

The Year of the Poet III

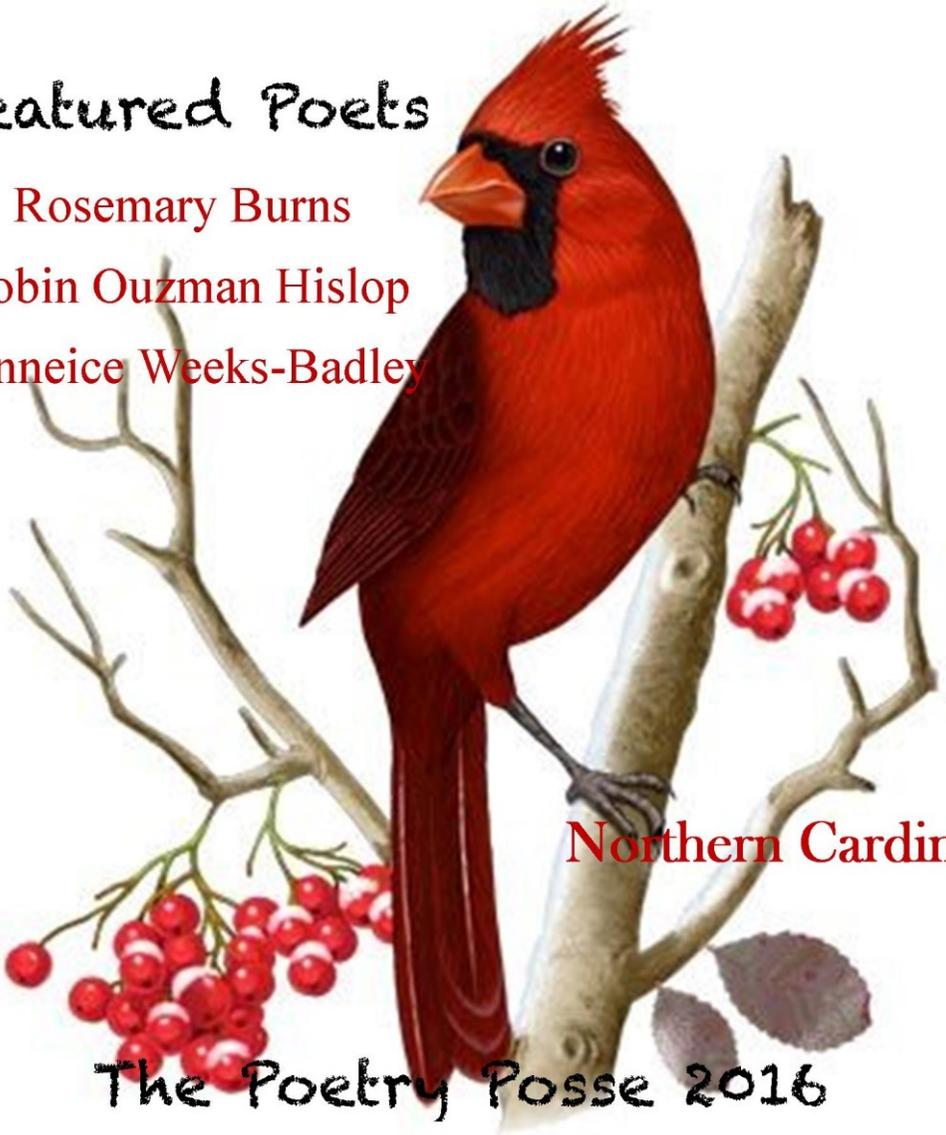
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonneice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The
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of the
Poet III
November 2016

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pass 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

hülya n. yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

Jackie Davis Allen

Alicia Cooper

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General Information
The Year of the Poet III
November 2016 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2016

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WHAT WOULD

LIFE

BE WITHOUT

A LITTLE

POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



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

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

It has been a little over 40 days since the transition of our dear and beloved Janet. We do miss her so much. There have been many projects that we initiated together as directors of Inner Child Enterprises. This would include Inner Child Radio, Inner Child Newspaper, The Hour of Power Radio Show, Inner Child Magazine, Inner Child Press and of course The Year of the Poet along with Jamie Bond and Gail Weston Shazor. Be mindful that the commemorative anthology about Janet is now available at the Inner Child Press web site on Janet's Page.

Since January of 2014 we have published an offering each and every month. This year we also included an Valentine's Day anthology to complement our efforts. Over the years we have featured many poets from all over the world. We feel this effort assists in bridging the gap amongst us as a humanity as we showcase not only our core members of The Poetry Posse but other voices as well.

We now are poised to enter our 4th year. We are so excited as we continuing to move forward. I also wish to thank all of The Poetry Posse members past, present and future and the myriad of features who have shared their words.

I give you my love . . .

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

I want my poetry to . . .

For more finite information, please visit :

www.innerchildpress.com/i-want-my-poetry-to-volume

**For Free Downloads of Previous Issues of
The Year of the Poet**

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

F oreword

As we head towards the beginning of the fourth year of the monthly *The Year of The Poet*, I am grateful for this community built by wonderful poets and even more remarkable human beings. The poetry created in this collection serves humanity, uplifts spirits, tells it like it is or at least how we see it, stirs emotions, shares diverse ideas, and births an abundance of love into this world. We are attempting to create a better place to live and work and play with our poetry.

Last month we lost a magnificent poet and one of the kindest, gentlest souls on this earth. Janet, you are missed. We will continue to strive to bring sense to the tragedies in this world and inspire those around us in kind and gentle ways to foster peace and love and health for all people.

Poets see the world in a unique way—through our hearts and minds, through our connection to words and people, and through a keen ear listening for bright spots, turning phrases, and what matters most. To the reader we say: read our words, listen for what touches you or inspires you to be a better person. Grow and love more than you ever thought

possible. The world is an amazing place. We welcome you to share in this creative wonderful world.

Kimberly Burnham

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING
WORLD PEACE
2016



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

Now Available at . . .

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available

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

*Thank God for Poetry
otherwise
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

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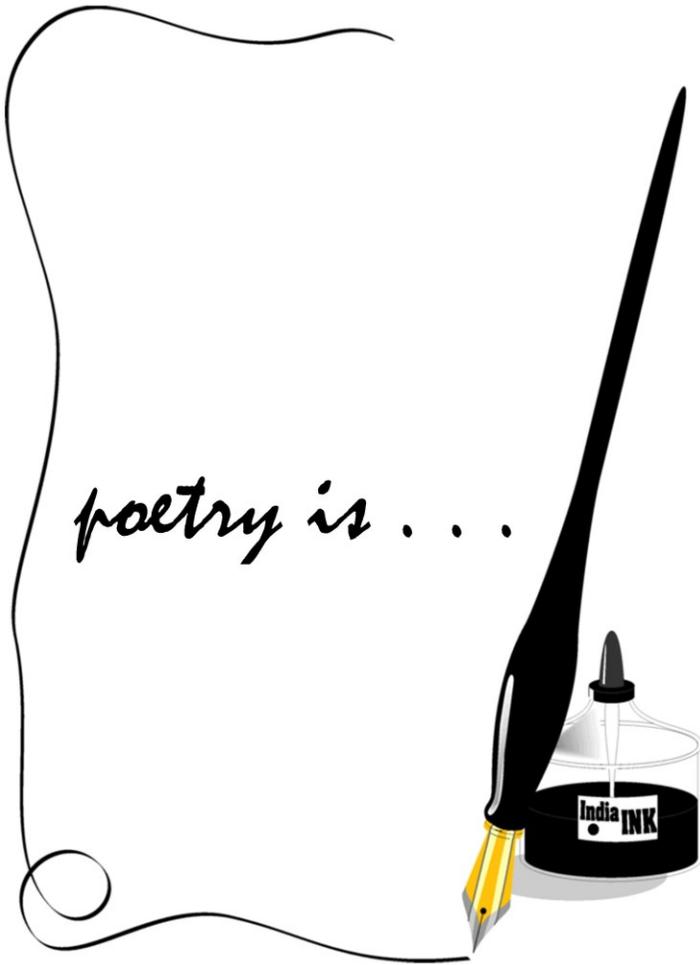
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

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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www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
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The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Katalambanō

*“to lay hold of so as to make one's own, to obtain, attain to,
to make one's own, to take into one's self, appropriate”*

It's often we overlook the story
To see the storyteller
False teeth in his pocket
So they don't go rattling in his head
Rainboots , overalls and a rainslick
It's easy to smile at this
Imagining of a doddering old man
Perhaps senile
We really don't see what we see
An earnest man with his beliefs
Without the trappings of
What we believe we need
To run this race well
Money cannot overcome the spirit
As light cannot overcome darkness
There is no stamp on
The back of his neck
Left from a mold
That says “made in China”

Ministrations

Senryu in 5 parts

Hold my hand in yours
There is never a wrong time
For it to be right
I welcome your touch
Especially after not
For so very long
It is in this time
Of many middling moments
That I look for you
And as you look too
It is still doing something
Let me ease your work
It's in the split place
Of calluses that create
A fearless new life

Grandad

The water splashes in the basin
Poured carefully
Whispered prayers lap at the edges
Of the warmth
Arms held aloft in waiting
For the cleansing
Eyes closed against the grace
Of being touched in love
The gentle cooing of lotion
On skin stretched by years
Anoints the glances around the room
And we wait in silence
For yesterday's troubles to dissipate
For the wisdom that you often
Wish to share between your rest
And to be in your presence
Is our blessing

Native Sonned

for Kent Bernier

"Come and tell them
What your father say"
And I listen to the lyrical voices
Of my old men
Sitting in the shade of old trees
Their hands slicing the air
In the knowing that some words
Have become futile
In the repeating
Because they had been said
Time and again
No today and no tomorrow
And they speak slowly
With lemongrass branches flicking
Through the heavy heat
They say that these don't understand
Any more than the ones before
So we will send ours that
Is near the color of this people
And they will not be afraid to learn him
So that he will know the words of understanding
And prayers were said over me
Protections asked for my safety
And I was sent away on promises
My shoes with hard English man soles
Hurt my feet and
Their words were sterile and harsh
When stuck behind my teeth
And with the old woman
Singing to the sea
I would sleep with the taste of saltfish
On my tongue until the tongues
Became easy

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

And my mango colored skin
No longer glowed with sunlight
It was then that I knew I could speak
So that they would hear our voice
But I would trade a hundred Babylons

To feel the warmth on my head
And the sand of home on my feet

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Janet P. Caldwell has been published in newspapers, magazines, and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies. She was in the process of currently editing her 4th book, which was written and to be published 2016. She also participated in a video project for the BBC. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

To contact Janet

www.janetcaldwell.com



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

Janet P. Caldwell

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

1949 ~ Marking Benches

Trying so hard to convince,
Those who were older, wiser (???)
While we sat down to a lovely meal...
Bowed our tattered heads. (Drunk as dogs)

All the while knowing they
Would win. (Who?) When, the
Question forever burned.
So deep into our family background, (Moral fiber)

Bubbles, bloody-crud ~ God
Let me go, won't ya???
I've been on that lonely street,
Far too long. (he said)

Slept in every grave,
Many breaking benches, maybe you'll sit
Still one day? Maybe not,
Old Spice is lookin' at you and me !!!!

©2002 Janet Caldwell

A Day in the Maze

When did it turn into a race?

This last stretch has been
Exceptionally hard, we're short of breath,
Cramping, stumbling.
God, doncha just want to turn
Around, go back, walk off? I don't
Think that you can, neither
Can I. Got to cross the finish line.
Just stubborn,
Both of us.

I've got to admit though, it
Feels that we've bitten off
More than we can chew. Spittle flying,
Jaws aching, throat tight...
I'm so tired. I don't like marathons
Or sprinting. I'm not used to running
Hard. The prize is huge, just ahead
Maybe within our reach.

Could we walk awhile or
Just rest? Would that be okay?
I heard a rumor that the race
For the cheese is over.
The rats won.

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Amnesty

Gaping through hollow eyes
Sockets deep, body as gaunt
As any refugee.
The jutting ribs you can count
Like veins in a tree's leaf.
Wretched pain, a tooth pulled
With no anesthesia, the poison falling out of
Her head, down an uninspired cheek.
Malaise brings a familiar comfort
She can feel something, though
She's dying and the world sees her captor.
Condemned by him, her character discarded.
Lost and forsaken, replaced.
Punished for imagined crimes,
Dislocated like an émigré.

Feeling inadequate as usual...
That warden! Who is he?
Would she live to tell the tale?
His intentions just before her untold,
Though vivid, answered by
Piercing dream screams. Empty and starved for
Forgiveness, with no absolution in sight.
Denial.
This puppeteer had stumbled across her twine
"I'll save you, mold you and feed you leaves.
You'll do as I say; you'll owe me your life."
She does.

