

The Year of the Poet IV

June 2017

Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma

Ibaa Ismail

Zvonko Taneski

The Oak Moon

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information
The Year of the Poet IV
July 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2017

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WHAT WOULD
LI F E
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
PO E T R Y ?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell



Alan W. Jankowski

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

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

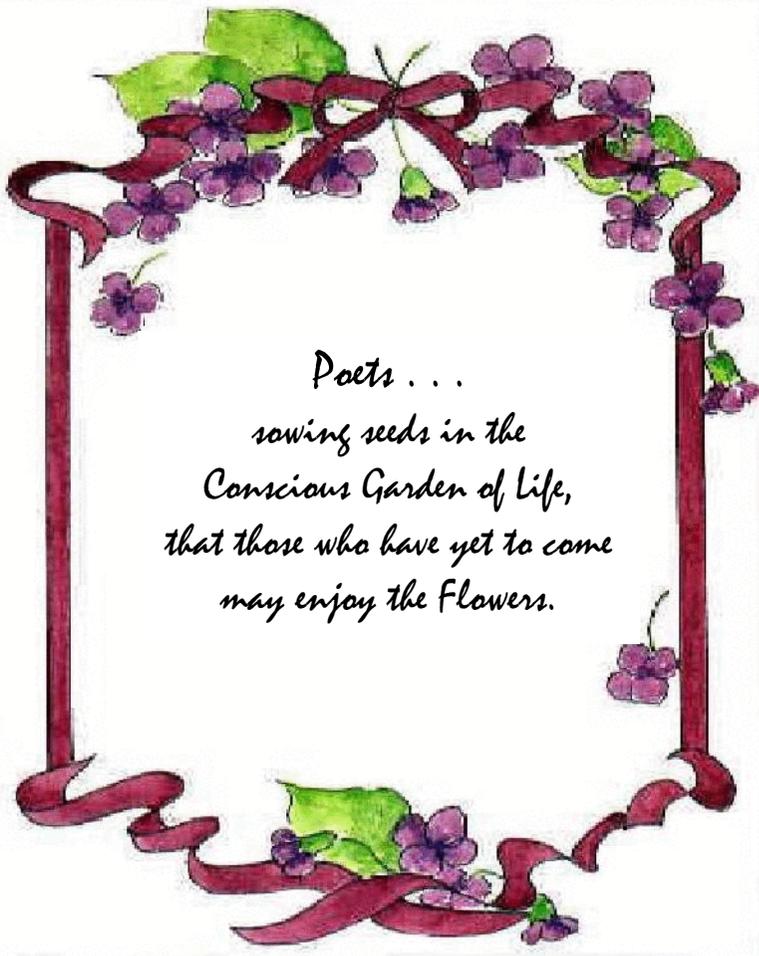
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



Foreword

Here we are in the heat of summer
Some of us are dressed in black to mourn
Some of us just like wearing black
it's a time of rubbing elbows
It's a time when it's hard to sleep in the heat
Yet we still survive in a world so cold

I dig the green grass of summer
And the light outside when it's well past 8pm
Windows open and sleeping in the park
Cool showers lose to humidity
I think of such things
When every human being could do that very thing

Poets and Writers alike open the minds of many
Summer opens the pores
We replenish what hot air drains from the soul
Whether we're born to it, drawn to it, inspired
from it

These words of summer may cause a needed shift
A conscience decision to just live in piece

Blessings to you all and happy summer

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

So here we are, in the first of our Summer season. This month you will find a few poems by our *Poetry Posse* that voices their perspectives via poetry about the Summer. We do hope you enjoy the complete offerings of not only our *Poetry Posse* but that of our three featured poets Anca Mihaela Bruma, Ibaa Ismail and Zvonko Taneski.

Our mission here in this effort, *The Year of the Poet*, is to seek to bring communities closer together by creating familiarity amongst us all. This should be the focus on our humanity, regardless our persuasion, Spiritually, Intellectually or Physically. A good place to start is right here amongst *we the poets* ! This *mindset* in time will affect others, beginning with our readership, and be then passively passed along through our interactions with others.

We ask you to share the *Light*.

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

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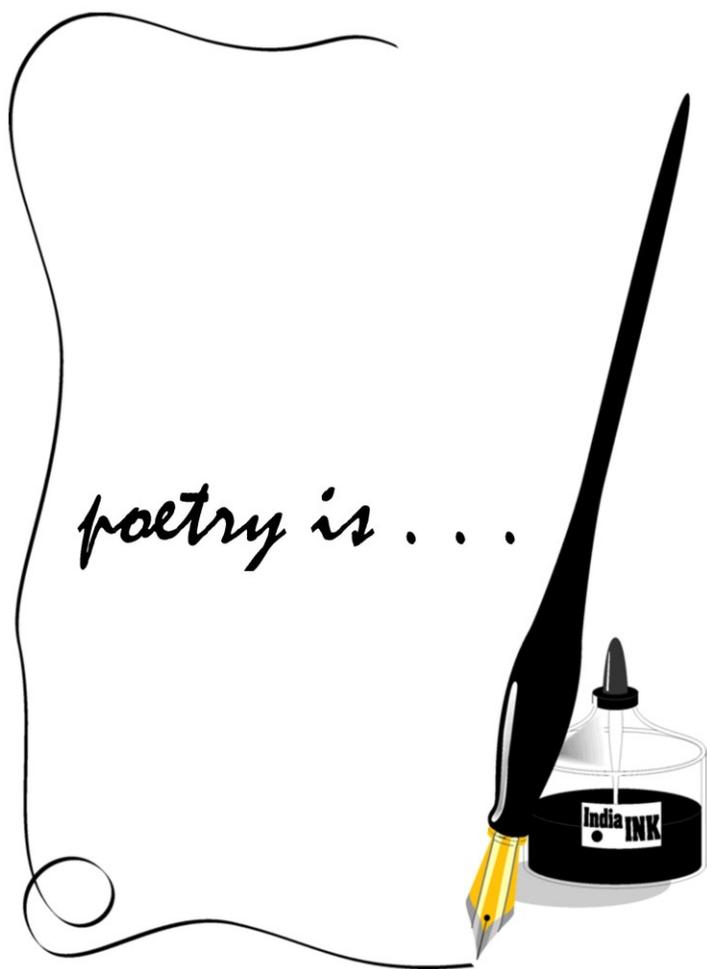
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has 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 . . .

~ wsp





The Oak Moon



Many types of **trees** found in the Celtic nations are considered to be sacred, whether as symbols, or due to medicinal properties, or because they are seen as the abode of particular nature spirits. Historically and in folklore, the respect given to trees varies in different parts of the Celtic world. On the Isle of Man, the phrase ‘fairy tree’ often refers to the elder tree. The medieval Welsh poem *Cad Goddeu (The Battle of the Trees)* is believed to contain Celtic tree lore, possibly relating to the *crann ogham*, the branch of the ogham alphabet where tree names are used as mnemonic devices.

The oak tree features prominently in many Celtic cultures. The ancient geographer Strabo (1st century AD) reported

that the important sacred grove and meeting-place of the Galatian Celts of Asia Minor, Drunemeton, was filled with oaks. In an often-cited passage from *Historia Naturalis* (1st century AD), Pliny the Elder describes a festival on the sixth day of the moon where the druids climbed an oak tree, cut a bough of mistletoe, and sacrificed two white bulls as part of a fertility rite. Britons under Roman occupation worshipped a goddess of the oak tree, Daron, whose name is commemorated in a rivulet in Gwynedd. According to the pseudo-history *Lebor Gabála* 'Book of Invasions,' the sacred oak of early Ireland was that of Mugna, probably located at or near Dunmanogoe, south Co. Kildare. Sacred associations of oaks survived Christianization, so that St Brigit's monastic foundation was at Cill Dara, 'church of (the) oak,' i.e. Kildare, and St Colum Cille favoured Doire Calgaich 'Calgach's oak grove,' i.e. Derry; see also Durrow, darú, from dair magh, 'oak plain.' In Welsh tradition Gwydion and Math use the flower of oak with broom to fashion the beautiful Blodeuwedd. When Llew Llaw Gyffes is about to be killed by Gronw Pebyr, his wife's lover, he escapes in eagle form onto a magic oak tree. In British fairy lore, the oak is one of three primary magical woods, along with ash and thorn.

In Proto-Celtic the words for "oak" were **daru* and **derwā*; Old Irish and Modern Irish, *dair*; Scottish Gaelic, *darach*; Manx, *daragh*; Welsh, *derwen*, *dâr*; Cornish *derowen*; Breton, *dervenn*.^[2]

The
Year
of the
Poet III

July 2017

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

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

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

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Teef

imma split this right here
right down the middle
sticking my fingers
way deep inside until
my hands glimmer and shine
with gloriousness
the juicy tangy can't decide
what it wants to be
though it is always sweet
can i peel back a piece for you?
drop the end between your smile
until your teeth clamp down
on budding firmness
summer is here
dropping from long limbs
and short branches
i don't want to lose a bit
of nectar that the sun
creates
sucking the end into my mouth
slurping warm breezes
and misty rain bouncing
off the tin roof
what is your favorite?
is it the roundness
of the full moon
or the shimmer
of the sun
we can taste everything
until we decide

Nana

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

Savings

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

I want to spread
Just a little across your bread
add just a taste to your
Morning Juice
It flows free at daybreak
Just before the coffee is made
Add a little honey
To sweeten your breath
For that first kiss
I've got something to give to you
Something I have been
Holding on for you
for quite a while now
Lest I be found without a
Wax seal
Sauciness and a tad tart
on some occasions
When its served outside
Smoky
Been bottling it up to save the flavor
For the nextday
Laziness and plundering
Juicy
The mason jars shimmer in the light
Streaming in from lean windows
I licked the overflow
From around the top
Of the lids
Some may say greedy but truthfully

Why waste a drop?
I stood them all up in the sun

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Until you are ready
I've got something to give you
That I have been saving
Just for you

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

It took as long as decade for him to come to the forefront in the poetic world. An engineering student, a poet, a blogger, that's all Bismay Mohanty is about. Even though currently graduating in Computer Science and Engineering he aims to be the most beloved poet of the world. His works magically connect natural sceneries with romance, society, human tendencies and give rise to a sea of literary beauty. He loves to narrate his expressions and learning, therefore actively participates in literature sessions. All his dreams came true when he was nominated as a feature in YOTP by Inner Child Press.

He dreams to establish media to encourage writers and poets worldwide. Also, he aims his poems reach people all over the globe.

He can be mailed at bismaymohanty.97@gmail.com

Just summer things

The sun has set the land below
My feet into blazes of fire
No matter how scorching the heat gets
Still I will stand to satisfy my desire.
With sweat trickling down the forehead
And flooding all of neck and chest
Amidst all of it my eagle eyes seek
When shall she come and eyes shall rest.
At last after forty minutes or rather days
She appeared at a distance
The roads on the summer didn't whisper
Nobody else far to be seen at glance.
She was unscathed by the effects
Of the scorching heat and burning earth
Instead beckoned hearts outstretched
I smiled and started walking with mirth.
Expecting the beginning of a fairy tale
The dreams, the nights and the sky
All devoted to my beloved I walk
Forgetting my destitution hereby.
Upon proximity, it was hard for me
To believe if at all it was all real
And my hands moved to touch
The warmth of her hands surreal.
She vanished and so did my desire
But it was already too late
Lady love was a nothing more than a mirage
I fell dead before rain was to be my fate.

Forgive me

Forgive me
Thy object of love
I have slandered thou with lies
No matter
If you forgive me
I am wrong, thou make realize.

It's not why
Thou should'st always face it
It's why I have to be a reason.
In whom thou
Planted an unbreakable bond
I put filth in your angelic vision.

My endless rhymes
Won't compensate my guilt
My vexed heart slaps me hatred.
I know I did the unforgivable
But please do forgive me
For losing thou I am afraid.

Rejection

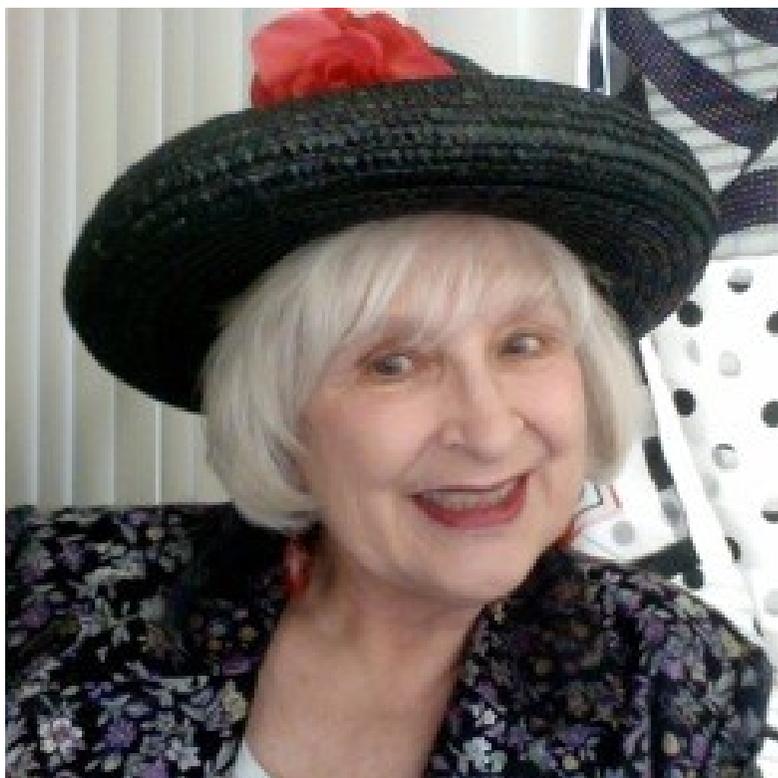
On the lonely river side, he lay
Lying on the soft palms
Of the green grassland
He lay there like a dead soldier
Drops that flowed from the eyes
Lost somewhere in the ground
Like it is thirsty of his tears
Lifeless almost he crept up to the water
Saw the crying face of someone unknown.
As two drops flooded the river,
He observed the things initially ignored.
His face was remarkable against
The white background of the skies.

