, and where the swinging grasses hum songs about warriors.

A man can escape from reality and start to live in a teepee. -abadon the gray walls and the footsteps of the guard behind the door, hide on a prairie full of herd of bison and gallop ahead on the back of a wild horse

The Great Manitou takes in the lost wanderers. Old Shatterhand gives a helping hand to the weaver's son and leads him in the front of the great chief of Apache Confused blood sealed eternal brotherhood

The time has stopped on the written sheets of paper. The heroic Indians are reborn in the novel The eagle feathers are draped in their black hair. The shaman's prolonged singing is heard far away.

An old mirror

When I walk into the house The old mirror wakes up. It winks knowingly with a big, glass eye. On the other side I can see a girl that I know.

It always faithfully accompanies the passing time And reflects transience in the shimmering silver sheet. I suspect that it harbors all faces But it is discreetly silent and it guards entrusted secrets.

It survived the conflagration of a revolution, turmoil of war.

Unstable and fragile, it remembers many owners. We are together and we catch fleeting moments

My Village Borow

I no longer have a nest here But I come back, like a swallow, To places of my childhood.

I wander the sandy hedgerows, To participate in the mystery of lark song. I arrange bouquets Of wild poppies and cornflowers -And raise up to the clouds.

Old trees, to which I confided my secrets, Still grow, Tart, wild cherries And sweet-scented linden As once -I divine the world in the mirror of the lake. I listen to the waves and the wind.

Apparently nothing has changed. Only the cemetery hill, Like a diary of life, Is ever more clear 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 Bachelors 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.

http://www.innerchildpress.com/jackie-davis-allen.php jackiedavisallen.com
Rooted in Native Belief

Long have I been told, a story, one handed down By relatives. An oral one. No documents to corroborate, That my long deceased NC and TN paternal relatives Had in fact, descended from the Cherokee Indians. They concentrated, living in the same geographic areas.

Whether true or not, the current political situation Would have me to keep quiet. And, yet, contrary To not being proud, I have no need to jump Onto a bandwagon, nor any need to submit my DNA As proof or not; nothing to gain either way.

All I can say, by way of the matter, is that a paternal aunt, Born in the early 1900s, informed me before she passed, That she believed it true. Witness: the family's high Cheekbones. The straight, dark hair of my father. He little needing to shave, little facial hair.

In 1923, two weeks prior to her Christmas day, 35th Birthday, my father's mother passed away, leaving behind Nine children. My father's father, both from memory, and In photos, appears as a brave, resilient Cherokee, like an Indian Chief. He passed in the 1970s. In his mid 90s.

So, one might inquire, if I am, indeed, a descendant Of the Native American Cherokees, how is it that I, My siblings, my mother, and her father, we have such Abundant, naturally curly hair? A better question, to pose, Perhaps, is, whether or not I am being true to who I am.

Dreams

He went to the brink. He went to the edge. He went to a busy town near his home. He went only in his dreams, went rushing, Looking for that which he hoped to find.

He dreamed lofty dreams, Higher than the sky. He dreamed at night, found them filled with treasures. He even dreamed during the daylight hours, Searching for something grand to pave his way.

He went to school both day and night, Found that it was cold, it was hot, Discovered that rewards were difficult Though not beyond his means. For dangling before him was the coveted prize.

He walked. He ran. He stumbled. Stumped every one of his toes, Skinned his knees, then prayed. Praying relief, he fell down on his knees.

Oh, yes. He went to the edge.

He went beyond. He traveled, then, to the towns, To the cities and discovered that from working hard, And holding high his principles, his ethics, therein Dwelt the real possibility for fulfilling youthful dreams.

Let Us Come Together

Prayers floating through the air On wings of nature's blessing. Sing they out the olden songs,

> Of trials and tribulations, a people Who, long ago came by land and sea Holding in their hearts sad memories.

The pounding drumbeat of hearts Syncopate into memory's past wrongs Of long ago days, torn and faded.

> On pages recording passengers, Names found of sailing ships and crew Except for those considered property.

Theirs was a journey, borne on backs Of heavy hearts, rendered and torn; And, though they are no more, today

> Some are the descendants of those Who stole lives, they taking part Doing nothing to provide any relief.

Save the treasured remnants Of our native customs and heritage! Pave then a better path, a better way

For all our nation's people; choose The right. Live in the light. Regardless Of race or color. Let us live in harmony. Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Tzemin Ition Tsai Taiwan, Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is an associate professor at the Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries and have been translated into more than a dozen languages.

American Dream

One gust of white smoke Forty years, in a twinkling of an eye, disappeared Meet again after such a long separation Two old but refused to be dull faces Full of childish eyes like before No any bit of stubble residue The wrinkles are mixed with two white and black eyebrows Talking always about the old topic old No longer being disguised

One bowl of rice porridge With marinated cabbage The tears in the corners of the eyes are damp How is it compared to onion sauerkraut hot dogs? My old friend in high school Only rely on the Ph. D. certificate in chemical engineering Set off into the America world Accomplished both success and fame Among us Second to none

One parting The plane will take off and land tomorrow You will return to the other side of the Pacific Point your hand straight to the Golden Trumpet-tree at the next door Under the red tile roof is just the home of my parents Why did it come this fall so not simply? Those cicadas keep silence seems to be all dumb That home in the other side of the Pacific is belong to my son and grandsons But did not know why I have never written a poem for it

The Spring Breeze Never Knows How To Leave Feelings

Spring breeze blowing The wind chimes follow jingle-jangle all the way Maple leaves drift with it Take away all my cares so frivolously Spring breeze blowing Agitate the flag on the sail Steam above sea level whistling out like a roaring monster The ocean that has been warmed up is rolling

Spring breeze has no willing to change Looking around for whales hidden inside the ocean The tracks that is difficult to track Forget itself In a fuzzy consciousness Leave a hint of exclamation When is the heart no longer hurt?