She mimicked his ways, adapted to eat,
But the leaves were desiccated and weak.
She was choking and gasping
As his dutiful wife.
Thoughts of suicide danced on her brain.

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There has to be a way to end this life.
She looked in the mirror
And wasn't sure who she was.
A disillusioned face looked back,
As gray as a dove.
Excuse me Madam have we met?

Conclusion

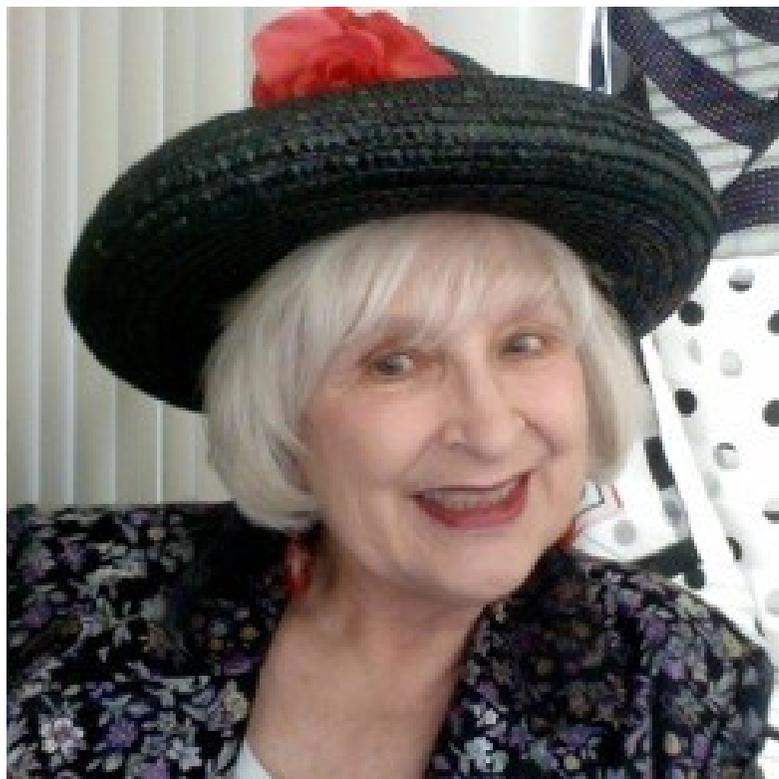
With liberty and nourishment in mind, she
Made her plan of escape, Tossing caution aside...
She glanced at her keeper in his wicked eyes. Then
Turned and spun on her heels, without a goodbye.
While in the market one day,
A man with a cart full of
Acquittal, brushed alongside her,
Patient and loving, he satiates her hunger.
She's fat and sassy now,
He taught her to eat.

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The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

*Lackie
Davis
Allen*

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



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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

Last Night, and Early into the Morning

I looked over my shoulder and like a rich man
I saw what I did see; I saw the sun,
the moon, the stars and opportunity~they always
following me, waiting for my beck and call.

Like a beggar, I looked back at the years,
and saw little evidence of the hopes, the
dreams that once kept my candle burning bright,
that kept me in good company, kept my spirits high.

I looked over my mistakes and like a mentor,
inquired if dreams shattered into star dust
are held by serendipity. And I wondered
how might I unlock this long held mystery.

Like a good student, I chose to shake off
the dust from my feet and to create my
own destiny. Never again will I fear the edge
of time nor those who try to limit me.

A Patriotic Song

Across the land our people have grown old and weary.
With warring winds, raging fierce and resolute;
we are disappointed in our leaders, finding it difficult to be
merry.

Descending from an honorable line and armed
with faith and belief in God, we were raised to pray the
Almighty to keep us from harm, and to praise Him whose
name is Love.

Hard work, strong ethics, independent, we must
with intellect, muscle and brawn, discipline ourselves,
and in God place our undying trust that we might live to see
better days.

Chores done, supper over, fervent prayers said, at the close
of day we confess our sins, forgive others, thankful that we
have earned our daily bread, that we live in the land of
opportunity.

With roots embedded deeply in the soil from one end of the
county to the other, we honored our heritage; from hard
work we've never recoiled; proud were we to have calluses
on our hands.

How different the times are today, and yet the same. Evil
reigns when the brave relinquish their arms; when the free
bow to evil's name the people forget to whom they belong.

May God bless our country. God bless the USA.
To her sons and daughters who've paid and are still paying
the price we say, This is our song, our patriotic refrain,

We shall never ever cave to the tyrants of evil.

All the Difference

They came, neither on horseback nor on foot
but to the mountains they came to heal hearts
and souls, bringing with them, gifts overflowing,
gifts of peace, love and forgiveness.

They ministered in the neighborhood,
in the schools and in the houses of worship;
wherever they went, they led by example.
They served sacrificially, untiringly.

They visited us, welcomed us, invited us
into their home where we sometimes sat primly,
sipping tea and learning something
of the world's social graces.

They lived what they preached; the truth
and the light they followed both day and night.
And to this day, I can truly say, with thanks,
they made all the difference in my life.

*Albert
Carrasco*

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Infinite

My poetry should be read to new born ghetto babies like lullabies so they can remember my words as they grow cause I swear that I hit the block right after the stage of hasbro. Mommy daddy recite that piece from infinite the poet... Okay son.. His vision of happiness was chasing money, being a drug seller or gun runner, anything to keep his pockets full he did for Capitol, at sixteen he got shot twice, he took two for his team, in the emergency room he laid there like... Damn all this for that cream >>>>>>>>>> you know how sad it was for him to see the children of his fallen soldiers grow up without their father! well his father died when he was twelve so died his childhood, so therefore his outlook on life to him was very sadly understood. The end. Wow thanks mom dad I don't ever want to go through what him, his friends and fam went through, I always remembered his words but they sound so much better coming from you, you give it that umph. I feel his words son so I recite with emotion. He uses his spoken truth to save the youth, so we figured we'd memorize his lines to save you from lies. Have you ever met him mom dad? No but I can tell you I feel like I know him, why? Every word from first to last paints a similar picture of my past.

Them

They knew each other since they were kids, they were inseparable. What one did they all did, the bond was incredible, they had such a harsh come up, for any of them to be alive is nothing short of a miracle. They popped off together, got topped off together, got locked, shot, stabbed and did numbers together. Their life was devoted to the hustle. It was a twenty four hour grind, dollar signs were in their eyes and gimmicks to continuously reign in the game ran through their mind. Gauze, tape, cast and stitches are tribulations of the trade in the pursuit of riches. Hurt, pain, death and incarceration correlate with pyrex wishes, on the surface of hell that glass was a wishing well, It wasn't penny's, nickels, dimes and quarters that got thrown in the water, it was 0's, 62's and 125's of powder mixed with arm & hammer to make life better. Life got better for them but it didn't remain like that, one by one a majority got sent back. The ones that got lucky to survive remained copping Caine, it's all they knew, back to the block with a smaller cru with the same quest to leave their family millions before being laid to rest. In the end... Some stood together and the others are looked at like strangers.

Thanks giving

This is the month where family and friends from all over get together and sit at the table and enjoy a feast of our culture with one another.

Turkey is stuffed and being baked, white rice, yellow rice with peas, potato salad, macaroni salad, avocado, cranberry sauce and all sorts of pies and cakes.

The traditional Spanish seasoning aroma fills every part of the house... Adobo, sazón, sofrito y recaíto and other herbs and spices hand delivered straight from Puerto Rico.

The foundation is handing out secret recipes, you see great grandmothers in the kitchen with their daughter and their daughters daughter getting taught cooking lessons.

A few generations of men are in the living room buzzed on coquito banging on bongos thinking they're el gran combo. They ladies holler.. dinner is ready! Everybody runs to the table and a prayer is said before the food is fed.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

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>

I'M THANKFUL

I'm thankful I'm not running for office
My past is tainted but not awful
Dirty laundry is the flavor of today
My life could be ruined by what someone says
The facts my come later but the damage is done
No one has a clean slate, so I'll choose not to run

With that being said, I must vote for someone else
I must scrutinize the candidates
I must analyze their debates
All I get is their dirty laundry, but wait
I'm getting old and on the verge of retiring
Social security is downward spiraling

I'm thankful for now, but time is an issue
I may have to work myself to death
Due to some political miscue
Clear choices in politics
I miss you

So I'm thankful for today and pray for tomorrow
I may be forced to lose it all, but there'll be no sorrow
I've cast my vote before
I've been broke before
I've seen politicians hauled off in cuffs before
I'm thankful my faith is based on so much more

COUNT DOWN

One of you is tried and true
One of you hasn't a clue of what to do
Both of you have dealt with sexual adversity
One of you, are filled with sexual perversity
One of you sucks, universally
Both of you speak on and off the record with uncertainty

Party dishes dirt
Party dismisses work
Party twerks with a TMZ mentality
Party clouds the true reality

One of you is trying to serve a purpose
One of you is exposing the system as worthless
Both of you have votes you've purchased
One of you will fall short of what's expected
One of you may very well get elected
Both of you are suspect, but what the heck

Party dishes dirt
Party dismisses work
Party twerks with a TMZ mentality
Party clouds the true reality

LOST PASSION

You were poetry to me
You were art
Time within your lines were heaven sent
I can barely feel you when I'm near you
When I'm away the passion fades
I'm feeling forced on a course to nowhere
I know you're out there

Waiting

Vacating my mind

I want to dance one final time

Faded glory is not the story here
I've made my oars seek the shore you are near
I'm speaking poetry here
As abstract as my mind is
As absent minded to what my heart gives

I know you live in me
Passion found on the ground beneath me
The color of leaves turning so sweetly
Cool morning air, then the rush of heat
Passion tries to speak
Lines from my pen are pending
Love for me is always ending
Thoughts beyond comprehending
What's real and what's pretending
A conversation with the mirror

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Did no justice
Maybe I'm clogged up and need some roughage
Passion is a tough kid
I need it back to help me live
My passion has been thrashing like the deadliest catch
Never able to grab a hold always missing the match
This is not an act
I've lost the drive
The passion is the only thing that keeps me alive
I've lost it at a cause that just boggles the mind
Passion caught me napping
And I've lost what was mine

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

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>

Embroided in the Big Fiasco

perpetual plots unfurled, endless procession
of a\$\$h01#\$ personified
to occupy
every waking hour of you and i
roll em all out one by one two by two
talk about plots foiled devised by a\$\$h01#\$
to keep us all embroiled in the fiasco
me and you
no such thing as bad news as long as mass'es
being used stay tuned
he said, she said another day of being fed
pure bull\$#!+
NEWS FLASH!
orange man grabbed a tit
probed an ass
when asked said " Why you bringing that up
a blast from the past?"
and we put down the phone, surgeons in the OR
walk out leaving patients alone laying on tables
with exposed guts and bones
talk about bones lovers loose erection
had a shift in affection, instead of willie at attention
it's,
" will he win the dam election? "
NEWS FLASH!
orange man grabbed another ass
drove by the gas station on " E " forgot to get gas,
pay my rent, pay my bills, take my pills, pick up the
kids from school
the whole dam country acting a fool gone wacko
embroiled in the big fiasco
now you know that's right
don't believe the hype!

i struggle..,

first of all with myself, my flaws or
what improvements impose
daunting task of stripping off the mask
expose the real face beneath the fake
i struggle..,
with lies composed with intent to impose
or at least try to sell a false image of normal
you know repeat the lie enough and sooner
or later they will believe it
and folks actually do just that, believe that!
is that the best dem that supposed to be the best
can do for folks like me and you?
hold up one middle finger and tell you it's two
all the while say with a smile "F()@k U " and U
and U

i struggle..,
with ingratitude selfish, I'm entitled attitudes
my god what's up with you so full of poo
walk earth like everything's supposed to
come to you
ya'll dreamin' yo that's not how ya'll supposed
to roll
everything you got is " MERCY " a " LOAN "
not something " OWED " because nobody
' DESERVES " nothing at best in this realm
of life's test what you got is " UNDESERVED
KINDNESS " in spite of your arrogant blindness
not because your finesse at its fineness or
at your disillusioned core feel your royal highness
i struggle..,

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

and that's a blessing we need to take heed and
remember he who bestows undeserved kindness
also gives us a test, see
because this life's not paradise and
paradise ain't free
everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody want's
to die
we struggle!

food4thought = education

Snatchin...

fireflies out the sky in the warm summer night
hoping they will still glow glorious light
even though they were slowed when the snatcher
showed,
frightened?
now you know that's so
man just can't leave well enough alone
sooo...
i wrote this little poem
talkin' bout what we need from now on
preserve the beauty of the lands and seas
conserve the bounties of birds and bees
acknowledge creation's frailties,
the sanctity
right to be free from fright,
diminished rights
diminished quality of life
extinguish life's light
creates difficulty to see right, be right
survive through the night to greet the new day
say " hello sunrays "
reserve the energy to emerge free as a bird
flying around up, down from tree to tree
enjoying the scenery
bird, you sure be pretty
have you heard of mercy?
allows us to live, free.
Free? Free? Free?
is freedom really an actuality?
or the dream it will be eventually

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

realm of serenity
the time our eyes are still open and still can see
before they're closed permanently.
something to be said about duty to the things of beauty
responsibility is constructive continuity
as opposed to destructive, indifferent inconsistency
yo brother man, sister women preach to me
let me hear you say..,
(((UNIVERSAL HARMONY)))

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, 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 face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions/>

<http://www.InnerChildMagazine.com/The-Community-of-Humanity.php>

Gratitude

All around
tragedy and pain
craziness and waste
still I see
the beauty

Gratitude fills my sight
with food, shelter, love and more
I am here
experiencing moments of delight
it is enough

Movement Haiku

Death, loss, movement raises up
appreciation
of life, love, you nourish me

Mad skills stirs heart's flow toward
mind's delight sees joy
dancing in the life pattern

Edges clear—relationships
life death parts of whole
you I bonded by movement

Keeping Me Young

A new puppy
robs me of sleep
but fills my life with snuggly joy

A child's tantrum
frustrating
but creates appreciation
I have so much
and must learn a new skill
to gently remind him
of the abundance all around

A changing work place
disorienting
but lifts me with desire
to learn new skills
grateful for this day
time to study and grow
into the future
I am lucky to have
all

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

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>

In Gratitude

I thank the Master Creator for bestowing me a wondrous
life

Not everyone is given the chance to enjoy this amazing
world,

A world full of wonder and love despite chaos around.