He imagined his lady love
Only if he were fair....
The reason behind his rejection.

How could he change something?
Cursed he felt....
Only if she realized the purity of her heart
But she was firm on the purity of skin
Maybe his body couldn't convey the soul's saying.

*Lackie
Davis
Allen*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline 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 college.

Graduating from what is now Radford University, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education, she taught in both public and private schools.

Residing in northern Virginia, she revels in spending time with her husband in their get away home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent in Appalachia.

A lover of hats, she has worn many. Following her 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 with books, always seeking to learn more.

In 2015 she authored her first book, a collection of writings penned over the past decade. Well received by family and friends, both near and far, her book, "Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art is available from her website jackiedavisallen.com or from innerchildpress.com

Summer in the Mountains

A butterfly landed on the sleeve of my shirt,
And, although I know it's but a myth, I pour a
Out all of my heart in that one wish.
Perhaps some dreams do come true?

Across the way, along the railroad tracks
And hugging tightly the side of the hill,
Are the prickly vines whose juicy fruits
Are ripe with the infusion of the sun.

So easily they fall into my hands as I pick
And eat, to my heart's delight, the first
Of the season's blackberries~
And, for a moment, a taste of heaven.

Beneath the starry night, the cold drifts
Down the side of the mountain and below
Into the valley; and I picture myself
On a bus. Going to where, I do not know.

Perhaps I am dreaming, or maybe not.
Yet, I am sitting at my desk, hand raised
High, hoping to catch my teacher's eye~
For I have need to ask a question.

Once again she calls on someone else.
Not me. I am filled to the brim, overflowing
With desire, with need, longing for that
Which might satisfy my increasing thirst.

Love Song

Gray and heavy with rain,
The morning continues
To wither in pain.
[SEP]My tears are copious,
Pinging in tune
As on the grand piano I play.

Yet, a girl like me
Sings her songs and dances
Even when it rains.
[SEP]Despite past indecisiveness,
I now know what it is
That I must say.

Cupid offers chocolates
And roses as part
Of an interactive game;
[SEP]My desire, my intention
Increases even as the wolves
Howl and bay.

I am in awe of you,
My dear James, in awe
Of your widespread fame.
[SEP]May blessings be yours,
May your fears
And doubts be allayed.

Too long have we resided
In the tangled forest
O blame and shame;
[SEP]I am ready to give you
My answer, to say yes
Turn not me away.

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I am standing here,
My heart in my hand;
I have come to explain,
[[[You once called me darling,
SEP]Told me you would wait
For this day.

Summer

With the advent of summer
Peeping up through the grass
Are the fresh and pale and greens.

See those tiny heads,
They're the tops
Of dandelion flowers.

When organically grown
Their young green leaves
Cooked and served

Are so sweet to the taste.
But oh, their yellow flowers
They are such profligate pests.

Unsuitable are they, for eating
And when overgrown
Their puffy heads become

As child's play.
Their seeds carelessly blown
Are scattered needlessly

And most shamefully
Take root in my lawn.
So, as for me and mine

I do so prefer the solid mass
Of meticulously trimmed
Green grass, the fescue

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That's bordered by shrubs
And trees, red maples, dogwoods
And the fragrant lilacs.

The latter breathlessly kiss
The watercolor-blue sky, and beneath
Offer up a pleasant place to rest.

They wave their outspread
Arms, royally high
With summer's smiling banner.

Announce, now, I, my joy
With consummate delight
As I celebrate this glorious scene.

It is as if it's an original painting
Of nature, and, if you will
From Mother Nature's paintbrush.

*Albert
Carrasco*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



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I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non-ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong < > right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men < > life.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

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Orchard Beach (Bronx New York)

The sun is shining,
you see people sprinting to avoid the feeling of their feet
burning,
sheets are spread,
chairs are open music is playing everything from despacito,
Migos, to Bruno,
kids are digging, running wild and swimming.
Sheets are spread,
umbrellas are open,
canopies are providing shade for the adults sippn on
Budweiser, corona, henny, nutcrackers and hard lemonade.
Volley balls are bouncing,
kites are flying,
police ride 4x4's patrolling the heavily occupied shores.
Boats,
Jet skies,
The day at the beach ends with a Bbq under trees.

Summer night driving

I love New York in the summer. It's the place to be. It could be four in the morning and the streets are still packed with people. My thing would be night cruising. Silk short sleeve collar shirt, linen pants and Gucci loafers, car washed earlier in the day is shining like glass. I jump in and immediately open all windows to let in the scent of summer. I put in my favorite cd, strap up and drive. The Bronx, queens, Brooklyn, staten, Manhattan and Long Island, enjoying the scenery while visiting friends and family, sometimes there's no destination I just travel connecting streets and highways getting off at random exits and making random lefts and rights at stop signs and lights to see where the streets of NYC take me. I feel so at ease as I flow like the summer breeze.

Hot blocks get hotter in the summer

The hood became a ghost town, at night all you see is shadows and shells falling down, getting money is a thing of the past because of gunshots making gold mine's hot and bringing heat to the ave. What took decades to build got destroyed in a few years, there's unnecessary blood on sweat and tears, nikkas is hustln makn workn money, they can't blow cause of the amount they blow along with the pills and guzzln of henny. Youngens are rolling in packs eager to bust gats so their fans can be like he's bout that life, ya know they fit em with a battery pack, all somebody has to do is be at the right place at the wrong time and just for rec blam blam blam he'll get attacked, ayo you saw that? mo pushed that cats wig back, rolled up a dub sack, and sipped on cognac. There's really no cares, life to them hasn't been fair so it's no burden lett'n slugs catch air leaven holes in heads, floors and walls with chunks of meat with attached hair. In the days of realness if there was a wild gunner, capos would meet together and give souljas green lights to give em the bizness, it's not like that now because they ain't bout business, they're bout nonsense, don't get me wrong, they want money but they wait for miracles while living blasphemous... One day I'll shine... Till then is heat crime, hammer time, flatline, murder.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

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>

SAND DOLLARS

The tide was as deceptive as this moment
My feet got wet as I focused on an image
Two lovers at the beach on a summer's day
My eyes became mere apertures
I wanted to capture her in the best light
A westward flight for a sunset on the bay

Summer's children played
Dried claws on the beach
Dropped by greedy beaks
The sound of soft white peaks
And the waves came

Footprints in the sand filled in by the rushing tide
A buoy's bell clanged slowly
Pelican beaks sweep to eat
What a surf fisherman seeks
June days with warm sunrays
And a sand dollar found its way on display

I cherish summer days
Even those without memories
Yet I'll remember this day on the beach
Broken sand dollar underneath my feet

HAMMOCK

On the shores of some tropical island
A bare leg drags its toes in the sand
She hears a faint sound of steel drums
Calypso beats in the heat blend with cool sea spray

The mangos are sweet as she tans
A local man with a reed fan
Pungent weed scents
She breathes life's incense

Where are those summer boys?
Beaded silk covers her barely
Weary as she douses her mouth with seeded milk
Coconut scented hair
Her easy chair catches air

Swaying with palm leaves and summer breeze
This summer's eve will be a hot one
Although she's not one for thoughts of fancy
It's just Nancy from the fourth floor

She found a deal in a department store
Life on a budget
Don't judge it
Her mind took her where a wallet couldn't
She could suffer when she shouldn't

She nailed in that swing she got in that swing
She swung all those things aside
Beaded silk covers, your bare coconut scented hair
Swing in your air

SCHOOLS OUT

I thought I was alone when I smiled that last day
No more homework, all I would do was play
Going to bed late in middle of the week
Nothing to do but hang out in them streets

It was summer and bricks was about to heat up
We're getting bake in an oven
That much heat won't ease up

We all did the hydrant thing
We've all known the relief it brings, family scenes
Summer themes
Constant reminders to remember what matters

Yes, schools out,
There are hordes of us, wards of us
we all have that street name or number
That's like a sore to us, that's sort of us

That a lot of like minds in tune with mankind
Natural born swimmers
With the occasional "Test Tube Baby"
Summer vs Winter eh! Yeah! Maybe

But baby I'm talking about summer
Oh I see the body electric
That God! My taste is eclectic
It's better to accept the oneness of man
And embrace the uniqueness of man

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

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 :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>
<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

orange....,

red, yellow, gold mellow
glow
radiant signs of glory
designed, created, painted
by the one and one (1)
only
he who has no needs
like getting lonely!
certainly neither sleep
nor slumber
is the architect of sweet
radiant summer
with its light lite life
and oh how the heat even
lingers into the night
something bout summer
days 'n' nights
something 'bout that feeling
zest for life!
want to feel rest of life
but even summer brings
test to life
with its violence cutting deep
like butter with a ~~Hot~~ knife
hot days, hot nights..,
have elements that can and does
put an end to life
ooh how quick life can flip the
script
on any given day or night
having fun in the summer can
come with a steep price
when folk ultimately pay with
their life!

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other than that fact, be careful,
safe!
may your summer, day 'n' nights
find you 'n' yours in a peaceful,
protected, blessed state!.....,
Aameen!

food4thought = education

I want to

say something meaningful, relevant soaked in substance
ya Allah how we need substance, relevance, meaning
more than ever preoccupied with wasteful foolishness
like we can afford to dwell on the meaningless, unworthy,
must be mindful of the time, taken nothing for granted
as though every second is a gift of opportunity though we
are truly unworthy of mercy much less entitlement due to
some
spiritual impediment embedded deeeep in our damaged
souls
dammm do i want to say something, anything that can jar
loose
the blockage of useful knowledge
knowledge that truly benifits mind, body, soul
enhancing the relationship with the creator who bestowed
many, many, many undeserved gifts on all of us
that being mankind, ungrateful, oblivious to the truly
marvelous,
mind boggling, amazing grace manifest in front of our face
eyez shut wide open but can't see forest for trees
dam 4real please wipe your eyes, try, try, try to focus on
divine intervention to reverse this mad, sick, diseased
heart ' n ' soul infection that disable ability for reflection,
not to mention introspection
that's the antibiotic for such infections
to rehabilitate gratitude, appreciation, bring back love,
affection
and put it all in a huge international injection
then i woke up and said " I could'a sworn that was real "

food4thought = education

Never Put Your Trust In Man!

From time memorial mankind ignored the tutorial afforded them
to steer the masses away from bowing in fear to the men
who are
there to demand submission from you
something we can not do because submission is exclusively
reserved for the one and only lord of lord, king of kings
we can only worship, submit, obey one master who rises
above the fray far removed from the mind games mankind
plays
the kind that has man submitting to worshipping the creation
see?
making man and his evil plots and plans which include
making deities out of man and his conquered lands instead
of the creator
who said be and thus materialized the likes of you and me
as well as the earth being planet of birth complete with all
that
is needed supplied by the sustainer who feeds us
he who not only don't need us has no needs as such to
diminish
his exclusive majesty far, far above us
he is not to be confused with us
that's where man has devised his evil plan that has humans
giving devotion to the creation instead of thee creator,
architect,
originator of life and all that enhances living in this world
and the next
not the false hope man is seeking from man and his systems
who has failed to fulfill any lasting benefits for humanity
but instead death and destruction since the beginning has
been

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

dem wretched, wicked, legacy. Open your eyezzzzzz and
ceee. only thee creator can grant you total, perfect,
peaceful, happy
life now and forever by his exclusive power of " Be " and it
will be
absolutely, definitely.
Man plans and Allah(swt) plans and Allah(swt) is the best
of planners. (Qur'an Majeed)

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

See 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, 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 nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

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

The Value of One

One year can be filled with loss
and birth
creation
destruction
growth

One summer
filled with bicycle riding
failure and joy
life begun anew
in one season

A single month brings new life
radishes sprout from tiny
prickly seeds like asteroids
pushed deep
into the black of the earth
watered for a lone month
brings red and white spicy bites
with bushy green tops

One week
can change the world
bringing the light out of darkness

In an hour
a star can dance and twirl
to great applause
and one perfectly ordinary person
can become a star

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

A single minute
may contain four baskets
or a home run
leaving one side joyful

In a lone second
a soccer game can change
hands
all at once
now

Where Is The Pain of Loneliness?

One human being alone
a feeling called loneliness
centered in the heart
or is it the mind

Is it there in the blood red tissues
all the cells of the heart
together beating out a rhythm

Is loneliness in the fractal branching
brain cells pulsing out a signal
to every cell in the body

Or deeper still in the mix
of fluid and tiny bits within
the walled cellular community

Does loneliness hide
inside the atom
mostly space with spinning electrons

Where the tiniest, tiniest substance
is not a thing but a process
of loneliness
bumping up against its neighbor
and seeing one

One Human Being

Unique among the species
different from all the other mammals
while sharing genetic similarities
with all living creatures

Alive alone among the throng
of rocky dirt spinning
this planet called earth
distinct within the universe
in the many galaxies

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

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

King Sun's Grandeur

The skies on a blaze
As King Sun reigns over the vast fields,
When blooming flowers meet his radiant rays
While children play around with smiles on their small
faces,
Birds perched on the dainty branches of trees
Flapping their wings and chirping a melodious song.

King Sun's grandeur
His royalty the world has captured,
After the rains, a rainbow with captivating hues
Can be traced at the horizon,
As the rising sun sits on his throne
Casting mighty powers over his people.