The sun sometimes fails to keep an appointment Why is dark night sure to come every day? Maybe you can find it under the moon That course following the Big Dipper Spring breeze always attracts a riot of spring here and there You must always remember Never lose That footprint goes forward

The Call of Youth in The Moonlight

The window is wide open The decayed trees in front are crying for the cold winter that is about to leave The bright moonlight is as usual The low wall along the side of the yard with green buds Firefly flying here and there When we have Gradually lost the consensus of childhood? Different dreams of independent thinking Youthful looks and dresses are not a patch on the laid-back bear Who has occupied the bed for over ten years The night is deep That childhood sweet girl with robe draped over the shoulders and whispered With a light voice could not be more lightly Eyes of The childhood sweet boy standing against the window Cold eyes like a sword Giggles Can replace nothing in the belly full of ambition Carefully listen The swallow's spring humming have already Broken out of the windows

Mist in endless whiteness Let us embracing and sleep once again As you and I met for the first time In the mother's cradle Dream pure hearts The souls who promised us to bless each other

The Year of the Poet VI ~ January 2019

No longer my companion on this distant life road Now that you have do not look back Why bother the tears Well up in your eyes?

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

forked tongue..,

likes of serpent slithering low on earth seeking prey, seeking strike, overtake, devour this was european indigenous called him white from time they appeared what seemed out of nowhere they were treated fair native folk regardless tribe, language spoke invoked high principles instilled through ancestors dem knew, lived, loved, spoke taught truth universal laws from thee one great spirit who created earth, moon, sun all things established what is good, evil, true, false thousands of years before europeans appeared tribes like Nez Perce french for pierced nose although they call themselves Niimiipuu the walking people northwest country chief joseph (Him-mah-too-yah-lat-kekt) thunder rolling down mountain his father before him taught him

not to give up their land no matter what never trust them europeans had eyes on that to take what was not theirs no said chief of Nez Perce and so this same ol sameo played out throughout and we all know how that panned out indigenous people own this land they call America know this, understand it native peoples are the rightful heirs though many who know this just don't care. and these same folk invoke words like justice translates "Just-Us " liberty and " Just-Us " that's why ancestors said "Never Trust. Never Trust "

food4thought = education

lower thy branch..,

are we as lofty as a mountain? powerful as lightning, thunder sun, moon, tsunami, monsoon? makes one wonder or maybe not there are those who just go without regard, just into self by 'n 'large dem don't take a look around magnificent array of creation on display many dwarfs those who thought all things should cater to them needs, greed dem never concede wrapped up in the me..me dem can't see, seee? forest for trees just everybody must do as i please but i thought we are all human beings so therefore seems awfully petty what a pity dem who ' A-T ' S#!+y instead of gratitude for people who care, sincere they don't care, can't see, unaware that's a privilege right there instead at end of day dem say " i'm privileged, entitled only my needs are vital "

The Year of the Poet VI ~ January 2019

arrogance invites darkness, humility light we all have rights first give them their rights and for you creator will make it all right all day ' n ' night me, me, me go away until one day you reappear as ..we, we, we

food4thought = education

flesh 'n' blood..,

i am in need of help, mercy in high demand constantly fragile me in need thou art not an island unto thyself yes, your blessed have survived countless test but never the less mere mortal has been afforded relief in times of need regardless what one may think or our intention in spite of our frailties we overcome through divine intervention yes to this you, me, we must attest, concede look upon the signs and read release oneself from the 'me' open spiritual eyes to see " MERCY " bestowed never earned, never owed you are totally dependent don't be offended as long as your life can be ended it behooves one to choose one's priorities wisely, succinctly to whom one gives appreciation, praise, devotion when in spite of our finite status **MERCY** intercedes in spite of the fact what one deserves is another thing

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, 33 years later, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham

Peace From Sea to Mountain

"Gyamgm'aatk" moon in Shm'algyack a Native American language of Alaska hangs over the sea where young men harvest "gyantee" (sea cucumber) and the waves roll "gya'galtk" (to roll) "gya'wn" (now, today) as we stroll through the dictionary taking a stab at peace and calm "gyehlk" (to spear, stab) "gyeksh (to be calm, peace) feeling something will happen and change life for the better "gyelkwsh" (to feel something will happen) while hunting for berries in the mountains "gyem" (Saskatoon berries) "gyepsh" (hill, mountain, up high) seeking high places as we learn more about the life of words and hearts

A Peace of Attrition

The Canadian government is fighting to keep Cayuga alive only 79 fluent speakers know the words "odriyohdęda[?]oh" war and "odriyohsręda[?]oh" peace literally the war has laid down or finished

