Csp Shrivastava * Michael Lee Johnson Taghrid Bou Merhi * Yasmin Brown

Children: Difference Makers



Louis Braille

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 Ygar of the Poet X May 2023

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.

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet X May 2023 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2023

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Children: Difference Makers

Louis Braille

From the Encyclopedia Britannica we learn that Louis Braille was born in Coupvray, near Paris, France on the 4th of January 1809. As a renown French educator, he would pass away, in Paris, two days after his 43rd birthday, on the 6th of January, 1852.

While in his father's harness shop, at the age of 3, he had an accident. A tool he was playing with slipped and plunged into his right eye. As a result, he became blind in both eyes. A condition called, sympathetic ophthalmia.

Louis Braille received a scholarship, and in 1919, attended the National Institute for Blind Children in Paris. Interested in a system of writing utilizing dots on cardboard, at the age of 15, he adapted one by Charles Barbier, making it his own, adapting it further to musical notation. He taught at that same school from 1826. It is thanks to him that many who were and are blind were finally able to read.

Despite being blind, he published a 3-volume Braille edition of a history book, popular at the time. Additionally, he became a well known musician, and as an excellent organist. It is interesting that a century after his death, his remains (except his hands which stayed in Coupvray, his birthplace) were moved to Paris where they were buried in the Pantheon, Paris. (He had been ill with tuberculosis in his last years.)

Jackie Davis Allen

Author ~ Artist

Dreface

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 fourth 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: www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-market. If you are a writer, poet, or activist, you would be advised to keep a eye out for upcoming volumes should you desire to participate. All readers are welcomed as well. Note, that there is a myriad of published volumes that are available as a FREE PDF download as well as available for purchase at affordable prices.

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Children

Difference Makers Louis Braille May 2023

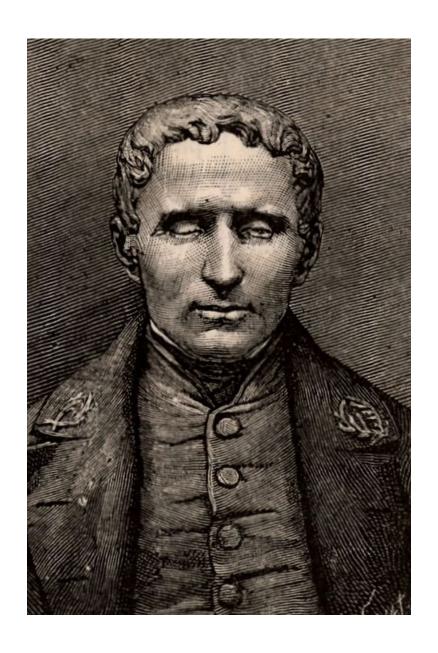
by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

Louis Braille was only 12 when he learned of a communication system used by the French army, which laid the groundwork for his own system of reading and writing used by the blind. He completed his alphabet of raised dots by the time he was 15. It was first adapted by France's Royal Institute for Blind Youth until two years after his death at the age of 43. It has since spread throughout the world and is still in use today.



"Braille is knowledge, and knowledge is power." ~Louis Braille

"Access to communication in the widest sense is access to knowledge, and that is vitally important for us if we are not to go on being despised or patronized by condescending sighted people. We do not need pity, nor do we need to be reminded that we are vulnerable. We must be treated as equals — and communication is the way we can bring this about." ~Louis Braille







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







Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

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Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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Tip and Tap

Sometimes the clearest thing Is that which is not seen We feel our way through Our tastes and memories Collecting sounds by the crossroads Hearing the good while Discarding the painful We can know the world By using what we think is the least Of understanding That in most circumstances Is the overstanding Is it hot? There are only clues in seeing There are only clues in hearing Ah but to feel is the truth Fingertaps connect our hearts To our universe Fingertips show us the way

Thunder and Lightening

Sterling flashes against green Where just a sliver of light Finds its way into loam The depression created By thunder bounces Against the sky erratically And I reach for your hand Winding my breath around The forefinger and thumb Because I want my heart held We talk of sex With the honesty of expectations That occur naturally and with a Spontaneity in a lifetime Of familiarity Time has no hold on this Our kinetic friendship Because I knew you Long before I was meant For you to find in places unlooked It is here in the darkest moments With your back against The sturdy spine of trees I can fit inside the palms That rest against the bent hip Of my softness, gentleness The coaxing of calmness Against the temperance of a quickening And I am no longer alone Within this lightening storm I keep hidden those words Said in haste but always

Measured against the moment
Of someone else's parting
Of our enclosed solitude
The pain of which has faded
In learning what is important about
My heart locked into the space
Between thumb and forefinger
And yours ever in my soul

Heart Wynd

Heart wynd crossroads Tall grows the wall Voice and mind says Yet and Knows no edges Misunderstanding not Kisses stolen Skin to skin want Light of dawn **SLEEPING** Dawn of light Want skin to skin Stolen kisses Not misunderstanding Edges no knows And yet Says mind and voice And the wall grows tall Crossroads wynd heart

Alicja Maria Kubzrska

The Year of the Poet $X \sim May 2023$



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).

Louis Braille

Inconspicuous dots

In a world of darkness, touch and hearing lead through life.
Of bumps on the paper letters hatch out dance under fingers and join into words.

The written world opened wide its gates, invited to the library paradise. It led through the labyrinth made of dots.

The silent books spoke.
They shared
reflections of great thinkers,
recited beautiful stanzas of poems
passed on knowledge,
they entertained and taught.

For the uninitiated, they are only dots in rectangles. Brilliant inventions amaze with their simplicity

Rain

It rains, and drops flow through the fingers like time like memories like the atoms of life.

Prayers requests or entreaties won't help - nothing can stop the downpour.

More drops fall.
Hours and days
run between fingers.
Past moments fade away
and people sink into the ground.

September in Kazimierz Dolny

Autumn added baroque splendor to the city. It repainted the leaves in titian colors, gave the clouds Rubensian shapes.

The sun gilded the Renaissance tenement houses. Glittering rays poured out between the shingles of the old houses, sprinkled the waves of the Vistula with silver brocade.

Time settled down on the steps of the parish church It listened to the slow rhythm of the streets and memories of an old town well about a faithful dog and two moons.

The minutes stopped. The hours passed slowly.

The clock was ticking: no need to rush run ahead.
What for?
It's beautiful here.

Jackiz Pavis 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, ltd.

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

Gift of Discovery

What is this void of light That raises its hands, like A warning, a sign conveying,

Stop! Go no further! Yet, searching For a way to see, to read That which is not visible?

Beyond this point a wall, for some, stands Impregnable, where something forbidden, Incomprehensible, actually exists.

And, where on one side of that wall, Images commonly accessible to most, Are tragically denied to others.

A choice? Only the one found In hopes desire, arising as from heart and mind's desperation.

A method, found, discovered. Then conveyed. Like a precious gift, given As met from one's genius's effort and need.

It remains a gift to any
Who would exert the effort,
Available to one and all.

Those born with. Or without.

Put the Chicken and Dumplings On

Skeletal fingers tracing my face, Voice dripping with love's care, With unseeing eyes. I'm remembering, how She embraced my childhood's wondering innocence.

With milky-white, translucent-skin, Failing, thin, white strands Falling upon her aged brow, her delicate Fingers served as her eyes.

For eyes and sight that had dimmed, Despite poverty's environment, and its distance, She replaced her losses with a love And care beyond my comprehension.

With little schooling, (obviously with no degrees), Deprived of art, literature, poetry, travel, Her days were filled with songs, prayers. And the present-past: the joy of expectant visitors.

"The geese are a'coming, she'd say. Put the chicken and dumplings on." And without plans, correspondence, or phone, Somehow she knew when my family would arrive.

I called her "Grandma". However could that be? Who or where was the Grandpa? More than a half century would pass before I discovered she was my grandfather's step-mother.

The Dream

Twisted, gnarled branches Silhouetted against the darkening sky. Blackbirds flocking, squawking Fleeing the sorrowful Wind swept landscape Of a dream's sigh. Torrential rains Striking, frightening, wounding. Ravens hiding Cawing, cawing, crying Over the anticipated desire For life's symphony. Dayspring, summer flowers, Sprouting, emerging; Bluebirds chirping, singing Returning, renewing Nature, and desiring Something more. Hot, bright scalding light, Stinging, burning notes Composing, orchestrating A song, a chorus Of a future awakening To possibilities. Twisted, gnarled branches. Torrential rains, dayspring, summer flowers. Hot bright scalding light. Tireless efforts revealing Childhood's dream, now in sight

The original above was penned Feb.2011. It was published in 2019, in my book, No Illusions, Through the Looking Glass (Inner Child Press, Ltd.).

Tzgmin 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.

Accompany Me To Greet The Lonely Return Boat

This bay

I watched for a cycle of sixty years

Always calm, except when the ship enters port

Who is meddlesome and lead into the lovesickness?

Nowadays, more and more cars and horses go back and forth

The childhood scene no longer seen

Indulge me, a wanderer in deep autumn, to rest in the shade

Feel different today

Especially

In front of my eyes, like a calm mirror in colorful clothes

Remember?

When you were a little girl

We run on the beach together

You were always restless, going back and forth

At that time

Mother is always waiting at home

Now

The returning clouds are sparse, the mountains and rivers

look like they used to

No mother waiting at home

That layer of mist that couldn't be thinner

But it will really make people unable to get up

Oops

Really make me unable to get up

Always curious

Except for that rainbow

Except for the small boat under the arch bridge

Except for this sea with no any tiny bit of waves

what else did you see?

Peek Into The Sky

The sound of the waves over the beach rising and falling Sunny rain why didn't you fall generously

The pine trees are so tall, and the slanting shadows rotate with the sun

The top of the mountain in the distance, white clouds like snow

No dust at all

The tripod on the shoulder

Not an easy burden

imitate the overlapping rocks

Sojourn in this Wonderful Terrace

Through the lens, guide my greedy eyesight

Looking at the clouds and mountains poorly, nature will also sprinkle beautiful articles

Lure me to pick it all up

Before I can't afford it

Reverse my camera

Let everything in the mirror be reflected up side down A flock of swallows flies low, the intent to peep into the sky is like an immortal's whispering

The sky is connected into one piece, all eaten into my lens The mountain's broken clouds are green, and the water flows on both sides

I have no good words

Pair with this amazing view

The scenery is so chaotic, I wander around and admire it Forget the handover of the old man who lived on the cliff Don't urge, don't urge

I'll surely be back when the wind blows again

The Grass Has Just Turned Green, The Herd Of Deer Competing For Color

The tent was left ruthlessly, and the clouds drifted away The car passed through the valley of the mountaineering, and turned around several times

Only then do I feel suddenly enlightened like the zenith In the early spring of the prairie, the green is well-proportioned, why blue dark and ignorant? Who is snatching the colors under the blue sky? Whose herdsmen are fighting to step on the grassy plain? The sun is quiet and the wind is gorgeous The green trees weigh down, the eagle hovering overhead Floating among palm hills and mountains

The mountain, towering and steep, surrounds and does not return

Orchid Island looks east to the mist, located behind the Pacific Ocean

People in the world pursue prosperity and wealth and grow old

How to know the elk's leisurely among the grass?