The Beauty in Solitude

Stillness...

Sometimes a deafening silence can speak a thousand meanings

Rather than uttering senseless words covered with rage

Discovery of one's self and of one's real calling comes when you are in deep solitude

Modern lives envelope us with fast-paced and hurried day to day grind

Not having enough precious time to stop and reflect on things that truly matter

There is beauty in solitude if we just get to realize how it is vital to truly listen to our hearts

You can ponder on things out of being in solitude or solitary confinement

It is in lovely solitude that you can ponder who you truly are

And what is your ultimate calling or mission in this world

Immerse yourself in deep solitude for silence should not be threatening at all

Answers to questions which keep us wondering all this time can be found in sincere solitude

Tranquility...

Real solitude can be found within the silence of the deep recesses of our hearts

Thoughts that plague your mind consuming your soul

Can be made calm in the beautiful tranquility of your being

So much can be discovered and unraveled

In the beauty of solitude.

True Peace

As Leo Tolstoy once said, "Everybody wants to change the world but nobody wants to change himself."

How can we attain true peace if we can't be at peace with ourselves first?

Real peace should start within you, should awaken your deepest core

Which can create a ripple in the Universe to be an instrument of unity and harmony

To end all division, to overcome discrimination, to help heal an ailing world

True peace might be elusive but it's not a far-fetched dream at all

For the very thing that separate us all is Ego

And once we let go of our pride to make amends with one another

Peace would not be far behind to happen, my friend

All of these wars are just facades for us to make a realization

That peace is at hand after we let go of bitterness, anger, greed, and pride.

Don't think you can't make a stand for peace

For even a tiny pebble on the shoreline makes a huge difference

Heed the call for Peace and start embracing your authentic self to be whole again

To be an advocate of a world in peace.

Anna
Lakubczak
Vel Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. Polish poet, journalist and the main editor of e-Magazine *Horizon*. Student on journalism and social communication at the University in Szczecin. In free time author on the website

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. Her poems were included in a few American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2016” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House „Avenue U Publications” and She started to publish her poetry in the cycle "The Year of The Poet" since 2016. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styra University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

She’s interested in philosophy, literature, psychology, music, mass media. Her hobbies are: cooking, reading books, learning foreign languages, translating and traveling.

In 2013 she published her debut volume: „Ars Poetica”. At now she’s working on next books: volume “Conversation at night”, novel “Wind of hope”, collection of stories “Gates of subconscious” and fairytales “The squirrel’s stories from the old larch”.

I'll wait

Although there will be a day
when I already wither
when the night will not be dependent
on the day.

And the soul will hand up
as he frayed coat.

I'll wait.

Although you already forget.
Another as smooth as silk
will touch your face
and all poem turn into yellowish.

I'll wait.

And the inspiration
the wind can take somewhere
throwing dust on the tombstone
which will emboss the epitaph
telling all in just one word.

I'll wait.

Horizon

extremely
in a horizontal position
contemplate overdoing
(non) verbal stoicism

bathing
in the abundance – here and back
dying for love

we flower-children
half-naked in our on
(not) the power of mental

carnal-astray
(over) natural
in simplicity half – flower

come down to me in full
and I will answer
spreading new moon

Uncommonness

I liked going to the park

collect chestnuts and acorns

until the one day came when

I drowned squirrel in the river

now only the tail dispassionately

sticking out from under the surface

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator and educator. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He holds a Bachelor's degree in English Literature from the University of Jordan, Amman, and a Master's degree in Human Resources Development from the University of Minnesota, the U.S. Sartawi is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, General Union of Arab Writers, and Asian-African Writers Union. He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, and Palestine, and Morocco.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His poetry translations into Arabic include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; *Searching for Bridges* (2013), poems by American poet Margaret Saine (2016) *The Talhamiya* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Nathalie Handal. His Arabic poetry translations into English include *Contemporary Jordanian Poets*, Volume I (2013); *The Eyes of the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015, 2016), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbali Harb; *Haifa and other Poems* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Samih Masaud; *The Pearls of a Grief* (2016), poems by Lebanese poet Abdulkarim Baalbaki. He has also been working for the last four years on a translation project, Arab Contemporary Poets Series.

Sartawi's poems and translations have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Italy, the Philippines, and India.

Waiting for Vinedresser

For Williams S. Peters Sr.

The summer
has been here awhile
touring the grapevines
everywhere

His irate eyes gaped in dismay
at their emaciated trunks
their skinny arms
their bloomless shoots
and parched leaves

“Is there no vinedresser here
to prune,
to train,
and cultivate?”

The Salt Of Freedom

For the Palestinian detainees

And now the salt
another option
for desperate souls
obstinately breathing
the air
of life

stubbornly holding on
to a handful
of soil

tenaciously clinging
to the thin threads
of freedom

Salt
Salt
Salt

Salt in a glass
of water
they swallow
and swoon

* * *

Military Chat

With tightened knuckles
he knocked
on the boy's skull.
"Made of stone," he muttered.
"Coming from Hebron!" offered another soldier smiling, *
his Uzi submachine gun swaying in the air.
"I am only toying with the kid,"
he knocked a little harder
"How about digging a little hole in this
solid pot
15 or 20 centimeters deep
to ladle out the dirty stuff?"
"No don't!" the other soldier winked,
"It is against Geneva conventions,
Human rights too!"
"and..." he chuckled,
"the prime minister's recommendations."

* A Palestinian joke about Hebron people is that their heads are hard, hardness of the head being a metaphor for stubbornness.

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Jen Walls is an award-winning author/international poet/literary reviewer/critic; bringing soulful love inside joyful heart's radiance; pulsating us deeply inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first poetry collection, *The Tender Petals* released – November 2014, through inner child press, Ltd. USA. Her second book of co-authored poems, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combined to offer divine nature-inspired spiritual poetry released – November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive inside renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa, and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, from Writers International Network (WIN - Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia on May 27, 2016. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. with her loving family.

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/jen.walls.7>

BREATHS OF BIRTH

Morning arrives for singing
drips wetly onto formless form
stalling rains come to pour
Tiny winged cherubs roar
float tears gracefully born
singing joy cries heart's call
Dancing breaths wave free
touch on swirl of fresh breeze
shivering delight within all
Perfect pink petals spin suns
loosen unwrap in breaths of birth
radiating ocean's sparkling
Divine God lives and gives
paints softly earth's canvas bright
birthing bliss inside the light

BREATHE FREE

Gather nectar's flow
dance-share love's unseen honey;
express touch of light
Spiral galaxies
blaze through surface space and time;
rhyme soul's symphony
Spray torrents of sea
dance joy - laugh inside and be;
lift bliss waves - grow free
Cry to Northern Lights
take flight to heights - hear flute's song;
shine with wisdom-stars
Expand consciousness
draw freely - outside the lines;
care for breaths of life
Glow in sun-threads gold
come through the wild forests;
breathe-free - love has wings

O MIGHTY LOVE

Call love - love's not far
feel truth shine flowers as stars;
share the breaths we are
Love for no reason;
live deep gratitude - heart's care;
transform moment's bloom
Expand sweet blossoms
pray heartbeats sway - roll breeze through;
be great love today
Touch rush of grasses
see bliss-joy fly within heart;
paint free on rainbows
search celestial grace
reverberate soulful peace;
gift heart's divine shine
Find breath's living face
surrender in nothingness;
blaze "O mighty Love"

Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

A Penn State faculty in Humanities, published author, literary translator and freelance editor, hülya n. yılmaz started her formal writing career in the U.S. after joining the Nittany Valley Writers Network in Centre County, PA. Her poetry made its first public appearance in the OLLI Magazine, *Pastiche*. Dr. yılmaz' academic publications include an extensive research book on the literary relations between the West and the Islamic East, a chapter for a book of critical essays on Orhan Pamuk – the recipient of the 2006 Nobel Prize in Literature, and several treatises presented at national and international conferences.

Outside the academia, hülya has authored *Trance*, a book of poetry in Turkish, German and English, and co-authored another collection of poems, *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* with Demetrius Trifiatis, professor of Philosophy from Greece. She finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper self and writes creatively to attain and nourish it.

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

a wind chime

it's man-made
true
a wind chime that is
who argues
but it stirs to life
at nature's each whisper

i've been swept off of my feet
in my child-self-dances like this
the teenage-spirit's will to play
hushed itself under social etiquette

then i was made to forget

only in dainty slices of the night
do i achieve silence these days
this one though is much desired
three-wishes-kind-of-a genie-attired

i let my meant-to-be-self flow
she inhales the universe in one go

one step-mime at a time
for she at last is in her prime
in the presence of a wind chime

Don't Take the Sunshine Away!

i surprised him
the second he spotted me
behind his mommy
his little darling body
became a dance all by itself
his always smiling face
made room for even more
giggles many giggles
'come on, grandma!'s
hand in hand
eyes locked on mine
my little enormous sunshine

'you come to anne car'
ending in 1/3 of a question mark
with my yes already in his shiny heart

leaving his pre-school

amid the two grown women's chatter
as untainted as out-of-this-world
as a human voice can ever be
"I love you, grandma!"

...

i love him so
his little sister too
that each such moment takes my breath away
but then together we all get to breathe again
laugh cry eat drink celebrate sleep be loved again

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

and on the many other ends of our truly splendid world
because of the few but contagious sick and sickening minds
under their equally plagued but money-pouring hands
children die
die
die
die again
again
again
again
die again

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

“Kazaçok”, we called it . . .

thinking of mom again
my routinely composed beloved

*she is too beautiful not to be so
my in-love dad would say...
a no harm-intended frame of mind
the most vicious version of it though
has been ruling over women
in a tragically fallen Turkey today*

dancing the Kozachok
on the beach-road of Erdek late one night

*my brother
back in the bungalow
deep asleep
i on the other hand
back then an utterly free essence
in eager applauses
too big for my yet-to-grow hands
exalting to my heart's content
the no-curfew-months of all summers
ever so ecstatic of my standing ovation*

the sea

ahhh

the back-then spectacular sea

with all of her well-aged
head over the heel for her-trees intact
was too admiring mom's graceful frame
keeping the slightest breeze
in a grip ever so tight
with not even one ripple in sight
lest mom's step would miss

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

not even one ripple in sight?

*oh this is nothing!
i surely did exaggerate
adorably manipulate
reality a little bit
way back when*

mom seemed to me
as if she was caught inside a trawl
willingly laughingly uninhibitedly
living only by being

i cannot remember another moment
when she had let herself just be . . .

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

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>

Summer Swagger

Walking the Bosque Trail,
I feel summer stroke my back.
Dampness wets my shirt.
My hand reaches back, strokes
water beads off my neck.

A high desert wind is like
an air conditioner on my skin.
My mind engages the
sandia mountains puffing clouds
against a jet blue sky.

My cosmic mind races in the wind
and I say, *if I step hard against
this blacktop trail, the earth will sink
to my will.*

A voice from the mountain says,

absolutely not. I dare to say, why?
The mountain grumbles, *even
if you could wail in a 1000 decibels,
I still say no. Now if you are a god like me
then I say yes.* I smile and say *dare you.*

A thunderous smile rolls across the horizon.
A message in lightning flashes, "*careful what
you ask for*", *you may get more than
you can swallow.*

My mind says just be in the moment

a good cosmic traveler and the universe
will give you a world tour. My strut
becomes lighter as I walk in cosmic time.

Risky Business

We embark on nature's space
at our own risk.
She may revoke privileges anytime.

In the blink of an eye,
her mood may change
and a cleansing ritual of fire and ice
may dissolve all species in her space.

You may run to the edge
of the sea, forest or mountain
and she may push you in or over.

She is queen of earth space.
It is time you learn that fact,
Your abuse and fantasy of control
is time limited.

It is risky business
flirting with her anger.
She takes over when it pleases her.

Moon Goddess

She sits in the shadow of the moonlight
ears at attention sucking in the midnight sky.
A swell of elegance engulfs her body

and she captures you with a glance.
This is the third eye into eternity where
souls washed in readiness may enter.

No discrimination, simply a strict rule
of the universe. You may only enter
the eternal space when ready.

She is a powerful presence that waits
in the shadows for all seekers
who recognize her presence.

Faseeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bostan, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

Her poems and her stories published in different American magazines Such as : Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum , Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaminmamas, The Galway Review, Words without Borders, TXTOBJX, intranlation, SJ .magazine, nondoc ,Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW , Courier-Post , I am not a silent poet, taosjournal, Inner Child Press , Press of Atlantic City.

d.fh88@yahoo.com

Credible lies

Oh, Faleeha

How brilliant is your future

I whisper in my ear

And pat my shoulder

Every morning

I open my day with a big lie

I tell myself

Faleeha

leave the news to the promoters of rumors

And the houses being bombed by skilled pilots

They will be rebuilt immediately afterward

Leave Iraqi women to be sold in the Sbaya Bazaar in Mosul

Mothers will give birth to other daughters nine months later

Don't worry about the man who sells his life for a handful
of coins under the sweltering sun

One day he will be able to get a Chinese umbrella

Don't worry about your niece whose face now being eaten
by skin cancer

She will get through photoshop a wonderful picture for her
profile on Facebook

Why do you look so long at picture of your friend who is
missing from Kuwait war?