In gratitude for my journey to cherish all these precious
moments spent with loved-ones

Memories I will carry in my heart forever,

In gratitude for a life destined to touch people's lives
through my mighty pen

To be able to share my special gift from heaven to
humankind.

Being Thankful is a Blessing

To every blessing we receive, whether big or small,
We should be thankful for the more we become
appreciative of things

The more open we are to infinite abundance from the
Universe.

I embrace even the tiniest gift that comes my way,
For the key to achieving great things in life
Is to be in gratitude for anything that life throws at you
Yes, even to troubles that haunt us each day
There is a definite lesson we should be thankful for
Make it a habit to be thankful for all things
To attract what you are hoping for.

For These, I Am Thankful

I am thankful for all these beautiful things I am surrounded
with

The magnanimous nature, the beautiful chirping birds
perched on dainty, fragile branches,

The majestic, high mountains all covered with lush
greeneries and fresh vegetation

The sweet smiles on the serene faces of adorable babies
born hopeful,

Of loving couples walking hand in hand by the park

Whispering sweet nothings on each other's ears unmindful
of the crowd.

I am thankful for each waking day given to me

Of sunny days and cool nights on a rainy day,

I am thankful for this chance to share my gift to the world!

Alfreda

D.

Ghee

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

I was born in Blackstone Virginia. Born one of seven brothers and sisters. Traveled to many different countries being my father was in the Army. I'm a single mother of two amazing boys. I own my own daycare center and I'm working on getting my Massage Therapy License very soon.

I started writing at the end of June in 2011. I had my first book of poetry published in 2012. I'm a firm believer that if you do good then good will consume you and all that you do within life. Throughout my life I must attribute GOD for everything in my life and I am truly grateful for all the HE has given me.....

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alfreda-ghee>

<https://www.facebook.com/alfreda.ghee>

The Rocking Chair

Grandmother sits and rocks
Back and forth
While the stars shine in
She tells a story of the days of old
Holding the baby close to her chest
Falling into a deep sleep
Humming as she dreams of peace
Grandmother calls for mother
To take the baby and put her to bed
All the while grandmother
Is ready to rest her head
Tired and beat from the days work
Its now time for grandmothers feet
To take a seat....
Slowly grandmother rocks
Sings a song and prays a wonderful prayer
She fades....
Life goes dim in her eyes
No more strength she is spent
Breath is exhausted from her soul
Grandmother doesn't put up a fight
This feels right Its time that mother sits
To rock the chair at night
The morning light shines through
But.....No one knows grandmother is gone...
The chair still rocks....
Grandmother is no where in sight.....

In The Depths

The night has its arms around me
Protecting me from the thieves
The wind blows and sings peace
But the darkness creeps on in
Lying in the corners
Waiting
Hoping
And seeking to infest my dreams
With fears and screams
Of shallow holes that suck you in
Pulling and biting
Leaving only your hands free
So you can grasp for emptiness
Left by the walls
As the grandfather clock chimes
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8 times silence is the only thing heard
In the depths of your mind....

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Smile

by my son Keshawn McClinton

You make me smile

You make me love you

You are so cute and I can't ever see you

You bring the sunshine

When my mom is gone

Do you love GOD so much

Because he loves you

Don't smoke because it

Will make you choke

I will give you flowers

If you run and play in the snow

Make snow angels and igloos as we play

Let's have some fun

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

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 festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Morocco, Kosovo, and Palestine.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His translations 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; all three translated into Arabic; *Contemporary Jordanian Poets, Volume I* (2013); *The Eyes of*

the Wind (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb. He is currently working 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.

For Zulfa

Awakened
by her fragrant breath
her soft whispers
floating above my face
her hands
holding mine
I touch her fingers
one
by
one
passing my lips
on the soft skin.

The smell of the hot coffee
fills the room
I take
a deep breath
as the morning sunshine
brightens the olive green curtains.



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

thank you tangier,
thank you hajar

haiku

the train whistling loud
the station smiling at us:
welcome to tangier

beautiful hajar
comes hurriedly to meet us
her eyes hugging us

greeting us warmly
with their verdant green, tall arms
the trees of tangier

reading a poem
my audience the white-blue waves
jumping up with joy

both the atlantic
and the mediterranean
caressing my feet

back to the station
hajar bidding us goodbye
the sad wet faces



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

rain

listen sweetheart!

listen!

outside the rain

whinnies out loud

as it pummels the little hill

and rests a while

then gently... gently penetrates

the soggy soft soil

hear the blossoms on the cherry tree

moaning with pain



*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

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

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

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

BLUE OCEAN WAVES

Meet sweet color-sprays
roar free - enrapture breathing;
live with everything

Let doubts dissipate
vibrate the subtle spirit;
give great grace of heart

Meditate on love
feel kindness - bliss-care with all;
remain soul's heartbeat

Support living-life
bring perpetual loving;
shower breaths with joy

Flow a divine song
kiss long - blue ocean waves;
surrender love-pours

SUN-FLOWERS

Surrender in-flows
let-go - light the color flares;
swirl with breath's mid air
Drink divine nectar
call inside-bliss - bring whole heart;
live this moment's now

Unwrap love-buddings
rise gently - evolve soul-call;
light star's bliss-blossom

Smile Great-Spirit
share and breathe life's loving breaths;
trust God who knows all

Awaken thunder
merge with Supreme Soul - flow free;
sparkle-up sun-flowers

DIVINE FAITH

We shall whisper inside of everything
climb love's picturesque mountains of bliss.
Giving only a most faithful kiss
expand on the heights of love.
Grace knows inner heart
that's only sure and pure
reaching each threshold too.
Flow every longing with soul's truthful need.
We'll sow bright seeds that grow here, living on;
seeking far and wide to find the highest truth
within love's pure light of day.
We wander this earth, so very long
find a clearing from life's thickets.
Breathing inside clay - solving mere riddles;
rolling on spills of streams and loving rhymes.
Playing out – we'll have to feel real to find love
as though we may last forever and ever.
Going on again, so endlessly - often impeded,
surrendering in hopes to fully grasp
and hold the thorn-less rose
blooming deeper importance.
Flow onto the tears that march across time,
fall and rise - so fervently inside love-breaths.
Finding freedom in the all and everything we are
within each soul – in every will - live life's faithful test.

If we find there is no everlasting rest;
nor a finding place - what can we do?
But lay thy head, so near and dear,
within a loving blaze of heart.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Is there no lap here that's awaiting us,
or do we go on gazing through and through?
Seeking outwardly, rolling on the yesterday's
and tomorrow's rushing sprays of waves.
Find then how to offer life - love's truth
giving within adoration - blazing heart-significance.

Surely we cannot see - if we do not even look!
Go within prayerful manifest of love's presence;
flowing alive breaths upon moment's breathing,
meeting pains and pleasures and all neediness
We come up strong - grow living words of truth.
It may take long to lift beyond
inside the carefree love-being.
Heart-fully, we must be ever present
serve light's sublime-climb with all breaths of subtlety;
reaching bliss-heights on the sunny summits.
Living inside love - within gratitude's divine faith.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Born in Turkey, hülya settled in the U.S. where she earned a Ph.D. in German studies at The University of Michigan. Presently a Penn State liberal arts faculty, yilmaz finds it vital to nurture her passion for creative writing. She authored *Trance, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish* – a platform that welcomed her fluency in literary translation, co-authored *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* (both by Inner Child Press, Ltd.), and contributed to several anthologies with her poems and prose. A licensed freelance writer, hülya has extensive experience as editorial consultant for book-length manuscripts. She currently works as one of the editors for Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Links:

www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com

www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

a bouquet of contradictions

gene Sezeni dinliyorum

“life, i thank you”

her low-pitch voice echoes in the head

disguised as

i hit the beaches of make-believe bliss
was cast as a commoner in the marital act
worse

i was made to feel like a woman again
only to fall through the rotted wood
of the stage-escape
head first

then came the self-cast
i performed superbly
as the maid of that commoner
in a supposed match in love
what an overestimate!

i have become a thing of the past
he hasn't he wouldn't
what an underestimate!

of his cruel selfishness that is
deadening my insides
with no chance to revive
and of all the times
at this vulnerable age
how naïve of me!

to think
that an elderly gent
a learned man
a war-survivor
earned my feminine devotion
to assume
that love deserved infinite trust

outside the circle of family and friends

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

gratitude

to you
the birthing cradle of mine
for the female chromosome
to you
the inescapable obsolescence of the living
to you to all of you
tormenting joyous elating ordeals
i gift my thanks

gene Sezeni dinliyorum
“life, i thank you”
her low-pitch voice echoes in the head

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

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>

Window Visions

You are the stuff that God makes
and loves you in spite of yourself.
You are here to spread your wings,

fall down sometimes, get up
wash the sand, mud or snow
from your boots in every season.

You thrive on the hardships
that move you forward and make you strong,
a new you born again each morning.

Say thank you for the sunrise and
welcome to another day
to shine in the light of Spirit.

Snow falls outside your window today,
blankets the porch, driveway, yard, street
and distant mountains.

Every flake blesses the landscape
with moisture to prepare earth for deep sleep.
To be a witness to this sacred ritual is a gift.

Many will test their legs on the mountain.
Everyone who respects nature's sidelines
lives to sing her praise.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Those who come with destructives poles
do not survive her intimacy.
Her kiss may be bliss or death.

She swings both ways, does not discriminate.
You may be taken in loving arms or
squeezed into oblivion. What's your pleasure?

Wilderness Drifter

Wisdom hangs out in the badlands,
waits patiently for an invitation.
When you struggle to learn a new truth,

a devoted companion may come for you
as you cast reels in the rough country.
Some days we all need a rescue.

Give me a jackrabbit to pursue,
caliente sand chasing my boots,
sun bathing my face.

We can get lost in the high desert
and never find the end of our bliss.
One day we may sit next to a juniper,

contemplate the artistic twists
in its branches and ponder questions
stored in roots full of wisdom.

Tenderness

Sit next to the ponderosa
deep in the forest.
Feel the breath of needles

exhale in the air current.
Get acquainted with serenity.
It is the touch of stillness

that stimulates the heart.
Tranquil nothingness
eats tensions away.

Stay close to that tree
that calls your name.
It is the angel of mercy

ready to flap its wings
for a flight to new horizons
on the carpet of peace.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Demetrios
Trifiat's

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Demetrios Triafitis was born in Greece, studied philosophy in Canada. Post-graduate studies, Université de Montréal. In 1976 became Canadian citizen. Taught philosophy. Involved in humanitarian and peace organizations. Retired.

Poet and writer. Speaks: Greek, English, French and German. Candidate for the Greek and the European parliaments. Has traveled around the world.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

THANKSGIVINGS

I thank Thee oh Lord
For
All the treasures, Thou hast
So generously upon me
Bestowed:
My life
My sight
My Hearing
My touch
My scent
My taste
My arms
My legs
My brain and every other
Organ,
Treasures of untold value
That
Money could never buy

Forgive my, Lord,
My egoism
My ingratitude
My greediness
My complaining
My insatiability
My forgetfulness,

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

If only THY charity was I able
To remember
And
The multitude of the unfortunate ones
That are not as blessed as I,
Every second should I THEE, for life,
Thanksgiving offer
Rather
Only once a year!

