

The Year of the Poet IV

May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV May 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell



Alan W. Jankowski

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



*Poets . . .
sowing seeds in the
Conscious Garden of Life,
that those who have yet to come
may enjoy the Flowers.*

Foreword

The dispute between that which embodies respect for life and for all the living –love for restoration and its dysfunctionally metamorphosed *doppelgänger* –love for destruction has been reclaiming its presence since the creation of man and woman. While the timeline of human history does not take the moment of its birth as far back, poetic landscaping emerges in humanity’s blood vessels as early as c. 2150 BCE – c. 1400 BCE. As for the matter of dissonance –the defining element of humanness, poetry as an art form has been brought under the poetic principle where two disparate schools of thought engraved its fate: The 19th century creed of “Art for Art’s Sake” and the teachings of ensuing decades; namely, that art exists to transliterate a purpose of moral or didactic nature.

Innumerable studies of every conceivable literary era and movement in human history have been unable to conciliate this age-old impasse to this day. Whether our century or more distant times beyond ours could make a difference in this outcome does, in actuality, not matter. For poetry has been thus far and is today ever-present amid old, new and renewed theories on its diction, tone, content, formulation and justification. As for its timeline, it evidences an unwavering power over an eternal lifespan, one that has been recorded as

having surpassed its theoretical hurdles. Not unlike the symbol of true strength in the famed 6th century B.C. Aesopian fable, *The Wind and the Sun* . . .

hülya n. yılmaz

Poetry on our minds . . . always!

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Well here we are. May, spring, with budding flowers, trees and weeds. This month, our theme is this year of 2017 . . . trees. What i have personally noticed this spring season is the high amount of pollen in the year. This year i am suffering a sensitivity i have not experienced for nearly 40 years or more. Every day my car is coated in a yellow reminder that life is ever abundant and continually evolving.

Our words as poets are very much like the pollen we see or feel about us. Our vision as poets is a metaphor for this reality. As we know, pollen is necessary to fertilize nature for future growth, We hope that our words have the same effect for you. We are gardeners in our own sense in that we too plant seeds of life in consciousness, thought and your emotions. Our aim is to evoke a resonance through our words that perhaps may reveal another perspective about our experiences. As you consider our offered verse, we but ask that you share the fruit that you harvest with that of your fellow man and woman.

Just a reminder . . . all past volumes of this offering of The Year of the Poet from January 2014 to present is available as a FREE Download and also in print for a modest cost. You can browse past issues in the rear of this publishing. Enjoy!

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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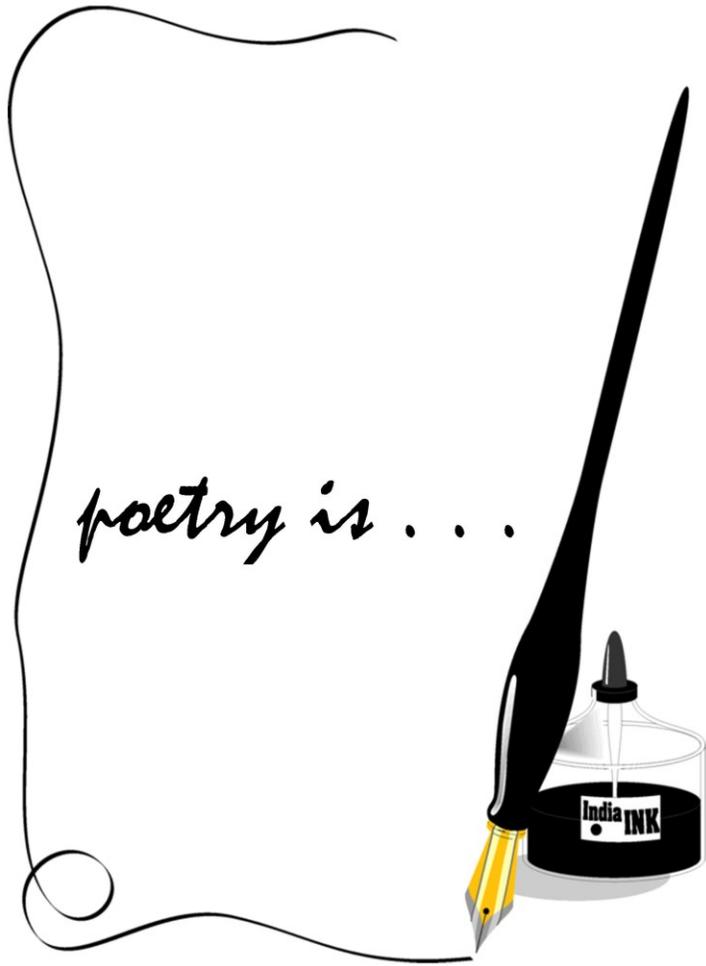
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp





The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Cornus florida (flowering dogwood) is a [species](#) of [flowering plant](#) in the [family Cornaceae](#) native to eastern [North America](#) and northern [Mexico](#). An endemic population once spanned from southernmost coastal [Maine](#) south to northern Florida and west to the Mississippi River. The tree is commonly planted as an ornamental in residential and public areas because of its showy [bracts](#) and interesting bark structure.

Flowering dogwood is a small [deciduous tree](#) growing to 10 m (33 ft) high, often wider than it is tall when mature, with a trunk diameter of up to 30 cm (1 ft). A 10-year-old

tree will stand about 5 m (16 ft) tall. The [leaves](#) are opposite, simple, ovate, 6–13 cm (2.4–5.1 in) long and 4–6 cm (1.6–2.4 in) broad, with an apparently entire margin (actually very finely toothed, under a lens); they turn a rich red-brown in fall.

The [flowers](#) are individually small and inconspicuous, with four greenish-yellow bracts 4 mm (0.16 in) long. Around 20 flowers are produced in a dense, rounded, [umbel-shaped inflorescence](#), or flower-head, 1–2 cm (0.39–0.79 in) in diameter. The [flower-head](#) is surrounded by four conspicuous large white, pink or red "petals" (actually [bracts](#)), each bract 3 cm (1.2 in) long and 2.5 cm (0.98 in) broad, rounded, and often with a distinct notch at the apex. The flowers are bisexual.

When in the wild they can typically be found at the forest edge and frequently on dry ridges. While most of the wild trees have white bracts, some selected [cultivars](#) of this tree also have pink bracts, some even almost a true red. They typically flower in early April in the southern part of their range, to late April or early May in northern and high altitude areas. The similar [Kousa dogwood](#) (*Cornus kousa*), native to [Asia](#), flowers about a month later.

The [fruit](#) is a cluster of two to ten separate [drupes](#), (fused in *Cornus kousa*), each 10–15 mm (0.39–0.59 in) long and about 8 mm (0.31 in) wide, which ripen in the late summer and the early fall to a bright red, or occasionally yellow with a rosy blush. They are an important food source for dozens of species of [birds](#), which then distribute the [seeds](#).

In 2012, the United States sent 3,000 dogwood saplings to [Japan](#) to commemorate the 100 year anniversary of the Washington D.C. cherry trees given as a gift to the U.S. by Japan in 1912.

The
Year
of the
Poet III

May 2017

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

Author of . . .
"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"
&
Notes from the Blue Roof
available at Inner Child Press.

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KEB

I watch him
moving around this space
sometimes he is still
and other times his hands move on their own
independent of his will
to be quietly observant
I know they feel the wood
of the tree branches pushed back for passage
and the steel for closure
and does he think of me when the sun
sets its measure for the day
I think so and I think not
I don't believe I am the one
that he feels he needs to save
just his people that he loves
and I have become of them
embracing his vision without
sacrificing my own passions
He is never silent
He is not always speaking
and I have found the movement
though gentle
of the quieting of his mind
and I respect the signs that
I need to stop putting sounds in the air
I no longer watch this process
in wonderment
I just wait
for this moment to pass in order
to be gifted with a smile

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

and a song drifting on a melody
that I do not recognize
that I cannot name save that
it is his rhythm
Even as the sun rises
over a black ocean turning blue
I stand in the gap
between rest and work
At peace

silly me

i only love you today
i love the way you will make me laugh
i promise i will not expect it
and as such be taken by surprise
hearing the smile you hide in your eyes
i promise to see the mischievousness
that you have so often had to tamp down

~silly~

i only love that today
you will fall quiet
and i know you will in small thoughts
and in those small moments
i promise i won't disturb you
with idle chatter
for we only need to have this time

~silly~

and i only love you today
in the small ways
that fit into coffee cups
and tea bags
that tend to drinking right away
for full flavor
i promise to wait until you are thirsty
so as to not waste the warmth

~silly~

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

i only love you today
in the top of mountains
and down very steep hills
i promise to always be in wonder
at all that you have to show me
it is a very real treat to see
you inside of yours

~silly~

i only love you today
although yesterday could have been yours
had i known that my road
would be a crooked one
or that you waited for me
i promise to stand with you
watching the ocean

Claim Me Whole

I have said this to you
In both pretty words
And drawn out sighs
I have given you touches,
Just small intimacies
That shout my desire
In uncompromising want
And it is not that I cannot
Nor that I will not
But I have been patient
With feigned liberties
In a companionable time
As the lunar cycle
Wanes and waxes and crests
And the year eases into a full circle
I would have the experiences
That many must suppose
I already enjoy
Linked we as we are

Or
I would have the reasons
That stem the need
For prolonged discussions
Of this matter at hand
That I have summoned to form
In daydream and pillow wishes
I would that
Your breath gains mine
Hands across senses

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

With electricity arcing the wind
Head rolled back
Neck exposed
The very firmament moves
Against time
For here in this moment
Our moments have gained speed
On this path of passing time
And i would throw my freedom
Against ink and paper
To have you

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

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

When I feel she comes near

When I feel she comes near
I contemplate, become eager
Where will be my journey?
Have I with the attorney?
When I feel she comes near
Everyone known to me are done
With what grudge will I die
When I feel she comes near
For then at my death none will cry.
When I feel she comes near
Sometimes I smile, sometimes I fear
Of losing all I have earned and been gifted
My love for all worldly things will be rifted.
When I feel she comes near
Shyness and blush covers me all over
I hesitate to leave everything and go with her
But then methinks is being possessive an err.
When I feel she comes near
I want all my known to hear
She comes without sign of her arrival
But she wants people not to be your rival.

Will I

Will I snatch the life of a divine leaf?
Borne in three from its family just to be lucky
Will I step back on seeing my way being passed?
By a cat and be afraid of something so wee

Will I rush by a needy unnoticed his pain?
Simply on the occasion of not having ample time
Will I lack mercy for those who are disabled?
Just for a working system in me God imbued

Will I shout at someone innocent?
Because someone dominating has reprimanded me
Will I be uncouth to someone for disturbance?
Even though I am blessed with something godly

Will I prohibit myself being a human?
Irrespective of my knowledge and morale
Will I, after knowing the good and the bad?
In my attempt to exhibit humanity cause delay

A friend of mine

When I moved into the city
He knew of my migration
Still he would run eagerly to my home
As if it were his joyful destination.

Having arrived my former home
He would stand at a distance
And see; then sigh and end up with
'For this I sought attendance?'

He would see all those trees which
Once were evergreen but now dry.
The scene of the lock on the door
Unexpected, gives him a childish cry.

Eyes depleted of water,
Evaporated even those of the throat.
Knowing his friend to be mirthful
And being the same is to learn.
As days passed by, he learned to live
Alone; and the silliness he forgot.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline Allen or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia. As the next eldest daughter of a coal miner father and a stay at home mother she was the first in her family to attend college.

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

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

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

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

Trajectory

Let not the overwhelming profusion
Of dark shadows or the vociferous voices,
Presiding over the present day's headlines,
Befuddle the calm of your mental faculties.
Abandon not your heart's passionate command.
Remain steadfast as you make your way
Around and over tribulations. Even
Without your consent, the darkness
Will attempt to appropriate its control.

Blink not for a millisecond, nor lend attention
To detractors' clamor and rhetoric,
Lest their buffoonery infiltrate your thoughts
And poison your well thought-out plans.
A laudable soldier continues and marches on.
Arm yourself with truth. Cling to your intentions.
Stay alert and heed the warnings;
Yield not to skeptics' gloom and doom.
Too often their voices are masked with perfume.

Hesitate not, my dear. Make of your heart's path
The personal resolutions that burn brightest.
Be on guard: the journey may be fraught
With danger, with obstacles.
Take time to reflect on your declarations.
So, go now. Follow your own light. Be bold.
Know, that unless you grant consent, the results
Hurlled by nefarious naysayers shall have little
Impact on who you are, or what you are about.

With Both Hands

Are you the one with a voice not yet heard?
One standing before a door, seemingly barred?
Are you afraid to place your hand on the handle,
Fearful of what awaits, your timid heart beating
A pattern of defeat should you dare take a seat?

The fearful drum of possibilities has a way
Of drowning out both the hesitant and the bravest
Of intentions. Ignore any voices that say
You wouldn't fit in, that you're not as competent
As the others pursuing their gifts and talents.

So, with both hands, seize your destiny. Follow your
Heart's path. Take the necessary steps today.
Even if you have to condescend to crawl. Bruised
Knees and stumbling steps lead to the same goal
If one continues to seek with effort's passion.

Worth Every Penny

She knew not her own value's worth, only
That she was more than a wife, mother and nurse,
Stressed out beyond measure of responsibility.

Thrifty to the penny, she wisely shopped; but
Anxious to break out, she placed a phone call,
Saying, "I am in need of help with some chores."