He is lucky

He survived the darkness of grave

Oh, Faleeha

Leave the children of Baghdad to wake up to violent
explosions

Music is no longer fit for their mornings

Write down the martyrs names on a piece of a paper and
place it in your old coat and leave it in the closet

Or send it to the dry cleaners

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

I'm tired of counting the names of the martyrs and the war
never ends

Faleeha

Don't plan for the future

It is as close as a sniper's bullet

Yes ,

I open my day with a big

Big

Big lie

But no lie can cover the scary truth

Persuasion

Today

I don't have onions in my kitchen to chip

Nor shampoo in my bathroom to drop it in my eyes

How then I will justify

The reason of my tears to my kids

And they don't know

I have been crying

Since I missed the homeland train

My mother was lying

When my father was wearing a military uniform
And went out before sunrise
So no one could see him
My mom kept smiling for the length of his absence
So we didn't see her choking back tears
And when we missed him
She told us
He is going to return the meaning to our map
We thought he was a cartographer
And when my father returned without an arm
She told us
He gave his arm to the homeland
And the homeland gave him a medal
We didn't know the meaning of war
Until we grew up
That like plastic bottles
The tyrants had recycled our lives during their many war
Now I understand
Why my mom was lying
And why when my father returned from the war
He didn't recognize his face in the mirror.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

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 Philippines; Global Citizen’s Initiatives 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).

fUSion

zephyr winds passing through
carmine blinding lights
shaped in rhymes
embroidered with riddles
of butterflies and flowers
smoldered rainy days
and the summer sun's kiss
in symmetry in flame
the jubilation of hearts
of two-in-one
to bear to wear to live
to get there together
for US is one
in love.

dulce escapar

a sweet escape
from the ebony of dreams
in tor and distances,
holding you
is a s u b l i m e page
of my golden summer,
you and i
the eyes of the twilight.

unruffled from the scourging heat
because your arms
are my resting place,
my extant vest from frets
a threshold of never-ending,
by your side
is my everything.

Your love is like summer

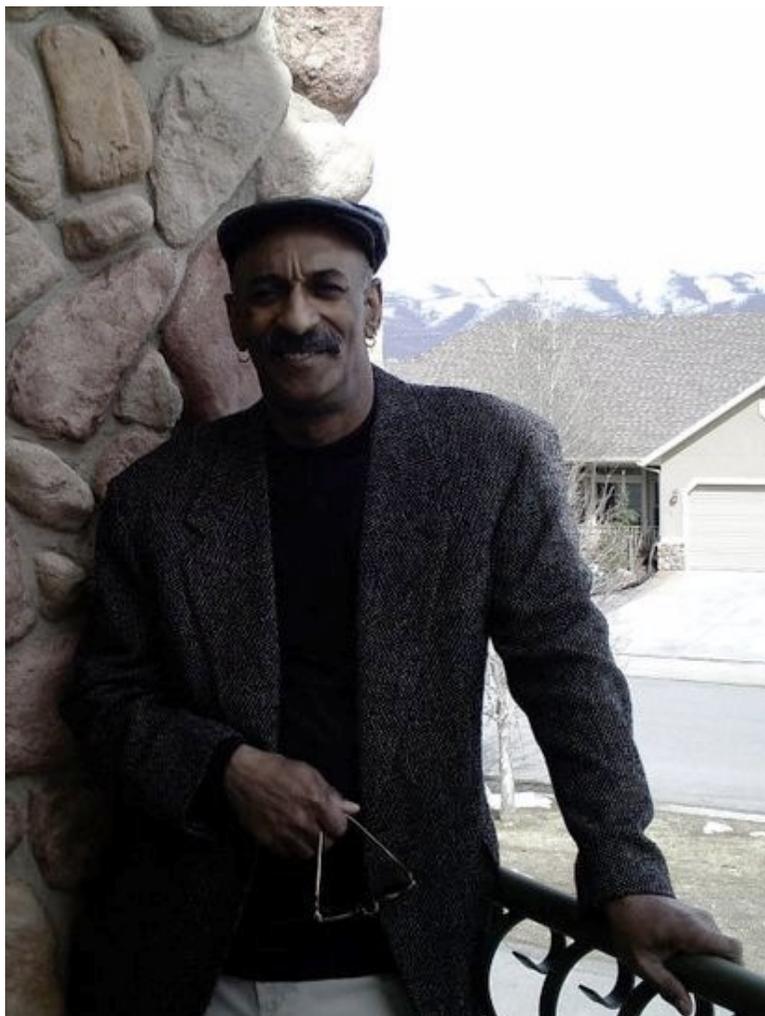
i smell the earth in you,
the peaks of the mountains,
the waterfalls that become
summer's trap with pristine brilliance,
listening to the call of birds
as if we understand each other,
you create mantle of serene valleys
in my widowed eyes,
little things, magical in many ways,
then there was the smile,
coveted.
i'd die in the warmth
of your love.

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

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

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Summer Rain

The near summer rain was cool

There was a flash of memory
From when we were children
And danced between the raindrops

There was a glee that overtook us
As the refreshing waters
Cascaded down our faces

Our clothing was soaked,
But we did not care,
For we were playing with God
In His garden of life,
His garden of wonder

I can now smell those memories
And feel the freedom I once knew
as a child
in the summer rain

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

i . . . my

my voice is poetic,
for it speaks of the things
that dwell in my heart

my tongue has many attributes
but the sweetest of all
is a kind word

my ears hear much
but there is a peace i give
and i receive
when i listen

my hands are capable
of many things
but the most
integral thing they do
is touch another

my thoughts are beyond expansive
and i am capable
of entertaining a diverse universe,
but when i focus on the unfocused
i am enhanced

my love is exponential
and each day
i am capable
of discovering more
than i am
and more of what i may become . . .
i define the limits

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

my strength
is not in my muscles,
nor does it dwell
in my abilities to overcome,
nay, i am an expression
of that which is eternal . . .
creation . . .

i endure beyond time

i am finite and infinite,
i am strong,
i am weak,
and they each have purpose

i am i
i am you
i am me
i simply am . . .
all things beautiful

ugliness is the shadow
that shrouds my light
with unnaturalness . . .
i let go the illusions
of lesser
for my i my

continuing

i am the flower on the mountainside
that welcomes and embraces the wind

i am the collection of vagrant weeds
which define the meadow and its beauty

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

i am the kiss of the gentle breeze
that caresses the brow and remembrances of man

i am the wood, whose trees stand stolidly,
yet sway with the winds
of the illusion of change

we applaud life

i am the sun of sons
and i shine upon all of life

i am the clouds of the sky
who multitudinous purpose
is malleably being defined

i am the water,
i am the spirit,
i await your bathing
in my cleansing properties

i am i
i am me
i am you
i am

aaaahhhhhh

open the gates to your heart
and i shall
cross the threshold
to your inner sanctum
and lend you my peace

i will shower you with
infinite kisses
that there shall be no end
to your knowing
that you are loved . . .
you are love

embrace me
and let me lay my head
upon thy breast
and listen to your rhythms,
my rhythms
and those of our Creator

i heart the heart beat
of all things

World Healing, World Peace 2018

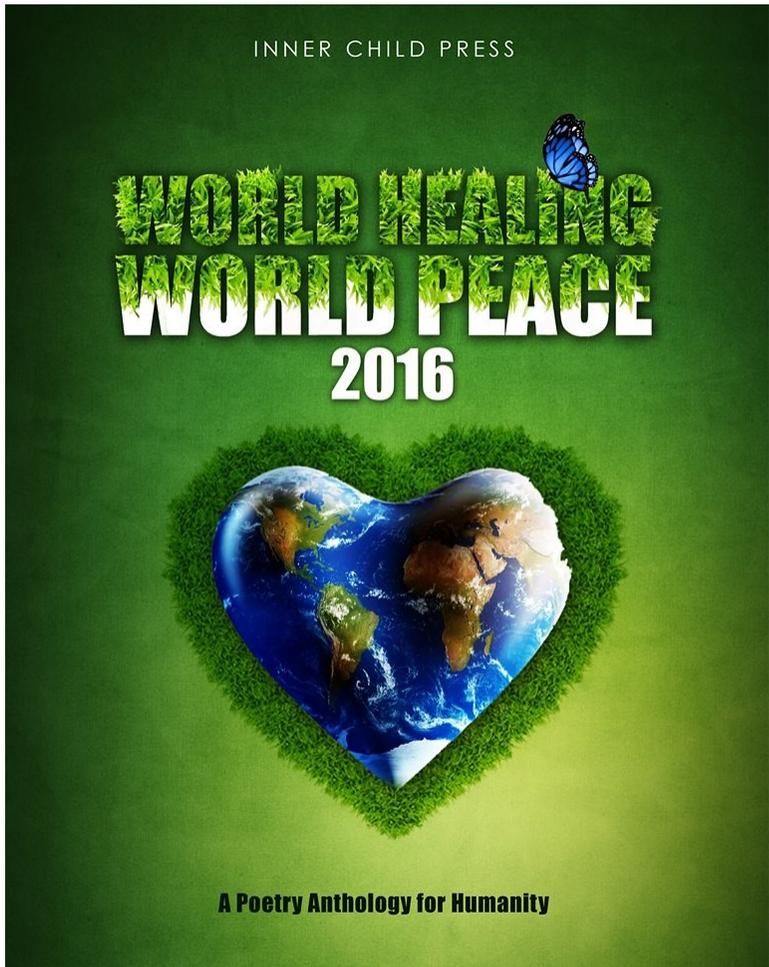
Opening for submissions

September 1st, 2017



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The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



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The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

July
2017

Features

~ * ~

Anca Mihaela Bruma

Ibaa Ismail

Zvonko Taneski

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Anca

Mihaela

Bruma

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Educator, lecturer, performance poet, eclectic thinker, mentor with staunch multi-cultural mindset and entrepreneurial attitude, Anca Mihaela Bruma considers herself a global citizen, having lived in four continents. Her eclecticism can be seen in her intertwined studies, she pursued: a Bachelor of Arts (Romania) and a Master of Business Administration (Australia).

The author labels her own writings as being “mystically sensual”, a tool and path for women to claim their own inner feminine powers. She uses poetics as a form of literary education, self-discovery and social engagement.

Through her writings she surpasses what seems to be the limitations of the human but emphasizing the essence of the woman, of the Goddess. The main theme, Love, is basically presented as a transformative experience in life, the energizing force in the universe and empowering the creative feminine.

Email: anca.mihaela.coach@gmail.com

The Infinitude of LOVE

Embraced equinoxes
on the lips of a Spring,
breaths made visible
with Chi power,
meridian feelings,
no North poles
on the other ends...

Solstice mysteries,
boreal mélange
and infused potpourris,
we twirl with Druid feet
and sing our footprints' song.

During all our 27 glacial years
in front of each winter I knelt,
all monochrome seasons were bundled
and veiled each midnight sky
with Mercurian hands
and Venusian dreams,
traced your smile
between Neptune and Jupiter
with thousands of hellos
and millions of welcoming good-byes!

During all our 16 eternities together,
LOVE kept growing exponentially,
with realities colliding in poetic holograms
devising the infinitude of the Infinite.

We Are the Children of Time

We are the Children of Time,
our dew drops mirror our World,
crossing the edges of eternal visions
as strings of inception crossing immortal times.

We move along with and through Time,
seeking the effervescence of future tenses
with stardust desires swirling in cymatic impressions
and the interludes opiating all human sensations.

We dance formlessly in holographic sceneries
with rippled reflections and silent similarities
forgetting our punctuations and connotations
only verbing the noun of our own Existence,
endlessly scrolling through the alchemic gravities
as glittering particles of an Ancient sophic apocrypha.

We paint our stories on celestial canvases
with memories of “Being” rather than on “Having”,
all of our emotions can break all the parenthesis
and build empyrean dreams and Life fantasies...

The hourglass reset its seconds for the Children of Time!

When I found the Love footprints...

When I found the Love footprints
I recessed... from Life...
Ceased my earthy sojourn...

I stumbled no more
amidst so many lexicons of forgetting...
Lost the cryptic utterances
of what could, might or should be,
the Truth... or False!...

I am not seeking the finding
as I do not find the seeking...
Still...
You see yourself outside you,
I see you inside myself...

When Love footprints were found
I stumbled no more between dots,
I just breathed
one thousand years in one day,
and quarters of heavens were built
inside my cathartic calibrations...

The eyes of a thinker
and the feeling of a knower,
a hearer of unknown traces,
the multiples within simplicity
and eternity's dips
of these countless realities.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

When I found the Love footprints
The absence became present,
and... I know:
I am pre-sent to BE
in this everlastingness fate
which sounds like a formula.

No heart geometrics,
no inner alphabets...
Simply,
a sense of nothingness
in your everyness...

Future selves
or...
secret second selves,
connecting derivative patterns
and mathematical probabilities
in a Pythagorean sphere of harmony.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Ibaa

Ismail

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Ibaa Ismail is a Syrian American poet. She was born in Aleppo, Syria in 1962. She received her bachelor's degree in English Literature from Tishreen University in Syria, then she continued her graduate studies in English and American Literature at Eastern Michigan University. Her talent started to shine when she was an undergraduate student. She Participated in a festival for young writers and poets sponsored by the students union and the Arab Writers Union for three years in a row, 1984, 1985, and 1986. In the summer of 1986, she moved to the United States with her husband Dr. Jamal Alghanem to pursue their graduate studies. She published eight collections of poetry: *Horses of Light and Alienation* (1999), *Songs of the Soul* (2001), *The Light of my Nations for children* (2005), *Inflammation of An Emigrant* (2007), *The Awakening of Fire and Jasmine* (2009), *You are My Childhood in The Poem* (2011), *A Butterfly in the Arctic of Light* (2013), *I Sing the Dove's Song to The Nation* (2015). She Participated in many literary performances and symposiums sponsored by different American and Arab American cultural clubs and universities such as Bint Jebail Cultural and Social Club, Writers Without Borders Organization, Access, Creative Art center, University of Detroit Mercy, Chicago University, DePaul University. She had been participating in "Poetry Under The Stars" festival with the University of Michigan students since 2010, which was held and sponsored by Flint, Planetarium in Michigan. In the summer of 2016, she participated in Literary Arts Windsor at Art in The Park. In November 2016, she participates in a Book Fest in Windsor, Canada. She has received numerous Honorary awards from Arab American Associations and universities

Tyrannies

Their millions,
are causing death,
building tombs
and building refugee camps
before wars
and before sedition.