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

FORGIVE US

Forgive us oh Lord for not offering our gratitude to Thee as

often as we pray when in need!

ETERNAL GRATITUDE

My beloved parents,

Humbly,
Before the altar of your memory I kneel
Wishing this little poem of mine to you to offer
As a down payment of my eternal gratitude
For bringing me to life

Undeniably difficult it is
All you have done for me to name
So, only to a few of your actions I will refer,
Forgive me for having only that little to say

Worth mentioning, you would agree,
Are the things both of you have shown:
Your heroism, your suffering, your selfless sacrifice
For to bring up your family and to keep all of us alive

I remember vividly the nights you have passed
Standing at my side, trying to help me as better as you
could
When the threshold of death I approached
Thrice, was I ready for the dark oblivion to fly

Also shouldn't forget the days when both of you
So valiantly had struggled a slice of bread for us to find,
To feed all the six of us, your underage children
For to help us to be able to survive

Your health, your youth, your leisure
Both of you, did, for us surrender
Leaving thus this ephemeral world
Just in your early forties

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Your anguish only to imagine I can:
How could we alone would continue to exist
For all the six of us children were
From three years old and up to fifteen

Your souls now aware are
That orphans are by God adopted
Each having nothing anymore to fear
For are by Him protected

In peace let your souls rest
Close to our divine FATHER
For your children, children have
And they, in their turn, have children!

** I come from a very poor family of eight. Two died when infant, the other six have survived and live in three different continents: Europe, America, Oceania, having children and grandchildren. Thus my mother's wish to have many children so they spread out and "Occupy" the whole world, as she used to say, has been materialized in the most part! Thank GOD for granting my mother her Wish! Myself have lived, studied and taught in Canada for eighteen years. Members of my family live there and they have children and grandchildren.*

Alan

W.

Lankowski

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Alan W. Jankowski is the award winning author of well over one hundred short stories, plays and poems. His stories have been published online, and in various journals including *Oysters & Chocolate*, *Muscadine Lines: A Southern Journal*, *eFiction Magazine*, *Zouch*, *The Rusty Nail*, and a few others he can't remember at the moment. His poetry has more recently become popular, and his 9-11 Tribute poem was used extensively in ceremonies starting with the tenth anniversary of this tragic event...

http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx

He currently has one book out on Inner Child Press titled "I Often Wonder: a collection of poetry and prose." It is available directly from Inner Child at this link...

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>

When he is not writing, which is not often, his hobbies include music and camera collecting. He currently resides in New Jersey. He always appreciates feedback of any kind on his work, and can be reached by e-mail at: Exakta66@gmail.com

I Thank You

I thank you for letting me love you,

I thank you for letting me know your arms,
Your gentle touch, your delicate charms,

Your special smile you give to me,
For all the love you give for free,

For being there to understand,
For letting me hold your hand,

For making me feel I'm the one,
You want to be with when the day is done,

For showing me how much you care,
For when I need you, just being there,

I thank you for letting me love you.
I thank you.

Faith

Faith, it's a beautiful thing,
That little word with the special ring,
It's faith in the things I cannot see,
Like knowing my God is always with me,
Faith that everything will turn out alright,
That my days of darkness will lead into light,
Faith that Jesus will take my hand,
And guide me through things I don't understand,
That no matter where I roam, far and wide,
My God will be there by my side,
And until I'm home in Heaven above,
I will always know my God's true love,
And until that day He calls me home,
I will never have to walk alone,
To know that someday I'll hear angels sing,
Faith, it's a beautiful thing.

25 And Still Alive

Never really did what my parents told me to,
If they told me to take one I ended up takin' two.
Teacher couldn't control me, couldn't hold me down,
Instead of being in school I was cruisin the town.
Learned to to make love before I could write my name,
Never learned good English, but I talk just the same.
Always gettin' high always feedin my head,
People always sayin' I'd end up dead.
They talked a lot of shit but I got something to say,
I'm 25 and I'm still alive.
Never made classes but I made every dance,
Every girl I met I got in her pants.
When everyone was broke my pockets were full of cash,
When others needed a toke I always had the stash.
While other kids stole candy I went for the wine,
Others went to camp I went to do time.
I was teachers and parents worst nightmare,
I was the kid you didn't want yours near.
Stole my first car before I learned to drive,
But guess what? I'm 25 and still alive.
Every cop in town knows me by my name,
Brothers give me respect, know they're just players in my
game.
I tell the wind which way to blow,
I tell the sun which way to go.
The world is my toy I'm the one in charge,
I know how to hustle I'm always living large.
When I was in grade school I robbed the local store,
Spent my take on a limo and a whore.
No one smokes more shit, no one talks more jive,
But I'm 25 and still alive.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

When I walk down the street people move out of the way,
I got people out there workin' bringin' me their pay.
When I go to someones home they offer me a meal,
I get offered so much drugs I no longer have to steal.
I got women all around, women left and right,
So many women I don't know where to spend the night.
For me it paid off skippin' all that school,
I may not talk correct but I'm nobody's fool.
I learned so much on the streets strugglin' to survive,
But guess what, I'm 25 and damn sure still alive.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, a native of Anda, Pangasinan, known as a ‘poet of peace and friendship’, is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, public speaker, linguist, educator, peace and women’s advocate.

She was chosen as World Poetry International Director to Philippines by the World Poetry Canada and International. She is also a featured member of Universal Peace Federation, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Association for Women’s rights in Development (AWID) and World Poetry Canada and International.

She won several International Prizes including “Writers International Network Society-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).

Her prominent poetry have been published in various international anthologies: *For Love of Leelah* (USA), *WOMEN IN WAR* (Africa), *Muse for World Peace Anthology* (Nigeria), *Greek Fire Anthology* (UK), *IMMAGINE & POESIA e-book* (Torino, Italy) *World Poetry Yearbook 2013 and 2014* (IPTRC-China), *Fascinating Panoptic Septon* (Singapore), *Gumbo For the Soul* (USA), *Peace Poems* (USA and Canada) *I Am A Woman*, a tribute to Kamala Das (India), *Women of The World* (Canada), *Just For You My Love Anthology* (India), *The Art of Being Human* Vol. 15: *WHO AM I*, Vol.14: *Insomnia*, Vol.13: *Lucky 13* (Switzerland, Canada and Romania), *Siir Antolojisi* (Turkey), *Who Shall I Make My Wife* (Lagos, Nigeria) and more.

a prayer and thanksgiving

i am grateful at the very moment,
because i experienced
and am experiencing
more than what i have prayed, hoped and wished for...
it won't be a regret
if i need to wait for sometime;
it's happening beyond my sight,
claiming for rooms and doors of opportunities...
a choice to let every chance possible,
where i can humbly wear my shoes;
take the journey calmly,
hold out the olive branch,
water the beautiful seeds sprouting
and embrace new things,
and yes, the Almighty never fails...

thanks, not goodbye...

i said "thank you so much" than "goodbye"
there were patches of bad experiences;
had heard freakin' invented ghost competitor's oracles;
had tried and learned to be patient
in dealing with uncanny adjustments;
little shakes of not meant to mention, but happened.

i realize, it's always a blessing to forgive,
to respect, to forget (healing in progress),
to be able to come forward and make more stars shine
anew
whenever, wherever...

thank you Lord for the wisdom.
i claim the power of love through YOUR guidance and
eternal blessings.

to all, who appreciated the one I am,
made me feel, i am part of your lives
for all that has been...
THANK YOU!

go beyond

go beyond fears,
ignite the flame of life.
go beyond doubts,
turn your creative mind.
go beyond pain,
inhale a relieving spirit.
go beyond the failures,
be thankful on your existing treasures.
go beyond the inconvenience,
seek emotional fitness.
when you find a way beyond ways
of becoming,
to uncover the pressures
you become change,
the torch,
the portals of discovery
is within yourself,
the true wisdom
to shine
until the end of time.

cosmic battles

i am a new cosmos
detaching
from the verbatim leaps
of rules,
in my old universe.
i am the lightworker
synchronizing
the infinite
and the definite,
from the battlefield
of eclipsed
memory.

a blue rosebud for a royal butterfly

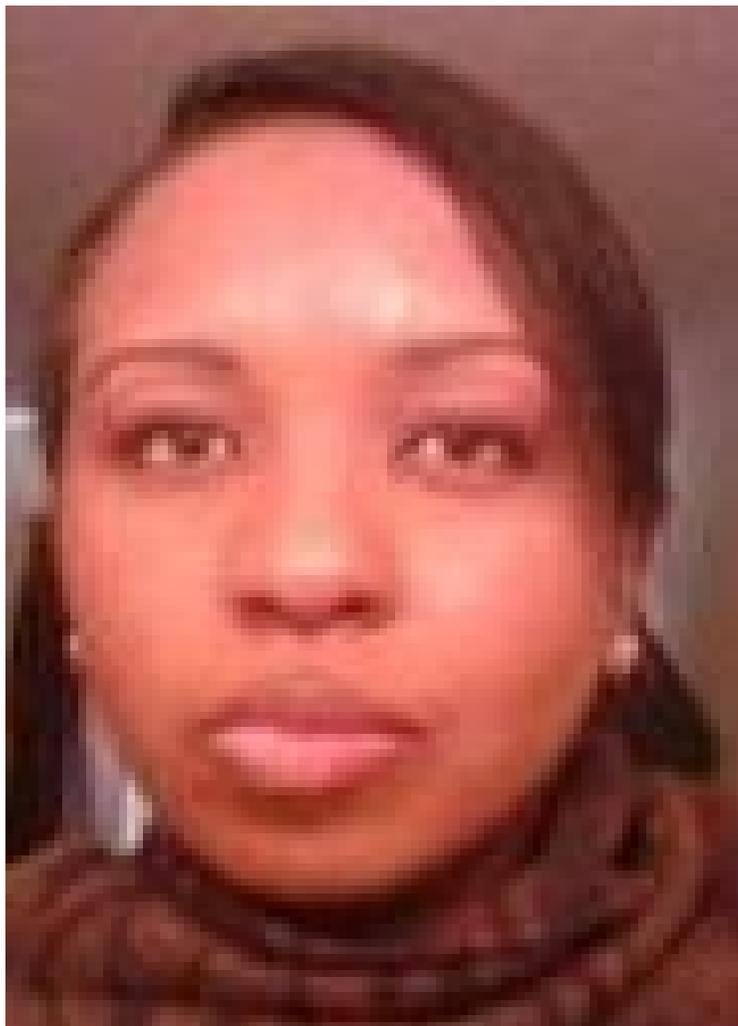
a royal butterfly
spreads its wings
and flies to the garden
of no boundaries,
wandering from winter kisses
of the North Pole.
a rosebud on its thorny stem
flaunts its aces,
shines with shams,
trims down its own deception.
when royalty speaks
its fragrant promises,
hundreds and millions
of wings and buds
will shatter
and wither
at this temporal hour.

Alicia

G.

Cooper

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Alicia C. Cooper is a published poet and aspiring novelist. She has published one book of poetry, has been featured in several anthologies and is a contributing writer for Muzilog Woman Magazine. She is an avid reader and music lover and enjoys traveling and spending time with her family. In late 2013, her first poetry chapbook was published with Inner Child Press. A second book, a full length poetry collection also with Inner Child Press, is in the works and is expected to be published in coming year of 2017

You can connect with Alicia on FaceBook

<https://www.facebook.com/alicia.cooper>

Her Book is available here :

www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php

Lonely Birds Refuse To Fly Alone

It is true that birds
Of a feather flock together
Sometimes, however
A lonely bird
Just wants any flock
To fly with.

Release

Release my *I love you's* into the wind
They no longer belong to you.

Release the pain of watching me leave
It is something that I had to do.

Release your memories of yesteryear
They only gift you pain.

Release my scent, my smile, and kisses
You deserve to be happy again.

They load must be heavy; you're bleeding out anger
Regret is making you weak

So do yourself a justice and let go of the past
Simply open up your hands and . . .

Release.

Let Me Always Look Ahead

Let me always look ahead
And never again turn back
Lest I become a pillar of salt

And crumble with each rumble
Of the ground beneath me.

Let me always look ahead
So that my feet are not pained
From the long and weary walk

Through spiny thickets of indignation
And burning coals of bitterness.

Let me not search for answers
To unanswerable questions
Yet always seek my truth

Because some things just make no sense
But truth is always cogent.

Let me not seek shelter
In a den of iniquity
Or a home where I'm not welcomed

When the walls are sturdy
And hearth is warm at my own.

Let me always look ahead, Lord!

Let me always look ahead.