Responding to the knock at the door, surprised
She was to see that it was a "he" who the agency
Had sent to fulfill the demands of her request.

She peeked around the corner, shocked to see
What she did see. The man was on his knees.
And he was, indeed, scrubbing the kitchen floor.

Albert
Carrasco

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Hell, fire, flame

As long as I'm living on the surface of hell I'll be writing fire to extinguish flame, I'll heat up mics like a burner on a stove to melt caine, just call me a backdraft poet from the game, when I blow it's arson as if my breath is propane when my lips ignite pain. I'm still seeing the effect of yesterday's illegal gains, lil Cuz copped to fifteen, big Cuz did fifteen came home, trap relapsed and now is facing life because of snakes on his team, they're pointing fingers trying to come home earlier, a dead man walking lied on a bellaco brother and a couple of weeks ago he got picked up by team America. Listen to me fams, if you can't stand the heat get the fuck out the kitchen, the hustle comes with death and jail, the dead stay forever silent, when incarcerated another brother that's on the outside shouldn't become bond and bail, Inf is vexed because there's failures tryn to make others fail, they're crucifying... minus nails. Take heed to my bleeds, they're encrypted with ebonic hieroglyphics, trap life stats on paper instead of pyramids. imminent danger resulted in my retirement, not because the game is violent but because there's rules to the streets and the new wave was non compliant, they didn't respect the code in which foundation builders rode, they were defiant. I didn't deal with defiance, it's elimination, can't be loud around me, I moved in silence, it's bad enough peeps shit where they eat, can't be hustlers and bangers, that's double heat, narcs and the gang unit, they can't do the math so they'll never understand the science. these youngens will turn gold mines into fire pits until necks are slit, when they feel the blade in what ever form it is, they start with the it wasn't me, it was him, it wasn't mine, it was his....

Forgive us

Forgive us for our sins. I pray. We are not bad. We just find ourselves doing wrong to make things right. What we've seen and what's taught to be the norm makes us weak to temptation. We're from a poor background. Generations of family lived in poverty, our actions derive from that fact. We're trying to break that cycle. When I say we, I'm referring to those not knowing where next meals are coming from and how long the shelter over our heads would be there. We're anxious, time is being taken away from us, most of us saw blood rush, when the heart beats, blood gushed, help... holus bolus. Opportunity is all that is needed, when it's given we grasp it, the problem is we run wild because an opportunity is never expected. We try to make our own but most of the time doing so breaks apart a home, Those are the sins... we own. My younger brothers from the hood are still hurting each other for numbers on finely cut pieces of wood looking for an escape route, please guide em, guide my pen to show them the light without pain and death until it is written.

Leaving poverty

Any opportunity we had to leave poverty we took it in a hurry, hey any of Y'all want to take a trip to the city? To us the city was like Hollywood compared to the hood. We'll jump in the hoopty and fight for the front seat or the two back windows. I liked to stare at the streets, I knew when our destination was getting nearer because the pavement got smoother and looked much cleaner. When we got there I become a people watcher, anyone with business attire to me was a millionaire... Look, look look, There goes a Spanish and black man, we all claimed to be them, that's us when we grow up! They gave us hope without knowing it, it was rare seeing men with suits and ties in the projects, unless it's Sunday, church and mosque day because everyone has on their best outfit to worship, dad took me to Harlem to build with the five, wavy hair and bow ties, mom had me dress my best when she took me to get blessed in the name of Jesus, the thing is it's not Sunday it's a week day, downtown people were sharp everyday. Buildings were sky high made from steel and glass, stores were so expensive we was embarrassed to go in so we window shopped as we passed, that's mine that's mine that's mine we bought everything without cash. If we saw a luxury or sports car, we tried our hardest to see the driver because they had to be a star. On the way back it was the same, we soaked in the scenery, it's different from where we came, the hood, home sweet home. We might've not had extras but we had hope, each other and temporary shelter.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

NOT FAR FROM ME

From my many rings my energy
growth shown in bark effigies
I've branched out with a lot of pruning
It will soon be June and summer holds me
My dome gets wet from the rain

My seed blown free from a breeze
It grows to look like me
Variated by location
Inherited vocation
Replantation never changes the heart

Oak from the start
He may become a chair
Chopped for his richness
Wood grain twisted
Or just a shady place to cool

THE SOULMATE DEBATE

I was deep in a philosophical discussion
With someone, I could truly trust in
When there's no lust involved
One can talk and get things resolved
So I've pondered this question I was questioned
Maybe not questioned but
The phrasing of it all had me second guessing
Days and years of oppression
Self-imposed prison sentences
I had to think hard about what she meant
A soulmate
A soulmate
Then I had this mental debate
Common interest vs what I was feeling
The more I pondered this My head started reeling
I may have more in common with a stranger on the street
Then I have with the one that my soul wants to keep
Different philosophies without a drop of me
Yet I can relate with a stranger that sees more through
commonality
You see we can relate on certain issues
Having lived the same miscues
I don't love her the way some get fused to
I can dig an interest in mutual things
Holding hands in the park playing like kids on a swing
But here's the thing, Who owns those dark moments
Who has clearly shown it

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I may not be her go to In her times of atonement
Shouldn't a soulmate get that anointment
I'm not a gender bender so that's not a factor
How much common interest can one take Before you
meltdown that reactor
Maybe there's a huge difference
Before one makes that commitment
Cuz let me tell ya people It's a fine line between them
Soulmates should know it all and act accordingly
Common interest are fine but can end up sordidly
Soulmates are clearly up for debate
Because common interest
Will make a soulmate wait

A FIFTH OF FORGIVE ME

It was the last straw the last draw of my hand back
Backhand slaps with no chaser
In case you're wondering
Yeah she left me
At times her breath was cut short
After I'd had a snort of whatever was cheapest
Liquor wasn't my weakness it was a pretense
It only aided in my abatement of human kindness
Let me rewind this back a few years
Sip through the first straw of a broken jaw
Rum and raw courage threw a curve in
Nerve endings on fire
What have I done to my desire?
Right, right it was the drink
So I could think but if I thought what I think
Why are sirens wailing?
Why is she failing to stay awake?
Why does this rye let me fly off the handle?
A Queen's face is all mangled
Our love is in shambles
I can't remember it
It's just clear that I hit by the marks on my fist
They say it was several times
I just can't say it in clever lines
So I'll skip the horror
And swallow my tomorrows she'll be okay
I brought a fresh bouquet today
They said she'll be okay
But that constant flinching whenever she got near me
It was damn near year three when we made love again

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

Love was never more than a release from my grief
Just a brief one for the road and the road was rocky
I wasn't big or stocky just cocky from the booze
That ooze of forgetting all that matters
All life matters when you batter your own
Ha!
King on the throne of Patron
I rule alone
Forgive ME's gone
I've lived so wrong

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

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

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

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

Partake thee...

from tree of life that bears forth good fruit that he the lord
supreme
made in plenty
available at your desire to indulge, look glorious variety
behold
even more precious than silver, gold
such that glitters does not contain that which sustains
conversely there is such that is truly blessed with that
which enhances life
thus appropriately proclaimed priceless
certainly that which is blessed in that it is an instrument to
enhance precious life shall be proclaimed priceless
true value is measured by that which it possess that is
defined
as blessed by he alone who possess the ability to bless
bless your life, enhance your living, yielding nourishment
to
mind, body, soul thus the human being becomes whole
true health is heaven sent and trees that bear good fruit
are symbols of that which was bestowed by mercy to bless
your existence and bring harmony, happiness, love to your
living on this blessed earth
but be warned, reminded..,
there are trees that bear such fruit
that are toxic, that which will potentially not only deplete
quality of life but have the ability to act as an instrument of
death
that possess absolutely fatal, lethal effects that steal life
as in agony you draw your last breath
why would one you may ask even think to eat, drink.
Partake of
fruit from such a tree thus totally ignoring it's
unquestionable,
inevitable devastating effect?

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

answer..,
anyone whose father and mother once dwelled in garden of
bliss
and did exactly this, who succumbed to the whispering of
the
evil Jinn* who whispers into the hearts of men/mankind,
today, right now not just then
he comes to you disguised as a friend and if you look into
his eyes and listen to his lies whispered into your heart
that my dear wouldn't be smart because without the
protection
of Allah(swt)** that Jinn is capable to rip any soul apart,
steal
your heart, body soul, swallow you whole even though at
the
time you might not even know
that's how he flows that's his M.O
his name remains the same even today now as was then
beware he's ^Shaitan/Iblis and he wants you just like your
parents Adam(aws)*^ and Howa^*(aws), Eve to eat of that
forbidden poison tree saying " listen to me i'm your friend "
but you've been warned he'll never be your friend but your
avowed enemy to the very end.

food4thought = education

**Jinn = Spirit*

*** (swt) = All glory to Allah.*

^Shaitan = Satan/Devil

**^ (aws) = peace and blessing upon you*

*^*Howa = Eve*

dem say...

what dem gonna do thousand days away
when they don't even know if life will still flow
as the next seconds go ' n ' go
or dem as folk know would be no mo
nobody knows as seconds turn to minutes to hours
when your account is closed out and brought to
be held accountable, reckoned, evaluated before a
greater power
soooo dem say ' n ' dem say what they will do on such
and such day, how this and that will be this and that way
without even thinking to say " insha'Allah " if Allah(swt)*
wills it that way, no it's just this ' n ' that said
but look how life flips like pages in a book
one minute your looking good, next your dead!
how come mankind never takes the oft repeated remind
to heart ' n ' mind?
because mankind is lost by the measure of time**
except those who in Allah(swt) believe, do righteous deeds
and come together with dem who rehearse the revealed
verse
exhorting each other to truth, patience, constancy
avoiding the forbidden things consistent with Shaitan's***
evil conspiracy
insha'Allah, not until then will mankind leave misery
behind
or continue to be lost by the measure of time

food4thought = education

*(swt) = *All glory to Allah.*

** = *Qur'an Majeed, Surat, 103: Al-'Asr(The Time)*

*** *Shaitan's = Satan's(Devil)*

That Book!

think about what you
say and do
cause somewhere along
the line, in time
it's all gonna be played
back for you
recorded, every word,
every deed witnessed
nothing hidden from being
every deed heard, seen, recorded,
written down in the unseen
a book compiled bears witness
everything about you is in it
creator of all things first made the pen
recorded, wrote down all things from then
they know you, you just don't know them
you will carry this book of deeds with you
when you transition into the journey to
forever in another life
difference from where you came and where
you're going like day and night
and what fate awaits weighs on that book
of deeds that you hold either in your left hand
or in your right
behold your true reality unfold
truth conquers falsehood, evil vanquished
the glitter of this life is but a mirage
like the foam on the sea is plenty but has
no substance, no redeeming quality
live for life eternal not for fleeting moments

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who's only value is that it will be recorded,
written in that book that will testify, for or against
did you pass the test?
was the book in your right hand or left?

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

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

Without The Wind ...

A landscape without
trees reaches for the horizon
seeds sit still they fall

Water logged clouds
sail not from the West drenching
a parched earth giving

A lush golden pear
will not hang heavy on boughs
of green speckled brown

Oxygen soaked trees
no longer breathe beauty and
life into our world

Apricots

The tiny plum seedling
teaches patience
it will grow strong
and bear fruit
but not today

The small plum sapling
teaches relationships
I learn from my father
how to graft apricot blossom laden
twigs on to the spring's plum branches
closely related these two delicious

The bountiful plum tree
teaches the value of sharing
pollen with bees
food and honey for me
sheltering birds
and beauty for all creatures
the earth and life returns in a circle

Trees Give Me

paper to write
expressing creativity

shelter at a park
lunch in the shade

protection from the wind
wood for home and hearth

a roaring fire
roasting marshmallows melting chocolate

eucalyptus scented potpourri
pine gum salve heals

most of all oxygen
and a place to walk with my love

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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

Google Plus

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

Take Me Back to Genesis

Existence of humankind came to be in the garden of Eden
Lush greeneries abound as the Almighty created a bountiful
haven

From darkness, He illuminated the Earth with fruit-bearing
trees for his special creations

There was no famine nor lack of natural resources to be
able to live a decent life here in this world

The Tree of Life in the middle of Adam and Eve's heaven,
the Eternal Source of youth and innocence.

Trees are our friends, the ones who will stand by us during
floods and hunger

Can you see now the devastation of the mountain ranges
and of barren forests and jungles?

Oh, won't you take me back to the age of Genesis when
there is still Eternal Life and bliss

Take me back to the time when hugging a tree puts your
soul in peaceful serenity

Yes, I wish to get back in time when everywhere I lay my
eyes on around me, lovely trees enliven my weary soul.

The Shift

I am an old soul evolving
Caught up in a spiral
Lounging unto space
Twisting and turning
But always going up
The Universe is my home
My sanctuary is a mystic castle
Way up in the Heavens
From a poor wretch as my roots
I faded into the Moonlight
Been in the company of Wolves
And crossed paths with a Hermit
Who taught me deeper truths
Which will take me to Eternity.

Once I was labeled as an outcast
But this didn't hinder me
To discover my Real Destiny
Different from the conventional,
I marched on with my head held up high
Searched for the Light
Which will bring me peace and resurrection
Shifting, my soul is shifting
To another dimension
Unseen by the naked eye
Shifting, shifting to my Higher Self
Beauty I can see from the far distance
Enveloping my New World
With Hope and Bliss.