Their millions,
are picking up the honeycomb
from the houri
of the nation.

Their millions,
capture women
and flourish wars.

Their millions,
protect criminals
and encourage them to
betray the commitment
with God
and with the nation..

Their millions,
will collapse like a dry stalks
just to witness
the disgrace of the tyrannies
in this era !!

The Flame Child

*For the children of the world who are the victims
of war and terrorism*

Who would sing for a sparrow
nesting over the wound of the
palm trees?

Who would sing the assassinated
palm trees?

Who would deliver these olive branches
of their wounds
or stop their tears,
or hear their agonies under the
silent sky?

I don't have the dreams, the
colors of roses;

For my flowers, my roses
do not dream anymore.

I don't have the strings for
a dress...

In vain, my life bleeds under
the barren sky.

My body was cut to bread and
meat to feed the tattered, the
lost, the filth of some hyenas
who were named as men, the
guardians of evil.

* * *

I came to you
with glory and eagerness.
Yet, my heart is crying for years
over the nation of sadness.

I am your voice;

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

I am your sorrow;
I am what will remain
of the roots of your glare,
under the moaning of the stars.

* * *

From my blood, ascending
like the sun,
under the sting of an inferno.
I sing your pain.
Our parents out there waiting
for the roars of horses and
the earthquakes,
in the latitude of our captured voice?!

I came to you as a hopeless child,
killed without a prayer
and buried with the nation's
April wheat spikes!..
How could my childhood's soul
awaken to ignite some flames,
to spread its white peaceful wings,
over the endless sky?!
How could I ignite your consciences
with the tears of my blood?
How could I share with you,
the tears of flowers, of vanity, of sadness,
like a blossom
or an uproar?!
How can my spirit release its pollens
to raise in the horizon a song of anger
and peace?

The Horses of Returns

Horses are running within us
And like a dove,
the night is leaving towards our eagerness.

The lightning is sleeping on my hands,
Embracing my heart as a cloud's flower

The spirit is a prairie
For fragrance, and a magnificent eagerness
For a dreamy moment
So let us go in our way,
Which is flourished with childhood, flowers and smiles.

The Seconds will pass like spring
The roses will celebrate in our blood
And the breeze will pass on us,
leaving us astonished,
preparing the horses of pride
which reached to us in keenness.
We arrange the stars, the suns, the hearts' hills,
Which were shining within us like a morning
So we can enjoy our humming melody.

I enlighten your hands,
as if I were a strange morning star.
I enlighten your hands, as if I were in poetry,
a stunning light flying to my motherland.
As if my blood cells were birds returning to my nation
like a heavy rain.

I will settle gently like springtime
On a figure or a nation
my roots,

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

will hug the earth
So the earth will carry my pulse and your pulse
that shines of your brilliance.

I will wander on your arms like a gleam
And my soul will scatter its gazelles
In your prairies.

This space is enormous
It crowns me like a rose in your sky.
The dream and passion overshadow me
Wherever I go
And your hands pick me up
From my longing and fire.

Zvonko

Janeski

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Zvonko Taneski (1980) – Macedonian poet, literary scientist, critic, translator and editor. He graduated in General and Comparative Literature at the Blaže Koneski Faculty of Philology in Skopje. In 2007 he defended his doctoral thesis at the Department of Slovak Literature and Literary Theory of the Comenius University in Bratislava, and then another doctorate at the Department of Translatology and Interpretation at the Faculty of Philosophy of the Constantine the Philosopher University in Nitra. He has worked at the Institute of World Literature of the Slovak Academy of Sciences in Bratislava and also as a university professor on Faculty of Foreign Languages at FON University in Skopje. He worked as a Senior Scientific Researcher (Comparative Slavic languages, literatures and cultures) on Institute of Cultural Heritage of Ss. Constantine and Methodius on University in Nitra, but now works as an associate professor on Department of Slavic Studies at Faculty of Arts in Comenius University in Bratislava, Slovakia. He is an regular member of the Independent Writers Club in Slovakia and Macedonia.

ROOM

Why didn't they let me change the room
and make me feel better,
now that even the critics are allowed to change their views
and earn more space in the magazines?

They all went for large and bright rooms
with evidently functional furniture,
and I didn't even complain about the only one new, but
hard armchair,
no trace of the second one, though there should've been a
pair,
just like literature is inseparable from the science about it.

Why was I not standard guest when choosing the bed,
and was so resolute in my desire to experiment?

Literature needs fresh love masks for modeling:
a water-bed, an exotic partner with different skin color,
faith,
an unexpected adventure...

But not much depended on, I thought, what view the
window had,
everything depended on where and who she'd look at
and who she'd recognize.
"Each room has a mirror", so I hope mine would have one
too,
for it shouldn't, by any means, be an exception to the rule.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

Why does my head look like a syntagmatic axis
though it is laid softly on the pillow,
and becomes a hypertext when it sinks in deep sleep?

Shouldn't they have let me change my room?

*Translated into English by Zoran Ancevski.
English language editor: Lee Schweningen.*

I Wanted To Write

I wanted to write you a poem -
to strip you of all the metaphors, metonyms and epithets,
so that you be the naked truth,
official and recognized by the authorities
as a conclusive proof in self-defence

I wanted to write you a message
to describe you descending towards me
with a collected look,
without looking round
in case you're being followed by anyone
untamable or indecent

I wanted to write you an e-mail,
to arise in your virtual tenderness,
and spend the 'ntire night lonesome in front of a running
monitor -
so that my eyes don't burn out in the dark -
before they get to see you in person
after a longer while

I wanted to write you a letter,
to reward you with mercy
so that you have it in reserve or in surplus
whenever you forget to smile
when greeting

I wanted to write but I've changed the plan.
So I further continue to want.

Translated by Jovana Stojkovska

Tendernesses Without Warranty Sheet

To those that for the people
Create beauty,
People usually behave badly.

...

Each and every revolution eats its children, but firstly
It will well – feed them.

...

At the same time as the automobile, the marriage corrodes
as well.

...

Whoever has luck at cards,
Will lose nothing
Well at least while divorcing.

...

With the spread of feminism
Even the muses incline more to the authoress than
To the authors.

...

Very often we agree
About what will be tomorrow,
And then we disagree
About what it was yesterday.

...

In moments of weakness
We'll say:
"I'll eat you out of love" –
And we immediately lay a criminal act at our door.

The gap is growing.
Tendernesses are being sold
Without any warranty sheet.

Translated by Zvonko Taneski

The Year of the Poet IV ~ July 2017

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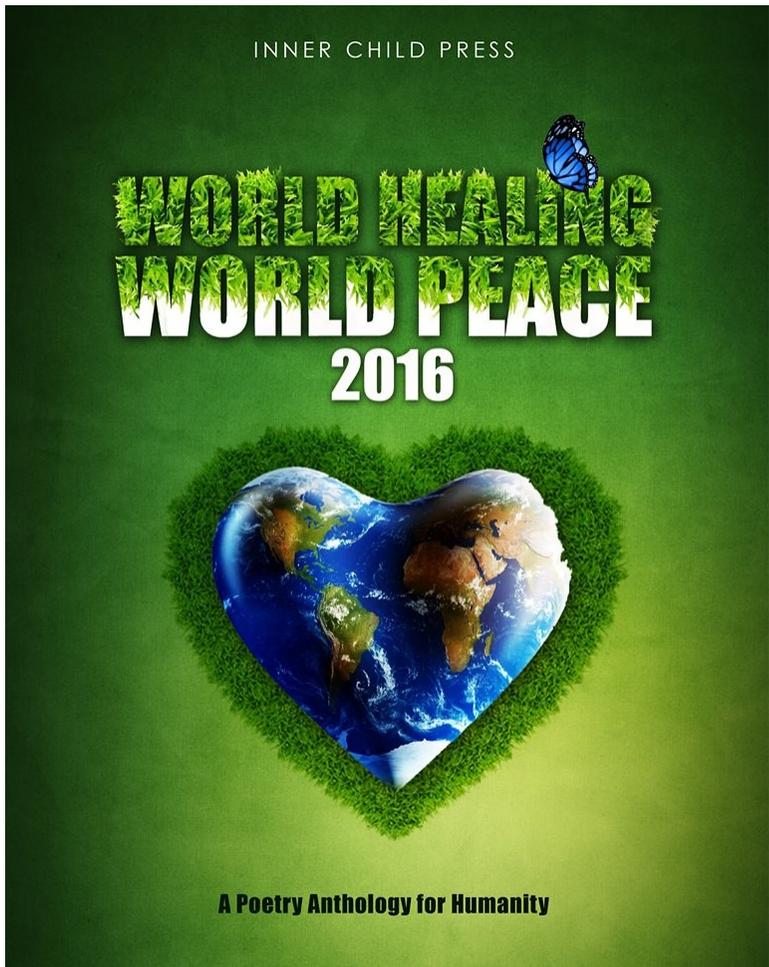
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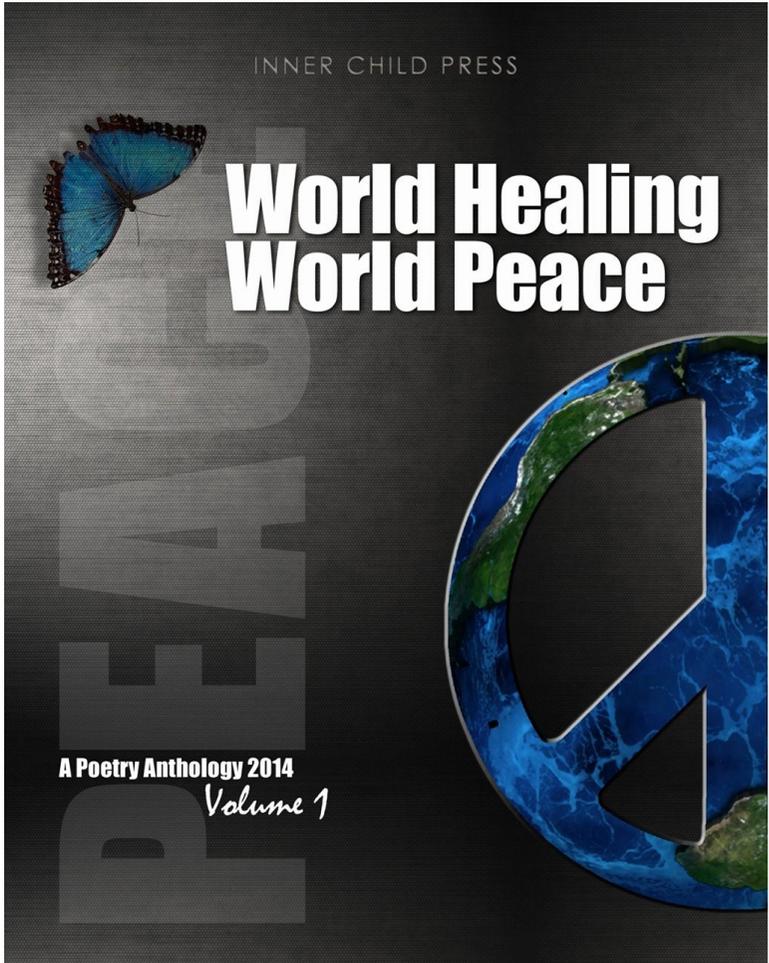