The wind blowing from the sea is warm

Can't let go of the smoke that can't fade away, coil lying on the bed and feeling uneasy

Even singing poems to praise the herd of deer

Plum, you old bones, so what you still obsessed with the officialdom games?

Even from today onwards, you can't walk like a deer and read like an ant

Walking on the prairie with joyful singing

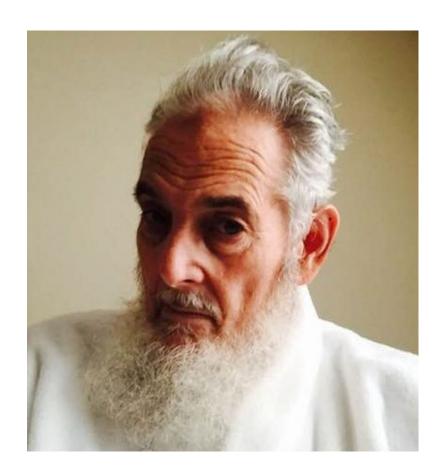
Absolutely unnecessary

The ego is trapped in a cage and barely speaks

Ask for the herd of sika deer overlooking the distance

Teach me how to be free

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

Braille

Born January 04, 1809 Coupvray, France Death January 06 1852 Paris, France Louis Braille lost sight after accident, infection in spite excelled as student very young started develop method named after him raised alphabet letters allowed blind students to feel and identify words and read louis was genius until now braille is the most used successful tool worldwide for the blind to be able to read

Reflecting..,

on dem who reflect bigups, respect word sculptors creative souls cut from carefully woven rolls, of fabric rare manifested in sublime rhyme, rhythm, prose like Rakim i say "let the rhythm hit em " profound skill dem who paint with words at will who have profound love beyond the pale outside the box what resides inside prevails dem special folk provoke introspective jubilees such is the souls that delve far below where others dare not go in places deep seeded concepts grow out of questions demand answers to mysteries that life hold poets possess demanding souls thirst and hunger to know

life be precious

magnificent, miracle grateful, grateful never, i pray I will ever take for granted this priceless beyond words gift of love, mercy, kindness from above upon the highest from he who is thee almighty who in time of need or plenty says " call on me " call on me i am closer to thee then your jugular surely this gift is taken light, look at the horrific accounts put out day and night life blotted out like a bright light world of might makes right but no one has the right to terminate precious life so much beauty to behold in abundance all around us look up, look down, take a look around this earth of ours has been blessed even with this mess man has made of land and seascape much remains to drink in contemplate how great then give thanks to him only as it is only he who can create and look how he creates, look at what he makes valleys, streams ,lakes, mountains, mighty, majestic variety of living things to respect, love birds flying above or on perch high above earth a beautiful bouquet of hue as in variety of color all around from sky to light, look profoundly...You...Me audibly giving praise to thee that's what all living things do regularly except human beings that walk, talk, look like you and me to the contrary mankind has intentionally, vocally,

locally, internationally country to country say,
"it's me, me, me"
not a surprise just look at history as though he has created himself when in reality he couldn't create anything, not even the smallest microscopic organism with naked eye one could not see but one thing man can and will create is "Schism" perpetually the schism of the ism life is precious, protect, respect yours and your brother and sister fellow human's life and limb that will please him thee creator of precious life peace/love/blessings

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-of-climate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Braille

One man

Louis Braille changed the world
giving access to millions
a form of communication
power through knowledge
so that more may access their own creativity
and change the world for good

Blinded

We are blinded by light by love and snow by arrogance and greed

We see what we want to see what we expect to see all the time reality is a figment of our imagination blinded by our own expectations

Easily blindsided as if events, people and ideas can come out of nowhere not there then suddenly there

look really look listen truly listen feel genuinely feel reality and see the good in the universe

Peacock Peace

Peace discovered between the pages of a book a Wolof - English Dictionary

Peace "jaama" in Gambia found between "jaam" slave and "jaamba" for marijuana "jaambaat" to complain

As if peace can be found in freedom from slavery drugs and expressing one's views in the English found between payment "pey" and peacock "jambajoob"

As if money can buy peace or perhaps sharing the equitable division of money respect and appreciation of natural beauty brings peace at a public park open to all contemplating light feathers fanned out in courtship

Clizabeth Castillo



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

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Blind Power

Having sight without vision is useless

The blind can be more powerful than anyone else

For what is the essence of having perfect eyes,

When we do not have the heart for humanity?

Braille, an inspiring figure,

Gave meaning to why kindness is

a language that the deaf can hear

And that the blind can see so clear.

Cleansing Rains

Dewey teardrops from heaven above falling As I reminisce the life before I've been in Brings me back memories of yesteryears Of laughters still echoing and overflowing tears. My heart skips a beat tuning in with your rhythmic sound Splattering into bits as you melodiously hit the ground No, it doesn't mean its pain I always think of when you're here But also of cleansing my soul of evil demons I wish to disappear. A rainbow may soon manifest itself from the distant horizon Coloring my world with magical hues giving me inspiration After you have dared exit from your magnanimous performance Giving the stage now to King Sun as another beautiful day is at a glance!

The Boy by the Waterfalls

I see you in one of my greatest dreamscapes, Sitting on a huge rock facing the majestic waterfalls As I emerge out of nowhere in a place called the Ruins, Where an ancient, mystic castle used to stand tall A witness to a great kingdom's sweet downfall. A river runs through the debris of this enchanting sanctuary, Flowing from under a magical bridge where I am about to cross And there came to view, a vivid and glimmering sight of you, But I failed to see how you could have looked For your back was facing me while you immersed in soulful serenity. I missed to behold how your eyes could have stared beautifully at me Or if you are lonely and needs someone to be just there to

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

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

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

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

Then a realization came upon me that you wanted me to carefully view the waterfalls you have laid your eyes on. The waterfalls signifying the ebb and flow of life, Things happen every now and then, constant changes inevitably take place

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

Jog Pairg



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Just A Few Bumps

Some take for granted the joy of reading language Ancient cave drawings, Egyptian hieroglyphics' And to be more specific, it's the written word

The written, can't always be read. A lack of education, could play apart But deeper than a teacher, not seeing is hard

Louis Braille was only 12 when he delved into a communication system Once used by the French army

(God bless his heart)

He created a system, an alphabet of raised dots A method of reading and writing used by the blind. He completed his alphabet, around age 15 in time Until two years after his death at the age of 43. It has since spread throughout the world and is still apart of current history.

Louis Braille, blind at 3
It's amazing what days mean to heightened senses
What's more amazing is a child could invent this.
It was first adapted by
France's Royal Institute for Blind Youth
I call it proof, or at least a poem about
Inspired youth.

Where Do We Go?

Been there, done that, and history repeats itself I wouldn't be lying if I saw a movie 100 times And we humans tend to please ourselves Where do we go, when do we go for something different to relive ourselves? Do we relive past lives, and relive past lies in the back of a "Winnebago"

Or to coin a phrase "Glory Days" Depending on one's history! That could mean some gory days Still not erased from your memories

Where do we go for a beer, when beer's no longer here? Depending on what state you're in It may be illegal there

And what about a good book
I mean one without propaganda
Or propaganda-less
Paperback or hardcopy
Preferably not written by a propagandist
Or some lying, cheating,
double dealing, sell you water televangelist
Can you handle the change,
of the politically deranged?
Or travel to the moon and beyond,
just because this planet is drained
Where do we go, to rest our souls?
When we arrest the souls of the freedom.

Knock, Knock!

Bang, bang! Who's there?
I was scared to even ask, who's there
Private property, I thought he was robbing me
The gun laws says pop 'em see,
and ask questions later
I'm guaranteed to walk away free
Due to laws from my legislator

I'm a prejudiced hater, with a registered gun Licensed to kill, from a political bill The right to conceal, no matter how I feel I could hop on the bus, and do as I will

Second amendment rights
For those who don't it right
For those who don't get it, right!
A change for the insane, who creep around at night
Opportunistic people,
who're just looking for a fight

Instead of stopping people with issues we have parents in constant candlelit vigils Mixed messages and dog whistles antiquated laws on the books and still applicable being implemented in modern times I find that despicable, I find that I'm sick of you sacrifice the many, just to please the few knock, knock, bang, bang another family in a row of pews

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 https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

taking them for granted . . .

our eyes, that is; in fact, do we not take our entire body and its precious parts for granted throughout our lives?

each of us laments about some ones and some things as our natural inclination; on some days, perhaps, just perhaps, we realize that we had it good all along

imagine: you cannot take in your loved ones' physical presence eye-fully because you are deprived of your eye-sight, or you look up at what others tell you is a gorgeous sky after the rain, up above, a multi-color bow and all . . .

taking them for granted . . . our eyes, that is

At the Young Age of 12 . . .

Louis Braille made the acquaintance of the French army. Or better yet, the teenager discovered its distinct system of communiqué. Consequently, the 12-year-old's own reading and writing technique surfaced . . . for the blind.

1824 was the year of this invention of raised dot codes. The Royal Institute for Blind Youth of France adapted Braille's tactile writing system first.

The year of 2023 has been at our doorsteps for several months now. The French educator's legacy lives on.

dirty eyes

Hazel mixed with green
my eyes were once called dirty

my hair? . . . do not ask!

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

Gift to Read

You dear Louis Braille were rejected for the brilliance of the language of braille to support the blind.

You never gave up and your mark of excellence blooming at the age of 15 became your legacy after your demise.

The language of braille you developed is used throughout the world today. To assist and give the blind the wonderful opportunity to read.

Floating in the Garden

In my secret garden, all things grow with joy. Gratitude rides in the wind and I float in the ecstasy of this garden of love.

No judgment nor pain resides here. Only the unfolding Spirit may soar among the trees. I hug every tree I can, whisper love notes to the bark and I hear the whole forest engaged in a song of joy.

I cannot contain the feeling of gratitude that overwhelms me. I shapeshift back to elf and float through the forest on my unicorn.

Intensity

I go to the top of the mountain to look for love. Love is following me. I scream to the edge of my lungs. Love where are you?

Love sends a curling wave on the wind that wraps me in the luxury of bliss. I release my thoughts. I surrender to love's blanket and my knees buckle and I bow.

Water pouring from my eyes floods the mountainside. I cannot speak. I just soak in the moment more intense than anything I have ever felt.

Ashok K. Bhargava



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.

Reading Without Seeing

Dedicated to Louis Braille

Your day was dark As the night In your eyes There was no light

You never gave up Your will to fight And learnt to read Without eyesight

You captured words
On your finger tips
You saw the expressions
Without seeing the lips

You inscribed your name On the face of stone Your legacy lives Long after you are gone

Deep in your soul
You carried more light
Than all of us combined
And made our path clear and bright

Holy Immersion

Today is a colorful day, blossoms bend like an arch in the perfumed fresh wind.