Cascading Memories of You

as a grey sky greets me
with this looming darkness
and heavy downpour
misty dew drops of rain
falling gently on the ground
as the feeling lingers
and the soul wanders...

how do I un-feel the yearning
when thoughts of you still haunt me
how do I bury the misery
that once pierced this weary heart
cascading memories of what could have been
and the shadow of tomorrow which promises a different
hue...

the lyrics of a song helps to reminisce
the once sweetness whispered by the wind
as your footsteps vanished into thin air
without even leaving words of goodbye...

Anna
Lakubczak
Ves Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

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

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

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

Amare

abstraction
tangled look
embossed initials
in the nervous system

closing petals of Forget-me-nots
in the blue of the eyes
you started to paint world for me
on the idealized canvas

though I try to escape
of sweet and sickly illusion
I allow loose myself in their recesses
and fall down back to front

let's play on
until the world do not cuts off the horizon
and adagio comes out of the hearts

a posteriori

Burlesque

I get lost my tail when trotting
and in ears verses of reality
to find it again
hidden somewhere behind the dot

paws dipped in the ink
formed a blot poem
touch says more
than woven with words

inversion I will play at dawn
to end up with a punch line at dusk
at the grimy nose

maybe you can understand
when you'll run
follow in my footsteps

Ars Poetica

I will not write a poem
within ten minutes as the proverb says
in a few days
in unaffordable years

life passes so quickly
between the seconds fall down
pieces of moments
half-written

branches of lines in cycles
fragmented intimacy

I will not write till the next Christmas
although I started at my birth day

eternity will write it for me

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

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

Land of the Vineyards

for Fahredin Shehu

Rahovec O Rahovec
blessed child of Dardania
to you I came
with my naïve poems
and simple dreams.

And there I was... in your bosom
as my eyes wandered
among the hills
and vales
that girded your slim waist
with vineyards –
the vineyards
where the Maenads dwelt
and turned every vine
into a little shrine.

My eyes fell
on the hanging grapes
that glittered like pearls
under the September sun

And there and then
I found me drunken,
and the whole world turning
before my eyes
into a giant poem



The Cunning Angel... A Song for Rahovec

O Rahovec,
little cunning angel that you are!

Didn't you in the days of old
invite the reckless son of
mortal Semele
into your sacred land
to wine and dine
amidst your divine
vines
and take the secret recipe
back to Olympus?

And didn't the Gods,
drunken with your hallowed
nectar,
crowned him god of viticulture
and holy wine?



On the Road to Freedom

*But you, Kosovo, though you're small
among the clans of Illyria,
though your body was perforated
your bare feet lacerated
bathing in your own blood,
you marched on the road to freedom
stepping on thorns and barbs.*

And now:
The boisterous drums
that terrified your little ones...

NO MORE

The heavy boots
that on your silent roads
trod...

NO MORE

The alien winds
that broke the limbs of your
grapevines...

NO MORE

Asclepius
has healed your wounds

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

The angels
are singing your praises

Your glory
to heaven will rise

And your wine
will forever and ever flow.



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

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

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

FLOWERING

Where is the awesome arc of offering
that we reach inside and lovingly give?
Heart's caressing moments coming near.

A sacred fondness is trembling here
opens us for bursting flowering breaths
past light's finding - love brings living forth.

Our laughter rolls and rises to be totally free
if we burst and break onto heart's journey
flows alive connections of awesome let go.

Soul's freedom can never remain ever silent
it longs to sound in humming waves of hope
blows on breezy softness within giving rains.

Morning's mellowing sky never grows moody
and wildly springs soft grasses to full-flowering
lifts wisps, falling stars on breeze of night's air.

Life loves inside its giving's - never shouting
nor tooting upon mind's loud horn to blare
cries for weeping breaths of love's making.

Eternal showers bloom us tenderly essential
perfecting sight of darling touch within beauty
gifts soul's light-passageway, forever shared.

BLISS-WAKE

Grace symphonic sound
sip rippling breaths all around;
flower-power swirl

Realize heart of soul
watch love-beauty rise then flow;
light-up sparkling sun

Gift moment's smile
run with love-spilling joy;
shower-flower-bless

Twirl sweet peace-parade
live happy with thee and thine;
shine-free loving soul

Bloom heart-light and dawn
sing love long and speak with peace;
bliss-wake endless goal

STARRY FLOWERS II

Swirl soft pearl-gardens
burst inside love's starry bloom;
wake sun's star - joy-breaths

Flow divine caress
go where there's no doubt or fear;
love heart-seeds and grow

Share loving beauty
awaken life's sparkle care;
lift peace blossoms all

Carry joy with soul
open fresh dances - cool breeze
shower bliss-kisses

Greet softness-smile
send colors to stream with stars;
live thankful for all

hülya

n.

yrsmaz

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

on a feel good road

doing a mundane chore
taking out the garbage
the collection bin
several feet away
so it's walking time

the sun brightens up its rays
bathes me under their glow
kisses me on my forehead
its scent on my bosom and nape
like my daily perfume

i am thus transported in time and space

Freud is said to have challenged:
"Where does a thought go
when it is forgotten?"

a thought
my thought
harboring right this second
innumerable memories
at the contact of one puff of the sun
could it be gone

not even at this mere blink of an eye
not inside my mind
not in my heart
as for my body
it is released to a bullet train
that detected by me alone
makes many a spellbinding stops

an enthralling land extends

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

and ramifies infinitely
before me
a festival of a sundry of flowers
petal to petal . . .
trees multitudes of trees
olive pomegranate orange fig lemon mulberry
reddish-black and white
leaflet to leaflet . . .

the window in my private coach
seems at first to have been bolt shut
i get to open this forbidden one
down
all the way down
and take in
take all the way in
each and every one
of the sensory servings outside

it's past lunch time
i feel hunger crawl into me
to the core of my starving soul
the morsels are aplenty and delicate
i discover a colossal plate
in a hidden arch of my compartment
tucked in by passengers of the many a past
to borrow it on and on then to make it last
i smile at my bountiful tray
i am content proud feel useful
the next traveler will indeed have
a sating manifold fertile sampler . . .

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

the virgin oil i extracted
from one olive tree my train had passed
helps me draw stick figures in my loan-dish
that the ones who journey after me
can liken to anything of their wish

there
there i am

O Dut Ağacının Üstünde

On Top of That Mulberry Tree

local boys around me
for i am a struggling tomboy
near my grandpa's stately house
pants shorts or a skirt whatever i have on
i cannot remember or better yet
frankly don't care a zilch about

my mom in her soft voice calls my name
it's time to go inside

'you are no longer a child my girl
and Sinop is a small place
we all must make grandpa proud
why don't you play with the girls instead
and please only nearby and on the ground'

sitting around the dining table
we devour dishes and dishes of delicious food
some are just ordinary but others purely mom's specialty
while all grown-ups sip strong coffee as is the habit
mom keeps busy
working patiently

on her most favorite fruit
that reddish-pink
semi-round thing

trying to entice me at least to taste it
by laughing behind a giggly riddle
that to me was then one of a kind

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

ÇARŞIDAN ALDIM BİR TANE,
EVE GELDİM BİR TANE

*From the Bazaar, I bought only one
Came home and found a ton
while i am far from being enchanted
i ask in never-resting curiosity*

'O ne peki?'

What is it?

'O bir nar, canım, nar!'

A pomegranate, my darling,

The answer is: pomegranate!

...

Nar Ağacım Benim

The Pomegranate Tree of Mine

whether one or a ton
THE pomegranate never left me stranded

early and formative school-bench years
showered me with a plentitude of exciting classes
the one on literary imagery
(i later understood correctly)
made my thirst for learning
as acute as my mom's yearning
for that thing named pomegranate

then came the time of actual growing up
gifting me the privilege to specialize my studies
positive sciences on one road
humanities on the other . . .

a broad literary field of wondrous symbols
an era-identified compilation of Turkish writings
either originally conceived or mindfully adopted
were spread before my eager eyes ears and imagination
a tree of pomegranate the red shiny beads of a pomegranate
no longer were that foreign thing to me

my move out of the landscape of my birth
changed nothing in these later years
for i ran into it again
this time among the pages of a novel
where it was crying

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

a dear writer-friend of mine
knowing my late-bloomer-fascination
told me she strongly desired a translation
in my hands the same hands that just wouldn't
just couldn't let go off that pomegranate
besides it was crying

joining my confused tears
on one random day at dusk . . .

KıSır Topraktaki Dut

The Mulberry on Barren Soil

high snow covered every bit of dirt
we had peaked the season of winter
sedated by a lifetime lifelong meal
leftovers looking back at me
from my borrowed plate
from my tray of loan

it wasn't a cardinal's chest
i could have sworn
a mulberry it was
a reddish-black one
from my little girl-tree
shared way back then
with a few Sinopian lads
before joining my beloveds
before watching that reddish-pink thing unfold
olive pomegranate orange lemon fig mulberry
yes yes oh yes mulberry the reddish-black kind
it was hanging on the leafiest twig
on the branch of my one summer-old tree

as if to wait for me to notice it
before falling onto a softest cushion of snow
like i on that day's end and many times before
had wished to be falling into my mother's arms
for lately i have been craving them so . . .

*In memoriam to my mother who died on May 7th, the day
when her late brother was born.*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

Teresa

L.

Gallion

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

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

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

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

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

Future Trees

I ask the trees why they removed me
from my commitment to their survival.
They tell me it is their karmic destiny
to go back to the soil until time for rebirth.

The pain of loss floods the blood
that flows through my veins.
Reminds me to tend to my garden
and accept that which I cannot change.

I will return someday to this space
and find a new forest that waits to embrace
those who inherit the spirit of trees.

I kiss a legacy of love on the falling branches,
bend my knees in the middle of a meadow
and watch the trees take their leave.

I water the earth with a teardrop for each tree.
A smile spreads across each branch for me.
I believe that is love and gratitude expressed.
Wind teases moisture that blankets the soil.

I hear the dog whisperer say,
*Go to sleep my child. You worked hard today
to prepare this earth for future trees.*

Sequoia Great One

Over a hundred steps down to Sherman,
one of the oldest living things in America,
a crowd of people peepers walk beside me
in a river of happy energy.

We all reach the bottom step
wander along the paved pathway
and there he stands a few hundred stretches
into the sky, a giant sexy round trunk,
fenced in so he cannot be hugged to death.

There is an orderly line waiting
for a turn at the wooden fence
to take a picture with Sherman.
How un-American, such order
in a massive tourist experience.

What would it be like just before sunrise?

Everyone is in love today with
magnificence and the desire
to get as close as possible to Sherman
before walking the Congressional Trail.

My thoughts rub the guilt of desire
to touch Sherman and wander
in the awesomeness of Nature.

I ask myself, why in the hell
would someone insult nature
by calling the tree General Sherman
and the trail Congressional.

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I look up, smile and whisper
Hello Great One.

Mount St. Helens

Liquid earth super client erupts
and brings a mountain to its knees.
Mother's anger boils over,
hugs all in her path.

Hearts grieve for the scarred
landscape, mourn the masses
of trees fallen from grace.

Now the buds of a new day
rise as humble seedlings
across the escarpment.
Deep below earth a fire burns.

The slippery embrace of rivers
feed the landscape. They have
no choice bound between two hillsides.

Green runs up the hills out of control
and our eyes feast on renewal
from gas guzzlers slicing wind
on paved curves.

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Faleeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

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

d.fh88@yahoo.com

My mother was lying

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

Persuasion

Today

I don't have onions in my kitchen to be chopped

Nor shampoo in my bathroom that will sting my eyes

How then will I justify

The reason for my tears

My kids don't know

I have been crying

Since I missed

the train back to my homeland .

Faces of love

Do not carry me in your hand
Like a small bird wet with rain drops
Love is a traumatic experience
But I want to live it
To keep my windows overlooking the lake of the pink
dolphins
When the evening comes
They will start dancing for me
And clouds will bunch across the ceiling of my kitchen
Love is a mysterious experience
I would like to sing to your photo
Which I keep under my pillow
But my voice is not suited for singing
Even my bed sheets are still laughing
Whenever I wash the dishes
And I think of you
The lather dances between my hands
Yes, love is dangerous experience
But I will live it
Because I'm afraid of continuing my life
With the furniture trembling
From the intensity of loneliness .

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

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

trees of dreams

i started walking through
autumn carpet of leaves
from maple trees and dawn redwood,
there were glides and parachutes
rescuing people who do not know
how to dream, how to explore.
at first, fairytales are read
as the false cypress grow,
there's also an oak tree standing
where you can whisper the name of your love,
incense cedars blow horns to warn and be ready,
Aspen trunks reserve the moments
where your best dreams are ever set,
the bamboos swaying merrily,
how tall have you tried to reach the dream
you want to become,
the Tree of Life showers mornings, noons and evenings
to live the enormous dreams we believe and love.

