The Year of the Poet VII

January 2020

Featured Poets

B S Tyagi * Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana Andy Scott * Anwer Ghani

1901 Jean Henry Dunant and Frédéric Passy





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

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Dogt VII

January 2020

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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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 Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VII January 2020 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

This is our collective poetry posse's seventh year publishing *The Year of The Poet* with a book a month from Inner Child Press. It has been our great privilege to share much beauty and soothe pain with words of insight and laughter, words that rhythm and dance across the page, bouncing off into the reader's heart.

Cach year we contemplate a theme, delving into ideas, finding words to describe feelings, conflicts, relationships and growth. This year may our vision be 20-20 as we contemplate the words and ideas of Nobel Peace Prize winners. And may we share our understanding of the world and how-to live-in peace with each other in a way that goes deep and touches what is real, raw, powerful and magnificent.

There are as many ways to win a Nobel Peace Prize as there are ways to find peace in this world. In January, we celebrate the 1901 prize shared by two Europeans: Jean Henry Dunant (Swiss) and Frédéric Passy (French). Dunant found peace in compassion for the wounded of all nations on all sides of each war. He founded the Red Cross. Passy felt that peace is found in economic justice and free

trade. He was dubbed the "dean" of the international peace movement.

A shout out to Martin Luther King, Jr. who would have been 91 this month and won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964 for his non-violent opposition to discrimination.

This year of poetry is an opportunity to think about what we have learned from world history and our own personal experiences of peace, compassion, security and justice. It is an opportunity to contemplate how we respond to conflict, injustice and violence, how it changes us and how we grow in the aftermath of life's challenges.

May we all find peace in poetry and in the day to day of life in 2020 wherever in the world we find ourselves. Happy New Year.

Kimberly Burnham Spokane, Washington

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited and feel accomplished as we enter our seventh year of publishing what I and many others deem to be a worthy enterprise, *The Year of the Poet*.

This past year we have aligned our vision with that of Nober Peace Prize Recipients. We have title this year's theme. The Year of Peace! Hopefully thorugh our sharing each month, our poetry can have a profound effect on our global consciousness and the need for peace while educating ourselves and our readership about some of the individuals who have made history through their efforts to promulgate peace for all of humanity.. We are on our way to hitting yet another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated.

To reiterate, 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 poets, 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 audience.

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 Cultures. This coming year we have elected to continue our focus of choosing what we consider a significant subject . . . PEACE! In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse about such celebrated members Ambassadors, but we have included a few words about each individual in our prologue. 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

DS

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

World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

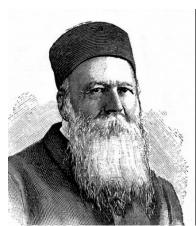
Jean Henry Dunant & Frédéric Passy



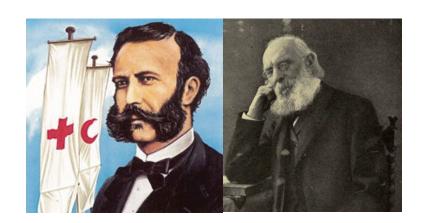
Each month for the year of 2020, which we have deemed as *The Year of Peace*, we at Inner Child Press International will be celebrating through our poetry a few Nobel Peace Prize Recipients who have contributed greatly to humanity via their particular avocations. This month you will find select poems from each Poetry Posse member on this month's celebrants. In 1901, the award was jointly given to French pacifist Frédéric Passy, founder of the Peace League and Dunant, founder of the Red Cross.

For more information about visit:

www.nobelpeaceprize.org/Prizewinners/Prizewinner-documentation/Jean-Henry-Dunant-Frederic-Passy











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







Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

A Red Cross

Peace

Bears not

The passing

Of pigment borne

Under any flag

And yet we all shall live

In disgraceful prejudice

When called to serve one another

On battlefields real and imagined

In which our lives cannot help but cross

Double Ought Chambers

Is peace solved in halls or wars

Indoors or out

In hearts or on skin

There is no solution for peace

We cannot simply

Talk ourselves into peace

Or subdue ourselves into peace

We cannot make others into peace

We have to be peace

Diamante

Peace

Relieved, splendid

Wanting, loving, needing

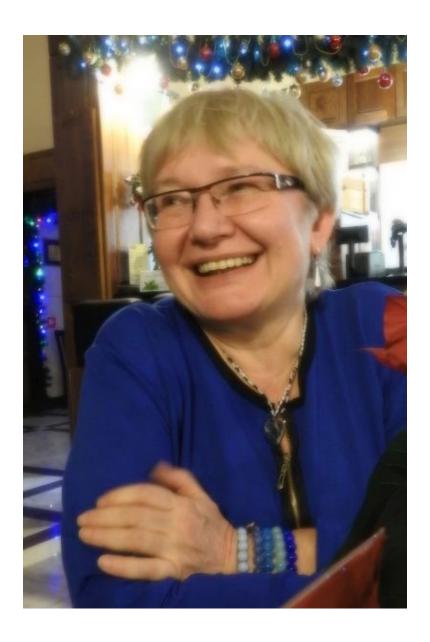
We have always tried

Failing, solving, making,

Thoughtless, obnoxious

Failures

Alicja Maria Kubzrska



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.

We are all brothers

Suffering and death have no nationality. Empathy does not allow indifference. Jean Henry Dunant saw suffering brothers in the wounded soldiers of the enemy army.

The enormity of misfortune crushed hostility. The church in nearby Castiglione took in the dying and mutilated. The words 'tutti fratelli' were said there and blood soaking on the bandage made the sign of the cross

The book "Remembrance of Solferino" like the sound of a great bell woke up the dormant consciences. Belief in humanity returned and it called to the battlefields hosts of white angels. They brought hope for survival

The man rich in spirit started to live in the shelter for the poor. Many beautiful ideas were struck down and poverty together with oblivion wrote a grim script

The journalist's voice moved hearts. Ashamed Europe admitted the first Nobel Peace Prize.

Little girl

Until yesterday she believed in fairy tales. Elves were hidden among the rose bushes And she looked for a good fairy Ensconced in the thicket of the flowering trees.

In that world
She painted a rainbow on soap bubbles
And she thought that good always wins over evil.

Don't cry stupid.

He is a rich man and you won't have a bad time - mother hissed in her ear like the snake in paradise.

She was afraid of this old man with a sticky look, Who spun threads like a huge spider To trap her in a cocoon of his big fingers.

At night, a desperate scream shattered the silence. The white dress transformed into blood-red. An orphaned teddy- bear cried in her family home.

My India

I loved India unconditionally with all its pros and cons like mother her baby

I miss and I come back in my dreams to the land of maharajas, which is decked like a peacock in rich sari and buzzing bracelets.

I long also for the poor houses of Old Delhi where the poverty sleeps on the doorsteps.

I will remember the rickshaw speaking with a British accent, Jaipur sparkling with gems, silks shining on stalls, Taj Mahal similar to a tear enchanted in white marble and to despair carved in stone.

A thin trail of smoke rising from incense and writhing like a cobra, a little garam masala in rice taste of cardamom in my cup of tea shawl thrown over my shoulders is all I need to bring my memories back to life

Only there a man can see man's symbiosis with nature, harmony emerging from chaos, interpenetration of death and life

in the eternal cycle of reincarnation, the cradle of languages and ancient culture immortalized in Sanskrit and the Vedas.

My India will stay in me.
I absorbed it with all my senses,
it blended into my heart and mind.
It is like an insect inside the Baltic amber and like a ticket to my dreams.

Jackiz Pavis 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.

in 2019, No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of InnerChild Press, ltd.

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

1901 The First Nobel Prize Winners: Jean Henry Dunant and Frederic Passy

Dunant recorded his impressions, wove together the threads of his experiences, searching for a way, the means to care for wounded soldiers.

A Memory of Solferino, his book, the result, became the inspiration for creation, in 1863 for the International Committee of the Red Cross.

Initiated or not, it, in 1864 his book became the inspiration for the Geneva Convention, an organization to care for wounded soldiers of the Civil War.

Certainly, Jean Henry Dunant, a Swiss man, was not aware nor even thinking, that in 1901 he'd be awarded the first ever Nobel Peace Prize.

And neither would Frederick Passy, a Frenchman. He was to share the first ever Nobel Peace Prize with Henry Dunant, for his work in the peace movement.

Passy, like Dunant, was a fervent activist for peace; Passy being recognized as both author and politician. And as the "dean of European peace activists".

