Featured Global Poets

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

Children : Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

The Poetry Posse 2023

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



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2023

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

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

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

General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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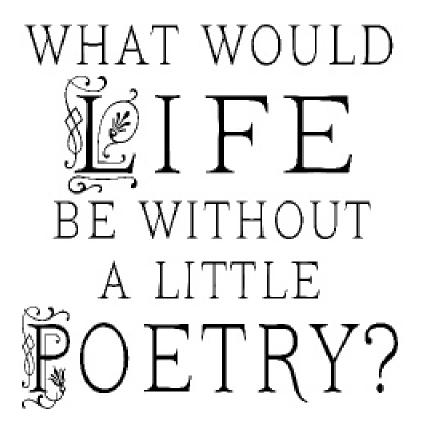
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edication

This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

Å

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future, our Patrons and Readers & the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword Children: Difference Makers Yo-Yo Ma

Yo-Yo Ma, a musician with a poetic personality, may be derived from his special Chinese ancestry growth environment the of Western and civilization. His music, personality, and concepts impressive. Such musical a great are all achievement may be attributed to this. Looking at the international music scene, Yo-Yo Ma is undoubtedly the most representative Chinese musician in modern times. He is modest, polite, and humorous; he has the humility of the Chinese, the boldness of the American, and the romance of the French.

Like, any hard-working talent in the world, you can expect that at any stage of his development, give him a strike, expect him to hit a double hit, and he will often come to a home run. This unexpected charm is really fascinating.

Yo-Yo Ma's ancestral home is in Zhejiang Province, China, and was born in Paris, France in 1955. At the age of four, he started playing musical instruments. At the age of five, he could easily play three Bach suites. However, he believes that no matter how hard a person makes efforts in any aspect, doesn't depend on courage but wisdom, and doesn't depend on quantities but excellence, and only from the will of the heart can they cultivate good grades. He said: "You have to keep asking yourself questions, and then try to answer your own questions. When you can't think of an answer, you have to try to think again and again. This is the best way to exercise yourself, and it is also the experience I have practiced for so many years. ."

When Yo-Yo Ma was seven years old, his family moved to the United States. And taught by the cello master Pablo Casals. The latter was amazed and appreciated the child's innate musical talent. He even said to others: "This is a child who cannot be restricted. Let him develop as he pleases." This is Yo-Yo Ma, before the age of fifteen, has impressed many senior musicians. Yo-Yo Ma once said: Reinterpreting the composer's mind through musical notes is the most "glorious" moment as a performer. In addition to music, he also entered Harvard University to major in anthropology, so he has a strong interest in history. He once said with emotion: "I like history very much. I think it is a mirror. Moreover, because I am Chinese, I have never grown and lived in Chinese land, so I have a

X

deep curiosity about people and life. Studying anthropology can meet my needs in this area." This background enables him to enjoy the refined and fresh Chinese temperament in the international music scene, coupled with his talent and hard work, he has become a musician who is famous in the world music scene.

Yo-Yo Ma likes friends and different lifestyles, and has many friends who are not musicians, but for him, a peaceful home life is the happiest thing. Often, you can read from his innocent, straightforward, gentle and lovely smile face much countless thoughts.

Prof. Tzemin Ition Tsai, Ph.D.

Full Professor, Republic of China (Taiwan)

Preface

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

We are so excited as we are now offer unto you our third month of our **10th** year of monthly publication of this enterprise, **The Year of the Poet**. For those of you who are not familiar with our story, back in 2013, a few of us poets got together with the simple intention of producing a book a month. That was our challenge. Since that time the enterprise has blossomed and brought forth a fruit that seems to keep on growing as evidenced as we enter 2023.

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

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

william s. peters, sr. Poet, Writer, Activist, Humanitarian

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Children Difference Makers **Yo-Yo Ma**

March 2023 by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

An American cellist, Yo-Yo Ma (Chinese: 馬友友 Ma Yo Yo)was born October 7, 1955, in Paris to Chinese parents, then educated in the United States. A child prodigy he statted performing at age of four and a half and graduated from the Juilliard School and Harvard University and attended Columbia University. With more than 90 albums and 19 Grammy Awards., Yo-Yo Ma has recorded a wide variety of folk music, such as American bluegrass music, traditional Chinese melodies, the tangos of Argentine composer Astor Piazzolla, and Brazilian music. He has collaborated with artists in diverse genres, including the singer Bobby McFerrin, the guitarist Carlos Santana, Sérgio Assad, and his brother, Odair, and the singer-songwriter-guitarist Ma's James Taylor. primary performance instrument is a 1733 Montagnana cello valued at US\$2.5 million. Ma has been a United Nations Messenger of Peace since 2006.and recieved the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 2011, and the

Polar Music Prize in 2012. Ma was named one of Time's 100 Most Influential People of 2020.



"Passion is one great force that unleashes creativity, because if you're passionate about something then you're more willing to take risks." — Yo-Yo Ma





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

 $\sim wsp$





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

Coming April 2023

Inner Child Press International & The Year of the Poet present



Poets of the World

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

For Tanama

Waiting on the Change The progressive chords Deepen the smile to bursting At the corner of her mouth A Guitar rides the hip And bounces out a rhythm Of salsa and meringue and bachata The lives of villages Ring through the cooking sounds Of spoons on calabash Of coals on embers And the fire blazes We are mesmerized by the redness Of jealousy at the lipstick Being so close to the music We are there in the moment Sitting on holy ground As we bathe in the covering Of the sounds Soothing melodies The sounds of son To the sounds on concrete Beats of hearts slowed To a healing cadence We are bound to each other In this circle And the love gives life

Crying ...a Senryu in 5

To say "I love you" Only takes the smallest breaths Yet gulps on the lies Yet gulps on the lies Until even they taste good In the scheme of things In the scheme of things Tears can cause a deaf blindness When louder than joy When louder than joy A broken heart will never Be the first to heal Be the first to heal When the one who can restore Will make himself known

The Whatness of the Thing

Many days bloom bright and sometimes painful As the seemless cloak of darkness Is pulled harshly from eyes that protest Any opening that may hurt This realization that you have survived Again And maybe that was not the intention Upon retiring on the bedspread But yet here you are Facing another mundane day of work Another tepid cup of coffee And if you are particularly lucky Your shoes will match today Even though you have ready pithy excuses For really, no one cares whether they do or not Just as they don't care if you are ok or not The questions linger in the air The whatnots that don't lead to epiphany The whatness of primal need This thing about being touched That starts in the womb And fades in broken promises Or worse, promises of soon Just wait The time is not right And you check your clock to see if The hands are broken immobile Or maybe it's you That is broken For perfection is not your lot And the pouchy belly And scars that will not fade

No matter how many tears you massage Into them from inside The amber fluid that is not really Ambiotic Yet mesmerizes just the same Through the clearness of glares From glass walls, ceilings, hands The sun has made yet one more pass Through a cloud-filled eye The toothpaste is chalky And the gown scratchy You sip on despair and consume One too many to sleep Without dreams Without color But not without despair

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

Concert

Cello at the touch of a bow laughs and cries. It leads the audience in distant lands, salons, poor huts It frees thoughts from haste, brings peace to the breath, lights up time.

The strings tighten and the music of the spheres flows -filled with the harmony of the cosmos And the cello sings without words about peace on earth, love and brotherhood

After the earthquake

The earth trembled and the old world crumbled

House ruins like concrete glaciers spread widely in the streets

They swallowed up dreams, small joys, great happiness and ordinary everyday things.

Under the rubble of buildings neighborhood disputes, feuds and heated discussions disappeared

People united by misfortune search under large slabs smoldering sparks of life

Doomsday Clock

The hands move forward Faster and faster Tick tock tick tock

They don't stop They speed up Tick tock tick tock tick tock

Soon twelve A little more And it will strike midnight

The time of destruction is coming Instead of a cuckoo - death with a scythe Instead of a gong - an atomic explosion Tick tock tick tock tick tock

Only peace on the Earth Can stop the clock pendulum Tick... tock Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stardust

From the mountains she came, With little more than her name: A coal miner's daughter. In her tender years; A lowly one. Insignificant.

A sickly child, dire the diagnosis. Nevertheless, she defied the odds. Grew heroic. Particularly, in the eyes Of her adoring, younger-siblings. A child prodigy, she was not.

Plopped down, a million miles away From Webster's definition, Yet acclaimed as a story teller. Extradionaire. She claimed the stardust From her want's and need's dreams;

Projecting her personality, She overcame poverty's objections: The ones that destined her to fail. By sheer will, and effort, she crawled Over the mountains, where she discovered

How to pry open the jaws of education. Gaining confidence, she unfurled her wings. It is from the magical, mystical stardust Of her heart's want and need, that her dreams Have molded, yes, shaped the star you now see.

The Creative Dream

You are an amazing somebody. Oh, yes you are. Created for a special kind of greatness, As were the heaven's stars.

Endowed with a personality Uniquely yours alone, With gifts waiting From the seeds you have sown.

There are many possibilities From which you may seek and refine, So that you may merge Into the dream you hoped to design.

Dare to avoid the pitfalls Of procrastination and resistance. And instead cultivate Due diligence and persistence.

Begin now to discover The you that you were intended to be, Created by God, and endowed With awesome potentiality.

from my first book, p.3, Looking For Rainbows

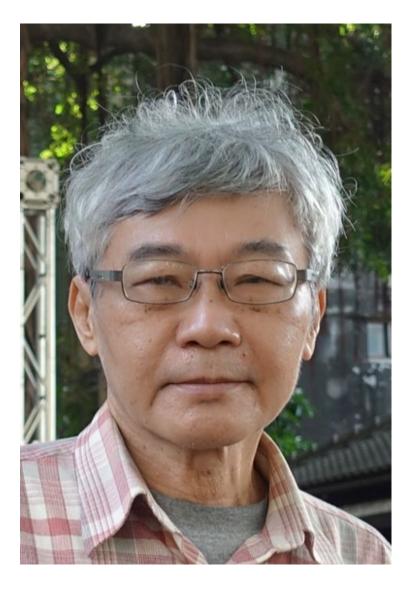
As if, from...

As if, from Another planet, she came With stars in her eyes, A galaxy for a crown, seeking a seat On a cruise ship Called Hungering Desire.

As if, from Her mind, she embarked upon a journey. Visiting, discovering, exploring lands. That which neither man nor map had ever Had the foresight to illustrate. Strange, the awkward silence.

As if, from Imagination pursued, she gave birth To voice, a gentle kind of race. And replacing disbelief with invitation To take on the mantle of the unknown, She accepted. Found where she belonged.