PoeTree

how do you know
your roots are the founding rules
sipping rhythmic waters
from nodules of verbs
delivering veined nouns
to every branches of new speech
this trunk of poetry reminds
artisans from avant garde lines
embracing evolutionary midribs
to powerful rustling leaves
because of peaceful wind
that breathes from centuries
as lovers under the tree of life
living the haiku-ing fruits of
a generic poem for the human race.

tattoos on the firetree

you come and bring me shades
to start the ABC's of courage
the melodious one-two-three
in your dandelion fingers
lighten up
mornings without sun.

your leaves
waving console and clever pokes
as i hide,
falling dripping tears
from heaven's eyes
as i sit from your eroded roots.

your whistling hums
prompting rainbows
over the window pane,
as i pain for the crayon-twigs
fading emptying colors
of my written wishes.

the tattoos i etched on the trunk
sending me fireflies,
even on wheezy and windy days,
i will keep on saying,
:i love you dad:

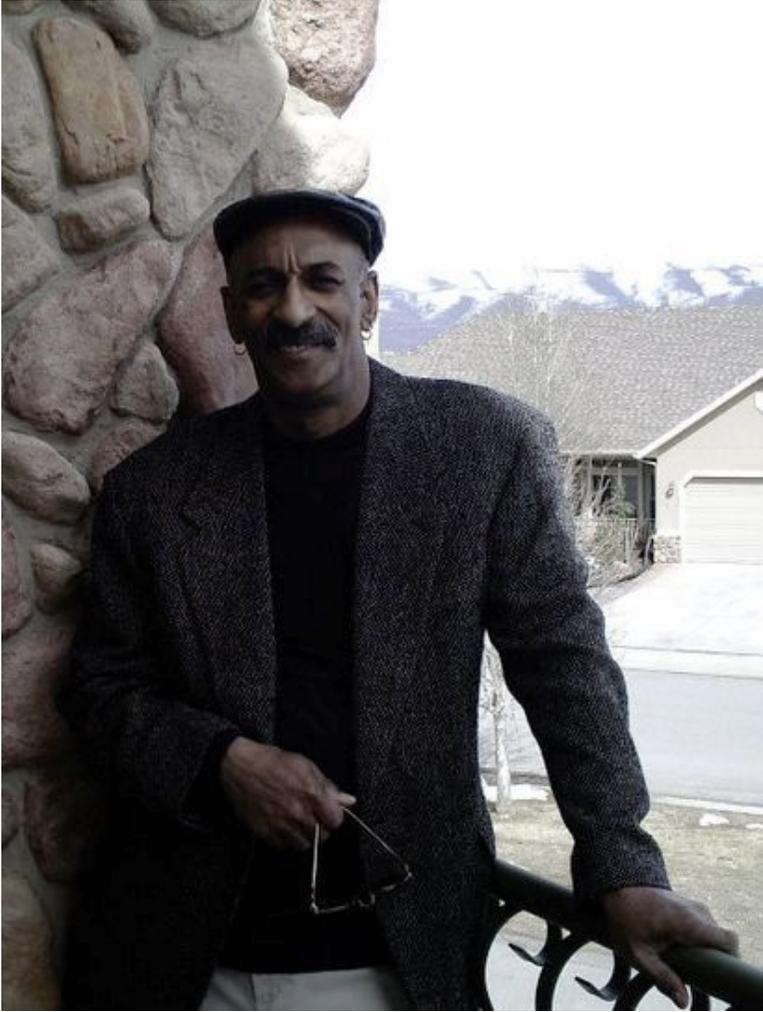
The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

. . . so may i

i am beautifully endowed
for i have cloaked myself
with the raiment of the word of life . . .

Love

as the Trees without fail
spread their limbs
to embrace the nurturing Light of Thy love
. . . so may i

as their root reaches down
in the dark Mother Earth with constancy
to drink of Thy Spiritual Water of Life
. . . so may i

as they bring forth and Bud
and Blossom that they may
yield their Fruit to all that hunger
. . . so may i

as they flow with the Winds
and yield to the Storms
while groaning and clapping and whispering
to the Song of Life
. . . so may i

may i faithfully as a Tree
reach out to the Heavens
to embrace Life, your Love
without fail

. . . so may i

the Tree and Me

i stood by the Tree
and the Tree stood by me
and much like the Tree
neither are free
rooted in earth
and the need to be
we are so much alike
the Tree and me

The Tree of the Land

There was a Land, and on that Land there was a People. On the Land of the People there was a Mount. At the top of that Mount there was a Tree.

The Tree did not look like much, but at certain times upon the back drop of the Sky, the Tree took on an appearance of “Reverence” unequaled by anything upon the Land. The Stars of the Sky seemed to embrace this Craggy Old Tree with their Lighted Beauty, thereby enhancing the Tree’s distinction. Oh what a sight to see.

Over the Time of the Ages, this Tree was the subject of many Stories and Folklore across the Land. The People of this land developed a wonderful Symbiotic Life with this Tree. They had come to depend on this Tree and the Tree quiet as it was became a part of their Family. They truly had an unspoken Love for each other. It was as if they were connected in some unknown sense of being. You might say that they over the time in this land had become “One”!

As the younger generations came to be, it had become quite common for the People of the Land to consult the Tree with their concerns of Life. They truly saw this Tree as Wise.

Yes, this Tree had firmly ingrained itself into their Culture, their Family, their Community and their Hearts. The Beauty of this Tree had transmuted itself to the depths of their Soul . . . the meaning of Life. The Tree was Life, and they knew it. The People of the Land celebrated the presence of the Tree in their life with Song and Dance. They were so grateful.

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As time continued on, the people noticed how the Field surrounding the Tree had started to blossom forth with Life.

The Beauty was truly manifesting itself to the environment that surrounded it. It's Grace was there in their Visions as a provider of things of Grace and Beauty. It had begun to adorn the Fields of Life that had come to surround it's presence. The Fields were dancing with Life, and the People of the Land saw this as coming from the Tree, which they had come to love so much. They instinctively knew that the Root of cause was founded in Love. The Children of the People of the Land sat for hours and days in Peace and Joy in the quiet Solitude of this wonder.

Again as time went forth, the Legend of the Tree went forth across all Lands of all the People. Pilgrims began to come see . . . to see if the Fable of this Tree was as reported. Upon Arrival, the interesting aspect of what each One (Pilgrim) saw was "As They Saw!"

Some Pilgrim's visions were that of a Lonely Tree sitting in Solitude upon a Mount.

Others saw A Tree of Solitude On a Mount with the Beautiful Background of the Sky . . .
but they did not see the Stars . . .

Others saw a Tree that was Loved by the People of the Land, but they saw not much more . . .

and others saw the Wisdom of the Tree . . .

Others saw the connectivity of the Tree to the People of the Village. Why they even experienced it for themselves . . .

some even became the Tree . . .

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and then there was the Wise Men of Other Lands . . . and
they saw the Dualism of All Life . . .

and the Priest saw the Contrasts of Good and Evil . . .
wwoooooooooooo

the Children of Life saw something so much different than
all those
Learned and Mature Ones before them . . .

Though they saw the Mystery of Life as evoked through
those who were so much more intelligent than they . . .

they choose to see a place of Love . . .

where Love was Abundant . . .

They saw a Place of Peace and Joy where their hearts could
explore the Glory and Wonders of Life.

What i have learned from the Children is simply this
There are many Seasons in Life . . .

yet, it is we who are in Control of how we perceive the
aspects of what we see . . .

we CAN choose to Dance and Sing . . .

for . . .

Life is how you see it !

let us acknowledge the Beauty of Life . . . and then let "IT"
spread across the Lands of All the People !

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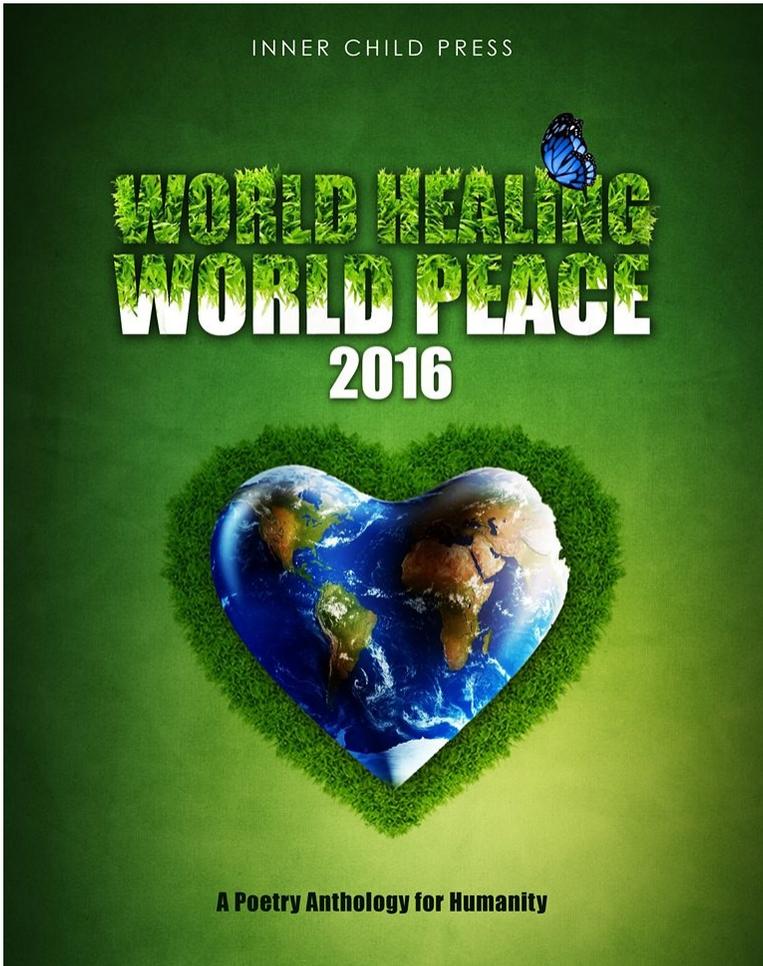
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May
2017
Features

~ * ~

Kallisa Powell
Alicja Maria Kuberska
Fethi Sassi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

Kassisa
Powell

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

Kallisa Powel is a seasoned and powerful poet whose profound messages are simple yet compassionate. Kallisa has been writing for several years. Her poetry has been featured in many magazines and anthologies globally. Stay tuned for her new book soon to be published . . . “A Hint of Me”.

Who Told You?

Who told you human beings are disposable?
Seeds in barren wombs
bodies in coffin tombs
news reports given by Bret Hume
Disposable situations abound
Disposable situations year around
Pettiness earns respect
who can reject the best
gets accolades
like children reciting,
"Owww she told you!"
Emotionally wounded
ready to explode
at the first mention of
"To have and to hold".
No boldness staking claim
only the wake of existing remains
Babies born to soul torn parents
while commitment remains down
one foot in and the other over the fence
a heart guard of sarcasm as a defense.
Who told you that's how life is?
Who showed you life was a cesspool?
Drooling over what others have
instead of going after what's rightfully yours?
Who told your worth was tied to killing,
stealing and dealing? Gun slinging and "blinging"?
Pants sagging and bragging about what?
Nothing to show but the latest "thot" shagged.
This is your greatness?

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Who told you? Who showed you what you believe is true?
Did oral traditions of greatness
not trickle to your ears
or was your greatness
drowned in fears?
Hidden in lavish layers of lies
so time flies by
where you have become
too impotent to try!
Who told you your worth
was tied to the hands of a man?
Yes daddy left but mama was still there.
Feeding you, bathing you, clothing you
the best she could
providing for you even in the hood.
She stood tall, gave her all
yet you don't see her worth.
Who told you sacrifice was a painless effort?
Who told you the color of your skin
was less than or better than?
Take the skin off and we all bleed the same color.
Who told you life was not worth living
and love was about taking instead of giving?
Who told you your sexual orientation
was created by man's hands?
Who told you these things
that keeps the cesspool growing?
Folks knowing facts keeping them defeated.
Folks knowing facts that keep arguments heated.
Who taught you what was on your feet
is more important than the work of your hands
and what's in your purse is greater than the babies you
nurse?

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Who taught you this foolishness?
Do you not know you belong to a royal priesthood?
Your ancestors are makers of legendary artifacts.
The richness of the earth is yours to till
regardless of the 13th and 14th Amendment bill.
So take a knee to show you stand for dignity and equality!
Take a knee while praying to the true Fulfiller of destiny!
Don't believe the lies you have been told.
You are more than a conqueror
so live life to be bold!

Backwards Opposites Who is crying out?

We are living in a generation of opposites
Those professing aren't living as they claim
"Ballers" aren't balling, shot callers aren't speaking
Mountain movers are laying low in valleys
Survivors are hiding in dark alleys
Nowhere is anywhere
Upside down is right side up
What's round is square
What's here is there
What's near is far
Folks don't know who they are
Folks are hungry but eat as gluttons
Folks are thirsty but drink 40 ounces hourly
Folks are moving slowly going nowhere fast
having "quickies" with results that last
Mama is daughter's friend
Papa has disappeared again
Granny is tired of doing her part
Neighborhoods have lost their heart
Selling downers to come up
Needles, spoons, and trap rooms replace dreams
To demean is the new thing
Careful to be careless
Being nice to be nasty
Throwing shade to snuff out other's light
These opposites do not seem too bright
We are living in a generation of opposites
Physical intimacy before commitment
babies born before titles
we are growing weeds
good seed damage
before it enters the womb
destined for a tomb

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by age one

Who is crying out to the Son?

Who is crying out to the Sun?

Who is crying out to the Ancestors,

Ancients and architects of pyramids

some claim as the only true gods,

yet those gods are at odds with the people

We are living in a generation of opposites

Up, down now, then

turn around and smile all the while

insides ache filled with grief

and Pepto doesn't bring relief

We are mixed up and think we are straight

Hate is promoted greatly

Presidential candidates debated boarders

but it's the one percent who are hoarders

law keepers cause civil disobedience

while law makers kill laws

yet we hear a call to make America great again?