Silky sun-rays are warm, the birds fly around with melodies of delight.

I step into crystal clear water that has absorbed ashes and bones of my ancestors.

It makes me realize that I will reap eternity here when it will absorb my ashes too.

I see distant things as if they were close and take a distanced view of close things.

Truth must be seen as what it is, not what I want it to be.

*This poem is inspired by the Hindus belief of submerging deceased person's ashes in the Ganges river to free the soul from the cycle of reincarnation.

Alone but not Lonely

I grab my phone Take a selfie Edit and enhance Post it on Facebook For others To see and like it.

Then wait for people To comment on how happy I am with my loneliness.

Sometimes I respond With emoticons.

That starts a process of following Other accounts
Other lonely people.

The problem with it is There are too many likes That adhere to me like breathing adhere to life.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno 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 Language of the Eyes

For Braille

You designed a delicate window For sweet, sympathetic souls, Like musical dots align In the ribs of conversations, Between me, you, and the universe. In your hands dwell the spoken transits Of the unknown and the unpredictable Internal frame. World outside ourselves Reminding the blows of appreciative reflection--"You are everything" Amidst the frequency of polarities In circumstances, Life is happening and we create life From the entangled glances In our quantum of emotions. Choose your canvas from the wide spectrum Reality changes in the eyes of many, You can pour the truth From your heart, You can sieve empty judgments From the eyes of love.

Flowers for the Children

In the middle of the street, I can see Small budding flowers on my feet Standing still on a sunny day Its beauty is a sign of relief.

Its petals are dry, the scent is fading Whether its stems are already bending It stays to be the one--remains the same Tiny as I can hold, bigger as I can claim!

As days go by, the little flower seems to be old Wrinkled petals, leaves no more I learn this tiny but huge No one can get, the inner beauty is gold

Many might say, life offers that and this We have petals of pain, sometimes at ease I am like a little flower.

I am the one, a gift of wonder.

the roundtable of peace

each and the many
have this heart to share
tongues, figures, and colors
are blessings of life to wear
if dark stands to light the table
all embrace the torch of love
one by one
hand in hand
side by side
heart to heart
empowering the seals
of peace
inspiring the lips
of compassion
on the humble seat of humanity.

Swapna Behera



a trilingual poet, translator, Swapna Behera is 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 http://swapnabehera.in/

When dots transmit alphabets

when dots become alphabets they talk back here came a tactile writing system for people who are visually impaired equality is the slogan even without sight there is vision Louis Braille a French educator invented braille at the age of three his right eye was wounded by a cobbler's tool while playing left eye became inflamed he became blind he was a crisis manager and devised an ultimate source of learning by feeling his legacy is tactile six dots arranged in the rectangle to read and write at the age of sixteen he invented this system move on the fingers over a series of dots if you touch the words they will touch you back the dots will transmit alphabets

Compact capsules

- 1. be a vicious cyclone to swallow whatever cometh a droplet is also an ocean
- 2. fire is within Should one beg fire from the Sun?
- Aroma of light
 May be melting self silently
- 4. ask the life the magnitude of love death will reply
- 5. peace is the butterfly
 On the mast of a submarine
 the cocoon is on the shore
- 6 the night a crusty seducer but always exhales agile dawn
- 7. I beg apology
 I broke the traffic rules of your silent zone
 You became a word
- 8. Can blood be singular?
 Can love be singular?
 Can water be singular?
 Can pain be singular?
 Tears of one is tears of all

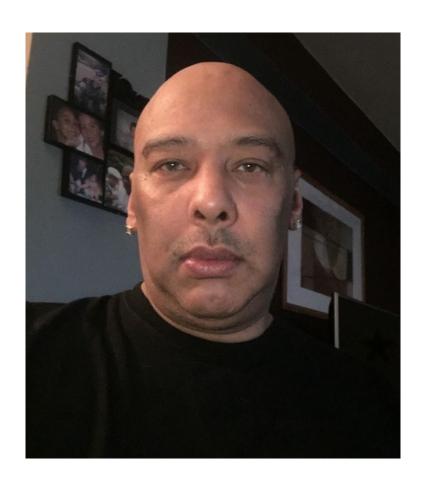
- 9. soil is pure
 You threw polythene and made it impure
 Jungle is pure
 You touched it and made it ashes
- 10. beyond the planet always a new galaxy a new sonnet

autobiography of a prostitute

I dance; I sing I seduce; I reuse I recycle; I reduce I carry your ego I dehydrate; I tolerate I uproot; I implant I segregate I assimilate I bargain I die to live I live to die I merge all religions I am secular I take my body I smile to hide I smoke to provoke I drink your lusts I pretend to love I respect I have to say "I love you" I am a currency and a bank I wash my liquid sins every moment To be a solid statue for tomorrow You say I am proactive I say you are so handsome You say I am a black spot in the civil society I say I am just a stake holder of my lost chastity I am a living poetry Just learning each day, the foreplay I feed my baby buy insulin for my mother-in-law

acupressure my paralytic husband

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Louis Braille

i was born on January 4, 1809, in Coupvray, France.

I wanted to see the world but just at three years old I began to lose that chance. with opened eyes all i see is darkness due to an accident and uveitis. Nevertheless, I became a musician and excelled as an organist. In 1819 I was granted a scholarship to attend the National Institute for Blind Children, while I was there I picked up a system of writing, exhibited by Charles Barbier. In 1826 I started to teach children similar to me, the partially blind and those that couldn't see. I knew i was bright and wanted to share my light, so I invented another method for the blind to read and write. that was by embossing 63 characters on paper that could be recognized by tips of fingers. you felt positions of dots that formed letters and numbers. all over the world this method of writing is still used on a high scale, That was a gift from me to you, Mr. Louis Braille.

Wishful Imagination

I remember gettn instantly vexed when I heard the sound of crackn from my pyrex because that was the sound of what could be a whole re loss.

Sometimes it cracked but stood intact and i was able to transfer to another proctor, sometimes it shattered leaving oil all over, me take a loss, nope never, i waited till that shit dried, bagged it then hit the ave, i'll make most of my money back, i just had to deal with complaints of stems getting clogged by glass.

I had a one track mind, that was to lap competition and stay ahead on the grind. inf learned the game from coders, I took it further, trademarked a color and organized a team with ranks of power impressing my forefathers.

Poverty took me on one hell of trip, hunger fueled my flips to reach a brick, eventually my chauffeur became pain, i was driven by hurt, i couldn't let my deceased soldier's names die in vain.

the road was a bloody one, no stop signs, everyone was on go, road rage was daily, unfortunately i had to throw flowers for the dead over caskets due to altercations of boy and girl traffic.

There were a lot of windowpane tears, there were a lot of widow pain tears, I can hydroplane on all the tears shed for my peers throughout the years. i can make a slip and slide on randall, from castle hill to olmstead if i would've contained all the blood from those who are no longer here.

Getting drugs was easy, getting guns was easy, getting money was easy, it was all so simple man. gold, diamonds and tuning german engines was all basic fam, knock knock, who is it? telling the people on the opposite side of the door that they'll never see their loved one again was never part of the plan.

I did it again and again, at the start this wasn't what was envisioned at the end, I guess it's because we were just kids at that time mixing hope with wishful imaginations.

The Ultimate Surgeon

I'm awake in the state of shock, my motor skills are not working, can't move can't speak, all I have is my vision. I'm looking at each incision, the faces are right over me, yet I hear them as if there distant, I strain to listen. Pricks, cuts, tubes, flush after flush, lead and blood don't mix. They xray my chest.. Zap zap.. Bring the results ASAP! They ring the alarm, he has a entry and an exit, we didn't see the reentry hole in his armpit. The e r docs are numb, oh my god look how close it is to his lung, I hope his mom is on her way, today she might loose her son. My heart is still beating, the machines are still beeping, my wounds are still bleeding, who's the new face I'm seeing? A new doc on the surgery team? he's guiding them on how to make the internal bleeding stop, it's no longer a race of the clock, my body formed necessary clots. I'm to weak to even blink I close my eyes and go to sleep..hours pass... Im awake! Cheers and lots of hands shakes, to the doctors all the credit given, I thank them all as well, all except for one I don't see him here.... So when I get there, I'll personally thank my father who rest in heaven

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

Louis Dear

Louis was a young inventor.

His determination was impressive

He helped people and children to read

Who could not see

He opened a new world to them

He also made it possible for them to appreciate the sounds

of music too

What a great treasure you invented

Your legacy lives on.

A Sign

Standing alone on the edge of our destiny Am I alone?
With an invisible hold on me
Why does everything have to die and fade away?

Here is my plead
Please show me the way
Hand me the key
So I can turn this destiny around
Hear my screams in my head
Please silent the echo of my tears
Lighten the pain
From my grieving heart
and now everything has to die and fade away

Standing alone on athe edge of our destiny am I alone in this world filled with misery? and now everything hasd to die and fade away

Show me a sign
So I can unlock the mysteries
Hear my plea
Sing to me
The answers that I seek
Talk sweetly and show me the way
and now everything has to die and fade away.

Cold

I walk down this lonely road And the grounds pavement hits me too hard Because without your love I can't seem to go on

Cause its cold without you While the world keeps turning around It keeps spinning too fast for me Cold, without you

While the rain keeps coming around And turns of the seasons bring me down

Well, lately I've been pullin down the shades for my privacy
I couldn't feel the warmth projecting onto me
And I remember when life was filled with intimacy.

Now it's cold cause without your love is there reason to go on? when it's cold without your love.

Eliza Segiet

The Year of the Poet $X \sim May 2023$



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).

Light

To the memory of Louis Braille

Between what
is visible for them
and what
they can see by touch
are dots
- the way to experience the world.

The magical alphabet allowed the touch to reach the Universe, to become a paradise cutting through the darkness to light.

The perforated sheet bursts with possibilities

- to learn
- to experience
- to communicate.

They live more fully now thanks to the Blind Man who did not give up his dreams – from the depths of darkness, he brought out light.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Prosthesis

It used to be different.

Better?

More interesting!

There were faces, not avatars.

Conversation

not letters on the screen.

Words had the color of the voice or the smell of print.

We didn't take for granted being connected with the world.

Grandpa, what are you talking about?

I said it wrong

- today the phone is the extension of the hand
- the prosthesis of the present.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Web

The offline time had a different measurement.

Condemned to loneliness on the Web, they try to find understanding with people sometimes even without faces. Just a few nice sentences, enough to increase confidence in

- a woman?
- a man?
- the written words?

Condemned to loneliness on the Web, they believe what they see on the screen.

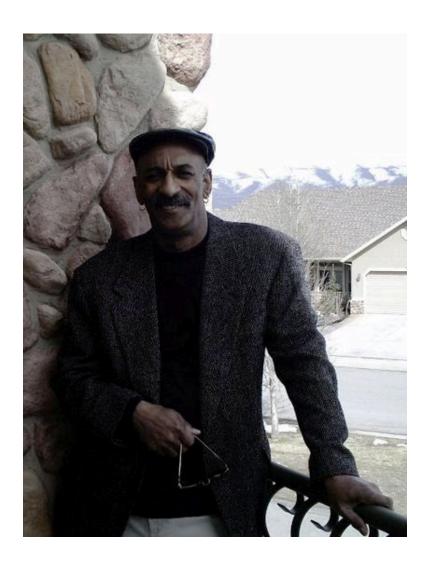
Clicking – *I am not a robot* – is the only identity check.