And, as if, from Another planet, she is now A mystical, magical And glittering star. The one, that the world, And your eyes now behold. Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

Search For A Song

Afternoon The thin setting sun's glows over the hills A seduced poem Wild under the pen Take me there, deep into the original hometown of the earth Wild wind The whiteness of the reeds is high above my head Dance like the years of the nostalgia Beadtree's juice did not melt the dried ink Not far ahead The dragon occupies the steep slope, and the hometown of the sea is never resting Do not want to sleep

Dusk is approaching again Sleeping bee, nest on a branch With a seductive song Mutual dialogue Took the sketchpad with no notes by mistake Raise the stroke, no choice, no hesitation Pick a corner Listen to the rutting music of katydid wings Looking at the mountain shadow across the sea in the distance Go forward, the road is no longer half-hearted

Steps home After the rain, the water center of the pool Reflecting on the early rising moon Kick and injure a yellow sorrel that opens its mouth to sing A little sorry Sneaky decision With the dancing posture that has been hidden in the forest for a long time write down A song that dialogues with Creature

Sound Of Silence

How many decades back? When the wind in my hometown dances and sweats my clothes, It just doesn't want to explain how I won't be drenched Embark on this journey With white hair, warning the butterflies flying around me I'm just an old man who can't catch the times

Gloomy glass Peek inside the books that surround the walls Turn out to be Now, my hometown looks like this Is still good I am sure Silent doesn't look like a drunk Just like, no matter how fragrant the coffee is, it will not turn into a mellow wine

Golden campanula surrounds the fence, the green leaves and branches are scattered, and bow their heads Dodge the monitor at the door I'm as shy as A little boy who liked to open to a mind unacquainted with the world With the shyness of returning home Reach for A picture book of fairy tales

Sit down quietly Ignore the "Minimum Spend" statement above the counter And invite coffee Dressed as the voice of silence Accompany me Shared intoxication

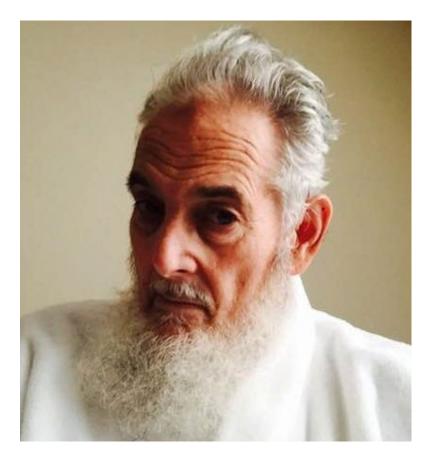
The Sea And Sky Merged Into One

The sunset, the sound of cicadas, the coconut trees he same direction The same color The sea is always there waiting The same low-spirited The same magnificent

The wind is unwilling to be lonely The Fishing Port overlooked from a distance, The first lights are not on yet Whirring But can't move The advent night at all We have made a promise not to distinguish Between the sea and the sky no noise those who come by car don't let Fishing boats return to fishing port sensation Not allowed On the edge of the edge a few steps forward, The shadows are swaying

The night mist returns home quietly A round of resting sunset on Jianshan Mountain, Shining through the back wall of the fishing port In the middle of the mountain Sure enough, the sea does not avoid the white clouds Only allowed Sit on the ground Only let Sea and sky allowed The setting sun bypasses the back of us holding hands

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

yo yo ma

is a star musician squared personified cellist extraordinaire born 1955 Paris Chinese parents educated New York Child prodigy performing 4 years young Juilliard, Harvard, 90 albums, 19 Grammys many genres classical, folk, bluegrass, latin, traditional Chinese etc. heralded worldwide performed worldwide the child prodigy adult phenom take a bow genius

fragments

what was left of humanity trickled down around me i thought certainly things not what they used to be where is humanity? many who appear to be turns out not to be apparently humanity's scarcity the thought frightens me feelings seemed empty searched obituary looked for humanity didn't see went to cemetery read stones what goes? seemed humanity was gone chill covered me to think no humanity how can one live free, what's to become of me? i cried for mankind realized when i cried humanity hadn't died it's still alive in me

hope remains eternally rains wash away pain perhaps eventually adopt survival kicks in though life with no humanity a sin while life in me remains must try to find it somewhere again alive and realize humanity survives

hitting the..,

path walked long before you was born narrow filled complete with thistles, thorns broken glass, body remains turned ashes blood stains splashed on the narrow but straight path all signs point righteous was here carrying great weight to bare kept eye on prize overcame fear even though the prize often seemed far hardly near they knew the promise of Allah(swt) is true worth the wait what's waiting for you faithful slaves who were willing and gave the world away for a better place that never goes away feared their lord and judgement day to enjoy gardens beneath which rivers flow with milk and honey time don't go nobody grows old unlike the plight of the crooked path looks good wide and smooth says " come on we got something for you to adore, it will adore you you'll keep wanting more it keeps wanting you" sounds profundity good to be true that's why this path is made to look, sound to accommodate you

hem you in sin hypnotize, misguide the glitter takes you by surprise blinds spiritual eyes on this path seemingly a smooth ride is deception element of surprise waiting to lay waste to misguide mankind who hurried in haste left the prize behind, lost the race never to taste heavenly wine, silk pillows recline dine with those who wisely took the path free of wrath divine bliss bestowed on those who chose and pursued this ultimate, eternal, merciful gift and ultimately enjoy the last laugh that comes with it.

Swt = all glory to Allah

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in

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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Creativity Encompassing Yo-Yo Ma

A diverse start in France of Chinese parents Yo-Yo Ma a pioneer, innovator, musical genius by age five recognizing the power of ideas we dream the diversity we surround ourselves with living in the U.S. drawing the world inward cellist Yo-Yo Ma in a sea of unlike-minded talent a bagpipe player from Galicia in Spain her nickname the Jimi Hendrix of bagpipes.performs beside

The Silk Road Ensemble weaving musicians from different cultures and traditions mix music and inspiration next to a pipa, a Chinese short-necked plucked lute a tabla, a pair of twin hand drums from the Indian subcontinent a duduk, an Armenian double reed woodwind a kamancheh, an Iranian bowed string instrument a Shakuhachi, a Japanese bamboo flute and a morin khuur, a Mongolian horse head fiddle all comfortable in the tense where something new is born again, and again

Strength in Diversity

Surround yourself with people who are alike alike thinking misses creativity create more diversity as scientists collabortate writing writers get more citations busting the ceilings measured mesaure the diversity of experts bringing ringing accolades, interest and achievement reached reach over disadvantages created when sameness surrounds

Something New

Something new is bursts forward

at the edge

the point where two ecosystems collide

at the edge

the forest and the savannah, the sand and the ocean

the edges overlapping

the universe's creativity stimulating challenge clashing

at the edge

where your words and mine meet

blossoming on the

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Musical Magician

His symphony started when he was 4,

The love for music and melody he truly adores

The greatest Virtuoso of all the time

A musical magician, he awes the audience, spellbinds

Bach as his influence, a child prodigy

Changing the world with the gift of musical harmony.

Awakenings

A cast-away soul in his solitary moment, Floating into a never-ending circle of uncertainty In denial of all things hitting him in the eye Or could it be that he just can't dare to face dire reality? A deep-seated fear sets in rooted from the world's cruelty. Shielding himself from dark forces, But wake-up calls are beyond his control He wants to awaken from this abstract dream Mysterious vibrations preventing him to even scream Delusions overwhelming him in every heart beat. A spectrum of enveloped ideas only his mind can conceive, Out of this swirling darkness he awakened from being naïve Bid adieu to his grueling nightmare Awaiting for the dawning of a new day To see the light welcoming him again.

The Road to Utopia

I trekked on this vast arid land without a definite destination Conquered the seas, climbed the highest mountain peak Seeking a sacred haven here on earth A place where my yearning soul truly belongs, Fell many times along the road But got up on my feet once more Just to reach that sanctuary where I long to be. A weary heart, exhausted body But my soul refused to give up To discover what I was looking for Met various people along the way, Some wicked ones who don't believe in what I say I won't let these enemies win Their evil mockeries won't shake my will. Is it a sin to chase what my heart truly desires? Could the heavens open up its doors just to whisper To my ears where is the right path to follow? Could there be someone out there. To act as my blessed Guide Calm my spirit when I grow weary Encourage me when I feel disheartened. And so I traversed the road to my own utopia As angels try to console me singing hymns of a cheerful melody I can see from the far horizon my future is finally dawning upon me, A streak of colorful hues envelopes my being When a rainbow after the rains suddenly illuminated my dark path Heaven is just waiting for me out there Looking at myself at my reflection by the lake I told myself.

"This is the place where I really belong."





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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Strings That Bind

Carnegie Hall at the age of nine Yo Yo Ma was ahead of his time The silk road he traveled is the same as mine Diversity, we rehearse and collaborate with others Through our many verses and we become brothers

Opus 49 no. 4. music to help you snore or at least dream influential music to help you be who you are and I, I personally love the strings

The name alone, peaked my interest I mean Yo Yo Ma, it's quite inventive But what's in a name? a rose by any other would smell the same difference is, from street corners to fame he made a difference with the way he played

he's ready for the world's stage even as a toddler the man is a leader and as a fan I'm a follower the music he plays were played without wires no plug-in cords or amplifiers the sound was heard through pillars and spires

Strings that bind the spirit, you'll have to hear it Yo Yo Ma, delivers and lives this life Listening to his cello music gives me life When the stresses of life get in the way Listen to the man play.

Owned By The Street

We've lost another soul to the cold hard streets A wink and a nod then an OD Today we've lost another OG OH' God, He died, but no surprise He chose that life now we're left to cry We're left to mourn yet knowing why He loved his beat, his special corners He loved to be out all hours of the morning Now we're mourning collecting stories to tell I have one, but in comparison it pales He gave me a beer once, I gave him a cigarette Can't remember if he smoked or not, I don't really recollect I recon we just had a moment of mutual respect

And as usual we reflect on our own choices We listen to our own voices We ignore what advice that would help others enjoy us a little longer, if Little was a little stronger if, and, and but, but then I wonder when it's all said and done tomorrow there'll be another one another son, another daughter when that body lays before you

when your family tries implore you when you live hard on the boulevard you are owned by the streets

Making Ends Meet

I'm taking it slow My last ordeal was a fiasco My last appeal was my last so, I'm done

I'm trying to find that balance, Between what should've, and could've have happened although I'm usually napping I was awakened with a virtual face slap I was taken through a maze like a mouse trap I found my days full of bull-crap So, I capitalized

I live below my means, I've cut back all extremes I've even held back on some dreams But it seems my peace is illusive Farfetched and downright stupid This folly of mine is hardly exclusive

In closing, I'm proposing the streets Find me a soul with a similar story told And together we'll make ends meet.

hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

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

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

When a Four and a Half-year Old . . .

boy is talented beyond his biological age, people with access to such data tend to become eager to know at least the basics about him.

A child prodigy! As rare as one in five or ten million!

Is there, however, newer information left on Yo-Yo Ma?

Born in Paris. Check! Raised "partially" in Paris. Check! A child star of Chinese parents. Check! A Harvard graduate. Check! Traveled extensively around the world as a solo cellist. Check! Lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Check!

Born in the same year as I was . . . the only 'new' fact of my discovery of today.

Yayyy!

Classical Music's Child Prodigies

Sources online provide 25 names of such, with Mozart being "a true example of a child prodigy". The claim is that a 3-years-old Amadeus Wolfgang could detect and differentiate tunes on the piano. He was only four when he began composing. Before the age of 12, he had composed 10 symphonies and had solo performances for royalty.

Names of classical music child prodigies, overlooked for multiple decades by this ignorant learner include . . . Martha Argerich, Claudio Arrau, Daniel Barenboim, Evgeny Kissin, Lang Lang, Barber, Prokofiev, Korngold, Saint- Saëns, Anne Akiko Meyers and Nigel Kennedy.

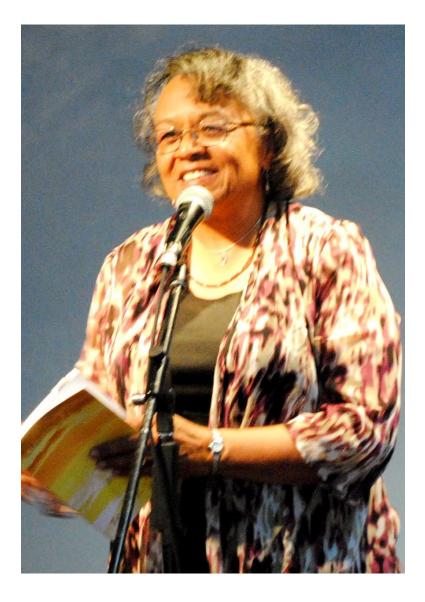
Would you all, please, give me a break and ignore my ignorance from before? I knew about 14 of them, after all! And . . . what if I let you in on a secret? Long before the age of 12 hit me, "Alla Turca" was a household phrase for me. I also listened to that world-famous rondo by the "true example of a child prodigy"; though, only under its Turkish name back then. The English titling of it, "Turkish March" or "Turkish Rondo", is anon, however, well known by me.