What did King die for years ago then?

So we could still be hoes

for a nation without hesitation

that would sale us again as slaves

Modern day lynching is done in suits

in boardrooms, in cabinets and on yachts

less you think this is about a color thing,

it most certainly is not!

We are living in a generation of opposites

thoughts processes of bigger are best

while living on means of less becomes a test

Conformity to norms

of idiocy and insanity

are running rampant

Truth is hidden

Lies are dominant

Private has become public

Left is right

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Wrong is correct
Simple is complicated
We find comedy in drama
Cowardly acts deemed as courageous
Stupidity seems to be contagious
We are confused
but think we understand
Want to shouldn't do
Can do is can't do
These contractions are fractions
of destroyer type distractions
Backward opposites as deposit
leaving this world bankrupt
Who is crying out to the Son?
Who is crying out to the Sun?
Is Buddha's tummy still getting rubbed?
We are living in a generation of opposites
Stuck is more common than moving
Past is preferable to present
backward strides taken
as if forward movement
will be found
muddy puddles filled
with people rolling around
inspections passed
by the Department of Health
on the outside
yet dirty as diarrhea
toilet water on the inside
Who is crying out to the Son?
Who is crying out to the Sun?
Where are the gods of the earth?
Can we no longer see the divinity in us?
Namaste is no longer heard
instead we expect discounts
for human worth
But who is crying out?

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Where are the prophets of Allah
and the confessional priests?
Where are the professing saints
and conscious right?
Where are the swords of warriors,
certainly not in sight!
Instead we find those
speaking of a living god
yet living as the walking dead
All these backward opposites
can rattle one's head.
We've entered a contest
to see who is better
which makes things worse
Opposites have their ordained place
but to take my near and claim
It's far is a waste
If my up has you frowning
that's a sure sign
you are clowning
This isn't the time for jokes
folks need to get this thing right
or all of our demise
will be within sight
If your god is living
then I should be able
to taste your fruit
weeds should be
plucked up at the root
Right is right and
wrong is wrong
We have to stop
trying to change
the lyrical meaning
of the opposite song
If your god is living
I should see cheerful giving

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Neighborhoods should be thriving
Dr. King's voice should return
in the form of the masses who yearn
for relationships instead of religions
then we would understand
we need each other
sister to sister, brother to brother
then we would offer shelter
so none are homeless
naked are clothed, hungry are fed
hate dismissed, love is spread
We need the cries of the people
to spring forth to reclaim this earth
to promote peace, abate prejudice
rebuild ruins, reclaim tombs
return back joy to barren wombs

We need the cries
of the faithful people
to be heard in houses of worship
to offer help and healing for the broken
to offer encouragement for those down
that's how we turn these
backward opposites around!

Gettin' Mine in These Hard Times

I hear the boys
sittin' on the block
rappin', rappin' rappin'
all around the clock
Sometimes I just wanna yell
"Kill that noise"
But I don't
'cause I know for them boys
it isn't noise
It's a way to relieve
tension and stress
caused by everyday
chaos and mess
Mama payin' bills
on her back and knees
Lil' brotha smokin'
rocks and trees
Pops still doin' his thing
pimpin' lil girls
fillin' his pocket
so he can wear
his bling bling
Now here I am
holdin' it down
workin' hard
to make those ends
yet I have more month
than dividends
I don't let it get me down
Even as I look around
I am gonna get mine

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during these hard times
I am on another level
I have some things
I'm gonna do with my life
I'm not gettin' get caught up
In the chaos of the nightlife
Like grandmamma used to say
way long time ago
"Look within, baby
you'll know which way to go"
Good advice she did provide
I found my inner strength
my inner force inside
Yeah, lookin' around
seein' nothing worth talking about
I know, I know, I know
I will make it out
I will get mine
Even through
these hard times!

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*Alicja
Maria
Kuberska*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

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

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

In 2016 she edited two volumes: “ Taste of Love” (USA), “Thief of Dreams” (Poland) and international anthology entitled “ Love is like Air” (USA). She edits series of anthologies entitled “ Metaphor of Contemporary” (Poland)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, the USA, the UK, Belgium, Chile, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, Czech Republic, South Korea and Australia.

Alicja Kuberska is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors’ board of Soflay Literature Foundation.

The Wonders of the World

I have never been to Hawaii.
Not for me, do the palm trees dance in the wind,
The sun's rays do not caress my skin,
The hot magma does not flow from the heart of the Earth.

I have not seen colored hummingbirds
hanging like living jewels on the flowers.
The exotic and beautiful butterflies,
Similar to the fans of the Japanese geisha,
do not fly around me.

I have not climbed the steps of the ancient pyramids.
I have not seen the treasures of the pharaohs
And the huge Temple of Amun.
I cannot dance the Spanish flamenco
And I am not enveloped in a delicate, Indian sari.

The Amazon does not open the gate to the green paradise
And ruthless tundra does not lead to the white hell.
The ocean does not show its underwater treasury
And dolphins do not play on the backs of the waves.

I have not met a happy eternal love,
But this does not mean that it does not exist.

Thief of Dreams

I was silent, smiling, undemanding.
You did not expect that I would take without consent.
I was too close, and everything was within the reach of my hand.

Like a thief, I stole your glances and loneliness.
Your thoughts, I tied in a myriad of knots, creating a dense net,
And from dreams, I wove a gentle curve of a woman's figure.

I stoked the spark of passion in your eyes, and a fire erupted.
I wrapped us in a sweet scent of flowers in my hair
And we glided towards many, distant nights.

Day has no right to enter the precipitous depth.
It is a place, in which the contours of black shadows fall asleep.
Only at the bottom of the abyss, can dreams and starlight be seen.

You are from Mars, I am from Venus.
Far planets are the bright points on a firmament of tenderness.
Our words and hands attracts to the force of gravity of life.

Among Stars

I wait for the downpour of stars,
Maybe I have time to whisper a wish.
I look with hope to the Leonids.
I believe that I will see the falling sparks.
The dancing Pleiades stirred up a cloud of dust.
Jealous Orion will not overtake them
And Sirius will not find the seven nymphs.

Morpheus leads to the land of sleep
Somewhere on the edge of the River Styx.
My beloved knows the secrets of existence
And all the metamorphoses of the cosmos.
Every night he carries me in his arms
And gives to the possession of Apollo and the muses.
He plaits visions into prophetic premonitions.

Berenice sacrificed her golden braid to the heavens.
She explains sadly,
That she has not found happiness on Earth
Among the gods and among stars.

Fethi

Sassi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

Poet and translator FETHI SASSI born on the 1st of June 1962 in Nabeul Tunisia .

A writer of prose poetry and short poems. He participated in several national literary meetings .

A member in the Tunisian Writers' Union. And member in the Literature Club at the cultural center of Sousse .

His first book of poetry entitled "A Seed of Love" was published in the year 2010. The second entitled "I dream And i sign on birds the last words" In 2013 his third book of poetry " a sky for a strange bird" was published in Egypta along with a short poem book entitled "All the universe is only the face of my beloved".

Ache flutes

Really ...

I do not reflect on eternity ;

But all the history is that I rebuke
the wind in the introduced poem .

I roistering as god does in the poet's funeral ceremony .

I lie down on a tree border embracing baby fruit ;
embroider my face on my shoulder ;
and scatter climates of nostalgia .

For suckling desire from bundle talk ;
but the milk cries if breathe history is gushing out ,
a dream lost on the sly with peeps stars .

I have no face to wet my confusion in a sky
for a new happiness .

I will seclude in the bottom of the absence ,
and scratch his extravagant night .

Intimidate the silence to the resignation of
the emptiness

and collect pebbles to court ache flutes .

I do not remember well ...
It was something resembling her face

She was drinking the rainbow ;
hiding behind the bottle of absence .
I do not remember well ... It was something resembling
her face .
I was with her drinking my retreat ,
Upon the arm of an apologizing flute .
But the night revealed to her its fragrance ;
and invited her to sleep on the note of love .
Her face blazed with poetry ; she melted as a poem ;
She is still , as usual , looking from the window of time .
Like a butterfly bearing in the fingertips a sob that engraves
memory .
Thus names dangled for her like desperate bunches on the
ramparts of a poem .
That's why ;
I do not leave her dream early until choose to the wind the
stones of oblivion .
I sleep with her and on the hand of the evening a kiss hangs
like
dreams of a kitten .
A lip that sheds clouds on the groves of amazement .
Me ... I will steal a star and hide in the mist of words .
So, alone the night ascends the ladder of time , chatting
with a butterfly of amazement .
At the window of my heart I weave climates to the
forthcoming seasons .
So, spread to me a wish in the emptiness ;
kiss me ! your spittle is enough for me to drown .
You , a face absent from my poems ,

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

Open to me the sun gate to drink my storm ,
for I see behind the absence a raining cloud upon her
obstinate cup
of coffee .

Like the sore sunset smile .

Like the evening tale ;

So be lenient waves !!

My fingertips care about her absence .

Her kiss is a hole poem ;

Let's enter together the dungeons of her body .

There we shall knead the clay of the story ; and venture in
the folds of its charm .

We never care about the alchemy of kisses .

But I do not remember well ... It was something
resembling her face .

My tale with water

Let me dance ;

As if I make love for the first time with a butterfly ,
or with a tree trunk .

Let me kiss a cloud quiet in the garden .

And take clouds with my hand to another sky .

I will become perhaps a star of the night ,
or a spike that puts her hands on her cheek ,
while I cut her my tale with water .

The Year of the Poet IV ~ May 2017

*Other
Anthological
works from
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

www.innerchildpress.com

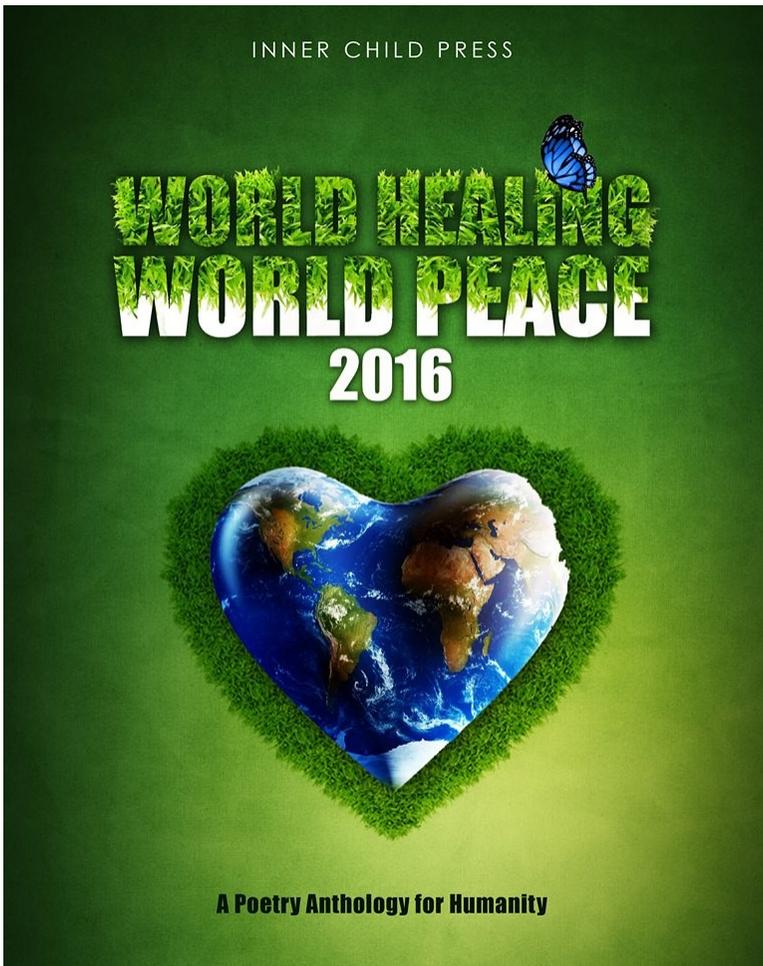
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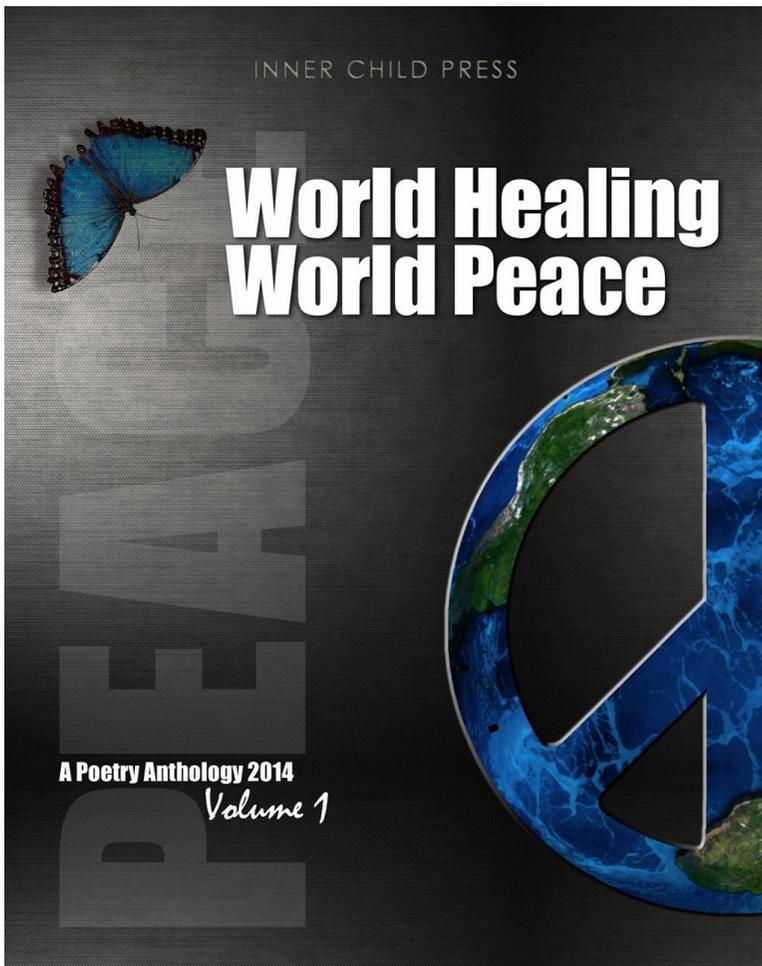
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www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php