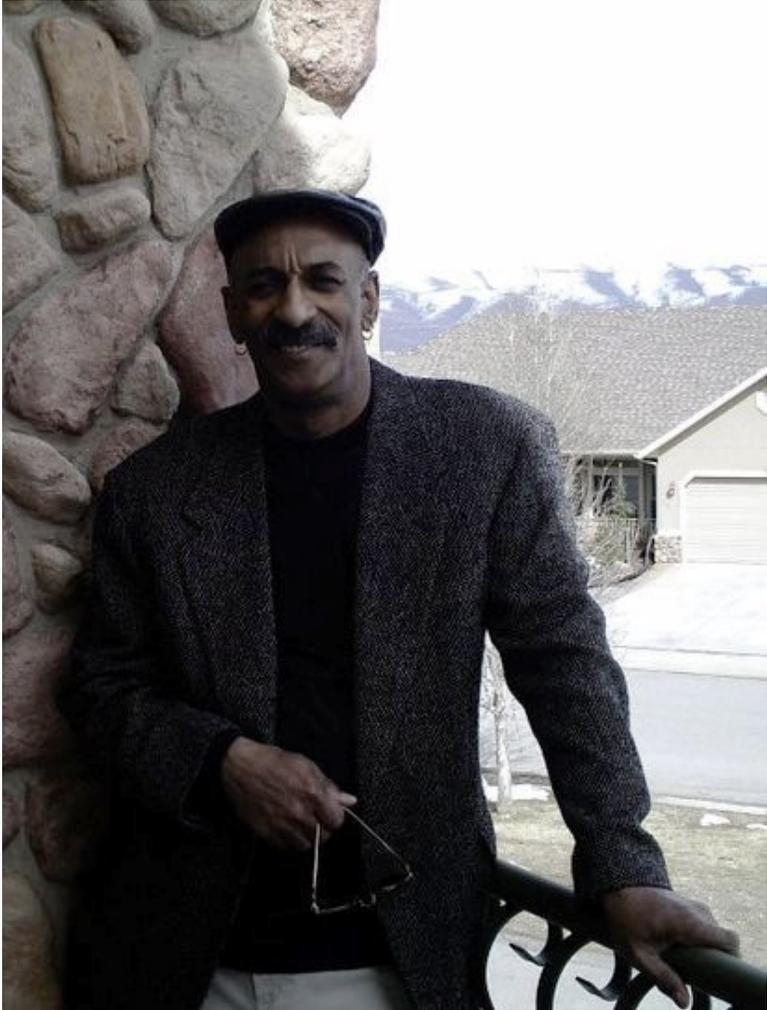
The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

William

S.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 35 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

“I Am Thankful”

Father,
let me melt into the abysmal arms
of thy grace
for i am thankful

i look about me and i see wonder
and for this gift of sight
i am humbled
and tears moistens my eye
and i am humbled

i feel the beat of your Heart
within mine
and i listen
to the concordant symphony
of life
and conclude reverently
that You and i
are one

the strife and anguish
that challenges my glee
sadly resides in me
but as thy servant James spoke
i count it all joy
so i give my yoke of burden
unto thee

this unceasing breath
that fills my breast

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

many times goes unnoticed
in my conscious
but i embrace it just the same
with the love of life
yes, i am thankful

the attitude of gratitude
does elude me
many a day
for as a man
i do not always understand
Your ways
but i do remember
what you said
for it forever plays
in my head
that “your Ways are not my Ways”

this does beckon me
to Trust in your judgment
and i am thankful,
for if i had to do it
i would screw it
up

i am thankful for all the challenges
trials
tribulations
you have adorned my path with
for i am the Wiser
the Stronger
the more determined
in my stumbling
my bumbling

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

it is that darkness
i have learned the nature of Thy Light
and i Fight for it
daily
without fail
within me
and the world about me
I am thankful

this day, my cup is overflowing
for this day i rest in the knowing
that You Father still love me
and i feel this
this existential bliss
this kiss of life
filled with possibilities
for what i may become

so in summing up this brief relief
of what my heart seeks to speak
there is but 3 words
i know you have heard
so many times before
and that is
“I Am Thankful”

for my peace

peace does not come to those who wait.
peace does not come to those who fight for it,
no, peace is of a calm that silences the hearts of men,
and blinds us of our differences

my child knows of peace.
the beating heart of my mother knows as well.

there is a certain peace in the duty of my father,
for he knows his place

i am but an apprentice of humanity,
learning as i go,
for in light of the world which we inhabit
peace laced with love
is the most cherished of treasures

won't you walk with me a while ?

for my peace

Italian, Translated by Mario Rigli

la pace non arriva a coloro che aspettano,
la pace non viene a coloro che lottano per lei
No, la pace è una calma che infonde silenzio nel cuore
degli uomini,
e ci acceca nelle nostre differenze

il mio bambino conosce la pace.
il pulsante cuore di mia madre pure la conosce.

vi è una certa pace nel dovere di mio padre,
poiché lui conosce il suo posto

Non sono che un apprendista di umanità,
procedo imparando,
per la luce del mondo che abitiamo.
la pace allacciata con l'amore
è il più caro dei tesori

vuoi camminare con me per un po' ?

Beautifully Tragic

there is a poem somewhere in the mist
waiting your arrival

open thy third eye dear bard
and let loose thy spirit
that it may dance with the possibilities
of what a word or two may do

dear poet
can you hear the whisperings of verse
speaking just beneath the noisome undertones
of what we call life,
calling to be set free
from the womb of the celestial muse ?

there if a consciousness
that desirously needs to be touched,
fondled,
caressed,
aroused,
and stimulated
that its unrivaled passions
may be shared
with he whom listens
and has need . .
as we all do

life is a beautiful tragedy,
where the dark dances with the light . . .
for there can be no other way

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

death and life
are sired by the same loins

are not pain and pleasure
products of the same birth canal ?
who often exchange familiarities
. . . a shared genesis ?

does not silence and busy-ness
coexists
within the same shadows ?

who am i to say
the purpose is void ?
who am i to say
that life is finite ?
who am i to say
i know of what love is ?

the grand abyss
is a place of shallowness

how long does a heart beat ?
how long does one pine
for that touch
that settles and soothes
the expectations
we have learned here
during this journey ?

yes i say
there is a poem waiting to be birthed.

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

so pick up thy pen,
loose thy tongue
and speak to soul
as soul is speaking to thee

let the word of Mother Muse
come to life
once again
and embrace her Beautiful Tragic
and share it with her children . . .
you and i

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

World Healing,
World Peace
2016

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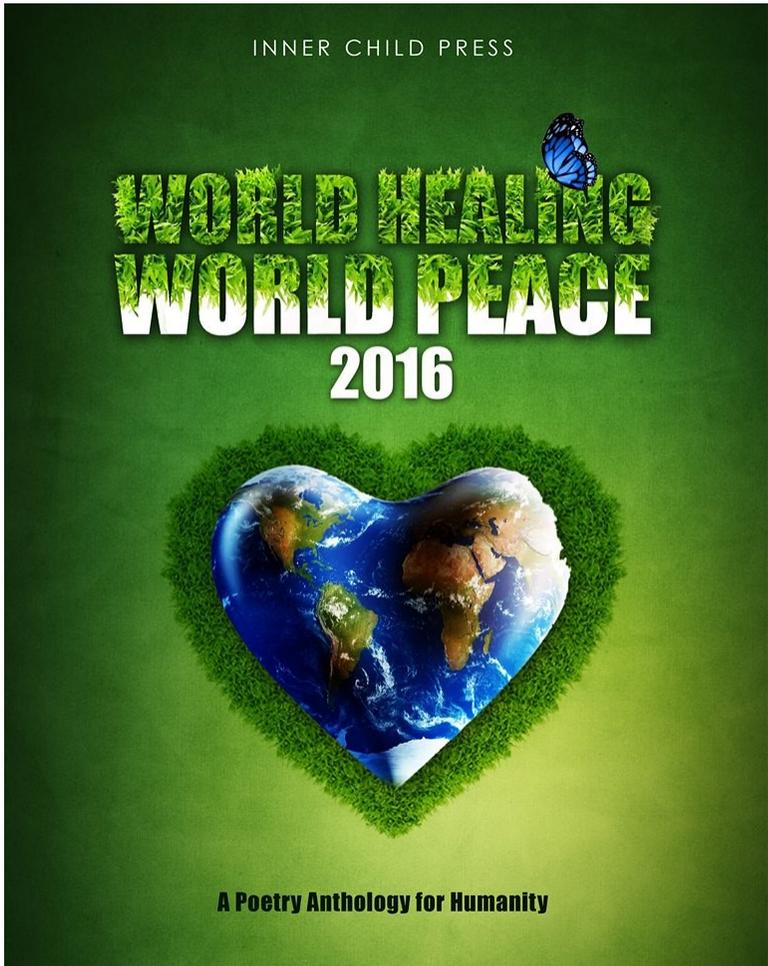
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November
2016
Features



Rosemary Burns
Robin Ouzman Hislop
Lonneice Weeks Badley

The Year of the Poet III ~ November 2016

*Rosemary
Burns*

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016

I love people, life and am into Spirituality, love the internet and having friends worldwide. Love nature, animals, crystals, sun, moon, stars, trees, life and being alive.

I started writings poems when I was going to TAFE, was studying English, Biology, Russian History, Computers, etc. it was a Tertiary course that prepared you for going to University. I started getting poems coming into my head and began writing them down, some I had to struggle with but not many.

<http://alchemyajourneyofloveandspirit.ning.com/>
<https://www.facebook.com/rosemary.burns2>

The Poet.

The poet bares his heart and soul,
for others appraisal,
his gift is to give insights to others.
He may struggle with words and rhyme,
or his verse may flow like the wind,
endlessly dripping from his quill,
with eloquence, style and wit.

Romance and love is
one of the domains, of a poet.
In times of old
'twas said the pen
was mightier than the sword.
The poet sits quietly,
his mind filled with verse,
for other men to peruse.
For you see..... the poet can touch,
the hearts of all mankind. By Rosemary Burns

The Wind.

The wind being one of the four elements,
it howls and whistles,
it sings a song to us,
of what the world was like long ago.

The wind sways and bends the trees to his whim,
they dance with abandonment, to his tune
like a fiddler playing a sweet tune, on a fiddle,
for his own amusement and delight.

The wind can lull us to sleep, it can make
the flowers nod their heads with gay abandon,
it can howl like a banshee's mournful song.
Or it can touch one's face ,
with gentle feathery fingers, just touching
and passing on. It is a force of nature,
which can be gentle or harsh,
depending on its inclination.

Mystical Things

Dragonflies, dreams and mystical things

Fill my being with delight
Butterflies, oak trees and flowers
Bind me with their spell
Life and Nature stretch out fingers
Beckoning with a myriad delights
Like dew drops sparkling in the sunlight

Sunsets, water, be it ocean or river
Quench my soul's desire for beauty
Magic is encapsulated in each day
Our eyes and hearts have to be open to find it
Life is beautiful, behold its glory,
Majesty and might
Then look within to find it's parallel.

Robin
Ouzman
Hislop

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016

Robin Ouzman Hislop is on line Editor at Motherbird.com, Artvilla.com & Poetry Life & Times, his recent publications include *Voices without Borders Volume 1* (USA), *Cold Mountain Review* (Appalachian University, N.Carolina), *The Poetic Bond Volumes* (thepoeticbond.com) and *Phoenix Rising from the Ashes* (an international anthology of sonnets). His latest publication is a volume of collected poems *All the Babble of the Souk* available at all main online tributaries. For further information about this publication with reviews and comments see [Author Robin](#). A forthcoming publication is due shortly *Key of Mist*, a translation from Spanish by the same title of the poems by the Spanish poetess Guadalupe Grande.

King Kong

Thump your massive pectorals
like a drum, old Kong
on the summit
of our Empire State sky-scraper.

Here, our White Goddess
will caress your pug snout
weep for you, as you finally fall
shot down, to your death.

But you won't be reborn
our mythical Sun God King
to rise again
in summer's festal harvest
you will represent
only the pathos of our sad
but necessary destruction.

You see, we are a political animal
which is more than just
a rationale of right or wrong
it's the moral mind in action
the first precept, the right to life
or in your case, ipso facto, death.

You see, you just don't fit in
to our system, when all's
said & done
you just don't belong, old Kong
not on our side of things.

I am a Poem

I am a poem
a disembodied text
behind your eyes
in your head
not here or there
past present future
but now, forever now
where you find me
not a place, not a person
the person is you
where you find me
a disembodied text
forever now
i am a poem

Katz Bak.

Sleek fat gone all night
more
day or two
where you been come
on in on
donkey gaf gaw naw
little rabbit cat
sit purr not so thin as before skin bone no fur
wockytraffikjabber ok neighbours fed salchichas
whilst this not here long time
no see
sit purr don't stick claw - ouch - touch
you see
katz bak woggy wog bow wow
donkey hee haw nine lives table cloth
sharp in air meow sounzum
softy
soff soff soff katz bak.