Selfless, working for peace, neither man sought fame nor acclaim for their efforts, and yet, highly deserving, they received the first ever Nobel Peace Prize. We thank you.

Starting Over

Cold and brown lies the earth beneath a coat of snow and yet the scene emerges as a thing of beauty.

On stark and peeling branches a red cardinal sweetly sings its song.

Mistakes and should-have's haunt and rattle my repose; long is the list of regrettable acts that blight and stain my soul.

Unmasked, I offer a sincere apology to each and everyone I've wronged.

A chance at renewal greets me like a blast of cold wind; I pray for forgiveness and am awakened, ready to begin again.

From this day forward, with God's help, may I begin to sing new and better songs.

a million stars in the sky

the salty breeze kissed the night with the gentle art of passion's melody and with hearts rising and sighing

it was as if one was looking back on love's reflective shore the dawn coming ever nearer to the sandy beach

the saltwater tides were rising and falling, the crashing waves, too, in syncopation with the lovers

their songs mimicked the wind's wild cry while caressing midst the sea-foam's froth kissed mist in passion's blissful estate, they bathed thinking of little else other than intimacy's gift as love guided their innocent wistful wishes

they thought then they think now, that they were witnessing [5] a million stars waking up the sky

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in 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 a professor at 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 is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text and a columnist for 'Chinese Language Monthly' in Taiwan

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.

"The Should Not" As The Centuries Moving Silently

Like other "isms"
Lofty goals
Hide deep contradictions
There is not one humanitarianism, but several
Dominated Face
Save and protect lives when disaster strikes
The blindness is a telling indicator of its strong
isomorphism
'you' can join 'us' on our terms
But don't expect any consideration.
If you don't

In addition to being An ideology, a movement, a profession And

A compassionate endeavor In which actors compete for market share Humanitarian action also expanded accordion-style into new territories

The northern/western tip of the iceberg
The first line of defense for the most vulnerable
A banner that is used to justify a multitude of interventions
Two "souls" in the humanitarian

One focusing on the universal values of compassion and charity

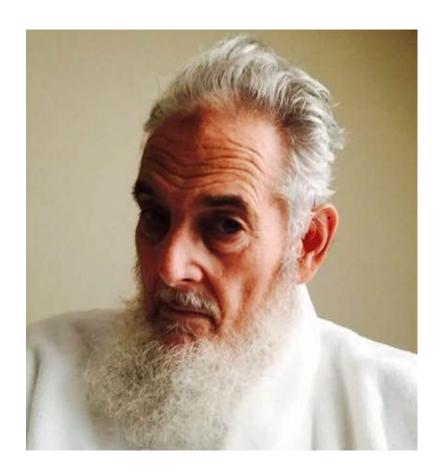
One focusing on change and transformation of society A form of containment in the last 20 years Is nothing new

Have crossed the threshold of power and shall return to this later

Predictions are always dangerous Especially about the future

When humanitarian action has drifted away from its principled moorings
We would need much bigger ears, smaller mouths
It seems the end of a myth

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

Peace..,

was their objective dedicated their lives in pursuit of Federic Passy, Henry Dunant both Europeans Passy French **Dunant Swiss** Passy, economist, pacifist Dunant, humanitarian, social activist Passy founded many peace organizations in Europe worked tirelessly to establish peace in Europe believed dialog, education in social sciences to dispel ignorance, fear that stoked flames of war in Europe and beyond this was a precursor that later lead to League of Nations, then United Nations Dunant developed medical provisions for the wounded in battle helped organize the first Geneva convention to enhance aid and rights of wounded warriors these efforts laid the

groundwork to him cofounding the Red Cross both shared the first nobel peace prize in 1901

food4thought = education

so they..,

don't stop running jibs but substance not there to give it's more of the same lame BS with different names, topics usually vary not lately though but the theme remains the same maintain status quo that be the stations cash flo and the same for those who pose for the cameras and the public image dem project but substance dem forget not in their agenda ever not a speck to be found that in any respect remotely resembles profound real progress in quality of life vis-a-vis community, solidarity, humans in harmony real healthy society just more of the samo, same bull\$#!+ variety meanwhile folks seem to grin and bear with a smile as the nation gets in position to join history's pile of former empires

who had their day in the sun but now their gone, forgotten, done they all waved their flags but now dem nothing but rags to wipe that a\$\$ glory belongs only to the one who created you caution all nations praise the creator not the creation put your flags down raise up your hands

food4thought = education

dribble..,

drips from cracked lips dem trip over obvious fibs constantly flip the script in fact dem not fibs why? dem lies, straight up lies every time dem move lips what comes out? nothing but straight up lies so dem tomb say " here lay the liar " destined to the fire detested honesty, ridiculed morality mistook criminality for bravery thought truthfulness crazy in his grave dreads the day called judgement when all the lies will be brought in front of us exposed impose penalty under authority of all mighty no where to fly away and hide on that day only truth will abide

food4thought = education

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. Kim's poetry weaves through 70 volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, A Woman's Place in the Dictionary, Tiferet Journal, Human/Kind Journal and more.

https://www.nervewhisperer.solutions/ https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham/

Jean Henry Dunant

A small book
a memory of solferino
an unknown man his ideas destine for greatness
describes the battle itself
the battlefield after the bloody fight
the chaotic disorder
sharing unspeakable despair
and the story of the efforts
to care for the wounded
result in a plan

Nations of the world provide care for wartime wounded train volunteers to nurse all equally this side and that Henry Dunant founding the Red Cross nudging twelve nations to sign the Geneva Convention under a red cross on a field of white for which the Swiss Dunant shared in the 1901 Nobel Peace Prize

Aftermath

Some achieve greatness in the aftermath when the war divorce election is done decided settled

Like Jean Henry Dunant founding the Red Cross in the aftermath of the battle of Solferino winning the 1901 Nobel Peace Prize remembered long after the battle forgotten forged in blood and chaos emerging under a red cross on a protective white field

Surrounded by peace in the languages of his native Switzerland frieden friede fréda fridde fridn sholem paix paz pas patz pace paas péx pasch and kotor

Peace and Free Trade

Frédéric Passy dubbed the "dean" of the international peace movement saw free trade as a pathway to peace over 200 years ago before the conflict between a united Sweden and Norway peaked before World War I and World War II before the current trade wars bringing the question what have we learned? in 200 years about fairness compassion and creating peace out of goods

Clizabeth Castillo



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a 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

Google Plus

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

A Memory of Solferino

Jean Henry Dunant, a witness of a raging battle, Soldiers taking the lives of their own Maiming and wounding each other, With all these sufferings he must make a stand And out of his golden heart aided the sick and wounded.

A Memory of Solferino-Depicting a labyrinth of lost souls The wounded with their woes and pleas, Echoing the vastness of the hospital hallways Where the deepest known sadness dwells.

Dunant, the Founder of the Red Cross,
Advocated for the protection and humane treatment of the
ill
His life being committed to the aid of ailing people,
Was duly recognized, a much-deserved Noble Peace Prize.

Indigo Child

i am not of this world i came from an abysmal chaosbut from this beautiful chaos, Desiderata was borna child of the Universe, precious and golden
a lovely old soul beyond time and spaceoften misunderstood by mediocre mindsbut applauded by great free thinkers i long for a world enveloped in serenityinhabited by empaths with great sensitivity
a loner I may be but this is who I ambut i've got this deep connection with things around me
an indigo girl at birthmy temporary sanctuary is the Earth
lone wolves gather at my feetfor i am their Goddess in human form.

Peace is Possible

We dream of a world enveloped in peace Where people from all walks of life live In dire harmony, love, and understanding, A world where war does not even exist A place of serenity, noble lives shared.

Peace is possible if we only take action Let go of selfish ego and have the will to be selfless Be like a child once more, full of hope and promises And spread only love for all mankind Wherever we may roam on earth.

The dove of peace with its immaculate white feathers Can be seen hovering over the beauteous skies above The promise of tomorrow, full of wonders and triumph As we defeat all hindrances to attaining authentic peace Peace which is longed for by hearts so pure Awaiting of the dawning of a new frontier.

Jog Pairg



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Peace Rise

There is nothing so noble as to want peace for a nation You don't even have to live there just care about creation Two men on the street fighting do we stop and watch or do we stop and stop the warring nations Jean Henry Dunant thought so and laid it out in a summation,

we now have the Red Cross and the Geneva convention intervention of the peaceful kind in unpeaceful times The first of two men to share the noble peace prize

There is nothing so noble as to want peace for a nation You don't even have to live there just care about creation Have you ever gone next door to borrow a cup of sugar Would you if tariffs were in the way Frederic Passy had a little something to say The Inter-Parliamentary Union, the French Peace Society There were still politicians who cared back in the day Peace achieved by two men through different channels Neither of them were sought honor to place on mantels It was the right thing to do, it was the nice thing to do in 1901 the Noble Peace Prize honored two.