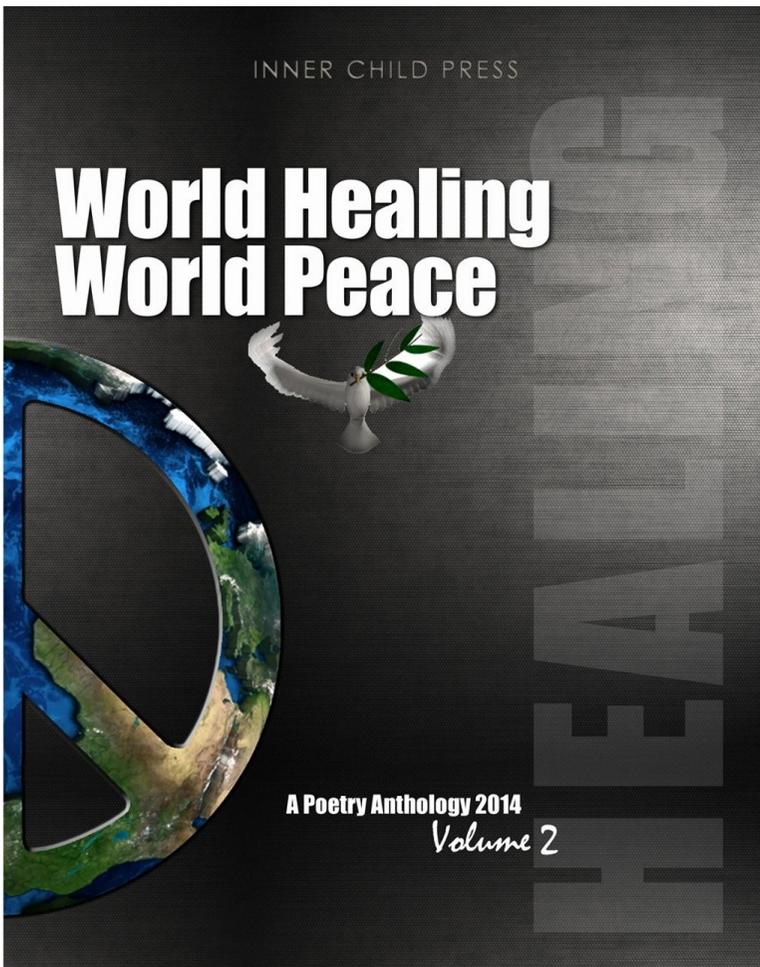
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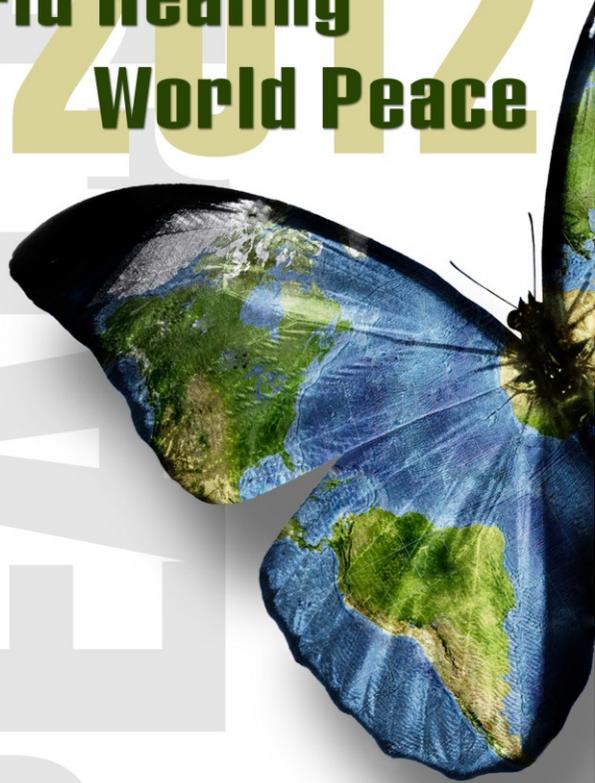


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**World Healing
World Peace**



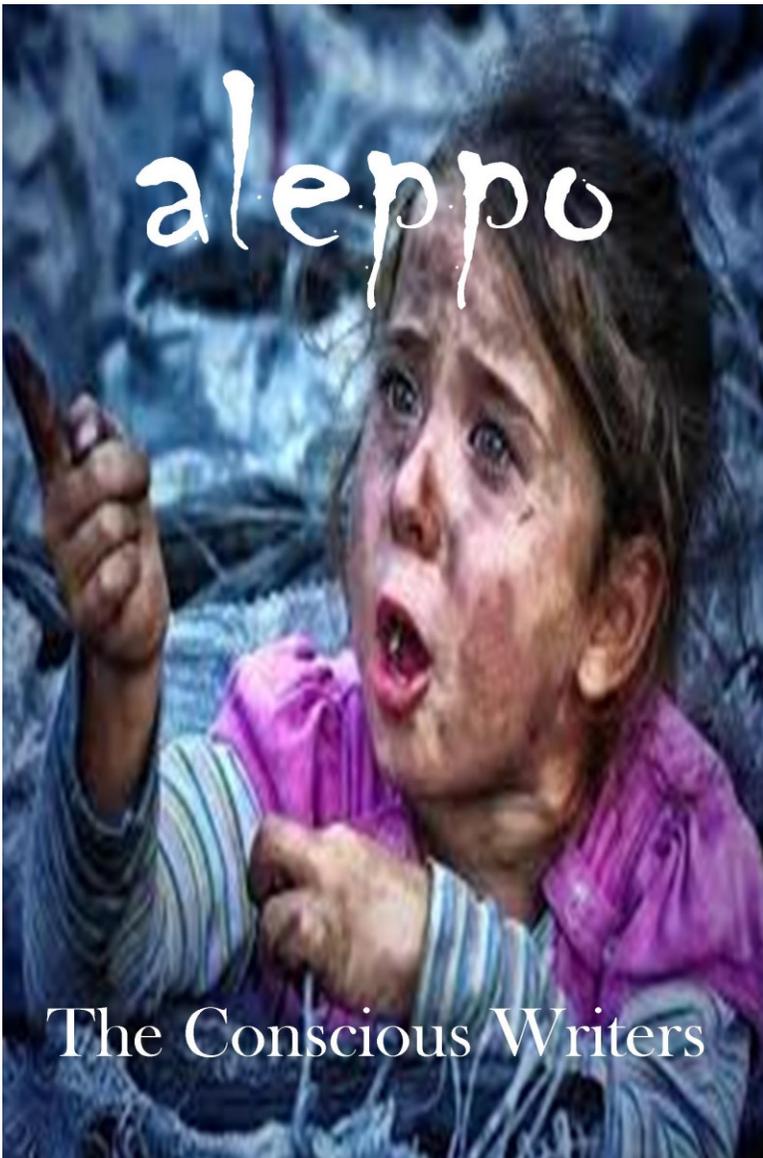
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Volume 1

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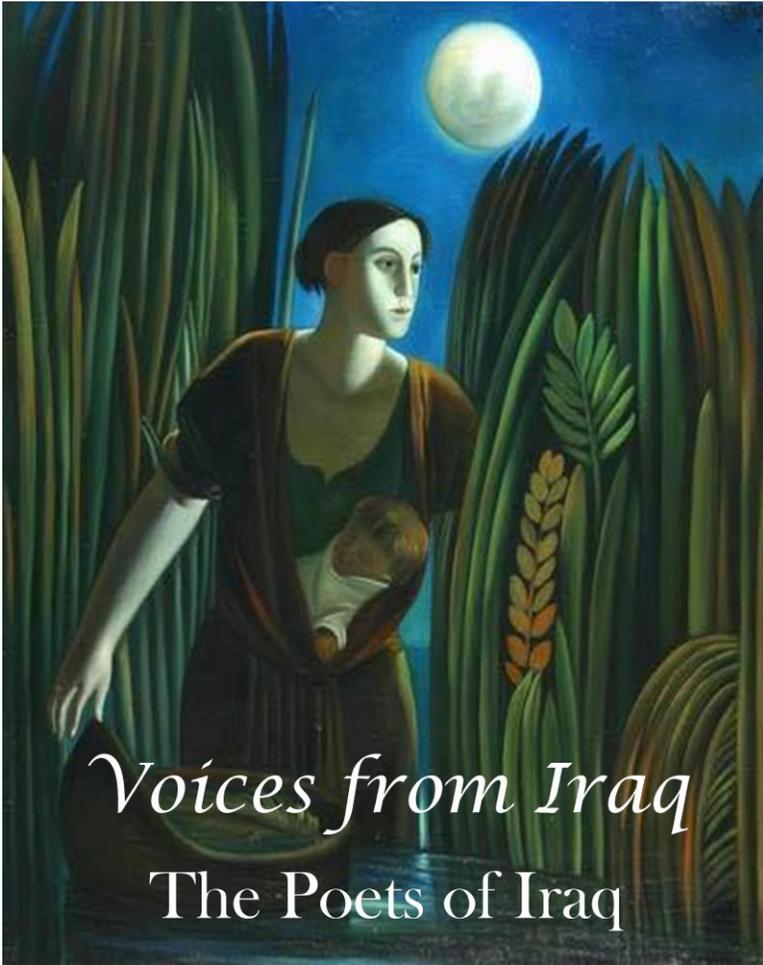
2012
World Healing
World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

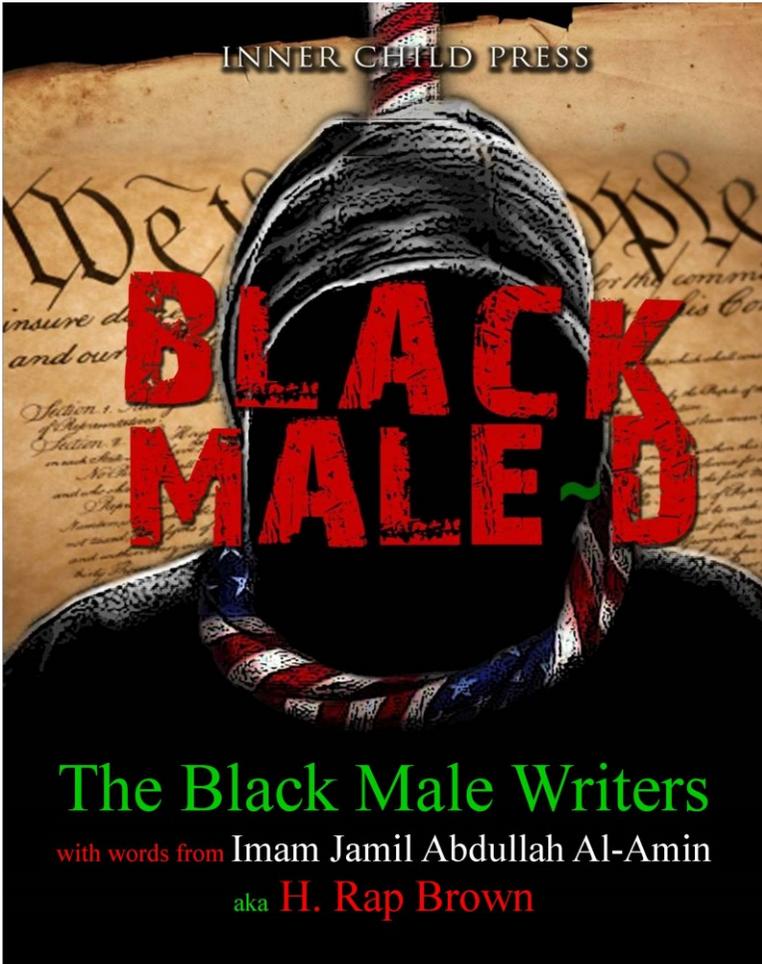


Inner Child Press Anthologies



Voices from Iraq
The Poets of Iraq

Inner Child Press Anthologies



The Year of the Poet IV
May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV
April 2017

Featured Poets

Dr. Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman

Masoud Khalaf

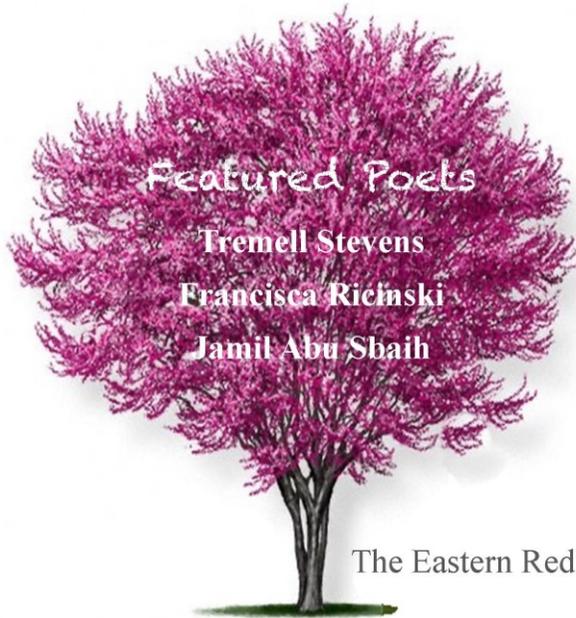
The Blossoming Cherry

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

March 2017



Featured Poets

Tremell Stevens

Francisca Ricinski

Jamil Abu Shaih

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017



Featured Poets

Lin Ross
Soukaina Falhi
Anwer Ghani

Witch Hazel!