Children

across the globe made contributions of high significance to humanity at large.

If only they were left to complete their natural lifespan, instead of being butchered by the mentally ill or downright evil people!





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

Yoyo's Song

A child prodigy lifeline is not always embraced with love. But you, Yo Yo, are blessed with the gift of the lyrical muse on the highway destined for home.

You reach humans at the soul level and dance on a million ears. Your lyrical earth-mark is a legacy that will ride the waves into eternity with diamond notes.

Momentary Visuals

The sea flirts with me with blue-green paintings of ecstasy. The mountains tease me with the essence of turquoise in the coves of desire.

Let me stay through the night. Listen to the moonrise sang gospels I have never heard that soothe my inner beast.

I stomp on the moonlight with streakers watching the night dance of the water.

Law of Silence

Silence is a golden treasure chest in the city of subtle wisdom. I still have miles to go to get there. Those single silent coins tease me.

I reflect on the Law of Silence and the chatter of self-talk becomes a wave of calmness. I am learning to remain still in the long lean into maturity.

I have traveled the noisy road, learned soft surrender. The beauty of that concept opens me to join the silence of the light shining through. I discover the remedy for healing in flickering flames.





ASHOK BHARGAVA is a poet, writer, inspirational speaker and a literary consultant. He has attended poetry conferences in Italy, Turkey, India and Philippines. His latest book "Riding the Tide" about his battle with cancer has been translated and published in Arabic, Hindi, Telugu and Bengali languages. He is a contributing writer to several anthologies worldwide including World Poetry Almanac 2014. He has been published in numerous print and online magazines.

Ashok has won many accolades including Poet Ambassador to Japan, Kalidasa International award, World Poetry Lifetime Achievement award, Writers Beyond Borders Peace award and Tapsilog Leadership award for his community involvement. He is founder of Writers International Network Canada Society to discover, nourish, recognize and celebrate writers, poets and artists and to assist them to network with the community at large. He is the author of eight books of poetry and one anthology. He is Artist-in-Residence at Moberly Arts & Cultural Centre and also co-edits the literary section of The Link Newspaper.

I Am Me

I am the tone of songs and singings. I am the music that sings you to sleep. I am the vibration that awakens your senses. I am the breath that gives your life.

I am me.

What are you? Are you the verse. Are you the music instrument. Are you the heart that throbs. Are you the whistle in the wind.

I think that you are all of it.

I complement you And you me.

Yo-Yo is widely known for the rich tone of his music, extraordinary techniques, and his continuous desire to experiment with different genres and styles.

Melody

if there is music in you, it has to come out, like raindrops out of clouds and flow with a river lucid and free in silent whispers down the hillside then gush into a wondrous word-fall a spontaneous tryst

bubbling shining running with an exciting passion then gradually repose as a poem floating in the air making our chins feel the cold and the days and nights bold

Reflections

Silence blooms into smiles and smiles become festivities.

We know festivities are reflections of lives, we live day to day.

where the mind imagines what we desire to become:

simmering waves that create what creates us.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

Among her poetic belts include **Gabrielle Galloni Memorial Panorama International Youth Award** 2022, Panorama Youth Literary Awards 2020, 7th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada ''Amazing Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua. Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

http://panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazarenogabis/

https://apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

http://www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras /id1181.html

The Music of Yo-Yo Ma

You are a child prodigy Explorer of musical rhythms beyond metaphors; When the cello plays million songs, It breathes new life into the eyes of peace. Your noble prelude and beats Make the world sing, You are the Master Cellist Of immortal band, Whose breathtaking melodies Rekindles excellence.

Just You and Me: Legends Of Our Time

what's in you that makes my eyes glow like twinkling stars over the river it hits my retina, the photoreceptors showing me volumes of missed special days and nights because i want to see you.

what's in you that makes my blood circulate to the smallest veins in my hands like strength and power grips my outer brain creatively manifesting the fiery touch on the coldest hours because i want to hold you.

what's in you that makes me love you even more like there's no tomorrow, that propels the landscape of our minds across the miles, you and me, believers of never-ending ballads and legends of time, because i want to be with you 'til my last breath.

Flowers and Rainbow

it was early morning when i heard a different sound from the neighbourhood, blended in hostility and vexation, for six months.

it was like a fall of the red hibiscus, *vincas* and plumbago that i once knew, the source of strength and happiness, i've missed the dragonflies wandering i used to catch even in the afternoon, waiting for the reassuring crepuscular rays, though sometimes, life is so unkind. i could still see the redolence of a blooming rainbow in love.

Swapna Behera



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

Email swapna.behera@gmail.com

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

Y0 -YO MA, the child prodigy

yes, music heals and assimilates the strings of the cello fill the heart and lungs each one is a living music each has a separate rhythm, language sound is eternal sound of the strings is just the tip of the iceberg when the brain forms the neural connection in harmony with the tune it creates a cosmic magic music is the sync of the sound it hooks with the feeling of the chest the music of the cello is like the heart beats versatile instrument it is the tone of the cello is similar to the human voice the cello's visual resemblance to the shape of a woman has been seen as sexual metaphor Yo Yo Ma the child prodigy, an American cellist at the age of five performed in front of an audience at the age of seven he had performed in front of president John. F. Kennedy. won the Grammy award his extra ordinary techniques and experimentation with different genres made him the legendary musician his motto is to learn about cultures for GREATER LOVE ...

the lady who ran bare foot

she ran She was poor she needed five thousand rupees for MRI scan of her husband she needed five thousand rupees she is Lata Bhagwan who ran for her husband Bhagwan to earn the prize money ran three kilometers bare foot to save her husband she is incredible from Baramati. Maharashtra at the age of sixty plus with saree she ran to earn money for the medical expenses practised day and night carrying buckets of water; crossing terrains of pointed stones she ran and ran ups and downs she ran she loved her husband a lean and thin senior citizen she is her will power amazed all incredible she was searching the way to cure her husband completed the race putting on her traditional saree without shoes or slippers blisters on her foot determined she was to earn five thousand the winning amount for her husband On the roads of Baranmati she ran and she won Yes, love always wins Love empowers

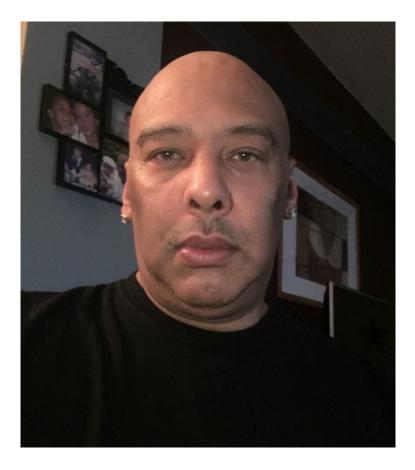
a true story of Lata Bhagwan kare from Maharashtra, India who ran the marathon race of the village at the age of sixty-four to get the prize money for the treatment of her husband

but I am too late

Every morning she sits on her balcony With a smile so bright When I go for a walk She shouts from the height

"Oh! dear old uncle You are late but I am smart" Neither good morning nor is she polite Poking my privacy; so, I never halt Maybe she is fourteen And I am seventy I can see only her face With a big round glass Never she goes out Like junked machine laughs aloud That day she was not in the balcony I was relieved and happy An ambulance halted With beep beep sound Her father with tears shouted aloud Autistic she was on the wheel chair Never could walk and visually impaired Serious she was; so always moody She talks aloud to express her love Can know all hearing the foot steps Today morning shifted to hospital And she is no more..... we lost her Now I confess, dear little girl You so smart Can love me first But I am too late.....

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Yo-Yo Ma

Amazing melodies rush drums to sing in your ear without voice. The right hand bows, the left controls highs and lows, his heart is the producer of sound that captivates the mind leaving us in awe, wanting more and more waves of the cello. He captivates souls and stimulates the mind, as he pushes, pulls and tickles strings to create music that unites humanity, One hundred albums, nineteen Grammy's, he is a cellist of unity.

He shared his gift with orchestras of different genres all over. Then he formed "silkroad" a collective of musicians that hurled notes to the world, different cultures and nationalities collaborating as one musical family. Mr. Yo-Yo Ma is his name, one of my favorites is "Ave Maria" at Notre-Dame. All his pieces are unique, from Paris to NY, we love to hear his cello speak.

Water

Take a trip to the deepest ocean, look down, that's the depth of my intellect, not even with sonar will you ping the never explored floor, subs with divers clothes on will get crushed by the the force of my wisdom before they understand. The abyss I spit will drown the mentally counterfeit. I got that sub mariner flow, I'm the black hole in the bermuda triangle, leaving human vessels wrecked. some just don't understand the psi of my third eye. My mind is the light that conquers the leviathan, that's why at rest two eyes closed, I can still scan the horizon, I got the prose of poseidon to quench the thirsty minds of 85% of homo-sapiens, instead of killing ,my lyrical tsunamis awaken dead bodies

Cemeteries

Cemeteries have become one of my favorite places, I come here to parlay with those who were familiar faces. Unfortunately they're closed at night, What I do is jump over fences, go straight make a left then right so I can see my kins names mark on rock with my phones flashlight. The souls of vesterday that see me walk through isles know I'm not there to disturb em, they understand the loyalty I have for my gone but never forgotten family. In no way shape or form do I come here to desecrate the home of the late, but... I can't lie, it crossed my mind to excavate, open caskets and kiss the skull on a skeleton that rode with lemniscate. Many won't understand those thoughts, you'll have to witness death over and over to overstand that type of mental behavior. I sit Indian style and speak freely blowing greenery... Fellas I wish you was here with me, I feel your presence, but what I mean is physically. I've found a way, a way we could've lived out our dreams the way we used to say " Ayo we're going to be a tight circle till we're old and gray", killers killed that dream. My friends won't age, I'm the only getting older as I visit life in its final stage, full of rage.

Michelle Joan Barulich



Michelle Joan Barulich was born in Honolulu, Hawaii on the island of Oahu. She started writing poetry and songs with her younger brother Paul. They have written many songs in their teen years. She is currently studying Alternative Medicine and would like to become a Homeopathic Doctor. Michelle loves all kinds of animals and birds; she does wild rehabilitation. She has also rescued rock pigeons that make great pets.

https://www.facebook.com/michelle.barulich

Beautiful Gift

Ready fingers every note to delight.

To fill the beautiful sounds of perfection and precise

What a gift, to fill people's ears

that you share with the world

as the greatest cello player

Your music lives on in people's hearts.

12:12

Twelve twelve is a number that I am always seeing around help me so I can understand Sociology, biology we're all complicated. by the words we hear but in the truth its what lye's in the soul Physiology, psychology if you love me you will be here and if you don't then you won't show Philosophy, cryptography lessons to be learned in this world takes a lot of patience caring for the solution may sometimes make it worse Mythology, geology does this strange phantom exist? light your cigarette and show me where the smoke rings go Stimulation, revelation Prophet telling, go ahead I'm listening books will make you wise Michelle dreamed that she was in a play I awoke suddenly, to see 12:12 staring at me Does the thinker always know and does the question mark understand why its asking? 12:12 help me so I can understand.