Lonneice

Weeks

Badley

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016

Lonneice M. Weeks-Badley was born to Oliver and Margaret in Harlem, New York. She now resides in Virginia, mother of two daughters, proud grandmother of three grandsons, one granddaughter and one great granddaughter. Author of two books: Mind Games “Others Thoughts Inside of Me” and The Evils of Greed it NOT your route. I’m presently completing my third book.

God is the love of my life and He uses and BLESSED my hands to write; His inspired poetry for eyes to see and feel. I can’t get enough of writing. Glory to God...

The Essence of God's Law of LOVE

Fear (respect) the LORD your God,

walk in all His ways

love Him; every day,

serve Him; as you pray,

guess what else you can do,

share what He gave to you

with family, friends and strangers His

Unconditional Love; that's so true...

Can you do this for ME?

with all your heart and with all your soul --this is My

breathhtaking and ultimate goal; ever told

My Law of LOVE will always live in him

This is The Essence of God's Law of LOVE

Inside He that believe...

Unconditional Love of Me

Unconditional Love of Me
I give freely to you and he
The ones that accept Me
In their inner being
Tap In --feel Me
Touch agree and be free
You and me together forever...
Unconditional LOVE of Me
Is not in He as I give to thee
Never, never will I Leave you,
Nor forsake you as he
Trust Me
Almighty's Best is within thee
My LOVE and not Misery...
Unconditional LOVE of ME
Can't you feel the difference and the peace
Yes! Yes that's Me
God's breath inside of thee
Live and be Free...

The Beauty of Me

Why can't you see from the beginning I formed you

I created you and made you in My Image

The Beauty of Me

Spotless and free focus back to whom you should be
cast out the evils He (satan) tried to keep in thee

The Beauty of Me

You can return to Me and be free as a bird in a tree
only if ---you agree to capture and hold onto

The Beauty of Me

Who truly LOVE and live in thee just trust Me
and be free who the Son set free is free indeed

The Beauty of Me

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2016



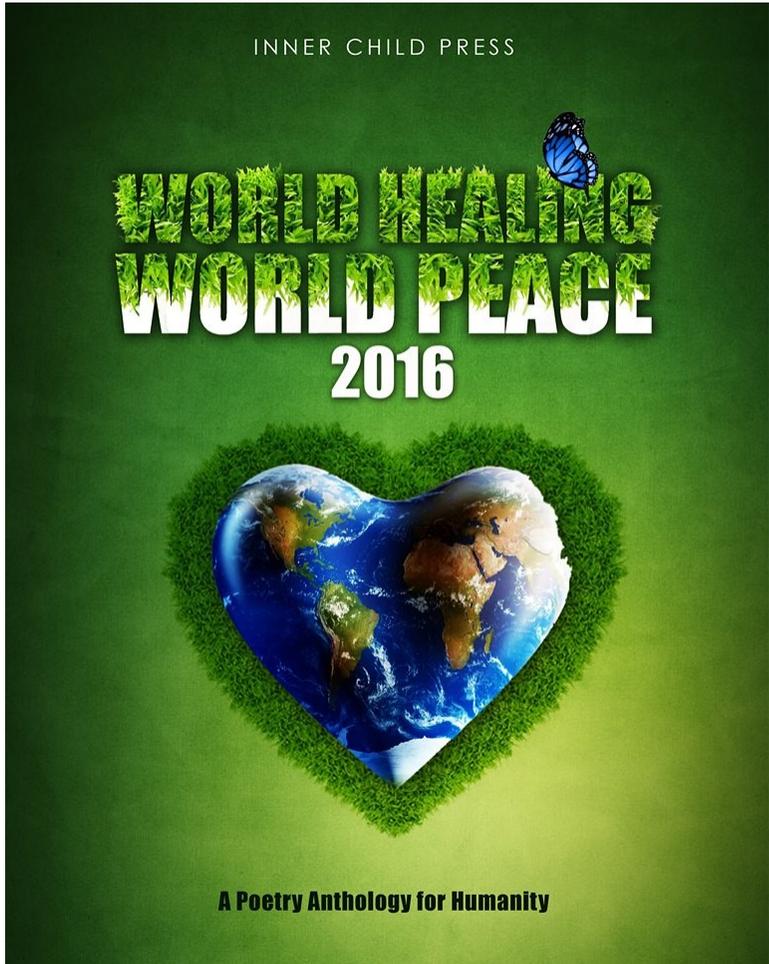
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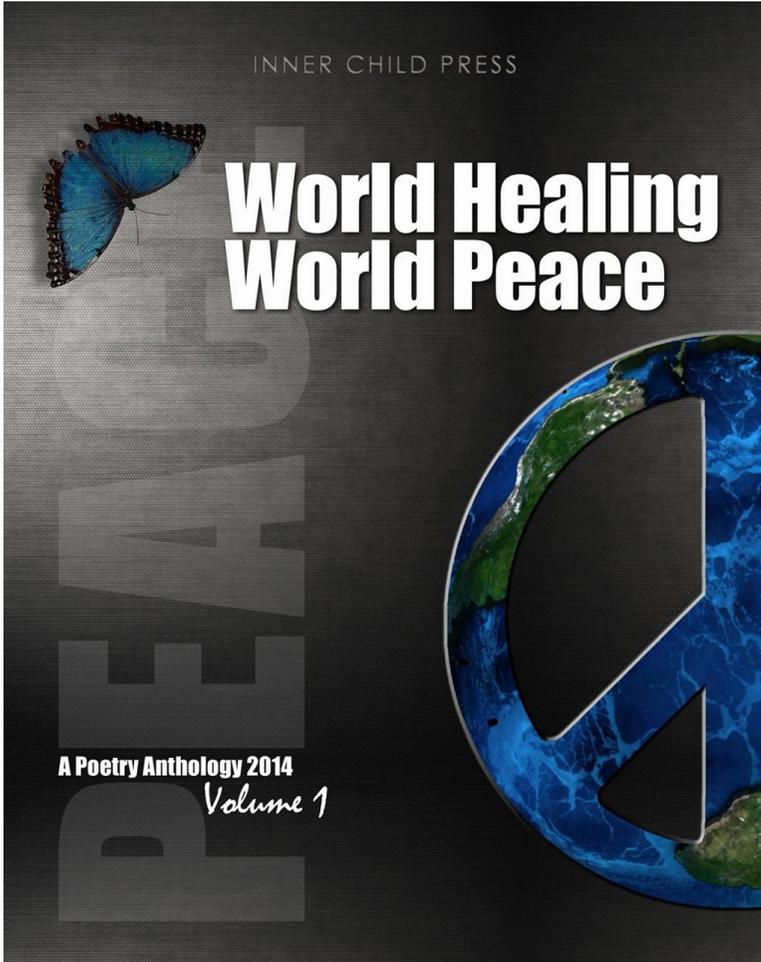
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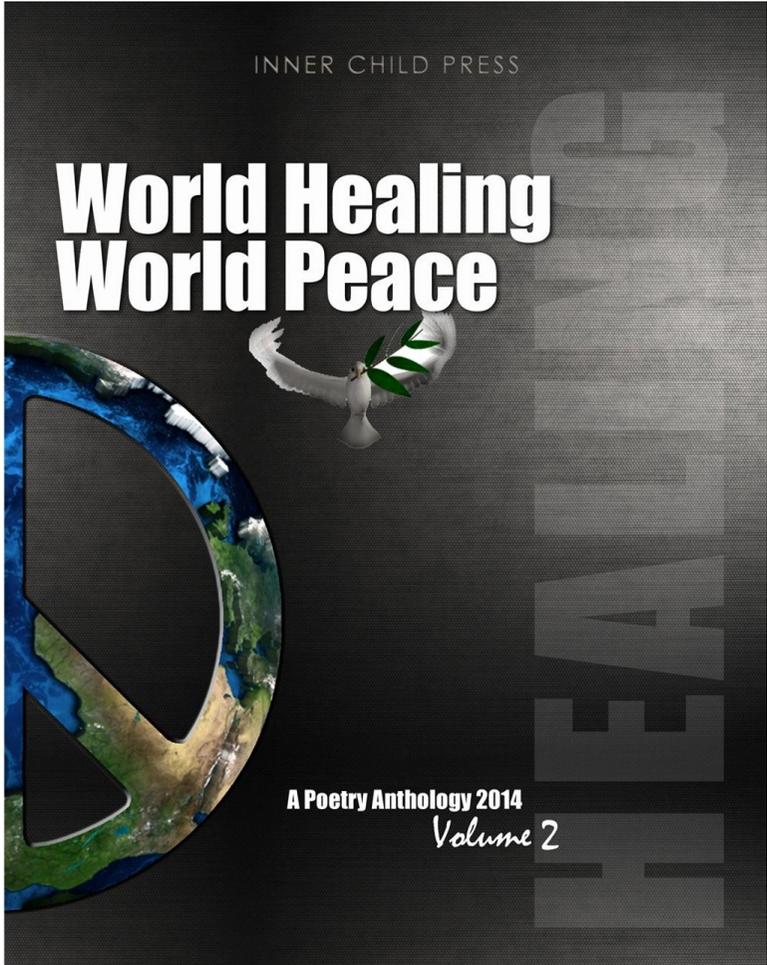
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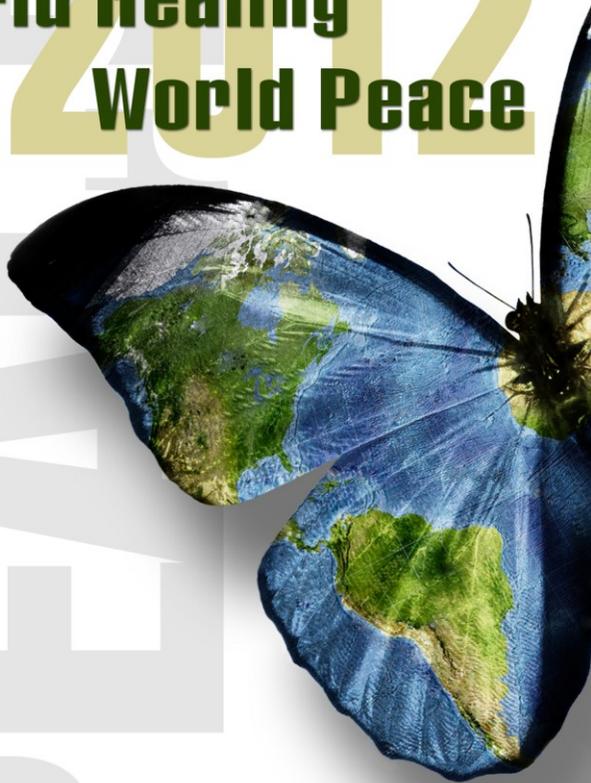


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**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

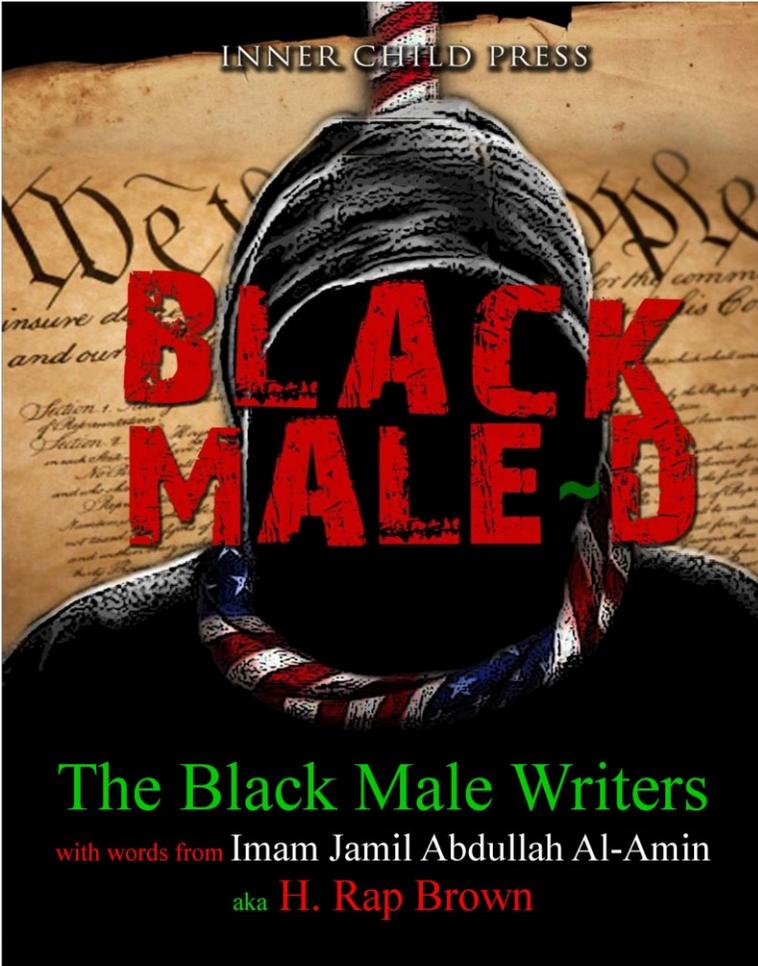
**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Volume 2