A Good Day For Trade

Farmers and manufacturers stand up and cheer Foreign trade is a known road to peace Peace is the place we struggle to be at A feast at the table with a whole lot left I have two but only need one Do I hoard it or export it let me ponder this some My friend across the pond has the same situation He has two but only needs one time for negotiations Safe passage for our packages no tariffs to rattle this Oh it's a great day for trade, and free trade equals peace A Noble Peace Prize was awarded for such just a deed We can achieve peace through many means By any means may be necessary but contrary to war I believe in what I'm here for, Peace Through Poetry I know it's we the people, I'm just one seedling Planted in this ground to be a sequel of ever-growing PEACE.

Simply Out Of Love

It's snowing on an open road no lights and a tire blows No flares no spare, who's out there a total stranger pulls up in a bucket of rust He found a tire amongst his rubble So many people drove by just living in their bubbles He stopped out of love for a fellow man in trouble Voice of the voiceless is the poet choice of the soul you have to look above man We love man, we teach we feed, we preach we seed We live and breathe to help each other Everyone's a child everyone's a mother Even those who live alone find love in their cover I wrote a love poem out of misery I wrote a mystery out of love There's a constant common denominator I'm always thinking of what is it that I do simply out of love?

hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts 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 an excess of eighty-five anthologies of global endeavors and has been presented at numerous national and international poetry events. In 2018, the Writer's International Network of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary award. As of 2017, two of her poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* – a U.S.-wide poetic art exhibition. 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.

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Money and a Famed Name

He is said to have lived a life of contrasts from the year of 1828 to that of 1910. A wealthy family, A thriving business, A Nobel Peace Prize . . .

None mattered even before death came. For John Henry Dunant, that is.

We all die alone. Whether surrounded by family or friends, to our final journey, we do go solo.

His was a faith of dying alone, being carried to the grave "like a dog". Though per his wish . . .

Contradictions to common convictions?

Not one penny spent from all that which to others was what his 1901-recognition meant . . . His passionate commitment to humanitarianism left behind a meaningful gift, a "free bed".

Only the hospital where his treatment took place was to benefit . . .

Contradictions to common convictions?

What, in his reality, was John Henry Dunant about? We will never know. Whoever conceived his life to look like on ink, had the last word, after all.

Honored

A phone call? A knock on the door? A fancy letter in the mail?

What difference does it make when the world's most prestigious peace prize appears at your doorstep one day?

Why would it ever matter if it does not?

peace-HAIKU

not only for self

humanity needs it most

i feel, at what cost?

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



Teresa E. Gallion was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to Illinois at the age of 15. She completed her undergraduate training at the University of Illinois Chicago and received her master's degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She retired from New Mexico state government in 2012.

She moved to New Mexico in 1987. While writing sporadically for many years, in 1998 she started reading her work in the local Albuquerque poetry community. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, bookstores, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and the State of Oklahoma's Poetry Festival in Cheyenne, Oklahoma in 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and anthologies. She has two CDs: On the Wings of the Wind and Poems from Chasing Light. She has published three books: Walking Sacred Ground, Contemplation in the High Desert and Chasing Light.

Chasing Light was a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at

http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

Apostle of Peace

Frederic Passy one of the first to receive the Nobel Peace Prize earned the nickname, Apostle of Peace.

He was dedicated to the premise that free trade between independent nations promoted peace.

He founded the first French Peace Society. An avid believer that peace through arbitration and international co-operation is possible.

Passy was an activist for peace throughout his life. After his death, his agenda for peace was remembered.

First Day

Birth of the new day touches gently and the wind gives a soft kiss. Daybreak's brightness sparkles in sleepy eyes.

Riding the morning chill is a sacred experience. Shivers of love roll up the spine.

This day is open to carve memories. It is a blessing to participate in new beginnings.

There is no better way to embrace the landscape of a new year then to kneel to the universe as the first morning slides into my soul.

Drizzle

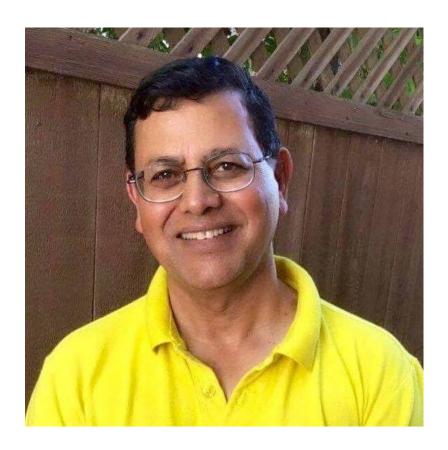
Nature gives the sand a wet kiss. A fine mist sprays the desert with the moisture of love's rain feeding the prolonged drought.

Arroyos flood the terrain, leave mud pies of entertaining shapes to tease the senses. Rocks change positions.

Soft spots sink in the sand as sunlight exposes itself. An explosion of light massages waves in the landscape.

Happy boots trek in solitude heavy with fresh mud. Light minds reflect on the splendor that captures the day.

Ashok K. Bhargava



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.

A New Dawn

It's first the intentional conflict then war and thereafter the fear of losing and dying.

In the battlefield there are only wounded who blend, blur and bleed into unknown blood drops dripping through their eyes turning mortality into a shadow and the shadow into something else.

Every few minutes at the threshold of death some survivors gasp for air then drift back down to the oblivion without fully waking.

Their eyes sense but can't see a friend from a foe until they breathe the last breath.

*This poem is inspired by Jean Henry Dunant's book "A Memory of Solferino" (1862) which lead to the creation of a neutral organization to care for the wounded soldiers called International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) in 1863.

Where has Humanity Gone

we are the spirits of the long lost humanity

> a promise of a new dawn surrounded by the darkness of the lethal wars

peace
in its entirety
is anticipation of light
and yet

there is no hope
for the agony
we endure
in every malicious moment

because
everything presumed empty
is really overflowing
with fullness

and every
fullness is empty
in its core

^{*} This poem is inspired by a show staged in 2010 by a Japanese all-female musical theater troupe based in Takarazuka city, on Jean Dunant's time in Solferino and the founding of the Red Cross, titled Where has Humanity Gone?

Resilience

The crowds flock to the shrines

like bees to the flowers

for the nectar.

And they remain oblivious

to the joys and despairs of

other dreamers.

I look for something

but what I seek

no longer exist here.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, World Poetry Canada International Director to Philippines is known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, speaker, linguist, 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 7 th Prize Winner in the 19 th and 20 th Italian Award of Literary Festival; 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). 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:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

Homage to the Nobel Peace Laureates (Jean Henry Dunant and Frederick Passy)

You belong to the Legion of Honor Noble twin towers of peace In every nation you stood for,

Dunant, the humanist,
Etched a glorious soul
Amidst economic struggles
You've embroidered a trademark of flame
You are the voice of the wounded
As you are the true Epic of the Red Crescent!

Passy, the pacifist
The 'Apostle of Peace'
The chamber of your heart
Beats with a regal passion,
O' dean of the radiant peace
Nations accord, in the ideals
Of a monumental freedom.

Your names' emblem A fulfilled a million dreams and visions.

The Dreamer's Note

Feel and seal the flow of your heart
Beaming lights in the horizon's pounding sound
Silence breaks in one's sleepless nights
Will there be new tomorrow's summer sand?

Midnight struck the Hades's gates Zeus promulgates his creed againsts the fools Hours of reading palms and false intentions Lost in the dark, took its flight for the Zions.

There's glory for the life gained in pain Serenity and truth in you of yous Reality speaks when someone's love prevails For the faith that heals, for blind's new brailles.

Anchor thy dreams to living seed of deeds Pouring kindness in sharing gifts of weeds True fate is in our own hands praying wand Live to the fullest of best dreamer's stand.

Stygian Mills

I search for you
In the shadows, between the windows;
When the moonlit strikes right to my room
The mystical architecture that I long for,
Ablaze with the revolt of palm trees
Rustling through the beachfront,
Cinematically, I see the difference,
Your sheer dominance in my mind,
And I know it'll be my lifelong paramour.

Oh, that dream is beauty.