Make A Memory for Me

This poem is dedicated to David E. Elbe

Born on a snow flowing day They make a destiny for us to rely upon But nothing matters if you're not with me And they can't change that

..In the sunlight, moonlight The weather catches my smile Dazzling with gold and silver The memory comes alive

Today, the wind is pushing east Trying hard to tell you The thoughts that I felt When we kissed

In the candle light, dim light Shadows covered us whole I guess what I'm trying to say is Make a memory for me so when time passes I can at least say some parts of life were good

Make a memory for me And I'll make a memory for you In the lime light, ultralight You can say I was the one Who made you complete

Six years if still no approval Where would my future take me? well come on now, I need your exchange of words

In the highlight, firelight Our souls burned as one Make a memory for me And I'll sing you a song

..In the sunlight, moonlight The Heavens were kind Shimmering with china white stars The memory comes alive once again...





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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

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

World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence.

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

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

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

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

The Gateway

For Yo-Yo Ma

The desire to play was bigger than other temptations, he did not hesitate he could feel that his palms pulses needed a change. No more violin nor piano nor viola – the four-year-old genius befriended the cello.

He is faithful to it. It and him – a gateway to the world.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

My World

I understood a lot. Now I know that not soon enough. Instead of dealing with the family, I was thinking only of the problems faced by those, who appeared in the newspapers, in the annals of crime. Although I did not know them, I lived their lives. And when I could help someone – I did not help.

Honey, I'm leaving -

she whispered. I wondered where she was going.

I could not break away from the news. Something happened again! Probably an accident!

Now I know – she did not go out. She left. And I know she will not come back.

Translated by Artur Komoter

White

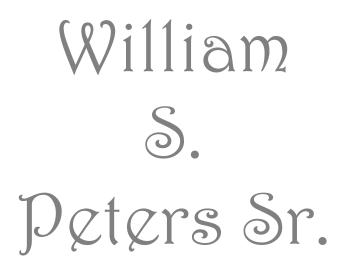
Have you grew up already from seeking an ideal? Did you know that beauty is only an addition? So what that it looks different now?

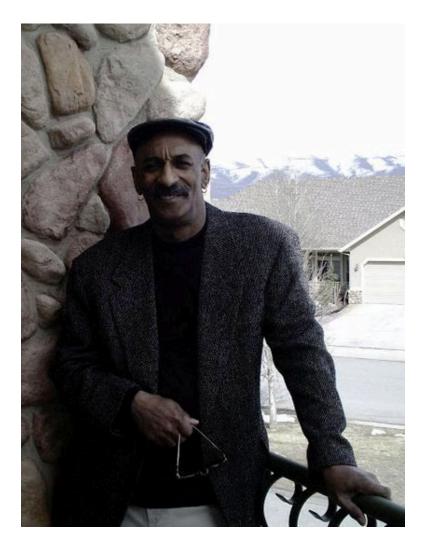
Let it wait, let it see! In you also lie dormant frosted with white hair.

- Why was she concealing them?

She was afraid that you prefer brown ones.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Му ҮоҮо

My music is cellist My genius jumps Into the ears of those Who would listen, And the unguarded

I play with my instrument For it is my soul's toy . . . Can not you hear the music That the angels of this heaven shares With you

I am Yo Yo Ma

Perspective

Looking towards the evening horizon Witnessing the setting sun While holding its essence Between my thumb and forefinger

... I dream of what may be, And realize Life and all of its Bounty and blessings May be simply summed up as ... Perspective

Cloaked

Beneath the façade, Behind the bravado, the Mask He waited Baited by his anguish And his pain For his enduring melancholy To subside, go away

Yes, he prayed, He wished, And he prayed some more For some reprieve From his past choices He now suffered.

..... No answers came

He had. embraced That 'new age' mantra A philosophy, An ideology That said all the answers Were within him Perhaps he would discover This 'higher self' Once he dug and clawed himself Through the polluted filth That 'Love's' absence Left in its wake

The voices of retribution Had no empathy ...

So it seemed, For it appeared that 'Karma' Had deemed him to be It's 'Poster Child', That face on the Cosmic milk carton He was missing

Yes, he had dreams, And at times it appeared That was all he had, And truly he feared That this was his calling To live cloaked, masked Awaiting the curtain call So that once again He would perform As if Everything was OK

Cloaked





"15" in effect

March 2023 Featured Poets



Clarena Martínez Turizo

Binod Dawadi

Til Kumari Sharma

Petrouchka Alexieva



Clarena Martínez Turizo



Clarena Martínez Turizo, Docente de lengua castellana, poeta y escritora colombiana, nació el día 16 de enero de 1975 en Magangué, Bolívar.

Desde muy pequeña amaba leer libros, y gracias a esto descubrió un lindo gusto por escribir todo tipo de poemas, y actualmente es lo que más la llena de felicidad. su mayor gusto es ver felices a las personas que ama.

participado En antología con el grupo arto escritores, en el Inmortales, con Mirta Ramírez. Ha participado en la revista lectoras de comcalco, en el colectivo poesía mundial, en utopía poética. en la academia de literatura moderna Jujuy de argentina. en tercera semana de juventudes por la paz

Tierra

¡Tu hermosa esfera!

Que abrazas las estrellas Por tanta indolencia

Están cambiando tu esencia Y tú simientes se estremecen

Por tanta contaminación

En ti hermoso planeta.

Tus estaciones han modificado A causa de tanta indolencia.

Clarena Martínez Turizo Colombiana

Derechos reservados.

Las Estrellas

Tocando sueños Pasan los días Se hace más angustiosa Mi agonía, cómo torrentes Se deslizan, por el firmamento En busca de un bello encuentro, Para halla paz En los bellos recuerdos De hermosos días Y crees más la agonía Al encontrarme envuelta En un torrencial aguacero Cambio el clima Y toda la dulzura se sumergió En un inmenso océano, Impidiendo nuestro encuentro. Clarena Martínez Turizo Colombiana Derechos reservados

La Danza

Tu cuerpo junto al mío Se unen en la danza Cerca Piélago adormecido Adornan nuestro encuentro Caen gotas de rocía Que enternecen los besos En cada suspiro Cuál torrente recorres Calmando mi sed y el frío. Misteriosamente neva Cuál remolino de rio Absorbiendo todo A su paso Calmas mi frío, La música acompañando Tal abrigo En el vals de la vida Nos sumergimos Fundiendo nuestras almas En el Piélago escondido. Clarena Martínez Turizo Colombiana Derechos reservado

Binod Dawadi



Binod Dawadi is from Purano Naikap 13, Kathmandu, Nepal. He has completed his Master's Degree from Tribhuvan University in Major English. He likes to read and write literary forms. He has created many poems and stories. His hobbies are reading, writing, singing, watching movies, traveling, gardening, etc.

Poet

To become a poet is not a easy, We should bring the voices, Of the living beings and world, Sometimes of physical world, Sometimes of metaphysical world,

People can call us psycho, We should use our 6th sense, To do welfare, From our works, To the world,

A good poet never narrates, About his or her life, But writes about the marginal Voices, To give the justice, To the people,

To win the heart of other, Is a hard tasks, It can be done only, By the genius mind, Everyone can't become a poet by writing simple poems.

Words as a Weapon to Get to Victory

Your words has so much powers, It can stop the world war, It can bring peace and harmony, It can make healthy to, The sick people,

It can give love, As well as can make enlightenment, If the words are used, In the correct platform, But in incorrect context or situation,

It can create war create death, Create fighting and hate, So tactful people can, Use it perfectly, Artist can use it for various genre of literature,

Teacher can use it to give enlightenment, So words are not just a words, But they are the letters and they have ethos, pathos, To create healing emotion, Is the work of the words.

Let People Judge You

The works of the people, Is to judge you, To find your weakness, To fall you, They are jealous in your progress,

They are not wanting your, Happiness, So why you are worring about, This selfish world, They love your money,

As well as your wealth, They don't know, By judging others they are wasting their time, First of all the judges should judge their life, Before judging to others.

Til Kumari Sharma



Ms. Til Kumari Sharma was born in Bhorle-Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, West Nepal. She is known as Pushpa too. Her parents are Mr. Hari Prasad Bashyal/ Basel Sharma (Mayor of Village Assembly in the time of Kingdom) and Mrs. Liladevi Bhusal Bashyal/ Basel. She is youngest daughter of her parents. She has her school as (Shree) Janata Ma.Vi. Bhorle, I.A. from People's Campus, Paknajol, Kathmandu. She has her B.A. from R.R. Campus Pradarshani Marg Kathmandu, B.Ed. (Eng. and Pop.) from T. U. Kirtipur and M.A from Tribhuvan University (English Department) Kirtipur Kathmandu. She has finished her L.L.B from Nepal Law Campus Pradarshani Marg Kathmandu. Her PhD is in English Literature from Singhania University Pacheri Bari, Jhunjhunu in Rajasthan (India). She was not allowed to study PhD by her own country and she went to India. She has published many thousands of poems, essays, stories and other literary writings (in Amazon. com from Russia, England, Scotland, Indonesia, South Africa, Kenva, North Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, India and others) from Nepal & different countries of world. It is wonder that her own relatives and major national newspapers (media) never write for her international achievement even she is rewarded in the world as best writer. Now she is world famous poet.

Life in Green Grave

My former grave is alive now. It is full of flowers. It is bosom of my dead body. The grave has provided another birth. The birth of tears and pain.

The empty birth in less humanity My former grave is kind to me. The vampire kills my feelings to live. My innocence is disliked by people. My honesty is joked.

My justice is unheard. Though I am making the green grave. Flowers are blooming. My dead body is flowering in my art. My worth is in my mind.

The love is died in my early life. Then I live as dead life. But my grave is blooming with my identity. Death is my super mate in earth. Death kills other to save me.

Artistic Smile of Mine

The smile of dead is your departure. The performance as of living creature The art is green to alive my smile. The grave is ready to take me with creation.

The showy smile welcomes the human company. Harmony to others in our smile The way of living is fun. The life is healthy and funny.

The genuine smile is losing. The beauty is passing. The delight is missing. The fine art is living.

The life is golden in real smile. Life is short. The smile is short. Smile is fashion.

Graves as Green Plant

After death plant grows there. Human is transformed there. The human is taking the another home. The delight is transformation.

Green plant is exchanged after. The life of garden is there. Grave turns in garden of plants. The flesh mingles in soil.

The bone shines to give electric power. Flesh turns to be plant. Then it becomes fertile soil. The life is dutiful in garden of earth.

Natural rules make grave the green garden. It is harmony of earth and universe. It is the ecosystem of earth. Death is another birth.

Petrouchka Alexieva



Miss. Petrouchka Alexieva is a well-known as a feminist and a LOVE poet, distinguished scholar and TV persona. She is a Cum Laude graduate at CSULA (2009) and "All American Scholar Award"recipient (2008). Speaking 8+ languages, her literary and scholarly works, photo-documentaries were highlighted in varieties of venues, on "Daheli Live!" TV show, opening ceremonies and numerous open mics.

For her outstanding life-long achievements, Ms. Alexieva's name was included two times among the most distinguished Earth's citizens list of NASA's Mars Exploration Rover (2003) capsule and Science Laboratory Rover (2011) list, for which has been awarded with honorable certificates.

The Girl Who Was Sitting Lonely on the Curb

Childhood. Poor girl. I was sitting always lonely on the curb.

My blue eyes were sad. Rich kids from the neighborhood Avoided to play with me. I had no dolls, no fancy clothes. My parents had no car, no PhDs, my father worked hard. He went to his job with an old rusty bike; Always fixing a flat tire or a broken part. In next morning he was riding again - every day the same.

I was only six. The principle noticed my talent And began teaching me a new language. I was happy, studied hard and learned it fast. Meanwhile, Gagarin and the first woman flew in space. The principle said: "You are chosen to give flowers Every time when the cosmonauts come To our historical town. And don't let others to put you down".

So, in the same very morning, I stood up With gorgeous bouquet in my hands. I was happy. My eyes were full with all the blue of the beautiful sky above. "Valya" take them from my heart!," I whisper to her. Tereshkova smiled. "Never give up! We women are strong. We women are all like this," Valentina said and give me a kiss.