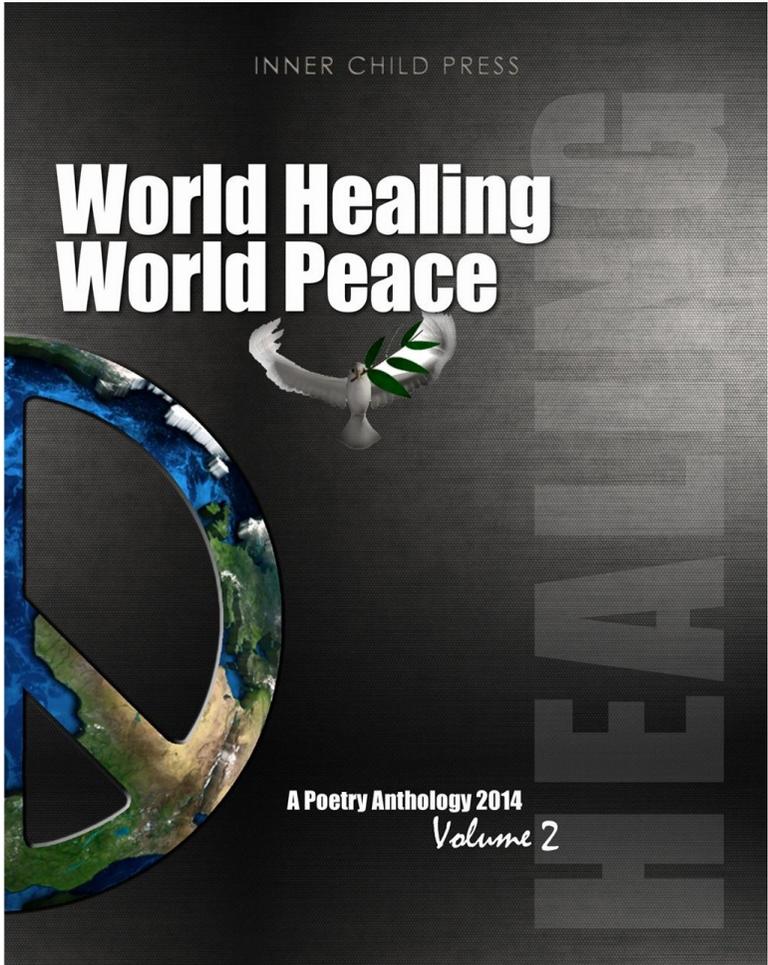
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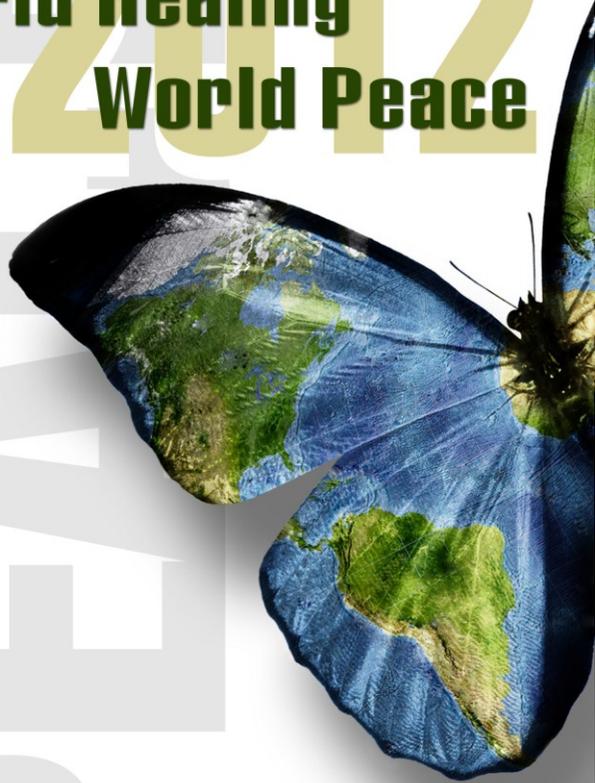
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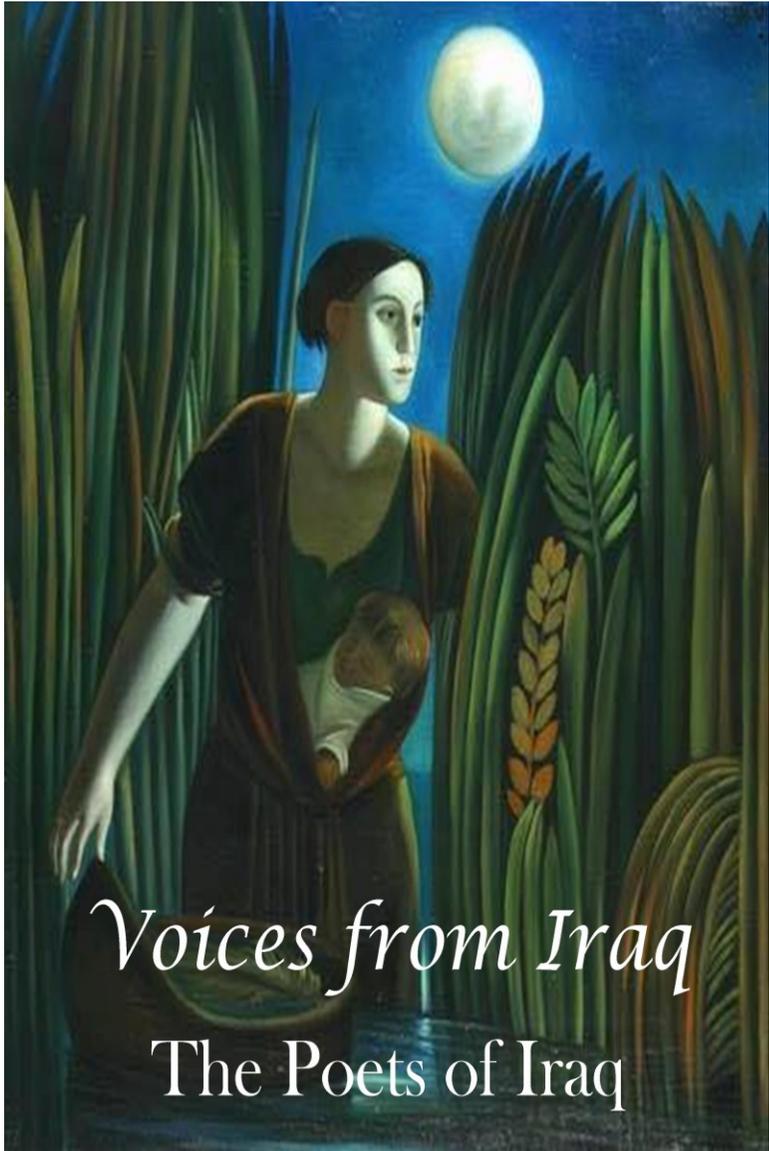
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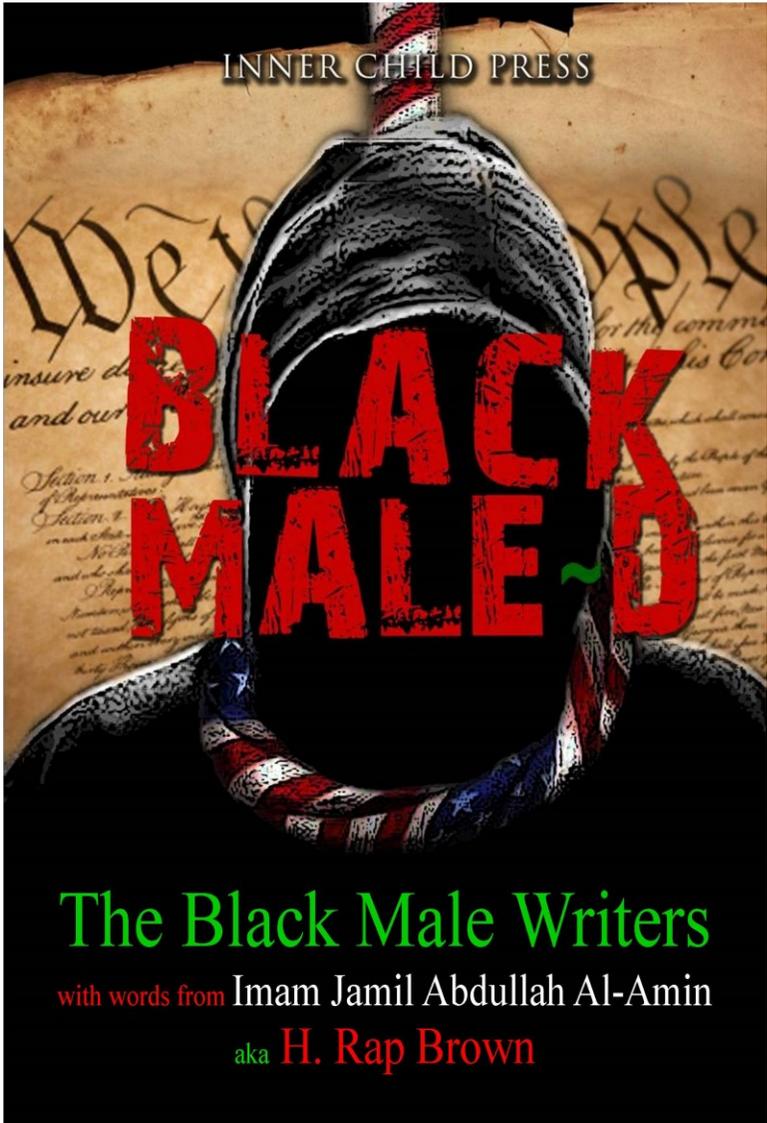
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Voices from Iraq
The Poets of Iraq

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The Year of the Poet IV
May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV
April 2017

Featured Poets

Dr. Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman

Masoud Khalaf

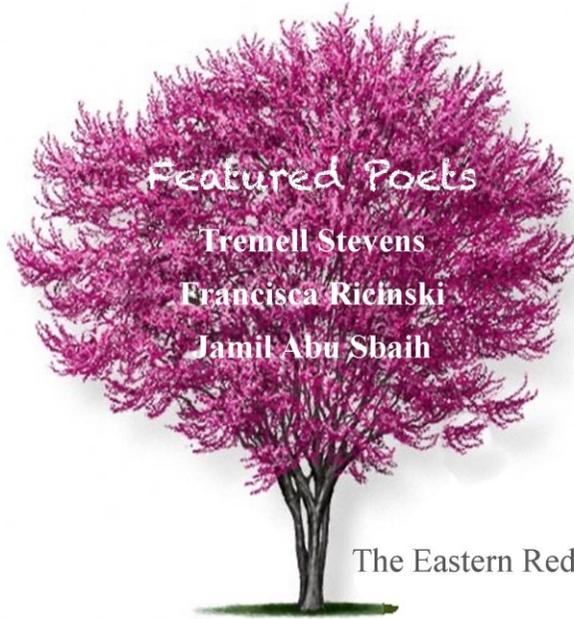
The Blossoming Cherry

The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV

March 2017



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Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faheeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017



Featured Poets

Lin Ross

Soukaina Falhi

Anwer Ghani

Witch Hazel!

The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

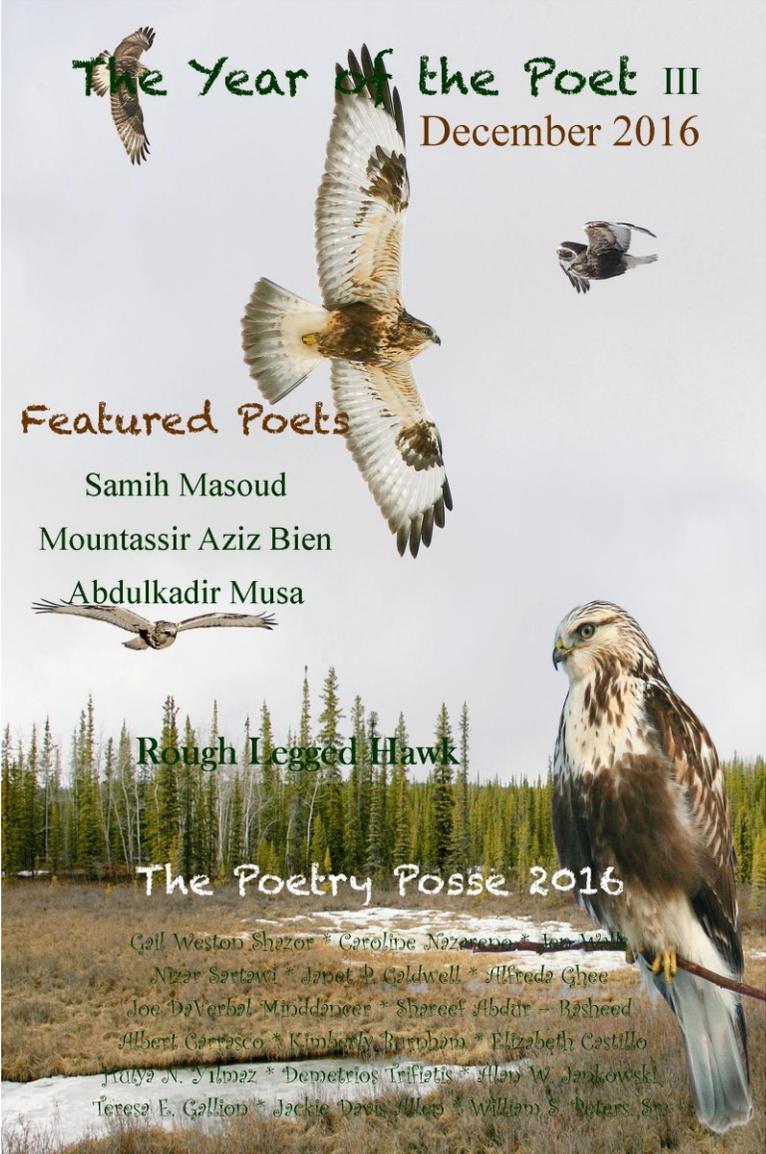
Featured Poets

Jon Winell
Natalie Shields
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bisway Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faheeha Hassan * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud

Mountassir Aziz Bien

Abdulkadir Musa

Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jan Walsh
Nzar Sartawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Muddancee * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Cartasco * Kimberly Burghem * Elizabeth Castillo
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The Year of the Poet III

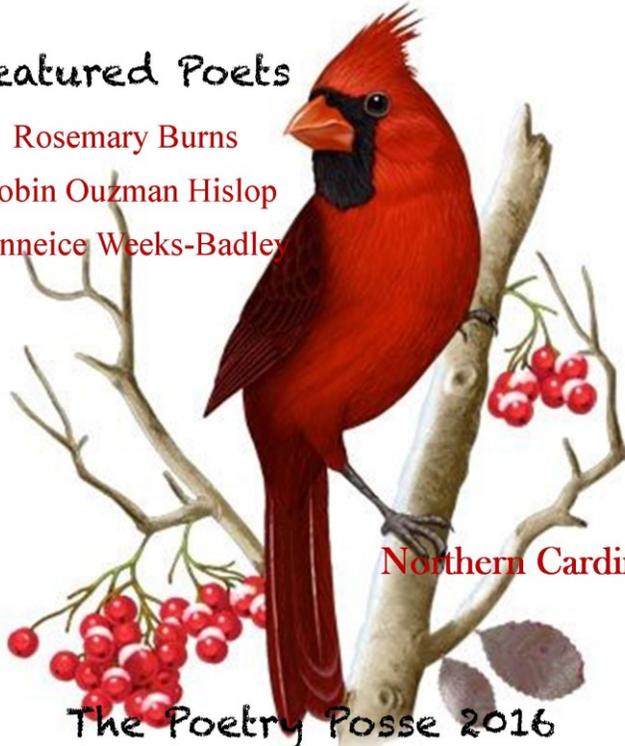
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonnice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Wells
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph

Usha Krishnamurthy R

James Moore

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Triffatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber

Abhijit Sen

Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Anna Jakabczak Vel Betty Adolan * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Dilmaz * Demetrios Trifotus * Allan W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

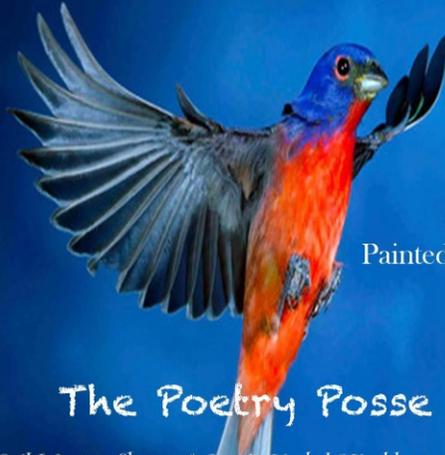
The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash

Irena Jovanovic

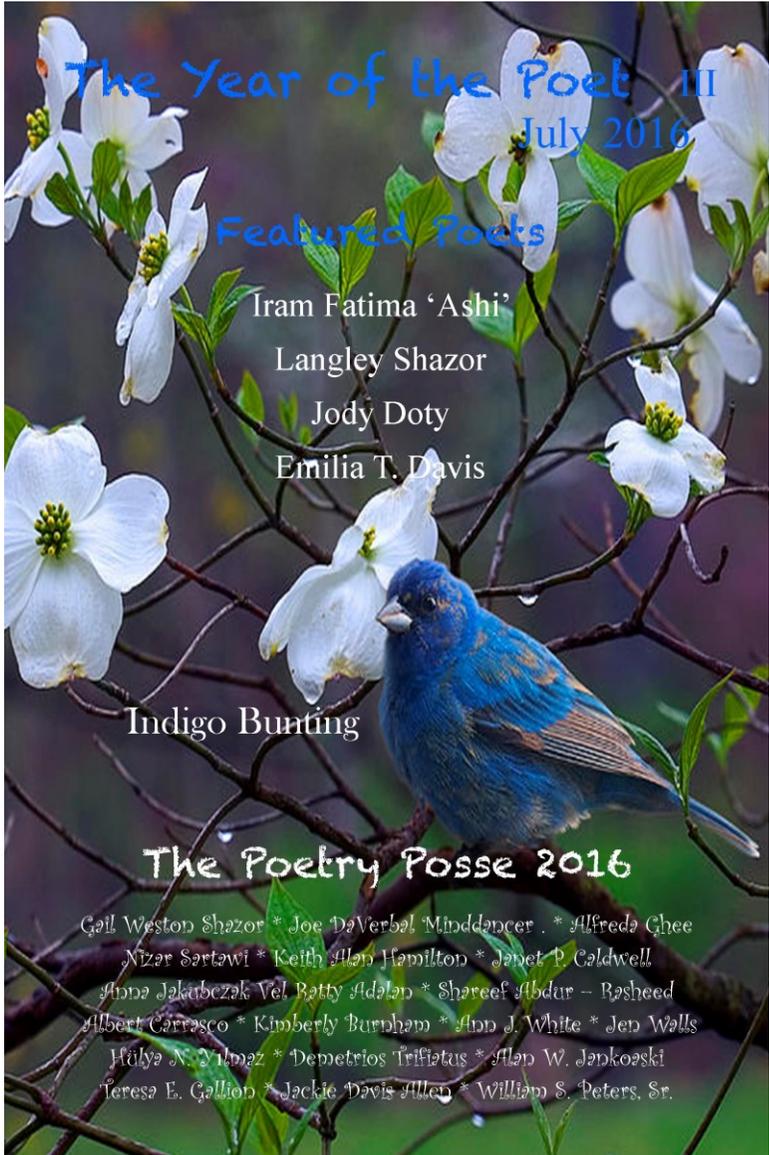
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

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Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adolan * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Wells
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifistus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Langley Shazor
Jody Doty
Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakabczak Vel. Batty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White * Jen Walls
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifistus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleeha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfredo Ghee
Nizar Sattawi * Krishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sattawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Patty Adalen * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna ChalasZ

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Da Verbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatus * Alan W. Jankoaski

Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

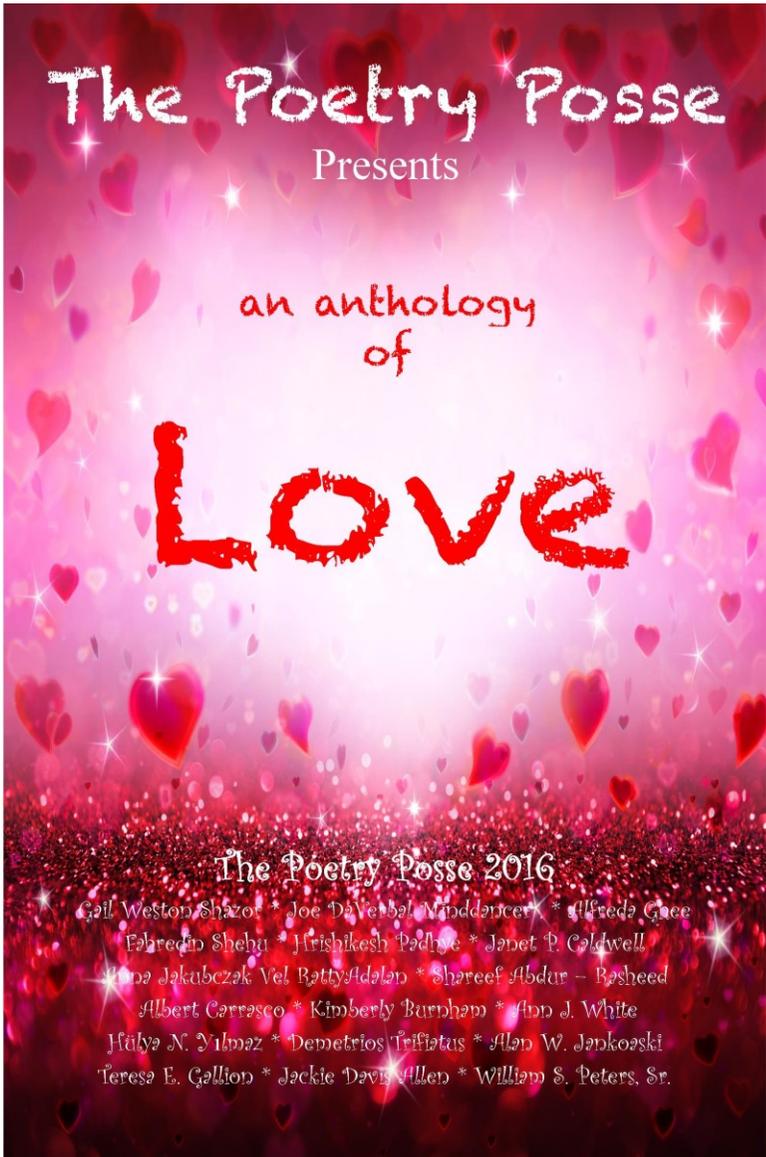
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Jirishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur -- Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiotas * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

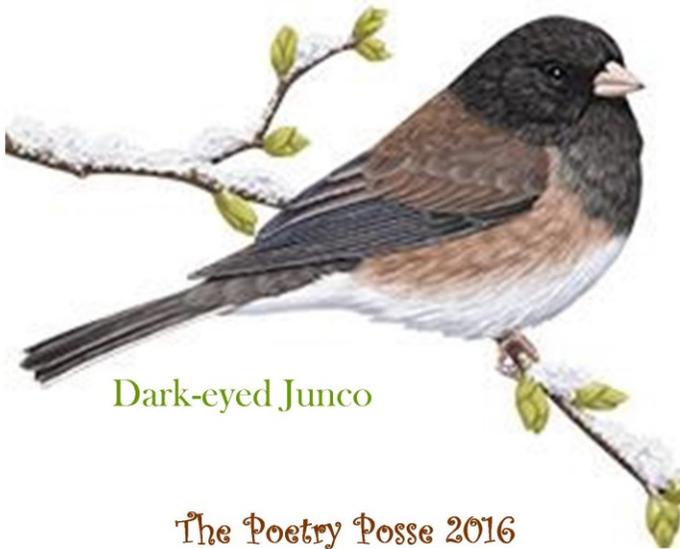
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel BattyAdalen * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmez * Demetrios Triffiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adolan * Ann J. White
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Keith Alan Hamilton
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

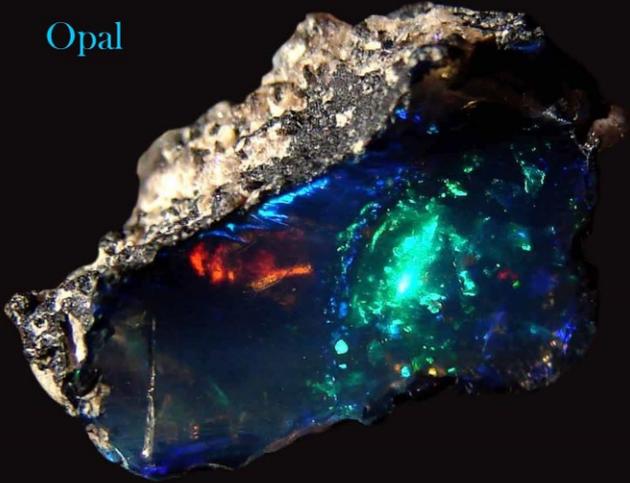
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

Anahit Arustamyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Hemminger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Bello Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce • Janet P. Caldwell • Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer • Neetu Wali • Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • Ann White • Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt • Fahredin Shehu • Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion • Jackie Allen • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet

The Poetry Posse

- Jamie Bond
- Gail Weston Shazor
- Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
- Siddartha Beth Pierce
- Janet P. Caldwell
- Tony Henninger
- Joe Davis et Miralancer
- Robert Gibbons
- Neetu Wali
- Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
- Kimberly Burnham
- Ann White
- Keith Alan Hamilton
- Katherine Wyatt
- Fahredin Shehu
- Hülya N. Yılmaz
- Teresa E. Gallion
- Jackie Allen
- William S. Peters, Sr.

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Heninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

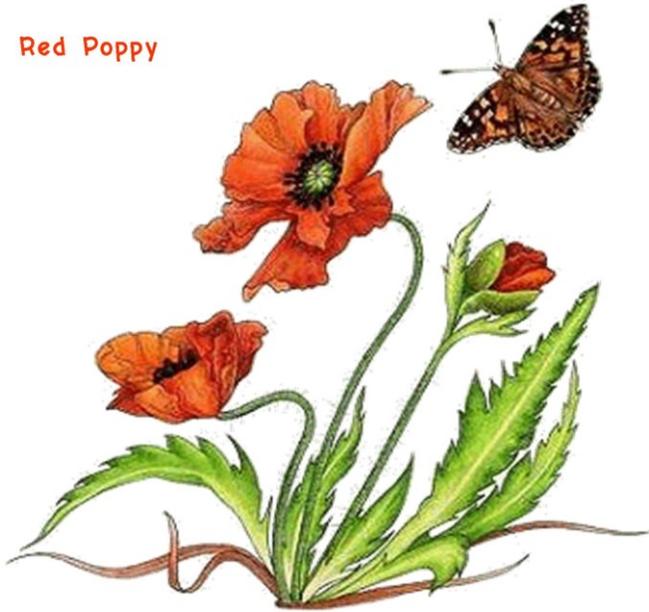
November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passé

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams
Dr. John R. Strum
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert Infinite Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets

Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal 'Minddancer'
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hüllya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

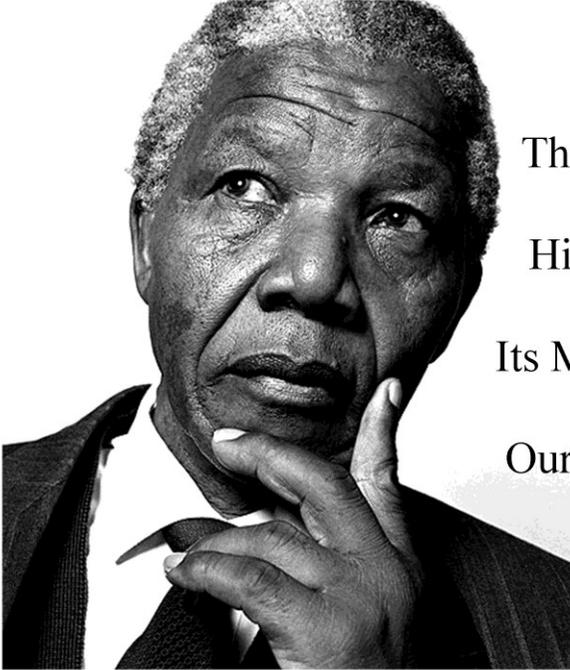
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