Where are the moments where without machines

– a Human understood a Human?

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Louis Braille

I turn dots to knowledge Bumps on the paper to explorations For he or she Who wishes to travel

I cater to the blind And some understand, But there are far more Who have eyes And can not see

Mesmerized

At the top of the tallest mountains Where the clouds kiss its peak There belies a serene beauty That few may ever speak

The beauty of nature And the story it tells Upon the common-mans soul Casts her spells

No matter the seasons Nor the time of day If we but listen Mother has much to say

She speaks of our nurturing And our overall well being But we are blinded children Whose eyes are not seeing

We dance upon the precipice Of our own demise Ignoring our bond And our creation's ties

We exist in a world False-founded in delusion And are content to continue With our conjured confusion

But know ye this dear man This way endureth not long And son the day come That ends our false song

The wind shall blow fiercely Seeking Mother's retribution For which man's conventions Has not a solution

Yet we aimlessly meander Down our errant path Realizing in the end Mother was all that we hath

In the meantime we also
Rail against each other
Connections be damned
Be it Sister, Father, Mother or Brother

We are mesmerized in full Euphorically deludedly absolute That no thing even Mother Can not correct nor refute

We are the lost children Seeking false bliss When at the top of the mountain Awaits pour blissful kiss

Look to the clouds
And the mountains as well
And silently listen
To the story they tell

The Gift

Today is a gift . . .

Who knows what tomorrow holds? Should we live to see it, It is a gift!

Should we see what is to be seen, It is a gift!

Should we understand What it is we saw It is a gift!

Should we learn from What was seen, It is a gift!

Should we tell others of What we have learned, It is a gift to others.

Should they hear, listen and learn, That is their gift.

Should they pay it forward That is a gift With no end.

Gifts are for giving! ~ wsp

The more gifts you give, the more gifts you receive.

The Butterfly Effect



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May 2023 Featured Poets



Csp Shrivastava

Michael Lee Johnson

Taghrid Bou Merhi

Yasmin Brown



Csp Shrivastava



Csp Shrivastava who resides in Bengaluru, India, is a bilingual poet (Hindi and English). His poems have been published in several national and international anthologies. He loves and cares for the human values and views literature as a continuous effort to understand the intricacies of the human psyche and nature.

A catastrophe in the offing...

Ingrained already in our psyche Is happening of such a catastrophe

Are we heading to one such now Unaware was no recourse somehow

The fast changing patterns of climate Hastening of environs to the ultimate

A gift so rare that we got thro' ages Deterioration now setting in which razes

A thoughtless vision sans precision Vying n trying to fence their reason

The mad chasing of the whole race Put shame to the face of grace

We enjoyed since you n eons Civilizations grew with grace

So long ignorance was bliss... We were caught unaware n amiss

Awareness of the pinch prime Alone can salvage the climatic decline

Now that the pinch is to the fore How can we afford to ignore

Retracing our steps apace Seems to be the only solace

The best of minds to rise up in tandem To put to strict action n not at random.

Disgrace ~writ large

Melting ice, flashing floods Earthquakes, cyclonic storms Forest fires and draughts All across the world Writ large on our planet 's face! So abrupt and quick —

Though, we know
Climate change As a phenomenon
A natural cycle of earth
Baffling is its hastening
Causing global warming
As backlash of human Deeds(misdeeds)!!!

Industrialisation in its wake Urbanisation in its take

All for economic gains Deforestation and rains

We are devoid of trees, A destruction of Nature

With nuclear and military exercises The likely extinction never ceases

Restoration of balance of Nature Is the need of our stature

Away from the causes of pollution Afforestation n awareness Are bound to contribute Towards a positive reverberation

A concerted wisdom

The Heritage, we boast of now Had hidden bounties

The jungles, rivers n mountains Abounding in nature's purity

Gone are their magnanimity

The other day only, heard of a death of climatic immensities

The world aggregating thro' numerous vows n treaties Land up in complex agonies

There commitments of measures Such as lesser carbon emissions

Even garbage managing
And many a sundry factors damaging

It's all simply a prolonging strategies Forgetting we lost several centuries

The wiser now are assets of lost kingdom Hope lies in a really concerted wisdom.

Let's then, be up n doing For changing our way of life... Struggling, striving n surviving.

Michagl Lgg Johnson



Michael Lee Johnson is an internationally published poet in 44 countries, has several published poetry books, has been nominated for 6 Pushcart Prize awards, and 6 Best of the Net nominations.

I Age

Arthritis and aging make it hard, I walk gingerly, with a cane, and walk slow, bent forward, fear threats, falls, fear denouement-I turn pages, my family albums become a task. But I can still bake and shake, sugar cookies, sweet potato, lemon meringue pies. Alone, most of my time, but never on Sundays, friends and communion. United Church of Canada. I chug a few down, love my Blonde Canadian Pale Ale, Copenhagen long cut a pinch of snuff. I can still dance the Boogie-woogie, Lindy Hop in my living room, with my nursing care home partner. Aging has left me with youthful dimples, but few long-term promises.

Crypt in the Sky

Order me up, no one knows where this crypt in the sky like a condo on the 5th floor suite don't sell me out over the years; please don't bury me beneath this ground, don't let me decay inside my time pine casket. Don't let me burn to cremate skull last to turn to ashes. Treasure me high where no one goes, no arms reach, stretch. Building for the Centuries then just let it fall. These few precious dry bones preserved for you, sealed in the cloud no relocation is necessary, no flowers need to be planted, no dusting off that dust each year, no sinners can reach this high. Jesus' heaven, Jesus' sky.

Note: Dedicated to the passing of beloved Katie Balaskas.

Priscilla, Let's Dance

Priscilla, Puerto Rican songbird, an island jungle dancer, Cuban heritage, rare parrot, a singer survivor near extinction. She sounds off on notes, music her vocals hearing background bongos, piano keys, Cuban horns. Quote the verse patterns, quilt the pieces skirt bleeds, then blend colors to light a tropical prism. Steamy Salsa, a little twist, cha-cha-cha dancing rhythms of passions, sacred these islands. Everything she has is movement tucked nice and tight but explosive. She mimics these ancient sounds showing her ribs, her naked body. Her ex-lovers remain nightmares pointed daggers, so criminal, so stereotyped. Priscilla purifies her dreams with repentance. She pours her heart out, everything condensed to the bone, petite boobies, cheap bras, flamboyant Gi strings. Her vocabulary is that of sin and Catholicism. Island hurricanes form her own Jesus slants of hail, detonate thunder, the collapse of hell in her hands after midnight. Priscilla remains a background rabble-rouser, almost remorseful, no apologies to the counsel of Judas wherever he hangs.

Taghrid Bou Merhi



Taghrid Bou Merhi is a Lebanese poetess, writer, and translator living in Brazil. She holds a Law degree and is ambassador of the team "International Cultural Salon Association" and ambassador of Brazil in the American P.L.O.T.S. Magazin and ambassador of Lebanon in the Association of the World Union of Writers and Artists UMEA Portugal . Member of prestigious platform Of WWWU World Nations Writers' Union Kazakhstan. She is an advisor to the countries Al-Sham literary platform for literary translation. Brand Ambassador from Brazil for Moncheri Escapes - a leading travel agency in India. She won the Nizar Sartawi International Translator Award for Creativity 2021 in the field of translation and literature. She won the 2nd Annual Zhengxin International Poet Award 2022. She hon received the World Prize Prestigious "RAHIM" KARIM WORLD PRIZE".

Editor of Al-Arabe Today, Rainbow, Agharid, Al-Nil Walfurat, Literária and Allaylak Magazine. Fluent in Arabic (native language), French, English, Portuguese, Italian and Spanish. Her poems have been published in numerous international anthologies various Literary magazines, journals and websites. Her poems have been translated into more than 33 languages.

Her books include: 1. Songs of longing; 2.The Keys of Science:Verses and Manifestations; 3. Philosophies at the Edge of the Soul; 4. Flowers Of Love; 5. Wounds of the heart; 6. La Esperanza; 7. Mine Is Not Mine; 8. Falling Alphabet.

I Need Your Voice!

I need your voice to speak with, But the wind is lavish And the sea is mute. I am splintered My wound is deep I am torn apart And my whole is burning Oh how I am shrouded in pain, And is there but pain for who is full of longing Like a stormy night fed up with the madness of rain So Cut with your waves For The wound will set you free And Don't break the foam sleeping in my lungs Because between the sea of longing and this wound is a pact Has your voice become ink So I can pledge allegiance to it?! Behind the madness of sea, lovers are walking! Oh eyelid of my heart! And these thorns are slapping it Oh water sadness and silenced fire. Is this endeavor a failure? Silence ignites in the body of the poem Dances with the clouds Spins and spins And your voice is like a harp I wished it vocalised !!!

Like Waiting!!

Since you have cut the ropes of sleep, while you are waiting for your own self

Go flow from you to yourself!

Like a secret blood just drawn from the bank of time.

Oh displaced person to amputated places, while your eyelids shed from departure, sadness drops from the sweat of the sky sixty graves.

While you wait for yourself

Think of the children of death and the fires that burn.

You should have died in order for us to sleep.

You should have eaten the fire ignited from your waiting So you can expel your pain and render it to ashes.

Die slowly when you come out of yourself

Like a bouquet of flowers turned yellow, so I can feel the alienation and the empty loneliness.

The bird that slumbered on a paper kite, stopped wailing on electricity poles.

The heads of passers-by were giving him a fleeting look. And a crazy camera stands in the middle of the road:" Oh my helplessness"!.

Oh air cut from the paper of time

There are tricks that failed to cross

There are hands that erase in ink the face of sorrows.

Oh traveller..!

When you get tired of leaning on a cane waiting for yourself

Remember that you are still breathing in the midst of this fire

Due to your five daily prayers!.

Alone On The Edge Of The Night!

I have never seen him alone sitting on the edge of the night Reducing his thoughts of sadness and pain.

Time as life

Both lead you to a point in the palm of the hand

They hug together for fear of a boring session.

The earth wished that it could swallow his grief

But it happened that today is a holiday, and the sea is on a long vacation.

I had to wait in the midst of the planets

Hoping the sign of fortune would smile without the monitor cameras following us.

I have never seen him, before the ideals collapsed...

He fabricated a double excuse, turned his shadow to pass through

And bent down a little to drag a picture resting on a wall.

The places were sleeping on both ends of the road

And just his bowed back, helplessly, passed by me bleakly and silently.

I pretended to be staring at the sky

Wishing he would shoot his rope of silence

So he would die, and we can both survive together.

That night, i was crying and wailing.