I grew up with my father in mind. All my life, I carried my teacher's voice And the astronaut's smile in my heart.

First, high school with science and math,

Then, in medical school, second in class. Oh, it was hard! It was so hard! Then, I came to US With two boys and a husband, thinking for their success. I passed the passionate message to other kids, too. "Never give up! If you have a dream, you must work hard."

Yes, I won medals and trophies, and prestigious awards – all, that one scholar really can get. Yes, I did all. Speaking 8 languages and knowing few more I led delegations; traveled abroad, Olympian medal shine on my shelf. I've met politicians and royalties, gave high-stage talks. NASA sent twice my name into space In honor for what I had done for the kids, Who are poor and sit lonely on the edge of the curb -The kids once rejected, The same like me.

Melting From Love

I build Him for fun, like a dream From the yesterday's innocent snow. Because of the weather I gave Him My favorite sweater, Mittens and scarf From such a premium yarn, Shiny buttons and hat That I found in the barn.

He was nearly done, almost intact And I put happy smile, eyes and nose. He stood in a cold in his fancy pose With a broom and a bucket. Then... I draw a huge happy heart, And...I gave Him a hug In my front snowy yard.

The temperature outside was low – brrr! – to the extreme! So, at midnight, icicles started to glow, On the roof and his sweater. The stars were sparkling bright. In fact, it was his favorite weather.

I took cup of tea and went to bed. I was ready to sleep calm and well When somebody rang the bell! It was Him, my man, my Snowman, I mean! He stood there frozen in the shimmering night With ice on his nose and birds on his hat; Somehow bigger and somehow bright.

"Can I come in?" he said and stepped Into my cozy and warm living room room. "I love you!" he whispered Pointing his red-blinking heart "I want you to walk with me to the moon!"

...We were happy and funny, And dancing and bouncing Full of life and ...IN LOVE. But soon... What was left from Him Were the nose and the hat, Few warm little clothes, the broom, And a small little lake in the room. I assume, what to blame was the heater above. See you next winter, My Love!

Watermelon Summer Nights

It's a harvesting time. In our small town, the end of each summer Comes with plenty of velvety nights. Parents become one more time Little girls and boys carving watermelons, Eating the flesh of the fruit from inside Just with a spoon. Their children are jumping around Inpatient, warring not to be late for the fun.

Flocks of kids run on the streets With lanterns in their hands Made from large watermelons And candles burning inside. Some carry sparkling jars full of fireflies.

Happy kids lighten the streets, Stopping at each other's house. Neighbors switch off the lights To enjoy these funny creations of art.

There must be some magic in the hanging ropes Moms and dads turn into best parents of all. Only in this time of the year, Moms are not calling for dinner. It seems that the time disappears. The clocks are not working well (Of course!) Nobody goes to sleep early in the end of summer. The whole neighborhood has incredible fun.

Oh, yes! Even dough I am a long-time adult, Tonight on my front porch, I set a watermelon lantern And switched off the lights, just in case My childhood runs by. Bur this is secret, all right?

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



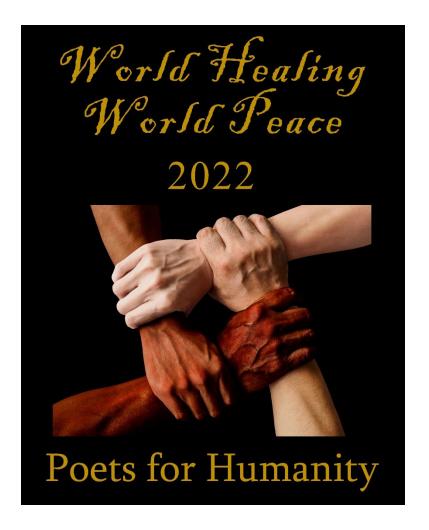
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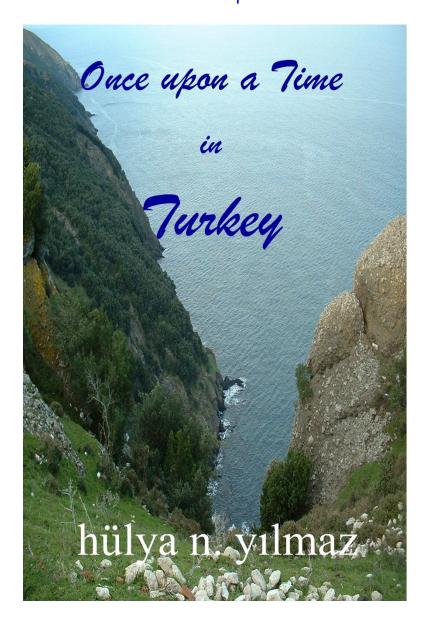
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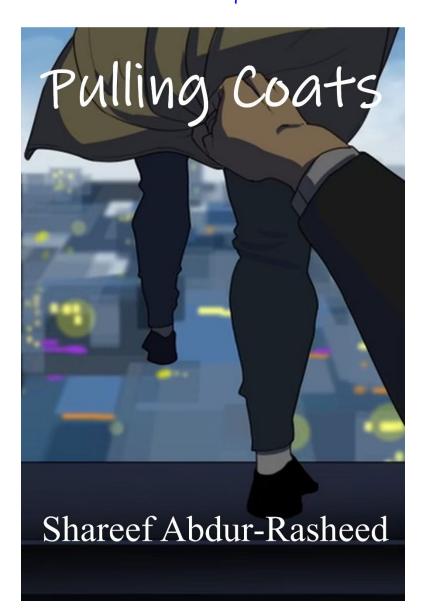
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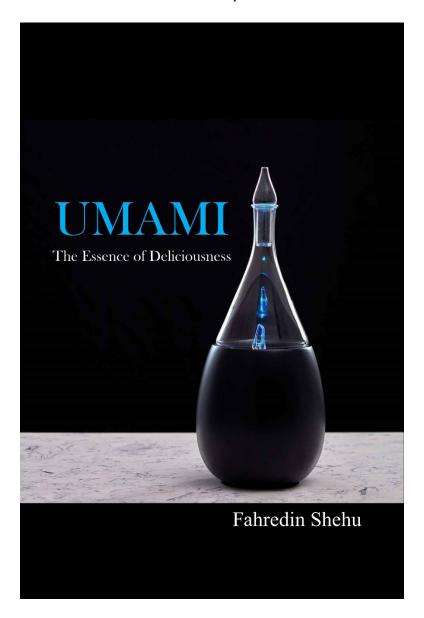
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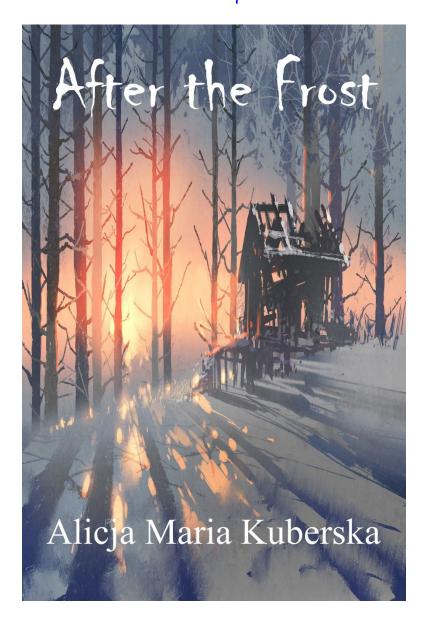
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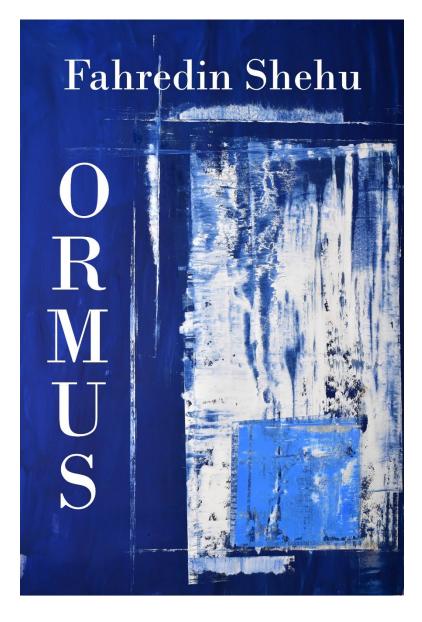












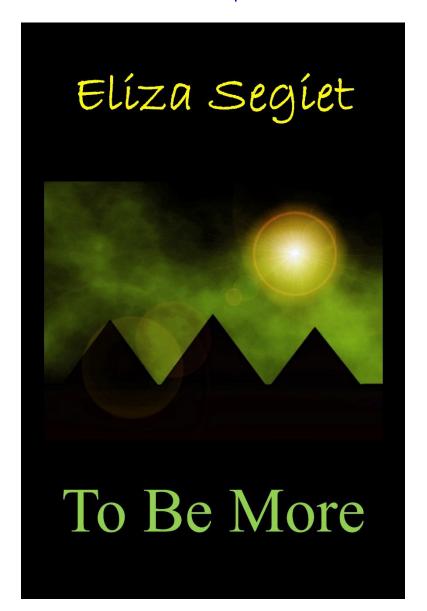
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Ahead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages

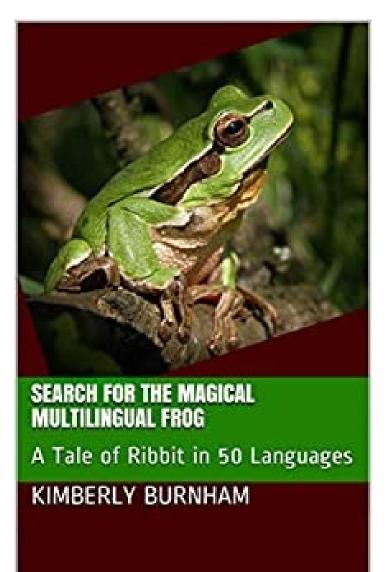


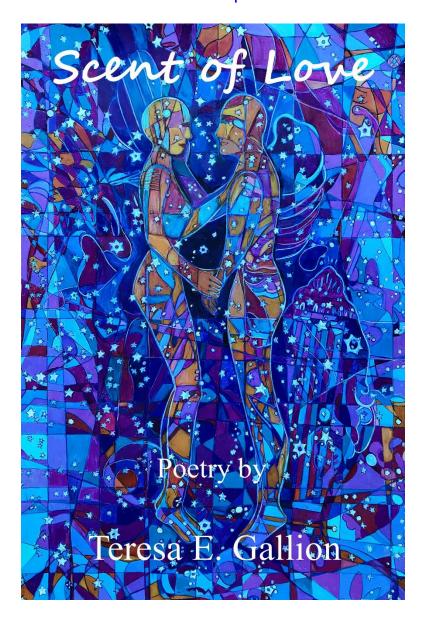
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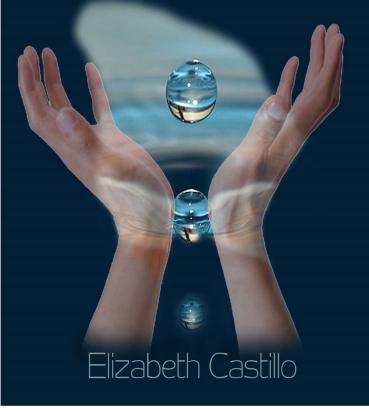
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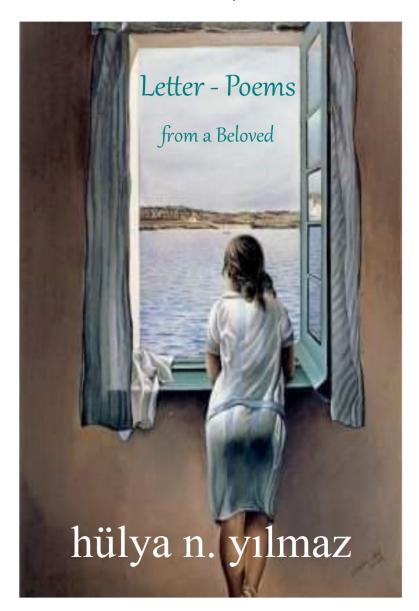