I search for you
In the distances, between the calendars
For I know when you're not here with me;
It'll be light years to finger-count,
A must see different story
I have written for today's musing,
It's all about you in galactic scale;
But my heart resists, to weigh you
'Cause you're all that matters,

To me, evermore.

I search for you 'til the dust runs out,
'til no morsels of pain I could feel,
'til all the wildcards to stay here with all your memories,
will leave me breathless.
'til our shadows conspire again,
In the new Space that we'll conceive once more.

Destiny gave me you, and me to you.

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 six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. 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 Prolific Poetess Award, The Life time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award. She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society LLSF. Her one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 50 languages. She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and south Asia of Inner Child Press U.S.

The Mystic Mariner

The mystic mariner
With the vivacious smile
In the musical journey
Of his own cogent orbit

The mystic mariner A spiral odyssey Of the Ragas and Rasas In the cat walk of the cosmic ramp

The mystic mariner
The catalogues of virgin eyes
Yet demonstrating peace
Peace decoding love
Love drifting oceans of empathy

Are you the musical seven notes, reflected in the nature? Or the interludes of the baptised plasma?

The mystic mariner
His destination is a journey
With his astute aura
Entwining rainbow, polar stars
Butterflies in the horizon

The mystic mariner reflects the incarnation within His arena and aroma inscribes In the pristine elixir

The mystic mariner
I bow for not that Thou Art
in the mystic frame
But in a prolific protocol-----

At last they reached

at last they reached to a circle of their own when they listened to their leader they stamped on the dot of a ballot

at last they poured oil to their lamps woke up whole night to receive wisdom ..

at last they reached the goal their girls went to the school

bicycles ran on the roads illuminated versions started a road March

at last the cosy cuisine of love was served on every plate

the city remembered the prayers of indigenous ancients.

skills were preserved.

the listeners sat on every family granny, the love guru of the family told stories at last they spoke less, listened more and reached the destination .. where water was saved Nature smiled

A pulsating secured zone celebrated peace........

Jean Henry Dunant and Red Cross

aftermath of each battle is so harrowing

it kills and gives penetration for generation the torn visible pieces of flesh and invisible trauma farmland becomes no man's land the migration creates refugees shocks for life time blurs a child's creativity ..

Henry Dunant the visionary and promoter a great humanitarian sees the pain in body and soul made the Red Cross movement to put bandage on the wounds

the Italians ,French and Austrians killed each other that was the aching memory of Solferino

Henry Dunant made the volunteers ready
the Red Cross team helped sick
and wounded in the battle field
the medical teams always protected
in an agreement
all countries should help sick and wounded
that was the motto of Red cross
The emblem extends arms of equal length to all in the
battle field.
Henry Dunant got the noble peace

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Jean Henry Dunant

Bullets fired wizzed by with intent of killing and maiming. Bayonets thrust through bodies when there was no time for aiming.

In the town of Solferino, Italian, Austrian and the French, are inhaling the smell of ignited gunpowder as well as rotting corpse stench.

Everyone is fighting for what they feel is right,

That's why your heard shots, screams and moans day and night.

Mr. Dunant witnessed it all.

He had a good heart, He came up with the idea of getting aid for all sick and wounded soldiers on the battle field before they dearly depart.

He wrote a book and came up with a plan that every country should have an association to reach out and give those in need a hand.

Thousands upon thousands of lives that were saved during wars would've been lost,

if it wasn't for Mr. Durant establishing the Red Cross.

Frédéric Passy

A scientist, politician and activist

He wasn't just worthy, he was a great laureate.

Passy founded the first French peace society,

And was also one of the founders of the inter parliamentary union,

An organization for cooperation between elected representatives of different countries.

Mr. Passy was an economist.

He wrote and that gave lectures on economic matters.

Passy put public opinion into action.

He believed in arbitration.

Instead of wars he believed there was other ways to settle dispute between nations.

He wanted peace to be made,

And believed that countries would bond during free trade. A half of century in the peace movement gave him the title,

"The Peace Apostle"

A product of my environment

it's a cold world so I kept the heater, dudes was getting hit left and right so I had to train myself to be an ambidextrous blazer. I'm walking the concrete Serengeti with two gats like Yosemite, if shit popped off I'm sending thirty four quickly, that's both sixteens with the two in the heads cocked and ready. I got hit, the scene was bad, my gurney was drenched it looked like a c- section took place with all the bloody rags. I was in my bag, it only takes me one time to learn, I learnt, that's what led up to me carrying twins with extra mags. Who wants it? All I needed was a sign and I'll make sure Nikkas knew why I man the frontline. I had nothing to lose. If it wasn't for my homie edgar I'll be dead in this six sextillion ton freezer, kept Teflon's because they're Kevlar eaters, muscle burners and bone breakers ya know... problem solvers. If homies came at me, when the smoke clears somebody's block gonna be chipping in to cop rip tees. When the streets make attempts on your life it changes you, when the streets kill your homies it changes you even more, I became prone to violence so as soon as I walked out my project door I was ready for war, duce duces, quarters, trey 8's, understanding build ciphers, three five sevens, nines, forty fours and forty fives for the summer, Mac tens, elevens and choppers hung over my shoulder to be discreet in colder weather. Where I'm from in the slums all year round is killing season, if ya wasn't prepared to defend when dudes was squeez'n, you'll be a stiff body leak'n a few minutes after you stop breath'n.

Eliza Segiet



Eliza Segiet - A graduate of Jagiellonian University, The author of poetry volumes. Romans z soba [Romance with Oneself (2013), Myślne miraże [Mental Mirages](2014), Chmurność [Cloudiness] (2016), Magnetyczni (2018) Magnetic People- translation published in The USA in 2018, Nieparzyści [Unpaired] (2019), A monodrama Prześwity [Clearance] (2015), a farce Tandem [Tandem] (2017), Mini novel Bezgłośni [Voiceless] (2019). Her poems can be found in numerous anthologies both in Poland and abroad. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The World Nations Writers Union. The laureate of The International Annual Publication of 2017 for the poem Questions, and for the Sea of Mist in Spillwords Press in 2018. For her volume of Magnetic People she won a literary award of a Golden Rose named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The Sea of Mists was chosen as one of the best amidst the hundred best poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada. In The 2019 Poet's Yearbook, as the author of Sea of Mists, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

She was awarded *World Poetic Star Award* by World Nations Writers Union – the world's largest Writers' Union from Kazakhstan (August 2019).

In September 2019 she was 1st Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando È la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

Her poem *Order* from volume *Unpaired* was selected as one of the 100 best poems of 2019 in International Poetry Press Publications (Canada).

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

Help

In memory of Henry Dunant

- Founder of the International Committee of the Red Cross

Drawn close to evil every day, he found more and more good in himself.

He couldn't pass by human wrongs indifferently. He helped because he saw and knew better – when someone needs help – they must experience it.

Sick or wounded, brother or foe, for him they were

Human.

translated by Artur Komoter

Harmony

In memory of Frédéric Passy

- Founder and President of the first French peace association (Société française pour l'arbitrage entre nations)

He noticed that for some, natural disasters mean more than war drama.

He knew that the human domain should be striving for harmony,

his goal was

- reconciliation between nations.

After all, peace depends on reason and action,

unpredictable can be the elements.

translated by Artur Komoter

Faith

I saw death. A man did not die, but the faith in him.

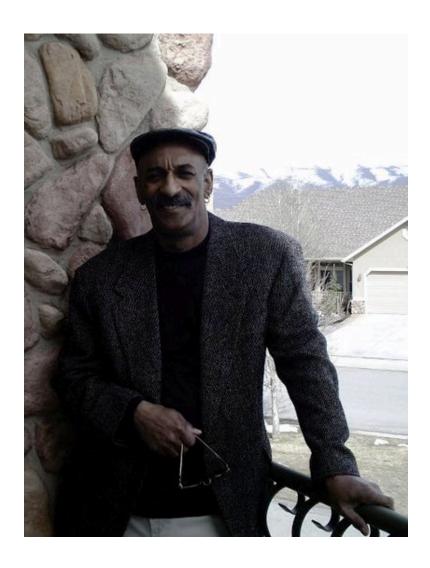
I saw a fall.Yesterday of a mantoday of the people.

Elements are not our work.

We create hatred, – which kills.

translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

A poem for this day . . . and those to come

It was not until
I was assigned
To write a poem
About Jean Henry Dunant
&
Frédéric Passy
That I became keenly aware
Of who they were

So I beg your indulgence, For my offering May not be much of a poem, But most certainly Their lives were . . . And still are!