Perhaps this war on words killing languages everyday will end when we lay down aggressive words arrogant words hateful words and words meant to silence another

Perhaps we will all speak the native tongues of our ancestors of our friends and family and then learn the languages loved by those across the sea when we raise up words of peace "odriyohsręda[?]oh" loving words companionate words and words meant to include everyone

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Conlang Peace

If you made up a word constructed a language (conlang) for peace

What would you build would it be full of gentle melodious vowels or a consonant root resembling a natural language

Would it be whimsical or utilitarian easy to learn would it be memorable and lasting like the peace it describes or have an S like "sérë" or an R as in "rainë" both peace in Tolkein's Elvish Quenya

Would it be more like "wayu" in Wasaqalu or "paco" in Esperanto Klingon for peace "roj" or "panpi" in Lojban "eace-pay" in Pig Latin

"Fpomtokx" or "aylrrtok" peace in Na'vi a conlang spoken by the people of Pandora "e-wee-ne-tu" another movie word for peace in Pocahontas resembling a Native American language but made up all the same

Elizabeth E. Castillo



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

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North American Yup'iks

Genuine people as their name implies With "Yuk" as their language Common ancestors of the Eskimos and Aleut With their families spending spring and summer At fish camp, joined by the others during winter. The "qasqig" a communal men's house Was the community's center for festivals and ceremonies While the "ena", the traditional women's house was right next door.

Eclectic and exotic culture the Yu'piks lived with Real people with wonderful origins.

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Fragile

- I have often seen innocent angels roaming the streets at night
- Young vagabonds loitering dark alleys, scavengers searching for the light
- Tattered clothes, soiled feet, with eyes that question their mere existence
- Young bloods, lost souls in need of careful attention and sustenance.
- Fragile bodies crossing the roads, stopping cars to beg for money
- Abandoned by some ruthless families, in the dark they hide their agony,
- Some abused, maltreated by society who should be the first to care
- Fallen angels seeking for the truth behind their helpless state.
- Famish, greasy children pitifully sleeping on the cold pavement
- It was not their choice to be born and suffer in such sad predicament
- Oh, God lay down your mercy on them and let them have the taste of life they were deprived
- These precious one whom You adore, let your Light guide them and help them survive.

The River's Ebb and Flow

The water that flows freely Symbolizes life that goes on continuously Its beautiful ebb and flow Caught up in circles but always brings a larger tomorrow.

The rhythmic sound the river water makes

A melodramatic scene when a leaf falls from a fragile branch of a tree,

And is carried away by the running water as if escaping its reality

While way up above, the sky meets the charismatic shadow of my reflection.

At night time, the river may seem still and emotionless But its tranquility echoes even in the darkness

As the stars in the moonlit sky bathes in their own images on the water

In the depths of deafening silence, the flow of time goes inevitably.

The river teaches us the art of holding on and letting go, But it also sends a subtle message of just going with the flow

For if we force our way against the strong current

We may stumble at the wrong direction and hurt ourselves in the end.





Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike a cord with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Maiden America

What land is this that lays before me Undefined by borders of those who explore me It's peaceful here with plenty to go around The people here have adapted to the sound Drum beats speak of food and weather places to teach the young and gather We only need just one

Different tribes with similar values from the tip of the north and southern bayous Indigenous people keep your values high Influence comes by the belief of lies All these cultural achievements and beauty Every facet of society had its duty We only need just one

Hundreds, thousands, millions of years With the smoke from muskets it began to disappear This land is our land, this land was your land Torn from sure hands stolen by con men No one saw the harm then There was plenty for all men We only need just one

Made in, not by Americans Genocide of Native Americans Faded Americans jaded Americans Slaved in Americans paved in Americans The British are coming, the British are coming The sounds of the drums just stopped We only need just one was dropped

The Scent Of Nature

Heavenly smells of holiday kitchens A crawling toddler whose scent I won't mention How does Grandma know it's going to rain? How do you know that meal has gone lame?

Oh my goodness what is that smell Oysters on the half shell and love in the air is thick We know what you were doing with that redeye mind trick

Downwind with a bow and arrow Caught with the cry of a sparrow The ocean is near This potion is cleared for the tasting

I can tell where you've been I can smell where you've been Where the hell have you been Does this smell right to you?

MMM someone's having a bar b que Someone's got some new perfume Ode' de New Car in June MMM new leather too, Dude! What did you do?

Give me a spring day of full blooms Give me Jazz in a smoke-filled room Home fries and bacon garlic and maybe Cinnamon toast with some fresh roast coffee

Don't artificially mock me The Scent of Nature adopts me
Day Number One

I'm quitting this and starting that I'm building a regiment and will stick to it Withdrawals and soreness Sweating and hoarseness I can't venture off coarse just; I can skip tomorrow, can't I? Day two and the plan dies Refund on a treadmill We run for the peppermill This is going to taste good "I know I could, I know I could"

Day one and the sweat pours Why am I thinking about petit fours What's the score of my weight Why the chore for my weight I have a taste, for a taste for Who do I abase my case for Day two and the plan dies I can barely move these sore thighs Just a drag, just a puff just a sip, it's not enough Will power, DO YOUR STUFF

Two weeks in and meat taste funny Smaller clothing doesn't cost less money! I'm resting better But I never truly lost any weight I'm actually in line for a nice buffet I thought about a change I found something better Day one of just doing me forever