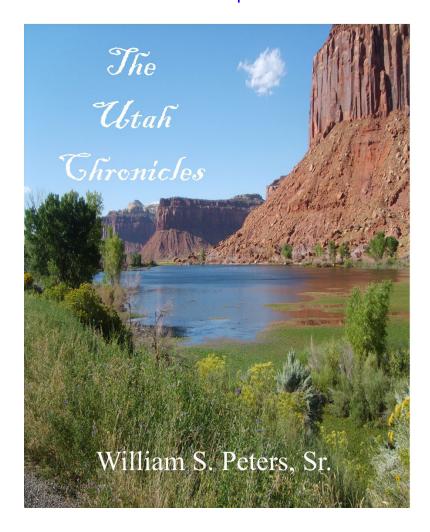


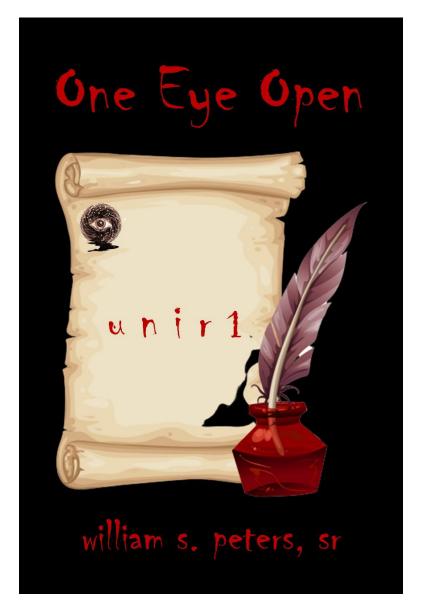
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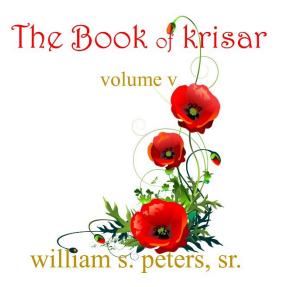






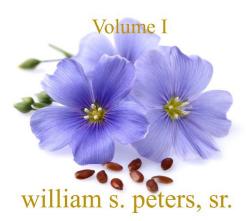


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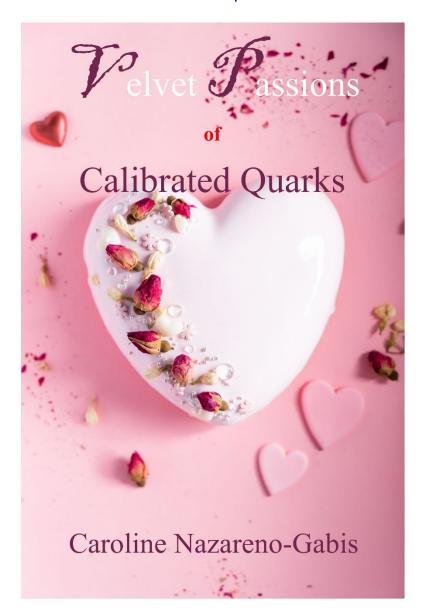
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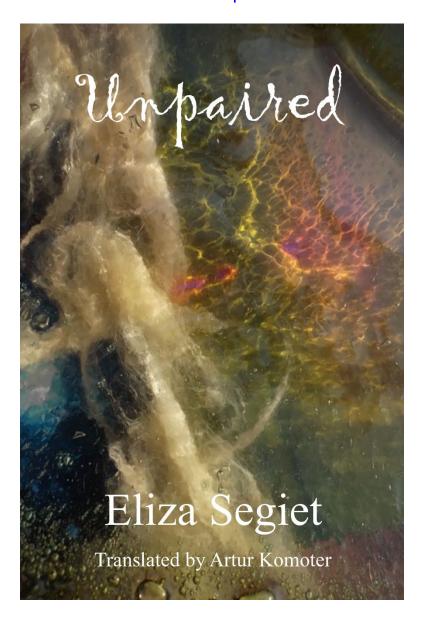


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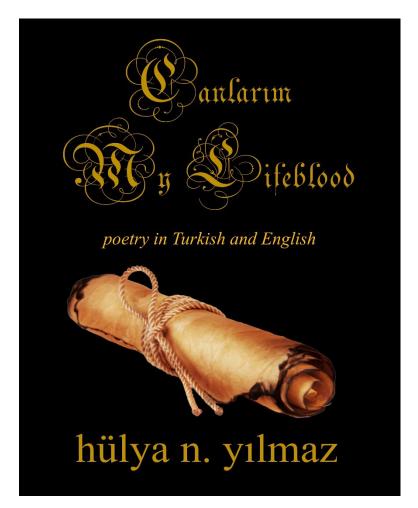


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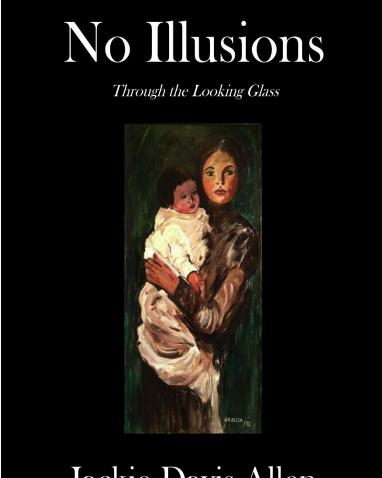




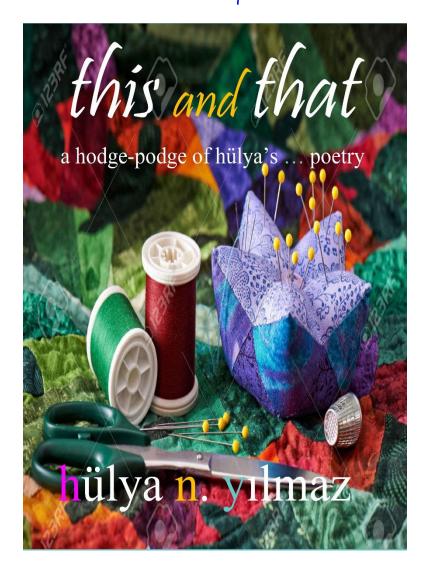
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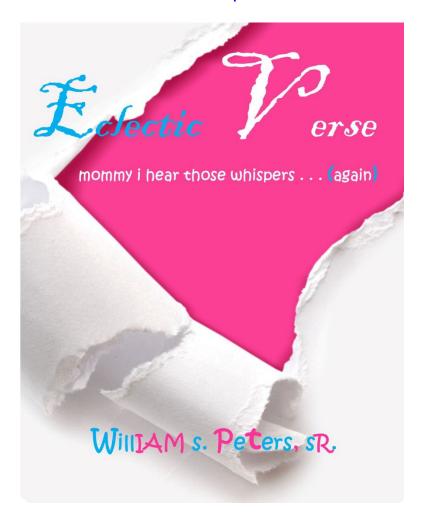
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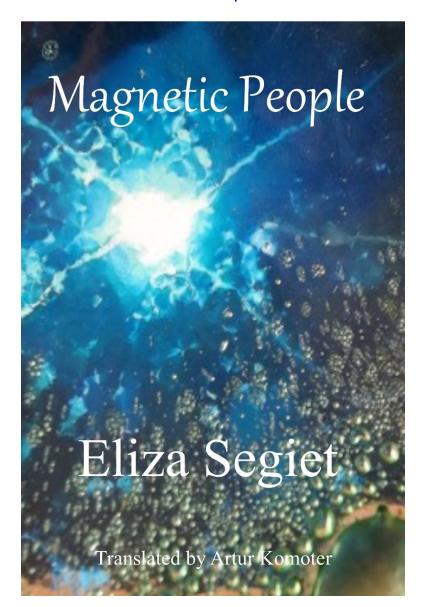


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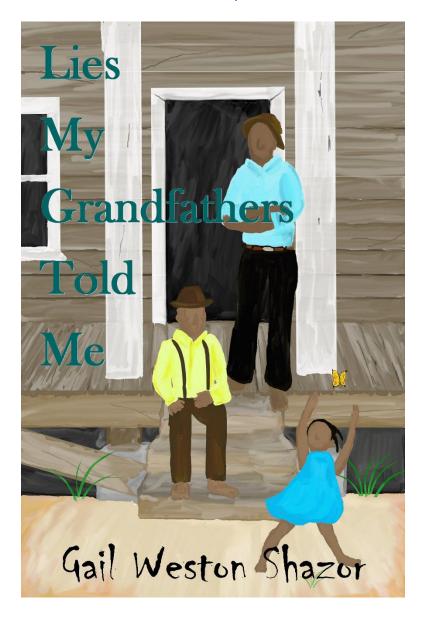