You see,
Somewhere within their psyche,
Their dreams and beliefs
And their hopes
For a better way,
They were inspired
To create,
Just as they have done for me, here
As I attempt to
Share with you
A bit about
Who they are,
And how they continue
To affect you & i

Jean Henry Dunant Saw a red cross As a symbol

And thus brought it to life
For the purposes
Of aiding those
Who were in need . . .
Yes, he like, perhaps you an i
Was driven
To see his vision . . .
work! . . . where as
Frédéric Passy
Was not passé'
In the least
For he believed
That peace was
Something
We all deserved

He joined leagues With others such as himself And the 'League of Peace" Was borne

So in conclusion
To avoid any confusion
My poem may offer,
Read through this volume
And visit the offered links
In the front of the book
To learn more . .
I implore you
to do so . . .
As I am . ..

Stay tuned, for each month We all shall learn something About some of the . . . Recipients of The Nobel Peace Prizes

Monsters in the Garden

There are monsters lurking In our once pristine gardens Of civility, Tolerance and acceptance

There is a hole
In the bottom of the bowl
Of compassion,
So we find great self favor
As we exercise our inhumane flavor
When lashing out at others
Who are different ...
Well aren't we all?

Who stands tall these days, Save edifices and buildings Of our erroneous deceit

The repleteness
Of our incompleteness
Is astounding
As we as a humanity
Are floundering
In our own soured regurgitations
Of the soured meals of persuasion
We have ingested
Occasion after occasion
That can not be digested

I must confess, Yes I must, For I too have violated The trust Of which we have been Endowed with

As we shift from the 'enough' To wanting more Than our needs

The seeds of malcontent
Have been spent
All over the place,
Regardless of our fears
Of the morrow
Or the tear filled sorrows
Of our ludicrous
Self induced lament

These monsters,
The monsters
Who lurk in the shadows
In our holy gardens
Are none other
Than ourselves

Monsters in the Garden

Desire

Take not that which you dislike, Nor that which you do not want Into the New Day, New Year

"Today is the first day of the rest of your life", As is tomorrow, The next day, And the next

Do not waste nor squander Your opportunity, our opportunity For change, A change for the better

It is your choice, your voice, Your choice" To be that which you desire . . . What do you desire?

Though we may never forget,
We can forgive . . .
Forgive others . . .
Forgive your self,
And let your joyful expectations
And intent
Be met . . .
This NEW DAY,
This NEW YEAR
By your greater self!

What do you desire?

January 2020 Featured Poets

~ * ~

B S Tyagi

Andy Scott

Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana

Anwer Ghani



BS Tyagi



B S Tyagi comes from India. He writes in both Hindi and English. He has several books- fiction and non-fiction to his credit. His poems have been included in several anthologies. He writes short stories which regularly appear in national and international literary magazines. His write-ups and poems have appeared in national and international magazines. Besides, he has translated four books of poems. He shies away from public celebrations and prizes.

Light Of My Soul

After the wanderings of ages Like the rudderless ship in the sea Light of soul is seen over yonder That appears a heartbeat away Know not how to reach there How to greet... Words fail. Heart leaps up at the spark That ever draws me And brims me over with joys Tears blur my eyes My soul aches and flutters With longing to take flight... And vanish on the horizon Bravo! My last but best efforts To mingle with... Sans footprints on the sands of Time.

Oh The Times!

Oh the times!
Pollution is abroad
No speech is unadulterated
No relation is pure
Feelings are trodden upon
Values messed up.
Actions no more speak as loud as words
Hearts seldom beat for others
Selfishness overrides man
Doubts crawl into inner sanctum
Where have we arrived?

Word...

Word is Brahman It emerged from Hiranyagarbh And wandered in the ether Man's heart vibrated He heard its rapturous melody Swayed in ecstasy And lost in sacred silence. The other day... The predator pounced upon the word And preserved the kill A dictionary is compiled It hardly objected But, was it at ease? Lexicons continue multiplying Then words, words, words Words sans soul!

Andy Scott



Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet, Andrew Scott has taken the time to speak in front of a classrooms, judge poetry competitions as well as be published worldwide in such publications as The Art of Being Human, Battered Shadows and The Broken Ones. His books, Snake With A Flower, The Phoenix Has Risen, The Path, The Storm Is Coming and Through My Eyes are available now. Searching is his fifth poetry collection.

To contact Andrew, email ...andrewscott.scott@gmail.com

http://twitter.com/JustMaritimeBoy

http://andrewmscott.com

http://www.facebook.com/andymscott

http://www.facebook.com/JustaMaritimeBoy

Waterloo Avenue

This place used to be full of activity. Family gatherings all through the week. Streets full of children playing their games. Cheering laughter filled the air.

The downward spiral of life happened so slow here in this old, rotting place of the homes that are falling one by one into the ground.

It was not an industry that collapsed this place. It was decades of loneliness that cracked the sidewalks.

The strong pillars crumbled, people and families moved and the homes were too big, expensive to find new owners. Weeds overtook the lawns and grew over the regal look.

Fresh, vibrant paint frayed, peeled away with age. Wood split all along the sides that were there to protect. Leaving the homes open to all.

Animals crawling in the night have overtaken the avenue, making the once prestigious a shelter for the beaten.

The generations before, that built and lived here, must now be crying spirits. Seeing what they built falling more and more each year.

Waterloo Avenue crumbling into a beaten land to know one's fault but their own.

This Old Tractor

This old tractor has been with me for every morning, starting at five, without fail for thirty four years.

The fields and crops may have failed due to the weather or soil not cooperating but this old tractor tills it perfectly.

A lot straighter that the horses used before.

The thoughts and plans made from this squeaky seat. All made just as the sun was making this old farm glow.

Beads of rust have covered this piece of machinery. Believe it adds to the character. I still purrs like a kitten and has never failed in giving an honest day's work.

As long as this farm is working, the farms hands may come and go, but this comforting old, rusty tractor will always be with me.

Esmeralda's Eyes (Villanelle)

Do not look into Esmeralda's Eyes you will believe they are heaven sent Will be hypnotized by the lies

giving away all emotional ties to the new, heartless present Do not look into Esmeralda's Eyes

pieces of the soul dies lifeless, taken without consent Will be hypnotized by the lies

no one sympathizes with your cries in softness you are spent Do not look into Esmeralda's Eyes

she will never apologize about where you went Will be hypnotized by the lies

the pain is a tried and true exercise that has no heart left to repent Do not look into Esmeralda's Eyes Will be hypnotized by the lies

Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana



A poet-writer-reviewer, Dr. Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana hails from Hyderabad City, T-State, INDIA. During his 30-year poetry stint, his poems got published in no less than 90 countries. He was conferred with several prestigious national and international awards that include four Doctorates and quite a lot of prestigious laurels, commendations and titles. His poetry is aimed at promoting Universal Brotherhood and Peace, Protection of Environment & Nature, Safeguarding Children's and Human Rights etc. Out of 18 volumes of English poetry, 7 have been published so far. Dr. Ashok received commendations from former President and Prime Minister, India, Queen Elizabeth of Britain, Princess of Wales, President of France, Prime Minister of Switzerland, UNO, UNESCO, UNICEF etc.

Eternal Delights

The world is a mere decoration of delusions Yet, we vie for them without future visions; Fleeting pleasures are sheer wombs of grief Realize, they play havoc in our day-to-day life.

Selfish world supports the notion of supremacy Conflicts and wars control the law of diplomacy, Every continent is torn between conflicts and ruin Midnight peace has become scarce for humans.

Every heart longs for a life of peace and amity Every heart aspires to live in a place of serenity; But for a living, why we indulge in aimless actions? And get perturbed, yes, with self-inflicted pains.

Desperate thoughts, often into the past roll back Unaware, we ruffle the pages of childhood book, The crescent moon, the twinkling stars appear, We traverse the peace space in moon's glitter.

A positive approach with a wisdom-laced vision Ushers a new dawn with peace and realization; Be it the dawn, mid-day, dusk fall or mid-night Only peace fills every heart with eternal delights.

The Beggar On The Street Lane

Everyone shun his dismal stature As if he's not a human by nature Forlorn, he stares into the void skies With deep sunk tear-filled eyes; Bone sucked and almost lifeless Yet, he tries to move on, pitiless. His tattered clothes, feeble body Seems a dust-laden lifeless body At times, street dogs hound him At times, children too taunt him If fate is so cruel towards a human What's our concern for a co-human? Caught in the vortex of illusions Veiled by ignorance and possessions, They incite us with fleeing a nuisance To ignore the bond of care and concern. But, the beggar on the street lane Imparts to one and all, a fitting lesson To rid ourselves from selfish motives Lest, never can we realize life's objective.