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in *TelePoem Booth*, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülya has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

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

Cherokee to Ho-Chunk

it is not only the volume as far as their names but also their inherent cultures' vast and timeless bounty that made today's North America, the supposedly newly discovered world's 3rd largest continent

and, each of their tribes suffered Native Americans, that is they faced pain beyond humanity's capacity they were subjected to tortures to butchery, to slavery and to conversion to Christianity – or else, they would have met death

we all sit now in our own comfort on their land having pushed them into the most remote corners of low lands of their country either pitying what has become of them over time or admiring their enduring strength, integrity, dignity how, amid immensely bloody tragedies, they still do rise to shout loud and act out their ancient words of wisdom as to how to live with respect for every dab of our world in honor of not merely the two-legged animal species but, of our four-legged counterparts, too

regardless of what any of us has / not done in person collectively, we bear the onerous weight of annihilating an entire indigenous people, together with their languages, cultures, generations-surviving rich history and daily lives; of guiding them to their irreparable shameful demise

how many times have i cited your wise insights not having a clue whom to give the credit to

dear members of the Cherokee, the Apache, the Iroquois, the Pawnee people, the Sioux, the Miwok, the Shoshone, the Osage Nation, the Navajo, the Lakota people, the Ute people, the Sauk people, the Chevenne, the Crow Nation, the Nez Perce people, the Ho-Chunk, the Ponca, the Paiute, the Omaha people, the Hidatsa, the Odawa, the Chumash people, the Mandan, the Duwamish people, the Iowa people, the Cahuilla, the Modoc people, the Otoe, the Yakama, the Pima people, the Chiricahua, the Arikara, the Missouria, the Sac and Fox Nation, the Omaha people, the Meskwaki, the Odawa, the Washoe people, the Patwin, the Goshute, the Serrano people, the Maidu, the Quechan, the Oneida Indian Nation, the Yankton Sioux Tribe, the Kumeyaay, the Indigenous peoples of the Northwest, the Chinookan peoples, the Clatsop, the Miami people, the Tulalip, the Mandan, Hidatsa and Arikara Nation, the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes . . .

forgive my silence forgive my ignorance i bow before each of you forgive my daring, desperate plea that which i brought along with me in my quest to seek wisdom from thee it is said to come from a Plains Indian, you see:

"Give me knowledge, so I may have kindness for all."

ignorance

a woman of Turkish birth who in other words should know better having been born into the same region and religion having received, though with some interruption her early, mid-level and high school education in an equally Islamic country regardless of any variation

after settling in North America coming to terms with Islam, its women and men within the pre-scribed rigid boundaries of her schooling she determinedly sought the highest possible form of education for her own sake, to the point to be able to expose unilaterally all that which aims to confine the female territory in their public sphere but also in that of their privacy years passed in fact, decades were gone her lifelong passion for poetry accompanied her to the Middle East Jordan was the first stop-nation on her route a festival of festivals took her to the city of Jerash the amazingly intact, world's awe Roman Amphitheater offered to the first night of poems a fairy-tale-like home poets from across the globe joined in the shared breathing of the magically fresh air for the furthering of their inspiration

a gloriously triumphant, one-of-a-kind celebration took place this timeless art surpassed any and all potential limitation of space

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it gracefully accompanied the mesmerizing dance steps of the old a breathtakingly melodic language introduced the many verses in a soothingly gentle, sweetest and an intoxicating embrace a rarest form of a jubilant friendship swayed in mid-air and dashed about, hand in hand, with mutual wonder patting the poets' ink into a forthright admiration

the same ignorant female

inhaled every precious hug in a child's utter awe throughout the following festival days and nights contemplating all along, how she could live without . . . Al-Karak was for some poets the last stop the regal beauty of the valleys and the mountains along the way to the Castle of histories, long passed astonished her out of her ignorance of the past the Domed Stable from the Ottoman Era graciously welcomed the visibly inspired souls more poems attained their momentarily-lasting fame as continuous readings met a vigorous applause her breath was taken away as unconditional love for the poetic art and for each with a passion to compose it filled the air in eager and plentiful abundance

there stood a preciously tender plate of a kind of affection she had never expected, or could have imagined to live before

under her hat as the former ignorant witness . . . she thus dove peacefully into love and divine acceptance

an honor-killing prey

in the hope-filled dreams for our children we were once one as we had eternally been living the privilege of a fertile womb for eons in its rightfully safe haven with a promise to an offspring

you however are no longer

i met you again in your tragedy

at the sight of the butchery of your yet-to blossom life and that of the treasured one inside you to love and to adore the internal pump on my left thus burnt its reddest at its core

the same decade though in a different space may have very well left intact your innocently loving youthful grace

i now mourn your brutally wasted precious being while i wish to have been a home-bound kin to you though we had for long lost each other's caring touch as we were put on foreign tract to relate only from afar i remain with the hope to have arrived somewhat on time to gather up my courage to opt to keep your final breath ajar





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

Sandia Pueblo Fiesta

The natives move to the beat of sacred drums. The rhythms embedded in DNA strands flowing for a thousand sunsets reach the feet of today.

Every bell, every feather, every fox tail symbolizes a piece of natural order of all things native from generation to generation.