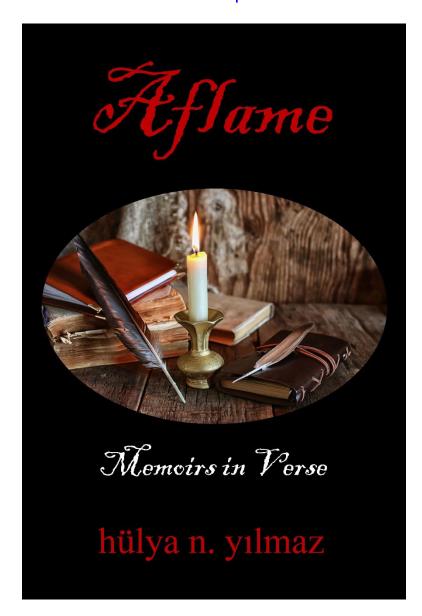




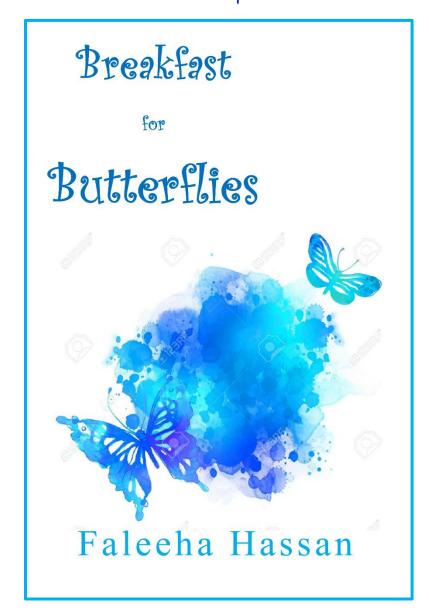


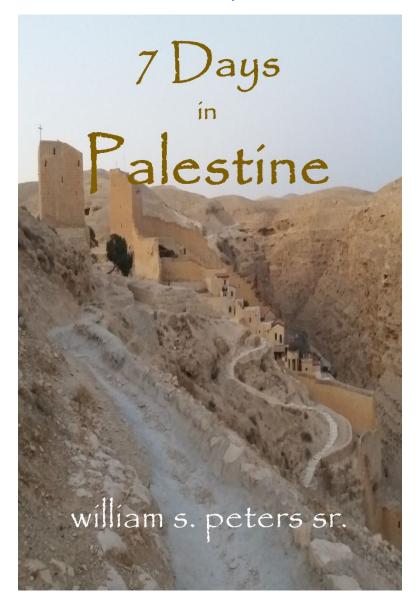




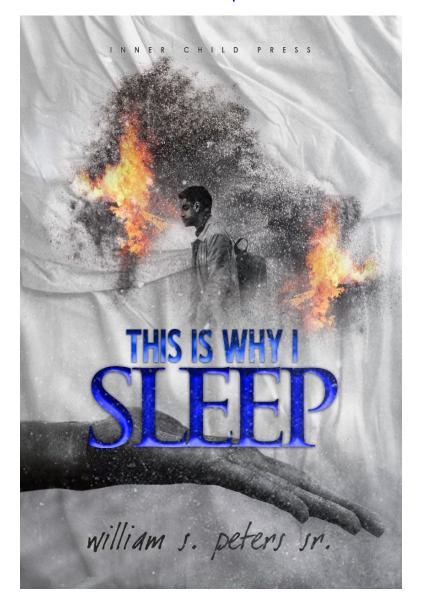














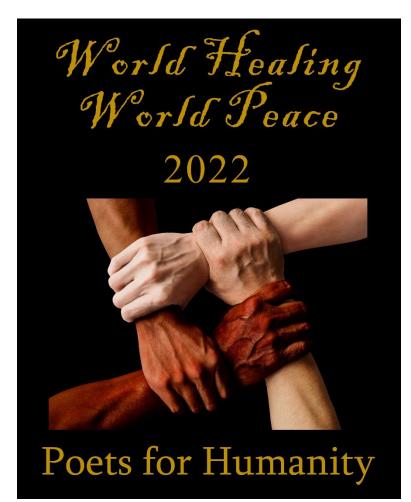
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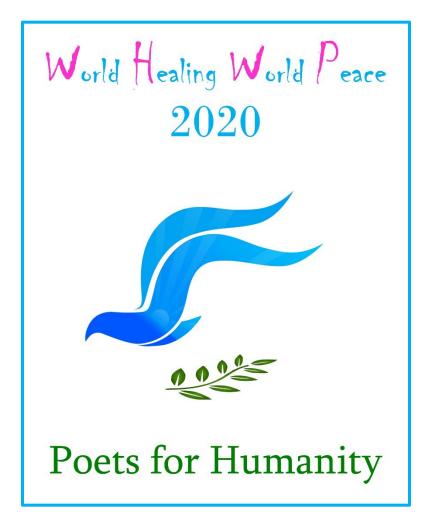
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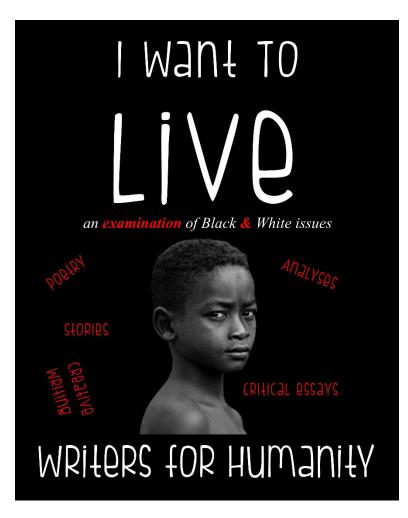
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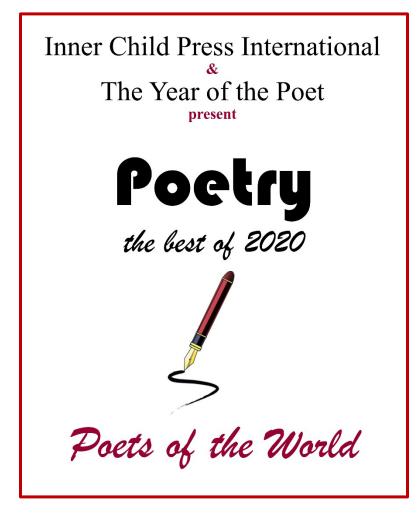
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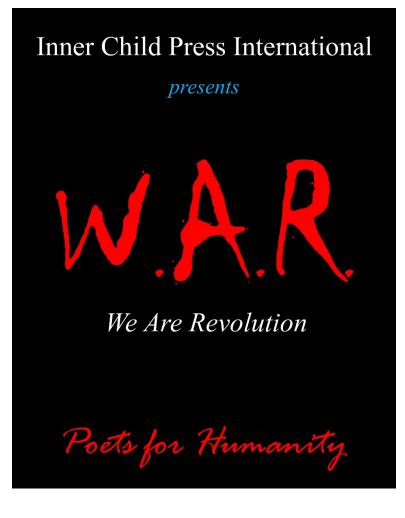
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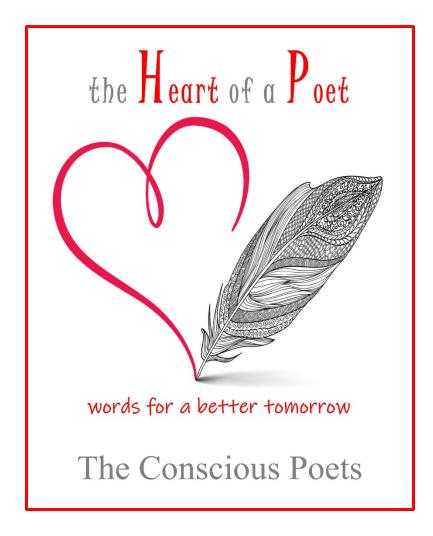


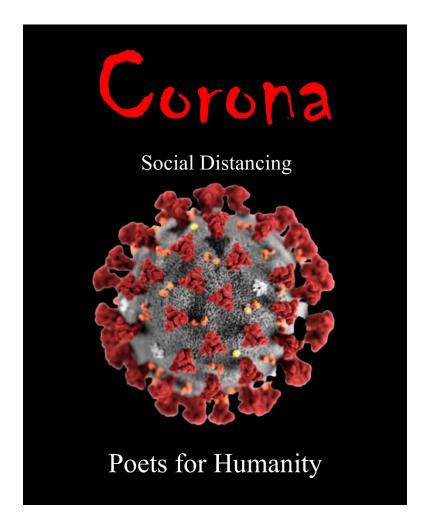
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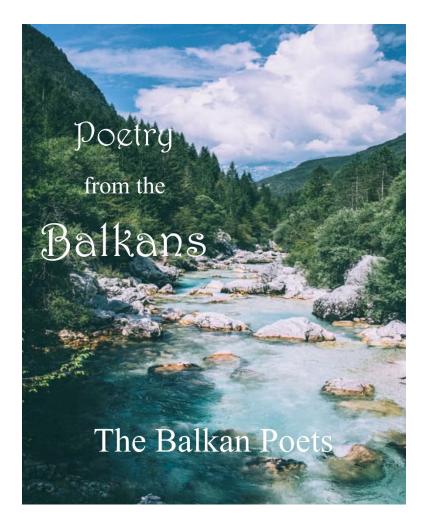


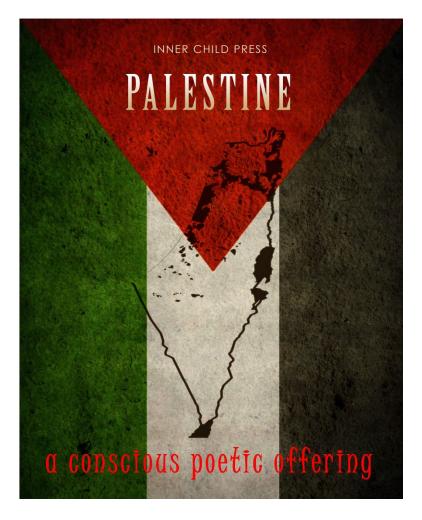






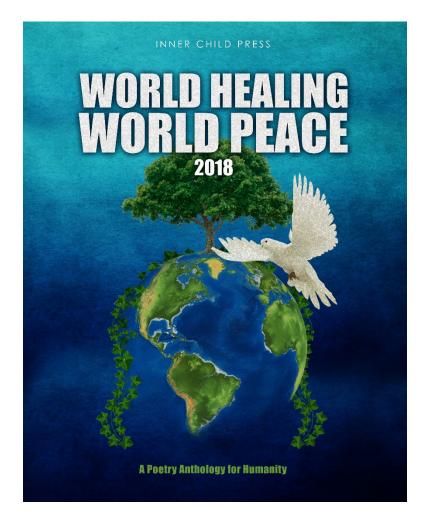






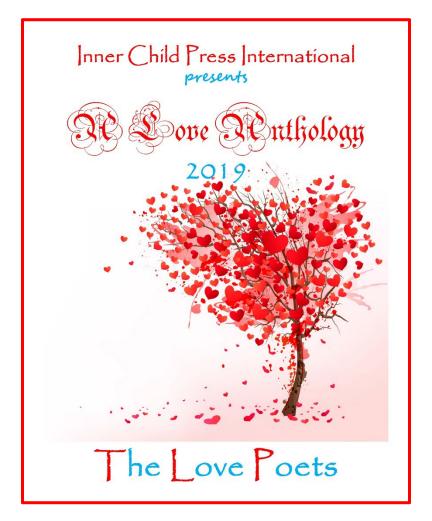
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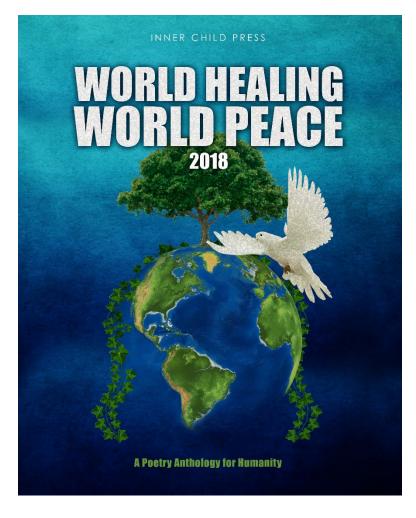


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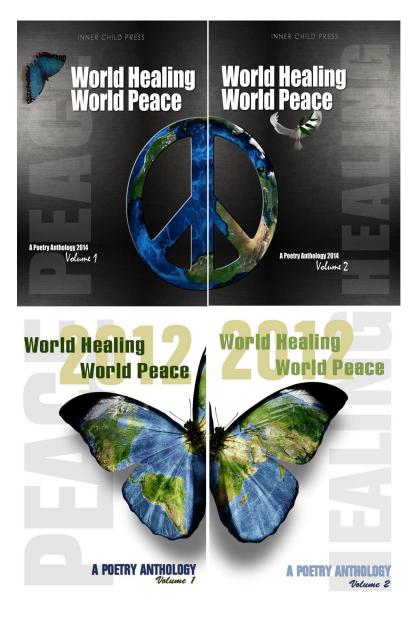
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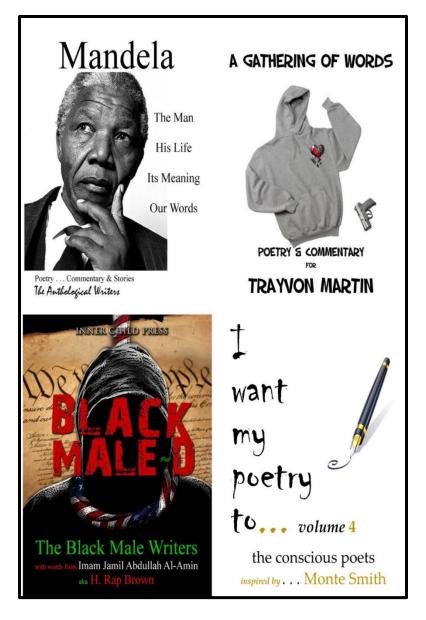