That night,

He deserted the surface of his image, far away from the screams of his pain and loneliness.

That night,

I found a reason to love the pictures that the night presents for the homeless.

And in one of these back places, i saw the whole of him Half of it is stuck there and the other half is determined to stay together.

Yasmin Brown



Yasmin Brown is an author and Healing Centered Life Coach on a mission to empower women. As a women's mental health advocate Yasmin engages through literacy and creative expression. She is a best-selling co-author of *Voices* of the 21st Century Resilient Women Who Rise and Make a Difference in addition to publishing several other books such as I Just Want to be Normal, The Iced Tea of Friendship, The Silent Destruction and more.

Ms. Brown is also featured in Soul Pitt Magazine for her first book *The Silent Destruction in addition to Shoutout Atlanta, RGP Muse and Intellectual Inc.*

Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, Mirror what do you see

I see unbearable pain and damage staring back at me.

All the times I cried, feeling like I died

When I close my eyes,

Darkness runs rampant inside.

Deeming the brightness I hide.

Shining light I cannot see

Bright lights whispering back to me.

I open your eyes,

Listening to the voice inside.

You brave, courageous young woman....tenacious and contagious

Your power and strength

Truly meant to be spontaneous.

Your purpose, your journey—powerful and influential.

Now shine bright to the sky... Guide your eyes

looking at my reflection with a sigh.

Mirror, Mirror

I want to see

My authentic reflection in acceptance of me.

Smile

The versatility of a smile may only last for a while A while of happiness

A while of pain

Masquerading expressions so you do not go insane Insane with emotion of simple bliss covering feelings of pain

Pain trying to change the past while missing the future The future is now

Devote now to see the beauty with thee—Smile Smile to see the message within me

The message to relax

Relax it is okay

Okay to feel emotions

Emotions with a smile, even if it is only for a while So, Smile

A Woman's Faith

A woman's faith is steadfast in the word The word of God I am strong I am courageous I am the child of God The affirmation of strength Strength to endure Just once more To pray the impossible The faith of possibilities Possibilities, no weapon formed against me shall prosper Prosperity to order, order her steps Steps to succeed and plan not to fail Planting seeds to grow Grow in faith and love Loving thy neighbor as yourself Allowing yourself to feel weeping if only for a night The night A Woman's Faith finds joy in the morning light.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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News

Published Books

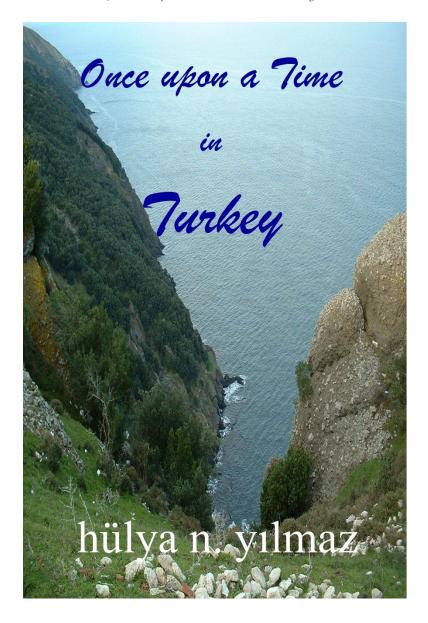
by

Poetry Posse Members

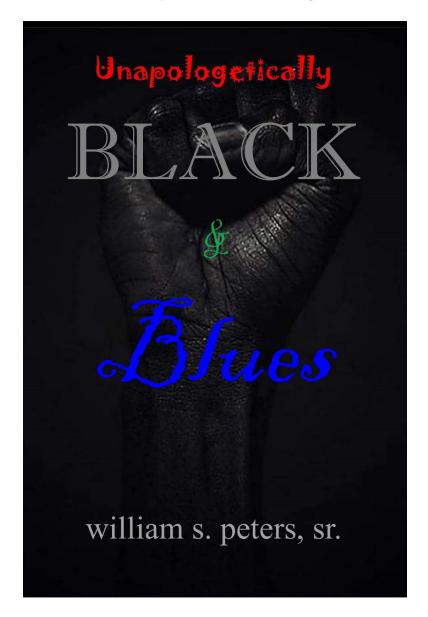
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

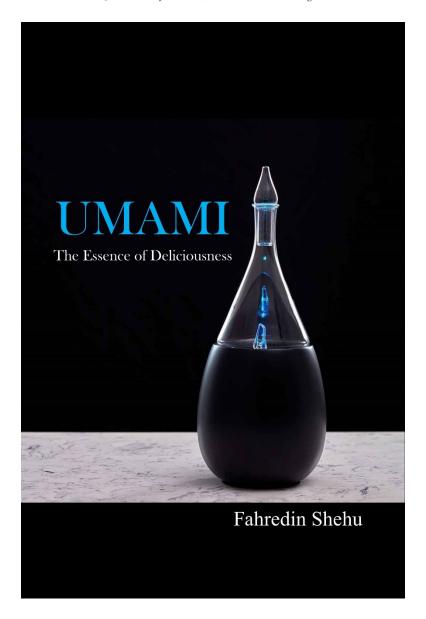
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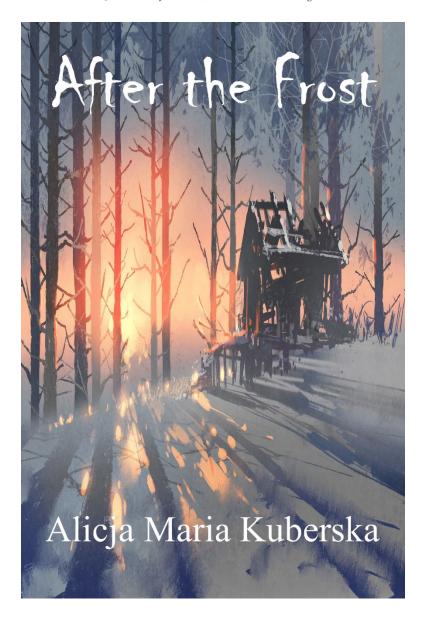




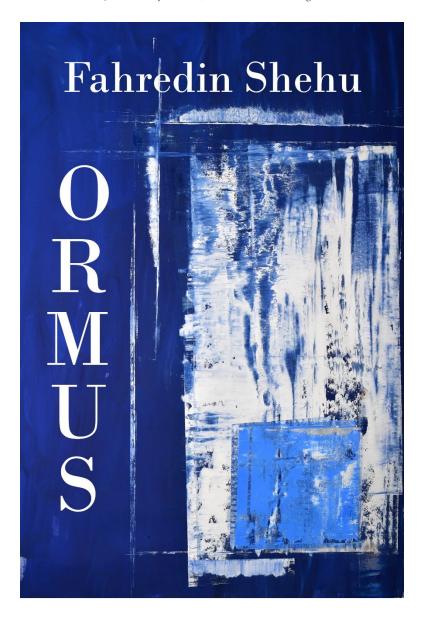


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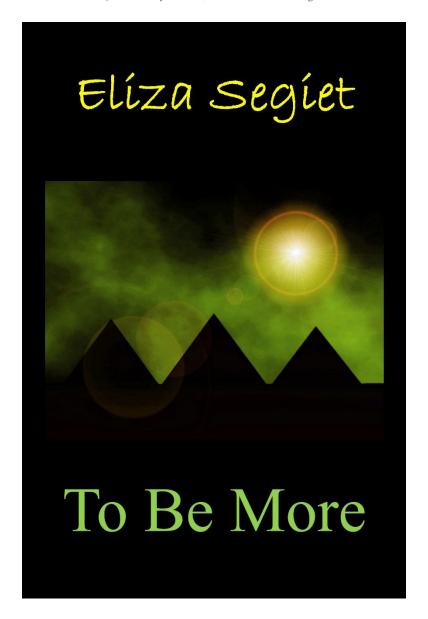
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Ahead of My Time

. . . from the Streets to the Stages

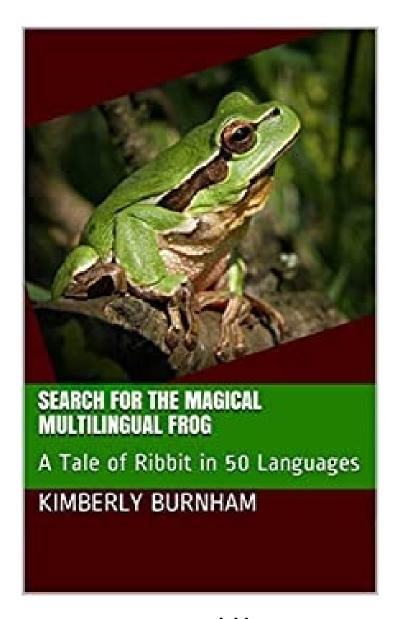


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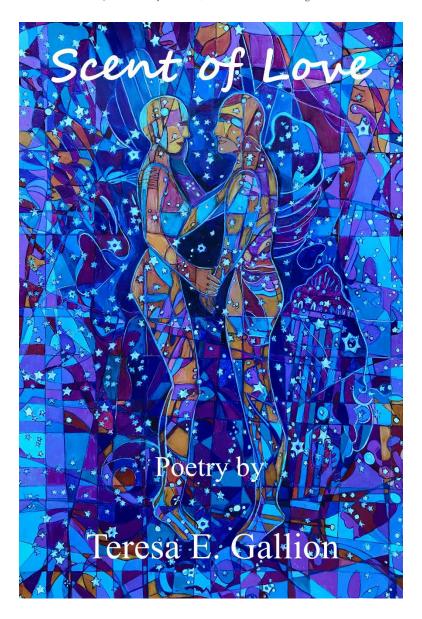


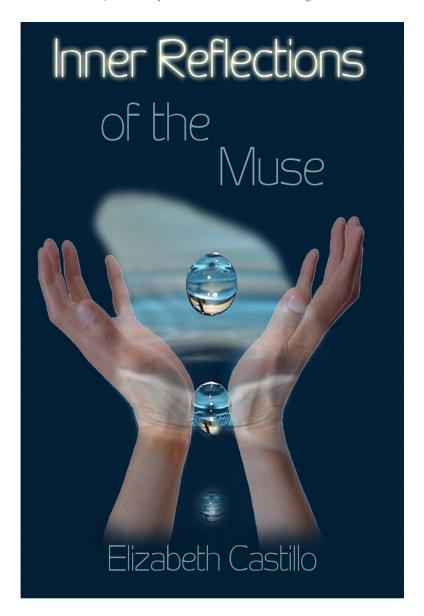
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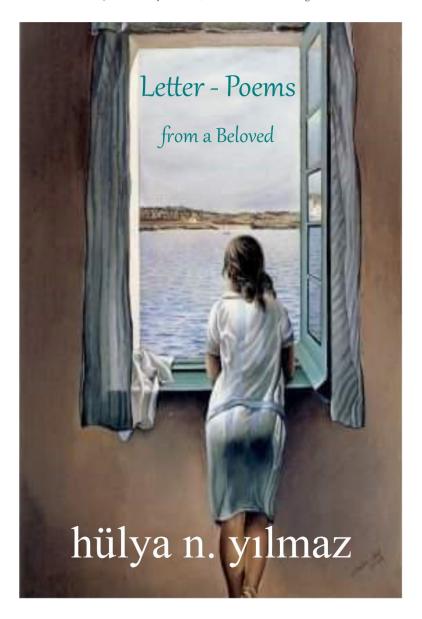