They dance to remember, to pay homage, to pass tradition to the next generation of legs and feet stirring the high desert sand.

The chant in sync with the drumbeat enthralls the crowd of bystanders caught in the rapture of sound. It is an ancient universal call.

This Door

Heavy walnut is the composition. Strident marble pinches its way through cracks and crevices A stained yellow has turned away from innocence over millenium.

This door's story is intimate and it does not tell its secrets. Those marks, bruises and irregular shades of color tease the brainstems of two youthful lads standing before the door waiting for permission to enter. They pass the time in competition of who has the best imagination.

Genghis Khan laid his blade on this door. No, the California earthquake bounced it on the concrete. No, Jesus opened this door to enter the temple. No, the monsoons warped this door at the Maharaja's Palace. No, the slaves opened this door to greet guests in the antebelum south.

Suddenly the door opened wide. The Guru says, yes you lads were participants in the history of this door. You are very old souls. Enter with open hearts and minds. I will tell you stories tonight.

Winter is Coming

Fall is letting go of its golden lace and greets brown. Airstreams blow close to the ground. Brown leaves run in front of the wind.

The cottonwoods get naked and show off their character. It is a perennial fashion revue of trees with great curves.

Every tree has a branch flexing its muscles with eyepopping sexiness that captivates our sensors.

Each transition of seasons, we are given a show of nature's splendor as it dazzles us in winter's light.





Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

Aboriginal Belief

All along patiently we watched you take our land, forests and sky. We stayed peaceful and composed and dispossessed. We tolerated you rape our children and women all night long, all night long. We accepted the injustice in the name of your God, civility, benevolence and humility. We smoked peace pipes and offered our love to no avail. We kept dreaming and baking bread tiling the land and harvesting the crops. To forget our dreams we turned to alcohol to kill our hopes of beautiful dawn. Homeless we became in our own homes. We cry inside and do not laugh, though you may not believe. When will this all end we do not know but we welcome you may come and go. We share this vast bounty of ours and wish you well.

Who are you?

Shake my sleep Tugging my heart stings

Making me dream Calling my name Pulling me magnetic Electrifying my senses

Making me hum with joy Sigh with sorrow Light my darkness Disappear

You Can Too

I am in you and you are in me. I am here and there, both ever and never. You are now and eternity, continuity of a flow. I am a moon and you a dreamer. You complement me and I complete you. We are just two halves of ONE.

It's the beauty of our hearts, depth of our souls, kindness of actions, capacity to love, ability to forgive, and knack to appreciate, absorb, and express that make us human.

I sow seeds of dreams and wait for them to sprout but I am not the soil nor I am the water.

You too can grow what you want.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno



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

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Global Citizen's Initiatives Philippines: Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

Dreamcatcher

Weave the web let your bad dreams fade In a web-like scenario Fancied with yarns, beads, and feathers Inside the sacred hoop, Someone's calling To escape nightmares

Hang the catcher let the legends punch move in circles chime in the wind and fly in the wings of sweetdreams.

Native Voices

Across the regions Home of ruling families Under the earth-berm dwellings Walled with ritual contexts

Tribal drums, echoing horns Call for a flight Or fight for the oases A never fallen legacy Language of diversity.

Street Mumbles

I am anonymous considered preterit formsevery detail of cars, daily rates in hostels, 99-cents shampoo, Picco's thin crust pizza and homemade gelato while I pinned maps at Boston streets

I learned a little Irish song at a tea party sat a little while, juggled words of wisdom as if I knew the revolution in Worcester tried to wipe every brewed coffee drops from my Chelsea boots and leather jacket

I rested my back and stammered whisked the smokes I breathe from the other table, reminded me of a certain voice. I chuckled, there was another castle in the air in a pool of memories.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India .She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017.. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award ,the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018, and The LIfe time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De .She is the Ambassador of Literature Award 2018 Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups, the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.

Someone Hides Under The Ground

Someone hides under the ground May be the blood of our ancestors Their stoic silence hoots the glory The corn trees manifest the secret diary

Someone hides beyond the clouds May be a sensible thinker shines The eyes had to go through the tears To see the rainbows Rocks of Peru crush for new soil As everyday a new prayer traipses The hilly hamlet sings the hymn

Someone hides in the wood May be the moon sprints And texts are predefined To save the last breathe of nature

Magnitude - -

Ask a soldier the magnitude of the vow His wife's broken bangles will reply

Ask the waiter in the Restaurant The magnitude of poverty The scar on his cheek will reply

Ask the farmer in the field The magnitude of profit and loss His rotten tomatoes will reply

Ask the single mother The magnitude of solitude Sweating of her forehead will reply

Ask the paper note The magnitude of Price Index It will hop thousand hands with joy

Ask the life The magnitude of love The death will reply - - - -

Don't Ever ----

Don't ever talk so much Words will inscribe In the ether History will witness The depth. height and weight of your words do they carry empathy, blessings or pride ??