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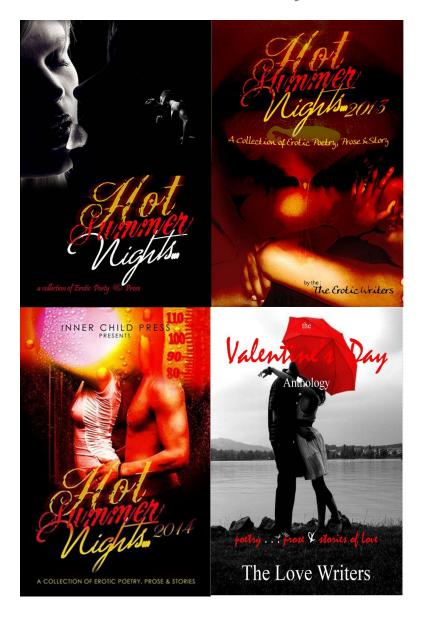
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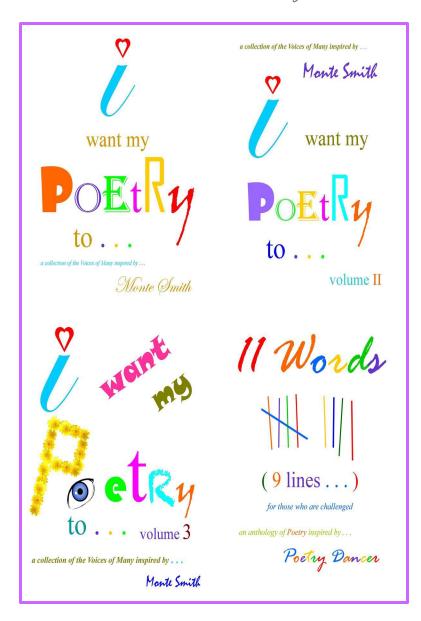
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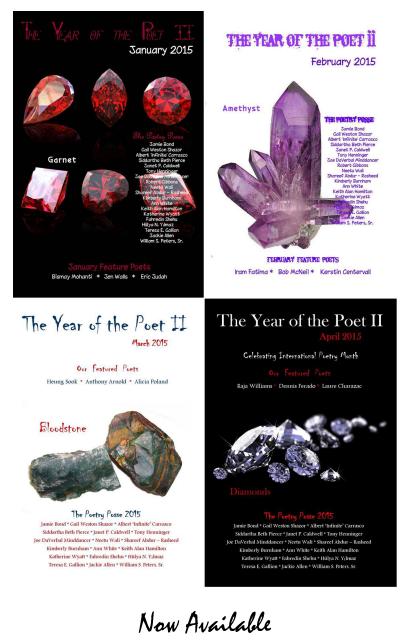
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June 2015



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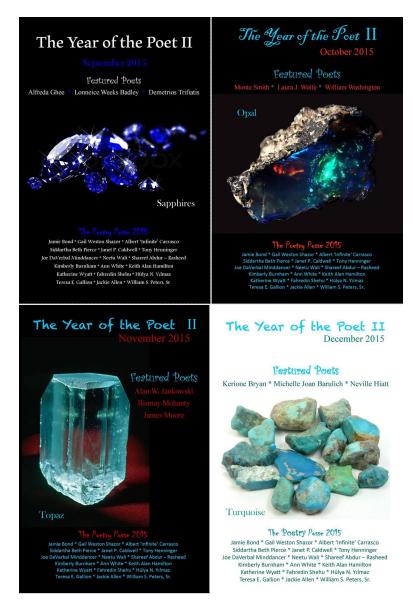
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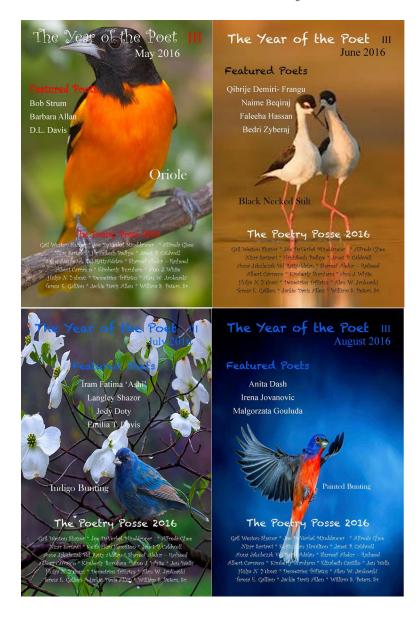
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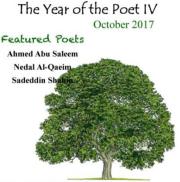
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The Tree of Life

The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Black Walnut Tree

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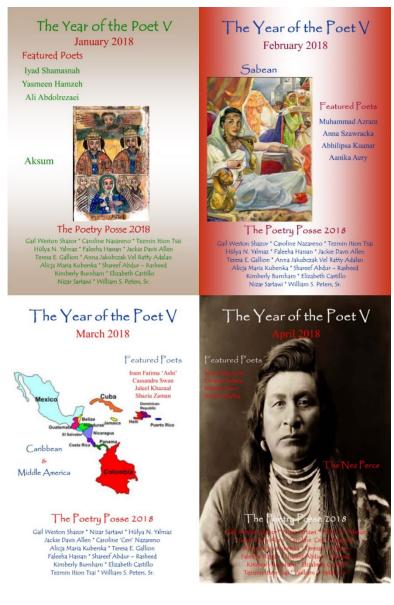
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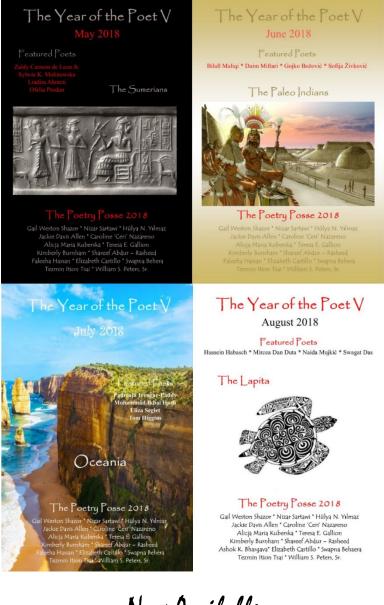


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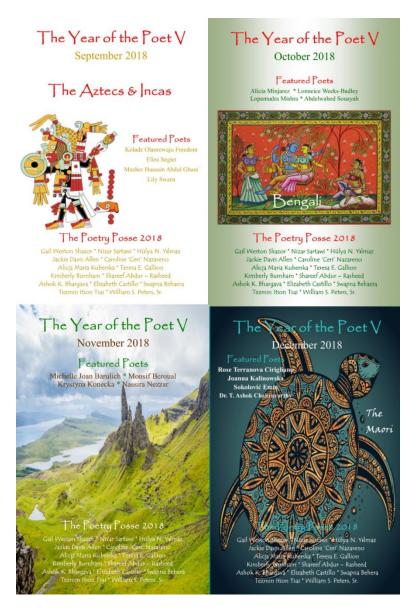
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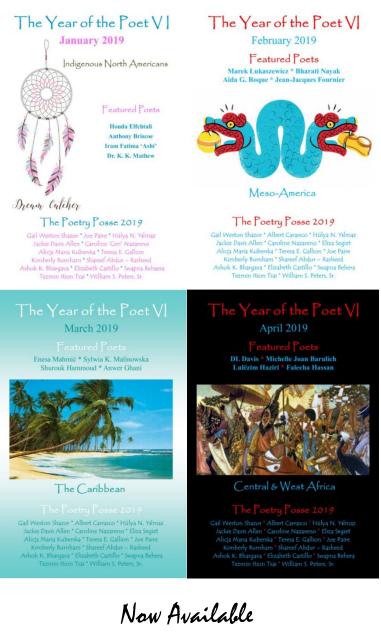
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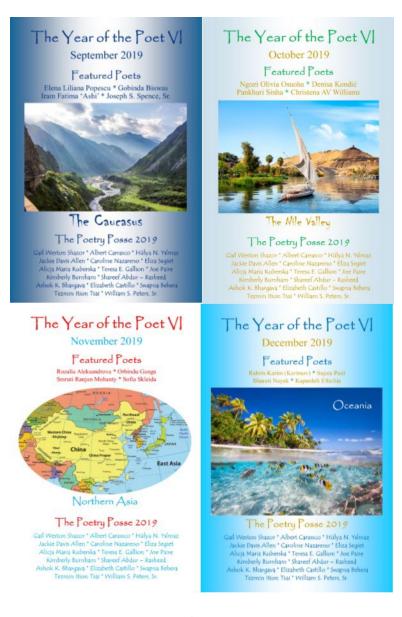


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January 2020

Featured Poets

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

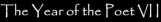
1901 Jean Henry Dunant and Frédéric Passy





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March 2020

Featured Poets

Aziz Mountassir * Krishna Paraisa Hannie Rouweler * Rozalia Aleksandrova

Aristide Briand ~ 1926 ~ Gustav Stresemann



The Year of Peace elebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

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February 2020

Featured Poets Jennifer Ades * Martina Reisz Newberry Ibrahim Honjo * Claudia Piecinno

Henri La Fontaine ~ 1913



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The Year of the Poet VII

April 2020

Featured Poets Rohini Behera * Mircea Dan Duta malisa Dash Dwibedy * NilavroNill Shoov

Carlos Saavedra Lamas ~ 1936



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September 2020

Featured Poets Raed Anis Al-Jishi * Šolkotović Snežana

Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev ~ 1990



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November 2020

Featured Poets Elisa Mascia * Sue Lindenberg McClelland Hatif Jambi * Ivan Gačina

Liu Xiaobo ~ 2010



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The Year of the Poet VII

October 2020

Featured Poets Mutawaf A. Shaheed * Galina Italyanskaya Nadeem Fraz * Avril Tanya Meallem

Kim Dae-jung ~ 2000



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The Year of the Poet VII

December 2020

Featured Poets Ratan Ghosh * Ibtisam Ibrahim Al-Asady Brindha Vinodh * Selma Kopic

Abiy Ahmed Ali ~ 2019



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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

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



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The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jab Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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The Year of the Poet VIII February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Falceha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



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The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



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The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

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

Goncalao Mabunda



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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets Alonzo "z0" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

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

Mundara Koorang



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Heather Jansch



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The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



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The Year of the Poet VIII

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



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The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church

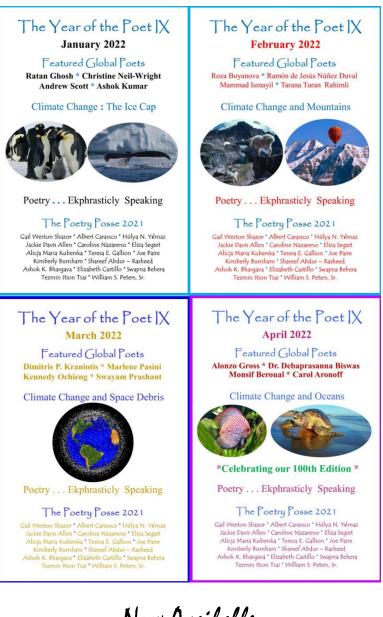


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The Year of the Poet X January 2023

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Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

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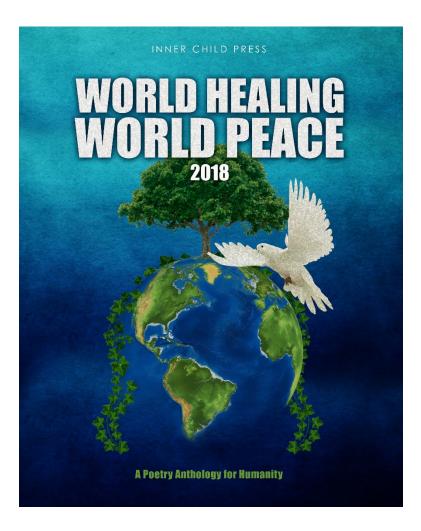


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2023



March 2023 ~ Featured Poets



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