Those Were The Days

Those were the days to cherish Memories of childhood appear afresh, Those playful and fun-filled days, Those delight-filled schooling days, Quite often in my thoughts, they flourish.

Those were the days to cherish When teenage, unaware did vanish Parental love and friendship I adored Love was something, I deeply stored Quite often in thoughts, they flourish.

Those were the days to cherish When love encircled my heart's crush The one I longed to be a life partner Became a real dream in my love-empire Quite often in thoughts, they flourish.

Those were the days to cherish Life's upheavals appear and perish The loss of parents, I could not digest Even now, at times I feel totally lost Quite often in thoughts, they flourish.

Those were the days to cherish, yes Good or bad, dejected or full of bliss The bygone age and the eclipsing past In everyone; they leave a lasting impact Quite often in thoughts, they flourish, yes.

Anwer Ghani



Anwer Ghani is an award winner poet from Iraq. He was born in 1973 in Babylon. His name has appeared in more than fifty literary magazines and twenty anthologies in USA, UK and Asia and he has won many prizes; one of them is the "World Laureate-Best Poet in 2017 from WNWU". In 2018 he was nominated to Adelaide Award for poetry and in 2019 he is the winner of Rock Pebbles Literary Award and the award of United Spirit of Writers Academy for Poetry. Anwer is a religious scholar and consultant nephrologist and the author of more than eighty books; thirteenth of them are in English like; "Narratolyric writing"; (2016), "Antipoetic Poems"; (2017) and "Mosaicked Poems"; (2018), and "The Styles of Poetry"; 2019.

https://www.facebook.com/anwerghani73

http://www.innerchildpress.com/anwer-ghani.php

The Fake Man

Please do not look at me or try to hear my voice. I'm sure you will not see anything and you will not hear anything because I'm just a fake man. I think you may want to find an idea in my mind; even a simple idea, but you should know that there is no thought in the mind of a fake man. You may expect to find a heart here, in my chest, but believe me you will find no heart here, in my chest, because I am just a fake man. My smile, my sad smile; it's a very fake smile. Our river, our dry river; it's fake like me. Dear friend, have you heard about my dreams? Yes, pink dreams, they are false dreams like my soul. Have you heard about my flower? Yes, romantic morning flower, is also a fake flower. Have you heard about my love? Yes my crazy love, it's also a fake love, because I'm a fake man.

The Fake Land

There are no rivers, no flowers, no fields in the false land. Everything is fake in the fake land even moon, even me; the fake story coming from mirage. These words, are fake words because they are shades of fake land. There are no sands in the fake land because the thief stole them on a sunny day. Oh, sorry, I forgot, no thief here in the fake land, nor the sun or the rivers. There is nothing in the fake land except false images. I mean very fake images. Our houses are fake, our fields are fake, our chickens are fake, and our faces are fake. Everything is fake here in a the fake land.

The Fake Time

I live without time, not because I am a gypsy thing but the truth is that my time is fake, I mean very fake. Yes I am the son of the fake time, full of fake mornings, fake evenings, fake days and fake nights. My breath, which enumirates the false moments, does not come out of my chest, it just plays as a strange bird. And the twilight that have long dreamed of the vehicle of love and nostalgya is not a real color, but just a fake brwon tale. I can tell you all fake promises, fake justifications and violations in the name of fake titles. I can tell you of injustice based on false justice because I am the son of the false time.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Alan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



The World Healing, World Peace International Poetry Symposium

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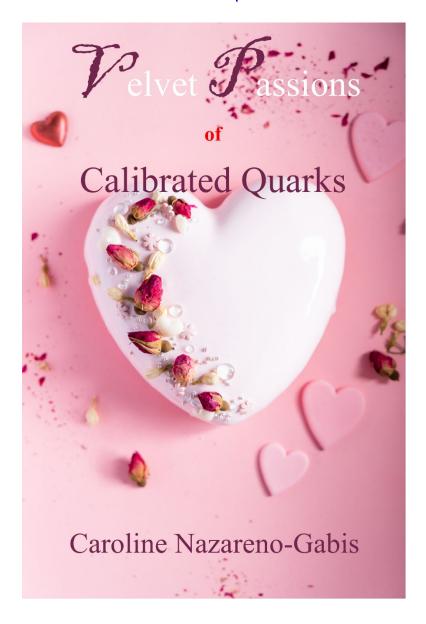
Poetry Posse Members

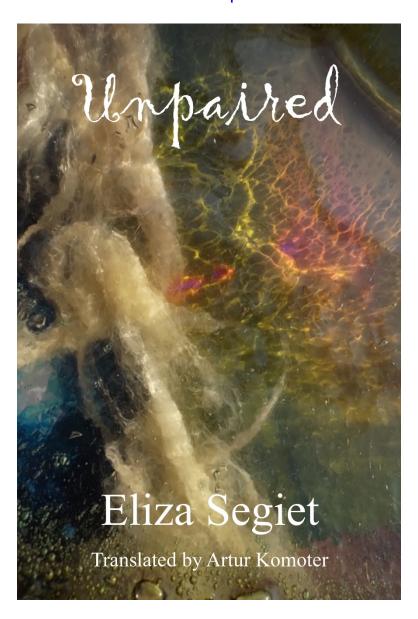
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

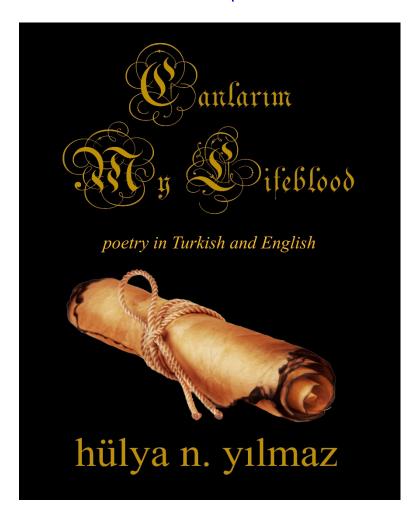
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Nizar Sartawi
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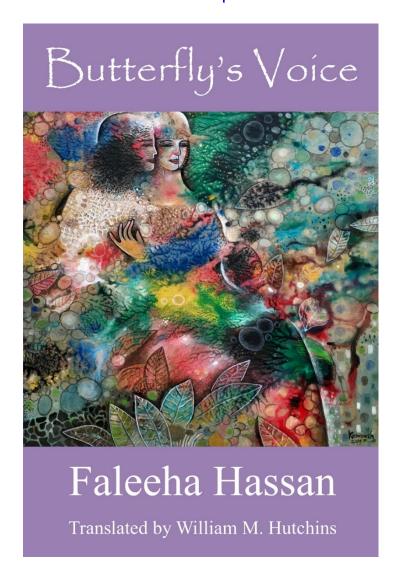


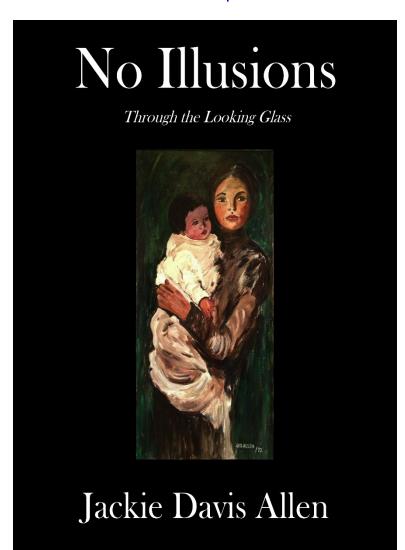


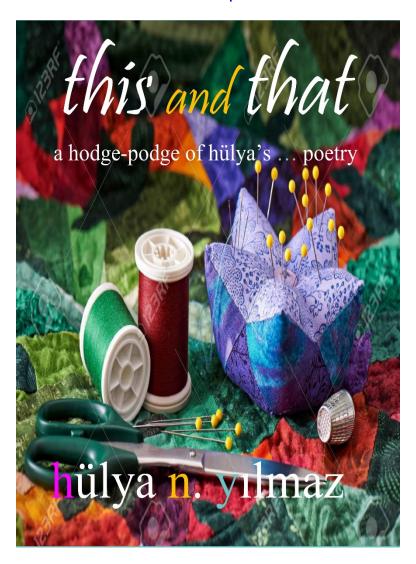
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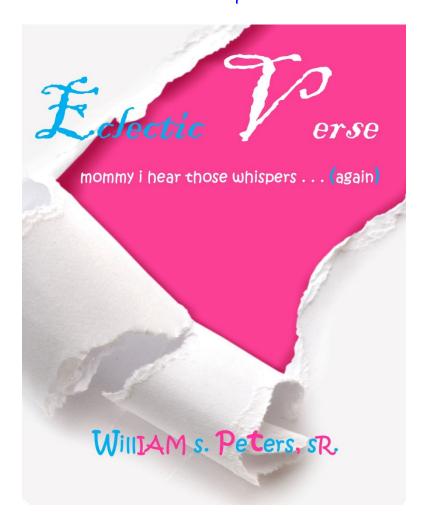