Inner Child Press Anthologies



INNER CHILD PRESS

BLACK MALE WRITERS

The Black Male Writers

with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

aka H. Rap Brown

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 P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Anna Jakubczak Val Ratty Adalan * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * 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

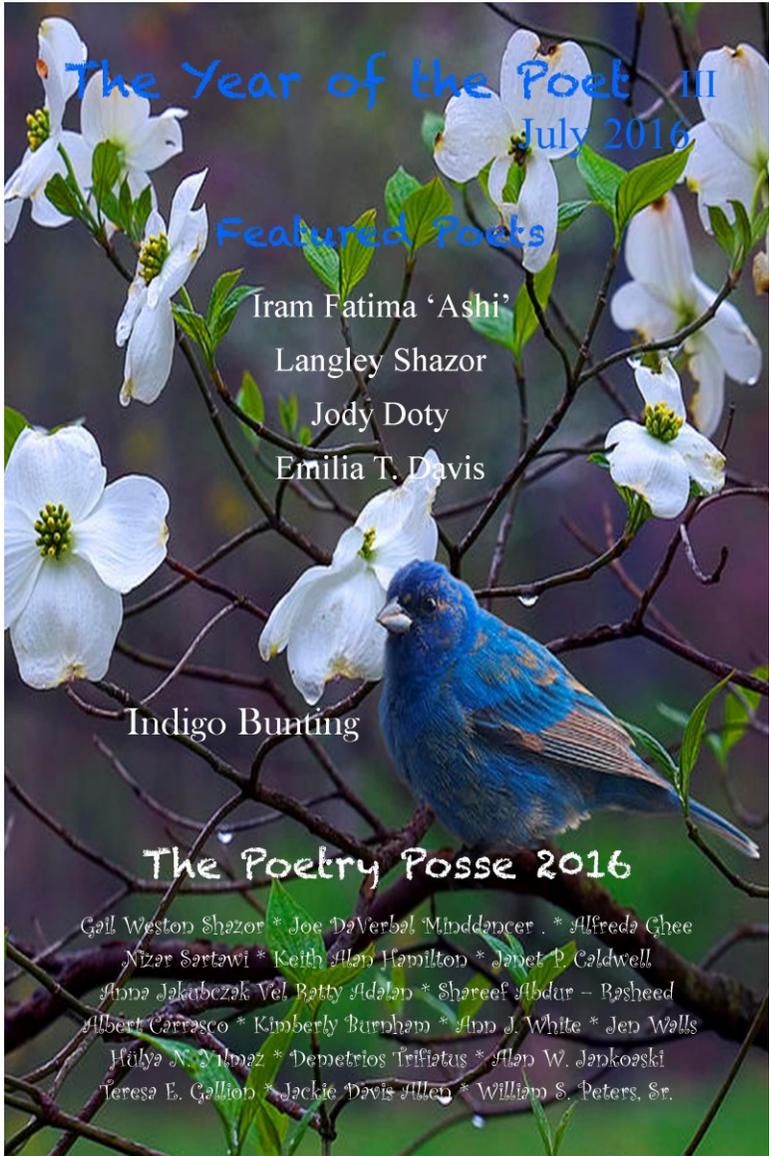
Malgorzata Gouluda



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 Trifiatos * 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

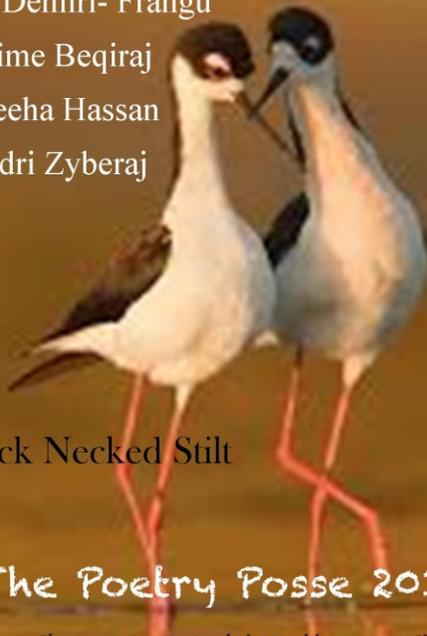
Featured Poets

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 Sattawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology
of

Love

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeberl Mendenhall * Alfreda Gae
Ehrenm Shehu * Hrishikesh Pachye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adair * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Jfalya N. Yilmaz * 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

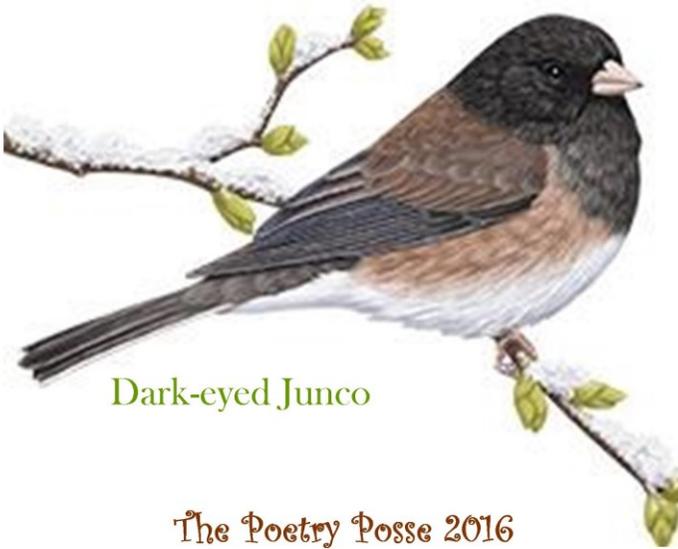
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . * Alfred Ghee
Fhredin Shehu * Irishkesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Jfalya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * 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. RattyAdalen. * Ann J. White
Ehredin Shehu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur -- Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burpham * Keith Alan Hamilton
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

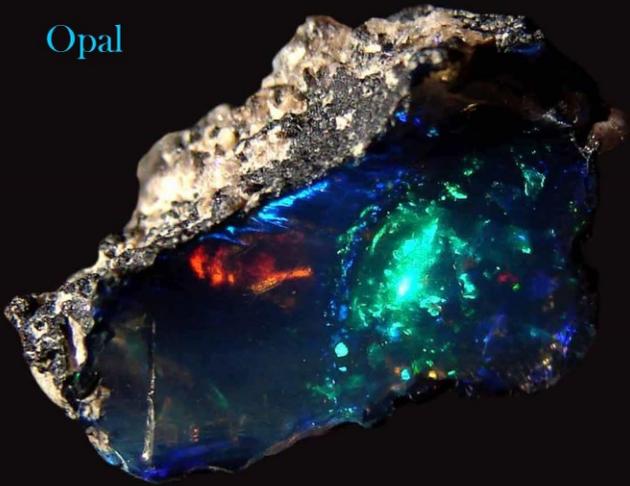
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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

Geri 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 Minndancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony 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.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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
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 III

January 2015



Garnet

The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismah 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
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt* WrittenInPain* Santos Taino* Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

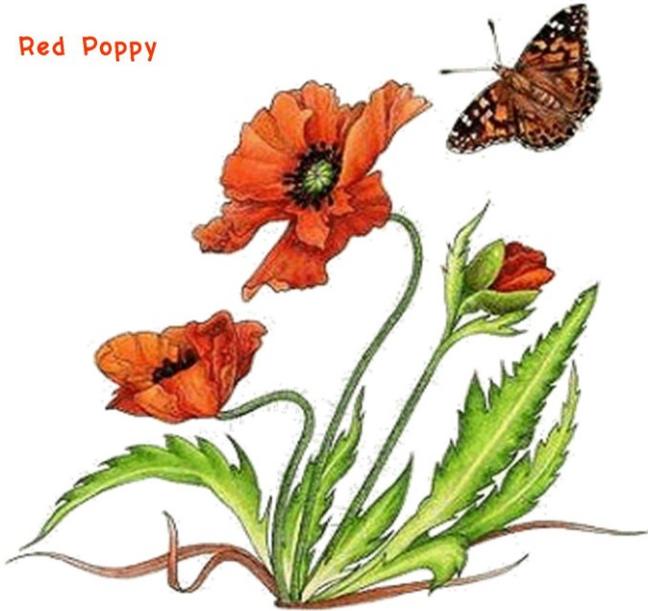
November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raśendra 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 * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams
Dr. John R. Strum
Kolade Olanrewaṣu 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 Passé

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

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

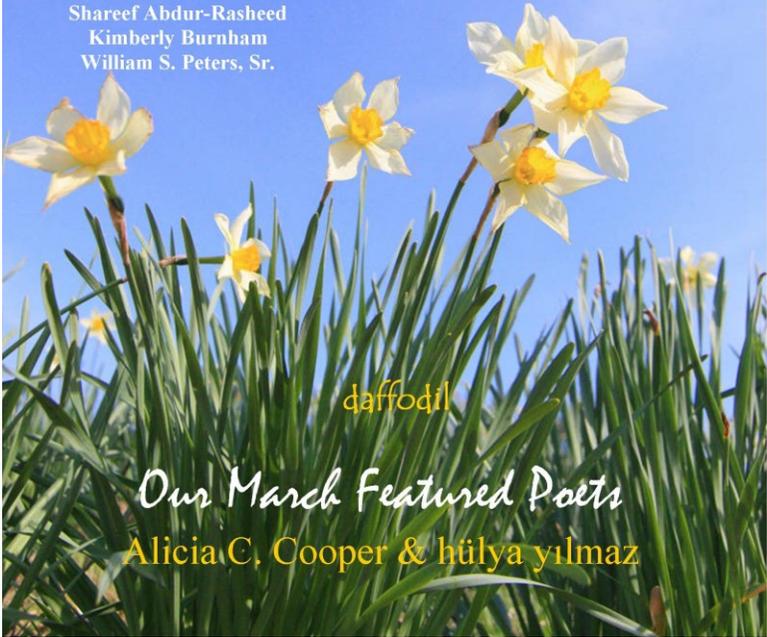
celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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



daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yilmaz

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

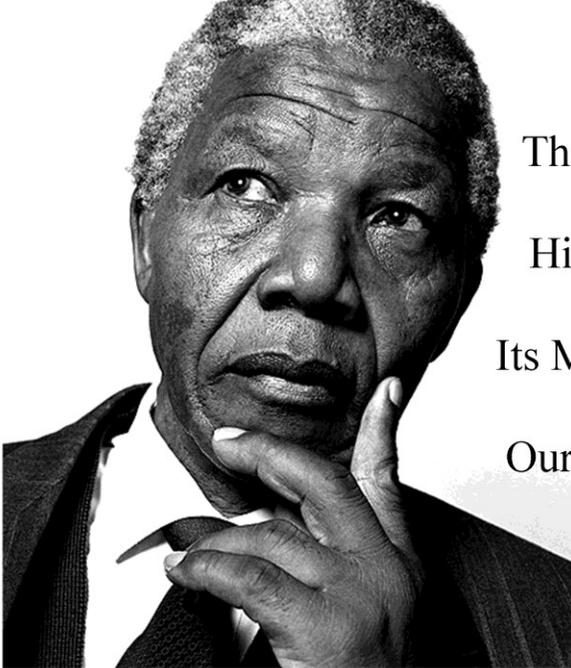
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