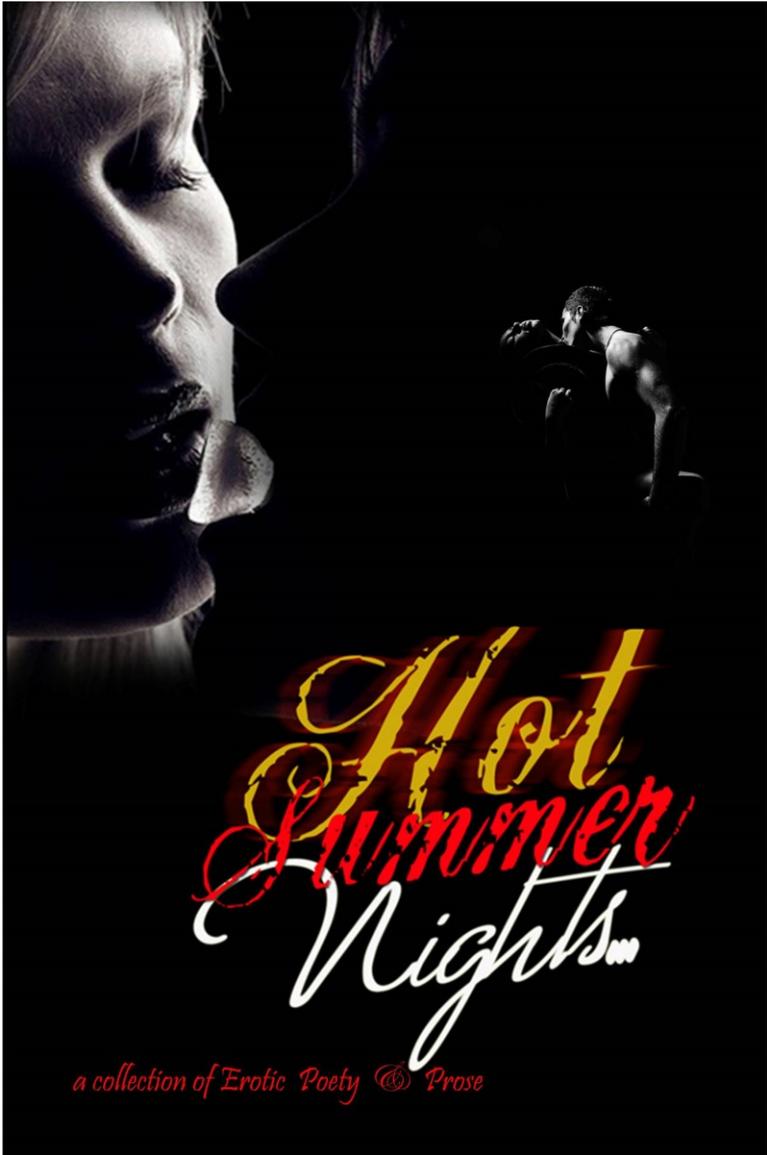
POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN

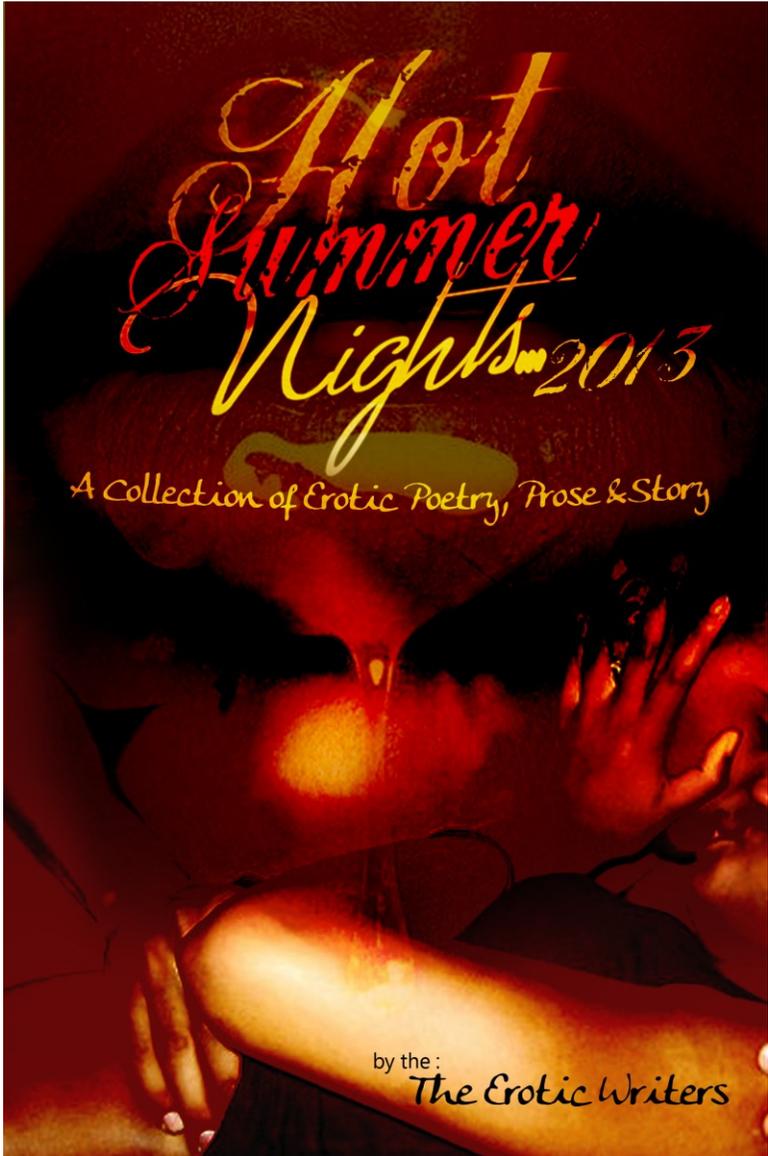
Inner Child Press Anthologies

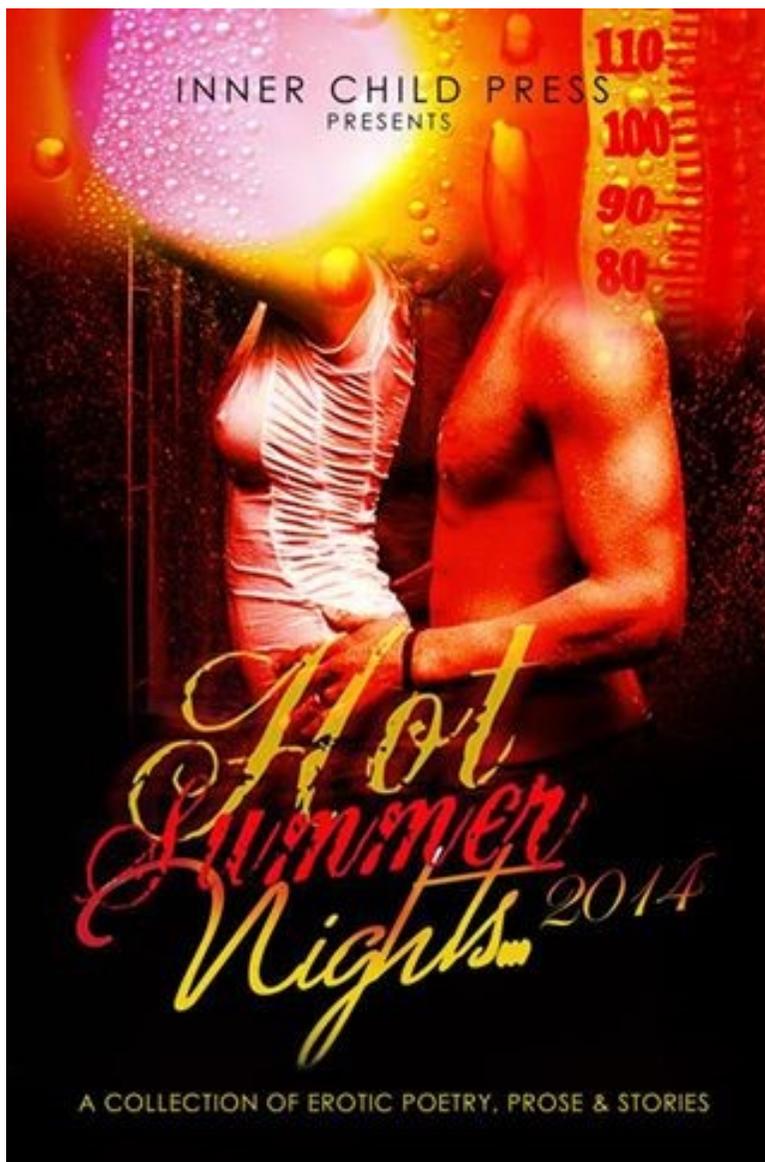
healing through words



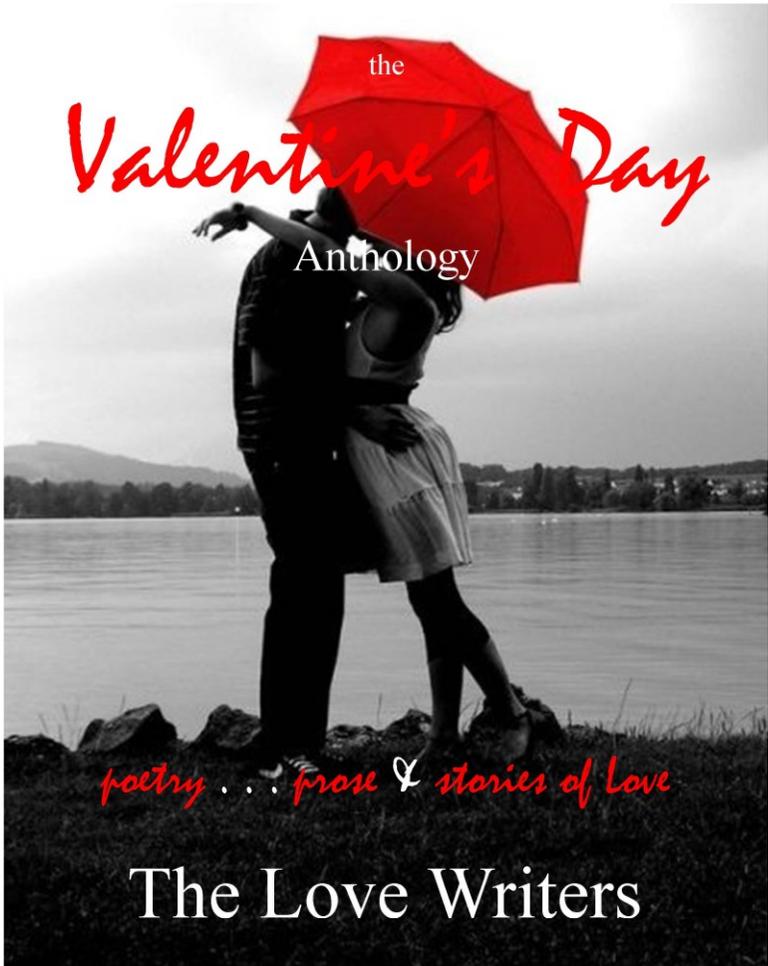
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by . . .

Monte Smith

Inner Child Press Anthologies

a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

 Monte Smith
want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**
to . . .

volume II

Inner Child Press Anthologies



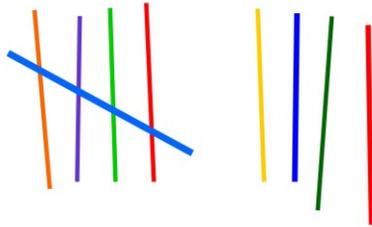
want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**
to . . .

a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

Monte Smith

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

Inner Child Press Anthologies



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Poetically
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Anthology
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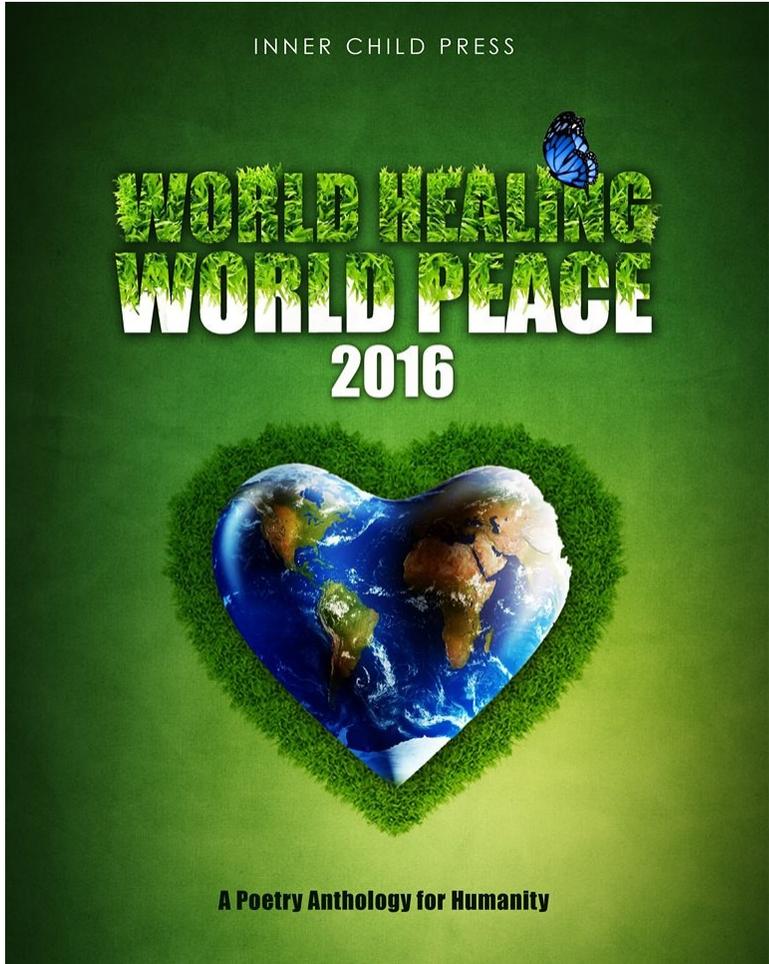
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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



June 2017 ~ Featured Poets



**Anca
Mihaela
Bruma**



**Ibaa
Ismail**



**Zvonko
Taneski**



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