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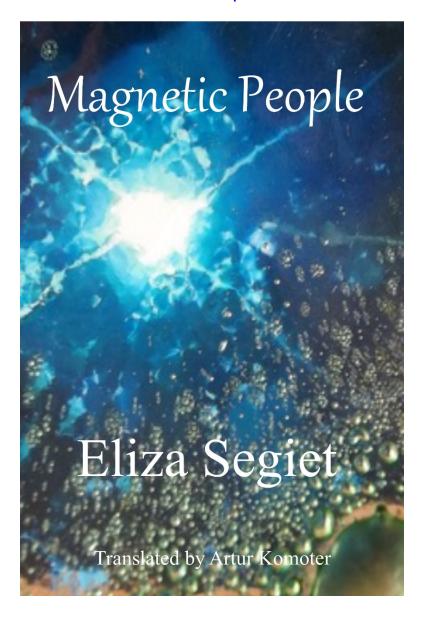


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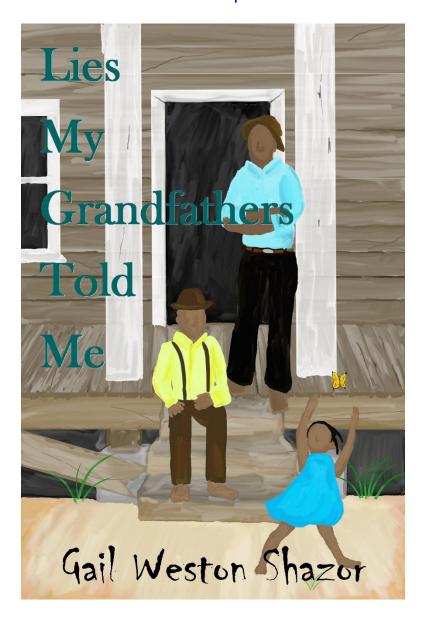
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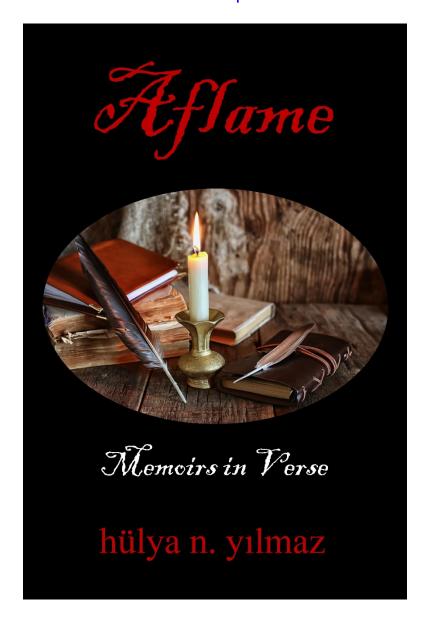


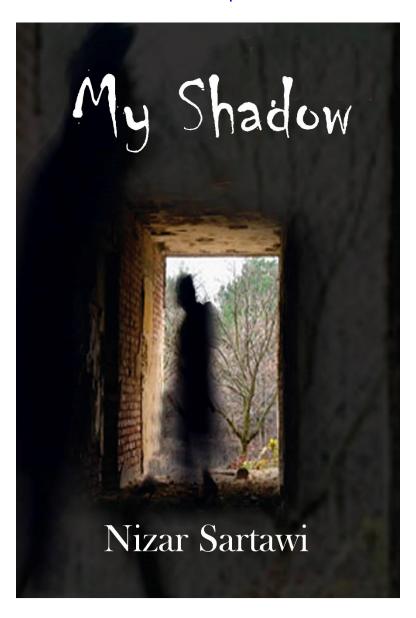
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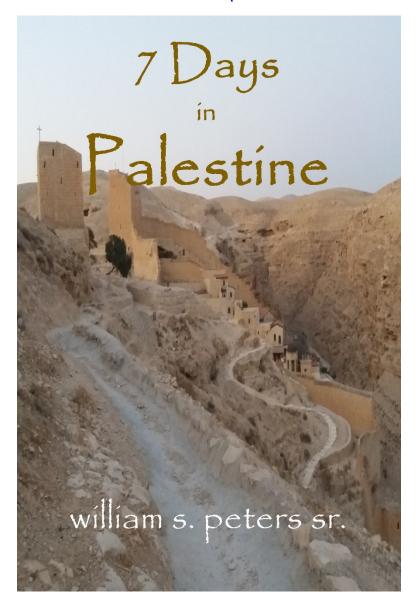
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for

Butterflies

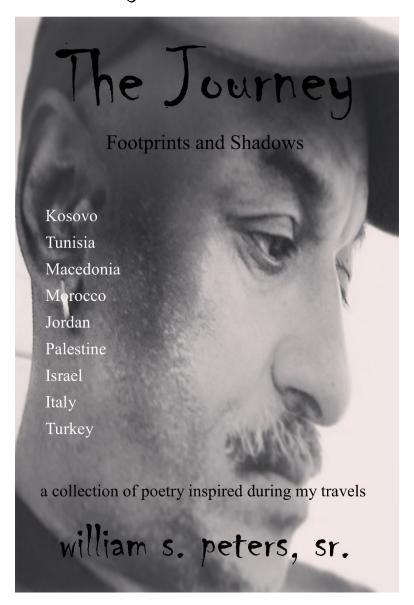


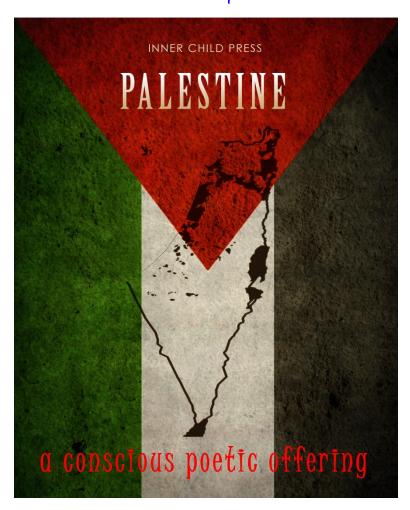
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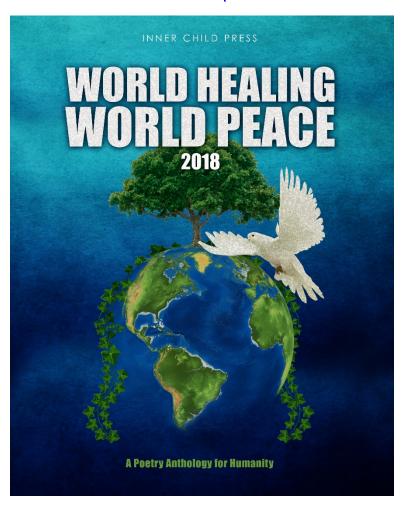




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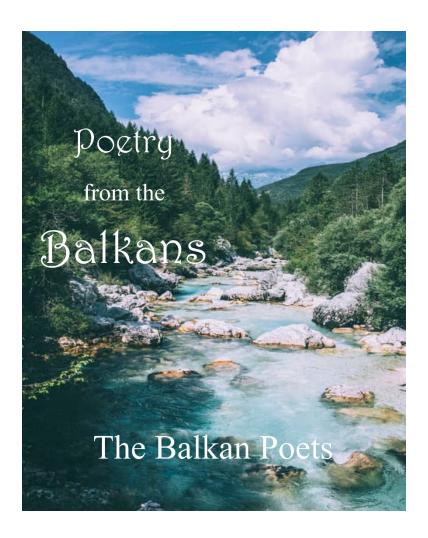