Don't ever talk so much On every street the bubble of your words Words are smokes Rising from the rice pots Or of the pyre

Don't ever talk so much Till now tears of maps on grim faces words are vapours or volcanoes pearls or papers or entwined waves words are trump cards of your logics or of your stump card !!!! Don't ever talk so much ------

• • • • • •





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 40 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

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Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com
We shall pray

Perhaps it is a fear That prevails, Within you, The uncertainty Of the unknown That gave cause for your dismissal Of we the people Of the land, The rivers, The mountains, The sky And that of all life

We are indigenous

You can not steal our history, But your lies, Your forked tongue Prevent a true 'knowing'

It did not stop you From the carnage You wreaked Upon our people And that of creation

Your greed to possess That which you never can Drove you westward Polluting the landscapes As you journeyed, And still

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There is not enough For you

We have been tolerant, We have embraced your young zeal, But your roots are not here, Yet you claim ALL As your own

You store curses upon yourselves In the darkened closets of your hearts And you dare speak of 'light'

Look about you 'settler' We are all brothers And sisters . . .

Until you realize This simple truth Suffering will walk with you Every step Of your way

When will you ever learn?

We shall pray for your awakening

Discovery

She brought out my magnificence As I attempted To bring hers about As well

We felt compelled To share this gift Of each other With the world

We journeyed We met many souls Who beheld us Where we are beholding . . . In our hearts

Yes, we love each other And our sisters and brothers As well

From land to land And back to our homestand We saw the sights, The lights . . . By day And by night

We were embraced By cultures discovered Uncovered By the lovers Of life

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Yes, there was strife But that did not stop The children From smiling . . . And adults as well

I can not begin to tell you About all That we discovered . . . uncovered

We were witnesses To the greater aspects Of what humanity is, Can be, And is becoming

And all of this Is . . . simply Because We danced In our hearts As we were enhanced As we strove To discover our Magnificence And your as well

Discovery

Can you hear it ? ...

The BIG GUYS Who ruled the world Did not even know That they existed . . . Nor did they care

So many of their family members, Friends and neighbors Have departed To other lands Or to heaven

The noise of the bombs And the hungry bellies Roared in a dis-harmonic un-symphonic way But not one of the BIG GUYS Could heard the music For they were marching To the beat of a soulless drum

Can you hear it ? ...

January 2019 Features



Houda Elfchtali Anthony 'Endurer' Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew



Houda Elfchtali



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Houda Elfchtali hails from Morocco

Teacher of English in Morocco

President of the section of Meknes of the league of Moroccan Writers

Delegate in Meknes of "100 thousand poets for change" of " Motivational Strips" and of " Afropoesie"

Literary Consultant in the Forum of Poetry in India

Author of " My words and Worlds" and " " Shades of my soul"

Vice president of association" 8 Mars de la peche no kill et de la preservation de la nature"

Vice president in in the association "Meknes Chorus"

Member singer alto in Meknes Chorus

Viennese Waltz A tribute to A.Mozart and A.Renoir

My heart is Full of Some Weirdest kinds of love ... It can thus .. Caress the word And tell its softness Smell the sound And sing its fragrance View the silence swim in its vibes And dream its colours Climb the skies Feel their heights And dance With its orbits Approach the stars Touch their texture And poetise Their glitter Hug the trees And bless the earth For their greens Melt with rivers And slightly flow Like tiny waves in their beds Gaze at the sun grasp its rays And kiss their ligh Venerate the rain

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And make an orchestra Where my soul is maestro And where the Universe Plays Mozart And talently dances Viennese Waltzes

I Am That One ..

I am that walker ... That would step in the sand And leave prints on it Of my history And of all the shapes That life painted On the surface Of my being I am that talker ... That would opt For silence To tell the story That paints the cores Of humanity And seek for distant shores To send messages That would be received With wisdom and love And with the truest Sensations I am that dreamer .. That would close my eyes To seek the plain truth That my unconsciousness Might reveal And then open them And still keep dreaming Of sunny winters Snowy summers And lost springs

I am that lover That would talk to your eyes Listen to the music Of your unheard strings And feel the warmth Of your skin From the tender vibes Of your uncommon voice I m that singer That the mermaids envy In the deepest waters Where the tiniest creatures Sing and dance To the bluest ocean s Water made sounds

The Thinker A tribute to Franz Kafka and Virginia Woolf

.. And you keep thinking And thinking it over Analysing the whos and whys Questionning The crucial evidence ..You keep wondering Why and what .. And it grows .. High in your mind It crawls through you .. Like a snake in the desert It crosses ... your tiniest veins And gets to your heart .. It shapes the core ... Of your conception It grasps the fragments .. Of your perception Torments your soul .. Tears it apart And it s exhausting It makes you run in your place And Fly into the depths Of your destiny .. It makes you sink In oceans of the self .. And dive.. In streams

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Of your consciousness Like in "Virginia Woolf" s art Confusion it is Everywhere in you Even in the air You breathe ... In your hair.. You can feel it act And under your skin It reacts .. And then You realize That deep inside You are not you You are thought and chaos .. You are floods, seisms A tsunami of words That hit and knock Into your brain Making it restless Captured inside And capturing you Not allowing the least of you To come to peace

Athony 'Endurer' Briscoe



Anthony Briscoe is a spoken word/hip hop artist from Chicago. He has a style of poetry and music that infuses a plethora of life experiences to reach the young people in the City of Chicago. He is a veteran of the United States Armed Forces, an ordained minister, and sits on the Board of the Brazier Veteran's Resource Center.