The Poetry Posse 2017

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



The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

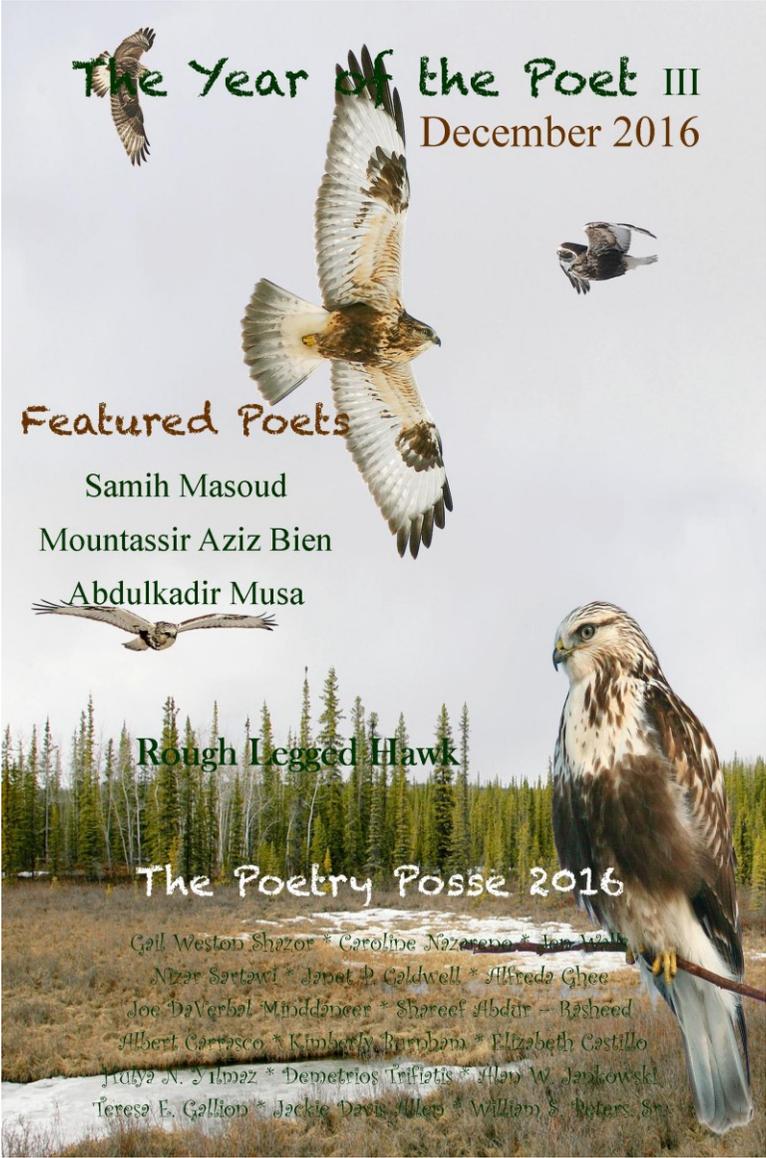
Featured Poets

Jon Winell
Natalie Shields
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017

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



The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud

Mountassir Aziz Bien

Abdulkadir Musa

Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shezor * Caroline Nazareno * Jan Wolk
Nzar Sartawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatis * Alan W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

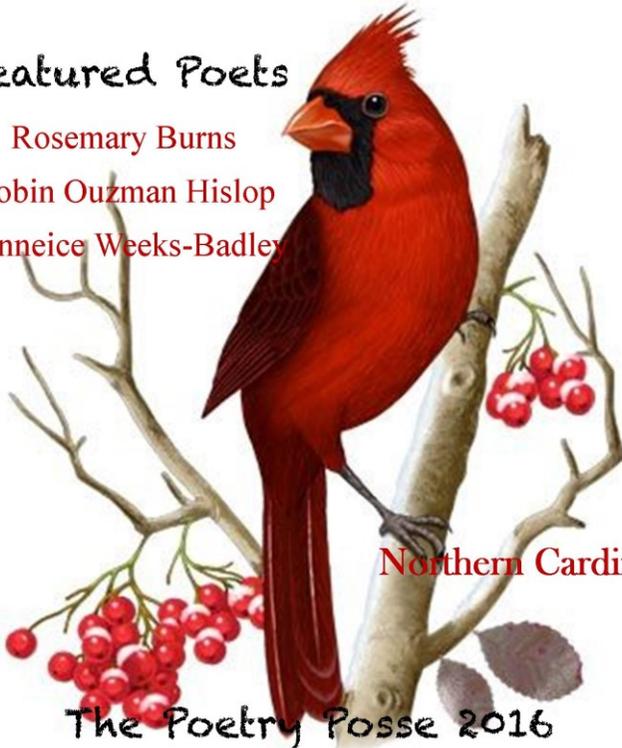
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonnice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Wells

Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo

Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatis * Alan W. Jankowski

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

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph

Usha Krishnamurthy R

James Moore

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novio



Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer * Jen Wells
Nizar Sertawi * Janet D. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Anna Jakubczak Val Ratty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash

Irena Jovanovic

Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbo! * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adolan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasaz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

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

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

celebrating international poetry month

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

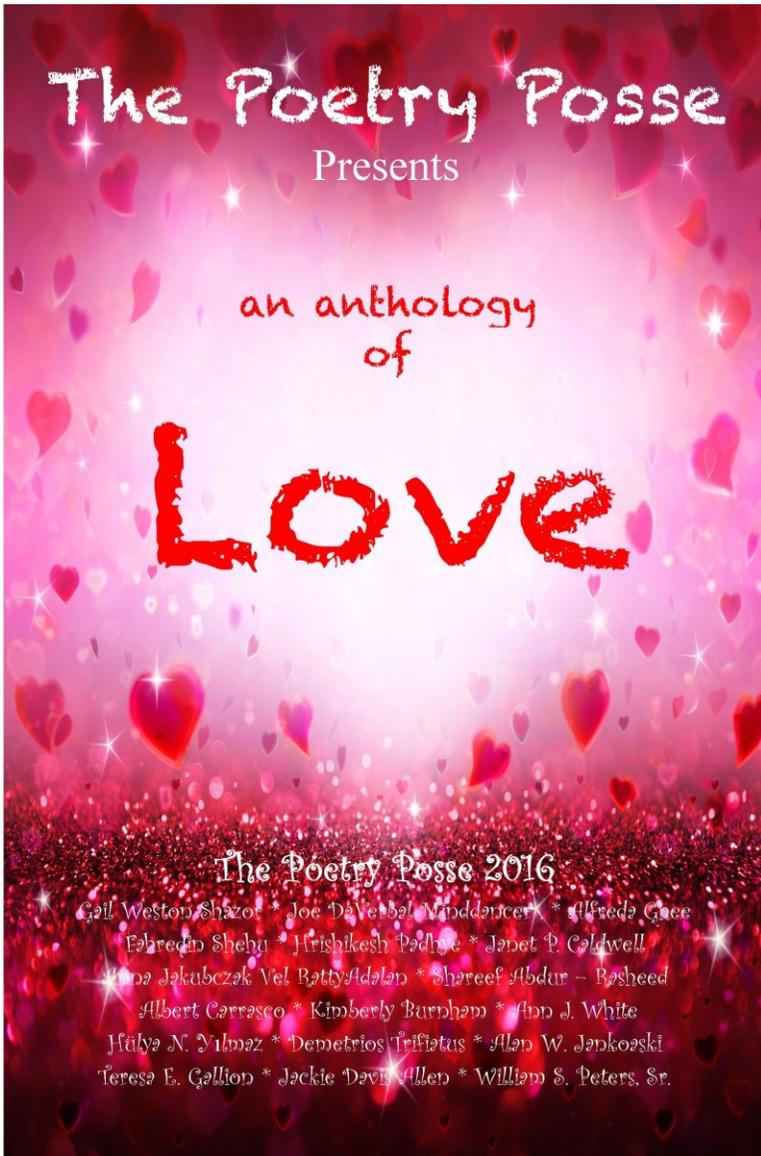
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Chee
Ehredin Shehu * Jirishikesh Pachye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Mülyá N. Dilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

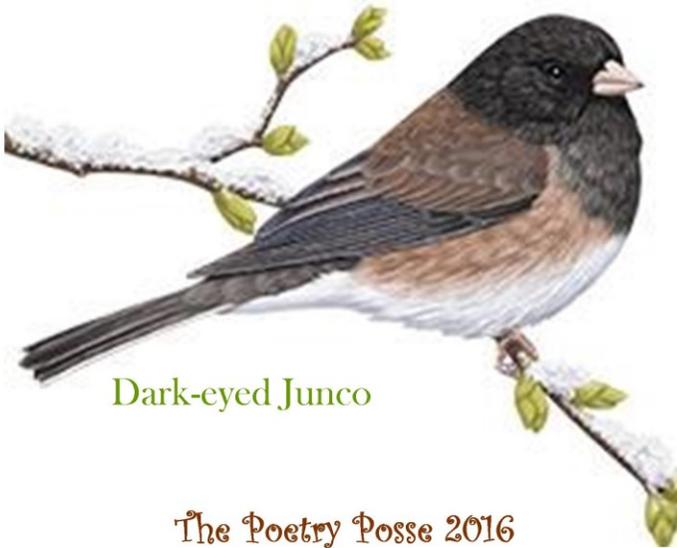
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
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Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Dilmaç * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

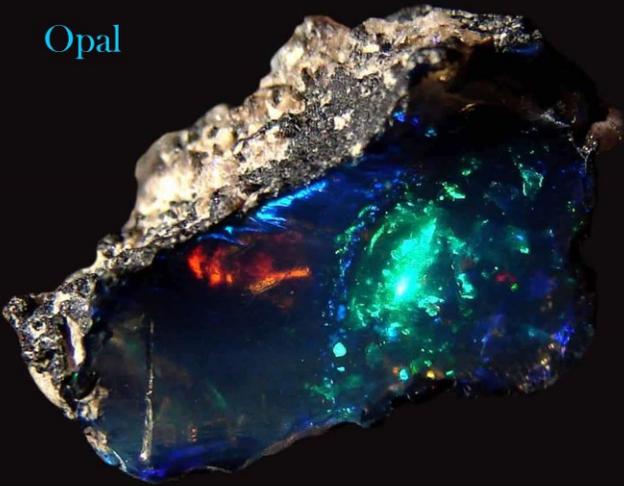
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Passé

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry posse

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hũlya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

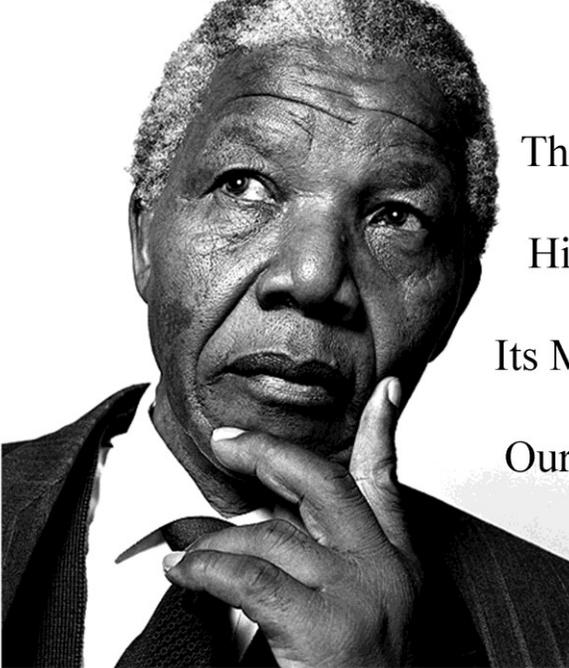
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY

FOR

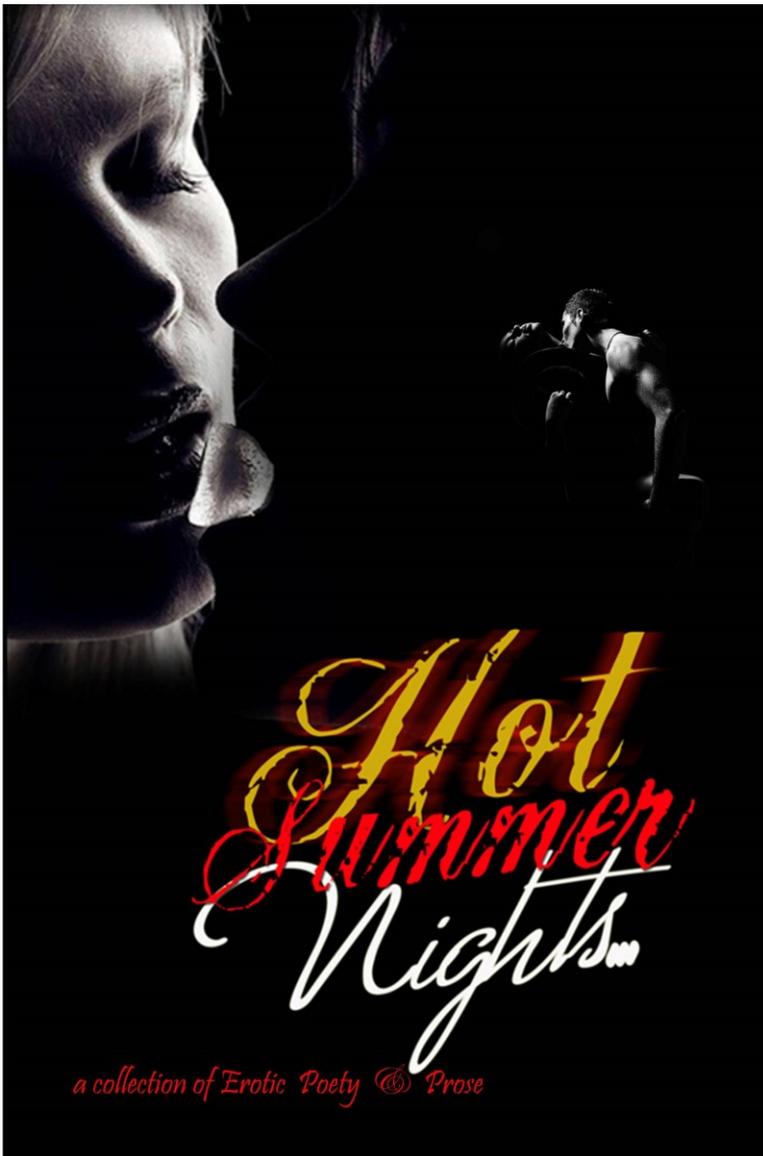
TRAYVON MARTIN

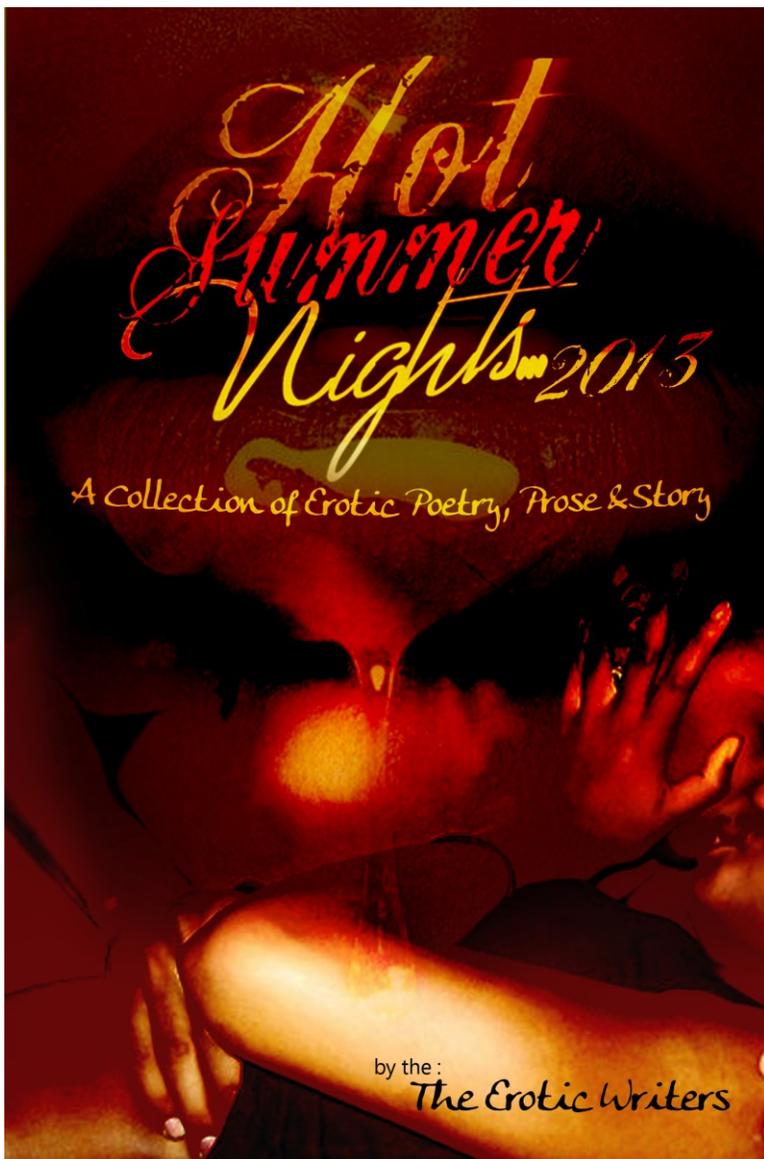
Inner Child Press Anthologies

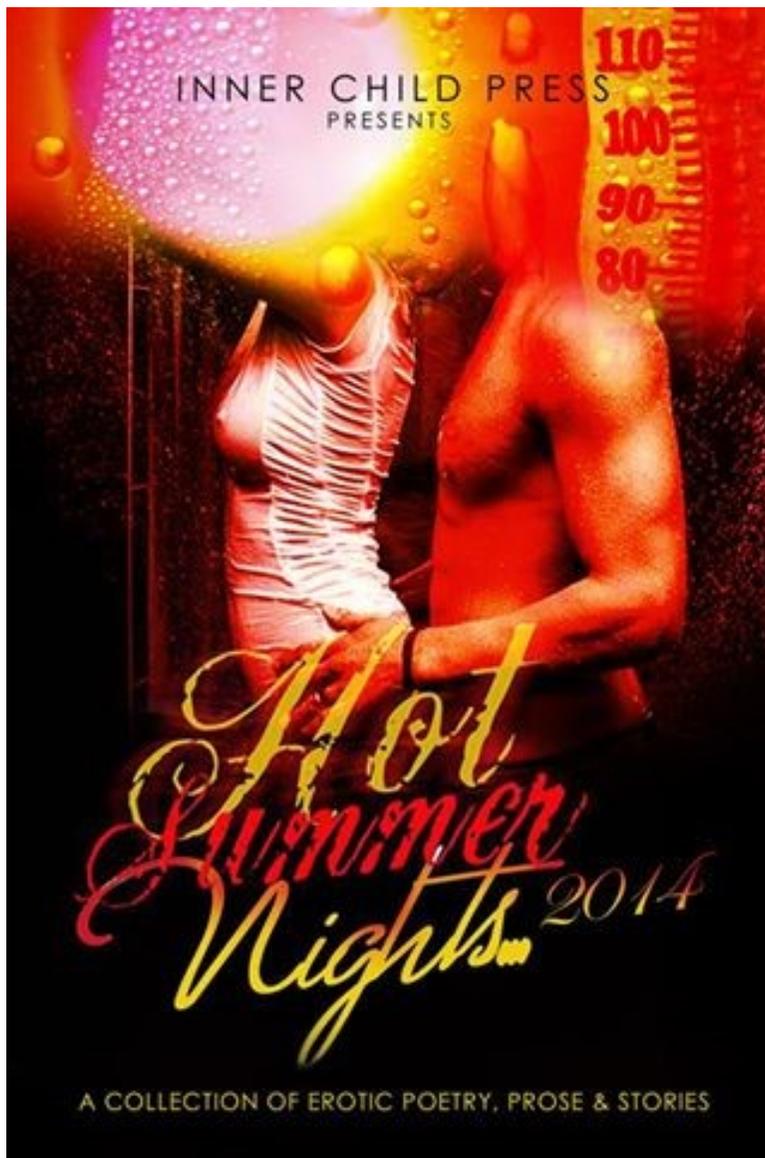
healing through words



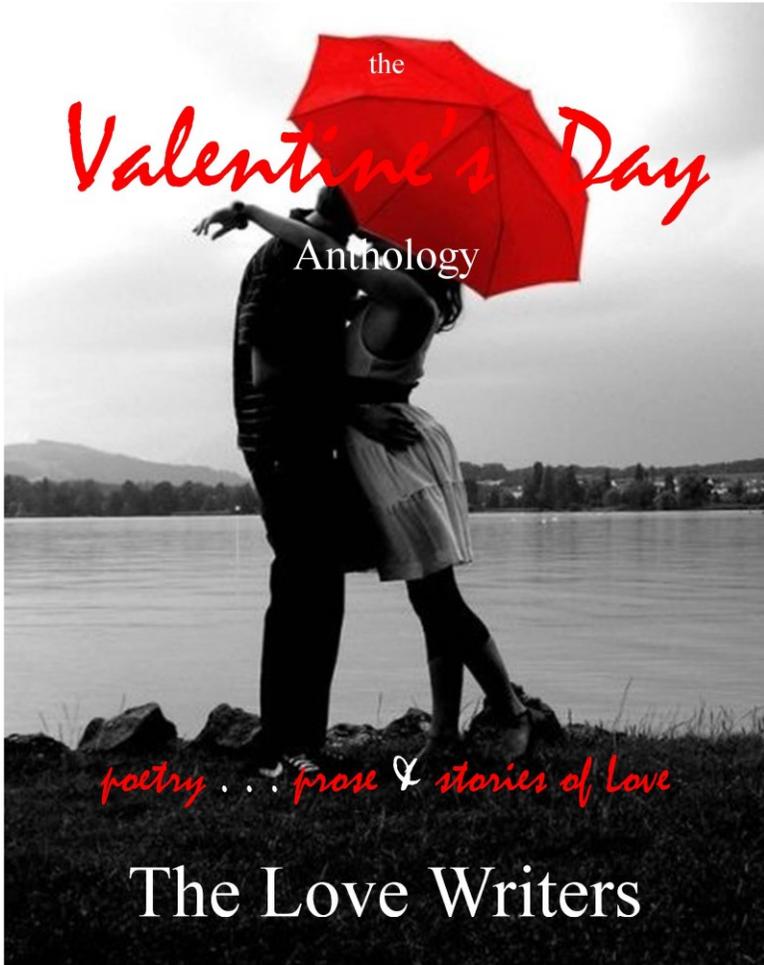
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







Inner Child Press Anthologies



the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies



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

Monte Smith

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

Monte Smith



want my

POEtRy

to . . .

volume II



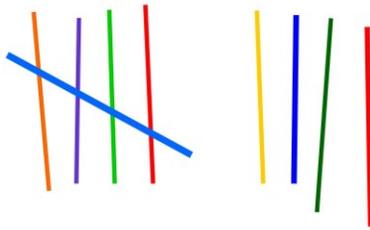
want my

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

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Monte Smith

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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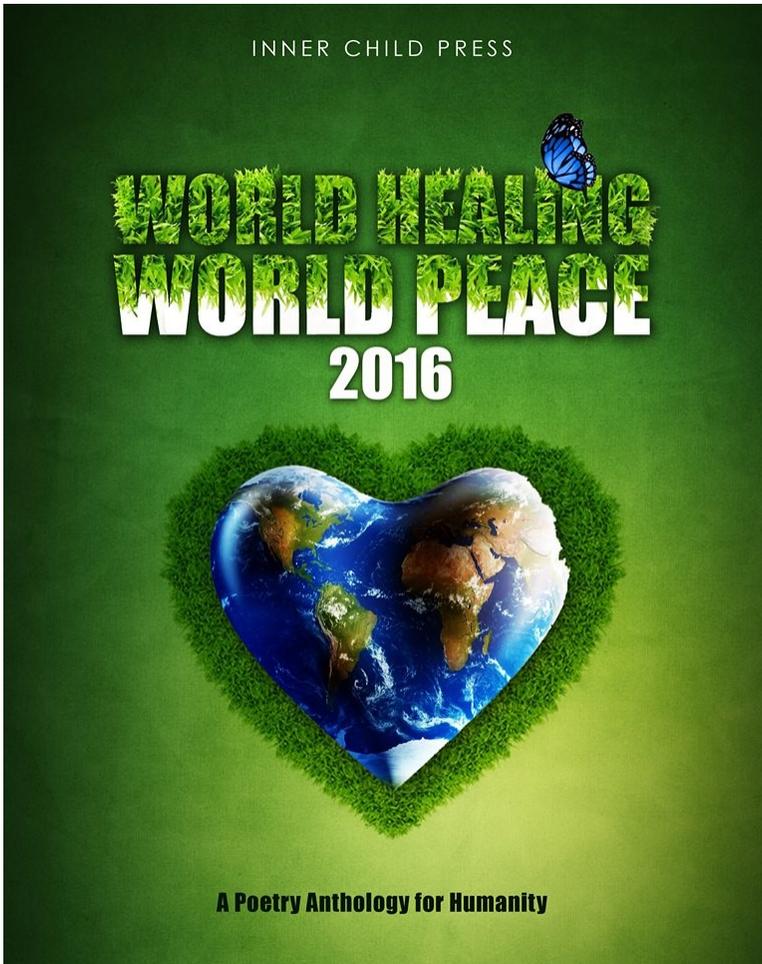
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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



May 2017 ~ Featured Poets



**Kallisa
Powell**



**Alicja
Maria
Kuberska**



**Fethi
Sassi**



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