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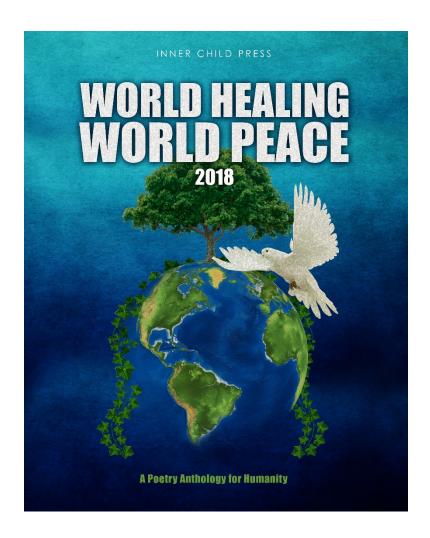
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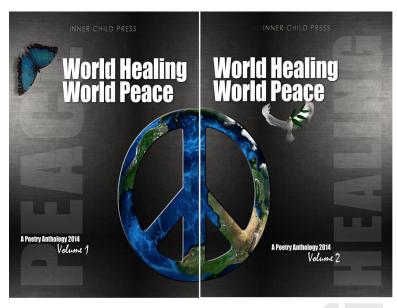


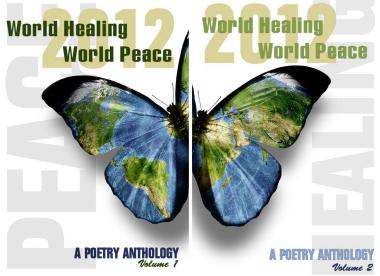
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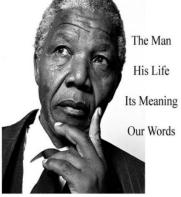


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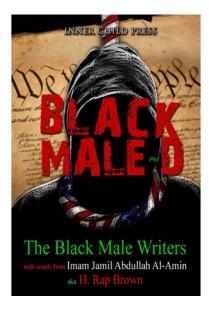
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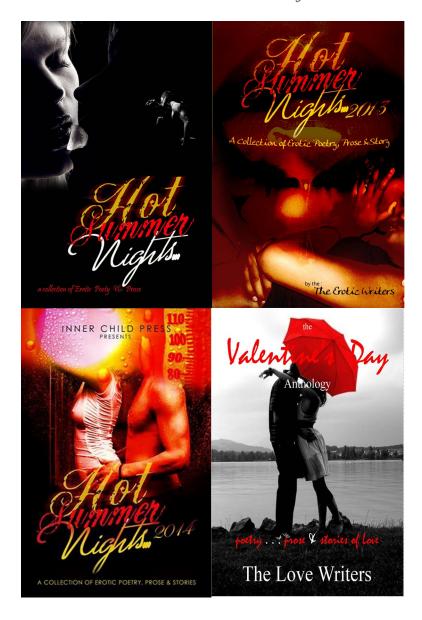




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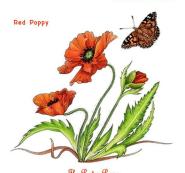
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Jane P. Cadwell * Same Bugg Brestled * Pebethe A. Allen * Torry Henringer
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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



One Josky Jane

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Jamet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Herninger
Joe Dalverbal Mindatancer * Robert Cibbons * Neetu Wal * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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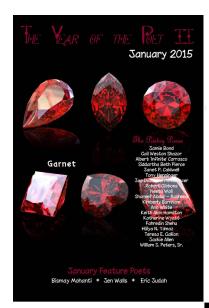
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



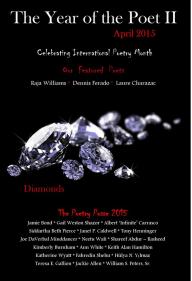


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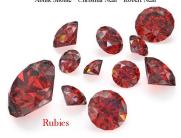


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The Year of the Poet II

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



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The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



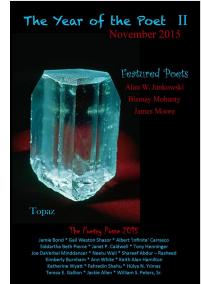
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Festured Poets

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Turquoise

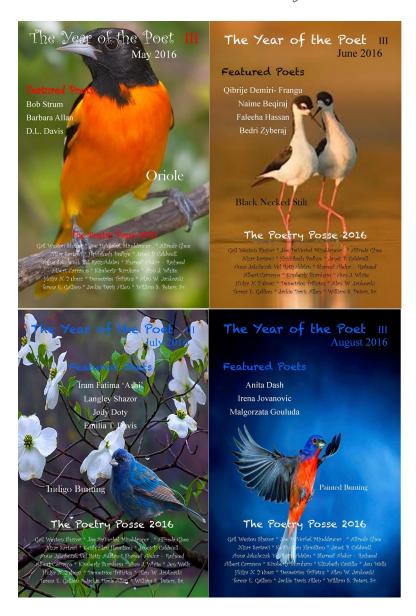
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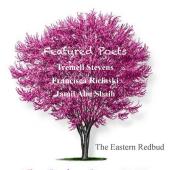


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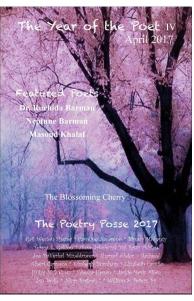
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The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



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Featured Poets
Martina Reisz Newbert
Ameer Nassir
Christine Fulco Neal
Robert Neal
The Elm Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV

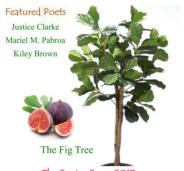
Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shiftin

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



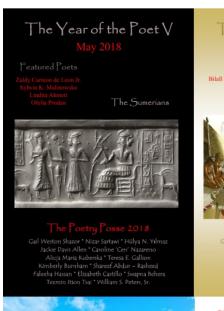
The Poetry Posse 2017

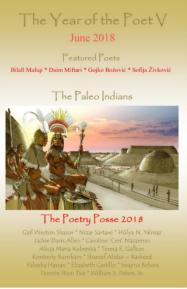
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The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

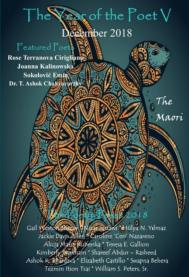
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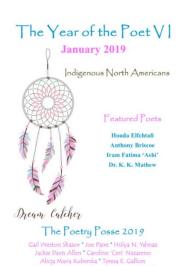


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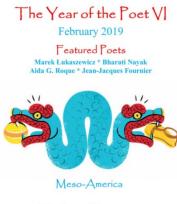


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Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr



The Poetry Posse 2019

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Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VI June 2019

Featured Poets

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

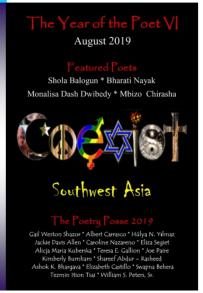


The Poetry Posse 2019

Arctic

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * 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 VI November 2019

Featured Poets

Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida



The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VI December 2019 Featured Poets Rahim Karim (Karimov) * Sujula Paul Blarati Nayak * Kapardeli Effichia Oceania

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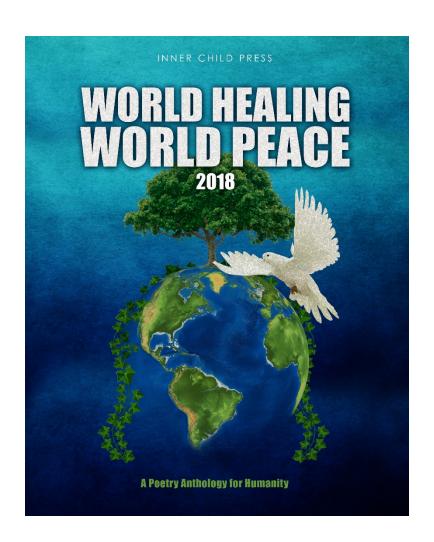
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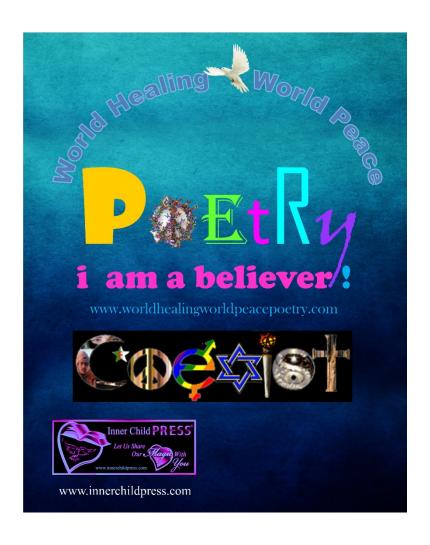
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2020



January 2020 ~ Featured Poets



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