He is a motivational speaker and has addressed youth in small and large group settings throughout the Chicagoland area. His passion and creative methods of urging youth to rise above their circumstances and champion success is also felt in his work as a technologist. He is a published devotional writer for the Apostolic Church of God and his poetry is featured in the award winning spoken word group People of Extraordinary Talent. He has spoken publicly for corporations like the Jack & Jill Foundation, Chicago Public Schools, CHAMPS Male Mentoring Program, Boeing International and the Noble Network of Charter Schools. This Chicago native also released his debut hip hop album, My Journey, in September of 2018.

Somber

He is awake, paralyzed by stagnation Wanting to wake up and live his dream But it's not visible, tangible, no manifestation Life, just dreary and slowly crawling

It's late, pouring hours into a job that has left him lifeless Barren, friendless, visionless, hopeless He sees the reflection in the mirror, and it is not his It's a former life, of great faith and trust in the Lord

He smiles for a moment and thinks of a guy he once knew A dreamer, hopeful, youthful, ready to take on the world He misses that man and wishes he would once again visit with him

Tell him that he still believes he can dream, hope, trust, build

Scantily rhythms run syncopated over hollow shadows Cracked surfaces pray for a little bit of rain so they can feel healed

Breathe, sing, before the sun scorches away that drop of sweetness

Leaving them dry, corroded, shattered, frozen

For a minute, he envisions being in that special place His passion, his calling, his life, his lung

But it's late and before he finds rest, the alarm clock sounds Five years in, dreams forgotten, hope deferred has made his heart sick

He celebrates that life of joy his friends have that have taken that leap of faith

A report is due, he punches the clock, drinks the coffee of routine

Eats at the table of hesitation, and sees an RSS feed of his favorite Poet....that could have been me.....

The Toils of War

My body came back whole But my mind came back cold Like the steel in my hand massaging triggers At unseen enemies moving through Vietcong jungles Trip wires under my feet, ringing ears flat on my back Unable to move, America this is not your war But I'm here and I want to go back home to my family At home high school over, college bound, mom crying with a letter in hand You've been drafted, dreams shattered Fear gripping my throat wondering if I'll see her again These trees move fast, impossible to chase these ghosts That dance with angels after blowing themselves up But my fallen brothers dance, lying in paths of blood Lining the Ho Chi Man Trail No niggas, no crackers, no wetbacks, no spics, no wasp It took the death of a unit to find out the only color we hand it common was red With vengeance and anger and rage and pain we swoop down Like silent hornets on a village of women washing clothes and kids playing They never knew what hit them and we never knew what possessed us Deafened by the screams of a foreign language No doubt from the violent rupturing of her vagina Or, maybe from watching her child's neck being snapped like a twig The aroma of death is merciless and I wreak Vengeance is not a dish best served cold but one left to the gods

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Smoke burns for hours and we all stand there Unphased because satan has made us callous No more screams, the trees have stopped moving We stare at 37 bodies whose death did not bring back our brothers Realizing that they bleed like we do 64 years old, I stare at this wall of history and all the lives lost But it's missing 37 names Whose voices haunt me daily Whose faces cry me to sleep They too were red

Trafficked

Memories, like the corners of her mine

When she was 6 years old she had a dream Being tickled awake, hidden under her bedroom sheets, and a voice that melted her heart, screamed, "Wake up Baby Girl Wake up" And she would scream out in laughter "Dad stop, I'm up, stop, I'm up" and they would say morning prayers together Open her bedroom curtains On the days it was raining they would race with raindrops on windows pane And on the days it was bright they would blow kisses to the sun And let its rays grace their face with sheer warmth, they were close Could it be that it was all so simple then? Is it but a dream or could it be reality?

Memories, like the corners of his mind

When he was 49 he dreamed of her graduation Walking across the stage in flats because she hated hills Beauty and as charming as her mother, she made him proud Made him feel like a Father and for all the mistakes he made He watched her walk with grace and elegance and thought to himself, I got something right I did one thing good, I raised a history maker But he knew even in his dream, she saved him more than he could ever save her His earthly angel becoming a woman *Has time rewritten every line?* If we only had a chance to do it all again.

Memories, like the corners of their mind

Stomach queasy, 20 years on the force and his heart is broken An 18 hour shift comes to an end, 8 AM he walks into the house He falls in his wife's arms and cries She was in tears long before he came home when she saw him on the 6 o'clock news 16 year old girl missing 2 months body found mutilated, unrecognizable. Their baby, their angel, fruit of her womb, jewel of his loins Strayed once to a party with a friend she met on snapchat and it was her last She made the news and history at the same time

Misty watered shattered memories of the way they were

For almost 20 years married men, took fellas only trips to Brazil while their wives turned their heads Silence is as complicit as intention Not to mention these girls and women they were going to see where under the worse conditions See what would happen if men started looking at all young girls as their daughters and not a prize What if men starting seeing hearts and not thighs Oh how we have turned on those who gave us life With the promise of money or the threat of a knife

96% of women and girls exploited across the planet and we give them iPhone
2 Million children underage with social media accounts and we give them the internet
Young girl molested in a video shopped around on Facebook and all were enraged
But Facebook protest are as useless as twits who tweet

The Year of the Poet VI ~ January 2019

You're trying to see who like your post Probably just a many of our daughters that went missing worldwide this week

Social media has become the new window to the world And online BFF's has become the death and kidnapping of girls ROBLOX and Minecraft chats rooms Seducing our children into taking pictures of themselves It's a dangerous ground when they get value from someone else While politicians who passed laws, in the dark corners of the web Log into their accounts because private servers tell no secrets

We are at war, militaries take countries We just want them to take our daughters away from suffering and bring them home Parents, trust but verify Pastor's Extend Rabbi's Mobilize Imam's Collaborate Citizens, be humane

Sex trafficking, \$99 billion dollar a year business this is a worldwide situation

2 million children exploited every year in the sex trade, someone tell me the state of our United Nation

Do something!