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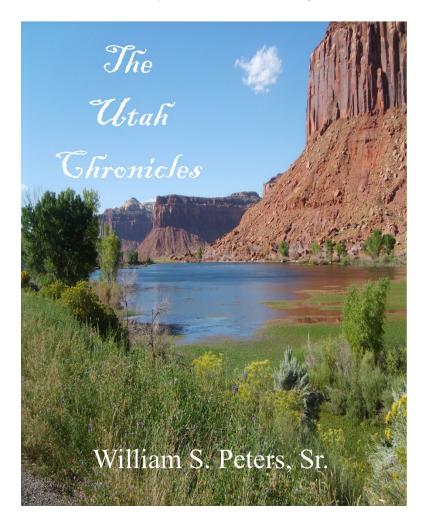




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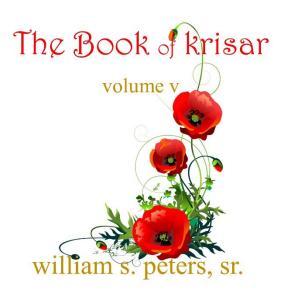


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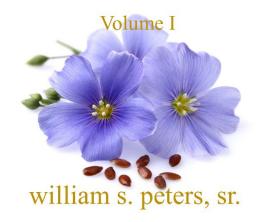




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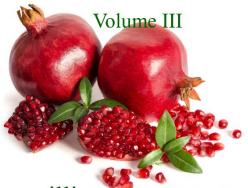


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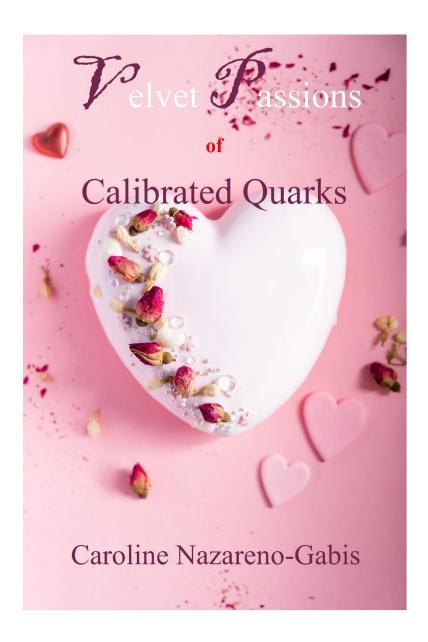
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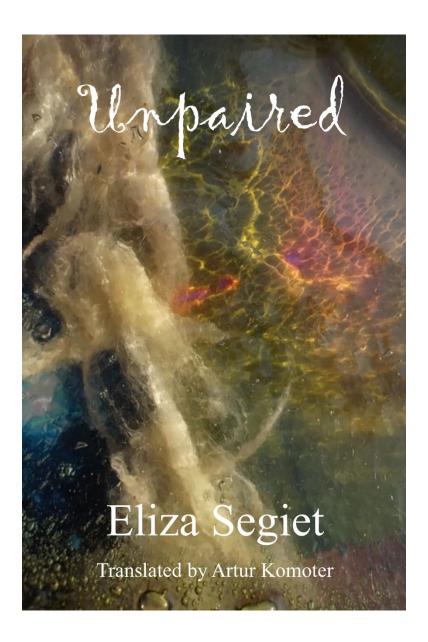


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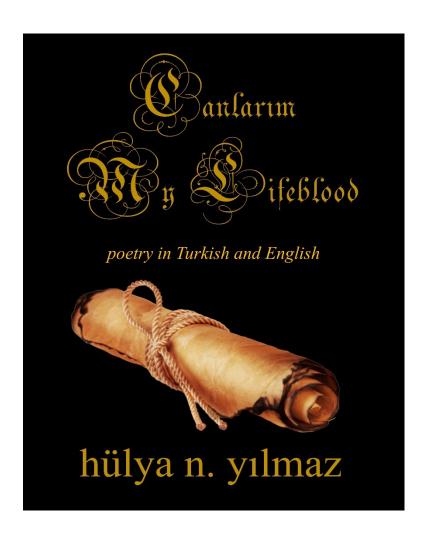
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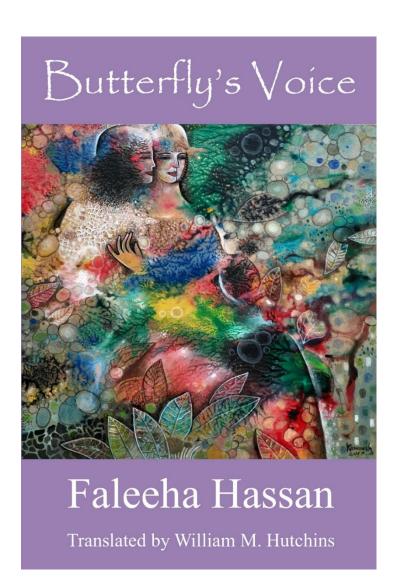


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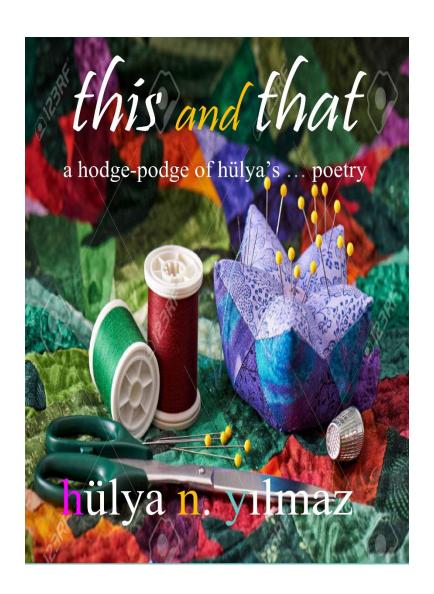


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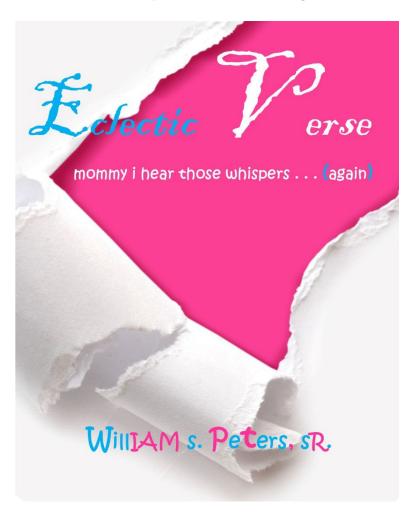
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



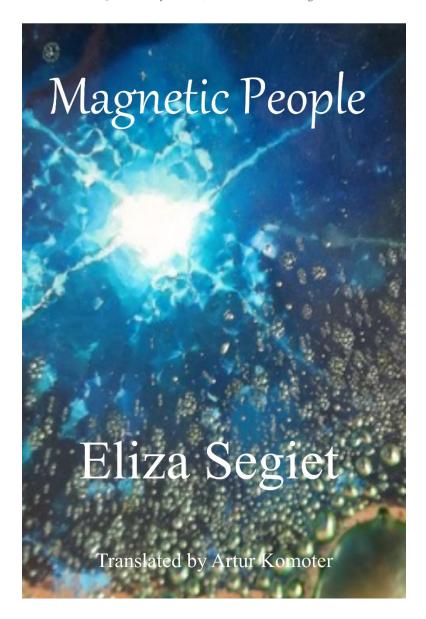
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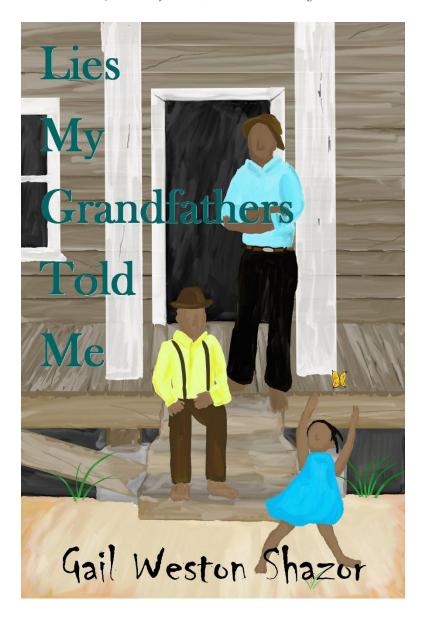


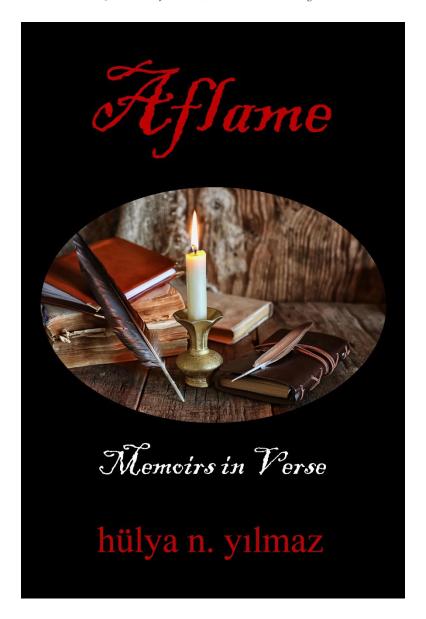
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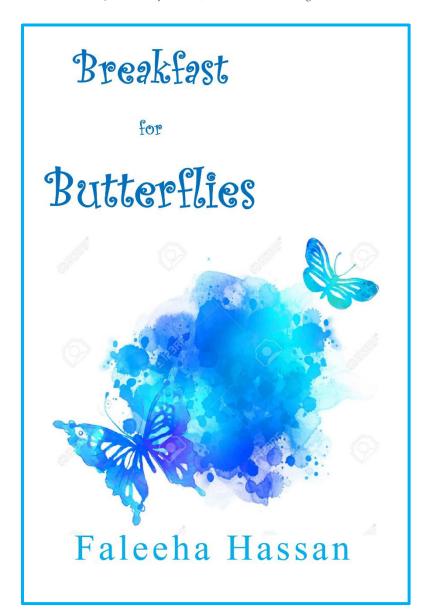
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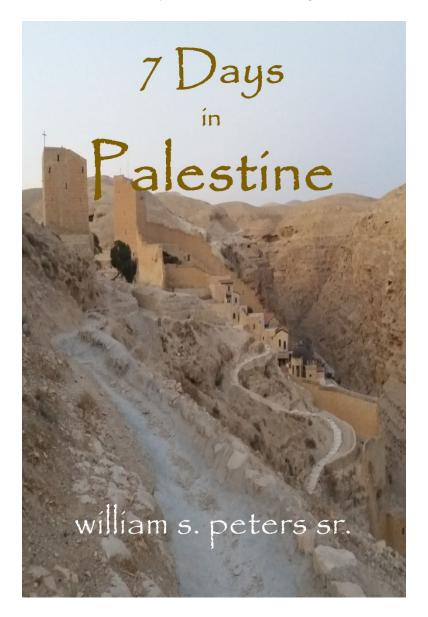
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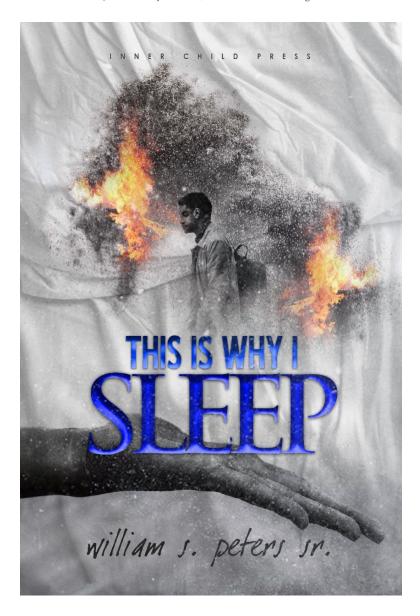