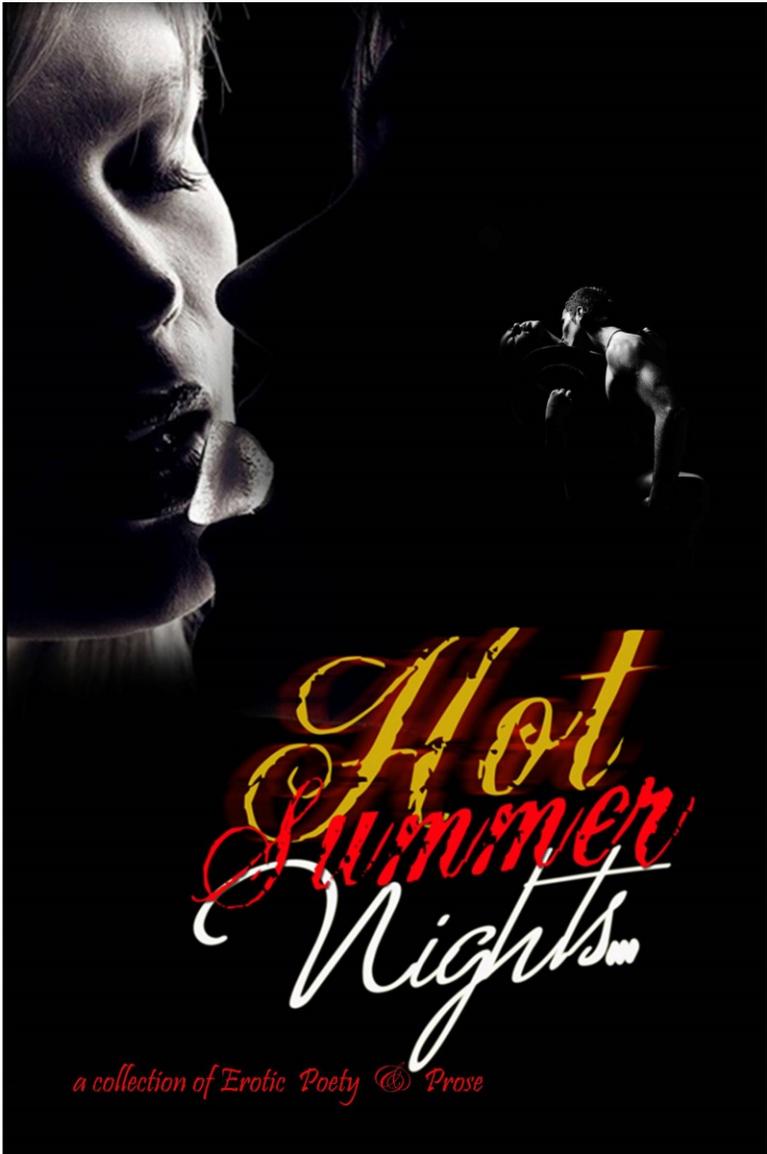
POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN

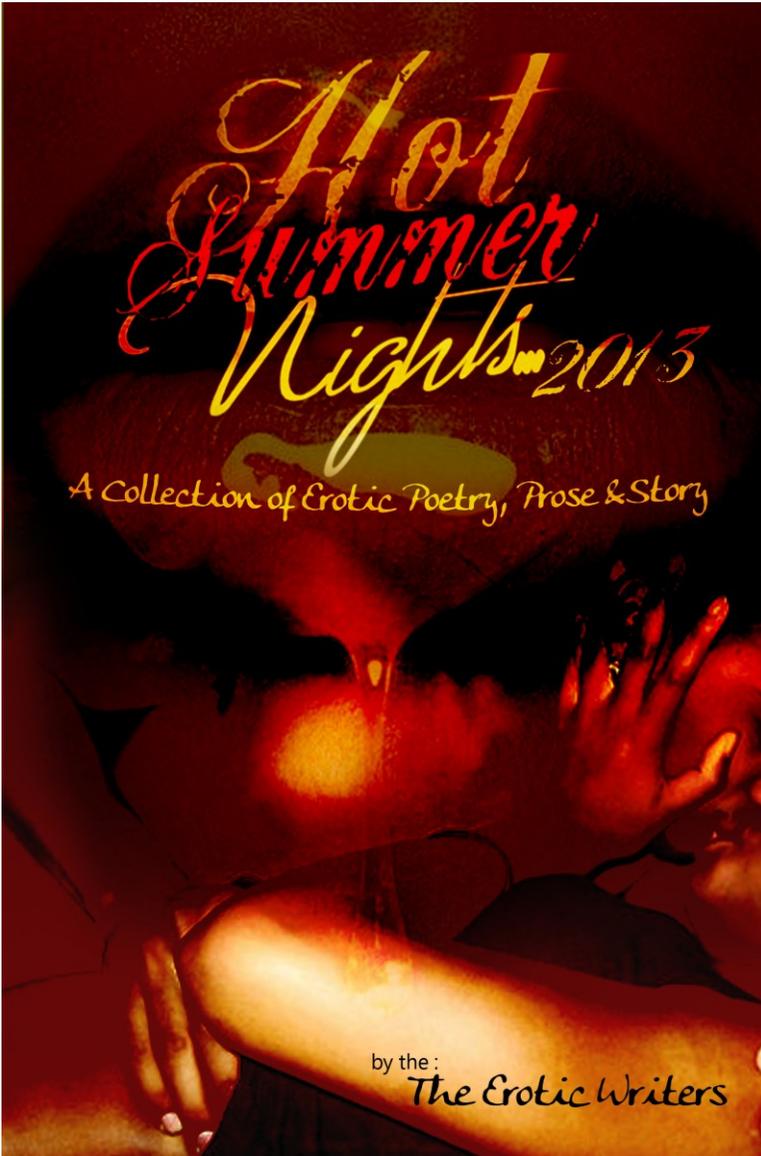
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healing through words

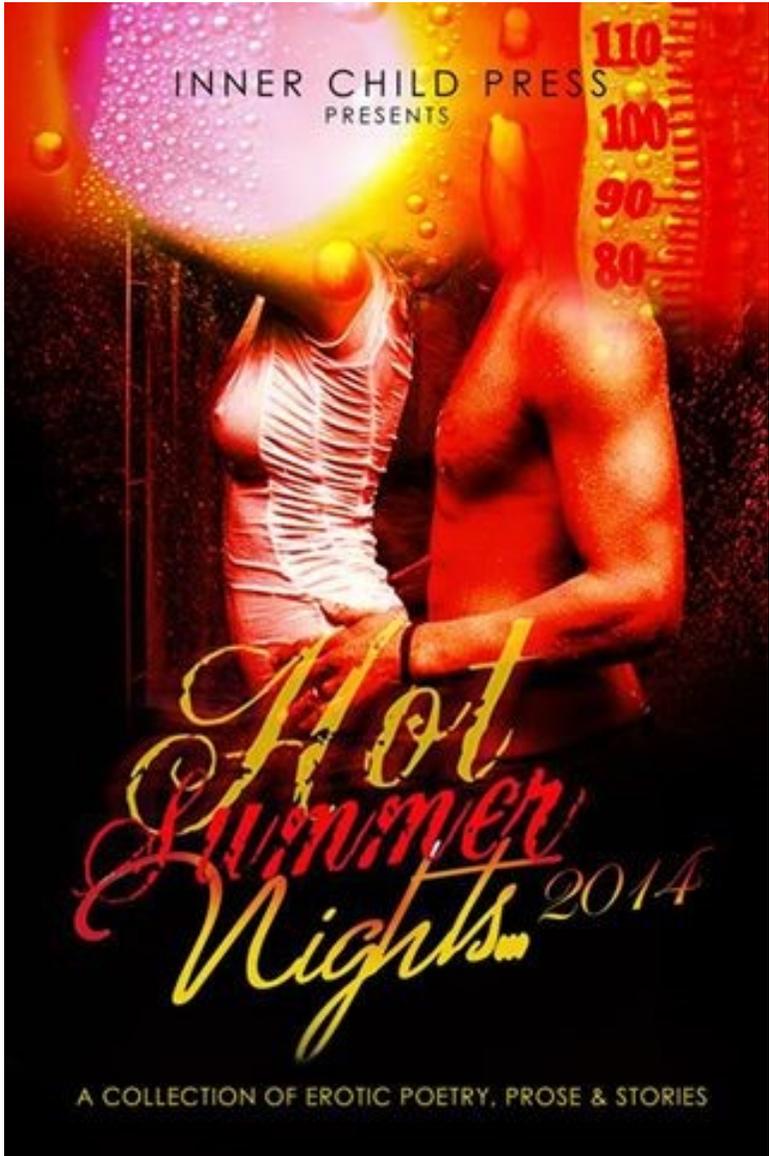


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

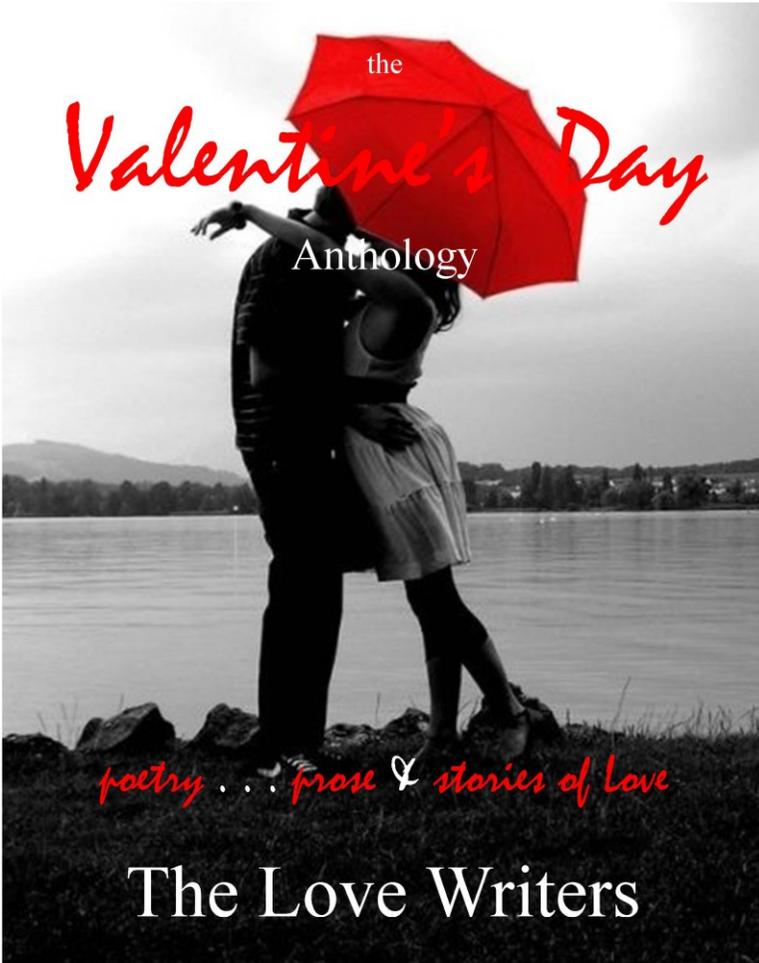




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want my

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

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

Monte Smith

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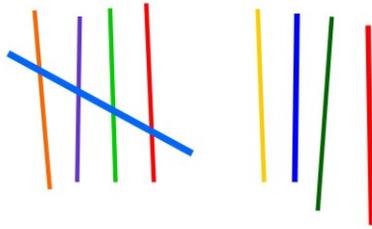
a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

 Monte Smith
want my

POEtRy
to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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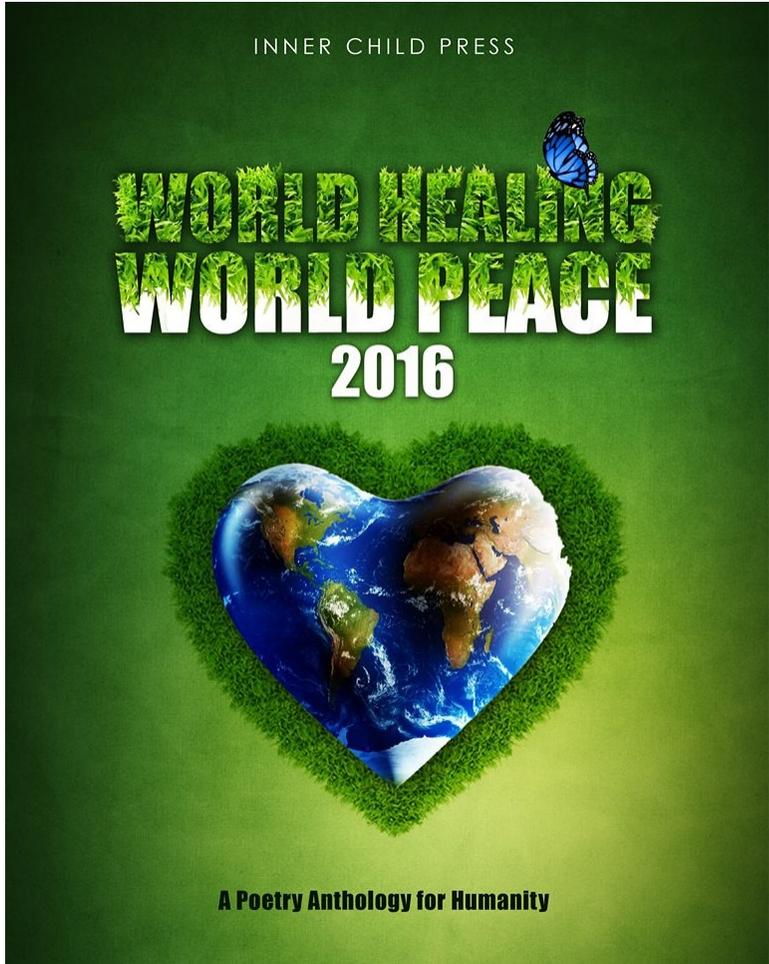
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www.innerchildpress.com



~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



November 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Rosemary
Burns



Robin
Ouzman
Hislop



Lonneice
Weeks
Badley



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