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'



I am Iram Fatima 'Ashi'. I am nonresident Indian staying in Saudi Arabia. I have lived in different places and explored different people and their cultures. I am connected with my own country by soul and miss that.

Travelling has been an important part of my life. I have always felt as though borders are just the constructs of our feeble intellects, we have to look beyond them, only then will our hearts be free. *After spending so many years in different cultures and places, my quest is far from over. I have accepted whole world as my own and have a deep desire to be buried wherever I die.*

I like reading, writing, painting, listening to music and observing nature. I take inspiration from real life, nature and anything which touches me. I am part of 44 books and winner of 3 awards from Aagman for my literary contribution, I am a poetess, writer, painter and overall an artist by heart.

Happy Reading... Love Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Desired Dream

Start the story from where we had left, build a bridge from past to present,

Lying together, holding hands, listening songs of each other's choice,

Getting cozy and showering kisses as we never had before, Is this the deep desired dream, that I lived with you in my real life?

A hunger of love was there, the longing thirst was over powering,

A wish for togetherness was hunting our inner loving being,

You and me were alone since centuries, lived life in moments,

Is this the deep desired dream, that I lived with you in my real life?

A joy that transferred soul to soul through worldly bodies, A touch of each other that filled with gratification for two individuals,

Left an entire universe behind while peeking into each other's eyes,

Is this the deep desired dream, that I lived with you in my real life?

We accepted all our differences, the cracks of past which was between us,

You poured your affection and cured the deep scars of my body and soul,

You gave life to my living body and reason to be happy till last,

Is this the deep desired dream, that I lived with you in my real life?

I Choose You

Everyone's desires don't get fulfilled, Your wants are sometimes, beyond your skill, You don't do things according to your will, But I choose you, out of odds for me...

In the journey, people come and go with time, There are always the Rocky Mountains to climb, Life is not a poem with perfect rhyme, But I choose you, out of odds for me...

We were opposite and disagreed with each other, Strangers for each and unacceptable rather, Nature secretly arranged our gather, But I choose you, out of odds for me...

A strange sentiment was felt by both, We went through an emotional growth, Now it's time for promises and oath, But I choose you, out of odds for me...

Now you become confused, And it's time to separate and lose, I moved by making you my muse, And I choose you, out of odds for me.

Beginning

The first cry after birth, a beginning towards life, The first fall after crawl, you stand up and walk, A push from behind, to make you run fast, Is the sign of beginning and inspiration to move on.

A betrayal from loved one, a realization of relationships, An enemy who hurts, a support of loving friends, A failure of hard work, an added craving for lost goal, Is the sign of beginning and inspiration to move on.

Set your aim of life and rush to get your purpose, Life is not an achievement it is a learning process, A journey that makes you travel and takes you for a toss, Is the sign of beginning and inspiration to move on.

Dr. K. K. Mathew


Dr.K.K.Mathew is a reputed physician and medical scientist of international repute. He has done many innovations in medical science and some are the first of its kind. He is reputed poet and novelist. He has written nine collection of poems.

Tone of Love

The love immortal decays today like hard mass, delicate filamentous one turns rough solidness the love now cannot fly, it stays on earth as it is like the heavy material that bears gravity, if thrown up comes down as it carries mass, the one without body doesn't come down if thrown up as it is very delicate filamentous fused with the soul that too doesn't bear any weight, both fly to the horizon of tranquility and to the infinity while the one with gravity, the materialistic, stays on land, decays and even putrefies and dissolve in soil; the delicate fused one lives ever, flies to infinity.

Eternal Peace

The one, man aspires for, the world craves for, the one before you like a mirage, the moment you reach it, it escapes by a whisker, the greatest gift by God was spoiled by the misdeed of man. the world is turbulent, highly inflammable, might explode any moment, peace is miles and miles away, it is a dream only; it cannot be bought by money as it comes spontaneously in the mind. when God enters heart, the passion all vanish, a new dawn begins, a heart without excessive passion for the world and worldly, as God wipes out all dirt, washes heart with divinity, heart becomes pure and holy and it is filled with eternal peace.

The Beauty of Beauty

What is it, beauty of beauty, is it the beauty extreme how is it, how to identify it, is it detected with naked eyes, is there any limit to it; it is something beyond, the words cannot describe it, it cannot be detected with the external senses, the whole concept of beauty changed when the actual perception comes, the interior beauty is grasped with the opened internal sense. it much more accentuated and magnified, that the external senses cannot grasp it, the perception of divinity with the opened internal sense, it is the beauty with extreme purity which the naked eyes cannot detect.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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The Poetry Posse ~ 2019



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Iram Fatima 'Ashi'



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