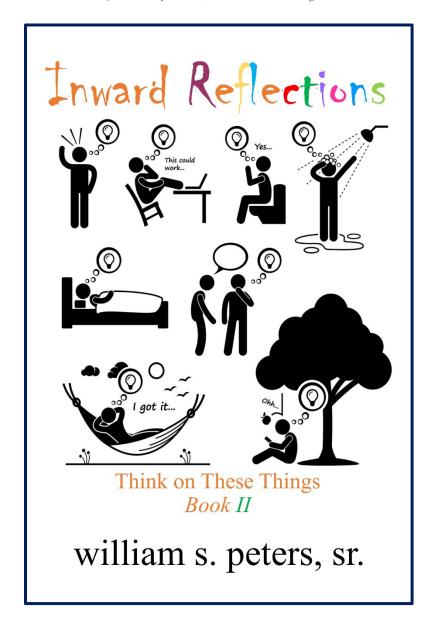
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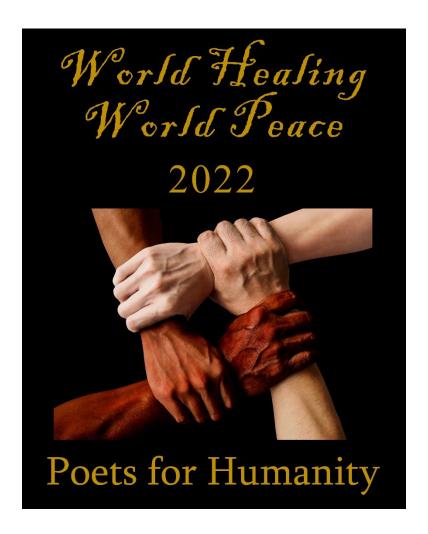


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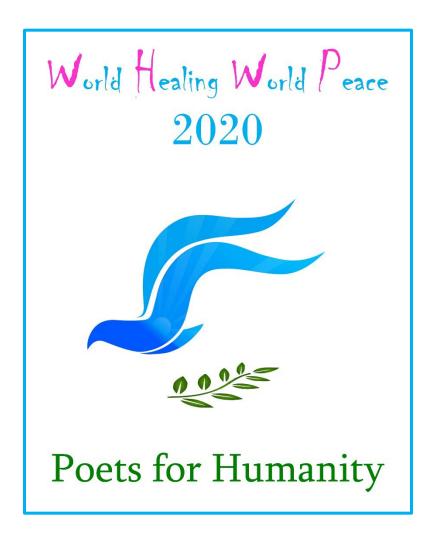
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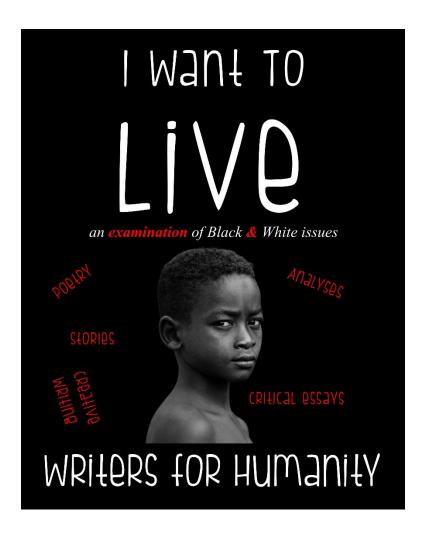


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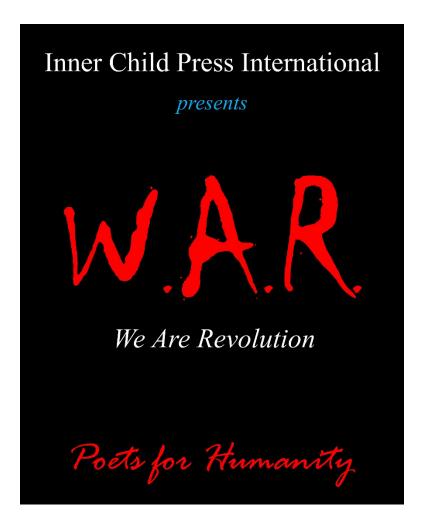
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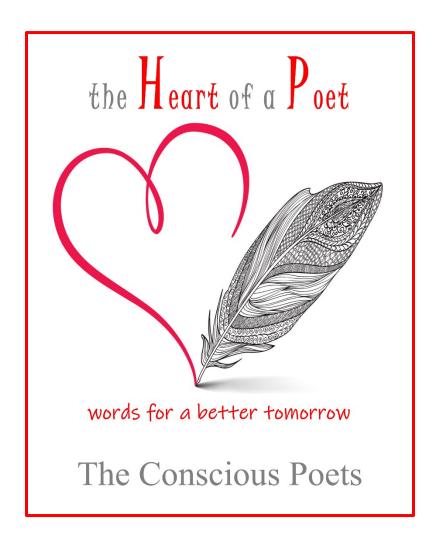
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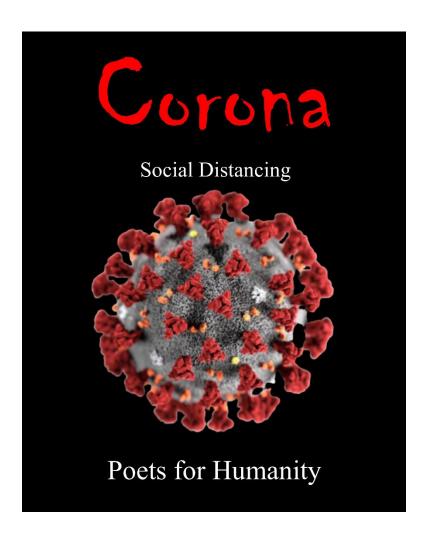
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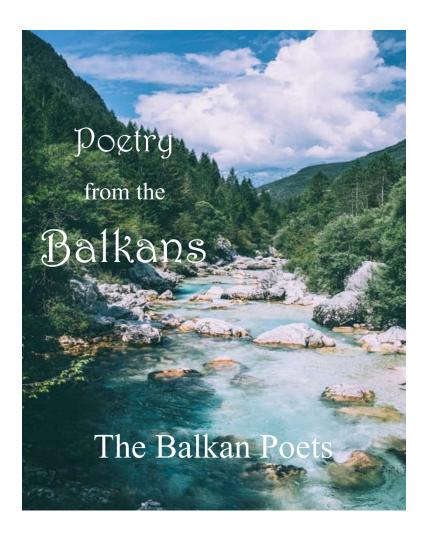
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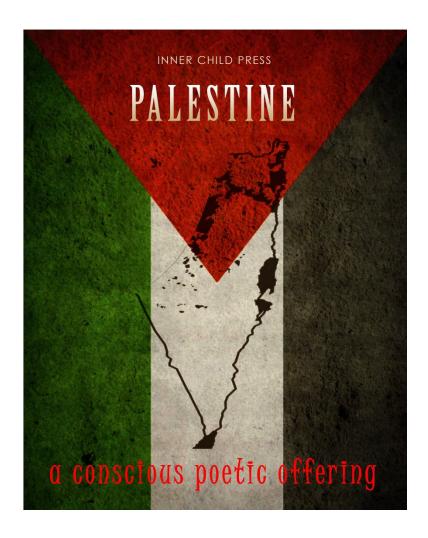


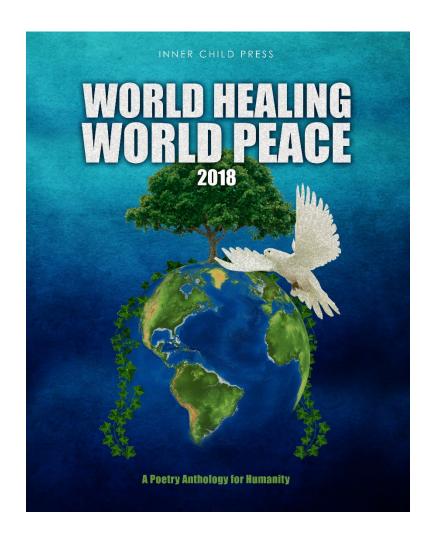


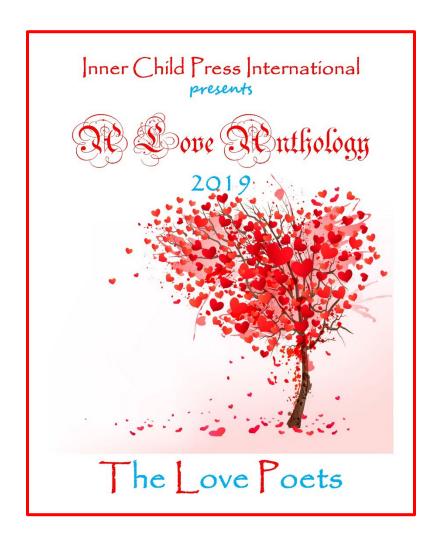
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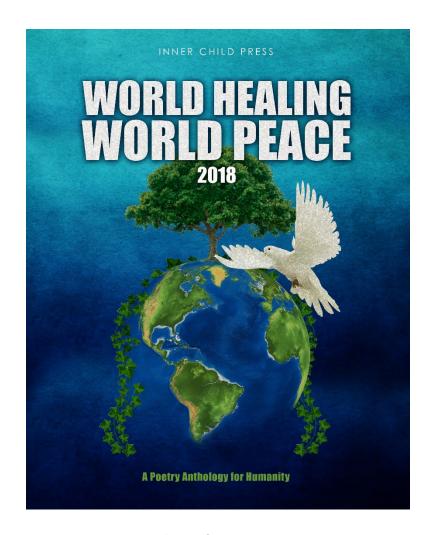




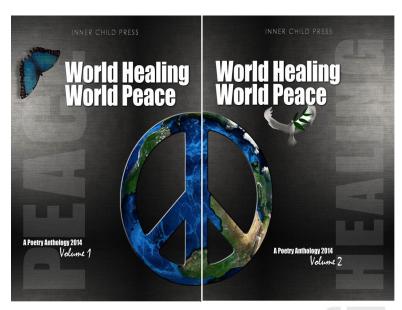


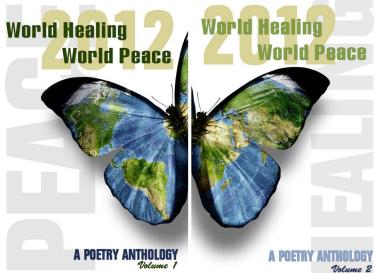
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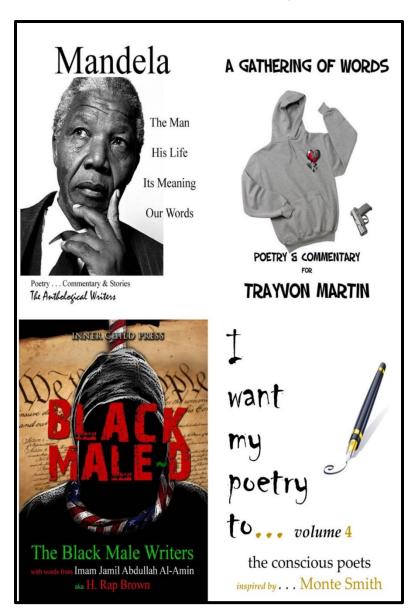
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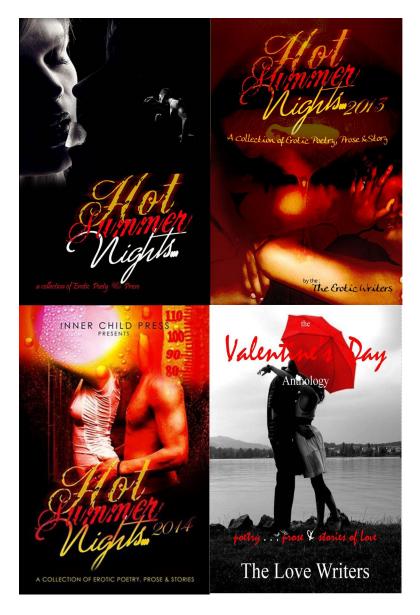
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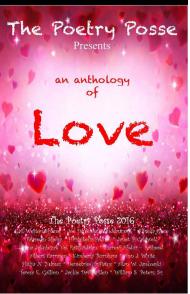
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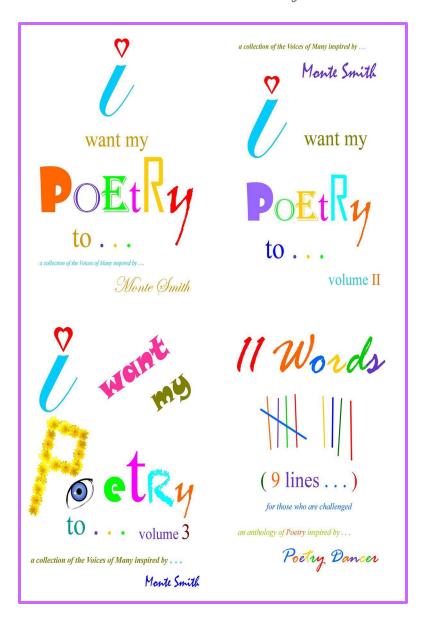


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James P. Caldwell * "Sure Bogg Bordfall" - Debbe M. Nichen * Tony Herninger

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September Feature Poets

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



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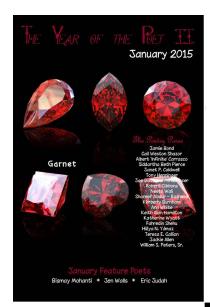
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



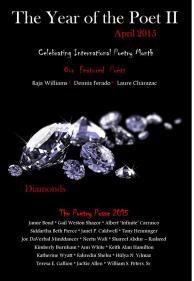


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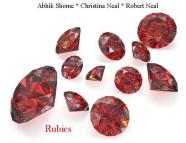


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The Year of the Poet II

The Featured Poets for July 2015

July 201



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend "Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Infinite" Carrasco Siddarfta Beth Fierce "Janet F. Caldwell "Tony Heminiger Joe DaVerbal Mindancer" Neuth wali: Sharcef Albart—Rashoed Kimberly Burnham "Ann White "Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyali "Falracida Stehu" Hiliya N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion "Jackie Allen" William S. Feters. Sr.

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August 2015



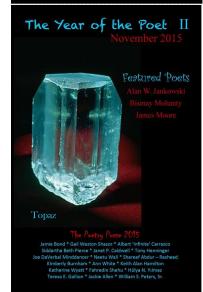
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Festured Poets

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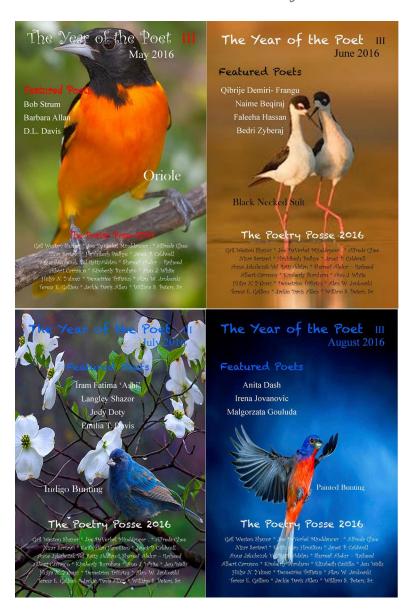
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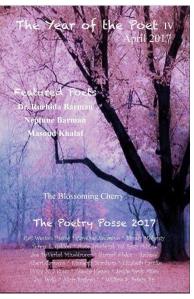
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The Flowering Dogwood Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

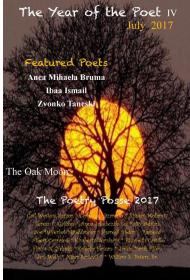
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DeVerbel Minddencer * Shereef Abdur - Resheed Albert Cerresco * Kimberly Burnhem * Elizebeth Cestillo Hillys N. Yılməz * Esleehs Həssən * Jəckie Devis Allen Jen Wells * Nizer Sertewi * * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DeVerbel Minddencer * Shereef Abdur - Resheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülyə N. Yılməz * Fəleehə Həssən * Jəckie Dəvis Allen Jen Wəlls * Nizər Sərtəwi * * William S. Peters. Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerhal Mindalance * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaw * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets Ahmed Abu Saleem Nedal Al-Qaeim Sadeddin Shalin

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



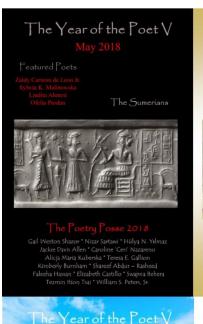
The Poetry Posse 2017

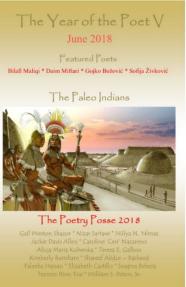
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Galilon * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharefa Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberski, * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin titon Tsai! 'William S. Peters.

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawa * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubesika * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behaera Tezmir Ition Taji * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

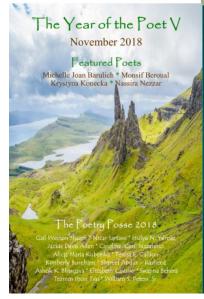
Featured Poets

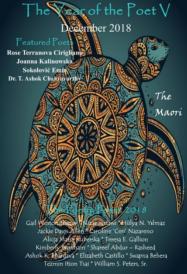
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



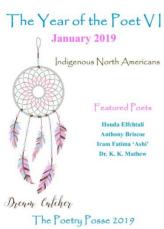
The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Cerr * Nazareno Alicip Amria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, St





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Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion "Loe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsal "William S. Peters."



April 2019 Featured Poets DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Falecha Hassan Central & West Africa The Poetry Posse 2019 Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Canasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kirmberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhagyara * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Itlon Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VI May 2019

Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberiy Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.





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November 2019

Featured Poets

Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida



Northern Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Elira Segiet Alleja Maria Kubeska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Pitre Kimberly Burnham " Shaneef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayana " Elizabeth Castillo " Svapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai " William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet VI

December 2019

Featured Poets

Rahim Karim (Karimov) * Sujata Paul Bharati Nayak * Kapardeli Eftichia



The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

Alok Kumar Ray * Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato * Izabela Zubko

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Feace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hulya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipient

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Feace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

Dr Pragya Suman * Chinh Nguyen Srinivas Vasudev * Ugwu Leonard Ifeanyi, Jr.

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace rating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

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

Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Fardrun



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan

Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

Alonzo "zO" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021

Featured Global Poets Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik Heather Jansch



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ratan Ghosh * Christine Neil-Wright Andrew Scott * Ashok Kumar

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

Roza Boyanova * Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval Mammad Ismayil * Tarana Turan Rahimli

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

Transcar actual

Featured Global Poets

Dimitris P. Kraniotis * Marlene Pasini Kennedy Ochieng * Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

Alonzo Gross * Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas Monsif Beroual * Carol Aronoff

Climate Change and Oceans





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Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX May 2022

Featured Global Poets Ndaba Sibanda * Smrutiranjan Mohanty Ajanta Paul * Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Climate Change and Birds



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

Featured Global Poets

Yuan Changming * Azeczat Okunlola

Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

Featured Global Poets Michelle Joan Barulich * Mili Das Anna Ferriero * Ujjal Mandal

Climate Change and Animals



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet IX

August 2022

Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Biswajit Mishra Svlwia K. Malinowska * Sajid Hussein

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

Featured Global Poets Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed

Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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The Year of the Poet IX

November 2022

Featured Global Poets
Hema Ravi * Shafkat Aziz Hajam
Selma Kopic * Ibrahim Honjo

Climate Change: Time to Act





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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The Year of the Poet IX

December 2022

Featured Global Poets

Elarbi Abdelfattah * Lorraine Cragg Neha Bhandarkar * Robert Gibbons

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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The Year of the Poet X January 2023

Featured Global Poets

JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz ackie 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.

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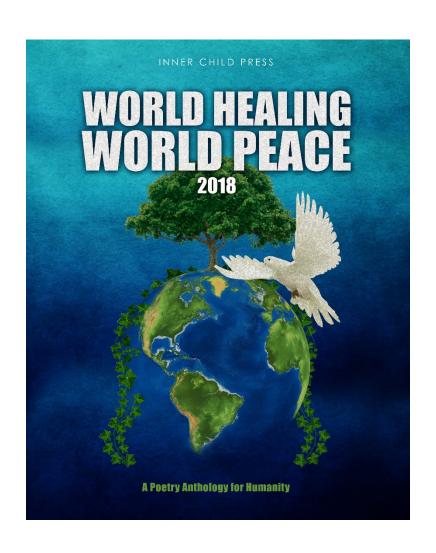
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